

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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A DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY F. H. B.

Rob stood by the window in the moonlight. 'I hope that it will not rain to-morrow,' he cried.

'Does it look like rain? Are there clouds in the West?' asked Harry.

'O, I hope not!' exclaimed Alice. 'I would cry my eyes out if it should rain.'

'And go without eyes the rest of your life?' asked nurse. 'Why, Miss Alice, who sends the rain?'

'But just think how rain would spoil our picnic,' muttered Rob. 'I wish that I could hold the clouds in my hands.'

He turned quickly from the window just then, and saw his mother standing in the door-way. There was such a look of surprise on her face that Rob was sure she heard his speech.

'I came to say good night to my darlings,' she said, 'and—'

'To tell us a story,' interrupted Alice.

'Yes, a little story that I read in poetry. I will put it into prose for you.'

'A long while ago, far from here, in a beautiful home by the seaside, lived four little sisters. They were as merry as the day was long, and as happy as any other little girls in the land, perhaps.'

'One sweet morning, in June, they sat together under the trees, and made plans to spend a day in the woods. They were to fill their baskets with all kinds of nice things, and they were to carry games, and books, and whatever else they liked for entertainment. Father and

mother, and Uncle George would go with them; "Uncle George who had his head just brimful of funny stories," Laura said.

'If I rother Maurice could only be here to go!' exclaimed Cecelia.

'But Maurice was a young midshipman, away at sea; they could not hope to have him at their picnic. How long it seemed before the day would come! Many were the anxious thoughts about the weather! It did not seem possible that it could rain, when they wanted to go so very much!

'The baskets were filled the night before. Ring-toss and lawn-tennis were in the hall waiting to be carried to the mountain. Five o'clock came. Minnie was up to catch the first glimpse of sunrise! There were thick clouds in the east, though, and no prospect of clear sunrise.

'Maybe it will be bright by ten o'clock,' said Cecelia, hopefully.

'Laura shook her head, declaring; "Father thinks that it is almost sure to rain."

'They counted the hours to breakfast time. "We will know then," Cecelia said. Minnie fell asleep, meanwhile. She dreamed that the clouds had all passed away, and that the merry party was far up the mountain, with baskets and games. She woke up soon, to hear the great drops of rain pattering against the window panes!

'There were four sorrowful faces at breakfast-table, that morning, or rather, six sorrowful faces, for, of course the kind mother and father were troubled by their children's disappointment, though they were sure that it was for the best. I am sorry to say that the children fretted about the rain all day, so that no one fell asleep that night feeling very happy.

'A week passed. The rainy day was forgotten, when, one evening just before tea, there was a knock at the hall door and then a cry of delight! Elsie peeped over the baluster and saw her brother Maurice, with his arms around his mother's neck, crying and laughing at the same time! A moment more and every one was in the hall to welcome him, and to hear how such a delightful event as this home-coming had happened!

'The story was soon told. His ship had been wrecked two days before. He with two or three sailors had escaped. They were at sea three days in a small open boat, with no fresh water, and with the sun pouring its hot rays upon their uncovered heads!

'O, dear mother, how hard we prayed for rain! just for one little shower, even!' said Maurice.

'Did it rain,' asked Cecelia, eagerly.

'Yes, it rained for a whole day—Wednesday, just a week ago. We should all have died if it had not been for that rainy day!'

'The sisters looked at one another. Their mother exclaimed: "O, my dears, do

you hear that? Do you remember, it was the very same rain that made you all so unhappy?'

'Tell me all about it,' said Maurice. 'How could the rain that saved me, make you miserable?'

'But we didn't know that it was going to save you, Maurice,' they said.

'No, that is just the point,' said their mother. 'We do not, any of us, know what good things we should prevent, nor what terrible things would happen, if we could always have our own way. Think how it would have been in this case.'

'They might never have seen Maurice again,' said Rob solemnly, when his mother had finished the story. 'We have no brother to be lost at sea, though,' he added.

'But perhaps some one may have,' said Alice. 'Or the rain may be intended for some other way,' said Harry.

