Weehlg Glanton Bud. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY JOHN B. WEDDING SUBSCRIPTION HATES: ····· \$1.00 One copy one year,

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> For TEE BCD. JURGE NOT. BY CARENE.

Do not judge thy neighbor barshly, For the time will surely come, When thins own feet will his tempted, From the narrow path to ream.

Think you that his sin is greater, In the eyes of God, than thine? Then you surely are at error ; Who hath kept the law divine ?

Can you harl a stone in anger, At a fellow-montal's fall, Is the darkest, after ull?

Do not judge, for all are guilty. And must stand at Heaven's Dar; Watch thy way, if thou wouldst ever Find the goiden gate sjat. CLATTON, N. C., June 20th, 1825.

UNDYING LOVE.

PALLIE.

If I were an angel, pure and white, Sent to 'minster unto those I love, . I would watch by thy pillow all the night, And add to thy pleasures the blossing above.

Were I a jawei or a gem most rare, And allowed to bedicek the one I love bost.

'Till I sparkled with joy upon thy breast.

Were I a bird, with the sweetest of voice, And a p'umage of grandest display, I would sit at thy window and sing to the pight with me-didn't he ?" choice.

Miss Orintha Brown set down her tea cap with an emphasis that made all the china rattle.

And little Mrs. Meeker jamped nervously at the sound.

Established February 27th, 1883.

In the Wrong Hands.

VOL. 3.

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life," said Miss Brown, derisively, "Gilbert When perhaps thrue own transgression, Mott in love with Georgia Arling ton! Why, she is a mere doll with big blue eyes and pink cheeks and yellow curls."

"She's very fascinating in her manuers," Mrs. Meeker ventured to remark.

"Ou, pshaw!" was Miss Oricthia's contemptuous comment. "And you really think he's in love with her ?"

"Yes, I must say that I think fal. Yours, ever and unaltera-80."

"Ah-hah-hah," said Orinthia, meaningly. tell you all !"

"Dear me !" said Mrs. Meeker. | chased away the soft shadows of "Nothing," said Mrs. Brown time to slip the paper under a

And heedless of the neglected and the pretty rooms made still franticelly. "It wasn't to you." piles of cedar sprigs and princess prettier by paper roses and everpine yet walting to be wrought into garlands, he sat down to the table, and seizing pen and ink

THE CLAYTON BUD.

"In God, We Trust."

CLAYTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1885.

began a passionate billet-doux after the following fashion :

MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING: Why are you so cold and cruel to met Why will you not let meteli you in words what you must Orintha, in a rustling slate colorbave read in my eyes-the story of my heart's devotion I For I ove you, and have loved you, and shall love you to the world's end; and you must have seen it for yourself during the last few days that we have been working together for the church fair! Yet you will not give me a word or a glance of encouragement. Is this right, my ruthless queen of bearts? But 1 am determined that you shall tell me when we

meet again whether I may hope or not! Until then, sweet one, I am halt in dispair, balf hope-G. H. LIY,

He had just scribbled off this "If I only dated unstudied effasion when the sound of footsteps on the stairs

laughter, all in one and the same I'd seek the world over, and rest nowhere | eagerly; "what do you mean ?" his love dream, and he had just treath.

with a nod of her head, "He leaf of Norway spin we twige, maid keep away from Georgia

green garlands, were crowded to marry you ?" with the brave, the fair, and some that were neither one nor the other. Georgia Arlington, presiding at one of the tables, half a dozen young men di-tract-

ed, instead of one; and Miss ed silk dress, went about like an autumn leaf in a high wind, him of her coveted love. The luck-bag circulated from wont of these institutions, a little

current of merriment and laughproprietor of a rag doll, and Miss her flaxen curles. Orinthia Brown drew-a letter,

addressed to herself. Orinchia," cried Gilbert. Gilbert Hott, leaning against the doorway, say Miss Brown hurrying up to Georgia and disglee, while Georgia colored and myself."

bit her lip, and ready to cry, and "But, Georgia, the letter was fergned a merry little ripple of written to you."

ening up a little, "how did she ington against the election of a "Why don't that horrid old get it ?"

(Entered in Postoffice as Second-Glass Matter

"Not to me !"

