

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.



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

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

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.

Vegetable Sponges

LUFFAHS, DISH RAGS

Are especially fine this year, 15 to 18 inches long. We will send them postpaid at 10 cents each, either prepared and ready for use, or in original shell and with seeds inside, to any address as long as they last.

The Pinehurst Nurseries

STUDIO.

Miss Sarah D. Gilbert

Of New York City.

(SEVERAL YEARS IN EUROPE)

Has opened her Studio at

No. 9 in The Palmetto.

At home Mondays from 2 to 6. Lessons in Sketching and Painting.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

BY JOHN DUNN TUCKER.

The cleek, which is the favorite club of the beginner, should be used when the distance is less than you would use a brassey for—say 130 to 145 yards. Or if your lie is cupped and you want to get as much distance as you can, take the cleek. Should the green be open, a long low running ball can be had from such a lie with this same club. Grasp tight with both hands and divide your weight from start to finish of swing.

The ordinary iron, or mid-iron as it is termed, is in the majority of cases the most difficult club to manage with accuracy. There are three different shots or rather distances. The running approach should be used from a distance of about 20 or 30 yards from the hole. Grip the club very tight, with the wrists fairly stiff, and follow on as though the weight of club is doing the work. The half shot with mid-iron is the hardest shot of all. It should be used about 100 yards from the hole. See that you have lots of ground when you have to pitch over a hazard with the half mid-iron. Take a very firm grip with both hands and let your left knee bend in toward your right. Take the half swing and try and work your shoulders and the club at the same time. When following your stroke through be sure you do not jerk your swing. The full shot with the mid-iron is played the same as the cleek. Grip tight with both hands and divide your weight from start to finish of swing.

What Did He Steal?

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—“Maud, did Mr. Jules take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?”

Maud—“Why, of course not! Why should he?”

Bobby—“That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out: ‘I am going to steal just one,’ and—Why, what's the matter, Maud?”—*Exchange.*

Bishop of North Carolina.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, D. D., Bishop of North Carolina, preached a fine sermon in the Village Hall last Sunday afternoon. The congregation was not confined to Episcopalians but embraced people of all creeds. The subject of the bishop's sermon—the position Jacob occupied in holy scripture—was considered in a most attractive and original manner.

By a singular coincidence the morning sermon at the union service in the same hall treated of Jacob wrestling with the angel.

Miss Eugenie Upham's soprano solo at the offertory was exquisitely sung, showing the clear bird-like quality of her voice to great advantage.

Washington the Soldier.

The above is the title of a volume just from the press of Lamson, Wolff & Co., of Boston, New York and London. It was written by our former winter resident, Gen. H. B. Carrington, L. L. D., during his sojourn here last winter. The general is well known as the author of many books on patriotic subjects, and his long service in the United States army well qualifies him to depict the military career of the Father of His Country. The volume is well illustrated and contains numerous war maps, and will no doubt prove interesting and instructive to old and young.

One of Sam Jones' Stories.

“Before you go to dinner,” Mr. Jones continued, “I want you to hear one of my latest and best jokes. You know the Christian Scientists believe that everything is true that they think true. An old negro came up to see a friend of mine, and my friend, who was the negro's employer, said: ‘Ben you are late again. What's the matter?’ ‘My brother's got the rheumatism,’ said the negro, ‘and I stayed up all night and nursed him. That is why I am late.’

“‘He ain't got rheumatism, Ben,’ said the boss, ‘he just thinks he has.’

“The next day the negro didn't show up at all, but came the following day.

“‘Hello, Ben,’ said his boss. ‘Guess your friend thinks he's got the rheumatism again, don't he?’

“‘No, boss; he thinks he's dead. We buried him yesterday.’—*Atlanta Journal.*

In Favor of the Moon.

A colored debating society in Jones' precinct had this weighty subject under discussion the other night: “Which is the most useful, the sun or the moon?” After considerable wrangling on both sides, during which they waxed warm and eloquent, the judge, an old negro, promptly decided that the moon was the most useful, as it “shined at night when the people needed light, while the sun, he only shined in the daytime when they could do without it.”—*Shelbyville, (Ky.) Sentinel.*

He Was Sharp.

A well-known violin player was invited to dinner. The host, with assumed carelessness, added:

“By the way, will you bring your violin with you?”

The musician replied: “My violin never dines.”—*Exchange.*