

(Continued from First Page.)

How are going to free the Hebrews from bondage. But where is your army? Where is your navy? Not a word have you, not a spear, not a chariot, not a horse. Alas! God was on his side and he has an army of his own. The showstoppers are on God's side—witness the snowstorms in which the French army of invasion were buried on their way back from Moscow. The rain is on his side—witness the 15th of June at Waterloo, when the tempest so saturated the road that the attack could not be made on Wellington's forces until seven o'clock and he was strong enough to hold out until re-enforcements arrived.

Had that battle been opened at five o'clock in the morning instead of at seven, the destiny of Europe would have been turned the wrong way. The heavy rain decided everything. So also are the winds and the waves on God's side—witness the Armada with one hundred and fifty ships and twenty-six hundred and fifty guns and eight thousand sailors and twenty thousand soldiers sent out by Philip II of Spain to conquer England.

What became of those men and that shipping? Ask the wind and the waves all along the English and Irish coasts. The men and the ships all wrecked or drowned or scattered. So I expect that Moses will be helped in rescuing the Israelites by a special weapon. To the Egyptians the Nile was a deity. Its waters were then as now very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and German's have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile.

But one day, when Pharaoh comes down to this river, Moses takes a stick and whips the waters, and they turn into the gore of a slaughter house, and through the sluices and fish ponds the incriminated liquid backs up into the land, and the malarial whelms everything from mud hovel to throne room. Then comes the frogs with terrible shriek it oves everything. Then this people, so nearly almost to fatalism, were infested with insects that belong to the filthy and unkempt, and the air buzzed and buzzed with flies, and then the distemper started cows to bellowing and horses to neighing and camels to grunting, as they rolled over and expired.

And then boils, one of which will put a man in wretchedness, came in clusters from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. And then the clouds dropped hail and lightning. And then locusts came in swarms of them, worse than the grasshoppers ever were in Kansas. And then the darkness dropped for three days, so that the people could not see their hand before their face, great surges of midnight covering them.

And last of all, on the night of the 10th of April, about eighteen hundred years before Christ, the destroying angel sweeps past; and hear it all night long, the way they flay off his awful wings until Egypt rolled on, a great heave, the eldest child dead in every Egyptian home. The eldest son of Pharaoh expired that night in the palace and all along the streets of Memphis and Heliopolis and all up and down the Nile there was a funeral wail that would have rent the fold of the unmetamorphosed darkness if it had not been impenetrable.

LED BY A TORCH FROM GOD. The Israelites, however, were untouched. But these homes were full of preparation, for now is your chance, O ye wronged Hebrews! Snatch up that piece of food you can and to the desert! His smooches are better than the bondage you have suffered. His scoops will not sting so sharply as the wrongs that have stung you all your lives. Away! The man who was cradled in the basket of papyrus on the Nile will lead you. Up! Up! This is the night of your rescue. They are gathered at signal. Alexander's armies and all the armies of olden time were led by torches on high poles, great crests of fire; and the Lord Almighty kindles a torch not held by human hands, but by omnipotent hand.

Not made out of straw or oil, but kindled out of the atmosphere such a torch as the world never saw before and never will see again. It reached from the earth unto the heaven, a pillar of fire, that pillar practically saying: "This way! March this way!" On that supernatural flambeau more than a million refugees set their eyes. Moses and Aaron led on. Then come the families of Israel. Then come the herds and flocks moving on across the sands to what is the beach of waters now called Bah-el-Kulzum, but called in the Bible the Red sea. And when I dipped my hands in its blue waters the heroes of the Mosiac passage rolled over me.

THE INCIDENTS OF EGYPT. So the burden of oppression was lifted, but another burden of Egypt is made up of deserts. Indeed, Africa is a great continent for deserts, Libyan desert, Sahara desert, deserts here and there and yonder, condemning vast regions of Africa to barrenness, one of the deserts three thousand miles long and a thousand miles wide. But all those deserts will yet be flooded, and so made fertile. De Lesseps says it can be done, and he who planned the Suez canal, which carries the Red sea and the Mediterranean, knows what he is talking about. The human race is so multiplied that it must have more cultivated land, and the world must abolish its deserts. Eight hundred millions of the human race are now living on lands not best with rain, but dependent on irrigation, and we want by irrigation to make room for eight hundred millions more. By irrigation the prophecy will be fulfilled, and "the desert will blossom as the rose." So from Egypt the burden of sand will be lifted.

