

OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL.—We call the attention of parents and guardians having boys to educate, to the announcement of the opening of the Fall term of Prof. Fetter's School in Oxford. Mr. Fetter, who was for six years a member of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina, and who has been for eight years since successfully engaged in teaching schools of a high grade, needs no recommendation as a Teacher of youth; and Oxford as a location is well known as healthy, moral and peculiarly free from everything calculated to distract the attention of pupils or to draw them into vicious habits. A circular of the school can be obtained on application to the Principal.

NAMES LOST.—On St. John's Day, one of our little boys, Charlie Hewlin, obtained the names of three subscribers to the ORPHANS' FRIEND. The strip of paper on which the names were written has been misplaced and cannot be found. We would be glad to learn who subscribed to the little boy, that the names may be entered and the paper sent.

STRAW.—As the harvest is nearly over and farmers will soon be threshing out their wheat, we wish to speak in time for a large quantity of nice, clean straw to make under-mattresses. Persons having it to spare will please give us information of the fact.

A GOOD DINNER.—Although the cold snap in April very much damaged our vegetable crop, yet we are doing pretty well, considering. On Monday we had for dinner, cabbage, Irish potatoes, snaps, squash and cucumbers. The pea crop is gone; we have had beets several times, and shall have ripe tomatoes in a few days. If we can get bacon to grease with, we have a fair prospect of juggling through the summer, at any rate, in the eating line.

EXPLANATORY.—In the acknowledgment of contributions we never enter an article until it is received. This will account for the fact that some contributions in kind that have been recently subscribed, does not appear in the reported list this week.

INCREASE IN LIVE STOCK.—Some of our boys came running in one day last week with information that there was a swarm of bees passing over the house. On going out we discovered, sure enough, a swarm of bees hovering about one of the turrets of the building, on which they finally settled. It is said by the knowing old ladies, to be a good sign for bees to voluntarily take up at a place, so we hope these little immigrants will prove harbingers of good to our institution. At any rate we can point them out to the girls and boys as examples of industry.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—At the festive dinner last Thursday our little folks were gladdened and fattened by the reception of several baskets of cooked victuals—buns, bread, cakes, pies and other good things—sent in by the friends of the orphans. We tried to keep a list of these contributions, but failed because many were sent direct to the dining room without our knowledge at the time, and we could not find out afterward who sent them. Mrs. A. H. A. Williams, Col. J. T. Littlejohn, and, we believe, Mrs. Gilliam and

Miss Kittrell sent baskets. Mr. J. G. Jones gave for the dinner a quarter of beef and six quarters of lamb, which we cooked here. A box of cooked provisions intended for the dinner, was sent by Mr. A. A. Randolph, of Halifax county, but we didn't get it in time, and owing to the delay, a part of the contents were spoiled.

While on the subject of acknowledgment, we will state that the amount of money raised on the occasion was increased considerably over what it otherwise would have been, by the efforts of Rev. Mr. Puffery and of Mr. Blow of the Oxford Leader. Mr. Puffery started a proposition to raise \$100.00 by \$5.00 contributions, seconding his own motion with a V, and Mr. Blow labored untiringly until the proposition was met and the hundred raised. For raising funds, always commend us to a minister who has had experience in the business by acting as agent for a college endowment, and an editor who has succeeded in the business of collecting newspaper subscriptions.

To the above, and to all others who aided in the orphan work on that day, our thanks and the thanks of the orphans, are due, and are hereby heartily tendered.

THE WHEAT CROP.

From Wake to the Tennessee line the wheat crop is good; and the yield promises to be abundant. Flour and corn are already falling rapidly in price, because it is plain that the vast acreage seeded in wheat and the good crop growing will furnish abundance of bread, especially in the mountain sections of the State.

Why some People are Poor.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown in the fire.

