Beehly Glagton Bud.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY JOHN R. WEDDING

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> [For THE ECD. HOW COLLD LOU!

BY CARING. How could you speak those cruel words

They bear my spirit down With leaden weight! I strive in vain, The memory to drown.

Oh if I o ly could forget, If but for one short hour, The words which threw a chilling blight, O'er friendship's lovely flower.

And we have known each other long. While I have trusted you, And thanked the fates that gave a frien So faithful, kind and true.

O I have tried to find excuse-Some palintion see; But all too plainly starsis revealed, The blackest treachery

O could you not have said "forgive"? You saw me grieved and ernshed; It seemed that every tender voice, Within your soul was hushed.

O if I only could forget, Or blot shows words away! The wish is vain-as strangers now, We meet, from this dark day. CLAYTON, N. C., May Mth. 1985.

[Written for THE BUD.]

BY ADDIE.

d Continued.)

The gind old doctor tenderly carries her into the adjoining room and it is not long until he succeeds in reviving ber, and is very much surprised to find her sound sweeter to our poor losely so calm and resigned. Dr. Holmes old ber all concerning | thought of singing that quaint her tather's sickness, and that old hymn before, but now she same affection of the beart was the cause of his death, and finally delivers the sad farewell of the dying man to his little Rena, and after a few and sympathizhe leaves poor Lorena aer grief. The proceeding day is one that will never | entirely to her friend, Mr. Grabe forgotten by Lorena Lincoln, She follows her dear father to she knows full well, that she too the grave where he is laid away from her forever, and then re- one month long to come and go, turns to her now desolate home. and then she must leave her We will not ry to follow her beautiful home and go out to batthrough the next two weeks of the with the cold hard world, and sorrow and anguish, but those of as yet she has no idea where she our readers that have seen their will go She writes to a great last eartbly parent baried forever from their sight, can well aympathize with Lorena in this her sad bereavement. Two weeks from the day of her fathers burial, the servant announces a gentleman to see Miss Lincoln. Lorena knows that it is ber fatuer's lawyer, Mr. Graham, so she rises and goes down to see him at once. She notices that he scems to be very much excited, about something, and after a few remarks concerning her health. be enters into his business.

"Miss Lincoln I guess you are aware of your tather's failure in business before his death."

"Yes, I have been informed of the bank, though I have never been told how much my father lost. I presume that is your business with me this evening. know his loss was considerable or it never would have caused the fatal shock that it did."

"You are right in supposing your lethers loss very great. find, after a careful examination of all his papers, that it will rake every cent of his tumeuse ea th to satisfy all the claims against bim."

Lorena is already over burdened with grief, and this is indeed another heavy blow, but she very calmly says:

"Must I give up my home too !" "Yee, it pains me very much to tell you, but you will have to give up every bing that you now possess. You can remain in the gentleman wishes to see her. Oh, behind the counter, or escorts the house a month longer."

at once, and try to obtain a situ- me a situation, but I do not dare handsome adorer! Could she true, don't be afraid to trust it. chief than nice falsehoods do.

E CLAYTON BUD.

Established February 27th, 1883.

"In God, We Trust."

[Entered in Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

CLAYTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1885. VOL. 3.

NO. 7.

You do not know of any place now open for a teacher do you !"

trying to secure a situation for Grabam. you."

indeed, for I must make my own | had forgotten my promise to you" living in some way, and I do not know any thi g about work of any kind."

ing, takes his de a ture. Lorens to accept it." sick at heart goes back to her room. It is hard for her to keep back a rebellious spirit. Just a few short weeks ago she had to see it all taken away from her me." so soon, and to-day she finds herself a poor friendless girl, alone in this cold, wide world. But an angle spirit, perhaps 'tis that of ber mother, whispers words to comfort her, and never the words

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sound, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence

girl than now. She had never

He hides a stnlling face."

finds such sweet comfort in the words. Such great afflictions bere on earth, so often prove to be blessings in disguise, and let us hope that such will be the case with Lorena Lincoln. Lorena knows that it will not do to trust ham, to secure a situation for her, must do ber best. It will not take many diff rent places, and also writes to Madame Lamar, thinking, perhaps, she will have a vacant place for the next term. Then the days of suspense that that she has to endure until she can hear from her letters. She bas a little money, but, of course, she has to be very careful about spending it. With some of it she buys her two mourning dresses, saying she will make them do her until she can make the money to get more. It is nearly two week's before she gets an answer to all of her letters. Madame Lamar writes a very kind and motherly letter, but near the close tells Lorena that she has already em ployed the same teachers that she has had bef re, and is very sorry that she will not have any place for her. She finds all the other le ters very much like this one. All very sorry for her, but none willing to exert themselves any in belping her. She has not heard from Mr. Grah a since his visit to her, and that is her only hope, she bas only one more

able Lorena, almost praying that ere another morning dawns, God will have taken her out of her that glitters" trouble.

week to rema u at her once happy

ation as teacher, somewhere, to even hope. I have had so behold him a few hours later as much trouble that I cannot expect anything else. Good or bad "I do not, but I will look I must have it. So she goes around and use my influence in down, and sure enough finds Mr. as he lover, again and again

