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How Joel Came to Time

By C. B. LEWIS

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JOEL HASTINGS, son of Farmer Hastings and twenty-five years old, had been courting Betty Johnson, daughter of Farmer Johnson and only a year younger, for almost three years—that is, he had taken her to the circus and spelling schools and hunking bees, and he had called at the farmhouse Sunday and Wednesday evenings and sat on the edge of a chair and shuffled his feet around and spoken of the weather and the crops. There was no doubt that Joel was in love, but he was a bashful lover. He had been given several broad hints by Farmer Johnson and several broader ones by Betty's mother, and his own parents had asked him if he was waiting for the earth to revolve the other way, but the shy Joel continued to be shy. While he felt reasonably certain that Betty



"JOEL IS AWFULLY BASHFUL."

Johnson returned his affections and would probably blush and stammer and lay her hand in his when he propounded the awful question, a chill crept over him at the bare thought of a refusal. On a hundred different evenings he had his mind firmly made up and the little speech at his tongue's end, but Betty giggled or the dog barked or the clock stopped and left him hanging in the air.

Such was the state of affairs when Uncle William arrived on the scene. Uncle William was Farmer Johnson's brother and a widower. Indeed, he was three widowers rolled into one, having married and buried three wives. Uncle William was a hustler in matrimonial affairs. He had never spent over three months in courting a girl, and he couldn't see why any one else should waste time.

"Look here, Sarah," he said to Mrs. Johnson when he had been told of Betty's long engagement. "It's a waste of time. I made up my mind to visit you. I'll either bring you a son-in-law or look or send him off to spend his own grandmother. If he wants to marry Betty let him go ahead and marry, but if he doesn't he can't come scraping the mud off his boots around here. I've got to talk to that gal."

He did. He asked her to take a walk with him down past the haystacks and into the orchard, and as he fired harvest apples at the guinea hens wandering about he opened the interview by saying to Betty:

"Now, then, how much longer is that feller of yours going to hang about with his tongue in his vest pocket? Why doesn't he toe the mark like other folks? It's simply ridiculous the way he dilly dallies along. He's wasted more time than I did in marrying three women, and he hasn't got to the point yet. Is he waiting for you to propose?"

"Joel is awfully bashful, you know," replied Betty in her lover's defense.

"Then he ought to have been a hen." "I'm in no hurry to get married." "Well, you ought to be. A gal of your age won't have many chances. You just ought to let that Joel understand this very night that if he comes here stumpy to twiddle his thumbs and guess it's going to be a good year for catnip he can take himself home again. Does he ever talk love?"

"I guess so."

"Has he asked you to set the day?" "N-not yet."

"Well, there you are! Courting you for three years and yet never talking love or asking you to set the day! Betty, something has got to be done."

he had decided to take a hand in this affair at any rate, and as he threw his last apple at the last hen, he might be closed the interview by saying:

"I'm going to give Joel a surprise party, and you just tend right to your business, same as usual. I shan't break his heart or cripple him for life, but he's got to toe the mark or jump rail fences."

Farmer Johnson was a slow goller man who never mixed up in politics, love or school district disputes, and he was left out of the conspiracy. His wife, Sarah, entered into the matter with a good deal of zeal, however, and three or four days later there was an arrival at the farmhouse. Uncle William had sent for three of his nephews, who were generally referred to in their own community as "those Peckham boys." The youngest was eighteen and the eldest twenty-four, and the object was to make Joel Hastings jealous. Betty had her suspicions and declared to be loyal, but the four men and a mother leagued against her were too strong. She rode out with Will, picked daisies with Tom and went fishing with Jim, and of course Joel heard of it. That they were her cousins made no difference. It might have done so but for Uncle William, who took care to throw himself in the young man's way and observe:

"Mighty nice gal, my niece, and one of them boys is sure to snap her up afore the summer is over. I've got a thousand dollars to give to the one who gets her. I heard you'd been spending around, but of course she wouldn't look at you. She sets her cap a good deal higher. Her ma and pa and me are set on her marrying one of the Peckham boys." The green eyed monster came to Joel Hastings as planned for. It took away his appetite. It caused his plow to wobble among the cornstalks. It set him out under the pear trees at night with his head in his hands and his back humped up. It did more. It kept him away from Betty. That was something Uncle William had not planned for, and he didn't know what to make of it, though he consoled himself by offering to bet his bottom dollar that "some thing would bust" within a fortnight.

