

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care
Soon enough mount youth's stopmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother! Mother!" the dear love calls
That echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering over head.

When the boys and girls are all grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

TRUDIE'S POCKET.

Grandma could not help smiling as she shook out the little frock and saw the bulging pocket so crowded that the top layers of doll's waterproof stuck out at the top in a little frill of black and blue plaid.

She pushed back the smile, and turned a grave face towards the bed, where Trudie hastily shut her eyes, that she might seem to be asleep.

"One, two, three—nine articles in your pocket, Gertrude, and your dress-skirt torn down three inches in consequence."

"Yesim," said Trudie, meekly, as grandma pulled out the doll's cape, a nibbled cookey, a ball of red worsted and a square of canvass, a piece of chewed rubber, a box of beads, half an apple, a bundle of patchwork calico, and three sticks of cinnamon in a paper.

"And no pocket handkerchief," said grandma, severely.

"It was on top. May be it fell out," suggested Trudie.

"I don't know what I had better do, Gertrude, I have spoken to you so many times, and you never remember."

"You may have two pockets in my dress, and then twouldn't be so crowded," said Trudie, brightening up a little.

"I am more inclined to sew up this one, and let you have none," said grandma, taking away the little frock to be mended, while Trudie turned over in bed with a groan of dismay.

She was a very careless little girl. Grandma tried hard to teach her to keep things in their proper places, but Trudie found her pocket so convenient! And into it went the queerest things that ever a pocket held.

She did so the next morning, and unfolded the clean frock awaiting her by the bed, with an anxious heart: but apparently grandma had decided to try her again, for her pocket was not sewed up; and Trudie plunged in her hand, rejoicing.

"I mean to be just as careful to-day," she said to herself. And she did mean it.

But when she was running a race with Fido, her pretty new scarlet hair-ribbon blew off, and as she could not tie up the thick brown locks herself, she tucked

the ribbon into her pocket, thinking—

"It is only until I go into the house."

However, she did not return at once, for Nannie Jewell called to her to come across the street and play tag. So away rushed Trudie. It was vacation, and she and Nannie had standing permission to visit across when no tasks were set for them at home.

Tag was a great frolic, and when they were tired of it, they sat together in the swing in the old barn and rested.

"Cripple-crown has laid an egg," said Nannie, as a complacent cackle was heard on the mow above their heads. "Come and get it. I haven't counted any eggs to-day, either, so there will be others. But Cripple is my hen."

The little girls poked about in the hay, crept under beams and groped in barrels, gathering up seven eggs, of which number Trudie found four.

You wouldn't believe she would put two of them in her pocket, of course; but she did.

And then she and Nannie climbed down the beam to the barn floor.

What always happens when children are careless? Mischievous.

In this case the mischief was that Trudie's pocket came next to the beam, and when she gave a final jump to the floor, a queer, yellowish damp spot appeared on her clean frock, and the sticky trickle of eggs ran down her skirts.

"What a mess!" cried Nannie; and Trudie ruefully agreed, as she turned her pockets inside out, and saw its contents.

There was always something belonging to her doll in Trudie's pocket, and now it was Blanche's best silk mantilla that was ruined along with the new hair-ribbon.

"Very well," said grandma, as Trudie walked slowly in and explained matters. "Very well; you can wear your faded hair-ribbon for another month, and you know I never let you have more than a clean frock every other day."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Trudie, who, for all her carelessness, hated to look shabby and soiled. "If I was a girl in a book, I should be cured now, and never use any pocket so again; but I am dreadfully afraid I shan't remember. I mean to try,—only pockets are such convenient things."—*Youth's Companion.*

CAN'T HELP IT.

That was what Bert always said when any one blamed him for his careless ways.

Susie came in one morning. "O Bert! she sobbed, "when you fed the rabbits you left the door unlatched, and they came out and ran all over my garden, and they have ruined my best plants."

"Did they?" he said; "I am real sorry Sue; but I can't help it; I meant to shut the door, and I thought I did."

But poor Sue started for school with a very tearful face.

"Bert!" called his mother, "he had caught the rabbits, "there is a very stormy-looking cloud in the south; you and Susie had better stay this noon; your lunch is in front of the pantry window."

