The Milton Chronicle.

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The Milton Chronicle.

MILTON, N. C.... FEB. 16, 1876.

Dr. Eugene Grissom.

...respondent of the *New North* ...riting over the signature of a ...ble Democrat, speaking of the ...ned gentleman says:

"...a farm-boy, next a writer in ...nty Court Clerk's office then ...the Superior Court of Gran... ...d finally a physician, well ...ed, ambitious, consecrated ...cessful—life opened before ...more hopeful and alluring ...ing a decided talent for poli... ...was elected to the Legisla... ...ental times, and in the House ...e reputation of an excellent ...anager and debater. Seven or ...ars ago, when the Republican ...s in the ascendant, he was ...to the delicate and responsi... ...tion he at present so ably fills ...of Superintendent of the In... ...lum. During his term of of... ...has discharged his duties with ...y, skill and devotion that have ...the approval of persons of all ...Under his admirable man... ...t, many improvements have ...ade, and the capacity of the ...tion has been enlarged. He ...ded a captious critic who ...ay to Dr. Grissom's admirers ...the victim of success, mental ...d skill. Dr. Grissom has ...for himself a solid reputation ...will last through the mutations ...Of fine personal appear... ...of easy winning address, of de... ...intelligence and dignity, of su... ...administrative talents, prompt, ...n, astute, devoted to the trusts ...d in him, of sobriety and puri... ...—a man of integrity, a man ...r, a man of large benevolence, ...of sincerity, he is one of those ...Carolinians who seem special... ...ed by nature to rule men, to ...success and reflect credit up... ...State. I trust sincerely that ...he retained in his present ...long as he will agree to fill it.

Moore's Dying Confession.

...dame asked Mr. Moore how ...g happened?

...Moore replied: "I had been ...ing that evening and coming ...Sweppon's I said: 'There is the ...' but I passed on by Swep... ...house, when I heard Sweppon ...ut do you want?' I turned ...ed: 'Come out into the road ...tell you what I want.' I di... ...d to shoot at you in your ...or yard.' 'What Swep... ...I repeat—I believe a Swep... ...and second shot. I did not ...shoot you in your own house ...out into the road and I had ...with you on fight and ...ing two pals the last one and ...time, watching Sweppon ...he fired the second time I ...did not present my gun to ...m. I might have had my ...up but do not think I did ...question asked by his counsel ...intend to draw out Sweppon ...him when you were hunt... ...field around his house?" ...replied: "I had no idea of ...him." This declaration was ...morning after he received ...and repeated a few hours ...died.

...Dots.—The Oakland (Cal...) Herald says: It is a fact ge... ...generally known that there ...being business in San Fran... ...purchase the thousands of ...shipped to the pound-ma... ...city, or that may have ...killed, for which they ...cents each. The carcasses ...ed to their manufactory at ...San Francisco, where they ...removed and sold to the ...the hair taken off and re... ...tanners, the hides tanned, ...gloves, and sold for the ...The disabled carcass is ...into a huge cauldron and ...the bones are easily sep... ...the flesh, which they are ...and sold to sugar-refineries ...are ground to a fine pow... ...used to clarify sugar. The ...to the surface of the ...is skimmed off and man... ...into cod-liver oil, and the ...used for the purpose of ...legs.

...THE CHRONICLE.

An Angel on Board.

Two hours to wait at a junction depot on a midsummer day! That irrepressible boy came around. This time he had tempting fruit, and I begged him to find my husband. A lady at my side said:

'Excuse me: but do you carry a purse when you travel?'

'Never, when with my husband.'

'Let me tell you a story.'

'Thanks.'

