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(For Tax Purp.)
GOOD-NIGHT.
 BY CARINE.

Good night, darling; may bright angels guard thee;
 Through the dreamy hours that bring thee rest;
 May their soft white wings so close enfold thee
 That no troubled thought can reach thy breast.
 May no sharp thorn rob thy downy pillow,
 Of the sweet repose thy head shall find;
 May thy warm bright cheek be fanned by zephyrs,
 Soft as voluets of the southern wind.
 May the gentle spirits who watch o'er thee,
 Keeping thee in sweet security—
 Sending low, in tender whispers murmur
 To thy dreaming heart one thought of me.
 Clayton, N. C., October 26th, '85.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.
 Thoughts of a "Plain Blount Mirror Man."

On Sunday, as she entered the church, regaled in her beautiful loveliness, many an eye feasted upon her exquisite charms, and gave her that sweet look of adoration which womanly glory always woos and wins and holds in such fond and endearing vassalage. She knew she was sweet; she knew she was pretty; she knew she was admired; and, woman like was happy. She walked gracefully up the aisle, and with thoughts as sweet as the odors which breathe out their precious life amid fragrant flowers, and with spirits as radiant as the glimmering sunbeams which fall from the dazzling quiver of effulgent noon, she started to enter a pew, when lo and behold, "miserable dicta," that awful bustle, that big swelling bustle, which hangs on behind, did hang on behind to the corner of the pew, and at once there was a terrible dislocation of its graceful "pose" a sad derangement of the "toot ensemble," and in an instant more the Sabbath of her soul had fled, the gentle dove of peace had flown far away, while the stormy petrel of rage brooded over her billowy bosom to get one good kick at that cranky bustle, that one-sided bustle that was scooped up behind.

Remedy for Lockjaw.

Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine: it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is almost a certain remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in a severe case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

The southern cotton mills are slowly but surely working out their depression. There may be no big boom, but there will be a safe, profitable business.

It is said there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business; one is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

Washington Letter.
 (From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1885.

The annual racing and chasing here on the part of senators and representatives for winter quarters is going on. It has become the fashion in Washington for public men to keep house. The boarding houses are taken up principally by government employees. The bachelor and grass widower element in Congress go to the hotels, but a majority of the members have families, take houses, especially when the long session is impending.

It seems as if every house in Washington, no matter how handsome or how handsomely built for a home, must go into the house agents' hands within five years from its building. Senator Cameron's house on Scott Circle, which looks like a family hotel, was bought by Mr. Morgan last spring, and is now being overhauled and decorated after the New York style. Mr. Blaine's fine residence was leased to the wealthy Mr. Leiter, of Chicago, while Mr. Blaine, last winter, occupied the house of ex-Senator Windom. Colonel Jerome Bonaparte characterized Washington exactly when he called it the "Winter Newport." It is, indeed, a place for birds of passage. Colonel Bonaparte himself built a house on K street, which he has occupied for several years. It is not planned hospitably, but after the French style of French architecture. It is large, but it has not a single guest-chamber.

As most of the congressmen who drop daily into the city come merely to arrange for their residences, they stay but a short time. They go away without trying to do much office seeking.

The senators with whom I have talked express various shades of opinion about the administration's policy. There is certain to be a great deal of friction between all of the senators and the members of the new administration. The Democratic Senators are even more caustic in their criticisms than the Republicans, but none of them, as yet, see their way clear for the future. The Republican statesmen who are here, are happy over the fact that Democratic Senators have cause for complaint. They say if the President wants to do well he should follow the advice of Republican Senators. Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, is among those who have been hunting a house during the week. He is fond of exciting times, and has been called something of a sensationalist. His eyes danced with joy when he spoke of next winter. He thinks it will be the liveliest session since the war. Senator Van Wyck has much faith in Secretary Lamar, and went to the Interior Department on Tuesday in order to congratulate him upon the attack he is making on the Western land thieves.

The President's callers have been very numerous lately, and he remarked at the close of office hours yesterday that the day had been very wearing. Monday was an unusually eventful day at the White House. A public reception, a reception of a Presbyterian synod, and a review of

the colored odd fellows procession were fixed for the same hour, and the collision produced some amusing incidents. The dignified clergymen had to wait in the corridor while the public reception went on, and the twenty lodges of odd fellows waited in the grounds and street with bands playing while the synod was paying its respects. The President then walked out on the portico and stood while the lodges marched by.

