



DINING ROOM AT THE INN.

Deer Hunt.

A party of gentlemen from our village took part in a deer hunt at Powell's preserve one day last week. This preserve is located not far from town, but it took the gentlemen some time to arrive at their destination as they wandered into the paths which lead to a different section of the preserve from the one the dogs were at. Among the party were two photographers armed with their cameras intent on getting a shot at a deer with this harmless, yet trusty instrument.

On arriving at the desired location several who had guns, were posted at points where it was thought the deer might cross, and the dogs, which were thorough-bred deer hounds, were turned loose under the direction of Mr. Andrew McLeod, the veteran deer hunter of North Carolina. When Andrew is around one is sure of getting a sight of deer and this day was no exception to the usual rule. The dogs were hardly out of leash than they took the track of a deer, and soon the music of the hounds could be heard as they were hot on the trail of a large buck. No one that has never heard the music of the hounds as they follow their prey, can have any idea of how sweet it sounds to the hunter as he stands alert at his post knowing the game is rapidly approaching his position, how every moving limb of some low bush is eagerly watched to see if it is the deer or the disappointment which he feels when the deer having winded him or by some subtle instinct been warned of danger, turns a little and is not sighted, and the baying of the hounds rapidly grows fainter in the distance. But one man's loss is another's gain, and so it was this day, and it was a noble buck with wide spreading antlers which greeted a number of the sportsmen as he came into the opening. Did you ever see a deer as he suddenly stops affrighted at the sight of his worst enemy—man. He stops to see this strange animal which stands in his way—he is confused and knows not which way to seek safety in flight, and his hesitation costs him his life for the clear-headed hunter has been watching for just this opportunity, and it is not lost. The gun is instantly raised to the shoulder and at the same instant comes the loud report, one last quick spring and the beauty of the forest falls dead. Congratulations are given with a good will to the fortunate sportsmen, for there is no jealousy among these gentlemen, each knowing that he will share in the juicy steak, and just as freely as he would give, he will also be given. One other deer was started but lost, as the

animal sought safety in the river, where he swam down the current with just the tip of his nose out of water and the dogs close behind him, but dog or man has no chance with a deer in the water, and he effected his escape.

Powell's preserve is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Here wild turkey



LOBBY AT THE INN.

abound. Quail are so plenty that one can hardly move without scaring up a covey; coons and possum, the delight of the negro can be secured any time, and in fact, the sportsman can find here just the sport he wants. There was this day as always when a party goes off together, much fun and some that was fun for all but one. A gentleman who rode a calico horse had to take a carriage on the return trip, as the horse did not wait for his master, but with true horse sense, made a trip home at dinner time.

We might tell of the narrow escape from death of a razor-back, when one of the photographers, having been trusted with a gun in place of a camera, thought he must shoot at any thing that moved a bush, and a disappointed look stole over the face of the artist when he saw it was only a hog. But we must not linger longer for the hour has come for us to return to Pinehurst.

The photographers have secured several fine pictures, cuts of which will appear from time to time in THE OUTLOOK that our friends in the North may see a picture of what we saw face to face, the beauties of this sportsman's paradise.

The American Golf Girl Compared to her English Cousin.

The clever showing made by several of our women golfers during the past week materially prompts the inquiry as to how American girls compare with their golfing cousins abroad. As a rule the English girl golfer handles her driver with more effectiveness than the American girl, while the latter has better control of her short iron shots, and as a rule makes a better showing on the putting greens. But while golf has been so widely popular among the women of both countries the result of a number of seasons would seem to show that the younger girls are the only ones who can hope for any great measure of success.

Golf is a game which requires the lithesome muscles and freedom of motion which belong to youth. This is true of both sexes, but more particularly of the gentler sex, and the laurels in championship matches have usually been won by girls in their teens. This rule, it is true, has not always been good in England, where for three successive seasons Lady Margaret Scott held the championship,

Golf Club, who held the championship title from 1896 to 1899, and who, in spite of her defeat at Philadelphia last fall, is still regarded the best woman golfer of the country.

Another striking instance of the success of the younger generation occurred in the championship meeting at Manchester-by-the-Sea, when little Margaret Curtis, a slip of thirteen, made the fourth best score. Her swing was the admiration and envy of many an older woman, and her approaching was almost faultless. It will probably surprise most people to learn that Miss Hazlet, the present woman champion of Great Britain, is only seventeen years of age. "Short of stature, but firmly built, her pictures indicate the command of a powerful game. With a full, quick swing she gets long straight drives away from the tee. Her brassy strokes are true in line and long in distance, her iron approaches whether long or short are played with remarkable skill and judgment, while on the green she never fails to give her puts a chance. Moreover, her nerve, coolness and endurance are as noteworthy as her golfing skill." Such is the comment of the eminent golfing authority of the *Scotsman*. Certainly a good many men would be pleased to deserve as much praise for their game.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Almost an Angel.

"Most ingratiating man I ever knew," said the former acquaintance of the deceased. "Why, that fellow could wheel a baby buggy along the sidewalk during a street parade and get nothing but smiles."—*Indianapolis Press.*

As They Drive Past the Links.

Farmer Hornbeck—There's one good thing about golf, anyhow.

Farmer Durk (skeptically)—Huh! What's that?

Farmer Hornbeck—Ye don't have to play if ye don't want to.—*Puck.*

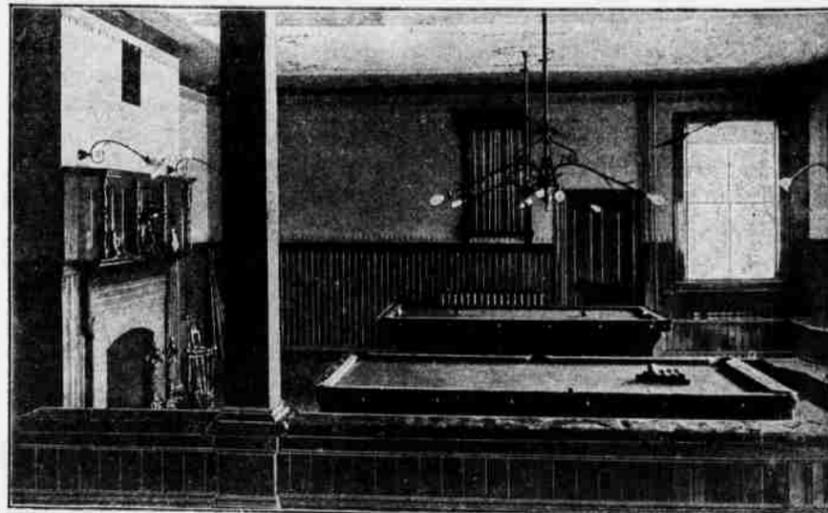
Incongruous Hilarity.

"Well, Katherine, how did your hit-or-miss luncheon come out?"

"O, ma, five girls brought shrimp salad and seven brought grapes and bananas."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Well Protected.

"Dacious!" exclaimed Margie, as her mother proceeded in the dressing of the cabbage, "what a lot of undershirts zat sing wears!"—*Judge.*



BILLIARD ROOM AT THE INN.