

THE CAROLINA

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Carolina is a magnificent four-story building completed in 1900. The interior is a model of elegance, with appointments calculated to suit the most luxurious tastes. The hotel accommodates four hundred guests and is provided with fifty-four suites with bath. The cuisine and table service are unsurpassed.

The house contains every modern comfort and convenience, including elevator, telephone in every room, sun rooms, steam heat night and day, electric lights, and water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, and a perfect sanitary system of sewage and plumbing.

H. W. PRIEST, Manager.



The Berkshire,

PINEHURST, N. C.

The Berkshire is a modern hotel, delightfully located with all conveniences for health and comfort; running water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires and electric lights and sanitary plumbing. The guests apartments are comfortable and home-like and the public rooms large and attractive. The cuisine and service is of a high standard.

F. H. ABBOTT, MANAGER.

Pinehurst Department Store.

We carry a full line of Fancy and Heavy

= = GROCERIES = =

Such brands as are handled by New England Grocers.

The Dry Goods and Shoe Departments

are complete. Stock bought in Northern Markets. Quality Standard for selection. Full line of Columbia, Saxony Floss and Germantown Yarns.

A Complete Assortment of Finest Ribbons and Embroidery Silks.
The Latest Styles of Stationery, both Printed and Plain.

General Supply of

FIELD AND TRAP SMOKELESS AMMUNITION.

Prices on par with New England Markets.

THE MT. KINEO HOUSE,

KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE.

Nature's Ideal Summer Wilderness, Lake and Mountain Resort for Climate, Scenery and Location.

Send for Booklets.

C. A. JUDKINS,

Manager.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

One. Two. Three.

AT THREE years of age it was time to call him Alexander. He was too old to be called baby much longer. His mother taught him to count his age, so it was "one, two, three—and away to be a big boy!"

He counted the clam shells that the fisherman had thrown in the hedge bushes—"one, two, fee—one, two, fee," so many times three that they filled his little wagon, and Dela let him draw them over to the stone gutter on the side of the drive, and when he had them in a row she said, "I never saw anything at all so nice!"

Then she said it was getting late. That made him cross with Dela and he pulled back as she tried to draw him toward the house. But she happened to think it was time for Kelly's cow to go by so they ran to the gate, and surely enough were just in time to see Mrs. Kelly driving home

"Ah, yis, yis, and mamma go, too,
Behind the clam man's horsey;
And papa will go a-counting the clams—
Wan, two, tree—"

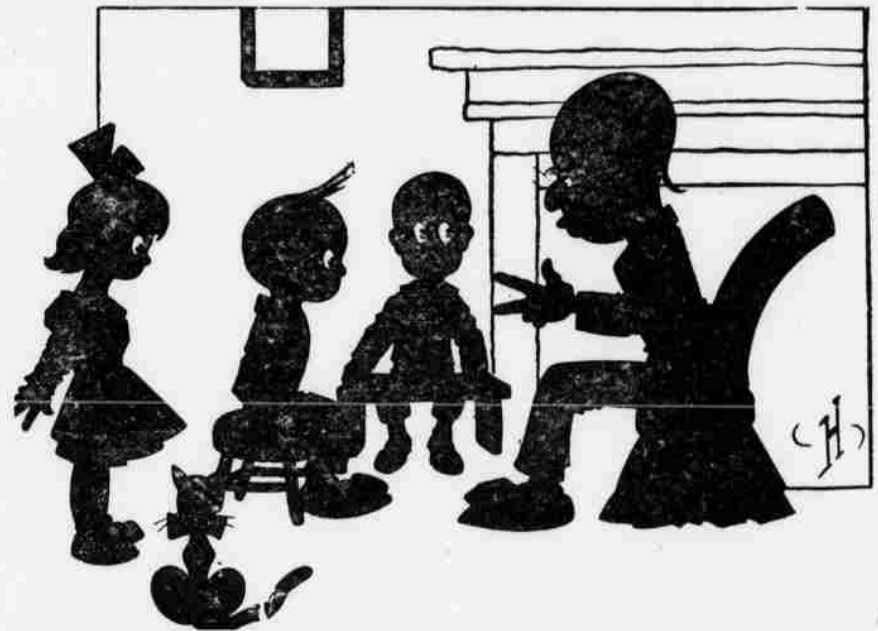
He closed his eyes; he was too tired to count with Dela.

When he opened them again it was all day! He was so glad! One is always glad to see the next day in mud-pie time.

He crept down to the foot of his mother's bed without waking her, and then let himself down to the floor by holding fast to the covers. Then he ran out into the hall and met Dela at the head of the stairs. She was very beautiful; her cheeks were so red. As soon as he was bathed and dressed she led him downstairs, where, before long, he had breakfast with his father and mother.

After breakfast Dela put on his overalls, and out they ran to the clam shells! So he went to work, while she sat on the bench under the apple tree that stood by the drive.

He was so busy that he hardly had time



GHOST STORIES.

the cow. If he had been cross any longer he would have missed it all.

Then it grew so late that Dela carried him into the house and gave him his supper. After he had eaten it he went out to the piazza to say good night to his father and mother and to tell them about the clam shells and the mud pies he would make in them. They were all very happy, as people are likely to be when there are mud pies around.

After Dela had taken him upstairs and undressed him she put him in his little crib by his mother's bed. But he did not lie still long. He sat up and thought about the clam shells and the mud pies.

"Will you put your little heady down till I tell you about Kelly's cow?"

He shook his head.

"Will you put your little heady down till I tell you about the clam man's horsey?"

Down went his head and Dela sang him this grand song:

"Oh, soon we'll be riding away—away,
Behind the clam man's horsey!
The baby will go and Dela will go
Behind the clam man's horsey."

"And mamma go, too?" he asked.

to notice a little bird that was building its nest on the branch over his head. The birdie kept counting his pies—"one, two, fee! One, two, fee!" He had so many pies and the birdie only one nest!

At last the shells were full and he had mud pie all over him, hands and face and all—all but his eyes; they were still clear and sweet.

Dela got up from the bench and said it was time to go in and get his nice soup. He went with her, but all the way he kept looking back at his pies.

Just as they came to the door both looked back, for they heard a wagon coming in the gate; such great big horses were pulling it, and the wagon was full of bags of grain to be taken to the stable.

Dela said he might stand in the doorway and watch the wagon go past while she ran in for his soup. It went by, and then he ran a little way out, just to see his shells once more. They were all gone, all broken! The wheel of the great wagon had broken every shell to little pieces!

At first he only stared at them. Then he began to scream. Dela and Katie came