Occasionally some fond parent places the President in an awkward position. A baby which had just been christened Grover Cleveland, nestled in its mother's arms in the East room, waiting to be kissed. When the hand shaking procession began, the mother marched up holding the baby forward. The baby was squalling lustily, thus marring his beauty, much to his fond mother's annoyance. The President had a grim determined look in his eye as he ignored the child and seized the woman's hand in the vain hope of getting off this time. But the mother was equal to the occasion. "Mr. President," said she, "Please notice my baby; he was named for you to-day." "Nice little fellow," replied Mr. Cleveland, chucking the child under the chin. "Nice little fellow; pass on."

The eminent English prelate, Canon Farrar, who lectured and preached in Washington during the week, was much pleased with the President of the United States. He said that he did not flatter himself that Mr. Cleveland treated him more courteously than he did any other gentleman who called upon him, but he could help feeling that the President was very kind to him. After talking with the Archdeacon of Westminster upon a variety of subjects, Mr. Cleveland led him over to the White House and explained to him the uses of the various rooms and their contents.

Rev. Sam Jones' Rival.

Sam Jones has a rival in his evangelical work in the person of Rev. Mungler, who is at present engaged in clubbing Satan in Ohio. Here is an extract from one of his late sermons:

"Hell is full of better people than you professing Christians are. You are nice (?) followers of Christ. You are followers of the devil, that's what you are. But you sinners need not think I am slighting you, for you are a d—d sight worse than they are. You young women spend two-thirds of your time before the glass padding your breast, putting on false backs, banging your hair and powdering faces so that you will look attractive to the young men, and then go out upon the streets and try in every way to seduce them. You are worse than the men are, and if you don't quit this foolishness and take off finery, you will go to hell where you belong."

"Run down to the butcher's, dear, and see if he has pig's feet," a mother directed her four year old boy. A few minutes later the little one returned and reported. "Mama, I saw the butcher, but he had on boots, and I couldn't see if his feet were pig's feet."

Punishing Jurors.

The papers are discussing the jury system. There are some that think the present system is the best that can be desired by the wisdom of man. The *Star* has heretofore had much to say on this point. At present we wish to deal with another aspect of the question. The *Star* has insisted that it was the duty of all good citizens to render faithful service as jurors when summoned, when not prevented by physical disability or important business arrangements. The *Star* has pointed out that if the intelligent, qualified men in commonwealths shirk the duty of jurors the whole system is brought under reproach and suspicion. To make the jury system to be respected men of character and intelligence must be jurors.

Now to the point we have in view. There are reasons why so many men of high character avoid as far as possible discharging the duties of the jury box other than those that arise in business obligations. The way that juries have been systematically punished by the Judges is one of the chief causes; nay, it is the chief cause why men dislike so very much to serve as jurors. We say punished, and it is the right word. From our earliest manhood men have, with good reason, complained of the arbitrary course of Judges in dealing with juries. Instead of doing all they can to make their duties less irksome and less offensive, they do all they can to make them curse the system and wish the Judges "the other side of Anno Domini."

A jury cannot agree and they are kept in close confinement in badly ventilated rooms, under the most disagreeable surroundings, are often hungry and worn out, and sometimes are even made sick. We heard a gentleman not long ago tell of his own experience for one night. He was made sick and no wonder. The jury was packed away in a hole, and was made up of about equal numbers of white and colored. The weather turned suddenly cold. There was no fire and he was without an overcoat. He suffered all through the night greatly. He offered a negro who had charge \$1 to go home and get his overcoat, but this was declined. Next day at 10 o'clock the Judge went into court and heard the verdict, when he might have relieved the jurors three hours earlier. That man will never again serve on a jury if he can avoid it, because he cannot tell in advance whether the jury will hang or not, and he suffers at the idea of spending another such night of horror. Such punishment is unnecessary and ought not to be allowed. The Legislature ought to pass a law to prevent Judges from punishing jurors. Make the surroundings more agreeable. Give the jurors comfortable rooms with fires and water and food, and do not compel the races to "mess together" and to bunk together, and there would be less dodging.

Judge Caldwell once was holding court in Pasquotank county. A jury could not agree. He had a wagon brought, the jury were put aboard and taken with him to Camden court. The next week he took them to Currituck court.

