

**THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.**

Wednesday, December 29, 1875.

**SPECIAL BOYS' AND GIRLS' COLUMN.**

**A LITTLE ELBOW-ROOM.**

Good friend, don't squeeze so very tight!  
There's room enough for two.  
Keep in your mind that I've a right  
To live, as well as you!  
You're rich and strong; I, poor and weak;  
But thank you I presume  
When only this poor boon I ask,—  
A little elbow-room!

'Tis such as you—the rich and strong,  
If you but had the will—  
Could give the weak a lift along,  
And help them up the hill.  
But no! you jostle, crowd and drive!  
You storm, and fret, and fume!  
You are the only man alive  
In want of elbow-room!

But thus it is on Life's round path—  
"Self" seems the god of all!  
The strong will crush the weak to death—  
The big devour the small!  
Far better be a rich man's hound—  
A valet, serf, or groom—  
Than struggle 'mid the mass around,  
When we've no elbow-room!

Up Heart, my boy! Don't mind the shock!  
Up Heart, and push along!  
Your skin will soon grow rough with knoels,  
Your limbs with labor strong!  
And there's a Hand unseen to aid—  
A star to light the gloom!  
Up Heart, my boy! nor be afraid—  
Strike out for elbow-room!

And when you see, amid the throng,  
A fellow-toiler slip,  
Just give him, as you pass along,  
A brave and kindly grip!  
Let noble deeds, though poor you be,  
Your path in life illumine;  
And, with true Christian charity,  
Give others elbow-room!

—Youths Companion.

TAYLORSVILLE, N. C., }  
Dec. 14th, 1875. }

**EDITOR ORPHANS' FRIEND:**—As some have complied with your request, and represented their county through your columns, I believe I will try to give you a description of the county I live in, which is Alexander. It is situated in the eastern part of Western N. C. It is bounded on the east by Iredell Co., on the west by Caldwell Co., on the north by Wilkes Co., the Brushy Mountains being the dividing line; on the south by the Catawba River. It is the line between Catawba Co. and Alexander. There are but few rivers in this county, the principle ones are, Upper, Middle and Lower Little Rivers. They are the largest, if we except the above named 'line river.' No water vessels run on any of them, except bateaux, which are used for crossing the rivers. There are a few fish, but very few, such as the rod-horse, white and black suckers, sun-perch and cat fish.

A great deal of fruit is raised here. The soil and climate are well adapted for fruit raising, and if our people would give more attention to it our county would be greatly improved. The chief productions are wheat, corn, rye, oats, some cotton and tobacco, sweet and Irish potatoes, turnips and cabbage. There is no railroad in the county, the nearest one is twenty miles. Taylorsville is the county seat. It is a small town, with about 150 or 160, inhabitants. It has 4 stores, 2 harness-shops, 2 shoe-shops, 4 tan-yards within one mile of it, 3 churches, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist. It has two schools, Presbyterian and Baptist. There used to be a college by the name of York's Institute, but it is now no more, but the place still retains its name. It was so named in the honor of the Prof. B. York, author of York's Grammar. Most of the county

is hilly and mountainous. There are several named mountains, such as Little Mountain, within a half mile of the county seat, Rocky Face, where the 'pleasure-seekers' generally have their picnics, Round Top, Sugar Loaf, so named for its shape, Barrett's Mountain named in honor of a great hunter. There is much fine scenery in the mountains, and as little Nannie wishes that the juveniles of Middle and Western N. C. could witness the amusing scenes in her part of the State, I think that if Miss Nannie and the rest of the young 'Down Easters' would make a tour in the western part of the State, they would find much to excite their curiosity. As they would arrive at the top of some mountain, they might then say, do you

See yonders lonely mountain peak,  
'Tis nature's lightning rod;  
Around it plays the lightning streak,  
Around it roars the voice of God.

Or they could turn about and say,  
I see a foggy-formed cloud  
Floating smoothly in the air;  
Could we drop this earthly shroud,  
And bathe in the foggy-formed fountain  
there?

