

end of the building, and this was loaded with presents, and very tastily decorated, while from the top of the church the stars and stripes were proudly waving in the breeze. Old Glory was also very much in evidence on and about the tree.

The people were not kept long in waiting, for old Santa Claus, represented by Mr. Augustus A. McDonald, quickly made his appearance and the Christmas fruit was soon being plucked from the tree and delivered to the delighted company. The presents were both pretty and useful and all were remembered, from the baby in arms to the grandma whose age we would not dare to state.

The affair was gotten up by Mr. Frank T. Spinney of our village, who succeeded in enlisting many Northern friends and a number of our winter residents in the good work. Rev. Rufus B. Tobey and the Congregational Sunday school at Wallaston, Mass., and the Medford, Mass., Baptist Sunday school and Mr. Franklin Hervey, of the same city contributed barrels and boxes of gifts. In return the country people have sent many barrels of holly, mistletoe, long-leaf pine and other Christmas evergreens to their Northern friends. Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Spinney and the Misses Gorrill assisted Mr. McDonald in handing out the presents.

The excursion party from our village did not wait until the gifts had all been distributed, but left about 12:30 in order to arrive home in season for dinner. The return journey was made without special incident and all were well pleased with the trip.

NOTES.

A large delegation from Jackson Springs was present.

A Christmas tree in the open air was a decided novelty to our Northern visitors.

The committee appointed to collect the holly and mistletoe for decorating the church went out with an ox team last Saturday to get a load of evergreens. During the trip the ox got frightened and ran away, scattering the decorating material along the road and smashing the wagon. On the way home Squire Bunnell, one of the party, had the misfortune to fall into a creek, but escaped with nothing worse than a wetting.

Colored People's Tree.

Each year since Pinehurst was started our winter residents have provided a Christmas tree and entertainment for the colored people of this vicinity, and these diversions have always been a source of great pleasure to all who attended. This year the event took place in the Village Hall on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and long before the appointed hour the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The affair was in charge of a special committee consisting of Miss Gilbert, Miss Baxter and Miss Hoyt, who are entitled to great credit for the successful manner in which their plans were carried out. The village entertainment committee also gave their assistance.

The Christmas decorations and tree that had been provided for the entertainment of Saturday evening still remained and the tree was again laden with Christmas gifts. Miss Baxter looked after the comfort of the colored people and saw that all were provided with seats.

The entertainment that preceded the distribution of the presents was supplied

by colored talent and was especially interesting to our Northern guests. Following is the

PROGRAM.

Music by Holly Inn Orchestra.
Recitations by Children from Jackson Hamlet School.

Recitation—"The Old Homestead."

Miss Mamie Cross
Recitation—"The Chase of the Gingerbread Man," "Prof." Rob McCoy
Singing by Misses Cady, Lena and Floy Kelley, of Carthage, accompanied by Uncle Daldon McKinnon. (Uncle McKinnon boasts that he can "compliment" any singing.)

Music by a Quartet.
Singing by Jackson Hamlet Sunday School.

All the numbers on the program were well executed and liberally applauded. The recitations were amusing and the vocal selections very fine, many of the singers possessing excellent voices. It was a good opportunity for our Northern visitors to see the colored people as they appear on festal occasions, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

At this point Santa Claus made his appearance, and announced that he was from Africa, which accounted for his dark complexion. The old gentleman made a short speech that was received with applause. At the conclusion of his remarks an amusing incident occurred. A little pickaninny whose curiosity had been aroused gravely walked up to the front of the stage and stood staring at Santa Claus and his strange costume. The old gentleman on noticing his admirer requested him to shake hands, at which the youngster became greatly frightened, and giving a leap into the air scooted for the seats and the protection of relatives.

The presents were now taken from the tree and most of them were pretty and useful articles contributed by our villagers. All the colored people in the vicinity were remembered, and in addition to other gifts each one received a bag of candy and an orange. As the names of the recipients were called Santa Claus generally found occasion to make some jesting remark which often called forth apt replies, to the great delight of the audience.

After the presents were all taken from the tree the strings of pop corn with which it was decorated were distributed among the colored children.

