

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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THE MEDICAL VENUS.

In his autobiography the late Anthony Trollope tells an amusing story of a poor forlorn little Englishman whom he met again and again in traveling through Switzerland, and over the Alps. He had no friends and no aptitude for traveling, and was always making the most unlucky blunders, now losing his way, and then finding himself left without a bed at the inns or a seat in the coaches.

"On one occasion," said Mr. Trollope, "I found him at Coire, seated at five, A. M., in the coupe of a diligence which was intended to start at noon for the Engadine, while it was his purpose to go over the Alps in another which was to leave at half past five, and which was already crowded with passengers.

"Ah!" he said, "I am in time now and nobody shall turn me out of this seat," alluding to former little misfortunes of which I had been a witness.

"When I explained to him his position, he was as one to whom life was too bitter to be borne. But he made his way into Italy and encountered me again at the Pitti Palace in Florence.

"Can you tell me something?" he said to me in a whisper, having touched my shoulder. "The people are so ill-natured that I don't like to ask them. Where is it they keep the Medical Venus?"

"I sent him to the Uffizi, but I fear he was disappointed. At all events he could there find the statue of Venus de Medici, which was what he wanted."

Mrs. B. B. Nicholson, Littleton, N. C., says: "I took Brown's Iron Bitters for general ill-health and found them pleasant and beneficial."

NELLIE'S THANKSGIVING LESSON.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

Two little girls sat in a sunny window-seat, busily stringing imitation coral necklaces of bright, red holly berries. The room was plainly furnished, but very neat and cheerful-looking; and the pretty children and two snowwhite kittens played on the floor before the fire.

"These will look lovely hung over the mantelpiece," said one of the girls, holding up a long, double festoon of berries. "I'll put them over gran ma's portrait, because she's coming to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us the day after to-morrow. Say, Nellie, will your folks keep Thanksgiving?"

"I don't know," Nellie answered, indifferently, adding, as she measured the length of her necklace, "I don't see why we should. I can't think what great things we've got to give thanks for."

At this the other little girl laughed, but then said, quickly:

"Why, Nellie, it's real wicked to talk so!"

"Well, it's true, anyway," answered Nellie, in an injured tone. "We're so poor, and father has to work so hard at the laundry, and mother at her sewing-machine, and we have to do without so many things that we want, that I can't feel as if we ought to be expected to be glad and thankful like other folks."

"But our minister said, 1st Sunday, that everybody has something to be thankful for."

"Maybe so," said Nellie, with a shrug of her shoulders; "but I can't see it. Now, if I were rich, like Julia Shelby, who rides by here every day in a fine carriage, or if I lived in a grand house like Judge Martini's children, I would have something to be thankful for. I was at the Shelys yesterday," she added, with sudden animation, "to get sewing for mother, and in the kitchen they were getting ready for Thanksgiving. Oh, such lots of good things! There were turkeys and cakes and pies and jellies that just made my mouth water to look at 'em. I don't see why some folks should be so rich and others so poor," concluded Nellie, discontentedly.

Now, Mrs. Grey, Nellie's mother, had heard all this through the open door near which she sat at work, and she felt very much grieved at her little daughter's discontented and ungrateful spirit. However, she said nothing at the time, though Nellie noticed that she looked thoughtful all the evening.

Next morning after their early breakfast, she called Nellie to her. She was going out, she said on an errand or two, and she gave her little daughter a small basket to carry, while she herself took a larger one, containing some sewing which she had done for Mrs. Shelby, the wife of the rich man in whose iron foundries her husband worked.

The little girl felt quite awe-struck as she walked up

to the big house, and then passed up the richly-carpeted staircase into a large and handsome room, where Mrs. Shelby sat in a cushioned rocking-chair. She was a pale, delicate-looking woman, and, Nellie thought, did not look as happy as such a rich lady ought to. By a window sat her little daughter, Julia, whom Nellie had often seen riding out in a fine carriage, with a coachman and footman, in livery.

She was painting a bunch of flowers at a little desk, and while Mrs. Shelby examined and paid for Mrs. Grey's work, and talked a little with her, Nellie looked curiously at the pretty painting.

Presently, Julia perceived this, and said:

"Wouldn't you like to look at some of my drawings?"

"Did you do all these yourself?" inquired Nellie, in wondering admiration. "I don't see how you could find time to."

"I have plenty of time," answered the little girl. "I sit here almost all day, except when I ride out in the morning and evening, when the weather is fine."

"Yes, I've seen you driving past our house."

"And I have seen you playing about in that large field where the buttercups grow. How I wish I could run about and enjoy myself as you do!"

She said this with a wearisome sigh as she leaned back in her chair, and then Nellie noticed a little crutch propped up against the wall close beside her.

When Nellie and her mother were again out of doors, she said:

"Mother, only think that little girl can't run about, or even walk without a crutch! And I don't believe that she can be happy, although she is so rich and has everything so handsome around her."

"She has all that money can procure," answered Mrs. Grey; "for her parents try all they can to make her happy. But I think they would give all their wealth for what you possess, Nellie."

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, child. You have one of the greatest of blessings—Health. Mrs. Shelby's children were sickly, and all died but this little girl, who will be a cripple as long as she lives. Think of it, Nellie, and tell me if you have not cause to be grateful that you and all of us are strong and healthy?"

Nellie answered not a word but she looked up in her mother's face, and silently clasped her hand as she walked she walked beside her.

They stopped at the grocer's where Mrs. Grey made some purchases.

"What are we to have for our Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow, mother?" inquired Nellie, when they again found themselves on the street.

"Some nice roast-beef, a chicken, and apple-pie."

