

## ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, February 28, 1877.

### BUBBLES.

Ah! baby on the window-sill,  
With laughing lips and eyes,  
Making thy tiny worlds at will,  
In gay and glad surprise.

Thy pretty trade my heart appalls,  
Its shadow is so dread:  
So bright, so frail, thy tender toys,  
So swiftly made—and fled!

All heaven is in those glittering spheres,  
And all the world below:  
What fair and fluent sheen and shade  
Across them come and go!

Then, dream-like still, at once they die:  
Gone out in middle air:  
Lost to the mazed and grieving eye,  
The baby's fond despair.

Would that my lesson were unlearned;  
Would I could still believe  
The bubbles that delight mine eye  
My heart would never grieve!

Alas, the rote is more than read,  
The apple eaten long:  
Life's later page is pitiless,  
It notes no siren song.

O Earth, how bitter are thy fruits!  
How salt thy sweetest springs!  
Through the scf. concerts of thy flutes  
What subtle discord rings!

Beneath thy sharp, relentless touch  
Our bubbles break and die;  
And we—thy bubbles—sail and fade  
Into Eternity!

### BAB AND THE WASPS.

"Bab Jones is always in some mischief." So said one of the neighbors, and it was as true as anything could be.

"Who was Bab Jones?" Why, he was 'tinker' Jones's son. Don't you remember old 'tinker' Jones, who used to travel about with his little kettle of charcoal, and his leather bag full of rosin and old pieces of lead, and nails and screws and all sorts of bits; and how he used to mend up all the old, leaky tin dishes, and wash-basins, and tin tea-kettles; and the old tubs and pails that had lost their hoops; and solder up the brass kettles? Why everybody knew 'tinker' Jones, and they gave him that title because tinkering was his business.

He was an honest, kind-hearted, simple-minded man, and always industrious. Babson Jones was his real name, and he had one son who was named for him; but all the boys, and every one else for that matter, called him 'Bab,' it was so much easier; and it seemed to fit the boy too.

Now Bab was not one bit like his father, for he would neither work nor study, and he necessarily had a bad master to serve; for you know, as well as I, who is master to such idle boys.

The neighbors used to tell 'tinker' Jones how troublesome Bab was, and then they would threaten to have him sent to the 'Reform School' if he didn't behave; whereupon the poor, old man would be overcome with sorrow, and say that he would talk with Betty about it, and perhaps she could coax the lad to do better.

Betty, you must know was Bab's mother; and a good woman she was. She spent many an anxious, tearful night over the bad conduct of her wayward boy. She would talk with him, and pray over him, and try to induce him to work: for Betty well knew that one great cause of Bab's misconduct was his idleness. The energies that were not spent in work, would be spent in mischief. It was just as true then as now, that

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Some of the villagers said that Bab wasn't very bright; but oth-

ers said he was bright enough to be around at meal times to get all he wanted to eat, and bright enough to be 'ugly.' Poor Betty, in her anxiety for her boy, would often say to him: 'Ah! Bab, you will find one of these days if you are not careful, that Satan will treat you just as he does every one else who serves him. He will get you into trouble, but he won't get you out.' And so it proved. One day Bab was strolling off through the field with his hands in his pockets, and whistling a tune to his dog Nip, who was frolicking by his side. Suddenly it occurred to him that he'd have a little fun with Nip. Cruel! cruel boy! Poor, unconscious dog! But Bab was well punished, as we shall see.

A few rods away from him, just under the stone wall, in among some raspberry bushes, there was a yellow wasp's nest. Now, thought Bab there is a chance for some fun. So he picked up a stone and spat upon it, and threw it square into the wasp's nest and then sent Nip after it. Away bounded the dog in search of the stone, when, the instant he reached the bushes, he was attacked by a swarm of the infuriated wasps, so suddenly routed from their home.

Poor Nip yelled and howled with pain and terror, while the wicked boy was convulsed with laughter. But just here was the time when Bab's master, Satan, left him to the mercy of the dog, which in his pain ran back, of course, to his master for help. No sooner did he reach Bab, than he rubbed violently against his legs, only increasing the fury of the wasps, which at once set upon Bab in great numbers, stinging him mercilessly wherever they could. It was Bab's turn now to howl, and most lustily he did it; but no one heard him, and he was obliged to fight his battle alone.

When boy and dog reached the village, not long after, they were both in a sorry plight. Poor Nip was in such great suffering that he was immediately shot; but as Bab couldn't so well be shot, he was helped home to his mother; for he could by this time scarcely walk or see. For two weeks he was very sick, and so swollen from the poison of the stings that he looked very unlike Bab Jones. The doctor did not think he could get well. But a kind Heavenly Father spared his life, giving him another opportunity to become a good boy.

