

DAYS OF THE RIGHT HAND

BY MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON.

The thing that ails most people is an unsuitable environment. That's why they seem to be so queer. They aren't really—they're all right, but their surroundings are all wrong. It is unjust to judge them without taking that into consideration, because it's a heavy handicap in life's race—so heavy, indeed, that sometimes a race is out of the question. I can imagine Socrates drinking hemlock in a New York flat. Living in one of those noisy cigar boxes is calculated to drive most anybody to drink most anything, but no human being is imaginative enough to think of sitting in a high-point rocking chair and chewing Schnapps plug tobacco while he delivered his "Apology to the citizens of Athens." Just try to picture that to yourself while you read this bit of his speech and see how very absurd as well as impossible the combination is.

"But if death is the journey to another place and there, as men say, all the dead are, why good O, my friends and judges, can be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Hesiod and Homer Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall place where I can interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and other heroes who have suffered death through an unjust judgment. What infinite delight there would be in conversing with them and asking them questions. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods. The hour of departure has arrived and we go our ways. I to die, you to live." When you talk like that, you must have blue skies and temple-crowned heights and waving robes and declaim your noble thoughts in sonorous Greek sentences. That's why those old Greek philosophers made such a tremendous hit—they understood the value of a suitable environment. What chance would Homer have had in this place where the Carnegie Library? None at all. Instead of seven ancient cities claiming him, he would be trying vainly in seven modern ones to get an audience, and you and I would both be at some charity bazaar or other buying a pin cushion, and lamenting the dearth of poetry. Yes, we would. It requires the spacious times of great Elizabeth to provide a fitting environment for Shakespeare. Try to imagine him in Chicago; you can't do it. For my part, I think about it the more I become convinced that the thing that ails the world in general and you and me in particular is the lack of a suitable environment. If our country's present unparalleled prosperity continues I don't know but what it would be a good idea for us to chip in together and buy a corner lot in Greece or rent a cottage in Stratford and see what would happen. Nobody knows what Shakespeare really looked like, but in Naples there is a collection of busts of Socrates, and he never saw the day when he could hold a candle to us, when it comes to good looks. We are that far ahead in the game to begin with, and with the proper environment added, I must confess the prospect seems rather encouraging. Of course, this section would miss us mightily, but it can't expect good luck to last forever.

Doesn't a fortnight of Christmas feasting make you feel stodgy? I don't know if stodgy is in the dictionary, and I don't know what it means if it were there—but that makes no difference. I feel like stodgy sounds. I am ready for a return to the simple life. I want lamb and grills for breakfast and steak and hot potatoes and a cup of tea for supper, and a carpet that isn't piled knee deep with tissue paper and red ribbon and boxes and excelsior. I have an acute attack of the "day after" and it's painful. Prosperity doesn't agree with me. I've turned over a new leaf and it's a serene and yellow one. As I said, I feel stodgy.

Have you ever lost an idea so completely that you can't recall ever having had it at all? That's what I always prepare for the New Year by burning a lot of papers—a sort of sacrifice to the gods of cleanliness and order. I suppose in the batch of half-finished manuscripts that went up in smoke I had a story with the title "The Butter Duck" that was in my writing with all sorts of expressions that sounded like me, but I can't recall absolutely nothing of where, when or how I happened to try to write a story. I've often tried to write one and failed utterly, yet here is part of one with such an unusual title that I am immensely curious to know what could have been in my mind when I was at work on it. The butter duck had made its appearance when, for some reason, the manuscript closed abruptly, and now I shall never know what it looked like, nor whether or not it waddled, nor anything whatever about it. I certainly wish I could find that duck once more.

Quoting the meaningless jargon of polite society, I've been changing servants. Using the polite language of crushing fat, they've been changing me. I wish I knew why, for then I would change myself. I am not proud indeed, I am so far from it that my permanent address is the valley of humiliation. You will find me there, dressed in sackcloth and ash in the mourning, but I am eating ash pudding any time you think enough of me to call. Yet I am sure, as in my mind today that I am not certain that I can count on even you. What did I want a great big house for? I didn't really want it, I only thought I did and I have my taste and leanness in my soul. The rooms are enough for anybody one to eat in and one to sleep in. More than that is mere superfluous sorrow. I loathe brooms and dust pans, and dust cloths, and brushes, and carpet sweepers, and turkish feathers tied with a string, and the whole horde of house-leaving paraphernalia. It reduces me to tears to ever think of getting down on my knees to hunt dust in the corners of the steps. I don't want to hunt dust. I return to it soon enough should like to go and pay a visit to the prophet Jeremiah and lament with him. If I weren't really such a nice person, it wouldn't mind it so much. It's the injustice of my fate that ruffles and stings. You know yourself what my manners are in the parlor. Well, they are simply not a circumstance to what they are in the kitchen—not a circumstance. Out there mine are the soft words that turn away wrath, the apples of gold in pictures of silver, the pleasant words that butte no persons, though, why that proverb wants, though, why that proverb that is so good on parents that don't. I never did see—however, I am not responsible for proverbs.

