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THE CLAYTON BUD.

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HOW COULD YOU!

How could you speak those cruel words? They bear my spirit down With leaden weight!

LORENA LINCOLN.

BY ADDIE.

(Continued.)

The kind old doctor tenderly carries her into the adjoining room and it is not long until he succeeds in reviving her, and is very much surprised to find her so calm and resigned.

ation as teacher, somewhere. You do not know of any place now open for a teacher do you? "I do not, but I will look around and use my influence in trying to secure a situation for you."

to even hope. I have had so much trouble that I cannot expect anything else. Good or bad I must have it. So she goes down, and sure enough finds Mr. Graham.

behold him a few hours later as he enters the gambling saloon and drains the intoxicating cup to dregs, muttering horrible oaths, as he loaves, again and again playing on and on, until morning dawns, I hardly think she would, the contrast is too great.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, D. C., May 8.

The city is now full of Democratic politicians who are here for the purpose of carrying the Administration by force. The throng of mere office seekers have left, and an entirely different class of politicians have been coming in within the last few days.

Letter From Sam'l Green.

WHITE ROSE, May 8, '85.

Mr. Editor: As this is a beautiful morning, and I am through planting my crop and sit 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.

Letter from Smithfield.

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

Mr. Editor: Your correspondent, in company with three or four hundred others, went down on a Sunday School excursion to New Berne on yesterday.

All is Not Gold That Glitters.

(For THE BUD.)

Mr. Editor: The above is an old maxim, and undoubtedly a very true one. Both young and old alike agree that things are not what they seem.