Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The Daily Tobacco Plant

VOL. I--NO. 127. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1888. $4.00 PER ANNUM.

SUMMARY.

There is a stir in London over the Lord Salisbury letter; it is said Lord Salisbury favors the retirement of the ministry.——A panic occurs at a Boulanger meeting in Paris in which 20 persons are injured.——140 Chinese have arrived at San Francisco, who know nothing about the chinese bill, and the custom house officers do not know what to do with them.——The Business Men's demonstration in New York Saturday was a great success.——An American steamer has been captured in Hati while attempting to run the blockade of an insurgent port.——The Emperor William complains bitterly of the press and people meddling in the affairs of his family.——Queen Victoria has brought about a reconciliation between the Prince of Wales and his nephew the German Emperor.——New York Democrats are getting odds in favor of Cleveland.——A German spy at Nice who stole a cartridge of the improved French gun has been sentenced to prison for 5 years.——Admiral Porter disapproves of many of the modern improvements in naval warfare.——A Boston jury award a lady $30,000 damages for the alienation of her husbands affections.——Members of the bagging trust have been indicted in Tennessee.——The yellow fever hospital near Jacksonville is to be closed.——A banner has been raised in New York bearing the names of Cleveland, Thurman, and Warner Miller.——The New York police are still on the look out for colonists; many have left the city through fear.——There are 60 steam saw mills in operation on the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad between Fayetteville and Burnettesville, S. C.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

AIN'T you going to vote for Felix I. Markham?

HURRAH for Democracy; it's the poor man's friend.

WHITE men of Durham, are you at work for your party? What are you doing to make victory certain.

WORK with the Democratic party and you will vote with that party which has regard for your welfare.

THE Republicans of the eighth congressional district in New York city have nominated Julius Schwartz, the proprietor of a tobacco factory, for congress. He is a jew of the strictest sect.

THE Pittsboro *Record* says: "We would warn our brethren of the press against publishing the 'ad.' of B. Pears' medicines, of Nashville, Tenn., as we are satisfied, after due inquiry, that he is a fraud."

THE Republican party proposes, it would seem, to bestow the earth and the fullness thereof, upon two classes—ex-soldiers and monopolists—assigning to farmer's laborers the pleasing duty of standing the expense.

THE Florida Fruit Exchange advises its agents in New York city that the crop of oranges this year will be 2,500,000 boxes of the largest size grown. Many growers believe it will reach 3,000,000 boxes. The import of American lemons this year amounts to 50,000 barrels, but all the experts in the trade declare that the time is not far distant when America will raise all the lemons she needs for home consumption.

THE New Berne *Journal* says: "Hon. J. M. Simmons visited James City last night according to appointment and was met at the wharf by a brass band and a large number of citizens and escorted to the town. He made a short speech to a crowd of at least one hundred and fifty who were enthusiastic for Simmons. A rain came on and stopped the speaking, and Mr. Simmons left amidst the huzzas of the crowd. We believe the colored people of this county are at last learning how to appreciate a good thing. It must be remembered that James City is a town across from New Berne, inhabited entirely by negroes.

TOWN TALK.

—A glorious meeting it was.

—For other local matter see fourth page.

—Now for a building for the Y. M. C. A.

—Go and hear the Hon. W. H. Kitchin to-morrow.

—Sam Jones captured Durham and Durham captured Sam Jones.

—Don't forget to see that your name is upon the proper registration book.

—Quite a number of the University boys came over Sunday to attend the Sam Jones meeting.

—Our people are already anticipating with pleasure the visit of Sam Jones to Durham next year.

—Read advertisement of John L. Markham offering for sale or hire horses, mules, wagons and harness.

—Charlie Holden and Bob Taylor had a successful hunt yesterday, bagging fifty-six birds and nine rabbits.

—See special notice of Mr. and Mrs. Cole, who are here to teach something new in home decorations.

—Read what Rev. Sam Jones said about a building for the Y. M. C. A. Let us have a building and a nice one.