You will have to go alone to Stratford and the island of Greece and see what an environment can do for you. It has done done it for me.

COMPANIES PROSPEROUS.

"The Original Four" Greensboro Fire Insurance Companies, Southern Underwriters, Home Insurance Company of Greensboro, Southern Stock Fire Insurance Company, Underwriters of Greensboro, Meet—A Successful Year for These Well-Established Companies. Special to The Observer.

Greensboro, Jan. 19.—The annual meetings of the stockholders and directors of the Southern Underwriters, Home Insurance Company of Greensboro, Southern Stock Fire Insurance Company, and the Underwriters of Greensboro, popularly known as "The Original Four" Greensboro fire insurance companies, were held in the home offices of the companies in the Southern Life & Trust Company building, Thursday afternoon.

The first of these fire insurance companies was established in 1895 and was the pioneer in the movement to keep North Carolina insurance money in North Carolina. These four companies have pursued a conservative but progressive policy, and have never failed to strengthen their financial condition each succeeding year. They have paid for losses since organization \$499,632.50.

The year just past has been, probably, the most successful year in the history of "The Original Four." They have extended their operations materially, all of their new territory being carefully supervised by men trained in their home offices.

The report of the secretary and treasurer submitted to the stockholders and directors showed the following increases made during 1906:

Increase in premiums... \$79,669.15

Increase in re-insurance reserves... \$58,744.55

Increase in net surpluses... \$52,451.31

The directors declared the usual stockholders' dividends. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Southern Underwriters: President, D. A. Tompkins; first vice president, E. P. Wharton; second vice president, Paul W. Schenck; secretary and treasurer, A. W. McAllister.

Home Insurance Company of Greensboro: President, R. L. Holt; vice president, E. P. Wharton; secretary and treasurer, A. W. McAllister.

Southern Stock Fire Insurance Company: President, B. D. Heath; vice president, E. P. Wharton; secretary and treasurer, A. W. McAllister.

Underwriters of Greensboro: President, J. Van Lindley; vice president, E. P. Wharton; secretary and treasurer, A. W. McAllister.

The present organization of the field men of the company was continued, to wit: Paul W. Schenck, assistant manager; W. E. Ashley, adjuster; R. Jesse Mebane, special agent; C. D. Showalter, special agent; C. A. Mebane, special agent.

WOUNDED BY KNIFE THRUST.

James Church, of New York, Employed at High Point, Gets Worst of Quarrel With Hudspeth Brothers, and Will Probably Die—Hudspeth Escapes. Special to The Observer.

High Point, Jan. 19.—Lying mortally injured in the Junior Order Hospital from the effects of a knife thrust is James Church, a native of New York, who has been employed at the Tomlinson Chair Manufacturing Company for some time. This afternoon in the yards of the factory, Will Hudspeth, a sub-foreman, had found fault with something that Church had done and in the dispute that followed Church struck him. Walter Hudspeth, a brother, took the matter up and was attacked by Church. It is stated, when the former reached in his pocket, secured his knife, a big butcher with a five-inch blade, and struck Church in the side just below the first rib, and cut into the bowels.

Hudspeth immediately took to the tall timbers and is as yet at large, although the officers have been in search of him for several hours. Dr. D. A. Stanton, the attending physician, pronounces the case a very serious one, with the chances much against recovery, as peritonitis is feared. The Hudspeth boys are from Yadkin county.

AGAIN LOVE LAUGHED.

Would-Be Bride, Miss Lockard, Escapes From Rear of Wagon Wherein Is Found Step-Papa and Flees With Lover, Robert Thomas. Special to The Observer.

