

# ORPHANS FRIEND.

IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

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## This Paper

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### EYERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

M. C. G. in Oakdale Student.

In the vast field of nature we find something to illustrate every trait of human character. To the observant person nature affords a wide field of study. But there are too many persons who pass through life and gather no lessons from the great teacher, Nature. "Every rose has its thorn." What a fitting illustration of human nature is the rose. It is one of the most beautiful and delicate of flowers, and yet its branches are covered with thorns. So with kind humanity. At best it is but a perplexing complication of peculiarities, and there is no person wholly free from faults. The canvas upon which life is pictured does not present a harmonious view. It is up by peace, joy and sunshine, but one that is often darkened by sorrow. It is not a sea whose waters flow calmly and gently along, but one that is constantly upheaved by contesting waves. We are not then to expect our lives in this world to be radiant with sunshine, glimmering with the sparkles of rainbow hues, but we shall be called upon to clasp the hand of grief and care, for every cup of joy is also mingled with much sadness, and he who cannot sip from this cup cannot take the sweet without the bitter. We sometimes think that the cup from which we are about to sip is all pleasure, but only too soon we taste the bitter drugs of disappointment. The ambitious mind often has its bright air castles overthrown by peaks of changing fortune, yes, we often sit for hours building huge castles in the air, picturing the brightest and sunniest side that nature can assume, imagining ourselves the happy possessors of her richest, rarest, and most generous gifts, only too soon to find them trampled under foot and demolished by a single stroke of time's impartial hand. Look at that young girl with nymph-like form, flitting around the ball-room. We would never think from looking at that face now, all aglow with smiles, that she allowed one care to cross the threshold of her heart. But if you could have followed, day by day, as she trod the path of life you would have heard many deep drawn sighs and seen many tears wrung from her aching heart at the thought of the affections of some cherished idol, at whose shrine she worships, growing cold and strange.

Think not, because the eye is bright, And smiles are laughing there, The heart that beats within is light, And free from pain and care.

A blush may tinge the darkest cloud Ere Sol's last ray depart, And under the sunniest smile May lurk the saddest heart.

The seeker of financial pleasure attains his object only by hard endeavor, and finds connected with it a thousand stings which mar the anticipated enjoyment. All mankind is doomed to this fate of disappointment. Ask that old man with faltering step and pained hand, with wrinkled brow and head white with the frost of age if his life has been all sunshine, and he will say no. He will tell you that often his brightest dreams have been nipped in the bud. He has long ago tasted the

bitterness of hope destroyed. The human race has been deceived so often by multiplicity of delusions which have and always will exist. The confidence has been shaken, hopes have been shattered, and lives have been ruined; and the cry is heard, "we know not whom to trust." "Even innocence itself hath many a wild." The bitter experiences of life have been taught us that "All that glitters is not gold." If this then is the fate of all, we need not be cast down on not finding all the paths which we have to tread in the journey of life strewn with flowers. What is the sunlight without, if clouds did not sometimes hide its brightness; what is the spring, or the summer, if the lessons of the chilling winter did not teach us the story of their warmth. Such is life, checked with joys and sorrows, hopes, and fears. How rapidly it speeds away. We come upon the stage, play our brief parts, and then the dark waters of oblivion roll over us, and none can tell where we have gone. "The ruins of heaven level the little hillocks that rise above our senseless ashes; the marble monument crumbles and falls to dust; the willows planted by the hands of loving friends droop and decay, and we are as though we had never been." We are nevertheless consoled by the thought that every cloud hath a silver lining. There is a bright side to everything. It is true that mingled with the brighter hues of every life is such sadness and sorrow, but there is also pleasure; for we often sip sweetness ere the cup is dashed from our lips.

How vain are all things here below, How false and yet how fair, How pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky Shine with deceiving light; We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess delight.

With all life's joys, with all its sweets, with all the pleasure it contains, we can never, never forget that "Every rose conceals a thorn."

### NO TOOTH, NO TOOTHACHE.

Irish Temperance League Journal.

"You can't make a man sober by Act of Parliament."

So they say. I thought it over. It didn't seem to me a self-evident proposition.

"Why not?" said I. Then came a crusher.

"You might as well try to cure toothache by Act of Parliament."

This made me reflect. I had been troubled with the toothache. Worried by it. Madened by it. Kept off my work, my meals, my happiness by it. My health was failing in consequence. My temper was gone. My mind was going. I was invited to try various remedies.

"Stop it," said one.

"But how?" I inquired.

"Fill the tooth with gold," they explained.

The tooth was thus primed, but the toothache went on.

"Clear it out," said others.

"How—how?" was my agonized exclamation.

"Cleanse the blessed thing," they told me.

