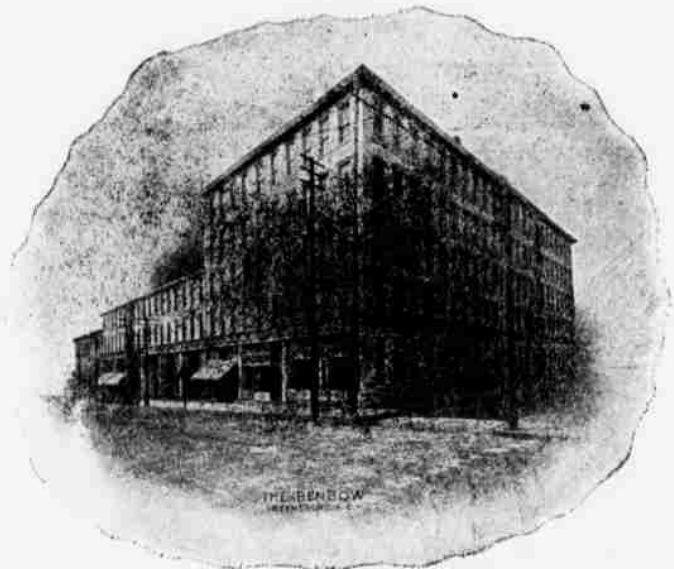


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CHAS. D. BENBOW, Owner and Propr.

Formerly Resident Manager at Pinehurst.

Post Office Schedule.

The present Post Office schedule, in effect until December 15th, is as follows:

DEPARTURE—MAILS CLOSE.

5.40 A. M.	to North
9.00 "	" and South*
11.20 "	Aberdeen, local
2.45 P. M.	to North
3.45 "	Aberdeen, local
5.15 "	North and South

ARRIVALS—OPEN.

7.30 A. M.	from North
10.00 "	South
12.00 M.	North
3.30 P. M.	" and South*
4.30 "	" local
7.00 "	"

*Registered matter sent at these times only.

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THE WILD TURKEY!

Hunting Him Is One of the Most Excit-
ing Sports.

An Interesting Description of the Bird
and Graphic Picture of Sport
Which Requires Con-
summate Skill.

Wild turkey shooting is a most exciting sport, and the birds are abundant about Pinehurst. Few sportsmen have in the past, followed this sport to any extent; but it is becoming more and more popular as it is better known. Wild turkeys are much the same in habit everywhere and the method of hunting them differs little. The following description from the pen of a Louisiana correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is a graphic picture of this sport as it may be enjoyed about Pinehurst.

On misty mornings, when the dew trickles heavily down the beards of the Spanish moss, when a lazy breeze sways the damp upper leaves of the trees and drowsy day spins threads of dun and ashes gray in the loom of the east, the love call of the turkey echoes through the woods. The notes—at once a challenge and a wooing—are sweeter to the ear of the hunter than the "Gobble Duet" in "La Mascotte." At all seasons of the year the turkey may be led with parched corn into a pigpen trap or butchered at his roost as he flies in of nights or perches like a black ball against the sky before the moon has set. It is only in the springtime that his warrior instinct is awake and he may be slain as he answers the defiance of a supposed rival; advancing to do battle.

The turkey's betrayal of his roost by gobbling, his passion for parched corn and his constitutional and congenital inability to find his way out of a hole are his only weaknesses. All the rest of him is cold intellect. His sense of hearing is phenomenal. His power of scent equals that of the rhinoceros. He is exceedingly swift of foot. He will, when necessary, lie with his belly to the ground like a quail, while his pursuer passes within five feet. So hidden, the turkey is difficult to distinguish from surrounding dark green, grayish and russet foliage. He is ever alert. He has the reasoning faculty in a state of high development. He is strong of wing—a healthy turkey has been known to fly two miles straight on end—and his caution is abnormal. These qualities are necessary to him and only their possessions has prevented his extinction.

The turkey hunter that is a turkey hunter, the man who understands the turkey and himself, who holds one bird fairly killed to be better than a flock butchered, scorns any weapon other than a 22 calibre rifle. The bird, to be scientifically killed, must be struck in the head, and the modern 22, in the still woods and properly held, will shoot to the hair at fifty yards. This man will be dressed in brownish canvas of no decided tint. His luncheon—cold corn bread and cold broiled quail wrapped in a bit of newspaper—will be thrust into the pocket of his shooting coat. He will want no dog, and certainly no companion. He will take to the

woods at sunrise, and he will travel four miles from any human habitation before halting. His gun barrel will have been painted black, so that no occasional ray of light, sifting through the leaves, will glint from it. He will walk as if on eggshells, and his eyes will shift ever to and fro looking for signs. If he be a master he will have no call in his pocket. He will use only the organs with which nature has gifted him.

Having reached a part of the woods which shows a sign, the hunter who knows how will select his stand with an eye single to the massive brain of the bird he is seeking. If there be a very, very thick top of a dead tree lying near he may select that. If he cannot find a natural blind utterly impervious to the eye he will place his back against a large pine tree, or some tree whose bark nearly approaches his clothing in color, and remain upright and rigid. It is a curious fact that in standing for either turkey or deer the man with the gun would much rather be on the side of the tree nearest the oncoming prey. If he be so placed and perfectly quiet, the chances are that the animal will fail to see him. If he be on the further side of the tree he will have to move his head slightly in order to peer around it, and any wild thing will instantly detect a moving object, no matter how slight the motion. Having placed himself, the expert purses his lips and sends out the challenge, inflating his chest and giving force to the breath expulsion. This is repeated at intervals of a minute. Not more than half a dozen calls are uttered. The commonest fault of the turkey hunter is calling too much. If there be a gobbler in hearing he will answer. He may be a half mile distant, but sound, bounding from tree trunk to tree trunk, travels far in the woods. The trained caller, when he receives his first answer, will wait at least three minutes. Then he will send out his challenge again.

In the meantime the gobbler has been marching about in a circle, endeavoring to fix the direction from which the first insult came, and getting anxious. When he answers the second call he will be 300 yards nearer and coming fast. Again he is challenged and stops to throw his head aloft and fling back the defiance. He is certain of the direction now. The hunter makes not another sound. All of his vocal skill has been exerted. Caution and straight shooting must now serve him. The hardest task of the day is now before him. He must wait, moving only his eyes. The last answer of the male has told him that the bird is in front and coming straight. Forty yards away is an open glade twenty feet in width. Even at this season its surface is green with young grass, and the sunlight throws on it the dancing shadows of the leaves. They are pretty, but bad for shooting. Five, ten, fifteen minutes pass, and the shadows still quiver. Nerves strung to the limit are beginning to crawl and twist. The breath drawn in deeply and held long, has grown irregular. The heart thumps uncomfortably. Ah!

From the woods on the far side of the glade bursts a vision. From his huge, rounded, glossy chest a black beard swings. His wings are half spread, and the elbows of them pushed forward. Now and again he springs six inches from the ground and whirls rapidly, the rustle of him sounding like the swish of a woman's garment. He beats his wings