

When the project of publishing a paper at the Orphan Asylum was talked of a number of ladies and gentlemen, familiar with the use of the pen, promised to contribute to its columns. With two or three exceptions, they have thus far failed to let us hear from them, hence the query, where are they?

A large number of friends also promised, both before and since the publication of the paper commenced, to use their influence in getting subscribers to it. The number who have not forgotten their promises on this subject is larger than of those first mentioned, yet there are many—very many—from whom we have received no report, and we ask, in regard to them, where are they?

We could make the paper better and more interesting if we had more help from those capable of writing, and more subscribers with the consequent increase of cash.

We thank those of our State exchanges who have copied and otherwise noticed our late appeals through the CHILDREN'S FRIEND in behalf of the Orphans. These appeals thus brought before the public are doing good in bringing in help in the way of contributions. We begin to breathe easier and have strong and renewed hope of reaching the sunshine beyond the gloom that has encompassed us. Only, friends, don't delay, we need immediate help God will send it, but he will send it through you. Don't be tardy messengers, Christian benevolence, state pride and common humanity all plead in behalf of the orphans, let not the plea be in vain.

FULL MOON IN APRIL.

On the 17th of April 1848, there was a severe frost that killed fruits, vegetables and even the young leaves and twigs on the forest trees. We remember hearing an old man, who had been a close observer all his life, say on that occasion, that there was always sure to be a heavy frost, snow, or cold northeast wind and rain at the full moon in April, and that, if there were two full moons in that month, the cold snap would be on the last. We have noticed ever since, and have never known it to fail, that we have a cold, disagreeable spell at the time mentioned; sometimes more severe than at others, but a sufficient change in the weather to make it remarkable.

The moon may not have anything to do with it, and it may be a mere coincidence, but we bear testimony to the fact that it has happened every year without one failure for twenty seven years.

Education of Girls.

Six years' experience in the university of Michigan indicates that the co-education of the sexes in that institution is a success. The lady students, according to all reports, compare favorably with the gentlemen in health, attendance, and recitations. Moreover, it is said that there is no failure on the part of the gentlemen to extend to the ladies those respectful courtesies which are instinctively granted in outside social circles; nor do the ladies become "unwomanly" by reason of the intellectual culture and discipline of the day.

ALL RIGHT AT LAST.—The money realized by the Wilson Gift Concert and which the Superintendent refused to accept, and which has caused so much agitation in the State, has been arrested for the benefit of the Orphans. Over three hundred dollars in provisions have been already shipped to Oxford, and the receipt acknowledged in the last *Children's Friend* as follows:

"Contributed by friends of Orphans, through Todd, Schenck & Co., Baltimore, 5 barrels of flour, 519 pounds sugar, 131 pounds coffee, 44 gallons molasses, 553 pounds hams, 302 lbs Breakfast strips, 225 pounds lard."

It is right that the orphans should have the benefit of this contribution. It was intended for them and they have received part and will get the balance in due time. We think the receipt should be published in justice to the committee.

The above is copied from the *Wilson Advance* of the 14th inst.

Notice of this contribution was received in Mr. Mills' absence on a trip to Mars Hill, accompanied by a receipted bill for the articles from Messrs. Todd, Schenck & Co., of Baltimore. I employed a wagon to bring them from Henderson, and when they came I found them all of the best quality and their arrival was certainly very opportune.

The bill and the accompanying letter stated that this was a contribution from "Friends of the Orphans." Beyond this I made no inquiry nor do I suppose that Mr. Mills would had he been here. One thing is certain; if he should decide that he ought not to accept the donation, after knowing whence it came, he will be a little too late, for there is not much of it now left to be rejected.

When the things came there was no intimation that they were purchased with the money raised by the gift Concert.

What he would have done, if he had been notified beforehand that the lottery money was to be employed for the purchase of provisions for the Asylum, I have no means of knowing; and what I should have done myself, is a question not involved in the matter. I will state, however, that I am as much opposed to lotteries as any one.

