

FAIR PINEHURST, THE GEM OF THE SOUTH.

(Air: *The Old Oaken Bucket*.)

How dear to my heart are the mem'ries of Pinehurst,

So often presented in pleasing review—
The Holly, Casino, and strolls of the finest
To ev'ry loved spot that my dwelling there
knew;

The Deer Park, the Farm and the Nursery distant,
Attracting me thitherward, day after day,
Directing my footsteps with impulse persistent,
Enchanting me to them and lengthening my
stay.

The far-away Pool, and the Still that stood near it
That took from the pine tree its treasure three-
fold,

Had tale of deep int'rest for those who could hear
it,
Pathetic and touching as ever was told.

It spoke of the time when the forest was vernal,
The trees thickly studded, majestic and fair,
Ere man had begun his destruction infernal,
With never a pity, nor ever a care.

And now the dead monarchs, with branches out-
reaching,

As specters were standing, bewailing their lot;
And one could well fancy were curses beseeching
On heads of the vandals their ruin had wrought.
The wind was responsive, with sighing and
moaning—

A voice of despair from the depths of the tomb—
The atmosphere weighted with crying and groan-
ing;

And where was life joyous, there now was but
gloom.

A feeling uncanny soon fettered and bound me,
Whenever I came to this desolate spot;
Invisible beings were gathered around me,
To whisper the tale of their hard, cruel lot.

And was it but fancy the words that were spoken,
And only imagined the voices I heard?
The spell that controlled me has never been
broken;

And who may then say that it never occurred?

At times, in my rambles to places secluded,
I came to rude cabins, forbidding to view—
The homes of the lowly, where poverty brooded,
And little but hardship the dwellers there knew.

As children of bondage, with stifled ambition,
They never were taught for the future to do;
And hence had remained in their wretched con-
dition,

Contented therewith, for no other they knew.

At home in the Holly! Delightfully pleasant
The friendships there formed with the people I
met;

I would that again with them all I were present,
And we were enjoying the Holly Inn yet.

Unique entertainments were sometimes provided
By those of the gifted who dwelt at the Inn;
And so the time swiftly, enjoyably glided,
Till soon like a dream it all seemed to have
been.

One eve, well remembered, a contest in spelling
Was held in the parlors for any and all,
And those in assurance and courage excelling,
Presented themselves in response to the call.

As veteran soldiers, in columns extended,
They fearlessly waited the coming affray,
Determined to stand till the battle was ended,
And be at their post when the smoke rolled
away.

The conflict began, and the fire became galling;
The ranks were soon thinned by the word-mis-
siles thrown;

For, throughout the long lines, the spellers were
falling,
With many a sigh, or a half-suppressed groan.

Some stubbornly met ev'ry effort to down them
With words elongated and frightful in sound,
And wreaths of the victor seemed destined to
crown them;

For words unfamiliar were not to be found.

At last, when the struggle had long been pro-
tracted,
Spectators and spellers were weary and worn,
And the word-giver hoarse, and nearly distracted,
Lest forced to do service from night until
morn—

A word was discovered, and gleefully shouted
To those who were standing, producing dismay;
For, with "syzygy" given, the spellers were
routed—

Not one of them able to stand in its way.

No picture of Pinehurst was ever completed,
No view of the Holly could fully be seen,
Without, in the setting, the vision were greeted
With dainty menus and the perfect cuisine.

The white-arrayed maidens, from room to room
flitting

To meet the wants pressing of each hungry
guest,
Contributed much to the pleasure of sitting,
Partaking of viands with unconcealed zest.

Of Sundays at Pinehurst, with rest so delightful,
What sweet recollections come crowding
along—

Among them the custom to gather at nightfall
In parlors attractive, for service of song.
The hour thus devoted continues before me;
The hymns, so familiar, still fall on my ear;

A pleasing remembrance of Pinehurst comes o'er
me,
And voices, though silent, I seemingly hear.

How dear to my heart are the mem'ries of Pine-
hurst,
On which, in my musings, I so like to dwell!

This beautiful Pinehurst, this fairy-like Pine-
hurst,
This dearly loved Pinehurst, remembered so
well.

