

The following note was handed to one of our little Orphan Concert troupe, on leaving Ridgeway, on their recent tour, the morning after the Concert. We publish it as showing the feeling manifested to our little folks not only at Ridgeway, but every where along their route:

DEAR CHILDREN:—We sincerely thank you for the visit you have paid us. You have more than ever elicited our sympathies, and cheered our hearts by your sweet songs. Remember, wherever you go you will be fondly remembered by us. May the brightest blessings of heaven rest upon you. May you long and happy live, and find kind friends to administer in every time of need.

Unlike this gloomy day, may you have continual sunshine in your hearts. Above all, dear children, give your hearts to God in the days of your youth. Now, while the bloom of health is on your cheek, and your hearts are young and tender, is the time to give it to Jesus. The promise is, "Those that seek me early shall find me." And again, "Seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." And when the blessed Savior comes to make up his jewels, may you, together with each one of your little band, be found at his right hand, is the prayer of your true friend,
MARY G. COLLINS.

The morning we left Ridgeway was quite rainy and gloomy.

The whole world is a gambling shop—"philosophically considered."—Milton Chron-icle.

We do not believe that a Being, wise and good enough to create such a world as this, would turn it loose to blind chance and let it run like a gambling shop. Such a faith seems as unreasonable, as it is unsatisfactory.

MR. MILLS:—As the minds of some people are somewhat perplexed on the subject of grinding grain for the mill, I would like to know your opinion on it, and especially in regard to church members doing, and for the benefit of others too, I would like to hear from you through the *Biblical Recorder* or *ORPHANS' FRIEND*. Remember the law of our country require millers to grind for all who take grain to the mill.

JAMES BROWN.
If I were a miller, I would try to roll corn honestly and to grind it carefully, and return it to the owner without asking any questions: but if my customer made whisky, I would advise him and entreat him to employ his time and means in doing good, not harm, to others. J. H. MILLS.

Always Beautiful.

At a festival of old and young the question was asked: Which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred to the host, upon whom was the burden of four-score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the Spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think how beautiful is Spring! And when the Summer comes, and covers the trees with its foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is here winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through."

A New York farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack; and then his wife laughed.

One of the chief evils of our time, and of all times, is that many seek their own advancement to the exclusion of the welfare of others. Society is founded in the principle that one man is necessary to another, and all who are helpless, either in whole or in part, have a claim upon others more fortunate, for assistance. We see no way by which some people who hold these supremely selfish principles will ever be buried when they die, but in the fact—a most happy one, that their principles will die with them, and bodies will be interred by others who hold better principles, and who will bury the dead out of pure interest for the living. But to speak of the question of policy. We venture to assert that quite a majority of those persons at a distance, especially those in the states north of us, and in Europe, who may entertain the idea of making a home in this city, will, in deciding the question of selecting this place as a future home, take special account of its educational facilities. And this will always be the case with the class of settlers most to be desired among us, while some other of questionable desirableness would be willing to go into heathenish darkness, to make it yet darker by their presence. We call to mind just here that we received a short time since, from one of the leading publishers of the United States, a request to have fuller statistics of Greensboro to be printed in a new edition of a work of reference of world-wide circulation. We took pleasure in making the exhibit as full and satisfactory as possible, and among other matter worthy of mention we were particular to give prominence to the Graded School System recently inaugurated here. And this we did under the impression, which we know to be just, that the item must prove an important one to all intelligent inquirers who might entertain the thought of coming here.—*Central Protestant*.

All in one Word.

A minister had a bright little boy who used to get very tired of sitting still in church. He once proposed staying at home, "because he knew every thing in the Bible and couldn't be taught no more," but his father smiled and said,

"Then you must go to set a good example, Jamie."

And so Jamie had still to go and still to sit, too. One warm Sunday afternoon, as he trudged along by his father's side, he drew a sigh of some size and said,

"It's pretty hot to-day, papa. If I was you I'd preach awful short this afternoon."

"I think I shall, Jamie," replied his father.

"Papa, don't 'Gospel mean all the good there is in the Bible, put together?"

"Yes, my son; I think that is a good definition of 'Gospel.'"

"Then, papa, why can't you just say 'Gospel, amen?' That would be preaching all there is, without tiring folks to death."

Well, if preaching and praying were a mere form, it would do to squeeze them into a nutshell, in this way. But they are not mere forms. We need all the preaching we get to remind us of our daily duties, and far more praying for Divine help to do them.

A little boy in Georgetown ran into the house the other day, crying at the top of his voice, because another little boy wouldn't let him put mud on his head with a shingle. Some children are just like their parents; no accommodation about them.

An Item Account.

Judge L., of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laborious men who have done honor to the bench. A certain Dr. R., noted for his exorbitant charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay, unless large deductions were made. The doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge L., who during its progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up it was found to consist of a single charge: "Medical attendance—so much." The Judge required the doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court.

When the court had adjourned, the doctor thus accosted the Judge: "That was an honest account Judge L., an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the judge, in his sharp decisive voice; "nothing about it, sir."

After an embarrassing silence, the doctor began again: "Judge L., we shall all have to give an account—an account, sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"I know that, sir," retorted the judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, sir!"

Matt 12:36 would seem to bear out the judge's assertion.

"I Cannot Afford it."

The world has little respect for a person who lives beyond his means, and fails to meet his dues, but it does not think less of one for saying, from the sincerity of an independent nature, "I cannot afford it."

George III., during a summer tour at the time of the hay harvest, saw a woman working alone in a field.

"Where are your neighbors, my good woman?" asked the King.

"They have gone to see King George."

"And why did you not go to see King George?"

"I have five children to support, and I could not afford to lose the day."

The confession commanded the King's respect.