Pork spoils for the want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.—*Cottage Heart.*

Seen by God

One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun; and as it descended toward the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the range of the great telescope the top of a great hill about seven miles away. On the top of that hill there were a large number of apple-trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, and securing to feel sure that they were undiscovered. But there sat

Prof. Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with us. Because we do not see the Eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, live as though we were not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon us, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought, which is not known to God. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science has constructed for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which he has made the resting-place of his feet? "Thou, God, seest me."—*S. S. Messenger.*

The Father's Face.

A certain Sunday School was preparing for an entertainment, in which some of the scholars were to speak short pieces. In practicing for this occasion, a little girl named Bessie, only five years old, was placed on the platform to speak her piece. She began very nicely; but pretty soon she stopped, looking all around the building, and seemed greatly troubled. Then her lips began to quiver, and her little frame shook with sobs. Her father stepped out from behind a pillar, where he had been watching her, and taking her in his arms, said; "Bessie, darling, what's the matter? I thought my little girl knew the verses very well."

"So I do, papa, but I couldn't see you. Let me stand where I can look right into your face, and then I won't be afraid."

How beautiful this was! And this is just what Jesus does for us, if we are trying to serve him. He puts us "where we can look right into his face" at all times. And in that face there is nothing but goodness, and love, and tenderness towards us. What a comfort this is.

Fashionable Women.

Fashion, says a writer, kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a great transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washer-woman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books, they set no rich examples of virtue and woman's life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable wo-

man's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

Bewitched.

Parrots that have learned to talk seem to have a spice of old A lam in them, and to find pleasure in bothering people, and saying wrong or wicked things. But they sometimes outwit, by the mere force of training, without any design:

They tell a good story in Newgate Street, London, of a parrot, or of two parrots, rather, a gray and a green one, belonging to Morley, a tradesman in the old Bailey, just opposite the prison, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense. The man had a wonderful "bird-sense," and his power of training birds became famous throughout the metropolis. He had taught his green parrot to speak whenever a knock was heard at his street door; but when the bell of the same door was rung, he had taught the gray parrot to answer. The house, still standing, has one of those projecting porches that prevent the second story from being seen from the pavement. One day a person knocked.

"Who is there?" asked the green parrot.

"The man with the leather," was the reply.

The bird answered, "All right," and then became silent.

After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the man knocked again.

"Who's there?" again asked the parrot.

"Who's there?" cried the porter outside. "It's I, the man with the leather; why don't you open the door?"

"All right!" repeated the parrot, which so enraged the man that he furiously rang the bell.

"Go to the gate!" shouted a new voice, which proceeded from the gray parrot.

"To the gate?" repeated the man, seeing no gate; "what gate?"

"Newgate! Newgate!" responded the gray parrot.

The porter was enraged; but stepping across the street, the better to answer what he supposed to be the insolence of the house-maids; he saw that he had been outwitted and teased by a couple of parrots.

Helping the Minister.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching today," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

"Think of that, my little ones; and when you go to church or chapel, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones."—*Missionary Echo.*

A veteran observer says; "I never placed much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been here. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM JUNE 23 TO JUNE 29th INCLUSIVE.

- IN CASH.
- Bank \$100.00, Collection at the Asylum 12
- St. John's Day.
- 44 50, Orphans' Friend.
- 27 50, Dr. Grissold's Lecture on St. John's Day.
- 1 00, J. L. Brown.
- 11 00, Ionic Lodge, 337, collected on St. John's Day.
- 6 75, H. C. Eccles.
- 5 75, Citizens of Falkland, Pitt county.
- 5 00 each, Thomas W. Dawey, P. H. Dewey, R. Y. McAfee, T. H. Brink, A. G. Reuziger, Witkowski & Ringels, Col. J. S. Amis, Misses E & S Andrews.
- 4 25, Children of Falkland, Pitt Co.
- 3 85, Perquimans Lodge, No. 106.
- 2 50, Henry T. Jordan.
- 2 00 each, Candler Grange, 489, Mr. Cash, W. R. Jones, James R. Day, J. E. L. & J. S. Carr, 11 Fow Grange No. 233.
- 1 00 each, Wm. Green, J. Lowman, John S. Lockheart, D. W. Whitaker, D. A. Johnston, W. K. Stron.
- 50 cents, J. W. Roberts, J. T. Womble, S. A. Bullock, J. W. Jones, R. H. J. Brown, J. H. Watson, M. A. Angier, Simpson Brown, & Goldsmith.
- 25 cents, Mr. Cash.

