

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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MIRACLES.

"An egg a chicken; don't tell me, For didn't I break an egg to see? There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of muckage round it all— Neither beak nor bill, Nor toe nor quill, Not even a feather To hold it together:
Not a sign of life could any one see, An egg a chicken? You can't fool me.
"An egg a chicken; didn't I pick Up the very shell that had held the chick,
So they said, and didn't I work half a day To pack him in where he couldn't stay?
Let me try as I please, With squeeze upon a squeeze, There is scarcely space to meet His head and his feet.
No room for any rest of him—so That egg never held that chicken, I know."
Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can;
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round.
"Now, my boy can you tell me what makes this sound?"
Faint and low, tap, tap;
Soft and low, rap, rap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.
"Hear it peep, inside there!" cried Tom, with a shout.
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"
Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
Mamma smiled as she said: "All's well that ends well."
Be patient a while yet, my boy." Click, click,
And out popped the bill of a little chick.
No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed.
There it was all complete,
From its head to its feet.
The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,

And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma, now I see.

That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats me.

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare;

Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there.

Nobody can tell.

How it came in that shell;

Once out, all in vain

Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine, As much as that of the water and wine."

Mamma kissed her boy: "It may be that we try

Too much reasoning about things, sometimes, you and I.

There are miracles wrought every day, for our eyes,

That we see without seeing, or feeling surprise:

And oft n we must

Even take on trust

What we cannot explain

Very well again

But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour."

Selected.

SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

BY F. H. B.

The town clock had struck two. School was over for the day. After stopping for a few moments in the shawl-room, to put on hats and cloaks, the girls ran out of the house, down the streets leading to their homes.

Maria Bogart, Susie Roberts and two or three other girls, went together, along Main street. As usual, they had a great deal to say to one another.

Susie Roberts was telling about her cousin, lately arrived from Europe—how the steamer had just escaped striking against an iceberg—how her cousin had brought several trunks, full of beautiful things, and what a time she had getting them through the Custom House!

"She is a grand lady," said Susie. "She knows all about French, and German, and Italian, and she has just the whitest little hands that I ever saw! I do not suppose that she knows how to do a bit of housework. I got up early this morning, so that I could get my room in order, and do my dusting before she came down to breakfast."

"Why, Susie, are you ashamed to have her know that you dust the parlors, and take care of your own room?" asked Maria Bogart, laughing.

"Oh, I would not have her know it, on any account," said Susie. "As it is, I dare say she will think my hands very brown."

"I would not care," cried Ella Redman. "My mother says that beautiful hands are the hands that obey that Bible verse:—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might.' The king who said that, was very rich, and very great."

Susie tossed her head, and assumed what she considered a grand air.

"I think the servants should do all the house-work," she said.

Little Mary Jamison wondered if it really were not 'respectable' to sweep and dust

a room, and wash the breakfast china! She took a peep at her brown hands, and drew on her gloves as quickly as possible. The girls were quiet for the remainder of the walk. Susie's words had set them all to thinking.

That evening, when Edith Gray's mother reminded her that, as Ellen the housemaid was out, it was time for her to set the tea-table, instead of running to do so with her usual willingness, she pouted, and muttered something about doing a servant's work!

She handled the pretty china so carelessly that two cups fell, and broke into ever so many pieces! They were the first of the set to be broken. It was a set of china, too, that her mother prized very much, because it had come to her from her grand-mother!

"I am a stupid, careless girl!" Edith said, bursting into tears, and ready to put the blame on some one else—"it all comes from listening to that foolish Susie Roberts's ridiculous notions. My grand-mother was a lady, and yet I dare say that she took care of her china, and polished her furniture!"

Meanwhile Susie was having what she thought a very hard time! She was in the sitting-room, with her mother and cousin, when Mrs. Roberts said:—

"By the way, Susie, before I forget it, after you have done your dusting, to-morrow, if you have time before school, I would like you to polish the dining-table. You have neglected this a great deal lately. I do not know what your grand-mother would say if she could see her old furniture!"

Susie's cheeks flushed. She did not dare to look at her cousin, she could only trust that she had not heard.

Next morning Susie was up very early, determined to get all done before breakfast. With dust-cap and apron on, she was working away very industriously, when, to her dismay, she saw her cousin pass the door, on her way to the library.

"Good morning, Susie, she said, 'let me help you, I shall forget my skill if I do not get to housekeeping soon.'"

Susie was so much surprised by this remark that she stood for a moment in silence, looking at her cousin.