"Don't you worry, gal; don't you worry," he said to Betty when a Sunday and a Wednesday evening had passed without bringing Joel. "That feller of yours is either getting ready to break for the woods or he's putting grease on his hair and lampblack on his boots and making up his mind to pop the question."

Ten days and nights had gone by, and no Joel, when there was a family gathering on the lawn after supper. Uncle William and Farmer Johnson sat on the grass, Mrs. Johnson reclined and fro in her chair, while Betty reclined in a hammock and "those Peckham boys" leaned against the cherry trees and smoked cigarettes and talked golf. The robins were singing the sun to rest when a great clatter down the road drew the attention of all. First there came an old white horse on a lumbering gallop, and following him, because attached to it, was a rattle wheeled oil buggy. Standing up in the buggy and putting on the whip at every jump was a hatless young man with his face a fiery red. Even had Farmer Johnson's family party failed to recognize the horse or the buggy they must have identified the young man as the long absent Joel.

There was no time for guessing and wondering. The cloud of dust and the old horse and Joel came on like a cyclone and stopped with a snort and a whoop at the gate. The next moment Joel was inside on the lawn. He had brought the green eyed monster with him even if he had left his straw hat



"ONE OF THEM BOYS IS SURE TO SNAP HER UP."

half a mile back on the road. There was a do or die expression on his face that could not be mistaken for the serenity of the cornfield or the peace of the barnyard. Betty and her mother rose up to receive him, but he was too busy to be received, or had, rather, received himself. He seized "those Peckham boys," according to age and present condition, and flung them among the hollyhocks; he grabbed Farmer Johnson and rolled him over among the planks; he lifted up Uncle William and heaved him into the top of a Siberian crab apple tree, and he picked up Mrs. Johnson and her rocking chair and dumped them into a bed of tiger lilies. There was no rest for him. He had come for Betty, and he meant to have her or die.

"Oh, Joel, what is it? What does it mean?" she cried as he jumped for her. "By gum, you shall never marry any-

body else while I live!" he hoarsely shouted as he picked her off her feet. "But I don't want to!" "You are mine if I die for it! Come along!"

No one interfered. From Uncle William down to the youngest Peckham, they were a dizzy lot, with bumps and bruises to fondle and soothe, and Betty was bundled into the buggy and the old horse put to the gallop again before a head showed above the grass.

"Now you see what you've done!" wailed Mrs. Johnson as she got up and faced her visiting brother-in-law.

"What have I done?" he asked as he loosened his necktie and gave his Adam's apple fair play.

"Joel has turned pirate and carried Betty off to sea."

"Don't you believe it. He's carrying her down to the Corners to marry her."



HE SEIZED "THOSE PECKHAM BOYS."

and they'll be back by 9 o'clock. That's what we were planning for, wasn't it to make him jealous? It came a little stronger 'n I looked for, but I'll bet my boots ag'in a rooster that there won't be any more twiddling of thumbs and sitting on the edge of chairs in this house. Your Uncle William has married and had three different wives to rest, and don't you make no mistake on him."

Uncle William was a true prophet. Soon after 9 o'clock the old gray horse came trotting up to the gate with a bridal couple in the buggy, and as Joel entered the house with the blushing Betty on his arm he clinched his free-hand hands and glared around and inquired:

"Has anybody here got any objections to this here performance?"

No one had. But it was Uncle William who stepped forward and felt of the bump on the back of his head and replied:

"No, there's no objections, Joel, but when you get after your second wife don't spark so long and don't stand so many of her relations on their heads. There's a heap of time wasted in sparking, Joel, and there's folks that object to being bung sky high into a crab apple tree."

Training Baby Memories.
As children, part of the Japanese education is learning to notice. A tray with a dozen things on it is given to the child for a few minutes, when it is taken away from him and he is required to repeat from memory the name of everything that was on the tray. Gradually the numbers of things are increased and the time he is allowed to look at them decreased, until nothing comes a habit, and a cursory glance catches up main points and details in an almost magical way. One mother, who heard of the method, was so struck by its simplicity and by the value of quick observing that she tried the experiment with her own children—not with trays and objects, but in their walks. She found that the children develop splendid memories as well.

Single Talents and Self Confidence.
A single talent man, supported by great self confidence, will achieve more than a ten talent man who does not believe in himself. The mind cannot act with vigor in the presence of doubt. A wavering mind makes a wavering execution. There must be certainty, confidence and assurance or there can be no efficiency. An uneducated man who believes in himself and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes often puts to shame the average college bred man, whose over-culture and wider outlook have sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self confidence, whose decision has been weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories and whose prejudices are always open to conviction.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

He Was a Speaker.
Thomas B. Reed, when speaker of the house of representatives, once went into an unfamiliar barber shop in Washington to be shaved. When the negro barber had about finished he began to try to sell a hair tonic.

