

boarded outside, but the logs can still be seen in the interior. The front room contains a great fireplace that is yet used, and when filled with blazing logs the apartment is well heated.

Mr. Ray's winter residence was a house made of round logs and was located close by the larger structure. It was built in 1823 and used as a dwelling until about two years ago when Mr. McKenzie presented it to Mr. Tufts who had it removed to Pinehurst and placed near the foot of the Village Green, where it is now used as a museum. It contains many interesting relics, among them the hand-made axe that cut the timbers that were used in building it.

"The logs and the boards, the rafter and sill,
And all that it takes a house to fulfill,
Were brought to a site near McKenzie's mill,
And hewn there, by ax, to their place.

"With 'nary' a nail, was builded this shack,
And it must have taken 'right smart' knack
To save the old fellow from breaking his back,
As he labored away at his task.

"Transported at last to the Village Green,
Where by curious villagers it now may be seen;
Standing, a monument to the 'has been,'
It contrasts the methods of man.

"It tells of the struggle and toil of the days
When men, brave and stalwart, were blazing the ways

For others to follow—a nation to raise—
A nation so brave and so free."

Mr. Ray married a sister of his sister's husband, and lived at the old place until his death. Mr. McKenzie remembers the old fellow very well and was related to him by marriage. During the latter part of his life, after he had been disabled so that he could not work, the old gunsmith often went to the different blacksmith shops and showed the workmen how to temper metal.

All the iron that the settlers used in those days had to be brought from Fayetteville, and salt was also obtained at the same place. These were the two principal articles that the people were obliged to get at a seaport; nearly everything else that was needed being raised or manufactured at home.

Mr. McKenzie's dwelling contains many old-time relics. Everything needed for the manufacture of cloth is here and the ancient loom contains a carpet partly completed. The writer was shown several specimens of cloth that were made by Mrs. McKenzie and the patterns were as pretty as those made by modern machinery. The old lady avers that a suit made of this cloth will outwear half a dozen such as can be bought at the stores. She has also many blankets, quilts, towels and other articles that are home made.

Mr. McKenzie has two ancient guns, a rifle and a shotgun, that were made by Philip Cameron who worked in Ray's gun shop. These weapons are nearly six feet long and are kept loaded ready for use. It was with one of these guns that Mr. McKenzie recently shot a large otter that was swimming in his pond. The old rifle is a heavy one and shows signs of hard usage. During the late war, while in a gun shop to be repaired, it was captured by Federal troops who smashed the stock and bent the barrel to destroy its usefulness, but it has been restored and is now as effective as ever.

Another weapon, a double-barrel muzzle loading shotgun weighing about ten pounds, has an interesting history. It was a shot from this gun that killed Steve Lowry, one of the famous Lowry gang of outlaws that created a reign of

terror in Robeson county in the early seventies. The father of the Lowry boys was hung before their eyes by a squad of Southern soldiers during the war, and the boys swore to kill all who were concerned in their father's death. As the most of these soldiers were neighbors they were well known by the Lowrys, who succeeded in killing the most of them and avenging their father. When the boys commenced their killing they were promptly outlawed and the people used to turn out in large numbers to hunt them down. One man who owned this gun was ambushed by some of the outlaws and shot dead while on his way to join his neighbors in hunting the Lowrys. The killing of Steve Lowry broke up the outlaw gang.

The Lowrys belonged to the tribe of halfbreeds called Croatans who are supposed to be descendants of the members of the lost colony of Captain John White which was the first effort at permanent settlement made by Anglo-Saxon whites on the American continent. There are quite a number of these Croatans in Robeson county.

To enumerate everything of interest to be found at Mr. McKenzie's would take more space than THE OUTLOOK could spare. There are numerous farm buildings, mostly built of logs, and one of them, a corn crib, was erected by Mr. Ray in 1820, and the date can still be seen where he carved it on one of the foundation posts.

Mr. McKenzie is well informed regarding the events that took place in this part of the country in early times, and an hour's chat with the old gentleman is both interesting and instructive. He has raised a large family of sons and daughters, some of whom still live at home. Visitors are received with old fashioned courtesy, and our Northern guests will derive a great deal of pleasure from a trip to this home of the pioneer.

Obituary.

Mrs. Lucretia Knowlton, mother of the wife of Gen. William H. Browne of Washington, D. C., died of apoplexy at the Holly Inn last Saturday afternoon, aged 82 years. The aged lady was of a very lovable disposition and very smart for one of her years, taking great interest in all that was going on about her. She was a great favorite with all the guests at the Inn, and her sudden death will be deeply felt by all who knew her. She had been stopping at the Inn with Gen. and Mrs. Browne since the opening of the season.

The body was taken to Washington for interment last Sunday and was accompanied by her daughter. The funeral services there were conducted by Bishop Satterlee, Rev. Dr. McKay-Smith and Rev. Mr. Paddock, and were very beautiful and impressive. The floral offerings were exquisite. Gen. and Mrs. Browne have the sympathy of our villagers in this great bereavement. They will remain here for the balance of the season.

The following tribute to Mrs. Knowlton was written by one who knew her well:

IN MEMORIAM.

To the many who were privileged to know Mrs. Knowlton, she was always a benediction. They felt while in her presence the sweetness of her nature and the elevated purity of her soul. She possessed in a remarkable degree

those triune Christian virtues of faith, hope and charity. Although her hope sprang fresh and buoyant with the advent of each day, and her faith was as simple and implicit as that of a little child, yet above and over all she extended a mantle of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." She lived the words of Abraham Lincoln, "With charity for all, with malice to none."

There was never a human being with whom she came in contact in whom she could not find some redeeming trait. Others might have passed by the coarse, or unprepossessing, or stupid, or malignant, or cross-grained, or bitter, or headstrong with a cold word, or a frown. She always paused, and smiled and pitied, and the latent good sprang toward her while the evil stood abashed. It was a wonderful influence which everybody who knew her felt. She was absolutely without an enemy in the world. She lived each day as if it might be her last. She never borrowed trouble, her maxim being: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." She cast no mournfully retrospective glances over the sorrows and trials of the past, but accepted them with meekness and resignation when they came, and then, with a nobility of nature rarely equalled, bore her crosses without murmuring, always bravely pressing forward to better things and a higher calling. She never allowed circumstances to master her. She overcame griefs and troubles and glorified them by her never failing cheerfulness, looking forward to future joys which would surely come. Her every cloud was silver lined, and her ships at sea were always homeward bound.

From her childhood, she was flattered and caressed, but there was never a human being freer from vanity. She had the pride which belongs to self respect and gentle blood; a pride which made her do anything the undertook, well. Her needle work was a marvel of skill; her chirography was as beautiful as engraving. She was highly educated; had rare conversational powers, and her letters were sparkling, witty, and full of soul. Although eighty-two years of age (within three months and a half) her mental and physical qualities were wonderfully preserved. She retained her personal beauty and attractiveness to a marked degree, and her interest in everything and everybody was sincere and enthusiastic. She said with Robert Browning:

"I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue;
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

She thought Pinehurst the loveliest spot she had ever visited; Holly Inn a most delightful abiding place; her new found friends full of charm and interest. She often said she had never been happier anywhere away from home. And now, wearing the smile we have all learned to love so well, dressed in white, with violets and lilies and pansies lying about her beautiful peaceful face, she has robbed even death of his grimness, and entered into the rest of her Lord. May we strive to emulate her virtues.

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