

THE MORNING CLARION.

\$2.50 per Year.

"How noble the Man among noble Men, who fears not to ply a truth-telling Pen."

Single copy 2 cts

VOL. 1.

OXFORD, N. C., MONDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1876.

NO. 36

The Morning Clarion,
By WILLIAMS & ROBINSON,
(OFFICE IN THE SPIAN HALL BUILDING)

Is published every Morning (Sundays excepted) at the following rates:

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 1 Copy one week, | 12 1/2 cts |
| 1 Copy one Month, | 35 cts |
| 1 Copy 2 Months, | 60 cts |
| 1 Copy three Months, | 80 cts |
| 1 Copy six Months, | \$1.50 |
| 1 Copy one Year, | \$2.50 |

Liberal inducements to clubs.

Advertising Rates:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| 1 square 1 insertion, | 50 cts |
| 1 " 1 week, | \$1.00 |
| 1/8 column 1 month, | \$2.00 |
| 1/4 " 1 " " | \$4.00 |
| 1/2 " 1 " " | \$7.00 |
| 1 column 1 month, | \$12.00 |

Local Notices 20 cents a line each insertion.

Democratic Conservative Meeting.

The Democratic Conservative voters of Granville are requested to meet in mass convention, at Oxford, Monday May 29th, to appoint delegates to the State and Congressional district Convention, to be held in Raleigh the 13th and 14th days of June next, and to transact such business as may be deemed necessary.

By order of Co. Ex. Committee.

J. S. AMIS, Ch'm.

April 20th 1875.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Democratic-Conservative voters of the Fourth Congressional District will be held in the city of Raleigh on Tuesday the 13th day of June next, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress and a Presidential Elector, and selecting two delegates to the St. Louis Convention. A full attendance is earnestly desired. Each county will be entitled to one vote for every one hundred votes and fractional part over fifty given for Merrimon in 1872.

By order of the District Executive Com.

H. A. LONDON, JR., Chairman.

March 31st 1870.

LOCAL & STATE SQUIBS.

Miss Emily Gilliam arrived last Saturday from an extended trip to Fayetteville

Arrived.—J. A. Robinson, of this paper, W. A. Davis of the *Torch-Light* returned from the Press Convention Saturday. Our readers will hear from the Sunior to-morrow.

Just received a pretty line of Ladies and Misses trimmed and untrimmed Hats. GRANDY & BRO.

WOMAN LIKE.—Only a poetical woman, with grateful recollections of sweet sixteen, could have writ'en these lines:

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
Exclaimed a pert miss,
Whose lover was seeking
An innocent kiss.
By this prudish conduct
Cold water was thrown—
The lover drew backward
And—let her alone!

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
She hollered once more.
He cried, "I'm not near you!"
And found it a bore.
She quickly subsided,
Grew tender to view
And whispered quite softly:
"I'll scream till you do!"

N. C. cut Herrings at 15 cts per dozen at WILLIAMS & BRYAN'S.

"I would'nt love an old man,
I'll tell you the reason why,
Therer's a drop at his nose
And his chin is never dry"

No doubt but many a fair girl will sing this little stanza and mean just what she sings, but there are exceptions to all general rules, and we have one point. A grey-haired father of eighty sat with his young bride, a beautiful girl of 17, cozily on one of the seats of a passing train the other day. The bride was all sweetness—all life—all vivaciousness—the groom with his red bandanna, cast furtive glances at life's sweet inspirer, ever and anon wiping—not the perspection—but the "drop" from his nose and repeating the motion to the chin. As we passed this couple that reminded us so much of Spring and Winter, we heard Spring whis-

per in musical tones to her adorer, "honey, won't you get me some water? As the old man s started tottering for the water cooler, we left the car, mentally wondering what strange freaks human nature sometime displays. Ladies—all of you sing.

"I would'nt love an old man. &c"

Flowers of Spring, in all their beauty—
Flowers of Summer, more mature;
Flowers of youth, in all their freshness—
Flours in barrels, biscuits or slapjacks—
In short, shortened, cooked and prepared for the chewer.

Now, we know as much of the language of flowers as Kiowa, does of cook-book. We have no more idea of sentiment than a Kiekapoo has of psychomaney. We have no more appreciation of tinkling moonshine and metrical blatherskite than a poet has of politics. But we feel that life is worth having when is offered the evidences of thoughtful remembrance, delicate friendship, sisterly kindness and that heaven born sentiment which we call sympathy—the spontaneous offering from the heart to one who in the eyes of the giver appear in need of the word which breathes encouragement in such an act—and which spring to life in light eternal, fostered by angels pure, planted in breast of mortal favored, by command of ruler Divine, and seeking expression in natures beauties lays before its object her jewels rare, in colors inimitable, arrangement more than perfect, enwrapped in an atmosphere of perfume in which might choose to float the souls of the best—oh, lordy, we started out to say that on Saturday a lady sent us a boquet and that's what's the matter. But don't you suppose for a moment we didn't appreciate the kindness which prompted the offer.