Danville, Va., Jan. 19.—Love again laughed at locks when pretty Miss Pearl Lockard eluded the vigilance of her step-father and eloped to Pelham, N. C., where she was married last as the clock tolled the midnight hour to Robert Thomas, a prosperous young farmer of Amherst county. Thomas started to the home of the girl yesterday morning in a buggy intending to elope with her. The step-father of his sweetheart became aware of their plans. He found them together in a wagon some distance from the house, and the old man was apparently keeping a close eye on the girl.

Sub-knowing to him he beckoned to her and she, being seated in the rear of the wagon, found little difficulty in stepping away. The step-father had driven some distance before he missed her. He immediately started a chase to prevent the meeting. The authorities at Amherst Court House were notified, and Thomas and his fiancee were refused. Not to be daunted, the couple proceeded to Pelham, where they aroused a justice of the peace at an unseasonly hour of the night.

Fire at Greensboro Perhaps Incendiary.

Greensboro, Jan. 19.—A frame store building, located on East Market street, together with the stock of goods that it contained, was destroyed by fire at an early hour yesterday morning. There is a bit of mystery surrounding the fire and the police are at work upon the case. When the fire was discovered by a negro who lives near the place, the blaze was issuing from the roof at a point near the rear of the building and some distance from the street. The fire department was summoned by alarm and quickly responded, though it was impossible for them to save the building. The store was on fire Tuesday night and some goods were stolen. It is thought that it might have been entered again last night and the store set on fire in order to cover up the misdeeds of the thieves. The structure was owned by C. D. Benbow and the stock of goods by A. Lean. Neither carried insurance on his property.

HOW TO AVOID PNEUMONIA.

We have never heard of a single instance of pneumonia in pneumonia or other lung trouble when Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken. It not only cures the cough, but breaks and strengthens the lungs. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered. Dr. C. J. Bishop, of Agnew, Miss., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." R. H. Jordan & Co.

While the plumage bird, has a pace That is swift beyond a doubt— When it comes to "real speed"—a race The "Y. & B." mule sure knocks him out. Dis Bird Kin Run all right, But Gimme my mule—Kaze Dat Mule Kin jis natchelly Fly!

THE "Y. & B." COAL Phone 211 Yarbrough & Bellinger Comp'y Yards 600 W. Third St.

OFFICERS NAB VAGRANTS.

Suspicious Characters Loitering Around Rock Hill Depot Get Road Sentences—One Said he Was Will Craven. Special to The Observer.

Rock Hill, S. C., Jan. 19.—For the past ten days the police have been suspicious of two characters—a white boy and a negro—who have made the Southern depot their headquarters except when the officers were around, then they got busy, and had to go to work, both claiming they were "hostlers" on the yards. Officers Ewbanks and Langley, having their suspicions aroused, decided to locate the two. Wednesday night Officer Ewbanks, was after a hobo who had rode in on a blind, and in catching him he ran on to the negro. He was arrested and placed in the guard house, but his white friend was harder to locate, and it was early the next morning that he was caught in a back lot by Mr. Ewbanks. He was placed in the guard house until next morning and the two were tried for vagrancy before Mayor Hood and sentenced to 15 days on the road.

In the police court the white boy, who was about 18 or 20 years of age, gave his name as Will Craven, of Charlotte; the negro gave name of Leroy Sheffer, Columbia.

The officers did a good piece of work in bagging these two.

It has hardly been two years since a safe was blown open and robbed within a stone's throw of the city hall, and the perpetrators of this crime undoubtedly knew of the beats the officers had to traverse.

MIL BURNETTE LOSES LEG.

Buncombe Man Who Nearly Froze While Trying to Walk Home Before Christmas Has Limb Amputated. Special to The Observer.

Asheville, Jan. 19.—Dr. Glenn, Dr. Hampton and Dr. Elias have amputated the leg of Mr. Oran Burnette, of Buncombe county, who, during the Christmas holidays came near freezing to death one night between Skyland station and his home in Limestone township. It seems that Mr. Burnette alighted from the train at Skyland late one cold night some three weeks ago, and started to walk to his home. En route he became tired and sat down for a minute's rest. He became drowsy and went to sleep. When he awoke it was to find that his leg was frozen.

