

WHY LINGER, DARLING!

BY CARINE.

Why linger, darling? How sadly I wait, Longing to hear thy light step at the gate; Haste to the heart which is beating with fear, Last ill betide the one cherished so dear. Why linger, darling? How slow creep the hours! Coldly the moon glistens down on the flowers; Brightly across the deep shades of the night, Silver stars mingle their radiant light. Why linger, darling? I sit here alone, Listening ever to hear thy kind tone; O with what joy would I greet thee, my love, Happy as spirits who look from above! Why linger, darling? The bliss which I prize, Beams from the depths of your lustrous dark eyes; Heaven to me is within your dear arms, There I forget earthly cares and alarms. Why linger, darling? I'm tired and would rest, In the safe shelter of thy loving breast; If this poor head could recline there once more, Quickly all sorrow and pain would be o'er. Why linger, darling? My heart yearns for thee, Full of love which is deep as the sea, High as the heaven's most infinite heights, Constant as Night with her thousand delights. Why linger, darling? I want thee alone, No other presence can charm as thine own; Once more I hear the fond words that you speak, And feel your kisses so warm on my cheek. Clayton, N. C., October 19th, '85.

How to Kill the Blues.

Generally speaking, if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be sure it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on the sofa and courting painful ideas if you are a despairing lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, creeping sluggishly through the veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your chirping philosopher, is clear and quick, brisk as a newly broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you, set your pegs in motion on rough rocky ground, or hurry up a steep, crested hill; build stone walls; swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practice ground and lofting tumbling; pour water into a sieve with the Danaides, or with Sisyphus up the hill heave a huge round stone, in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did like an infernal frog out of Acheron crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy.

The Concord Times says a boy about twelve years old got drunk in that town one day last week, fell down and wallowed in the mud, went home to his parents in this plight, and of course almost broke their hearts. It is another plea for prohibition. A fresh evidence of the fact that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has in our midst a field for doing good. A fearful commentary on our civilization and our laws!

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Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1885. As the touch of frost clothes the streets and parks of Washington in Autumnal hues, the city begins to assume a livelier and gayer appearance. Stylish equipages, with their liveried coachmen and footmen, a sight not often seen during the summer months, now pass frequently up and down the avenues. The store windows are bright with the display of Fall goods, and the crowd on the pavements of Pennsylvania avenue daily increases. The hotel and boarding house keepers, and restaurateurs, as well as those who have reception costumes and swallow-tail suits to hire, are making elaborate preparations for the season; and Members of Congress throughout the country with their female entourage begin to pack their grip sacks and Saratoga trunks for their winter's sojourn at the Capital.

Few people realize what a worthless specimen of the genus homo the average Congressman is. Not every Member of Congress is as truly good a man as that paragon of eloquence and benevolence who represents the reader's district. The other kind is one who, having, by dint of flattering speeches, delusive promises, and readily spent money, been elected to fill a place in the Legislature, his slippery and accommodating memory easily forgets all the promises on which he has climbed to his post, honorable in itself, but dishonored while in his possession. Narcissus-like, he is lost in admiration of his own image, and perhaps forgets the purpose for which he was elected, which may have been to vote against an increased tariff on wool, or to urge an appropriation for improving the North Fork of Little Muddy Run. So, during the winter season, he spends the greater portion of his time in the parlors and dining saloons of hotels and at various places of amusement and interest. During the few hours daily that he is expected to be in the House or the Senate, he lounges in an easy chair or on a sofa, smoking, reading the newspapers, gossiping with female lobbyists in the waiting rooms, and flirting with gallery goddesses. He pays little attention to the debates that are about matters outside the area of his narrow district; and can always be relied upon to vote for an adjournment.

When two years have almost elapsed, and he realizes that his term of office is about to expire, he rouses himself from his lethargy, and disliking to relinquish his role in the great drama of history, he gets one of the many "literary fellows" who are always hanging around to write him a speech, which he reads to empty chairs in Congress, and sends several hundred copies of the Congressional Record in which it is printed to his constituents. And when the end of his term comes, his exit from public life reminds one not of a falling star, but rather resembles a drooping stick. This is not an exaggerated type of statesmanship in Washington. There are so many like him that he is not conspic-

uous for indolence or stupidity. The idea that the mission of leadership is past is a mistake. There are a few prominent men on both sides who direct legislation, and the rest are followers. Although the vote of the dullest member counts as much as that of a Daniel Webster, he gets his cue from his chief and is able to vote without disgrace to himself or disaster to his country. But it is not strange that legislation lags and that bills are sent forth half made up, when so many of the people's agents are unqualified by mind, education, or aspiration for the work of legislation. Much has been said and written recently about the reform of the Civil Service. A radical reform in the legislative service is most urgent. If Mr. Leatherlungs and Mr. Set-em-Up were compelled to pass a competitive examination they would never attain their places in the Senate or House.

