



SUMMARY.

Congress adjourned sine die on Saturday. This was the longest session... A land slide in Italy buried...

THE Republican Judges of New Jersey are refusing naturalization papers to persons having honorable discharges from the United States Navy...

THE building in which Judge Thurman was making a speech at Peru, Ind., on Thursday, began to settle; disaster was averted by a timely exit from the building by the speaker and audience.

TOWN TALK.

- Sam Jones.
-He's the town talk.
-Three services daily at the Sam Jones meetings.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

DURHAM for the Democrats; they are pulling up all along the line from Maine to Texas.
Vote for Dockery and many of you will repeat those saddest words, "it might have been."

REV. SAM P. JONES. THE GREAT EVANGELIST IN DURHAM.

He Makes the Fur Fly in the Presence of Tremendous Congregations.

Soon after dark Saturday evening, people from all sections of Durham turned their steps towards Parrish's warehouse--some with sharp curiosity and some with the spirit of prayer--and on and on flowed the tide of humanity towards the common centre, until a veritable sea of faces were looking upon the platform that had been erected for the occasion.

The choir of about sixty voices, under the direction of Prof. E. O. Excell, assembled for practice previous to the arrival of the preacher. The instruments used are an organ and a piano, presided over respectively, by Miss Leticia M. Southgate and Miss Lida M. Carr.

The first words addressed to the congregation by Mr. Jones were: "Let us all stand and unite in prayer." After the prayer, which was plain and humble, hymn No. 58 of Triumphant Songs was sung: "God is calling yet." After this, Mr. Jones arose and said he trusted all would be in a prayerful attitude during these services.

The preacher criticised his critics pretty severely. There were some little preachers that would stand around and criticize him. A fly could light on their nose and paw in one eye and kick in the other.

There will be three services each day during the Sam Jones meetings, viz: Preaching at 10:30 o'clock, a. m.; prayer meeting at 3 p. m., and preaching at 7:30 p. m.

poor worm of the dust." Suppose a wife should begin a letter to her husband: "My dear poor worm of the dust." There would be a war in Egypt. Or if some husband should begin a letter to his wife: "My dear poor worm of the dust." There would be war nearer than Egypt.

Some people are troubled upon the question of heavenly recognition. That didn't bother him. Earthly recognition is what is needed. When he gets to heaven and sits under the tree of life with a crown on his head and a harp in his hand, he wouldn't care if you didn't recognize him.

He didn't believe there is any more religion in crying than laughing. The preacher was listened to attentively throughout and when the audience dispersed there was naturally a variety of opinion about Sam Jones and his peculiar style of preaching.

Whether anybody got mad or not at what Sam Jones said during the first service, there was an increased number to hear him Sunday morning. He took as his text, the 2d verse of the 10th chapter of Acts: "A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always."

Cornelius was a remarkable man. Earth hasn't the pier of this heathen man. He wanted to present his portrait. Let's imitate him. He was a devout man. In a supreme moment in his life, he settled the great question with God. He would be religious every day. Religion is a divine principle. It will make a man faithful in all the relations of life.

No father is in condition to consecrate his children to God until he consecrates himself to God. He believes in revivals, but revivals are not the best things in the world. They are necessary because of the abnormal state of things in the church. They are the hope of the church and the world to-day.

He referred to the whisky dens set up outside of town and the blind tigers in town. He said let every man in Durham county play gentleman for three months and you've got 'em dead sure. He had drunk enough whisky to know that nobody will drink whisky but an infernal fool and nobody will sell it but an infernal scoundrel. Can you put it any stronger than that? If so, you can write it out and I'll sign it.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A still larger number attended the Sunday afternoon meeting. The text was the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of St. John: "For God so loved the world," etc. There is no text so assuring and so reassuring to faith and hope. So loved! Not Europe, not Asia, not America, simply. But God so loved the world. Not more than eight or ten thousand people could hear his voice at once, but this text encompassed the world.

The elect are the whosoever wills and the non-elect are the whosoever wents. Don't believe God was ever in a passion. How bad does a boy have to get before a mother ceases to love him? Don't believe everybody will go to heaven; but there is not a man in hell that didn't have a good, fair chance.

SUNDAY MORNING.

A still larger number flocked to hear the remarkable preacher at the Sunday night service. The attendance was not far from three thousand. The tent was from the 11th chapter of Proverbs, 19th verse: "As righteousness tendeth to life; so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death."

He rejoiced that eighteen hundred years before he saw the light there was a fountain filled with blood. Thank God there's balm in Gilead and there's a physician there. Every sin is a direct stab at conscience. The most awful sin is to sin against conscience. What a revolution there would be in every church in Durham if conscience could be heard once more.

MONDAY MORNING.

The text this morning was: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." This was a sermon specially to church members and the cold and careless ones received some pretty hard licks. There was considerable humor in it, too. But nearly every shaft of wit was a hammer to nail a dart of rebuke.

Plant Photographs.

Mr. T. M. Martin returned from up the road to-day. Mr. Kirby Smith, of Goldsboro, passed down the road to-day. Rev. R. C. Beaman, of Chapel Hill, came over to the Sam Jones meetings to-day. Lieut. Gov. C. M. Stedman came down on the noon train to-day, returning from a canvass of the west.

Superior Court.

Court opened at 10 o'clock this morning and took up the civil issue docket. C. B. Jurnican vs. Neal, et al., jury trial; verdict for plaintiff for \$55.90. Lockhart vs. Lockhart, continued by plaintiff.

Some of Sam's Sayings.

The biggest question we have to deal with is the children. If the children question don't interest you it is because you are either an old bachelor or an old hog, and I don't think there is much difference. I am by whiskey selling as I am by a louse. My most principal objection is the way he gets his living. The shape of Durham, morally, is the shape of a batter cake. God help you to grow up as you grow out. Somebody said the Methodists had to cut down their steeple about twenty feet. Reckon they thought they went about as far in that direction as they owned. I hate to see a hog in a fine house. The meanest fellow is one that will pack a preacher in an ice box and cuss him because he won't sweat. You swap your religion off for a fine house and you've made the worst bargain any poor fool ever made. God pity a fellow so poor that he hasn't got anything but money. Heaven is a place where you can live without locking up everything and sleeping with your breeches under your head. You might take an auger and bore into some men and you wouldn't bore a half inch before you struck a pure dog. Reckon this is the reason so many women love dogs. I thank God for the disposition to stick to the bottom dog. If you want to find Sam Jones, scratch under the bottom dog and if you don't find me, then I'm gone to dinner. I'll be a bull in the china shop before this thing's over and you may prepare yourself for it. Hold your grip. We'll get there, Ely. I expect some of the dudes will want to fight me to-morrow. I can whip a cow-pen full of 'em. Thank God, it's no harm to kill a dude. Murder is taking the life of a human being. Show me a minister that approves dancing and I'll show you a minister that shouldn't preside over a litter of pups for me. You've got merchants here that you can take nickles and scatter 'em a hundred yards a part and toll them into hell. There ain't half of you that can pray as high as you can spit. Some of you had as soon set in to make a Chinaman as to prepare the way for the Lord. When you put a No. 3 shoe on a No. 7 last you'll squeeze the last or bust the shoe. Foolishness is the stuff to rub on fools and it takes a heap of stuff to go round, too. If you wish to purchase or rent property of any kind, call on R. I. Rogers, Secretary and Treasurer Durham Land and Security Co., Wright building, second floor.