

Wednesday, May 19, 1875.

GRAND EFFORT FOR THE ORPHANS.

We have received a poster announcing that, on Friday the 28th of May, inst., there will be a grand demonstration at Clinton, Sampson county, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. The exercises will consist of a procession of the Masonic Fraternity, Knights of Pythias, Patrons of Husbandry, and Good Templars, addresses by J. H. Mills, Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum, and John Nichols, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of N. C., after which a dinner will be prepared at "Paisan Hall." The Committee earnestly request contributions in food or money from all persons interested in this great work.

MASONIC COMMITTEE:

G. W. Hobbs, J. C. Hines, C. T. Murphy.
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS:
John D. Kerr, M. C. Richardson, M. E. Royal.
PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY:
H. A. Beaman, Dr. J. A. Bizzell, G. W. Hobbs.
GOOD TEMPLARS:
N. F. Herring, Mrs. Warren Johnson, Miss Anna Bizzell.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows met last week in Elizabeth City. The large delegation was very hospitably entertained, and the reports of the subordinate lodges indicated numerical and financial prosperity. The Odd Fellows feel a deep interest in the orphan work, and are looking forward to the day when they will take charge of either the boys or the girls and so divide the responsibility with the Masons. At present their contributions are liberal.

CHOWAN ASSOCIATION.

This body met at Windsor, and several acres of people were present. The hospitality of the people was unbounded, and the usual business was transacted. A lively interest in the orphan work was manifested by a resolution of endorsement, and by the liberal contributions mentioned in another column. The *Albemarle Times* imparts a great deal of life to Windsor and the surrounding country.

WANTED, in these centennial days, a newspaper that does not contain the quotation about the "time that tried men's souls."

A Good Idea.

Said an old farmer one day: "My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir; and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls," (and he might have added boys also), "good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon, because he does not loosen his purse string whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened."

A college newspaper says that a clergyman in a certain church, on a recent occasion, discovered after beginning the service, that he had forgotten his notes. As it was too late to send for them he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughter is impolite. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness.

Who Rob Orchards.

In a certain village in the far West, was an atheist. This man, of course, never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in the fruit season, he was specially busy on the Sundays, in defending his orchard from his great enemies, the woodpecker, and the idle, profligate persons of the village, who, on that day, usually made sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he very rudely accosted the minister.

"Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you do by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchards?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied, "My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I should most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving, but, the truth is, they are all so like you and the major here that I never get a chance."

"Good, good," replied the major, laughing; on which the elder atheist, blushing a little, and in an apologetic tone, said:

"Well, well, I believe it is true enough: it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."

—N. Y. Observer.

Her Child's Lost Grave.

The violated graves in the "improved" portions of the public commons in Boston, Worcester, and other large cities, where ancient burial-places were divided or destroyed, suggest many a pathetic scene and story like the following. All the reverent tenderness of our natural affection for our dead cannot, it seems, stop or stay the hand of improvement, when it wants the ground where their bodies were laid. But it is hard to say whether it is worse to destroy "God's acre" than to utterly neglect it. The following is from the *Detroit (Mich.) Free Press*:

If you have ever passed the old deserted grave-yard on Russell Street, near the House of Correction, you know that there is not a more lonely spot in Detroit. It is a score of years since any one was buried there. The fences lean in or out; the weather-beaten head-stones lead this way or that, or have fallen down.

The rich and the poor who sleep under the ragged soil have been dust for years, and if any of them left friends behind, they are scattered now, and are not here to fill up the sunken graves, and plant a flower to take the gloom away.

The other day, people saw an old woman wandering through the graveyard, brushing the moss from some of the headstones to look at the letters, and studying long over the quaint characters carved into others. By-and-by she crossed the street and sat down on the steps of a cottage, and when people saw how old and feeble she was, and that her eyes were full of tears, they pitied her.

She could not answer at first, but by-and-by she told them that she had come hundreds of miles to take a last look at a grave which she could not find. Half a century ago she buried a child there, and all through the long

years, though moving here and there, her mother's heart had not forgotten the dead.

Old now, her steps feeble and her locks gray, and feeling that she had but little longer to remain on earth, she had come across the State alone to have a last look at the little grave. Years had gone by, but she thought she could walk right to the spot, and there was half a hope in her heart that strangers' hands might have kept the headstone white and the grave as when she last saw it.

She found the old yard cut up by streets, the city all around and beyond, and of the hundreds of mounds and headstones which she once saw, but a score or so were left. She sought among the leaning headstones, and she stood under the dying willows and searched the field for the small stone which bore the words "Our Willie," but the flight of time and the hand of progress were more powerful than a mother's love.

Fifty years since the little body was lowered into its grave! Half a century since the headstone was placed to mark the spot! And yet her mother's heart brought her back in her old age, with the hope that her tears might fall upon the little grave, obliterated and passed from sight forever.