Fast Young Men.

Fast young men are as plenty in a large city as thorns on a rose bush. Do you know any? A fast young man drinks, smokes and gambles. He will not smoke cheap tobacco; oh, no! that is not stylish enough. He uses the best perfumed cigars. As for drink, beer is too cheap. He will take a glass of wine, and by and by, as the appetite for it grows on him, he will call for whiskey or brandy. Now for the gambling. If you should tell a young man when he smokes his first cigar, or drinks his first glass of wine, that he will soon gamble, he would laugh at you. Do you think he would be fool enough to throw away his money in that way? Not he. He will go out in the evening with some of his friends, and take a glass of wine, and smoke, and perhaps play a game of billiards, but—not gamble. "Oh! no. Let me tell you, young men, it is the easiest thing in the world to go from playing for fun to playing for money. Don't play at all. Don't drink at all. Don't smoke at all. Perhaps you don't see harm in either of these things, but there is. Even if they did you no harm, what good do they do you? I am sure if you think this matter over seriously, you will see the folly of it. Try to be sober, industrious and honest, rather than "fast."—Selected.

Hard to Beat.

The following instance of thrift in the person of a man of color, which we find in the Kernersville News, is hard to beat: G. W. Taylor, a colored man living near Colfax, has given us a statement of the amount of fruit he has shipped this year. He sold fruit to the gross amount of \$1,524.95, and after taking off all the expense of express, packing, &c., he had a net profit of \$732.10. He has still plenty of dried and canned fruit for family use and also fifty bushels of apples yet to sell. He is an energetic, hard-working man and is a worthy example to his race.

If rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

Sundry Items.

Tobacco grows wild in various parts of Nevada.

The crop prospects in the South are excellent.

A Jersey farmer has three acres in snowflowers.

Cultivation without manure is stimulant without food.

Grain is less injured by dry weather than is often supposed.

Sugar has been made from maples fourteen years old from the seed.

Frost has done considerable damage in the northwestern States.

Iowa farmers have found dairying more profitable than grain growing.

Arcola, Illinois, is the largest broomcorn centre in the United States.

The Colorado bug has almost caused a potato famine in the province of Quebec.

The great cause of spoiled canned fruit is putting up that which is not entirely fresh.

The safe rule in farming is not to put all the eggs in one basket, as the saying is.

Four hundred sailing vessels are employed in the wheat trade of the Pacific coast.

Prospects are that there will be less than an average crop of onions this season.

There is a general belief among farmers that good wheat cannot be grown after beans.

Wheat, barley and hay are the only satisfactory crops in Great Britain this season.

Honey should be kept in the dark or it will granulate; the bees work in dark hives.

Most old orchards need manure and the time to apply it is late in the summer or in the fall.

Young grasshoppers have made their appearance in the far west again by the million.

The fences of this country have cost million of dollars, and many of these fences are unnecessary.

At a recent sale of Jerseys in New York, the prices obtained show that this breed is still in high favor.

Many horses have a habit of sleeping standing; it is not a good one, and horses should be broken of it if possible.

A New Jersey doctor thinks that the use of the lawn mower will give young ladies that sort of exercise they most need.

Trees on the outside of an orchard are usually more prolific, there is more sunlight and air and the roots have a freer range.

One of the principal advantages of fall transplanting of trees is that it is a season of greater leisure to the farmer than the spring.

Many English farmers practice shearing their early lambs in midsummer, and claim that a greater growth of carcass is obtained thereby.

More attention should be paid to teaching young horses to walk fast than is done. A fast-walking horse is a desideratum not often met with.

Let Us Think About It.

