

OLD MCKENZIE'S MILL.

BY J. B.

Full well I know the winding path
That leads you to the hill
Where in the valley just beyond
stands old McKenzie's mill.

The old log cabin comes to view,
Still onward to the west,
And great the honor 'tis for you
To be McKenzie's guest.

For more than thirty years he's lived
And plodded on that farm.
In all this time was never known
To do the world a harm.

Now, old McKenzie is not like
Our puny northern men,
But counted children right and left
Until he counted ten.

The spinning wheel and ancient loom
Tell of a mother's skill,
And is a mighty factor of
The old McKenzie mill.

The sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks
Of all the boys and girls,
Quite plainly say "The old millstone
Is better far than pearls."

The Holly Inn, with all its throng—
I love its memory still;
But nothing seems more dear to me
Than old McKenzie's mill.

Now, when you see me once again—
And I am sure you will—
You'll see me walking in the path
To old McKenzie's mill.

As a Visitor Sees Us.

For quite a time I have desired to visit Pinehurst and Southern Pines, in Moore county, of which I have heard and read so much. Even in our far away home in the West we have heard much of this winter resort. Well, the opportunity presented itself the 22nd of February. I was not slow to avail myself of it. And I must confess to the most agreeable surprise. I suspect many of our North Carolina friends have heard this region referred to more in derision than otherwise, as that part of the world thrown in simply to hold the world together; and the section over which, if a crow should fly, he would find it necessary to carry his rations. Such "flings" can no longer be indulged in. The desert has been "made to blossom like the rose," and right here in the midst of what was once well nigh barren desolation, has sprung up under the magic influence and exquisite taste of Mr. James W. Tufts, of Boston, Mass., as nearly a paradise as I have found east or west, north or south. I have seen more elaborate hotels and larger, but I have not found one more charming, convenient and cozy. Supplied with every modern convenience, electric call bells, hot and cold water, steam heat, electric lights, both for the hotels, cottages and lawns, and with a table weighted down with the best things to eat prepared to suit the taste of the most fastidious, and served by clever white waitresses, there is nothing to criticise, but everything to please. And I recall that I have failed to name one of the most desirable features—pure water to drink. And it may not be amiss to say that no liquor is sold upon the premises.

Mr. Tufts is a philanthropist in the full sense of the word. Besides the hotel, Holly Inn, whose rates are only \$3 to \$4 per day, or \$14 to \$23 per week, he has provided cottages which can be rented by families, for a mere nominal sum. And there is also a cafe, or hall, where persons who are not able to pay the hotel rates can procure accommodations for only \$4.50 per week.

Games and sports, indoor and outdoor, are provided, and a fine opportunity presented for riding and driving. In fact, Mr. Tufts has placed right here at our door one of the most charming and delightful resorts of which I know, and I think it is but right to call attention of our people to it, with its hall for Sunday service, its school house, its museum, its circulating library, etc. Pinehurst is only six miles from Southern Pines, and is reached by electric cars which meet the Seaboard Air Line trains daily. Persons needing a quiet restful place will find it here, and there are not less than 500 now present.—*J. E. Ray in Catawba Weekly Visitor.*

ABERDEEN.

Mr. Huff is quite sick and confined to his house.

Mrs. H. H. Powell is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

Dr. Alex. McLeod will soon locate here for the practice of medicine.

Miss McAulay of Rockingham is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Page.

The Aberdeen & Rockfish railroad will soon be extended ten miles in the direction of Fayetteville.

The Aberdeen & Asheboro railroad will soon extend the Troy branch from Troy to Mt. Gilead.

An auction sale is advertised of the steam plant of the Aberdeen laundry, to be held next Saturday at 3.30 o'clock p. m.

A large force of men are at work on the Aberdeen & Concord railroad and every effort will be made to complete the road as soon as possible.

Engineer S. T. Brown, who was injured in the recent accident on the Aberdeen & Asheboro railroad and lost a leg, has so far recovered that he has been removed from Asheboro to this town.

Mr. Penny of this town was severely injured recently while digging a well at Pinebluff. In attempting to climb out of the well he lost his foothold when near the top and fell, receiving numerous cuts and bruises.

The Aberdeen Lumber Company expect to have part of their new machinery in working order next week. We understand they have purchased a large tract of lumber land, and intend to do a greatly increased business.

SOUTHERN PINES.

Junge & Beck made a business trip to Wilmington and were gone several days, this week.

S. Stringer is building a stable and carriage house in the rear of his business house on Railroad street.

Rev. Mr. Thomas of Brooklyn, N. Y., has begun work on a brick business block opposite the railroad station.

At the dedication of the First Congregational church edifice, the dedication hymn will, at the request of Dr. Ransom, be furnished by General Carrington, now wintering at Pinehurst.

James H. Murray, formerly mechanical engineer in the employ of the Standard Oil Co., and owner of an extensive

vineyard on the Aberdeen & Asheboro railroad near Pinehurst, is at the Ozone.

F. A. Ordway has bought the corner on Railroad street and New Hampshire avenue, and will erect a brick store thereon. In the meantime he will occupy the new building built by Mr. Burgess on Railroad street.

PLEASANTRIES.

(By Our Staff Humorist.)

It was in Newton that the man who was married one day, came the next to get the clergyman to unmarry him.

The Friday evening meeting was thinly attended, and an anxious brother rising to speak, said: "In looking around, I see many who are absent, and I have no doubt you all do the same."

A dear little girl had been refused cheese because it was hurtful to her. She was overheard saying softly to herself, as she looked down at her piece of bread. "The good Lord sends us bread, but no cheese." That is the trouble with us all. We want the cheese.

A notorious drunkard wished to join one of the churches near Boston, and came to its pastor to make application. The pastor began to tell him that he must then give up drinking, when the man hastily interrupted with: "Stop, stop, Mr. G.! I don't want a religion that consists in meats and drinks."

It was in June, as the congregation was scattering for the summer, that in the weekly prayer meeting of one of our large Massachusetts congregations, the pastor prayed fervently that the Lord would watch over our friends who were "wandering over the world, and elsewhere." Did he mean in purgatory?

Two little girls had quarreled in the day, and at night as one of them finished her usual prayer, her mother said: "Now ask God to forgive you for being angry with Maria." This was too much, and it required long reasoning to bring her to saying reluctantly: "Oh God,—forgive—me—for—being—angry—with—Maria, but O Lord, Thou knowest she was awful aggravating," she added vehemently.

A distracted mother was hunting for her little girl just able to run around. She was found sitting in the brook at the foot of the garden. The mother, taking the little girl in her lap, said: "You must never go in a brook. Why I have seen toads and bugs in a brook." "I," said the little girl, have seen lions and tigers and bears in a brook." "Why no, you never did! What brook did you see those in?" The little girl drew herself up with offended dignity. "I did not ask you where you saw your bugs and toads."

Counsel—Can you tell me what was the width of the stream? Witness—Eighteen feet three inches and a half. Counsel—Now, sir, what made you measure it so carefully? Witness—Oh, I thought some fool might ask me! (Sensation.)—*Exchange.*

During a recent meeting of our city council, the aldermen, in a burst of intellectual brilliancy, began to hurl epithets at each other.—*Exchange.*

LAND FOR SALE

Between Aberdeen and Pinebluff, about one mile from Aberdeen. Will be sold in lots of one-half acre. This land is well located for northern people who desire to have a winter home in this vicinity. Address

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