IN KIND.

- Witkowski & Ringels, Lot Dry goods valued at \$22 01.
- J. M. McLaughlin Soda valued at \$5 40.
- Sample & Alexander, 2 prs shoes.
- R. M. Miller & son, 2 bags flour.
- D. P. L. White, 1 can lard.
- S. B. Meacham, Flour, \$4 00.
- D. W. Check & Co., Flour, \$4 00.
- Mayor Gray & Sons, \$8 00 in Tea.
- Walf Baringer & Co., \$5 00 in dry goods.
- C. S. Helton, lot of soap.
- W. R. Maxwell, 2 boxes worm medicine.
- James Heineman \$3 00 coffee.
- A. A. Randolph, Box of ham, cakes, bread &c.
- Miss Julia A. Muter, 4 prs socks.
- Miss Mary Amis, 1 pr socks.

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

- A. W. Flinn, Wayne Abbott, S. D. Harrison, A. C. Schuman, F. C. Christy, S. A. Magnin, C. Weikel, T. L. Love, Capt. D. T. Ward, J. Edward French Jr., Ellis Levy, Dr. J. R. Beach, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. A. H. Hunt, Miss Olivia White, Isaac Levy, Miss Annie M. Estes, Mr. S. H. Hunter, M. N. Bogart, Mrs. E. L. Hunter, W. H. Hester, Tristram Capoherty, J. S. Williams, Leona Crews, Mrs. H. P. Riss, J. R. Bell, N. Robinson, W. T. Lee, J. A. Webb, H. T. Shanks, Steven Jones, Annie B. Lee, Miss J. Jones, Miss Jennie L. Southland, H. B. Cook, T. T. Hicks, Dr. G. W. Landis, Dacey Peed, Lawson, Knott, J. T. Gaddy, N. P. Oliver, Mrs. M. E. McLaughlin, C. D. Christopher, Orie Yearley.
- For six months, Roy J. C. Electwood.

God Wants the Boys.

Some boys are very noisy and unruly. They make quiet people dislike them because of their uproarious conduct. I read lately of a lot of such fellows who wanted to go into a pre-meeting, but the door keeper pushed them back, saying:

"No boys! no boys!"

One of the boys repeated these words, and shouted, "No boys! no boys! God don't want no boys!"

This was bad grammar and bad doctrine. The grammar was of little consequence, however, compared with the doctrine. God does want the boys. He wants them to be his children, that he may set them to work for him. He wants them that he may help them grow into good and true men. He wants some of them to be Christian ministers, others to be Christian physicians, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. He wants to make all of them into honest, true, happy, useful men.

"Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not," were the words of Jesus about the boys.

Shout to the winds therefore, that God wants the boys! Sing in the Sunday-school, God wants the boys! Aye, tell it everywhere that God wants the boys!

- God wants the boys!
 - The noisy boys!
 - The funny boys!
 - The thoughtless boys!
 - God wants the boys!
- That he us gold may make them pure, And teach their hardness to endure; His heroes brave had have them be, Fighting for truth and purity! God wants the boys!

Oxford High School, OXFORD, N. C.

The Fall term begins Monday, July 12th, 1875. Course of instruction Classical, Mathematical and Commercial. Board and tuition, per session of 20 weeks, \$145.00. For circular apply to FRED. A. FETTER, A. M., Principal.