

The Orphans' Friend.

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THE GRATEFUL HORSE.

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When old Jim first made acquaintance with Sam Wood, he had a very bad opinion of stable-boys in general, and of Bob Hawkins in particular. Bob had been stable-boy before Sam, and before him had been three or four others, all bad boys, who had given the old horse a dislike to the sight of a boy, and soured his temper entirely.

Bob used to think it really delightful to pinch Jim's ears and under-lip, or to tickle him, which annoyed Jim exceedingly, and taught him to snap at people's fingers. Bob used to put pepper in Jim's salt and oats, to make him sneeze. He knew of a certain little sound, something like a very young puppy whining, that made Jim almost wild with anger and fear. Why he was so afraid, no one could find out, but Bob used to hide behind the hay, and just as Jim reached up to take a bite from the rack, Bob would make this sound. Then poor Jim would start and snort, and would not touch the hay again.

These, and a hundred other mean and cruel tricks, Bob played off against old Jim. His master knew nothing of it, but wondered how the horse's temper came to be so bad, of late. Do you not think it was a very small and mean thing, for Bob to tease the poor old horse that could not complain, or tell his master why his temper had been spoiled? Surely this must grieve our loving Father in heaven, "whose tender mercies are over all His works."

But, one day, Bob's master found him out, and he was turned away in disgrace.

You can think how cross this daily worry had made old Jim; so that when Sam Wood came, he looked on him only as another tormentor, whom he had best bite and kick as often as there was a chance.

The first time Sam came to the stable, he brought a nice piece of bread in his hand; but when he held it out to Jim, the horse laid back his ears, and showed his teeth, as if to say, "Look out, I'll bite you." Sam stood quite still, with his hand stretched out, till Jim thought he might as well look at the thing, whatever it was. He was careful about sniffing at it, poor old fellow, for he had burnt his nose with pepper, from Bob's hand; but his curiosity was great, and at last he touched the bread with his lips.

"Good old boy!" said Sam, in a kind, friendly voice. Jim hardly believed his ears. He looked carefully at this strange boy, and then, making up his mind to risk a peppering, he took the bread in his mouth. It tasted very good, and presently Jim found Sam smoothing his neck, and gently rubbing the back of his ears, in a way the old horse particularly liked, but which no one but his master ever treated him to.

From that time, a firm friendship grew up between the boy and horse.

At first, Jim could not help being distrustful; but, by and by, he ceased to lay back his ears, and curl his lip, whenever a hand was laid on him. He no longer started at any strange sound in the barn, and he whined with delight when he heard Sam's cheery voice. Sam never came to harness him for work without bringing a bit of bread or sugar, or an apple, or even a handful of salt, to make him welcome, and Jim tried to show his grateful feeling in every way a horse could.

One cold morning, Sam took him, as usual, to the pond for a drink, but found the pond frozen over. Sam tried to stamp a hole in the ice with his boot, but could not, for the ice was too thick. "Jim, old fellow, this looks bad for your breakfast, doesn't it?" said Sam. "I guess I shall have to go to the house for a pick-axe. What a bother!"

Sam said the last words in a complaining tone, for he did not want the long walk up to the house. I do not say that Jim understood the words, though he is a very knowing old horse, but he looked at Sam inquiringly, and then began to paw at the ice with his iron shod hoof.

"Good boy!" said Sam. "Dig a hole if you can, but I don't believe you will."

Now what did the wise old horse do, when he found he did not crack the ice? He walked upon the pond, turned around, and began pawing at the edge of the pond, where the ice was thinnest, and soon made a hole large enough to drink from. I do not know how he knew the ice on the edge of the pond was thinnest, unless he had tried it before, and knew by the sound—animals' ears are very sensitive.

Sam patted and praised him for being a "bright boy," and Jim seemed quite proud, for he frisked about, and really flung up his heels like a playful colt.