Another burden of Egypt to be lifted is the burden of Mohammedanism, although there are some good things about that religion. Its disciples must always wash before they pray, and that is five times a day. A commendable grace is cleanliness. Strong drink is positively forbidden by Mohammedanism, and though some may have seen a drunken Mohammedan, I never saw one. It is a religion of sobriety. Then they are not ashamed of their devotions. When the call for prayers is sounded from the minarets the Mohammedan immediately unrolls the rug on the ground and falls on his knees, and crowds of spectators are to him no embarrassment—reproach to many a Christian who omits his prayers if he is alone.

But Mohammedanism, with its polygamy, blights everything it touches. Mohammed, its founder, had four wives, and his followers are the enemies of good womanhood. Mohammedanism puts its curse on all Egypt, and by setting up a sinful Arab higher than the immaculate Christ, is an overwhelming blasphemy. May God help the brave and conscientious missionaries who are spending their lives in combatting it.

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God would allow the despotism against his people to go no further. Making bricks without straw!

That oppression still goes on. Demand of your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary—bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood—bricks without straw. United States government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when twenty-five cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability—bricks without straw.

In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic labors on starvation salary, sanctified Ciceros on four hundred dollars a year. Bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor bricks. In all departments, bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not for work more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

PHARAOS OF TODAY. But in all departments there are Pharaohs. Sometimes Capital a Pharaoh and sometimes Labor a Pharaoh. When Capital progresses and makes large percentage on its investment and declines to consider the needs of the operatives and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then Capital is a Pharaoh. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of the firm employing them, and at a time when the firm are doing their best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, it such a time to have his employees make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss, then Labor becomes a Pharaoh of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

When in December of 1889, at the museum at Boulae, Egypt, I looked at the mummies of the Pharaohs, the very miscreants who diabolized centuries, and I saw their teeth and hair and finger nails and the flesh drawn tight over their cheek bones, the sarcophagus of these dead monarchs side by side, and I was so fascinated I could only with difficulty get away from the spot. I was not looking upon the last of the Pharaohs. All over the world old merchants playing the Pharaoh over young merchants, old lawyers playing the Pharaoh over young lawyers, old doctors playing the Pharaoh over young doctors, old artists playing the Pharaoh over young artists, old ministers playing the Pharaoh over young ministers.

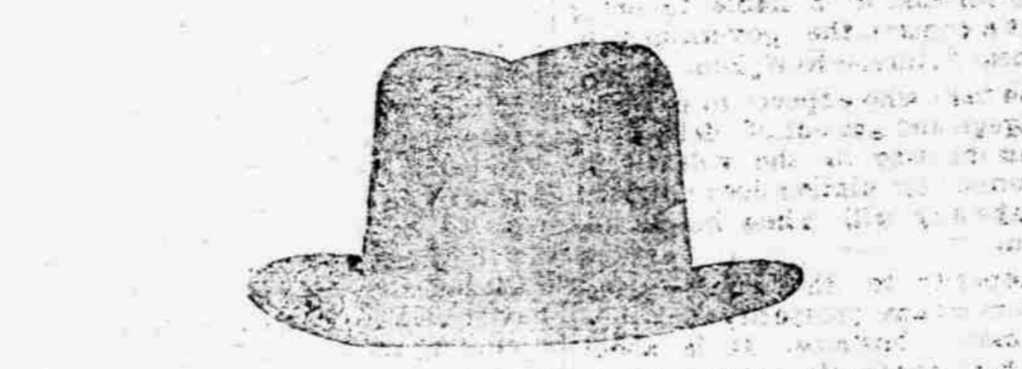
Let all oppressors, whether in homes, in churches, in stores, in offices, in factories, in social life or political life, in private life or public life know that God hates oppressors, and they will all come to grief here or hereafter. Pharaoh thought he did a fine thing, a cunning thing, a decisive thing when for the complete extinction of the Hebrews in Egypt he ordered all the Hebrew boys massacred, but he did not fire it so fine a thing when his own first born that night of the destroying angel dropped dead on the mosaic floor of the palace. Let all the Pharaohs take warning. Some of the worst of them are on a small scale in households as when a man, because his arm is strong and his voice loud, dominates his poor wife into a domestic slavery.

