

The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME II.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1876.

NUMBER 31.

THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two Jolly toppers once sat in an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.
Said one to the other, "I tell you what, Bill,
I've been hearing to-day of the Teetotal Mill."
"You must know that this comical mill has
been built,
Of old broken casks when the liquor's been
spilt;
You go up some high steps, and when at the
still,
You've a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.
"You promise by signing this paper, I think,
That ale, wine, and spirits you never will
drink;
You give up (as they call) such rascally swill,
And then you go in to the Teetotal Mill.
"There's a wheel in the mill they call self-
denial,
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new, and if you've been
ill.
You'er very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill."
Bill listened and wondered: at length he cried,
"Why, Tom, if it's true what you're telling
about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting
still—
Let us go and we'll look at the Teetotal Mill."
They gazed with amazement; then came in a
man,
With excess and disease his visage was wan;
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with
a will.
And went in for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.
He quickly came out the picture of health,
And walked briskly on the highway to wealth;
And as onward he pressed, he shouted out
still,
"Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill.
The next that went in were a man and his
wife;
For many long years they'd been living in
strife;
He had beat and abused her and swore he
would kill,
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill.
And when he came out, how altered was he!
Steady, honest, and sober—how happy was
she!
They no more contend, "No, you shan't";
"Yes, I will."
They were blessing together the Teetotal Mill.
Next came a rough fellow, as grim as a Turk.
To curse, and to swear seemed his principal
work;
He swore that, that morning "his skin he
would fill,"
And drunk as he was he reeled into the mill.
And what he saw there one never could tell;
But his conduct was changed, and his lan-
guage was well;
And when he had turned round the brow of
the hill,
He knelt and thanked God for the Teetotal
Mill.
The poor were made rich, the weak were
made strong,
The shot was made short and the purse was
made long;
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and
Bill,
At length they went in for a turn on the Mill.
A little while after I heard a great shout;
I turned round to see what the noise was
about:
A flag was conveyed to the top of the hill.
And the crowd among which were Thomas and
Bill,
Were shouting, "Hurrah for the Teetotal
Mill!"

OUR NEIGHBORS.

It is one of the necessities of life in these modern times that people shall not live alone. It is well, therefore, to accept the inevitable and be amiable even under trying circumstances. No doubt, one's immediate neighbors are not always what one would like them to be; but it is certain that if they are treated properly, rather than aggravated, they are not nearly so bad as first appearances indicate. The truth appears to be that a large proportion of those people whose homes stand

side by side seem to have an unfortunate talent for misunderstanding each other and are so led to adopt offensive attitudes. Thus it happens that while everybody who knows Robinson and his family intimately are fond of sounding their praises, Smith, who resides next door to Robinson, has nothing but condemnation to bestow upon the much-belauded individual and his belongings. Smith, too, may be the recipient of many flattering encomiums from his associates, yet it is certain that Robinson can find nothing to say in his favor. The truth may be that both Robinson and Smith are thoroughly well-meaning fellows at bottom, and that their little tribes are up to a fair average of excellence, but it is certain that in nine cases out of ten Robinson has no cause to think well of Smith nor Smith to become devotedly attached to Robinson. The chances are that the pair, though they meet on an average at least once a day and can at times hear the hum of voices through the walls which divide their respective tenements, fail to display any mark of recognition when they are brought face to face with each other. Robinson evidently feels that he is bound, in justice to himself, to ignore Smith, while Smith is assured that he would deservedly forfeit his self-respect if he were to show that he is alive to the fact that the world is graced by the presence of a Robinson, the opinion of Robinson being that he is incomparably superior to Smith, while it is the unalterable conviction of the latter individual that he is of immeasurably more importance than Robinson. Naturally, the families of the two houses become imbued with the same views as those which are possessed by their respected heads, and thus there is presented the singular spectacle of one set of human beings apparently failing to realize the existence of another set of human beings, albeit that the two sets are constantly flaunting and parading before each other. At the same time, though the houses of Robinson and Smith act in this remarkable fashion—though when Smith is not trying to 'cut' Robinson, Robinson is on the alert to administer a snub to Brown—there are times when they become profoundly agitated and show that such is the case. It may be that Robinson keeps hens, and that these hens trespass on to the land of Smith. Then there is a terrible outcry, which is not decreased when, one day, Robinson discovers that some of his much-prized fowls have been ruthlessly slain. Or it may be that Smith is the owner of a cat, which is demolished by a savage dog belonging to Robinson. In the event of such a catastrophe as this occurring, war with the knife is invariably the inevitable result. During the course of the hostilities the dog has, naturally, a very hard time, and Smith and Robinson are perhaps persuaded to enter into conversation with each other. Whether, however, much profit results from the intercourse which is thus brought about is doubtful—except occasionally, so far as certain gentlemen of the legal