—Messrs. T. J. Gattis & Son advertise "Stepping Heavenward" and other good books, in this issue of THE PLANT.

—The voice of the tax-collector is again heard in the land. See notice of Chief of Police Woodall, in this issue of THE PLANT.

—There were two or three conversions last night, we are happy to state, as the result of impressions received at the great meeting.

—The Durham bookstore, J. B. Whitaker, Jr. & Co., proprietors, has been made headquarters for Prof. Excell's book, "Triumphant Songs."

—Just one week from to-day to the election. Work, Democrats, work for the supremacy of the white man's party—for the perpetuation of good government.

—Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. W. A. Muse and Miss Dora Hopkins. The happy event will take place on Wednesday of next week, November 7th.

—About two hundred and fifty persons have given their names for church membership as a result of the Sam Jones meeting. Is it any wonder that we thank God for sending Sam Jones to Durham?

—God alone in his infinite wisdom and eternity can ever know the great good the meeting has brought to the town. As long as THE PLANT lives we expect to feel better over the fact that we advocated Sam Jones' coming to Durham than anything we ever did or ever can do.

$2,340.89.

Up to noon to-day the good people of Durham have contributed towards the Sam Jones meeting $2,340.89.

"My, My"—Didn't We Get There, Eli.

"Listen, my countrymen!" THE PLANT fought for Sam Jones before he came, and, glory be to God, today we feel so proud of it.

Keep in the Middle of the Road.

Durham starts life afresh this morning. Everybody is in a good humor with everybody else. The truth is, we have all gotten "in the middle of the road." Listen! Let's stay there.

Prayer Meeting in Trinity.

The prayer meeting at Trinity Methodist church, Wednesday night, will be in part an experience meeting. Let the members and others bring their singing books and all sit up to the front. E. A. YATES.

Prof. E. O. Excell.

We have the pleasure of presenting in our issue to-day a cut of Prof. E. O. Excell, who had charge of the music during the great meeting and who gave the congregations so much pleasure by rendering solos and leading in the singing. Prof. Excell made many friends during his sojourn among us who will ever remember him with kindness and gratitude. May he be with us again when Rev. Sam Jones returns.

PROF. E. O. EXCELL.

GLORY TO THE TRIUNE GOD!

THE SALVATION OF MANY PRECIOUS SOULS.

The Services at the Great Meeting Since Saturday Morning—The Closing Scenes.

To the Recording Angel alone is given the power to accurately and minutely record the glorious and heaven-born scenes that have transpired in Durham since the last visit of this paper to its readers. Sinners have been awakened and awakened sinners have been brought to the Saviour, amid the glad hallelujahs of men and angels. Such scenes! Such scenes! May they prove to all who witnessed them a beacon light to guide them joyfully through the walks of life unto the everlasting habitations of the redeemed.

Below we give a brief synopsis of the seven services held since Saturday morning:

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

We did not have the pleasure of attending the services this afternoon, but have heard the sermon of that occasion spoken of as one of the grandest of the series. The text was the 17th verse of the 22d chapter of Revelations:

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, come. And let him that hareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

This text was from the last page of the blessed Book—God's last message to man.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The preacher announced as his text the 18th and 22d verses of the 55th Psalm:

18. He that delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me: for there were many with me.

22. Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

He reckoned an unburdened heart would be the greatest curiosity that could be presented to the mortal gaze—a heart without care, anxiety and trouble. Job said, thousands of years ago: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

There is a great deal of what we call borrowed trouble—home made trouble. Many meet things that are not coming towards them. Looking for things they will never see. This is unphilosophical as well as unchristian. A good deal of your trouble is in your eye. There is hardly a woman in the land that hasn't a trouble machine.

Women are not the only ones that have trouble machines. Some men spend their nights rolling and tumbling and picturing themselves and children starving to death. What's that muscle for? You'll not starve to death in this country.

There is no remedy for borrowed trouble but good hard sense. The Lord ain't going to put out your house when it ain't on fire. Home-made troubles are like home-made jeans, they outlast anything in the world.

