The Morning Star.

By WILLIAM H. BERNARD.

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THE MORNING STAR.

VOL. XLVII.--NO. 13. WILMINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1890. WHOLE NO. 7,494

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square One Day.....$ 1 00
" " Two Days..... 1 75
" " Three Days..... 2 50
" " Four Days..... 3 00
" " Five Days..... 3 50
" " One Week..... 4 00
" " Two Weeks..... 6 50
" " Three Weeks..... 8 50
" " One Month..... 10 00
" " Two Months..... 18 00
" " Three Months..... 24 00
" " Six Months..... 40 00
" " One Year..... 60 00

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Ten lines solid Nonpareil type make one square.

OUTLINES.

The city of Rome, Ga., is highly excited over the case in which one lady poisoned another; the poisoned lady is dead, and the poisoner's whereabouts are unknown. —— The trade review of Augusta, Ga., shows that the total business for the year amounts to seventy million dollars; the city is growing and is prosperous. —— A deputation of Irish Nationalists has been selected to visit America for the purpose of laying before the people of this country a plain statement of the situation of affairs in Ireland. —— A conspiracy is reported to exist in Turkey against the government. —— The Count de Paris started out from New York yesterday on a visit to the battle-fields; he is accompanied by a large number of old army officers, and is said to be enjoying himself like a school boy out on a lark. —— Two of the Mormon headlights indulged in a lot of chattering at Salt Lake city on Sunday. —— The Republicans carried the city election in Covington, Ky., yesterday, for the first time in twenty-five years; the ballot was somewhat similar to the Australian system. —— The President left Washington yesterday to attend Grand Army reunions at several points in the West, and incidentally to visit other cities. —— Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, lis in a critical condition from a cancerous affection.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. KEITH, JR—Mulicts
STAR OFFICE—Boy wanted.
GEO. A. PECK—Fine lamps.
REWARD—For lost spectales.
S. H. MANNING—Tax notice.
KIRKHAM & CO—Auction sale.
MUNSON & CO—The finest goods.
CRONLY & MORRIS—Rooms for rent.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Regular Meeting—Various Matters Discussed and Disposed of.

The Board of Aldermen met yesterday in regular session; all the members present with the exception of Alderman Craft, and Mayor Fowler in the chair.

The Committee on Finance reported settlement of the claim of Jno. H. Green, colored, by the payment of $50. Green was injured by falling into an excavation on Third street some time ago.

On recommendation of the Committee on Markets it was ordered that the clerk of the market be required to weigh all fresh pork purchased by butchers.

It was recommended that an appropriation not exceeding $600 be made for the purchase and removal of two small frame houses that obstruct Seventh street, been Wooster and Dawson.

The Sanitary Committee reported progress in the matter of Jacob's Run sewer.

The same committee through Alderman Post, recommended that all sinks and cess-pools on private premises be abolished, no matter at what cost. The question was discussed by Aldermen Hicks and Post in favor of the recommendation and by Alderman Morton who opposed it. Finally an ordinance submitted by Alderman Hicks, requiring householders to fill up and close all sinks and cess-pools was adopted; to go into effect February 1st, 1891. A fine of $10 to be imposed for each day's failure to comply with the law.

In the matter of paving Nutt street the Permanent Street Improvement Committee reported that the work would begin next month.

The street car ordinance prepared by the City Attorney was read, and on motion action upon it was deferred until the next meeting.

Permission was granted the Electric Light Company to place street lights on poles, on all streets east of Third street.

Report of the Chief of Fire Department, recommending repairs to the "Adrain" engine and Fifth Ward Hook and Ladder Co's house, was read and referred to Committee on Fire Department. Also, recommendation of the Chief that two dilapidated houses on South Fifth street, regarded as unsafe, be demolished, was discussed. Alderman Hicks asked if it was in the power of the Board to have the houses torn down. The Chief of Police said the houses were owned by persons who could not be found, and had been on the delinquent tax list for years.

On motion of Alderman Smith the matter was referred to the Fire Committee and Fire Commission, with power to act.

Alderman Montgomery spoke in regard to the purchase of a market house and engine house in the Fifth Ward, and stated that Messrs. Adrian & Vollers had purchased the property on which the Fifth Ward market house was now situated, and had agreed to sell the lot to the city for $1,250. A motion to appropriate this amount for the purchase of the property was adopted.

— A special meeting of the stockholders of the Carolina Insurance Company will be held at the Bank of New Hanover to-day.

LOCAL DOTS.

