

dirt, who came here with his wife for rest and to inhale the ozone of the beautiful pines. He attempted to prove that two of the witnesses had robbed Mr. Tufts' hen yard, as the feathers in a hat sold were the same ones he saw them have in their hands coming from that direction. He appeared very innocent and his answers were quick and snappy. The only witness for the defense was the wife of the defendant, who tried hard to prove that he was innocent, and that a conspiracy had been formed by the counsel for the state and others to obtain money from the prisoner who was known to be one of the wealthiest citizens of New York. She felt convinced that such was the case from the fact that the counsel for the state had offered to quash the case against the prisoner if she would pay him \$10,000. This attempt at bribery was made directly to her, and she refused to consider it, as she believed the prisoner innocent of the charges against him.

The testimony of witnesses being furnished, the state attorney, Mr. Rogers, made a very powerful and eloquent plea to the jury (and audience) repudiating the charge that he had offered to free the prisoner for \$10,000, and claimed that his reputation for honesty extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and was sufficient proof that he never had made the offer. He claimed that his witnesses had given sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner on every count of the indictment, and had no doubt that the jury would so decide. Some of those present thought the Pilgrim must have had recent acquaintance with the blarney stone. Counsel for the defense denied everything the other side had said; thought the government witnesses were no good and that no case had been made against his client. He advised the jury to turn the prisoner loose.

The judge gave a very able summing up of the case, told the jury the penalty on each count, if they found the prisoner guilty, and ordered them to retire and bring in their verdict. The jury returned in a short time and reported through the foreman, Mr. Peck, that they found the prisoner guilty on every count, and recommended that he be given thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, have his ears cut off and then be hung by the neck until dead, as provided in the code of North Carolina, edition of 1764. The jury further recommended that sentence be suspended if the prisoner provide sufficient peanuts to satisfy the guests at the "Berkshire" within twenty days, and the judge turned the prisoner loose without bond.

A large quantity of peanuts was furnished the next day. Thus was justice tempered by mercy—or peanuts.

Bowling Tournament.

The third bowling tournament between the two Pinehurst teams was bowled at our alleys last Tuesday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the first team by the score of 2321 to 2219. The first of this series of contests resulted in favor of the second team, 2332 to 2270, and the second was won by the first team, 2771 to 2718. This puts the first team ahead 13 points in the three games. The two teams are very evenly matched. Last Tuesday the teams were made up as follows: first team—Merrill, Everett, De Loria, Case and Bill; second team—Atwood, Ellis, Phillips, Hipkenson and Poole.

VALENTINE PARTY.

Guests at the Berkshire Celebrate the Fourteenth of February.

The OUTLOOK's poet, who was supposed to be safely chained up and grinding out odes to "Beautiful Spring," managed to escape last Tuesday evening and attended a valentine party that was held in the "Berkshire" parlors under the auspices of Mrs. Joseph K. Whipple, Mrs. Charles Stearns and Miss Stearns. The following effusion is his account of the evening's festivities:

On Tuesday eve—St. Valentine's day—
The guests who at the Berkshire stay
Had a valentine party—a gathering gay—
And all enjoyed it, so they say.

Each guest was pressed to take a part
And tell the woes of a burdened heart;
And the oft-told tale was told again
By beauteous maid and love-lorn swain.

A box was found—dimensions large—
To hold the missives sweet in charge,
And in it placed—oh, what a crop
Of love-sick tales! But, there, we'll stop!

The guests then gathered in the hall,
In quick response unto the call,
And from the box each drew a note
That some admiring lover wrote.

Each note in turn was read aloud
To edify the jolly crowd.
None tried in mist'ry to enshroud
The messages that made them proud.

And now, my friends, tell if you may—
Suggest, if possible, I pray—
A jollier or better way
To celebrate the good Saint's day.

If all the maids there stood in a line,
Where I could see their bright eyes shine,
I'd say to one—to all, in fine—
'Oh, won't you be my Valentine?'

