

PINEHURST CASINO.



OPEN FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO JUNE 1ST.

This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the residents of Pinehurst, all of whom are privileged to make use of it.

The Ladies' Parlor and Cafe are on the lower floor, and the second floor has Reading Room supplied with Daily Papers and all the Popular Periodicals, Billiard Room, Smoking Room, Bath Rooms and Barber Shop.

The Casino Cafe.

The Casino Cafe provides Excellent New England Cooking.

Table Board \$4.50 per Week.

Dinners \$2.50 per Week.

A BAKERY is connected with the Cafe, where families can obtain supplies. Address for Board

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THE

Powell Hotel,

ABERDEEN, N. C.,

Is still under the management of H. H. POWELL, and as of yore its reputation rests on the excellence of its appointments and cuisine.

SPORTSMEN

From the North will receive special attention. The proprietor is familiar with the haunts and habits of the game in Moore county, and with gun and dog will give all possible assistance to his guests.

Accurately Stated.—"I can tell you," said he "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart." "How much?" replied she. "Two pints."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Southern Pines News Depot.

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Books, Papers and Magazines,
Athletic Goods, Sheet Music
and Stationery.

Nice Line of Gift Booklets for Xmas Trade.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

Competition.

The race is won! As victor I am hailed
With cheering cheers from eager throats,
and yet
Gladder the victory could I forget
The strained, white faces of the men who
talled!
—Julia Schayer in *October Century*.

Toney costs practically nothing and is a valuable produce, considering the price.

Empty frames of combs should be well taken care of during the winter when not in use.

Any queens which do not seem to be prolific should be superseded as soon as the fact is known.—*St. Louis Republic*.

SOME REMEDIES.

For night sweats, cold sage tea.
For sprains or burns, tincture of arnica.
For bilious colic, soda and ginger in hot water.

For pains in the stomach, a hot water bottle.

For tickling in the throat, gargling with salt water.

For cold in the head, powdered borax, snuffed up the nostrils.

For a cut artery, a small cord or a handkerchief, tied tightly between it and the heart.

For pneumonia symptoms, hot water bottles in the hands, under the knees, under the arms and at the soles of the feet.

For neuralgia, wet cloths of alcohol and water or jergoric or laudanum and water and laid on a hot water bottle and the part steamed over it.—*Ruth Hall in Good Housekeeping*.

"WHAR'S MOSBY?"

Far from the beaten highway of civilization, stuck against the shoulder of a Kentucky mountain, is a little log building where the simple mountain folks gather to worship after the primeval methods of the early church. Being called to that neighborhood on business some time ago, and being there on Sunday, I decided to attend services, as the old gentleman with whom I was stopping was one of the leading supporters of the church and pressingly invited me to accompany him.

"You won't see no fine, highflerlootin doins' at our place of worship," he said, with a good natured smile lighting his rough features, "but you'll find folks that believes in the good Lord, and tries to follow his steps with the best lights they can git in their hands."

The preacher was a man named Penrod—Rev. Len Penrod—a man who, about two years ago, achieved much national notoriety for shooting at a deacon while engaged in a fiery dispute over the efficacy of pedobaptism.

The house was crowded with large, rough looking men, in their shirtsleeves; young women in the glory of gay ribbons; matrons in calico of subdued colors, and with many varieties of little ones clustered in bouquets here and there.

When Rev. Penrod arose to preach all whispering stopped. Every eye was bent upon him, and every ear was poised to catch the words that fell from his lips.

The sermon was just the kind of an address to stir the emotions—especially those of a trusting, unlettered people. He discussed no doctrinal points. He used no circumlocution. He struck out in short, crisp sentences that went direct to the understanding of the simplest intellect.

Withal, he was eloquent. His tones were rich, modulated, stirring and magnetic.

It soon became evident he was reaching the simple hearts of this emotional people, in fact, the most cultured audience could not have sat unmoved by his thrilling appeals.

