

# The Pinehurst Outlook.

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## A PLEASANT OUTING.

### Pinehurst Guests Picnic at Thagard's Mills.

#### Beautiful Weather and an Ideal Spot for a Day's Recreation in the Woods.

#### Numerous Incidents Enliven the Trip and Add to the Party's Enjoyment.

Last Saturday morning a happy and very noisy party of about forty people started in carriages and teams of all descriptions for a day's outing at Thagard's Mills, about nine miles from town. It was called a basket picnic, and the Hotel and Casino provided generously for the pilgrims representing those places. Solitary individuals took their lunches go-as-you-please. The start was successfully made amid great applause from "the-stay-at-homes," and the east gate of our fenced city opened for our departure. We had hardly got well started alongside the railroad track when the trolley car hove in sight, and at its near approach great excitement was noticed in the procession, and immediately "Pompey," cart and all, started for the woods, to the great enjoyment of the two ladies who occupied the outfit. Stumps were numerous and the danger great, but after having tried to climb over a two-foot stump and failed, "Pompey" was subdued.

While this was going on, one of the horses hitched to the surrey was trying to stand on his head, to the great amusement of the three lady passengers, two of whom immediately vacated the premises. The gentleman driver was level-headed if the horse was not, and kept the animal on his feet a part of the time at least. As the horse, after a great deal of persuasion, declined to proceed farther, and Thagard's was still nine miles away, Charlie Baxter, who was along on the back of his noble horse (everybody knows Charlie) suggested that his horse be hitched in the place of the decliner, and with the help of that brave-hearted trio, Messrs. Jenney, Taylor and Hamlin, he would undertake to pilot the surrey to the end of the voyage, and he did.

Without further mishap the whole party arrived at the mills, although Taylor and Jenney made noise enough, from a human standpoint, to wake the dead in all the graveyards we passed. Upon our arrival everybody said, "What a handsome place, a fine grove, just the place for a picnic," etc. Of a truth, Thagard's Mills and vicinity is the finest bit of scenery in this whole section of coun-

try, and our party scattered to feast on the beauties of the place.

The flour and grist-mill with the old water wheels and the dam was the main point of interest. As usual, Mr. Jenney risked his life, this time on the pond in an old rickety boat liable to go over the dam in a minute if the paddle broke or his good right arm should become paralyzed. The old saw-mill a short distance away attracted a number of the sight-seers. Rocks and ledges were another curiosity, as they were the first we had seen in this section of the old North State. We wish there were some nearer Pinehurst so it would be possible for a lover to fill his pockets when he called on his best girl, to keep the old man's dog away. Anyhow, Professor Lincoln pounded at them, broke them up and became lost to all other things, human or divine, but the question is, did he find it?

It would be impossible to tell the complete history of everything that occurred, but no picnic party ever had such resources as ours. We had artists galore, and kodaks were like the locusts of Egypt. Snap-shots were the order of the day, and the order was fully carried out. The old commissary building was sketched and sketched; also the old mill. Miss Gilbert is at home on Monday afternoons and her studio is in the "Palmetto."

No clock was necessary to tell when dinner hour was nigh. Those that never had an appetite before were more than ready to empty the lunch baskets. Mrs. Thagard at the mansion house kindly allowed the coffee to be made in her kitchen, for which she has the thanks of the entire party. Mr. Redding from the Holly Inn took charge of the lunch in the pine grove, and the Casino pilgrims and others pooled their issues and ate at the same table-cloth. Mr. Jenney acted as chief cook, etc. He found an apron somewhere, and then thought he was a cook in fact. Practically the only thing he did was to try to make some lemonade, and that would have been a failure but for the assistance of Mrs. Tufts and Mrs. Spinney. Mr. Taylor tried to act as a waiter, but made a failure of it, and Mr. Tufts had to take his place. Of course we do not say that Mr. Tufts was an expert, but he was better than Taylor, anyhow.

Well, everyone had a great dinner at that table cloth, and went away satisfied. Until 3 o'clock everybody went wherever he or she listed, but at the blowing of the horn we all assembled in front of the commissary and Pinehurst's photographic artist proceeded to transfer to plate, for the pleasure of future generations, the countenances of the entire party.

The teams were made ready at 3.30, and what fun it was to see the rush for available seats. The surrey was the favorite of some of the ladies, even if one of the horses had tried to stand on his head on the way over in the morning.

