

LOVEY MARY HAS A MAN

Didn't Tell Jane and Bridget, Who are
Sometimes Apt to Fidget.

And Because Began a Story, Strange,
Uncanny; Somewhat Gory—Dedicated to the Victims.

Lovey Mary has a Man,
Likes to meet him if she can,
On the footpath by the bushes,
Where the shadows hide the blushes;
When the stars of Love are breathing,
In the dewey, dusky evening;
When the darkness is concealing,
And the atmosphere congealing;
When the hour is past the Midnight,
Speeding on to kiss fond Daylight;
But of this knew only Mary,
For she is a bit contrary;
So she told not Jane and Bridget,
Who are sometimes apt to fidget;
And because, began a story,
Strange, uncanny; somewhat gory.

On a recent dewey evening,
When the stars of Love were breathing
Mary went for evening walking,
And for fear lest there be talking,
Took along both Jane and Bridget,
Who are sometimes apt to fidget.
She approached the trysting place,
At a sombre, d'elarsarte pace;
Did not tell her maids in waiting
She was simply, going "dating;"
Did not say that in the bushes,
Where the shadows hide the blushes,
There was waiting her fond lover,
With a heart a' flowing over
For a sight of his dear Mary—
Mary whose a bit contrary.
So when the gay "Mister Brown"
Stepped fourth to claim his own,
There came a strangely frightful jar
Which was felt both near and far;
For they did not know the meaning,
And set up an awful screaming.
Startled cries rent the air,
From the badly frightened pair,
Who are known as Jane and Bridget,
And are sometimes apt to fidget.
They did not wait for Lovey Mary
To show that she was not contrary,
When she felt her lovers arm,
But they fled in wild alarm—
Madly to the house they flew,
Did these wildly frightened two;
Told the strange, uncanny story,
Adding features, somewhat gory;
Then overcome with frantic grief,
Called they wildly for relief.
Quickly the alarm was spread,
People routed out of bed;
Strange, exciting stories told—
Timid hearts grow strong and bold;
Pistols, shot guns, all appear;
Lanterns gleam both far and near;
Fifty men are in the cold,
Searching for the robber bold;
Muttered curses oft' are heard—
"Kill the villian!" is the word

As further spreads the story,
Strange, uncanny, somewhat gory.

Then upon the scene there came
One whose won some local fame.
He heard the stories with an air
Of one prepared to do and dare;
Sought out both Jane and Bridget,
Said there was no time to fidget;
Heard the strange, uncanny story,
And the features, somewhat gory;
Gave a look of comprehension,
But did not make further mention;
Took the frightened maidens where
The Lantern's rays did not glare;
Did his best to ally fear;
Asked some things that none could hear,
Then returned a moment later
Said that Mary was a "dater;"
Had a fondness for a man,
Likes to meet him if she can,
On the footpath by the bushes,
Where the shadows hide the blushes;
When the stars of Love are breathing,
In the dewey, dusky evening;
When the darkness is concealing,
And the atmosphere congealing;
When the hour is past the Midnight,
Speeding on to kiss fond Daylight;
But of this knew only Mary,
For she is a bit contrary;
So she told not Jane and Bridget,
Who are sometimes apt to fidget;
And 'twas thus began the story,
Strange, uncanny; somewhat gory;
Expressed his great appreciation
For the enthusiastic rat'fication:
Sorrow for the false commotion:
Wholly useless, was his notion.
And thus ended was the story;
Neither strange, uncanny, gory!

Supper at Golf Club House.

Mrs. B. B. Glenney, of Sheffield, Mass., gave a delightful chafing dish supper for Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tufts, in the observatory room of the Golf Club House, Friday evening. Covers were laid for 15 and following the supper chairs were drawn around the blazing fireplace and two hours spent pleasantly.