Every church ought to build an annex and call it the growlery and put every old growler in it. Be industrious and frugal and stop bothering everybody with borrowed trouble. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." There are real troubles, real anxieties, that crush many human hearts in this world. There are hearts in Durham carrying burdens that would break down an angel's heart. Real burdens! It is the part of a philosopher to know what to do with his burdens. All ages have their burdens. There are hearts in this town that need help. They are in sore trouble, deep trouble, awful trouble.

The first real trouble is the burden of grief.

And there is the burden of guilt. The preacher drew a picture of the palace of sin. He said it looked like beautiful apples, but like the apples of Sodom, they turned to ashes in man's grasp. Sinner, the best you will have is behind you. Christian, the worst you will have is behind you.

And there is the burden of anxiety. "Cast thy burden on the Lord." All of us have as much as we can carry. Sometimes we get overloaded. If there is a heart overloaded in this town to-night he wanted to advise it to cast that burden on the Lord.

The burdens of grief that press upon us. It's coming, it's coming, it's coming to you. When you get overloaded is the time to go to God. These burdens—they are God sent and God's blessings.

"He hath delivered my soul." Human extremity is God's opportunity. Every time you want to do right you are not by yourself. God is with you, angels are with you, good people are with you. More with you than can be against you.

If you've got a burden come to God with it. Wish you would all get on the great burden bearer, Jesus Christ.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICES.

There were union Sunday school services Sunday morning, which were presided over by Mr. Virginius Ballard, superintendent of Main Street Methodist Sunday school.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. R. C. Beaman, of Chapel Hill, and Mr. N. B. Broughton, of Raleigh.

A collection was taken up for the benefit of Rev. Sam Jones' Orphanage, at his home, in Cartersville, Ga. And "my, my," what silvery notes sounded as the money was dropped in to the hats that were passed through the congregation. The amount of this collection was $94.05.

Capt. E. J. Parrish, in most appropriate remarks and with deep earnestness, announced that at the morning service a collection would be taken as an offering to brother Jones.

The collection was proceeded with and it was soon demonstrated that there was not only willingness to give, but eagerness to contribute to this fund. "I'll give $100;" "I'll give $250;" "We'll give $250;" "I'll give $100;" "Put me down for $50;" and on and on went the collection until Mr. Jones arrived and said: "Now, brethren, you are encroaching upon the gospel." This collection amounted to something over $1,900.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

The choir rendered the anthem: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

The preacher then announced that Prof. Excell would sing the "Railroad Song." Said he, "I think God Almighty's excursion train has come to a halt right here in Durham and God Himself is hollowing, All aboard!"

The solo was then sung and the vast congregation joined in the soul-inspiring chorus: "I am going home!"

The preacher asked the mothers, wives and daughters to pray during the afternoon meeting that would be held for men only.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness," etc.

This is one of the sweetest verses in the Book. Solomon was the wisest man. He said the wisest things this world ever heard. We have before us to-day one of the world's profoundest thinkers. Christian life—a way—one walking in that way. Virtue is its own reward. Vice is the worm that gnaws at the vitals. Do right and be right is the highest aspiration in this world. If there was no God, he would want to do like God had told him to do.

Life's pathway. The way. That's the point. You can tell pretty much where a fellow is going by the way he is going. If you see a boy vicious in his habits you need not go to a D. D. and ask where he is going.

Some of you are doing the best you can on the track you are running on.

Get yourself up on *the* way, the moral way, the high way, and your speed will depend upon your steam, and after a while you will get to going so fast the devil will clear the track.

There are many things to make the way pleasant. You shall have the strength and ability to get there. You shall have all needful accommodation along the way. No good thing will be withheld. You shall have day time for the journey. You shall have a good guide. You shall have a good guard. You shall have good company. The preacher said he would like to live in Durham. You have so many good people here. If you will just do right you won't have to go to heaven. God will extend the corporation of heaven and take you in. But you'll have to leave out your suburbs—Hickstown. You are clever folks. I like you. That's the reason I abused you. I didn't want the devil to get you.

