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CHARLES D. BENBOW, Superintendent, Pinehurst, N. C.



LINE OF THE HEART.

"Do you believe in it?"

"I don't know," he answered doubtfully. "I never had opportunity of judging."

"Then I'll read your hand."

"What! You?"

"Yes, really," she replied, nodding her pretty head. "I've been studying it; books and all that sort of thing, you know. Come over by the light."

He rose and followed her to the corner, where a softly shaded lamp diffused a mellow glow. Outside the wind was howling bitterly, but an old-fashioned wood fire blazed comfortably in an old-fashioned grate, for this was an old-fashioned house.

He had never noticed how round and white her arms were until the loose sleeve fell back when she took his hand. The touch of her cool fingers thrilled him.

"I thought so," she began. "You are a dreamer, and you do not want the world to find it out. It's been rather a hard life in some ways. You haven't always had all that you wanted."

He shaded his eyes with his other hand and rested his elbow on the table. "Safe observation," he remarked.

For the tiniest part of a second he gazed into a pair of reproachful brown eyes.

"Don't chaff, please," she said. "I can't do anything if you do."

"All right, little girl," he responded, half caressingly. "Go on."

"Your palm is elastic. That shows a hopeful nature and a strong one. Your lines are deep. You will get the full of living—in suffering and joy."

The piano sounded softly in the next room. Her sister was playing—half to herself and half to her father, who sat napping in the library.

"The mount of Jupiter is well developed," she went on. "That means pride, ambition, desire for power—not a snobbish pride, you know, but that which will not let you stoop to baseness."

He smiled to himself. She was reading him very well.

"Saturn is rather weak. I'm afraid you're not very fond of quiet or study. Yet you have an ideal of a home which you have not yet found. Apollo is good. You like music, pictures, books. Love appeals to you from the standpoint of the senses—it's the stained glass windows, the organ and the vested choir with you, not the doctrine."

"How well you know me!" he began. But she paid no heed to the interruption. The girl in the next room drifted in the opening bars of the "Serenade." It sounded like some faroff melody.

"You like money, but not so well as you do some other things. Books and pictures and travel and your own way come first." He colored and her lips twitched temptingly.

"This is Mars. You know there are two mounts of Mars. This one under Mercury means passive courage, self control, resignation and strength of resistance against wrong. The other one over by your thumb means temper. I'm glad to see that it is less prominent than this." She looked up at him with an adorable mischievousness that made him feel a queer tightening around his heart.

"Here's Luna down here. This means romance, ideality, imagination and mysticism. If it swells here, it means a reverence for—well, for the 'eternal womanly.' That's the best part of you. You want to put a woman on a pedestal and keep her there."

The bewildering sweetness of the "Serenade" sounded dimly through his consciousness and mingled with the breath of the roses—his roses—on her breast.

"You are sympathetic and charitable, generous to a fault. Friendship means much to you. Ah, I know that!" she said to herself. "But this line of heart! It's too far down in your hand. Feeling is your court of first and last appeal. See how deep it lies. How it dominates your hand! There's a marriage line, too—only one—there's only one woman in the whole world for you."

The lamp flickered. "It must need filling," she said. "I must hurry or we'll be left in darkness."

Woven in with the "Serenade" her voice vibrated on his heartstrings—now merry, now serious, now so wistfully sweet and tender that it sounded like the vision of Schubert in the room beyond.

"She will be all the world to you," she said wistfully. "There will be no room for your old friend then. That ideal home you have dreamed of will be yours and hers." Her eyes rested full upon his, and almost in a whisper she added, "It is not far away."

For a moment he searched her face intently, but the lamp was almost out now. Then something that he saw there gave him courage, and he slipped swiftly out of his chair and knelt beside her, taking daring possession of her.

"Is that little home to be truly mine?" he whispered. "Ah, sweetheart! Don't you know?"

Pale and frightened, she tried to slip away from him, but he held her fast.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, half sobbing.

"Please, darling!" He tried to draw her down to him, but she resisted, and he wisely waited for her to come to him.

"Can't we go on just as we were," she ventured, "friends and all that? You will find some one else for—the other—but no such friend as I!"

"There's no going on, dear," he said gently. "This is the parting of the ways. There is only one woman in the whole wide world—and the little home? Why, my life, it wouldn't be a home without you, don't you know?"

The roses were scattered on the floor among their drifted petals, and even in the shadow she saw his face, tense with appeal. His arms were drawing her closer. The lamp flickered and went out. She could feel his heart throbbing against her. She fancied she could hear it too. The "Serenade" was almost finished now, and, thoroughly humble in her surrender, yet wholly womanly, she bent down and kissed him in the dark.—New York Truth.

Took It Himself.

When the late Neal Dow was a young man, he was chief of the volunteer fire department of Portland, Me. His activity

in temperance reform made him unpopular with the liquor sellers, and they tried to get him removed.

At a hearing on the matter one witness testified that Mr. Dow was arbitrary and reckless of the lives of the men. By way of illustration, he said that he was ordered by the chief to take the pipe which he was holding into a place where he refused to go, telling the chief that no man could live there.

On cross examination he was asked:

"What did Mr. Dow do then?"

"Snatched the pipe from my hands and told me to clear out."

"What else?"

"He took it into the fire himself."

At that point the case against the chief broke down.—Youth's Companion.

THRONE LIGHTS.

Oldenburg's dynasty is saved from extinction by the birth of a son to the hereditary grand duke.

Sidi Ali, bey of Tunis, now 80 years of age, is about to abdicate in favor of his son, and to go to Nice to live, according to Le Figaro. He has ruled under French protection for 15 years.

King Leopold of Belgium offers a prize of \$5,000 for the best military history of Belgium from the Roman invasion to the present day. It may be written in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or Flemish, and manuscripts must reach Belgium before Jan. 7, 1901.

During his recent visit to Denmark the king of Siam was taken to the grave of Hamlet, and after standing a moment in reverential silence he turned to Crown Prince Frederick and said sympathetically: "A relative of your royal highness, I presume. Has he been long dead?"

Queen Victoria is to have a new yacht within two years. It will cost \$1,500,000, and will be the most luxurious craft afloat. Other European sovereigns use war vessels for pleasure trips. Queen Victoria's yacht will be built after designs submitted to her, and will have guns only for firing salutes.