

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas a December evening,
The moon was shining bright;
The bare-boughed elms and maples
Were quivering in its light;
The lonesome country turnpike
Lay sparkling white with snow—
I harnessed Jerry in the pung,
Just fifty years ago.

He jogged along sedately,
The bells made silvery chime,
And to their merry jingle
My throbbing heart kept time;
Sweet Mollie Lee was waiting,
Her shy face all aglow;
I tucked her in, and off we sped;
Just fifty years ago.

She was a farmer's daughter,
And I a farmer's son,
Our willing hands our fortune,
For riches we had none.
And on this frosty evening,
While Jerry's steps lagged slow,
I told the old, old story o'er,
Just fifty years ago.

And now our prancing chestnuts
Pace through the city street,
With coachman and with footman
In livery complete.
My Mollie sits beside me,
Her nut-brown curls are snow;
But ah, her heart is warm and true
As fifty years ago.

But when the wintry landscape
Lie bathed in moonlight's calm,
I dream I see it gleaming
O'er Maple Hollow farm,
And long once more a plowboy,
Where mountain breezes blow,
To drive old Jerry in the pung,
As fifty years ago.

—[RUTH REVERE.]

APPLIED SCIENCES.

The United States government contributes liberally to the maintenance of the Smithsonian Institute, and the building in which its collections are preserved is one of the most conspicuous and imposing edifices at the national capital, and is a monument indicative of the importance which our Government attaches to natural science. Great Britain munificently supports its scientific institutions, and is known the world over as a liberal patron of science. In the department of technology we find not only national governments, but city corporations, interested in having such schools established and suitably maintained, knowing that the manufacturers of their country cannot successfully compete or excel when such aids are neglected. As technical knowledge is an important factor in the industrial pursuits, we hope the day is not far distant when we shall have schools for technical studies established in all our large cities and manufacturing towns.—*Cotton, Wool and Iron, Boston.*

Why may not the United States government, which maintains schools in which young men are trained in the art of war, also establish a school or schools in which other young men may qualify themselves for usefulness in the arts of peace? There is already at Washington much of the material for a scientific and technical school; and among the crowd of retired or supernumerary officers of the army and navy, who jostle each other on the streets of that city, it ought not to be impossible to select a gentleman competent to give instruction in

many of the departments that such a school would embrace. And as such employment would afford them the satisfaction of feeling that they were earning the money they draw from the Government, we cannot doubt they would prefer it to the idleness and *ennui* in which they now drone away their days. Other teachers, specialists, experts and proficients in science, could easily be obtained. All the departments and institutions of the Government that have any relation to science and the industrial arts could be made contributory to the object—the Smithsonian Institute, for example, the Astronomical Observatory, the Coast Survey, the Geological Survey, the Botanical Garden, the Fish Hatcheries, the National Museum, the Signal Service, the Agricultural Department, the Naval Workshops, the Engineer Service, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Congressional Library, &c., &c. Here are many of the elements of a great school of technical and applied science, in which young men could be fitted for a service to the country vastly more valuable than any ever likely to be rendered by the graduates of West Point and Annapolis.—*Industrial South.*

A TIMELY LESSON.

One cold morning a little ragged, woeful looking child came in at our back door, begging for food.

'Please ma'am, me 'nd the children most starven. Only a bit o' bread.'

'Have you no father or mother, child?' asked I.

'Yes'm,' and a look of shame and despair mantled his hollow cheeks.

'Don't they work and earn money?'

'Yes'm, little, but they most alway spend it afore they gets home, at the Horn o' Plenty.'

Immediately my heart became adamant. The miserable drunken brutes, thought I, I'll not feed their children. Then I remembered there was a very stale loaf of bread in the cupboard, scarcely fit for toast. I gave that to the child, very glad to dispose of it. He reminded me of the grasp of the drowning, when they would fain save themselves. Little Gracie, our six-year old darling, had been a silent spectator; but, after the boy departed, she came to me with deep inquiry depicted upon her spiritual countenance, saying:

'Mamma, if Jesus Christ had come, and said he was starving to death, would you have given him that awful dry loaf of bread?'

'Why, child,' said I, 'why do you ask such a question?'

'Why, when we give to the poor, ought we not to think that we are really giving to Jesus himself. I think he said so when upon earth.'

'Well, Gracie,' said I, kissing her sweet, troubled face, 'I think you are right, and I will remember your lesson next time. Yes, Gracie, we, whom the Lord hath blessed in our granary and our store, would soon relieve suffering humanity, if we give our alms as if we really were giving to the Blessed Redeemer.'