Items of Interest Gathered Here and There and Briefly Noted.

— Have you registered?

— Mr. Walter H. Neal, from Western Carolina, is at the Orton.

— Tar sold yesterday at $1.60 per barrel and spirits turpentine at 37 cents per gallon.

— The entertainment last night at the Opera House was a dull affair and very poorly attended.

— Until further notice all trains on the Wilmington Seacoast railroad will start from and arrive at Princess street station.

— Call on your registrar as you come from breakfast, or as you go to dinner, or as you come from dinner, or as you go to supper,

— The circus was not much of a show and did not draw. "Your Uncle Jones" was too much for it. The company hardly paid expenses here.

— The county canvass in Pender will begin Tuesday the 14th inst., at South Washington. All the county candidates are expected to be present.

— Mr. Jerome Dowd, of the Mecklenburg *Times*, and Capt. S. B. Alexander, the Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, are in the city.

— The rain in the cotton region yesterday was in the Mississippi Valley and Gulf States. It was very heavy in the Galveston district; an average of 1.20 inches being reported for the 17 stations.

— The North State Cornet Band have received their new instruments—some twenty-odd pieces in all. They will be placed on exhibition to-day in the windows at Mr. M. M. Katz's store on Market street.

— It is time the Democrats were registering. They cannot vote unless they do register. The books will close at sundown on the 24th of October. This is an out-and-out new registration. Bear these facts in mind.

— A meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee was held yesterday at Burgaw. The committee endorsed the action of the Democratic Convention of New Hanover in nominating Mr. John D. Bellamy, Jr., for State Senator from this, the Twelfth District.

— Sheriff Manning, Deputy Collector Rice and others who went to Washington to see the President in regard to the matter of the collectorship of this port have returned. They say they have "downed" Young, and that Taylor, the present deputy collector, will be appointed to succeed the late E. J. Pennypacker.

REV. SAM. JONES.

Pungent Hits in Monday Morning's Sermon.

A preacher in Los Angeles said, "I can't stand Sam Jones; I wont go to hear him, but I'm praying for him." I said, "Lord bless your soul, a preacher praying God to keep company he wouldn't keep."

Show me a man that's not hen-pecked, and I'll show you one that's devil-pecked That's why I love Bro. Creasy so good, "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

God said man and wife should be one; *one* quarrelling; *one* getting up a row.

If you want your daughters to be an honor to you, be an honor to your daughters.

Mothers, wives, daughters, you have to do with home. There is no place like home, and nothing like a good mother; and mother and home together means heaven.

Folks that quit courting when they marry don't live the happiest life. Tell your husband or wife three times a day that you love him or her; some of you would have to tell a lie, though to do it.

I asked every parent in Cartersville to help me raise my children right. They said, "how can we do that?" I said, by raising your own right and then there wont be any bad ones for mine to run with.

Many a man would quit going to places if his wife would quit going with him.

Anybody can tell when a woman is dead, but it takes an expert to tell when a man is. You may know a woman is dead when she quits talking.

Personal.

Lieut. Gerhardt, of the 20th U. S. Infantry, is on a visit to Wilmington, his old home. He will be remembered as book-keeper for Messrs. Hart, Bailey & Co. some seven or eight years ago, when he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point, where he graduated. Since then he has been stationed in Montana, where his command now is. He stands very high with his superior officers, and in time he will make his mark in the service. His old Wilmington friends are glad to see him, and wish him every success in his chosen profession.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY'S SERVICES.

Concluding Sermons of The Rev. Sam P. Jones—The Attendance and Interest Unabated to the Close.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SERMON.

When the hour for services arrived there were over seven thousand people in the Tabernacle. Chairs filled the aisles and around the sides of the building a large number were observed standing being unable to procure seats. It It was the largest crowd that had yet assembled to hear Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones said that he had enjoyed his visit to this city very much. He did not know as he ever had spent a more pleasant week, or among such genial people. Some of you are going around laughing in your sleeves saying, "Sam Jones asked for a pass over the Weldon Railroad and didn't get it." I wish you people to understand that I am neither a beggar or a fool. If I had really wanted a pass I would not have taken a Methodist preacher and a layman along with me when I asked for it. I knew that they would not give one to a preacher. I wanted to see if they would give the white elephant that was drawing the crowd one. Don't think that they have got a joke on your Uncle Jones. I am not out a nickle. I tell you business men that I do not want to hold another meeting here with that railroad robbing the people in the matter of rates as they have done. If you want your Uncle Jones to hold another meeting in this town, you have got to go to that railroad and get them to give you lower rates to and from it, and if they don't give it to you, ship by another route."

