

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## YOUTH.

Child with the butterfly,  
Boy with the ball,  
Youth with the maiden—  
Still I am all.

Wisdom of manhood  
Keeps the ill joy;  
Conquered illusions  
Leave me a boy.

Falsehood and baseness  
Teach me but this:  
Earth still is beautiful,  
Being is bliss.

Locks to my temples  
Hoary may cling;  
'Tis but as daisies  
On meadows of spring.

—Selected.

## THE TRUE CINDERELLA.

Many of the best stories in our story-books are the reproduction of some very ancient bit of history or myth; and the finest of all nursery tales, "Cinderella," was once the delight of the children of Egypt in the palmy days of the Pharaohs.

We will tell you how it happened: and we think that you will say that the old story is quite as clever as the new, and much more probable; for in the true Cinderella history there are no fairy godmothers, no mice, and no pumpkins. A wise old eagle takes all the management of the slipper, and we can in fancy see him carrying it over the silver sands and dark pyramids of Egypt, without greatly taxing our belief.

Rodolphe—a pretty name to begin with—was the fairest lady in all Egypt. She had a dainty foot, and wore jeweled slippers, and all the people gazed upon her with delight when she walked, as though she were a goddess or a fairy.

She went out to bathe one day among the white lilies of the Nile. While she and her maids were sporting in the water, a great shadow passed over them, and they saw an eagle alight on the bank where their clothes had been left. Presently it arose with something in its talons, and wheeling through the golden haze, became a speck in the clear sky.

When Rodolphe came up to the bank, she found that one of her jeweled slippers had been carried away, and she said to her maids: "The eagle has taken it."

And the maids said: "Then it will bring you good luck. The eagle is a bird of good omen."

So Rodolphe hobbled home with a light heart, one of her slipperless feet crushing the lotus-blossoms. Her maids laughed at her, but she said: "It is good luck for an eagle has taken it."

Far away up the Nile lay Memphis with her bright-winged temples and palaces; a city seventeen miles in circuit, the seat of the Pharaohs for nearly a thousand years, at this time the capital of Egypt. Here were the splendid temples of Isis, Serapis, and the throne was now filled with a Pharaoh who had overthrown eleven other Egyptian kings.

His name was Psammeticus. His son, the Pharaoh-Necho, slew Josiah, King of Judah, B. C. 610 (See II. Kings, xxiii).

He was sitting in a cool portico of his palace toward evening. The crimson sun was blazing on the hot sands of the desert, but cool winds tripped with light feet along the Nile, and fanned the

King as they passed. He arose, and walked into an open court, when a great shadow passed above him.

He looked up, and wheeling above his head, with something sparkling in his talons. He looked upon the bird as a messenger from the Sun.

He lifted his arms for joy. Just then the eagle began to ascend, dropping the glittering treasure from his talons into the King's bosom. It was Rodolphe's jeweled slipper. The next day Psammeticus issued a proclamation which caused all Memphis to wonder. Whoever would find the mate to the jeweled slipper, which the eagle had brought to the palace, should be loaded with riches, and taken into the service of the King. Rodolphe heard the great news. She believed that the eagle was indeed a messenger of the gods to point out her destiny. So she came to the magnificent Memphis to answer the proclamation of the King.

With one slipperless foot she ascended the grand porticoes of the Pharaohs, and stood before the King with downcast eyes, lifting her dress just above her dainty feet—a perfect vision of beauty. Of course Psammeticus immediately fell in love with her, and married her, and made her Queen of all Egypt. There was great joy in all the dazzling temples of Memphis when the marriage was consummated—there was dancing and music, and strewing flowers. All Egypt was happy. Rodolphe we may be sure, was proud and delighted at being raised to the high dignity of queen; and Psammeticus was charmed with the beautiful lady who had quite conquered his proud heart.—*Sunday Magazine.*

## A CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time, Frederic, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily singing his melody.

