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Songs of the Thanksgiving Bird



Let poets sing the lark a-wing,
The thrush's silvery piping,
The mocking-bird to rapture stirred,
The robin's rhythmic wooing,
Ay! let them praise in lyric lays
The blue, ay pet and peray,
But O for me each time, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey!

Fair Madge may pet her parrot
As wondrous wise and wary,
And Misses Maud may loudly laud
Her cunning young Canary,
Content an I as days slip by,
And skies above grow murky,
If it's my luck to hear—"cluck, cluck!"—
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.

Then let prevail the love of quail,
Ye skilled men of the cartridge,
Give meed profuse to grouse and goose,
To woodcock and to partridge,
Faith, naught I care how others fare,
If sour they look or snirky,
When hot for me is served, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.
—Harry Delouze.

was full, while two men yet stood on the deck of the fatal vessel—Captain Ross and George Vassar, the man whose bright eyes had stolen Mary Armitage away from her first lover. An old sailor started up from his cot.

"Captain! Captain! this musn't be! Take this care! I'm not such a lubber as to save myself—see you perish!" "Sit down, sir!" roared the captain. "Do you suppose discipline isn't discipline now, just as much as ever it was? I am captain of this craft, and I mean to stand by her to the last. Only," turning to Mr. Vassar, as the discomfited old salt dropped down into his seat. "I'm sorry for you, sir! I have always expected some such end as this; but you—"

George Vassar had become deadly pale—he clasped his hand to his eyes. "May God have mercy on Mary and the little ones," he uttered.

With a sudden movement, Guy Dayrel swung himself past Aymescourt once more, on to the deck of the fast-setting ship.

"Mr. Vassar," he said quietly, "take my place. You have a wife and children. I have no one to care whether I perish or not. Don't stop to thank me—go at once. And if your wife should ask you who it was that reeked so little of his life, tell her it was one Guy Dayrel!"

There was a crash and splintering of the timbers, as Dayrel almost pushed Vassar into the boat. The Forest Queen settled lower and lower, and went down in the very sight of the horror-stricken survivors.

George Vassar sat at his Thanksgiving board that afternoon, with red and white chrysanthemums decking the feast, and wreaths of autumn leaves rivaling the coral shine of the red embers on the hearth—sat with wife and little ones at his side, and warmth and brightness all around. Four or five miles below, washed ashore by the cruel rush of the waves, with his white face turned up toward the darkening autumn sky, and seaweed in his wet locks, lay the corpse of Guy Dayrel.

But perhaps there was no night ever to overshadow his Thanksgiving Day!

A Thanksgiving Dinner, Hard, Though Pleasantly Earned.

Day was certainly behind time. There we sat craving our necks to locate the glorious bird, but it was too dark to see them in the foliage of the magnolias. When the sky began to clear up we took standing positions, and made our necks ache by looking upward. I was the first to see the game, and this one was directly over my head, and it was only a few moments more when each, except the boy, was sighting along his gun barrel waiting for the word "Ready." All of us

THANKS GIVING



For what are we thankful? For this:
For the breath and the sunlight of life;
For the love of the child, and the kiss
On the lips of the mother and wife.

For roses entwining,
For birds and for bloom;
And hopes that are shining
Like stars in the gloom.

For what are we thankful? For this:
The strength and the patience of toil;
For even the love that we miss—
The hope of the seed in the soil.

For souls that are whiter
From day into day;
And lives that are brighter
From going God's way.

For what are we thankful? For all
The sunshine—the sunset—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along!

For simple, sweet living,
(This love that doth teach it)
A heaven foriving,
And faith that can reach it!
—E. L. Stanton.

FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Indian Chiefs Were Hospitably Entertained by Pilgrim Fathers.

The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, in order that the Colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty, writes Clifford Howard, in the Ladies' Home Journal. In preparation for the feast "gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast, especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air.

The Pumpkin Pie.

Oh, on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest;
When the gray-haired New Englander sees
Round his hearth
The old broken lines of affection restored;
When the care-worn man sees his mother once more,
And the warm matron smiles where the girl
Smiled before—
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich
pumpkin pie?
—Whittier.

A Thanksgiving Day.



He feels thankful because he can feel.

MEXICO GULF STORMS.

HURRICANES THAT LEAVE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THEIR TRACK.

Born in the Saragosa Sea, They Sweep with Resistless Fury Over the Waters of the Great Gulf, Storms That Ravaged the Southern Coast, Galveston's Danger.

The Gulf of Mexico is a water of storms, not frequent, but frenziedly violent. It is, in effect, an immense scallot cut from the land, and hurricanes seem to gravitate to it naturally. They are born in the neighborhood of the Sa agosa sea, strike the West Indies and not infrequently leave the sea islands at a tangent, just as a ball hurled at an obtuse angle against a wall slides along it for a little space and again seeks vacancy. These erratic forces of the air strike the coast of Mexico, or the coast of Texas, according to their angle, and death is in their track. The things called "tidal waves" in that section are not really tidal waves. They are not caused by an upheaval. They are merely local in effect. They are not vast walls of water moving with resistless speed and weight over the face of the ocean. They are waves backed up against a low coast by wind pressure until they overtop. In many instances the submergence is gradual, and a pleasurable opportunity for escape is given, other times the violence of the air makes them sudden and people are drowned.

