

Photograph Studio Open.

The Pinehurst photograph studio was formally opened for business last Wednesday morning under the management of Charles E. Vale of Providence, R. I., and Matthew F. Black of Philadelphia, and the public was cordially invited to inspect the new establishment. The invitation was very generally accepted and the proprietors received many compliments for the excellent taste displayed in fitting up and arranging the apartments.

The rooms are handsomely furnished and present a very attractive appearance. The large room is divided by pretty draperies into four apartments, across the entrances of which are hung tapestry draperies. The furniture is handsome and comfortable, and numerous potted plants add to the beauty of the scene.

But the principal attraction was the beautiful exhibition of photographs. At all points of vantage—on the walls, and on easels and tables—were effectively displayed a charming array of photographs—carbonette and platinotype prints of characteristic Southern scenes—with gray and dark colored mounts which greatly enhanced their beauty.

The exhibition, although arranged in a hurry, was highly creditable to the artists, and is well calculated to inspire our villagers with confidence in their ability to do high class work. The pictures of characteristic Southern scenes are attractive souvenirs and very appropriate Christmas gifts to send to Northern friends. Our Northern guests were quick to grasp this idea and several hundred views of Pinehurst and vicinity have already gone northward through the mails. The prices charged are remarkably low, especially when the quality of the work is taken into consideration, and the new firm will have all they can do until after the holidays. The new establishment will undoubtedly prove one of the most popular institutions in the village.

Religious Services Last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Thomas preached a very interesting sermon in the Village Hall last Sunday morning, taking as the subject of his discourse "God is Love." The effortful solo, "Come Unto Me" by Gounod, was beautifully rendered by Miss E. Smith. A large congregation was present.

At the close of the preaching service, at 12 o'clock, Sunday school was opened and a large number were present. Mr. Sammis kindly consented to take charge of the school for a few Sundays until the organization was perfected and everything running smoothly. A bible class was formed with about twenty members, and next Sunday will be led by Mr. J. M. Robinson. The children's class, which is in charge of Miss Lewis, contains about a dozen members. The ladies and gentlemen who are endeavoring to see the school firmly established feel very much encouraged by the large attendance and interest manifested last Sabbath, and hope the interest will continue to increase. A cordial invitation is extended to every one to attend.

At 3.15 p. m. the regular Episcopal service was held in the Village Hall, and was impressively conducted by Rev. Mr. Gregory. There was an increased choir, which gave additional interest to the service. Miss Lindsey kindly presided

at the piano at the morning and afternoon services.

The prayer and praise service at 7.30 p. m. called out the largest attendance of the day. The meeting was ably led by Mr. W. A. Teele, and the congregation entered into the spirit of the meeting, both of prayer and praise, in the most earnest manner. Mrs. Bradbury kindly presided at the piano at this service.

Progressive Whist Party.

Last Friday evening the Casino parlor was the scene of a very enjoyable progressive whist party, tendered the guests at that popular refectory by the manager, Mrs. F. H. McAlpine, who was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. F. H. Carpenter. Four tables were filled and the prizes and winners were as follows: ladies' prize, silver pin tray, Mrs. A. H. Mercur; gentlemen's prize, silver card tray, Mr. Pringle; ladies' booby prize, china cup and saucer, Miss Wohlstadt; gentlemen's booby prize, cocoanut, Mr. Willett. After the prizes were awarded fruit was served, and a little later the company departed for home, all well pleased with the evening's entertainment. This party is the first of a series to be given during the winter by this charming hostess, and it is safe to predict that these gatherings will rank among the most popular social events of the season.

Sunday Evening Concert.

The Holly Inn orchestra gave their regular public concert in the Holly Inn music room last Sunday evening, and a large audience was present and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent program, which was rendered in a highly creditable manner. The program was as follows:

PROGRAM.

March—"The Stars and Stripes Forever"	Sousa
Overture—"Martha"	Flotow
Cello Solo—"Souvenir de Spa" (Fantasie)	Servais
	Alfred Sommer.
Selection—"The Fortune Teller"	Herbert
Serenade—(for Clarinet and Cello)	Titl
Pianoforte Solo—"Hungarian Rapsody" No. 12	Liszt
	May Cook Sharp.
Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa ("Lohengrin,")	Wagner
Wedding March (from "A Midsummer Night's Dream")	Mendelssohn
Hymn—"God be with you," to be sung by the audience.	

Enlarged Quarters.

During the past week THE OUTLOOK has moved into the new addition that has been erected on the OUTLOOK building, and now has ample room for the needs of the paper. Ever since THE OUTLOOK was started two years ago it has experienced a steady healthy growth that has twice made it necessary to enlarge its quarters, and the office now occupies twice as much room as during the first year of its existence.