Refreshments were then served to the colored people, after which Walter Scott, Jr., ("Sir Walter") and Lee McCall gave a fine exhibition of shuffle dancing, followed by dancing by Lena Kelly and sister. H. G. Gaddy sang a song and was followed by several recitations and singing by volunteers whose names we did not learn.

The entertainment closed about 5 o'clock and ended the Christmas festivities.

NOTES.

The bar'l o' fun arrived safely and all present received a generous share.

Mr. F. T. Spinney represented Santa Claus and was made up as a colored man.

The Holly Inn orchestra kindly volunteered their services and discoursed some excellent music.

The Christmas celebration was a grand success and the gifts carried sunshine into many lives that know but little brightness.

Subscribe for THE OUTLOOK.

THE HARSH TREATMENT OF CICERO TRUBY

(Written for THE OUTLOOK.)

[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Dewey sat by the bedside, looking at the worn face on the pillow with patient expectancy. By and by, if he could only keep awake long enough, her eyes would open and answer his wistful gaze. He hoped that she might feel able to talk a little while, for there was something on his mind, and he did not know how to manage it alone.

The gray eyes that had seemed so listless before, suddenly looked out at him with a bright, anxious stare.

"John," said Mrs. Dewey, in so strong a voice that he was startled, "how do you suppose Robert is gittin' along?"

"I declare, now, ain't that curus? I was jest this minnit goin' ter speak 'bout Robert, that is, jest ez soon ez you was ready to talk."

"Well, how do you suppose he's gittin' along?"

"Nothin' extry, I'm 'fraid. Anyhow, he wa'n't, the last we knew. Works hard, they say, but don't seem ter have no faculty. More children 'n he knows what to do with. D'ye know, 'Liza Jane, sometimes I kinder wish—"

Mr. Dewey paused and remained silent for the anxious eyes had closed and the face was turned away from his.

"Well, what is it? But there, what's the use to pretend? I know easy enough what 'tis you're wishin'. I wish so too, but 'tain't right. We mustn't love son or daughter better 'n we do Him an' His cause."

"I s'pose so," sighed Mr. Dewey, "'specially a 'dopted son."

"What diffrunce does that make, I'd like to know?" said the voice querulously, almost fiercely. "Ain't I agonized over that boy as much as any mother over the child of her own flesh? What's a few hours more or less of physical pain in a lifetime of travail and sorrow?"

The old man moved uneasily in his chair, and shuffled his feet clumsily back and forth. He had never heard his wife talk like that before, and as usual with him, in any new experience, he knew not what to do or say. But Mrs. Dewey said nothing more, and, reassured by the silence, he went on hesitatingly.

"Yes, that's so. Robert's been a powerful sight o' trouble to us an' himself, too. An' the wust on't is that thar don't seem to be no good workin' out. Boy an' young man, we 'flicted him with punishments that was good for his soul, an' sence he set up on his own hook he's been 'flicted with a fam'ly sech ez orter turn his heart away from the beggarly elements o' this world; but I ain't heerd that he is convarted yit, or showed any signs of softenin'. It does seem ter me 's if he'd had 'nuff advarsity ter be the makin' of most men, but somehow 'ruther he gits harder 'stid o' mellerer. He's mighty quiet, now, same's he useter be when he was a boy. Didn't rave an' tear 'round none last time I seen him, but he was bitter clear through."

The old man's voice melted into a sob, and he stopped to wipe away the tears that were steaming over his cheeks and losing themselves in the jungle of his unshaven chin. Conscience was striving against conscience within his breast. For conscience' sake he and his wife had brought up this adopted boy in the

COTTON is and will continue to be the money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good cultivation, suitable rotation, and liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 3% actual

Potash

will insure the largest yield.

We will send Free, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

Do You Want

FINE JOB PRINTING?

Our office is well equipped with

New Modern Type
First Class Presses
Electric Power
Competent Workmen

Prices Reasonable. Give us a Call.

THE OUTLOOK,
Pinehurst, N. C.

HOME MADE BREAD

Can be obtained at the store.

Cooked Meats and Pastry should be

Ordered the day before needed.