

# Milton Chronicle.

BY C. N. B. EVANS.

Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few.

\$3 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES)

MILTON, CASWELL COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1869.

CVOL. 2:—NO. XXX.

MAT HARRALSON, J. D. PAYLOR, J. M. WINSTEAD  
Late of  
Yanceyville, Thomasville Roxborough  
N. C. N. C. N. C.

**HARRALSON, PAYLOR & CO.,**  
**TOBACCO**  
Commission Merchants  
No. 10 Hollingsworth's Block,  
**MACON, GA.**  
April 16, 1869. 6m

**I. P. RAINES,**  
**BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**FRUITS**  
Fancy Goods, Cigars, Toys, &c.  
MAIN STREET,  
Mrs. Harrington's Old Stand,  
**DANVILLE, V. A.**  
March, 1869.

**Joy to the Afflicted!**  
Piles can now be Permanently  
**CURED.**

By applying in person or by letter to Dr. J. B. THAXTON, Milton, N. C. Give description of case with any constitutional disorder accompanying the disease, by inclosing \$5 and 3 cents postage stamp, and you will insure prompt attention.

Any amount of certificates of cure can be furnished. Many cases have been cured of 25 years standing. Relief generally had in 35 hours. I have cured infants three weeks old.  
January 21, 1869.

**GRAVES'**  
**New Warehouse.**

Price's Lot, Danville, Va.  
We take pleasure in informing our friends that we have completed our New Warehouse, which for convenience of situation, construction and its Fine Sky-Light cannot be excelled in this market. We have an excellent Warehouse, where your stock will be perfectly secure. We have also a good house for our customers to sleep in. We have associated with us, Mr. WM. T. LAW, so long and favorable known to the planters around Danville, as to need no recommendation. We take pleasure in returning our thanks to our friends for the very liberal support we have received, and hope by personal attention to our business, to continue to merit and receive the patronage of our friends and the public.  
WM. P. GRAVES,  
THOS. R. McDEARMAN  
WM. T. LAW.  
Danville January, 1869.

**MILLNER'S WAREHOUSE.**  
DANVILLE VIRGINIA.

In good repair—Skylights—side windows and doors. On Main Street and in the most business part of town. We have good stalls and troughs, fire and water furnished gratis to all persons visiting our house. Liberal advances made on all tobacco in the Warehouse.  
J. C. MILLNER—Auctioneer with an experience of thirty years,  
May 6, 1869.

**NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!**

We are now receiving a well selected stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which we offer for sale as cheap for cash as they can be bought at any establishment South, consisting in part of Staple and fancy dry Goods.

Notions, and white Goods,  
BOOTS and SHOES,  
Upper and sole Leather  
Hardware and Crockery,  
also Bacon, and Lard,  
Sugar, Coffee, Molasses  
and everything usually found in a first class retail country store  
M 20 '69 tf  
HOLDER & HINES.

**SALT!**

70 Sacks of Marshels Salt, for sale in lots to suite purchasers.  
DAVID PATTERSON,  
Agent for Grist & Lisberger.

**GEM SALOON,**

THE undersigned having established in this place, a FIRST-CLASS SALOON, intends sparing neither trouble or expense in making this SALOON equal to any in the Southern Country.—All the FISH of the Sea and FOWLS of the Air will be served up at the shortest notice and upon the most reasonable terms.

None But The Very Best Liquors Used.  
Thankful for past patronage he hopes by a close observance to the comforts of his Guests to merit continuance of the same.

T. McCULLY, Proprietor,  
Craghead Street, Danville, Va.  
July 22 3 m

**Bacon.**

Just received 2000 lbs Bacon, in store and on hand by  
J J JONES,  
Sept 1st 1869

**THE MILTON CHRONICLE**

MILTON, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPT 16, 1869.