"You are well off, old man," said the King. "Does this one acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King; "I am not so rich as that. I plow by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen (about a quarter of a dollar) a day," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something to spare."

The farmer smiled and said: "Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend away, and two I give away in charity."

"This is a mystery which I can not solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak, and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day.

The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian education. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep."

The King, well pleased with this answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I can not unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into the farmer's hands, stamped with the King's likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:

"The coin is genuine; take it; you deserve it. I bid you adieu."

## A PAPER-MAKING SPIDER.

Spiders have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper-maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me.

In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her work. Back and forth, over a flat square about an inch and a-half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges.

When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-times to hunt for food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.—*St. Nicholas.*

## POLITENESS OF THE TURKS.

The Turks are the most polite race in Europe. Take, for instance, their rules of conversation:

1. Never to interrupt the speaker while he is talking. However long-winded or uninteresting his conversation may be to you, politeness requires that you should wait for his conclusion.

2. Never to diverge, in the middle of a conversation, from the main thread of a discourse into a collateral issue. The breach of this rule is considered by a Turk as an unpardonable rudeness.

3. To allow a short but reasonable pause between the conclusion of a discussion on one subject and the entering on a new subject.

4. Never to tell a person a thing he knows already.

5. Not to excuse one's self when convicted of being in the wrong. How very seldom you hear in Europe, "Yes, I was in the wrong; I am very sorry for it;" but in Turkey it is considered a violation of principle and a breach of politeness to refuse to be convicted of error.

6. When you have nothing to say, to hold your tongue. Turks

never talk for the sake of talking. In Europe it is considered *de rigueur* to 'say something' whether that something is worth saying or not. Not so in Turkey; to say something when you have nothing to say worth saying is considered there a degradation to yourself and a rudeness to your neighbor.

American enterprise is again beginning to assert itself in real live earnest. Not content with sending supplies of good American beef to gladden the stomachs of Englishmen and Scotchmen, they commenced exporting mules, the product of Kentucky farms, to the domains of Queen Victoria, and with a fair prospect of a large demand for this new article of export.

Discussion between a wise child and its tutor. "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't." "Yes, it is." "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"

## Resolutions of the Grand Lodge.

Adopted Dec. 3d, 1875.

Resolved, 1. That St. John's College shall be made an asylum for the protection, training and education of indigent orphan children.

2. That this Grand Lodge will appropriate \$—annually for the support of the institution; but will not assume any additional pecuniary responsibility.

3. That this Grand Lodge elect a Superintendent who shall control the institution and solicit contributions for its support from all classes of our people.

4. That orphan children in the said Asylum shall receive such preparatory training and education as will prepare them for useful occupations and for the usual business transactions of life.

Adopted Dec. 5th 1875:

Resolved, That the Superintendent of the said Orphan Asylum shall report at each Annual Communication an account of his official acts, receipts, disbursement, number of pupils, &c. together with such suggestions as he may see fit to offer.

Resolved, That the Master of each subordinate Lodge appoint a Standing Committee upon raising funds for the Orphan Asylum, and require said committee to report in writing each month, and that said reports and the funds received be forwarded monthly to the Superintendent of the Asylum and that the support of the Orphan Asylum be a regular order of business in each subordinate Lodge at each communication.

4. All churches and benevolent organizations are requested to cooperate with us in the orphan work and collect and forward contributions through their own proper officers. Here are the resolutions:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Grand Lodge are hereby tendered to many benevolent ladies and gentlemen, to the ministers of the gospel, to churches of various denominations, to Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, Friends of Temperance, and other benevolent societies; whose hearty coöperation and liberal contributions have rendered timely and valuable assistance in the work of ameliorating the condition of the orphan children of the State.

Resolved, That all benevolent societies and individuals are hereby cordially invited and requested to cooperate with us in providing funds and supplies for indigent and promising orphan children, at the Asylum in Oxford.

## THE

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March 3rd, 1875.

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