

The X.—We adopt the usual custom of notifying subscribers of the expiration of their subscription, by placing a cross mark (X) on their papers. So, if you find the mark on your paper you may know that the time you paid for has expired, and that, unless you renew the paper will be discontinued.

We hope none will be offended at having the paper stopped when they fail to pay up, as we couldn't publish it on credit if we would; and wouldn't if we could, and we can make no exceptions. When, therefore, you see the X on your paper, send the money for renewal right along.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN AT THE ASYLUM.

The day opened bright and beautiful, and, though towards "high twelve" the heat was a little oppressive, the weather was as pleasant as could have been desired by any reasonable pic-nicker. A little before ten o'clock the carriages and buggies began to roll in, and many who had left their conveyances in town, with the citizens of the town, came a foot, and soon the campus and the chapel and corridors of the building presented scenes life and animation, pretty faces and beautiful forms that Jenkins himself would despair of doing justice to in the way of description. Nothing short of a twenty-watering-place-correspondent power would have been equal to the task. We shall not attempt it, but only say that the women were tastily and becomingly dressed, and the men fully alive to the demands of the occasion.

The Masonic procession formed at the Hall of Tuscarora Lodge, and consisted of members of that and other Lodges in the county. The turnout was not as large as we expected, but the weather was hot; many Masons had come directly to the Asylum with their families and didn't feel like going down to join in the procession, and a good many country members didn't come at all, because they couldn't spare the time from their harvesting. The procession was, also, a little slow in coming in, and, to prevent the audience becoming restless, the children, under the direction of Mr. C. L. Wilson, who has been giving them instruction in vocal music, sang some of their simple songs which seemed to give satisfaction and allay impatience.

On the arrival of the procession, the exercises of the day were opened by prayer, by Rev. Mr. Purefoy of Wake Forest. Grand Master, George W. Blount, of Wilson, was then introduced by Maj. J. T. Littlejohn, chairman of the committee, and entertained the audience by a short address appropriate to the day and the occasion. Singing by the children and a collection for the benefit of the orphans, occupied the remainder of the forenoon exercises.

The dinner, as had been before announced, was taken in picnic style. There seemed to be enough for every body—we know the children and all connected with the Asylum got plenty—and there was left enough basketfuls of the fragments to feed all hands next day.

The afternoon was occupied in short addresses by Maj. J. T. Littlejohn, Rev. Mr. Purefoy,

Col. J. S. Anis and Dr. Eugenio Grissom, interspersed with singing by the children, continued collection of contributions, and obtaining subscribers to the ORPHAN'S FRIEND, all of which resulted very satisfactorily.

The aim, by this time, being considerably on his way towards his western home, the people followed his example, and soon we were left to rest and quiet, at least as much quiet as could reasonably be expected among over a hundred happy boys and girls who had enjoyed a very pleasant holiday and a good dinner and with the prospect before them of another good dinner next day; (a pleasant break in the daily monotony of Baltimore shoulder and corn dodgers.)

The celebration of St. John's Day at the Orphan Asylum was, altogether, a very pleasant affair and resulted in much benefit to the institution. Not an accident nor an unpleasant incident of any kind occurred to cloud the occasion, and the contributions of all kinds amounted to something over two hundred dollars.

Dr. Grissom, on account of an accident to his buggy, failed to reach Oxford on Wednesday, as he intended, and did not arrive until after noon on Thursday, when it was agreed that his Lecture on "Insanity and the Histrionic Insane," which he proposed to deliver for the benefit of the orphans, should be given at night and a fee of admission charged. Consequently, the Baptist Church being tendered for the purpose, the Lecture was delivered there at night to a comparatively small but intelligent audience, the proceeds of which, amounting to nearly thirty dollars, were handed over to the Asylum. The tickets were put at twenty-five cents.

We will not extend this notice, as we suppose the Superintendent, who was at Mars Hill that day, where the people of the mountains were to have a mammoth celebration, will want space to tell of the sayings and doings on the occasion—especially the doings, as it was expected that they would take advantage that time and opportunity of doing something grand for the Mars Hill Asylum.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

The Twenty-fourth of June was celebrated at several places in our State. We have heard from some, and hope to hear from others.

AT MARS HILL.

