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THE MORNING STAR.

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WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 7,490

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with advertising rates: One Square One Day, \$1.00; Two Days, \$1.75; Three Days, \$2.50; Four Days, \$3.25; Five Days, \$4.00; One Week, \$6.00; Two Weeks, \$10.00; Three Weeks, \$13.00; One Month, \$18.00; Two Months, \$34.00; Three Months, \$48.00; One Year, \$500.00.

OUTLINES.

Both houses of Congress adjourned yesterday afternoon, at 6 o'clock; the proceedings of the closing hours were of the usual character, and no business of general interest was transacted; in the Senate Mr. Blair made a determined effort to secure consideration for his labor bill, but he finally gave it up, finding that there was no disposition to favor him; the President and Secretary Blaine entered the Senate chamber a few moments before the adjournment and were warmly greeted. An election was held in Georgia yesterday for Governor, State House officers, members of the General Assembly, and two amendments to the State constitution; the Legislature will be overwhelmingly in favor of the Farmers' Alliance; a U. S. Senator is to be elected to succeed Jos. E. Brown. The Confederate reunion at Winchester, Va., yesterday, was largely attended, and there was a grand parade of the veterans, who carried a number of old battle-flags. The Senate yesterday confirmed a number of nominations for postmasters, including two for North Carolina. A unanimous report has been made to the House sustaining the charges against postmaster Wheat, and declaring the office vacant. Two hundred plate-glass workers at Cochran, near Pittsburg, are on a strike, and the works have shut down. Gen. Lord Wolseley has assumed command of the troops in Ireland. Jack-the-Ripper has notified the police of Whitechapel district, London, that he is about to kill another woman. The seed merchants of Cape Vincent, N. Y., are vigorously at work to get in their stocks from Canada before the McKinley tariff bill goes into effect. The workmen in Berkeley are rejoicing over the expiration of the anti-socialist law. Georgia's population is given at 1,834,366, an increase of 18.95 per cent. The tariff bill was signed by the President at 3:22 p. m. yesterday, about twenty minutes after it was placed on his table. New York markets: Money easy at 2 3/4 per cent; cotton steady; middling uplands 10 1/2 cents; middling Orleans 9 1/2 cents; southern flour dull but steady; wheat dull, unsettled and 1/4 lower, closing heavy; No. 2 red \$1.01 1/2 at elevator; corn dull, closing easy; No. 2 red, 56 1/2 cents at elevator; rosin quiet and steady; strained common to good \$1.40 1/2 to 1.45; spirits turpentine dull at 39 1/2 to 39 1/4 cents.

