

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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A new Patent Life Preserver was tested by the inventor at Philadelphia on August 29th. The apparatus consists of a large circular rubber cushion, in the centre of which is a hole for the body of the wearer. After it is put on, the cushion is inflated by means of an ingeniously constructed air pump. Attached to the harness are webbed gloves of oiled silk, which may be used to propel and steer the operator. On Wednesday the professor who invented it, invited his friends to see its action. He put the thing on and went down to the Delaware River. There he stood on the pier, flung himself overboard, and disappeared. An instant later, however, his head, shoulders, and breast were above water, but owing to the size of the air cushion and the way it was jammed up under his armpits he was unable to reach the water with his webbed gloves. The tide was running up and before the crowd realized his predicament the professor was sailing out in the channel as helpless a bit of flotsam as ever floated on the Delaware. Half a dozen small boats put off to rescue him and he was taken out of the water and escorted back by a great crowd. Happily for this inventor his apparatus was tested when its failure did not involve disaster. It has not been so with the various preservers men have devised to prevent themselves sinking in the flood tide of sin. Education, culture, refinement, philosophy, and "the inherent nobility of human nature" have been tried, and in their failure have carried those who trusted them to their doom. (Ps. 119: 9).

A CHICADEE'S LESSON.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Nettie was a very unfortunate little girl. If you could see her you would wonder how this could be, for she had kind parents; a pleasant home and everything nice to eat and wear. She was not blind or deaf or dumb, she never lisped or turned in her toes, and her hair curled. How could such a child be unfortunate?

She had something dreadful the matter with her temper. Nobody could tell why, but it was fearfully out of order and her Mamma was sorely puzzled what to do to set it right. If Nettie had had a cold she would have gone to her domestic physician and found out that some kind of medicine was to be given, which, with a warm footbath or a lemon with sugar, would have put an end to it in twenty-four hours. If she had had the scarlet fever or droup or sprained her ankle, Dr. Bright would have come and with a very little medicine and a great deal of petting Nettie would soon have been well as ever. But neither Dr. Bright nor the domestic physician had any prescription for an ailing temper.

"No-o-o-o-w!" whined Nettie one day. "I do believe you've been letting Freddie get hold of Frizzalina Jane, nurse. Look how rough her hair looks!" "Oh never mind that my dear. See, I can brush it smooth in a minute." "I won't have it brushed. I shall tell mamma about it. Let it alone, I say!" Nettie seized the brush and flung it away. It struck a bottle which stood on the end of the mantle-piece and a stream of glycerine ran down from the broken bottle. Just under it was a stand on which was nurse's work basket.

"No-o-o-o-w!"—Nettie's whine this time was more like a howl—"see what you've made me do! Look at my new hood you were putting the bows on—all spoilt. I'll tell mamma!"

"It's your own fault," said Nettie's sister Ruth, who was, I am sorry to say, rather fond of teasing her sister. And it ended in a quarrel in which Nettie struck her sister in the face.

"Chicadee, dee dee-dee-dee. Chicadee dee. Chicadee dee dee," chirped the birds; the English of which was "Why good-morning you dear little Flutter, I'm glad to see you." "Good morning to you, Shinyeyes, how are you today?"

The conversation went on in bird talk, but to any of us it sounded so much like a perfect ripple and tangle of "Chicadee dees," all running together and tripping over one another that it would be of no use for me to write it down.

This is what was really said:

"Why, I have a little trouble with my left claw. That snow squall prevented my getting home last night—old Boreas gave me such a terrible hustling that I didn't

know what to do, but at last I managed to crawl in under the wood work of a piazza. Then Jack Frost would get hold of whichever claw I didn't hold up in my feathers and when I fell asleep he took a hard nip at the down claw I'm a little lame to-day."

"Poor Flutter!—had any breakfast?" "Well, no. You see I can't get about very well, and I was just peeping into that window to see if the little children there wouldn't throw me a crumb or two, and you'll hardly believe it, Shinyeyes, but I heard two little sisters quarrel!"

