



THE BIRD IN THE STREET.

TAPLEY STARR.

Sweet little minstrel! melting thy throat
All to thyself—in this busy town—
Where never the beat
Of the rushing feet
Stays for the gold-drops pouring down.
Some to life's work! and some to life's
play!
But who heeds thee in thy window
there
Throwing each thought
Of that glad little heart
Like star-flowers down in this thorough-
fare?

Yet, what carest thou, O singer of song!
The music that's both comes and bid-
den.
'Twould ring out as clear
In Sahara's dead ear—
That little bright breath out of heaven.

Al! One heart heeds thee, beautiful
bird—
An echoing heart here over the way
That scents in the breath
Thy sweet song hath
God's woods and meadows this grand
June day.

Pleasant the vista it opens to her
Far and away through the morning
air,
Where life upsprings
On its thousand wings,
And joy and hope bloom everywhere.

And poet—that sing'st a' to thyself
Up in thy window, what dost thou
care
If the gold of thy song
To the heavens belong,
And ring no chance on earth's thro-
ughfare?

It may be some heart thou wot'st not of,
Weary and worn with struggle and
strife,
May catch up thy strain
And echo again
With fresh blood beat of purpose and
life.

Educational Weekly.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

I am only five years old, but I have a great deal of trouble. Papa pulls my ears and calls me a sad rogue; brother Tom asks me every night what new mischief I have been up to to-day; and poor mamma sighs, and says I'm the most troublesome child she ever saw.

But dear grandma looks up from her knitting, and smiles as she says, "Tut, tut, daughter! Our Amy isn't any worse than a little girl I knew some thirty years ago."

"O grandma!" cried I one day, "do please tell me about her; for I like to hear about naughty little girls. What was her name, Grandma?"

Grandma looked over her spectacles at mamma and smiled, and mamma nodded and smiled back. Then Grandma said, "I think I will tell you of one of little Clara's capers; but mind, you are not to go and do the same thing the first chance you get."

This is the story as Grandma told it:

"Little Clara lived on a farm away out in the country. She was the youngest of seven children, and a great pet, of course. But Clara's little restless feet and mischievous fingers often brought her into trouble and disgrace. One day Clara's mother had occasion to go to the store, which was three miles away. Clara wanted to go too. Her mother feared she would be in the way, and looked doubtful; but big brother Ben said, 'Let her go, mother; she'll be good I know.' 'Yes, let her go,' said Susan, who was trying to net a bead purse and keep Clara's fingers out of her box of beads at the same time.

"Do let her go!" said Roger;

'I want to rig my ship this afternoon, and a fellow can't do much with her around.'

So it was decided that Clara should go, and it was the work of but a few moments to polish up the chubby face and hands, and brush the curly hair. The pink dress, and red shoes, and white sunbonnet were put on as quickly as possible, and Clara was ready.

'Now try to behave yourself, child,' said Susan, as Ben lifted the little girl into the wagon.

'Of course I will,' replied Clara, pouting her red lips.

'But did she behave herself?' you ask. Ah! I will tell you.

When they reached the store, Mr. Dale, the storekeeper, came out to help them; and as he lifted Clara out of the wagon he called her a 'little lady,' which made her feel all of two inches taller than usual. Then he gave her a stick of candy, and lifted her to a seat on the counter, close beside a dear old pussy cat who purred loudly as the little girl smoothed her fur. Clara's mother had a good many things to buy, and very soon forgot all about her little daughter; but when Ben came in, half an hour later, the first question was, 'Where's Clara, mother?'

Sure enough, where was Clara? Her seat was empty. She had disappeared. 'Clara! Clara!' called both her mother and Ben; but there was no answer.

'She's in some mischief,' said Ben; and as quick as thought he rushed into the back part of the store, followed by his mother and Mr. Dale. What a sight met their eyes! There stood Clara, in the centre of the room, stepping back slowly, as a pool of molasses, streaming steadily from a hogshead in the corner, crept towards the toes of her little red shoes. Ben caught up Clara as quick as a flash, and—

'No, grandma,' interrupted mama, 'it was Mr. Dale who did that, while Ben made haste to turn the faucet to prevent further mischief.'

'Why, mama,' said I, 'how do you know? Were you there?'

'I heard about it,' said she; and she and grandma both smiled. 'The little girl was just my age, and I knew her very well.'

'And your names were both Clara,' said I. 'How queer!'

And mama and grandma must have thought it queer, too, for they both laughed heartily.

A BRAVE GIRL.

