

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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THUNDERING GUNS.

May-One-Day was Sunday.

Gloried the day when thundering guns
Spoke with a language weighted of tons!

Out from the gloaming at dawning of day
Sped Dewey's squadron in battle array—
Officers and crews of steel
Fearing naught that Fate reveal,
Calmly viewing foe so near—
Mightiest moments of the year!

"Maine" their thoughts of murderous past;
Vengeance dire at hand, at last!
No weak heart among them all
Answering to their country's call;
Every tar in loyal zeal
At their posts with eager leal;
Joyous for the fray at hand,
Waiting for the stern command!

Thundering guns and hurtling shell
Sound the Spanish funeral knell—
Haughty Dons in self conceit
Tread their dread beneath their feet,
Hoping luck and favoring chance
Cause and Fortune may enhance!

Cloyed with pomp and vanity,
Aim they guns at sky and sea;
Aim aloft and aim alow—
Ne'er a shot its mark to show;
Missiles amiss scattering in vain,
Flit fast from view as splashing rain.

Bursting shell and magazine,
Foundering ships asink
Dismay the Dons, inducing them
From further strife to shrink.
Surprise then smites their doleful minds,
Well smitten hitherto;
The Yankees quit their circling course,
And from the scene withdrew!

Their needed stores supplied—
Their flight a fasting one—
They break their fast,
And hasten back to Victory yet unwon;
Full well equipped, with anchors tripped,
They meet the foe again—
Long ere the morning's task is o'er
They have avenged the "Maine"!

The battered hulks sink speedily,
While flags come hastening down—
And crews from burning ships essay
To reach Manila town!
The grand commander's strategy
In circling 'round and 'round
Had brought success unmarred by loss,
Wherever foe was found!

The combat o'er, the battle lost,
Proud Spain had risked her best—
Along with feeble Powers of Earth
The Dons take needed rest—
While over seas in glad acclaim
Our Nation hails its Heroes' fame!

Eighteen-hundred-and-ninety odds
Drift far astern to placate the gods!
Eighteen-hundred-and-thundering-guns
Moves in review as a tale oft-told—
None earlier fraught with issues so great
As Eighteen-hundred-and-ninety-and-eight!
Glorious the day when thundering guns
Spoke with a voice all Memory stuns!

Gone are visions of war with John Bull!
Closed are the dream-books—those records are
full.

Good Fortune, this way, steadily runs—
Thanks to brave Dewey's thundering guns!

G. W. MARSTON.

At the Telephone.

Casey—Who does yiz want ter see?
Grogan—Dunnohue.
Casey—Who did yis say?
Grogan—Dunnohue, Dunnohue.
Casey—Well if you dunno who, how
the devil do I know who?—*Scribner's
Magazine.*

OUR NEW POST OFFICE.

Pinehurst Now Has the Finest Post Office in North Carolina.

The Pinehurst post office, which has been moved several times since it was first established here, is now permanently located in new quarters in the front of the drug store, and a finer or more conveniently arranged office cannot be found in the state of North Carolina.

The new office is enclosed by oak panel work of tasteful design, built by the Corbin Cabinet Lock Co. of New Briton, Conn., from plans furnished by Burr & Sise, the well-known Boston architects. It was completed last week and opened for business last Friday.

The large plate glass window in the

orders and registered letters. The windows are closed by frosted glass and protected by brass guards which may be lifted out of the way for the delivery of large packages. This occupies the whole of the front.

On the end the door for the entrance of the postmaster and his clerks occupies the centre; and on either hand the panel work rises to the same height as in front and is surmounted by large glass windows. On the top of the partition, on both front and end, are panels of stained glass. All the wood work is of oak, finished in natural color and highly polished, and the whole presents a handsome appearance.

The interior of the office is fitted with



PATH IN THE PINE GROVE. —(Courtesy of Salmagundi.)

drug store on the side next the piazza has been removed and the space has been filled by lock boxes of several sizes fitted with combination locks, and with call boxes. In the centre is the general delivery and stamp window of frosted glass protected by brass guards, and below is an opening for letters and papers.

On the inside of the store the panel work rises to the height of three and one-half feet, except the part containing boxes, which are raised two feet from the floor. This panel work has openings for mailing letters and papers. Above the panel work the space next the front of the building is occupied by the window of the telegraph operator, who will move in here in about ten days. Next comes a group of one hundred call boxes, followed by a delivery and stamp window; then another group of one hundred call boxes, and a window for money

numerous cabinets, cases of drawers and shelves, and everything is arranged in the most convenient manner. There are about three hundred boxes in all, and the space at the end may be used for about as many more, as the population of our village increases. The general arrangement of the office can thus remain unchanged for many years to come. There are very few towns of the size of Pinehurst that can boast of such a handsome and convenient post office, and our villagers may well feel proud of the latest addition to our village.

Mrs. H. S. Davis of Farmington, N. H., is in charge of the office and is receiving many compliments for the efficient manner in which she performs her duties there.

A free sample copy of THE OUTLOOK will be mailed on receipt of address.

Private Marks in Watches.

There was a crowd around the counter of a downtown jewelry store where watches are received for repairs. A woman who was evidently in a hurry made her way to the place where the man with the magnifying glass stood, and handed a little watch to him.

"Will you please tell me what ails this watch?" she asked.

The watch doctor opened the case deliberately, peered into the works and said: "It needs cleaning."

"My! that seems strange," said the woman, "you cleaned it only a few months ago."

"Is that so?" asked the man, and opened the case once more and made another examination with the aid of a miniature microscope. Then he handed the watch back and said: "We cleaned this watch in December, 1896, and it has not been in our hands since that time."

"Is that so? I must be mistaken, but how do you know when it was cleaned last?"

The man explained that it was no trick of memory, but simply the result of a system. "Whenever a watch is brought to us," he said, "to be cleaned, regulated, repaired or 'fixed up,' we put a tag on it which is numbered to correspond with a number in our work book.

"In the book we record the style and make of the watch, the owner, what repairs are to be made, and the amount charged for the work, and when the workman finishes the job he puts the same number in microscopic figures on the edge of the inner case.

"A letter or sign also shows what has been done to the watch. So you see, when a watch comes here, we look for a mark of that kind, and when we find it we refer to the book and there you are."

The woman left the watch with the man of system, and when she had gone he said: "That happens many times every day. We have the most fun with the people who say, 'You guaranteed this watch for a year when you repaired it, and here it is out of order again.' The glass usually reveals the fact that the watch was 'due to break' months, and sometimes years ago."

All watchmakers keep records and mark the watches which are placed with them for repairs, but no two have the same system. Some makers mark the watch with the name of the workman and a record number after it; some mark the date and the workman's initial on the case, and others have signs in conjunction with these designators to show just what work has been done on the time-piece.

This system of marking and recording watches is of much service to the police also, and lost and stolen watches are identified daily by means of the watchmaker's private marks.—*New York Tribune.*

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