

CLAYTON BUD.

The Weekly Clayton Bud.

"In God, We Trust."

(Entered in Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.)

CLAYTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1885. NO. 16.

Advertising Rates:

SPACE.	1 WEEK.	1 MO.	3 MO.	6 MO.	12 MO.
1 inch...	1 25	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
2 inches...	2 00	3 50	4 50	6 50	10 50
3 "	2 50	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00
4 "	3 00	4 50	5 50	7 50	11 50
5 column	3 50	5 00	6 00	8 00	12 00
"	4 00	5 50	6 50	8 50	12 50

WAYS.

...the saddest days are often those
I thought would be the best;
And hours that promised sweetest joy,
Leave me with aching breast.

How often my expectant heart,
Hath dwelt on one delight;
But ah, a summer day has fled,
In skies of blackest night.

A summer dream can hold our life
In charms for one short while;
But soon 'tis past, and wintry blank
Will follow summer's smile.

But then a lesson I have learned,
Through many a bitter pain;
To look for perfect pleasure here,
Is utterly in vain.

Clayton, N. C., July 11th, 1885.

THE NEXT STATE FAIR.

Some Interesting Notes about the Premium List, &c.

We are in receipt of a copy of the premium list and regulations of the twenty-fifth annual fair of the North Carolina State Agricultural Society, to be held at Raleigh October 12-17 inclusive. The whole number of premiums offered is 724, aggregating over \$6,000, divided into fifty-four classes. Some of the more important premiums are as follows:

COTTON.
Aggregate cash premiums \$180, to which are added special premiums amounting to \$197, making cotton premiums \$376.

TOBACCO.
Cash premiums \$225, special for tobacco \$90; also two gold medals and four diplomas.

WHEAT.
Cash premiums \$95; special \$7.00. For corn, oats, rye, rice, field peas, ground peas, hay, garden crops, &c., &c., the premiums range from \$25 to \$100 each.

CATTLE.
In this department the premiums are \$104, divided among the breeds of Jersey, Guernsey, Devon, Ayrshire, Short Horns, Holsteins and Grades or Natives.

HORSES.
The premiums in this department are also very handsome, aggregating \$565. This does not include the amount offered for trials of speed.

SHEEP, SWINE, &c.
In this department the premiums are also liberal, and will no doubt insure a good exhibit in these departments.

POULTRY.
In this department the premiums are quite liberal, aggregating over \$150.

In the departments of Orchard Products, Pantry Supplies, &c., &c., the premiums are good. We note that \$4 in cash is offered for the best ten pounds of butter, to which have been added some special premiums for second and third best.

In the department of manufactures, we note liberal cash premiums. Good cash premiums are offered for carriages, baggies, cabinet work, leather, textiles, carpentry, &c., also gold medals for best display of carriages and for best display of farm wagons. In the department of ladies' work the cash premiums are quite good, as also those for the department of fine arts.

Under the heading of "Special Premiums" the following are noted specially: For the best of painting, subject to be not less than 24x36 inches, open to all artists, \$50; in addition to be presented with a handsome picture frame, made to correspond with painting, value \$15. For best crayon drawing, any subject, by a girl under 14 years of age, \$10. For the best crayon drawing, any subject, \$10. For the best map drawing by any teacher or pupil in any school in North Carolina, the map drawn to be of the county of which the teacher or pupil is a resident, and on a scale of one inch to the mile, a copy of Webster's unbridged dictionary, value \$13, donated by G. & C. Merriam, publishers, Lowell, Mass. These premiums are in addition to our female department, and competition may be entered for them.

fine racing, without the attending objections that have at some former fairs prevailed.
Take it all in all, it is an admirably arranged premium list, and one that we believe will meet with almost universal commendation.
Persons wishing a copy of the premium list can obtain it by writing to the Secretary of the Society at Raleigh.

Triple Murder!

An Account from One Who Sees the Dead Bodies.

QUITE A BLOODY LETTER.

