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[For The Bud.]

AT HOME.

BY CARINE.

Don't keep your pleasant manners, And gentle phrases too.

For strangers; be your best at home, Where true hearts beat for you.

Be kind to those who love you, Agreeable always;

Keep not the bright and cheerful smile Reserved for better days.

'Tis well to be attentive, And pleasant to the guest;

But speak your sweetest, kindest words, To those who love you best.

Clayton, N. C., July 6th, 1885.

[For The Bud.]

THE PARTING.

BY VIOLET.

God be with you, dearest Annie, In my grieving, I must say,

Through my wishing and my hoping— God be with you night and day!

In a sunlight sifted richly From a thousand skies of May,

Some where on a shore of silver, We will meet again some day.

In the meanings of the sunrise, In the soul of summer rain,

In the heart of purple hazes, We'll not say good-bye again.

But the tears break up my dreaming, And the words I faint would say,

Falters into this—this only: God be with you till that day!

MAPLE GLEN, N. C., June 24, 1885.

What Other Papers Say About The Bud.

THE CLAYTON BUD is enlarged and improved.—Raleigh News.

Our newsy little exchange THE CLAYTON BUD, has been enlarged to a six-column paper.—Rocky Mount Reporter.

THE CLAYTON BUD comes to us enlarged and much improved. Success to you!

THE CLAYTON BUD appeared last week enlarged, after a suspension of several weeks.

THE CLAYTON BUD comes to us enlarged and improved. We are pleased to see such evidence of its success.

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THE CLAYTON BUD.

[Established February 27th, 1852.]

"In God, We Trust."

[Entered in Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.]

VOL. 3.

CLAYTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1885.

NO. 15.

Advertising Rates:

Table with 5 columns: SPACE, TIME, 1 MO., 3 MO., 6 MO., 12 MO. and 5 rows of rates.

Letter from Indiana.

HADLEY, IND., June 30, '85.

Mr. Editor: Non-residents wishing to see Indiana in its prime should see it now.

The season has been very good for all kinds of farm products, and especially the pastures.

Corn is doing well, but July is our corn month. Under favorable circumstances it will grow two or three inches a day and night.

It is now forty-two years since I first came to Indiana, and during that time it is wonderful to call up the contrast of the surroundings of then and now.

Now all is changed, the dead trees, stumps, brush, rough ground, bad roads and hard work are gone.

The office should seek the man, but in most cases the man puts on his hat and meets it half-way.

Forty years ago it was part of a boy's glory to go to the Ohio river to market, and see the big steam boats, or to take a trip to New Orleans on a flat boat.

Instead of raising hogs to be drove or hauled to the river, there is more money's worth to-day in this state in eggs, chickens, butter and cheese, than any other product.

We have annually old settler's meetings in many parts of this State, when many thousands come together, rigged out in all the latest style.

It is now forty-two years since I first came to Indiana, and during that time it is wonderful to call up the contrast of the surroundings of then and now.

In 1850 the inhabitants of Indiana only lacked 800 of being one-third North Carolinians or their children, and to-day Indiana owes a large proportion of her prosperity, to the industry, economy and good behavior of the Carolina element of her citizens.

Little Billa had several mosquito bites on her face, which annoyed her considerably and made her the recipient of much sympathy.

You will find that those persons who are continually talking about owing a "debt of gratitude" generally compromise said obligation at ten cents on the dollar.

Washington Letter.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 4.

July first, the beginning of the fiscal year has come and gone. The discharges from the Government offices were not nearly so numerous as had been expected.

The office seekers who are here by the thousands are of course in a very desperate and mutinous frame of mind. Hope deferred has made their hearts sick and deranged their livers.

Col. Mc. Michael the District Marshall, who was appointed by President Arthur, evidently thinks that it is poor offensive partnership rule that will not work both ways.

Although accurate and official statistics of the operation of the Government of the fiscal year which closed will not be obtained for some time, the following figures are approximately correct.

making the reduction of the public debt for the fiscal year about \$68,000,000, against \$101,000,000 for the previous fiscal year.

In view of the great amount of work attending the preparation of the appropriation bills in the House committee on appropriations, and the consequence delay in passing the bills, an effort will be made when Congress meets to divide some of the work up among other committees.

It is not anticipated that there will be any opposition to Speaker Carlisle's reelection, and Mr. Randall will in all probability remain at the head of the appropriations committee.

[Written for THE BUD.] HOME.

We naturally cling to the spot where we have enjoyed the greatest happiness. Every object around us becomes identified with our being, in a measure entering into the very core of our life.

Who has not read with a thrill of sympathy "The old creaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, the moss covered bucket, that hung in the well."

Because it presents a scene of home-life that appeals to the experience of every heart, the place where people find the sweetest and purest pleasures is called by the dear name of home, and though it may be abandoned for new and more picturesque surroundings, the word never loses its power to touch the heart wherever and whenever heard.

The old homestead may have been abandoned when the hot blood of youth was in our veins; we may have become quite familiar with many strange things, strange faces, strange customs, manners and habits, but the word home has a magical power which takes us back to the bright days of our childhood, and causes us to live over again the sweet hours of our youth.

We recall the forms and faces of those "who laughed with us in glee"; who played with us around the school house, and wonder what has been their fate since last we met.

been song by the Hungarian in his far off land, by the Switzer in his mountain fastness, and by the wretched exile in Siberia as he pines in prison or delves in the mines, the victims of our rage and oppression. But sweet as our earthly home, it lacks that permanence which can only satisfy the longings of the soul.

Those left behind made ceaseless efforts to maintain the old homestead as it was, but all in vain, one broke from the happy, forming new acquaintances and making another new and beautiful home, another followed, till the remaining ones finding it home no longer, one day packed all their household goods and turned their backs on the old homestead, and now its walls echo to the voices of strangers who know not that they tread on holy ground.

But there is a better home in a better land, far away from human vision, where earth's parted ones may meet again and form a reunion never more to be broken in the bright beyond. In Heaven there is a home, a home not made with hands, a home where loved ones will meet again and form an unbroken chain, and that home shall never know decay. Happy, blessed home! Thank God for a permanent home at his right hand!

He Wasn't Ashamed.

A clerk in his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace when a waiter flew up singing: "I have beefsteak, codfish balls and bull-heads."

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man. For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, the journalist pushed back his fishball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard that short, simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been president of the United States.—Syracuse Standard.