

# The Pinehurst Outlook.

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## FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

### Description of a Few of the Beautiful Blossoms Now Found in and About Our Village.

Spring has come upon us so suddenly and with such a vengeance that the days are really too short now to keep track of all the wonders Nature has to show us. While a great variety of flowers have been seen in town for weeks, the woods begin to change their appearance now. I shall try to name at least a few of the plants now in bloom. To begin with the Holly Inn, we see wistarias (*Wistaria sinensis*) make a splendid show with their large, fragrant, purple racemes. They are a little ahead of the Cherokee rose, which covers the pillars around the piazza and just begins to open its buds. Among the shrubs we notice the asheberry or Japanese barberry (*Mahonia aquifolium*). Its large clusters of yellow flowers contrast splendidly with its wine-red foliage, and they are admired by everybody. Smooth-leaved thorns (*Crataegus glabra*) have developed their greenish-yellow fragrant umbels. Uncountable quantities of the sweet-scented flowers of our Pinehurst violet cover the edges of the lawns and beds, while daffodils, jonquils, scillas and other bulbs have joyously found their way through the grass.

The Casino piazza is covered now with the curiously shaped fragrant blooms of the akebia (*Akebia quinata*). This climber is one of our most valuable acquisitions from Japan, and though quite seldom found yet in American gardens, its strange beauty and graceful picturesqueness recommend it greatly, the more because it is quite hardy in New England. The yellow jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*) has been in flower now for several months and has begun to put its time into the better development of its foliage, while its semi-namesake the yellow jessamine (*Gelsemium sempervirens*) is just now in its prime. Is the sunny south not entitled to be proud of this most beautiful climber with its dainty foliage and magnificent clusters of large, yellow, bell-shaped flowers of refined fragrance? While we have to cultivate them in Pinehurst, nearer the coast, and especially further South, they occur wild and ramble liana like over bush and trees. The garden bells (*Forsythia viridissima* and *F. suspensa*) have nearly bloomed out. The different meadow sweets (*Spiraea thunbergi* with its fern-like foliage—*Sp. prunifolia* with its double snow-white flowers, blooming just now in front of the Hall) the double-flowered almond (*Prunus triloba*) with its stems covered with double pink flowers—all of these and others yet enhance the spring-like aspect of our grounds.

Out in the woods the typical flower of the New Englander—the Mayflower (*Epigaea repens*) blooms sweetly and freely, not minding all-destroying fires and blizzards. In the branches the pitcher and trumpet plants (*Sarracenia*) be-

gin to put forth their remarkable flowers, while tiny milkweeds are coming up right under our feet through the sand. Everywhere in the woods we notice now a wild phlox (*Phlox subulata*) pushing forth its starry flowers in every shade of red and often even snow-white. This lovely moss-pink is peculiar to our sand region, but its modest beauty and endurance of heat and cold would make it a valuable addition to Northern gardens. The flowering dogwood (*Cornus florida*) has just commenced to develop its grand flowers, which will soon be grown to their full size and excite the admiration of everybody. Those bare ugly black-jack oaks (*Quercus nigra*), which during winter hardly seemed to be alive, undergo a complete metamorphosis at present. They have begun to bloom—queer, that such large trees

“My dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and last summer I accumulated fifty thousand—”

“Fif-ty thou-sand dollars!” shrieked the loving wife, as she fell on his neck.

“No Mosquito bites.”

It was a moment later only that he fell on his neck himself.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

### Grant and Lee.

When Hamlin Garland was gathering material for “The Life of Grant,” he spent a day or two in Atlanta, where he met an old Virginia negro, who said that he had witnessed Lee’s surrender. Garland was interested and questioned him closely.

“You say you were present when Lee surrendered?”

“Dat I wuz, sah!”

tion. “What he did say was, ‘You’ll do fust-rate for a new beginner!’”

A friend of the poet Bryant chanced to be alone in his study when a cabinet-maker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant returned, he asked,—

“Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair?”

“He said,” answered the visitor, “that the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted.”

“What a fine fellow!” said Mr. Bryant, laughing. “I never heard him talk like that. Were those his exact words?”

“Well, he said, ‘It joggles just right!’” repeated Miss Robbins.—*Exchange*.

### Few but Noisy.

There are records of bloodless battles having been won by lusty bugle-blowing which intimidated the enemy into thinking that overwhelming forces confronted them, and taking to their heels. The importance of waiting to discover what is actually behind the noise of attack, in all our combats, is illustrated by another story.

A man came to a hotel-keeper and asked him if he would buy two car-loads of frog legs.

“Two car-loads!” exclaimed the astonished landlord. “Why, I couldn’t use them in twenty years.”

“Well, will you buy half a car-load?”

“No.”

“Twenty or thirty bushels?”

“No.”

“Two dozen?”

“Yes.”

A few days later the man returned with three pairs of of legs.

“Is that all?” said the landlord.

“Yes; the fact is that I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them, but I dragged the pond with a seine, drained it, and raked it, and there were only three frogs in the whole thing.”

You may make your own application.—*Exchange*.

An old woman whose husband was ill in bed sent for the doctor who came and saw the old lady. “I will send him some medicine,” he said on leaving, “which must be taken in a recumbent posture.” After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled. “The recumbent posture—a recumbent posture!” she kept repeating. “I haven’t got one.” At last she thought, “I will go and see if old Mrs. Smith has got one to lend me.” Accordingly she went and said to her neighbor, “Have you got a recumbent posture to lend me to put some medicine in?” Mrs. Smith, who was as ignorant as her friend, replied, “I had one, but to tell you the truth I have lost it.”—*Exchange*.

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THE LOBBY, HOLLY INN.

can produce such insignificant flowers only—and soon all these trees will don their spring garments which have a most exquisite greenish-yellow shade of indescribable delicacy.

Every day now brings us new developments, new beauties and new flowers, and Pinehurst never shows itself to better advantage than in these days, when peaches, pears and strawberries bloom.

OTTO KATZENSTEIN.

### With Riches from the Klondike.

Opening the door in response to an insistent knock, the lady beheld the figure of one she remembered.

Oh, it is you is it?” she said icily.

“It is me,” was the answer, “your long-lost husband, who has come back to tell you that he is sorry he ran away two years ago.”

“Maybe you are sorry you went,” retorted the lady, “but I ain’t. What did you come back for?”

“Did you see Lee give up his sword?”

“No, sah, I didn’t. Gin’rul Lee give up he sword? Not him! Dey tried to take it frum him, but he made a pass at one er two of dem, en day leff off—I tell you!”

“And where was Grant at that time?”

“Oh, he was right dar, sah! And he tol ’em, he did: ‘Well, boys, let him keep the weepion. He can’t do much damage, kase he done whipped anyhow.’”—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### It Joggled Right.

A Boston girl, who had been taking her first lesson in bicycle-riding, expressed her satisfaction at home at the result of the experiment.

“The man said,” she repeated, “that I had made most satisfactory progress for a novice.”

“Why, did he really say that?” was the surprised query.

“Well, no,” answered the Boston young woman, after a moment’s reflection.