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SAM JONES SHELLS THE WOODS WHILE SINNERS EAGERLY HEAR HIM.

Toccoa, Ga.—Some 3,000 to 3,500 people greeted Sam Jones at his first service. Probably large numbers of them went to hear him "skin" the tother fellow, and doubtless went away chuckling in their sleeve that their whim had been gratified, for he was not sparing in his scathing denunciation, and, of course, no one thinks he meant him or her, as the case may be. At the same time each one was conscious of the fact that their neighbor needed just such a "flying."

Mr. Tillman opened the service with singing, "Sunlight," "Bringing in the Sheaves" and "Blessed Assurance," in which he experienced considerable difficulty in arousing the congregation to the spirit of the song. Mr. Jones led in a fervent prayer that divine blessings would rest on the meeting.

"I want you to come to preaching before you get full of beef and the devil. It will be tough on some of you old codgers, but you had better get religion before breakfast than go to hell before Christmas."

"I want the merchants to close their stores and come to preaching. Don't be like the little boy who said he would go to heaven if somebody else would and say you will close your store if somebody else will. I'll bet, though, some of you sit around your store with two clerks and sell 15 cents' worth while I preach, and I don't know why you won't close unless you fear the rats will eat up your little dab of goods while you are away. I'm sure if I didn't have any more goods than you little fellows have got I'd close, and you had better before the devil gets you."

"If you don't come to these meetings don't say you couldn't, but say you wouldn't. Don't lie about it, you old hog you. If you come and lose anything by it tell me when the meeting is over and I will give you a check for the amount."

"If your school has opened, when time comes for preaching dismiss it and don't let the little teacher think his instructions is of such importance that he can't do this. God bless you, the children need religion worse than they do your instructions. Did you hear that, sonny?"

"I want a good meeting, for God knows you had enough bad ones in Toccoa."

"I want the Baptist to feel at home. This is no Methodist meeting. The Presbyterians are good folks and I love them. They just need more religion and will go to hell if they don't get it."

"Brother Stewart and me are very busy and if we were to go up to Boston to preach you might say we were preaching for money, but none of you will have little enough sense to say we came here for money."

"You've not got any money here. Why, your local preachers look as if they hadn't had a square meal in six months. We are here for the Lord and want the choir to live the gospel as well as sing it."

"All dancing cattle must leave the choir until they get religion. The idea of a dancing girl singing 'Come to Jesus' when she has never been a thousand miles of him herself. 'Tis the biggest joke of the season."

Mr. Jones' text was the third and fourth verses, first chapter, second epistle of St. Peter.

"There is," said Mr. Jones, "three forces of power manifest in the world. First, the power of God; second, satanic power."

He didn't believe in a devil, but believed there were devils, mean, shrewd, cunning devils.

Continuing, he said:

"I wish folks were as decent as hogs. Wish all mean, fool, whisky selling, moonshine scoundrels would go off to the creek and drown themselves. Toccoa would be better than she is. No, no, a hog is too much of a gentleman to carry a devil round with him like you, an what do you think of that, Bud?"

"Talk about the devil being dead, why, he has't been sick since I've been born. Don't think he sleeps. He had rather get in preachers than any one else. He can get into a Presbyterian preacher and make him say the Presbyterians are right and everybody else wrong. A little, narrow Presbyterian that a fly can sit on his nose and scratch one of his eyes and kick the other; and when he gets in a Baptist preacher he declares there is no church but the Baptist. I like the Baptist (I got my wife out of one of their ponds), but think they are the last folks to brag, for they don't know where they started. Some of them have got religion, but most of them haven't. We are what we are because our fathers and mothers were. We Methodists know we have religion, but fear we will lose it. The Presbyterians know they can't lose it, but fear they haven't got it. We Methodists preach falling from grace on Sunday and our ministers practice it all the week. The Baptist preach once in grace, always in grace. I am a Methodist, and my folks back to Adam were Methodists. He fell from grace and we are keeping up the lick. When I hear some preachers preach I go home feeling like a baby had

slobbered in my ear. No power and no motion in the service. I don't go much on human power; it's mighty frail.