A strange monster is reported as having been seen a number of times lately in the neighborhood of Independence, Iowa. It is described as having wings, a monstrous head with horns, a mouth like an alligator's, a green body covered with scales, eyes that glare like an electric light, and a yell that is a combination of the roar of a lion and the scream of a wild-cat. Can this be Joe Caldwell's santer wandering so far from home? The Republican tariff managers in Washington think they have a dead sure thing on the tariff for at least ten years, as they have the Senate safe and can prevent any material reductions within that time. This accounts for running in those frontier States to make the Senate surely Republican. Ten years more of heavy taxation for the people. Both the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of Nevada are dead, and the State is pegging out too. She numbers now about 50,000 people, 13,000 less than she did ten years ago. What use has such a disintegrating commonwealth for a Governor and a Lieutenant Governor anyhow? The tariff bill was left unenrolled to the last to give a chance to correct mistakes. About the biggest mistake in it was the tariff bill itself. It was all a mistake, if we can designate an outrage by as mild a term as that. Ingalls got off some sarcastic criticism when referring to the tariff bill Tuesday. Wait till the people get a chance to throw in some of their sarcastic votes next November, and Ingalls won't be anywhere.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. B. F. KEITH, JR.—Notice. STAR OFFICE—Boy wanted. MONSTER SHOWS—October 6. NOTICE—Citizens' Building Ass'n. MUNSON & CO.—Handsome suitings. KIRKHAM & CO.—Racket auction house. The Latest About the Custom House. The latest about the Wilmington Collectorship is that Young's appointment is suspended—like Mahomet's coffin. There is no question about its having been made; but it is represented that President Harrison was under the impression that Young was a resident of Wilmington when he gave him the plum that so many have been striving for. Now, it is stated by one of the self-sacrificing patriots who will accept anything they can get in the way of an office—with salary attached—that Harrison has promised to appoint any man from Wilmington the party leaders will agree upon and recommend. This makes confusion worse confounded—for each and all of them are "fighting mad" for the place. Serious Accident. Mr. E. W. Jackson, who keeps a boarding house on the north side of Market street, near Front—known as the Cape Fear House—fell from a front window of the second-story of the building to the pavement below, last night about one o'clock, and received severe injuries on the head. He was found lying unconscious and bleeding profusely, by the police officer on the beat, and was taken into the house. Dr. Potter was called to attend him and dressed the wounds, but was unable to tell whether the man was injured fatally or not. It is supposed that Mr. Jackson walked out of the window while asleep. Naval Stores for Germany. The Norwegian barque Biland cleared yesterday for Hamburg, with 2,000 casks spirits turpentine and 1,061 barrels of rosin. Cargo valued at \$39,250, and shipped by Messrs. Alex. Sprunt & Son. German barque Burgermeister Kirstein cleared for Stettin, Germany, with 3,443 barrels rosin, valued at \$4,500, and shipped by Messrs. Paterson, Downing & Co. Attacked by a Snake. A coach-whip snake attacked a colored man named James King, at Louis Davis' place on Masonboro Sound a day or two ago. The snake was about six feet in length; it coiled around King's legs below the knees and threw him to the ground, just as Spencer Hart, colored, came to King's aid with a gun, with which the snake was dispatched. Cotton Receipts, Etc. Receipts of cotton at this port for the month of September are 43,668 bales; as against receipts the same month last year of 15,717—showing an increase of 27,951 bales. The exports for the month amount to 27,711 bales; and the stock on hand is 18,117 bales.

LOCAL DOTS.

Items of Interest Gathered Here and There and Briefly Noted. An excursion from Jonesboro is expected Saturday. Gen. S. H. Manning has returned to Wilmington, arriving in the city last night. Thirty-six vessels, aggregating 34,244 tons, arrived at this port during the past month. Col. T. W. Strange left last night for California and expects to be away for several months. The excursionists from Bennettsville and other places on the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. arrived about noon yesterday. The Pawnee, the new steamer to run between Wilmington and New York, is expected to arrive here Saturday morning. One of Mr. George Doyle's children, a little boy six years of age, is suffering with lock-jaw, from a wound in the foot. A meeting of stockholders of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley railroad will be held to-day at 11 o'clock a. m., in the Mayor's office at the City Hall. The Charleston papers mention that the cutter Colfax is expected there daily. Collector Johnson of that city having been instructed by the department to disburse the monthly wages due her crew. Charley Ward, a white boy about 15 years of age, fell from a tree into the lot known as the city pound, on Princess street near Fourth, yesterday afternoon. He was stunned by the fall and his head was cut, but fortunately no bones were broken. Rev. E. A. Yates, D. D., formerly pastor of Front Street M. E. Church and Rev. T. Page Ricard, who was at the same time pastor of Fifth Street Church, are here to attend the Sam Jones meetings. Dr. Yates is a witness in the Flanner will case, to be tried in the Superior Court to-day. Sayings of the Rev. Sam Jones. I wish I was the meanest man in the world to-day, and I want to be just as good as the grace of God can make me. God tells a Methodist dead sure he's got religion, but he's afraid he'll lose it. He never tells a Presbyterian he's dead sure, and he's afraid he ain't got it, and so both are working out their own salvation with fear and trembling. If a man really believes the old doctrine "if I'm saved, I'm saved," he's all right; the special provision God has made for idiots and children will take that fellow in. The Episcopal church is the best equipped regiment of Jesus Christ, but she has been in camp a hundred years and ain't fired a gun. The Devil never catches me in the same trap twice; he either has to change his bait or move his trap. The same saloon catches some of you three times a day. I never ask a man if he believes the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah the whale. I believe there are people in heaven now, who never did get exactly straight on that point. I hate theology and botany, but love religion and flowers. The Lutherans and Colored Missions. The Lutheran Church has for many years done a blessed work in her missions in Africa. She is also beginning an active and aggressive work in this country among the colored people. She has flourishing congregations in New Orleans, La., Little Rock, Ark., etc., in the South and in Eastern Pa., Washington City, etc., in the North. About ten years ago the North Carolina Synod began work on its territory, and now has five congregations and five ministers. One of these, Rev. W. P. Phifer, is visiting our city in the interest of his noble work at Charlotte, where he is pastor of the colored Lutheran Church. He has a young and promising congregation, a Sunday School of 100 scholars and a day school of 103 pupils. Rev. W. P. Phifer is a native North Carolinian and a graduate of Howard University, Washington City, where he studied theology under the celebrated Lutheran divine, Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., who is the Chaplain of the Senate, and a Professor in the University. In April he was ordained by Rev. F. W. E. Peschau of this city. A Steamer Lost. A telegram from Beaufort N. C., to the STAR last night says that the British steamship Glenrath, 1080 tons burthen, Anderson master, struck the wreck of the Aberley Bay at Cape Lookout, on Saturday, yesterday. The ship is at 5 p. m., yesterday. The ship is a total wreck. The crew was saved, but lost all their personal property. The Glenrath was from Pensacola for Antwerp with a cargo of lumber. Dorcas Society Meeting. The Dorcas Society of the Lutheran Church will hold a meeting at 4 p. m., to-day in Luther Memorial Building. A full attendance is desired.

