The Weekly Clayton Bud.

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BY JOHN R. WEDDING.

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[For The Bud.

ALL THINGS.

BY CARINE.

There are sweet promises given,
Cheering the pilgrim's dark way,
But there is *one*, to me brightest,
Shedding a beautiful ray.

'Tis that a Hand, never erring,
Leads me thro' tempest and flood,
While I rely on that guidance,
Trusting the promise of God.

All things shall work for the welfare,
Of God's beloved children here,
Even tho' life seems a failure,
Wrecked on a shore bleak and drear.

When thy sin brings retribution,
'Tis not so bitter if then,
Thou canst believe it will save thee,
From the same folly again.

When hopes that seemed life's elixir,
Go down in fathomless night,
And flowers that bordered thy pathway
Droop 'neath a withering blight;

Then the dear promise consoles thee,
Bringing thy troubled heart rest;
Trust that the Father in wisdom,
Rules over *all* for the best.

CLAYTON, N. C., June 27th, 1885.

THE ECSTACY OF KISSES.

The following exquisite poem was written in 1869 when the author was a young girl under twenty. Whittier, the poet, wrote to its young author that she had mastered the secret of english verse.

You kissed me! my head
Dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest;
While the holy emotions
My tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek
Your arms held me fast—
Oh, your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart
In your passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart
And my breath and my will.
In delirous joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angle, possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepentingly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast!

You kissed me! my soul
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunkard
Foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath,
If my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their possionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in and the latter go out swearing.

THE CLAYTON BUD.

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IN A PICTURE.

It was a disastrous day for the Vanes when old Peggy died. To be sure, she was only a servant, but such an honest, faithful, long-tried old creature could not slip out of her place without being missed and mourned for. She had waited on Roscoe Vane's beautiful grand-daughters since they were babies, and humored her master's whims to the day of his death. "What will they do without Peggy? If it were some people it would not make so much difference, but the Vanes——" and the neighbors left the sentence expressively unfinished.

And how was that? Well, the Vanes were a little singular. Roscoe Vane, the second, did nothing but study art and paint pictures, or rather a picture. He He had had the same one on his easel for five years. Once in a while he would retouch it and alter it; the rest of the time he admired it. The girls were fond of music, but they knew nothing of art. They had been taught that this was a great picture, but Ray said she wasn't sure. Ray was a beauty; Ruth was simply pretty. Ray would do nothing but sing and dress and dance about the garden. Ruth practiced music diligently, but stitched at her sister's pretty costumes and visited the poor. Yet neither of the pretty girls ever soiled their dainty hands. Their Uncle Roscoe forbid it. He was reserved, refined to fragility, like his father before him. At fifty his hair was already white. When Peggy died she had, apparently, many last things to tell him, for he was alone with her more than three hours. After that he shut himself up with his picture more than ever.

"I don't know," said Ray, pouting her red lips, "what Uncle Roc expected to become of you and me, Ruthie!"

"Why, Ray?"

"Well, I am eighteen to-morrow, and you have been twenty this long time."

"Yes," smiled Ruthie, stitching away on Ray's ruffles.

"Grandpa intended us to go into society; but Uncle Roc——"

"Has no intentions regarding anything. I know it, Ray. But I—I am quite contented with my lot."

"That is because Lisle Staniels comes to walk with you in the garden, or lay over the piano while you play."

"Well, you have Lord Layton for a love."

Yes, a veritable lord visited at the old mansion; poor, but not threadbare; no longer young, but courtly and agreeable. He had invested his small income in America, and he liked Roscoe Vane.

"He's fifty, if he's a day. But he has his title, and he's not a bit disagreeable. I might do worse," and Ray tapped her little foot thoughtfully. "There's no danger of any one marrying us for our money, Ruthie," she continued, after awhile. "You know papa left us nothing. Do you suppose there's any money—anywhere?"

"There must be a little—for our bread and butter, Ray," said Ruthie, thoughtfully. "But I think sometimes. Ray, that we are very poor. When they called this place the Orchards——"

"So ridiculous!" interrupted Ray, "with its ten-foot garden."

"But when grandpa was young it was surrounded by apple orchards, and pear orchards, and peach orchards. It was part of a great estate. There was a summer mansion down by the river, and cottages for the workman; but grandpa was not good at taking care of property, and little by little it went. Land and houses were sold, a road was cut through, and house lots sold and built upon. All is changed. We might have been great heiresses, Ray," concluded Ruthie, sadly, "but, as I said before, I think we are very poor."