The text is found in the 3d chapter, 1st Epistle of John: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If I paraphrase so as to read. "Repent of your sins and God will be faithful and just to forgive us," I shall do no violence to it. The first thing I learned at school was the alphabet, and as I advanced in my studies through the various sciences, I found that all was based on the alphabet, and that not a proposition or a fact could be stated without the aid of the various combinations of the alphabet. What the alphabet is to the man of letters, repentance is the first thing, and the last thing a Christian ever does. An old woman once defined repentance to mean where one is so sorry for their meanness that they resolve to quit. Repentance is nothing more nor less than quitting your meanness. If you are going in the wrong way turn around and go the other. Some people define it as a Godly sorrow for sin. It is nothing of the kind. The Bible says, 'A Godly sorrow worketh repentance." Steam works an engine, but steam is not the engine. See the point? Do not mistake blubbering for repentance. An old man had a son who came home every night drunk, and he would cry and say that he was so sorry that he got drunk. But the next night he was drunk as ever. Finally the old man said, 'Bill you have got to quit drinking or blubbering, one or the other.' And one night Bill came home sober, and as he reiterated his resolve to lead a better life it was not whiningly, but in an open, manly manner. It is the quitting and not the crying that gets there. If you have been cursing, drinking and leading an immoral life, quit it. That's repentance. I have a great respect for a man who, religion or no religion, when he knows a thing is wrong will quit it.

Feeling is not religion; it is nothing but moral perspiration. It is an evidence of moral action but not the action itself. You people sitting out there who say that you feel like you should do right and live better lives and yet do not give your hand because you say 'I don't feel good about it,' are like the fellow who went out one cold morning to cut down a tree. He sat down on a log, and in reply to a question why he did not cut the tree down, replied: 'I am waiting until I begin to sweat.' He is waiting yet. Omit your meanness and do right and you will have the feeling. Ask yourself, if you are doing right, not how you feel. Repentance is not a question of feeling. I had a lot of those shouting fellows at one of my meetings; they could shout a mile high and I had to appoint committee to keep them sober. The preachers are responsible for the mystification that surrounds this subject. Stop preaching about the 'Sweet Bye and Bye' and preach more about the 'Sweet Now and Now.' If we live right we will not have to *go* to heaven, but the streets of the New Jerusalem will be extended down to your very door. It would not do as it is in this town, however. You would have to take in about 80 saloons and it would not look right to have saloons and a lot of red-nosed soakers hanging around in a suburb of Glory.

Convert means to turn from something and take hold of something. Both are necessary or you will slip back. If you turn from sin you must take hold of righteousness. If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us. Did you ever do a man an injury and ask him to forgive you but what he did so. And is God less just than man.

Faith is taking God at His word. It makes me mad to see you old Christians praying to God to give you more faith to enable you to believe His word. Little fellows down on their knees praying for more faith. I had as lief pray for a potato. I do pray for potatoes when I say, "Give me this day our daily bread," but I always look for the potato at the end of a hoe.

Take a sensible view—live right. Confess your sins and God will forgive you. Some of you say that you do not see what good is accomplished by shaking my hand. It is true that God is as near you back there as he is up here, but there is something in an open, manly confession of sin. I have preached solemn sermons as well as humorous ones. I have played on every chord of the human heart in my endeavor to get you to lead a better life. God help you to come forward, feeling or no feeling.

God help you to take the step that will put you on God's side—that will settle this question for time and eternity.

MONDAY MORNING'S SERVICE.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was a circus in the city, and that Monday is always a busy day with housekeepers, there was no perceptible diminution in the size of the audience assembled at the Tabernacle, most of whom were ladies, as the sermon was especially addressed to them. The power of Mr. Jones to attract and of the Gospel to hold large audiences has been successfully demonstrated.

Mr. Jones made an earnest prayer, and seated himself, saying he felt very much "let down" physically.

He said, by way of preface, it has been said that "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," and that "if the mothers could rule the world, they would save the world." We know that no one guides the destiny of men like the wives, mothers, and daughters of men. In an Eastern town a convention of mothers was called to discuss the subject of rearing children. The question was asked, "at what age should begin the training of our children for God?" One mother said eight years, another five; another three; another two; thereupon a good old mother in Israel arose and said, begin twenty years before the birth of your child and give it a good mother." All great men bear the impress of their mother. Nero's mother was a bloody murderess, and she gave to the world the most blood-thirsty man it ever saw. Byron's mother was a proud intellectual, worldly woman, and she gave to the world the most intellectual autocrat it ever had. The mothers of George Washington and John Wesley were plain, honest, sensible Christian women and gave to the world great and good men. But few really vicious men had good mothers to train them. If you never had a good mother you have lost what God can never make up in grace. If I had to make a choice between churches, Sunday schools and preachers and a good mother, I'd choose the latter every time, for her hand would lead me straight to heaven.