I did. I got it inspected. Illuminated. Syringed. Fumigated. Made beautiful with camphorated chalk, bath brick, plate powder, and floriline. No Good.

"Give it a rest on Sundays," said a clerical friend.

I tried this. Even on Sundays there were some bonafide twinges, on Monday it was as ever. What was I to do?

Be extra careful what you let into it," advised a civil functionary.

Nothing could exceed my care. Three magistrates certified the good, harmless, excellent character of all I put into my tooth. I felt safe. Not for long. I soon felt sold. The results

were disappointing. Distressing. Excruciating. Some-how the certificate application lost its virtue the moment it got inside.

Hold a drink of water in your mouth, and set on the fire till it boils," urged a knowing one.

I began to think this was the only remedy. At last I took counsel of a fanatic.

"Try the Parliamentary cure," he said.

"What's that?" said I.

"Have the tooth pulled out; a short Act will do it!"

This seemed drastic. It would leave a gap in my social system. I should miss an old friend. The tooth had a vested interest. I hesitated. I took courage.

"Let the operation cost what it may, it must come," I cried.

So I summoned the dentist.

"I am ready for the parliamentary cure said I.

It took a strong pull. It was done. The tooth was gone. So was the toothache. I was happy.

Once more I reflected. Extraction cures toothache. I had never realized this before. No tooth, no toothache. This is strange but true. And yet you can't make a man sober by Act of Parliament?

Let us see. No tooth, no toothache. Granted. No drink traffic, no. Eh. What! is that a fact? No drink traffic no drink. I never thought of that. No drink no drunkenness. I see. A mule with no hind legs don't kick. He is quiet. If a man can get nothing he don't drink. He is sober. An Act of Parliament can make him so. By white washing the public house? Not quite. Sanctifying it on Sundays, in big places only? Scarcely. What then, do you want Parliament to enact? PROHIBITION.

### AN OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

The *New York World* recently had this to say about the destruction of the First Dutch church, Brooklyn, and its past history:

Under pick and spade the remains of the old Dutch church on Joralemon street are fast disappearing. The ground is now a scene of confusion. Those shapely Ionic capitals, the purest model of Greek art on Long Island, are lying in the dust of brick and mortar, the meaner materials of the walls of the front of the church was designed after the finest Grecian temples, and its simplicity and majesty were the admiration of all lovers of art.

The bricks used in the old building are piled on one side. The wooden columns are thrown ignominiously in a heap in the rear, with the shutters, planking and other wood work of the building. The marble capitals and facing of the foundation stones are lying where they fell, some of them broken and indented. The whole presents an aspect of ruthless ruin.

The corner-stone was reached yesterday afternoon. It was behind the lowest slab of marble on the north-east corner of the building. Next to it was an irregular-shaped piece of brown stone which had been taken from the church of 1807. This was carefully taken out and will be placed in the new church when the congregation build one. The box containing the records in the corner-stone was then lifted from its place, but fell to pieces as it was being taken out. Moisture had penetrated the joints of the stone and the wood had grown mouldily so that it broke apart. Only a few papers were found in it, including a report of the Foreign Missionary Society. The leaves were all wet and blackened with time and could not be separated without tearing. They are entirely beyond preservation. The seal of the corporation, which was kept in the church, is in

very good condition. It represents the figure of Justice seated with a church in the distance, and the dove of peace flying down from above. The inscription surrounding it is "Reformed Dutch Church of the Town of Brooklyn." Besides these there remain the original Dutch records made by Dominie Selyns in 1660, and a communion service presented to the church in 1684, on Oct. 3, by Maria Baddie, a descendant of the original settler of Brooklyn, Abraham Bennet. Her descendant of the sixth generation, Mrs. Charlotte Nostrand, is still living in Brooklyn.

Things are quite different now—days from the time when the first minister counted twenty-seven persons in his congregation, and the whole population of Brooklyn amounted to one hundred and thirty-four persons, divided among thirty-one families. The church has grown rich in spite of successive removals, and the price paid for the property, according to the deeds of transfer passed a few days ago, was \$250,000. The Flatbush church is the oldest, having been organized in 1654; but it was not long before the Dutch burghers of Breuckelen began to "kick" at having to travel so far to church on Sundays. They declined to support the minister, and the Dutch Governor had to enjoin their gathering the harvest in 1656 until they had paid their tithes. Then they wanted a pastor of their own, and four years later he was secured in person of Henry Selyns. The first church, erected in 1666, was away out in the fields, where Wechsler & Abrahams store now stands. It was built on the walls of an old stone fort constructed to defend the settlers against the Maricawick Indians, who swarmed all about Atlantic street and Flatbush Avenue. One hundred years later, in 1807, the old building was pulled down and a new one erected on its site. In 1807 they moved to the location on Joralemon street, then a country lane, and the latest building was constructed, the corner-stone being laid on May 22, 1834, and the edifice consecrated on May 7 of the following year. The congregation are now worshipping in Dr. Bethune's old church on the Heights. The pastor of the congregation, Rev. L. R. Vanderveer, and his faithful elders, are on the lookout for a new edifice worthy of their present flourishing condition.