"I will be very grateful to you were beginning to think that I

"No, Mr. G abam, I though: you had tried, and fai'ed as I have done. Well, no; I have Mr. Graham promised to be a tried, and succeeded very well; friend to her in her great trouble, that is I have a situation for you and after bidding be good more- as governess, if you are willing

"Oh, you know I will gladly accept it, and I am so very thank ful to you for your kindness, you cannot imagine what an everlast such a bright, happy future, and ing favor you have bestowed on

> "I am glad that it was in my power to be of some service to you. The situation is with my sister, Mrs. Lorena. She is a widow lady in this city, and her little daughters are not quite large enough to be sent from home to school. I hope you will find it pleasant. Mrs. Lorena will send for you to-morrow. Of course, I will go with you to introduce you to my sister, and to your little charges. They are very soxious to see you. Their mother is an invalid, and cannot be with her children as much as she would like, and they complain of being very lonely sometimes."

m, and, oh, I descope I can tve satisfaction. you know what time to-morrow ars. Lorena on, and all were utterly fall. The sofou. will send for me ?"

"Yes, I will call foryou tomorrow evening at three."

As everything is now arranged, the kind lawyer says a few comforting words to Lorens, and

then takes his leave. [Continued in the next issue.]

All is Not Gold That Glitters Mr. Editor : The above is a old maxim, and undoubtedly very true one. Both young and old alike agree that things are not what they seem. When w look about us, at the changing scenes of this world, and watch them as they fade away, without yielding any satisfaction, we are constrained to exclaim, "all is not gold that glitters." How delusive are the perishing things of earth ! How many "air castles" have been reared by eager bands, just beginning to ba e with life Air castles, brilliant and glowing with the warmth of love and happiness-one moment reaching almost to the skies and the nex crushed to the earth, leaving scarcely a trace behind to tell where they once stood. Such is life; ever changing, ever hoping ever sorrowing ander the bligh of mi-fortune-grasping at phantoms, which glide away with noiseless rapidity, and yet our empty hands still keep up their unerring, but hopeless, seeking visions of wealth and tame glitters before us, while the gentle One, two, three more days, and breeze tans our heated brow; still no news, and the evening of but, ob, how the brightness fades the fourth day finds poor, miser- into gloom as the stern realities of life burst upon us, as we find t too true-"all is not gold that

The young man of wealth, so A servant comes; tells her a polite and smiling, as be stands if it should be Mr. Graham, and city belie to the opera or ball, ab ! "Then I will have to go to work if he has succeeded in getting would the fair girl recognize her

he enters the gambling saloon and drains the intoxicating cup to dregs, muttering horrible oaths. playing on and on, until morn. "Miss Lincoln, I expect you ing dawns, I hardly think she would, the contrast is too great. How many in the great cities, who splurge around in costly raiment, giving the finest dinner parties, and if their debts were paid, would not be able to buy them a cigar or pocket bankerchief. They scorn those who are honest and hard-working, but ere long the inevitable crash comes upon them and we again find "all is not gold that glitters."

May 2nd, 1885;

Letter from Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., May 12th, 1885.

EULA.

Mr. Editor: Your corresponlent, in company with three or four hundred o here, went down on a Sunday School excursion to New Berne on yesterday. There were only three cars when the train left Smithfield, each of which was filled; but before reaching Goldaboro they were packed to overflowing. Another car was booked on at Goldsboro, and the four were filled. On arrival of the excursion train at Kinston, there were over one hundred "I feel very much interested in persons in waiting to avail themselves of a cheap trip to New day was pleasantly spent in wa'king over and seeing "the eights" of the city.

The ladies of the Memorial Association held their annual anniversary on yesterday in New Berne, but the exercises were so late in the afternoon that the excursionists were deprived of hear ing all of the annual address, or witnessing the unveiling of a monament erected in honor of our 'Confederate Dead."

The excursion train arrived at Smith feld about midnight on its return, there having been no accident to marr the pleasures of the trip. However, one gentle. man (whose name I'll omit) sutfered the draft of wind, that was passing over the heads of those unfortunate ones who were forced to stand on the platform between the cars, to lift his bat and gently carry it off, floating over the truck patches of Craven; but after roaming the streets of New Berne for half an hour in search ot a hat house, he came forth with his cranium covered with a cheap straw. Now, had a certain young minister, who was on the train, felt so disposed, he could have divided with the unfortunate fellow by taking off one story of that shining new beaver. and placing it on the uncovered head, but no, "he would not."

There was an Odd-Fellows' Ledge organized in Smithfield laft week, and as the Grand Lodge meets in Wilson to-day, N. R. Richardson, Esq., was elected to represent the new lodge in Wilson this week,

As your correspondent has to leave on the train in a few moments, this letter must be cut short, before any items of news, or of interest are penned; but it can't be remedied now.

Hastily yours, | NIFFUE.

