

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BE HONEST.

George and Harry worked in the same shop, but as the working season was about over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter; he was very, sorry, he said, but it was the best he could do; he told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down, for work was scarce and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend:

'Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much.'

'So he has me,' said George, as he looked at his.

'How could he have made the mistake?' said Harry.

'Oh, he was very busy when six o'clock came, and handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle,' said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket book.

'Well,' said Harry, 'I am going to stop as I go to the post-office and hand it to him.'

'You are wonderful particular about a quarter,' said George. 'What does he care for that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted, and I am sure you worked hard enough to earn it.'

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep; he chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for several months when he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall he gave him the position of superintendent. Five years afterwards Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner, and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common laborer.

There is nothing like a good character when you want employment. Some young men can always get work, no matter how dull the times are, while others can find nothing to do when hands are scarce, simply because they cannot be trusted.—*Selected.*

THE DEAD DOVE.

Lulah and her father were sitting by the open window when the noise of a shot-gun startled them. A few seconds afterwards a turtle dove fell dead upon the ground outside.

Mr. Graham stepped out and picked up the poor creature, which gave a few dying gasps and expired.

'Cruel boys,' he said, 'to shoot a bird at this time of the year! No doubt the poor thing was hastening home with food for its young, when some cruel sportsman took its life. What a pity! How thoughtless boys are sometimes!'

Lulah stroked the soft feathers on the dead bird's neck and seemed almost ready to weep with sorrow at its untimely death.

'Poor thing, I feel so sorry for you,' she said.

'Yes,' added her father, 'but we should be more sorry for its young, and for its mate which will lose in vain for the missing one.'

'But will the young ones die, father?'

'I can't tell, dear; God takes care of the birds; for the Bible say he 'cares even for the sparrows.'

'I hope, then, he will provide for the young ones of this dove, if she left any. Why do you think she did, father?'

'Because this is the time of the year when the birds rear their young, and every boy ought to know it, and not kill them so thoughtlessly.'

True, boys! You ought to know better than to kill the birds when they are hatching their eggs or raising their young. Try and think of this as long as you live.

Above all, we beg you not to shoot the *mocking bird*, at any time, nor any sweet songsters that live around the house, or that devour the insects in the gardens and on the shade trees. Sometimes, in the fall and winter, it may be improper to shoot game birds; but never do so in that season of the year when they are engaged in raising their young.—*Kind Words.*

HONOR AND GENEROSITY.

A man was once carrying along a basket of peaches, covered with cloth, and slung over his shoulder, making a pretty heavy load. By some means the cover became loosened, and quite a number of the tempting-looking peaches rolled down upon the sidewalk, and the man went on, without perceiving it.

Quite a poorly-dressed boy, about ten years old, who was walking a little distance behind, observed them, and immediately picked them up. But the boy did not put them in his pocket and run away, as I fear too many would have been inclined to do.

'Here! here!' he shouted to the man, who stopped, and the honest little fellow restored him his property.

The man rewarded him with one of the finest peaches, and then went on his way. But this is not the whole of the story. Just then the lad met two of his companions, and immediately divided his peach with them.

Was not that a noble-hearted little fellow? Who could not love him, ragged and dirty as he was? The part of the peach he had for his portion was sweetened by kindness, by honesty and generosity, and the fruit was more luscious than the most costly could have been, if obtained dishonestly.—*Kind Words.*

VENTILATION.

It is a common error to suppose that a room can be ventilated by opening a window at the top. There must be an inlet and an outlet for the air. It is another mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top of a room. It is the heated air that rises to the top of the room, while the chief impurity, the carbonic acid, falls to the bottom. It is the lower stratum of air that needs to be removed. If the window only be opened, the cold air, being heavier, pours down into the room, causing draughts; if the door only be opened or ajar, the same thing occurs. The perfection of ventilation may be obtained in a room containing a fire-place, by simply providing proper inlets for the air on a level with the floor, and carried vertically upward into the room for about four or five feet.—*Selected.*



ALONE.

