

The Orphans' Friend.

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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet
face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost
fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against
my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful
tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with lov-
ing thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had
said:
Errands on which the willing feet had
sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted
glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, per-
chance,
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who would war with dumb, uncon-
scious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many
a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I
plead:
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not
need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
—*Littell's Living Age.*

TOBACCO.

(A PARABLE.)

Then shall the kingdom of Sa-
tan be likened to a grain of tobac-
co seed, which though exceed-
ingly small, being cast into the
ground grew, and became a great
plant, and spread its leaves rank
and broad, so that huge and vile
worms formed a habitation there-
on. And it came to pass,
in the course of time, that the
sons of men looked upon it, and
thought it beautiful to look upon,
and much to be desired to
make lads look big and manly.
So they put forth their hands
and did chew thereof. And some
it made sick, and others to vomit
most filthily. And it further
came to pass that those who
chewed it became weak and un-
manly, and said, "We are en-
slaved, and can't cease from chew-
ing it." And the mouths of all
that were enslaved became foul;
and they were seized with a vio-
lent spitting; and they did spit,
even in ladies' parlors and in the
house of the Lord. And the
saints of the Most High were
greatly plagued thereby. And
in the course of time it came also
to pass that others snuffed it,
and they were taken suddenly
with fits, and they did sneeze
with a great and mighty sneeze,
inasmuch that their eyes were
filled with tears, and they did
look exceedingly silly. And oth-
ers cunningly wrought the leaves
into rolls, and did set fire to one
end thereof, and did suck vehe-
mently at the other end thereof,
and did look very grave and
calf-like; and the smoke of their
former ascended up forever and
forever. And the cultivation

thereof became a great and
mighty business in the earth; and
the merchantmen waxed rich by
the commerce thereof. And it
came to pass that the saints of the
Most High defiled themselves
therewith; even the poor, who
could not buy shoes, nor bread,
nor books for their little ones,
spent their money for it. And
the Lord was greatly displeased
therewith, and said, "Be ye
clean that bear the vessels of the
Lord." "Wherefore, come out
from among them, and be ye sepa-
rate, saith the Lord, and touch
not the unclean thing; and I will
receive you." But with one
accord they all exclaimed, "We
cannot cease from chewing, snuff-
ing, and puffing—we are slaves!"
—*Selected.*

GAMBETTA'S ORATORY.

The chief secret of Gam-
letta's power as an orator was that he
allowed his emotions to carry
him along with them, as seem-
ingly helpless as a leaf in the
tempest. He employed none of
those tricks of oratory, none of
those studied gestures which are
the stage-carpentry of the tribune,
the sheet anchor of mediocrity;
Gambetta's characteristic elo-
quence was the language of pas-
sion; it was not until his whole
being was shaken and convulsed
by the storm within him that
the jeers of enemies were silenced
and men who detested his prin-
ciples grew pale with excitement
and surrendered themselves for
the time being to the magic of his
influence. I was in the Chamber
of Deputies when Gambetta de-
livered one of his last great
speeches. He walked up
the steps of the tribune
listlessly; his face was unusually
flushed; he seemed oppressed by
the summer heat and doubtful of
himself. He commenced speak-
ing slowly, almost hesitatingly,
and in such a low voice that ev-
ery head was bent forward in or-
der to catch his words. There
was no mighty swing of the ax
against the tree he wished to fell,
but a dilatory chipping of the
bark that was positively irritat-
ing to those who expected to see
the giant rush at once to his task.
Presently some murmurs arose
in the House; some scoffing from
the reactionary side. Gambetta's
nostrils dilated, the red hue of his
face changed to pale olive, his
fingers clutched the rostrum ner-
vously, and his voice at each suc-
cessive period rose to a higher
tone. Fresh interruptions came,
in which perhaps the orator
caught some bitter personal allu-
sion. Then he began to pace the
tribune like a caged lion. His
massive head was thrown back
and his eyes flashed defiance,
while period after period was
thundered forth with such a vol-
ume of sounds as to drown the
rising tumult. From that mo-
ment, and for fully an hour after-
ward, the Chamber was spell-
bound.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Although both sexes are bound by
the same code of morals, there ap-
pears to be two states of morality.
One for the women and one for the
men; and women have instituted
these two states. In her ignorance

and blindness she tolerates in men
that which she condemns in her
own sex. A man may go wherever
his passions or inclinations lead him,
yet he is coddled, flattered, smiled
upon and recognized in society. He
may be addicted to the lowest vice,
yet he finds no difficulty in effec-
ting a passport into the society of
pure women, or being admitted to
the homes of respectable families.
But how is it with a woman? If
she has strayed from the path of
virtue, or has been sought, won,
ruined and forsaken, is there a hand
in kindness held out to lead her
back to the paths of rectitude? If
she makes the fatal mistake and
takes the first step to ruin, but per-
haps would gladly return, is she al-
lowed to do so? Is she, by the in-
fluence of some humane sister, ever
restored to her friends, society and
the world? No! the very women
who smile upon the hardened liber-
tine, frown upon his unhappy vic-
tim, and shut her out forever from
a purer, happier life.

