

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## MISS LUNGSTRAS'S BABY-HOUSE.

BY H. V.

It was a great big house with nineteen little live babies in it, and little Miss Lungstras lived among them, and watched over them, and took care of them just like a brown house sparrow. Her home is away across the ocean, in Bonn on the Rhine, and there she had lived many years with her mother before she began her baby-house. They had been very happy together until the time for her mother to live on earth had passed, and Miss Lungstras was left in this world alone. She chose rather to have little babies for pets, than cats or birds or dogs or horses, for no one can be happy to live quite alone with nothing to love. Then she knew of so many little babies whose mothers were so poor that they had to go out to work, instead of staying at home to take care of them, that she couldn't be happy to think of their being neglected and half starved, when she had both time and money to use as she pleased. But she did not have a great deal of money, and though she had little cribs and baby-carriages, there were no pictures or easy chairs or pianos in her house. Even then she couldn't take all the babies who needed a place in the baby-house.

Early in the morning Miss Lungstras went to each little crib with the morning breakfast, and then by and by she and the few mothers, whose babies were too young to leave, began to give the morning baths. The babies kicked and splashed and cried or laughed just as they liked, but into the tub they all went, and when they were all washed and dried, and had had a funny little flannel shirt on, they had another milk breakfast, and were all put to bed in the big nursery, where nineteen little cribs stood in two long rows. There the little things lay, crowing and cooing until they dropped asleep. The room was seldom quite still, for it was not long after the last one fell asleep before one or two would wake up and begin funny little baby talks, while they waited to be taken out for an airing, and to have their early dinner. This was about the time when the doctors would come down for their visit. Every day, too, a batch of medical students were sent in to learn how little babies behaved, what they had to eat, how long they slept, how they were dressed, and all sorts of things that German professors thought young men ought to know before they should try to make sick babies well. So they made Miss Lungstras help to compare the young men to be doctors, and they learned a great deal from her, while she had a great deal of fun all to herself at the blunders they made, and the odd questions they asked.

Each baby had a little square feather bed laid over it instead of sheets and blankets, and very often a little bare leg would be quite uncovered; but it is the old-fashioned way in Germany, and seems to suit the German babies, although I think American ones would take cold if they were not snugly tucked into their cribs.

When the babies were very young indeed, Miss Lungstras let the mothers stay to take care of their own babies, and help her with the others, but as each child grew to be six weeks old the mother had to leave it and go out to work. As long as the baby stayed at the baby-house, its mother must give two-thirds of her wages to pay for it, and when it grew to be a year old it must go away to make room for another little newborn baby.

So Miss Lungstras never had anything but little bits of babies who could neither walk nor talk in her baby-house, and had to do a great deal more than just play with them.

One little room in the house was all filled with the sewing that the babies needed. There were nightgowns there waiting to be made, and socks to be mended, and cloaks to be finished, and old clothes to mend or cut over.

Miss Lungstras's friends would often go in for an hour and sit down and sew in the little sewing-room, and perhaps pick up something from the piled-up shelves to take home and make for her.

And sometimes some rich lady would send in some money which would be very gladly used, for the dear little lady had not near enough of her own to pay the rent of the nice sunny house, and feed all the babies that she had taken in. Whenever she found herself running into debt, she would be content with fewer babies, she said, but until then she would be happy taking care of all her little nestlings, helping the poor, sick, miserable mothers to grow stronger and better in mind and body, teaching them to love Christ and try to live like Him. Then in odd corners of her baby-house, Miss Lungstras found room for some poor old women, school-masters' widows I think they all were; and there they lived, and each one went down to the kitchen to cook her own little messes as she liked best, and when they felt lonely they would go down to the nursery and help a little with the babies, or talk to the mothers. Miss Lungstras declared they helped her a great deal and gave her ever so much good advice. Certainly the old ladies were very happy there, and I have no doubt, felt themselves very useful and important in helping Miss Lungstras, who had undertaken to take care of nineteen little babies when she "had had no experience" herself.

To see Miss Lungstras's baby-house, you must go away across the ocean to Bonn on the Rhine, and there in Weber strasse you will find her with her nineteen dear little babies. They are much nicer and funnier than any doll babies you ever saw. But then they are a great deal harder to take care of, and need a great deal of patience and love, so you must be contented with common dolls and little play baby-houses, and have kittens and puppies for pets until you are quite grown up, and then you can have a baby-house like Miss Lungstras, and plenty of babies to put into it too.—*Young Christian Soldier.*



THE MOTHER.

### "THE WORTHY POOR."

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

A dog of morals, firm and sure,  
Went out to seek the "worthy poor,"  
"Dear things!" she said, "I'll find them  
out,  
And end their woes, without a doubt."

She wandered east, she wandered west,  
And many dogs her vision blest.—  
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,  
And some—ah! very much in need.

So poor they were!—without a bone,  
Battered and footsore, sad and lone;  
No friends, no help, "What lives they've  
led,  
To come to this!" our doggie said.

"I ought not to give to them; I'm sure  
They can not be the worthy poor.  
They must have fought or been dis-  
graced;  
My charity must be well placed."

Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;  
So thrifty they—so sleek and kind!  
"Ah me!" she said, "were they in need,  
To help them would be joy indeed."

'Twas the same, day in, day out,—  
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;  
But they were neither clean or wise,  
As she could see with half her eyes.

'Tis strange what faults come out to  
view  
When folks are poor. She said, "Tis true  
They need some help; but as for me,  
I must not waste my charity."

So home she went, and dropped a tear.  
"I've done my duty, that is clear:  
I've searched and searched the village  
round,  
And not one 'worthy poor' I've found."

And all this while, the sick and lame  
And hungry suffered all the same.  
They were not pleasant, were not neat—  
But she had more than she could eat!

And don't you think it was a sin?  
Was hers the right way to begin?  
No, no!—it was not right, I'm sure,  
For she was rich and they were poor."

O ye who have enough to spare!  
To suffering give your ready care;  
Waste not your charitable mood  
Only in sifting out the good.

For, on the whole, though it is right  
To keep the "worthy poor" in sight,  
This world would run with scarce a  
hitch  
If all could find the 'worthy rich!'

AN EXCHANGE says fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose "somebody" invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after every thing.

### SPEAK KINDLY.

A young lady had gone out to take a walk. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment, and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then, as she passed, she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy any thing from you to-day."

"O miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and the suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us, at least, give them our sympathy.

"Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently; for 'tis like the Lord,  
Whose accents meek and mild  
Bespoke him as the Son of God,  
The gracious, holy child."

### NOT SMART ENOUGH.

Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog langing by a hook in the wall. "Ha! ha!" cried they to the young man in attendance, "what sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?"

"That," said he, "is a patent combined root grubber, corn sheller, apple grinder, gate lifter, double action, back spring, sod plough; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage 'em."

## THE

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