And though it be mine never more to be viewing
The scenes so enchanting, impressed on my
mind,

That once it was granted me this to be doing,
I grateful would be to a Providence kind.

WM. VALENTINE.
Springfield, Mass., December, 1897.

Pointed Paragraphs.

In many cases writers' cramp affects
the stomach.

Musical directors beat their way
through the world by scores.

Trousers that bag at the knees are often
pressed into service.

A physician tells us that a teakettle is
a good thing for boils.

Many a poor man has lost his life in
trying to sound the depths of a woman's
love.

A man's will goes into effect after
death but a woman's will is in effect dur-
ing life.

Man wants but little hear below, when
the people living in the flat above him
own a piano.

When a woman and a cyclone make up
their minds to go anywhere nothing on
earth can stop them.

The number of things a man knows
about a woman is about 1 p. c. of what
he thinks he knows.

A man will give up \$1 for a 50-cent ar-
ticle he wants, and a woman will give up
49 cents for a 50-cent article she doesn't
want.—*Exchange*.

"I didn't mind his asking my age,"
said the lady who was not too young,
"but what really roused my wrath was
his introducing the question by saying
he hoped a reference to my age would
not be distasteful to me."—*Cincinnati
Enquirer*.

"Mama," said little Freddy, excitedly,
"the ferryboat we were on almost ran
into another ferryboat while crossing the
river." "Did it?" asked mama, anxiously.
"Yes, indeed. I'm sure there
would have been a collision if the other
boat hadn't back-pedaled."—*Harper's
Bazar*.

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious
young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what
was the most dangerous case you ever
had?" "In confidence, now that I am
about to retire from practice," answered
the veteran physician, frankly, "I will
confess that it was my medicine-case."—*Puck*.

A clergyman, sorely tried by a dozing
majority of his audience, stopped speak-
ing. When they all awoke, he said:

"My friends, this sermon cost me a good
deal of labor, and I don't think you have
paid it the attention it deserves; I shall,
therefore, go over it again." And he
did.—*London Tid-Bits*.

"I believe they claim there is less sea-
sickness now than there used to be."

"Then I must have had it all," said the
returned voyager.—*Chicago Post*.

Madam (to applicant)—Where was
your last place?

Applicant—At the hospittel, mem.

Madam—Were you a nurse there?

Applicant—No, mem; I was a small-
pox patient.—*Hartem Life*.

Hobson—"Instead of pretending that
it was a sad duty, the boss seemed tickled
to death when he discharged me. Job-

son—"I see. You were 'fired with en-
thusiasm,' eh?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

Grab.

The homeliest grab will often make
The loveliest butterfly, they say.
Why, I know a pretty girl who eats
Of pork and beans three times a day!
—*Detroit Journal*.

APE STEALS SPECTACLES.

Which Makes Nearsighted Admirers In-
dulge in Strong Language.

There is a monkey in Lincoln park with
a penchant for snatching eyeglasses from
the noses of the spectators, bending them
double and stuffing them down into his
pouch. The startled loser of the auxiliaries
to sight then has the pleasure of watching
the lump of expensive ground lenses and
bent and twisted bows joggle about in the
pocket that a monkey wears in the region
of his Adam's apple and of occasionally
being tantalized with the appearance of
them in the paw of the purloiner and of
learning that the more fuss he makes the
less likely is he to recover his property
soon.

If the losers at once begin begging for
their glasses and expostulating with the
wayward monk, he seems delighted and
alternately sits in melancholy abstraction
gazing at the faraway "keep off the grass"
sign, apparently thinking of his old jung-
le home and the coconuts there, or he is
restlessly active in performing an aerial
act on the topmost perches. His counte-
nance is fixed in the dolorous expression
of recent bereavement, and he hasn't time
anyway for minding the talk of the com-
mon, everyday sightseer.

"Come here, you naughty monkey! Give
me those glasses! What am I going to do?
Nice Jocko!"—in bewitching, insidious
tones—"give me back my glasses."