The verses on which I shall speak read thus: "I beseech you brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God. For I say through grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, first to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." Were I to change this this morning I would read it, "I beseech you—wives, mothers, and daughters, &c. The first verse puts you in right relation to God, the second to the world, and the third to yourself; with these three adjustments perfectly made, you will have a fine character.

Wise adjustment to God is woman's first duty. There are problems in the home life that a wife cannot solve, and influences which daughters cannot exert without it.

I can see how a man, thrown in the world with all manner of evil influences, can neglect his religious duties; but an impious, ungodly mother is a monstrosity. Women, of all others, ought to love God and hate the Devil. The Devil is doing his best against your children and the innocence of your home, and if he ever gets a woman down, and his foot on her, she never gets up.

I believe in a woman doing everything God wants her to do. I believe in their preaching and voting; I want to see the time when a woman can cast a vote on the whiskey question. I ain't anxious for them to vote on anything else. I believe in woman reforming the world, but you must first get in wise adjustment with God. A minister married a girl in the church to a man out of the church, and a girl out of the church to a man in the church. In six months the man out of the church was in and the man in was out.

The second biggest fool in the world is the woman who will marry a man with the strength of whiskey on his breath, and the biggest fool is the one who will stir his toddy and make it nice for him after marriage. A lady in Toronto told me she had had wine in her home and thought it no harm until her husband came home one night unsteady and she awoke to the realization that she was a drunkard's wife. Next morning she told him she had been foolish and wicked, but he must make his choice between whiskey and wife, for she would leave him the next time she smelt of liquor on his breath. He never took another drop. If you had strength of character you could make it lively for your husband. Don't have peace at home at the expense of principle.

Mr. Finney tells of a woman whose husband forbade her attending a series of meetings. She told the preacher, and he said if you have done your duty at home, go and trust to God. When her husband came home and found her gone he armed himself with a hatchet and met her at the door to kill her. She ran by him and escaped through a window to a neighbor's house. When she returned next day he met her with the same weapon. She ran to the same window and it was fastened. Seeing no hope of escape and the murderous weapon uplifted, she fell on her knees and said, "Lord have mercy on my husband," and the hatchet dropped from his hand; he felt the arrow of conviction and joining in her prayer, was converted.

Take a stand for God and the right. Not only adjusted to God, but the world. You've got to live here, but be particular what you do here. I'm going to talk plain, if you don't like it you can lump it.

Mothers, keep out of your homes everything that will be hurtful to your children. You would have fits if a snake came into your house, but a deck of cards is sometimes a thousand times more awful in their consequences than the venom of a rattlesnake. Many a woman to-day is far worse off than if a mad dog had bitten her, and she was bitten in a ball room. Some of you say we have no cards or balls in our homes, but you've got a gossipping tongue.

I've heard more than once that the two cardinal sins of this town were failure to pay debts and gossip. No family of children who had a long-tongued mammy ever grew to be men and women of character. The Bible says, "What measure ye mete shall be meted out to you again." If some of you knew what others say about you, you'd want to go off on business.

If the grandest results don't come from these meetings it will be because of the gossippers who have built bulwarks we couldn't climb over. Some of the pastors in town are heading the procession. I'd hate to go to hell in a crowd headed by a parson.

The Bible says, "the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison," and "all manner of beasts have been tamed, but the tongue no man can tame." When you go to say anything about anybody stop and say, "is it the truth, is it kind, will it do any good to say it?" If you will apply these three rules, like scissors, you'll chip off a pile of tongues three feet high; some would have to quit talking altogether.

Men are sometimes equally guilty of gossip; sometimes more. I don't mean every woman here is a gossipper. There are some noble, sweet women here. I'm just "hewing to the line," and if your head, or tongue is on the line and gets chopped it ain't my fault.

Don't let the husband get on the wife's territory or the wife on the husband's. I asked Gen. Evans how he reared such a splendid family of children. He said it was his wife's fault; he never interfered but in one thing; he made them always mind their mother. I said, "I'm in the same fix," and sometimes I have a lively time making mine mind their mother: If the switch lay over the motto "I need thee every hour," the boys would think there was more truth than scriptnre in it.