There are thousands of such cases where the wife is a lifetime serf, her opinion disregarded, her tastes insulted, and her existence a wretchedness, when the world will not know it. It is a Pharaoh that sits at the head of that table, and a Pharaoh that tyrannizes that home. There is no more abhorrent Pharaoh than a domestic Pharaoh. There are thousands of women to whom death is passage from Egypt to Canaan, because they get rid of a cruel taskmaster. What an accursed monster is that man who keeps his wife in dread about family expenses, and must be cautious how she introduces an article of millinery or womanly wardrobe without humiliating consultation and apology. Who is that man acting so? For six months—in order to win that woman's heart, he sent her every few days a bouquet wound with white ribbon, and an endearing couplet, and took her to concerts and theaters, and helped her into carriages as though she were a princess, and ran across the room to pick up her pocket handkerchief with the speed of an antelope, and on the marriage day promised all that the literary required, saying, "I will" with an emphasis that excited the admiration of all spectators. But now he begrudges her two cents for a postage stamp, and wonders why she rides across Brooklyn bridge when the foot passage costs nothing. He thinks now she is awful plain, and he acts like the devil, while he thunders out: "Where did you get that new hat from? That's where my money goes. Where's my breakfast? Do you call that coffee? Didn't I tell you to sew on that button? Want to see your finger, do you? You are always going to see your mother! What are you whimpering about? Hurry up, now, and get my slippers! Where's the newspaper?" The tone, the look, the impatience—the cruelty of a Pharaoh. That is what gives so many women a cowed down look. Pharaoh, you had better take your iron heel off that woman's neck, or God will help you remove your heel. She says nothing. For the sake of avoiding a scandal she keeps silent; but her tears and wrongs have gone into a record that you will have to meet as certainly as Pharaoh had to meet hail and lightning and darkness and the death angel. God never yet gave to any man the right to tyrannize a woman, and what a meek you are to take advantage of the marriage vow, and because she cannot help herself, and under the shelter of your own home out-Pharaoh the Egyptian oppressor. There is something awfully wrong in a household where the woman is not considered of as much importance as a man. No room in this world for any more Pharaohs!



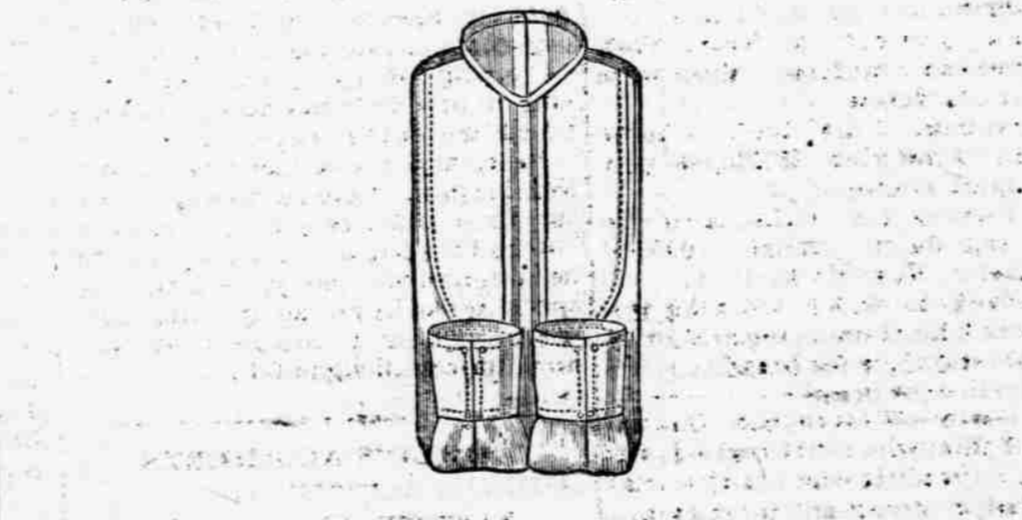
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Notice. NORTH CAROLINA.—SAMPSON COUNTY. J. C. SLOCUM, vs. J. J. JACKSON.