NO. 13.

"That's just what I can't com-

record of the new Administration, reminds me of a recent in-"No. Do you suppose I want cident in the Government Printing Office. The newly appoint-

The Mecking Ungton Bud.

Advertising Rales :

SPACE. |1 TIME. |1 MO. 13 MO. 16 MO. 111 M.O.

1 25 3 1.0 2 00

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Miss Orinthia attered a shrill ed United States Treasurer had shrick-but the next mement she ordered a piece of work dons was alone. Gilbert Mott had within four bours. He was told looked lovely enough to drive vanished. For the matter was by some of his surbordinates growing serious now. If Georgia that he had required an imposwere to be won, she must be won sibility. Treasurer Jordan took at once, before Fate conspired off his coat, stationed himself with another old maid to deprive before an anoccupied case, and began to set type with rapidity "Georgia," he said, planting and accuracy while the clerke band to hand, carrying, as is the bimself beside her. "I have looked on with astonishment. something I wish to say to you." "There," said Mr. Jorlau after

inch. 2 inches.

144

% column

"You had a great deal better he had worked awhile, "that is ter in its wake.' Georgia drew a say it to your beloved Miss the way I want work done for eigar-case, Mr. Mott became the Ooranthin," said Georgia, tossing this Government when I so order it. What I asked of you could

> · Bat she isn't my beloved Miss have been accomplished in fifteen miuntes, barring the necessary

"I suppose you will be denying delays and red tape of this office. your own haudwriting next," Hereafter," said he, "when I said Georgia, indignantly. "But want a thing done in a specified playing her prize with malicious it's of no use; I saw the letter time, remember that I know what I am talking about."

> During the late Presidential campaign one of the most fre-"Then," said Georgia, bright- quent arguments used in Wash-Democratic Executive was that it would have a disastrous effect

ou basiness here, and cause a rapid depreciation in real estate. ranging in cost from three to five thousand dollars would be thrown on the market in solid blocks, on the advent of a Democratin ad-

Of my heart from morning till close of day.

But I am only a girl and dare not expres The slightest emotions of tenderness, And wish breaking heart I will repress My undying love for thee. Clayton, N. C., June 20th, 1885.

What Other Papers Say About The Bau.

THE CLAYTON BUD is enlarged and improved - Roanolie News.

Our newsy little exchange THE CLAT-TON BUD, to a six-column paper .- Rocky Mount Reporter.

THE CLATTON BUD comes to us enlarged and much improved. Success to you brotuer Wedding .- Franklinton Weekly. THE CLATTON BUD appeared last work enlarged, after a anspension of several weeks. The Bup is a very neat and creditable sheet - Kinston Free Press.

THE CLATTON BUD comes to us enlarg ed and improved. We are pleased to ace such evidence of its success .--Goldsboro Transcript and Messenger.

THE CLATTON BUD has been con-id. erably enlarged, and now comes to us as brother Wedding much success .- Raleigh Eveniny Visitor.

rearance in an enlarged and much im- furnished." proved form. In tact, THE BUD has bloomed. Lock to ye, brother Wedding. -Raleigh Svirit of the Age.

THE CLATTON BUD we gladly add to the list of our exchanges. It has just commerced its third volume. John R. Meeker, quite a different chain utterly and entirely ! Wedding is the editor. It is a newsy paper, well edited and descrives success. Luck to it -- Scotland Neck Democrat

The newsy little CLATTON BUD at two

Fun, published by John R. Wedding at Ciayton, N. C., marked X. All right we'd as soon have a Wedding on our hands as not We like flowers anyhow and think that THE BUD will scon blos