When adjusted to God and the world, get the right grip on home life. I give you two pictures: If little Annie, six years of age, goes to mother, asking for needle and thread one day, doll scraps another, scissors another, thimble another, and each time is refused, in a cross, rough, unfeeling manner, when that child is eighteen years old she is a typhoon—old scratch on wheels. Why? She is a chip of the old block, and if I was a widower, and had to choose between them I'd choose the mother, for she'd die soon and get out of the way.

If little Annie comes to mother and asks for these same things, and mother gives them to her with sweet kindly words; and as she sits by her sewing teaches her scripture texts and their meaning; when that child is eighteen years old she is a blessing to her mother, an honor to the church and a benefactor to the world. Why? She is a chip of the old block, and just like her good mother. I've known what a christian mother is, I know what a christian wife is. If my wife had not been a crutch under each arm I never could have stepped. I have a daughter who has been a comfort and blessing to me, and one who though big-hearted and generous, was inclined to be wild. One day she stepped in a buggy with a young man whose character is above reproach, with my consent but against her mother's will, and a telegram came: "Forgive me, father, I have married Will, against your wishes." My wife has often said, "I told you so," when I went contrary to her advice, but she has never thrown up to me my letting daughter go, she could put her ear to my side and hear the blood drip.

Throw blessed influences around your children; you know not what the end will be, the devil is at ever turn.

It is the hardest thing in this world to raise our children right when so many others are running with the devil. We have whiskey trusts, steel rail trusts; God help us to get up a children raising trust.

Be kindly and positive with your children and show your husband that you love him. A fretful, peevish wife is enough to make a man get drunk three times a day. If I lived with one on earth and ever got to heaven, I'd say, "I am one who came up through great tribulation." Its a poor person that can't wear a cheerful face except when everything goes right.

Money can't bring happiness; it consists in what we are, and not what we've got. An old Christian man lost his property by the war, his wife died and left him desolate. He asked a rich sinner to let him occupy an old cabin on his farm and he consented. One day the rich sinner found the Christian man at the spring, soa king his corn ashcake in the water and eating it. He said, "Is this the best you can do; and do you sleep on a bed of straw, after you have served God all your life? I'd curse a God who would let me come to that." The Christian replied, "It is all I deserve." That night the rich man dreamed that the richest man in Harris county would die at six o'clock. In great fear he awoke and told his wife. The dream was vivid; he sent for the doctor who came and found him perfectly sound. Six o'clock passed and he did not die. As the doctor rode home a colored man met him and told him the old man in the cabin had died at six o'clock; and sure enough the richest man in Harris county had gone home to heaven.

My talk has been scattering, but one must scatter to hit everybody. May God crown all you good women with everlasting life.

LAST NIGHT'S SERMON.

The last of of the series of Tabernacle meetings was very largely attended, there being about seven thousand people present. After the rendition of several selections, the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Clinton, led in prayer. Miss Florence Bowden, one of Wilmington's most accomplished songsters, sang, "From every stormy wind that blows," accompanied by the full choir. Every gradation of tone in its admirable shading was clearly pictured by the clear voice on the background of the full choir's gentlest *pianissimo*. Prof. Excell sang as a solo, "Keep in the middle of the road."—

"I hear dem angels, calling loud,
Keep in de middle of de road,
Dey's a waiting dar in a great big crowd,
Keep in de middle of de road."

Rev. Mr. Jones preached a short but forcible sermon from the text: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." He portrayed the beauty and grandeur of a life devoted to the service of God, and touchingly insisted that if we so live, our paths will be paths of pleasantness and our ways, ways of peace. I have said somethings seemingly harsh; so does the Bible; but in that precions book are found also the severest things in the world.

A Christian's life is compared to a way in which we are walking towards a desired end. We are strangers in our pilgrimage, but when it ends it will be in a home up yonder. I propose to speak of the pleasant things a Christian meets in the way.

It is pleasant to know that we shall have strength to reach our journey's end. Many would start, but for fear of their inability to complete the journey. Lay aside any such fear, for God has promised that He will maintain you until the end. God's grace will hold out in the future as it has in the past, to all who earnestly and honestly try. Some of you fellows have been saying harsh things about me. You had better hold your own skillet, or you will spill something. Your Uncle Jones is a little disfigured by his battle with sin, but he is still in the ring.