'You may be sure that it is for the very best,' said their mother. 'He who holds the clouds in his hand, knows the right moment to let them come down in showers upon the earth.'

Rob looked ashamed. He saw what a foolish speech he had made, and how well it is that the clouds are under the control of the one, wise Heavenly Father.

FALSEHOOD.

BY REV. H. MARTIN KELLOGG.

Text.—"The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped." Psalm 63: 11. I heard a boy tell a lie, the other day. How I pitied him! I knew what he said was not true and he knew that I knew it. He thought to deceive his father, but he would shortly find out the truth, and then how the poor boy's mouth would be stopped with shame and remorse! Children are often tempted to tell what is not true, perhaps oftener to do that than to do any other sin; often in order to cover up some other sin. One sin leads on to another, you know.

God abominates falsehood, and will not tolerate any form of deceit. The text is a terrible threat to all liars and his threatenings as well as his promises are sure of being fulfilled.

I'm going to tell you a true story about how little John, who was only six years old told a falsehood, and how his mouth was stopped by it. One Sunday his father was very sick, and a council of physicians had attended him. After they had left he called Johnnie to him, and said: "I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run to the drug store and get the medicine written on that paper. Johnnie took the paper and went to the store, half a mile away, but being Sunday, he found it closed. The apothecary lived a quarter of a mile further on. Instead of going on to find him at his home, Johnnie turned back, but felt guilty. On going into his father's room he saw that he was very pale and weak, with great drops of sweat on his forehead because of the pain. Oh, how sorry Johnnie was that he had not ob-

tained the medicine. The father said: "My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I'm in great pain." The boy hung his head, and muttered: "No, sir; Mr. C. says that he has got none." The father cast a keen glance at the trembling boy, and said: "Has got none? Is this possible? My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for want of that medicine." Johnnie went off by himself and how bitterly he cried!

He was soon called back. The other children were standing by the bed, and he was committing the poor mother to their care, and was giving his farewell counsel. It was a sad, tearful, mourning scene. After he had spoken very tenderly to each of the six older children in turn he called up Johnnie the youngest. How conscience stricken the little fellow was! How he shook with emotion, as his dying father took him by the hand, and affectionately said: "John, my dear, come and see your poor pa; a once more who is going to die; in a few days you will see them bury him in the ground, and you will not have your papa any more. Never forget that you have a Father in Heaven. Ask him to take care of you, love him, obey him and always do right and speak the truth, because the eye of God is always upon you. Give your papa one more kiss, John, and now farewell." Then he prayed for the boy soon to be "a fatherless orphan." Johnnie did not dare to look at him, he felt so guilty. He rushed out, sobbing as if his heart would break, and wished he could die himself. Soon they said that the father could not speak. Oh, how Johnnie wanted to go in and tell him that he had told a lie and ask his forgiveness, but it was too late! He did creep into the room, but found the pastor there praying for the dying man. Oh, how his heart ached with anguish!

He snatched his hat, and ran to the apothecary's and got the medicine. He ran home with all his might, and ran to his father's bedside to confess the falsehood, and cried out: "Oh, here, father!" but his mouth was stopped from saying anything further. His father heard not, he was dead. All in the room were weeping. The dear, good father was dead, and the last thing the little boy said to him was a falsehood!

No wonder that this sad, sad incident made a lasting impression upon Johnnie, and made him ever after cling valiantly to the truth; and who do you suppose, children, that that little boy was? Doubtless you have all heard his name, for he grew up to a great and good minister of the gospel, and wrote very much for children. He afterward declared that this one lie about his father was the turning point of his life. He was the Rev. Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass.!

Children, be careful about the truth. Never yield to temptation to tell an untruth. You will often be tempted. Beware, for verily, if you speak lies, your mouth will be stopped, and you covered with shame and remorse.

THE WEAK POINT IN OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

If there is any one thing of which Americans are proud above everything else it is their educational system. The public school buildings in many of our cities rank with the most imposing edifices; the curriculum is carefully graded and adapted to the intelligence of the pupils; there are hosts of expedients and plans for teaching the teachers themselves; institutes, conventions and normal classes abound; an educational bureau forms part of the general government, and the census contains carefully prepared statistical tables bearing on the whole subject. Over six millions of children every day attend the public schools throughout the United States, and seventy nine millions of dollars are spent annually for their support, which is greater by four millions of dollars than the interest of the national debt.

