

# The Lincoln Courier.

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"Give a man this taste (for good books), and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages."  
—Sir J. Herschel.

### THE NEW DISCOVERY

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery never afterwards holds a place in the house. If you have ever used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles. Free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

Nevada seems to be getting along pretty well without a Governor or Lieutenant Governor, both of whom are dead, and for the election of whose successors to fill the vacancies no provision is made in the State constitution. A few town constables is all that is necessary to run the flag end of a State like that.—*Wilmington Star.*

### A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and all Liver Troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The Goosebone foretells the weather, but who can tell when you will need Gantler's magic chicken omelette cure? Keep a stock on hand, for there's no telling when you will need it. If it fails to cure, your money will be refunded by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Lincolnton, N. C.

Once a colored preacher was conducting a Methodist class meeting and some one played him a trick. He took away his hymn book and put a dime song book in its place. When the preacher began he said, "Bred'ren, let's sing de seventysixth hymn." And he looked over his spectacles to see it all had it. "As I was walking down the alley, I met a gal her name was Sally." "Bred'ren, I made a mistake, it was the sixty-seventh hymn." "Shoo fly, don't bother me, For I belong to Co. D." "Bred'ren, bless if some one ain't taken away de Methodist hymn book and put a Baptist hymn book in its place."—*Ec.*

### A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

### Who Is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, Bloating, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had pease Green's August Flower, sets no person can use it without immediate relief.

### WE CAN AND DO

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

### Charity and Children. The Rev. Samuel P. Jones.

BY T. H. PRITCHARD, D. D.

MORE than a year ago, when it was proposed by a member of the Evangelical Alliance, of Wilmington, to invite this celebrated Evangelist to hold a meeting in this city, I distinctly declared that I could not cooperate with him. Dr. Hoge said the same, and I think at least one other member of the Alliance agreed with us.

In my relations as a public journalist, when Mr. Jones was afterwards preaching in Charlotte, I sharply criticised his pulpit manners. This was before he had been invited to Wilmington, and I closed my article by saying that I hoped he would never come to Wilmington, in my day. Let it be remembered that he was invited here by his Methodist brethren, and not by the Alliance, as was Mr. Pearson, and indeed, he was called here against the protest of at least two members of the Alliance. I was, hence, under no obligation to cooperate with him or even hear him; but at the request of the Methodist pastors of the city, I went to hear him twice. I heard him and have read the reports of his sermons as given in the city papers, and according to promise, will now give my estimate of the man and his work.

But before proceeding to discuss the man and his methods, let us get at the real issue before us. I do not object to Sam Jones as an Evangelist, or a Methodist Evangelist—if he were a Baptist I could not cooperate with him. I honor him for his fierce and fearless denunciation of sin, and I am in hearty sympathy with him as a temperance reformer. Forty years ago, in the *Spirit of the Age*, a contemporary paper of that day, I announced myself, when a boy, as an uncompromising prohibitionist, and I have never from that day to this swerved a hair's breadth from that principle.

Understand me on another point—I do not call in question the piety of Sam Jones, nor impugn his motives. Many of his doctrines I can not endorse; for instance, he tells the people to join the church before they profess to be converted and he seems to me to preach salvation by works with a stronger emphasis than any man I have ever known.

That he was able to benefit some hard cases by his peculiar style whom the pastors had not reached, I readily acknowledge, though Mr. Pearson reached many more than he, without his slang and vulgarity, and for all the good he did in Wilmington I, for one, am profoundly grateful. I think it is just, however, to consider other agencies in the meeting, besides those of Mr. Jones personally, which contributed largely to its results. In the first place, Mr. Stuart, an able and spiritually minded minister, preached several days before Mr. Jones came; then there was brought to bear the moral power of several hundred godly men and women who had been praying for weeks for God's blessings upon the meeting, and added to this, we must take into the account the gracious influence of the singing, under the leadership of Messrs. Excell and Bowden, which was admirable—all these factors must be taken into the account in estimating the spiritual forces of the meeting.

But to the man—Sam Jones is of spare figure, medium height, has a rather handsome face, a good forehead and a very fine eye. His voice is singularly good, and he speaks with much deliberation. When he makes a good hit he pauses to note the effect and twirls his moustache or scratches the back of his head. He is about 42 years old.

