

# The Milton Chronicle.

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

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MILTON, N. C., June 3, 1880.

### Wanted, A Man.

"A man of nerve and heart and brain,  
A man whose life is pure and clean,  
Whose public record shows no stain,  
Whose name is stamped on no machine.  
A man of honest touch and sight,  
In every office high and clear,  
Whose love of liberty and right  
Is always active and sincere.  
A man who seeks no selfish end,  
Who knows no clique that he must please  
Who dares not break and will not bend  
The Constitution's guarantees.  
A man whose mind's extensive scope  
Takes in the Nation and the State,  
And who, with equal strength and hop,  
To both his life will dedicate."

### The Baker's Daughter.

"She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,"  
And lovely though she is to sight,  
She is not lovelier than her pies.  
The roses of Damascus blow  
Their scents to far Arabian sands,  
But sweeter is the kneaded dough  
That steals the odor of her hands.  
Nor sated Turk nor gouty lord,  
Nor pampered prince did e'er partake  
Of dainty dish that could afford  
Such rapture as her simple cake.  
I crave not fame, nor wealth, nor power,  
I only wish that I could be  
A pound or two of some prime flour,  
And she were gently kneading me.  
[Andrew's Bazar.]

**POLITICAL ITEMS.**—Shotwell says (Poli-tickle'ems! Poly means many, you know, Mr. Landmark; and con-twist you, don't ask such pesterin' questions 'til we get down off'n the fence, will you!) Don't you see how particularly he avoids swearing under "aggravating circumstances!" "God bless the man," as the old lady said under similar trying difficulties, we "want to hug him—and kiss him too." He's our choice for Auditor. Don't forget to remember this, everybody and "the rest of mankind!" Shotwell always shoots well—"whether aimed at duck or plover!" The laurel is in due process of cultivation with which to enwreath his brow. Gallant Saxon, and so on.

[Edenton Clarion:] An increasing demand in the selection of candidates for popular favor in the matter of personal morality is strong throughout the State. Among all the qualifications for candidates, this is not the smallest. For instance, there are many good partisans who dislike to vote for a man who is notoriously addicted to strong drink.

### [Reidsville Times:]

**CAT FISH EAT SNAKES.**—As Mr. Howard and a friend hauled the seine in Dan river near Milton, the water was up and muddy, they dragged out a pretty good-sized cat fish, and as soon as he touched bank he vomited up [who? which? Howard or the cat fish?] a water moccasin snake at least two feet long and big as a man's thumb, and the snake crawled off.&c.

Capt. Tom, "bonnie boy," quit telling your snake and fish stories about our eccentric foreman, who means so well but does so "worse" If you listen at him, he'll—h—ll—how do you spell it?—make you believe Jonah swallowed the whale, a long time before these sea-serpents in the 'rolling Dan-ube' were invented. But 'train up a child—away he goes!' Whereabouts? 'Dad' didn't do this—nor this way either.

### Such a Getting Up Stairs.

N. Y. cor. Ral. News.

This city is sometimes called the modern Babel, one in which "all the languages of the earth" are spoken, and people are building up towards heaven. Having induced the water to flow to the tenth story, with steam to force it when necessary, and having invented the modern "elevator," they are putting up houses not five stories high, to which they were limited by law fifty years ago, but six, seven, eight, nine and ten. How much higher they will go, who can tell, unless their sins shall cause them to be scattered abroad like the descendants of Noah. One day lately I happened to look up at the building opposite the store I occupy, and there I saw to my surprise that two new stories had been added to its five. Having the assistance of the elevator, one is not put in the predicament of my old townsman, Gen John Winslow. He once arrived at the Astor House, and was assigned to room 699, perhaps. The Irish waiter started to show him up to his room. After climbing three pairs of stairs, addressing the Hibernian he said, "Patrick, how much further have we to go?" "We are about half way, your honor." "Well, go down to the office and say to Mr. Stetson that if he will send me a mint julep I think I can gain strength enough to finish the journey. I will wait here till you return." Stetson was so amused that he not only supplied the julep, but changed the General's room to one the access to which could be had without alcoholic assistance, and I never learned positively whether he had to call for like aid during his sojourn at the Astor.

Poor fellow! the world would have better spared a better man!

### Fall in Ranks.

The following from the Raleigh News is applicable to any place where the side walks in front of a church are occupied after services by a crowd of impudent and imprudent gazers:

"Wanted—thirty-six young men, more or less, all shapes and sizes, from the tall and graceful, with hair sufficient on the upper lip to stuff a cushion, down to the little bow-legged freckled-face, carrot-headed upstart. The object is to form a gazing corps, to be in attendance at the church doors next Sunday evening, to stare at the ladies as they leave the church, and to make gentlemanly and delicate remarks about their dress, &c. To prevent a general rush it may be well to state that no one who possesses the intellectual capacity of a well-bred monkey will be received."

