

The CONCERT of Mrs. Stradley's school, under the direction and instruction of Miss Minnie Kittrell, will take place at the Orphan Asylum, on the evening of the 28th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE ORPHANS.

As this paper was designed as a medium of communication between the Asylum and the friends of the orphan work in the State, we deem no apology necessary for frequently alluding to the condition of affairs here, and bringing the wants of the institution to the notice of the public through its columns.

For some time the contributions in money have been coming in slowly. We have had enough to provide the absolute necessities of subsistence, but the end of the month is approaching and from present indications we shall not be prepared to meet the demands for cash, which are always heavier at the close of the month, on account of the payment of salaries.

The contributions in kind have been tolerably good, especially in the way of bread-stuffs, for the last week, but we have had to cut our meat in extremely thin slices to make it go round, and to-day (Monday) the supply of meat is exhausted, with exceedingly limited means on hand to replenish.

In the way of clothing, the supply is not very abundant. We particularly need material for boys' summer clothing, and also cloth for under wear for all.

For relief in this as in all times of pressure, the institution looks to the Christian benevolence of the orphan friends throughout the State; to the benevolent societies, especially to those who have, by pledges, undertaken to give support to the institution.

Some of the Masonic Lodges, as will be seen by the published list of contributions, have responded to the resolution of the Grand Lodge by appointing committees and taking up monthly collections for the Orphan Asylum, but the larger number have hitherto neglected the matter—at least we have not heard from them in any tangible way on the subject.

Some of the ministers of different denominations have brought the claims of the Asylum to the notice of their congregations, and wherever they have done so they have met with success; but a very large majority of these good Christian men, to whom we look for no light aid in this great work, have hitherto waited for a convenient season and—we are left in great perplexity, sometimes.

We close this article by stating that we wish it to be considered a direct, earnest and urgent appeal to the friends of the orphans throughout the State for immediate and liberal help, and may God open the hearts and the hands of all to respond to the cry of those who have no other source to look to.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the "Declaration of Independence" made by the patriots of Mecklenburg county, on the 20th of May, 1775, which came off in Charlotte last Thursday, was, by all accounts, a grand affair, worthy alike of the men and the events thus commemorated, and of their descendants who now enjoy the fruits of the wisdom, labors and patriotism of such ancestors.

This event is suggestive. It leads the mind back to a review of the history of our State and people for the century just closed, and arouses speculation as to what that history will be for the new century upon which we have entered. It suggests a comparison between the men who participated in the stirring events of one hundred years ago and those who now occupy prominent places upon the stage of action. We are led to ask, Do the love of liberty, the sense of honor, the devotion to country, the detestation of bribery and hatred of tyranny, burn in the hearts and influence the lives of the present generation as they did those of the men of a hundred years ago, whose noble deeds we have been engaged in commemorating?

Physically our State has made considerable progress in the march of improvement during the past

hundred years, but not as much as many of her sisters who started out with her in the experiment of self-government. Our people have done more, perhaps, to help others than they have to help themselves. The same may be said of our educational facilities. Though these have been greatly improved, they are not what they ought to be. It is a question whether we have advanced or retrograded in morals; whether there is more virtue, integrity and piety among the mass of our people than there were a hundred years ago.

But what shall be the development of the coming century? The past is beyond our control; we can only profit by what it teaches. We can make its pages brighter than those of the past, or so tarnish them as to make the cheeks of the next celebrators of our centennial blush to read them.

We hope that those who stand, a hundred years hence, where we stand to-day, may look over the fair face of our State—their State—and see fields groaning under heavy crops by improved modes of culture; railroads meandering down the valleys and traversing the plains; manufactories of all kinds located amidst the material to be manufactured; churches worthy the purpose of worship in every neighborhood, and schools and colleges accessible to every boy and girl in the State, while public and private virtue shall be then, as now and in the past, the characteristic of the State.

LAZINESS AND CRIME.

If we were called upon to designate the peculiar incubus that retards the physical progress of the people of the South—we mean the whole people, taken as a body—we should, without casting about for euphonious nicknames, say, it is laziness; and if our opinion were asked as to the cause of the widespread demoralization that awakens the anxiety of good men and spreads such hazy gloom over the future of our country, we should say again, it is laziness; because, when men are too lazy to labor for the food they eat and clothes they wear, it becomes necessary for them to set about devising some plan by which they may procure these indispensable, and in the very desperation that often attends the effort they stoop to "ways that are dark," and stratagems that are demoralizing.

It is a bad state of affairs in any community where, upon an average, there are at least the mouths of two men open and planning to share the meat and bread that a third man is digging for; yet if we carefully observe the proportion, this is about the relation borne, in many sections, of the consuming to the producing class. We mean by that, that scarcely more than one-third of the labor of the country is intelligently utilized. It is admitted that a larger proportion seem to be busy, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether any real tangible benefit results from the labor of a larger proportion than one-third of the laboring class among us. If this be so, then have we any reasonable grounds to hope for a better state of things until there is a removal of the cause from which the evils we complain of arise?

But what is the remedy? If we are right in supposing that laziness is one of the main hindrances to our prosperity, then, an antidote for laziness would do the

business at once. But who knows of such an antidote? Strict enforcement of vagrant laws might help some in that way. Training the rising generation to diligent, useful employment will do some good also. But, after all, religious education—that moral training—which enforces the command to "be diligent in business," and lays down the doctrine that "if any will not work, neither shall he eat," must be mainly relied on to bring about any permanent reformation, and inaugurate any reliable movement in the march to prosperity. The fever for "opening stores," (some with small capital and some with crow-bars,) that rages so extensively—the clamor for clerkships and petty public offices—the dependence on 'dad' and 'too great familiarity with base-ball implements and fishing tackle, must all be entirely cured, or greatly modified, and more of our young men 'take up the shovel and the hoe,' before we shall see much sign of the "good time coming."