But the best thing Jim did, really showed his love for Sam, and his own good sense as a horse, besides. One spring day, Sam had taken him down to the village, to be shod. It was just fishing season, and Sam saw a number of boys standing at the edge of the mill-dam, fishing. So, while Jim was at the blacksmith's shop, standing on three legs, with the other leg doubled up and hammered at by the blacksmith, Sam went across the road, and joined the boys.

By and by, the smith finished all Jim's feet, and, going to the door, shouted for Sam to come and take his horse home.

Sam shouted back, "Come, Jim! You come here and wait a minute."

So Jim came across the road, to the edge of the river, and seeing Sam standing on the mill-dam, with the other boys, he thought he might improve the time by nibbling the grass at the roadside till Sam should come to him.

He had not grazed many minutes before there was a great splash in the water and a shout of fear from the boys on the dam.

Jim looked up, but not understanding the shout, he went on eating grass, till he heard Sam's

voice, crying, "Jim, Jim, come here! Come!"

Jim looked again, and saw Sam's head sinking into the water. He did not wait to be called twice, but scrambled down the steep bank into the water, and swam out to Sam.

He was just in time. The water in the mill-dam was quite deep enough to drown a boy, and Sam, who was no swimmer, would certainly have drowned, if the horse had not come to him. Sam, rising to the surface for the last time, felt Jim's nose upon him, and grasping his mane with both hands, was quickly dragged to shore.

He had lost his footing on the slippery boards of the dam, and so had gone into the water, head first. He was badly frightened, you may imagine, and very grateful to the horse that saved him.

If Jim had been well treated before that day, you may be sure he was better cared for than ever, after it; for Sam did not tire of showing his gratitude in every possible way for his bravery and affection. So old Jim had the best of food and the lightest of work, and altogether led as delightful a life as an old horse could desire to lead.

Now do you suppose, if Sam had teased and vexed Jim, and made him hate him, that the horse would have gone into the water at his call? No, I am sure he would not; but, knowing Sam had never called him without some good reason, he did not wait a moment, and so saved his friend's life.

NEWARK ORPHAN-ASYLUM, NEWARK, N. J.

Some twenty-seven years ago, a little friendless orphan-girl fell from a fruit-tree and broke her leg. Already an unwelcome inmate in the family with whom she had found a shelter, this additional affliction rendered her an unbearable burden. She was about to be sent to the almshouse, when a kind neighbor opened her home and heart and let the little sufferer in, and with a mother's tenderness nursed her back to health.

This circumstance was known and discussed, and the necessity of establishing an orphan-asylum for the benefit of friendless orphan-children was pressed upon the minds of the people. Preliminary meetings were called, an association formed, a building hired, and the Newark Orphan-Asylum, the first institution of the kind in the State, and it not a State-institution, was formally opened with appropriate religious services.

A charter was obtained, and a board of trustees, comprising thirty ladies, chosen from the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Reformed and Congregational churches of this city. Of those ladies, ten are still remaining in the board.

The asylum opened with eight children; but, as its fame became noised abroad, its numbers increased, and in a few years they were compelled to look forward to an enlargement of their borders.

Appeals were made, to which the people of Newark responded,

and a lot was purchased for \$7,000, and a building commenced in September, 1856; and in September, 1857, the house was completed without a dollar of indebtedness, the expense of the house and grounds being \$32,000.

The original design of the building is incomplete. It was intended to be finished with corresponding wings, but the funds not being sufficient, and one wing only being needed for the convenience of the family, the trustees concluded to defer the erection of the other wing until the treasury should be replenished for that purpose. In 1865 a legacy was left for this express design, with the condition that it should be used within ten years, and it is now hoped that the accumulated interest with the principal, will enable the trustees to complete the remaining wing without appealing to the generosity of its friends.

They are endeavoring to establish a permanent fund, to be so invested that it will help them to meet their annual expenses and to provide for unseen exigencies, for which their present subscriptions are inadequate.

