

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## TOO MUCH ENDORSING.

A man came into the office of Mr. B., in New York, and laid down on his desk a note, face downwards, and asked him to write his name on the back of it. He glanced at the back of the note, saw some half-dozen names already written there, and without stopping to read it, or ascertain its amount, wrote his own name beneath the others. "But," said he to the writer, "I had to pay that note. Every man whose name stood above mine failed, and I had the note to pay."

There are some notes which do not need a half-dozen endorsements, and a note which does need so many endorsements is no credit to its maker or its indorsers. There are some men who need a great deal of endorsing; there are others who are not so anxious about being endorsed. A minister was leaving a place where he had preached, and when some one introduced a string of resolutions, endorsing and commending him, which they proposed to pass, and have published in the paper, he said,—"Now, don't do that for just as sure as you do, people will begin to inquire, 'Now what has he been doing?'"

There has been so much whitewashing of friends and blackwashing of enemies in political and religious circles, that, in the present state of public opinion, an endorsement is in many instances a poor recommendation; and many a man gets on as well without it as with it. Of course, if a man is a stranger, it may be desirable for him to be introduced and accredited. And there are simple souls

with whom the endorsement of some great man, who commends that of which he is ignorant, has great weight. But those who seek endorsements usually need them. Paul, when persecuting the church, was very careful to be well endorsed with letters and authority from the chief priests; but when he was sent of God to preach the gospel, we do not hear of his stuffing his pockets with papers containing evidence that he was an honest man. To the Corinthians, some of whom denied his apostleship, he said, "Need we, as some others, epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you?" 2 Cor. iii. 1.

Sometimes endorsers need endorsement themselves, just as some insurance companies need to be insured. And when men in an official capacity give their endorsement to any person or scheme, a question at once arises as to their own responsibility. Are the endorsers men of candor, integrity, and truth? Would they endorse an honest enemy as readily as they would a dishonest friend? Have they ever endorsed men of whom they knew little or nothing? Have they ever endorsed men of whom they knew altogether too much? Have they stood publicly side by side, in visible fellowship with men in whom they had no confidence, and whom they have subsequently denounced? Have they ever abused men while they were living, and endorsed and praised them after they were dead? Have they ever condemned men unheard and undefended? Have they ever refused to hear evidence in favour of those they wished to condemn, or in opposition to those whom they wished to endorse?

Such questions as these come up in connection with the endorsements of men, and it is a serious damage to the reputation of an upright man to be endorsed by persons who have already endorsed statements which were untrue and men who were unworthy, or whose only claim for endorsement was that they were ardent partisans and steadfast supporters of those who endorsed them.

There are some people who seem exceedingly careless about the matter of endorsement. A miserable, swindling vagabond was once arrested in Massachusetts, who had letters of recommendation signed by several eminent doctors of divinity of national reputation. How they came to endorse him was a mystery; but they seemed to have done it. Persuasion, second hand information, a desire to please friends, have something to do with many endorsements.

I have heard of a prominent minister of high reputation who, when asked why he had signed and endorsed certain erroneous statements, designed to blacken the reputation of a minister with whom he had been previously associated, stated, in substance, that when the document was drawn up he was assured that it was all right, and heard

some parts of it read, but being in great haste to take the train and leave the city, he actually signed and made oath to the document without reading it, and without knowing what was to be done with it! And when he afterward found that it contained incorrect statements, and was to be sent forth to the world, he intended to have erased his name from it; but on finding that it was already printed for circulation, he concluded to let it go!

What is the value of the oath or endorsement of a man capable of making such an affidavit, or of allowing such a use of his name without a public and indignant protest, and withdrawing fellowship from men guilty of such acts? And what dependence could be placed upon the representations of men who would secure an affidavit by such means, and scatter it broadcast over the land to destroy the reputation of any man, however faulty he may be?

When men have once been guilty of such conduct as this, a judicious person might very properly say, "I know those men have borne false witness in time past, I know they have refused to listen to evidence, and to correct their misstatements; hereafter I believe what they say, when it is confirmed by the testimony of faithful witnesses."

Evidently, persons who are capable of leading themselves to further such machinations and deceptions, must be either mentally incompetent to occupy positions of responsibility, or else morally deficient in those qualities which lie at the foundation of all true Christian character; and hence their endorsements must be worthless.

If men follow the Lord fully, they will be quite as likely to be stoned as to be endorsed. Ahab had more endorsers than Elijah. But if men do right, all will come right at last, whether they are endorsed or not. Servants of God are likely to live longer than the lies of the devil, even if they are told by people who profess as great piety as did the Pharisees of old.—*The Common People.*

## YOUNG GROWTH.

There is a constant struggle in this world between the old and the new. The old leaves must drop before the young buds can swell; the old generation must pass away before the new can take its place in the activities of life. And in the church we find there is, sometimes, it may be unconsciously, this struggle going on. There is the conservative element which holds fast to things as they are; and there is the younger, and more active and pushing element, which makes progress, and inaugurates new movements.

Both these elements have their place, and it is unfortunate that they sometimes come into collision, and neutralize each other. With age there is experience; with youth, enterprise; age has caution; youth, ardor. If the two can

be united, we may have "old men for counsel, and young men for war." But if old men insist on being leaders both in war as well as counsel, and the young wish to monopolize both war and counsel, there is little hope that much good will be accomplished.