Mr. Editor: I am just from the scene of one of the most atrocious murders known in our annals. Some twenty months ago, the fair name of Chatham county was shamed by the murder of Mrs. Gunter, her daughter and grand daughter (though the latter survived.) Just before day on Sunday last, 5th of July, in the same vicinity, old Mr. Ned Finch, (81) his maiden sister, (79) and a negro boy, (18) sleeping in the house of Mr. Finch were butchered—"murdered" is too mild a word. The negro evidently was killed first, being knocked in the head with a club—then his head almost completely severed from his body at one stroke—literally cut off. Mr. Finch and sister were horribly mutilated with axe and dagger—the former having not less than seven ghastly cuts about the head and neck. When the alarm was made, not far from sun-up, the bodies still warm and bleeding. The floor floating in human gore, the walls spattered high and low with the same, presented more the appearance of a slaughter pen, than of dwelling. Circumstances pointed to Jerry Finch, a negro living just across a ravine—a man whom Mr. F. had raised, and one Lee Tyson, who lodged at said Jerry's that night. They were at once arrested, examined, and sent to jail at Pittsboro. The investigation has been going on continuously ever since, (it is now Friday night) but while public opinion is settled and fixed on the guilt of the arrested parties, up to last night no satisfactory, legal proof of their guilt had been secured. The citizens were present by hundreds, ready to aid in any way possible the fretting out of all the guilty ones, for the impression prevailed that others were in it. One young man testified that he, riding, overtook three negro men, walking near Lockville, about eight or nine o'clock Sunday morning—getting within a few yards of them—they, as soon as he was seen, ran into the woods, and he could see them no more. The names of the parties he knew not. Yesterday evening a note was found in Haywood, near Lockville, and 9 miles from the scene of murder—from one Harris to one Bryant, care of one Neal (all colored) to this effect: "Meet at church to-night at 12 o'clock. Come well armed. If we can get the money, we'll weed out the whites." The citizens of Haywood and Lockville were much alarmed, and

vicinity implicated by this note—the time of meeting at the church—the time of the murder—the distance and time being compared, begin to look like a good trail. I know not how the court will find it; but if that note is in the hand writing of Harris, the people will flud when the court may fall short, else I failed to get the temper of the citizens, and I do not think I did. The feeling of the people is intense—and intense is a weak word in this case. One thing is clear: the plotter of these massacres is shrewd—and knows well how to cover up tracks; but the coroner, Dr. Willie Burns, the magistrate and deputies, are doing and will do all possible things to track the demons home. 'Tis thought the murderers got about 400 dollars. \$365 were left in another drawer.
Well, this is a bloody letter, and I have neither time nor inclination to speak of the barvested crops (which are poor) nor of the growing crops of corn, cotton and tobacco, (which are medium as to promise) I've had a long hot ride to-day, over rough roads, and I'm sleepy. Yours, &c.
J. M. W.

Pay as You Go.

Here is something that even the boys can understand. To learn early the simple wisdom of paying "cash down," is one of the surest ways to avoid embarrassment and failure.
My cash discounts keep my household, was the sentimentary reply made by a retail merchant, when asked how his cash paying and selling had succeeded. By this he meant that he had saved enough to maintain his family in the discounts taken off his invoices because he pays his bills at sight instead of giving notes for them. The experience of this store-keeping may help the weak faith of some other, if they have the pluck to do as he has done.

Beginning business about 1860, on a few hundred dollars, he lived and kept house on \$300 per annum; sold to no one except for cash; bought nothing he could not pay the money for at the time. The result is that to-day this gentleman is well to-do and has an excellent trade.
Another dealer in the same county, twenty years ago, began a small shop, with \$200 worth of goods paid for. He too, sold for cash, worked hard and lived cheap in early years, making his purchases all the time with ready money. In thirteen years that man retired worth \$50,000.
What these men have done can be done by the men of to-day equally as well; but there may be a hard road to travel, and they must pull off coats and roll up sleeves.—Lr.

A young man at Cambridge, Mass., has been fined for assaulting a young lady with a sunbeam, reflected from a looking glass carried in his hand.
Some one has been lecturing on "The Danger of Eating Candy." Cut this out and show it to your sweetheart.

Some one wants to know if a bee is angry when it stings. We are not sure about the bee, but the victim is.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.—Justus Moser.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, D. C., July 11.