Betty Jones ever after believed in the reputation which Satan had always had, of being a bad master; and with greater energy than ever, she cautioned Bab to beware how he served him. What became of Bab I cannot tell. I hope he became a better boy; if he did not I am sure there was little hope for him when he became a man; and if he is still living, I should expect to find him in gaol or prison, or some other bad place.

### MAMMA'S PARIS HAT.

"Oh, mamma, see! the baby's  
Dot pretty flowers for oo;  
He Didn't det 'em in the fields,  
Nor in the garden too.

"An' he dot 'ittle deaded bird;  
He can't fy wif his wings;  
Hasn't dot any nest nor eggs;  
And can't sing any sings."

"Oh, what has mamma's baby done?  
What has that child been at?  
My bonnet that was never on!  
My lovely Paris hat!"

### TURKEY IN ASIA.

The population of Turkey in Asia is estimated at 16,000,000, of whom about one-fourth are Christians. They, however, are divided into a number of distinct, and in some cases, unfortunately, hostile races and sects. The Armenians are the most numerous and influential. They were once a powerful, independent nation, occupying the whole upland region between the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the plain of Mesopotamia. They were conquered by the Mohammedans in the eleventh century, and subsequently their country was divided between the Turks and the Persians. Since the beginning of the present century the aggressions of Russia have placed about a quarter of a million of Armenians under the rule of the Czar. In the Turkish provinces (Eyalat) of Erzeroum and Kharpout they constitute a very large proportion of the population, and many villages are exclusively occupied by them. But they are not confined to those provinces. Like the Jews, they are a scattered people. Colonies are found in every city of Turkey; and as bankers, merchants, manufacturers and skilled artisans, they are among the most successful and influential citizens. They are destined to play a leading part in the future of Turkey. Their number in the Asiatic provinces is about 2,000,000, and in the European 400,000. They are rapidly increasing in wealth, education, and political influence; and as they have prosperous communities in the great cities of Europe and British India, they have very special claims upon Christian nations. The adherents of the Greek Church rank next, numbering about 1,500,000. They are not, however, of one race, nearly a half being Greeks, and the rest natives of Asia Minor and Syria. There is no province or section of Asiatic Turkey in which they are in a majority, except two or three of the islands. They live in detached communities, chiefly in the cities and villages near the coast, and are principally engaged in commerce and manufacture, though many cultivate the soil. Within the past half century they have made great advances in education. The Latins, who number at least 100,000, are converts from the other churches to Catholicism, and reside almost exclusively in large cities, such as Damascus, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Aleppo, and Smyrna, where they well-endowed convents and educational establishments. The Maronites are confined to Mount Lebanon, whose rugged sides and sublime glens they have converted into a paradise. They want the commercial acuteness of the Greek and the financial genius of the Armenian, but in preserving industry, manly independence and courage, they excel all the other Christian sects. They number about 250,000. Besides these, there are some 70,000 connected with the ancient Jacobite Church, and 50,000 Nestorians, scattered over the northeastern parts of Syria and the highlands of Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. They are peaceable, thrifty, and energetic peasants—Professor Porter of Belfast.

—I have one great principle which I never lose sight of: to insist strongly on the difference between Christian and non-Christian, and to sink into nothing the differences between Christian and Christian.—Dr. Arnold

Boy's MARBLES.—Where do they all come from—those marbles, big and little, handsome and ugly? Almost all of those in America come from Germany. At a place called Oberstein there are large agate quarries and mills, and the fragments of the stone are made into marbles. This is the way it is done: The agate chips are hammered till nearly round, and then are finished upon large grindstones. The workmen must be very skillful to make them perfectly round. In Saxony there are mills where marbles are made in this way: The stone is broken into small blocks which are shoveled into the hopper 100 or 150 at a time. The mill has for its bed a stone cut into grooves in circles, one out side of another. Above is a "runner" of hard wood with a smooth surface on the lower side which touches the blocks. The grooves of the bed stone are made wet, the runner revolves, and in about fifteen minutes the marbles are finished. One of these mills will turn out 20,000 marbles a week. Whew! That must be the reason that the boys never seem to be without a pocketful or a bag full in "marble time."

Dr. R. Southey, in a recent lecture on health said: "Health and longevity are not synonymous; neither are health and muscularity. The most muscular men, great prize-fighters, men who could fell an ox with their fist, have been known to be always ailing and complaining about themselves. The state of perfect training, regarded by those who know little of it as a condition of most perfect health, is rather one of morbid immaturity. Longevity, like height, is a race attribute, but it does not signify health. The three oldest people I ever knew—women who reached respectively 89, 98 and 100—were valetudinarians, and had been so nearly all their lives."

### 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, 1876.

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.

## THE

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