

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

T. B. ALDRICH.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold, St. Peter stands,
With the keys in his clasp hands,
And all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat
Oh! so loud, and wild, and sweet,
As the parson says a prayer
Over wedded lovers there
And all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
Deep and solemn, hark! again,
Ah, what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
An old friend that seems to know
All our joys and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well.

New York Observer.

THE BEST REVENGE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY ANNA ROBINSON WATSON.

"Mamma, what can Paul be doing? Almost every afternoon for a long time now he has gone into his workshop, locked the door, and refused to let us in."

"I think maybe he's commenced some work for Santa Claus; you know papa said yesterday the world was going down the hill, and on its way to Christmas," answered Nettie, the little five-year-old sister.

"No, it is too early for that," continued Bell, wisely, "what can he be doing, mamma?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, but if he prefers you should not

know, it is quite rude to be curious and to trouble him with questions."

Just at this moment Paul entered, flushed and warm looking, though the day was cool and bracing and a bright fire burned in the grate. Bell turned towards him with an inquiry in her large brown eyes, but her mother's words silenced the inquisitive sentence rising to her lips. In a few moments papa joined them and the little sisters were diverted from the subject of curiosity.

The next day, and for a number following, Mrs. Mansfield observed that Paul went immediately to his workshop after returning from school in the afternoon, and remained there alone for half an hour, entering the house later with the same flushed, eager face as upon the evening when the matter was first mentioned. What could it be, the mother queried, nothing wrong surely, but her boy was not wont to withhold aught from her ever ready sympathy and there was an unacknowledged sense of disappointment day after day as he continued the habit, yet never alluding to the subject.

One Friday afternoon he entered the sitting-room, heated as usual and quite excited, and with a sudden impulsive gesture, exclaimed: "Mother, just feel my muscles! I am ever so much stronger than I used to be." She clasped her slender fingers about his arm as he drew it back and forth. "Yes indeed, it is becoming quite full and firm. I will be so glad to see you more robust."

He had been somewhat delicate, was of light build and had always been an object of solicitude. She passed her hand caressingly over his soft chestnut curls. "How warm you are, dear"—she had never asked a question regarding his occupation in the workshop. She would not force the confidence of her children, but now her eyes looked into his with an unspoken inquiry.

"Well, yes, mother, to tell the truth, I've been at hard work and I do believe I'll tell you all about it." With a sudden burst of boyish confidence he dropped upon a chair at her side, took her hand and began eagerly: "Now mother, you mustn't stand in my way, because its got to be done. Cham Nevis says so"—he paused a second.

"What, Paul, what must be done?"

"Why, I must whip Ed. Chamberlain, I just can't stand him any longer. Ever since school opened he has been as mean to me as any boy could be to another; he hides my hat, my books, he spills my ink; indeed I can't tell you what he doesn't do. I have struck him several times, but he laughs in the most aggravating way and says he will not fight a boy under his size. So two months ago Cham Nevis loaned me a pair of dumb-bells and helped me hang a sand bag in the workshop. Every day since then I have practised faithfully, and now,—with a look of defiance he sprang to his feet, doubled

one hand and struck it violently against the other—"now I am ready for him."

"What do you propose doing?" asked his mother with a peculiar 'still' quality in her voice that the children understood and unconsciously dreaded.

"Why, I intend to whip Ed. Chamberlain, then I guess he'll find himself mistaken and let me alone. To-morrow we are to go out nutting, you know, and when he tries some of his usual tricks I will 'open fire,' as the boys say."

He looked into her eyes somewhat anxiously. "Now, now, mother, doesn't he deserve it?"

"That is possible, Paul; I suppose we all deserve severe punishment sometimes, but can you think of no other way to exhibit your strength, no better, nobler, more manly and Christian way?"

A look of great disappointment crept into his face. "Oh, mother, don't talk that way, I've been thinking about it so long and just waiting for the time to come. I want to let the boys see what I can do with him."

"Well, dear, let us think; it may sound very unreasonable in your present frame of mind, but is there no great service you could perform for him, is there no feat of strength which you could accomplish and by which prove the ability to punish him, but show your unwillingness to do so. Do you remember the message sent to Zerubbabel, 'not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' By that Spirit you can overcome the giant of revenge and mortified pride which has built a stronghold in you heart."

Paul sat with a bowed head and dispirited face, his eyes averted. "Oh, mother, you can't know how a boy feels about these things."

"Indeed, dear, I think I can, and at once, all God knows." They were interrupted, some one entered and nothing more was said upon the subject save that it was remembered in the mother's prayers.

The next morning a merry party of boys called for Paul, and with a hasty kiss on her cheek, a glance for one moment into her earnest eyes, he was gone. The day dragged heavily, her fond mother's heart followed him through all the long hours, and many times the petition, "Strengthen him, O Lord," found its way to the ever listening ear.

At last, just as the twilight gathered, she heard the merry voice returning and hastened to the door with a faint sensation of anxiety that would not be banished nor give way before her abiding faith. The party of boys was just pausing at the gate, and could she believe her eyes—Ed. Chamberlain was standing very close to Paul, both hands on his shoulders, saying, "Old fellow, we are friends for life, you will never know how ashamed I am of the past."