Beyond all question, he is a man of rare ability—his published sermons, as well as the effects he produces show that. I should call him a genius—certainly, he has a genius for putting things. His grammar is sometimes at fault, and his pronunciation not always correct; but

he evinces a very respectable acquaintance with good literature, and his power of illustration and skill in using anecdotes are equal to those of any man I have ever known. He knows how to think too, clearly vigorously and with marked originality. He did not strike me as specially fluent, but he has great tact in choosing his words, and he knows how to put them into strong, pungent, striking sentences. He hits the mark he aims at every time and there is no mistaking his meaning. He did not impress me as being intellectually broad and deep, but rather acute, vigorous and versatile. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen and well worthy of the careful study of all public speakers. As a lecturer he would be superb, and as a boon companion delightful. His personality is more magnetic and powerful than that of any man I ever heard of like mental stature.

To call him a great man would be to revolutionize my conceptions of human greatness. There may have been great men with an egotism as stupendous as his, but there never was one in which this quality was as transparent. Certainly, in all the calendar of saints history shows not one whose self-appreciation was so colossal.

The truth is, the man is badly spoiled: his great success and the unostentatious adulation he has received have turned his head. He assumes the roll of dictator at times: on one occasion, turning to the preachers he said: "You fat, lazy rascals, why were you not here at the early prayer meeting, trying to save souls, instead of taking your morning nap?" On another occasion he said, "I expect to be at the judgment and to hear the excuses of some of the pastors of this city for not helping in this meeting." The intimation expected to be at the general judgment, but to be a sort of associate justice with the Almighty in pronouncing sentence and would enjoy the condemnation of those of us who did not see fit to join in his meeting. Such arrogance would be unbecoming in the Apostle Paul, much more in Sam Jones.

His wit and humor are of a high order and his slang seems absolutely irrepressible, and often manifests itself most irreverently. For instance, one night after he had preached and perhaps, a hundred persons had come up and given him the hand, and the preachers and workers had gone among the enquirers and were earnestly talking with them, and after Dr. Creasy had offered a fervent and melting prayer and when great solemnity prevailed, up jumped Sam Jones and began to talk, saying, among other things, "You need give yourselves no concern about your Uncle Jones, he can tote his own little skillet." Instead of pointing sin-sick souls to the Savior to obtrude his own little personality in such flippant slang, seemed to me little short of sacrilegious. He was somewhat less smutty here than in Charlotte, but he said enough in Wilmington to outrage propriety, common decency, and good morals.

I was soundly abused and vilified in some papers and by private correspondence for styling Sam Jones a vulgarian and a blackguard. Even the distinguished son of North Carolina, Dr. John E. Edwards shot an arrow at me from away over in Va. After a fuller acquaintance with him, I am sorry to say I cannot withdraw those charges; on the contrary, I must add to them one still more serious, that of profanity, and if the utterances I submit below do not make good each of those charges, I am ready to be branded a slanderer of my brethren.

"If you jump on your Uncle Jones you have got a government job on hand." "I love to see a man that stands independent of rules, etymology, seed-ticks, and possum skins." "Get up on your hind feet." "Shoot off your little old mouth." "You old fool." "You old liar." "You old flop-eared hound." "You cove temptible pupples." "You lousy calves." "Whining pigs." "I heard i

was likely I would be arrested for slandering that damnable club. Damnable seemed to be quite a favorite with him, as he used it often. "If you get between me and the club I will knock the filling out of you." "Get up and tell God you did not approve of Sam Jones—you little bear-eye! fool." "Oh, shucks, I have got the dead wood on these things," meaning by things, the doctrines of grace. "The pastor that allows his members to sell whiskey is not worthy to be the pastor of a litter of puppies." He called some of the most respectable gentlemen of Wilmington "Pustillanious pole cats of hell." "Pole cats of hell," a brand new style of swearing, he used certainly as many as three times, and of some of our citizens he said that if a buzzard should get scent of them he would fly straight up half a mile to get away from the smell.

These are samples of the elegant utterances of Sam Jones in the pulpit, and they are by no means the worst things he said. The *Messenger* one of our city papers promised the public full stenographic reports of all Sam Jones' sermons.