The day is fair and pleasant. A cool breeze comes up Ivy River and refreshes the mountain groves. The orphans are full of expectation. The boys are fitting on their new hats, and the girls are seeing how they look in their new quilted bonnets. Mr. Job Baronet has furnished the calico and the Misses Blackstock have made them up in handsome style. All are healthy and happy. No one has ever died on Mars Hill, and every inhabitant grows constantly more robust. But along the roads, through the fields, and down the mountains the people are coming. At the foot of the Hill the branch winds around a grove, and keeps it cool. Here are convenient springs, good seats and a stand for the speakers. Vance Lodge, French Broad Lodge and Asheville Chapter are present. Mr. R. V. Blackstock is, in a preliminary meeting, appointed Marshal, and he introduces Gen. Robert B. Vance, who in his happiest style discusses the histo-

ry, character and objects of Masonry. It is certainly one of the ablest efforts of this great and good man. Mr. Blackstock now calls upon the Superintendent of the Orphan Work who occupies an hour on the history, and benefits of the Orphan Houses at Oxford and Mars Hill. He also discusses the reflex advantages to those by whom these institutions are supported. Calls are now made for Gen. E. R. Hampton. His speech is short and sensible, endorsing the work and urging a liberal support. Now a short recess is announced for dinner. Gen. Hampton divides two boxes of candy among the orphans, and the people crowd around their table and pile up hams, chickens, cakes, custards, pies, &c., until there is no more room. The picture of those tables, of the grateful children, and of the benevolent contributors will be "a joy forever" in the memory of all who are present. The officers of Asheville Chapter, arrayed in their gorgeous robes, are now installed and brief additional addresses are made by Presiding Elder Frazer, Col. R. W. Pulliam, Rev. John Ammons, H. A. Gudger, Esq., and Capt. M. E. Carter. The orphans sing several songs and a good feeling pervades the assembly.

The prayer of Rev. R. Patterson at the opening of the exercises and of Presiding Elder Frazer at the close, express the deep devotion of the people. But is this all? Far from it. A collection is made. In cash and kind, it amounts to about \$350. Yes, the mountain people open their hearts and purses and joyfully make their liberal contributions. Just as the people are dispersing Mr. Gudger proposes to announce a Democratic Convention. Mr. Blackstock says, "I wouldn't do it—every body feels too good."

Surely this has been a great day at Mars Hill. At night Rev. Thomas Ogburn preaches an excellent sermon to the orphans and a crowded congregation. On Friday morning all resume their wonted labors.

AT HICKORY.

Remembering that John the Baptist "came neither eating nor drinking" and that every Mason, at every meeting of his Lodge, is reminded of his duty to help the needy orphan, let us read the following article from the *Piedmont Press*:

MASONIC CELEBRATION.—The members of Hickory Lodge, A. F. & A. M. celebrated the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, Thursday, June the 24th. Several members of Catawba Lodge were present and joined the fraternity. All met at the Lodge Room at 3 o'clock, formed a line of procession and marched to Clinch's Hall, where a number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled. The Worshipful Master, Rev. J. C. Harrell, delivered a short, but well studied and interesting address.

At 7 o'clock the fraternity assembled at the Masonic Hall again, and all marched to the Western Hotel for supper. On entering the dining room, we found a large table groaning beneath the weight of good things prepared, especially for the occasion, by Mr. Marshall, the worthy proprietor. The table was bountifully spread with finer cakes, jellies, ice cream, candies and other eatables the most delicate appetite could desire—giving quite the appearance of a marriage festival.—Bountiful as was the supply, the demand was almost equal for when the table was surrounded by this band of Masons just from the quarry, just called from labor to refreshment, it was soon relieved from its burden. Many toasts were drunk to the prosperity of Masonry, Hickory Lodge, &c. All seemed to enjoy the exercises and the festival to the fullest extent, and this day will long appear as oasis in the desert of our life.

A boy who is not strong enough to spade up a small onion bed between new and the Fourth of July, will dig over a ten acre lot before breakfast looking for bait.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM THE CHILD OF PROVIDENCE.

In introducing Grand Master Blount to the audience here on Thursday last, Col. Littlejohn made a brief allusion to the original purpose of the Masonic Fraternity of the State in erecting the buildings here for a College, and the change that has since taken place, resulting in their use for an Orphan Asylum; intimating that this was the working of an over-ruling Providence to make provision for the care and education of helpless orphans, not only of Masons, but of those who have no other claim upon the Fraternity than the common bond of Charity. The idea was more largely dwelt upon by Rev. Mr. Purefoy in the afternoon, who, taking as we believe, an enlightened Christian view of the subject, argued that, as God had thus plainly indicated his purpose in making preparation for the care of the orphan girls and boys among us, it becomes the duty of all Christian people to aid to the extent of the means which he has placed in their hands, in carrying out his beneficent purpose.