The procession started, and brave Charlie handled the reins with three lady passengers aboard. But their happy contentment and hopes for a speedy return were soon over. Charlie attempted to start the team with all the confidence in the world. But, alas! he now had two decliners, and the ladies skipped out quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, and took passage in a less stylish team. Charlie then took aboard a trio of giddy girls, and after many trials and tribulations conquered the rebellious steeds and caught up with the procession.

The journey home was then finished without further incident, except that the same parties who made so much noise (for we certainly can't call it singing) in the morning continued it to the journey's end. About 5 o'clock the caravan drove up in front of the Holly Inn, and disembarked, a happy, if tired, crowd well satisfied with their day's outing.

#### Prof. Lincoln's Lecture.

The following is a synopsis of Prof. Lincoln's lecture on "The Geology of North Carolina" given in the Village Hall on Wednesday evening of last week:

Coming as we do from Northern homes and scenery, we naturally feel our curiosity stirred by the strange contrast between there and here, as regards to the external forms of Nature. It is with the view of gratifying this curiosity rather than of presenting new facts that these remarks are offered. North Carolina cannot be understood as forming a separate unit in geology; it is only one of a series of states which unite to form the Appalachian and seaboard regions. A good point to begin with, is furnished by the archæan rocks, of which we will not offer a description further than to say that they are typically shown in the Adirondacks, and consist largely of crystalline material, viz: granite, gneiss, schist, limestone, with various deposits of metal ores. The archæan series (the word is Greek, meaning ancient), comprises the oldest known rocks. It covers the Adirondacks, much of Canada and Labrador, large tracts of the Appalachian region (Blue Ridge and hilly land to the east, known as the piedmont country) also the Ozark mountains in Arkansas, and much of the Rocky mountains.

The piedmont region (the word means, "foot of the mountains") in Virginia and North Carolina, is considered as a paradise by those who do not require lofty mountains. Its surface is agreeably undulating and hilly, its soil fertile, and the crystalline rocks, with some slate, are the basis of its visible features. It represents the remains of a semi-continental mass of old land which has been wearing away under the action of rivers for countless ages, and from it have been formed the land masses to the westward from the Cumberland to the Mississippi, by deposit from rivers, made while the valley of the Mississippi was under

water. The original region of which this is a remnant may have been a land of huge mountains stretching eastward far beyond the site of our present capes of Hatteras and Fear.

On the eastern border of the piedmont lies the sandy, coastal plain of the Atlantic states. The change from rock to sand is marked all along the line by water falls in the rivers, and by a series of important towns placed at the head of navigation:—Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Columbia, Augusta and Milledgeville, being all upon this "fall line." Pinehurst lies but a few miles from this line, and but a short journey is required to place our foot upon granite or sandstone rock. These sands and clays of the seaboard belt are deposits made by the rivers of old time in the ocean, which once washed a coast where now stands Raleigh. In certain indentations of this coast there was made during the triassic age a deposit of red sandstone belonging to the same range as that of Connecticut and New Jersey, and exposures of this are quite near us.

There is little of mineral wealth in the seaboard belt except clay, a few iron beds and a small amount of good bituminous coal associated with the sandstone last described. At Cumcock, some thirty or forty miles northeast of us, there is a working mine of this coal. The gem minerals are found in the western half of the state, and are noted for their variety and beauty, though not for their abundance. They comprise the oriental sapphire, ruby and emerald, the diamond, the hiddenite of equal value with the diamond, and among minor gems, amethyst, rutile quartz, quartz topaz, and remarkable varieties of crystalline formation in clear and smoky quartz.

One of the most curious uses to which our minerals are put is that of furnishing the basis for Welsbach burner. The mineral in question is monazite, which is mined (exclusively) in this state. The burner consists of a hollow cotton wick in a wire frame which is saturated with a solution of this mineral and dried; the cotton burning off at the first use leaves a skeleton of mineral matter which becomes incandescent. Another important mineral is mica. The gold produced is small in total amount. It is related as a curious fact that, prior to the existence of local mints, a farmer of North Carolina ran a mint on his own account for a quarter of a century (prior to the civil war), the gold coins from which are now rare.

A famous punster, upon being asked to make a play of words upon any subject given him then and there, said that he could do it. "What is your subject?" he asked. "Well, the king," replied his companion. "The king is no subject," instantly replied the clever wit.—*Short Stories.*

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