

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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MASONRY.

BY W. G. CAPERS.

Three thousand years' have rolled away,
Upon the tide of time:
Since Masonry began her march,
Of noble deeds sublime.
And tho' the angry storms of war,
Have swept the earth with fire,
Her temple stands unscathed, un-
hurt,
With sunlight on its spire.

Old Empires, being the praise of men,
Have faded from the earth:
Kings with their thrones have passed away
Since Masonry had birth.
The sceptered monarch in his pride
Has long since met his doom,
And nought is left of his domains
But solitude and gloom.

Proud Egypt, with its wondrous arts—
Her mysteries of old,
Has slept beneath the tide of time,
As swift his current roll'd,
And Greece, with all her ancient wealth,
Of genius and of fame,
Scarce heads amid the nations now,
The honor of a name.

The glittering towers of Troy, to which
The foes of Priam came,
To meet a welcome for their deeds
From lips of Spartan dame,
Have long since toppled from their base
And moulder'd to decay;
The glory of that mighty race,
With them has passed away.

Amid the ravages that swept
The cities of the plain—
Mid-rumbling of imperial thrones—
The fall of tower and fane:
Fair Masonry has still survived
A beacon 'mid the night of years,
To gild the clouds of gloom.
Thro' every age, stern bigo-
ry
Has sought to crush her form;
But, unsubdued, she bravely met
The tempest and the storm.
The cloud of persecution fled
Before her steady ray,
As shades of deepest night before
The orient orb of day.

From Oriental climes she came,
To bless the Western world:
And rear her temples 'neath the flag
That liberty unfurled.
Fair Freedom welcomed to our shores
This maid of heavenly birth;
While thousands of our humble poor
Now own her generous worth.

Ten thousand widows in their weeds
Have blest her advent here;
And many a homeless orphan's heart
Has owned her tender care.
Full many a frail and erring son,
To dissipation given,
Has heard her warning voice and
tured
His wayward thoughts to Heaven.

Loug may her beauteous temple stand,
To light this darkened sphere:
To gild the gloom of error's night,
And dry the falling tear,
And when the filial winds of time,
Shall sweep this reeling ball,
Oh, may its glittering spires be
The last on earth to fall.

Heart affections, kidney and liver troubles affect nearly one-half of all mankind. Yet how many heedlessly pass through a shortened life giving no care to these complaints which cause the human family such great distress. Does your heart beat violently from the least excitement? Have you fits of dizziness? Does your back ache? Are your bowels constipated? These symptoms are the first warnings. Delay is dangerous. Be wise in time. Regain perfect health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

New York Observer. ANGER AND ENVY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

'I'll break down his grape-vine swing—I'll tear it all to pieces!' cried Phil in a rage.

'What's the matter, my boy?' said grandfather gently but quickly catching a hand and holding it with a firm grasp as Phil tried to rush past him.

'He's been spiting me, and I'll spite him. Let go, grandfather—please!'—Phil struggled to free his hand.

'But let me hear something about it first, Phil. Sit down here with me. Whom do you want to spite and why? There will be plenty of time to do it then, you know!'

It was very hard for the angry little boy to wait, but grandfather was too good a friend to have his wishes disregarded.

'Why, sir, I made a dam out in the little creek where Harry Danforth and I play—and I made a little water-wheel and put it in and it worked beautifully—you just ought to have seen it—and now Harry's been and broke up my dam and carried off the wheel.'

'Are you sure Harry did it?'

'Why—yes, sir. No one but he and I plays there.'

'Did you see him do it?'

'No, but I know he did, and I'm bound to break down his vine swing to pay him up, and teach him to let my things alone.'

'Spiting is a very poor business, Phil, I tried it once myself when I was a boy. Indeed, I suppose I tried it more than once, but that one time I remember so well I think it was the last, for I never forgot the lesson it taught me.'

'Tell me about it, please, grandfather—I mean tell the story.'

'I had a boy friend with whom I played as much as you play with Harry Danforth. Our homes were near together and we were fond of sharing with each other whatever we had which could be shared.'

'We were both very fond of gardening and kept up a friendly rivalry as to who should be able to show the finest roses and violets and marigolds and poppies—we had very few geraniums or verbenas in those days, and what you call pansies now we used to call Johnny-jump-ups. We always divided whatever seeds or slips we had, and it was a great thing when either of us got hold of anything new which only came about through some one giving us something, for there were fewer green-houses then and people were not so much given to spending money for everything. Neighbors used to exchange among each other what they had.'