REV. SAM. P. JONES.

YESTERDAY'S SERVICES AT THE TABERNACLE.

Immense Crowds of People in Attendance.—Two Sermons by Mr. Jones—Increasing Interest.

IN THE FORENOON.

After the usual preliminary exercises and prayer by Rev. J. W. Jones, of Maxton, Mr. Jones seated himself, Bible in hand, saying he was not well and would speak sitting, as the physical effort was so much less trying. His text was, "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!" He said, if a man should say to me, "I'm a sinner, I want to be a Christian. What must I do to be saved?" I have no right to advise him to do anything that he may not die doing. I might advise him to keep good company or read good books; both good advice. Parents can never over-estimate the influence of good company and good books or the baneful influence of bad company and bad books on their children. How many lives have been wrecked by yellow backed literature. I'd rather associate with a dog than a man that swears; it might make me dog-gish but it wouldn't teach me to swear. I'd rather associate with a hog than a man that drinks; and if manners are above morals, the hog and dog are above the swearing and drinking man; for one corrupts the manners the other the morals.

I might say, join the church; I might say, have family prayer; I have never been able to explain for a professed Christian man why he don't pray in his home. It takes more religion to make a man pray than it does to save his soul. If I couldn't pray in my family, I wouldn't make any pretensions to religion. I've known a few remarkable instances where men prayed in their families ten years before they joined the church. They said religion was the best thing in the world, and they wanted their children to have the best thing. I might say be baptized, take the sacrament monthly, visit the sick, help the poor—a thousand things—all a good advice, and yet I can see how a man may do all these things and yet die unsaved. These are all crowned instrumentalities in God's hands to make us better. Christ used the means of grace, but not of salvation. The means of grace and salvation are two distinct things. Sinners use one, Christians the other. You and I as sinners must use the means of grace, which is, trusting, and then use salvation to climb home to God. There is but one sufficiency, that is faith; all others are crowned instrumentalities. Faith puts on an easy way to heaven; the means of grace keeps us there. There is no place here to rest on our oars. That is why I believe in the "final perseverance of the saints." I believe in it theoretically, but practically I fight it. I know enough about men to know that if a man is dead sure he's got a thing he ain't going to work for it. I never had any use for the doctrine, "If you seek religion you can't find it; if you find it, you can't keep it; if you can't keep it, you'll lose it." You can't swim in a river until you get into the river. A man can't use the means of grace to get into salvation but must use it when he gets there to save him. What must I do. Not what must I read or think, but do. If every sinner don't do something he hasn't done he will be lost. As long as salvation is conditional you must meet its conditions. I believe in election. I believe the elect are the "whosoever wills." I'm like the old darkey who, when asked to explain this doctrine, said, "I can't splain it, boss, but dis much I know, no man's 'lected 'cepin he's a candidate." [Here he indulged in several pleasant-tries as to the difference in the "terminology" of the various denominations. He said the Baptist runs to John the Baptist, but the Methodist went back to Adam, for didn't Adam fall? He manifested every practical relation of the Methodist church.] Some of the truest, best men I know are Presbyterians, and I got my wife out of the "Baptist pond;" so I'm a brother-in-law to every Baptist. The Episcopal church is the mother of the Methodist. A boy ought never to go back on his mother. The Episcopal church stands on as solid a platform in discipline as any in America. If an Episcopalian says his church don't oppose dancing he lies. Your Uncle Jones has read up on your church. [He here paid a beautiful tribute to one of the city rectors who had spoken out to his people on that line.] There never would have been a Methodist church if the mother had done her duty, nor a Missionary Baptist, if the "Hard Shells" had behaved themselves. Every time a church splits, the piece that splits off gets nearer where God wants it. I say these things because the question is not church membership, not outward forms. But what sort of a fellow came in when you joined? Any church is good enough for you, but all are too good if you ain't going to live right. What is salvation? Not feeling, shout-

