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A GRAND PRIZE.

Bible Competition

Two Thousand Dollars in Prizes will be Equitably Distributed.

For several years past competitions of an instructive order have been offered by reputable business-houses and manufacturers in England with the object of increasing their sales and interesting their customers in their respective goods. These contests, on account of the impartial fairness displayed in conducting them, have interested the best people of Great Britain. Believing that competitions offered by a manufacturer concern such as ours, and conducted in the same honorable manner, would excite universal interest among the intelligent people of the United States and Canada, our company have decided to offer a prize competition in which our first effort will be to make it *steady, fair and impartial*. The intention is to satisfy every one entering this competition that they have been duly credited with the position which their efforts have earned for them. We assure that this class of a prize contest will receive the approval of parents and all those having the instruction of the young at heart. The prizes to be awarded in this competition will consist entirely of articles of *substantial value* to be appreciated by every person receiving one as a fair reward for the efforts put forth by them. Our intention is to divide the amount to be given away in prizes, varying in value from eight dollars to one hundred dollars each, and we enter into an *honorable agreement* with those entering this competition to distribute fairly *Two Thousand Dollars* in prizes.

AWARD OF PRIZES. Ten of the leading ministers of our city will be invited to attend and assist in the award of prizes.

PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION. We will pay *One Hundred Dollars* in cash to the first person who correctly answers the following questions: Where in the Bible do the following three words first appear—1. Rain; 2. Bread; 3. Milk. The second person answering correctly will receive *Seventy-five Dollars* in cash. The third person sending correct answer will receive *Fifty Dollars* in cash. The next ten will each receive an elegant *Silver Hunting Case*. When the next ten will each receive an elegant *Silk Dress*, pattern sixteen yards many colors. The next ten will each receive a first class pair of *Opera Glasses*.

LAST PRIZES. The thirty-three persons sending the thirty-three correct answers, when received, list will receive duplicates of the prizes that are awarded for the first and middle thirty-three correct answers, the last correct answer receiving the *One Hundred Dollars*, the next to the last the *Seventy-five Dollars*, and so on until the thirty-three prizes for the last thirty-three correct answers have been awarded.

SPRING PRIZES. A prize consisting of an elegant *Lady's or Gentleman's Watch* will be given to the person sending the first correct answer which is the first received from their State or Province.

CONDITIONS.

Answers must be accompanied with fifteen United States two-cent postage stamps for one package of *PHARMACIA*, which is the latest scientific discovery for cleansing and preserving the teeth. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to *PHARMACIA*, which is the only preparation on which manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of Five Hundred Dollars to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. A mouthful of *PHARMACIA* is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the dental profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it. *PHARMACIA* is sent by mail, post paid, and free of custom duty. Be sure and send your answers to-day. You may receive a valuable prize for your trouble. Address:

EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO.,
170 YORK STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

A Fakir Traveling as Freight.

The practice of binding religious persons still exists in India. An incident occurred recently at Meerut. A fakir, wearing nearly five maunds (400 pounds) of iron chains and bands on him, recently left the cantonment station. The railway authorities declined to allow him to travel as a passenger, but sent him as freight by weight in spite of his argument that native women were never charged for their anklets and bangles. The iron absorbed the heat so much that the man had to be incessantly sprinkled with water. He is an old man and nearly died at the station.—Allahabad (in his Pioneer).

THANKSGIVING.

With quickened heart and with bended head
Bless the bounty that never ends,
The great, sweet gifts of life it sends,
Hope to the living and rest to the dead;
For the boundless wealth of good it spends
Be thanksgiving sung and said,
And most for the blessing of home and friends.

The pale years wane and falter,
And melt away like snow,
But on its holy altar
Love's fires unchanging glow;
To dear, familiar places,
Lured by its gentle light,
Come back the dear, dead faces
Out of the awful night.

Beside it, on Thanksgiving,
The kindly feast is spread,
And old, fond hopes are living,
And old, fond words are said;
Said by the long-stilled voices,
Heard by the heart alone,
And memory rejoices
In the sweet undertone.

Though years the head may whiten,
The heart shall not grow gray;
Young thoughts that thrill and brighten
Possess the smiling day,
To all our best and dearest
A loving cup we fill,
To friends that are the nearest,
To love Time cannot kill.

The hearth's slight, and the feast is spread,
Best be the love that never ends,
For the hope of the living, the rest of the dead,
Be thanksgiving sung and said,
And most for the gift of home and friends.
—New York Sun.