It is pleasant to know that you will have light on your journey. It is hard to walk in darkness, but God has promised to every Christian that his light shall shine on his way.

Its pleasant to have accomodations on our way to God. God is watching over us and His providence will provide everything needful. It is pleasant to know that God is with us in our journey; that God will protect us as we journey on and angels will camp about us at every halting.

It is gracious to know that we have a guide to show us the way. At every fork of the road he tells us which way to go. No man need fear that he will go astray if he trusts in God, for the heavenly guide knows and will show you.

It is pleasant to have good company. Of course there are some bad people in the church, some people that you do not care to associate with. But it is better to put up with such company for the few years of life than be compelled to spend eternity with them. Members of the church should get along together better than any other class. That bad spirit in your heart will ruin you for this world and the next. If you have malice and ill will in yourt, get it out, for it will ruin and damn you as certain as God rules this world. Bury the hatchet, if you have any feuds, but do not build a monument one hundred feet high and say: "There is the hatchet." Level the ground over its resting place and eradicate its memory from your heart. Do not let another sun go down until you get all malice out of your heart.

If you are on your way to heaven, you will find a friend in everybody. You sisters in the church do not imitate the two mules who were very friendly until one turned the kicking end to the other, and then the fur began to fly. Hob-nob over the fence, but do not if one of you get mad turn the other end around and kick the line fence down.

People who love are loved, and I thank God for it. Conscience and duty say, 'I'll do my part,' but Love says, 'Clear the way, I am going to do all I can.'

It helps to make the journey pleasant to sing on the way. We have had a good choir during these meetings, and I thank God for it. Singing inspires man's soul, and makes him happy as he toils on his way.

It helps to make the journey pleasant to know that is going to end well. Thank God for the end of our journey. Instinct tells man that it is to be well beyond. God never anymore put the instinct of immortality in man until he made heaven than he gave fishes fins without creating the ocean, or a bird wings until he made the air.

I believe in the immortality of the body and soul both. If the body of a man is scattered to the winds of heaven God wil bring it together at the last day. When you go to heaven let it be said by everyone, 'Heaven ready.' It is a grand idea to think of our mother and father waiting to welcome us as we sweep through the pearly gates. We have cares and tears on our way, but in heaven we shall have flagons of joy and rivers of happiness for every tear we drop here.

At the conclusion of the sermon a pleasant incident occured in the presentation by Mr. H. M. Bowden of a silver cup to Prof. Excell, a testimonial from the choir in token of the esteem and love that he has inspired during his short stay among them. The cup is sterling, silver handsomely engraved with vines on the sides which have the monogram "E. O. E." On the bottom is: "From the Wilmington Nerth Carolina Choir, 1890.

Revs. Messrs. Swindell, Beaman, Peele, Anderson and Creasy and Dr. Primrose spoke very feelingly on the good—actual and prospective—that had been and would be accomplished by these meetings.

Mr. Jones commended to the favorable consideration of the citizens the Y. M. C. A, and the Seamen's Bethel. The latter, he said, was a credit to any city. He also expressed his regrets at having to say 'Good-Bye,' and made kindly mention of the choir, the reporters and the newspapers. He also said that one hundred and sixty-six dollars had been given him for the use of the Orphanage at his home, and desired those who wished to further aid to hand or send him their contributions.

County Commissioners.

The Board of County Commissioners held their regular monthly meeting yesterday. Treasurer Hewlett reported a total of $23,867.89 in his hands to the credit of the general and educational funds, and Register Sampson reported $18.05 received from marriage licenses during the past month. The Clerk of the Superior Court reported $25 collected for charter issued to the Carolina Interstate Building and Loan Association.

Several persons were relieved from payment of poll tax, and W. H. Stokeley was licensed to retail malt liquor at Wrightsville.

A resolution was adopted giving notice that the bond required by law from the Register of Deeds of this county will be increased to the amount of $15,000, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 245 Acts of 1885.

Highwaymen.

It is reported that Mr. Jno. G. Wagner, a fisherman living on Masonboro Sound, was stopped by highwaymen last Saturday night on the Sound turnpike, between the Mineral Spring, and the Onslow railroad crossing. Mr. Wagner was driving home in his cart and was hailed by a man on the roadside who asked, "Where are you going?" He was told, "It's none of your business," and replied, "We'll show you about that," and just then two negro men appeared in the road and attempted to catch the bridle of the mule. The mule shied and Mr. Wagner firing his pistol at his assailants the animal started off in a run and soon left the robbers behind.