In all fruit trees, there is the old growth and the new. The old growth holds up the branches and the scions, but the new growth bears all the fruit. It is impossible for an apple or a pear to grow out of an old, stubbed branch. Fruit always grows out of the new scions, the latest-formed wood; it is found on the ends of the youngest twigs; and if we were to insist that these youngest twigs should not bear apples, but that fruit-bearing should be left to the old limbs, we simply should have no apples at all; for all the men in creation cannot make an apple grow out of a branch the thickness of one's thumb. It is somewhat so in gospel work. The fruit most commonly springs from youthful, earnest, and ardent souls; and when such persons are withheld from filling their proper positions, or are discouraged in their endeavors and activities, presently things settle into a condition of dignified dullness, and all is quiet, and proper, and orderly; but nothing is accomplished. If we are to have fruit, we must have scions, and buds, and blossoms; and if we have no place for growth, we shall have no fruit. If the large branches will be content to support and push forward the little ones, fruit will abound; and if the older Christians will be content to encourage and help forward the younger ones, and guide and sustain them in their work, instead of hindering and disheartening them, they will find fruit that will abound, and abide, to the glory of God, and the good of his church.—*The Christian.*

A risk an insurance office declined is described in a Boston journal. A man entered an insurance office in that city recently, and throwing on the table a folded document, said to the clerk, "I want that renewed; it has run out." The clerk opened the paper, and smiled grimly. "Sure it has run out?" he asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "my wife told me so this morning." "Well, I'm sorry for you," said the clerk, "but we do not take that kind of risks," and he handed back the document to the busy gentleman, who glanced at it and saw that in his hurry he had presented his marriage certificate for renewal. In this case the mistake was only ludicrous, but there is an increasing tendency in these days to regard marriage as a terminable contract, the results of which not even an insurance company could afford to guarantee. If young people contemplating marriage, however, would submit their project in prayer to God before joining their hands, they would have the best insurance for their happiness.

Mr. Howell Pritchards, Littleton, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and loss of appetite, and have regained health."

## DO NOTHING YOUNG LADIES.

At a recent sociable gathering, a young lady informed me that she never sewed! What do you suppose was the nature of my reflections on hearing the declaration? I said to myself, either the girl speaks falsely, or she is very lazy. Never sews! Who, then, I queried, made your dresses and cloaks, your skirts and bows? Who repairs the rips in your pretty gaiter boots, and darns the holes in your stockings? Is it your aged mother or your more industrious sister? Or do you hire all your sewing done? Should this last supposition be the case, may you never marry; and the chances are you never will. Not one young man in a hundred can afford to marry a woman who habitually neglects household duties.

Young man, if it should ever be your fortune to hear a woman declare that she never sews, beware! Shun her as you would the chills and fever. Be insane enough to make such a woman your wife, and before the honey-moon is over, the horrors of buttonless shirts and hose full of holes will be upon you, your fair lady's sewing will be done by others, while she mopes in idleness or riots in fashionable dissipation. Then you may bid who came out of the great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. But on that day what shall be your chagrin and mine if it shall be told on the streets of heaven that in this world we shrank back from all toil, from all hardship, from all fatigue? No battle-scars to show the glorified; not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in all this great battle for God and the truth we clutched so tight and struck so hard that the hand clave to the sword.—*Home Journal.*

A strange discovery at an autopsy made in Washington, D. C., on October 19th, has caused some surprise. The autopsy was on the body of a boy about ten years old, who died suddenly on the day previous. The doctor who conducted the examination stated that the cause of death was an obstruction in the intestines. There were taken from them twenty large seeds of damsons, a copper cent, a nickel, a tooth, two buttons, and other indigestible articles. The boy's parents cannot understand why the boy should have swallowed such a miscellaneous collection of hardware as that found in his stomach by the physicians. There are many of our boys and girls using as mental food trash as little fit for the purpose as the articles the boy swallowed were fit for natural food; but in their case, there is this difference—the bad literature is assimilated only too easily.

Mr. Van Buren, late President of the United States, in 1849, when writing for a fresh supply of Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic pills, says: "They have now for eight years saved me from the necessity of employing a physician on a single occasion," and when writing from Rome for a fresh supply, says: "I cannot trust myself anywhere without them."

## A BOOT-BLACK'S EULOGY.

"Brandy is dead!" So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunken good-for-nothing. A so-called man whose brain had become dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should any one grieve when such a vagabond passes away? The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So it "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a bootblack. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds, and why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the bootblack. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face and said:

"Brandy was low-down, and he did like a beast, and you are all sneering at him! Did any one among you ever give him a chance? Did he ever have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody abuse and ill-treat him? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?"

There was no answer. "Aye! Brandy was low-down! whispered the boy as he laid his hand on the coffin. "He was ragged and hungry, and poor and homeless, and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man! They know all about it in Heaven! Let me help to carry him down."

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said:

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a man of him, instead of helping him down."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Never fret children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss, be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the child to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in the day-time, and have hours of play and thought in which to recover happiness, which is childhood's right. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in bed happy.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Fairfield, Ia., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."