A Thanksgiving Surprise.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

It was the close of a brief autumn day; the last level beams of the saffron tinted sunset were peeping through the plate-glass casements of the great Eighth Avenue store, and Kitty Kasson, tortured with a splitting headache and wearied with the incessant buzz of questioning voices, pressed both hands over her forehead and asked herself:

"Will six o'clock never come? Will these people never go?"
The floor superintendent came up.
"Miss Kasson," said he sharply, "what ails you to-day? I have heard more than one complaint. Is it simple intention or don't you care whether you retain your position here or not?"
Kitty looked piteously up.
"My head aches so!" said she. "But I didn't know. What can I do, please?"
"Here's a lady asking for mole-colored gloves, and you've taken out the box of blacks," said Mr. Irwin, impatiently. "Really this won't do!"
"Kitty murmured a word or two of apology, substituted the mole-colors for the blacks, and set herself to be as attentive as possible.

Headache or no headache, it behooved her to give satisfaction. She had not only herself to support, but the ailing mother, whose board she paid at a cousin's farmhouse in the Connecticut Valley. To her every dollar meant its full worth, and when she saw girl customers of her own age scattering the contents of their purses with reckless disregard, she could but wonder.

But when the crowd of shoppers had ebbed and flowed itself away, and the much-tumbled and berumpled stock was replaced in boxes and on shelves, and the girls were departing, Kitty came to Mr. Irwin's desk.

"Well!" he said impatiently, biting the handle of his pen, as he glanced up from the big book before him.
"Mr. Irwin," faltered Kitty, "I haven't had any vacation this year. Can I have a week at Thanksgiving?"

Mr. Irwin frowned.
"You had the chance in August," said he. "No, we can't spare you at Thanksgiving, Miss Kasson. Three of the girls in your department have been ahead of you in securing that time, and, as you must know, we are extra busy at this time of year."
"I couldn't go in August," said Kitty. She did not like to tell the superintendent that she had lent her salary for the month of August to poor Mary Sinclair, to pay for a sea-coast trip for her consumptive sister, that the sister had died at Ocean Beach, and that Mary Sinclair had never been able to repay the indebtedness.

How true it is that it is the poor who are good to the poor!

"Couldn't I possibly—"
"No, you couldn't!" said Mr. Irwin, and turned to his big books as if the case were closed.
Kitty Kasson went quietly home to the solitary hall bedroom, that she shared with a hollow-eyed stitcher in a corset factory, whose cough kept her awake half the night.



"OH, HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU."

They made themselves a cup of fabulously weak tea, and nibbled at bread and butter, with a pan of clams, which Miss Skerrett had cooked over a neighbor's stove, to give some relish to it.

They sat with shawls around them, and left the door into the hall open, in hopes that some current of warmth from the down stairs rooms might set their way.

"Oh, here's a letter for you, which I'd nearly forgotten!" said Miss Skerrett. "It got slipped under the bread plate."

Kitty opened it and read it eagerly. Then her head dropped on her hands; she burst into tears.

"No bad news, I hope!" said Miss Skerrett, who was mending the worsted gloves which had so often been mended before.

"No," said Kitty. "Nothing but what I might have expected. The old home is sold—to somebody from the West!"

"But it hasn't been really yours for a long while, has it?" said Miss Skerrett. "Well, no!" Kitty admitted. "But as long as Squire Taft owned it, there was some chance of our buying it back. When I first came to New York, you know, Sarah, I was sure I could sell the novel I had written, and rebuild the family fortunes. I fancied it was only a matter of a year or two. Now I know what nonsense it was. No matter. I'm young, and tolerably strong. But it'll come hard on mother—poor mother!—who has kept hoping all her lifetime for things that never came. I've got to write to her, now, that I can't be at home for Thanksgiving. They won't spare me!"

Miss Skerrett shrugged her thin shoulders.
"Well," said she, "what you haven't got you can't miss. I never had a Thanksgiving!"

Kitty did not answer. She was thinking of the red November sun, the aromatic scent of dead leaves, the sound of church bells chiming across the frosty fields, the smell of burning beech logs on the old stone hearth.

And all that night long, when poor Miss Skerrett slept and consoled by turns, Kitty Kasson lay awake and thought about Thanksgiving.

She was unusually quiet and dejected the next day.

Mr. Irwin frowned a little.
"We want our girls to be spry and smiling," said he. "The customers don't like to see a death's-head and bones behind the counter!"

So Kitty tried to look cheerful, while all the time she was asking herself:
"How could Abiram Taft break his promise to me? How could he let his father sell the old home, when he told me I should have the refusal of it? Of course, I couldn't buy it, but the blow wouldn't have come so sudden if I had known beforehand."

Miss Skerrett was full of a new plan when Kitty came home that night.
"Kitty," said she, "you felt bad about losing your Thanksgiving. Let's have a little one of our own. A chicken won't cost much—poultry is always cheap if you wait until the night before Thanksgiving. And Mrs. Daley will let us cook it in her oven, and we could have a few roast chestnuts and two red apples, and a cranberry tart from the

baker's. It won't cost so much if we join together."
"But it wouldn't be a real Thanksgiving," said Kitty, shaking her head, with a sad smile.

