HOSPITAL NIGHT VISITOR

STRANGE DREAM OF A PATIENT

Striking School Statistics—The Old Man and Babe Meet on the Street—Memories Awakened by a Song—Vicissitudes of Royalty—The Light of Christian IX.

Written for The Observer.

The Religious Herald of a recent date has an interesting article on the attendance at the college in Virginia, from a denominational standpoint. Taking the State School and six denominational schools, the figures are as follows: With a membership in Virginia of 150,000, the Methodists have 638 students at college with a member ship of 131,000, the Baptists have 513, with a membership of 35,000, the Presbyterians have 610; with a membership of 25,000, the Episcopalians have 66.

Assuming that the Episcopalians are doing only their duty in the matter of education and support of denominational schools, the other Churches are falling far short of their duty. The Presbyterians should have, not 610 students at college, but two-fifths more than the Episcopalians, or 800, the Baptists should have, not 573 students at college, but five and one-fourth times as many as the Episcopalians, or 3,501; the Methodists should have, not 638 students at college, but just six times as many as the Episcopalians, or 4,002.

Outside the matter of school attendance by denominations, it would surprise and shock the advocates of both common school and higher education to have placed before them the manifest neglect of most Southern communities in the matter They are doing much better than they were fifteen years ago, because they are financially far better off; but the percentage of white school-going children is not near what it should be. Here and there a district, or a neighborhood, or a town measures up to its full responsibility, but these are exceptions. "Comparisons are odious," but I believe that Clarkton, on the Carolina Central Railroad, is the banner town of North Carolina in its warm advocacy of the cause of education. Sending the children to school stands as its peoples paramount duty, coming only next to their church obligations; and it does not stop with the public school—even if it entails pecuniary cramping and scrimping they put their boys and girls through the college and seminary. This is high praise for a small country town, but I know whereof I write and I am setting down only the truth.

* * *

Children are to me a study of manifold interest, from the time they are able to "move themselves aright," and be rolled along the streets by their nurses in pretty preambulators, till they are far along in knee-breeches and short dresses.

On one of the few mild, sunny days recently I came across a lovely, auburn haired mite, drawn by a nurse in its carriage along Hay street, resting in a down nest of wraps, cloaks, lace, hood, etc. "Whose baby is this?" I asked, for, though I am acquainted with most of Fayetteville's population up to five years of age, it has a way of increasing, and this was a stranger to me. "This is Mrs. C. M. Hughes' baby," said the nurse, showing her white teeth with an air of pride. There we stood confronting each other I trying to read the mystery of the true "inwardness" of its being through those limpid blue orbs; the wee thing calmly surveying me with the air of a critic—yes the air of a critic. You needn't tell me that, with the intelligence showing in those eyes, and the expression on that rosebud mouth, that baby was not thinking about me in no complimentary terms. I do say that those thoughts were couched in elegant polysylable English, but I do say that away down in the inner consciousness of this little newcomer some thinking was going on, and the gist of it was about like this. "Who is this disreputable, grizzled, wrinkled up bleareyed old party, who dares to stop my carringe on the highway and bombard my nurse with questions right over my head as to my parentage and upbringing? And yet he seems a good natured old soul, and has evidently fallen in love with me at first sight." And here four tiny pink fingers tightened around the thumb of my extended hand, and it required a gentle force to part us as I went on my way. I did not kiss my charming little acquaintance, though I wanted to. Adults should never kiss infants on the mouth. Especially should not men who wear moustaches, chew and smoke tobacco and take a whiskey toddy when they feel like it, kiss the lips of a babe. There are hygienic reasons against it—germs, bacille, etc.

There is a sentimental side to every man's life and it is the most beautiful side if one would only cultivate it a little. I have a desk in The Fayetteville Observer building on Green street and down on the floor below a boy named Stewart, about 12 or 14 years old, with a very attractive face feeds the press with papers which it inexorably demands when it gets up steam. As soon as the machinery starts to clattering and rambling, the boy begins to sing "Blue Birds" in a fine, youthful soprano, as true as the compass, and as clear as a bell. The little press-feeder does not know or care how much I, sitting at the desk above, am moved by the serenade or what a memory it evokes. Recently I have heard a young mother, in a room adjoining mine, sing her babes to sleep with the melody. But this is not the first time I have heard "Blue Bells."