Ray silently reviewed the situation.

"I shall make the best of it," she said, at last, rising and speaking to her reflection in the mirror. "Ruthie, who told you all this?"

"Lisle Staniels."

In faithful, wise, untiring old Peggy's place came an inefficient mulatto girl, who went to sleep over the fire, and let the muffins burn. Uncle Roc was surprised that his mutton was underdone and his coffee muddy. It never, never occurred to Ray that she could help it if they starved to death—but when Lord Layton was coming to dine, Ruthie, in very slave, in defiance of her uncle's well-known commands, went into the kitchen with a cook book and prepared a decent dinner. But day by day the old house seemed to grow forlorn and shabby. There was no one now to fight dust and decay. The small paned windows were obscured by dust, the brasses tarnished, mold crept into the presses, and the mice into the larder.

Uncle Roc came out of his study only to look dejectedly around, shake his head, and retreat again to his den. Ray made the same pretty toilet, and sung as gaily as ever for Lord Layton, but had spells of meditating. It was a dull and lonely summer.

Lisle Staniel, with his blue eyes, golden hair, and debonair grace, came sometimes and chatted with Ruthie—strolling in the little garden with its sweet williams and prince's feathers, or practicing a song with her. Surely he liked little Ruthie, but was that all? He was poor; he could hardly think of marrying; certainly he had never said one word to her of it. Though it was Ruthie's nature to be serene, sometimes her eyes were red with crying.

And now Uncle Roc stayed in the bedroom that led from his studio. He had eaten little for a week, and, when Ruthie, who had learned—after many times burning the bread and her face together—to make toast, carried him up a repast, which, though scant was delicate, he moved the tray aside and pointed to the open door.

"Look at the easel, Ruth. Do you see that I have had my picture framed? Is it not beautiful?"

And when Ruthie acquiesed, he took her hands.

Dear child, we have fallen upon evil times. Not that it matters much for me; but for you—well, you will not be left penniless. There is a fortune for you in my picture——"

A stream of bright arterial blood flowed suddenly from his mouth. Ruthie's screams brought Ray and Chloe as he sunk back among the pillows. They summoned the doctor, sent for Lord Layton; but Rosco Vane only lived an hour.

At a suitable time there was a search among his will, but none was to be found, and no one knew of any property save the old mansion of the Orchards.

"There is the picture," Ruthie said, timidly, to Lord Layton. It is worth a great deal of money, is it not? Uncle said——" and she repeated Roscoe Vane's last words.

"Of course Uncle Roc intended that it should be disposed of for our benefit!" put in Ray.

"My dear girls," said the gentleman, kindly, "I grieve to disabuse your minds of a pleasant idea, but the truth is, the picture is comparatively worthless, but he was mistaken in his estimate of his own ability. His delusion that this picture was a great one, no one who loved him could bear to deprive him of, so great was his gratification in it; but beyond a few pretty effects the canvas has no merit among connoisseurs, and would not bring ten dollars."

Ruth looked astounded—Ray angry.

"I knew it," said the latter. "I guessed it long ago, and you and I are beggars, Ruthie! A pretty set of men the Vanes have been, to leave two girls nothing out of such a property!"

She went down into the garden, and Lord Layton followed her.

It seemed to Ruthie that she would never get over the shock of the news concerning the picture. Was she then so poor, even poorer than she had feared, and must she labor for her bread? She could sew exquisitely—but sewing-girls starved. Well, she could give music lessons. And when she had decided this, in the dim watches of the night, Ruthie fell asleep.

The next day, Ray announced that she was going to marry Lord Layton.

"He asked me long ago, and I told him 'Yes' last night, in the garden. We are going to New York. You can come with us," she added; "or you can live here. For myself, I repudiate the old home and everything there is in it. If Uncle Roc's picture were sold, I suppose it would buy us a pair of shoes apiece!"

"Dear Ray, I should like to keep it."

"You may have it, then. I never want to hear of it again. Sell it or keep it, as you choose, and everything else in this dismal old barrack. I am provided for; it is only fair that you should have what there is here."