Just then the letter carrier's whistle sounded in the hall below.
Dow flew Kitty, and returned with another letter, directed this time in Mrs. Copley's stiff handwriting.

Kitty turned pale.
"Open it, Sarah," said she. "I can't. Either mother's sick or—or she's dead!"
"Neither one nor the other," said Sarah Ekerrett, who had made haste to break the seal. "Shall I read it to you?"

"DEAR KITTY: Come to Thanksgiving this year, and bring your friend Miss Skerrett. Do not fail. It is to be a surprise to your mother. So no more at present. From your cousin,
DEBORAH COPLEY."

Kitty grew red and white.
"Oh, but I can't!" she.
"Oh! but you must!" said Miss Skerrett.

"What will Mr. Irwin say?"
"What he pleases. Oh, Kitty, we are such slaves all our life long, do let us have one free moment, and risk the consequences!"

The dimples came into Kitty's cheek.
"We will!" said she.

It was a stormy sunset that brooded, in its red magnificence, over the valley that night; but Thanksgiving is one of the few things that stormy weather cannot spoil; and as Kitty and Miss Skerrett stepped of the train, a gust of sweet-scented air came up from the pine glens, the leaves rustled under foot, and the red barns in the distance seemed as if it were but yesterday that she had left them.

Mrs. Copley was at the station, rubicund and short-breathed as ever.
"There's a waggin' back o' the freight-house," said she. "Wait a spell, girls, till the train's gone by. The boss, he's skeery of the cars."

"But what do we want of a wagon?" said Kitty. "It isn't a quarter of a mile to your house, Cousin Deb."

"We ain't a-going there!" said Mrs. Copley. "Your ma, she's moved."

"Moved! Oh, Deb, I know I haven't been able to be very regular in the payments of late," said Kitty, a sudden suffocation coming into her throat, "but surely—surely you haven't let them take her to the town house?"

"Wal, I guess not!" said Mrs. Copley. "Get into the waggin. You'll see!"

Abiram Taft was driving. Kitty viewed him sternly, scarcely returning his nod.

"You are not vexed with me, Kitty?" said he.
"You have broken your word," said she in a low voice, while Mrs. Copley pointed out the various places of interest to Sarah Skerrett. "You did it out of spite, because—I wouldn't marry you."

"I may be a pretty mean man, Kitty," said he, "but I ain't as mean as all that. Get up, Bonny," with a lash across the old red horse's fat back.

And they drove along in silence until—
"Stop!" cried Kitty. "Here's the old home. Stop, Abiram, and let me have one look at it. And there are lights in the window! Look, Sarah—there's the window where I used to peep out winter nights and watch for Santa Claus's coming. There's the big flat stone where we used to play jack-straws, and the apple tree, where the red gill-flowers grew. And, oh, Sarah! am I dreaming? There's mother coming out to the gate to meet me, just as she always did. Drive on, Abiram! I—I think my brain must be going."

"I guess we won't drive on," said Abiram Taft, alighting and deliberately trying the sorrel horse to the post.
"Your brain's all right, kitty. It is

your mother; and you be comin' home again, just like you always did. The house's your mother's, Kitty; I decided it to her. I bought it of father with the profits I made in that Western ranch

affair. I never felt quite satisfied about that foreclosure business, and this is what I call restitution money."

"But," cried Kitty, "the old furniture—the dear, tall clock and the high-topped chairs—"

"I managed all that," said Abiram, simply. "I sort o' planned to have it all dovetailed in by Thanksgiving Day. You see, Kitty, I know right well you don't love me; but, for all that, no one can stop me from loving you and working to make you happy. I couldn't no-how stand the idea of your bein' shut up in that big city store like a bird in a cage. Go in, Kitty. Don't you see your mother waitin' for you?"

"But—but you'll come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us to-morrow, Abiram?" faltered Kitty, still lingering out under the lilac bushes, although her hand was tightly clasped in her mother's.

"Do you want me to, Kitty?"
"Yes, I do."
"Then I'll come!"

Back to the old hearth ran Kitty. The familiar cricket still chirped between its stones; the kettle sang the same sleepy tune over the fire.

"Oh, mother, mother," she gasped, "how happy I am! Oh, how can we ever pay Abiram Taft back?"

The little, black-robed widow smiled as she took a pan of hot biscuit out of

MRS. COPLEY PREPARING THE TURKEY.

the oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.
"There's only one way, daughter, that I know of," said she. "You've sneered at honest Abiram and laughed at him all these years, but now—"

"Now," said Sarah Skerrett, turning Kitty around so that she could look full into her eyes—"now she loves him. I can see it in her eyes. Ah, Mrs. Kasson, time has taught her more lessons than one!"

