

SPECIAL BOYS' AND GIRLS' COLUMN.

We still continue to receive communications from the girls and boys, but not as fast as we anticipated. Those we have received and published are well written for writers so young, and would even do credit to those of more experience.

HARRELLSVILLE, N. C., } Nov. 29th 1875. }

EDITOR ORPHANS' FRIEND.—On looking over the last copy of the "ORPHANS' FRIEND," I see that only one has complied with your proposition made in a previous copy of your paper.

I was born in the village of Harrellsville in said county, and am now just twelve years old.

Harrellsville is a small village located in the lower part of the county three miles from the Chowan River, has sixty or seventy inhabitants, it contains five stores, a Methodist church, a female school and a male academy, in which there has been no school since the death of Mr. Henry Riddick, a well known teacher in some parts of this State, who died here some six months ago.

Winton is the county seat, it is the largest shipping point in this section of the country, from the fact there is a very large back country and Winton is the nearest as well as the most convenient place. It contains several large stores, an academy, a Baptist church which has been recently built, a large steam saw-mill, a coach-shop, and two hotels.

Murfreesboro is the largest and the oldest town in the county, located in the upper part of the county twelve miles from the S. & R. R., it is situated near the Meherrin River, and is noted for its educational advantages, having two large female colleges and a male academy. Rev. G. W. Starr is the president of the Methodist College, Rev. A. McDowell of the Baptist, Prof. Conrad is the principal of the academy. Prof. Delke, who sometimes writes for the ORPHANS' FRIEND, is one of the principal teachers in the Baptist college.

Murfreesboro is not only noted for being remarkable for its educational advantages, but it has given to the State two very noted and talented men, Hon. W. M. H. Smith who now lives in Raleigh, and Hon. J. J. Yeats, who is now Congressman from this part of the State. It contains several stores, a Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist church, a photographic gallery, and there has recently been started a new paper

called the "Murfreesboro Enquirer."

The surface of the land in Hertford county is low and flat, and the soil is in many places sandy. The principal products are cotton, corn and potatoes, but very little attention is paid to raising fruits; there is some little trucking in some parts of the county, and I am told that the soil is adapted to this kind of farming.

We have no mountains or high hills in the county except the hills on the banks of the rivers and creeks. The principal rivers are the Chowan and Meherrin, the former is formed by the junction of the Meherrin, Nottaway and blackwater, it is quite a large and beautiful river, some fifty or sixty miles long, emptying into the Alamar sound near Edenton bay, it is the boundary line between this county and Gates and Chowan counties. There is a steamer named for the "Chowan," which is quite a large and handsome boat, which runs over this river three times a week bringing us our mail, the route extending from Franklin, Va., where it connects with the S. & R. R., to Plymouth N. C., a distance of one hundred miles. There are many large fisheries on this river, which are fished every spring, and supply most of the Northern markets with many shad and herring. It is a very amusing sight to see the seines landed with its thousands of the "funny tribe," and I wish all the boys and girls in Middle and Western N. C. could witness this amusing sight.

I have not said in my imperfect way all that might be said of my county, but the length of my letter warns me to stop and finish in some future communication should it be your pleasure to accept it.

NANNIE E. SHAW.

For the Orphans' Friend.

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

A wanderer alone, o'er life's stormy main, No shelter or haven, in sickness or pain; Huge billows of grief sweeping over my head, Homeless and homeless—my parents are dead.

My father fell bleeding 'midst carnage and strife, On the red battle field he yielded his life; One thought of his home, and calmly he smiled, And left to his country his poor orphan child.

Heart-broken, my mother soon sickened and died, In the village church yard she sleeps by his side; Alone, all alone, without friends or home, I was left in my grief, o'er this wide world to roam.

The cold blasts of winter howl over my head, I am freezing with cold whilst I hunger for bread; Too feeble to work, I only can cry, Kind stranger, take pity, or I too will die.

O God of the orphan! whatever may betide, I pray Thee, that I too, may sleep side by side With the loved ones I've lost, with them may I rest, And be taken to heaven with the good and the blest.

EBELDOUNE.

What's o'clock.