ing—not any outward act—any more than my coat is me. Stripped of all else it is God Almighty setting the Ten Commandments to music in your soul, making you love everything God loves and hate everything God hates. Not a sentiment, but a condition that lifts you out of life and makes you love what is right and hate what is wrong. I would not trust my salvation to anything that permitted me, as a matter of choice to do wrong. You ask have I never sinned since my conversion? Yes; but God says "if we sin willfully after that we receive the knowledge of the truth there remaineth no more sacrifice," &c. Temptations have beset and overcome me, but I have never seen the time I hadn't rather do right than wrong. The law must prove a man charged with murder guilty of intent, malice aforethought, before conviction; is God less harsh than the courts? Salvation is that condition of life and character that makes men do right because it is the only thing they want to do, and hate wrong with all their nature. How can I get into that glorious state? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I thank God that it is not faith in creeds, but in Divine power. A creed is the skin of truth set up and stuffed with straw; no life nor power in it. The Apostles had walked the golden streets three hundred years before the Apostles' Creed was thought of. We have too much discussion on orthodoxy. I never went much on Theology with a big "O." The "O" logian, a brother to the fool-osooper and muddy-physician! The two great questions are, "Am I lost," and "Can Christ save me?" Believe both and you are saved. [He then illustrated with great clearness the meaning of Faith by a man offering three little boys a half dollar. The boys thought him joking, and just stood and grinned. The fourth boy took it, and the gentleman said, "boys that's faith; taking what God offers."] Repentance is a condition of faith, and faith a condition of salvation. What must I do? In order to go to Washington you get on a train and remain seated to your destination. Get on the means of grace and keep your seat until you reach God. Some of you want like the route and want stay long. There is one branch road that begins at desire and ends at confirmation, you can walk before breakfast. A man told me he saw thirteen confirmed Sunday and twelve of them in a ball room dancing Monday night. The first station on the Grand Trunk line is Conviction. When I got on there I thought I'd die before the train started. The next was Conversion, and I was willing to get off right then. The next, Obedience; the next, Brotherly Love; the next, Generosity, and when the porter called out the name of that station the passengers piled out of the windows and doors and the bones were ten feet deep all around the station, and when the train arrived at the last station, Complete Consecration, there was only one fellow left with me in the car. By God's help I intend to stay on this train until the signal blows for the pearly gates, and then I'll light and tell my mother we've said good-bye for the last time. Let's make a bee-line for heaven. A bee circles around the pure flower, and alighting extracts all the sweetness from the blushing rose, leaving it with no tarnish or stain on its fair petals; then, circling upward, higher and higher, it rises above every obstacle and goes in a bee-line straight for home. God help us to rise above every temptation and earthly obstacle. We can't go straight until we do, and make a bee-line for our heavenly home. It is said that the song of the lark of Scotland is the sweetest music God ever made. These larks roost in the grass, and as the Scottish farmer comes in the early morning he flushes the lark, and as the bird circles upward he listens to the sweet music of its voice and watches it soar higher and higher until the last sweet strain seems to join the choir above. "Why should we grovel here below?" I want to get in harmony with heaven before I get up there. May God help us to impress the image of Christ on our children. I had rather my children were devoted Christians than that they be kings and princes. I have no care about the child who sticks to Christ; it's the one who wanders away. How many here want this religion I've talked about? In response to his invitation many gave him their hand.