Take notice that the above entitled action has been this day commenced before me for the purpose of obtaining a judgment in favor of the said plaintiff and against the said defendant, J. J. JACKSON, for the sum of \$100 dollars due by defendant to the said plaintiff from the said defendant, and let the said J. J. JACKSON further take notice that he is required to appear before me at my office in Clinton, in said State and county, on the 28th day of November, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to answer to the complaint of the said plaintiff. H. B. GIDDENS, J. P. This Oct. 13th, 1891.—22-6t

Notice of Sale. BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court, made at the October term, 1891, in case of McPhail vs. G. E. Daughtry, Administrator of Hardy Daughtry and others, the undersigned commissioner, appointed by said decree to make the sale of the lands will, on the 21st day of November, 1891, at the courthouse door in the town of Clinton, at public auction, for cash, all the following described tract of land, known as the "Hardy Daughtry Mill Tract," and bounded by the lands of B. G. E. Daughtry, Joseph Williams, John Frazier and others, and containing about sixty acres. W. M. DAUGHTRY, Com. This October 19, 1891.—24-4t

Notice of Sale. ON DEC. 4TH, AT 12 O'CLOCK M. at the residence of the late Mrs. E. T. Fennell. Will be sold the farm known as the Owen Fennell place in Franklin township on Black River, 4 miles from C. F. & Y. V. R. R. adj. intg. the lands of J. M. Fennell, A. J. Johnson and others, containing 325 acres. A fine residence of eleven rooms, and all necessary out houses, cotton gin and fruit mill, fine lands adapted to the raising of corn, cotton, potatoes &c. Good water, pleasant neighborhood. Terms, part cash balance in 12 months. Title reserved until purchase money is paid. For further information apply to J. N. Fennell or N. G. Shaw, administrator. H. E. FAISON, Att'y. Oct. 22, 1891-4t.

Notice to Creditors. THE UNDERSIGNED AS Administrator of Jas. SHIPP deceased, hereby gives notice to all the creditors of said estate to present their claims, duly proven according to law, within 12 months or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate, by note or account, will please come forward and make settlement. W. J. SHIPP, Adm'r Per Atty, HENRY E. FAISON. Oct 21, 1891.—22-6t

Hemorrhoids or Piles. Having discovered a remedy for Hemorrhoids or Piles, will furnish a limited supply to sufferers. Cures nine out of every ten cases—gives relief to all. Price 30 cents per box, by mail. Address, B. L. BLACKMORE, 222-23m Warsaw, N. C.

For Sale or Rent! A desirable small farm, with good two story dwelling and all necessary out-houses, conveniently located for church and school privileges. Located near Swain High School on the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad. Will be sold on reasonable terms, with part cash and good paper for the balance. For information apply to R. B. STRICKLAND, Sibley, Ga. Or call on H. STRICKLAND, 1y30-4m S'dman, N. C.

The Alliance Store Is now prepared to serve the public in all branches of MERCHANDISE. And will sell CHEAP FOR CASH. All we ask is your patronage and we will save you money, as We Propose to Sell Cheap! Now those who owe us on account, don't forget that your account is due, but come forward and settle, as we are in need of money. Yours Truly, G. A. CLUTE, Manager of Alliance Store.

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GOSHEN HIGH SCHOOL. The Fall Session of this School will open on the First Monday in August, 1891. The management will be in the hands of the present principal, J. D. Ezzell. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$12.50 for a term of twenty weeks. Board, in good families near school building, at from \$6.00 to \$7.50 per month. For any further information write to the principal, J. D. EZZELL, Hobton, N. C. 1y16-1f

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including "CLINTON", "PUB", and various small notices and advertisements.