So Bert put it in a tin-pail, and how nice it did look, to be sure; biscuit and cold tongue, and sponge cake, and two little apple turnovers.

"Here comes Bert, just in time to pitch for us," cried the ball-players as he neared the school-

house. He set the pail on the ground, and ran to his place.

"Hadh't yon better leave it on the fence?" suggested one of the boys.

"No; it's all right," he said; but a hungry dog came up behind them, and when the bell rang, nothing was left but the inside of the turnovers; for Bert had hurried away in the morning without waiting for the cover.

"Won't Sue be provoked, though?" he said to himself, "but I can't help it. Mr. Maloney ought not starve his dog so."

The rain came, and at night he went into the kitchen to change his muddy shoes. He kicked them off, and one flew across the room into a basket of clean cloths just folded for ironing. Every article it touched would have to be washed over.

"O dear! that's too bad, Bridget," he said; but I can't help it; I never once thought of its flying so far."

"Can't help it!" muttered the indignant Bridget; "you mean that you don't want to help it."—*Congregationist.*

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie—that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! 'Annie, just see! 'O Annie, do look,' she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer, and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and 'O-dearing.' Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin with renewed energy.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading. 'It's as flat as a board, and as hard as a stone—I can't think what ails it.'

"I know," answered Annie in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's is no prayer in it." For a second or a two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor—with a shiver, it is true, but she was determined never afterward to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into the bed again; "It's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn: there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best—the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.

A LADY ON LADIES.

Women have their own place both in nature and society; a place beautiful, important, ennobling and delightful, if they would but think so, if they would but care to make it so. But with the curse of discontent resting on them from the beginning, they prefer to spoil the work of men rather than try and perfect their own. Say, of their own special work, what is perfected to such a high degree of excellence as warrants their leaving it to take care of itself while they go to manipulate something else? The servant question in all its branches annoys and harrasses everyone, but this is essentially a woman's

question, a circumstance of that part of life which is organized, administered, and for the larger proportion fulfilled by women, is confessedly in a state of chaos and disorder, paralleled by none other of our social arrangements. The extravagance of living, of dress, of appointments, which is one part of the servant disorder—because maids, being women, will trick themselves out in finery to attract as much admiration as their mistresses; and, men, being animals, will gorge where their masters feast—whence do these come save from women, rulers of society, regulators of modes and fashions, as they are? Do the husbands order the dinners or decide on the length of the train and fashion of the dress? If the ladies of England choose that the rule of life should be one of noble simplicity, beautiful, artistic, full of meaning and delight, the false ornament and meretricious excess with which we are overweighed would fall from us, and the servant question among others would get itself put straight. It is a matter of fashion, not necessity, and the *mot d'ordre* comes above. But where is the spirit of organization, the resolution to meet difficulties, the courage of self-control, through which alone great movements are made and great reforms led? The women who want to influence the councils of the empire, to have a choice in the making of laws which are to touch and reconcile contending interests, to help in the elucidation of difficult points, the administration of doubtful cases, see the servants standing in a disorganized mob at the gates of the social temple, and are unable to suggest anything whereby they may be reduced to order and content. But at the same time the women who complain of their own stunted lives, and who demand leave to share the lives and privileges of men, deny the right of their maids to live up to a higher standard so far as they themselves are concerned, and hold the faith that service should mean practically servitude.—*Mrs. Lynn Linton in the Belgravia Magazine.*

An old lady from the rural districts astounded a clerk in one of the stories, a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "valler developments, such as they did up letters in."

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE ORPHANS.

Correspondents so often ask what the Legislature has done for the orphans, that we find it necessary to keep a standing answer to the inquiry. The Constitution of North Carolina says:

"There shall also, as soon as practicable, be measures devised by the State for the establishment of one or more Orphan Houses, where destitute orphans may be cared for, educated and taught some business or trade."

Every member of the Legislature, before taking his seat, solemnly swears, "that he will support the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of North Carolina, and will faithfully discharge his duty as a member of the Senate, or House of Representatives."

Both political parties have been in power since the present Constitution was adopted, and the only appropriation made to the orphan work was the gift of the crape used at the funeral of Governor Caldwell. 10-11.

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