We

are too prone to forget this truth.'

'The very best that we have in the house isn't too good for him, is it, mamma?' asked she.

'No, no, my precious child!' replied I, clasping her to my heart, and thinking, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength and wisdom.'

I CAN'T AFFORD IT.

'Just come and give me a hand's turn at my garden, Jem, of a Sunday morning, will you?' said a working-man with his pickaxe over his shoulder, to an old hedger, who was trimming a quick-set hedge.

Jem took off his cap, and scratched his head, in his own country way, and said in reply: 'No, master; I can't afford it.' 'Oh! I do not want you to do the work for nothing. I am willing to pay you.'

'I can't afford it.'

'Why, man, I will put something in your pocket. I'm sure you're not too well off.'

'That's it; I can't afford it.'

'Can't afford it? What do you mean? You don't understand me.'

'Yes, I do; but hain't quick of speech do you see. Howsomever, don't you snap me up, and I'll tell ye. I hain't too well off—that's as true a word as ever ye spoke.'

'Times are mostly hard wi' me, but if I ain't well off, d'ye see, in this world, I've a hope, a blessed hope, my missus calls it, of being better off in the next. My Lord and Saviour said these words with his own lips: 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.'

'I learned that text twenty years ago, and I've said it over hundreds of times, when things went wrong, and me and my wife wanted comfort.'

'Well, well. What's all that got to do with your saying in answer to my offer, I can't afford it?'

'Why, no offence to you, but its got all to do with it. I can't afford to lose my hope of a better land. If my Lord be gone to prepare a place for me, the best I can do is to ask him to prepare me for the place. And, you see, Sunday is the only day that I can give all my thoughts to these holy things. I go to God's house and hear about heaven, and I seems to be waiting at one of the stations on the way there. No! no! Man's work for man's day; but, on God's day, I can't afford it.'

'Reader, poor, unlettered Jem had counted the cost of disobeying God's command by breaking the Sabbath. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—*The British Workman.*

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

'When I was a boy,' said an old man, 'we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day, he called out to us—'

'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.'

'Well, Gracie,' said I, kissing her sweet, troubled face, 'I think you are right, and I will remember your lesson next time. Yes, Gracie, we, whom the Lord hath blessed in our granary and our store, would soon relieve suffering humanity, if we give our alms as if we really were giving to the Blessed Redeemer.'

We

I'll tell.'

'It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.'

'Indeed,' said he, 'and how do you know he was idle?'

'I saw him,' said I.

'You did; and were your eyes on your books when you saw him?'

'I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again.'

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will have no time to find fault with the conduct of our neighbors. Matthew vii: 3.

GOOD LISTENERS.

The art of hearing is as nice an art as that of being heard. The number of good listeners is rare, whilst inveterate talkers beset us on every side, and often prove the greatest bores society can deprecate. We can pay no higher compliment to any converser than to give it our undivided tacit attention, betraying our interest in the kindling eye and breathless eagerness to catch every word as it falls from the lips of the speaker. It evinces a disposition to gain knowledge from another, and is a modest confession that we are being entertained or informed.

As all of our opinions and possessions are more or less tingued by individual circumstances, interests or constitution, it would be well to hear all we can from others, then weigh, compare and digest the wholesome truths offered by opposite minds. Many contradict merely for a display of their argumentative powers, or through an obstinate resolve to maintain their own peculiar tenets, as our self-love is apt to whisper that we speak well and men will be persuaded by our eloquence.

The finest exponent of good breeding is the true politeness which teaches never to interrupt one when speaking, but to listen with an air of interest even though the subject under discussion prove irksome and insipid, for the self-esteem of the speaker is often wounded by an abstracted, weary, listless manner on the part of the listener.

If wholesome truths be dealt out, embrace them; if error cast it aside as rubbish. There may be occasions when truth is outraged and calls for defence; then we may feel ourselves relieved from the fetters of a certain punctilio that demands respect for the rights and feelings of others.

Silence is older than speech and many of our greatest men have been noted for it. 'A word unspoken is a word in the scabbard; a word uttered, is a sword in another's hand.' The lips of those who think much and speak little, are apt to drop dainties as sweet and rich as the fabled honey of Hymittus.—*Baltimorian.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF OUR REPUBLIC

'When our republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been a great nation with a

universal language without dialects. The Yorkshire man can not now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Appenines, drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down on six provinces none of whose dialects he can speak. Here, five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribe, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Noah Webster's Spelling Book and Dictionaries. He has done for us more than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece. His books have educated three generations. They are forever multiplying his innumerable army of thinkers who will transmit his name from age to age.

