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# THE CLAYTON BUD.

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**UNDER THE SNOW.**  
 BY CARINE.

Softly the snow flakes are falling around me,  
 Silently covering valley and hill;  
 Tenderly kissing the mound which is hid-  
 den  
 One who is sleeping so peacefully still.  
 Under the snow—never dreaming of sor-  
 row;  
 Pain cannot reach her beneath the white  
 drifts.  
 Thoughts of her happiness lighten my  
 sadness,  
 Piercing the clouds with their beautiful  
 rifts.  
 But I remember with many a heartache,  
 Every dear charm of that sweet lovely  
 face;  
 Under the snow rests the form that hath  
 thrilled me  
 With its proud bearing, and soft-winning  
 grace.  
 Under the snow lie the hopes that were  
 dearest;  
 But we must finish the journey below,  
 Though every joy we have cherished is  
 behind,  
 Under the drifts of the beautiful snow.  
 CLAYTON, N. C., February 9th, 1886.

**Parents are also to Blame.**

We understand that a large part—perhaps the greater proportion—of the indictments brought in by the grand jury of the Corporation Court are against the proprietors of bar-rooms for selling liquor to minors. Nobody will deny—not even a sensible barkeeper himself—that it is wrong to sell a drink to a boy of tender years. The law forbids it, and from the standpoint of private morality and public policy it is too obviously wrong to admit of discussion. But we wish to insist that there is another portion of the community even more to blame than the barkeepers—the parents of these minors who permit them to go from home at night, upon the pretext, perhaps, of paying a social visit, or something equally unobjectionable; but who—once from under the parental eye—roam about the streets, and go to the bar-rooms. Nobody of advanced years can have failed to note the great relaxation which prevails now, as compared with the discipline and supervision parents formerly exercised over their children. We repeat that the parents are more to blame than the bar-tenders. It is often a disagreeable thing for the latter to refuse to sell to a minor. The result would, as they know, frequently be a disturbance, and noisy demonstration. To avoid this the bar-keeper many a time, no doubt, sells the drink to the youth when he would really not do so. We are not by what we here say excusing or justifying them in selling drinks to minors. They should positively and peremptorily refuse to sell to them. But we repeat that parents who do not put themselves to the trouble to certainly know where their boys go when they leave the parental roof at night are most seriously to blame.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

In Asheville, recently, on Sunday, Mr. Percy Eubanks was ordained by Bishop Lyman a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Eubanks is a boy and was the *Chatham Record's* first "devil," eight years ago. For the past three or four years he has been preparing himself for the holy ministry at the Ravenscroft Training School at Asheville, and the *Record* says if he makes as good a preacher as he was a printer, he will be one of the best in the State.

**Washington Letter.**  
 [From our Regular Correspondent]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1886.  
 With discussions in the Senate on Art, Dakota, the Electoral count, and in the House agitation of the silver question, the Pan-Electric tin thunder and several personal encounters among members, it would seem that our law-makers are busy. Yet the complaint is that they are only wasting time as usual. The House is always asking for some investigation or explanation. Its latest important demonstration is against silver. In a test vote on Wednesday there was decided opposition to the Administration's financial policy, and the Secretary of the Treasury will be asked to outline to the House of Representatives his future policy on the silver question.

A Representative Democrat who thought the House was going too far to demand the Secretary to state his future intentions said: "It is pretty hard on the President." The Senate wants to know his reasons for every thing he has done in the past and everything he is doing now, and the house demands his intentions and promises for the future.

Three cabinet officers, so far, have been requested to furnish the Senate with information bearing on removed officials. The Attorney-General refused to furnish them. Secretary Manning, of the Treasury, has drafted a letter of refusal which will have been sent to the Senate ere this reaches you, and Secretary Lamar, of the Interior, will doubtless proceed in the same way.