So Ray was married and went away, and Ruthie remained in the old mansion of the Orchards, and gave music lessons for her bread. She made a nice little teacher, and every day golden-haired girls came through the little garden into the low, broad parlor, and chatted gayly while they drummed their exercises. Ruthie had learned herself, and then taught Chloe, to rub the window-panes, clean the brasses, and dust the old mahogany furniture, and, in the chilly fall evenings, Lisle Staniels would come and bear her company by the bright hearthstone of the lonely home.

"Dear Ruthie," he said, "we might be married if I were not quite so poor."

"I have a shelter for us both," said Ruthie.

"And I only bread and cheese and kisses for my share," returned Lisle. "My practice grows so slowly."

But they thought of the bread and cheese and kisses until they determined to try them. Ruthie was able to help her husband's modest income along by continuing her music lessons for nearly a year; then there was a little one in her arms, and added expense.

"Poverty is no disgrace, but I, for one, shall never write poetry to it," said Lisle, ruefully, one day, when the grocer's and butcher's bills both came due, and he had barely money enough to buy himself a decent new suit in which to visit his sick.

"Lisle," said Ruthie, walking the floor with Baby Lisle, who was teething and worrying, "there is the picture. I would like to keep it; but I know you are harrassed for money, and yesterday I asked Chrome & Crayon what they would give me for it. They said seven dollars. Let it go. I had rather see you relieved than to keep it."

Chloe brought it and set it against the wall, upon a table. The rich colors and gilded frame attracted Baby Lisle's blue eyes, stopped his crying, and as Ruthie stood before it, he made a sudden plunge upon it with chubby extended hands. Instantly there was a collapse, a crash. The canvas had fallen out of its frame, and the floor was covered with strange gray things.

"Money!" exclaimed Lisle.

"Bank bills!" grasped Ruth.

There were hundreds. The back of the picture had been lined with them, and a careful search produced a note:

"MY DEAR NIECES—When your grandfather died he left this money, not with me, whom he had little reason to confide in as a man of business, but with old Peggy. It was never to be invested—he had lost much by unfortunate investments of his own—but was to be divided between you when the elder reached her twenty-first year. It has been a great care and trouble to me since Peggy died, and I placed it here, for the present, for safe keeping. ROSCOE VANE."

The date was but a few days previous to his death. None who knew Roscoe Vane could doubt that the possession of so large a sum of money was a source of great discomfit to him. His life annuity—which had supported the household—had perished with him. He had had little use for money himself, and no wish for it.

Ruthie instantly wrote to Ray, proffering her half the sum now in her hands, but Ray replied that, as she had repudiated the picture, felt that she had no claim to that. In fact, she did not need it—they were prospering, and Ruthie might keep it.

And Ruth kept also the old picture, which, with its story, is an heirloom.

The curtain had just dropped on the first act and he already had his hat in his hand when she, putting her hand in her pocket said: "Here, dear, I thought you would want one; you needn't go out," and she handed him a clove.

Neatness.

From the Philadelphia Call.

A girl's every-day toilet is a part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your home may be, there are eight things it should contain—a mirror, washstand, water, soap, towel, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress need not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

A girl with sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkard in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor should come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand decent apparelling for your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody but yourself will see you.

A Beautiful Meteor.

The Fayetteville *Sun* says: The darkness of the night is suddenly dispersed, the heavens are all aglow, a bright fiery path marks its course, running through a scarcely less bright field. A meteor, the most beautiful we have ever seen, has just sailed slowly and majestically athwart the heavenly dome. The writer with a friend is out riding, when the magnificent sight bursts upon his gaze. It seems that we ride two hundred yards ere the radiant star sinks below the south-eastern horizon. In its voyage across the sky, it paints everything near its track with a most exquisitely tinted, soft light; not a fiery red, or yet a pink, but a shade reminding us more of moonlight than anything else. The mind involuntarily seeks to know what is the cause? Where it falls? We look from nature to Nature's God. A quiet feeling of reference and awe steal over us, as we wander in the dreamland of fancy, a thousand fantastic ideas float before us, we are for the time being transferred to another world, peopled by bright fairies wearing those beautiful stars or jewels, and it seems as if the meteor was a diamond dropped from some fairy's breast.

A fifty dollar engagement ring may not typify the depth of the love that presents it, but it may tell a tale of terrible strain upon the pocket that pays for it.

A North Side man makes his daughter eat an onion just before starting for the skating rink. If all would act on this hint the new craze would be short-lived.

"Round waists are still fashionable," and the young men will see that the fashion is not changed for want of pressing.