"A chicken? Turkey would be nicer," Nellie remarked.

"The Shelys have got the biggest turkey that ever was, and lots of cake."

"I doubt whether poor lit

tle Julia will have an appetite for the turkey; and as to the cake, I don't think the doctor allows her to eat such things. But let us turn down this narrow street, Nellie, I have some sugar and tea, and a home-made loaf, to help out Mrs. Mosby's Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow."

"Does she keep Thanksgiving, mother? Why, she's old and poor, and lives all alone in that one mean little room of hers. What has she got to be thankful for? I should think she would grumble all the time, to see everybody else better off than herself! They found the old woman seated at her late morning meal, which was to her both breakfast and dinner. There was some bread and tea, a bit of fried salt bacon, and a potato, but, as Nellie noticed, no butter nor sugar.

She received her visitors cheerfully, and was very thankful for what Mrs. Grey had brought.

"Folks are very kind to me," she said. "It was only just now that Barney O'Sullivan's wife brought me a nice mackerel and some potatoes; and what with this good tea and bread, I'll have a real Thanksgiving dinner. And surely," she added, more gravely, as she wiped her spectacles upon her clean, checkered apron, "the Lord has given me much to be thankful for."

"You seem pretty strong and active for your age," Mrs. Grey remarked.

"Indeed, ma'am, that is true. I am nearly eighty, but hardly ever have a twinge of rheumatism, and I can go about enough to attend to my own work. Then the neighbors are so kind. There isn't a day that I don't thank the Lord for all that He does, and puts in the hearts of others to do for me. Yes, yes; I've a great deal to be thankful for."

Nellie listened at first wonderingly as she glanced around the poor apartment, in comparison with which her own home, plain as it was, seemed luxurious. And then her conscience began to smite her.

It was only yesterday that she, young, strong and healthy, and with a happy and comfortable home, and loving parents to care for her, had wickedly declared that she had nothing to be thankful for!

Next day, when the family sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner, and Mr. Grey prepared to carve the chicken, he remarked, playfully:

"Our Thanksgiving turkey is rather a small one—hey, Nellie?"

And she answered, brightly: "We shall enjoy it just as much as the Shelys do their big turkey; and it's a great deal better than old Mrs. Mosby's salt mackerel. How many people there are, father, who can't afford even a chicken for their Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Perhaps," her father said— "perhaps next Thanksgiving we shall be able to treat ourselves to a real turkey."

And then Nellie learned to her joy that Mr. Shelby had promoted her father to be foreman at the foundry.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, clapping her hands, "because you and mother won't have to work so hard now. I have been thinking all day, and found out that we have a great many things to be thankful for. But this good news makes ours a real Thanksgiving—don't it, mother?"

THE FOUR TRIALS.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and put forth both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth), scarcely shook the leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

"For this reason, my child, watch over the first movements of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check. —Witness.

A HOLY LIFE.

The late Judge Black had a powerful ear for music. His daughter used to play something that pleased him. It was 'Lucy Neal.' It became his favorite. When Becky would be playing for visitors the Judge would say: Now Beck give us my favorite, 'Lucy Neal, and Becky slyly winking at the guest, would play 'Old Dan Tucker,' or 'Old Hundred.' As she concluded, the Judge would tip back in his chair and exclaim: 'That's my favorite!' and couldn't understand what the people were laughing at.

Courage is a noble trait. With some it requires more courage to live than it does to die. When diseases rack the frame, when sores cover the person, when aches are in every joint, when the muscles are soft and flabby, when the least exertion gives fatigue, when the mind is filled with gloom and despondency, what is there in life worth living, and yet many seek out just such a miserable existence, living only for those who love them. When it is generally known that Brown's Iron Bitters will cure the above disorders how many hearts will be made glad! How many homes made happy!

A WORN OUT STOMACHE.

The man who lives to eat, is quite likely to die of eating. The end may come from a diseased liver, the failure of the kidneys, gout, paralysis, or apoplexy. The ailments that lead on to it may be many, various, and costly, the remote cause of which may not even be suspected, the doctor truly saying, "What's the use of telling? they will eat what their soul lusteth."

Or the fatal stroke may come in a moment of highest apparent health, some little weakened vessel of the brain giving way, as the strong heart, after a good dinner, hurls the superabundant blood to the brain.

But eating may give death instead of life in another way. The stomach is a wonderfully strong organ. It will bear an immense deal of abuse. No brute is guilty of so much. But there is limit to what it can bear. Were it not so, millions of the human kind would more than embrate themselves; for the brute keeps to his instinct, while man's appetite often outrages instinct, reason and common-sense.

Now the power to digest is in part dependent on the gastric juice secreted by the stomach. This is limited quantity, and the food that exceeds this irritates the coats of the stomach and is thrown from it an undigested, fermenting mass.

The same process daily repeated inflames these coats, especially the mucus membrane, which then pours out large quantities of mucus (phlegm). This still further impedes digestion.

The inflamed membrane, pressing against the tiny mouths of the gastric glands, obstructs their secretion. Medicines are then in order, to stimulate both appetite and digestion at the expense of ultimate exhaustion.

At length the gastric glands cease more and more to secrete the digestive fluid; the stomach loses all susceptibility even to the physician's medicine, and the person gradually starves; the stomach being utterly worn out by incessant over-work.

A friend and neighbor of ours thus died. —Youths Companion.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons, little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant unobtrusive, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh; the avoidances of such little things as these go far to make up at least, the negative beauty of a holy life. —Banner.

For the year ending Nov. 1, 2,577,946 barrels of salt have been produced in Saginaw valley Michigan, the price realized being 80 cents a barrel.