TURPENTINE TARHEEL.

The following poems, many of them original, were among the valentines sent:

To tell thee of my lasting love
I send this to thee, dear,

To say that throughout all my life
I've ne'er found maid so—queer
—drear
—peer—

Of course,
I've ne'er found maid thy peer.

I love to gaze into thine eyes,
Those windows of thy soul,
So full of tender meaning, Love,
Like to a—battered roll
—ton of coal
—distant goal—

To be sure,
They are my distant goal.

I love to clasp thy little hand,
I cannot let it fall;
Your shapely, tender little arm
Is like a—parasol
—worsted shawl
—musket ball
—garden wall—

Just what your little arm is like,
I cannot now recall.

I love the music of thy voice,
I'd listen to it long,
I often think its gentle tones
Are like a—dinner gong
—something wrong
—angel's song—

Yes, yes,
Are like an angel's song.

Thy wavy hair, thy cherry lips,
Thy merry, silvery laugh;
But more than all, thy graceful form,
'Tis like a—thin giraffe
—brindle calf
—turning lathe—

You know just what I want to say,
I can't express it half.

And so

I send these verses to you, Love,
I hope that they will take;
For if you should accept my suit
I'd have a—stomach ache
—griddle cake
—Irish wake
—garter snake—

I fear that I can rhyme no more,
I'll stop it for your sake.

A letter bearing a heart pierced by Cupid's arrow, had the following:

Cupid's arrow has struck my heart—
How on earth shall I catch the dart?
I must do it with main and might,
Or I'll be an old maid before it's right.
Yours in love,

SAMANTHA KNIGHT.

An original something I must write,
But how shall I begin?
For there is nothing original in me
Except original sin.

But I must write, and write it now,
Without a moment's warning;
It is so cold we'll all freeze up
Before another morning.

So if you have sweet words to say,
And make them into rhyme,
You'll make me happy all the day
And I'll be your Valentine.

Where rolls the Merrimac
Over a rock-bound bed,
Thence comes our Augy
Joyfulness to spread.
The Berkshire's lassie blithe and free—
Everybody's chum is she.

"Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers sixteen, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair.
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin.
'Oh,' the rosy lips reply,
'I can't tell you, if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember.
Ask some younger lass than I.'"

Here's to my love in the derby hat
Who is buried in snow with her golfing bat;
She is more breezy to me in her attitude
Than the sweet zephyrs of Pinehurst altitude.

She said to me in her sweet cooling tones,
Oh, where! oh where, are the sweet smelling
cones,

And the long leaf pines of the Sunny South
That were advertised to fill my lungs and mouth.

Alas, my love, I did not know
That I should see you buried in snow,
When I brought you from your Northern home
And pictured to you how we would roam
Through the beautiful pines and sandy loam.

When to Pinehurst I did go
To be rid of a winter's snow,
And found since I have been here,
The coldest weather for many a year,—
A lonesome time I should have had,
Were you not here to make me glad.
Who "you" may be, I shall not tell,
But who you are I know right well.

Wilt thou be my valentine?
And how shall I know that thou art mine?
Dig for the violets under the snow,
Wear them tomorrow at the top of the row
Of buttons on coat or paletot (paletot)
And then shall I know that thou indeed art mine.

OUR MANAGER.

Up in the morning early,
Tired when the day is done,
Always for somebody planning—
Planning for every one.

South from the far Berkshire valley,
Lured by the plaint of the pines,
Give to the dear ailing children—
Give of my aroma fine.

Haste, for the people are stricken;
Come to my help in their need.
Give them my healing, my balsam,
Home, beef and chickens and steam.

Stern was the welcome they gave him;
Weary the path he must tread;
But for all this good work for the children
St. Valentine blesses his head.

His patience, his foresight, his courage—
And long may the benison rest
On the home in the far Berkshire valley
Where there's hope for the weary and rest.

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