"I never see a drunkard staggering down the street but I thank God that I am not a drunkard, but for his power I would be. It is funny to hear a fellow brag about his will power, like a little fellow drinking whisky and saying he'll never be a drunkard. I've got will power. Little fool. And some of you old dogs have got your jug of white liquor at home that you got last night from a blind tiger. And you say there is no harm in taking a drink. You lying old devil, damning souls. My dog shouldn't run with you. If you had a little more hair and a tail you would be what I call a suck egg dog. I've got no respect for a dirty, lousy dog that drinks liquor—dirty scoundrel. What do you say to that? You young mountain sprouts say if you want to drink liquor it is nobody's business eh, its none of your mother's business is it? I'm glad bud to see you out of these hills and if you will stay a week, when I send you back you will have to send out and get someone to identify you. God made no liquor, nor could you till you rotted the stuff God did make, and make it so nasty a hog wouldn't eat it. You lying scoundrels talk about God authorizing you to make liquor. I saw some fellows jump when I said that, like I'd named them. I never call names, but fellows know their number. You mountain sprouts are as good as Toccoa. They are just mean and you are a combination of ignorance and meanness. I'm going to shoot in the hole where you are at. Liquor and religion won't stay in the same carcass. You drink liquor and call yourself a Christian, you dirty hound."

Here some one in the audience interrupted Mr. Jones to state that down in Lincoln county they put potash in whisky to make it beede. Yes, said Sam, and these fellows would too, if they had sense enough. Better drink potash than liquor, it only kills you and mean liquor makes you kill someone else. You suck-egg pups, you say your daddy kept liquor on the sideboard. Yes, and he is in hell frying, and you will join the procession.

I drank liquor till I was 24 years of age, and if I was a fair sample there is nothing worse out of hell than an old dirty drunkard. Nobody but dirty, lousy devils go in a saloon. If you boys drink liquor and have the right sort of daddy he will take you out and fix you so you will have to stand up to eat your meals for six months. Some of you left your bottle in your buggies and brought your pistols in church with you to defend your character. Why you've got no character, and what do you think of that, bud. Some of you young bucks have got a pistol in your pocket that didn't cost but a dollar. Little fools, the first shot will kill you and the other fellow too. For a little fellow to carry a pistol is a sure sign that he has done somebody dirt. What say you to that bud? If I were you I would go out and kill a dog, I mean for you to commit suicide. But I hear you say 'Jones, do you think that kind of preaching will do any good?' You've had the other kind, and its done no good. No use mixing things with you rascals. Some one ought to break a jug over your head and make you hit the ground running a mile a minute. You could butt with a billy goat and send the goat home with a headache.

Some women say they must keep some "spirits" on hand for "campfire." Yes, and you will have your son down in hell fire. Better go home and pour it out. I had rather live by a hog thief than a liquor maker. If he steals all my hogs he wouldn't get more than \$50 worth. His liquor might damn my boy and I think more of my boy than I do of my hogs. Ain't I right Brother Brinsfield.

"You are right," said Mr. Brinsfield. "And you," remarked Mr. Jones, had better mind how you talk, these fellows will lick you sure. Fellows that buy blind tiger liquor will swear lies about it. What you say to that, bud? If it is not so, kick me from this platform. Hundreds of you have already swore lies about it. Some of you are mad and say you want hear Jones no more. If I throw a rock and hit a dog he won't get other dogs to run and holler for him.

You mountain sprouts ain't got character nor cash, but can drink aquafortis. You are like the fellow that dreamed he went to hell and the devil poured a ladle of melted lava down him, and he called for more. Another ladle of lava was poured down him and when he shivered and called for more the devil asked him what he had been drinking before he come there; he replied, "Habersham liquor."

