

Yes, the crops are so promising, the country is so prosperous, and the people are so intent on making the most of the present opportunity, that the orphan work is sometimes forgotten and liable to suffer. It seems to be necessary to take a short reprieve away from their duties in Oxford and go with them into the way of the people. The first place visited is Forestville, a very pleasant village. The audience is good, the people eagerly attentive, and very much interested in the work. Rev. J. S. Purfoy prays for the children, but prevailing sickness prevents the attendance of some. We go to Cary, but a heavy rain shuts us closely in, and we go and give an entertainment at Swain-street church in Raleigh for the benefit of those who do not wish to go out at night. Another rain prevents the expected exercises at Metropolitan Hall. Once more we are at Cary. Good water, clever citizens, and a quiet, thriving village. No liquor sold here, schools and school-teachers held in high esteem. In spite of another rain the people attend in large numbers, and our entertainment is a success. Rev. A. D. Blackwood prays for the orphans. On Saturday night we meet another rain at Apex, but the people go through mud and water, and the Academy is full. Rev. S. Ivey opens the meeting with prayer, and the audience is all attentive. On Sunday morning after a pleasant Sunday School, Rev. Jesse Page, of Cary, preaches a sound and sensible sermon, and leaves a very deep impression on the minds of the people. He thinks religion should make men reform their own lives and do good to others. This is hard to deny and hard to obey.

Apex is a prosperous town, having a large trade and live business men; crops and vegetables are very fine through all this country. Apex and Cary ought to be educational centres. It would be difficult to find two places better located for large schools, and the citizens of both are intelligent and refined.

Now it is Monday and we go to Raleigh again. On reaching the Depot, we find that Mr. George W. Wynne has placed his cabinets at the service of the orphans, and we have neither trouble nor expense on the question of transportation. This of itself is a large and liberal contribution. At Metropolitan Hall on Monday evening we have a full house and excellent order. At the close of our exercises, Rev. Mr. Mangum addresses the audience and urges all to contribute a little. They take him at his word and the collectors make a clean sweep of lemonade money. The pile of ten cent pieces is large, but it counts up rather small. Now the banks must come to the relief of the people and not let the orphans break up the lemonade business, just as the Convention campaign is about to open. However, Raleigh has already done nobly for the orphans, and we are grateful for those fragments.

And now for Clayton. At the Depot we see the doleful lemonade men standing by their full buckets, selling not a drop. The dimes were contributed to the orphans. So sorry to interfere with a whole branch of business! We send back a package to the bank

that made any be resumed and the people once more relieved. Clayton is a small town, but the people are kind and clever. The Methodist church is full and the children are remarkably quiet. Rev. A. Weaver offers prayer and makes some closing remarks. The collection is small, because money is scarce, and because most of those present expect to contribute through the various orders of which they are members. Education country has no orphans at Oxford—can not spare them out of the crop—and does not feel and see the value of the work as it is seen and felt in some other counties. But our entertainment has stirred an interest never felt before, and its influence will be felt hereafter.

The ride to Goldsboro is short, and homes are quickly provided for the children. At 8 o'clock we meet in the "Town Hall." A church would have been better, but this is the place selected.

The Hall is unfortunately too small for the audience, and some negroes take pains to scatter themselves over the benches and thereby exclude the whites. A part of the hall is assigned to them, and they are politely requested to occupy it; but they refuse to do so. If they feel any better for such conduct, we have nothing more to say. The collection adds up rather small; but one church has just made a contribution and the others will probably do so. One of our company was left sick at Oxford and another is sick in Clayton and Goldsboro from excessive eating of "negro-toes," or palanets. So we have only ten on the stage and the entertainment is not so good as usual. Rev. Mr. Brooks prays for the orphans and adds a few remarks at the close of the exercises. Thursday is a beautiful day, but very warm, and we turn our faces towards La Grange.

P. S.—Have just seen Major Bingham on his way to Clinton to deliver his great lecture for the benefit of the orphans. He is a wise and good man and will do good wherever he goes.

(To be Continued.)

THE PROPHETIC NATURE OF RABBITS.

When there is a soft coating of snow on the ground, a very few rabbits, in the course of one night, can make a great many tracks. So it is with mischief-makers. They can create and circulate a vast amount of scandal in a very short time, especially if they have impressive grounds (willing listeners) to travel over. Let an evil report of any person, whether true or false, start in a neighborhood where there is one really industrious, unscrupulous gossip, and you will soon find more tracks marking its course than twenty rabbits could make in the longest winter's night over the downiest bed of snow that ever fell.

The principal characteristics of a three-egg-going scandal monger are two—one positive the other negative. The positive is, envy at anything commendable in another. The negative, a want of Christian charity. These traits set such characters to work to blacken everything that shines brighter than themselves, and they are more industrious in their peculiar vocation than the rabbits are in seeking succulent food to sustain life.

Teach me to do another's wrong.  
To hide the fault I see.  
That money I to others show,  
That money show to me?

According to previous announcement, the Concert by the young ladies of Oxford, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, came off last Tuesday evening at the Asylum Chapel. It must not be understood that by "young ladies," is meant, full grown, marriageable Misses, away up in and past their teens, but young ladies of every age from eight or nine to fourteen years; school girls in fact.