A number of rough men, I noticed, were smashing tears with the balls of their thumbs. Scores of women had their faces in their aprons and were weeping audibly.

Soon a young woman about 18, of beautiful face and figure, sprang out into the center of the floor, and setting her large, dark eyes on the roof, gave a startling scream. The people all turned their faces toward her and encouraged her with shouts of "Amen!" and "Bless God!"

She first moved about in a slow, graceful circle. Then faster and faster she went, until directly she leaped high from the floor, smote her beautiful hands together and shouted, "Glory, glory, glory!" Then around and around she whirled, almost as fast as a top, clapping her hands all the while and shouting, "Glory, glory, glory!" There was a rapt expression on her beautiful countenance as if she viewed through the veil of sense a face in paradise.

Finally she halted and stood still for a moment, her arms elevated and outstretched and the seraphic expression still fixed on her face. Then with a wild shriek she started for the door.

"Whar's Mosby?" was chorused aloud by many throats.

At that instant the crowd toward the door parted and in stepped a tall, handsome, fine built man of about 40 years, with iron gray hair and mustache.

He stepped toward the half frenzied girl, took her in his arms and eased her down to a bench. He sat down by her side and her head fell over on her shoulder. In that position she lay, seemingly unconscious, until the sermon was through.

There was no more notice taken of her by the congregation. When the meeting was over, the man stroked her forehead several times with a tender palm, spoke to her in a low voice for a moment when she aroused herself and fixed for starting home.

As soon as we were a short distance away, I inquired of my old friend I had accompanied the meaning of this novel proceeding and the cry of "Whar's Mosby?"

"That has been a cry familiar in church here for 25 years," he said.

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GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

"It was a cry long afore the girl was born. Her mother many years ago was just like her—a pirty, fine lookin gal, mighty religious an fond of shoutin. She, the mother, was in love with Mosby. Never cared for no one else.

"When she would take them shoutin tanterims like the gal took today an was about to take what we call the jerks, it was found that Mosby was the only person thet could stop her and keep the jerks off. Every meetin she'd take a spell, an the shout would go up as it did today, 'Whar's Mosby?'"

"The mother, of course, wanted to marry Mosby, but her father put in a big objection, sayin that no man who never owned a coon dog or a still could have a gal of his. Mosby an the gal persisted, an finally the ole man shot at him an drove him outen the country.

"Soon arter that the ole man, arter forcin the gal to marry Lon Peterson, his partner in the moonshine business, turned up his ole trotters, gaped a time or two an died.

"In the course of time Mosby came back. His ole sweetheart he'd saved from the jerks so often was married an had a little gal baby—the one that shouted today.

"Waal, soon arter he come home he went to church one day an his ole flame wuz thar, an would, of course, shout. People wuz all eager to know what would be the outcome.

"Soon arter the preacher begun Mrs. Peterson got in. She kep' on an on an on, an folks got uneasy. Her husband worked with her, but he didn't have no infloonce at all with her. Her eyes got glassy and skearry lookin at last, an then all the people shouted:

"'Whar's Mosby?'"

"Mosby come forward, mighty timid, an took bolt. She jist melted down in his arms, an he eased her to the bench. Her head fell over on his shoulder an then roll off like a ball. It kep' rollin off, an rollin off, till finally we got uneasy. Waal, some one placed her poor head back again an looked in her eyes. She was dead!

"The gal is jist like her mother in everything. As soon as she was old enough to git religion she begun to shout like her poor mother, an it was soon found, like her poor mother, it took Mosby to save her from the jerks.

"Her an Mosby will be married next Sunday, an, mark my words, when the preacher starts up, after the ceremony, an goes to preachin, you'll see the same capers as you did outen her today, an the same ole cry will swell up:

"'Whar's Mosby?'"—Noel Johnson in *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Not Worth It.

The shrewd barber omits the perfumery in the case of the customer who isn't worth a cent.—*Boston Transcript*.