When Senator Beck, of Kentucky, what he thought would be the outcome of the controversy between the President and the Senate, he replied: "It all depends upon what the Republican majority will do. They are in the majority and they can delay public business by deciding not to confirm appointees." He thought this course would be all right if the Republicans were satisfied with it. The Democrats, he said, would adhere to their present plan and he thought it would be for them a good enough issue on which to appeal to the people.

A rather singular epidemic took place in a Senate committee. Senator Sherman astonished the Democrats in a talk about appointments. Allusions were made to the deadlock which has taken place in the confirmation of officers to succeed those suspended, and a Democratic Senator asked in a semi-jocular way, why the committee should not act on those nominations over which there was no contest. Whereupon Senator Sherman remarked that there were two removed officials in his own State who had written to him that their successors were men of first class character and in every way competent, and they hoped no efforts would be made against their confirmation.

Senators Morrill, of Vermont, and Conger, of Michigan, talked about high art in connection with suggestions for some new monuments in Washington. Monuments are proposed to

**Would Not Drink.**

There is nothing which the enslaved drunkard will not do to get his liquor. Sometimes, however, the spectacle of one who has lost his will and his fine feelings, and who has degraded himself below the level of the brutes, makes other men who are on the road to the same degradation pause and reflect.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several of his companions, as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is boys, I have quit drinking—I have sworn off."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a hard drinking man all my life ever since I was married, as you all know. I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done."

"Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. I called on him and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing thread bare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawn-broker, saying 'Give me ten cents. And boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes—little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.'

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawn-broker.

"Got 'em at home" replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink."

"You had better take these shoes back to your wife. 'The baby will need them,' said the pawn-broker.

"No, s—she won't because she's dead. She's lying at home now; died last night."

"As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child." Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I declare I'll never drink another drop." Then he arose and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence. No one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each one was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*The Fountain.*

One day during the recent cold snap and freeze a party of hunters in Mecklenburg county, the *Charlotte Observer* says, met with a regular streak of good luck. In going through a piece of woods they saw a squirrel run into a hollow tree, and being determined to capture the squirrel they decided to cut down the tree. They did so, and were well repaid, as they found that the tree was a treasure trove. They captured five squirrels, two coons and two gallons of honey, on splitting open the tree. The honey was full of bees, all frozen to death. The coons and squirrels were snugly nestled together in a bed, low down in the hollow of the tree.

I would rather be five hundred old maids shut up in a room by myself than to be the wife of one drunkard.—*Rev. Sam Jones.*

Native Africans use flint-lock muskets made at Birmingham, England.

**Pass Him Round.**

Dr. W. F. G. Young, hailing from Baltimore, located in Winston in October last. He claimed to be a regular M. D., joined the Medical Association, and in connection with the practice of medicine, proposed to work Insurance, advertising as the General State Agent of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, 55 Liberty Street, New York, and of the Family Fund Society, also of New York. In November, he purchased the *Independent*, a small newspaper published here, and enlarged it to a 7-col. patent outside. Bought only first-class goods, put on style, went to church, and in a word he went into any and everything and everybody where he could do so without its costing any money. So swimmingly did he succeed that in December he moved into one of our leading hotels with a woman he claimed as his wife, but who proved to

**Pass Him Round.**

be a common prostitute from Raleigh, known and recognized as such by persons from there, as well as persons of our own town—the said woman being of mixed blood, and known in Raleigh by the name of Mary Boyd. The "Doctor's" true inwardness was learned here last week. His paramour left at once and he, hearing the mutterings of an indignant and outraged community—also skipped the town last Friday evening, not tating with him as much as a change of clothing. The "Doctor" is a man of good address, but a peculiarly sallow complexion, about 5 feet 10 inches high, and weighing some 150 pounds. He is reported to have gone towards Salisbury, and we give these items of his operations in Winston, so that the people there and throughout the State, may take warning. He is a specious rascal and a fraud of the first water.—*Union Republican.*

