

OUTINGS NOS. ONE AND TWO.

(Continued from Page Four.)

"Its just like him" we all said with one accord as we found awaiting us at the railroad station the electric car. Mr. Tufts had sent on his *avant-coureur* to hold this for us, even if it delayed the regular trip.

How many of the excursionists have attempted to work off upon their friends a pun on the name of the second station where the train made a ten minute stop? *Candor* compels us to confess to such an inclination.

Supt. Page would not intrust his precious freight to one of his engineers but "drove" the engine himself. If you hear him called "Chris," don't try to guess the reason why; wait for some one to tell you that he was born December 25th.

The owner of the turpentine still led an appreciative party to his plant. If we tried his patience by plying him with so many questions, he may be assured they were not prompted by idle curiosity. We wanted to learn everything possible about the *modus operandi* of distillation.

We captured Troy with an *iron* horse. The Trojans first endured, then pitied, then embraced. If Orpheus played sweeter music than the Sirens so did our orchestra exert a potency greater than that of corn juice. Will the Trojans or the attendants upon the county court ever forget the parlor musicale?

How demoralizing an outing sometimes is! The minister "pinched" memorabilia for one of the young ladies. One of our party saw double without artificial aids. Gazing intently at the topmost branches of a tree, she kodaked a negress with banjo in position who was all unconscious of the indignities being heaped upon her.

Artemus Ward was quite willing to sacrifice his wife's relatives upon the altar of his country. No less heroic was our genial doctor as he conveyed Miss K. to a seat in the locomotive. One can well fancy that nothing less than consideration for the other passengers in their crowded car would persuade these two to endure the hardships of a round trip in the cab.

Shakspeare makes no mention of the man who courts greatness. Was it not honor enough to manage successfully Outing No. 1, without reaching out for more glory? Who but a newspaper man would let the train depart without him, and then create a sensation by telegraphing for its return? Spinney five miles away might (perhaps) become as famous in history as "Sheridan twenty miles away."

What would Dr. Durgin of Boston's board of health say to the sanitary condition of Troy's court house? Bacteria, bacilli and microbes ought to flourish there like the green bay tree. The floors were frescoed with the juice of North Carolina's most abundant product. With such cheap labor as here abounds the whole interior ought to be thoroughly sterilized. (A gratuitous hint to the next grand jury.)

Outing No. 2—Excursion to Pine Ridge.

If a knight of the quill felt sure he could describe the scenes and exercises

at the Pine Ridge school commencement, he would be pardoned for characterizing the procession that wended its way thither from Pinehurst as nondescript. Every part of it was a living picture. Equestrian and equestrienne; pedestrian and passenger, pushed forward to the place of interest. The horse found himself in company with the mule and ox. The buggy yielded the place of honor to the country wagon. There were carriages with horses and horseless carriages. The soft side of a plank and cushioned seats were equally popular. Who will say that the straw ride was not the most enjoyable of all. One could almost read of the occupants of the densely decorated "outfits" hiding them from profane eyes, "Tho' lost to sight to memory dear." And did not the ox feel highly honored that hauled Mr. Tufts and Dr. Parcels? It was beforehand thought a difficult task to form and move such a procession. But the Pinehurst contingent was easily mobilized. The long journey was devoid of any sensations, and at dress parade on the Pine Ridge our company was "all present or accounted for."

The day, the place, and the sights and sounds, will not soon be forgotten. We were all on the *qui vive* to know what we were to see and hear, and our curiosity was soon satisfied. From every quarter came parents and friends of the scholars. There was no thought of crowding a hundred and fifty people into a building which fifty persons would overcrowd. Where were the exercises to be held? Looking around it was quickly apparent that this midwinter commencement was to be out of doors! Settees and improvised benches provided every one with a seat.

Now we may look about for a little before the call to order is sounded. The little structure which shelters the pupils during the school hours is rude and loosely constructed. On this gala day, in order to shelter the audience from the winds, a portion of the schoolhouse on the leeward side had been removed and a platform erected in front by which the pupils could make their entrance and exit. It is not improbable that the building could have been moved bodily down into a valley if the comfort of the audience demanded it. But the decorations, interior and exterior, showed excellent taste, and called forth many expressions of approval. The trinity of colors in our national emblem blended harmoniously with the Christmas green. But the appointed hour has arrived.

The school at the call of the young dominie assemble on the platform and salute us with a song. Rev. Mr. Cree offered prayer; then came a brief address of welcome; after which for more than an hour the members of the school interested and entertained the audience. In the retrospect it hardly seems possible that nearly if not quite all of the members of the school participated in these exercises. They were so varied in their character as to forbid weariness on the part of the listeners. The young dominie showed genius in preparing for this occasion. We had dialect pieces, French and English songs, dialogues and declamations, and as excellent a rendering of "This Pig went to Market" by Miss Pinkie Blake as we have heard on our northern platforms in the large cities. The whole affair was a

delightful surprise to our Pinehurst company who were enthusiastic in their praises of both teacher and scholars.

