

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, March 1, 1876.

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

BY MARY COLBY.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.
There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to pursue the lord
To find the forget-me-not.
There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.
There's never a sun that rises
But we know it will set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.
There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.
There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the 'little wicket gate';
And the angels will be nearest
To a soul that is desolate.
There's never a heart so laughing
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Savior cannot heal;
There's many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.
—Ex.

AN ICELANDER IN SCOTLAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

One night, when Jon awoke, he missed the usual sounds of waves against the vessel's side and the cries of the sailors on deck—everything seemed strangely quiet; but he was too good a sleeper to puzzle his head about it, so merely turned over on his pillow. When he arose the quiet was still there. He dressed in haste and went on deck. The yacht lay at anchor in front of buildings larger than a hundred Rejkiaviks put together. "This is Leith," said Mr. Lorne, coming up to him. "Leith?" Jon exclaimed; "it seems like Rome or Jerusalem! Those must be the king's palaces." "No, my boy," Mr. Lorne answered, "they are only warehouses." "But what are those queer green hills behind the houses? They are so steep and round that I don't see how anybody could climb up." "Hills?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "Oh, I see now! Why, Jon, those are trees." Jon was silent. He dare not doubt his friend's word, but he could not yet wholly believe it. When they had landed, and he saw the great trunks, the spreading boughs, and the millions of green leaves, such a feeling of awe and admiration came over him that he began to tremble. A wind was blowing, and the long, flexible boughs of the elms swayed up and down. "Oh, Mr. Lorne!" he cried. "See! they are praying! Let us wait awhile; they are saying something—I hear their voice. Is it English?—can you understand it?" Mr. Lorne took him by the hand, and said; "It is praise, not prayer. They speak the same language all over the world, but no one can understand all they

say." There is one rough little cart in Rejkiavik, and that is the only vehicle in Iceland. What, then, must have been Jon's feelings when he saw hundreds of elegant carriages dashing to and fro, and great wagons drawn by giant horses? When they got into a cab, it seemed to him like sitting on a moving throne. He had read and heard of all these things, and thought he had a clear idea of what they were; but he was not prepared for the reality. He was so excited, as they drove up the long street to Edinburg, that Mr. Lorne, sitting beside him, could feel the beating of his heart. The new wonders never ceased: there was an apple-tree, with fruit; rose-bushes in bloom; whole beds of geraniums in the little gardens; windows filled with fruit, or brilliant silks, or silver-ware; towers that seem to touch the clouds, and endless multitudes of people! As they reached the hotel, all he could say, in a faltering voice, was: "Poor old Iceland!"

The next day they took the train for Lanark, in the neighborhood of which Mr. Lorne had an estate. When Jon saw the bare, heather-covered mountains, and swift brooks that came leaping down their glens, he laughed and said:

"Oh, you have a little of Iceland even here! If there were trees along the Thiorvá, it would look like yonder valley."

"I have some moorland of my own," Mr. Lorne remarked; "and if you ever get home-sick, I'll send you out upon it, to recover."

But when Jon reached the house, and was so cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lorne, and saw the park and gardens where he hoped to become familiar with trees and flowers, he thought there would be as much likelihood of being home-sick in heaven as in such a place.—*St. Nicholas for March.*

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance. The French entered the city September 14, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000. The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the orders of the Governor, Rostoptchin, acting beyond all doubt under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the Governor would have ventured on such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample precautions had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the

city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames. The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this, it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act, which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the greatest example in history of national self-sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.—*Appleton's American Cyclopedia.*

A NEW DEPARTURE OF GLASS.

