

The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME I.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1875.

NUMBER 41.

ONE OF THE "THOUSAND BOYS WANTED."

FROM THE N. Y. OBSERVER.

Charles was appointed as clerk to a dry-goods merchant nearly two years ago. He is there still and not likely to leave soon: for his employer likes him well and Charles likes his place and his employer, too. He is paid no more wages than the other boys, though he deserves, and would receive more, were it not contrary to the rules of the firm. Charles himself, however, is satisfied with what he has and thinks it is all he deserves now, but expects to get an increase as soon as he is really worth it.

He does not dress extravagantly: for his mother is poor and his salary is small; he dresses neatly, however, and wears substantial clothing, which is always respectable on boys. Most of the other clerks are worse in appearance than he, though they are all better off at home, and have more wages. The difference is easily accounted for: he takes care of his money; they take no care of theirs, but spend it in fancy clothes, gold-headed canes, meerschaum pipes, gold rings, cigars, a drink of beer when thirsty, and then a theatre ticket twice or three times a week takes all the rest; or, if it is summer time, they spend more on Sabbath-day pleasure excursions than it costs them for their board.

Charles is not like them. He is industrious from morning till night, never losing a moment that he can use to advantage for his employer. And he spends his evenings in the happiest place on earth—his mother's home! He has as much enjoyment, too, as any young man in the city: he finds it in reading to his mother while she plies the needle beside her little round work-table, which Charles sent home to her on Christmas Day. He is ambitious and wishes to improve his mind, so that when he becomes a merchant he can take his place among the most intelligent of them, if not among the richest. He is active in business, and his employers say, "Charles can do more in a day than any two of the others." I don't know that he is aware of this himself; whether he is or not, we are sure that he never thinks he does too much, nor resolves to do less in the future. He is always truthful and very conscientious in keeping his word. He minds what he is told, and thinks that his employers know better than he what they want done and how he ought to do it.

Such a boy as that is usually envied by his companions, and this is the case with him. Yet no one can help admiring and loving him. He carefully manages to keep them all under obligation to him for a dozen favors or more. And this shows that very young persons can be obliging even to superiors.

Before he was so well known as he is now, the boys often treated him rather rudely, but he soon made them ashamed of themselves by returning politeness for rudeness, and good for evil. His companions are not the only ones who notice this: his employer

sees it well, and holds him up before the other clerks as an example for them to follow. It may be his intelligence which makes Charles so obliging; but have not all boys the same opportunities of improvement, and even much better, if they would use them? Let them become diligent in business and persevering in study, and they may yet overtake Charles. He is not so much smarter than others, but if he can do his work in half the time other boys require, it is because he gives double the attention that they do. Good company and close attention to his books make him intelligent. Not bad and corrupt books that boys conceal when their parents or other respectable friends and superiors are near, but books which his pastor approves and encourages him to read.

Charles is a good boy and spends his hour at noon not with many others like himself, at the door of a hotel, smoking cigars, but at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, a few blocks from his place of business. He says that bad habits are formed in hours of idleness, and that

"Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

He is quite as honest with regard to others as he is to himself, and when by mistake he took a counterfeit five dollar bill from a stranger and did not detect it till the person had gone, he instantly reported the mistake to his employer and said he would bear the loss of it himself.

It is no wonder that Charles is a great favorite with his employer and indeed with every one in the house. He is not much of a loser by his conduct, which entitled him to their confidence and esteem; for there is not a Christmas which comes around that does not bring to him a handsome present in money from his employer, besides many other smaller gifts.

We dare not give his correct name and full address in this paper: for he is one of the "Thousand Boys" for which, if he were known, probably a thousand employers would each be glad to dismiss one of his boys and apply for him. They need not think of that: for his employer would pay him double wages rather than let him go. We will therefore leave him where he is till he serves out his time; he will then be kept as their first salesman, and before many years, we doubt not, he shall be part owner in the firm where he is now a clerk.

There is not a boy in the United States of America who may not be like this one, if he pleases to cultivate carefully the qualities spoken of in him. And no one who ignores these need be disappointed if his employer should turn him off at any moment.

REDBROCK.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

It was a third-class carriage. She was a pleasant faced young woman, going, I think, for the first time after her marriage to visit her parents in her old home, to show them their two fine grand

children. At least this was the little history I built up for her in my brain from a word or two that I heard between her and her husband at the station, as he put her into the carriage with an affectionate farewell. I always watch with great interest the farewells and greetings of my fellow travellers, and have a fashion of thinking out for myself the whole story of their previous lives from the little hints that I get in this way. It is to me as if I were permitted to open the second volume of an interesting romance, and allowed to read only one short scene in this, and asked to guess as nearly as possible from this the story and the characters of the actors in it.

The youngest child was an infant of about three or four months old—very quiet and good; the other was a pretty, restless little girl of three, who could not be still a single moment, and kept the careful mother busy by her questions and wants and childish prattle. She was not at all bashful and soon talked to us also in such a natural, conquering condescending way that we were quite in love with the charming little lassie, and begged her mother not to check her innocent advances to us.

