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THE CLAYTON BUD.

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JUDGE NOT.

Do not judge thy neighbor harshly. For the time will surely come, When thine own feet will be tempted.

UNDYING LOVE.

If I were an angel, pure and white, Sent to minister unto those I love, I would watch by thy pillow all the night.

What Other Papers Say About The Bud.

The Clayton Bud is enlarged and improved - Raleigh News. Our new little exchange The Clayton Bud, to a six-column paper.

In the Wrong Hands.

Miss Orinthia Brown set down her tea cup with an emphasis that made all the china rattle. And little Mrs. Meeker jumped nervously at the sound.

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

"Yes, but—" "He stayed on my side of the room all the time we were decorating the fair rooms with evergreens, didn't he?"

"Let's go up stairs and finish-dressing those dolls for the lucky bag," said Miss Brown. "We shall get more money out of the bag than anything else, and we must be sure and have it well furnished."

Georgia Arlington shook back her sunny curls and blushed like a June rose-bud, as she started up to the room.

"Yes," he said, before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."

And heedless of the neglected piles of cedar sprigs and princess pine yet waiting to be wrought into garlands, he sat down to the table, and seizing pen and ink began a passionate billet-doux after the following fashion:

MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING: Why are you so cold and cruel to me? Why will you not let me tell you in words what you must have read in my eyes—the story of my heart's devotion?

He had just scribbled off this unstudied effusion when the sound of footsteps on the stairs chased away the soft shadows of his love dream, and he had just time to slip the paper under a leaf of Norway spruce twigs.

"At work so soon?" cried the latter, archly. "Isn't he industrious, Mrs. Meeker?"

"I believe there has been some super-human agency at work," thought our bewildered hero, as he tumbled over the chaotic contents on the table in vain.

But Mr. Mott was wrong. The agency had been exceedingly human—no other, in fact, than mischievous little Billie Arlin-ton, who came in search of stray prizes for the famous lucky-bag which had been temporarily delivered into his hands.

The evening of the fair came and the pretty rooms made still prettier by paper roses and ever-green garlands, were crowded with the brave, the fair, and some that were neither one nor the other.

frantically. "It wasn't to you." "Not to me!" "No. Do you suppose I want to marry you?"

"But she isn't my beloved Miss Orinthia," cried Gilbert. "I suppose you will be denying your own handwriting next," said Georgia, indignantly.

While Gilbert was stalling at her in amazement, a hand was slipped through his arm, and Miss Orinthia Brown drew him gently away.

"Where are you going?" he demanded rather unwillingly. "Just out side the door, one minute," whispered Miss Orinthia, falteringly.

"What words?" I haven't an idea of what you mean!" cried the young man.

"Then, dearest—" "Stop, though," he interrupted, Speaking of the good business

record of the new Administration, reminds me of a recent incident in the Government Printing Office. The newly appointed United States Treasurer had ordered a piece of work done within four hours.

"But this day nobody save Billy, the irrepressible, knows exactly how Georgia's letter came into Miss Orinthia Brown's 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 the official changes that are made daily in the Executive Departments.

The Pension office which was utilized in its unfinished state for the Cleveland inaugural festivities, is now ready for occupation.

At the rooms of the Civil Service Commission here, thirteen persons have been examined during the week for positions as postoffice inspectors.

During the late Presidential campaign one of the most frequent arguments used in Washington against the election of a Democratic Executive was that it would have a disastrous effect on business here, and cause a rapid depreciation in real estate.

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.

Wrongs entrenched in bad legislation can never be converted into vested rights.