When you meet a heart that is

Washington Letter.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Washington, D. C., May 8. The city is now full of Dem ocratic politicians who are here for the purpose of carrying the Administration by force. The throng of mere office seekers bave left, and an entirely different class of polit cians have been coming in within the last few days. As a rule those men are not asking for appointments for themselves or their friends, but merely demand that the party be recognized. They do not de nounce the administration publicly, but wherever they call on the President, or meet a cabinet officer they arge the policy of making wholesale removals of Republicans and of filling their places with Democratic workers.

Considerable significance is attached to a conference which occurred between Mr. Randall, Chairmam Barnum, and Secreta. ary Manning, during which Appointment Clerk Higgins was sent for and consulted. It is alleged that the effort is being them a round when they do come, made to reach the President through utmost confidence in the political sagacity of the Secreta ry of the Treasurer, and a so in his influence over Mr. Cleveland. | She says the way to have any-As the question of party recognition was discussed at the cauone of the above notable trio, it care of it was not to think too is the impression that many much of it. She said I wee right Berne, so a fit b rar was taken changes are to be made very

ASone recent removals of chief bieras of Suresus and of chiefs of divisions in the Treasury Department have caused much perturbation among officials of that grade. To n have claimed that because of their peculiar fitness for their positions through long to removal. There are about seventy of these officials in the last discharges, they complain that they cannot rely upon good

records for retention. The new sixth Auditor of the Treasury is credited with baving gorten up a "nealth report," showing how sickness has given place to health among the clerks under him. He has prepared a record of the sick leaves of the three hondred and seventy em ployes of his office for several mouths past, from which he draws the inference that sick leaves vary with the supposed necessity for making good records. In times when changes and dismissals are to be teared it is assumed that there are few sick leaves and that they merease in proportions as duties can be neglected with impunity. The conscience fund of the

United States Treasury continues to swell. During the two months of the new administration eight persons with consciences, have rendered up their big and little theits, varying in size from five to nine bundred dollars and amounting in all to \$2,293.80.

prairie, or in the crowded city, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best for purgative purposes, everywhere alike convenient, effi bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulency, and sick headache, they are a sure remedy.

Blunt truths make more mis

The Heekly Clayton Bud.

Advertising Rales : SPACE. |1 TIME. |1 MO. |3 MO. |6 MO. |12 MO. 1 inch. 1 25 3 (0) 7 00 10 00 20 00 2 00 5 00 10 00 15 00 25 03 3 00 7 00 15 00 20 00 30 00 10 0 15 0) 15 00 30 00 45 00 12 (0) 20 (0) 30 00 35 00 15 00 2 inches

Letter From Sam'l Green.

WHITE ROSE, May 8th, '85. Mr. Editor : As this is a beautiful morning, and I am through planting my crop and att down on my piazza with my pipe, I have happy thoughts. In the first place I had a very good breakfast, and when I am full, that is of good things, I like a good easy chair, a newspaper and my pipe, and then I am happy.

Mrs. Green is in the sitchen, busy cleaning up the breakfast dishes. She says she wan's to sun the bods to-day, or least bruted it to me at the table this morning, and, Mr. Editor, I cannot write long as I am only writing at intervals, between the puffs of my pipe, and as coon as my smoke is through, I shall have to stop.

Mrs. Green has a lot of little chickens, and she worries herself and tries to worry every one else as much as she can. She says the hawks have not yet troubled her, but she does not know how soon they will, and she wante me to have my gun ready to give

I wanted to go fishing myself, and tried to get Mrs. G. to go with me, but she refused by saying she could not leave her chickens. thing is to take care of it. I told her "Yes," and the way to take she reckoned, and if we out thre sonning the beds, String on the furniture, and chaning up in general, that she would go on tomorrow.

What do the young folks like to think and talk about? Why, when I was a young men, and used to fly around the girls, ettiquette was not held up to such a experience they were not subject | heighth as 'tis now. Why, I used to go to see my intended, (Mrs. G.) with my every-day Treasury alone, and since these clothes on; that is with a plain homespun shirt, home-made pants, and a good genteel pair of brogan shoes, and with a coat to match my other dress, and with this, I felt like I was good enough to go with the "goodest." But now, let a young man call on a young lady with this dress andwell, it's no use to say, for you know how it is yourself! He must wear a fine \$3.50 ex-dude climax hat, a suit of clothes that costs not less than \$35 00, \$7.00 gaiters, shirt-buttons to imitate diamond, finger rings and a cane with a limb of Venus for a handle, and he wears a mustache so delicate that the sun will change it; and now kind reader, this young man goes to see his fair one, and what I want to know is; what do they talk about? Surely, their minds are not on their future life and the trials and troubles they will have to go through? Used to it was the gentleman, who could drink less, but now, no young man is considered with the boys unless he drinks, and that no little of it, for the more he drinks and treats, the more popular he is to become. This is an age of progress, though. But I will By land or at sea, out on the stop for fear, Mr. Editor, you will think me an old fogy. I like to see new thinge. I am a man of progress, but when I see the fancy, non-sensical, corruptible dudes, (and it seems as if all our cacions, and sate. For sluggish boys wanted to get on thisorder) I cannot help writing my thoughts. Here comes Mrs. Green, and she is ready to put the beds out to sun, so adien, Mr. Editor, until

next time. Yours, truly. SAMUEL GREEN.