This Concert was a work of their own, in its conception, preparation and consummation. They selected and practiced the pieces according to their own taste and judgment, and the favor their performance met with showed that they possessed a good share of both.

The Concert was a decided success in every respect. The music, instrumental and vocal, was well rendered, and received written applause. The audience was large for an occasion of the kind, and the proceeds of the sale of tickets reached the very pretty sum of thirty dollars and twenty-five cents, which was handed over to the Asylum next morning.

These dear, kind-hearted little girls are entitled to the thanks of the friends of the orphan work for their interest in its behalf, thus substantially manifested. The Oxford people, young and old, have always been found ready when help was needed by the Asylum.

We understand our young friends will repeat their concert before long, with a change of programme.

SUITED TO A "T."

"How did your wristbands suit you, Frank?" said Fanny Grey to her brother Frank, a young man just home in his first college vacation. "I stitched them every bit myself on the machine. Were they nice? Did they fit?"

"They were splendid, Fan. I told the fellows they were done by an old lady of seven years. Fit? I guess they did. Fitted to a T. Thank you!"

And Frank Grey pulled his coat-sleeves up a little, and showing the shining linen, fitting his shapely wrist, much to his little sister's admiration.

"Frank," said Fanny, a few moments after, "may I ask you something?"

"Of course you may, little one; I'll answer if I can." And Frank clasped his hands over his head, tilted back his chair, put his feet upon the table, and looked down into his sister's eyes that were saying, just then, "As if there was something you didn't know, you splendid old fellow?"

But aloud she said, "What did you mean by fitted to a T?"

"I'm sure I don't know and I want to!"

"Whew!" whistled the young man. "What do I mean, sure enough? Well, I mean suited exactly, fitted perfectly, I suppose."

"Yes," said the little girl in a disappointed tone, "I know that; but I thought perhaps it came from something. I don't see the sense of it, I'm sure. Suited to a T. It meant something else in the first place I knew."

"Well, I guess in did, pet," said Frank; "I'll look it up for you, some time."

"He'll never think of it again," said Fanny to herself, "but I do wish I knew. 'Suited to a T.' It is so funny."

The next day Frank came in

with a strange sort of ruler in his hand. It had a cross piece at one end, which gave it the shape of a capital T.

"See here, Fanny," said he, "I have been to the carpenter's shop in your behalf. I hope I'll get you suited to a T this time. I failed to satisfy you yesterday, you know."

So Frank placed the cross piece against a perpendicular line which he had drawn and laid the arm along a horizontal line that formed the right angle.

"You see," said he, "this is called a T square, and is often used to test the accuracy of lines and angles, as I have just tested mine. For a wonder, it fits exactly. I never did hit it so well before. And so you see, it is fitted or suited to a T. And it is altogether probable that the proverbial phrase suited to a T, originated in this institution."

"O Frank, how much you do know! I'm so glad I asked you! I can see the sense of it now," said little Fan, hugging him tight, to the great damage of his neck-tie.

Frank looked as wise as an owl, but he didn't let on that he couldn't have told, to save him, till he asked somebody else. That's how I found out what is meant by 'suited to a T.'

HOW IT IS DONE.

"Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

"Father, give me a penny!"

"Haven't got any—don't bother me."

"But, father, I want it. Something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"I must have it; you promised me one!"

"I did no such thing—I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It's all wrong—I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper, "I think you might give me one; it's real mean."

"No—go away—I won't do it, so there's an end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny and throws it at the child. "There, take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door and calls to one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house, right away!"

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come in right away, I'll give you a licking."

Joe smiles, and continues his play; his companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey.

"You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe!"

"Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back to the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents: show your children by example that you are weak, undecided, untrustful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your sowing will not fail.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROFESSORS OF CHAPEL HILL.—The committee of nine of the Trustees of the University, after agreement among the Faculty, have designated residence at Chapel Hill, as follows:

To Dr. Phillips—The Swain House.

Prof. Kimberly—The Kimberly or Wheat House.

To Prof. Mangum—The Dr. Phillips House.

To Prof. Redd—The Mitchell House.

To Prof. Hooper—The Judge Battle House (rented).

Profs. Graves and Winston, being unmarried, will occupy rooms in one of the College buildings, probably in the "South."—*Raleigh News.*

The Country Doctor.

Country doctors have sometimes a pretty hard road to travel. The following anecdote illustrates it. The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night, with the stirring summons,—

"Doctor! want you to come right straight off to Banks'. His child is dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's pisoned. They gin him laudanum too paragonicky."

"How much laudanum they given him?"

"De'no; a great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushed off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds all closed, so at a light to be seen. He knocks at the door, but no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night-cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice speaks out, "Where there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"O, it's no matter, doctor, Ephraim is better. We got a little skered, kinder. Our bin laudanum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's woke up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. Tant tant him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away his mortification and anger, when the voice called,—

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothing for this visit, will ye?"

At a camp-meeting last summer, a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand—ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5,000!" cried a converted stock broker present.

A farmer who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in U. S. securities went to a broker's office to obtain treasury notes. The clerk inquired, "What denomination will you have them, sir?" Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish religious sects, the farmer, after a little deliberation, replied: "Well you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the left end in Free Will Baptist."

A tea that should never be watered or adulterated—Charity.