"You see," continued that bright little lady, "it is quite two years since I made a cup of coffee or a loaf of bread,—just think of it! I dare say, Susie, that you know a good deal about house-work? When I was a little girl I was delighted to help my mother—she began to rub the old-fashioned side-board so vigorously that Susie was sure it would outshine the table—I have a great fancy for women who are good housekeepers," continued the lady, talking and laughing, and using the wax and the brush—all at the same time. "My favorite heroine is that queen Bertha who lived in Burgundy about nine hundred years ago. She kept house so beautifully that they stamped her likeness on a coin; they represented her as sitting at her spinning-wheel."

Susie could scarcely believe her ears.

"I have heard of persons who are ashamed of work, but I consider them very silly,—don't you, Susie? I think that they forget that nice chapter in P overbs about the industrious woman. There is a very pretty verse in that chapter,—I went hunting through it once for a birthday verse—and I was ever so much pleased to find this: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household,' and, 'She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.'"

SELFISH DAVY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share any thing with his brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just a little!"

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have," he said to himself. "If I had just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O Davy!" said Fanny, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that, of course, his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny; "we had all the dolls' dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and sent over a big bowl of ice-cream and some jelly, left from the dinner; we had a splendid time; you ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—*Our Little Ones.*

Mr. J. B. Piver, Morehead City, N. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best remedy for indigestion I ever used."

CROSS-EXAMINED.

The weakest link in the cable is the one on which the strain is sure to come. The point which the teacher has overlooked in his preparation of the lesson is the one that some boy will be anxious to know about. The petty detail that the lawyer has not mastered is the one that may trip him up before he is through with the case. An amusing illustration of this total depravity in neglected things occurred some years ago to Rufus Choate, while he was trying a case of assault committed on board the clipper ship Challenge while the vessel was at sea. He was cross-examining the chief mate, Dick Barton, who had said that the night was dark as Egypt, and raining like seven bells.

"Was there a moon that night?" asked Choate.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon!"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know that there was a moon?"

"The nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in Boston."

Even that "shot" didn't warn Mr Choate that he was dealing with a smart craft which might prove dangerous.

"What was the principal lunary that night, sir," he continued.

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grunding me this hour for? To make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir! And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?"

"Sho! you're joking."

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't!"

"Ah! you refuse, do you?"

"Yes; I can't."

"Indeed! You are the chief mate of a clipper ship and are unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there aint no latitude at the equator."

The great advocate concluded the man was too sharp for him.

THE TRAVELER'S PALM.

Among the great variety of palms in the East is one known as The Traveller's Tree. It has a graceful crown of broad green leaves, arranged at the top of its trunk in the shape of a fan. The leaves are from twenty to thirty in number, from eight to ten feet long and a foot and a half broad. The name of "traveler's tree" is given on account of its affording at all times a supply of cool pure water upon piercing the base of the leaf-stalk with a spear or other pointed instrument. This supply is owing to the large broad leaves which condense the moisture of the atmosphere, and from which the water trickles down into the hollow where the leaf-stalk joins the stem. Each of these forms a little reservoir in which water may always be found. This

property of absorbing the moisture is possessed in almost as great a degree by the banana. The leaves are used to beat the roofs in case of fire, on account of the amount of water they contain, and the main stem is full of small chambers filled with water, which has been distilled by the smooth cool leaves of the tree. The leaves are also used for thatching and for lining the houses; the bark is beaten out flat and forms the flooring, while the trunk supplies timber for the framing and planking. Quantities of the fresh leaves are sold every morning in the markets, and take the place of plates and dishes. At the New Year's festival and upon some other occasions, the *jaka* or meat killed at these times is always served up, together with rice, upon pieces of the leaves of the "traveler's tree" or the banana; a kind of spoon or ladle is also formed by twisting up part of the leaf and tying it with the tendrils of some climbing plants.

HABIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly 20 years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was, that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way, when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.—*Ez.*

The writer once knew a horse to do a trick that seemed to indicate reasoning power. He was in the lot in which stood the corn crib. With his tongue he worked out an ear of corn from between the logs, and attempted to eat it on the ground. Some pigs, however, more than once ran away with his prize. Tired, at length, of this, he licked out another ear, and, picking it up with his teeth, he carried it to a feed trough high enough to be out of reach of the pigs. Then returning to the crib he repeated this until he had as much corn as he wanted. He then munched his food in peace.

"I had 'em all," said a rubicund happy-faced gentleman. "All what?" asked his friend. "Why all the symptoms of malaria, viz: lame back, aching joints, sleeplessness, indigestion, dizzy fits, cold extremities, rush of blood to the head, constant fatigue, no appetite, pains in the breast after eating, night sweats, alternate chills and fevers, etc., etc., but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me and I recommend it as being the only perfect tonic made."