

PINEHURST CASINO.



OPEN FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO JUNE 1ST.

This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the residents 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

MRS. A. E. UPHAM, PINEHURST, N. C.

THE MAGNOLIA, Pinehurst, N. C.

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



The Magnolia is under the same management as last winter, Mr. J. L. Pottle, who has had more than twenty years' experience 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 chambers, 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

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

The CONCORD

Is now open for the entertainment of Ladies and Gentlemen seeking



A Winter Home.

This house is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Robinson, of North Reading, Mass., who will endeavor to make it home-like and agreeable for their patrons.

TERMS, \$8.00 TO \$12.00 PER WEEK.

West Harmony think of you, let 'em write to the selectmen? Threatened his life, indeed! Why, you never said boo to a goose, since I've known anything 'bout you."

"I d'know, 'Liza Jane," replied Mr. Dewey, not wholly pleased at her vigorous defence of his peaceable character, "I guess I was puty ha'sh with Cicero that time when he nigh about burnt us all up by buildin' a fire in the middle of the woodshed to warm his hands."

"Well, I dunno what you call harsh. It sounded to me 's if you was invitin' him in to dinner, instid o' threatenin' his life."

"Mebbe so, wife, mebbe so, but I guess we've talked 'nuff 'bout that," said Mr. Dewey with great dignity.

The tired feeling of which Mrs. Dewey had complained never left her after this. Her little store of strength decreased from day to day, until at last it was all gone, and the doctor said she could not live through the night.

A week had passed since it had been explained to Mr. Dewey that there was no hope for her, and during that time he had gone about in a dull, bewildered way that was pitiful to see. He had no knack in the sick room, and it was hard to make him understand what was necessary to be done. So the neighbors, who were as kindhearted as they were doleful and inquisitive, took charge of everything and let him wander about as he would.

When in the house, he dozed much of the time in some sunny corner, a large print copy of the Psalms open upon his knees. Out of these slumbers he would wake with a start, shuffle into the room where his wife lay, and stand gazing at her wistfully as an affectionate dog might. But he never said anything unless she spoke to him, which was seldom the case.

Every mornin he worked a little while in the garden in a desultory fashion, raking over and over again the same spot of ground, with strange persistency, and often getting clumsily down on his knees to feel the moist brown earth. A few things were already showing tender green tips, but most were yet in seed. The air was full of the odor of hot turpentine, distilled from the pines. Brown wire-grass waved its lean arms protectingly above the confiding violet that nestled at its feet, while here and there a yellow throated iris stood stiffly up, proud of its blue an gold. Overhead a warm March wind roared among the trees, and made a wild witch dance in the fallen oak leaves. Everywhere was the promise of fresh life and a renewal of the old.

So it was, also, in the quietest room in the little square house. Slowly, surely a new life was springing upward from the withered husk into the sunshine of immortality. There had been a long and weary seed time, but it was nearly past.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Graduate.

"I hope," said the philanthropic caller at the jail, "that you appreciate the true meaning of repentance."

"I reckon I does," replied the hardened offender. "I spent eight years in a penitentiary."—*Exchange.*

Advertise your business through the columns of THE OUTLOOK.

An Amicable Arrangement.

Mrs. Bronson—"The Sillibys have reached an agreement with the owner of their flat houses."

Mrs. Marble—So?"

"Yes. Their children are to be allowed to visit them once a week."—*Life.*

A Sure Thing.

"I dunno as I kin git my money back," said Mr. Corntossel, as he ruefully rubbed his brow, "but I must say as how I ain't going to recommend any customers to that concern."

"Have you been making investments?"

"I sent a dollar to a man who advertised that he would tell a sure way to make money fast."

"Didn't you get any answer?"

"Yes, He says, 'put glue on it.'"—*The Washington Star.*

Feminine Diplomacy.

He—"Why is it, Nellie, that I never hear you ask any one if your hat is on straight, as I so often hear other women do?"

She—"Why, dear, it's because I love you so much."

He—"But I fail to see what that has got to do with it."

She—"Just think how disgraceful and humiliating it would be to you were I to call any one's attention to a hat I've worn two years."

N. B.—The following Sunday she appeared in the very latest creation of the milliner's art.—*Exchange.*

Outwitting a Creditor.

Saint Foix, the French poet, who was always in debt, sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's creditors, and angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene. "Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" "Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect. Saint Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face and left the shop. He wore a beard to the end of his days.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

In Germany teachers are very badly paid. At a teachers' festival somebody proposed the toast, "Long live our school-teachers!" "What on?" asked a cadaverous looking specimen, raising in his seat.—*Exchange.*

The following incident happened at one of the "catecheesms" which are held periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district. "The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnson; "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women I have found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up, and rose to her feet. 'Hoot!' she said indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae dacent woman was to be seen in his company!'"—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*