**A Hen's Imagination**  
 Worked Upon for Two Eggs a Day by an Aesthetic Citizen of Indianapolis, Indiana.

This is the age of the intensely practical. A man who used to be given much to literary pursuits, has now abandoned the classics and taken to—hens. Before November's wind had stripped the trees he became possessed of an idea that was worth millions. He had been reading Riley's story of how "Peasler Fooled His Bees," and induced them to work all winter. The Seventh ward savant (who, by the way, is known as Sycamore Slocum) was impressed with the thought that the imagination of a hen could be so wrought upon that she would be persuaded to lay an egg every day—aye, twice a day during the winter. He built a hennery that for picturesqueness and ornamentation has never been rivalled. It is worthy of the fabled fowl whose silvery cackle daily announced a golden egg. The hen house is tight and warm. The walls are papered in landscapes. The ceiling is of bright sky blue paper, dotted with lazy butterflies and bugs. In a little pool of water, kept a spirit-lamp concealed beneath, grow some warty plants among which sport a few festive fraglets. To lighten the illusion, several large wax plants are employed and never did foolish old hens strut about, amid such gorgeous surroundings. But they pay for it. The coop is lighted artificially—and this alone results in a profit of 200 percent. to Slocum. Thus at high noon the sun-light oil lamp (with reflector attachment), which is the sun to the establishment, begins to glimmer and presently dies out. The biddies give way to sleepiness, and turn in for a short nap. The red lit lamp shortly calls them to labor. By thus dividing the day Slocum works his hens for two eggs, and he has removed from their silly heads the impression that there is a winter in this climate when egg-laying may be temporarily suspended. The profits of this egg factory have been handsome. While rich people have been paying 20@25 cents for limed and old preserved eggs, Slocum has been having fresh ones whenever wanted, and is selling a large surplus at retail to his neighbors at 22c. per dozen.—*Indianapolis News.*

**Pass Him Round.**

One does not realize the extent of the railroad work going on in the State until he undertakes to enumerate the various lines now being extended in almost every direction. Work on the Western North Carolina extension is proceeding with vigor, the Spartanburg and Asheville road is being completed, the extension of the Carolina Central westward is being made and the president of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley road says his road says his road will reach Mt. Airy by the first of January. The Virginia and Carolina company has an unusually well-graded road-bed through Warren county, which, however, may never be utilized, and there is recently built a short line from Suffolk, Va., to Buckland, Gates county, the control of which has been secured by the Jacksonville and Washington road and which will eventually become a part of the certain extension of the latter road north and south. The Rocky Mount and Nashville road is being rapidly built by the Wilmington and Weldon company and will be extended, it is said, to Raleigh. The half of the Wilmington and Florence short-cut of the Wilmington and Weldon road between the first named town and Fayetteville is being constructed with astonishing rapidity and in a manner remarkable for excellence in every detail. The Clinton and Warsaw road is well under way and the rails have just been purchased for a short line from a point on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta road southward. The Pittsboro road is rapidly being laid and the citizens of Moore county are next month to vote upon a proposition to issue bonds in aid of the construction of a road from Jonesboro to Carthage, the result of which action will undoubtedly be in favor of the road. The extension of the Western North Carolina, of which we have spoken, has reached a point 102 miles from Asheville—is well up in the Alleghenies. In addition to these lines, many others, of course, are being projected, but we have confined ourselves to those actually being constructed or on the point of being begun. Most of the lines we have mentioned are short lines too, it is true, but they are just the sort or rail-ways we need at present, that is to say, feeders of the main arteries, and their number, with the prospect of a rapid increase in that number, strikes us as an evidence of prosperity not to be doubted. Taken in connection with the other signs of progress now visible throughout the State it should serve to encourage all of us in the hope for better times. Let but the farmers, who represent the foundation of society, once get well upon their feet and the day of an enduring prosperity will have dawned, we firmly believe.—*News-Observer.*