Probably the most severe storm, with its resultant "tidal wave," in the history of the gulf, occurred on the 10th of August, 1856, striking the coast line farther east, at the mouth of the Mississippi. This storm lasted three days. Such was the weight of the wind that the Mississippi rose twenty feet at Donaldsonville, which is more than a hundred miles from the river's mouth. Six hundred people were drowned on Lake Derriere, or Last Island, a New Orleans summer resort. Many hurricanes have occurred since then, but folks in Louisiana still speak of that one as "the great storm." The stroller in the graveyard of the Crescent City frequently finds a mossy stone recording the name of some victim of the disaster. No bones are underneath. The body was taken far to sea by the mighty reflux and became food for fishes. The stone was erected merely in memory. A riverman once described to me the Lake Derriere storm as "a wind that you could lean your back against. For three days it was as steady as a wall."

In 1875 the witch call of the West Indian air demon sounded along the Texas coast. From Brownsville to Sabine pass the diapason thrummed and the lashed waters ate up the land. In Matagorda bay, in Kokone bay, in Lavaca bay no ship might ride. Looking southward a man saw only a world of mountains in upheaval. The sky was gray, but no clouds were visible. All were blown into the same dull saucer. Fifteen miles inland the limbs of such trees as wore throned, the light dripped salt. Dead wild fowl were found on the beaches in dozens. Sometimes only the tip of a leg or an arm projected from the sand. Fishes gasped out their lives where happy homes had stood. All of that smiling and prosperous country was a ruin. Of the turning little town of Inhabla some three or four houses were left, but no one lives in them to this day. It is a deserted village. More than half of its people were drowned. Others escaped in ways grotesquely strange. One woman rode out the night, with her baby clasped in her arms, in the top of a tree that had snatched her perch. When daylight broke she was ten miles inland. The father was never seen again. Dozens of small towns were partly destroyed. The death lists are still incomplete.

Galveston was far to the eastward, yet it suffered loss of life and property. Waves washed through the principal streets. Goods in cellars were ruined. Houses on its famous beach put out to sea. Little children were drowned in front yards. Shipping was grounded to pieces against the wharves. New bars were formed and new channels dug. It was a time of terror of which the Galvestonian still speaks with hated breath. Indeed, it may be said that the people of that prosperous city of the sea live in expectation of a similar disaster. They are used to it and go about their vocations in a light-hearted way, but the dread is there. Galveston is built upon a long, sandy island some six miles from the mainland. Upon its gulf side it is exposed to the full fury of the elements. There is nothing to speak of between it and Europe. Its most elevated point is not more than ten feet above high tide. No great tidal wave would be required to rip the soil out of it. Not much of it would have been left if it had borne the brunt of the storm which howled through Indian land. Almost any night the Galvestonian may wake to find only a market between him and the locker of David Jones.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sheff's Loss of Miss M., however, is a sad story, and is a warning to all who are engaged in a similar business. It is a warning to all who are engaged in a similar business. It is a warning to all who are engaged in a similar business.

PATTI'S PARROT.

Lost From One Vessel, In Mid-Ocean, It Made Its Way to Another.

The adventures of Miss Patti's parrot, Koko, form a little chapter of great interest to himself, disconsolation and tears on the part of his mistress and of curious coincidences touching the bird, owner and the Samaritan of the seas who acts the graceful part of rescuer.

In 1888 the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Gray, theatrical speculators and managers, included in their various enterprises a tour with Miss Patti and a strong opera company to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Rio. Marcus Mayer, business manager, went out in advance, and on the royal mail steamer Patus formed the acquaintance of an African parrot, whose linguistic abilities elevated him to the distinction of being almost as polyglot as the accomplished Mr. Mayer himself. Before leaving England Miss Patti had commissioned the agent to procure for her any South American birds of plumage or song that he might meet with, and especially a half-dozen of the gayly feathered but by no means musical macaws, for which Brazil is famous. The parrot was not included in any of the specifications, but his ready use of Spanish, Portuguese, French and English a few words, at least, in all of them—and some ridiculous speech in the dialect of the West India natives justified his purchase from the chief engineer of the Patus, and when Miss Patti arrived at the Hotel d'Etanger, in Rio, Koko was awaiting her in her apartments with the greeting, "Soy koko—a disposition austed."

And his more bird-like companions he at first attracted but in the attention, but in a few days, possibly having heard his mistress sing, he evinced his delight in a manner so flattering that he was raised to the position of first favorite. At Montevideo a Senor Hona, the editor of the newspaper, El Expreso, gave Koko a gold collar, inscribed in Spanish with the words: "I am Koko, the polyglot parrot of the Patus. I don't sing myself, but there are angel voices in our family."

