Ale Beefin Glauton Bud.

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(For THE BUD. THE SOLDIER'S GOOD-BYE TO HIS SWEETHEART.

BY ROLIE.

The golden sun was setting beyond the the mountains grey, When two lovers stood alone their last

farewell to say,

And sad it was to see that poble youth with face so pale and white, As with bowed head he held in his own The hands that had so cold and deathly

"Look up, dearest," his white lips falt-

ered, *Cease your tears, be brave and true; If it be the will of God I will soon re-

To my country and you.

Think not, darling, it is lightly from you I part Grief and undying love fill my faithful

beart. But lovers have parted before and shall

not we bear as well, The heart-break and parting that to their portion fell?"

"Though I am far away my thoughts will be of thee ever,

My heart bound to thine by that sacred | gate.

Which raught on earth can sever. Soon I will stand on the battle field And hear the cannot's opening roar; I'll see brave comrades fall around me dying in their gore;

if I too should fall amid the strife Remember 'tis for my country's freedom I give my life."

But God watched o er him through the And when the cruel fight was ended

He elesped once more his darling in his Long had she waited weary at heart

But now they were united until the last, never more to part.

Naught but the chill hand of death could

Hearts so warmly true, Their love was ever bright and beautiful As the flowers kimed by morning dew. Johnston Co., Nov. 18th, 1885.

A Singular Story.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says here is a story, every word of which is true, which is about as strange as anything ever evolved from fiction. In a Pennsylvania town the proprietor of a store received an invoice of goods so valuable that he departed from his usual custom and placed a guard in his storage room. The young man on duty was a novice, and it is probable he had never handled a pietol. The darkness of the room was a sure prevenitive of sleeping, and, for want of something better to do, the watchman concluded to test his pistol. So he raised it and fired it at random, the thick walls of the house preventing the sound being heard any great distance. The rest of the night was passedi n a desaltory manner, but when day light streaked the sky the guard was startled by a knocking on the goor by the early risers in the village. He took down the bars and pushed back the bolts, and saw the villagers surrounding the body of a man. A barrel covered by a board stood in front of the door, and the glass in the transom was pierced by a bullet which sutered the man's forebead. It was therefore conclurive that the man had been standing on the barrel and peering into the room. The dead man was and then said : "If I mind the recognized as one whose life had | B ble I shall go to heaven when been checkered, and who was regarded as a notorious thief, and the random shot caused more joy than sorrow. The watchman's you the right way to heaven. bair didu't turn white, nor did he become a rating maniac; but it is certain that the events of the night are still fresh in his

memory.

CLAYTON

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"In God, We Trust,"

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CLAYTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.

The Wonderful Lamp.

A little ragged errand boy was busy one day in the city of London with a piece of chalk in his hand, trying to write on a wooden gate this verse from the Bible: "Thy words is a lamp to my feet." He was so busy with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman, who, after walking slowly past him twice, returned, and stood behind watching him.

"M-y," said the little fellow, repeating the letters aloud, as he wrote them with the chalk; f-double e-t, feet."

" Well done, my little man, well done," said the old gentleman. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the ragged school, sir," said the boy, who was half fright ened, thinking perhaps the old gentleman would hand him over to the police for writing on the

"Don't be afraid, my boy, 1'm not going to burt you. So you learned that text at the ragged school? Do you know what it means !"

"No, sir," said the boy. "What is a lamp?"

"A lamp ! Why a lamp! It's thing that gives light."

"And what is the word here spoken of "

"It's the Bible, sir." "That's right, Now how can the Bible be a lamp and give

light 1" "I 'dan no," said the boy, " 'cept you set it on fire."

"There is a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night, with an unlighted lamp in your hand, and a box of matches in your pocket, what

would you do f' "Wby, light the lamp, sir," said the boy, surprised that any one should ask such a simple

"What would you light it

"To show me the road, sir." "Very well. Now suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop's shilling, what would you do ?"

"Pick it up and give it to you,

"But wouldn't you want to keep it yourself?" "I should want to; but I

wouldn't do it." "Why not!"

"B-cause that would be stealng, and the Bible says we musn't

"And is the Bible called a amp because it shows us the right way to walk in ?" asked the

"That's just it, my lad. And now do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp, and let it light you through life ?"

"Yes, sir." "Wby?"

"Because if I am bonest l shan't stand no chance of goin, to prison."

"And what else ?"

The boy thought a mom-ut,

"Yes, that's the best reason for using this lamp. It will show Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you. Mind you use this lamp."

"Sir, said the little fe low, clasping the shilling, and taking ber.

off his ragged cap, "I'll mind." One thing for which David used the Bible was-light .- Ex.

ship.

A wonderfu! specimen of the feathered tribe in the vicinity of Macon, Georgia, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is a big red rooster, owned by Willie Johnson, of Macon. A year ago Willie Johnson purchased several chickens, among which was the rooster in question, and carried them to his home. The rooster had not been on the premises a great while before he exhibited a decided fondness for the house cat. The cat appeared to be in nowise averse to the rooster's demonstrations, and the two were soon fast friends. They were constantly together: wherever one went the other followed. They shared their food together. When the cat caught a rat she brought it to the rooster, and the rooster never tired of catch ing flat-heads, earth-worms, and grasshoppers for the cat. Fiitary kitten, which the rooster at once adopted and began to care for. The most friendly relations existed between them. But recently this cat also died and left a kitten, which the rooster promptly adopted. Wherever he goes the kitten follows, just as young chickens follow the moth er ben. The kitten understands ticians to the baser and more the rooster's cluck, and it is amusing to see it rup to him when he makes the peculiar sound which chickens make on finding food. It is difficult, however, for him to find such food as the kittens requires, in consequence of which it is weak and very much emacisted. The kitten and the rooster roost together on a plank in the fowl house, which they enter as pighi approaches. The roost-

Last week was a sad one in the family of our townsman Mr. James A. Watt, for within five days, the Angle of Death claimthree of its members including the father of the family. In the latter part of the week before one of the daughters, Harriet Louisa, a bright little girl of thirteen yeas was taken with diphtheria and rapidly grew worse and died Tuesday morning. In the mean time several other members of the family contracted the disease and, on Thursday night, Mattie James, aged 6 years, died. All this time Mr. Watt bimself was lying critically ill with the disease. Anxiety and grief added to the ravages of the disease and, on Saturday morning, he breathed his last .-Winston Daily.

er then flies up on the roost,

while the cat climbs up and nes-

tle down beside bim.