If any of you mountain sprouts got mad with me come after the service and ask pardon and I will forgive you. I don't bear malice, and I couldn't fight mountain sprouts like you. I am by you like the fellow was by fighting the skunk. He was not afraid of the skunk but if he fought it he couldn't go home to his family. What say you to that bud?

Mr. Jones closed his sermon with

an earnest exhortation to sinners to give up their sins, and come over on the Lord's side, telling them that he knew that the church in Toccoa was dead, but that God was able and willing to save them over a dead church.

Mr. Stewart conducted the afternoon service. At the evening service Mr. Jones preached. His evening service was in no way similar to the morning sermon, but was a very earnest plea for the salvation of souls. Quite a number responded to the propositions to come forward for prayer at each service, and a few confessed conversion at the evening service. The services will continue to next Sunday evening, and it is fervently hoped that many souls will be saved.

During his stay here many thousands of our mountain people will hear Sam Jones preach.

Debt-Paying Religion.

Just at this time our country needs a religion that will make a man pay his debts. Shouting won't settle old accounts with man or God. We bounce right into a fellow and put him out of the church if he goes to a ball or a theatre, but never say a word to a pious old scamp who never pays his debts. Preachers and people who do not pay their debts are doing the church more harm than dancers and drunkards, for there are more of them in the church. Reader, are we getting close to you? asks the Methodist Advocate. Then lay down your paper and go and pay up and read on with ease. And don't stop paying because the statute of limitation excuses the open account which you make for bread and meat. You must pay it in cash or God will make you pay it in fire and brimstone. God knows no such excuse for not paying as homestead exemption. When you raise that excuse to keep from paying debts you can stop singing, "When I Can Read My Titles Clear to Mansions in the Skies." You have none up there.

Fight in a Pulpit.

Greensboro Record.

It is a rather uncommon thing to record a fight in a pulpit, especially with a minister of the gospel as one of the participants, but this occurred yesterday at Mt. Pleasant church, several miles southeast of town.

Rev. R. S. Webb was to preach and he had ascended the pulpit and proceeded in the services as far as being about ready to start in on his sermon, when he in some way disturbed a nest of bumble bees. At once they pounced on him; his head seemed to be their objective point, and they made it lively for him, but the reverend gentleman is no coward and he proceeded to defend himself, and in a few minutes he had put the enemy to rout, when he resumed his sermon, remarking that it was a bad thing to fight, but worse not to come off victorious.

Bryan and Stevenson Clubs.

Democrats throughout the State will remember the call recently made by our proper party authorities for the meetings in each precinct in the State on Friday or Saturday next for the purpose of organizing Bryan and Stevenson Clubs. Chairman Simmons begs this matter be not overlooked or neglected. Every white supremacy club in the State is called on and expected to meet and convert itself into an active Bryan and Stevenson Club; and every precinct in which no such club exists the Democrats therein are requested to meet and organize.

The meetings in the towns are called to take place Friday night, 14th, and in the country precincts Saturday afternoon, 15th.

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?

McGinty—Yes, yer Honor.

Judge—But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway?

McGinty—No, had 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he had Oi do be.

Judge—Why do you wish that?

McGinty—Begorry, thin Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murder!

Hicks—I have read that book all through, and I can't see that there is anything improper in it.

Wicks—Well, what made you think there was?

Hicks—Why, it has sold 300,000 copies.

Returns from the Maine election Monday indicates that the Republicans carried the state by about 32,000 plurality, a Democratic gain of 20 per cent. over 1896.

Ex-President Cleveland has declined the president's appointment as a member of the international board of arbitration under The Hague treaty. Ex-President Harrison has accepted the appointment.

A well-known photographer says that men are a great deal fussier when they get their picture taken than women.

