

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

(For THE OUTLOOK.)

Down the long hillside, hard and red,
Furrowed by rain-gush and baked by sun,
With creeping, shuffling, stumbling tread,
Weak of limbs and bowed of head,
Into the town comes Ruffin Dunn.

Naught cares he for the handsome streets;
'Tis all to him like a land of dreams;
His dull eyes peer at each face he meets;
The selfsame query each passer greets:—
"Whar's yo' keepin' my young Mars' Jeems?"

Rude little scoffers, white and black,
Pester his way with saucy tongue;
Never a word does he fling them back,
But grips his staff till his fingers crack:—
"No sech niggahs when I war young."

"Where do yo' come from, uncle, say?
Who's Mars' Jeems that yo' wan' toh fine?"
At the kindly accent his footsteps stay,
His old head bobs its kinks of gray:—
"Down whar de Tar an' Fishin' fine."

"Yas, dat's de place, sah, sho's yo' bawn
Whar young Mars' Jeems an' I war raise'—
De fatter' lan' de sun shines awn,—
Er puffec' snicker runs froo de cawn,
When de sof' breeze 'mongst hit plays.

"'Bout young Mars' Jeems? I kain' reely tell—
Miss Sallie say he war tu'k insane,—
Leas'ways he sold what warn't his toh sell,
Den he runned erway an' stayed ontwel
A oss'er brung him home again.

"Seben long years he's gotter wu'k
In de chain-gang, jes' lak er striped coon,—
Ole marster's heart's jes' natch'ly bru'k;
Ain't spoke er word sence his bed he tu'k,
An' he sho'ly won' las' froo June.

"Jes' look'er dis arm! See de muscle stan',—
Toh he shore 'tain't what 'twar once,—
I reckon I'd mek' er right smart han'
At rollin' er barrer, or shubblin' san',
An' at ditchin' I ain't no dunce.

"But young Mars' Jeems! 'T jes meks me hu't,—
Sorter scringey, as yo' kin see,—
Toh tink ob him in dat ugly shu't,
His long white fingers stained wid du't,
Doin' wu'k what's b'longin' toh me.

"So I'se jes' gwine say toh de chain-gang boss—
Drefful mixy, dese folks an' teams,—
Dat Ruffin Dunn kin wu'k lak er hoss,
An' de ole Norf State won't hab no loss,
Tekin' me stidder young Mars' Jeems.

"Won't do no swoppin? Dat's yo' mistake!
Dey will now, yo' jes' be boun'.
Er gemmun's sumpin' folks kain' make,
An' dey's 'sider'bul easier tings toh break
Dan dese niggahs loafin' 'roun'.

"Ob co'se dey'll tek me—mighty strange
Toh hole Mars' Jeems when 'tain't no use.
Ef seben fo' seben ain' fa'r exchange,
Wal, I ain' bigotty how dey 'range;
I kin stay twel dey tu'n me loose."

PUNCENCIES.

"What's in a name?" a recent traveler
was heard to exclaim. "Why, about the
hottest country on the globe is Chili!"—
Exchange.

Absent-minded Professor (in the bath-
tub): "Well, well! Now I have forgot-
ten what I got in here for!"—*Fliegende
Blätter.*

Old Lady (to policeman at the corner):
"I want the Bank of England." Polite
Policeman: "I'm afraid I can't let you
have it, mum."—*Tid-Bits.*

Uncle Hiram: "They say that the sun
never sets on the British Empire." Aunt
Hannah: "Doesn't it, now? And we have
such lovely sunsets over here!"—*Puck.*

"Is there a stationery store in town?"
asked a visitor in a Kansas hotel. "No,
sir," replied the clerk, as he shook his
head: "this town is in the cyclone belt."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A smart little girl wrote an essay on
"Man" and said: "When God made man
he gazed on his work and said to himself,
'I can do better than that next time,' and
then he made woman."

The only conclusive evidence of a man's
sincerity is that he gives himself for a
principle. Words, money, all things else,
are comparatively easy to give away;
but, when a man makes gifts of his dai-
ly life and practice, it is plain that the
truth, whatever it may be, has taken pos-
session of him.—*Lowell.*

Edward Everett Hale's sermon to the
Harvard students contained the usual
little gems of thought that he is always
scattering broadcast. There was a world
of wisdom in his caution to the students
always to try to associate with their su-
periors—and to remember that their
superiors might be their bootblacks.—
Boston Herald.