OUR THREE RUNAWAYS.

The teachers at the Orphan Asylum make a specialty of the study of Geography of North Carolina. The mountains, rivers, towns and roads are made familiar. Recently the boys have nearly worn out the large maps on the wall. A roving, rambling notion seems to have seized them. The centennial was approaching and great multitudes were going—Alexander, Graham and Land felt that they ought to be there. So, on Friday the 14th of May, while the Superintendent was in Windsor, and the Steward attending to business in Oxford, and the teachers in the Form rooms, the three boys put out for Henderson. About noon Parrott was sent in pursuit. When they saw him in Henderson, Graham became pale; but all kept out of his way. Some friends in Henderson sent them to the Hotel to spend the night, and advised them to return. At one o'clock on Saturday when the Superintendent arrived on the train, Graham was present and penitent; but Alexander and Land were gone. Graham therefore returned to Oxford on Saturday evening; but Alexander and Land followed the railroad and spent the night at the house of Mrs. Mary Williams, near Franklinton. On Sunday morning she gave them a hunch and they dined near Forestville, and spent the night with a portly man about one mile west of Raleigh. On Monday they had no dinner; but reached Durham and spent the night with Calvin J. O' Bryan. Some one gave them 25 cents and Mrs. O' Bryan provided them with dinner. Towards noon on Tuesday they reached Hillsboro, and were then only thirty-six miles from Oxford, though they had walked ninety-five miles in order to have the railroad as a guide. Tuesday night they spent at the justly famous Bingham School. They were very kindly entertained and the boys gave them \$1.56. On Wednesday they reached Company Shops and seemed anxious for a ride. So Mr. W. D. Faucett took them in custody and telegraphed the Superintendent, who came to his relief. But he relied on a sleepy "Ward of the Nation" to wake him on the arrival of the train going East. The train quietly passed and the poor sinner was forced to spend a day at Company Shops with two wild runaways on his hands. After breakfast, the boys began

to show signs of preparation for escape; but their clothes needed washing and were sent to the washer-woman while they were compelled to return to bed. The boys begged for a hundred lashes and liberty. They hated the idea of going back as prisoners to Oxford. The other boys would tease them. The girls would laugh at them, and their joyful Centennial would be blasted forever. At 3 p. m. a train came on and the runaways in the doleful dumps turned their faces towards Oxford and arrived there on Friday at 5 o'clock, p. m.

At Home.—The boys are rather crestfallen at the idea of being brought back, but the other children have been forbidden to tease them or in any unpleasant way allude to their escapade, at which the runaways seem very much surprised and not a little pleased. They will hardly run away again.

Barnum on Idleness.

Mr Phineas T. Barnum was inaugurated as Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday evening, and delivered a short address. Concluding, he said:

"It is painful to the industrious and moral portion of our people to see so many loungers about the streets, and such a multitude whose highest aspiration seems to be to waste their time in idleness or at base ball, billiards, &c. No person needs to be unemployed who is not over fastidious about the kind of occupation. There are too many soft hands (and heads) waiting for light work and heavy pay. Better work for a half loaf than beg or steal a whole one. Mother earth is always near by, and ready to respond to reasonable drafts on her never failing treasury. A patch of potatoes raised 'on shares,' is preferable to a polished pate earned in a whiskey scum. Some modern Micawbers stand with folded hands waiting for the panic to pass, as the foolish man waited for the river to run dry and allow him to walk over. The soil is the foundation of America prosperity. When multitudes of our consumers become producers; when fashion teaches economy, instead of expending for a gaudy dress what would comfortably clothe the family; when people learn to walk until they can afford to ride; when the poor man ceases to expend more for tobacco than for bread; when those who complain of panics learn that 'we cannot keep our cake and eat it,' that a sieve will not hold water, that we must rely on our own exertions, and earn before we expend, then will panics cease and prosperity return. While we should by no means unreasonably restrict healthy recreation, we should remember that 'time is money,' that idleness leads to immoral habits, and that the peace, prosperity, and character of a city depends on the intelligence, industry, and frugality of its inhabitants."

HONESTY.—There is a boy in St. Louis who wrote to a police officer as follows: "Dear Captain, I am sorry to tell you that I broke a pane of glass in a lamp-post on Twenty-third street, between Carr and Wash streets, on Sunday, April 25. I broke it with a ball, and the policeman after me, but he could not catch me. So I hope that twenty-five cents will pay for the glass, and that you will forgive me, and I promise that I won't play ball on the street any more."

The Fox and the Stork—A Fable.

A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You don't seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable *empressment*; "but I have an appointment at eight o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me tomorrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great navete, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

Moral—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.

Trust in your Father.

Boys read this: Johnny don't you think you have got as much as you can carry? said Frank to his brother, who was standing with opened arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice, "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart! "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no dissenting, but a sweet trust in our father's love and care that we will not be overburdened. Our Heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us that we cannot bear. So we will trust Him, as little Johnny did his father.

A Mother's Influence.

Who can measure the influence of a mother on the young and immortal minds of her children? Her looks, her actions, her smiles, or her frowns on her children stamp impressions on their minds which will last forever. She gives a moulding influence to their character, their course of life, their temporal and eternal well being. They rise to the glories and happiness of heaven, or sink to the woes and ruin of a lost eternity, much according as the mother trains them up for God, or allows them, through neglect, to grow up in selfishness and sin. The mother sits at the threshold of their existence, and directs their first tottering footsteps. Her duties lie at the foundation of human society, and from these young springs of life flow out in all their after existence, streams of bitter or sweet, purified or poisonous.—*California Agriculturist*.