'Well, I was greatly surprised one day going over to Rob's, to find he had two fuchsias. They were rare flowers then—some one had sent them to him from quite a distance—and how we both admired the graceful, drooping stems, the shining leaves, and the one or two buds

which gave promise of future beauty. He was much elated at having the only ones in the neighborhood; but I fully expected him to give one of them to me. You may imagine, then, that I felt angry and astonished at his seeming to have no thought of anything of the kind, although I had only the day before given him more than half I had of some white peony bulbs, which were considered very choice indeed.'

'I thought the fuchsia the most beautiful things I had ever seen, as they bloomed on with their lovely clusters of scarlet bells, and every time I saw them I felt crosser at Rob for keeping both himself.'

'I did not stop to consider that I had really no right to expect it of him, but allowed my feelings of envy and anger to grow in my heart in a way which many have found the sore trouble. Try, my dear boy, never to let such feelings get the upper hand of you. Stamp them down and cast them out, for if you do not master them they will master you. I got pretty well punished for harboring them as I did, but not perhaps as severely as I deserved.'

'I got sullen and could not play or work harmoniously with Rob any longer, so I was glad when I was sent to spend two or three weeks with my uncle who lived a few miles distant. I walked back home on the morning of my birthday, and, passing by where Rob lived, stopped before the gate to see if I could get a glimpse of the fuchsias. I could only see one under a tree where Rob had placed it for shade, and I was amazed to see how it had grown and what a beauty it was in this its full perfection of June bloom.'

'But the ugly, covetous feeling within me arose so strongly that I only felt more and more angry that Rob should have a thing so much finer than anything I had. Hardly thinking what I did, to give vent to my spite I picked up a little stone and flung towards it. I aimed truer than I expected, and the next moment the glorious plant lay over on its side, the stalk broken short off not far from the root.'

'I shrank away in dismay. No one, I was almost sure, had seen me, but if the whole world had been looking on I could not have felt more bitterly ashamed. I reached home and found it hard to put on a decent face to answer all the kind wishes for my birthday and to seem pleased with my presents. Rob was there with the brightest face among them. I couldn't bear to look at him, but he didn't stop to notice how I tried to avoid him.'

'Come into the garden,' he said, as soon as the others had said their say. I could not refuse to go, but in my shame and confusion I hardly understood his eager chatter.'

'I've been keeping it for a birthday present,' the dear fellow was saying. 'It's been all I could do, I tell you, to wait so long—I

used to have to bite my tongue to keep from saying, 'Here, Jack, of course this is for you.' I picked out the prettiest for you—ain't they just splendid though.'

'There in the centre of a round bed in my garden, with a decoration around it of moss he had brought from the woods, was the other fuchsia, larger and more laden with bloom than the one I had ruined for him.'

'As he tenderly laid his hand under a cluster of the flowers, lifting them up for me to see, I threw myself on the ground and cried with all my might.'

Phil drew a sigh to relieve the pent-up feelings with which he had listened to grandfather's story.

'I am glad I wasn't you, grandfather,' he energetically remarked. 'I wouldn't have been you for anything! What did you do?'

'Well, I did about the only thing, I suppose, which a boy who ordinarily aimed to be a decent boy could do—told Rob all about it. Of course he forgave me at once. He came over to our house the next morning to tell me his broken fuchsia would sprout again from the root and after awhile be as good as ever. And I thought and still think it was most generous in him to consent when I begged him to let me have the broken plant and give back the perfect one.'

'I think so too,' said Phil.

'Now, little boy, long after grandfather has gone to where anger and envy never enter, I want you to remember how he counselled you never to take offence without good cause. And if you find you have good cause, do not give way to anger, but try to overcome, by the help of the dear Lord who says: 'Do good to them which despitefully use you.' It is noble and manly, to cultivate Christ's spirit of forgiveness—'

'There's Harry, now!' cried Phil, as a bright little boy's face peeped through the fence pickets. 'Wait a minute, grandfather, I just want to see what he's doing with that piece of my wheel.'

Harry came up to the piazza.

'See what our Pont did, Phil!' he said, with a face of concern, holding up the fragment.

'Did Ponto do it?'

'Yes, I found him playing with this, and Mike saw him in the water near your dam. Mike says he's a water dog. Papa says he's a great overgrown pup that must be shut up if he does any more mischief.'

'Let's go down and build another dam. Harry—come on.'