We think every one who believes in an over-ruling Providence, will coincide with the view above alluded to, and when the premise is admitted, the conclusion is inevitable. If the all-wise Being has really so over-ruled in the matter as to change the original purpose of the erection of St. John's College into its present use, it must be the duty, and we believe it will be the pleasure, of all good Christian people, to give their cooperation to the work, and aid to the extent of their ability, in view of other charitable claims upon them, to make it effect the good that God designed it should.

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

A Georgia correspondent of *Zions Landmarks*, published at Wilson, N. C., preaches the faithful a sermon on the subject of idolatry, in which he introduces Free Masonry as one of the idols to be avoided by the brethren. Now, it is our decided opinion that this zealous brother is giving an opinion on a subject he knows nothing about. He has probably never been inside of an open Lodge, and seems to have taken very little pains to inform himself in regard to the principles, tenets and workings of the Masonic order, and it would be more in accordance with the rules of common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, not to launch his anathemas against a class of men who do more to relieve distress—to wipe the tears from the eyes of destitute widows and orphans—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and visit the sick—in one twelve-months, than has been done perhaps, by him and all of those who believe with him, since the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. And we do not mean by this that this anti-Mason lecturer and his co-religionists are not as charitable as the general run of mankind, but we mean that he has no right, derived either from God or man, to brand a large and respectable society of men, who are as honest and, in the main, as pious as he is, as idolaters, and their mystic rights and charitable deeds as idolatry. There is not a creed in the world that more distinctly acknowledges and humbly reverences the being of the one only true God, than that taught by Masonry. But, of course, this writer knew nothing of that.

Microscopic Writing.

In the United States Museum at Washington there are two specimen glass plates, on each of which there is marked space as the dot on the letter *l*. Within this space, which is equal to one two hundred and ninety-fourth part of an inch in length by one four hundred and fortieth part of an inch in width, is written the Lord's Prayer. The prayer contains 227 letters. Such is the fineness of the writing that 29,431,458 letters written in a similar way would cover only one square inch of the glass surface. The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters; hence, the entire contents of more than eight Bibles might be written within the space of one square inch. The writing is done by machinery invented by Mr. William Webb, of Loudon. During the siege of Paris by the Germans, a pigeon post was sent from London to that city. The following is a description of the method of making up the mail:

Written messages for Paris were received, and, by photograph, reduced to microscopic size, each letter being reduced so small as to be invisible to the eye except as a speck. Some two thousand of these specks were then printed on bits of tissue paper about an inch and a half square, which was rolled and carefully attached to one of tail-feathers of the pigeon. On the arrival of the bird in Paris, the postal officials placed the paper under the microscope, which enlarged the several specks into readable communications, which were duly copied in writing, and delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed. The total postage received for the transmission of one of those tiny bits of paper frequently amounted to two hundred thousand dollars.

Jimmy.

I once had a pet mocking-bird that was a source of great amusement to me, and also of some little inconvenience.

Jimmy, as I called him, would not only imitate the bird songs that came to his ear, but the crowing of my bantam, and the mewling of my kitten. As my home was in a part of the city where the cry of fire was not infrequently heard, he soon learned how to cry "Fire!" as distinctly as a parrot.

My father was one day sitting in my room, and lighted his cigar with a match. Jimmy saw it, and immediately began to call, "Fire! fire!" A boy in the street heard it, and repeated the cry. A needless alarm of fire was a thing which, when detected, was punished by the town authorities.

My father sprang to the door to silence the boy, but it was too late. The little wretch was, by this time, fully two blocks away, and other boys were joining in the frantic cry.

"They'll have to have it out now," said my father, returning to the house.

The bell rang, and in a few minutes the steam engine came tearing down the road. Soon the hook and ladder company followed. But where was the fire? It was nowhere to be found. As the firemen were returning to their engine house I heard one say, "I'd like to know who started that cry, so that I could take him by the collar."

But Jimmy was safe in his cage, and not a feather of his collar was harmed.—*Mary Montreal, in York's Companion.*