And this is what she told me, and I do not doubt its truth:

'My husband was thirty-five and I a school girl of seventeen when we were married. Our bridal tour was to end on Christmas at his father's, in Boston. We took a boat from New York. The steamer was elegant, and having shown me my stateroom, he stepped out. I went back to the cabin, feel a little, watched my traveling companions a great deal, wondered what friend he had found on the boat, until supper-time came, and he did not. The cabin maid asked, if I were going to supper. I said, when my husband comes for me. She went to the office. Inquiry was made:—there was no such man on the boat. Then came the captain's request that I would 'show my ticket.' I had none! 'Would I please pay my fare?' I had not one cent. Farther inquiry:—there was certainly no such man on the boat. I began to cry.

'That won't do my little girl,' (she was very small.) 'We have seen too much of that. Pay your fare, or I'll put you off.'

'I had a bright thought. 'My trunk is here.'

'Show it to me, if you please.' And he went with me to the baggage. I pointed it to him triumphantly. 'Your key, if you please.'

'My husband locked it and has the key'—but you may break the lock.'

'The owner of the trunk may object.'

'*It is mine!*'

'Look here little girl, you are not married. I shall put you ashore at the first landing. Go home, and behave yourself in future.'

'Every drop of blood in my veins boiled, and yet I must bear it, because I had not a five-dollar bill by me. I never before dreamed of the degradation of poverty. He turned away and I sat down on my trunk. It would tell of my innocence and my truth if he would but let it. So, too, would all the presents we had so carefully selected for the dear ones at home. I could have put my arms around it and kissed it. I only asked to be allowed to sit upon it all night. Wouldn't he just let me *doze?*

'It was the worst question I could have asked. 'I presume you'd like to be left here? Go straight to the ladies cabin, and don't you leave it until I put you off the boat.'

I rose proudly and walked to the cabin without a glance at him. I would not cry until I could get to my stateroom. But when I came to the door it flashed upon me, *I have no stateroom.* I had no space my own, no baggage, no friend, no character,—even the black cabin maid was whispering about me, no husband; where was he? where could he be? 'He must have fallen overboard! I never should see him again! and I should be put off in the night, in a strange place, without a cent of money to buy a lodging—or even a sheet of paper and a three cent stamp! And Christmas morning, when all would be watching for the happy bridal party, where should I be? where, *could* I be? I grew hardy. I believe now, I was on the verge of insanity. I remember feeling sure he had fallen overboard and was drowned, and that, if left on a wreck I would go and spend Christmas with him. I often shudder, even now, when I think what I might have been driven to. I only know the dark night and horror of that hour.

'One of those little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father, came and put her hand on me and asked 'why I cried so hard?' I told her. She said, 'He's dead, just as my mamma is, and I'll tell papa.' And she went to him, and I could not doubt but, softened by his own great sorrow and his sweet child's pleadings, he would help me. But I saw him shake his worldly head and heard him say, 'She is crying too hard, too publicly; and I rushed into the stateroom—mine or not: I must hide the sobs I could not check.

'Then came a thought—ONE there was, even on that awful boat, who knew all; and I dropped on my knees and simply said, 'Pity me, pity me, dear Saviour. *Save or I perish!*' I said those words over and over. The loving little girl had not been convinced, and came and peered through the glass and made her father look, and then she came in and put her arms around my neck and said:

'Here is a five dollar bill papa gave me for you, *because bad girls dont pray!*

'When the steamer touched the wharf, my husband and his father rushed upon it! My husband had stepped back to see a friend on the wharf, and, but for their seizing him, he would have tried to jump on board. He telegraphed his father, took the night express, and was there before the boat arrived.

'He had an elegant picture painted of the little girl, and every Christmas we dress it with flowers and call it—THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.'