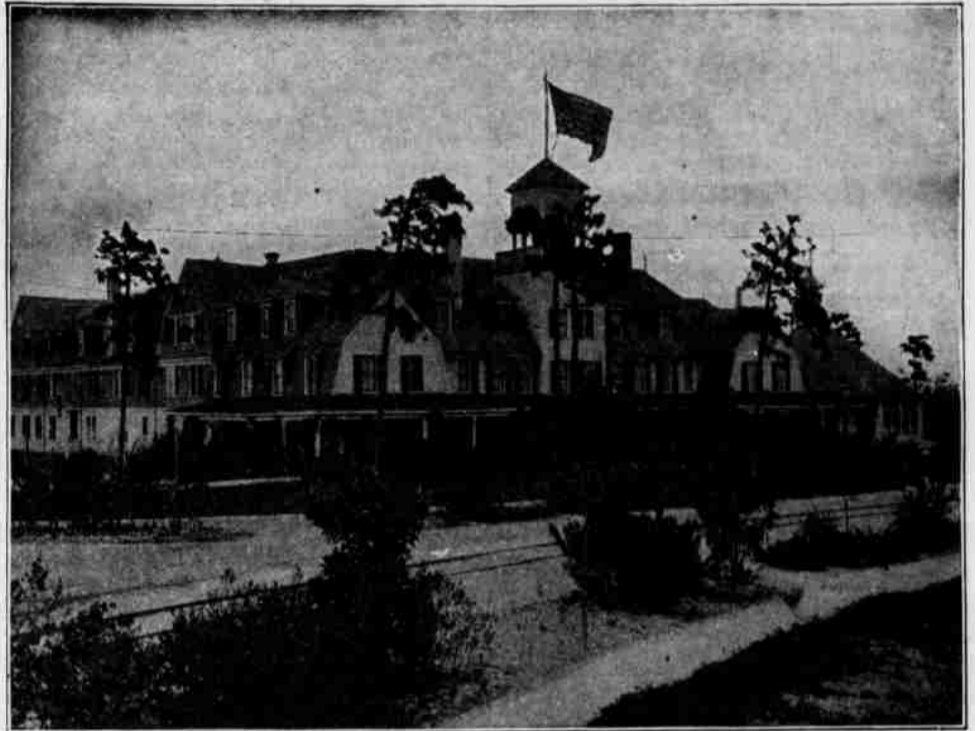


IN KENTUCKY.

First Colonel—I notice that you call Hobbs
Judge. What's he Judge of?
Second Colonel—Good whiskey.

THE HOLLY INN

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Holly Inn is one of the most attractive hotels in the South. Since it was built in 1895, it has been necessary to enlarge it several times to meet the constantly increasing demand. The interior is elegant, cheerful and tasteful. No modern convenience is lacking. There are bath rooms, electric lights, steam heat and open fireplaces. There is a call bell in every room, and all beds are furnished with best hair mattresses. An orchestra furnishes fine concerts daily, and also provides for dancing. The cuisine is unsurpassed. The waitresses are all white girls from the North. Rooms for billiards and other games are provided in the hotel.

A. I. CREAMER, Manager.



The Harvard, PINEHURST, N. C.

This recently completed hotel is centrally located between The Carolina and The Holly Inn.

It is modern in every respect, having electric lights, steam heat and several suites with bath and with its cottage annex and large dining room accommodates seventy-five guests.

The Cuisine is in charge of a competent chef, and the table service is guaranteed satisfactory.

F. H. ABBOTT, Manager.

THE UPLANDS

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

F. H. ABBOTT, Proprietor.

Address until May 1st, PINEHURST, N. C.

Hotels Guilford-Benbow,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

An ideal point for tourists to spend the night en route to Pinehurst. Two of the most complete and best equipped hotels in the south, on the main line of the Southern Railway, and a thirty minutes drive from the historic Guilford Battle Grounds of Revolutionary fame.

Greensboro is a beautiful old southern city, has fine Opera House, beautiful streets, and is surrounded by picturesque macadamized roads. All Pullmans via Southern Railway for Pinehurst and the south stop within two blocks of these hotels.

COBB & FRY.