

moral and religious influence Mr. Beecher exerted upon those who frequented the hotel where he was a guest, but of the great interest he manifested in their physical well-being. He joined heartily in their in-door and out-door amusements. He spent a good deal of time in playing croquet—a game of which he was especially fond, and in which he was an expert. Being a skillful horseman, he enjoyed driving a spirited four-in-hand team. He was a favorite with the children, into whose sports he entered with real zest.

As an eloquent pulpit orator, as an inimitable platform speaker, as a patriotic citizen, as a noble Christian gentleman, as a kind-hearted neighbor and friend, as a true man among men, the world has seldom if ever seen the equal of Henry Ward Beecher. T. J. E.

"TOLD YET AGAIN."

Another Winter Resident Writes His Impressions of Pinehurst.

"What do I think of Pinehurst," did you say, Mr. Spinney?

I think about what other visitors think. It is an "oft-told tale," and yet it might be told again in a slightly different form.

The visitor, if he come on the evening train and by the electric car through the piney woods, will be startled by the revelation that awaits him at his journey's end; for here Mr. Tufts made the "wilderness bloom like the rose." The flashing of myriads of electric lights, and every building from the Holly Inn to the smallest cottage constructed in accordance with the most artistic designs of modern architecture, may make one think he has reached some fashionable seaside resort. Nor will the illusion be lessened when he sees the white sand scintillating in a strong glare of light, and fancies that he hears in the distance the gentle swell of the ocean breaking upon a sandy shore. But the ocean is many miles away, and what he hears is only the gentle zephyrs sighing through the pines and singing a sad but satisfying requiem over the grave of his departed cares. A good supper surely awaits him.

Now, if it be true that we, the temporary sojourners at these health resorts, are like

"Ships that pass in the night
And speak each other in passing;
Only a look, a voice,
Then darkness again,
And a silence,"

Then it is also true that in Pinehurst that look is one of welcome, and that voice always rings with the tones of kindness and sympathy.

Morning comes and daily life begins; what is that daily life? Was it the Bard of Avon who wrote: "All the world's a stage and the people only actors?" Then life at Pinehurst may be called a drama in six acts: three times to the dining room, twice to the post office and once to bed. The novitiate serves no apprenticeship, but learns his part promptly and becomes "letter perfect" at the end of twenty-four hours. Between the acts, however, there is ample time for rest, recreation and enjoyment.

First we explore the town site and quickly find the fence, that terrible fence which entirely surrounds the corporation (125 acres), and by rival winter resorts has been called a "Chinese wall;" which

it is not, but an ornamental woven-wire fence six feet high, a wise provision for keeping out cattle, sheep, "razor-back" hogs and dogs; for it must be told that, under the laws of Pinehurst, which are as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians,

"No dogs are found within this town,
And never will there be;
No mongrel, puppy, whelp nor hound,
Nor cur of low degree."

Any cats? I hear there are four, though I have seen but three.

Just here I would like to say, in parenthesis, that a lover of cats would willingly walk a mile to get, at the Casino, one good look at Miss Upham's beautiful specimen of the feline species, whose leonine color and proportions vividly recall the grimalkin so graphically and poetically described by Brete Harte; that now historic cat

"That fit at fifteen pounds;
And other cats got up and slid
When that 'ere cat was round."

Some one said the other day: "There is nothing to see here;" but that remark was inspired by a slight fit of homesickness. There is much to see. One may stroll about the grounds for hours, along the circular and serpentine walks and look at the beautiful lawns and horticultural productions. He may visit the museum at the "shack," go to the park and make immediate and familiar acquaintance with the deer, see the peacocks, admire their beauty and berate their vanity; search for and not find a long pole to knock down the persimmons; but if he have ape-like agility he may climb the trees and secure an abundance of this now luscious fruit. He may make a trip to the farm, to the nursery, to the livery barns, to the hennery, to the power house, to the mill pond, to the new artificial lake, to McKenzie's mill, to the spring, to the water-wheel and to Linden—all within a radius of two miles.

Ah yes, on Sunday he may go to church, a thing he too rarely does at home, alleging that oft-repeated excuse so potent there, so puerile here, want of time.

There is abundant opportunity for horseback riding and driving, and an admirable chance of getting lost while threading the maze of log and wood roads through the forest. Practically this accident never happens, I believe, save when the young man pays less heed to the route than to the pensive maiden by his side.

The surrounding country is said to be a paradise for hunters. Not being a Nimrod, I claim no knowledge of this subject farther than to say that I have found it no very difficult matter to kick a covey of quail out of the bunch grass, when taking my daily walks. In addition to these means of enjoyment, we have the frequent excursions to adjoining towns, the entertainments at the Village Hall and the evening gatherings at the Holly Inn; where *ennui* is dissipated by first-class orchestral music, by song and dance, and where in quiet nooks I see groups, very small ones indeed, and note that

"Eyes look love to eyes that speak again,
And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

These groups at least have found the true, the real *dolce far niente*.

I have studied the water supply, the sewerage system and the natural drainage from this elevated plateau and, speaking from a medical standpoint, I

must unhesitatingly declare the sanitary condition of Pinehurst to be practically perfect.

What of the climate? During my five weeks' sojourn I have frequently been reminded of September in Pennsylvania. At times of course the air is cool and crisp, but invigorating, and not a flake of snow yet. A terrible blizzard in the north will not of course be entirely unfelt here. One night only, the rain fell and froze into a thin coating of ice, and the wind howled through the trees until it was

"A night a chiel might understand
The de'il hae business on his hands."