When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner had I gained this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions, but my father called me back again. "Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something else

to say to you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had yet to learn, for it seemed to me that I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day; I must now teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was Dutch to me; I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. If we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and then at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner, you may always know the time of your life; and your looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, what o'clock it may be with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock which perhaps it never would have possessed in my esteem, if these words had not been spoken. "What o'clock is it with you?"

The Orphan's Cry.

The following beautiful appeal for the world's homeless and friendless little ones is from the Advocate and Guardian:

How pitiful! "The last cry heard was that of a little child in the cabin," says the narrator of the fearful wreck of the Schiller. The little helpless babe, its mother swept away by the rushing waves, wailed out its terror and grief in the darkness and empty void. There was no helper, and it, too, sank into the cold abyss. But its voice has rung round the world.

Long years ago, another babe wept, but the voice of its crying found a loving response. The king's daughter had compassion on the little waif, laid by the river side alone in its ark of bulrushes, and took him for her son. He was saved.

And there are weeping babes all around us. The cries of helpless infancy fall upon our ears at every turn. Fathers, mothers, are swept away by the relentless hand of death, and the cry is heard of the little child in the empty home. Worse still, when sin sweeps the parent on in its resistless power, and the babe is left at the mercy of life's cruel current—left to sink to a premature and sad grave, unless some king's daughter passes that way, and, moved with compassion, takes the child to her own heart. Who may not rear a Moses?

A Man Nine Feet Long.

America has come near having a giant to rival Og, King of Bashan:

Mr. Slusher, the largest man ever born in Tennessee, died in in Greenville, in that State, recently. He was but nineteen years of age, and had not been hurt by an attack of rheumatism, would have been nine feet high. His boot was eighteen inches long, and one of his hands was about the size of four ordinary ones. He could sit on a chair and pick up anything three feet from him. His head measured about fourteen inches, and his chest seven and one-half feet in circumference. His coffin was eight and one-half feet long, fifty-eight inches wide, and two and one-half feet deep.

Churlish souls stint their contributions, and call such saving good economy. Little do they dream that they are thus impoverishing themselves. Our God has a method in providence by which he succeeds our endeavors beyond our expectations, or can defeat our plans to our confusion and dismay. In a very wide sphere of observation, I have noticed that the most generous Christians of my acquaintance have been always the most happy, and almost invariably the most prosperous. Men trust good stewards with larger and larger sums, and so it frequently is with the Lord. He gives by cart-loads to those who give by bushels. Where wealth is not bestowed, the Lord makes the little much by the contentment which the sanctified hearts feel in a portion, of which the little has been dedicated to the Lord.—Spurgeon.

Java possesses a curious fish that aquarium managers should take note of. In the tank inhabited by the fish a stick is placed upright, projecting a few inches above the water, and a fly or insect of some kind is placed on the top. The fish swims round the stick to examine the prey, and, after apparently measuring the distance, rises to the surface and discharges a few drops of water at the insect rarely failing to secure its game. This "shooting" fish is of a plain, yellowish color, marked with dark stripes, and is about ten inches long.

- Committees of Subordinate Lodges Appointed under Recognition of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylum: American George, 17—Dr. C. L. Campbell, H. C. Madley, G. W. Spencer. Davis, 33, Thomas J. Pugh, Joseph Cotten, Geo. A. Tally. Huron, 40, J. C. Little, T. W. Blake, A. H. Winston. Concord, 53, W. G. Lewis, John W. Cotton, Joseph P. Suggs. Scotland Neck, 63, A. B. Hill, W. E. Whitmore, G. L. Hyman. Eagle, 71, James A. Gastis, Charles C. Taylor, Isaac R. Strayhorn. Orr, 104, J. F. Randolph, T. J. Carmalt, Rich. and Granger. Clinton, 107, N. M. Rean, J. C. Griffith, C. Watson. Franklin, 109, Wm. M. Thompson, F. B. Mass, B. Lowenberg. St. Albans Lodge, 114, Ed. McQueen, H. T. Pittman and Neill Townsend. Mt. Lebanon, 117, James W. Lancaster, A. J. Brown, S. B. Waters. Tuscarora, 122, M. B. Jones, W. S. Grady, W. R. Turner. Clinton, 124, Thos. White, B. Y. Yarbro, G. S. Baker, J. G. King. Radience, 132, J. G. Britt, Jesse Benton, T. H. Suggs, Taylor Barrow, C. H. Albritton. Mt. Energy, 140, J. B. Floyd, H. Haley, W. E. Bullock. Roanoke, 156, C. H. Horton, I. H. Scarborough, A. R. Young. Buffalo, 172, A. A. Melver, A. A. Harrington, B. G. Cole, A. M. Wicker, R. M. Brown. Falkland, 195, A. R. Parker, J. T. Parker, Wm. Peebles.

