

The Pinehurst Outlook

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I MISS YOU, DEAR.

When morning's light first tints the gray of dawn,
And sleepless eyes tell day is here,
And all the world is stirring into life,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When noontime comes, and brings its hour of rest
From busy toil, so full of care and fear;
When man so needs the solace of a smile,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When twilight falls, and all the world is still,
When echoes come from far and near,
And sighing winds lull weary souls to rest,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

Through every moment of the lagging day,
So long, without your words of cheer,
And when, at night, I kneel me down in prayer,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

—Exchange.

MOORE COUNTY.

Moore county lies on the western margin of the long-leaf pine belt. Its middle and southern portions belong largely to the class of lands called "sand hills." The northern part of this triangular territory partakes more of the character of the oak uplands agricultural division, being very hilly and broken, with sandy and gravelly soil on the higher ridges, having a mixed oak and pine growth, and on the slopes of the hills partaking of the character of clay loams.

Near the middle (a little north of east), as well as in the southwestern region, and in the eastern one, are considerable bodies of level and rolling upland piny woods. These are the best cotton soils. The tributaries of the Cape Fear, which rise along the southeastern section of the county, are fringed with gum, cypress and juniper swamps, and on many of the streams, large and small, are patches, and sometimes considerable tracts, of alluvial "bottom" lands. The agriculture of the county is divided between cotton and grain crops, and recently the cultivation of peaches, grapes and small fruits has produced a lucrative diversion in the agriculture; but the lumber and turpentine interests are quite important, and there are yet large turpentine forests untouched.

A broad belt of the "old sea-basin" runs diagonally through the county, having a warm, productive, but not enduring soil, yet favorable to cotton and grain and fruits. In this belt are found valuable qualities of sandstone, attractive in color, working easily, and very durable. Quarries of this material have been opened in several localities and the stone is being shipped all over the country.

Gold is found in considerable quantities in the western part of the county, and placer mining has been pursued with considerable success, the Cagle mines at one time attracting to them large numbers of miners and adventurers. Valuable quarries of millstone grit have long been worked and favorably known, and on the waters of Deep river are large deposits of finely grained and richly colored soapstone or talc.

The Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley rail-

road passes through the northeastern part of the county and the Seaboard Air Line passes from northeast to southwest, following nearly parallel with the southeastern boundary of the county through its whole length, giving ample means for transportation, and stimulating the growth of frequent villages. A branch road of ten miles connects the Seaboard Air Line at Cameron with Carthage, the county seat.

At Carthage a short railroad has been built out into the forests, called the Carthage and Western railroad; pine timber is still abundant in this part of the county. The brownstone is inexhaustible, and several gold mines have recently been opened, with good prospects; there are indications of coal recently discovered; the lands here are adapted to the growth of orchards and vineyards, and water power is plentiful on both Deep and Little rivers.

into Montgomery county. Besides these six miles of road operated by electricity connect Southern Pines with Pinehurst. In two of the southwestern townships no less than 2,500 acres are set to peaches, grapes, and small fruits. Annual export of lumber from this section of the county, 35,000,000 feet.

Pinehurst, the famous winter resort owned by Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston, Mass., is a village of fifty houses, elegantly furnished hotels, boarding houses, public casino, fine hall for church services and entertainments, school house, museum, library, deer park, stores, bowling alley, and 18-hole golf links the finest in the South.

Game is abundant and the facilities for fox hunting, riding and driving are excellent.

It was laid out by Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot in 1895. It is supplied with electric lights. Every house has pure Pine-

day or night, when he got the chance, though the 'possum was his favorite of all the game of which our country abounded. I have known them to hunt all night long, and then work all of the next day. With a well trained mule they could walk down a furrow in the cornfields fast asleep. With but few exceptions the negroes do not care for partridge shooting, for the reason that they are not expert in wing shooting, and the game doesn't go far enough after they get it.

In these days the wall of separation which once divided the people into classes, having tumbled down, we've got into a state which calls for the most rigid enforcement of the game laws, for there is a certain class of both whites and blacks who never leave their homes to visit a neighbor a mile away without carrying their guns along, and will shoot anything that comes in their way in any month in the year. Our farmers never objected to shooting on their premises by men of respectability, but when these "game hogs," as they are called, go prowling about with guns, and often pick up a barnyard fowl which happens to come in their way, and out of hearing of the land owners, it is but natural that they should ask our legislatures to pass the most stringent laws with regard to trespass.

From objecting to the rougher element, they have begun to object to everybody's coming on their premises, and they post up notices to that effect. No gentleman wants to be "ordered off," nor does he want to walk a mile to a man's house to tell him who he is and ask permission to shoot. It takes too much time. I have never had a farmer to object to my shooting when I went to his house and asked the privilege, but when I go hunting I am looking for game, and on our large farms, if I've got to pay a visit to every man's house before shooting, the day is gone.

The gentlemen sportsmen from now on will have to get together and rent or buy land and stock it with game and rely upon it for the pleasure of shooting. I have just returned from Aberdeen, N. C.—the Piney Woods—in a few miles of Pinehurst, the celebrated resort for New Englanders, and owned by Mr. Tufts, of Boston. Mr. H. H. Powell, who runs a hotel at Aberdeen, was kind enough to take me to his game preserve of 3,500 acres, and I had delightful sport, bringing home thirty-seven birds and a turkey.

Mr. Powell conceived the idea that if he would plant peas in quantities it would attract the wild turkey and the quail, and judging from the game we found there, when every other place had proven blank, he was not mistaken as to results. Deer, foxes, raccoons and 'possums were already there, but the food "especially prepared" for the turkeys and quail has drawn them there in numbers. I understand that the Grand Hotel of Mr. Tufts, at Pinehurst, will be opened



PINE RIDGE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Carthage has a population of 1,000, Cameron of 300, Jonesboro, on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad, of 850, Aberdeen of 965, Keyser of 150, and Sanford of 850. All these are new villages along the lines of the railroads. At Sanford two sandstone quarries are being worked, and a new line of railroad is projected uniting Lillington with Sanford.

In the southern part of the county there has been rapid growth followed by a healthy business development. The most notable points are Manly, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Aberdeen and Keyser. From Aberdeen, on the Seaboard Air Line, several short railroads have been constructed; the Aberdeen and West End, touching at Pinehurst and on to Troy in Montgomery county (38 miles); the Aberdeen and Rockfish road running east thirteen miles into Cumberland county; the Moore county railroad from Aberdeen in a southwest direction twelve

hurst spring water, and the most perfect sanitary drainage. Unequaled attractions for refined people, and at a very moderate cost. Consumptives cannot be admitted.

Hunting in the South.

In the olden times, in the South, there were three distinct classes of sportsmen. The cultured class of whites hunted the fox with large packs of well-bred hounds, and also the partridge (or quail) with setters and pointers.

The horses selected for the fox chase were the very finest, and were trained to jump gullies, ditches and the old fashioned worm fences which have now been supplanted by the barbarous "barbed wire." The "po' white folks" hunted the turkeys, for meat and not sport was their object. Then came the third class, and in fact the "all round sportsman"—the negro. I have never seen one who wouldn't chase any kind of wild varmint