

THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND.

I little thought when I left your pleasant town six months ago for a visit in Boston, that I should spend Palm Sunday in the Sunny South. Verily "we know not what a day will bring forth." This day is one of brilliant sunshine and an atmosphere of summer. The mercury at nine o'clock a. m. was seventy-five. Yesterday it reached eighty-five. We have had a few April showers but the soil is so sandy it quickly absorbs all moisture. Pinehurst is a veritable New England village, shining out like a star of the first magnitude through its barren surroundings. Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston, in 1895, bought six thousand acres of this wilderness and surely he has made it blossom like the rose. The village is laid out like a park in circles and streets, with hundreds of yards of violets bordering the walks and drives, and the guests assembled here amuse themselves by picking the sweet little flowers and sending them, freighted with love, to their less fortunate friends of the North. There are five hotels and over fifty cottages, which have all been packed like sardine boxes. The village is lighted by electricity and has an abundance of fine spring water, which is so pure and considered so beneficial that large quantities are shipped north, where it has a ready sale. The golf links attract many visitors, and they contain over one hundred and fifty acres. Vardon, the champion English player, was here last month and gave some fine exhibitions of his playing. He was very quiet and unassuming, which was in marked contrast to some amateurs who are frequently attacked with big head and sporty airs. There have been several tournaments on the links the week past, and some beautiful prizes offered by Mr. Tufts have been won by the ladies and gentlemen. A local conundrum going about is very good: "Why is Pinehurst like the Bowery? Because it is run by Tufts (toughs)."

There is as yet but one railroad in the village, the Aberdeen and Asheboro. A trolley road of six miles connects with the Seaboard Air Line railroad at Southern Pines, eighteen hours ride from New York. There is a deer park of several acres, in a pretty pine grove, with a herd of tame deer. There is very little outside of the village to attract one. Parties have gone out in couples and groups to gather the arbutus, sweet harbinger of spring, and the pixie moss which is found, I am told, in only three states of the Union; but I cannot recommend the walks and paths, they are simply execrable. I took a tramp one day, with four others, to McKenzie's mill. The road was part of an original highway, built I should think in the tenth century; then it went through a short stubble, with fallen logs to climb over and burnt stumps. We finally arrived at the mill and imagine my horror to find I had either to ford the raceway or walk over it on a narrow log. My first inclination was to sit down by the waters (of Babylon) and weep! But I didn't want to make my friends uncomfortable, so I took on courage and walked across, and I was taught such an object lesson of pure contentment and cheerfulness by the McKenzie family I came back over the desolate waste a wiser but very tired woman. They are a family of twelve

people. The home consisted of one large living room, bare floor, large fire-place, never had a window in the room until a guest at Holly Inn sent a carpenter to put one in. I asked how they could see to work or read. The mother said by the firelight, and the outside door was nearly always open. They went to bed at sunset and rose at sunrise. The kitchen was across a lane, and the cooking was done in a fireplace, bread was baking in a covered tin pan with coals over and under it. The women of the family were chewing tobacco and offered us some. Mrs. McKenzie spins and weaves for her visitors. She said she had been to Raleigh once, but was glad enough to get back, away from the noise and the people. It snowed there once in awhile but the sun melted it off in a very short time. Pinehurst looked like a paradise to them.

There is a "Smoky Hollow" near us, where the darkies' "shacks" or huts are. There are no windows in them and they rest on stones at each corner; no cellars at all. One noticeable feature about them is the little side tracks to each hut, so well worn as to show the sociable side of the little community.

We have had several fox hunts in the neighborhood and the many horsemen and the baying of hounds made it quite exciting. One young lady was in a hunt and came in with the brush. We "listen to the mocking bird" with much pleasure, in the trees about the hotel, their notes are so clear and sweet. There is to be a minstrel show here tomorrow night by home talent. It is said the costumes are to come from "Worth, of Paree, and Jay, of London." We have had a colored baby show which was very interesting. One of the babies, named George Dewey Crutchfield, died last Sunday. He was spared the knowledge of his namesake's last egregious mistake, at least. I was surprised to learn of the valuable products of North Carolina. There have been collected for an exhibit at the Paris exposition, gold nuggets, also silver picked up in the streams and on the hill-sides, and native copper, some specimens weighing about ten pounds. Fine gems, the ruby, sapphire, etc., besides a choice lot of quartzes have been found. The state is famous for its pitch, tar and turpentine and there is a turpentine still near here, which may have visited to see it made. The pine trees are very beautiful with their heavy tops and long slender bodies, the needles being from fifteen to twenty-five inches long. A grove a mile and a half from our "Inn" has been an objective point and a favorite walk of some congenial friends and mine, and the dead needles and white sand have made a soft and yielding carpet, and the delicious fine odors are very invigorating while resting on Dame Nature's own sofas, the fallen tree trunks.

I hope to spend some time in Washington on our homeward journey and am anticipating a rare treat visiting the notable places of our Nation's capital. Many changes have taken place in your town since I left, the most prominent being the trolley and new river bridge. I shall miss the faces of some friends "gone before."—L. O. in *Baldwinsville* (N. Y.) *Gazette and Farmers' Journal*.

Mrs. Wunder: "Washington was a versatile man." Mr. Wunder: "He had to be to look like all of his pictures."—*Baltimore American*.

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