

the name of this attractive creature. It is not "Pixie" which in English folk-lore means a fairy or elf, appropriate as this would be. The name by which we know it is a contraction of "*Pyxidantha barbulate*," its botanical name.

A few homeward-bound incidents and the chronicle is ended. We crowded all sail, but hove to when we sighted a bottle on our starboard beam. We knew at a glance that it was not one of those picked-up-bottle chestnuts. No nautical explanation would explain. So the savant of the expedition was called in, who on sight decided that the bottle once held departed spirits. Its contents had disappeared in a very natural way, he said. By accident the body of the bottle had probably been broken, leaving only the neck and stopper. Morphology would explain, he continued, why the stopper had changed from a cork to a corn cob (as wood becomes stone by petrification). It was very evident, he remarked in conclusion, that the prehistoric dwellers in Moore county knew how to make corn whiskey.

The editor found another abode of departed spirits in the graveyard a little farther on. His sacreligious work there will be patent to all as they read some of the epitaphs he will publish later on in THE OUTLOOK. As we continued our journey our up-hill path was obstructed by a maternal razor-back attempting to provide dinner for her sixteen offspring, an effort which our gold democrat friend prophesied would fail as utterly as any other 16 to 1 policy. The whole family were in the middle of the road and as none of them seemed willing to get out of the way and wait for the second table we reached the top of the hill with difficulty. After avoiding Scylla (Capt. Folly's) on one hand and Charybdis (the Johnson pond) on the other side, we rode over the tops of trees, much to the delight of the ladies, between stumps and through creeks, reaching home in season for supper, for which we had not the least appetite.

The day is done.

The slow descendig sun looks down on Mortals  
Tired? Right smart, I reckon,  
Yet a day so full of fun  
As mortals can enjoy with dignity.

#### Third Annual Dance.

The third annual dance of the waitresses of the Holly Inn took place on Wednesday evening in the Village Hall, and proved to be the most successful of any yet held. A fine concert program preceded the dancing, after which the order of dances was fully carried out. The company then adjourned to the Holly Inn and were entertained at supper by Mr. Tufts.

The committee of arrangements were Misses Alma Fleck, Annie Crosscup, Margaret White and Lillian Stone, who fulfilled their duties to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Holly Inn orchestra furnished excellent music, and the evening will long be pleasantly remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present.

A visitor to Boston Common, pausing at a gathering of socialists, heard the peroration of a fluent speech: "When these principles are triumphant, we shall have comfort and happiness from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alpha to Omaha!"—*Pacific Unitarian*.

#### Dr. E. E. Hale.

Besides the cordial greeting from our guests which awaited Dr. Hale on his arrival in Pinehurst, the Monday Evening club of Boston had delegated to Mr. Tobey, one of its members, the pleasant duty of providing for Dr. Hale's room at the Holly Inn a floral welcome. The club also sent on in advance a few verses composed for the occasion by its secretary, which are published by request. Miss Hall kindly consented to take charge of the decorations, and on Saturday evening, on the arrival of Dr. Hale and family, they were greeted by those fragrant reminders of the affections of the Monday Evening club. The doctor's presence in Pinehurst is a delight and a benediction, and we shall hold him here as long as possible. He preached last Sunday to a large congregation in the Village Hall, and will doubtless be greeted by a larger audience on the coming Sunday. Following is the poem:

"The Man (who has) a Country,"  
And glories in the Hub,  
Cast his "Bread upon the Waters"  
Of the Monday Evening Club.

From his own "New England Boyhood,"  
"Age of Fable," and the rest,  
Things both "New and Old" he gave us,  
Doing just "His Level Best."

"One Good Turn" deserves another—  
"How to Do It?" each one said,  
"Ten Times One" he'd done to help us,  
Cheering on "Our New Crusade."

Let these flowers speak our greeting,  
As he settles down to try  
"Mr. Tangier's Vacation"  
With no more reporters nigh.

May "His Double Not Undo Him,"  
In the land to which he's gone;  
May no "Skeleton in the Closet"  
Mar the "Good Time Coming" on.

In the "Ups and Downs" of travel  
May he never come across  
Any less delightful person  
Than our honored "Friend the Boss."

May he find his "Ninety Days' Worth"  
Of enjoyment lasting—when  
"In His Name" who guards his servant  
We say—welcome "Home Again."

MONDAY EVENING CLUB.

#### SOUTHERN PINES.

The exposition car which visited us last December returned Wednesday. Among the many visitors we noticed a number of Pinehurst's guests.

Miss Currier, who is to lecture in Pinehurst Monday evening at the Village Hall, addressed our King's Daughters on Wednesday afternoon, and spoke and read in the evening. Professionally and personally Miss Currier is a delightful lady to know.

It was neither a Spanish spy nor an emissary of the U. S. that made an attack on one of our public buildings one day this week. It was only our Pinehurst friend, Prof. Lincoln, leveling his camera at the new Congregational church. We shall expect to see the cut made from this in a report of the dedication.

The Congregational church edifice will be dedicated Sunday, April 3d. The sermon will be preached by Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., president A. B. C. F. M., and Gen. Carrington will furnish a dedication hymn. Other Congregational clergymen residing or sojourning in North Carolina will assist. The exercises cannot fail to interest and instruct, and a general invitation is extended to the public to attend.

#### ABERDEEN.

The exposition car brought to town three car loads of excursionists on Blue's railroad. Eighty damsels from Rayford's school naturally made a sensation in our staid town. The exposition which is quite an object lesson drew large crowds, who were well paid for their attendance.

Landlord Powell is entertaining weekly some of Pinehurst's guests. This week Mr. Tobey brought his family for a day's outing, and with them Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Farrell of Boston. It is rumored that a certain sojourner in Pinehurst hankers for 'possum and that like Banquo's ghost his appetite will not hold at bidding. If reports are correct he will soon be satisfied.

Rev. J. H. Johnson, formerly pastor of the Bethesda Presbyterian church, died on Saturday. Funeral services were held at his late residence Sunday afternoon and the remains were taken to New York State for interment. Mr. Johnson was so thoroughly identified with Aberdeen that his loss will be keenly felt. Though a native of Nova Scotia, he was thoroughly loyal to the land of his adoption and was a public-spirited citizen. Without sacrificing principle he earned the respect and esteem of acquaintance and neighbor. When the history of Aberdeen is written the good man's name and deeds will stand out prominently.

The following lately appeared in a provincial paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Cavey wish to express their thanks to the neighbors who kindly assisted at the burning of their house last night."—*Exchange*.

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