

Off for Asheville. On the train hear of the death of Bishop Johns, the 'old man eloquent,' of Virginia. Such a man is a great treasure while living, and an unspeakable loss when dead. We also see that Mr. Davis, of Marshall, has persuaded Miss Sallie Hawkins to leave Hendersonville and bless his home away down the French Broad. Two clever people are married; but a friend from Hendersonville says they have a few more of the same sort left. In Salisbury we attend church and hear a good sermon by Mr. Murdock. The people call him 'high church.' Perhaps he may be high; but he is certainly full of earnest devotion and holy consecration. High or low, he is a friend of the orphans and we like him. After breakfast the train glides quietly on, and we dine in Hickory, and Capt. Murrell gives us papers to read. We reach Old Fort at 4 p. m. Now we stand on the platform and ride right up the Blue Ridge. At our feet, now on one side, now on the other, are the crystal waters of the cool Catawba, leaping along and rushing over the rocks, and sending up their silver spray, and making tiny rainbows. On either side the sharp peaks shoot up towards the sky and seem to shut us in—now again we dash across the waters and dive into the dark and solemn tunnel. Out again in the beautiful daylight, and passing a charming waterfall we are in sight of the new hotel at Henry Station. There is hardly room to build so large a town as will be needed here, but the sides of the mountains can be dug away. Messrs. Pearson and Sprague intend to keep a good hotel, and if they fail, well, we would just as soon expect a failure from Mr. Hassell or Mrs. Tucker. May the Lord bless and prosper all who "feed the hungry," and thus obey the Scripture. But speaking of eating, here is Mr. Weddin, of the Eagle Hotel, and Mr. Pence, the famous and wonderful driver, already "on the box." We start three miles nearer Asheville. O for Ramsay and Whitaker, Broughton and Ward to consolidate their forces, chain down the monster and dry up the grog-shops on this mountain side! How can people push their work when temptations dog them at every step?

Across the Ridge at "Grey Eagle" two of us push for supper. Our friend cleans up the sweet-milk and pours out his second glass of butter-milk when we leave him alone in his glory, washing down eggs with butter-milk. He is a Yankee and loses nothing in the quarter invested in supper. At midnight, we reach the Orphan House, put away our baggage, and just as we are going to sleep, Mr. Moore is heard inquiring if any one has heard anything of the stage.

ASHEVILLE, N. C. }
April, 11th 1876. }

Since my last communication I have made two short excursions—one with a wagon up Hominy and Beaver-dam Creeks on a foraging expedition; the other with our little band of singers to Weaverville to give a concert—the results of both will be seen in our report of contributions. At Weaverville our reception and entertainment were pleasant, the audience was large—the Chapel of the new College building be-

ing tendered for the concert—and the collection quite liberal. Rev. Mr. Frazer opened the exercises with prayer and interested himself in behalf of the work by precept and example.

Weaverville College is a flourishing institution and is doing great good in educating the youth of this part of the State. The faculty is an able one, the location healthy, society good and the necessary expenses light.

We have a few sick among the children, owing mainly to want of room in the dormitories. This difficulty we hope soon to remedy. In other respects we are getting on pretty well. The Spring is now opening, birds singing, grass springing, and everything promising a pleasant season in the mountains.

J. H. MOORE.

OUR ORPHAN WORK.

Eternity alone will be able to sum up the permanent good that has already been done by the Orphan asylums of this State; so much of which is being seen by the public and felt by those little ones as once to challenge our admiration and continued substantial coöperation. One of those little incidents that are repeatedly transpiring with this noble work was repeated to us the other day by a gentleman who is not a Mason but the recital of which was accompanied by a glow of countenance and an enthusiasm of expression that plainly said "God bless that noble work!" coupled with declaration from him that the fact he was about to relate to us was ample pay for all that had been done for this noble Institution. The story as told to us (names and places purposely withheld by us) is this:

There was at the Asheville Asylum a beautiful bright-eyed little girl of five summers, who from her happy, sunshiny character had quietly attached herself to all in the Institution. Last week one of the lady teachers resigned and on leaving desired to take little Mary with her with the view of securing for her a home in some kind family where she would be properly trained and educated. Last week she applied, with the child, to a wealthy, christian family who are childless, and the little one at once so won the affections of these kind people that she was immediately domiciled as part and parcel of that household for all time to come, and we have no doubt that, when she blooms out into an accomplished and educated young woman, it will be the pride of her life to refer with a grateful heart to the kind hands and affectionate hearts that have trained and watched over her, and ever bless the day that gave birth to those institutions, the Oxford and Asheville Orphan Asylums.

We refer to this little circumstance to show something of what Masonry is doing in this State, and as these Asylums are not intelligence offices where servants may be procured at the lowest rates, but homes for the friendless orphans, whether their fathers were Masons or not, where they are fed, clothed, trained and educated until such time as they can be secured good homes in good families, where they will be provided and cared for as members of those families.