JAMES H. MOORE  
Steward of the  
Orphan Asylum

If our paper is found to contain more typographical and other errors this week than usual, we shall not apologize, but mention, in extenuation that our printer has been sick all the week and the type setting has done by two of our orphan boys, Samuel Bogus and Benjamin Parrott—the former having been in the office a little over two months and the latter less than two weeks. We are indebted to Samuel Jones of the Torch Light office for working off the outside of the paper on the press.

We will put Sam and Ben against any two boys in any office in the State, of their age and experience, for the amount of type they can set and cleanness of proof.

WHAT IS GUM ARABIC?—After the rainy season in Morocco, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people for the time being almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

When the Emperor of China died the chief physician of the court was decapitated. China is not a healthy place for physicians.

THE NEW TWENTY CENT SILVER COIN.

The designs of the twenty cent silver piece authorized by act of congress of March 3, 1875, were selected and approved yesterday by Hon. H. R. Lindeman, director of the mint. The obverse design contains a sitting figure of Liberty, with the word "Liberty," inscribed on the shield, the whole surrounded by thirteen stars. Beneath the figure the date "1875." On the reverse the figure of an eagle surrounded by the inscription, "United States of America," and beneath the eagle the words, "Twenty Cents." At Dr. Lindeman's suggestion, the edge or periphery of the coin will be perfectly smooth, in order to distinguish it from the twenty-five cent coin, which bear a reeded or fluted edge. As the piece is too small to admit the legend, "E Pluribus Unum," or the motto, omitted. The new coin was mainly intended for circulation in the Pacific coast States, where the want of such coin has long been felt in making change, and where the lowest coin in circulation is the dime or ten cents silver piece. —*Nap. Rep.* 15th.

Praying Over Lessons.

"There," said a little boy, "I have learned my lesson sooner than ever. I believe it does good to pray over my books."

He was asked what he meant by so saying.

"Well, when I came home from school, and looked over my lesson, I thought how difficult it was. At first I said it cannot be learnt in so short a time as I have; but then teacher had told me about Daniel and his three companions; so I thought, if prayer aided them, it might help me. I then prayed over my lessons, asking God to make my memory good, and I learned my lesson in half the time."

This little boy took an excellent method and if he continues to look to God for a blessing on his studies, he will not look in vain. And why not ask Divine aid in one's studies, as well as in anything else? Learning is not easy work, and we need God to help us. Our minds are under His control, and He can make the memory strong, and enable us to do more work in one hour than we could other wise do in two.

Musical Sands.

Last summer, says *Scribner's Monthly*, we saw on the beach of Cape Ann that singular track of sea shore called the Musical Strand. The grains of sand send up a faint musical sound as the foot slides over them. We were told that in the night, when the air is still, the waves, pushing up against the dry particles, and then receding, will urge out at least three distinct notes in tune. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be that the sand is composed of particles of granite, worn off the surface of the ridge with which the shore is barricaded, and that their edges are not at all rounded by attrition. They have been rolled up and down for these unreckoned years, just as any other mass is rolled, under the action of tide and tempest; but they have kept their shape without being worn away. Examine them carefully, and one sees as well as feels that they remain sharp on every point, often keen as a pin and thin as a wafer. Hurry them, when hot and dry, against each other, and they will vibrate like so many pieces of steel.

Going to the Mountains.

The Mars Hill Asylum needs a one-horse wagon and a strong mule to pull it. The Doctor said some of the orphan boys would be improved in health by going to the mountains. So the big mule, and a strong wagon made by Mr. Haightcock of Oxford, and three boys, James Blythe, Samuel Sutton, and James Evans, started on Thursday, April 13th, from Oxford and turned their cheerful faces towards the far off West. The road near Oxford was bad, as usual in the Spring. Tar River was crossed on a good bridge; at Tally Ho the party halted, fed and dined. From the Knop-of-Reeds to Flat River the roads seemed to defy the boldest efforts of the strongest traveler. Even as good a man as Mr. Jo. Woods was blocked with mud of the deepest and toughest kind. But, somehow, the mule pulled through and found rest at Staggyville where Mr. Phil Sutherlin and his kind family extended a hospitality all were prepared to enjoy.