Wearing his collar as usual, Koko was seated on his mistress's shoulder one morning in the deck saloon of the homeward-bound steamship Ionia. The ice door of the saloon was open, when some children threw open the one on the windward side and came in with a rush that startled the bird from his perch. Unaccustomed to use his wings, he was caught in the current of wind and swept out of the saloon, and, despite his own endeavors, in a moment was over the side and adrift in the northeast trades. For half an hour they watched him, until he became a black speck in the distance and finally disappeared. This happened in the latter part of August, 1888.

The next morning the sailors of the American bark Lapping, from Rio to Baltimore, found Koko in the mizen-top exhausted and speechless, but, under the care of Mrs. Stalling, the captain's wife, he recovered his vigor and voice, and since then until recently, has been going up and down the South American coast with his mistress. Some months ago the Lapping being at sea on a voyage from the Chinese to New York, somewhere south of the Cape of Good Hope, met an American whaler, who asked for fresh provisions and news. A boat was sent with the needed articles, and the whaler in exchange threw on a pile of old New York Herald for 1888. They were a shabby and worn, but Mrs. Stalling, turning them carelessly over, caught the headline, "Madame Patti's Koko Lost at Sea." It formed part of a cable dispatch from London. The correspondent of that journal, having met Mr. Abbey on his return home, had inquired about the South American tour, and had been told that it was successful, with no greater mishap than the loss of Madame's favorite parrot Koko, which had been blown off the ship somewhere near the equator.

Up to this time neither Captain Stalling nor his wife knew to whom the bird belonged, for they had not associated the family name, Nicolin, engraved on the bird's collar with the one by which the great singer is known to the public. On arriving at New York they easily learned the whereabouts of the great singer, and, under the charge of a friend of their crossing on the Lucania, Koko finished the interrupted voyage to England and was restored to his delighted mistress.—London Letter in Philadelphia Times.

How One Physician Vaccinates.

Dr. John B. Head, an old practitioner of fifty years' experience, and county health officer at Tuscaloosa, Ala., made public recently his formula for vaccination, which, he says, he has never known to fail. The process is simple. Take a fine needle and thread with silk or cotton thread, and moisten about one-fourth of an inch of the thread with vaccine matter or virus; then draw the needle through the skin until that portion of the thread contains the virus is passed, under the skin; the upper end of the thread, leaving the portion with the virus under the skin. Dr. Head says the idea originated with him in his early practice and has never been made public before.—Nashville Banner.

THANKSGIVING SACRIFICE.

PLEASE God we shall all of us eat our Thanksgiving dinner at home this year.

The bleak November day might have been blue and glittering with the sunshine of an Indian summer, but for the fact that the Forest Queen, watching the waves, looked at the sea.

"A fellow that," said Mr. Aymescourt. "Well, I, for one, shall be glad to hear the church bell in the old steeple at home. And you, Mr. Dayrel?"

"I have no objection," replied the gentleman, "to a bell, dark, Spanish type of a bell." "It may sound odd, but you mention it, I have no objection."

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Thanksgiving 1897.

"Aymescourt!" he cried, "wake up! There is something wrong!"

Aymescourt started from his dreams. "Wrong! What is it?"

"We have run aground somewhere, or struck a rock. Stop—don't ask any more questions. Keep your breath and strength; they will both be needed. Dress as quickly as you can."

When Aymescourt came on deck, amid the darkness and chill and confusion, he could learn only one fact—that the ship had struck a rock, and was fast leaking away her life.

"But you needn't be so alarmed, ma'am," said the captain, to a pale young mother, who was kneeling on the floor of the deck, with her arms round both her children. "We can't be far off Wayne's Beach, and our sailors would know the way through these shoals if you were to blindfold 'em. We have two good life-boats. It's only leaving the Queen to go down by herself."

The captain rubbed his shaggy sleeve lightly across his eyes as he spoke, and then turned away to issue the necessary orders.

The ruddy shine of sunrise was tipping the waves with crests of carmine, when the first life-boat rode off, manned by true hands and fearless hearts.

"Make haste!" the captain called to the men who were preparing to launch the boat. "We're sinking fast."

"How long do you think she will last?" asked Guy Dayrel earnestly.

"Half an hour perhaps—not longer." The passengers crowded into the boat with the heaving haste of those who are fleeing from death, and she

Plum Pudding as the English Make It.

For English plum pudding clean, wash and dry one pound of currants, stone one pound of raisins. Mix the currants, raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, half a pound of minced, candied orange-peel, a quarter of a pound of flour, half of a grated nutmeg. Beat five eggs; add to them half a pint of orange juice, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased small kettles or moulds. This will make about six puddings. Boil for ten hours. Serve with brandy sauce.—Ladies' Home Journal.