On two occasions I asked the editor why he had left out some of his utterances—once when he preached to men only and once when he had 300 ladies before him. His reply was as follows: "Doctor, I just couldn't do it. My paper goes into families where there are women and children." This editor got out a special edition of his two sermons to men and most excellent sermons they are too; but some of the dirty, smutty things the preacher said are not there. I do most sincerely believe that the tendency of all such language, no matter when uttered, is to debauch public morals, and that it will be many a day before this city will get over the evil effects of such baneful talk. Sam Jones' plans in the air and soon the children of Wilmington. A lady of my own charge told me she had to correct one of her children for a profane expression, when the child replied: "Why, mamma, that's nothing to what Sam Jones says." Another lady told me she was reading aloud one of Sam Jones' sermons, when next day she heard a little boy use one of his ugly expressions, and when the child was reproved, he replied, "I thought I could say what the preacher said." Still another case in another town where Sam Jones preached was that of a boy who called his brother "an infernal hound" and made the same excuse that Sam Jones said in the pulpit. An ungodly man said to me a few days since, "We wicked men can learn plenty of cuss words from the Devil without going to the pulpit to be taught new oaths. Another man who sometimes swears said to me yesterday "If I wanted to curse a man blue, I wouldn't want any stronger words than Sam Jones uses. 'Pustillanious pole cats of hell' is good." We have certainly fallen upon evil times when our children and wicked men learn new forms of profanity from the pulpit. God never made two forms of profanity—one for Sam Jones and one for other people.

And what shall I say of the insulting slurs cast upon Wilmington and her people, especially when he said that the aristocracy of Wilmington would not be allowed to sweep out the kitchens of the aristocracy of Baltimore. I have lived in Baltimore and know many of her best people, and dare assert that the best people of Wilmington are equal to any on the face of the earth. If he meant his words to be taken seriously, he knew he uttered what was false; if he said it in a spirit of bravado and designed it to be taken as a sort of a joke, it was a silly joke and none the less insulting, and I, for one Wilmingtonian, am ashamed that hundreds of our citizens quietly sat and heard their neighbors and friends insulted without protest, but actually laughed at what they knew was a slander. This tendency to degrade the pulpit began years ago in the North. Henry Ward Beecher gave the

weight of his great name to it by telling jokes in the pulpit and making the people laugh. Talmage has encouraged it somewhat, but I am glad to say that the great evangelists, Moody, Wharton, Pearson and Hutson have no such vicious habits.

Foreigners say the special vice of America is irreverence, and I am afraid there is too much truth in the charge. I do not think I make a false assertion when I say that the consummation and flower of this evil plant is seen in the pulpit manners of Sam Jones. He is the most irreverent man I ever saw. I am not alone in this opinion, as will be seen from the following from Dr. Primrose of this city.

"I said, Brother Jones, I don't mean to be officious. I don't presume to discuss your methods, but there is one thing I want to say by way of protest. It offends the ears of many pious people to hear you use the name of God flippantly. I do not mean in impassioned appeals to God or man, but thus for example: 'My Lord, wait till your Uncle Jones comes.' 'In the name of God, what do I care for your endorsement.' Now our catechism teaches that the third commandment requires the holy and reverent use of all God's names, titles, attributes, ordinances, words and works. I would not let my little boy imitate you. I suppose you think Jones blazed up in anger. After a moment, he said: 'Brother Primrose, I appreciate this more than anything that has happened. You are right, and I am wrong. It was thoughtless, and by God's help I will stop it.' Sam Jones is criminally careless in his assertions, even when character is involved. He declared that not one in five of the pastors of the city dared to be faithful in preaching against the liquor traffic. I am glad to say the record of each of his Methodist brethren would prove

THE RESULTS OF THE MEETING.

I have no data that will enable me to speak with certainty on this point. I do not suppose so many people ever attended a meeting in North Carolina before. Fifteen hundred persons gave him the hand which simply meant that they would try to do better. Probably 300, possibly 400 professed conversion, many of whom were from the country. The indications now are that, while three times as many people attended this meeting as that of Mr. Pearson, not more than one-third as many will join the churches.

Public opinion is greatly divided here as to Sam Jones. Many good people would not hear him at all—hundreds went once and got enough and never went again. Many denounce him and his methods, while others denounce those who would not work. They are getting warm on both sides and the prospect now is that the whole town will be set by the ears over Sam Jones. That such a state of strife should exist immediately after a great religious meeting has closed argues that there has been wrong, serious wrong somewhere, and this wrong I lay upon the pulpit manners of Sam Jones—that is the only issue I make with him and his friends. It is not a matter of taste—it involves issues far graver than that—it is a question of morals. Sam Jones said we had no issues in Wilmington—that stagnation was the next station to damnation with him. Well, we have an issue now—one distinctly joined as to the right and wrong in pulpit manners and the probabilities of a very considerable stir in this community. That this article will not tend to allay the excitement I do not doubt, but shall not deplore it, after the storm, the skies are clearer and the water purer.