WRONG.—And not only wrong, but mean—very mean. We refer to those subscribers of newspapers who receive the paper for three or six months after the year is out, and *then*, write—"when my subscription expires please stop my paper," or, meaner still, directs the postmaster to send it back. By law they could be made to pay for every copy they take from the office, but no editor cares to make trouble for so small a sum. Now if Southern publishers, *like all Northern* papers, could cut off the paper at the end of the term, these losses and annoyances would be avoided. But a great many of our patrons (taking our own case as an example) do not come to town often, and would be very angry if we should stop their paper in the meanwhile. Brother McDiarmid of the *Robesonian*, express our views, as follows:—

"We are evidently placed between two cross fires; we offend whether we stop the papers or continue them. On this subject the *Friend of Temperance* has the following which shows that Bro. Whitaker, by experience, understands human nature:

"An Editor has a hard time of it—Should he stop a man's paper when the time subscribed for is out, the man will get mad and say: "Why didn't you send the paper on? you know I would have paid. But, since you couldn't trust me for $2, you may take your paper and go to——Guinea."

Should the paper be sent on after the subscription has expired, then the Editor hears something like this: "Why didn't you stop the paper when the time was out? I didn't want it any longer and I don't intend to pay you for the time I've had it; so you can just take it and go too——Macedonia."

It is a difficult matter to tell how to proceed; if, in kindness to a subscriber, we continue the paper to his address after time paid for has expired, we grossly offend; if, in justice to ourselves, we erase the name, we again commit the unpardonable sin, and our action is regarded as being synonymous with regarding the party as being dishonest. There are many honorable exceptions to this rule; many thank us for the kindness in continuing the paper when they are unable to pay for it, and pay up arrearages and pay for a year in advance. But there is a difference in people; some are *gentlemen.*—*Charlotte (N. C.) Home.*

A NEW RESPONSIBILITY.—A day or two ago, a citizen living on the river road called at the postoffice to mail a package. He had four cents worth of stamps on it, but when weighed it was found to lack two cents.

"I'll not pay it! Four cents is plenty," he blustered. "I know what it is worth to carry packages as well as this government does."

"The postal law regulates these matters," observed the clerk.

"Then I'll regulate the postal law, I will."

The clerk was wondering how it could be done, when the man continued.

"You see this package?"

"Yes, sir."

"With four cents on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm going to nail it. If it reaches Chicago, all right. If it doesn't, I'll come round here and land you through that window and break fifty of your ribs and twist you twice around that door." The package went through.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Brigham Young recently had a relapse. No danger, however—he is sure to rewive.—Rochester *Democrat.*

To the Freedmen of North-Carolina.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that among our people crime is on the increase; stealing, robbery, murder, and crime in all its hideous forms, seem to have taken possession of our people and it must be stopped. The penitentiary is filled to overflowing, the jails and work-houses are no sooner emptied than they are filled again. Fellow-countrymen, you must awake to this dreadful state of affairs and gird on your armor and battle against crime in all its forms. Ministers of the gospel, deacons and class-leaders, go to work, impress upon your people the danger of entering into the paths of crime, which sooner or later, if this continues, will engulf our entire race.

This is no exaggerated appeal; go to the court-houses and look at the dockets; go to the jails and you will see them filled; go to the penitentiary, to the railroads and public works and you will see hundreds of our race, in striped suits, toiling and working as a punishment for crimes committed because they were too lazy to work before. During the January term of Wake county court over thirty colored persons were convicted of stealing; only about five were acquitted, and only three white men were convicted; is not this a sad reflection upon our race? Colored men and women, go to work, stop stealing, stop going to the court-house?

Stop stealing and lying and cheating and go to work, and we will be a happy and prosperous people. Here are some of the cases in our last court: One man sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a goose; one for stealing a cow; one old, gray-headed woman and her two sons for stealing a hog and a sheep.

Fathers and mothers, make your children work; don't encourage idleness, for if you do, you encourage crime. Idleness is the father of crime. Colored people of North Carolina, you must arouse to the necessity of doing something to put a stop to this thing, or we are a ruined people. Keep it before the people, talk to them, preach to them, exhort them by every lawful means, to live honestly and in the fear of God. In your churches, at home, in the school house, everywhere, keep alive the fact that crime must be stopped. In the name of Heaven, I implore every preacher, and every man of influence, to go to work and do something to put a stop to crime among our people.