An experienced citizen of the good old county of Sampson asserts that a good one-horse farm will not support a man and his family in the style of our average good citizen of the towns and villages, that is, with our present system of crops. He claims that a ten thousand farm, with five good mules or horses, will be required where there is a large family to feed, dress and school, and give them a bi-ennial trip to a fair or a rare trip to the mountains or seashore. This utterance was not a growl, for the man who said it is well to do. He says the people are too extravagant, and that we will never be a well-off people until we have undergone a complete revolution. That is powerful true, but when they begin to save let them think, and when they work let them think. We are behind in thinking, and that's half our drawback.

An exchange says the Agricultural Department proposes to send Mr. Peter M. Wilson to London to spend \$15,000 to advertise North Carolina. If they will take that amount of money and start an industrial school they will act wisely. They had as well spend that money in measuring the height of the mountains in the moon.

The fact is, says the Greensboro Workman, the influence of a good example is one of the most wholesome things known, and we venture the remark that if about two-thirds of the young men of North Carolina who are acting the "natural born fool" on the credit of their ancestors, the most of whom have changed their address to the cemetery, and go to work trying to become self-sustaining, a better influence would go out in favor of North Carolina than any London advertising could produce at any price. The very idea of importing labor from abroad when we have so much of it "lying around loose." Yes; loose—that's the very word!

Good Advice to Slangy Girls.

If young ladies who, through associations with young men whose limited education and poverty of ideas compel the use of slang in lieu of correct expressions, comprehended the meaning of many of the terms thus put in their innocent mouths they would be shocked at the vulgarity of their companions. Almost without exception words and phrases popularly denominated "slang" are drawn from the slums; they are the invention of the most depraved elements of human society, and should be avoided by all persons with any pretensions to refinement and gentility.

Sam Jones: "I don't go much on a religion that strikes in spots. Religion is like the measles; if you get it broke out good, it is all right; but if it goes in, it kills you. I want a man's pocket book broke out, too."

Your daughter may be beautiful and lovely, but first thing you know the devil may pack off a drunken son-in-law on you.

There are women here who have not struck a lick of work in years. They do nothing, but shop, shop, shop. Hell is full of such women.

Advertising Rates:

Table with columns: PAGE, TIME, 1 MO., 3 MO., 6 MO., 12 MO. and rows for 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 columns.

A LADY'S STOCKING.

Peculiar and Interesting Scene in a Shoe Store With a Lady Whose Hosiery was Damp.

"Yes," said a Rochester, N. Y. shoe clerk to an inquisitive customer, "we see all sorts of socks in our business, from silk to house at all."

"None at all!" "Well, I don't mean that many people come in here without any stockings; but it sometimes happens that naked feet are exposed to our gaze and women's feet at that."

"How does that happen?" "I'll tell you an instance. One rainy Friday a very stout lady came in here and wanted to get a pair of shoes. After looking at several pairs she selected one to try on. I unbuttoned her shoe for her and tried to put on the one she had picked out, but, although evidently of the size she wore, I found it impossible to put it on. The difficulty was easily seen. Her stockings were damp; and I told her that it would be impossible to fit her foot while she had on those stockings."

"Oh, I thought of that," she said, "and provided myself with an extra pair," at the same time displaying a small parcel she held in her hand. "I told her she had better put them on and I retired to the back of the store to give her a chance. Hearing nothing from her, after a few minutes had elapsed, I ventured to glance around and saw that she was in an awkward predicament. The fact was she was too fat and too tightly laced to put on her own stockings. Well, sir, it was a comical sight to see her ineffectual plunges in her endeavors to reach her feet, and the ludicrous sidelong glances she cast around to see if any one was watching her. I couldn't help standing and looking at her for a minute or two, although my duty in the case was clear enough. You see I was there to sell this lady a pair of shoes, and if he bought them she must have on dry stockings, and it was plain that if she wore dry stockings some one would be obliged to put them on for her. So like a horse I marched up to where she was sitting. What with the exertions and the mortification she felt, her face was the color of a well-boiled lobster, and I have no doubt my own beautiful phiz was no faint reflex of that kind. "Can I assist you madam," said I, in the politest tone I could muster.

"Yes, you can assist me. Pull off those stockings and put on this pair and be quick about it," she ordered, speaking quite savagely like. "Well I got her stockings off, and managed to get her feet in the dry pair; then I left her again. When I came back I got on the same shoe we had tried before without any trouble. Well, she took the shoes—they were a \$6 pair—paid for them, and flounced out of the store although we were to blame for the display she had made. "Yes," concluded the narrator, reflectively, "shoe clerks have queer experiences sometimes, and see more of human nature in its varied aspects than many people wot of."