- Cary, 195, A. D. Blackwood, P. A. Sorrel, R. H. Jones. Swanake, 203, R. W. Daniel, E. M. Hicks, W. T. Kee. Dorca, 204, W. H. Reams, F. M. Meadows, R. W. Holbrook, E. C. Allen, A. Sherman. Lebanon, 207, Jno. H. Summersett, Wm. Merritt, W. S. Frink. Mt. Olive, 208, Jesse T. Albritton, Joel Loftin, D. M. M. Justice. McCormick, 223, Dalrymple, Nathan Duggall, W. O. Thomas. Lenoir, 233, Benj. S. Grady, John S. Blizell, S. B. Parker, John H. Aldridge, Jacob P. Harper. Wicacoan, 240, Norman L. Shaw, Matthew Brower, Wm. E. Peel. Roanoke, 243, Allou Johnston, S. Quinceley, Wm. D. Tucker, W. T. Meseley, F. M. Pittman, Henry F. Brooks. Newbern 245, J. E. West, T. Powers, E. Hubba. Catawba, 248, R. P. Riehlhardt, J. N. Long, D. W. Rainsour. Shiloh, 250, W. H. Gregory, Rev. E. Hines, P. J. Pittard. Farmington, 265, L. G. Hunt, W. G. Johnston, W. F. Euresles. Watauga, 273, J. W. Council, J. Harding, L. I. Green. New Lebanon, 314, Samuel Williams, John Jacobs, W. M. Spence. Jerusalem, 315, John H. Davis, Geo. E. Barnhardt, Thomas M. Bessant. Manatus, 318, J. J. Shafer, John Martin, J. N. T. Martin. Mathews, 323, S. S. Beck, J. C. McLeod. Fayetteville, 329, A. S. Heide, B. E. Sedberry, George P. McNeill. Mt. Mariah, U. D., J. W. Powell, J. B. Phillips, W. P. Hines.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND, Published at the Orphan Asylum,

OXFORD, N. C. PRICE, \$1.00 a year, CASH, postage prepaid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at 10 cents a line for first insertion and 5 cents a line for each continuance. About eight words make a line.

The paper is edited by the officers of the institution without extra compensation; and much of the work of printing it is done by the Orphans.

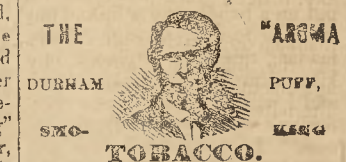
All the net profits go to the benefit of the Asylum.

We ask every present subscriber to get us at least one additional name before the meeting of the Grand Lodge, but one need not be considered the limit.

August 25th, 1875.

T. B. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. S. B. STOK. (Late of "Dalby Prof.")

LYON, DALBY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF



DURHAM PUFF, THE ARROW TOBACCO. Durham, N. C. Orders solicited—Agents wanted—Tobacco guaranteed. March 17th—11-2m.

H. A. REAMS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF



REAMS' DURHAM BOOT AND SHOE POLISH, Warranted to excel all others, as money Refunded.

This Blacking that will polish on oiled surface. It is guaranteed to preserve leather and make it pliant, requiring less quantity and time to produce a perfect gloss than any other, the brush to be applied immediately after putting on the Blacking. A perfect gloss from this will not soil even white clothes. We guarantee it as represented, and as for patronage, strictly on its merits.

H. A. REAMS & CO., Manufacturers, Durham, N. C.

This Blacking is recommended in the highest terms, after trial, by Geo. F. Brown, J. Howard Warner, New York; the President and Professors of Wake Forest College; and a large number of gentlemen in and around Durham, whose certificates have been furnished the Manufacturers. Orders solicited and promptly filled. March 3rd, 1875.