

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Masons usually celebrate the Twenty-fourth of June in honor of that peculiar preacher who "taught neither eating nor drinking." He invited great dinners and pleasant evening parties. He wore a coat of camel-hair cloth and made it fast with a leather belt. There was no variety in his style, nor change in his subjects of discussion. His constant theme was, *repent of your sins and forsake your wicked ways: be good and do good.* His life of holy consecration made the people hear him gladly, and they were ready to stone any who denied his title to the honors of a prophet. Yet he lost his liberty and his life for his bold rebukes of royal sinners. His unselfish devotion to his work, his fearless denunciation of wrong, his blameless life, his cruel and unmerited death, all combine to make it meet that on one day in the year his name and example should be mentioned with the honor due to his memory. And the Twenty-fourth of June should be to all good people and to all religious and benevolent societies a day of liberal offerings to those who suffer and are in want. Let not the poor and promising orphans be forgotten on that day. And in order that the people may know more of what has been done, and of what still remains for them to do, we ask the friends of the orphan work to send, at least, one thousand subscribers to the ORPHANS' FRIEND, on or before the Twenty-fourth of June: A live weekly paper, full of instruction and entertainment for the children is strictly worth one dollar a year to every family in our land.

OUR MOUNTAINS.

A few weeks ago, the ride down the ice-bound Swamanoa was made more gloomy by the apparently lifeless forests which covered the rocky sides of the massive mountains. Now the waters are free, and the swift and shining Swamanoa darts down the flowery valley and displays a soft silver sheen as it leaps gracefully over its falls and into its pools, and then seem to hurry away to bathe in the beautiful bosom of the solemn and grand French Broad. The mountains too are changed. The trees are waving with the richest foliage, and every old unsightly shrub is loaded with fragrant flowers. The honeysuckle, the ivy, the myrtle, and many others which a low-lander never saw before, adorn every landscape with beauty and bird-like every breeze with the most delicious odors. And then, at night, the lightning-bugs illuminate the tree-tops till you imagine that a hundred engines are throwing up sparks before you. Beautiful beyond description by day, and sublimely grand at night. Go and see them.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

The 24th inst. will be celebrated at the Orphan Asylum by Tuscarora Lodge, and the other Lodges of the county, with all affiliated Masons, invited to participate. There will be a procession, one or two orations, and music by the children of the Asylum. The dinner will be given in a "pic-nick sense"—that is, every body will be expected to bring a basket, and take it as they do in the country at protracted meetings.

The committee appointed by Tuscarora Lodge has not yet made out the programme fully. It will be published in due time.

Grand Master Blount, of Wilson, and Dr. Grissom, of Raleigh, have agreed to do the speaking on the occasion. Dr. Grissom will probably deliver his lecture on *Our Ill-fated Insane—a Factory treat worth going many miles to hear.*

A good time is expected; let every body come and enjoy it.

LOST AND FOUND.—The right of property in articles found astray, suggests the *New York Journal of Commerce*, is one that needs a better definition than that which seems to be commonly accepted. It is not the thief alone who asserts this title. A pickpocket who is not taken in the act will always excuse his possession of the stolen property by the stale plea that he found it. But many very respectable people acquire the assets of another by means almost as questionable, and retain the acquisition without a blush of shame. The finder of a purse or other valuable in the street will often clutch it as eagerly as if it were really his by right of original discovery, and will take no pains whatever to trace the owner. This is little better than absolute theft; and yet the retention of such strays is so common that to have found an article of value and to have earned its equivalent by honest enterprise or labor are considered by many as equally honorable, cutting the holder to an undisturbed enjoyment of the benefit. The proper course is always to promptly advertise such findings.

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.—The June number is received. It is equal to the preceding numbers, and superior to a majority of the magazines of the day. By North Carolinians it ought to be appreciated and well patronized. We presume many of the serials of the Magazine will be published in book form—they ought to be, especially the historical papers.

A HARDY INSECT.—The common bed-bug (*Cimex*) is not only a troublesome insect, but he has some very queer characteristics. Goeze kept one six years without food, at the end of which he was not only alive, but as lively as if he had feasted on a hotel lodger the previous night. He will stand a temperature of five degrees below zero and "live and do well." The female deposits two hundred and fifty eggs at a time, (we hope she don't "deposit" often) which take three weeks to hatch. They have better noses for smelling out their prey than a foxhound, and will travel all round a bed room after their victim who may try to get away from them.

MASONIC.—There are in North Carolina, two hundred and twenty-nine active subordinate lodges working under the jurisdiction of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the State, containing a membership of twelve thousand; two hundred and sixteen Master Masons. In the United States there are eight thousand, six hundred and fifty-four lodges, with a membership of five hundred and forty-three thousand, four hundred and seventy-four. And these all speak one language.

ARAB BOYS.

Travelers are so intent upon describing the men and women, the hills and rivers, the mountains and plains, and so forth, that they very seldom condescend to tell us about the boys and girls of the strange lands they visit. Here, however, is a sketch from the portfolio of one recent wanderer to the Levant, which will interest and amuse the reader.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school-houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright-red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot.