"Hair purty thin, suh," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate.

Uphill Christianity.

SELECTED.
As we go through life, we see that about ninety-nine out of every one hundred professed Christians are groaning and complaining of the terrible times they are having in the Christian life, and their faces are awry, and there is no joy in them.

According to their own stories, they are simply enduring, and making an uphill struggle, yielding to one temptation after another, and still believing themselves to be Christians. These people are in the dark, they are not Christians. The enemy has overthrown them, and is making them believe they are followers of Christ.

To begin with, when these people were converted, they believed the whole victory was won, and that they would be able to live above temptation, but to their surprise, temptations came, and they yielded and fell. Why? Because they had not gone on their Christian course until they had reached their "strong tower" of defence. They were not indwelt by the Holy Spirit. It is possible for God's children to live so filled with the Holy Spirit that temptations will not overcome them, for God has promised His children that "no temptation shall come to them, but such as are common to man, and He will not suffer them to be tempted beyond that they are able to bear, but will with the temptation provide a way of escape." 1 Cor. 10:13.

So if professed Christians yield to temptations, they are responsible for the consequences, and are yet in their sins, so not Christians. They are reaping as they have sown. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth unto the spirit, shall of the Spirit reap eternal life." Gal. 6:7 and 8.

The world judges Christianity by its professed followers, and thus reproach is brought upon the cause of Christ, though this vast multitude who are in the churches, but without Christ in their lives. Uphill Christians. This is the work of Satan, for it is he, that is deceiving the people.

Deceiving is his business. Christians are able to resist temptations. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the evils of the devil." Eph. 6:11.

The real true Christian may be known from the uphill Christian by the fruits of the Spirit, which are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness and temperance." Gal. 5:22.

The uphill Christian is the one who professes, but does not possess, and the fruits of his life are "enmities, jealousies, strife, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, and the like." Gal. 5:20 and 21.

The world sees that there is something wrong with these uphill Christians, but cannot discern the cause, because these things are spiritually discerned.—Word and Works.

President Roosevelt.
The success of President Roosevelt in bringing about a peace conference between Japan and Russia deserves universal and profound appreciation. It was a personal achievement. There was no obligation on him to undertake such a task—certainly no obligation that rested on the head of any other State. All the world regarded the chance of success as remote. There was even ridicule at his effort. He was told by a part of the American press—the part that for some strange reason lives in mortal fear of a President's doing anything lest he entangle us in quarrels with other governments—he was told that a war on the other side of the world was no affair of ours and that our duty was to keep clear of "entangling" relations.

But with characteristic energy and tact and patience he began and continued the delicate negotiations that resulted at last in his introduction of the peace plenipotentiaries to one another on board the Mayflower on August 6th. It was an impressive scene when the representatives of the Emperor of Japan and the representatives of the Emperor of Russia shook hands, brought together by the President's good offices. When a little later, at luncheon, the President said:

"Gentlemen: I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and to which I ask you to drink in silence standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my earnest hope and prayer, in the interest of not only those two great powers, but of all mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them—all the world was drawn closer together by the wish for peace. The Presidential office and the prestige of the Republic were never used for a more humane purpose, and the personal success of Mr. Roosevelt in thus using them gives every right-thinking man a thrill of pride in him as our Chief Magistrate.—The World's Work.

Something You



Ought to Know

ABOUT Buck's Oven

It's roomy, thoroughly ventilated and has a fine white enamel lining to oven doors and racks, as easy to wash as a china plate. Oven bottom is built in two pieces to prevent warping, and is made without rivets.



INSIST ON A FIT

When you get your Fall Suit be sure that you have a Fit. No matter how good the quality, you would hardly be satisfied without a good fit. No matter how accurate the style, you would fail to be content if the Fit were at Fault.

No matter how low the price, it would not compensate for a poor fit.

The Fit of our Made-to-Measure Clothes, like the Quality, Style and General Workmanship, is the Best to be had.

W. S. MILLER & SON.

Money Saved is Money Made

This Being True You Should Trade at SELF'S When you want Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Men's and Boy's Clothing, Etc.

We Sell You New Goods We Save You Money We Treat All Alike We Want Your Trade We Appreciate Your Coming to See Us.

Very truly yours,
J. W. SELF.