

Col. H. B. Andrews

5071
5622

THE CLAYTON BUD.

VOL. 1.

CLAYTON, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1883.

NO. 18.

THE CLAYTON BUD.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

Entered in Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

Twelve Months, \$1.00; Six Months, 50 Cents.

Advertising Rates:

One Square (one inch)	One time, One Month,	Three Months, Six Months, Twelve Months,
Two Squares,	\$1.25	\$4.50
Three "	1.50	6.00
Half Column,	3.00	10.00
One Column,	6.00	20.00
		40.00

Advertisements for one month and under must be paid for in advance; for a longer term payable quarterly. Notices in Local Column as Reading Matter will be charged ten cents per line.

Our Job Office.

We are prepared to do all kind of **JOB WORK,** on **SHORT NOTICE.**

- Justices' Blanks,
 - Circulars, Posters,
 - Pamphlets, Envelopes,
 - Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads,
 - Note-Heads, Mortgage Deeds.
 - Lien Bonds, &c.
- For quick work and Low Prices. Address, **WEDDING & RICHARDSON,** Job Printers, Clayton, N. C.

Clayton Postoffice.

OFFICE HOURS—General Delivery from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mails close as follows: Going West at 11:15 A. M.; Going East at 8 P. M. Archer Lodge Route: Mail arrives 7 P. M. Tuesday and Friday. Leaves at 6 A. M. Wednesday and Saturday. Polenta Mail arrives 9 A. M. and leaves at 8 P. M. Wednesday and Saturday. Sunday open from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. **W. J. Y. THURSTON, P. M.**

Church Directory

METHODIST CHURCH, CLAYTON.
Preaching each 4th Sunday, 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., and each 3rd Sunday morning at 11 A. M.
Church Choir meeting twice a month on Friday night before each Third and Fourth Sunday.
Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9¹⁵ A. M.
N. R. RICHARDSON, Sup't.

BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES.
Preaching at Liberty each Second Sunday and Saturday before.
CLAYTON ACADEMY.
Preaching each First Sunday night; Missionary Concert each Second Sunday Night.
Church Prayer Meeting, weekly, Wednesday night.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting, weekly, on Friday night.
Sunday School, every Sunday morning at 9¹⁵ A. M.
J. T. ELLINGTON, Sup't

Even-Tide.

BY CARINE.

The weary day is over,
Its toil and care are past;
The twilight hour approacheth,
And we may rest at last.

The southern breezes murmur,
And cool the burning cheek,
Their odors sweetly linger,
While we its blessings seek.

We watch the shadows gather,
Around the hill and vale;
And hear the gentle vesper,
Sung by the nightingale.

The pale moon floods the valley,
With rays of silver light;
The gems of evening glitter,
Above the peaceful night.

How sweet the twilight hour!
How dear the calm repose!
While pearly dew drops tremble,
Upon the dreamy rose.

The soft delicious evening,
We love its blissful rest;
When tired hands are folded,
Above the quiet breast.

Lie down, poor heart, and slumber,
Thy toilsome work is o'er;
And dream of rest eternal,
Upon the golden shore.

Clayton, N. C., July 1st, '83.

Letter from Chatham.

PEOPLE'S P. O., June 23, '83.

Messrs. Editors: A few days since I left you, taking the cars at Clayton, westward bound. Capt. Geo. Wait was master of ceremonies on the train. He is an exceedingly polite gentleman, for he paid his respects to every man, woman and child, aboard. I don't think there was a single individual that he did not speak to. Indeed he was very attentive in other regards. At Raleigh we made a stop of fifteen minutes. There was the biggest racket on the platform to be sure. It really looks like they have civil rights in full bloom there. I saw a burly colored gentleman take the arm of a white man getting off the cars, just like the white man had been his prisoner. He led him to a big long-waisted buggy—helped him in and drove off. There were others treated the same way. You see I remained sitting in the car—in fact, it looked dangerous outside. Then, to add to the hubbub, there were so many men and boys yelling: "ice-cream," "ice-cream," and it was not in a "Lowe" voice—and others calling out: "cold ice lemonade—ice-cold." I had heard something like that before.

