

AD LIBITUM.

We could not reply to the abusive article published in the Reidsville papers. The fourteen writers thereof acted very unfairly in using up all the vilifying adjectives and not leaving us a single one; but the *Times* wrote a courteous editorial and gave us a text, and now we intend to talk 'ad libitum.'

LA LUTTE INEVITABLE.

Napoléon says "la lutte inévitable" occurs in the history of every great nation. In America, we call it, "the irrepressible conflict." Now there is an irrepressible conflict between us and every entertainment given for the benefit of the orphans, and yet leaving the orphans out in the cold, without any benefit. Yes, we must forsake the interests of the orphans, or face "la lutte inévitable."

VERY KIND.

The *Reidsville Times*, in its first number, and anxious to make a good impression, was kind enough to "surrender the space intended for state and general news" to fourteen persons who wished to abuse an article in the ORPHANS' FRIEND. Now would any one but a kind-hearted editor have made such a sacrifice of the interests of his friends. Surely the editors are almost as good as the preachers.

STATE AND GENERAL NEWS EXCLUDED.

People inquire for the news. They take papers for the news. Yet all the state and general news had to be excluded from the first number of *The Reidsville Times* to make room for an article by fourteen persons who abused us without any other reason than that we insist on some benefit to the orphans from every two-dollar supper given for their benefit.

ONE MISTAKE.

In examining our editorial so much abused by fourteen persons in Reidsville, we find only one mistake. We said the hog-drover was from Kentucky. He was from Virginia. He cared nothing for the supper, nor for the dance, but he gave two dollars for the orphans! Yet the orphans have never seen it!

CAKES AND BEEF-TONGUES.

Wonder if cakes and beef-tongues will ever again taste good to those fourteen writers in the Reidsville papers!

LIGHT AND EQUILIBRIUM.

One day the late Thomas Alston, of Wake, had taken a heavy load of his scuppernong wine. He tottered out on the floor, spread forth his hands, and with a loud voice, deliberately said: "Let your light so shine that you may preserve your equilibrium." Good advice! Instead of being offended at the abuse of the fourteen writers in the Reidsville papers, we enjoy the joke and preserve our equilibrium. So mote it be.

JONESBORO DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Jonesboro Dramatic Club have just sent \$20.00 to the orphans, proceeds of an entertainment given at Swan Station, in Moore Co. This is the second donation received from them in less than one month, and they say it is not the last time they shall be heard from. Another commendable feature of their contributions is that they send the full proceeds; no expenses are deducted.

"THE MASONS."

The *Reidsville Times* speaks as if the Masonic Fraternity condemned us for denouncing benefits in the name of the orphans which do not benefit the orphans. That paper does not seem to know that we are acting in obedience to Masonic orders. The Grand Master of Masons in North Carolina has written us a letter on this subject. Here is the closing paragraph:

"Your course has the approval of the right-minded all over the State, and the marked approbation you have received, with consciousness of right, should be your warrant for continued well doing.

With sincere esteem,
G. W. BLOUNT, G. M.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Warrenton Thespian Company gave an entertainment for the benefit of the orphans, charging 50 cents for grown people, and 25 cents for children. The orphans received \$37.11. From the Festival at Reidsville, where the price of admission was \$2, not a cent has been received.

LOTTERIES AND FESTIVALS.

The ORPHANS' FRIEND denounced lotteries while even some preachers were buying tickets and drawing prizes. And lotteries are dead in North Carolina. Now the same paper denounces festivals given for the orphans which do not benefit the the orphans. Henceforth people shall be afraid to receive, and never forward money collected in the name of the orphans.

THE TOWER.

The Tower of Siloam fell upon eighteen sinners and crushed them. The burden of defending the Reidsville Festival has fallen upon fourteen writers, and may the Lord have mercy upon them.

"ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS."

The *Reidsville Times* speaks of our "erroneous impression." Here they are:

1. A meeting in church and the people exhorted to attend the festival and pay \$2 each for the benefit of the Orphans.

2. A supper, a dance, a crowd.

3. Not a cent for the Orphans.

These are our impressions, and we fail to discover any error in them.

THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS.

The Superintendent with four Orphans was lying over in Salisbury last Friday night. Fulton Lodge, No. 99, heard of it, and sent a committee to the hotel and settled the bill. Such considerate attention shows the true heart of Masonry.

BOOK-KEEPING;

OR, THE RICH MAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small merchant community of this city, had, by dint of fortune, commercial adventure and economy been able to save something like four thousand pounds, a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor an enviable degree of independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant in-

spired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal spirit he emulated in the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business the past year. On this occasion the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant.

'It canna be,' said he. 'You had better count up again. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beesness as this represents.'

The clerk with his usual patience reexamined the statement, and declared that it was 'aright,' and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness.

The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right.

'I did na' think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been more successful than I had tho't and I'll na' quarrel wi' mysel' for being worth sax thousand instead.'