It was sad enough to see the tears falling down her wrinkled cheeks, and to know that her old heart was aching with disappointment, and men spoke kind words to her, and women wiped their eyes in sympathy. Looking through her tears at the bleak and lonely field, its loneliness relieved and yet made more lonely by the time-worn headstones and the clumps of briars, no wonder that the poor old woman felt it in her heart, and had to sob out,—

"I'm afraid I can't find him in heaven—heaven's so large."

The Lion Tamer.

A Gallic hero observes the following as the only way to deal with lions and lionesses—not to be afraid of them: "Look here, I who speak to you I make 'Saida' fetch my whip or handkerchief like a dog. You have seen her. Don't believe she acts through affection. 'Saida' loves me not. Oft, raising her head to lick my cheeks, I read in her look a concealed wrath and an indecision possibly fatal to me. It is in those moments that I concentrate all my energy in my eyes—I cause all my will to flow into my brain, and there emanates from me a fascination that must be believed irresistible, and—'Saida' executes herself. If, in that second, I should have the misfortune to exhibit the least apprehension I would be devoured." So speaks Bibol, the fashionable Parisian manager, who has to be bolder than a lion in his business.

What They Do.

A book of travels recounts a custom of a certain tribe of savages in Borneo. It is as follows: When members of the tribe become either aged or infirm, the young and healthy members make them climb lofty trees. Then the tribe dances around the tree, joyously singing: "The fruit is ripe; the fruit is ripe," and occasionally shaking the tree. The victims finally drop off, and are then cooked and eaten.

He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pit; she gently hung her head, and looked at the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM MAY 12th TO MAY 18th INCLUSIVE.

IN CASH.

Paid \$71.23: Collection at Chowan Association.
" 29.50, Orphans' Friend
" 25.00, Hon. B. P. Moore.
" 20.55, Haw River Minstrel.
" 15.00, Mt. Olive Lodge No. 208
" 12.15, Knap-of-Reeds Congregation.
" 11.00, J. S. Morrison, Stanford Ky.
" 10.00 each, J. E. Jackson, Richard Watt York Lodge No. 281.
" 6.25, Greenfield Lodge, No. 284.
" 5.00 each, J. W. Mitchell, Rev. A. F. Redd, T. P. Hogood, J. J. Seal, Mrs. James Bond, J. B. (William, Maj. Louis Latham, J. A. Woodward, Josiah Mizell, "Albemarle Times," T. F. Klutts.
" 2.40, J. P. Freeman.
" 2.20, Wiceton Lodge, No. 210.
" 2.00 each, Rev. R. R. Savage, M. L. Shaw, Rev. E. Dodson, "An Old Lady."
" 1.05, Mt. Olive Lodge No. 208.
" 1.25, Collection on Steamer, Bertie.
" 1.00 each, J. M. Powell, Mrs. L. E. Riggins, F. M. Parker, Rev. J. P. Lee, Mr. Livernan, J. Freeman.
" 70 cents, W. B. Felton.
" 50 cents, A. J. Cobb.
" 25 cents each, A. Stranger, Rev. T. Harrison, Miss Mary Jordan, Miss Ainsworth.
" 0.17 cents Mr. Cash.
" 0.10, A Stranger.

Contributions to Mars Hill, from March 22nd to May 10th.

Paid, \$59.00, Mt. Hermon Lodge No. 118.
" 45.00, French Broad Lodge No. 292.
" 5.00, General Hampton.
" 4.50, Vance Lodge No. 293
" 1.00 each, E. T. Clemmons, Thomas B. Long, H. W. Moore, Owen Smith, J. G. Aston, J. H. Sims, N. Buckner
" 50 each, C. Covey, J. O. Howard, J. P. Morgan.

IN KIND.