The new addition affords a well-lighted composing room of ample size, on one end, and the other side is occupied by the editorial room and business office. This relieves the crowded condition of the other departments, and gives THE OUTLOOK a chance to keep up with the phenomenal growth of Pinehurst.

"He died of a complication of diseases, didn't he?" "No. He had only one doctor."—*Life*.

Split the Difference.

The old soldier was in a reminiscent mood yesterday, as he sat in the lobby talking with two friends. "I will tell you a little experience I had down in Louisiana in 1862," he said. "I was a member of the 30th Connecticut volunteers. The opposing armies had come into pretty close quarters, and confederate out pickets, stragglers and skirmishers were around us and doing considerable mischief. Three companies of our regiment were ordered out on skirmish duty. We marched down, five paces apart, according to regulations, into a perfect morass. The water was waist deep everywhere.

"I wasn't very tall, and I found it necessary to hold up my cartridge belt to keep it from getting saturated. The confederates were scattered through this swamp, and we took a number of prisoners without opening fire. I met with a misfortune. My foot caught beneath a couple of parallel branches beneath the water, and I was securely pinioned.

"My companions continued on their way, while I struggled hard to extricate myself from my unpleasant predicament. I finally pulled my foot out with a desperate effort, but my shoe was left behind. I could only secure it by plunging my head beneath the surface of slimy, noxious, muddy water, but it had to be done. I had no sooner got the shoe on again than a rebel came in sight from behind some bushes. Intuitively our muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender!" thundered the rebel.

"Surrender yourself!" I returned at the top of my lungs.

"Then we stood and eyed each other. Each had his gun cocked and leveled at the other, but neither pulled a trigger. Why we hesitated is more than I can explain. By delaying, you see, each was practically placing himself at the mercy of the other, or so it would seem. Suddenly the rebel's gun dropped, and I brought mine down also.

"See here, Yank," he began, in a much milder tone, "if I should shoot you my side wouldn't gain much; and, again, if you should shoot me your side wouldn't gain much. Now, I've got a wife and two babies over yonder, and if you dropped me they wouldn't have nobody to take care of them. Now, it's a d—mean man what wouldn't split the difference. I'll let you go if you'll let me go, and we'll call the thing square. What do you say?"

"Well, what should I say? I walked over half way, and we met and shook hands and parted. About a year after a letter came to our camp, addressed to 'Little Yankee that split the difference.' I had told him my regiment, you see, but not my name. The letter was a cordial invitation to visit the fellow at his home in Louisiana. He wanted me to see the wife and babies who had prompted him to propose to split the difference, and I have always regretted that I was unable to accept the invitation."—*Kennebec Journal*.

One on Edison.

Edison is fond of smoking, but he becomes so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a cigar in his mouth. When he had an office on Fifth avenue, New York, the desk in which he kept a box of cigars was always open, and as the boys came and went at all hours, his

cigars disappeared with mysterious rapidity. Finally, he asked a friend, who was in the tobacco business, if he could not do something to discourage this disappearance. "Why, yes," said the friend, "I'll make up some for you. I'll put Hoffman House labels on the outside, but I'll fill them up with horse-hair and hard rubber."

"Well," said Mr. Edison in relating the story, "that fellow went to California and didn't return for three months. I forgot about him meantime, but when he got back I said to him: 'Look here, I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars.' 'Why, I did,' he said in surprise. 'You did? When?' 'Why, don't you remember—a flat box with a green label; the cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?' 'Do you know,' said Edison innocently, 'I smoked them all myself!'

Profound Thoughts in Simple Garb.

"I tell you, sir, that the coexistence of mnemonic survivals, with sensorial excitations, is the only conceivable definition of temporal apprehension!"

"And I tell you that the invocation of mnemonics is extra-datal, and that sensorial continuity is the datum. The juxtaposition of mnemonic survival with sensorial impression discloses no warrant for sequential and coexistential discrimination!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1897.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.00 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,	.032 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid,	.050 " " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

Learn Spanish.

This language has a musical sound, is almost perfectly phonetic, and is being acquired to great extent in recent years. The greater part of our twin continent is inhabited by Spanish speaking people. Our newly acquired possessions in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico should give an added interest to the study of Spanish. Pinehurst guests will have an opportunity to become familiar with this language this winter, as instruction will be given by the undersigned at fifty cents a lesson.

JOHN W. ADAMS.

**JOHN E. DUTELLE,
PINEHURST, N. C.
PROFESSIONAL NURSE.**

Eight Years' Experience.