But as they would ascend a higher mountain,  
They would feel the air passing by,  
Over the mountain with a whirl,  
Above their heads the vaulted sky,  
Beneath their feet the rolling world.

They could also see looming peaks and low dells, roaring cataracts and rushing fountains, craggy rocks and high cliffs, and many other curiosities. I could write more, but for fear of wearying the patience of you and the readers of the FRIEND, I will stop for the present, and finish some other time, if it be acceptable.

Yours Respectfully,  
JOHN.

**Tommy's Treatment.**

"Mamma, I want some jam."  
"No, Tommy, not this morning. Eat your bread and milk." Mrs. Harris spoke decidedly.

"Yes," whined Tommy, with a most unbecoming pout on his red lips and a rebellious fire in his eyes. "Can't I, papa?"

"You heard what your mother said, my son," said his father, slowly stirring his coffee.

"I will have some jam!" screamed Tommy defiantly, "and I won't eat that nasty old bread and milk; so there."

"Tommy," said his father, sternly, reaching toward the bell.

Crash! The china bowl lay in pieces on the floor, and Tommy's bread and milk was streaming over the carpet. In a moment the servant had borne him kicking and screaming from the room.

Mrs. Harris looked at her husband despairingly.

"Where did that child get his temper?"

"Not from you, my dear, I am sure, and I can't remember that ever I had such tantrums. I should have been soundly horse-whipped if such had been the case, and served me right. Something must be done with the boy. He gets worse and worse," and Mr. Harris pushed his chair back impatiently and left the table.

All this time Uncle Charlie had not spoken.

Now he said: "Give Tommy up to me to-day, and I'll warrant a cure."

Mrs. Harris looked incredulous.

"You'll have nothing to do with him," said Uncle Charlie again; "I'll undertake his management," and he laughed heartily.

"Very well," replied his sister. "I've been wanting to go over to mother's for a day—"

"Now's your chance: only don't let Tommy know you're going."

And so it happened that when, an hour afterwards, Tommy came sullenly down stairs mamma wasn't to be found.

"Mamma!" he shouted, stamping his foot in a rage, "where be you?" but of course there was no answer.

Then he rushed to the library and threw the door open savagely. Uncle Charlie was there reading the morning paper. He didn't look up when Tommy burst in so unceremoniously, which fact rather surprised the young gentleman, who had always been accustomed to carry things by storm.

"Where's mamma?" he demanded, fiercely, looking as a young savage, minus his war paint, might be supposed to.

No answer. Uncle Charlie looked up as if surprised.

"Where's my mamma, I say?" yelled Tommy again, the veins in his throat standing out like great whip cords. "I'll strike you if you don't tell."

Uncle Charlie's look of surprise changed to one of pity, Tommy fancied. His voice softened a little.

"Won't you tell me where mamma is?"

"Oh, is it you, Tommy? I wasn't sure. Your mother has gone over to grandma's."

Tommy's black eyes flashed and his fists doubled themselves up tightly—ominous signs with him.

"Gone to grandma's 'thout me? Why didn't she let me go? What? What? Oh-o-o!"

and over Tommy went, flat on his back, and his copper-toed boots began to fly against the door, or the wall, wherever they happened to hit.

Uncle Charlie calmly laid down his paper, pulled the bell rope, put on a pair of thick buckskin gloves, and walked toward Tommy, looking at him queerly. Just then the servant made his appearance.

"Go for Dr. Merriman as quick as possible, John; I fear poor Tommy has a maniacal attack."

"Poor Tommy" stopped kicking and screaming long enough to wonder what sort of a thing a "maniacal attack" was. Something very bad he had no doubt. Uncle Charlie was watching him anxiously, and Tommy began to feel a little uneasy.

So they remained, Tommy kicking with all his might—and it wasn't a small might, I assure you—and Uncle Charlie's eyes fixed gravely and steadily upon him, until Dr. Merriman came.