This outlay betokens the deep popular interest in the subject of education. No subject indeed comes more closely home to the mass of the people. For their children's education they will make sacrifices, give their own time and money, become teachers themselves of the lessons which the school teacher merely "hears," and willingly pay taxes which for any other purpose they would scrutinize and resent. One can hardly go into an American home without being impressed with the subordination of the domestic life to the school. All the household arrangements are adapted to the school hours; the children's studies monopolize the parents' attention; the class room and play ground gossip form the staple of conversation. It needs no argument to show that juvenile education is the most engrossing topic in our American social life.

Now the danger of this is, and it is a danger into which we have run already, that we shall come to regard education as a panacea for all ills, and rely too confidently upon it to carry us through the perils which beset our national existence. "These are our bulwarks!" we exclaim as we contemplate our school-houses; forgetful of the fact that an intellectual and scholastic education such as they impart adds no vigor to the frame or skill to the hand, and but little strength to the character. If our children are to become useful, industrious and virtuous citizens of the republic, something more than their intellects must be trained. It is said of one of the two thieves who were shot in the liquor saloon, brawling a fortnight ago that he received a good education in the public schools. That, however, did not prevent his becoming a burglar and a would-be—if not an actual—murderer. Too often, indeed, education affords the criminally-disposed person more ample facilities to follow his evil bent. Our school system is fatally defective in this respect, that it

makes no account of the training of the heart.

It is defective also in that it makes no account of physical training. Indeed it too often directly retards the child's development. An admirable article on this subject appears in the November Harper's from the pen of Mr. William Blaikie, in the course of which he quotes School Commissioner Devoe's reported remark: "The present course of study is so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils," and comments upon it as follows: "Here, then, a course of study which not only crowds at even one minute a day of attention to the body, which compels many pupils to keep their minds on the stretch, not four or five hours daily, but often more than twice that long, and this when they are under no care or instruction out of school which begins to fit their bodies for even their present way of living, much less for effective work in the future years, when others besides themselves must depend on them for support—this plan is found by one of the commissioners himself, after careful examination, to be "so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils."

"Is not this paying a pretty good price for a pretty poor article? If all that this injudicious, and many cases dangerous, method of education bestows to the pupil is but "superficial knowledge" after all, would it not be well to stop such a plan at once, and substitute one which will acquaint the pupil thoroughly, not so superficially, with whatever he attempts to know, and will at the same time educate his body; as well?"—*News and Observer.*

DISEASES IN BLOOD.

Results of Experiments Relative to Bacteria or Disease Spreading Germs.

Dr. Rollin R. Grigg, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been experimenting relative to the so-called bacteria or germs that are said to cause various diseases, furnishes the following to the associated press: By boiling a quantity of healthy blood he obtained all the forms of bacteria. Then, with some pure fibrine, obtained from a washed clot of blood and boiling it, proving that it was the threads of fibrine broken up into pieces and granules that gave the bacteria, the same results were obtained. Next, some blood was obtained and rotted under warmth, and closely watched for two months, and here again all the forms were obtained that the fresh boiled blood gave. From these experiments Dr. Grigg concludes that all the bacteria of disease are forms of fibrine, and, for the general good, requests all investigators to repeat the experimental work and report to the public the results of such investigations.

Prof. Ball says the earth is not over 400,000,000 of years old. No wonder so many of its mountains are bald and that not a single one of them is able to lift its foot. But all of them are spry enough to slope.

The fact that good health, strong muscles and sound nerves are attainable, should encourage every invalid to an earnest endeavor in the right direction. Remember all disease owes its origin more or less to a lack of iron in the blood. Iron in the blood means health, strength and vigor. Analyze the blood of an invalid and little or no iron will be found. Healthy men's blood is full of iron. The best method of supplying this lack of iron is by using Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, general debility, weakness and all wasting diseases.