In cosy rooms, however, properly warmed by steam heat or, better yet, by a stick of fat pine blazing in the fireplace, we could say with Tam O'Shanter:

"The wund wi'oot may rave and rustle,
We needna mind the wund a whustle."

I find nobody here who is very sick, and as there is no cemetery it must be taken for granted that death, if not actually impossible is at least not anticipated. I do know that those with bronchial and asthmatic troubles find relief, the nervous and debilitated find strength, the over-worked and tired ones find rest and the heart-weary and sad find "surcease of sorrow," among these pleasant surroundings and social enjoyments. I would like to name some whose acquaintance I regard it an honor to have made, and to acknowledge my indebtedness to many for personal courtesies; but I do not forget that comparisons are always invidious, and, besides this, the curtain is just ready to rise on the third act of the drama we are now playing on the Pinehurst stage.

When we join in a race,
Each will strive to be winner;
But let me set the pace
When the goal is a dinner.

WALTER H. PARCELS.

A THOROUGH ARTIST.

Sir Edward J. Poynter's Great Care For Minute Details.

It may almost be said that it is impossible to appreciate the finished work of this artist without some knowledge of the contents of those portfolios which contain his drawings. It at all events increases our respect for the man and his art to know how much thought and labor and thorough craftsmanship have gone to the making of his more important compositions. For the figure of St. George, for instance, which we see clothed in a complete suit of Maximilian armor, gleaming through the dusk of the lobby of "the house," he thought it necessary to draw the figure nude, and not only nude, but ecorche, and it was not unusual for him about this time to make a study even of the skeleton in the attitude required for a figure. Such a drawing I have before me now—a drawing for one of the men, who is stooping to pick up a stone to hurl at St. Stephen, on one side the figure nude, but fully fleshed; on the other, trunk and legs and arms "in the bones."

Contrasted with such studies there are others of great completeness and finish, but still preparations—one, for example, of the same St. George, but fully armed, with his attendant figures of Purity and Fortitude fully draped and underneath the shield of the United Kingdom, with naked children on either side holding a festoon. The work is bordered with a band of roses conventionally treated and executed in water colors with the utmost care, yet so broadly that when photographed it looks like a fresco. This little drawing, almost as beautiful in color as in design, was experimental only. The shield and the children were replaced by a more formal design for the mosaic.—"Sir Edward J. Poynter, P. R. A.," by Cosmo Monkhouse, in Scribner's.

CAMILLA.

Strike your guitar, fair Camilla, and sing the wild song you are dreaming.
Let the lithe fingers fly swift o'er its strings,
For your dark eyes are beaming—
Beaming with faraway fancies, Camilla, that plead for expression.
Only thy vibrant guitar is attuned for the sacred confession.

Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in rapture the pulsating strings,
And her faraway eyes are intent on the scene and the story she sings—
Singing her song of Felipe, her hero intrepid and true;
Singing his praise and recounting what deeds for her love he would do.

See the wild race after cattle, the broncho's wide nostrils blood red!
Hear the hells of the herder Felipe, who dashes ahead!
Hiss, how the lariat sings as it flies o'er the horns of a steer!
See the wild plunge and the horse standing firm! Hear the bellow of fear!

Then, on the trail of Apaches, who leads the long marches by night?
Who but Felipe would dare to press on o'er the mesa to fight?
Who but Felipe sits firm in his saddle when rifles ring out in the dark?
Coolly he levels his weapon. The bullet flies true to its mark.

Such is the song sweet Camilla is singing with gaze far away;
Such is the song, for she knows not how long her Felipe will stay—
Knows not that lone in the waste of the sage brush her master lies, slain.
Ah, sweet Camilla, thy songs for Felipe, the fearless, are vain!
—Charles A. Keeler in "The Land of Sunshine."

FERRYBOATS IN THE WAR.

A Veteran's Recollections of One He Saw at Fortress Monroe in 1861.

"It is curious," said a veteran soldier, "how some incident or circumstance may impart to a long familiar object to which we have never given any special thought a significance that makes it always thereafter an object of particular interest. The East river ferryboats impress me in that way now whenever I see one, and this was brought about simply by seeing one of them out of its accustomed waters amid strange scenes and put to strange uses.

"This was in the fall of 1861, in Hampton Roads. The regiment that I served in was aboard a transport there, waiting with other troops afloat there to go farther south under convoy of a fleet of war vessels. There was a great number of vessels there of all kinds, steamers and sailing vessels and warships, and they made an impressive show, but certainly the most striking of any one of them on its first appearance was an East river ferryboat, the Commodore Perry. I can see her at this minute as she looked then, moving across the waters of the Roads; she looked so utterly strange and curious there and amid such surroundings. But she went here and there with the most perfect confidence, constantly employed in transporting stores and troops and making herself quite as much at home there as she ever had been among the currents and eddies of the narrow East river.

"Other ferryboats were taken down there. A soldier friend of mine tells me that later, in the peninsular campaign, there was a New York ferryboat in those waters that was used as a gunboat, carrying two parrott guns, one at each end, mounted in the gangways, where the teams drive in and out. My own impression is that one or two of these boats went around Hatteras, into waters farther south; but, however that may be, I shall never forget the first time I saw the Commodore Perry at Fortress Monroe, and to this day I never go along South street without a feeling of the keenest personal interest for every ferryboat I see on the river."—New York Sun.