HOW THE BEARS ESCAPE.

The way bears are caught in Russia is this: A pit is dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food is placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily falls into the snare. But if four or five happen to get in together, they all get out again, and they do it thus: they form a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape. 'But how does the bottom one get out?' you ask. Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice.

It would be too bad, would it not? if children were not as grateful for favors as these bears seem to be. But there are a good many, I am sorry to say, who seem to have very little gratitude.—*Selected.*

ART OF SWIMMING.

Men are drowned by raising their arms out of the water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into the water he may move his hands as he pleases if he does not raise them out of the water and his head will rise high enough to allow him to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking up stairs his shoulders will rise also. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of all who have not learned to swim, as they may be found useful in preserving life.—*Selected.*

THE APOPLETIC STROKE—WHAT PRODUCES IT.

A middle aged physician once said to the writer, 'As I was walking down the street after dinner I felt a shock in the back of my neck, as if some one had struck me; I have not felt well since. I fear I shall die, just as my ancestors have, of paralysis. What shall I do?' The answer was: 'Diminish the tension on the blood-vessels, and there need be no fear of tearing them in a weak place.' Now this expresses in plain terms the exact cause of apoplexy in the majority of instances; and it is one, too, which every one has in his power to prevent.

A blood-vessel of the brain, from causes which will presently

be mentioned, has lost some of its elastic strength; food is abundant, digestion is good; blood is made in abundance, but little is worked off by exercise, the tension on every artery and vein is at a maximum rate; the even circuitous flow is temporarily impeded at some point, throwing a dangerous pressure on another; the vessel which has lost its elastic strength gives way, blood is poured out, a clot is formed, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces complete unconsciousness. This is the apoplectic stroke. It will be perceived that there are two leading conditions upon which the production of the stroke depends; a lessened strength in the vessel, and an increased tension on it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

ASIATIC DOCTORS.—The first care of the Sart physician is to study you general appearance and ask you about your temperament. He has learned in the *Tukhpatal Muminia*, the most common medical book here, that you must belong to one of four classes, and his treatment of your malady is governed accordingly. When he has combined your symptoms with temperament, he will pull a bag out of his pocket, or untie the scarf that serves him for a girdle, and open an assortment of drugs in twisted bits of paper, perhaps tasting and smelling to find the right ones, and having chosen the proper medicine, will give you the usual directions about doses and diet. The medicaments employed by Central Asiatic physicians are, in general, very simple, being in most part vegetable substances, but few animal matters and minerals being used. They are usually taken in the simple form of powders and decoctions, and when a mixed medicine is used the physician delivers the substances to the patient and allows him to mix them for himself. This not only saves the physician trouble, but, in a certain way, soothes the suspicious feelings of the patient, who might imagine, in case he did not immediately improve, that he had been poisoned by the doctor.—*From Eugene Schuyler's 'Turkestan.'*

THE CHINESE SAND PEAR.

Mr. J. W. Fleming of Georgia, has been growing this pear for several years. He says that it is the only pear that can be propagated by cuttings. A cutting twelve inches long bore seventy pears in its fifth year, at which date, from the time of setting out, they produce fruit. A tree owned by a gentleman in Liberty county bore six bushels in the first year of its fruiting, the next twelve, and the third eighteen; the fourth year it reached its maximum production twenty-two bushels. The delicacy and juiciness of the fruit is unsurpassed. The trees are almost entirely exempt from disease, rampant growers and very prolific. They are exceeding beautiful and symmetrical, growing naturally in the shape of a cone. Two crops grown in one year the second being fit only for culinary purposes, as it must be gathered before maturity to escape frost. No one is yet able to tell how long it will live and bear. A tree twenty-six years old shows no signs of decay or diminution of its annual product. The trees seem to flourish best in a gray sandy soil and a semi-tropical climate. It blooms very early and probably would not thrive above Lower Georgia.

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