There are not so many brave girls in these days as there ought to be. We have been watching, and this is the conclusion to which we have come. Many of them are real cowards; they are afraid to keep on the side of truth. They may not be afraid of the dark, nor of dogs and spiders; but they are afraid to do what they know is right.

There was Hattie Stone, a bright-eyed intelligent, sprightly, lovable creature, sitting by her mother, who was trimming her winter bonnet with gay ribbons and beautiful feathers, when Nellie Larkin, one of her playmates, called.

'Is that your bonnet?' inquired Nellie.

'Yes,' replied Hattie. 'Isn't it pretty?'

'It is very pretty indeed, I think,' answered Nellie. 'Mine is a poor-looking thing beside that.'

'Are you not going to have a new one?'

'No. Mother says my old one must do this winter with a little

repairing; and I think it will myself.'

'Well, I should be afraid that the people would laugh at me when everybody else had new bonnets,' responded Hattie. 'I want to look as well as the rest.' 'Mother says it's cowardly to be afraid of what people will say about us, if we are doing what we know is right.'

'Then there are a good many cowards in the world,' said Hattie, 'and I suppose I am one. But you mean to be brave, and wear your old bonnet?' And Hattie smiled as she said it; for she was evidently amused by Nellie's idea of bravery.

'I don't think it is necessary to be very brave to wear a last year's bonnet,' replied Nellie. 'I am sure that is no great cross to me, although I don't like to be laughed at any more than you do. My mother says she can't afford a better one; and that is enough to make me satisfied with what I have.'

Now, Nellie really did not know that she was a brave girl in deciding to wear the bonnet she had worn for a year before; but she was the bravest girl in the neighborhood. Hattie, poor little mincing coward, was afraid somebody would laugh at her if she did not have a bonnet as gay as a peacock's tail, and be in the height of fashion. She had no courage to say, 'Let others think as they please, I shall do what my mother thinks is best.' Poor weak thing! How much nobler is Nellie, who dares to follow her mother's counsels, though she may not appear quite so fashionable! And yet how many thousands are there who always stop and ask, 'What will be thought of this or that? What will Mary A—, or Jemima B— say about me if I do thus and so?'—not having courage to do right even, lest some one should laugh or sneer.

Ah, children! first be right. Make sure of this, and then a sneer will be a small matter. God's eye is both on you and on those who laugh at you. To which does he say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant?'—(London) Children's Paper.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

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My residence is in.....
..... County, and my occupation
is.....
My family consists of.....
..... I wish to employ a
boy..... years of age, and (Here give
description and qualities desired.)
He will be required to.....
and allowed to..... I
will furnish.....
and pay him..... a month.
A. B.
Recommended by.....

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF HALF ORPHANS.

..... N. C., }
....., 1877. }
This is to certify that.....
..... is a half orphan,
sound in body and mind, and with-
out any estate. H..... father died
in 18..... I being h..... mother,
hereby make application for h.....
admission to the Orphan Asylum at
Oxford, and I also relinquish and
convey to the officers thereof the en-
tire management and control of said
orphan till the..... day of.....
..... (that being the day on which
..... will be fourteen years of age,)
in order that..... may be trained
and educated according to the regu-
lations prescribed by the Grand
Lodge of North Carolina. I also
promise not to annoy the Orphan
Asylum, and not to encourage the
said orphan to leave without the
approval of the Superintendent.
.....
Approved by.....
W. M. of.....

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF ORPHANS.

..... N. C., }
....., 1877. }
This is to certify that.....
..... is an orphan, sound
in body and mind, and without es-
tate. H..... father died 18.....,
h..... mother died in 18..... I,
being h....., hereby
make application for h..... admission
into the Orphan Asylum at Oxford,
and I also relinquish and convey to
the officers thereof, the entire man-
agement and control of said orphan
till the..... day of.....,
18..... (that being the day on which
..... will be fourteen years of age,)
in order that..... may be trained
and educated according to the regu-
lations prescribed by the Grand
Lodge of North Carolina.
.....
Approved by.....
W. M. of..... Lodge.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A GIRL.

Our residence is in.....
..... County, and our occupation.....
Our family consists
of..... We wish
to employ a girl..... years of age,
and (Here give description and
qualities desired). She will be re-
quired to..... and allowed
to..... She will spend
her evenings in..... and
will sleep in..... We
will furnish..... and will
pay..... a month.
A. B.,
Mrs. A. B.
Recommended by.....

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March 3rd, 1875. 9-11