You will meet old heroes on the way. You can sing on the way. Heaven itself echoes and re-echoes with the sweetest melodies ever heard in this world.

The way lies by green pastures and still waters.

All things end well. Don't know where it will end, but don't fear results. Thank God Almighty there is a world out of gun shot reach of sickness, sorrow and death forever.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

It had been announced that this service would be for men only and when the hour of opening arrived there were probably three thousand men and boys assembled, eager to hear the preacher and wondering what he would say. Things fit only to fall upon men's ears were expected, and while the sermon was searching in its nature, everybody was surprised to find that it was one of the most chaste of the entire series. It was a grand sermon and awakened thought and reflection.

The preacher invited attention first to some verses from the bible: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," etc. "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." "So that every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." "And the books were opened, and then another book."

The text was then announced: "What I have written, I have written." The subject deduced was, "Conscience, Record, God."

There are two "somethings" and one "some one" we had to do with yesterday, we have to do with to-day and forever. Conscience and record are the two somethings and God is the some one. Conscience—that something running over our life, proving the right, disproving the wrong. Conscience outraged is that something that will not let us sleep, no matter how soft our pillow. The most fearful sin is to sin directly and persistently against conscience.

Record! Your record is as much a part of you as your hand is a part of you. When a man can get under the meridian sun and run away from his shadow he may get away from his record. Every oath has been recorded, every wicked act has been recorded. How about your record?

The blood of the Savior can blot out that record. God help us to say our record won't do, we will go to the cross and after we go may we be able to sing:

"At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away—
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I'm happy all the day."

At the close of this service a long column of men and boys passed before the preacher and shook his hand as a manifestation of their desire for salvation.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

At this service the parable of the Prodigal Son was chosen as the subject. There was no more interesting chapter in the book. This alone fixes Christ's divinity. This young man was trustworthy as far as any outward manifestation was concerned.

The parable was modernized and the preacher spoke of the leaving home, the journey, wasting his substance, spending all, the mighty famine, feeding the swine, coming to himself, the resolution to return, the difference between the going and the coming, the meeting of father and son, the royal welcome.

Holy Spirit, divine power, help these boys to come to themselves to-night.

MONDAY MORNING.

Prof. Excell sang, by request, the solo: "Keep in de Middle ob de Road."

The preacher read the 116th Psalm. This was really and simply a rehearsal of David's experience. There is similarity in Christian experience in all ages of the world. This chapter starts out with a sweet fact, a declaration: "I love the Lord." Invulnerable declaration. The test of God is not of an emotional nature. Emotional nature fluctuates and is not reliable.

Love and loyalty are the same words exactly. To love God and to obey God is the same thing. The test of your love to God is your loyalty to God and to the right.

Sometimes when we pray we don't get what we ask for, but we get what we need. The body asks for three meals a day and we can't get along well without three prayers a day. The best time a man ever put in is the time he spends on his knees. If you'll get on God's train and keep your seat you'll get to your destination.

THE CLOSING SERVICE.

Tremendous congregations attended all the services of the last two or three days of the great meeting and there was additional eagerness to witness the scenes of the last service. All the seats were occupied, scores of chairs were filled and many persons stood in the aisles. Literally, there was standing room only in the spacious house. There were probably between four and five thousand persons before him when Rev. Sam Jones arose to preach the last sermon of the series.

Prof. Excell sang the solo: "'Tis Dividing the World."

The preacher said he wanted to say that he never felt gladder and happier and in a sense sadder, than he did at this time. Thank God for the privilege of having been with you. He never labored with a people he had been drawn closer to and there were none he had ever left with so much regret. The people here had received the gospel, as he preached it, with as little resentment as any people he had ever visited. His heart went out with reference to the future. He gave advice to the pastors of the town.

He spoke strong words in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association. He wanted every man and boy in town to become a member. Hoped it would receive five hundred members from this meeting. The Y. M. C. A. should have a building here. He hoped the money for one would be raised in the next ten days. Said he had whis-

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]