Then Paul came bounding in, threw his arms about her, and drew her to a seat. "Oh, mother, how thankful I we had that talk yesterday

evening. He was treating me all the morning just as usual, but I could not find it in my heart, after what you said and the way you looked, to carry out my plan, so kept putting it off. Late this afternoon we were all on the shore of Fox River, near the landing, when the steamer came up; as she moved off he exclaimed, 'I dare you to untie that skiff and ride the waves in her wake!' 'No,' I answered, 'mother would not be willing, it is dangerous.' He gave a loud laugh, exclaiming, 'Hear that, boys! Mother wouldn't be willing!' Only two of the little boys were near, the others had just gone up the bank, but he and I were standing on the pier. He laughed again and stepped forward, as if to push me in, his foot tripped, and over he went. The water is very deep there, and the current made by the boat drew him under. For a second I was stunned, but when he rose farther out on the water, I had jerked off coat, vest and shoes, and plunged in. Then—I can't tell you just how I did it—it was hard work, but I got him to the shore; and just think, mother, I never could have done it but for this—this—muscle. I couldn't have done it but for our talk. I will surely tell you everything from this day."

"Thank God, thank God," she murmured, pressing a kiss upon his forehead. "And now, mother, we will be the best of friends; I can't tell you all he said to me."

"Oh, my darling, 'not by power nor by might, but by the Spirit of God,' may you vanquish all the foes that will arise in this life."

"LITTLE TRAITS TELL LARGE TALES."

I have been thinking for some months of the keys to character, associations, habits of thought and life, that we all give by looks or gestures and expressions, careless words and unconscious moments. I saw the above quotation in one of Hazlitt's essays, and it is exactly what I was looking for a fit title.

The importance of little things has been much discussed, but I want to take it up in another manner, as an unconscious revelation of what would otherwise be unknown.

What a witty friend remarked of two showy people we met at the seaside, "They look elegant and grammatical—at a distance!" is true of many others.

At one of the large and elegant hotels of New York I noticed a seemingly charming woman at a table near mine, and said something pleasant of her to my friend.

"Yes, she looks well enough but she asks for 'consommé,' meaning the French soup which usually adorns the first line of a dinner menu. That was a sufficient test, as in the case of Coleridge's hero, with the noble brow and massive head, who only opened his mouth to exclaim, as some cakes were brought in, 'Them's the jockey's for me!'"

I was sitting in a station the other day, waiting wearily for a belated train. A lady,

quietly dressed and with a striking face, interested me particularly. But a temporary occupation she found decided her social place. Rising, she drew one of the long pins from her bonnet, which runs through the back hair, and walking up and down picked her pretty teeth!

When the car stops how many show their real character, quite unintentionally. Selfishness, gluttony, rude pushing, loud laughter. The greetings amuse one. Men of a certain rank in life carefully avoid looking at each other when they shake hands. They see everything but their friend, and are sure to spit after the salutation.

Many betray themselves at the table

Some persons of a bucolic ancestry go through all the farming operations on their plates; raking, hoeing, shovelling, and pitching in food, as the hay goes into the barn-loft, or is piled on the cart. Others put out their elbows and go to work as for dear life, giving the impression of important business, which cannot be attended to until the stomach is filled.

I have seen a woman stirring her coffee, morning after morning, with as much vim as a cook uses in mixing her muffins.

I was talking of this with a friend, who told me of an elegantly-dressed woman whom she met at a large party, who was resplendent in satin and laces, diamonds and jet, and quite the observed and admired guest. Her toilet was superb, and she did not reveal herself until at the table, when beckoning to a waiter with her forefinger, she cried out, "Waiter, here, I want a little o' that 'ere jell!"

Sometimes a single phrase, as 'He done well,' or 'I wisht you would,' or 'I waked you up,' mars the whole conversation. As Dr. Holmes puts it, 'The woman who calculates is lost!'

It is hard to give up phrases which one has heard in young days, from lips loved and revered; but these little verbal errors may decide one's future. I dislike to hear a man spoken of as 'smart'; it suggests a mustard paste; or to be told, in answer to an inquiry about some one's health that he is 'pretty smart.' Why do people speak of a stranger as a 'strange man'? You look, expecting to see something odd or wild, a hat askew, or glaring eyes, and find a most commonplace body.

Little phrases, oft-repeated as fill-gaps, become intolerable. One leads you on through a stupid narration or explanation of something you knew clearly before he began, with a constant 'dy see? see? see?' Another puts in a 'to-be-sure! to-be-sure! to-be-sure!' at your every clause, which is meant to be kindly appreciative, but which teases a sensitive ear like a mosquito's hum.

When persons are embarrassed, the lack of thorough good-breeding is often made apparent. At a baccalaureate sermon the other day, I noticed an extremely pretty young lady going slowly and

rather hopelessly through the crowded aisle for a seat. As the search grew less encouraging, she turned to some one behind her and stuck out her tongue. Of course, almost every one in that large congregation was looking at her, for people, when a mass, always turn their heads for the slightest cause, and that little unconscious *gaucherie* of hers was seen by hundreds.

THE MOTHER OF MEN.

Some one, who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark, "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago, a family of four, a father, a mother, and two sons, dwelt in a small house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn-bread, milk and bean-porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill health, the burden of supporting the family rested upon the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money or wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet, every Sunday, the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of the Rev. Sam'el Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College.

No sensible man prefers wealth to health. Some few have both; very many haven't either. Well, you may have first choice. Which will you take? "Health." Very well, what's your ailment? "A little of everything." What's the cause? "Blood out of order, kidneys weak, digestion bad, heart's action irregular." Yes, and every disease can be traced to these same sources. Just take a few bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters, it will remove the causes of disease and restore you to robust health. Ask your druggist and use Brown's Iron Bitters.

The debating society of a rural village has decided that it doesn't look consistent for a girl to be a member of the church and then powder her hair to catch the young men.

Mr. J. R. B. Carraway, New Berne, N. C., says: "I do not hesitate to say that Brown's Iron Bitters is the best tonic I ever used."