

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

I FORGOT.

There is no excuse for neglect of duty more common or more unsatisfactory to those hearing than 'I forgot.' Whether the forgetfulness comes from carelessness, inattention or weakness of the power of memory, the result is the same, and the loss or damage therefrom is no less than it would be if the neglect was premeditated and intentional. If a boy forgets to shut the gate, stray cattle can come through and destroy crops to the same extent as if the mode of ingress was intentionally provided for them by some tramp, whose latent 'cussedness' had been made active by the refusal of a square meal or a night's lodging.

The switchman at a rail-road station who forgets to fix his lever properly, and allows the incoming train to rush on to destruction, has not the guilt of intentional murder on his soul, but the inevitable law of force works no less destruction to life and property than if he had done it with malice prepense.

To overcome the habit of forgetfulness, for it is to a great extent a habit, is to a degree, at least, in the power of every one. He who is not an idiot has a faculty of memory, and the strength of any faculty can, by exercise and cultivation, be increased. Those who do not endeavor to cultivate it are guilty of culpable neglect, and should not be allowed to plead forgetfulness in palliation of any omission or neglect.

We know a clergyman whose power of memory is so great as to seem really wonderful, the result almost entirely of cultivation. In fact we have heard him say that when he was young he was so forgetful as to be constantly under a cloud in consequence. One day, when something more serious than usual had resulted from this failing, he determined to overcome it, and from that moment resolved that his memory should do for him its appointed work and forced it into action. He allowed himself to make no more memorandums or aids to memory, but demanded that the faculty should work for his assistance. The result is he has but few equals in the country in this respect.

Different from this is a gentleman who lives on one of the up town avenues in New York, and who, for the last ten years has, immediately after breakfast, made a list in his note-book of 'Things to be done,' always heading the list with 'Buy a Tribune.'

No one knows the strength of any of his powers, physical or mental, until it is tested. Winship, known the world over as the strong man, came to be so only by daily exercise in lifting weights, gradually increasing them as his muscular power developed; and other examples of increase in physical strength, not so striking perhaps, but sufficiently so to attract notice, are common all about us.

The mental powers are subject to the same laws regulating growth as are the physical, and are as easily cultivated. Whose then the fault if he is forgetful or with what reason can he urge as an excuse for neglect that phrase of self condemnation, "I forgot?"—Selected.

## Doctor Charlie and his Patient.

Run for the doctor! Dolly's very sick!  
Mary, you'll have to go, I can not leave her!  
Tell him to pack his bottles and come quick;  
I think she's got a very dangerous fever."

In stalks a hat and cane; if you look close,  
You'll see young Doctor Charlie somewhere under;

He takes a pinch of snuff and blows his nose,  
While poor sick Dolly seems to stare in wonder.

He feels her pulse, he gravely shakes his head:  
His hat dropped o'er his eyes with the shake he gave it;

He says poor Dolly must be put to bed  
And have her head shaved—he, in fact, will shave it.

Poor mamma seeler looks, but says at once  
That "Dolly's head shall not be shaved! I guess not!

Her hair would never grow again, you dunces!"  
"It shall!" "It shan't!" "She'll die then, if it is not!"

But Mary, ere the quarrel gets too grave  
(Already in her hand a bowl of gruel),  
Says, "Don't you know that doctors do not shave?"

And then besides, it really would be cruel!"

"I'll give her pills, then, when she's safe in bed

Plenty and sweet—of sugar I will make them;  
As Dolly can not eat, 'twill do instead  
For you and me and Mary here to take them."

## THE BLOWS THAT WE RECEIVE FROM OUR OWN RELATIONS STRIKE DEEPEST.

Once upon a time a lump of gold lay near a lump of iron. A workman hammered the iron with all his might. Said the gold to the iron: "Why do you make such a fuss? What makes you groan and cry so much?"

"Do you not observe," returned the iron "how the smith's hammer strikes me?"

"His hammer strikes me in the same way sometimes," replied the gold, "but I do not make such a noise; I bear the blows patiently and meekly."

"Ah, yes," said the iron, with a sigh; "it is all very well for you; why should you groan and complain? It is something strange and foreign that gives you pain; but the hammer is part of myself; it is iron, like myself; it is my own brother that strikes me and gives me pain, and that is why I find it so hard to bear."—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

## DEW DROPS.

Obeys, and you will have no difficulty about believing—disobedience is the mother of unbelief.

Idol worshipers are very particular in their obedience, that is, when they are sincere, hence their faith in going to shrines, altars, &c.

The day is never so dark but God has a ray for it. If you are too bad for Christ to help you, then you are hopeless.

God leads us about as he did the children of Israel, in various ways, to humble us, and let us see, if not what is in our heart now, that which once reigned there. With some, prosperity is the test, and with others adversity is the most fruitful state; and we are wise when we quietly acquiesce in the divine method, looking up with "Thy will be done" in the heart.—*Guide to Holiness.*

Bits.—"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the mite said to the microscope.

"You cant make a noise here," as the wooden pavement said to the omnibus.

Why should a quill pen never be used in inditing secret matters? Because it is apt to split.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the young gentleman stuck him on the end of a needle.



It was the advice of Seneca to his friend Lucilius, in order the more diligently to keep himself up to his full duty, to imagine some great man, some strict, quick-sighted, clear-brained man as Cato, continually looking upon him.

So the Christian, who would labor earnestly and successfully, must walk with Jesus must feel that He is ever by his side, noting all he does. But, oh! how blessed is the thought that He is more than a silent spectator! He is an all-powerful helper—an ever-ready and willing helper.

## THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN-STANN.

I cannot vouch my tale is true,  
Nor say, indeed, 'tis wholly new;  
But true or false, or new or old,  
I think you'll find it fairly told.

A Frenchman, who had ne'er before  
Set foot upon a foreign shore,  
Wearied of home, resolved to go  
And see what Holland had to show.  
He didn't know a word of Dutch,  
But that could hardly grieve him much;

He thought, as Frenchmen always do,  
That all the world could "parley-voo."  
At length our eager tourist stands  
Within the famous Netherlands,  
And, strolling gaily here and there,  
In search of something rich and rare,  
A lordly mansion greets his eyes:

"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,  
And, bowing to the man who safe  
In livery at the garden gate,  
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,  
Whose very charming grounds are these?"

And, pardon me, be pleased to tell  
Who in this splendid house may dwell?  
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man  
Replied what seemed like "Nick Van Stann."

"Thanks!" said the Gaul; "the owner's taste

Is equally superb and chaste;  
So fine a house, upon my word,  
Not even Paris can afford.  
With statues, too, in every niche;  
Of course Monsieur Van Stann is rich,  
And lives, I warrant, like a king—  
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"

In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets  
A thousand wonders in the streets,  
But most he marvels to behold  
A lady dressed in silk and gold;  
Gazing with rapture on the dame,  
He begs to know the lady's name,  
And hears, to raise his wonder more,  
The very words he heard before!  
"Mercie!" he cries; "well, on my life,  
Milord has got a charming wife;  
'Tis plain to see, this Nick Van Stann  
Must be a very happy man."

Next day our tourist chanced to pop  
His head within a lottery shop,  
And there he saw, with staring eyes,  
The drawing of the mammoth prize.  
"Ten millions! 'tis a pretty sum;  
I wish I had as much at home!  
I'd like to know as I'm a sinner,  
What lucky fellow is the winner?"  
Conceive our traveler's amaze  
To hear again the hackneyed phrase.  
"What? no! not Nick Van Stann  
again?"

Faith! he's the luckiest of men.  
You may be sure we don't advance  
So rapidly as that in France:  
A house, the finest in the land;  
A lovely garden, nicely planned;  
A perfect angel of a wife,  
And gold enough to last a life;  
There never yet was mortal man  
So blest as Monsieur Nick Van Stann!

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet

A pompous funeral in the street;  
And asking one who stood close by  
What nobleman had pleased to die,  
Was stunned to hear the old reply.  
The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,  
"Mon Dieu! poor Nick Van Stann is dead!"

With such a house, and such a wife,  
It must be hard to part with life;  
And then, to lose that mammoth prize—

He wins, and, pop—the winner dies!  
Ah, well! his blessings came so fast,  
I greatly feared they could not last;  
And thus, we see, the sword of Fate  
Cuts down alike the small and great.

\* Nicht verstant—I don't understand.

## DIVERS.

Diving has become an art, a profession, a recognized mode of obtaining a livelihood. It is attended with some risk, though less than is generally believed, and is a well-paid business. Sometimes, as when submerged treasure is brought up from the depth of the sea, the returns are very ample.

Then, again, it enables pearls to be brought up, the coast of Ceylon having long been the chief locality for that kind of fishing. Thence, in the remote ages, the Greeks got their pearls. Now, however, pearl-divers exercise their art at many other places—that is, on the shores of the Indian Ocean, off the West Indies' coasts, in the Persian Gulf, and at Panama, in South America.

The special prizes of diving are presented in the shape of coffers of gold and silver, and whole cargoes of costly merchandise. Last year, a British iron-clad called the Vanguard—a mammoth war-vessel, carrying fourteen immense guns, with steam engines of over five thousand horse-power, of above six thousand tons, and which had cost \$2,500,000—was run into by a companion called the Iron Duke, and sunk in the Irish Sea.

Divers were immediately sent down to examine the sunken vessel, and so duly reported her actual condition that the British Admiralty were enabled to judge that "it would not pay" to attempt to raise such an immense mass of iron. Consequently, her materials will be brought up by divers, for the benefit of contractors, who will clear away all of the wreck, which at present is a dangerous obstruction in the Irish Sea.

Very exaggerated stories have been told as to the endurance of experienced divers under water—that is, of those who go into the depths, like the pearl-seekers in the Indian seas, without any mechanical assistance. It is folly to say, as many do say, that the pearl-divers of the East are able, by constant practice, to remain under water from ten to fifteen minutes.

Very skillful and experienced divers may remain under water for two, but they very rarely remain there for three minutes. The best of the Ceylon divers, in fact, do not often continue submerged far more than a minute and a half, and their condition of health must be very good to permit them to do this.

Those who use the diving-dress, which makes the wearer look so frightful that even sharks are said to be frightened by it, must be physically qualified for the work. Many a strong fellow has gone down, and, after a short pause, has reappeared, bleeding alarmingly at the nose, ears and mouth.

For the most part, the diver does his work, if not in utter darkness, at best with only as much light as renders "darkness visible." His occupation is not a pleasant one. At the sea-bottom he encounters an awful solitude and silence. He is liable, at any moment, to find himself in close proximity with the ghostly remains of the dead, and there is no small risk to himself.

There seems to be no special disease induced by the occupation of diving when the regular dress is worn, but it is generally believed that it has a tendency to shorten life. Some very high authorities hold a different opinion.—*Saturday Night.*

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