fraternity are concerned. Failing any other cause, Smith and Robinson can get up a tremendous amount of sensation about a tree. Say that the roots of a shrub are planted in the grounds of Smith, and that its branches extend to those of Robinson. Well, here is cause for hundreds of skirmishes and not a few pitched battles. Robinson, perhaps, vows that the interloping branches shall be cut down; whereat Smith fires up and, after a while, discovering that Robinson's children have done his property serious damage, declares he will have satisfaction, come what may. So things go on for an indefinite period, but, fortunately, though the sky is ever very overcast, nothing serious happens in a general way, with the exception that a vast amount of ill-feeling is engendered. Neighbors, of course, may be a comfort to each other, but if they prefer to be constant sources of aggravation and discomfort, no one has, perhaps, any right to complain. Nevertheless, it may be pointed out that when people have to live side by side they may as well try to please as to displease, especially as one provocation invariably provokes another. Thus, if a man encourages his children to make a noise which he knows will nearly drive his neighbor to distraction, and if he persistently turns a deaf ear to all the complaints which are made to him on the score of the nuisance, he can not be surprised if, in despair, his neighbor starts a cornet, or sets his daughters at a jingling piano. Again, if Mrs. Smith circulates all the offensive gossip which has its origin in Mrs. Robinson's kitchen, it is but to be expected that Mrs. Robinson will find a number of unpleasant things to say at the expense of Mrs. Smith. Now, all the petty quarrels which take place between neighbors seem to have their origin either in paltry greed, or the exaggerated opinions which many people entertain as to their own importance, and, accordingly, are undeserving of merciful consideration. Indeed, most neighborly feuds being the result of that detestable snobbery which seems, unfortunately, to have an immovable clutch on English society, the one satisfactory feature about them is that they add one more link to the existing chain of proof that people are invariably cursed by their own folly.

Now, while many neighbors are snobbish to a preposterous extent, and refrain from rendering those little services to each other which they might render without any loss to themselves, others rush to an extreme in the contrary direction. In their desire to be friendly or, as they put it, neighborly, they well-nigh pester the life out of you. They drop in to see you at odd times, and with astonishing frequency; they borrow your property to an extent which should prove that they have perfect confidence in the strength of the ties which bind them to you; and they impart to you things of a confidential nature which are continual sources of anxiety, inasmuch as you fear that you will some time inadvertently let them slip. All this is,

no doubt, very gratifying, but it is very probable that if the good people were less assiduous in their attentions, the intimacies which they form would be of a more permanent character than they are. As it is, those to whom they apply themselves are apt to find their favors rather irksome, and are inclined to get the opinion into their heads that houses, grounds, and goods and chattels are not quite common property. —*Liberal Review.*

NORTH CAROLINA AS A PRODUCING STATE.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes from Raleigh, N. C.:

"North Carolina is the only State in the Union where every article enumerated in the census is produced, so says Mr. Wiley in his interesting North Carolina work, and to whom I am indebted for many of the statistics which will be found in this letter."