Some time ago I had the good fortune to be able to befriend a young woman in trouble, who was waiting to take a northbound train at the passenger station in Greensboro. She had an infant in her arms, and had been visiting her mother in South Carolina, whence she was going in haste to her home in Virginia having received news that her husband had been killed by violence. The infant was fretful, and the distressed young mother walked with it up and down the platform, crooning "Blue Bells" in a soft low tone.

Six or eight hours later, four cars of the train on which she was traveling were derailed and turned over in an accident on the road. The mother was rescued unhurt, but the babe was killed and she went on to her desolate home a childless widow. The readers of The Observer can well understand that to me "Blue Bells" is a mournful melody.

* * *

Except for its handsome Christmas edition I have not written anything for The Sunday Charlotte Observer in a long time—not because I have not had the inclination to do so, or have had nothing to write about, but because I have been in wretched health, though even at that, I have been pressed with other work. But of late I might forbear writing to The Sunday Charlotte Observer from superstition, if I were given that way.

I was in the Highsmith Hospital last month, and at first I was pretty bad off, but as I grew better Dr. Highsmith told me that I might write lying in bed propped up, but that I must not get up or stand on my feet. That afternoon I lay sketching in my mind an article that I intended for publication; and that night I had a dream so vivid that for a while I could hardly believe it to be a dream. I woke (I dreamed) away in the night to find the electric light ablaze (which is against the rules) and a man in my room. I lay, looking lazily from him to the light and wondering how he had reached it; for he was a dwarf, not more than 3½ to 4 feet high, thickset, wearing a Quaker coat with square-cut tails, a striped waistcoat, very tight trousers and long pointed shoes, and he had a red muffler around his neck. He had close-cropped gray hair and a heavy gray moustache, the shiftiest, most unfathomable eyes I ever looked into, while the sneering, cynical expression of his mouth was diabolic. (Between you and me reader, I am afraid it was the devil who came to me in my dream.)

"Well," he said in a sort of a domineering sort of way.

"Well?" I replied, inquiringly.

"Didn't expect to see me, I guess?"

"I wasn't thinking anything about you," I said; "how did you get in?"

He chuckled, and pointed downward with his finger.

"Now that you are in," I very naturally asked, "What do you want?"

"Want," he retorted, with a good deal of heat in his manner, as he gave a vicious tug at his muffler. "Want? I come as a friend. Do you remember Hobson?"

"Richmond Pearson?" I queried. "The fellow that the girls have been kissing all over the country?"

"Richmond nothing!" exclaimed my visitor, disdainfully; "you know the Hobson I mean. You spoke him out of 'Lovell's United States Speaker' when you were a kid. Get a move on you, and do your [illegible] now, for they are coming after you [illegible]" and he was out of the [illegible] a flash.

"Who's [illegible]?" I called, alarmed for the [illegible] at such information from the [illegible] I suspected it to be. But I was broad awake; the night nurse in the corridor was saying, "I am coming," to a patient in the adjoining room, and the electric light was black out.

* * *

Even royalty has its ups and downs, and history records that crowned heads have in their time known what it was to be out-at-the-elbows, like any ordinary soldier of fortune. Bonaparte, who seemed about to chew up all Europe until they confined him to a rock in the ocean, used to jest with a companion in Paris about the straits to which they were put to get a dinner. Napoleon III, who, until he too sorely pressed the mighty Bismark about the succession to the throne of Spain, was the arbiter of Europe, was only a score of years before a penniless adventurer in New York and Philadelphia. Bernadotte, who became King of Sweden as Charles XIV, rose from the ranks in the French army.

Christian IX of Denmark, who has just passed away, aged nearly 88 years, ruled over a kingdom which, mighty as were its people in the Middle Ages had become one of the smallest and weakest of the civilized nations of the modern world. Yet Christian IX was the most august of all the earth's sovereigns—not from his intellectual power, of his achievements, or the stirring events of his reign, but from his unique and splendid position which gave him a prestige enjoyed by no other monarch, the father-in-law of royalty and "the grandfather of Europe." One son is King George of Greece; one daughter is Alexandra, queen consort of England; another daughter is Dagmar, dowager empress of Russia; one grandson is Nicholas II of Russia, and another grandson is Haakon VII of Norway.