**SINGULAR CASE.**

**POISONING BY A FLY IN TROY.**

We regret to learn that Captain Green, Deputy Inspector at Boilers and Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department, is still confined to his room with a very bad arm. About a fortnight since he was on the cars going to Whitehall, when he was bitten on his right hand, between the thumb and index finger, by an insect which entered the carriage, and he soon experienced considerable pain, which gradually increased. He showed his hand to a druggist, who told him that the pain was probably caused by a mosquito bite, and painted the wound with iodine. It increased to such an extent however, that the Captain consulted a physician, who, too, believing it to be an ordinary mosquito bite, treated it accordingly. The arm and hand meanwhile swelled to such an alarming extent that it was considered judicious to take further advice. Dr. Bonticou was consulted and is of opinion that the wound has been caused by the bite of a common house-fly which had been feeding on carrion, and had communicated the poison. The pain and swelling continued to increase, and erysipelas set in. On Saturday Dr. Aiken, who is attending Dr. Bonticou's patients during the latter's temporary absence, in order to relieve the pressure occasioned by the extraordinary enlargement, scarified the arm of Captain Green from the elbow to the wrist in four different places. The Captain has been very near losing the use of his limb. Yesterday, however, he felt much relieved, and is out of danger. It will, probably, be several days before he can leave his room, and it is feared that it will be a long while before he will recover full use of his arm.

**Arrest of a Mail Robber.**—Capt. John Fry, special agent of the Postoffice Department, reached this city last night with a man named T. E. G. Lindsey, "the Egyptian corn man," in custody, on the charge of robbing the mail at Raven's Nest, in Scott county. He succeeded in detecting him by sending marked notes through the mail. The accused was postmaster at Ravens Nest. Depredations have been of frequent occurrence lately on the Smith's creek route between Abingdon and Estellville. Captain Fry is a zealous and very efficient officer, and has been quite successful lately in detecting depredations on the Postoffice Department.

**Rich. Examiner.**  
Hang the rascal! He stole enough through the "Egyptian corn" humbug to hang him twice. Verily, "Justice, though tardy, is sure."  
Milton Chronicle.

Advices from NORTH CAROLINA are to the effect that there has been a considerable negro immigration into that State from the southern tier of Virginia counties. As North Carolina has a white majority, and will infallibly upset the present rotten hull called the State government at the first election, it is quite likely that the disgusted negroes will repeat the process with North Carolina soil and seek "deir right" in South Carolina. The circumstance is of interest as illustrating the tendency to concentration of the negro population in the far South. White immigration will first fill up the border and, as it fills, push the negro southward before it.

**AN EDITORIAL STUDENT WANTED.**—The correspondent of the Petersburg Index asserts that the Richmond Typographical Union have received from the Faculty of Washington College, a letter desiring them to nominate some suitable young man for a scholarship in the Department of Journalism. As an assistant to future editorial duties, this class will be instructed in practical typography, and are to spend one hour of each day at the case, in the college composing room.

"When I was a printer in Cleveland," said Artemus Ward one day, "the women said I was too homely to live, and turned their backs on me. Now that I'm travelling around with an onparallel show, they would clope with me to Utah if I'd ask them."

**The Persevering Boy.**

"Sir," said a boy addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?"  
"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked, "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"  
"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh! no, sir," said the boy cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman, who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you." He was a doctor, and the doctor thought any boy who was so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy into his employ and found him all that he desired.

Yes! God has something for everybody to do in this world. It's "a very big world," and there's room enough for all.

**AN HONEST MAN AND GOOD AGENT.**—A gentleman took the cars at Morrisville, for Raleigh, a few days since, but, before proceeding far, discovered that he had left behind a satchel containing several thousand dollars in specie. The cars were brought to a halt, the gentleman got out, procured a horse, and went back to Morrisville, and enquired for such a piece of baggage. No one had seen anything of it, he next inquired of the Railroad Agent, who replied, that he had in his possession, in a secure place, the satchel, which was produced, and the \$12,000 in specie came out all right. This agent's name is E. E. Young, a son of Dr. T. W. Young—"a chip of the old block"—and his name around, brethren, as an honest boy, and worthy of all confidence.  
Ral. Standard.

