

The Orphans' Friend.

FRIDAY, ----- JUNE 15, 1883.

For the Orphans' Friend.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been delighted and instructed by two editorials that recently appeared in the ORPHANS' FRIEND. One of these editorials was headed "A Good Investment," and the other "Care For Orphans."

I agree with you that money invested by the State in caring for "helpless orphans," is dictated by good State, policy independent of the higher claims of benevolence and philanthropy. One bright orphan saved from pauperism and crime, transformed into a useful and thrifty citizen, thus becoming a valuable factor in building up himself, his family and those within the sphere of his influence, is of a value to the State from an economic and patriotic stand-point that would baffle the ablest statesman to compute. The influence of a bright intellect, guided by moral worth is not merely felt during the term of the natural life of its possessor, but is felt, and produces good fruit to succeeding generations.

The Oxford Orphan Asylum has trained and educated many bright children of both sexes that reflect credit on themselves and on those who were their teachers and custodians while they were at the Asylum. Some of these, who are now useful men and women, contributing their quota to the material prosperity of the State, and helping to build up its waste places, would, but for the maternal hand of the Asylum have long since been plunged into the vortex of crime and degradation, the direful consequences of which, in its present and prospective influence for bad to society and to the State, no human mind could conceive.

The cost of detecting crime and punishing the criminal is one of the heaviest drafts on the Exchequer of the State. The money thus expended by North Carolina would more than provide for the educational and moral training of all the orphans in its borders. The fact does not admit of controversy, that as a financial question, the proper care and training of the helpless orphans of a country would lessen the expenditures of the the government tenfold more than the investment necessary to bring about such a result, when the fact is borne in mind that crime is an expensive luxury and that the proper care and training of children is the true remedy for checking the propensity in human nature to violate the laws of God and man.

In conclusion, may God guide and prosper the cause you represent, and may your noble paper exercise its beneficial influence throughout the land, until the mission of the FRIEND is consummated.

W. A. J.

Mr. J. C. McLaughlin, Wolfesville, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo, and I now feel like a new man."

NEVER OPENED THE BOOK.

The folly and fraud of rich young men, whom their parents or guardians suppose are studying hard in Paris, are shown up rather forcibly in this grim little story of exposure and rebuke:

One November an old merchant, on sending his nephew to study law at Paris, presented him with an old copy of the Code, with the remark:

"I will come to see you in March, and if you have been diligent I will make you a handsome present."

At the appointed time the old gentleman was on hand.

"Well, my boy," said he, "have you worked hard?"

"O yes," answered the young man, confidently.

"In that case you have already got your reward."

"I do not know what you mean, uncle."

"Hand me the Code, my boy." He opens the volume, and between the first two leaves finds a fivehundred-franc note, which he had intended for his nephew, but which he forthwith put into his own pocket.—*Youth's Companion.*

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

I "beg your pardon!" and with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmon handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You did't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join his playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What did you raise your bat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He's only old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets instead of sitting in a counting-house."

"Which was right?"

The season of commencement is to be followed quickly by the opening of the normal schools. The University Normal will be still be more attractive than last year, while the Wilson Normal also bids fair to excel its former record. We hope that equal progress may be noted at the other normal schools. They serve a most excellent purpose and are healthful signs of growth in the art of teaching. When our teachers come to regard their occupation as a life vocation, as a profession of the highest order, entitled to take rank with the other learned professions, they will demand and receive that public consideration which they so justly merit and the cause of education will be greatly advanced. But the art of teaching is never wholly learned. The oldest and the best professor can still learn something in the line of his business. It is because these normals furnish practical information that they are so valuable. Every teacher should avail himself of the advantages presented by them.—*News and Obs.*

In a school at Waterbury, Conn., one day last month, a dull boy struggled with the sentence "*Reus fugit*," which he at last rendered "The King flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb *fugit* be found?" asked the teacher.

There was a long pause and, owing to a whispered prompting, a final answer of "The perfect tense."

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dunno."
"Why, put a 'has' in it." Again the boy drawled out; "The king has flees."

"What time does the Chattanooga train leave?" asked a lady, of a railroad man at the Union depot, in Atlanta Ga.

"Two forty-five," was the reply.

"Well, I declare!" she said, "Atlanta is the strangest place I ever saw about obtaining correct information!"

"Why so?" asked the railroad man.

"Because just now I asked a gentleman what hour the same train would leave, and he said a quarter to three; now you tell me two forty-five!"

Those within hearing smiled, but the lady walked away indignantly.

"The boy clam the tree and made the coon git," wrote a teacher in the wilds of Montana. Then, stepping away from the blackboard, he said:

"Children, where's the bad grammar in that sentence?"

None dared guess.

"You are all wooden heads," said the teacher; "see how simply I can make it read according to grammar!"

And rubbing out the "p" in "git," he placed an "e" there.

Two youthful highway robbers were recently brought before Justice Massery in Brooklyn, neither of them over twelve years of age. One had a pistol and the other a large knife. In both of their pockets were several dime novels containing glowing accounts of the deeds of youthful highwaymen. The boys had robbed a lad of their own age of a silver watch and some other articles of trifling value.

Workmen who were recently repairing the residence of Parker Morse, in Chester, N. H., found a sealed letter in the wall, inscribed to "Mrs. Sarah Taylor, Litchfield, N. H.," and marked "in haste." The letter was folded in the ancient form, without envelope, and closed with red sealing wax, unbroken. It was dated Rumford, May 18, 1748, and was signed by John Taylor.