FROM THE ANTILLES.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Benefits a City Councilman at Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. W. O'Reilly Fogarty, who is a member of the City Council at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, writes as follows: "One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had good effect on a cough that was giving me trouble and I think I should have been more quickly relieved if I had continued the remedy. That it was beneficial and quick in relieving me there is no doubt and my intention is to obtain another bottle." For sale by R. H. Jordan & Co.

and that daylight had come and also that his hands and feet were badly frozen. He painfully made his way to a near-by neighbor and secured some attention. He soaked his feet in hot water and they at once began to swell. Later gangrene set in, and for a time it was feared that he would die. Recently, however, it was decided that amputation of one leg would save the man's life, and yesterday the operation was performed. It is not believed that the amputation of the remaining leg will be necessary.

Prescribed and Endorsed by a Temperance Doctor Dr. T. P. Palmer, Rives, Tenn., heartily endorses Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, the great renewer of youth. Dr. Palmer, who is a strong temperance man, praises Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey as a "medicine and for medicinal use only." He writes: "I indorse Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey as a medicine and for medicinal use and for nothing else. I oppose intemperance and favor all laws that tend toward the suppression of drunkenness."—T. P. Palmer, M. D. Rives Tenn., Aug. 9, 1906.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey The leading hospitals throughout the world use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey as the only alcoholic medicine for convalescents. If you wish to keep strong and vigorous and have on your cheeks the glow of perfect health, take Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey regularly, according to directions, and take no other medicine. It is dangerous to fill your system with drugs. They poison the body and depress the heart, while Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey tones and strengthens the heart action and purifies the entire system. It is recognized as a medicine everywhere. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has been analyzed and tested by chemists for the past fifty years, and has always been found absolutely pure and to contain great medicinal properties. CAUTION.—When you ask your druggist, grocer or dealer for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. It's the one absolutely pure medicinal whiskey and is sold only in sealed bottles—never in bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and make sure the seal over the cork is unbroken. Price, \$1.00. Illustrated prospect booklet and complete directions for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Mechanics' Perpetual Building and Loan Association, OF CHARLOTTE NOTICE \$60,100 To Be Paid Out.

The management of the above association again proclaim the good tidings to the public in general, and the HOLDERS OF SHARES OF THE 36th SERIES in PARTICULAR, that with the payment of dues on Saturday, the 12th, the 36th series is matured, and no less than 34 mortgages will be cancelled, and 34 families will be made happy in the realization that their "Homes," where their wives and little ones are sheltered, are now their own. No landlord longer to trouble them, no rent day to be provided for; who of us fails, in part at least, to "participate" in the elevating feeling this happy result produces in our community?

AND \$39,300 WILL be paid out in CASH to non-borrowers on and after Wednesday, the 17th instant. NOW A NEW SERIES. On the 1st day of March we open the 49th Series and prospective borrowers can begin to subscribe for shares on the first day of February and put in their applications for loans, and investors can get ready to place their money in THE SAFEST AND BEST PAYING INVESTMENT in the United States. Borrowers will have in mind that we make loans from \$100 to \$10,000, and guarantee the loans inside of 60 days after the loan is approved. S. WITKOWSKY, Pres. R. E. COCHRANE, Sec. and Treas.

FIRE INSURANCE THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES REPRESENTED AND AMPLE PROTECTION GUARANTEED: AETNA HARTFORD PHOENIX NORTH BRITISH PHENIX NORTHERN PIEDMONT R. E. Cochrane. Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

THE CHARLOTTE SUPPLY CO. AGENTS FOR American All-Wrought Steel Split Pulleys and "Giant" Stitched Rubber Belting. We carry in stock Yale and Towne Hoists up to six tons capacity; also a full line of Packing, Pipe, Valves and Mill Supplies.

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Best Liquors at Reduced Prices For the club, on the sidewalk, in the sick-room or the kitchen, our line of whiskeys and imported cordials offer the very best values at the lowest prices. My stock contains about all the best brands; and mine is the only house in Lynchburg that buys goods direct from distillers who do not sell the retail trade, thereby saving you one man's profit. A few of the long list of exceptional offers are: Lazarus Club, Cream of Whiskies, \$4.00 gal. Apple Brandy, \$2.50 and \$3.50 " Rye Whiskey, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 " Mountain Whiskey, \$2.50 " Corn Whiskey, \$2.00 and \$2.50 " Yackin River Corn, 4 full quarts, \$2.50 " Albermarle Rye, 4 full quarts, \$3.00 " A second order will surely follow a trial of any of these brands. These Prices Include Express Charges. Mail orders are filled on the day received, and forwarded on first trains. WRITE FOR PRICE LIST LARGEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE IN THE SOUTH L. LAZARUS, Lynchburg, Va.

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