The up-to-date girl has her monogram embroidered on the front of her black silk stockings.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

How like a butterfly our thoughts flit from flower to flower feeding upon the ever-changing mental foods. Sometimes they soar to heaven or nestle among the stars, but their home is here among our people, our friends and kindred and the concerns of our daily life. Who has not wondered how he came to be thinking of this thing or that and traced it back to something wholly irrelevant, but leading on by shadowy lines. But a little while ago I was sadly thinking about the sudden death of three of my good friends—friends whom I loved and everybody loved who knew them. Mr. Moore, of Auburn; Colonel Mynatt, of Atlanta, and Dr. Goetichius, of Rome, left us on the same day. They were good men and the world was made better by their presence.

I was thinking especially about Dr. Goetichius, the preacher whose journey and destination was so suddenly changed, for he had bought a ticket for Tallulah Falls, there to spend his vacation, and was to take the train at 3 o'clock. He rose from his bed at 2 and at 3 he was dead and his spirit soaring heavenward. Then I thought about Mrs. Barbauld's lines that fit so well:

"Life we have been long together
In pleasant and in cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear.
Then steal away—give little warning:
Choose thine own time,
Say not goodnight, but in some brighter
clime
Bid me good morning."

Then I ruminated about that wonderful woman. How she was the first to write story books for the children and hymns for the church and how her life was spent in the schoolroom among the children that she loved. And then I recalled that beautiful hymn that she wrote:

"How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks the weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast."

And then I thought of the words of Balaam, upon which that hymn was founded. "Oh! may I die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like His." And this reminded me of those other words of Balaam: "What hath God wrought?" That was the first message sent over a telegraph wire. It was sent from Washington to Baltimore by Miss Anna Ellsworth, the daughter of the commissioner of patents. She had been very kind to Professor Morse and he had promised that she should send the first message. This was sent from Baltimore to Washington, announcing that James K. Polk had been nominated for president. I remember all this for I was in college then. But still the people were incredulous and waited for the mail train to bring the news. Then I ruminated on the hard lot of great inventors, and how Morse spent all of his small estate and received but little encouragement, being so utterly poor that he had to go without food at times for twenty-four hours, and how he pleaded with congress for three years in vain for an appropriation to help him perfect and build a line to Baltimore—and how at the very last moment, when he was in despair and had given up all hope, congress did at midnight, on the last day of the session, pass the bill for \$30,000, and Anna Ellsworth came running to him in delighted haste and told him the good news. What an agonizing life he had led during all these years, for he been refused help at home and had been to England and to France in search of it and found it not. Now just think of it. After he had built his first lines and his success was established he was constrained to sell to private parties, an invention that soon came to be worth one hundred millions. But he died full of years and full of honors, and even France made him a donation of 400,000 francs. What a wonderful man—that ever lived—for he was a painter of distinction and renown, the pupil and the peer of Allston and West, and the city of Charleston was his best friend and patron and has now his portraits of Monroe and Lafayette. He was a sculptor, an architect, a philosopher and a poet, and would have reached the top in all had he not become so absorbed in harnessing the lightning. As a matter of course he was kept in litigation several years and other parties tried to steal his invention, but the supreme court of the United States did finally affirm everything that he claimed. He died in 1872 in his eighty-first year.

Here my thoughts rested for a while and then returned to Dr. Goetichius and the many other friends who have gone before and have left me almost alone. How fondly our minds cling to the friends of our youth—our schoolmates and college mates—and every now and then we hear of another who has dropped out of line, and like the barber in a barber shop, old Father Time whispers "next." My dear old friend Jim Warran still lives to greet me when I come and so does Chess Howard and Dr. Alexander and his brother and Evan Howell. Then I recalled the grand and beautiful words of Ingalls spoken in his eulogy on Senator Beck. "The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph is rapture; and yet we are all

under the sentence of death. Without a trial or opportunity of defense, with no knowledge of the accuser or the nature and cause of the accusation; without being confronted with the witnesses against us we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first born, but there is no clemency. The craven felon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be anealed, but there is no reprieve. The soul helplessly beats its wings upon the bars, shudders and disappears.