The following timely and pointed truth is copied from an exchange: "A man who pays nothing for his preaching cannot be greatly benefitted by the preaching he hears. Too many men are aponging their way through the church, but they can't sponge their way into Heaven.

The State Probibition Conrention will meet in Greensboro on the 10th and 11th of Decem-

Woman Suffrage.

The spirit and determination of the woman suffrage in this country indicates that sconer or later this question will become a prominent one in American politica. At the recent election in New York six women voted, after being registered, while a large number of others were refused the privilege of casting their ballots in a State election. In the territory of Wyoming women vote as do their "bass oppressors," and in many States women are permitted "to have their say" in school matters. Although the progress towards woman suffrage has been slow in this country, it cannot be denied that it has made a long stride toward becoming a law of the land. The great obstacle to its its immediate adoption is the apathy of the vast body of American women themselves for the possession of the right of suffrage and the instances are comparatively rare where a contented woman, in a happy home, goes about demanding the right to nally the eat died, leaving a sol- vote, or even feeling that she is deprived of any privilege that the Oreator designed she should possess. But the advocates of woman suffrage receive their recruits mainly from other sources than the women themselves and tor other reasons than that the sex is deprived of any "God-given rights." The trucking of polidepraved elements of society, he retural of public men to advocate reforms that the country demands, the nomination and election to office of men in league with corruption, and the failure to enforce laws for the protection of the individual and society itself, are far more powerful arguments in favor of admitting to the ballot-box a new and fresh element of purity than anything else can be. The condition of things that made the new city election law a necessity is a strong argument in favor of woman's suffrage. If male voters would do their whole duty as citizens at the polls on election day the agitation of the question of woman suffrage would case

Important Period of a Man's Life.

in amoment.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man may be considered strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the highest attacks of disease, and all the functions are in order.

Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at the critical point of existence. The river of death flows before him, and he remains at a standstill But athwart this river stands viaduct called the "turn of life," which, if passed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," around the river winds and then flows without a causeway of doubt to affect its passage. The bridge, however, is constructed with frait bends or breaks. Gout, apoplexy, and other maladies are in the vicinity to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass, but let him gird up his loins and the "turn of life" has a turn eith. Broadway, New York City.

er to a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having their utmost expansion now begin either to close like the flower at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in its beauty until night has nearly set in.

Stary.

A Perfectly Reliable Fish Speaking of carp, says the Washington correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, at least one specimen of this remarkable fish has attained considerable tame. He is a fine fellow, which a year ago weighed eight pounds and may now be larger. His home is in a little pond in the grounds of the fish commission in Washington. Prof. Baird has made a pet of him for two or three years past. He frequently dips him up in a net and exhibits him to visitors. The big fish has undergone this ordeal so often that it has ceased to alarm or disturb him very seriously. He will submit to handling for several minutes and patiently await his return to his cozy little pond. Two years ago Babcock Lake overflowed the breeding ponds below it, and thousands of government fish got into the Potomac. Among them was the big pet carp. his loss created great grief among the men of science, who had become attacked to him for his noble proportions and his amiable disposition. A week or two after his escape the Potomac was frozen over, fish through holes in the ice. More than a mile from the pond, was pulled out by some enterprising youngsters. One of them knew that the fish commission had a steady demand for remark. able fish and took his captive to Prof. Baird. The scientist was overjoyed at the recovery of his pet. He paid the boy \$5 for him and restored it to his own little pond. The professor says the fish showed every sign of joy at his restoration to the home of his

TO OUR READERS.

upon our readers the necessity of in the prime of life. His mature subscribing for a family, week'y newspaper of the first-classsuch, for instance, as the Independent, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for careful and habitual reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly the Independent. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 22 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what gile materials, and it depends, the age, sex, employment or conapon how it is trodden whether dition may be, the Independent will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of provide himself with perfect its merits more critically. Adcomposure. To quote a metaphor dress, The Independent, 251 will meet next year in Wilming-

The Meekly Slayton Bud.

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Kisses on Interest.

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 careworn 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 comes and be gins to express her surprise, go right to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face: Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one elsa was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through these years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was already to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow; have all been on interest these long. long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours-far more; and vet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than ao angel's as it hovered over you; watching every opportunity to minister to your com" fort, and all those wrinkles would seem to be bright waveand the boys had fun catching lets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days. his former home, the big carp These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necess sary things for you will be crossed upon her breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

The Senatorial contest in Virginia will be between Jno. 84 Barbour and Jno. W. Daniel: We cannot too strongly urge Either of these gentlemen will satisfy the good people of Virginia, and the improvement on Mahone will be so great that comparisons will be odious.

> On Saturday last, Gov. Scales appointed E. T. Boykin, Esq., of Clinton, to the Judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge McKoy.

·The gossipers are now busy trying to locate who will be the next couple in the city to launch out on the sea of matrimony.

Gen. Mahone, it is said, will become general manager of the Chesapeak & Ohio Railroad.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

The wife and son of ex-Secretary Lincoln are both in very poor health.

The Baptist State Convention ton.