

THE MORNING CLARION.

\$2.50 per Year.

"How noble the Man among noble Men, who fears not to ply a truth-telling Pen."

Single copy 2 cts

VOL. 1.

OXFORD, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1876.

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By WILLIAMS & ROBINSON,
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LOCAL & STATE SQUIBS.

HURRYGRAPHS.

Refreshing showers yesterday.
Peas are blooming hereabouts.
Charlie Landis has the pneumonia.
The whandoodle mourneth. He has been indicted.
Mr. J. Y. Landis, of New York, is in town.
The oat crop of Warren county is not looking well.
Our Senior excurted to Raleigh the first of this week.
Silver taken on subscription at this office—when offered.
The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows assembles in Raleigh to-morrow.
The friends of the noble horse radish will be pleased to know that he is now in season.
Ladies wrap up your furs, and put them beyond the reach of moths, "fur" it is too warm for them.
A large lot of N. C. Bacon, Hams and Sides just received at
[201W] WILLIAMS & BRYAN'S.
We are glad to learn that Mrs. Kye, who has been quite sick for several day, is convalescent.

Five or six colored persons were baptized in Herndon's creek last Sunday.

The Minstrel Troupé was organized last Saturday night. We may now look out for some fun.

Pitt county is clear of debt this year—fruits of a Conservative administration.

Jas. H. Moore is writing pleasant letters from the Blue Ridge county to the *Orphans' Friend*.

The young ladies looked charming in their new Spring suits last Sunday. They always suit us, the ladies we mean.

Wilson, of the *Masonic Journal*, was treated to strawberry pie the 1st of May. Never mind, Brother we *Wil(l) so(o)n* have some.

It is customary to draw on one's imagination when locals are as scarce as they are to-day, but it is about as much as we can do to draw a good, long, cool, sober breath.

We are informed that the *Granville Democrat* will be moved to Henderson where it will be published by Jones & Hawkins and edited by S. J. Skinner.

Mr. L. E. Wright, a young gentleman clerking for Grandy & Bro., was taken sick last Saturday, and carried out to his home near Tally Ho. We hope he is not seriously sick.

Calvin J. Rogers, Esq., the former postmaster at Raleigh, was found drowned in a creek last week in Wake county. It is supposed that he had a fit and fell in the water while fishing.

MALT-HOP-TONIQUE—For Dyspepsia. Recommended as an improvement on Ale and Porter for general debility.

WILLIAMS & BRYAN.

21 1W.

The ladies of Warrenton will give a leap year hop next Friday night.

Bad colds are raging in this vicinity and one of the best things we ever took for a cold is a pocket handkerchief.

The Franklin county Commissioners are being stirred up about their frauds and corruptions. The people are getting tired of such things. Give it to them hot and heavy, brother Baker, we have about just such a crowds of rascals to deal with.

We dislike very much to see our young leaving Oxford. Two have left in a very short time. Charlie Harris has made Henderson his home. He is in the Tobacco business. Can't we do something to keep our young men at home. Oh, yes! Let us go to work and build a railroad.

DIED

At 2 o'clock Sunday morning, MARY MARVIN, the youngest child of John W. and Sallie D. Hays, aged 6 months and 7 days.

Little MAY has fallen asleep. She only budded on earth to bloom in Heaven. God whispered such sweet words to the baby child and the melody of the angels was so unlike the "by bys" all mothers sing, that the child listened enraptured, and as the soft, low music continued, and the gentle Saviour held out his arms, she nestled her little head close to his bosom and fell asleep. Heedless of everything baby MAY sleeps. The little casket is smaller than the cradle, but baby does not mind. They strew the child with flowers, God's flowers, the only things pure and sweet enough for this, but the little fingers so wont to pluck them in pieces do not essay to gather them now, and the sculptured hands clasping the tiny lillies, reminds one of a pretty carved vase in which one has placed choice flowers. Christ bends lovingly over the little one, and her face catching the reflection of his, sends back a smile not of earth but of Heaven.

"Cheer up, weary, weeping mother, MARY's only gone before; Wait, with patience, soon you'll meet her Over on the other shore."