Think of it ye mothers and wives and daughters in time, for you know not how soon you will see one of your beloved ones being led in shackles and handcuffs to the felon's cell. Think of it in time, and God will bless and reward you for it.

I am an old man and I write this in the hope that I may arouse our people to the importance of taking some steps to put a check to crime which is stalking abroad in our land, and cutting off in the prime of life so many of our people.

To the preachers of Raleigh, and to the preachers all over the state, I especially look to for some good work. Let them preach every Sunday and let them take their text from the criminal docket of their county. They will find plenty of cases which will furnish abundant material for a powerful sermon. Bring this matter to the attention of the people, so that they may think and ponder over it and resolve to better their way.

FRIDAY JONES,
66 years old.

A Disappointed Hoosier.

This is the way his name read on the hotel register:

"Constable Henry Harrison Paul, Ind.

He was a portly man, he talked in a loud voice, and he darkly hinted to the clerk that he was here on important business.

The next morning after his arrival he spread out five or six papers on the reading-room table, and went over each column of each paper in turn. He was occupied for nearly two hours, and as he was folding up the papers a gentleman who had been interested in his actions, inquired:

"Well, didn't you find what you were looking after?"

'No, sir, I didn't!" said the Hoosier in a loud voice.

"I always thought the press of New York up to the mark in enterprise, but I came into town early yesterday morning and not a durn paper has a line of notice about it yet!"

The True Journalist.

The party of Indiana editors who have just returned to their homes from an extended free excursion are being pretty roughly handled in all quarters. The New York "World" did them up vigorously when they touched that city in their passage, and now the Boston Post is the last to fire a hot shot at them. The editor says:

"Editors cannot spend a great deal of their time in travel. When they do they necessarily part with their profession. In point of fact the real journalist, or editor as some insist, is personally about the least known of all living individuals who wield an equal amount of influence, or perform an equal amount of work. The preacher appears weekly to the public in the sacred desk; the physician visits his patients daily and talks with them; the lawyer harangues juries and pleads with the judges; the journalist alone is unseen and popularly unknown. He is content to see the silent but effective operations of his influence. It is his journal that speaks for him. He would as soon think of prancing about the country and exhibiting himself to the public in different cities as he would of standing at the corners and hawking his own sheet. He would much sooner perform under Barnum at the centennial than perch himself in the gallery of the United States Senate for exhibition. He is not in the habit of wearing a chalked hat, sleeping in free beds at hotels, promising puffs for his rations, or joining a travelling troupe of men with flying hair or young women with flowing feathers. His life is one of work, and not excursions. When he goes forth to inhale the fresh air and bask in the sunshine of the outer world, no one is a greater stranger than he, and the last subject that you can induce him to talk about is a newspaper. This troupe of Hoosier editors is a party that has been organized to see the country and feast on its products without having to expend a dollar. It is the other kind that hotels, railroad companies, Congress and political managers would be only too glad to entertain."

There is a good deal of truth and common sense in all this. The real editor—the man whose work tells and who is a fair representative of his calling—is not often found among these maranding bands that wander up and down the land, but if he does go abroad it is in a quiet way, either for brief and needed recreation, or to do some effective and thoughtful work, which is generally only known of by its fruits. As for the free junketters they are very seldom of the profession in any permanent or reliable capacity.—*Danville Daily News.*

WHY HE STAYED THERE.—An Eastern man traveling through Wisconsin last fall, found an old acquaintance acting as publisher of a small paper in a one-horse village.

"This is a mighty dull town," remarked the Easterner, as they visited.

"Yes, it is horribly."

"And it seems to be very sickly."

"Yes, every third inhabitant is down with some disease."

'And there isn't business enough here to keep a dog alive, is there?" continued the stranger.

"Well, no, there isn't," frankly replied the editor.

"Then, for God's sake! what do you stay here for? exclaimed the friend.

"Well," replied the editor, as he crossed his legs and leaned back, "you can't call this town any name too mean for it, and you could hang every man in town without satisfying justice, but still I love the place. William—they give such down weights on quinine and plug tobacco!"