At early candle light the store was regularly shut by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'sax thousand pounds.' Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set at work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone Street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man, however, would still obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined *once more* to make a thorough examination of his accounts.

On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors with the patient, investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to its very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a mad man, he drew his broad brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall Street; reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was aroused with the 'loud alarm.'

The unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out an of upper window, and demanded, 'Who's there?'

'It's me, ye scoundrel!' said

the frenzied merchant; *ye've add ed up the year of our Laird among the pounds!*

Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond its actual amount.—*The Church Union.*

SOAP; ITS HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE.

The word 'soap' is found in two places in our 'authorized version' of the Bible; namely, Jeremiah ii: 22, and Malachi iii: 2. The exact meaning of the Hebrew word, however, is not known, and the best authorities suppose that what is meant by it was, probably, the ashes of the glass-wort, a plant common in the dry parts of the East, and which may be used as a substitute for soap. Soap itself the Jews at that time had not. There is no reason, Sir J. G. Wilkinson says, for believing that the ancient Egyptians, from whom the Jews derived so much of their civilization, knew or used it. Nitre, or a lye from the ashes of glass-wort and similar plants, or the juice of saponaceous plants, was used instead. So was fuller's earth, and so was mere washing in water, accompanied by rubbing or stamping.

Soap, as we now know it, appears to have been a barbarous rather than a civilized invention, and to have been discovered by the Gauls or Germans, or both, before the Christian Era. Soft soap was apparently made before hard soap, as a potash lye from the ashes of trees was at first used, and not soda. From these barbarians the Romans learned to make it, and from the Romans, the Greeks,—an order of introduction the reverse of that which commonly prevails. Some kind of soap—probably a pretty caustic kind of soft soap—was used by the Roman ladies to dye their hair red or yellow. Soap was found in one of the houses of Pompeii (destroyed A. D. 79;) so that it was pretty quickly and generally adopted by the most civilized people of ancient times after they became acquainted with it.

No records appear to be known of the continuance of the manufacture of soap during the first seven centuries of the Christian Era, though it is extremely probable that it was constantly made. There is, however, good authority to prove the existence of soap manufactories in Italy, and Spain in the eighth century. About the twelfth the business was established at Marseilles, that part of France affording olive oil and soda, two excellent materials, and soap has been made there ever since. Within two centuries afterwards the business was begun in England, and Bristol furnished most of that country with it for a long time, at a cost of one penny a pound. In 1527 the first was made in London.

It is a curious fact, that although we know very well what soap is used for, and what it does, we do not know how it does it.

The usual statement made on the subject is this: Soap, consisting of fat and alkali, removes grease or other dirt by surrendering, when dissolved in water, part of its alkali, which thereupon proceeds to combine with the grease or dirt, forming a new material, or additional portion of soapy matter, which water will remove. But if this were the case, the 'part of the alkali' all alone would do the business. We do not send a hundred men to

bring a parcel, of whom one brings it, after all.

Soap is a chemical compound, and is, chemically speaking, a 'salt,' resulting from the combinations of an acid with an alkali. The acid is a "fatty acid," namely, stearic, margaric, oleic, etc.; the alkali is almost universally either soda, which makes hard soap, or potash, which makes soft soap. And soap-making is simply conducting this combination of the acid and alkali.

A few figures will show how important the soap business is. At Marseilles alone not less than one hundred and thirty-five millions of pounds of soap are made each year. In 1860 more than six million three hundred thousand dollars were invested in soap and candle factories in the United States, turning out about eighteen and a half millions of dollars' worth annually of the manufactured articles, without including in this total value a very great quantity of home-made soft soap. In 1852 there were made in only eighty towns of Great Britain (not including Ireland) more than one hundred and five millions of pounds of soap.—*Great Industries of U. S.*

FAULT-FINDING WITH CHILDREN.

Children are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding than by any other one thing. Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right as yet; he is immature and faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticize him right and left, above and below, till he takes refuge in callous hardness or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out, 'Oh, you have left the door open! I do wish you wouldn't always leave the door open! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?' "Now, there you have thrown your cap on the sofa again. When will you learn to hang it up? Don't put your slate there; that is not the place for it." "How dirty your hands are! what have you been doing? Don't sit in that chair; you break the spring bouncing." "Mercy! how your hair looks! Do go up stairs and comb it." "There, if you haven't torn the braid all off your coat! Dear me, what a boy!" "Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head." "I want to know, Jim, if it was you that broke up that barrel that I have been saving for brown flour." "I believe it was you, Jim, that hacked the side of my razor." "Jim's been writing at my desk, and blotted three sheets of the best paper."

Now, the question is, if any of the grown people of the family had to run the gauntlet of a string of criticisms on themselves equally true as those that salute unlucky Jim, would they be any better natured about it than he is? No; but they are grown up people; they have rights that others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what he thinks about everything they do. If every one did, would there not be terrible reactions?—*Ex.*