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THE CLAYTON BUD.

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"In God, We Trust."

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TO YOU.

BY CARINE.

I think of thee, and life seems full of beauty, Hope hovers o'er me with a shining crown; The future glows with radiant colors gleaming Above the cloud which hid my sky around. I think of low sweet words your lips have spoken, For me alone, and music steals in waves Of melody upon the winds light pinions, Beside the "Isles of Bliss" my spirit loves. I think of glances fervent, fond, and tender, From eyes that speak unto my happy heart, A language far too dear for words to fathom— From every written tongue, a thing apart. I think of thy strong arm to hold and shield me From earthly ills, and life hath not a fear; Thy sheltering breast my heart's dear home forever— What harm can come if thou, my love, art near? I think of thy great love, deep as the ocean, On this calm sea I steer my hopeful barque; I see beyond the tide a shore of beauty, Tho' oft beset with tempests wild and dark. Clayton, N. C., July 20th, 1885.

The Time to Advertise.

While it is to be hoped that the unfavorable prophecies which are being made in regard to the volume of business this Fall may happily fail of entire fulfillment, it is certain that the judicious advertiser will get the lion's share of what business there is. In fact, looking at advertising as a spur and stimulus to trade, the time of all others to apply it is when its effects are most needed, rather than when orders are already so plentiful that they outrun the facilities for meeting them. We shall be glad if the present tendency to dullness in trade is overcome as the season advances by an awakening in the various lines of business; but whether this shall prove to be the case or not, our friends who have proved the value of our columns as a medium for reaching buyers do not need to be reminded that they will best secure their due proportion of trade by early and full announcement of the inducements they have to offer to the general public. Now is the time to advertise, and your town paper—THE BUD—who is needing the support of every business man and that of every merchant—is the medium. Help us now and we will certainly be of great benefit to the advertiser.

Oh, blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits. Happy you who have escaped temptation! There's some particular prize we all of us prize, and that every man of spirit will venture his life for.

No male or female remembers his or her first inclination more than his or her own christening.

The sun shines for everybody, the flowers smell sweet for all noses; and the nightingale warbles for all ears.

It is surprising how young some people's hearts remain when their heads have need of a front or a little hair-dye.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., July 18. As I write I hear the throbbing of half a dozen engines trying to extinguish the flames of four newspapers on fire. The Post, The Republican, The Gazette, and The Critic, three dailies and one Sunday paper are now in flames uncontrollable, and will be consumed to ashes. The type-setters heard some boys shouting fire on the street in the twilight, and looking out the windows discovered that their recently built and splendidly equipped offices were burning. All these journals occupied a row of buildings built by Stilson Hutchins at the corner of 10th and D streets. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, fully insured and they will, newspaper-like, arise from their ashes. I am very much tempted to use the Pencil simile but I will spare the sensitive reader.

On his summer vacation trip President will be accompanied by his Secretary or any member of his cabinet. Dr. Ward, of Albany, who was with him last year in the Adirondacks, has been invited and it is probable that not more than one, or possibly two personal friends of the President will compose the party. They will stop at a small hotel in the woods, which will be their headquarters, and a telegraph operator will be present at all times, in case his services are required. The President can thus be communicated with on important questions if necessary. Business care will be laid aside temporarily, and he will devote himself to recuperating and preparing for a winter of hard work at Washington. The length of his stay will be determined by the condition of public affairs, but he has been advised to remain away from Washington during September if possible, as this is the most trying month of the year to strangers in this climate.

Miss Cleveland left Washington for New York City this morning, and is not expected to return until the heated term is over. She will spend the summer in the neighborhood of New York.

Ten designs for new naval vessels have been received at the Navy Department at the close of business hours there yesterday. Numerous plans for parts of vessels and machinery had also been received. The Union Iron works of San Francisco, California, is the only private ship yard that offered proposals. Ten designs submitted were for one large cruiser. Admiral Porter offered a plan for one vessel. Naval Constructor W. L. Mintong submitted plans for four vessels—one of a 5,000 ton ship, one a 3,000 ton ship, one a 2,000 ton ship, and one a 800 ton ship. The bureau of construction and repair offered designs for five vessels, one of 5,000 tons another of 3,100 tons, a third of 1,700 tons a fourth of 1,600 tons and a fifth of 800 tons. Plans for the engines of these vessels have been prepared by the bureau of steam engineering. Naval constructor Hickborn has submitted a plan for a cruiser of 4,500 tons displacement. The design is for a powerfully armed vessel, carrying thirteen six inch and for eight inch breech loading rifles, the latter having direct fore and aft fire. The average

speed at sea in all weathers is stated at fourteen knots; in smooth water fifteen knots. The plans provide for a ship 315 feet long on the water line, 45 feet extreme breadth. The total cost of vessel exclusive of armament, is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

The attorney-general has given a decision on the three points relative to the acceptance of the Dolphin. He decides briefly, that the ship shall not be accepted by Secretary Whitney, that there is no existing contract between the government and Mr. Roach, and that the large sums of money already paid, Mr. Roach may be recovered.

The Secretary of the Navy proposes to make an entire reorganization of the eight government navy yards on the Atlantic and the one on the Pacific coast. An investigation for this purpose has been going on for the last two months.

The Secretary of the Treasury has undertaken the reorganization of the Customs service. Special agents are making inquiries with a view to reduce the force and expenses of the custom offices at the different ports. Reports have been received from a number of these agents and it is roughly estimated that a reduction of 20 per cent of the total force collecting customs will be made.