At the meeting of the Eighty-eight
Club in Liverpool, Rev. Robert Collyer
altogether disavowed the doctorate of
divinity which has been so generally at-
tributed to him. He was not accustomed
to the D. D. after his name, he said, and
did not know why his friends put it
there. It was quite true that early in his
career, when he left the Methodist body,
similar letters had been used in connec-
tion with his name; but then they were
of a different character, before instead of
after, and something came between.—
Inquirer.

A Country School House.

The following interesting description
of a country school house in the back-
woods of North Carolina was taken from
the report of the state superintendent of
public instruction.

"A log cabin eighteen by twenty-two
feet, and six feet high, board roof, steps
built like a partridge trap, locust pillars,
walls of chestnut logs, puncheon floor
with puncheons eighteen to twenty-four
inches wide. The chimney built of stone
with fire-place five and a half feet wide,
hearth stone three by seven feet. The
furniture consisted of sixteen pegs, to
hang hats on, six benches, one chair and
one switch five feet long. There were
twenty-six children present, ranging in
height from thirty-nine inches to five and
a half feet. The house is a fair specimen
of olden times. No cupola, no window.
No saw has been used and but few nails;
the hand-axe, the locust pin. Webster's
immortal blue black is the text book. It
is wonderful to be there! No slate, no
blackboard, no globe except the grand
climax peak upon which they stand, and
which is covered with wild forest, rattle
weed, fern and golden rod."—*Raleigh
News and Observer.*

A Quick Reply

That quick wit is not confined to cities
was proved the other day by a young
woman who was rambling along one of
our roads.

She was dressed smartly, and when
she met a small, bare-legged urchin car-
rying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she
did not hesitate to stop him.

"You wicked boy," she said. "How
could you rob that nest? No doubt the
poor mother is now grieving for the loss
of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," said the boy,
edging away; she's on your hat!"—*Cape
Ann Advertiser.*

An exchange says: "A man commit-
ted suicide while suffering under a mental
apparition."

PINEHURST CASINO.



OPEN FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO JUNE 1ST.

This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the resi-
dents of Pinehurst, all of whom are privileged to make use of it.

The Ladies' Parlor and Cafe are on the lower floor, and the second floor has
Reading Room supplied with daily Papers and all the Popular Periodicals, Billiard
Room, Smoking Room and Bath Rooms.

The Casino Cafe.

The Casino Cafe provides Excellent New England Cooking.

Table Board \$4.50 per Week.

Dinners \$2.50 per Week.

A BAKERY is connected with the Cafe, where families can
obtain supplies. Address for Board

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THE MAGNOLIA,

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RATES: \$8.00 TO \$12.00 PER WEEK.



J. L. POTTLE, Pinehurst, Moore County, North Carolina.

The Magnolia is under the same man-
agement as last winter, Mr. J. L. Pottle,
who has had more than twenty years' ex-
perience as proprietor of The Highland
House, Jefferson Highlands, N. H. This
house is modern in all appointments;
steam heat throughout, open fires in all
public rooms and several of the cham-
bers, electric lights, bath rooms, the best
of running water and perfect sanitary
arrangements. Cooking by first class
Northern cook. Table supplied with good
food, well cooked and neatly served. No
pains will be spared to make it home-like
and pleasant for all guests. For further
information address

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed per-
fection went to Evangelist Moody and
commiserated him on his low level of
Christian experience. Mr. Moody, in a
kind manner, asked his caller if he never
sinned nor did any wrong.

"No; I have not sinned for years,
neither have I done anything that was
wrong," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," said Mr.
Moody, "but before I am convinced I
would like to ask your wife."—November
Ladies' Home Journal.

She: "Aren't you afraid to work out
here in the wheat?" He: "Why, no,
ma'am. Why?" She: "There are so
many bulls and bears in wheat, they say."
—*New York Ledger.*

C. T. HAWES,
DENTIST,

Office New Hampshire Ave., over News Depot,
in front of Hotel Ozone,

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following are the unclaimed letters adver-
tised at the post office, Pinehurst, Moore county,
North Carolina, Nov. 1, 1898:

Henry Auritte (2), Tank Fry, Valvin Moore.
C. D. BENBOW, Postmaster.

A London curate the other day re-
ceived an astonishing answer to an in-
quiry after a parishioner's health. "Well,
sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I
feels anyhow, sometimes I feels nohow;
and there be times when I feels as stiff as
a himmedge!"—*Argonaut.*