THE NIGHT SERMON. The interest in the Tabernacle meetings continues unabated. There was an immense audience present, filling the building with the exception of a few seats on the side from which hearing is difficult. Owing to the absence of Prof. Excell, Mr. H. M. Bowden, the director of the choir, managed the musical portion of the services. Rev. Mr. Jones announced that after consultation with others better informed on the subject than himself, he had decided to have the special services for the

colored people on Friday afternoon at three o'clock, instead of Saturday as heretofore announced. He said that he desired all the colored pastors of the city to meet him in his room at 'The Purcell' on Friday morning at nine o'clock to discuss measures. From the 13th verse of the 9th chapter of Zacharias, "Turn into the stronghold ye prisoners of hope; even to-day I declare unto you I will render double unto you," the Evangelist delivered a very impressive and convincing discourse, as was evidenced by the large number—over two hundred—that shook his hand and promised to lead a better life. Mr. Jones said: The Gospel proposes to give you everything for nothing. I once made the assertion that the Gospel paid the biggest dividend of anything under the sun; and an old brother supplemented the assertion with, "It's all dividend." The Gospel asks of no man anything but what a sensible man should be willing to give. When the Bible offers you life and happiness—temporal and eternal—you cry out, I have nothing but sin to give in exchange for all this. But God whispers back to you in answer to your wailing cry, "Nothing but love shall you receive." Were the question of the immortality of the soul and a future life eliminated from our consideration, you should yet do right because it is right. Virtue pays cash enough in this world to reward her votaries without regard to any life hereafter. Pardon a digression of a few moments right here. Whiskey is sold because of the money in it. Before I would sell a drop of the cursed stuff I would steal every mouthful that my wife ate. I would steal every rag of clothes that my children wore. The worst men in America are the whiskey sellers. Some of you say that it is none of my business who sells or drinks whiskey, when scarce a day passes but we read of some drunken man reeling from a saloon to the sidewalk and shooting some one down in his mad fury. I say that it is my business, and it is your business, for you may be the next victim. The worst crime that a man can commit is to deliberately get drunk. If you will allow me to go further I will say that it is evidence of enfeebled manhood and pusillanimous character for you to allow the whiskey business to be carried on in this town. I have received letters from broken-hearted wives since I have been in this city that if you read your heart would bleed. If there were but one man in this broad land to speak against that traffic, I would be that man. On the Judgment day I want to hear on what grounds God is going to say to a member of that unlicensed saloon, the Cape Fear Club, "Come, ye blessed, receive the reward laid up for you." You say that the club is necessary in order to entertain visitors to the city. You had better put the visitor in the river than debauch your young men entertaining him. I understand that it is the intention of some one to go for me in the papers under a nom de plume. Do you know what a nom de plume is? It is a buzzard with the feathers stamped off. God has his hand on this world and as long as the lilies bloom and the ravens are fed, God will take care of the man that does right. The truth of the text has been literally proved a thousand times in my life. I have enemies, but for every one I have a thousand friends. I have seen the time in my life when I have ate the last crust in the house and spent the last dollar. But, thank God, in the fulfillment of God's promise in the text, the larders were soon stored with an abundance. I preached for eight years on circuits that paid me in sums from sixty-five dollars to three hundred dollars a year, and I thank God that I did. People did not say then that Sam Jones preached for money; and now I am the best paid preacher in America. There are three classes of prisoners of hope. The first class are those faithful, pious and true men and women. You are prisoners, but of hope; you are tied by the ligaments of time, but when death's angel severs the golden cord you will be prisoners no longer. My mother was a prisoner of hope, but thirty-three years ago the pitcher was broken at the cistern and she was a prisoner no longer. The hope becomes a reality in the New Jerusalem. 2nd class: Men and women of honest hearts, who have given their hand in this meeting and promised to live a better life. Honest penitents are on the way to heaven, the star of hope shining bright and glorious in their sky, leading them on. Take courage. Say to yourself, "I will never give up," and march on and on to the dawning of an eternal day. 3rd class: Those who have been thinking and meditating upon what has been said here. There is a chance for such as these. As the surgeons were probing the wound of President Garfield, and he was "writhing in pain," he said, "Is there a chance for me?" "Yes, one," replied the surgeon. "Then I will take it." So may it be with you. There is one chance for you; will you not take it?