Mr. Jocko Monk, however, is unmind-
ful until suddenly a great light seems to
burst upon his heart and brain. He nerv-
ously drags out those shapeless eyeglasses,
holds them up and looks through them at
the person outside the bars, red faced and
stamping, in the serious, quizzical way of
the dean of a medical college who believes
he is discovering a new disease germ. Sud-
denly he looks up and begins chattering.

"Hello! You here?" he seems to twitter.
"What's the matter? You're looking mad.
Can I do anything for you? Say, got a
peanut in your pocket? Just push it this
way, will you? I'm feeling bad—really
I am. I'm feeling tough. I need a light
lunch. Oh, what you bothering about
those old glasses of yours for? Let up,
will you? Poor fellow, poor fellow! Can't
you get along without those things? They
ain't any good now anyway."

Then he flaunts the stolen property be-
fore the owner and puts it immediately
back into the seclusion of the cavity at the
roots of his tongue.

By the time the keeper has come to the
rescue of the ill fated goggles the monkey
has produced them and stowed them away
again some three or four times, and the
nearsighted individual whose nose they
formerly graced is in rage and despair and
swears that the monk is in collusion with
some optician in the interest of the latter
—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

THE CLEANLY ISLANDS.

A Region Where the Very Dust Is of a
Cleansing Nature.

Fortunate islands, the ancients called
them. What measure of good fortune
they associated with cleanliness is in-
deed uncertain. From the duration and
elaboration of their baths one might
presume that the Romans—not the holy,
but the pagan Romans—placed it at
least a degree above godliness. Yet
some influence surely must have trav-
ersed the law of heredity, for they
scarcely seem to have transmitted this
disposition to their posterity.

Whether, however, the title of For-
tunate, given to these islands, had or
had not a reference to this quality,
which we place proverbially only next
to godliness, the quality itself is strik-
ingly conspicuous. The islands had oth-
er names. The Hesperides is the most
familiar of them, and in Tenerife the
original "dragon" tree may be seen be-
neath which that sleepless dragon coiled
himself who acted as watchdog for the
maidens guarding the golden apples.
Today we call "golden apples" oranges
—in the language of the country, na-
rangas. We have changed the name of
the islands, too, and call them the Ca-
naries. No canary birds seem to live in
them, however, and there is a notion
that the name is derived ultimately
from "canis," the dogs, especially those
of the island of Lanzarote, the most
easterly, being famous. The flora of
the islands are subtropical, with palms
(is not the chief town of the Grand
Canary Las Palmas?), bananas, eucalypt-
tus, cactus and the aforesaid "golden
apples." Luxuriant vegetation is the
glory of Tenerife; a climate wonder-
fully equable is common to them all,
but Grand Canary is especially blessed
in its dryness and freshness.

At Orotava are more grandeur of gar-
dens and spacious hotels. At Las
Palmas, facing the northeast trade
winds, are the constant fresh breeze off
the sea, accommodation as comfortable
as could be desired and the quality of
cleanliness in its superlative degree.
Where all is so dry it is difficult to be
dirty and a positive triumph of innate
instincts over circumstances on the part
of the proletariat that so many of them
continue to be filthy. The Englishman
may even be astonished at the dirt,
as he will be astonished at his own
cleanliness. The astonishment is the
greater because the place is pervaded by
a fine dust, but the very dust is of a
cleanly, almost of a cleansing, nature.
It lies in powder on the banana groves
and palm trees. After a country drive
it may make a dark coat look as if its
wearer's profession had to do with a
flour mill, but a shower of rain sweeps
it off the foliage, and a shake and a
brush of the garment, and they are all
more spotless than they were before.—
Pall Mall Gazette.

Her Motive.

"That Eascombe woman is always
making her husband tell her that he
loves her right before folks."

"Yes; she knows that it is an awful
exasperation to him to say it."—*Indian-
apolis Journal*.

The churches of Naples are so over-
run with mice that most of the pastors
have been obliged to keep cats in them,
at the risk of provoking comic scenes
like those sometimes witnessed in thea-
ters when a cat walks across the stage.

It is necessary to hope, though hope
should be always deluded, for hope it-
self is happiness, and its frustrations,
however frequent, are yet less dreadful
than its extinction.—*Dr. Johnson*.