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 ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT MILTON,
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The Sweet By and By.

The author of the well known song, "The Sweet By and By," S. P. Bennett, of Elkhorn, Wis., denies in the Chicago Indicator that he and the composer were drunk when they wrote the words and music to that song, as has been charged. Neither of them were drunk. Bennett was at his place of business when Webster, who was of a nervous and sensitive nature, and easily susceptible to depression, came in, in one of his melancholy moods. "What's the matter, now?" asked Bennett. "It's no matter," he answered; "it will be all right by and by." "The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash," says Bennett, "and I replied: 'The Sweet By and By!' Why would that not make a good hymn?" "Maybe it would," he said indifferently. Turning to the desk, Bennett then wrote the three verses of the hymn. "In the meantime, two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in," says Bennett. "I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled, and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested his violin, and played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words before the two gentlemen before named, myself and Mr. Webster were singing the hymn, in the same manner in which it afterward appeared. While singing it, Mr. R. Crosby, now a resident of Richmond, Ill., came in, and, after listening awhile, with tears in his eyes, uttered the prediction: 'That hymn is immortal.' I think it was sung in public shortly after, for in two weeks almost every child on the streets was singing it." It is translated into several languages and "sung in every land under the sun."—Detroit Free Press.

The Radicals of N. Carolina for the High Protective Tariff.

If anything were lacking to establish the Republican party's utter disregard and defiance of the best interests of the people, it is supplied by the plank in the platform of the convention at Raleigh on the 14th, declaring in favor of a protective tariff. The internal revenue system itself is hardly more infamous than this protective tariff. It steals the money of the agricultural population and puts it in the pockets of the manufacturers. By imposing on those classes of foreign goods that are most used, duties so high as to keep them out of our ports entirely, Northern manufacturers are enabled to fix their own prices and the people pay the difference. Pennsylvania and the New England States are expected to favor a protective tariff, for they are large manufacturing communities; but we North Carolinians are an agricultural people to whom it is an unqualified curse. We have here only cotton factories and a protective tariff is of no benefit to them; while the rate of duty on machinery is such that few can command sufficient means to equip one of these. So that this tariff is in every way an inobus upon us. And now in addition to having to endure its oppressions, we are asked to say that they are just.—Statesville Landmark.

They say that Mr. Arthur "went copiously" when Guiteau's counsel, Reid, implored him for a reprieve. This is about the third time that Arthur has wept since he landed in the executive chair. As a weeper he seems to be a success. He goes on with his stalwart programme all the same, nevertheless.—Char. Observer.

Ghastly Pastime.

Several ladies, after viewing Guiteau at some little distance, asked to be shown to the scaffold, and when their attention had been directed to it as it stood at the farther end of the northern wing, a young lady from West Virginia exclaimed, "Oh, let us form the procession; this gentleman will tell us how." The others acquiesced, and the party having been arranged to personate the warden and deputy, the minister, the condemned, and attendants—the young lady in question taking the place of the condemned—the procession with slow and measured steps moved to the front of the scaffold. The chaplain here supposed the party would stop, and while the two or three gentlemen present seemed indifferent, the ladies urged that the programme be carried out. The party thereupon ascended the steps, the fair culprit remarking as she did so, "isn't this nice? How easy the steps are," and reaching the platform eager questions were asked as to the disposition of the party. The fair culprit, having taken the place of the condemned on the trap, asked: "When the religious exercises are over, what then?" "Why the black cap and rope," was the answer. Having been shown how the rope was fixed, the culprit said, "Then the drop," and throwing her head to the right exclaimed, "Ugh." This ended the mimic tragedy.

Those females were evidently cranks.—MIL CHRON.

Parted to Meet no More.

"Good-bye, Mulcahey." "Bon soir, Ethel," replied a tall, stately youth, whose pants flapped dismally in the soft June zephyrs about three inches above his pompous feet.

"Will you come again Saturday night, pet?" asked Ethel Redingote, coyly placing her hand on Reginald Mulcahey's shoulders.

"I cannot," was the reply, in low, suppressed tones.

"Why not?" asked the girl, a look of pain flitting at a single flit over her spirituelle features.

"Because," said Reginald, doltily kissing her while she kept watch for the old man, "I have an engagement to beat three aces for a man that evening."

The girl looked at him again as he stood there in all his beauty and strength. "And would you leave me for three aces?" she asked in low, tear stained tones.

"Yes," replied Reginald, I certainly would.

For an instant neither spoke. Presently the dog came up the garden walk and bit Reginald on the first base. He turned, went slowly away, and never showed up again.—Chicago Tribune.

Hard on Republican Assessment.

The Philadelphia Press (Rep.) says: The Republican congressional committee, which has foolishly been getting at defiance the principles of the party and the better public sentiment of the land, has already done the Republican cause more harm than ten times its assessments can do good. A country with ten million voters is not to be bought in and set up campaign funds, and the Republicans, least of all, can afford to estrange independent voters by a deliberate flagrant disregard of its own principles.

Death to Cabbage Bugs.

At this season of the year the cabbage bugs are playing sad havoc in many gardens. A citizen of this community hands us the following simple remedy which he has given repeated trials and which proved a sure and effective cure every time. It is this: "Take a sprinkling can of water and pour into it one or two teaspoonfuls of kerosene oil. Stir well, so as to mix as much as possible. Then add a handful of salt. Sprinkle the plants occasionally and your cabbage will soon be rid of every bug and insect."—Winston Sentinel.

Cabin Love Song.