"But the death of a good man is not an inconsolable lamentation. It is a strain of triumph and he may exclaim with the Roman poet, 'non omnis Moriar,' and turning to the silent and unknown future can rely with just and reasonable confidence upon that most impressive assurance ever delivered to the human race, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'"

Mr. Ingalls might have added one more shadow to his dark picture of death by saying that he not only condemned us without trial or witnesses or an accuser, but the pitiless old rascal would not even give the date of our execution nor the manner of it. We are to die, that is certain, but when or how or where we know not. Think of Dr. Goetichius, dressed at 2 o'clock with pleasant anticipations of a rest at Tallulah, amid the sound of falling waters that soothe the soul, but within an hour he was a helpless, lifeless corpse.

Senator Ingalls was a gifted man—not a word painter, but a thought engraver. For years he was our enemy and harbored prejudices against our people, but after he had visited Texas and studied the negro and his race traits, he returned home and declared that he was unfit and unworthy of freedom or any political franchise.

But enough of this. Now let me add that up to this date I have received one hundred and seventeen copies of the poem that I asked for and the number increases with every mail. They have come from every southern state. I began to write pleasant words and thanks to those who have troubled themselves to please me, but I have had to stop, for my old eyes are weak and my hand gets tired. I can only thank them all at once and say how grateful I am that so many know what I did not know. It humbles my pride and takes away some of my vanity. Some of my scattered friends give the authorship to Miss Flora Hastings, Queen Victoria's maid of honor, and some to Geo. D. Prentice, and one to S. S. Prentiss, but the large majority are correct in naming Charles Mackay. He was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1812, and during our civil war was the American correspondent of The London Times. He easily stood first among the modern English poets, and was the author of many prose works.

BILL ARP.

Shirt Waists on the Southern Railway.

Charlotte News.

Some time ago a prominent conductor who runs between Charlotte and Atlanta, was placed in an uncomfortable position. In the ladies coach of his train was a regular shirt-waist man. A lady sitting near by called the attention of the conductor to the coatless man and asked that he either put on his coat or leave the car. The conductor did not wish to insult the man nor did he desire to disregard the ladies' instructions. While he was debating what to do, the lady reached the point she intended getting off and thereby solved a very vexed problem. The conductor at once wrote to headquarters in Washington, to ascertain what was the company's wishes in such cases. The matter was referred to the legal department of the road to report back. The leading attorney of the Southern in his reply says:

"I am sorry to note from your letter of August 20th that it is necessary to give the question which is filling the newspapers as to the 'shirt-waist man' serious consideration, for I do not think it deserving of a formal rule of conduct. This is one of the cases where, it seems to me, discretion must be left to the conductor. So long as a man is decently dressed, whether he has a coat or not, his appearance cannot be offensive to any sensible person, and as one of our objects is to provide for the comfort of our passengers, I do not see why, on purely academic grounds, we should object to it. The conductor, however, is the person to determine this. Where he sees a man, by removing his coat, effects an offensive exposure of his person or clothing, he ought to suppress that man promptly. But if no such offense is given, I do not think that he should interfere."

Birds Eat up Railroad Station.

TOPEKA, KAN., Sept. 9.—Woodpeckers are destroying the Missouri Pacific Railroad station at Lydon. In two weeks they have perforated the east end. The boys of the town drive them away with stones and clubs, but they always return and renew their work of destruction. The station agent says they peck away in unison with the ticks of the telegraph in instruments. The upper half of the east end of the station is a wreck. In the early morning these red-headed birds may be seen flying toward the station from every direction.

MR. BRYAN TELLS ABOUT HIS INCOME AND HIS OPPORTUNITIES.

On the way from Deer Park to Cumberland Mr. Bryan talked freely and at length to a newspaper correspondent.