second story. The sculpture muttered something about a roli inthia A. Brown," which lay be missioners, was selected as the Orinthia Brown's sallow cheeks highest life; the truest pleasure illustrates incidents ef soldier's of ribbon which she had forgot. yend. reddened-her eyes sparkled om. subject for description, and he ot all is that derived from the life in camp and fiield. The ten, and fluttered past him ere "What larks it will be !" though inously, as she drew from her stood up some minutes before consciousness of its fulfillment Navy's part in the operations, the incorrigible Billy. "Some of he could remonstrate further. the class while it scrutinized pocket the precious missive. ⁶ Of all others, it is the que that is out of which the pension system the girls 'll think they've got a closely before writing the de-Gilbert looked after ber, with . Do you mean to say, sir, that most tho:oughly satisfying and has grown, is indicated by bate love-letter and how mad they'll a whimsical expression of dispatr scriptions. Since the organizayou didn't writee this letter ? the least accompanied by regret rowed by sailors, all taking their be when they find it ain't nothing on his countenance. tion, about sixty per cent of and disappointment. In the she demanded. appropriate places in this ecup-"Now, why does she run away but one of Rintley's receipts or those who presented themselves words of George Herbert, the tural procession. The bailding for civil service examination Gilbert took the letter and scrufrom me like that ?" he said to crochet patterns." consciousness of duty performed tihized it closely. And away rushed Master Billy, is 400 feet long by 200 feet wide. himself. "Probably because she "gives us music at midnight." bave passed. "Yes, of course, I wrote the Its perimeter is therefore 1,200 knows it tantalizes me. But I'll little reckning of the mischief he letter." Wrongs entrenched in bad legbe even with her yet; if she was unwittingly working to the feet, and that is the length of the "Yes," he said, before marriage I thought I could live on love. islation can never be converted. wou't let me tell her how dearly cause of true love. "Then, dearest -" terra frieze. am now living on my father-in-Speaking of the good business liuto vested rights. "Stop, though," he interrupted, I love her, I'll write it to hep!" The evening of the fair came law."

walked home from church last

"Yes, but-"

"He stayed on my side of the room all the time we were decora-ing the fair rooms with evergreeus, did'nt he !"

"Yes; but that was because-" "And-but never mind, never

mind !" said Miss Orinthia, mysteriously. "Time will show !!

mere school girl! I know better!" "No tell me, Miss Orinthia," pleaded Mrs. Meeker. "Is he

really engaged to you !" manuer that was wonderfully elequent, but she would commit current to open some boxes of herself no further.

"Let's go up stairs and finishdressing those dolls for the lucky bag than anything else, and we THE CLATTON BUD has made its ap- must be sure and have it well

> of circumstances was transpiring above stairs. Mr. Gilbert Mott,

up to the room.

plainly what you are talking ure carried around its entire please !" pleaded Gilbert, himself written on, he crumpled into an. som.-Jamesport (Mo.) Gazette. tion of some person. Dr. Gregoperimeter at the level of the not unembarrassed. But Georgia old envelope directed "Miss Orabout !" ry, one of the civil servic com-Duty is the end and aim of the

when Mrs. Meeker and Miss Orinthia Brown entered.

"At work so soon !" cried the latter, archiv. "Isn't he industijous, Mrs. Meeker T'

> "Yes," said Gilbert, hypogritically, "I am at work already." So he was, but not exactly for

the fair. He watched nervously for an opportunity to possess himself Georgia Arlington, indeed-why, the precious sheet of paper withshe's nothing but a' child-a out observation, but Miss Orinthia, doubtless prompted thereto by some baleful evil spirit, boyered around the spruce boughs

like a middle aged tuttle dove, Miss Ornithia pursed up her and effectually warded off his lins, dropped her cyclids with a designs. And presently he was borne down stairs in the popular

by parcel de ivery.

bag," said Miss Brown. "We it when they are basy cackling s well filled six column sheet. We wish shall get more money out of the over the new things," he thought. But-fit illustration this of the futility of all human plans-when ken."

> he came rejoicings back some While the tea-drinking cere- twenty minutes or so later the montal had been going on in the sheet was gone. Gone, leaving lower part of the mansion of Mre. no trace of vestige behind-gone,

"I believe there has been some super-human agency at work," who had been inveighed into the thought our bewildered hero, as he tumbled over the chaotic con-

> But Mr. Mott was wrong. The agency had been exceedingly which had been temporarily de-

Arington I" thought our discou tented hero. "She looks like a dried-up bunch of rasins beside

a cluster of blooming Isabella grapes."

And watching his opportunity, he slipped through the crowd and edged up to the table where Georgia was selling pin-cushions

and tape at an exorbitant price. ly, "Georgia!" Bat she tarned her head haughtily away. "Please to excuse me, Mr. Mott,"

she said, cooly. While Gilbert was stailing at, her in amazement, a band was slipaed through his arm, and Miss Orinthia Brown drew him gently away.