But there prisoners without hope. And first, there are angels who, in the dawn of ages past, rebelled against God, and were cast into the pit of darkness. The atonement is offered to man, but on those in the nethermost pit no hope ever shined. Oh! it is fearful to contemplate those immortals in eternal despair. The second class of prisoners without hope are those men and women who live without hope of immortality or the knowledge of God. I do not believe in salvation after death. Your preparation for eternity must be made this side of the grave. I'll preach anywhere that God calls me, but I would not go to the cemetery and preach. The Bible does not teach any such doctrine. You have got to prepare for eternity before the coffin shrouds your form. If you can look eternity in the face without the quiver of a muscle, you are a braver man than I am or want to be. God has given some of you here your last chance. God grant that you will take it. "While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return," is poetry, but not Bible doctrine. "Thou fool, this night thy soul may be required of thee," does not mean that you will die this night; but that after the hours of this night shall run, you have no chance for redemption. There are men in this town who have ill-gotten gains, and before they will disgorge, they deliberately choose eternal death. Some of you who sell liquor, before you would quit it you risk your soul. I am afraid the pastor of some of your liquor traffickers is *particeps criminis* because he has not declared the whole counsel of God. You cannot say that I have not warned you. You disregard all gospel calls, the rainbow of hope shines above your head and dazzles your eyes, the purring waters from the throne of God make music in your ears, yet you sink down and down. God pity the man who in his last moments has no God to lean on. Death like a giant serpent wraps his coils around the sinner and slowly crushes his victim. He raises his glittering head, and despite the shrieks and awful cries buries his poisonous fangs deep into the quivering flesh, and death—awful, terrible—follows. So the dread serpent of death coils about every Christian. But as he raises his head to bury his fangs in your flesh, Christ tears the fangs from the horrid jaws. Then as the glittering eyes and forked tongue again turn and play near you, you raise your eyes with hope beaming bright while from the lips wells the cry, "Oh death, where is thy sting." Death to the true Christian is but a transition from the sorrows and trials of earth to the eternal joy and life and love of "Zion, the glorious city of God."

At the conclusion of the sermon Rev. Mr. Jones announced that the singing class of the Oxford Orphan Asylum would render several selections. He made an appeal to his audience to contribute liberally to the support of the Asylum and for that purpose announced a collection. I propose, he said, to begin the good work by giving them every cent of money I have in my pockets, and before God what I have in my pocket is all I have here, in Georgia, or in the world. I want every man here to empty his pocket into the hat to-night. There is an orphan asylum in my town that I support. It has sixty inmates, and on the first of every month the superintendent draws on me for the expenses of the institution. I tell you brethren, an orphan gets close to my heart when I think of my little loved ones home. The usual services will be held to-morrow. SUPERIOR COURT. Yesterday's Proceedings—Cases for Trial To-Day. Cases were disposed of in the Superior Court yesterday as follows: R. W. Hicks vs. John McDuffie, et al. Continued. Nancy L. Prevatt vs. R. E. L. Prevatt, Continued. H. A. London, admr., vs. Mary E. Quince, et al. Continued. Du Brutz Cutlar and wife vs. D. L. Russell. Decree. Clayton Giles and wife vs. C. B. Wright and wife. Decree. Hall & Pearsall vs. R. M. McNair and wife. Judgment. The following cases are set for trial to-day. J. H. Strauss vs. the W., C. & A. R. R. Co. McClammy for plaintiff; Junius Davis for defendant. James F. Post vs. W. P. Canaday. Martin for plaintiff; Russell for defendant. N. A. Brickhouse vs. G. H. Dickey, administrator. Empie for plaintiff; Meares for defendant. In the matter of the will of Susan A. Flanner. Russell and Waddell for plaintiff; M. Bellamy, Davis and Meares for defendants. Weather Forecasts. For Virginia, light showers, followed by fair weather, slightly warmer, winds becoming southerly. For North Carolina and South Carolina, light rains, variable winds, stationary temperature, except slightly warmer in interior.