

HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Ladies Aid.

We've put a fine addition on the old church at home, It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome, It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town, And when 'twas dedicated, why we planked ten thousand down; That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best— And the Ladies Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land, It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand. And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play, It carries her to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away. It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test: We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too and teas; They'll make a thousand angel canes, and tons of cream they'll freeze. They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more, And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet for the floor. No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says: "We'll pay the rest."

Of course we're proud of our big church from pulpit up to spire: It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire. But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks, I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs, And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest, That men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies Aid the rest. —Reformed Church Herald, of Lisbon, La.

Death to Cockroaches.

For many years the English government has paid large sums to professional roach killers, who would rid post offices, etc., of the pests, when they became too numerous. In every country public and private expenditures have been made under the same head, and the methods of the roach killers had never been brought to light, although diligent search was made, for they always stipulated that they should be permitted to work alope; and they saw that

they did. Also, they removed all traces of their work, as far as they could, nothing remaining behind except an occasional dead roach.

Finally, one English official had such a roach analyzed, and found that it was substantially a stone roach—a shell filled with plaster of paris, and glucose, the latter evidently first having been sugar. So he tried to get roaches to eat plaster of paris mixed with sugar, but without success; they would eat the sugar, but avoid the plaster. Then he studied roaches, and finally found that whatever else a roach might know, it did not know sugar and plaster apart by the taste or smell, and that if they were otherwise alike the roach would devour both substances, when mixed. Microscopical examination of plaster of paris and sugar led to the discovery that what is known as icing sugar exactly resembles plaster of paris in the size of grain, the weight and the color. This was tried, but the result was only partly satisfactory, enough, however, to show that the secret was partly solved.

The problem seemed to be to mix the two so thoroughly that they should be absolutely inseparable. This was done with machines, which sifted the two powders into the same receptacle with perfect equality, half and half of each. When this scientifically prepared mixture was taken to the proving grounds and spread upon the floor there were no live roaches left in the morning. But as there was no professional there to clean up the place was a sight, three barrowfuls of absolutely stone dead cockroaches being carried out of the place before business opened.

Unknown Friends

There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication. These people, however, are none the less friends of this remedy. They have done much toward making it a household word by their personal recommendations to friends and neighbors. It is a good medicine to have in the home and is widely known for its cures of diarrhoea and all forms of bowel trouble. For sale by J. E. Shell, Dr. Kent's Drug Store and Granite Falls Drug Co.

His Own Boy.

Dr. Cortland Myers, of Brooklyn, relates the following story as told by a ship's surgeon:

"On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times and worked his hands and feet. . . . When they had done all they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance and found he was dead and beyond help. I turned away as I said to them. 'I think you have done all you can;' but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over and looked into the boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy.

Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy; I blew in his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and four long hours I worked, until just at sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy."

The Loving Parent.

Up near Morningside Park the other morning early pedestrians were attracted by a man who stood on the sidewalk going through the contortions of a Japanese acrobat. He waved his hands above his head, he bowed until his head almost touched the pavement, and then he started to dance.

"That fellow is a lunatic," commented a young woman.

"Guess he's got the jimjams," ventured a "white wing" who was sweeping the street.

"Escaped from Bellevue," said another wise one.

A policeman arrived on the scene and touched the dancer on the shoulder.

"What's the matter wid ye," he demanded. "Got out of the bug ward or are yer going there?"

The man braced himself with a

sudden dignity.

"I don't understand you," he said, sternly. "What are you talking about, officer?"

"Why, what are you doing out here acting like a monkey on the public street? Look at the people."

"Hang the people. What do I care about them? I am signaling the baby good-bye before I go down to the office. I do it every morning. See him up at the window in his mother's arms? I tell you he's the finest baby in this town.

And the proud father continued to dance to the smiling little face that was peering from a window.

What's the good of keeping from him Any good things you may see. That will lift his load of labor Like Rocky Mountain Tea. Dr. Kent's drug store.

Wise and Otherwise.

Some people save a lot of time by telling the truth.

When opportunity knocks it doesn't use a hammer.

It is easy to expect others to set good examples.

Most of a man's hero worship is wasted on himself.

Sometimes money talks, but more often it stops talk.

Do your best for your boss or he may do without you.

Misers get more out of the world than they put in it.

Most of us do things merely because other people do them.

No wise person ever goes to a confidence man for confidence.

Prodigals have always exceeded the supply of fatted calves.

A prayer that is long drawn out is apt to be rather narrow.

Love, like whiskey, makes one do many unaccountable and foolish things.

We always watch a man who groans a great deal about the sins of others.

A man remarked one day that his buttons were all off, so he thought he would get married. His married friend told him not to delude himself by thinking marriage would remedy it.

A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He sat down to dine, and as he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospects, at the same time computing the cost. He still is a bachelor.

Lower Prices Are Not in Sight.

Neighbor, can you afford to keep your money lying idle when all around you are opportunities to make it double itself. You cannot make a mistake by investing in a town that is growing and has the future that Lenoir has. We can furnish you a list of people—a large one too—that have doubled their money because they took our advice and bought real estate that we had for sale. The success of our business, or any business for that matter, is square dealings and those who have placed confidence in us have been benefitted. It is not justice to yourself to let a business opportunity pass.

10 acres at Blowing Rock.	\$900.00
51 acres and three room house near Gamewell	1100.00
3 acre and four room house—extension North Main St.	1100.00
450 acres at Blackstone, good dwelling, store and about 1,000,000 feet timber. 70 acres bottom	8750.00
6 room house and 1/2 acre lot, Vance Street	950.00
4 room house and lot 82x109 feet, near Kent Furniture Co.	600.00
10 room house and 1/2 acre lot at Granite Falls	1500.00
800 acre farm, 3 miles West of Lenoir, 75 acres in cultivation, 30 acres bottom, 3 dwellings, good fruit	3000.00
58 acre farm, one mile of Hudson	1000.00
100 acres, top of Hibriten—the place for a resort hotel. Finest scenery in the country.	1500.00
17 acres, 1 1/4 miles from Lenoir on Hickory road	600.00
60 acres, three miles from Lenoir on Hibriten road	600.00
680 acre farm, good buildings, 28 acres bottom, near Collettsville	6000.00
9 room furnished house at Blowing Rock	1750.00
49 acres at Blowing Rock	2000.00
5 room house and 1/2 acre lot College Ave.	1250.00
6 building lots on Beall's Hill. Fine location, nice shade. Lots 100x300 feet	From \$150.00 to 250.00.
Lenoir Steam Laundry—ask for price and terms.	

"We Sell The Earth" and are Anxious to Supply your Demand.

Lenoir Realty & Insurance Co.,

J. G. HALL, M'g'r. Insurance Dept.

J. E. MATTOCKS, M'g'r. Real Estate Dept.