"Oh, Flutter, not sisters?" "Yes, indeed, and one struck the other—it actually made my feathers droop, and took away my appetite."

"No wonder, you poor little thing!" Both birds ruffled up their feathers and shook their heads so dolefully that they were the funniest little lumps you ever saw.

"Do you suppose any other children ever quarrel?" asked Flutter.

"No," said Shinyeyes, sitting down his claw very decidedly. "Of course not. Don't they know that the birds never quarrel—that they only sing and twitter lovingly to one another? Don't they know that the little sun-rays never get into a snarl as they come down to shine for us? and that the pretty flowers smile all day long at each other?"

"I wish some one would tell these little ones it is wrong," said Flutter.

"Oh, dear! what would Nettie's poor mamma have thought if she could have heard that, remembering how she had talked and talked!"

"I wish we could tell them it is much better to be kind and sweet tempered to each other," said Shinyeyes. "But how can we?"

"Hark! what's that?" The window near which the Chicadees had been keeping up such a lively chatter was so suddenly thrown up that both flew across the trel-lis in fright, and no wonder! How could they tell what little sisters who could be cruel to each other might do to birds?

"Oh the darling little birdies? What a chirping they do keep up! Let's give them some crumbs." Ruth put out her face wet with tears and Nettie came out next, still with the flash of anger on her round cheeks.

Then a shower of crumbs fell on the ground and both the Chicadees looked longingly at them. Freddie's bright little face soon appeared at the window and Shinyeyes ventured to fly down at which all three laughed and clapped so merrily that Flutter gathered courage to follow. But his poor little frost-bitten foot hurt him so that he lost his balance and fell over.

"Oh poor birdie—he's lame," cried Ruth as the hungry little morsel tried to hobble about and eat some crumbs.

"Sh-h-h-h," said Nettie, "hear that one sing!"

For Shinyeyes was saying; "Now Flutter, dear, you

keep still and I'll bring you all you want."

"Look," whispered Ruth, "if that little brown darling isn't feeding the lame one!"

Nurse came too and Ruth ran for mamma and all watched the cunning thing hopping about, now taking a dainty nibble, now giving a sideways glance up at the window with its pretty, bright eyes, as much as to say: "You wouldn't hurt us, would you?" and then carrying a crumb to poor little hobble-de-hoy. And soon they lost all fear and their Chicadee dees rang cheerily out on the frosty air long after mamma said the window must be shut until both flew away to find a warmer lodging than Flutter had enjoyed the night before.

"How kind the birdie was to the little lame one mamma."

Mamma had drawn a little girl within each arm for a quiet talk after noisy Freddie had gone to his afternoon nap.

"If she had knocked him down and hurt his lame foot it would have been something like the way you treat your sister sometimes, wouldn't it Ruth?"

"Why, mamma, I never knocked Net in down."

"And I never was lame, mamma," said Nettie.

"A lame temper is far worse than a lame foot, Ruth, and when you see your sister stumbling with her sad deformity, you irritate it and make it worse by sharp words instead of trying by a little patient kindness, to lend her a helping hand."

Nettie was always ready to listen when in a fit of anger, and she said, orrowfully:

"What makes my temper lame, mamma? The birds are out in the cold and the snow and it's enough to make them all lame I'm sure—"

"But Nettie lives in the warmth and sunshine of the love of every one in her own pleasant home, so why should she be lame? My poor little daughter it is Satan who gets into your heart and is trying to fill it so full of his evil passions as to get it all for his own. If you do not cast them out by seeking the earnest help of the dear Lord who is stronger than Satan, his hold on you will grow with your growth and strengthen with your years. It is a dreadful thing to live under the mastery of a bad temper, little one and a very sad thing to see sisters, who can do so much to make each other happy, sting and wound with angry words."

"Chicadee dee dee—Chicadee dee dee—half a score or more of bonny mites were outside the window, darting up and down and round and round, now and then making a quick little down for crumbs left by Flutter and Shinyeyes. Ruth and Nettie stood arm in arm watching them.

"I'm not going to be cross any more, Ruth," whispered Nettie.