But they could not agree. The Judge was inexorable. He resolved to keep them going as long as he remained on the circuit. When Currituck court ended the jury had to come back by way of home on their way to another court. But their hearts failed them, and the conscience went by the board, and a verdict was rendered to avoid further persecution. Who will say that this was right? Who could defend any system that permitted or required such tyranny? No system can be morally right that forces men to perjure themselves. Make the jurors more comfortable.

The jury system, in the estimation of lawyers, is a very perfect thing. Intelligent outsiders look on at its workings and think there is a vast deal of humbuggery about it. The idea of twelve ignoramuses being selected to try a complex, difficult case requiring the rarest intelligence, and in civil cases some times involving much mathematics. The system, if it is to be retained, should be improved, for it needs it.—*Wilmington Star.*

A New Generation.

The Fayetteville *Evening News* says when we begin to look around and see what a large percentage of the men who took a prominent part in the war between the States, have passed off the stage of human life, we begin to realize that another generation is coming on. Five of the fourteen members of the Confederate cabinet are alive; the army commanders of both sides dead; but the most notable of all who were identified with that the greatest struggle in the human family still lives—JEFFERSON for the South to stand up longer against the great odds with which she had to contend with, and Davis lost. He did not fight for power, but for States' rights died. To-day he sits in his quiet home, and the carrion birds of the North are trying to feed themselves on what they are that lived for four years, and sweated blood at every pore; he threw himself into the vortex of war for a cause that was not only right, but sacredly so. The judgment he used must be acknowledged when we think of what was done by him and his co-adjutors without any preparation for war. But it was possible DAVIS—a patriot of the truest stripe, a gentleman of the highest grade; a statesman of gigantic strength, and a chevalier soul and body. He is one whom we shall always honor: for he was called to the head of the Nation pleased to term his disgrace, but he is as far above it all as the soul of the saint is above that of a demon. Let the new generation of the South never turn away from the graves of the dead confederate soldiers that lie by hundreds of thousands all over the South, with anything but honor in their thoughts words and deeds. Yes, we are losing sight of the old South, and a new generation has grown up that never saw "the boys in gray" and to a great many who did, it is like a great dream of the long ago. A Nation that was mighty while it lived, that wrought wonders in battle, led by as great generals as warfare ever knew,

sprang into being lived, and died here in the South, and exists only in history and the hearts of those whose affections were knit with it. But among us we have one thing yet that smacks of times that are no more, a photograph as it were of a dead hero whom he loved, of a father that had passed into eternity, and that memento is the uniform of the military companies of Fayetteville and the 2nd North Carolina regiment. Wear it sons of the South as long as you bear arms; even if it must be the bar to your obtaining prizes that you win, wear it in memory of those who wore it first; they were your kith and kin and you have fallen heir to their dress, it is more becoming to a southern boy than can ever be any other color.

FLEETING THOUGHTS.

From the *Kinston Free Press.*

If you want people to do right, set the example.

If the world owes you a living, pull of your coat and get it.

It is easier to forgive another than it is to ask forgiveness.

Anger is the gust of wind that blows out the light of holiness.

Reverence for old age is necessary to prove that any man is a gentleman.

People should be pious, but piety does not mean exclusion from all pleasures.

If you want others to respect you treat everybody with politeness and deference.

The man who loves not his church has not religion enough to save more than seventeen souls.

The church member who uses the church for world gain has a through ticket—on the fast mail—for sheol.

It is everybody's duty to dress decent, but it is not right to dress beyond your means—it is not honest.

That is right young man, be as dirty and obscene as possible if you want to make people think of you as a hog.

The child who respects not the parents who raised him, is too little mean and degraded for honest people to associate with.

If you cheat your neighbor every day in the week, don't think hard of him for not having any faith in your long winded prayers.

A religion that means only outward show, is worse than no religion at all. It is debasing the cause of the Lord to the more effectually serve the devil in.

If you find fault with other people about the way they do their work, do your own better than they do theirs. If you don't the thing for you to do is to keep your mouth shut.

An exasperating editor being threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, said in his next issue: "The people of this town may break into somebody's hen roost and steal the feathers, but we know they are too stingy to buy the tar."

Beecher says that the book of Revelations was written for Orientals, and that it is "only here and there a white man can understand it."