### INTERVIEWING A SENATOR.

"Newspaper men are keen," said Senator Sherman, "and Washington is a great place for their development. I remember on one occasion one of them called on me to get my views on some question of finance current at the time, and I was very busy hanging pictures in my house and not interested very much just then in great national issues. I told him I hadn't a thing to tell him, that I had already only a few days before made an exhaustive speech on the subject, and was pumped dry. He looked sad, I thought, and I did what I could to console him, but couldn't give him any points for an interview—not a word—and he went away. The day after I saw a copy of his paper, a leading daily, and there I found a column of talk with myself on the question at issue. They were my sentiments exactly, too. How did he get it? Why, he just took a copy of my speech, and making his questions, he picked answers from the speech until he had made up as precise an interview as the most exacting editor could ask."—*Washington Critic.*

"I see the Socialists of Chicago are in a ferment," observed the judge. "You surely are mistaken," replied the major. "Mistaken! dear no. Didn't I see it in a paper?" "Can't help it, if you did. Ferment means to work, and that's something Socialists don't do."

### HOW TO DISAPPOINT A BALKY HORSE

The *Fitchburg Sentinel* tells how a Leominster farmer cured his horse of a balky freak by gentle means. He drove him to a rack-wagon, to the wood-lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to bed at sunset and asked him to draw but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. I went to the barn, got blankets, covered the horse-warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was probably hungry and lonesome—he drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim this method, if rightly used, is better for both horse and man than to beat the animal with a club."

### ABOUT CHEERFUL MEN.

How many of us have told not to judge, and yet to judge, the angels of the judging sand dollars to throw away, I wouldn't buy one of them. I used to have a positive reverence for a smiling, grinning, bland-voiced man. Many a time I've met Smith or green or white, on my way down town, and it would jump my soul a foot high to hear him call out:

"Well my boy, beautiful morning, eh? Isn't everything just lovely? Why I seem to be floating in mid-air! Why, sir, I wouldn't trade this earth for all the Heavens ever preached about by ministers. Have a cigar! No! Then have a drink! No! Dear me! but what can I do to brighten you up and make you feel like an angel on roller skates?"

And I'd stand off and look at him and wonder if the land beyond the skies really did contain a happier soul. Ah! the old hypocrite! I got to know in after years that his children were afraid of him, his wife trembled when he entered the door, and that it was his daily habit to growl out as he left the door:

"Wood! I bought \$2 worth last week. If that's gone we'll go without until Saturday. You are the most extravagant woman in Detroit. I believe you burn it up to spite me. Soap! Didn't I get a bar last Saturday? If you let the children play horse with the soap you must take the consequences. Go down on the ferry! I'd like to see myself lugging three or four younguns and a limping wife around town!"

Your habitually cheerful man is an old fraud and a liar. He is well-dressed, while his children are the rag bags of the neighborhood. He has a dollar for cigars when his wife wears a bonnet six years old. He passes for a whole-souled fellow with the public, but is a fault-finder at home. You'll see him taking the cool breezes on the river, while his family are weltering in a stuffy house on the back street.

I want to see a man grin when there's anything to grin at, but when Green gets up in the morning and declares he hasn't had a meal fit to eat for the last three months, and that he can't see why his wife is always groaning around and his children always whining, he has no business to stop the first man he meets, with a smile clear back to his ears, and shout out:

"Why, old fellow, how solemn you do look! Brace up, man—

life is worth the living ten times over!"

I used to reverence Green. He had a grip of the hand like a carpenter's vice—he had a voice as bland as June—he'd make a consumptive believe that nothing more than a sore heel was the matter. I used to hold him in high regard and see to hear his hearty voice and see his serene countenance, and I'd go about my day's work wondering what sort of a guardian angel he had. I found out one day when a policeman had to go in and stop him from beating his wife.