The rumor that Senator Vance is soon to be married, seems to have been well grounded, as the Senator, in a private letter to a gentleman in this city, a few days ago, admitted its truthfulness. The lady is a wealthy Kentucky widow.—*Ral. Post.*

[The last we heard of Vance he was presiding over the Senate of the U. S., in the absence of Vice President Wheeler. Even if there is a 'nuptial feast' in contemplation, we concur with the Charlotte Democrat when it says the public has nothing to do with such private matters and don't care much about it; but another exchange says the lady is a devoted Catholic and that the parties are to be married by a Catholic Priest. V. is a P., but he will adorn the position any way. You bet.

[Raleigh Visitor:] The female population of this city exceed the male by over a thousand; but that's all right—young men from other cities and counties, and even States, find it necessary to come to Raleigh to get pretty wives.

The Baltimore Sun advertises seven strawberry festivals in one issue.—Garbling Oil will cure it.

### LADIES IN THE BATH.

An Animated Scene at Miss Bennett's Swimming School—Plashing Beauties in Graceful Motion.

New York Herald.

A picturesque scene was revealed within the walls of the Ladies' Swimming Academy, corner Fifteenth street and Seventh avenue, yesterday. A reporter presented himself at the reception parlor for admission, and Miss Kate Bennett, the manager, was sent for. She said that gentlemen were not allowed to enter the galleries of the reservoir when ladies bathed. Her subscribers represented the best families, and it was necessary to exclude all outsiders, except lady reporters holding special invitations.

However she would consult her guests, who were then enjoying themselves in the water. Miss Bennett bowed herself out and was gone for some time, when subdued voices betrayed discussion. At last she appeared smiling, and said that considering the circumstances, the ladies would yield, but they wished a little time to prepare for masculine company.

Ten minutes later word was sent in that all was ready, and a somewhat embarrassed individual was ushered into a long corridor opening into a series of darkened dressing rooms.—In a gallery running around a tank of water, seventy feet long, sat forty or fifty ladies in fashionable attire, with ten dollar parasols beside them. An arm gleaming like polished ivory vanished behind some drapery as the visitor turned a corner toward the rear robing rooms.

A brief pedestrian effort along the centre aisle, brought him to a pair of steps, and there a sight was presented worth walking miles to see. Sirens from Fifth Avenue, maids from Murray Hill and mermaids from Washington Heights were coquetting with the brine. They swam around as if they were vivified statuary; they dived, they leaped out of the water and played pranks with each other, while some of the more agile performed marvellous "stunts" on the horizontal bar, and turned summersaults backward and forward until the place became a sort of South Sea Island blushing with modern improvements. The fair bathers were encased in a species of modest [modern style?] ball room costume, without trims, and in some instances the edges of the garments were ornamented with lace ruffling, which, although moist, contrasted pleasingly with the snowy skin beneath.

CONFIDENTIAL.

The mammas of several of the young ladies came forward and took seats by the visitor and proceeded to narrate various striking incidents connected with the aquatic education of their daughters. "Oh, you should have heard my Nelly scream and yell and have seen her kick and go into tantrums when I first brought her here! But she soon got over that, and now you can't keep her out of the water," said the fond mother, as her daughter glided through the water like a sun-fish, and threw kisses at her sister behind the railing.

As the bathers became more free in their movements there was a diving after hair-pins and other mysterious things that had become loosened and allowed some of the most beautiful hair in New York to have its own way for once. Bouquets were tossed to the swimmers, who flung them back again amid peals of silvery laughter.—Meanwhile the swimmers did not forget their graceful motions—motions and evolutions that would have broken the heart of an Anthony.—What these beauties did not know about salt water exercise was not worth recording.

Miss Kate Bennett now led off with some fancy strokes that were cleverly imitated; then a bevy of ladies linked themselves together into what they called a "railroad train," and the newly constructed figure glided around the reservoir as gracefully as a sea serpent. "Let's feed the fishes,"

sang out a boarding school miss as she threw in a spray of roses. The sport continued until the shades of evening and robust appetites summoned the bathers home.

N. Y. Sun.

For the want of something more profitable to discuss, the Methodist ministers of Pittsburgh, Pa., spent the time at their last meeting in talking about the proper attitude to be maintained during prayer. The shape which the question took was: "Ought we to insist on our congregations kneeling during prayer?" The general sentiment of the meeting was in favor of kneeling, although it was considered by some that many people in the congregations would look with disfavor on the preacher who would too positively insist on the adoption of any particular attitude.