**A True Christian.**

This story—good to read in those days of business avarice—is told of Mantucket a generation ago.

It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to make out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke up one fine morning and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement and before the vessel was moored a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. "Wal Cap'n" said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll have to take y'ur hul cargo. S'pose you'll want more'n the usual \$7 a ton, Wal, I like to do the square thing by a friend and I'll give you \$12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captain Gifford, "thee can have one ton of my coal if thee likes for \$8, but only a ton; all must have a chance." Just then one of the richest men of the place joined them, saying, "I want ten tons of your coal at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once." He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and \$8 as the price for each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford.

We look to our next Legislature to do some good. We have conversed with some of the leading members of the Republican Party who belong to that body, and our impression is that they see plain enough the evils that have to be corrected in the administration of law and justice in the different sections of our State. They see that to have ignorant white men and worse than ignorant negroes holding magisterial positions won't do to last much longer. And we wouldn't be much surprised if some of the white and black members of the Legislature were not ordered before a Board of Examination to have their qualifications tested for the high office they are disgracing. It may seem a little strange. But, what of that? This is an age of strange things. Didn't it snow in New York the other day? Didn't we leave home the other day fearing a spell of sunstroke, and didn't we long for a blanket or an overcoat in 49 hours after? Nothing should seem strange now-a-days.—Hill. Recorder.

**"Dying Hard."**

"I never heard," says a Paris correspondent of the London Star, "a more striking instance of strong men 'dying hard' than one that is given in the Paris papers. A well known wrestler and athlete of Avignon, bearing the illustrious name of Meissonier, caught, a few weeks ago, his death illness by carrying a little girl across a swollen ford, which she was obliged to traverse in order to take to her father his dinner. This action was performed in the most good-natured way. Meissonnier seeing the child, who was to him an utter stranger, trembling and weeping on the brink, said to her, 'Take heart, little one, I'll serve as a ferry for you.' Swinging her on his shoulder, he carried her over. On returning to the bank whence he started, he slipped and was thoroughly submerged. A cold, which led to a virulent fever, was the result. As his end approached Meissonnier literally struggled with the malady, and his last words were, 'Oh, Death, if you were a man what short work I'd make of you.'"

**QUICKLY.**—Quickly, young man! Life is short. A great work is before you. If you would succeed in business, win your way to honors and save your soul, you must do with your might what your hands find to do. You must work fast and well, the sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, and heaven with the gaining, and all will be won or lost while the day goeth away.

Quickly, ye men of business and might! Your life is more than half gone already. You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking towards the sun setting. That young man who walks by your side and calls you father, is growing tall and manlike and begins to talk of the great things he will do. He will increase but you will decrease. If you have anything yet to do for God or your own soul, you must do it quickly. Shadows are falling, and the night cometh.

Quickly, ye aged men! Once you thought three-score and ten to be an endless time, and that so many years would never pass away. They have come and gone. They have left their mark upon you. Have the left any monuments of good done or made record of a God glorified? You have come to infirmities and trembling. Have you come to mastery faith, and a hope that looks steadfastly to the end?

Ah! quickly ye aged fathers and gray-headed sires! Tender the messengers of death begin to render their service, and the end is at hand.—Hillsboro' Recorder.

**THE DISAPPOINTED.**—The defeated candidate for the Senate in this county, and his aide de camp Bob Coles, defeated for House of Delegates, together with others of that kidney, have, we understand, been cherishing great expectations with regard to the Test Oath and have been making the impression on their deluded followers that the oath would yet be applied to the General Assembly and that thus the rejected iron clad candidates would be let in. But we imagine the opinion of Attorney General Hoar will quiet the minds of these creatures on that point. Instead of having an injustice and an outrage practiced on the people, as they had wished, the undisputed results of a fair election are to stand good. So these fellows will not roost so high as they expected. They are not to foist themselves upon an unwilling people as their law makers, but are left to stay at home and make an honest living by the labor of their hands; which they can do if they will only go to work.  
Danville Register.