A FUNNY LEGAL DECISION.

The following was translated from
the original by Dr. H. M. Scudder,
and is almost as bad as some of the
legal decisions of our own land:
"Four men, partners in business,
bought some cotton bales. That the
rats might not destroy the cotton,
they purchased a cat. They agreed
that each of the four should own a
particular leg of the cat; and each
adorned with beads and other orna-
ments the leg thus apportioned to
him. The cat, by an accident, in-
jured one of the legs. The owner of
that member wound about it a rag
soaked in oil. The cat, going too
near the fire, set the rag on fire, and
being in great pain rushed in among
the cotton bales where she was ac-
customed to hunt rats. The cotton
thereby took fire, and was burned
up. It was a total loss. The three
other partners brought a suit, to re-
cover the value of the cotton, against
the fourth partner, who owned the
particular leg of the cat. The judge
examined the case, and decided thus:
The leg that had the oiled rag on it
was hurt; the cat could not use that
leg, in fact, it held up that leg and
ran on the other three legs. The
three unhurt legs, therefore, carried
the fire to the cotton, and are alone
culpable. The injured leg is not to
be blamed. The three partners who
owned the three legs with which the
cat ran to the cotton will pay the
whole value of the bales, to the part-
ner who was the proprietor of the
injured leg."

One of the first literary men
in the United States said, after
speaking on the subject of tem-
perance, "There is one thing
which, as you visit different places
I wish you to do everywhere;
that is to entreat every mother
never to give a drop of strong
drink to a child. I have had to
fight as for my life all my days
to keep from dying a drunkard,
because I was fed with spirits
when a child. I acquired a taste
for it. My brother, poor fellow!
died a drunkard. I would not
have a child of mine take a drop
of it for any thing. Warn every
mother, wherever you go, never
to give a drop of it to a child."

A fine, fat pullet was roosting
on the limb of a tree, safe from
harm, when the fox approached
and saluted her. "Good morn-
ing, Miss Pullet; I never saw
you look better. Your figure, I
think, is perfectly lovely." "Do
you really think so?" "Certainly
I do. I'd give anything if I
could wear my hair done up in a
French roll and have it become
me as it does you." "Dear me,
but is that so?" "Indeed it is.
They were talking about you up
at the branch by the Big Oak,
just now, and said how pretty
you'd look walking in the moon-
light." "Oh, la!" "Need I add
that it occurred to me, aw, that
you might condescend, aw, to
promenade, aw, with your hum-
ble admirer, aw?"

The vain pullet came down
from her roost, and in about two
seconds the fox was telling the
night-hawk how spring chicken,
which had been so high all sum-
mer, had suddenly come down
within his means. "Flattery,"
remarked the old rooster, as he
looked down at the few bones
and feathers—"flattery is the soft
purr of a cat—the sweeter the
purr, the longer the claws and
the sharper the bite."

If the young men in these old
States who are looking westward
with longing eyes would make as
complete a sacrifice of their pride,
and put forth their energies as fully
here as they would have to do to
keep from starving in the west,
fortune would smile upon them, and
the brier-patches and fields of broom-
sedge would be dressed in living
green, and the old land would bloom
in beauty.—*Nash. Advocate.*

Be neither a slave, or an idler.
Work with a will, and you will
work well. Better build a Bable,
than loll in luxury. Better build
in Shinar, than rot in Sodom.
Free and accepted Masons are
builders. Some of them, how-
ever, have neither trowel nor
sword. They do not work; nei-
ther shall they receive their penny!

Senator Blair has said: "The
interest of the money paid in one
year for alcohol and tobacco by
the American people, if judicious-
ly invested, would relieve them
from all taxation for the support
of common schools at the present
rate of expenditure." We are
liberal in self-indulgence, but
economical in self-denial.

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they ascend to a higher plane of christi-
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my crops of cotton and tobacco this year, and
that it acted to my entire satisfaction. My to-
bacco 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. HURT.

HERTFORD, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.
Messrs. 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 de-
cidedly better results than where I used 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 com-
posting 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. HUGHES.

KEMPSVILLE, Princess Anne Co., Va., 1882.
Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen:
I used your Norfolk Fertilizer under Irish pota-
toes at the rate of 300 lbs. to the acre, and the
yield was abundant, in fact surprised me. Also
used it under corn and made an excellent crop.
My kale is looking well where I used it. Am so
well pleased with it shall use it 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
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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. CITIZEN.

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Gentlemen: The five tons Norfolk Fertilizer pur-
chased of you last Spring I used under cotton and
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Very respectfully,
W. N. SEBRELL.

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

WINEFALL, 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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