

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## WE ARE NOT MISSED.

If you and I  
To-day should die  
The birds would sing the same to-mor-  
row:  
The vernal Spring  
Her flowers would bring,  
And few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"  
Would then be said,  
The corn would floss, the grass yield  
hay,  
And cattle low,  
And Summer go,  
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!  
How few, alas!  
Remember those who turn to mold!  
Whose faces fade,  
With autumn's shade  
Beneath the sodden churchyard cold.

Yet it is so:  
We come and go!  
They hail our birth; they mourn us dead;  
A day or more  
The Winter is o'er—  
Another takes our place instead.

## A LETTER FROM A DEAD F. THER.

An orphan's lot is a very sad one, however its hardships are mitigated by circumstances. Money and kind friends may do much to alleviate its sorrows, but with all these it is inexpressibly mournful for a child to be without the tender guidance of a father and the love of a mother.

That was Ethel Thornley's lot. She was twelve years of age, and during the last four years she had been deprived of parental care. Her mother had been stricken with consumption, and had died in a few months, and her father, who had appeared a healthy, robust man, was the victim of heart disease, which terminated fatally only a few weeks after his wife died. The doctors said the shock of the wife's death had hastened that of her husband, who had loved her tenderly.

Mr. Thornley had no near relatives, but he had lived on very intimate terms with his lawyer, and when he found that his death was imminent, he placed all his wealth, which was considerable, in his friend's hands, and be-sought him to receive his little eight-year-old daughter into his home, and care for her during her childhood. The trust was accepted and faithfully discharged. As far as it was possible to fill a father's place, Mr. Norton had done it, and Ethel grew up cheerful and content.

Her twelfth birthday came round, and then Mr. Norton had a commission to fulfil. His dead friend had left a packet in his hands with the superscription, "To my dear little daughter, to be given her on her twelfth birthday, if God grant that she live to that day." Ethel was a child more than ordinarily intelligent, but joined with that intelligence was a sensitiveness and a delicacy that struck all who knew her with the impression that she was very frail. Mr. Norton feared that this letter, which seemed like a message from the dead, might produce a painful shock to the child, and it was with some trepidation that, when he came down to breakfast on that eventful morning, he brought the packet down with him. But Ethel had not returned from her morning walk, and Mr. Norton, glad of a reprieve, took it with

him to his city office. But he was nervous about it all day, and he returned to his home earlier than usual, as he phrased it to himself, "to have it over."

When he returned Ethel was not in the house, but as he looked out in the garden he saw her sitting on a rustic seat, one hand holding a book and the other caressing a favorite cat, her especial pet, a big animal, tractable to no one but Ethel. Mr. Norton made his way to the place where she sat, and after a few words of explanation placed the packet in her hands.

Let us look over Ethel's shoulder and see what a father, feeling himself about to leave the world, felt it was most important for the child he loved best in all the world to know, and what he sought to impress on her mind. This is what Ethel read:

## "MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:

"I have heard from my physician to day that I must soon die and leave you alone in the world. The thought is agonizing to me, for the world is a dangerous place for a girl to live in without a father or mother. I have made such arrangements for you as seem to me best, and before you read this you will know what they are. But still, with all my anxiety and thought I might help you a little by a letter for you to read four years hence. I want you to grow up a noble, good woman, such as your mother was, and I have thought much of how I should advise you. I have prayed, too, Ethel, that God would tell me what to say, and this is the result. Inclosed you will find a copy of the New Testament. It was your mother's. Will my little girl obey the request of a dying father? I ask you, Ethel, to read it every day of your life, and every time you read it pray to God to bless it. This is my last request, and as I stand on the threshold of the unseen world it seems to me the best request I can make. Obey it, my love, and meet your mother and father in the land this will tell you how to reach. God bless my little girl, and keep her from all harm is the prayer of her loving father,  
WILLIAM THORNLEY."

There was no word of direction as to her property—no word such as Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son about department. The dying man saw in the New Testament a higher rule of life than any to be found elsewhere, and to that he directed his daughter and he was right. If the spirit of the departed can see what occurs in the world they have left, William Thornley's spirit must have rejoiced as he saw his daughter's life. Consecrated early to Christ, she spent her years in His service, and lived the highest, noblest, and the best of lives, that of a sincere Christian.—Selected.

## GRANDFATHER DICKIE.

The play was, that Dickie should be grandfather, and his little cousin Faye should be grandmother, and the children should come to visit them. So the grandparents made ready.

Dickie got out his own grandfather's slippers, and stepped into them, put the gold-bowed specta-

cles astride his pug-nose, then went to grumbling in no gentle tone:

"Where is the morning paper? It does seem strange that that paper cannot be let alone! Every day I have to hunt for it until I get so tired that when it is found I don't want it. Scat! you wretch! You are always under my foot."

And he gave an imaginary cat a vigorous kick with his slipper, which must have hurt, for there was a miserable yowl in the room at once; so natural that it brought Grandmother Faye to the room to see what was the matter.

"Isn't Muff here?" she asked. "I thought I heard her."

"No, she isn't here!" declared Dickie, in the grandfatherly sharp tone. "I just kicked her under foot. I've told those children a dozen times never to let her into the library, but that is all the good it does. No attention is ever paid to anything I say. Tell those children to keep still; I want two minutes of quiet, if it is to be had in this world."

Whereupon he settled himself in the armchair, his feet on a hassock, his large handkerchief thrown over what was supposed to be the bald part of his head.

"Why, Dickie Dunlap!" said Faye, "you don't act the least bit in the world like a grandfather. They never scold, and kick cats, and speak cross about the children."