Fording Little River at Orange Factory, the roads began to be firm and the April sun soon made them tolerably dry. Dinner was cooked and eaten at St. Mary's Chapel in Orange; Hillsborough was passed at 4 o'clock, and then, because neither oats, fodder nor hay could be had on the road, the mule was pushed, and the camp fire was built in sight of the depot at Mebanesville. A kind merchant at Mebanesville supplied fodder and oats for the mule, and eggs, apples and molasses for the boys. What a jolly supper, and how grateful all felt to the friend who refused any compensation when he might have received double the usual price without hearing a murmur! Paul describes that very man when he says, "Given to hospitality."

A bed was made in a corner of the fence and balmy sleep imparted new strength to weary limbs. About 1 o'clock a cloud came over and drops of rain began to fall. Alas, for the unprotected campers! But only a few drops fell, when a friendly wind seized the angry cloud in its ample arms and bore it rapidly away, and the moon and stars once more smiled upon the sleepers.

On Thursday Haw River was crossed. A kind friend helped the boys out of the mud and they reached Company Shops at noon. So far the weather has been good and the people kind.

Here is a picture worthy of the brush of Mr. Brown. The party had passed a house and been recognized by the family; a beautiful little girl came running after the wagon; one of the boys got out and ran to meet her, she gave him a pair of socks—just what he needed—and then blushed and ran back towards her home.

(To be continued.)

GIFT Concert.

We have had advertisements of gift concerts in our paper nearly all the time we have been publishing it; but we do not advise persons to buy tickets. On the contrary, we deem it our duty to discourage the practice. We have not time to write a long article on the spirit of gambling which is pervading the country to an alarming extent. The young and old in some shape or other are all at it, trying to get money without working for it. We merely wish to ask the parent who has several boys what effect would his drawing ten thousand dollars have on them? Would it not injure them? Would they not be buying lottery tickets to the end of time? Besides, how few *green people* would be benefited by drawing a large prize? We put it in the most favorable light. Surely, none will contend that any advantage is to be derived from buying lottery tickets and drawing nothing in return. If the rising generation of boys do not all turn out gamblers, it will not be because temptations have not been thrown in their way. —*Dorset's Times.*

When and Where Does the Day Begin.

The *Scientific American* thus answers this question; "As we travel eastward the day begins earlier, near the equator starlight appears an hour earlier for each thousand miles going east. When it is sunrise in New York, the people of Europe have had sunlight for many hours, and the Californians are still in their beds dreaming. Evidently the day has a first beginning and at the eastward. But how far and where? What are the people who first see the light on Monday morning?"

It is the sun which brings the day; where does he first bring Monday? If we could travel with him, we might find out. Let us suppose the case. We will take an early start; at sunrise on Sunday morning, with the sun just on the point of peeping over the horizon behind us; we travel westward. As we go the people give us a Sunday greeting; we bring Sunday with us to Pittsburg, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco. At San Francisco our faithful chronometer informs us that we have been on the tramp about five hours. But we started on Sunday morning, and it is Sunday morning still. We go on, still on Sunday morning. Will this Sunday morning ever end? The quiet Pacific knows but little of Sunday, or any other day, and our question scarcely receives an echo for reply. When we get to Yokohama in Japan, or Shanghai in China, we search for some Yankee, wide awake in the early morning, and we are told for the first time that Monday has come. Everywhere now we bring Monday, and in twenty-four hours, by the chronometer, after starting, we are in New York again, and find the merchants taking down their shutters and the Monday newspapers telling us what has happened during our absence."

CHANGE YOUR "GAUGE."—Several of our State papers are accusing Col. Buford of changing the "gauge" of a road. If they will change their "gauge" to gauge, their language will probably express their meaning.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Oxford, N. C. Form of Application for Admission to the Orphan Asylum.

..... N. C., ..... 1875

This is to certify that Wm. H. Miller is an orphan, without estate, and 12 years of age. His father died in 1861; his mother ..... I, being his mother ..... hereby make application for his admission into the Asylum, at Oxford, N. C.; and I also relinquish and convey, to the officers of the Asylum, the management and control of the said orphan for 12 years, in order that he may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

Wm. H. Miller  
Approved by .....