When we had been traveling together for two or three hours, and began to feel quite like old acquaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother half rose from her seat to place the girl, who had left her place, again on the opposite seat. How it happened I have never understood; it was one of those accidents which seemed impossible, and, in fact, only happened once in a hundred thousand times; but just as she stood half erect, holding her sleeping babe upon one arm and her little frolicsome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden, quick movements, and in an instant she was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood fixed and rigid in exactly the same attitude, her arm still bent as though around her child, gazing with wide open, fixed eyes at the place whence she vanished. She seemed literally suddenly turned to stone; with the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted I do not know; doubtless it seemed to us much longer than it really was. Then the young mother seemed to come to herself and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanishing darling, now far away. I caught her quickly fast and held her, while the kind young lady who sat opposite her took the babe from her arms, and we all began to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Some how we managed in our excitement to do all that was possible; the guard came, the train was stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us, or even looking at us, left the train, supporting herself on one arm of the sympathizing guard, while he held the still sleeping baby fast in the other.

Of course the train must go

with increased speed to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the poor bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at the next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, be sure to do it immediately," cried a dozen voices; for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had run through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriage the disappearing forms of the mother and the guard.

"It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty-five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner, taking out his watch and holding it open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most selfish and disagreeable old gentlemen possible; scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor; and then in the shortest and gruffest manner possible; he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way except to glance at her now and then with a savage expression as her clear, childish laugh had disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time" again and again in words more forcible than ornamental.

There was a young would be dandy in one corner; slight, straw-colored gloves, a slender cane, an infant moustache, an eye-glass struck in one eye, seemed to be, in his opinion, tokens of vast superiority over the other travellers; and he spoke very little, except occasionally to make some supercilious remark or ask some question about third-class travelling, apparently to produce on us the impression that he was a young nobleman, or prince, perhaps, in disguise, scoring for himself how ordinary mortals fared. What a change had come over him now; the eye-glass hung dangling hither and thither; with the kid gloves, of which he had been so dainty, he had grasped the dirty facing of the door, and was straining his gaze, first backward, until the poor mother was no longer to be seen, and then forward to the next station, where the news was to meet us.

Now at last we are there; the train halts, and one of the guards runs quickly into the little office over which "Telegraph" is painted. Everybody who can possibly get his or her head out the window on that side thrusts it out. There is a moment of intense suspense; here comes the guard with a dispatch in his hand; he stands about midway between the ends of the train and begins to read it out in his clear, loud, official tones: "Child perfectly sound; alighted on a pile of straw in a field, not two feet from a stone wall!"

Then what a scene! Every man at the train windows has his hat off in a moment and is waving it and cheering as if he would split his throat; every woman is buried in her pocket-handkerchief, crying and laughing together.

The stout old egotist and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with the heartiness that belongs to the sons of the Vaterland, although they never met before this morning.—The stiff old maid in the corner has shaken my hands in both of hers so many times that I feel they are quite sore.

All the inhabitants of the little village came running around the train.—"What is it? Where is he? Is it the Kaiser himself, or is it the Kronprinz?" they ask in bewildered excitement at the sight of ours.

But all the Kaisers and Kronprinzes in Europe put together could not have aroused the flood of feeling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than loyalty—love—which was stirring every heart; it was sympathy with a mother's love.

NON RESISTENTIA.

There are (says an observer) the greatest varieties in the state of sleep-walkers; some hearing without seeing; others seeing without hearing. Some possessing a state of consciousness almost approaching to the waking state; others being in a condition little removed from perfect sleep. On this account, while we manage to hold a conversation with one person, another is altogether incapable of forming a single idea, or giving it utterance, even if formed. For the same reason, the first, guided by a certain portion of intellect, pursues with safety his wild perambulations; while the second, driven on by the impulse of will, and his reasoning faculties locked up in utter stupor, staggers into dangers of every kind. It is not always safe to arouse a sleep-walker: and many cases of the fatal effects thence arising have been detailed by authors. Nor is it at all unlikely that a person, even of strong nerves, might be violently agitated by awaking in a situation so different from that in which he went to bed. Among other examples, that of a young lady who was addicted to this affection may be mentioned. Knowing her falling, her friends made a point of locking her door and securing the window of her chamber, in such a manner that she could not possibly get out. One night these precautions were unfortunately overlooked, and, in a paroxysm of somnambulism, she walked into the garden behind the house. When there, she was recognized by some of the family, who were warned by the noise she made on opening the door; and they followed and awoke her; but such was the effect produced upon the nervous system, that she almost instantly expired.

An old citizen of Crofton, Ky., who was troubled by owls that invaded his henry, has got rid of them. One night he ground a scythe-blade very keen, split a pole twenty feet long, inserted the blade, and hoisted the pole. Owls never lit on this but once. One gallon of owl-toes was picked up next morning, and the farmer has not lost a hen since.