But Christian IX, like many ordinary soldiers of fortune, owed his august position to his wife. He was a poor prince, without estate, son of the Duke of Schleswig Holstein, an officer in the army and he was doubtless very glad to get his scant pay. When 24 years old he married his cousin Louise, daughter of Elector William of Hesse-Cassel, a collateral branch of the house of Oldenburg of which Ferdinand VII, who was the King of Denmark, was the head. After Christian and Louise had been married ten years, the leading powers of Europe, who are always getting uneasy about something, bethought them that Ferdinand was not immortal, and that when he died the line of Oldenburg would become extinct so, by the treaty of London, they guaranteed the accession to Prince Christian in right of his wife, which treaty was ratified by the Danish Diet, and he ascended the throne on the death of Ferdinand VII in 1863.

It is pleasant to know how Christian IX wore that "uneasy" thing, a crown. When he became King he was of middle age, 45 years old—long past the exuberance and ambitions of youth, and during his long reign of 43 years, which was peaceful, except for the war in 1864 with Austria and Prussia over Schleswig Holstein, his sole care seemed to be the welfare of his subjects, more as a father than a ruler, stimulating agriculture and commerce and doing all in power to promote railway construction throughout the kingdom.

The Springfield Republican says: "He was a very democratic king; he walked through the streets of Copenhagen, or strolled about his country homes or hunted in his preserves, without thought of a guard; he exacted no homage, but greeted with absolute simplicity those who greeted him and he had friends in all grades. He was not an intellectual power, and yet he had a certain shrewd sense which helped him over difficulties, such as will come to the most unobtrusive of kings. His strength lay in character which would have been the same anywhere. A man more upright, more charitable, more loyal, better bred, and more gently educated was not in Europe."

The New York Tribune thus pronounces his epitaph: "At peace with the world, rich in the loyal love of his subjects, with his realm prosperous, and his throne and dynasty as secure as such things can be in this world, he long faced the inevitable with composure and he has left a memory which might be envied by millions of his less favored fellow-men."

His oldest son, who succeeds him as Frederick VII, is said to be as democratic as his father was, and is much beloved by the Danish people. J. H. M.

Blissfulness of ignorance is responsible for many a blister.

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That's a dandy combination for doing things and doing them right. Just the right mixture of these ingredients is at your service for electrical work.

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$2,000 Damages.

Corespondence of The Observer.

Rutherfordton, Feb. 16.—The cause of Gallert vs. Morrow, which has been in progress since Monday morning, resulted in a verdict to-day by the jury giving the plaintiff $2,000 damages. The argument by counsel was concluded last night and Judge Allen charged the jury this morning, after which they took the case, remaining out only about an hour, returning the verdict as stated above.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe cough and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes.—R. H. Jordan & Co.

Carelessness.

Omahaw Examiner.

An Irishman and a Swede were caught red-handed in the act of cattle-stealing out west, and the usual court of Judge Lynch had arrived at the usual verdict. Whereupon the court adjourned to the bridge across the Niobrara and prepared to execute its unanimous sentence. The Swede was given the honor of being thrown off the bridge—with a rope around his neck—first. But by some mistake the knot untied just as the Swede hit the water and he swam to the bank and hit the trail. When they started to put the noose around the Irishman's neck he said to the master of ceremonies: "Now look here me bye, I want yez to be a dom sight more careful wid that rope than ye was on the Swede—I can't swim a stroke."