"I should think they didn't!" said Dickie, in utter astonishment. "Haven't I heard them do it ten hundred times! This very morning my grandfather scatted Muff out of this room and told me if he ever found her in here he would have her drowned in the lake; and he is always fussing about the noise we children make; and the paper is always gone; mother says she believes it is alive, and slips away on purpose."

"Well," said Faye, with her head on one side, as she always set it when she was in a very thoughtful mood, "maybe there's a difference in grandfathers; but ours always speaks to us in the nicest voice, and when mamma thinks we make too much noise and says, 'Hush!' grandpa says, 'Never mind, mamma; let the kittens frolic, so long as their voices are pleasant. I don't mind the noise; it does my old heart good.' And he says 'dearie' to me, and 'grandpa's little man' to Arthur, and he's just lovely all the time."

"I should think there was a difference in grandfathers!" declared Dickie. "Grandfather never calls me a little man; and I've heard him say children are a nuisance, and all cats ought to be drowned, and all dogs ought to be shot; and he thinks this is a mean, ugly world all the time, except when he is taking a nap."

Meanwhile Faye was still thinking.

"But, Dickie," she began again, more earnestly, "we never let grandpa hunt for the papers; we children see that it is ready for him every day after dinner; that is our business; if we should forget it, mamma wouldn't like it at all. And we don't go into grandpa's side of the library only when he invites us; and we never meddle with his things; mamma wouldn't like it, and we wouldn't like to bother him

either."

"Well," said Dickie, a roguish light in his handsome eyes, "maybe there is a difference in grandchildren, too. I shouldn't wonder if there was."

Who do you think stood by the window in the next room and heard all this talk? Why, Dickie's grandfather!

He listened, and sighed heavily two or three times; then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Poor old man! I think he was sorry he had the name of being so cross.—The Pansy.

## BURDETT'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

And then, remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell, or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you, son, you will see that men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.—Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at six p. m. and don't get home until two a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old so and so's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and to do, son, and take off your coat, and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Hawkeye.

## OLD PROVERBS.

"To make a virtue of necessity," comes from Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and a man of infinite wit, and to him can be traced the saying. 'In at one ear, out at the other,' though in the quaint language of the day he said, 'One ear it heard, at the other out it went.' The proverb, 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' comes from 'Peir's Plowman's Vision,' a black letter poem, and 'Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen,' and 'When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind,' the originals of 'Out of sight, out of mind,' and 'of two evils, chose the least,' are from Thomas a Kempis. Thomas Tusser gave us 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,' 'Better late than never,' 'It is an ill wind that turns none to good,' 'Christmas comes but once a year,' 'Safe bind, safe find' 'Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go,' and 'Such master, such man.' Chaucer died in 1400, Thomas a Kempis in 1471, and Tusser in 1580; so that these are venerable remains.

## NORFOLK FERTILIZER

—AND—  
**INSECTICIDE!**  
\$15 PER TON,  
Delivered at any of the Depots in Norfolk or Portsmouth.  
Manufactured by  
**STYRON, WHITEHURST & CO.,**  
NORFOLK, VA.

Office, Biggs' Wharf.  
Also Dealers in Charleston Ground Bone Phosphate and Kainit.  
CERTIFICATES:

**NOTTOWAY CO., VA., Sept. 20, 1882.**  
This is to certify that I used two tons of the Norfolk Fertilizer and Insecticide, purchased from Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Norfolk, Va., on my crops of cotton and tobacco this year, and that it acted to my entire satisfaction. My tobacco is considered equal to the very best in Nottoway county, and my cotton much better than where I used the in equal quantities, say from two to three hundred pounds per acre. Such is my satisfaction with the Fertilizer that I expect to use it much more largely in the future.  
J. M. HULT.

**HELFORD, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.**  
Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I take pleasure in saying that the five tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last spring I used under cotton, corn, potatoes and vegetables with decidedly better results than where I used the high priced fertilizers which cost from \$35 to \$45 per ton. Am satisfied I will get one-quarter to one-third more cotton where I used yours. In composting with cotton seed, stable manure and rich earth, it is the best Fertilizer I ever used. Will use it under all my crops next year. Hoping you much success. I am, very truly,  
JOSEPH A. LUGHES.

**KEMPSVILLE, Princess Anne Co., Va., 1882.**  
Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I used your Norfolk Fertilizer under Irish potatoes at the rate of 300 lbs. to the acre, and the yield was abundant, in fact surpassed me. Also used it under corn and made an excellent crop. My cattle looking well where I used it. Am so well pleased with it shall use again next Spring. Very respectfully,  
N. B. SANDERLIN.

**PERQUIMANS CO., N. C., Nov. 30, 1882.**  
Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: The half ton Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you this Spring gave entire satisfaction; I used it along side of higher priced fertilizers, and the yield from yours was fully as good as where I used the other brands. Yours truly,  
B. F. CHILZEN.

**SEBELL'S P. O., Southampton Co., Nov. 30, '82**  
Gentlemen: The five tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton and peanuts with very satisfactory results. Please ship me ten (10) tons by 1st February, '83. Very respectfully,  
W. N. SEBELL.

**WINNAP, Perquimans Co., N. C., Nov. 10, '82.**  
Gentlemen: I used 14 tons Norfolk Fertilizer under Cotton this year, side by side with Peruvian Bone Dust, at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre. The result was in favor of your Fertilizer. Will use it again next Spring. Respectfully,  
W. L. JESSUP & CO.

**WINDFALL, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.**  
Gentlemen: The two tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre, which gave better yield than any other Fertilizer. Will use it more extensively next year. Yours truly,  
R. B. KIRBY.

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MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR RAILS,  
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this winter. If so, leave your order with W. R. Beasley, and he will take name and quantity. This must be done in the next ten days.  
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Raleigh, N. C.