Capt. M. C. S. Noble, superintendent of the Wilmington Graded Schools, gets on at Raleigh. He is an enthusiastic educator, and is rapidly rising to the very front rank of the profession. I had the pleasure also of meeting that enterprising man, and clever christian gentleman, Julian S. Carr—the possible future Governor of North Carolina. But I'm off for Cary, where I stop for a few hours—enjoying the unstinted hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pool—old Claytonites. Just here, I'll say, I have but little doubt if they could move their elegant house, large lot—pump and all—down to Clayton they would do

so. Not that Cary is not a pleasant little town; but the "BUD" is published in Clayton, and, besides, who ever knew a Claytonite to leave for another place of abode that did not want to get back? The truth is, Cary is all the better for having so many Clayton people in it—Pool, Gulley, Auston, the Guesses and all their families—all good, enterprising, go ahead people. But I'm off at 8 p. m., on R. & A. R. R. Capt. Wrenn showing himself just as polite as Wait was on the other road (especially to me and mine.) He did not seem so to those who had come up with him from Raleigh.

At Apex, stopped 3 minutes—met and shook hands with those excellent young men, Dixon and A. A. Maynard. The "Dr." wishes to know how the new bridge is progressing. Just now the train "progressed" and with a good-bye to Apex, I, in a few minutes, was at New Hill, where I did not see Booth, nor hear a single anecdote. 'Tis about nine o'clock at night, and cloudy, and not having much light along, I could not see much of the world.

At "Merry Oaks" I saw and heard nothing, and I don't know why it was so called. So we go on to Haw River, over the rumbling bridge—past old "Haywood," on the hill, and in two minutes at Moncure, (Lockville) where I change cars again—my last conveyance pulled by two horses up and down the hills of Haw River—the sand hills of Chatham—where the grains of sand are as big as flour barrels. The "biggest" and most of them little Billie R. (who is with me) ever saw. We soon pass from the Haw to Rocky River. There is or ought to be a fitness in all things. There is surely in the name of this last river. During the small hours of the night I reach the old homestead. A happy greeting—a few minutes in chatting, and then balmy sleep refreshes the frame of your weary correspondent.

Harvesting is not near over—a week later than usual and not near as good as last year. There has been some scarcity of labor. Growing crops are late and look only ordinary. I have seen crops no where so good as about Clayton. There has not been near so much rain here as with you. But I don't want to crowd your columns. W.

Every family finds more or less bones accumulating. Burn them with wood, and the ashes thus secured is one of the most valuable of fertilizers. Money cannot buy any article which will so fertilize your soil. Bones thus consumed will quadruple the value of wood ashes, which in themselves are among the best soil enrichers.

What is it that a poor man has and a rich man wants? Nothing.

WARTS ON HORSES.—The Indiana Farmer says: To remove warts on horses, take arsenious acid, wet your finger with spittle, dip it in the acid and cover the wart upon its crown with the same. Repeat every alternate day after the second day's use. It will become a hard stiff crust, in a few days; then cease the use of the medium until the amount destroyed peels off; then repeat if necessary. Never try to soften the scab, as all your neighbors will advise you to do. Make the crown of the wart red or sore before using the medicine. This is certain cure.

FEEDING HOGS IN SUMMER.—In writing upon this subject we would not advise feeding wholly upon grain, for the hog is a grass-eating animal, and it is doing violence to its nature to keep it wholly upon concentrated food. Many of the ills that swine flesh is heir to, are caused by neglecting to feed sufficient fibrous food. Swine should have a good clover pasture in summer, and we have found forty per cent difference in favor of clover and corn over the corn alone. If hogs are on pasture, they should also get a constant ration of grain. Grain will here produce much greater results than when fed alone. Hogs should be pushed through the summer with the most liberal feeding, so that they may make a constant and rapid growth and reach a marketable weight for early market.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ICE CREAM!

Messrs. Lowe & Ferrell can supply the citizens of Clayton with Fresh ICE CREAM daily. Leave orders at J. W. O'Neil's drug store, Front street, and they will be promptly filled. je 19-tf

SAVE COST!

The Delinquent Tax-Payers of Clayton Township can save one-half cost by settling at once. I will be at W. H. McCullers, Sr., & Sons' Store on SATURDAY, 23d of June, and every SATURDAY, until all have paid, to receive the Taxes.

WM. HINNANT, Sheriff.
je 19-1m G. L. JONES, Deputy.

J. C. Ellington,

Manufacturer of
**ROUGH AND DRESSED
LUMBER, SHINGLES,
LATHS, &c.,**

Orders solicited.
Clayton N. C. Feb. 27 1883. -1f

C. W. BULLOCK, House, Sign and Ornamental and Decorative Painter,

Corner of Hargett and Blount streets
Raleigh N. C.
CEILINGS AND WALL PAINTING A
SPECIALTY.

Signs of all the latest styles and Ornamental Painting of every description done at short notice and perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.
Estimates and Penell Drawings free on application.
Refers to every prominent business man in Raleigh and to his own work wherever seen. mh 27-tf

Subscribe **BUD.**
For The