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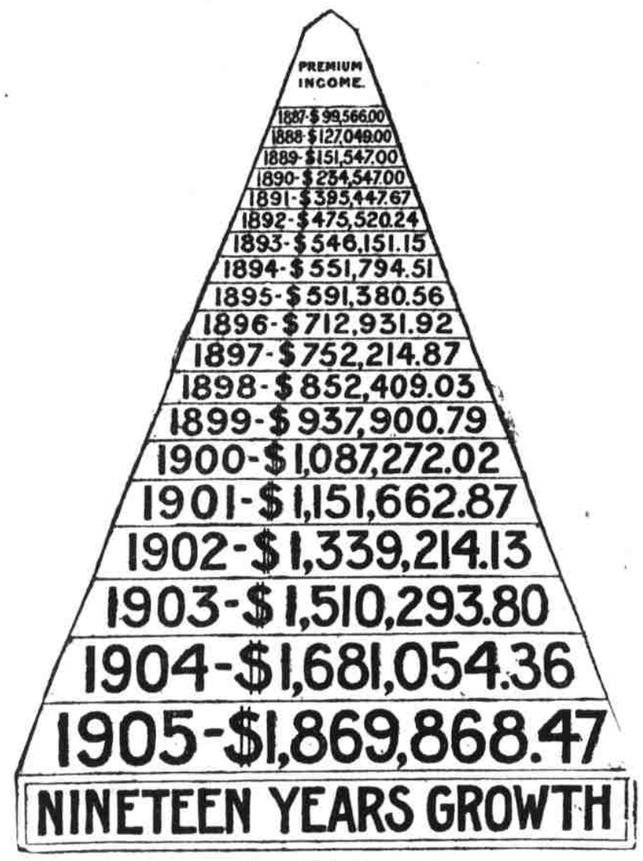

Annual Statement

For The Year Ending December 31, 1905

ASSETS		LIABILITIES.	
Real Estate, Book Value	$ 82,264 99	Reserve, Actuaries 4 per cent. and American 3 per cent., including Special Reserve	$1,892,635 00
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	1,333,354 03	Death Losses Reported, but not due	21,802 06
Loans on Collateral	113,095 68	Premiums Paid in Advance	37,889 90
Loans on Company's Policies	35,695 75	All other Liabilities	3,794 00
Bonds and Stocks, Book Value	573,562 94	Total	$1,956,120 96
Cash in Banks and Offices	115,344 46		
Bills Receivable	350 24		
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	23,801 44		
Market Value of Real Estate, Bonds and Stocks, over Book Value	43,259 96		
Net Uncollected and Deferred Premiums and Premium Notes	71,048 56		
Gross Assets	$2,391,778 05	Surplus to Policy-Holders	$ 435,356 85
Deduct Assets not Admitted	300 24		
Total Admitted Assets	$2,391,477 81	Total	$2,391,477 81

Statement of Operations During 1906

Gross Income	$1,966,900.75
Increase in Gross Income	$ 201,998.57
Increase in Assets	$ 445,347.89
Insurance in Force	**$49,021,276.00**
Increase in Insurance in Force	$5,386,340.00
Total Number of Policies in Force	404,408
Increase in Number of Policies in Force	37,535
Death Claims, etc., PAID to Policy Holders	$ 598,645.20

Total Payments to Policy-Holders Since Organization

$ 6,655,868.76

J. G. WALKER, President.

T. WM. PEMBERTON, First Vice-President. W. L. T. ROGERSON Secretary.

JOSEPH ABRAHAM, Supt., 207 S. Tryon St., CHARLOTTE

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SOME YEARS AGO

Success in Advertising was supposed to follow hiring the highest-priced liar you could find, and giving him full swing. To-day it takes our best to get people to believe the truth—for instance: The increase of our shipments for January over the same month of last year was Ninety Thousand, One Hundred and Ninety-Four Dollars ($90,194.00)—so you see we start Nineteen Six at a pace that promises

TO INCREASE OUR SALES A MILLION A YEAR

We don't believe this has ever been equalled by any house in the South, nor anywhere, in fact, by a shoe house with only sixteen salesmen.

In seeking some causes that have made possible this rather unique contribution to the industrial record of the year, we would say:

The great prosperity of our section.

Folks have found it economy to buy only good shoes, and, speaking generally, people have come to know that in a RED SEAL LINE there are no others.

In July last we had faith in the surety of a higher level of values, and loaded our factories with leather.

We divided the result of this foresight liberally with our customers, keeping our Shoes at selling prices.

We own to-day in our warehouse at Atlanta the largest ready-to-ship stock of shoes in the South.

During February we will sell these at from 5 to 15 cents a pair below what will be the ruling prices for next season.

Forehanded merchants will make money by remembering this.

Salesmen with samples by appointment.

Last, but far from least, ninety-five per cent. of our orders go complete in one shipment.

Correspondence solicited.

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RED SEAL SHOES

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