Only two men have stood on the New World, whose fame is so sure to last—Columbus, its discoverer, and Washington its savior. Webster is and will be its great teacher; and these three make our trinity of fame.'—Ex.

Burdette of the *Burlington Hawkeye* gives his notion about a mean man:

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed, when he turns out the light and lies down. When darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty, nor the balm of the spoken word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some victory in which he has wronged a fellow neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and cheerful and dusty and dreary must his own path appear.

Why, even one lone isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average, ordinary man, and what must be the feeling of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heart-ache and misery in the world anyhow, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden. Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.'

If wholesome truths be dealt out, embrace them; if error cast it aside as rubbish. There may be occasions when truth is outraged and calls for defence; then we may feel ourselves relieved from the fetters of a certain punctilio that demands respect for the rights and feelings of others.

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'When our republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been a great nation with a

CANCERS,

STAMMERING,

—AND—

NASAL CATARRH,

CURED BY

DR. N. A. MOSES,

OF VIRGINIA.

OFFICE—Private rooms, on the first floor, at COOK'S HOTEL, near Yarborough House, Raleigh, N.C.

Read the following new certificates:

Raleigh, N. C., March 7, 1883.

DR. N. A. MOSES:

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in stating that I have successfully removed a cancer from my wife's cheek, near the eye, of fifteen years duration, by the application of your vegetable plaster, and I cheerfully recommend you to all those afflicted.

D. H. OLIVE, Cary, N. C.

Raleigh, N. C., March 3rd, 1883.

I hereby certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has extracted two large tumors from my head without performing any surgical operation, and I cheerfully recommend his treatment. The tumors are now in my possession.

S. W. COATS.

Newsons, Va., Feb. 2, 1883.

DR. N. A. MOSES:

The cancer on my neck cured by you in October last is entirely well. Hoping you may be able to use this to advantage and with much success in relieving suffering humanity, I am yours most respectfully, W. M. MYRICK.

Raleigh, N. C., March 10, 1883.

DR. N. A. MOSES:

Dear Sir—This is to certify that you, the great master of cancers, have removed from my wife's temple a flesh mole without surgical operation or pain and I cheerfully recommend you to all similarly affected.

W. D. CUPCHURCH,

Morgan street.

Norfolk, Va., April 10, 1881.

DR. N. A. MOSES:

I take pleasure in stating that you have cured me of a rose cancer under my eye, and I have witnessed the treatment of several others similarly afflicted, and I take great pleasure in recommending others to your care. I am very truly your obliged servant, MARSHALL PARKS.

Norfolk, Va., May 21, 1881.

This is to certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has cured each of us of Nasal Catarrh, and we cheerfully recommend him to those likewise afflicted.

W. T. BRADLEY,

P. J. MCLEAN,

A. SLAGLE.

Raleigh, N. C., March 2, 1883.

I hereby certify that Dr. Moses has removed a large flesh mole from my forehead. His treatment of my case has been eminently successful, and I cordially recommend him to those afflicted.

T. B. YANCY, Morgan street.

Murfreesboro, N.C., Jan. 15, 1883.

DR. N. A. MOSES:

The cancer under my left eye, treated by you, is well, and I have no hesitation in recommending your treatment to those who may be afflicted.

Yours truly,

J. W. BARNES.

Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 10, 1883.

After hearing of Dr. Moses' treatment of Nasal Catarrh, I concluded to put myself under his treatment, and think I find relief in the short time I have been under his care, and cheerfully recommend him to those afflicted.

W. M. HUGHES,

Fayetteville street.

Oxford, N. C., April 2, 1883.

Hearing of Dr. Moses' success in treating the stammerer to speak clearly, I determined to acquaint myself with his method, which I find satisfactory, being based upon physiological principles. His art is worthy of the consideration of all stammerers.

L. THOMAS.

Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 12, 1883.

This is to certify that in 1873 Dr. N. A. Moses cured my sister and myself of stammering. He is now in this city and I advise all who are afflicted in a like manner to call on him. His art will certainly cure them, as it is very simple and easy to learn, and I cheerfully recommend him.

E. F. PESCU,

At A. Williams & Co.'s Book Store.

Remarkable Cure of a Tumor.

Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 26, 1883.

I hereby certify that Dr. Moses has extracted from my forehead a tumor of many years standing, by the application of a vegetable plaster, and that the cavity is healing rapidly. I cheerfully recommend his treatment to all similarly afflicted.

R. H. JONES,

Hillsboro street.