

The Milton Chronicle.

TERMS CASH \$2 Per Annum.

Pledged to Truth, to Liberty and Law, No Favors Win Us, and no Fear shall Awe.

ESTABLISHED 1841

VOL. 7.

MILTON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

NO. 2.

GOODS at COST

Attachment Sale.

BOTTOM PRICES.

BY virtue of Executions in my hands, I now offer the entire stock of Goods formerly belonging to D. S. Lisberger & Co., in Milton, N. C., at bottom prices.

The Goods must be sold in thirty days. Now is the time to buy anything you want everything you ought to have, for little money.

Mr. Wm. A. Smith is my Agent to show the Goods and sell them.

All persons indebted to D. S. Lisberger & Co., on the books at the Store, are notified to pay their accounts to Wm. A. Smith at once and save costs.

B. S. GRAVES, Sheriff.

Jan 1, 1879. By Geo. O. Wilson, D. S.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

NEW WHOLESALE

Candy Factory.

[By the Wholesale at Richmond Prices.

I. P. RAINES,

Main Street, Danville, Va.

Fresh Bread every day

Wedding parties and other kinds furnished with the most complete outfits, on the shortest notice and best terms.

Every variety of Christmas Toys—cheap

NOTICE.—The undersigned, as Executors of the late Dr. S. T. Richmond, hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against his estate to present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. March 1st, 1879.

A. M. GUNN,

D. W. K. RICHMOND, Ex'rs

Letter From the Fool Killer.



MOUNTAIN CAVE, Jan. 30th, 1879.

Editor—Again the wheel of time has rolled another year into the vortex of oblivion, and the old man seats himself in his cave among the rocks and cliffs of the wild woods to drop a tear over the rapid flight of time and send you a report for the new-year up to date. Editor, it is sad to contemplate the past, and he who stops to do it and brood over his adversities will be in danger of going crazy. "So let's be gay," &c., but at the same time keep "right side up, with care," always seeing to it that the children do not depart the paternal roof without their mamma's knowing they are out; for, as a child is brought up so will it toddle on through life, and if the indulgent parent gives a boy that stands in calf-skin up to his knees an inch, he'll take an ell—certain. Editor, parents have much to answer for in this world and the world to come, for the training up of their children. You may search the world and where you find one man honest and just from innate principle—from a spontaneous love of right and justice—I'll show you two who are honest and just only from the force of circumstances. That is to say they would cheat, lie and steal at the drop of a hat but for the fear of it being found out, and the dread of punishment by the laws of government and society. Now, Editor, when the children are raised up to love honesty, justice and virtue, and to spurn vice, because it is right and proper to do so, even if there were no laws of government or society to punish, then the glorious Millennium will come! when chickens may "roost lower," and bolts and bars to doors may be thrown away, and men's simple words will be far better than many of their bonds are now.

Between Woodsdale and Clarksville I intercepted a young man on the highway with a load of chickens and perceiving the tears standing in his eyes I waved my club and halting him demanded an explanation: He said he was troubled; that he took his sweetheart to a party a few nights before and that while there an old bachelor came to him at a late hour and told him he would see the young lady home when she wanted to go—that he (the young man,) saw his jularly on the subject and she said it was all right—that he then left, "but," said he, with a lead boo hoo, "don't you think that cruel old bachelor took my gal at 3 o'clock that night to a magistrate's house and married her!" And then he bellowed right out, but I dealt my chicken a joltarfer that knocked the pin-feathers out him and dried him up, telling the lark there were as good fish in the sea as ever a bachelor or any other quadruped in the shape of man pulled out.

Going on I descried a young man from near Concord swimming Hyco at the peril of a watery grave. Elevating my club I brought him to a stand and demanded to know who was dying or dead, as I supposed it was a case of life or death with him. He meekly replied that he was "going courting!" "And who are you flying around?" said I. He told me and it turned out to be the same girl who married the bachelor, but he had not heard of the marriage, altho' I was then on the bachelor's war path for riding all over the neighborhood the day after his marriage telling the people he was married and how happy he did feel. One tap of my club

lifted the youngster out of his boots.