I was requested by one of the city editors to give my opinion of the man in his journal, but I preferred to wait till the meeting had closed, and to express my opinions in the columns of the journal for which I write regularly.

The boldness with which Sam Jones denounces sin is greatly extolled; but I venture to say that it takes as much courage to write this

article as he exhibits in rebuking wickedness. He comes to a place, deals out wholesale abuse for a few days and is gone. I remain here and must meet the consequences of my utterances and I know what it will cost me. Already some of his admirers who have been my friends are cool in their manner towards me. I shall be sorry to lose their esteem, but if delivering my conscience on this subject causes me to forfeit their regards, so be it. God has put me here for the defence of his truth and I must do my duty, no matter what it costs. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

I believe that the sentiment of the best Christian people of the State will sustain me—Nay more—I believe that it won't be long before these very men who now are angry with me will see that I have been fighting the cause of truth and righteousness. I believe that many Methodists agree with me, and I know that one of the most distinguished of the younger preachers of that church, lately a popular pastor in Wilmington, N. C., proposes at an early day to publish a treatise in the *Christian Advocate* on the pulpit manners of Sam Jones Dr. Paul Whitehead, whom I know personally to be one of the ablest and most honored of Methodist ministers of Virginia said of Sam Jones' reflections on him: "I would rather he would love the Lord Jesus Christ enough not to wound him in the house of his friends by such imprudent and uncharitable remarks about ministers. But this is only a specimen of the improprieties perpetrated in well nigh every sermon."

But be that as it may, I know I am right and shall not fear to speak. I had rather

"Stand up alone with conscious pride  
Than err with millions on my side."

A Good Way.

Democratic stampers in the West have adopted a simple but very effective mode of campaigning. They carry with them a bag of samples of the necessities of life for women and men, each sample having three tags attached to it, on which are marked the price thereof under the old tariff and under the new tariff, and what would be the price of them with no tariff. These samples, with the attached tags, they expose on a table, preach from the text thus laid down, and challenge the Republicans to refute one word they say. The women folks, it is said, examine the samples and tags critically, and when they get home tell the men that a dollar would go much further toward the support of the family under Democratic law than under the Republican high tariff.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

### THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

A very excellent and intelligent citizen of the county, a Republican, was in this office the other day to pay his subscription and incidentally remarked that he had lately been watching the course of public affairs very carefully and was done with the Republican party. He is a modest farmer and does not wish to attract attention to himself and therefore asked that his name be not mentioned. We mention the circumstance, however, and in doing so recall the fact that in no campaign within the past twelve years have so many old-line Republicans deserted the party as have in the campaign now drawing to a close.—*Statesville Landmark.*

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS.

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 cents and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

ADVERTISE in the COURIER. Rates are reasonable. Try it one year and see if it does not pay.

## IMPORTANT!

LOOK, Get Prices and Photos, READ,

### E. M. ANDREWS,

Before you buy Furniture. It will pay you. I want to call the attention of all the readers of this paper that my stock of FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS is now larger and more complete than at any time since I have been in the business. I have just received a car load of nothing but Antique Oak and Sixteenth Century Suits, ranging in price from \$26.50 to \$75.00. These were bought at a bargain and are the very newest styles. I have made a large deal in Parlor Suits also. Listen at these prices: Plush Suits of 6 and 7 pieces I am offering now for \$32.50 to \$100.00. Plush Suits in Walnut and Antique and 16th Century that I sold for 10 per cent. more money last year. I have a well selected line of Divans Plush Rockers, Book Cases, Mantle Mirrors and Novelties in Furniture. I have scoured the country this year for bargains, buying in large quantities for cash to get the best bargains, my object being to give my customers this fall the most and best goods possible for the money. I make a specialty of furnishing residences and hotels complete from top to bottom. I am anxious to sell you all your furniture, and will do it if you will only allow me to quote my prices. Long time given on Pianos and Organs. Write me for prices and terms.

E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osmond,  
Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
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