It was now in order for the guests to exchange places with the hosts. So our own party was called to order and after three cheers for the old flag, Gen. Carlington, taking for his text the word "Christopher," preached a most effective fifteen minutes sermon to the school. Mr. Tufts broke over his usual reserve and expressed his pleasure at being present. Dr. Parcels captured the audience at the very outset of his impromptu speech, commingling wit and wisdom.

Aladdin's lamp must have been used in preparing dinner. No viands were in sight at the close of the speaking, but in less time than it takes to tell the story, a most bountiful repast had been spread by these good people of the Pine Ridge settlement. Everybody partook, and although a hungry company it was that was fed, there was a superabundance. This act of hospitality meant a sacrifice for the liberal hosts; and it was appreciated as such.

After dinner the visitors had an opportunity for social intercourse with the "native" people, of which they gladly availed themselves. It was to the mutual pleasure of both parties. Nobody seemed in a hurry to depart. The balmy weather suggested a summer picnic. The little barefooted fellows excited no pity; the beautiful weather forbade it. At last the line of march was resumed, some of our party who were in haste preferring to walk home. Some one in commenting on this delightful outing said in language which needs to be interpreted, "Pine Ridge can see Troy and go her one better."

Instructor.

The services of a teacher of Mathematics, German, Latin, Botany, Geology and English Literature can be obtained for pupils in Pinehurst, provided a sufficient number of boys or young women apply. The gentleman is a graduate of Harvard and former professor in one of the New York colleges. Aside from his scholarly ability he is a very conscientious gentleman, whose influence could not be otherwise than elevating upon the character of his pupils. Further information may be obtained by addressing our superintendent, Charles D. Benbow, Pinehurst.

Some Hope.

Gillam—Chumpney is going to buy his wife a violin.
Gobang—So?
Gillam—Yes. He says he has heard every instrument has to have a chin rest.
—New York Press.

PULPIT AND PEW.

There are 47 Roman Catholic churches in Boston.

In Canada the augmentation fund of the Presbyterian church now secures a minimum stipend of \$775, with a manse to all its ministers.

The value of the churches and the land upon which they are erected in this country up to July 1, 1897, is estimated at \$680,000,000. Of this sum \$118,000,000 belongs to the Catholic church.

The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday nowadays.

Can't Hurt a Reporter.

That newspaper men are full of resources was well illustrated recently. One of the craft who lives on the south side is fond of seeing a chicken fight, and he has some good chickens. Recently he attended a cocking main and took one of his game chickens with him. There had been several lively bouts when a policeman appeared and gathered the crowd in. The newspaper man had hold of his chicken when the policeman arrived, and in his excitement held on to it.

At the hearing the policeman told his story, and no one denied being present or declared that the story was not true. The police magistrate turned to the newspaper man and said, "How does it come that you were there?"

The culprit looked puzzled for a moment, and then a smile broke over his face, and he said: "Why, you know, I am always after news. I heard about this main and got a tip that it was going to be raided, and I went there to get the news."

"That's all right," said the magistrate. "But what were you doing with a chicken in your hand?"

The newspaper man hesitated but an instant and said, "Well, you see, I wanted to clinch my news item as being true, so I just grabbed the chicken to show there was a chicken fight."

The magistrate looked at him a moment and said: "Well, you'll do. You are discharged."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Consolations of Religion.

Mr. Bryce relates an amusing anecdote which he got from a missionary. A Basuto had returned to his native country from the diamond mines. He described to the missionary his experiences there. On one occasion his eye had fallen on a valuable diamond in the clay he was breaking into fragments. While he was endeavoring to pick it up he perceived the overseer approaching, and having it by this time in his hand he was for a moment terribly frightened, the punishment for the theft being very severe. The overseer, however, passed on. "And then," said the Basuto, "I knew that there was indeed a God, for he had preserved me."—London News.

At Port Royal, Jamaica, for six months in the year thunderstorms are of almost daily occurrence, and guests to picnics and garden parties are usually invited to assemble "after the thunderstorm."

The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts of the wayside as we walk.—Emerson.

Stanley's Cat.

As the bonds of friendship are strengthened by a heavy affliction so does a prolonged sojourn in foreign places, amid strange scenes, turn the most common of everyday sights at home into luxuries. A magazine tells a story of Henry M. Stanley, who, after his return from Africa, was busily engaged in writing his story of the "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps upon the floor of his room, and on this particular day, after searching in his near neighborhood for a chart which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who presently descried it near the fire-side, with Stanley's favorite cat upon it asleep.

He started to turn the intruder off, when the great man interrupted him, saying:

"Never mind; don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the chart until the cat wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that domestic cat curled up in front of that bright English fire is to me, you would never chase her away."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she arose with a lazy yawn, scratching her front nails on the rug as she stretched, did the famous explorer reach for his map.