Near Mt. Carmel, in Halifax, three young men going to a Christmas party got the corn juice maulled out of them very unexpectedly. I was following them up (for I knew they had more whiskey than brains,) and near Mt. Carmel they met my christian friend Chas. Butts, going home when I heard them in a great glee tell him they were "going to heaven," and they wanted him to go with them—that they would put him through to the new-jerusalem, &c. I could stand it no longer, but springing upon the soft and empty-headed larks, I everlastingly made them out bellow bull-calves, for thus trifling with a pious and worthy hard-working man.

Sitting at the X roads near Cunningham's Store, New-Year's night. I throttled a party I mistrusted for the robbers of A. T. Stewart's remains, and for a while I thought my fortune was made in securing the large reward. But they proved to be three young men going to a party near McGehee's mill; one had a box that looked like a coffin, and another had a fiddle wrapped up like a child in a blanket. The third lark looked quite hump-backed, but I found he carried a fiddle also run-up under the back of his coat, to keep it dry. They were all married men and said they were going to a "pound party" to make music. I let them go on, and after awhile I dropt down on the "pound party" and lo! the musicians were the only guests present; they were discouraging music to the youngster who invited them to the party but he had forgotten to invite any one else! I walked in and collaring the young lark "pounded" him about right and made the musicians double-quick it home to their families.

Passing on to Turberville's Store an old colored woman besought me to go for these same musicians, saying they stopped at her house to warm and stole her children's Christmas candy toys. I soon overhauled them and demanded the plunder; two of them cut their eyes at each other and owned up—but they had eaten the dog, and pushing on I caught the other lark, who had the old woman's cat (made of candy) carrying it home to give to his nephew, he said. After shaming them about taking old negro toys while she was busy making them a fire, I mauled the daylighters out of them.

Shooting over into Person I attended a party between Long's X Roads and Paine's old Tavern, where all the men seemed to be tight except one, and he was a Good Templar. When I got there the landlord was chasing the good templar over the yard with a jug in one hand and a rope in the other, his aim being to catch the templar and, tying him, pour the liquor down him, but I smashed the jug and mauling a half gallon of the coffin brand out of mine host, I routed the party.

Not far from North Hyco I took the starch out of the sails of a young man who was sleigh-riding some ladies in more mud than snow—he upset the ladies and the mud pulling off a lady's overshoe, he displayed great gallantry in putting it on her foot. It was not discovered until she got home that the shoe had been put on the wrong foot and over another overshoe. I hated to do it but it was my duty to shake my club at the lady, and I did so with an admonition.

I caught the same ladies out rabbit hunting in the cold snow, and warming their hands by holding them in a rabbit's oed out of which they had just flushed a Molly cotton-tail. I could but laugh at them.

I slathered the goose grease out of "Capt. Lea's Cavalry company"—of the Calithumpian gender—during the Christmas holidays, while it was on parade in Yanceyville. The boys were charging and coworting about town on horseback, each fellow armed with a fence-rail and carrying one or two of John barleycorn's spurs in his head, when I put in appearance with my death dealing club, and they out ran a yankee retreating cavalry

company, but it was of no use, they were my meat.

I looked around town for a "bean shooting" party, and caught a young man with a "bean-shooter" in his pocket and blood in his eye; he said he carried the deathly instrument to shoot a youngster who had been trying to steal his gal and marry her.—I expostulated with him and he promised to hurt nothing but birds with his bean-shooter and not to shoot them on Sundays. The balance of the shooters dodged me.

Hearing of a man near New Hope church, in Caswell, who was feeding his horse on sugar! to fatten it up, I spat in my hand and went for him. When I got there his brother who had borrowed the beast and which it seems had run away with his wagon and smashed it, arrived with the sugar fed animal and delivering him to his brother remarked, "Here, take your d—d horse—you had no business giving him that sugar!" I colored the sugar man and made him dance to the tune of "sugar in the gourd."

Near Milton I made a clever old farmer jump the chineapin bushes for telling a young man how to take warts off his hands, the advice being to cut one more notch on the North side of a persimmon tree than he had warts.