The convention of the delegates of agricultural colleges, called by Agricultural Commissioner, Colman, met Wednesday in the room of the seed division of the Agricultural department. The room was well filled, and quite a number of ladies were present. Commissioner Colman stated, in explaining the call of the convention, that he thought he saw the necessity of the friends of agricultural colleges meeting together to take a re-ckoning. The prominent idea in the endowments granted by Congress for the support of the agricultural colleges was that of instructing young men in farming operations and in the fundamental principles of plant culture, so that they would learn how to realize profits in raising crops without diminishing the fertility of the soil. The result, he said, have not been commensurate with public expectations. Complaints have been made that comparatively few of the graduates from these colleges become farmers; that they adopt other professions, and that in some cases they have avoided rather than embraced the cultivation of farms as a vocation. To a certain extent these views were true. Especially in cases where the maintenance of the farm is noted as a tax upon the funds of the college, it is not surprising that graduates should

EDUCATION.

Mr. Editor: We have read many publications headed with the word education, and seemingly, they do not attract very much attention, for had they, there would be some hopes of seeing so many children who are ignorant, attain to a high knowledge of education. Many people to whom the subject is mentioned, of course, advocates the cause of education. Saying every one ought to have a practical education, yet they stand aloof from its enjoyments, pleading excuses that they are not able, or don't have time enough to spare, and thus pass through the world in a most brutal manner as far as our subject is concerned. Persons who have grown to years of maturity destitute of intellectual training say that it is a mystery how they reached that period. They advise those who have not thus far spent their life to guard against illiterature before it shall have been too late. It is, suffice it to say, without hindering to numerate, that many men and women would be of great value to our country publicly, if their intellects were trained to a knowledge of education. Therefore they are not known in public life. They have not that trained ability which constitutes the mind and energy of heroes. We therefore see a great need of education. Our ancient law-givers saw this need when their laws made it compulsory on the part of the parent to educate his offspring. Education is a leading out from ignorance to knowledge politeness and intelligence. It opens the eyes of the ignorant blind. It makes the lame walk, and a poor man rich. It brings the mind out of the low grounds of sorrow and is an auxiliary in preparing the immortal soul for eternal bliss. It awakes the mind from ignorant slumber, and puts it at equal rates with the complicated. It is the great cog-wheel of the world which moves the machinery of agriculture and the industry of various inventions. May all try their hands at it. Respectfully,
V. P. K. J.
Clayton, June 27th, 1885.

The department over which he presides, he said, after having collected seeds of as many distinct varieties as could be found, could assign them to colleges in all the cotton growing states with instructions such as to plant them side by side, and to give them precisely similar treatment throughout their growth, and as

often as semi-weekly note every detail of the progress of the young plants. This would require to be continued for a series of years, but, when completed, could not fail of being much benefit to all persons engaged in the culture of this crop. Plant hybridizing, and diseases of plants he mentioned as other subjects deserving their co-operative attention. Millions upon millions of dollars, he said, are lost annually by farmers by the ravages of blights, moulds, rusts, smuts and other vegetable diseases, and agricultural colleges can do a noble work in determining their causes, and prescribing their remedies. There was nothing, he said, in his judgement, which would attract the attention of the great agricultural public to our agricultural colleges so much as experimental work such as he had outlined.

"So far as this department is concerned," said the commissioner in conclusion, "it will co-operate most heartily, most thoroughly, with the agricultural colleges of the respective States of this nation."

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You Put no Flowers on My Papa's Grave.

BY G. F. T. HOLMES.

With salt-crusted banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave feet-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.
Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief;
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:
"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—
Why! Why! did you pass my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the right!'
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."
"Battalion! file left! counter-march!" cried the chief,
"This young orphan'd maid hath fall cause for her grief!"
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.
"This way it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."
"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."
"Oh! thank you kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you hear, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give."
"I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'will come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms around their dear one to-day—
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
And brushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call you to come,
We'll welcome you hear to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

An aesthetic Boston girl has put spectacles on her pig dog. He also eats beans and codfish balls on Sundays and doesn't bark vulgarly like common dogs, but has a cultured little sniff which is very becoming and not calculated to disturb his glasses.