Collected by the Committee of Concord Lodge, No. 58, viz:
From R. C. Brown & Co., 80 yards shirting.
" Jno. F. Ward, 12 lbs. starch.
" J. A. Williams, 80 lbs. bacon, 50 lbs. flour
" S. S. Nash & Co., 1 bbl. soda crackers.
" W. S. Clark, 45 yards shirting.
" W. B. White, 50 lbs. flour, 1 bbl. potatoes.
" O. C. Francisco, 106 lbs. meat.
" T. H. Gatlin, \$10, in shoes and dry goods.
" M. R. Jones, \$2.50 in dry goods.
" Robert Whitehurst, 1 bag peas.
" John O. Hagun, 14 bolts cloth.
" M. Weddell, 3 pairs shoes.
" N. M. Lawrence, 1 bbl. flour.
" Spencer L. Heart, 1 bbl. flour.
J. C. K. Carter, Raleigh, 1 bushel onion sets.
Williams & Haywood, Raleigh, 1 bushel onion sets.
Win. Simpson, Raleigh, 1 doz. papers early corn.
Pescod Lee & Co., Raleigh, Medicine.
Mrs. Arvilla Whitehead, 1 pair socks.
Josiah Mizell, 1 large sturgeon.
W. H. Avera, 1 bbl. flour.
Contributions to Mars Hill, from March 22nd to May 10th:
W. F. Cook, 1 plow, 1 straw cutter.
W. H. Brown, 2 sacks flour
G. M. Roberts, C. M. McCloud, R. M. Ferman, Bearden Rankin & Co., Col. Pulliam, Ray & Willard, R. V. Blackstock, J. A. Carter, 1 bag flour each.
J. C. Sims, 1 bag flour, 16 lbs. bacon
Jno. L. Corn, 54 lbs. flour
Tennent Bros., 1 bolt shirting
E. L. Brown, 2 bushels meal
M. P. Penland, 2 bushels meal
J. D. Robertson, 4 lbs. bedcord, 4 lb. candles
G. W. Ballard, 4 lbs. bedcord—1 lb. coffee.
W. E. Davidson, \$1 in bacon
J. R. Patterson, \$1.20 in bacon
J. H. Carter, 3 lbs. coffee
H. C. Faggy, 3 lbs. coffee
Mrs. L. W. Sams, 11 1/2 doz. eggs, 30 lbs. beans
Mrs. J. R. Sams, 4 gallons molasses
Mrs. R. B. Anderson, H. B. Sprague, Miss Martha Skinner, Mrs. Joseph Wilcox, each, bundle of children's clothing
Lewis Ahman, 2 gallons molasses
A. L. Logan, 3 gallons molasses
J. H. Sams, 1/2 bushel potatoes

The following persons have paid for THE ORPHANS' FRIEND for one year from this date:

J. A. Woodward, Miss Corn L. Rascoe, James P. Freeman, Miss Mary P. Winston, Miss Bettie Jackson, Miss Bettie Mitchell, Chas. Skinner, Elbridge L. Byrum, T. F. Rogers 2 copies
Chas. G. Manning Whitaker Myers J. T. Wall Miss Annie C. Koe Miss Mary Jane Bell Rev. W. L. Maget Jos. E. Norman Richard Woodard J. S. Chesson Willie E. Dunstan Charles Brothers G. W. Cobb Edward Price C. D. Ellis N. L. Shaw Rev. R. B. Overly W. B. Mandre Rev. A. D. Cohen.

Rev. Williamson Ankew has paid for six months.

Kitty's Lesson.

Come, Kitty! learn you A, B, C;
Don't be a pussy duncie;
Here are the blocks, now point to A!
And do be good for once.
Now, Kitty, stop! you must not play!
For school time has begun;
And mother says when we're in school
Is not the time for fun.
This is round O, and that is P;
It stands, you know, for Pair;
Here's M for Mouse, and R for Rat;
P for your own soft Fur.
Now show me S—big crooked S,
The first in Spoon and Shoe.
You naughty cat! don't chase your tail!
O dear! what shall I do?
I'll put you in the orange pail,
And tuck you "tuck the mark!"
If that don't teach you to behave,
I'll keep you in the dark.
Fie, pussy! fie! 'tis very sure
You'll never know your letters,
We'll go and hit a merry romp;
Leave learning to our betters.

"Hurry, Doctor."

A reverend doctor of Georgia had rather a slow delivery; which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum:

He was preaching, and illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hanged, and reprieved under the scaffold. He went on to describe the gauging of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold out no longer, but starting up from among the congregation, he shouted, "Hurry, doctor! for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the poor man before you get there!"

Clinging to Bad Habits.

It is hard to change national customs, however absurd, and it is little easier to change the customs of any class of society, when these have been long established. An English lady residing in Germany tells some very amusing experiences in *Traveller's Magazine*, when she attempted to teach German servants English ways. One of the servants refused to draw the baby in a carriage, preferring to carry it for four hours in her arms; and twenty others refused to enter her service if required to use the carriage. "We are not accustomed to it," was the universal plea.

But she had a more comical failure in trying to persuade them to eat decently. She bought a nice table and chairs for them, with neat table-cloths, and begged them to sit down together before a cleanly-spread table, and enjoy their meals. They took the table-cloths very ungracefully, as if they were a badge of despotism. "The very next day, looking by chance into the kitchen, I saw the manservant seated on the wood-basket, eating his mess of pottage out of the earthenware porringer in which it had been cooked, whilst the maids' empty plates stood in sloppy disorder, one on the window-sill with a pewter, the other on the table with a wooden spoon. They persistently resisted all my efforts to make them comfortable, ridiculing my well-meant efforts as part of the stupidity and precision of the foreigner.—*Youth's Companion*.