Corn, wheat, tobacco, turpentine and rice, are produced in nearly every county in the State. Potatoes are a staple in all the counties, the east producing immense quantities of the sweet, and the west the Irish potatoes. Oats are a staple nearly everywhere; rye in half the counties; buckwheat in the upper regions; hay abounds in all sections; hemp and flax are considerably grown; grapes of different varieties; and all the garden vegetables, apples, peas, peaches, melons, etc. etc., flourish in every part of the State; live stock abundance; beef and pork are everywhere staples; and the finest sheep walks in the United States are in the hilly parts of the State.

Previous to the war, I was informed, about 1,000,000 barrels of turpentine were annually made in the State, employing from 5,000 to 6,000 laborers, and yielding an estimated income to the makers of over \$2,000,000. Its fisheries constitutes the most important interest to the people of the eastern section of the State, for the brief period they exist. There were, prior to the war, on the Albemarle Sound alone, some thirty fisheries, which worked seines varying from 1,600 to 3,000 yards long, some which have been known to catch as many as 30,000 herrings, and as many as 13,000 shad at one haul!

MISSSED BLESSINGS.

Along the path of every human life, the Lord has placed innumerable blessings. They are as thick as the blades of grass in the meadow walk, or the fallen leaves in the forest. We see and enjoy some of them; but many we miss until we have passed them, and it is too late to return. In looking back over the history of our lives, we can all recall occasions more or less numerous in which, by our ignorance, heedlessness or wilfulness, we have thus missed blessings which the Lord has thus placed within our reach. Doubtless we all pass by unnoticed many more than we see or stop to possess and enjoy. The business man remembers where the path opened to wealth, but he did not enter it and now it is closed against him. The student can

see where knowledge spread her fair and wonderful pages to him, but, blinded by some illusion of a more sensuous good, he did not recognize them. Now he has come immersed in other duties, and it is too late. We came, perhaps, within the sweet attractions of pleasant social relations, or the more sacred affinities of a congenial heart; but some spirit perverseness, or some temporary or more powerful influence prevailed, and we missed the richest blessings of life. But, most deplorable of all, every one can see where the Lord gave him the means and the opportunity to confer a great blessing upon others, but some selfish or worldly love controlled his action, and missed the opportunity and lost the means.—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

AN EXPENSIVE BREAKFAST.

Long years ago, way back to 1814, when our wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts wore calico dresses, the material of which was cheap, and made from seven yards, and cost as many shillings, three young men of capital and high standing indulged in a night's debauch at a hotel in Northampton, Mass. In the morning they summoned the landlord to their presence, and ordered a breakfast, which they stated must be the most expensive that had ever been given in the State. The principal dish ordered was ham and eggs, of which they would go to the kitchen and superintend, personally the cooking. When the fat was hot, they each deposited in it their gold watches, chains, lockets and signet rings, which were fried with the ham and eggs. The cost of the jewelry alone was at least \$1,500. All of the parties are dead now, but they lived long enough to know the want of their foolish extravagance.

SIXTY YEARS WITHOUT MEAT.

A very sufficient reason for letting alone any particular kind of food is that you don't want it. Persons who never ate meat, because of a constitutional dislike to it, are good advertisements for the "vegetarians," but not axamples of abstinence.

There is said to be now living, one-half mile south of Holmesport, Penn., an old farmer by the name of Abraham Blatt, who is about sixty years of age, is healthy, robust, and as strong as a horse, who has never in his lifetime tasted the least bit of meat of any kind. He says he never tasted beef, pork, mutton or veal, eats no kind of poultry, no kind of fish, no kind of game, in fact, nothing pertaining to meat. He has such an abhorrence of meat that when they kill a cow or hog on his premises, he generally leaves home and goes about other business. He is the father of a large family, all healthy children. Among them is also one boy, who, like his father, eats no meat of any kind. In reply to the questions put to the father, how he could work so hard without eating any meat, he says he believes he is much healthier than if he ate meat. He uses very little butter.