CURE FOR CHILLS.—Take the juice of one lemon, put it in a cup of clear, strong coffee, and drink it before breakfast for seven consecutive days. Take five grains of quinine twice daily, one hour after eating. The quinine should be pulverized and placed in gelatine capsules, such as are kept by a druggist. Always take quinine in this form, as you can depend upon its being genuine and of good strength, which is not the case when purchased in the form of pills.

"Mamma," said a precious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, 'if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em.'

VIRGINIA NEWS.

All the Faro banks of Richmond, are closed.

Total number of deaths in Danville for January, 5.

The establishment of a paper mill in Chatham is recommended.

The Danville Daily NEWS, has a new heading, a considerable improvement.

Peach trees are in bloom in Rocky Mount, and pneumonia is prevailing in the county.

Blind Tom performed in Danville, last Friday night. Josh Billings, lectured Saturday night.

The Alexandria fire department intend to have a brilliant celebration of Washington's birthday.

Danville tobacco sales for January, 2,101,599 lbs; total sum $257,153,27; average per cwt $11.12.

In the late storm at Leesburg the roof of an old stone Methodist church was carried off half a square.

The Danville TIMES, has changed it's publication day from Saturday to Friday, on account of mail facilities.

The Typographical Union of Richmond, Wednesday reduced the rates of composition from 50 cents to 40 cents per 1,000 ems.

The Charlotte *Gazette* announces the death of Mr. John Wood, an old citizen of that county, in the 66th year of his age.

The *Courier* says the prospects at this time for a good wheat crop in Page were never better—but that was before the storm.

Colonel Townes, of the *Roanoke Valley*, has been in Washington, urging an appropriation for the improvement of the Roanoke.

A gentleman of Lynchburg, owns a set of chessmen neatly moulded in lead from bullets picked up on the battle field near Appomattox courthouse.

Jno. H. Tyree, a well-known tobacco dealer, and one of the oldest citizens of Lynchburg, who was stricken with paralysis a few days ago, died last Wednesday.

Luray, Page county, has had a brilliant wedding in the celebration of the nuptials of Mr. H. N. H. Hudson and Miss Mary D. Smoot, daughter of Dr. H. J. Smoot.

Gov. Kemper, offers a reward of fifty dollars for the arrest of H. Goodwin (colored,) charged with robbery, and who escaped from the jail of Dinwiddie county recently.

At Hanover Courthouse Wednesday, Andrew Jackson (colored) was committed to jail by Joseph H. Johnson, justice of the peace, charged with a rape upon Sally Grimes colored.

It is expected that the Commonwealth's attorney will present to the grand jury several bills of indictment against parties in Richmond who are publicly engaged in selling lottery tickets.—*Dispatch.*

A bill has passed the Legislature to incorporate the 'Sutherlin and Milton Narrow Gauge Railroad Company,' to build a road from Sutherlin's depot on the R. & D. R. R., to the Virginia line at Milton, N. C.

Captain Snider of the R. & D. R. R. and other employees of the road went over to Chatham to attend circuit court this week to tell all they know about killing stock on the road two years ago. The Captain says he is practicing law.—Danville NEWS Feb. 9th.

Augustus Staubus, a farmer living near Staunton, on Thursday last, in a fit of insanity, inflicted severe wounds on his daughter and her child with an axe, while they lay in bed; and upon his wife interfering, turned upon her and split her head open with the axe.

Mr. Henry Pulse, of Rockingham county, Va., has a cow which furnished butter and cream for his family use, and from the churnings, 89 pounds of butter were sold additional in October, November and December at 20 cents a pound. A very impulsive cow.

E. A. Bennett, Auditor of W. Va., was last Tuesday, acquitted of articles of impeachment preferred against him by the Legislature during the past session. The vote on the third article came within one of having the required two-thirds, it standing: Guilty, 15; not guilty, 9.