Oh, listen to me, darkeys,
 I'll tell you a little story;
 'Tis all about my true love,
 De Flat Creek mornin'-glory;
 She's nice as any dew-drop
 Inside de open flower;
 She's softer dan de moonshine,
 An' I lube her ob'ry hour!

CHORUS—Mag is a sunflower,
 Mag is a daisy;
 May is de very gal
 To run a nigger crazy!

Her head is like de full moon,
 Her lips is sweet as a cherry;
 Her furrud's smooov as a lookin' glass
 An' slick as a huckleberry;
 Her face is like a picter,
 Her leef is white an' pearly;
 Her eye is bright as a lightning-bug,
 An' her h'ar is 'mazin' curly!

I like to chop de 'backer patch
 Wid Mag right close behind me;
 I'd like to be a 'backer-warm
 Ef Mag would only find me;
 I'd like to be a flock o' sheep
 Ef Mag would dribe me 'bout;
 I'd like to be a 'tater-slip
 Ef Mag would set me out!

I seed her for de fus' time
 In thinnin' out de corn;
 She made my feelin's flutterate
 An' now my heart is gone;
 Oh, I lubs her like de mischief,
 I's bound to tell her soon,
 An' I'll cote her at de shackin'
 On de changin' ob de moon!

About Small Waists.

Mrs. Haweis, of London, has written a letter in defence of small waists. She says: The "long and short of it is, a small waist is only pretty when it is natural—for it is then, and only then, architecturally in proportion. A wide, overhanging pent-house bust and pitched waist are excessively ugly—and unwholesome, too—because unnatural. The trunk must be of the right breadth for the branches, i. e., the shoulders. If the width of

arms, across the back—equals fifteen inches, the width of the waist ought not to be less than seven and a half inches. Or say the circumference of the shoulders be thirty-eight inches, the circumference of the waist should not be less than twenty-eight inches. Lastly, as to safe pressure. A waist which is naturally only twenty-two inches may be enclosed in stays of twenty inches without danger of discomfort. Indeed, it would be difficult to feel any support with a looser corset. In such a case the height must not exceed five feet two inches. But a waist which is thirty inches, measured honestly, without the stays, and forced into a belt of eighteen or twenty inches, is not only likely to injure the health, but is certain to look ugly. It is architecturally bad, whatever the height of the frame; and no woman who knows anything about proportion, in a tree, in a building, in a statue, or who has any 'eye' for grace in curves, will render herself so conspicuous an eye sore as to adopt a fashion which seems to deform her."

It is both instructive and entertaining to learn that one Spears in the late Radical convention was a hurrab Prohibitionist but has thoroughly "pented himself." He is now a ravenue gauger at \$3 a day says the Raleigh News-Observer. That paper informs the public further that Mr. C. C. Pool, now the Radical-Mongrel nominee in the First Judicial District for Judge, made very telling speeches in favor of Prohibition last year. And still the simpletons declare that Prohibition was a Democratic measure, although it was defeated by Democrats, and in the Legislature, of seventeen members who voted against on the final vote, ten were Democrats. Spears was one of those who voted for.—Wil. Star.

Oscar Wilde ran across a lynching at Bonanza, La. A negro assailant of a white woman had been taken out of jail by a mob, and Oscar saw the hanging from a car window. The negro was a preacher and his wild, eloquent appeals for mercy moved the esthetic traveller greatly, but did not affect the lynchers, who quickly suspended him from a railroad bridge.—Charlotte Observer.

The Guileless Witness.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer sternly.

"Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"I have judge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—"

"Your Honor—"

"It's a fact, judge; I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case—his name's Smith."

"Your Honor," yelled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, judge, hain't I bin doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away, I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir; I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick headedest cuss I ever laid eyes on."—Des Moines Register.

Effect of Heat on the Nerves.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the distinguished neurologist, in an article in *Our Continent* with the taking title, "How to Escape Nervousness," warns against overheated apartments. He says: An overheated apartment always enervate its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find a woman who swelters all day in such a temperature, and adds to it at night by superfluous bed-clothing, cross and disagreeable from every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at sixty degrees and opened the windows every now and then.

If it took 55 per cent. of the receipts for Dr. Mott to collect the internal revenue tax for this district, how much would it take for him to collect the taxes of the State of North Carolina, which the Democratic party now collects for five per cent.? This is a question which voters would do well to consider at this time, when Dr. Mott is seeking to possess himself of the State.—Statesville Landmark.

Level-Headed if She Does Pick the Guitar.

The political cauldron is beginning to boil. A fleshy, red-faced gentleman, with fancy pictures in India ink on the back of his hand, was talking it with all his might on the train this evening, and right across sat a dark skin, rather handsome lady. She had a guitar and was going to Salem, and she was talking to a little low chunky man who had two children along that were continually getting their heads out of the windows, of the coalition move in this State. She was an anti-prohibition Democrat and believed a man had the right to buy a drink if he wanted it, (You'd better make those children take their heads in!) out she had no confidence in the recent anti-movement; believed it only a ruse of Ike Young and others to capture the Democrats. She laughed and thought Jarvis anti prohibition enough to suit any party.—Reidsville Times.

If you cannot find a gentleman to marry, girls, do not marry at all. By that term we do not mean a man that is above the need of work; he may be anything but a gentleman, but a man who knows how to work, who has self-respect enough to keep him from low habits both of speech and action; who is courteous and honorable; who is not afraid of soiling his hands; the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, any man may be a gentleman under dust and soot and chips, and if he is not, girls, don't marry him! That is, of course, do not marry him unless you have his consent.—Bill Nye.

Sensible to the last, the dying cobbler folded his hand and murmured: "It's awl up! I'm pegging out!"

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