They have now \$5,000 or more; but, as the institution has from the beginning until the present depend on the contributions and donations of its friends to meet its daily wants, it is necessary sometimes to draw upon this small fund to meet deficiencies.

The success of this institution stimulated others, and auxiliaries sprang up in Orange, Paterson, Broomfield, Morristown, Belleville, Plainfield, and New Brunswick. These all worked cordially and heartily with the parent-institution for several years, when Patterson and Orange, having so large a number of children to provide for, withdrew and formed associations of their own, and are both prosecuting their work with vigor and success.

It has always been the aim to surround the little ones with such home-influences as shall supply, as far as possible, the natural child-longing for sympathy and love, while maintaining a firm yet gentle discipline, and to make such provision for their physical, intellectual, and spiritual natures that if rightly improved they may go out into the world prepared to take their places as good citizens ready to work in the Master's service.

Strict attention has always been paid to their physical necessities—personal cleanliness, fresh air, plain wholesome food, and manual exercise being deemed essential to their highest well-being.

A Domestic Farce in one Scene.

Father. Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter it is always on the buttered side?

Son. I don't know; it ought not to, ought it? The strongest side ought to be up; and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen.

F. Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning.

Z. Did she churn it, this great-lazy thing?

F. What, your aunt? To make the old lady churn it, it's strong enough to churn itself.

F. Hush, Zeb; I've eat much worse in the most aristocratic houses.

Z. Well, people of rank ought to eat it.

F. Why people of rank?

Z. Cause it's rank butter.

F. You varmint, you, what makes you talk so smart?

Z. Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue.

Why I Hate Schoolmarns.

Yes I do hate children and primary schools. I have cause, though my dislike occurs rather later in life than usually happens. I will tell you why, and then you wont wonder at my deep-rooted dislike. You see when I lived in Salem I used to meet nearly every morning the sweetest young schoolmarn in all Yankee land, and that ain't saying a little. She had such bright black eyes, splendid complexion, cherry lips, and wore such killing hats, perched on masses of dark brown hair, that I fell dead in love with her on sight. How I used to watch for her every morning as I walked through Blubber Hollow on my way to the train. I could detect her bloeks away in her gray water-proof with the caterpillar fringe on it. You see I am minute in my description, old boy, for the impression made on me was by no means light. Of course I was wild for an introduction; finally it came. I made my best bow, and she—well she just blushed divinely. You may be sure I laid myself out to do the agreeable and went to churches, etc., like a dutiful cavalier. Then I would stop at the school as it was closing, and see my charmer home. Once, oh! fatal day I reached the schoolhouse some ten minutes before the closing exercises, and watched with increasing admiration her patience in teaching the little wretches. Five minutes of two and the sweet voice gave the order "Put away your books; fold your arms." "Now James, come forward and I will punish you." Poor little Jim, he set up an awful howl, and moved my pity to such an extent that I interceded for him and went so far as to offer to take his punishment myself in order to save his youthful hide. Alas! I fancied that the schoolmarn was as spooney as myself, and my self-love and innate vanity told me she would but tap my palm with her taper fingers. Well, my mediatory efforts were successful. The sacrifice was accepted. James was remanded to his seat, and I, poor fool, took his place. The children sat with wide, open eyes, watching this, to them, wonderful action on my part. Then came the order, "Take down your (I blushed and put my hands on my suspender fastenings) feet from on top of that desk, you Millie, Tuba." Then turning to me my fair enslaver remarked, "Hold out your hand, sir." I held it out, and heard a whistling in the air, and felt, oh yes, felt a band of red hot fire from the tips of my fingers to my wrist, as a strap some four feet long and two inches wide left its mark on my dexter fin. The laughter of these naps and their teacher rang in my ears as I tore out of that schoolhouse, and held a piece of ice in my flaming hand, while with the other raised to heaven I swore eternal enmity to schoolmarns and primary schools.

An editor was drawn into matrimony "by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl hauled a broom." After the marriage the broom in which she hauled the man was not so pleasant.