His attention was called to a recent editorial discussing a communication which spoke of his "prosperity" under the McKinley administration.

"I never was a poor man," he said, "in the sense of not having enough to live on. My father was a judge, and among the people of his community he was a well-to-do man. My share of his estate was about \$2000, which is now the average wealth of our people."

"I am better off than I was four years ago. The presidential campaign increased my ability to make money. I was offered a salary of \$25,000 a year as counsel for an American title firm, but declined. I made a contract to deliver a series of lectures for \$50,000, but found there were unpleasant features about it and cancelled the agreement. I wrote magazine article and got \$600 for a series of chautauqua lectures."

Since 1896 I have given \$500 to colleges and \$1,700 to the Democratic committee. I saved a sum for my expenses in this campaign and paid taxes on that and everything I own, which amounts to between \$2500 and \$3000, none of which was earned in consequence of any policy of the McKinley administration."

"One of the objections frequently urged against you, Mr. Bryan," the correspondent suggested, "is that it is feared that you will surround yourself with a cabinet of Populists or unsafe people."

"I know that," replied he. "A man who does not wish to vote the Democratic ticket at once commences to construct a cabinet for me and will always put in the men whom he dislikes most. Mr. Tillman and Mr. Albigel are favorites in this line, but those who intend to vote for Mr. Debs always assume that I will select a cabinet of gold Democrats. It is safe to assume one thing. If I am elected I will be elected for four years and no more, and I will select such a cabinet as will make my administration a success. The cabinet will not be selected with any view to a renomination or re-election. I stated four years ago, during the campaign, that I would not ask for a re-election. At the proper time I will make that announcement again."

Speaking of his views and policies, Mr. Bryan said that there need be no alarm for them. He does not adhere to a political principle that is not 100 years old. The charge that he is opposing the property interests, he says is folly. In this campaign, he declares, mercenary wealth is hiding behind honest wealth, and honest wealth had best get away from the association.

"What do you mean by honest wealth and mercenary wealth?" the correspondent asked.

"Honest wealth is honestly earned," replied Mr. Bryan. "Mercenary wealth, or perhaps I had best call it predatory wealth, is what is gained without giving any return for it. It is best for people of property to elect a conservative man. If the policy of legislating for the advantage of the wealthy exclusively is continued indefinitely, disturbances will finally occur."

"The Debs movement is far stronger than it was four years ago. If the policy of injunctions is continued it will continue to grow. My remedy for this is arbitration. If a man employs a half dozen peons he knows each of them. He knows their affairs and when their families are sick and in want. This association brings sympathy, and there is no need to interfere between these employers and employees. But the corporation which employs 1000 men has a superintendent to get all out of them that is possible. The men are not known as individuals."

In reply to a question as to the outlook, Mr. Bryan said that in the middle west especially the prospects are good and growing better all the time. He had been informed, he said, that a member of the Republican committee had said that if Mr. McKinley should be defeated his defeat would likely be as crushing as that of Greeley. He considered this an important admission.

Why the Elephant Didn't Play the Piano.

A showman recently advertised a "piano-playing elephant," and drew a crowd for the first performance. After some preliminary remarks describing the talents of the beast and his location, the elephant was led into the ring. He stepped up to the piano, ran a scale, stopped, lifted his trunk and ran a few notes from the tent. The showman stepped forward, not a whit embarrassed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "an unfortunate occurrence prevents the performance. I am sure that you will all respect his reason for this abrupt conclusion. He has just recognized his dead mother's teeth in the piano keys."

Mooresville is to have a bank with capital of \$15,000. It will begin business November 1, 1900. The following are the board of Directors: S. C. Rankin, J. E. Sherrill, Geo. C. Goodman, J. P. Mills and W. C. Johnson, of Mooresville, Lee S. Overman and J. S. McGinnis, of Salisbury. S. C. Rankin was made president and C. P. Neely, cashier.