

The Unseen Home.

Looking out in the light of day,
Across the valley that lies between,
More than a mile and a half away,
The hill slopes upward, woody and
green.
Woody and green to the very top;
I strain my eyes but I cannot see
The house, though I know the very
spot—
Almost—where its shining walls
must be.

I cannot see the gleam of the walls
When the sun in the heaven is
bright and high;
But when the shadows of evening
fall,
And the stars come out in the quiet
sky,
An answering star on the mountain
side,
Gleams over the gloom in the vale
below;
though the jealous trees may
hide,
A happy home is there, I know.

As I sit in the dusky eve and watch
To catch the gleam of that shining
light,
A pleasing picture my fancy weaves
Of a tired man coming home at
night;
Of the loving welcome he there will
meet
From one who has watched for his
coming long;
Of childish prattle, and pattering
feet;
And my faith in the picture is very
strong.

So, when I wearily turn my eyes
To the stars that are shining up
above,
Each steadily keeping its nightly
place,
My faith grows strong in the
Father's love.
And, though the walls of my heaven-
ly home,
Are closely hidden away from sight,
I know that a gleam from it will
come
To guide me on through the dark-
est night.

Hog Killing Time.

Mr. J. W. Dry, the North
Winston butcher, has been kill-
ing hogs for private individuals
all the present winter. Out of
several hundred already dressed,
Mr. R. W. Hedgecock had one
that weighed 522 pounds, the
heaviest pig in all the bunch.
Pikie Webster, out in Pegram-
town had one that weighed 17
pounds, which was the champion
featherweight of the season.

Money is Not Success.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters,
in his sermon in the Madison
Avenue Baptist Church of the
Epiphany last night on the text,
"A good name is rather to be
chosen than great riches," said:
"I am a huge admirer of suc-
cess itself. At a recent funeral
in this city of a multi-millionaire
the body was followed to the
grave by only six carriages, in-
cluding the detectives and all
the mourners, beneficiaries of
the will, with hardly a tear of
genuine sorrow shed—not even
by the family.

"Who would call such a life a
success? Who would quote that
career as an example to young
men? A long life with no love
of God, no love of man while
living a life with no goodness—
twenty millions for heirs to fight
about; twenty millions rich, yet
not one moment after the man
has gone, how poor inwardly.

"The man who has nothing
but money, or, rather, the man
whom money has, is the poorest
thing in all the world.

"Who would stand for all their
money in the shoes of the insur-
ance men who have robbed wid-
ows and orphans? These men
have gathered together that
which makes fools envy them,
but who does them honor?
Would they not gladly begin life
over again and live for a good
name rather than great riches.
Money-making is not success.
Character is success, and there
is no other."—New York Times.

Boys, you have but one moth-
er; care for her and spare her.
She is not a beast of burden to
drive along the highway of life.
There is no love like her love,
you may not know it now, but
you will some day.

Schouler's Department Store.

The Painters and Decorators have finished
Painting our large store and we now have
one of the handsomest Department Stores
in the State. New goods are arriving
daily, and our showing in all lines for the
Spring trade will be the greatest in the
history of our business. We are now bet-
ter prepared to serve our customers than
we have ever been.

Plant Bed Muslin, the very
best kind at $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.

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STORE
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