"Well, my good woman," said he, handing her a piece of money, "since you cannot afford to go and see the King, tell your neighbors that the King has been to see you."

MESSRS EDITORS:—You and your readers remember how a short time since Mr. Mills refused to accept 500 dollars offered to him for the orphans because he thought it was not obtained in accord with strict morality, and you endorsed him, and so did thousands, and tens of thousands of your readers. Now will not they who endorsed Mr. Mills in that act, every christian, every philanthropist, every patriot, and every citizen, who reads this send help and send it at once.—They need it, they must have it at once or suffer. I have sent my mite. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and shall have it back fourfold."
Truly yours,
H. H. GIBBONS.

Raleigh Christian Advocate.

A Chicago deputy sheriff was refused free admission to a Chicago theatre. By way of revenge he impounded the manager on a detour jury.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM MAY 4th TO MAY 11th INCLUSIVE.

IN CASH.
\$45.00, Orphans' Friend.
\$38.94, Collection at Tarboro.
36.63, Collection at Wilson.
33.50, Collection at Rocky Mount.
27.67, Collection at Weldon.
19.60, Members Concord Lodge, No. 58.
17.53, Collection at Ridgeway.
17.50, "Spelling Bee," Tarboro, S S Nash, Manager.

15.14, Collection at Goldsboro.
11.55, Collection at Poisnot.
9.00, Mt. Moriah Lodge, U. D. Battleboro.
7.74, Collection at Littleton.
4.20, Citizens of Battleboro.
3.00, Berea Lodge No. 204.
2.00, each Dr. Hooper, W T Taylor, Abner Vesey.

1.00, each, H T Bond, H D Avera, A W Grandy.
75 cents, Hall Lodge, No. 53.
50 cents each, W W Griggs, D M Tate, W G Robinson, Geo. A. Griggs, A West, Lillie Grandy.

25 cents each, Mrs. Tempe Shaw, S C S Green, J W Hanbury, Harriet Morris, Mary S Forbes.

IN KIND.
J. S. Battle 34 yards *Pistole*.
Miss Lizzie A. Cathrell, 1 girl's hat dressed.
Mrs. Clark, Wilson, 1 Dress.
Mrs. John T. Barnes, Lot clothing.
Redmond Wells, 34 yards Brown Sheeting.
Jack Sharp, 2 pairs girls' shoes.
J. Crowell, 13 yards Brown Sheeting.
J. J. West, 1 pair shoes.

The following persons have paid for THE ORPHANS' FRIEND for one year from this date:

Miss Carrie Jordan, Miss M. H. Bradley, J T Alsop, Wiley & Mary Powell, D B Bell, Pattie F. Cuthrell, E T Branch, R B Matthews, J G Richards, Miss Lula Gill, J Murray Williams, Richard Allen.

The following have paid for six months:
Miss A J Thomas, James T Wiggins, L H Fulcher, E O McGowan.

The Puritans.

When the puritans came o'er,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That made folks' heads look queer;
O the ships from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!
The crews came cawing through the air
To pluck the pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
When'er a *hubb* was born.
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old rams horn
The deacon blew at meetin' time
On every "Sabbath" morn.
But soon they knocked the wigwags down,
And pine tree trunks and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeplesteeple;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.
And when at length the college rose,
The satchel cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by;
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.
They had not then the dainty things
That common now afford,
But succotash and hominy
Were smoking on the board.
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.
God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And from the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough.

O. W. HOLMES

A good Reply.

A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber of New York recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure, you had better go and try a water cure."

A Word of Advice.

Be industrious. The world is already burdened by loafers, idlers, and nonproducers, all of whom have to be supported by those who work. Begin early to teach your children the value of labor and industry. Make your calculations to be busy and useful as long as you live. The idea of living the first half of one's life under double pressure, and then, after getting a competence, retiring from all active life and living easy upon the interest of the capital acquired, is the height of folly. It is contrary to nature, and must work disastrously both to the body and the mind. Be industrious at some paying branch of your business, and earn money to use as well as to keep.

As we look around among the farmers of our acquaintance, we see many who spend most of their rainy days and evenings at the village stores or post-office, discussing the weather, the crop prospect, the general news of the village, and sometimes a little politics.

As a general rule, he had better be at home attending to the plans and details of his business, or reading books or papers that would teach more valuable lessons than can be learned at the corner grocery or village post-office.

A boy working in a printing office, wished to get a pass over the Central Railway. With this purpose in view, he entered the office where the magnate was, fearing that he would be rudely rebuffed when he made his mission known. After a moment's hesitation, he said faltering,—

"Mr. Richmond, I believe?"

"Yes; what do you want of me?"

"I should like, sir, to get a pass from Albany to Buffalo, as I can go on the boat for nothing."

"On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This, with a rising and very rough voice.)

"On the grounds, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare."

Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass, and handed it to the applicant.

The boy took it saying, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Richmond."

"You needn't thank me, youngster. I'm glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I've ever known to ask for a pass on the right grounds."

PAPER BUCKETS.—The real possibility and advantage of the varied and extending use of paper pulp is illustrated in the manufacture of such things as water pails, which are now made in large numbers of paper pulp, as well as of wooden staves.

In the old way of making pails the separate parts or staves are cut, one at a time, from the log of wood, and in making them, all the chips and smaller pieces are wholly wasted, so far as the real object of manufacture is concerned. In making a paper pail, however, fibrous material is wholly utilized, and if the original stock is wood, as in part it may be, then that which would be wasted in chips and in fragments is entirely saved.

Those who make paper tell us that thus far they have barely entered on some of their new lines of product.—*Scribner for May*.

"Nehemiah, compare the ad-junctive cold," said a school mistress to her head boy. "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.