And Mrs. Copley, singing the pinfeathers off a fat young turkey in the back kitchen, mused to herself.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that tangle came straight arter all. Me and Copley got engaged on Thanksgiving Day. It always was a lucky time."

Thanksgiving Preparations.
A good dinner is one of the things we generally have reason to be thankful for, and although Thanksgiving Day means a deal of work for the ordinary house-keeper, she is happy with it all if she is making others happy. If she has planned so that the greater share of the work can be done the day before Thanksgiving, she as well as her company will be saved from much uneasiness. Mince pies may be baked a week before and are really better for having stood a few days. Pumpkin pies are just as good if baked the day before they are needed. Chicken pie may also be baked the day before and warmed over for dinner. There are many little things that, taken separately, do not consume much time but altogether repay one for attending to them the day or evening before. Fruit may be all prepared ready to be put on the table and set in a handy place. Vegetables may be washed and put in a cool place over night. Dishes that are only used for company occasions should be all ready and in a convenient place. An extra table in the kitchen at such times is a great help. I generally bring my family cutting table into use. I used to think it quite an art to be able to wait upon a table gracefully, but I found that one great secret of success was to have plenty of room and go about the work quietly.

—Mrs. Clay.

Premature Rejoicing.
"Hooray!" screamed the young turkey; Thanksgiving Day is gone, and I'm still here."

"Shut up!" said the old gobbler; "you evidently have never heard of Christmas."

CURIOS FACTS.
West India people eat alligator eggs. Tobacco consumption is increasing in Great Britain.

A salmon with "two tails" was lately caught by a fisherman in Coas Bay, Oregon.

There are in the United States ninety-seven religious denominations; in Great Britain there are 257.

Paper from rags was made in 1000 A. D., the first linen paper in 1319 and paper from straw in 1800.

At the castle of Sanonetta, Italy, there is an angle in the building which echoes a pistol shot sixty-one times.

Among Sir William Harcourt's Parliamentary supporters at Derby, England, were two voters 102 and 103 years of age.

The first carpets made in Europe were manufactured in France in 1654, in imitation of some which had been brought from Turkey.

A postal card was recently sold in Paris for \$50. It had gone around the world after the person to whom it was addressed, and bore seventy-two post-marks.

Vulcan, the British ironclad, is provided with a rudder weighing twenty-two tons, or something like six tons heavier than the rudder used on the Great Eastern.

There is a certain hill in the South of Bohemia on whose top, if an equinoctial sundial be duly erected, a man that is stone blind may know the hour of the day by the shade if the sun shines.

At New Orleans there is a colored woman who was a grandmother at the age of twenty-five, and a French woman who was a great-grandmother three months before her thirty-sixth birthday.

A bundle of spiderwebs, not larger than a buckshot, and weighing less than one-half a dram, would, if untangled, make a line long enough to reach from Philadelphia to Boston and back again.

A painful story comes from Peking, China, of a young lady who, overcome with grief at the death of her husband, dressed herself in her marriage robes and swallowed a fatal dose of powder of gold and lead.

A portable sundial is not an uncommon object in Spanish shops, and it is still in current use in Spain. At Burgos no less than three different kinds are offered for sale, at prices varying from nine to seventeen cents.

Three-quarters of a second is the time occupied by the fall of the knife in the guillotine. The knife is weighted by 120 pounds of lead, falls nine feet, and cuts through flesh and bone as easily as through a bar of soap.

As a lad in Newcastle, In. I., was diving, two stones were struck together under the water by another boy. When the diver arose he complained that his ear pained him. Since then he cannot hear except when spoken to in very low tones.

While the Duchess of Albany was distributing prizes at the annual show of the Cottage Garden Society at Sandown Park, England, a fox terrier ran from the spectators, mounted the royal dais, and standing on its hind legs, begged for a prize, too.

Treatment of Earache.
There are simple remedies for most common disorders requiring no skilled attention, and even experts are often willing to give away cures that anybody can manage. No doubt many people have thanked the man who published without a patent this easy relief for the earache:
"I am afraid I have greatly interfered with my own practice," said a celebrated artist, "by giving the following advice to many of my friends:
"At the first symptoms of earache let the patient lie on the bed with the painful ear uppermost. Fold a thick towel and tuck it around the neck; then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water.
"Continue doing this for fifteen or twenty minutes. The water will fill the orifice and flow over on the towel. Afterward turn over the head, let the water run out and plug the ear with warm glycerine and cotton.
"This may be done every hour until relief is obtained. It is an almost invariable cure and has saved many cases of acute inflammation. The water should be quite warm, but not too hot."
—London Tid Bits.

—Mrs. Clay.

—Mrs. Clay.