A passion for flowers is, I think, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during a weary illness, I have looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leapt up to their dreamy hues and odors, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

What Goethe says of the characters of Shakespeare should be truthfully said of all pure-minded souls—they are "like a clock with a crystal dial-plate which lets men see all the machinery within."

What will Brown's Iron Bitters cure? It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and all similar diseases. Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation and by building up the system, drives out all disease. For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, it is invaluable. It is the only preparation of iron that does not color the teeth and cause headache.



A new chart is now in the market for the use of Masonic Lodges. It is in a convenient form, each degree being mounted upon a separate sheet, thus enabling the W. Master to exhibit the emblems of the degrees being conferred, the sheets of the other two degrees being rolled up and laid away until needed. Each degree is in map shape, size 32 by 40 inches, mounted on rollers. The emblems were arranged by an experienced Past Master, having in view a plan by which they follow each other in proper order, conforming admirably to the several lectures. The emblems are all fresh, modern, articles and elegantly colored.

A dispatch from Washington published recently announced that Captain Hosea Ballou, who died there on Tuesday, aged ninety years, was the oldest Free Mason in the United States, having been made one in Rising Sun Lodge at Woonsocket, R. I., in 1813, and held continuous membership ever since. This is not the fact, the Captain's record as a Mason being beaten by the Rev. John Brown, D. D., of Newberg, N. Y. The Doctor was made a Mason in Hiram Lodge No. 131, Newberg, N. Y., on June 19, 1817, and will therefore be, on the 16th of the present month, a Mason with sixty-six years' continuous membership to his credit. He still acts as Chaplain of his Lodge and besides being the oldest Mason is probably the oldest minister living.

The following is an extract from the Annual Address of Thomas Mathews, Grand Master of Texas. It is worthy the perusal of every Mason of our land:

I wish yet to urge upon you one other thought and I shall be done. Guard more closely than ever the outer door of the Temple. Scrutinize with more care the material you work into the walls of the building. In endeavoring to impress this idea I cannot do better than to adopt the thought, if not in truth the exact language used not many years since, by one of my predecessors in commenting upon the same subject, which, appropriate then, is even much more so now.

Let me, my brethren, urge you to greater zeal in the noble cause of Freemasonry. Do not, I beg you, slumber over its great moral virtues, its lofty aims, its pure teachings, and its soul ennobling principles. Strive to arouse the whole Fraternity for the full and complete accomplishment of its high and holy mission.

Freemasonry, like our holy religion, whose hand maid it is, should stand as a bulwark immovable, against which the filthy, polluting tidal wave of vice, corruption and immorality now sweeping with the speed of the wind all over the land may harmlessly break and exhaust itself. Following the tracks of more than a hundred railroads, 'tis ramifying and permeating into every nook and corner of our

great State, and among the good, brings also upon its crest much of the very "off-scouring of creation." To guard against such, therefore, let us redouble our vigilance and increase our usefulness. Let us draw more tightly about our own wayward and forgetful brethren the lines of duty, and examine with the most rigid scrutiny the moral character of all those who seek to pass our portals, to be instructed in our arcana, and to enjoy our privileges. "With the caution of purity and truth, let us burn out and eradicate forever the unhealthy, fungous growth from our own bodies, and with morality, brotherly love and relief fortify against the approach of every life-sucking vampire, that Masonry be not consumed within her own temple." Let us drive out forever from within our sacred walls, the vicious, the profane, the backbiter, the drunkard and the gambler—the moral lepers who are sapping the foundation of our heaven-inspired institution. *Having done this*, be sure that we accept none as stones for our building save only such as can stand the most searching scrutiny—who having blemish nor flaw can pass the ordeal of the "Master Overseer's Square," and then stand forth before the world, models of purity, virtue, truth and excellence. Do these things, my brethren, and then—but mark it, *not till then*—will Freemasonry, as was intended by its founders, be the wonder and the admiration of the age—a monument of moral grandeur and sublimity, the beauty and symmetry of which will, as did the first temple, dazzle the eyes of the beholder. So wrote it be!

Committees on Orphan Asylum

- Lily Valley Lodge, No. 252—John R. Hill, William H. Riddick, Erasmus Bawley.
- Eureka Lodge, No. 283—G. A. J. Sechler, S. G. Patterson, Charles W. Alexander.
- Fulton Lodge, No. 99—A. Parker, W. W. Taylor, J. Samuel McCubbins.
- Mount Energy Lodge, No. 140—Henry Haley, John Knight, H. P. Parrett.
- Hiram Lodge, No. 40—George M. Smedes, Theodore Joseph, John Nichols.
- Evergreen Lodge, No. 303—M. Morrison, H. P. Harman, L. McN. McDonald.
- Fellowship Lodge, No. 84—Joseph Parker, C. S. Powell, John T. Cobb.
- Wayne Lodge, No. 112—E. A. Wright, Augustus Edward, E. W. Cox.
- Cumberland Lodge, 364—Rev. A. R. Fittman.

GRAND LECTURER—Dr. C. D. Rice, Raleigh, N. C.

PUBLIC SALE OF TOWN LOTS IN HENDERSON, N. C.

About three acres of land, divided into small lots, on Chestnut, Montgomery, Olive and Young Streets will be sold at auction on JUNE 20, 1883. Terms—One-third cash, remainder in six and twelve months, with interest at 8 per cent. Capt. D. D. Overton will show the property.

WILL E. WYCHE.

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