Formerly in the Methodist churches kneeling in prayer was the almost universal rule, the only exceptions being in favor of invalids and the aged. The rituals of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches prescribe kneeling, and indicate when the congregation are to kneel. The more rigid of the Presbyterians were quite urgent as to the duty of standing in prayer. Modern custom has relaxed the habits both as to kneeling and standing. In Presbyterian churches it is seldom that any but the old people stand during prayer. In the others kneeling is to a great extent going out of fashion.

Nothing had so great a tendency to make people give up the habit of kneeling as the ample hoop skirts which the ladies wore twenty or twenty-five years ago. Accounted in one of these, in full style, it was a great undertaking for a lady to turn and kneel in a pew. The skirts of to-day are more manageable in genuflection, but the habit of kneeling, once suffered to fall into disuse, is not likely ever to become as general as it was. In most of the churches the ministers allow the largest liberty as to posture in prayer time.

### Mr. Vennor Prophecies Again.

Mr. Henry G. Vennor comes forward again with his direful prophecies of storms, heat, cold, &c. His letter is dated at Montreal, May 18, and in it he says: "I believe that June will be an intensely hot month on the whole, but the end of the present month, and probably the first of June, will be fall-like, with frosts again. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall-like relapse, with frosts, will, in all likelihood, occur a few days before the 20th. I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July. I must claim the verification of my prediction relative to a cold wave, with frosts, over a large portion of the United States between the 10th and 15th of May." The relapse toward the close of the present month will be more severe than that just past."

[Durham Recorder:] The Directory of the Western North Carolina Railroad met at Salisbury on the 14th, their regular quarterly meeting, and somewhat expected to have made a formal transfer of the road and property to Mr. Best or the Syndicate.—He was not present, however, and some intimations of bad faith have already been made.

The versatile S. S. Cox is now writing a series of theological articles for the Independent, in which the good old-fashioned Bible doctrines are stoutly maintained.

The Gastonia Gazette publishes a list of the names of old people, 21 in number, all living within six miles of Cherryville, the oldest of whom is 114 and the youngest 81 years.

A writer in the Gastonia Gazette is hot for Holt for Lieut.-Governor. The Daily Post is hot against him. And the Post is a six shooter, whereas the Gaston man can fire but once a week.

### Travelling Stones.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin travelling toward a common centre, and there lie huddled like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows, taken away four or five feet it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter; and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lode stone or magnetic iron ore.

### The Whittaker Case.

Richmond Whig.

This case, which has made so much noise at West Point, has come to a sad termination. The poor creature supplied unconsciously the proof of his own guilt. He was in the habit of tearing a sheet of paper in two, and writing on the half sheet. An expert was supplied with two half sheets of a letter written to his mother—a half sheet on which the warning was written, and a half sheet containing an order for postage stamps by Whittaker. Here were four half sheets of paper. One of the half sheets of the letter to his mother and the half sheet with the letter of warning, on being put together, were found to have constituted originally one whole sheet;—and the other half sheet of the letter to his mother and the postage order, another full sheet.

The proof was conclusive, and the expert, when he detected the fact, was said to be so much excited that he could not speak.

What prompted the fraud we are not advised—but there has been a great waste of sympathy. Even Mr. Beecher threw away some of his.

Spurgeon said in a recent sermon: "The worship of the golden calf is pretty general now. There is too much bowing down and cringing before it in all classes of society. No end of dodges are tried to get a scraping of one of the creature's hoofs."

A bright son of a dyer in a Birmingham woolen factory went to New York a few years ago in the employ of F. & J. By attention to business he advanced from post to post and now has the whole charge of the business and is a millionaire. What became of F. & J. is not stated. However, that has nothing to do with the moral.

Amasa Wilsey of Petaluma, Cal., dreamed last fall that he would die on May 1, 1880. The occurrence impressed him, though he affected to attach no importance to it, and he joined three life insurance societies, so as to leave his wife provided for in case of his death. On May 1 he was apparently in perfect health. A dinner was to have been given to him in the evening, to celebrate his escape from a fulfillment of the dream. The party had just gathered, when he fell from his chair stricken by heart disease, and died in a few minutes.

**GOLD IN VIRGINIA.**—Two men, without any other facilities than a tin-pit, in five days obtained \$100 worth of gold in Byrd's creek, ten miles from Christianburg, Va. They have now hired a number of hands and gone to work systematically.