

The Business Guide.

ISSUED WEEKLY BY STEWART BROTHERS, 111 WEST 4TH STREET, WINSTON.

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 it; 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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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1906.

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The Depth of Infamy.

An old negro preacher of Southern Georgia had been given a fine 'possum by some of his admirers and was keeping it in a barrel, feeding it heavily to still futher increase its weight. He had decided to have it killed the next day, when, to his rage, was stolen in the night.

Shortly afterward a revival meeting was being held and among those who went up to the mourners' bench was a certain very black Jim and his grief seemed inconsolable.

"Dat's all right, mah brudder!" the old man shouted. "Don' matter whut yo' done, de good Lawd gwine fergibe you!"

"But ah's been powerful mean," Jim declared, weeping.

"Is yo' stole chickens?" the old man demanded.

"Oh, wuss 'en dat!"

"Good Lawd! He'p dis po' nigger!" the old preacher entreated.

"Is yo' used a razor?"

"Wuss dan dat!"

"Is yo'—yo' ain't done killed nobody?"

"Wuss dan dat!"

"Den hyah's whar wetangle!" the old man shouted, throwing aside his coat. "De good Lawd kin fergibe yo' ef he wants ter, but Ah's gwine skin yo' alive! Yo's de varmint dat stole mah 'possum!"

Good Old Times in Texas.

The frequent firing of guns in the north part of the town is evidence of the would-be wild and woolly fellows being in existence in spite of the civilized state reached by the average people of the country. At least three nights of this week unknown parties have galloped through the streets of North Orange firing their guns at random. Occasionally officers are successful in hunting down these cattle guilty of handling a gun in the above manner, and when once apprehended the right punishment is generally administered to the limit.—Orange Tribune.

Finds \$15,000 in Gold.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 20.—It became known to-day that during an auction sale yesterday of the household effects of the late John Mullin, at his former home, 235 Vinewood avenue, \$15,000 in gold was found hidden away under an old carpet, which the auctioneer had just sold as it lay on the floor.

When the purchaser ripped it up the money was found. Mr. Mullin was at one time prominent in the iron industry in Pittsburgh.

Miss May Barber and Mr. Marion Follin were married in the city on Wednesday.

Leonard Walsh Killed.

Leonard Walsh, who lived near Cricket post office, was accidentally shot and killed last Saturday morning, while out hunting. He and Chal Gilreath were out hunting, when the dogs jumped a rabbit. They started to run, when Gilreath fell down, and his gun fired, the load taking effect in abdomen of the Walsh boy. A great hole was torn in the boy's side and he died in less than five minutes. The Walsh boy was the son of Hense Walsh of Cricket and was about 17 years old. The accident occurred right near John Wood's home. It is a sad accident, and should be a lesson for the boys to be very careful when handling guns. The boy was buried on Sunday.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

One day last week Davie Hicks, out on Walnut Cove route 2, swapped a fine bird dog for a mowing machine, and has been cutting broom sedge for the cattle ranch, with a mule hitched to the end of the tongue of the machine.

Mr. O. W. Hutchins died at the Hospital on Sunday morning, aged 26. He was operated upon for appendicitis Saturday night.

President Roosevelt's start across the Isthmus stirs up the Canal diggers.