

Musicals at the Berkshire.

The "Berkshire" was the scene of a very pleasant gathering last Wednesday evening, the occasion being a musicale under the auspices of our popular fellow townsman, Mr. E. Rogers, the pilgrim. The parlors of the hotel were well filled with the guests, and many cottagers were also present.

The program consisted of recitations and vocal solos by Mr. St. Clair, recitations by Mr. Rogers, piano solo by Miss Lindsey, violin solos by Miss Clark, piano solos by Miss Birkbeck, and a vocal solo by Mr. St. Clair with violin accompaniment. Every number on the program was finely rendered and well received, the contributions by Mr. St. Clair being particularly pleasing, and the evening was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The Darkey and the Mule.

(BY REV. J. A. BROCKETT, D.D.)

One of the strangest and funniest sights that a man from the North can possibly behold is to see for the first time a solemn darkey and his bosom friend, so to speak, a mule, chasing a light southern plough around through the yielding, sandy soil, around and around a ten-acre lot. I can imagine that Irwin Russel, the poet, saw such a sight previous to writing his "Nebuchadnezzah." I think I can see him now sitting on the topmost rail of the national rail fence, jotting down an occasional note in the log book of memory, while "Neb" addresses the conscientious mule as follows:

"Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's holdin' ob de lines.
You'd better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond of dancin';
But I bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines."

Another round of the mellow lot is made. The darkey's eyes shine with pleasure as they glance from the poet to the mule. Perhaps he muses of the heaps of peas, potatoes, squashes and other good things that will probably be raised on the land he is plowing. But that there is a difference of opinion somewhere between the darkey and the mule is evidenced by his further remarks to his muleship.

"Look heah, mule! better min' out—
Fus' t'ing you know, you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear this line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up,
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow this fler' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'."

And now, in imagination we can see the intelligent beast of burden and his driver growing more intimate, something like a mutual understanding—and a grin embellishes the open countenance of the darkey as he softly sings his satisfaction.

"Dar, dat's de way to do it,
He's comin' right down to it;
Just watch him plowin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks, dey would a beat him—
Now dat would only heat him—
I know just how to treat him—
You must reason wid a mule."

The drawing together process between the mule and the darkey now begins to grow more rapidly. The mule is gaining the darkey's confidence. The poet yawns, and nonchalantly whittles a persimmon branch. Confidence having been won by the mule, now listen to the darkey:

STUDIO.**Miss Sarah D. Gilbert**

Of New York City.

(SEVERAL YEARS IN EUROPE)

Has opened her Studio at

No. 9 in The Palmetto.

At home Mondays from 2 to 6. Lessons in Sketching and Painting.

Vegetable Sponges**LUFFAHS, DISH RAGS**

Are especially fine this year, 15 to 18 inches long. We will send them postpaid at 10 cents each, either prepared and ready for use, or in original shell and with seeds inside, to any address as long as they last.

The Pinehurst Nurseries**RICHMOND.**

STRANGERS visiting Richmond, Va., will find excellent accommodations with Miss Pitzer, 115 East Franklin Street.

"He minds me like a nigger,
If he was only bigger
He'd fetch a mighty figger,
He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clikin',
He's as gentle as a chicken,
And nebber thinks of klickin'—
Whoa, dah! Nebuchadnezzah."

The supreme moment has arrived. The heart of the great poet is bursting with tenderness over the scene before him. A hungry crow sits sadly musing on the limb of a distant gum tree—musing whether he had better make corn while the sun shines, or wait for developments. It is a wise crow, and it scents disaster and game in the near future.

Suddenly something happens. Yes, it happens suddenly and unexpectedly, like the snort from a stumbling deacon's nose during the prayer time, or the hysterical giggle from an anxious maiden in the binding part of a marriage ceremony. There is a picture of rope rein flying athwart the horizon. Something plow shaped flashed like a meteor across the line of vision, followed by something that strongly resembles a dismantled darkey. Then there is heard—not "a sound of revelry by night"—but the clikerty-click of a mule's heels running at full speed. The dogwood bushes part for an instant, and the mule has gained a haven over there, where, for a time at least, the darkey'll cease from troubling and the weary mule can have a chance to rest. But listen to the darkey:

"Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debble got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I lald heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do klick amazin'—
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
But now I speet he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek."

—Salmogundi.

"Have you got any embalmed beef?" asked the joker of his butcher. "No," replied the dealer, off his guard; "but we have something just as good."—*Yankees Statesman.*

THE BERKSHIRE

PINEHURST, N. C.

**TERMS: \$2 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week.**

The Berkshire with its cottages is pleasantly located in the new and attractive town of Pinehurst. It has all modern conveniences for health and comfort, running spring water of exceptionally fine quality, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires and electric lights. Near the house are golf links covering sixty acres, tennis courts and croquet grounds. Horses can be hired at moderate prices for riding and driving. Passengers from New York via Penn. R. R. and Seaboard Air Line will find electric cars awaiting them at Southern Pines to convey them to Pinehurst, a distance of six miles.

W. B. PECK, Manager.

Proprietor of Mt. Everett House, situated among the Berkshire Hills at South Egremont, Mass.

DEPARTMENT STORE,
PINEHURST, N. C.**DEPT.**

- A Drugs and Proprietary Medicines.
- B Dry Goods and Notions.
- C Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps.
- D Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods.
- E Fancy and Heavy Groceries.
- F Fresh Meats in Cold Storage.
- G Hardware, Stoves and Tinware.

DEPT.

- H Crockery and Glassware.
- J Furniture.
- K Electric Supplies.
- L Plumbing Supplies.
- M Grain, Hay and Feed Stuffs.
- N Paints, Oils and Varnishes.
- O Silverware, Souvenirs and Toys.

GROCERIES.

We carry full lines of Fancy and Heavy Groceries—such brands and assortments as are handled by New England grocers.

Dry Goods and Shoes.

The Dry Goods and Shoe departments are complete. Stock bought in Northern markets. Quality our standard for selection.

Meat and Fish Market.

Poultry, Game, Fish, Oysters and Meats of all kinds constantly in stock. Western Meats handled in cold storage.

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings.

The latest styles of Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings carried in stock.

Stationery.

A full line of Stationery, both printed and plain, will be found in this department.

The Highland House

JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS, N. H.



In the midst of the White Mountains, at an altitude of 1,620 feet, commanding one of the finest views of the mountains and valleys. Excursions can be made to the summit of Mt. Washington and return in one day, either by rail or carriage. The rooms are large and pleasant and are supplied with the best of beds. Superior Cuisine. This house has been greatly improved this season by the addition of new bath and toilet rooms.

RATES:—\$2.00 per day, \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week.

For circular address the proprietor at Pinehurst, N. C., until May 1st, then at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

J. L. POTTLE, Prop.