"And every time I see a Chicadee," said Ruth, "I will remember how kind one of them was to its little lame sister."

"GET OUT."

As a little boy played in the street one day, A little girl chanced to be passing that way; She said, "Little boy, tell me what you're about?" But the naughty boy answered "Get out!"

The little miss turned very red in the face, But she pleasantly said, "Won't you come run a race, Or play a nice game, one, two, three, and you're out?" But the naughty boy answered again, "Get out!"

A beautiful carriage came driving that way, With cushions, and harness, and ponies so gay; The driver said, "Miss, would you like a nice ride?" And the little girl mounted up by his side.

"Let me come," said the boy, with a run and a shout; But the coachman looked up and said "Get Out!"

Golden Center.

EDUCATED FARMERS.

If it is an advantage to the physician, or the lawyer, or the minister, to receive instruction in the principles and knowledge pertaining to their several professions, then it is none the less advantageous to the farmer to be instructed in the principles of agricultural science. Agriculture is one of the most difficult sciences. It is made up of several subordinate sciences, and an understanding of its principles requires an acquaintance with chemistry, botany, zoölogy, and several other sciences. The soil is a vast laboratory in which the most complex chemical transformations are going forward, and it is for the farmer to understand, direct, retard or hasten those changes and thus promote the growth of the plants he cultivates. The successful farmer must not only be acquainted with the science of agriculture but must also know how to apply that knowledge in the practice of the art of agriculture. It is true a man will succeed fairly well as a farmer who only understands the art of agriculture, but a knowledge of the science is needed in order to furnish general principles upon which to practise the art and make progress in improvement. The man who only knows the practical part of agriculture does not understand the why and wherefore, and will not be able to vary his operations to meet the changed conditions which are continually arising. His success in raising will be more on the "lucky" order, instead of resting on any substantial basis. The scientific agriculturist will be able to surmount all obstacles and ensure success.

Our most successful and most prosperous farmers are those who have the best understanding of their business. Many of these men do not claim to be educated men. They never received while at school a day's instruction in agriculture, but they have been close students of the science since they began farming. They are keen observers, they learn from experience, from nature, and from the observations of others;

they read the best agricultural papers carefully, and study the best agricultural books; they attend the agricultural meetings and participate in the discussions, or listen attentively to what others say. In all these ways they have been educating themselves, and by dint of close application, have supplied in part the lack of early instruction in agriculture.

There is ample scope for the farmer to use all the education that he can acquire, and no one need abandon agriculture in order to seek employment which will call forth all the powers of the mind. In grappling with the many questions which are pressing upon the attention of agriculturalists, and demanding a station, the most active and vigorous intellect will find ample exercise. When the farmer enters upon the practice of agriculture, however thorough his preparatory education has been, he has just begun the educational course of his life. As an active and progressive agriculturist, he will be a close student, and learn daily more and more in regard to his life work. The better the preparatory education and training of the farmer, the better will be his start in life, and in order to give all a fair start, it is highly essential that the instruction given in our common schools should be such as will be to a large extent of practical value to the farmer. That such a change can be made in the course of study pursued in the common schools, as will attain this object, can easily be demonstrated. This is a matter worthy of the attention of farmers and all interested in education. —H. K. Goulds, M. D., in N. E. Farmer.

PAR GRAPH FOR PARENTS.

It is to be doubted if any thing that is taught in the schools is of so much value to a child that it would not better be foregone than to be obtained by the loss of any physical vigor whatever. Taken in the truest sense, that city has the best schools where the school restraints have least effect upon the physical growth and normal development of the pupils, and not the one where the pupils show the greatest proficiency in acquiring in a memoriter way a few fragments of conventional facts which happen iterationally to pass current for an education. But because in so many schools the test to be applied at the end of the course, is the memoriter one, and because no teacher expects her pupils to be examined as to their health, or as to whether they are forming habits of life that will be conducive to healthfulness, it is not to be wondered at that all the plans of the teacher look more to the development of conventional proficiency than to the infinitely more important matter of health.—Popular Science Monthly.

Rev. G. W. Otley, New Bern, N. C., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best remedies known."