

in a few weeks. I could hardly believe that so much improvement could have been made in a few years, and a wild, barren country, such as that has always been, could have been made as beautiful, and the sand hills teem with the most beautiful flowers and plants. If any of the sportsmen of the North who go to Pinehurst this winter will call on Mr. Powell, who is himself a great lover of field sports, he can tell them all they want to know about the game down there. I am now too far advanced in years to do much more hunting myself, but if I were a younger man I would get together a lot of men who love field sports, and buy this land and make a game preserve of it. It can be done at a small outlay, the there is land enough there to furnish shooting for the next fifty or a hundred years.—*Polk Miller, in Forest and Stream.*

A New Device for Driving Practice.

The latest golfing device on the market is called the parachute ball, and it promises to be popular with beginners, and even with experienced players who are not able to get out on the links more than once or twice a week. The parachute ball is designed for the purpose of practicing driving and brassy play in limited spaces, and it so far accomplishes the object that a player can now go through all the delights of driving, approaching, and putting in a small-sized back yard. An ordinary golf ball is pierced through the centre and a piece of strong cord is run through the hole and knotted on the further side. The cord is some six or eight feet long, and on the other end a small parachute of cloth is made fast. This is laid out on the ground, and when the ball is hit it acts as a brake and prevents the ball flying more than a few yards. A player can study style and accuracy in hitting the ball by this little device without having to hire a caddie to retrieve the balls. Moreover, it saves balls, and practice can be taken in the half hour before dusk when there is no time to go to the links for even play over three or four holes. With a small putting-green, a tennis net or something similar for a bunker, and a parachute golf ball, a player can practice to his heart's content on a space hardly large enough for a croquet ground. With the aid of a gimlet one can make his own parachute ball. The parachute does not have to be over six or eight inches in diameter.—*American Golf.*

Veteran's Testimonial.

Here is a patent medicine story which comes from up Vermont way. It may not be true, and then again it may. The man who told it would give neither names, dates nor neighborhoods, but he believed it. It is printed on the chance that it is true, for if it is not true there is very little reason for printing it. It would come under the good old, conservative heading "Important if True."

The hero was a Grand Army man, who had seen hard service. He was not a well man, but a friend recommended to him an advertising medicine firm's panacea, and he took it and felt much better. He was enthusiastic, and told all his neighbors about it. After a while the patent medicine agent called on him and told him that the company would be glad to have him tell in print the tidings of

joy that had been spreading in the village where he lived. The old man said that it was true that he felt much better, and he believed it was the medicine, but he did not know about writing a testimonial.

The agent spread himself on the business value of having your portrait in the country weekly, with the legend "One of the Leading Citizens of Bugville" under it, together with remarks about your long and honorable career in the community. The G. A. R. man weakened. The agent spoke of the thousands of sufferers who remained in ignorance of the virtues of the remedy, and who might be induced to try it and regain health and happiness by the indorsement of a solid man of the place.

He pictured their hollow cheeks, which the mistaken modesty of the Grand Army man prevented from becoming rosy; the tired feeling that a word from him would help to dispel; the racking cough, that might be silenced if the sufferer were made to put confidence in the advertised mixture. The Grand Army man gave up the daguerreotype.

When the paper came out he felt much better about it. He was given undisputed possession of the cracker box at the store. Men listened when he spoke, and the children pointed him out to the drummers, as he waited to see one of the two daily trains go by, saying: "There is the man that had his picture in the paper."

He bought many copies and sent them away to his friends. But there came a day when joy was changed to mourning. He had made the testimonial rather strong. Perhaps he had exaggerated his improved health a bit, with the thought of the hollow cheeks and the tired feeling and the racking cough before him as he wrote. He thought he had on pension day.

Instead of the customary remittance, he received a note from the bureau, saying that the inspector lately working in his district had reported the testimonial, and considering that he never felt better in his life, was a new man and could do a hard day's work as well as ever, and that all painful and disagreeable symptoms had left him never to return, they had decided that he could not need the pension any longer.—*Worcester Gazette.*

According to a Method.

"Why do you always prefer to move into a new flat?" asked the matron in the paiseley shawl.

"It save so much work," replied the matron with the bored expression. "You never have to clean house."

"But you get the new flat dirty after a time, don't you?"

"Certainly. Then's the time to move into another new one."—*Chicago Tribune.*

No Need to Worry What to Send Your Friends for Christmas.