You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yuse, or whatever his name is, begins to shout "Ya Imme! Ya Imme!" ("O, my mother!") and cries just as little children in other countries.

But the funniest part is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and of course a hundred shoes all mixed together in one pile. When school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down and kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked and hair pulled, and turgoshes thrown off, and a

great screaming follow which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa" or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school-boy fights, and bruised noses, and hard feelings in Syria.

You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather until he gets his lost property.

Cures for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour; and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next and work like a hero.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse or speak with the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, will no doubt find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee."

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, and the afflicted and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining in your lighter afflictions.

Wanted, a Boy to Attend Bar.

The paper dropped from my hand as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I read, "Wanted, a boy to go to perdition."

I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy going to a bar-room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine and rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses he had in the beginning, fell before the evil influence of the dram-shop; how he learned to drink, to swear, and to steal; how bad companions came round him and helped him on to ruin.

And, my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you that you had better work in the field or at the forge, or digging ditches—anything honest—than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard you work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, as long as it leaves your heart pure.—*Young Christian.*

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM JUNE 1ST TO JUNE 8TH INCLUSIVE.

IN CASH.
Paid \$25.00, Dr. Eugene Grissom.
" 8.25, Concert at Bethel Collegiate Institute, through J. A. Hoase.
" 5.00 each, Rev. L. K. Wiley, A Friend.
" 4.50, Orphans' Friend.
" 25 cents each, Rebecca E. James, John M. James, Annie E. James, Leonard P. James, Frank S. James.
IN KIND.

T. D. Crawford & Co., 1 box candles.
A. Landis, Jr., lot girls' hats, lot of beams.
Mrs. A. Landis, Sr., 1 lb. flour.
Isaac N. Day, counterpane, 1 pair shoes, soap; Robert Slaughtert, coffee.

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

Ed W. Eaton, Miss Mattie Mayo, R. Wilson, A. H. A. Williams.
For six months, Mrs. Mary Ann Parish.

A Reminiscence.

A native Scotchman in North Carolina, who has a large plantation and "turpentine orchard," recently invited to his house a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, and in conversation gave him this fact: "Forty years ago," said he, "I helped to saw the lumber for a meeting house near Raft Swamp, in Robeson county. In that house the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, then a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, organized a Union Sunday school; and about the same time a Presbyterian Church was organized called Antioch, under the Rev. Hector McLean. The Sunday School has been kept up ever since, even during the war; and the church still enjoys the regular semi-monthly services of its first and only pastor; and such a moral influence has been exerted all over that neighborhood of Scotch farmers, that a wicked or mean man cannot be found there nor probably a lock on one corn-crib or smoke-house. There is no use there for locks or law-suits."—*Ex.*

—The following is from the pen of Quarles, an old English poet, whose works are about to be republished:
Our life is but a gloomy winters' day;
Some only breakfast and then haste away!
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed:
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed!
Large is the debt who lingers through the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay!

To Make a Good Servant.

Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self control, a pound and a half of patience, a pound and a half of justice, a pound of consideration, and a pound of discipline. Let this be sweetened with charity, let it simmer well, and let it be taken in daily or (in extreme cases) in hourly doses—and be kept always on hand. Then the domestic wheels will run quite smoothly.—*Woman's Journal.*

A little Chinese girl about eight years old, and born in California, has been admitted to one of the primary schools of the city of Sacramento. Application for her admission was made in the usual way to the superintendent of public schools; but he referred the matter to the board of education. This is the first time that a Chinese parent has made application for the admission of a child to the public schools; but the example will doubtless be followed.

The Fire That Old Nick Built.

Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built.

Moderate Drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum Selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Love of Money—This is the stone that grinds the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public Opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

A Temperance Meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance Pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Eternal Truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Hard to Train.

Ladies take to habits of polite society by a kind of intuition, but they often have a hard task in training brothers and husbands to observe them. The *Detroit Free Press* gives an illustration:

Among the crowds around the hotel dinner-table lately, were a husband and a wife from Wisconsin, going East on the night train. She was much the younger, and fashionable withal, while he was like an old bear. As they sat down, she was heard to whisper, "Remember now to eat with your fork."
He started off all right; but pretty soon she caught him feeding his mouth with his knife, and she nudged him and whispered, "you have forgotten; use your fork."

He commenced again; but it wasn't two minutes before she had to prompt him once more. He made still another start and another failure, and, as she whispered to him, he threw down knife and fork, and growled,—

"Now, see here, Mary, it's twelve shillings whether we eat or go hungry, and I'm going to eat six shillings worth if I lose a whole set of case-knives down my throat!" She had nothing more to say.

The English Language.

Foreigners find the English language hard to master. Its mysteries of spelling and pronunciation baffle them. The following good story is told of Voltaire:

While learning the English language (which he did not love), finding that the word *plague*, with six letters, was monosyllabic, and *ague*, with only the last four letters of *plague*, dyssyllabic, he expressed a wish that the *plague* might take one-half of the English language, and the *ague* the other.

Writing on the subject of pulpit election, Mr. Spurgeon says:—"B natural is the best note for a preacher, but this we cannot expect from A FLAT."