The discovery of tempered or unbreakable glass, bids fair to become the most practically useful invention of the present century. The increased strength which is given to ordinary glass by M. De la Bastie's oleaginous bath will make it available for water-pipes, vats, and many other receptacles of liquids where vessels have thus far been used, very often most unsatisfactory. The toughness of the tempered glass is so great, that a plate can be thrown with violence on the floor without breaking. A piece one eighth of an inch in thickness will bear the weight of a man, and the chimneys of gas-burners and lamps are not affected by the heat, which rarely fails to break common ones. The resistance of the prepared material to frost has not yet been thoroughly tested, but it is pretty certain that in need only be one-fourth the thickness of ordinary plate glass, to resist any possible amount of lateral pressure. It can be enamelled so as to resemble ordinary crockery, and, being unbreakable, will be a great saving to families where the servants are clumsy, or the children young or numerous. The exact process of making it is yet a secret. It is known that the bath in which it is plunged is composed of different fatty substances; but their proportions and the degree of heat applied are kept private. The temperature is a very high one,—the glass being heated to the point of softening, and likely to set the fat on fire. This is prevented by excluding air from the bath, and the shock of the fall—for the glass is too hot to be handled carefully—is avoided by interposing a sheet of wire gauze or asbestos cloth. The inventor had to overcome many difficulties at first; and though he appears to have surmounted them, his discovery is probably in its infancy. The ancients are said to have made malleable glass, and if perfect elasticity can be given to the new or re-invention, it will be hard to say where its usefulness will end. At present it is encouraging to know that the days of broken china and broken windows are near their end.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Communicating Information.

A remarkable ability to communicate information is shown in bees being able to inform the whole family where a supply of honey is to be obtained. For instance, take a comb of honey to a place where not ten bees in a week would be liable to be found, and let a single bee find it, and in one hour thousands would be rushing there to obtain the honey. The first imparts the information

to two or three, and these in turn to others, till the entire family is informed where the treasure is.

A notable instance of this power to give information as to the locality of honey, says a writer, occurred in my own case. One night a thief came to my lives and carried away about a dozen small boxes of honey, about six pounds each, and hid them in a mass of bushes near the road, about one hundred rods from my apiary, intending to carry them off the next night. These boxes had no bees in them, but the next day some stray bee happened to discover the treasure in the bushes, the boxes having holes in them to admit bees, and in a few hours not an ounce of honey remained in them, it all having been carried back to my apiary by my own bees and stored up as food for winter. My attention was called to the fact by a person who saw the bees in countless thousands flying over the bushes where the honey was hidden.—*Ex.*

Somebody has made the calculation that each acre of a coal seam in England, four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard net of pure fuel, is equivalent to about five thousand tons, and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel equal to the life-labor of more than sixteen hundred men. Each square mile of one such single coal bed contains eight millions tons of fuel, equivalent to one million of men laboring through twenty years of their ripe strength. Assuming, for calculation, that ten million tons out of the present annual products of the British coal mines—namely, sixty-five millions—are applied to the production of mechanical power, England may be said to annually summon to her aid between three and four million fresh men, pledged to exert their fullest strength for twenty years. Her actual annual expenditure of power, then, is represented, then by 66,000,000 of able-bodied laborers.

HOW CHILDREN ARE ADMITTED.

Very often the Superintendent hunts up poor and promising orphans and informs them of the advantages offered at the Orphan Houses, and induces them to return with him. Generally it is best that he should see them before they start. When this is impracticable, a formal application should be made by some friend. Here is one in proper form:

Edenton, N. C.,
June 2d, 1875.

This is to certify that Susan N. Bradshaw is an orphan, without estate, sound in body and mind, and ten years of age. Her father died in 1873; her mother in 1867. I being her Aunt, hereby make application for her admission into the Asylum at Oxford. I also relinquish and convey to the officers of the Asylum the management and control of the said orphan for four years, in order that she may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. Martha Scott.

Approved by
John Thompson, W. M.
of Unanimity Lodge, No. 7.

The application should be sent to the Superintendent and he will either go for the children, or provide for their transportation. In no case should a community take up a collection to send a man with the children, nor send the children before the Superintendent has been consulted. 4-12t.

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Orders solicited and promptly filled. March 3rd, 1875. 9-11