We would suggest a case with really choice Holly, Mistletoe and Pine would be just the thing to gladden the hearts of the folks at home.

Probably you know that it is our business to pack just such stuff and incidentally we know just how to pack—all you will have to do therefore is to tell us how many cases you want and to which addresses you wish them shipped, and then you may be sure that they get there in time.

One thing more! Christmas still comes

on December 25th, and we are about a thousand miles or so from New England, while our cases will not be the only goods shipped about Christmas. We cannot guarantee, therefore, to have delivered in New England, any cases which are ordered of us for Christmas day after the 21st, and for New Year's day after December 28th.

We book orders now and shall fill them in strict rotation.

A case 30 x 18 x 9 inches cost 75 cents; three cases for two dollars, delivered free at Pinehurst freight or express station.

Respectfully,
PINEHURST NURSERIES.
Otto Katzenstein, Manager.

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this is a very silly question to ask, but is it? There is no catch about it. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes.

If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference, and walk briskly in the centre, you will find that before you have gone a hundred yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep in the center, or you may do it, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally it is a hundred to one you cannot keep a direct line.

The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other, and this, combined with the quicker movement, causes one to walk more to one side than the other.

It is well known, for instance, that if one be lost in the woods the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return about to the starting point. This demonstrates the fact, also, that one foot walks faster than the other.

You can try an interesting experiment in this way if you will place two stakes in the lawn, about eight feet apart, and then stand off about sixty feet from them, allow yourself to be blindfolded, and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it an almost impossible task, because one foot will go a bit faster than the other, either to the right or left. Now, which one of your feet walks faster than the other?—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Ethics of the Profession.

"The door is open," cried the owner of the house adjoining the fire. "You needn't smash the window."

"Sir," cried the foreman of the fire company, sending his ax through the glass, "we know our business."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Not Quite What He Meant.

He was too diffident to tell his love, so resolved to take some flowers to the beautiful girl who had inspired it, and trust to fortune for the rest. He purchased a fine bouquet, but just as he arrived at the lady's house it suddenly occurred to him that she had a conservatory. He tried to think of some way to get over the blunder. Suddenly he recollected the saying about "carrying coals

to Newcastle," and determined to make use of it. But as he rang the bell the cold sweat began to ooze from every pore, and when the lady appeared in the reception room he scarcely knew where he was at.

"I—I thought," stammered the embarrassed youth, "that I—I would bring you a b—bo—bouquet; but it's like casting pearls before s—s—swine."—*Exchange.*

Surprising.

Cannibal Chief—"Is the missionary about fat enough for the pot, slave?"

Chef—"No, your Imperial Majesty, the fellow simply will not fatten. Do you know—I believe he's secretly worrying about something!"—*Fidele Blatter.*

The Day Had Come.

Mrs. Spinks—"Where is the money you have been saving for a rainy day?"

Mr. Spinks—"In the Neverbreak Bank."

Mrs. Spinks—"Well, give me a check for some of it. I want a new waterproof."—*New York Weekly.*

Sentiment Aside.

"My sympathy," he said, is always with the under dog."

"Yes," she replied, "but did you ever choke an upper dog loose?"—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Mrs. Langtry haughtily says she can get along without the aristocracy of this country." "Well, if she can't she's at perfect liberty to take it with her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I have several reasons for not buying the horse," said the man. "The first is that I haven't the price, and—" "You needn't mention the others," interrupted the owner.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Guzzler—Have a drink? Bjones (who is going slow)—No thanks; I've just had a swallow. Guzzler—But one swallow doesn't make a summer. Bjones—But it sometimes means an early fall.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Figg—Well? "What is a kopje?" "A kopje is a place where the British stopje, and it generally has a Boer or two on topje."—*Indianapolis Press.*

A—Why do you write to your fiancée with a typewriter? B—Out of precaution. She may have my writing examined by those fellows who can read the character from handwriting.—*Exchange.*

Little Dick: Uncle Richard, what is *bric-a-brac*? Uncle Richard: "*Bric-a-brac* is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark."—*Puck.*

Boy: "You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Capt. Brown?" Capt. Brown (indignantly): "Fight the English? What on earth put that into your head?" Boy: "Why, daddy said you were a Boer!"—*Punch.*

"My, beau," said ten-year-old Lucy, "is going to be an admiral." "Is he in the Naval Academy?" asked her sympathetic aunt. "Oh, no" replied the little woman; "he's too young for that yet, but he's having an anchor tattooed on his arm."—*Philadelphia Press.*