This institution, with its Asheville branch, is mainly dependent upon the voluntary contribution of the public for its support. In view of what has already been accomplished and the constantly

increasing good that is growing out of the orphan work daily, will not our people continue and increase the free-will offerings upon such an Altar? Let it not be said that the Masons of North Carolina began such a glorious work, and that for the lack of the coöperation of the people of the State, who are equally interested, it failed. These orphans are the children of the Grand Lodge and of the people, and we must take care of them.—*Masonic Journal.*

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

It is long since, the story on which was founded "there is a skeleton in every house," has been in print. It will be new to many who are familiar with the truthful and suggestive proverb. It is found in Waldie's Circulating Library for Aug. 26, 1834, where it was copied from Chamber's Journal.

A widow of Naples, the Countess Corsini, had but one remaining son to give her an interest in life. He was remarkable for the elegance of his person, as well as for every amiable and graceful quality. When grown, this young gentleman was sent to pursue his studies at one University of Bologna, where he became one of the most distinguished scholars, and gained the affection of all who knew him by his singularly noble character. Just as he was completing his studies, and was about to return to Naples, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Seeing he could not survive, his only care, so far as the world was concerned, was for his mother, and it was for his most anxious wish that some means should be taken to prevent her being entirely overcome. He finally resorted to this expedient: he wrote to his mother informing her of his illness, but not of his threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free from the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy that by wearing such an article he should be speedily cured. The countess thought her son's request rather singular, but being loth to refuse him, immediately set about her inquiry for the happiest lady in Naples. Her efforts were tedious and difficult; everybody she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. She was at length introduced to one, who not only appeared to have all the materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful, and contented in her situation. To this fortunate lady the countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of her case an excuse for so strange an application. "My dear Countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for if I were really qualified for the task, I would gladly undertake it. But if you will follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most miserable woman in Naples." So saying, she led the countess to a remote chamber, where there was nothing apparently but a curtain hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton suspended from a beam. "Oh! dreadful!" The lady regarded her mournfully, and said, after a moment's silence, "This was a

youth who loved me before my marriage, and with whom I was obliged to part when my relations compelled me to marry my present husband. Afterwards we renewed our acquaintance, and my husband, in his impatience at finding him in my presence one day, drew his sword, and ran him through the heart. He afterwards caused his skeleton to be suspended here, and every night and morning, since then, has compelled me to come and view these remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem possessed of all the comforts of life, but you may judge if I can really be entitled to the reputation you have given me, or am qualified to execute your son's commission." The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house. "Alas!" she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the distresses and sorrows of life; there is a skeleton in every house."

When she reached home she found a letter informing her of the death of her son. This terrible news would have overturned her reason, broken her heart, had not the foresight of her son prepared her to feel that others had sorrows as great as her own, and in alleviating them her own were lightened.

A Beautiful Extract.

I saw a temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it—the God of Nature hurled His thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was the in its halls the gay, the happy and the beautiful were there. I returned, and the temple was no more, its high walls lay scattered in ruins; moss and wild grass grew there. The young, and the gay that revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, the pride of his father. I returned; the child had become old—trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak standing in all its pride on the mountains—the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned; the oak was leafless and sapless, the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

Who is the destroyer? said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time" said he. When the morning stars sang together in joy over the new made world, he commenced his course. And when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth—plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll; then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, lift up his hand towards Heaven eternal, and say. Time is, Time was, but time shall be no more!

VENTILATION.

If two persons are to occupy a bed-room during the night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently the loss will be more, and the average loss throughout the year will be all of that. That

is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from their lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and refuse animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for its escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs of two persons who have lost a pound in weight during eight hours of sleeping; for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp (as from the body are absorbed, both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bed-rooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, blanket, coverlids and mattresses in the morning before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?—*Methodist Protestant.*

VOLCANOES UNDER THE SEA.

It seems that in several places in the world there are volcanoes under the sea. Such volcanoes, of course, do not send up volumes of flame and smoke. Instead, they pour forth streams of sulphurous acid vapor that mingle with the seawater. Some of these volcanoes are situated in bays where ships can safely ride at anchor.

As is well known, the bottoms of many ships are protected by a covering of copper. This copper after a time, becomes corroded by the action of the sea-water; a sort of green mold forms, sea-mosses begin to grow, and even small sea-animals, like the barnacles, build their shell-houses upon it. Of course, all these things roughen the ship's bottom, and as the vessel gathers more and more, it sails very much slower by reason of the great accumulation. Then, if she happen to be anywhere in the neighborhood of one of these submerged volcanoes, the captain sails her thither to be scoured.

This scouring process does not require hands or machinery of any sort. All that is necessary is that the ship should lie quietly at anchor where the sulphurous acid vapor, mingling with the sea-water, can gently wash her sides and bottom. In a few days, or weeks, as the case may be, not a weed, not a barnacle, not a bit of the dark green mold remains, and the ship can sail off again, her copper bottom as clean and bright as when it was first put on.

By a late report of the Russian Minister of Education it appears that there were in 1873—22,653 primary schools with 933,000 scholars, of whom 748,866 were boys and only 185,034 girls. This in an empire of eighty-one millions!

During the seven years of the existence of the New York Foundling Asylum 6500 children have been received into it. There are now about 1450 children under the care of the institution.