**A Rebel New Hampshire Woman.**

We met with a very sturdy specimen of a New Hampshire man the other day on the cars. He was en route for Lynchburg to buy him a farm. Said he, "I am no fighting man, sir; nothing in this world could make me fight. But, I tell you what, I have all sorts of a rebel wife. Why, sir the other day somebody in my town holered for Jeff Davis and there was talk of lynching him. My wife heard of it and coming out she pulled off her bonnet and throwing it around her head she screamed, 'huzza for Jeff Davis!' and now, says she—"damn you, lynch."  
Hillsboro' Recorder.

On a Missouri cross-roads store is posted this information:

"Notice to all hoo is in dete—ar in vited to come ford and setel up a gancee the last off this month with thought furthor trubl."

**The Horrible Mining Accident in Pennsylvania.**

SCRANTON, PA., September 7.—All work is suspended in this vicinity. Two men who ventured down the mine shaft yesterday to rescue those inside perished in the attempt.

The railroad trains are bringing miners free from all points to aid in the rescue of those down the mine if alive, or bring out their bodies if dead.

The widows and orphans by this calamity, if the worst is realized, will number not less than 600, and their destitution is increased by the strike which has just ended.

The men who descended the shaft found the doors at the bottom closed, and lost their lives while waiting below for help to force them open. It is supposed the miners had closed the doors to exclude the flame. SECOND DISPATCH.

SCRANTON, PA., September 7.—Evening.—The only hope of safety for the two hundred men in Avondale mine, lies in the probability that they may have shut themselves up in a remote part of the mine away from the shaft. The death of those who descended the shaft to rescue them, perished by the foul air coming up from the mine.

**Can a Mother Forget?**

Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into a corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as though not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks of those absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at farthest she may just "have her own family there," and if you are there look out for the fat limb of a chicken, and coffee, which nobody but everybody's own mother can make.

Shadows are falling, and the night cometh. Full of household history, and running over with genuine mother's love is telling and beautiful: "Moreover his mother made a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the sacrifice."

A mother mourning at her first born's grave, or closing the eye of a child in death displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitter, heavier than the stroke is the desparation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide even from the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon was once asked by a lady what France needed for the education of youth; and the short, profound reply was, "Mothers."

**THE GAME OF "LA CROSSE."**—This Indian game has become quite popular in the North and West, and in Canada, but we have not heard of its introduction in the South. Of course, however, it soon will be introduced, and a slight description of it will be interesting. We are informed that the players are divided into two parties, each which has two flags mounted upon staffs about eight feet in length, and which are placed upright in the ground about six feet apart at opposite ends of the field. Between these two flags one of the most expert players is stationed, whose duty it is to keep the ball from being passed through. The remainder of the players are actively engaged in the field, and endeavor to pass the ball between the flags of their opponents. Each player is provided with a *crosse*, and the ball must be touched with this alone.

The game is commenced by hurling the ball perpendicularly into the air, and in its descent the players endeavor to catch it upon their *crosses*, and run with it or toss it towards the flags of their opponents, who in turn, use every endeavor to force it back, and when twenty active, wily Indians, skilled in every device of the game, are the contestants, it becomes very interesting. The skill of the game consists mainly in catching the ball upon the *crosse*, and in dodging and avoiding those who endeavor to get possession of it. The two parties are distinguished by the color of their knee breeches, one party wearing red, and the other blue.

This is a game of tom foolry. The "players" would be much more profitably employed in a corn-field with hoes or plow-handles in their hands.—Ed. Chron.

Josh Billings says: "If I was in the habit of swearing, I wouldn't hesitate to cuss a bed-bug right to his face."