Both went off on a run. But Phil presently dashed back to whisper to his grandfather:

'I'm awful glad I didn't spoil his grape swing. And I'm going to remember all about the anger—and things.'

F. C. Vaughan, Warrenton, N. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters quickly stopped the chills with which I suffered."

HISTORY OF PETROLEUM.

Perhaps never in the world's history has there occurred a case in which an article known from time immemorial, and counted as being of too small value to have any influence whatever, has all at once become one of the forces which sway the commerce, and almost the destinies of nations, to an extent so wonderful as is actually true in regard to petroleum. Forty years ago the word petroleum had no existence in current language. It is a compound term meaning simply rock oil; it was in the dictionaries, but it was not known to people in general. And yet the article at that time was on sale in the large cities, and occasionally in smaller places. But it was in very small quantities, and was disposed of by the ounce. Those who are old enough to remember as far back as 1840 can possibly recall a very bad smelling medicine to which they were perhaps subjected. It was called Seneca Oil, and was "dreadful good for the rheumatiz," being, fortunately, in most instances, used externally, though not always. It was understood to be brought from the "Seneca Nation," in the southwestern part of the State of New York; hence its name. Seneca oil was simply crude petroleum, and it is on the instance recognized that it came from the immediate vicinity, the very border of the region which has within these later years revolutionized the world with its oil wells.

But in going back to Seneca oil do we touch the early days of petroleum? Not at all; and we shall never touch them. No glimmering light shines back so far. When the fires fell on the Cities of the Plain, in the circuit of Jordan, at the north end of the Dead Sea, the combustible material which insured the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was crude petroleum, the "slime pits" of the Vale of Siddim. Later still petroleum, in its viscid form, served to make watertight the cradle of the baby Moses. But both these instances are relatively of modern date; for perfectly untold ages before that time petroleum had served to aid in preserving the Egyptian dead from decomposition, for the very oldest of all the mummies yet brought to light reveal its presence. And how early in the experience of the human race its remarkable properties were brought into play we can only conjecture, for nothing remains to tell us.

Petroleum, therefore, has two histories, and they may be said to be as distinct from each other as though they were of two separate articles. The old reaches back, so we have seen, to the days of shadow and fable; the new begins August 6, 1859, only twenty-four years ago! And it begins at Titusville, on Oil Creek, a branch of the Alleghany River, in Crawford county, Pennsylvania. To such narrow limits in both time and space we are able to concentrate our attention, and yet we are looking at that which has become one of the mighty factors in modern civilization.

Now once more we will see what we can do in the work of

bringing our ideas to a focus, and this time we will look at the subject geographically. Petroleum is found in various parts of the world, in fact, almost in every country, to some extent. There are, however, certain points of concentration, and they are not many. The island of Zante, the mainland opposite in Ilun-gary; Galicia, and Moldavia; then, again, away off on the Irrawaddy, but most of all—the Eastern Continent—the shores of the Caspian, especially near Baku; all of these produce petroleum, and the springs of Baku yield more than all the others combined. But we may fairly set all of them—the entire Eastern Continent—aside as being of no great moment. It is no more figure of speech, it is not rank boasting, to say that petroleum, so far as the markets of the world are concerned, is an American product. Our regular daily and monthly yield so far surpasses all others that they cannot be counted as rivals in the trade and its results.

The springs of Baku yield about 500,000 barrels annually; we turn out that amount in the space of a very few weeks at any time. The records of 1879, not to speak of anything later, give the exports only from the three ports of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York at 1,500,000 barrels. Surely we may call petroleum, in all its bearings, an American product.

And does it come from all parts of America? Perhaps few persons are aware how very much restricted really is the region which yields such incredible results. The fact is that the "oil centre," that from which petroleum has been produced in paying quantities, can all be comprised within a space of thirty-nine and a half square miles. It is wonderful. We will look to it again.—Scientific American.

GOOD-BYE, GEORGE!

Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began active life as a lawyer, tells a good story which illustrates the face that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words:

Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the face of her having attended him on his death bed, and said to him, when he was dying, 'Good-by-George.'

The counsel for the plaintiff declared this ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt and that the words she had used were, 'Good, by George!'

IRISH WIT AND IRISH BULLS.

In repartee Irishmen have long been distinguished. The joy of retaliation is a marked characteristic of the race. On one occasion Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, pronouncing the sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: "You will be confined in jail the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whiskey." "By the powers I will!" was the answer; "and Porter, too."