"Where are you going !" he donations which had just arrived | demanded rather unwillingly.

"Jut out side the door, one "I can easily come back to get minute," whispered Miss Orintha, falteringly. "It is not in the official changes that are made of entertainment. There are fity the tumalt of a common crow that such words should be spo-

> "What words !" I haven' an idea of what you mean !" cried the young man.

hall, her head dropped on his

"Yes," she falters, "yes. How could you for a moment

orehend myself," said Gilbert: "but one thing I am very certain of -I love you, and you alone, Alarmists predicted that what is and I won't leave you until you styled small property ; houses tell me whether my love is returned."

And he did not; neither was it necessary for him to stay there very long.

"Georgio!" he whispered soft Billy, the irrepressible, knows far from this being the case, it is hands.

Washington Letter.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Washington, D. C., June 19. Interesting local events have transpired in Washington during the week, but there is little to note of general interest except daily in the Executive Departments. The latest include several chiefs of important divisions of the Treasury, and an Assistant Secretary of the Interior. aI some important foreign appointments made yesterday by the President, among wich appears the name of Judge Stallo of Ohio, to be minister to Italy.

The Pension office which was years of age bursts forth into a well ronage. sparce of the ladies' fair, nolens, doubt it !" grown flower and comes this week it ulitized in its unfinished state creased to a thrifty-looking interesting volens, had come early to help in tents on the table in vain. At the rooms of the Civil Ser-"Doubt what? Excuse me, for the Cleveland inaugural fesvice Commission here, thirteen six-column paper, full of good reading. the last preparations, and walk-Miss Brown, but I think your tivities, is now ready for occupa-Mr. John R. Wedding again becomes persons have been examined dueditor and proprietor .- State Chronicle, ing up to the work-room had wits are forsasing you," said tion. The work of removal to THE CLANTON BUD has blossomed surprised a lovely blue-eyed las- human-no other, in fact, than ring the week for positions as Gilbert Mott, striving to free it has been in progress for sevesie in the occupation of filling mischieveous little Billie Arlin postoffice inspectors. A comcold as is the weather. From a sixteen column, worked on a job press, it has himself from the damsel's grasp. ral days, and will probably take spread out into a twenty-four column sundry cones of bright-hued pa- tor, who came in search of stray mittee from the Postoffice De-Gilbert, would you then be two weeks more. The new buildper with sugar plums and French prises for the famous lucky-bag paper, looking as gay as a merden of partment conducted the examinfalse to me ?' sobbed Orinthia ing is in Judiciary square, near sixteen. Success to yon, friend Wedation which was intended to have bon bons. di g-Durham Reporter. with the dawning symptons of the City Hall, and is excellently Georgia Arlington shook back fivered into his hands. Cornudirect application to the fitness We received this week THE CLAYTON constructed with regard to light her sunny curls and blushed like copias, pin-cushions, Rimmel's hysteria. of the candidates for the places "I! False to you !" echoed our and ventilation. It is made of John, we don't know who you E, but a June rosc-bud, as she started scent bags, needle books, "he to which they aspire. One rehero. "Miss Brown, will you be pressed brick and has a frieze of pounced them ou alike, and perquirement was that they should cream colored terra cotta sculpt-"Don't go, Miss Arlington, ceiving a sheet of pink paper so kind as to tell me at once, and write down a personal descrip-

But to this day nobody save sion in prices would follow. exactly how Georgia's letter found that houses of every charcame into Miss Orinthia Brown's acter find ready and profitable sale.

ministration, and ruinous depres-

One of the newest projects contemplated is a grand hotel in the most fashionable quarter of the city, the West End. There is an association of capitalists who are going to invest several millions in the enterprise. They propose that it shall cover an entire block, leaving an interior court large enough for any kinds or sixty wealthy families that come here every winter, and take furnished houses because they consider the hotel accommodations inadequate for people used this connection may be mentioned to luxurious modes of life and lavish entertaining. It is for them that the hotel is projected, and it is to be constructed and managed in accordance with ideas that will secure their pat-

Oprinthia drew Lim into the shoulder.