When you find a man who can grin over the servant girl's jumping out at an hour's notice, with wife flat in bed and the children having a scarlet fever look around the eyes, don't you go off on a fishing trip with him. When a man can soar among the angels with bill collectors ringing his door bell—last week's grocery bill unpaid—the children wanting shoes—the rent running behind and his wife coughing all night long, he's an infernal old fraud and ought to be kicked. When a chap who has frozen the children, jawed the cook and blasted his wife as a sort of morning tonic before leaving the house meets you about a block from the gate and is troubled because you haven't got your angel's harp on your shoulder, keep your hand on any stray half-dollar you happen to have about you. He's mean enough to steal chicken broth from a boy with a broken back.—*M. Quad.*

### A Cure for the Most Dangerous Wounds.

An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent has sent us the following: The smoke of woolen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds. A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken into her finger in three pieces, one of which was bent double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pincers, but they were very strongly imbedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lockjaw. The woolen rags were put over the coals, and she held her finger over the smoke, and in a very short time all the pain was gone and it never returned, though it was some little time before the finger healed. This is but one of the many instances of such cures, some of them taking place several days from the time of the wound. Let woolen rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and steam will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lockjaw or even a long, painful sequel to a wound. Another instance was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministrant of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been frightful.

A Kansas correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* writes to that magazine that he has found common "blue pill" to be a cure for chicken cholera, if given as soon as the fowls are first taken, but finds nothing of any avail for turkeys' cholera. "We doubt," says the editor, "if any means of cure can be depended on as effective. The cure comes too late, and prevention only will avail anything. This consists of great care as to the feed and water and cleanliness at all times. Half an ounce of sulphur for every dozen fowls given once a week in the feed is of great value."

### Good Meat and Bad Meat.

The *Sanitarian* for May, in an editorial on the subject, says:

The selection of food is always important, but in cholera times especially, and particularly with regard to meats, it behooves all who do the marketing to be on the scent, sight, feel, and taste with regard to the first condition of wholesomeness.

The cooking of meats, with very few exceptions, is an essential condition of wholesomeness. But no matter how excellent this art, it should never be allowed to obscure or deceive the senses. Some "underdone" meats are more savory, but they are not more wholesome, while in some cases they involve danger; for thorough cooking destroys certain parasites which may have escaped discovery in the selection of meat, which survive in meats underdone. Good meat has little color, and this is not disagreeable, whereas the meat of diseased animals, or that which has been kept too long, smells faint and cadaverous, and soon times has the odor of medicine, especially when it is fresh cut, and soaked for an hour or two in hot water.

Good meat is neither of a pale pinkish color, nor of a deep purplish tint; the former is indicative of disease, and the latter is a sign that the animal died from natural causes, or has been affected with some disease, whereas meat that is sound and of a well fed animal has a marbled appearance from the deposition of intercellular fat; to the feel, it is firm and somewhat elastic, and does not moisten the fingers; and the internal fat—that which lines the ribs and covers the kidneys—is hard, stony and dry. On the contrary, diseased meat is soft and watery, with no elasticity; and the fat often looks like jelly or sodden parchment, and is sometimes so moist—especially after it has been kept a day or two—that water runs from it, and then it is technically "wet," a pretty sure sign that it is bad. Under the microscope the fibre of good meat is well defined and free from infusorial animalcules, while that of diseased meat is soaked and slimy, the fibres insinuating and wide apart, and more or less filled with minute organisms. The signs of parasitic diseases, however, are not always well marked, although the measles or cysticercus of the pig, and the distoma or fluke of the liver of the sheep, when present, are easily discovered. On the other hand, the measles-like cysticercus of veal and beef, and the trichinae of pork and ham, are less easily detected; but meat affected with trichinae may generally be suspected by its darker hue and excessive moisture, and especially from its being infiltrated with bloody serum.

In cooking, good meat shrinks but little and does not lose much weight; the juice is always slightly acid, and contains an excess of phosphate and potash salts. But bad meat shrivels up, boils to pieces, or "breaks down," in consequence of an excess of serum and gelatinous substance. Diseased meat is always more or less likely to disagree with those who eat it, and it is a mistake to suppose that cooking is always a corrective, or destroys the poisonous quality. While trichinae and other parasites may be and are destroyed by sufficient cooking, the meat is unwholesome, liable to cause cholera morbus and other derangements, though not liable to communicate the parasitic disease. The flesh of animals which have died of pleuro pneumonia and other febrile diseases is also dangerous, the opinion of some veterinarians and most butchers to the contrary notwithstanding.

### THE VALUE OF TIME.

The value of time is never so fully recognized as when only a few hours more remain in which to finish some necessary task, and the sands of the hour-glass are visibly running out, with a speed which promises to cut short our labors. "We take no note of time, from its loss," and it is only when the time that remains to us is very short that we are likely to appreciate what the loss of time really means. Yet whatever time still is ours—a month, a year, or half a century—the sands are running from the glass with the same relentless speed as if all that was left to us were half an hour. And if we were wiser, we would be as diligent to redeem our time when long years seem before us, as when we know that a few short minutes will be the end of our labor and of our opportunities.—*Sunday School Times.*

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be removed.—*D. Johnson.*