But I must hie to Mountain Hill and watch the meandrings of a couple of Milton larks gone to Hodnett's spring after mineral water. Will report progress in next report. Excuse the length of this letter, and believe me as usual, yours very foolishly,

JESSE HOLMES, The Fool Killer.

Jerry Black's Story.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, tells a comical story of a trial in which a German doctor appeared for the defence in a case for damages brought against a client of his by the object of his assault. The eminent jurist soon recognized in his witness, who was produced as a medical expert, a laboring man who some years before and in another part of the country had been engaged by him as a builder of post and rail fences. With this cue he opened his cross-examination: "You say, doctor," he began, "with great deference and suavity, 'that you operated upon Mr. —'s head after it was cut by Mr. —'?"

"Oh, yaw," replied the ex-fence builder. "me do dat; yaw, yaw."

"Was the wound a very severe one, doctor?"

"Enough to kill him if I not save his life."

"Well, doctor, what did you do for him?"

"Everything."

"Did you perform the Cæsarian operation?"

"Oh, yaw, yaw; if me not do dat he die."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Yaw, yaw, me do dat too."

"Did you hold a post mortem examination?"

"Oh, to be share, Schudge, me always do dat."

"Well, now, Doctor," and here the Judge bent over in a friendly way, "tell us whether you submitted your patient to the process known among medical men as post and rail-fence orum."

The mock doctor drew himself up indignantly. "Scherry Plack," said he, "I always knowed you vas a tam jayhawk lawyer, an' now I know you for a tam mean man."

Horrible Tragedy in Atlanta.

The Constitution of Saturday prints the sickening details of a murder, with the causes which prompted the commission of the terrible deed. Mr. Sam Hill and Mr. John Simmons met in the bar-room of the National Hotel, and almost immediately after meeting, Mr. Hill shot Mr. Simmons, inflicting a fatal wound in the head. General Tomer stated that Mr. Hill's wife was connected with the affair, and that some wrong to her was the cause of his action in the premises. Mr. Hill gave himself up to a policeman, was taken to the station house, where he made a statement to a reporter corroborating the rumor. Said he: "I have been wronged, wronged deeper than I can tell you. I have been off and on in Atlanta several years. I have few friends here and many people that are down on me. I have been wronged. I married a girl here—a noble woman. Everybody who saw her loved her. I know that she loved me devotedly. Last fall while I was away, I was wronged—wronged deeper than if a man had shot me, and left me to linger out my life in pain. Men who have not wives cannot tell how I was wronged, but a man with a mother and a sister ought to be able to appreciate it. While I was gone a man went to my wife and got into her confidence by representing himself as my dear friend. I came back to Atlanta and sold pool on the city elections. One night just after this election I was up town, when a friend came to me and told me I had better go out home, as some one had gone there and told my wife that I was coming home to kill her. I hastened out to my home, at 260 East Hunter street, and found on the door a note saying: 'My dear husband, good-bye. I call you by that name for the last time. I am gone.'"

"It was signed by my wife, and I believed that a man came in a carriage and took her away."

The prisoner was then asked if the man he had shot was the man who had wronged him, to which he replied:

"I never saw him before in my life, but from the description I have heard, I think it was the same man."

Mr. Simmons' friends give a version of the affair very materially different. They say that after Simmons was shot, and was lying on the floor when he could hardly speak for the blood in his mouth, his brother, Mr. Mote Simmons, of the firm of Simmons & Hunt, came to him and the wounded man said in gasps, "He shot me for nothing." It is also denied that Mr. Simmons ever had anything to do with the wife of Mr. Hill. Says the Constitution:

"The case is one of the most unfortunate we have ever chronicled. Mr. Simmons is a young man who has many warm friends here. He is about twenty-two years old, and is a member of the Atlanta cadets. He is the proprietor of a drug store on Marietta street, near the cotton factory."

Boys, Don't Block Up Your Way.

I was sitting in the office of a prominent manufacturer in Richmond, not long since, when a boy about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir!"

"I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now!"

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working as an apprentice; and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal it.—No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

A word to the wise is sufficient.

A FRIEND TO BOYS.