The following remarkable story of a waterspout in Texas is published in the Galveston News, under date of San Antonio July 5th: This morning, near Waldon, 150 miles west of here, an east bound freight train was struck by a waterspout. The engineer saw the waterspout approaching, bounding along like a rubber ball, tearing up earth and uprooting all in its way, and slowed his train to avoid it. Just before the waterspout reached the lines of the road it changed its course and bounded along, parallel to the track, with frightful velocity. When opposite train the waterspout burst, deluging the engineer, fireman and brakeman, who abandoned the train and climbed some trees to avoid a wave of water fully eight feet high and about a hundred feet wide. The locomotive and fourteen cars were raised bodily and carried nearly two hundred feet from the track while the roadbed was completely obliterated. No one was hurt. Roadbeds and a number of bridges have been washed away by recent heavy rains.

The Crops in the South.

We are delighted to be enabled to say to our readers that the accounts that come to us of the growing crops of the South are in the highest degree cheering. The cotton, corn and tobacco of the Southern States will be worth millions more this year than they were last year unless some very improbable fatality shall fall upon them within a few days. The hard times, we feel satisfied, will be no barrier; the ebb tide will soon be changing into a flood; the rose colored skies will soon be seen again, for the growing crops of the South are all that can be asked, and the crops of the South mean money in all the markets of world.—Industrial South.

To extol one's own virtue is to make a vice of it.

Kiss Mother.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express her surprise go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten up her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were little, she kissed you, when no one else was tempted by your fever-fainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as now. And though those childish years of sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in their first skirmishes with this rough cold world. And then the midnight kisses with which they routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the past ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours—far more—and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than any angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort; and every one of these wrinkles would appear as bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you some one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that did so many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss, will be closed forever, and those tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—Ex.

COULDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

Willing Ways of a Winsome Bride Cause the Groom to Suspect.

In the village of Pennsville, says the Camden Courier, on the Jersey shore of the Delaware river, there dwells a one-armed young man named Robert McGuigan, who is known far and near as the hostler at the tavern. The swain has long been in search of a wife, but his inordinate bashfulness has never been a bar to his entrance upon conjugal bliss. It was no secret in Pennsville that McGuigan wanted a wife. Some of the town was determined to make him the victim of a practical joke. They informed him that since he hadn't the courage to ask a girl to marry him they would do it for him, and requested him to be ready one night last week, when they would have a "coy and blushing damsel" on hand who would take him for "better or for worse." The company assembled at the tavern. McGuigan came dressed in his best clothes. An ex-constable named

Paulson was present to tie the knot.

The young woman was neatly dressed, and to a 1 appearance an attractive person. After the introduction the prospective bride and groom stood up and Paulson read the marriage lines of the Methodist church, interpolating clingers of his own, which would defy even a Philadelphia divorce court to fracture. Then the congratulations were showered upon the happy couple, but with such originality and such copiousness as to arouse the suspicion of the honest McGuigan. An expeditious investigation revealed to him that he had been married to a man. It was even so. A smooth-faced and tenor-voiced youth named Clancy, who lives on a farm in the neighborhood, had personated the fair maiden. The wrath of McGuigan was terrible to behold, and for a time the inhabitants of the place really thought that a hot wave had arrived unannounced by the signal office. Indeed, he was the only one who saw no fun in the affair, and avows that hereafter he will attend to that very important part of all matrimonial ventures of seeking a bride himself.

Married a Few Days Since.

Beautiful thoughts from the Wilson Mirror: "There are pearl and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope. There are harps tinkling now, where melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethyst upon the hearts that were married but a few days ago. Life now is become beautiful; the soul soars upward from the dust, like a dove loosened from its cage there is melody in every place; yes, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer. It seems now a long distance to the gray a long road to find rest. But soon the shadows will come and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard above the grand father's house, and little barriers cluster about his knee those who were 'married but a few days ago' perhaps will turn back to the record of the past weeping silently the while remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended and that soon. Gathering up their sheaves they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where there evermore will be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

Hired Only One Way.

"Mother, did you say I can't go to the rink to-night?" "Yes, Mamie, I did." "Why mother?" "Because you have been there every day three times for the last three days, and so much exertion will ruin your constitution." "Why, I'm not a bit tired, mother." "Well, if you are not, come and help me wash these dishes." "O pshaw, I'm that kind of tired, but not the skating rink kind." She helped wash the dishes all the same. He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

WHAT IS LIFE!

- A little crib beside the bed, A little face above the spread; A little frock behind the door, A little shoe upon the floor. A little lad with dark brown hair, A little blue-eyed fair, and fair; A little lane that leads to school, A little pencil, slate and ruler. A little blithesome, winsome maid; A little hand within his laid; A little cottage, acres four, A little old-time fashioned store. A little family gathering round; A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound; A little added to his soil, A little rest from the hardest toil. A little silver in his hair; A little stool and easy chair; A little night of earth-lit gloom, A little cortege to the tomb.

After the Honeymoon.

Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time.

Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass soon broke. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.

Southern Yellow Pine.

The supply of this timber, says the New York Tribune, seems to be exhaustless. A large fleet of schooners and other craft is devoted exclusively to its transportation from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. The latter State is renowned for the long boards that are cut from its trees. Georgia owns the standard of quality, but any unappreciated stock rates high. Trees from which the pitch has been partly removed in the manufacture of turpentine, turn out lighter wood, but such cuttings have not the wearing merit of sawings from virgin trees. Since the war, owing to better railroad facilities, larger tracts of new forests have been opened to commerce. Europe, especially England, is a large buyer of this wood. Its excellence in railroad work, on account of its toughness and comparative lightness, is becoming recognized abroad as well as in this country.