The Ausiness Guide.

SSUED WREEKLY BY STEWART BROTHERS, 111 WREST 4TH STREET. WRINSTON.

The Industrial Interests of our People are Paramount to Every Other Consideration. It is earnestly hoped that all readers of this Paper will yield gently to its doctrines and aid in its circulation. If you have any grievances consult a physician. If you have no business of your own, get married or go to work.

If you are pleased with the Paper, aid *; if you do not like it, hand it to a sensible neighbor.

Be serious, and help in advancing the interests of your community. -

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No. 4

In The Twilight.	Compliments of New Hope.	. Vienna Again.
In the shadow of the twilight, trees	New Hope school house is one	Mr. J. C. Mock, of Polkton
are waving to and fro,	of the most beautiful and upto	
In a rhythmic measure, keeping time to thoughts of long ago.		ting the sale of his personal
Thoughts that swell like far-off music,	date public school buildings in Rockingham county. It has a	
thrilling me with subtle pain, Thoughts that Nature, in her mus-	heartiful louis in The	
ings, echoes in a sad refrain.	fork of the ridge road. This	day night, Feb. 10, 1906, at
O beloved ! do thy heart-strings quiv-		D
er in this dreamy eye?. Can'st thou not, in all thy splendor,	And since that time has become	
for the past one moment grieve?	a very useful place in many ways.	Mr. W. H. Spease is hurrying
Hast thou grown more cold than	Construction of the second	up to get his new house done be-
Nature, and forgot the happy days,	school building, where the many	fore good weather sets in.
When with faith and hope we could		
not see the parting of our ways?	gether day after day and fit	Mr. George Ziglar.
Moist with dew, this vine its cluster-	themselves for coming life.	
ing arch of tangled fragrance rears;	0.1 (1)	Lucher Dinkley was up in our
Speaks it not of love and spring-time,	Society meets every Thursday	
Sweeter through a mist of tears?		Walt Faryington and Bud

And these mosses gray and clinging, Fragments caught from twilight's veil,

Tell they not of sorrows twining all our life with memories pale? Was it right or was it wrong, thus to

Let our different spheres Hold us severed, bound in misery,

through such weary length of years?

Let it pass, O, my beloved; see, I stifle all my pride ;

Tis not yet too late to finish our short journey side by side. There the dark-robed clouds are sweeping to the quiet sunlit west? Shall not thus our past all vanish in **Eternity of Rest?**

Mrs. A. C. Vogler, mother of Mr. Frank H. Vogler, died at her home in Salem on Monday morning. The funeral and burial took place on Tuesday after-BOOT.

night. 3rd. The Farmers Asso ciation meets every other Saturday evening.

Bro. John Knight will preach at this place the first Sunday evening at 3.30 o'clock.

I will close, with best wishes to the GUIDE. REPORTER.

Rat Killing Time.

On last Saturday Messrs, Ed Crater, Bill Boyer, Avery Brewer and the two Evans boys, the great possum hunters of Muddy Creek, killed 233 rats at Mr. Lewis Fishels inside of two hours. This is the greatest single rat killing recorded in history. Never heard anything to equal this, when we reflect that it was jump the broom stick about somean actual occurness.

Hicks are at their old trade, mink hunting.

The telephone people are very fortunate in getting Mr. C. G. Hunter as their lineman as he doesn't need any ladder to tie the wire to the poles.

Omer Conrad was out last Sunday night and didn't get back until next day. Good for him that he found a place to stay all night.

Charley Dull is working hard to get married, or at least he is building him a house and doing round wonderfully of late.

Little Frank is preparing to time soon. JUNDO.