He was a queer little man, with a round jolly face, and a keen sense of humor. Tommy was a great favorite of his. "A fine boy, fine boy," he was wont to remark, "if 'tweren't for those tantums!" He took in the situation at a glance.

"Oh! I see, I see!" he said, rubbing his hands together briskly. "A clear case of temporary aberration. Poor little fellow— is madness hereditary in your family? This to Uncle Charles, who still kept his grave eyes fixed on Tommy."

If Tommy was astonished before, he is thunder-struck now. His heels lay still for a moment.

"Now you see, Doc"—he began.

"Yes, my boy, I know," said the doctor, quietly. "Which

room shall you put him in, Mr. Charlie?"

The large one in the south wing, I think. You'd need gloves, Dr. Merriman," displaying his own hands. "He'll be apt to bite."

So they took Tommy between them, striking and pinching and screaming at the top of his lungs, to the room in the south wing. Then, while Uncle Charlie undressed him, Dr. Merriman went to prepare some medicine suitable to his "case."

"There," coming in after Uncle Charlie (despite "Poor Tommy's" repeated declarations that he "wouldn't go, no, sir") had placed him safely in bed, "there, we'll give him this now," and straightway Tommy's mouth was opened, and a generous quantity of wormwood tea poured down his unwilling throat.

"On! Oush! Oh-o-o-o!" he gasped, almost strangled. "Yes, poor little boy!" the doctor said again, soothingly—"I think Mr. Charles, this attack will be of short duration. However, I should advise the application of mustard drafts to his feet, and above all, keep his head cool. Give some of this (pointing to the wormwood tea) every fifteen minutes. If he is no more quiet (Tommy suddenly became quiet) at the end of an hour, send for me," and the doctor went out, followed by Uncle Charlie, who locked the door after him.

Tommy lay there very still. I think an inkling of the cause of this strange proceeding flashed into his mind, for he gave a queer little gasping "Oh" and shut his eyes tightly to keep the tears back.

By and by Uncle Charlie opened the door. Tommy was asleep, he thought, and he was backing out softly.

"Uncle Charlie," came a trembling little voice from the bed.

"Well, Tommy, are your better now?"

"I wasn't sick, you know; only—only mad. Just mad, Uncle Charlie."

"And don't you know my dear boy," said Uncle Charlie, sitting down beside the bed, "don't you know, Tommy, that this same madness is the most dangerous sort of sickness? It makes murderers, like the one you saw last spring—you remember. It causes men to be shamed by their fellows. Don't you know that you yourself, Tommy, were being ruined by this madness?—that it was making us all very anxious and unhappy? and you yourself, too, Tommy? You are not happy when you are naughty. Won't you try to be good?"

Tommy didn't answer. Once a little stifled sob came up from the bed.

"I'll be back again soon, Tommy."

"Uncle Charlie!"

"What, my boy?"

"I'll be good. I will," sobbed the little fellow; "and I want to see my mamma."

Tommy was fairly conquered. Uncle Charlie carried him over to grandma's that afternoon, and his mother declared he was a changed boy; but Tommy didn't care to enlighten her as to the way in which the miracle was worked.

It would be too much to say that he never has had another 'attack,' but he is improving every day. Still he thinks he don't like to be threatened.

Have you any Tommy at your house?—*Lexiston Journal.*

**Big Words.**

Not long since a child said she did not like to hear a certain preacher because he used so many "big words." Children, as well as ninety-nine of a hundred grown-up people, love simplicity of language in the pulpit. Children all admire and easily memorize those pretty verses,

"Mary had a little lamb,"

etc., but if some of our vain ministers were giving those simple stanzas a paraphrase in prose, something like the following learned phraseology would be seen:

"Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outer covering was as devoid of color as congealed vapor, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young South-down was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning, one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the seminary attendants, when they perceived the presence of a young quadruped at the establishment of instruction. Consequently, the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued to remain in the immediate vicinity, and tarried in the neighborhood without fretfulness, until Mary once more became visible."—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery, she said:

"The parson could not find the way to my pocket; but the devil did."

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