

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

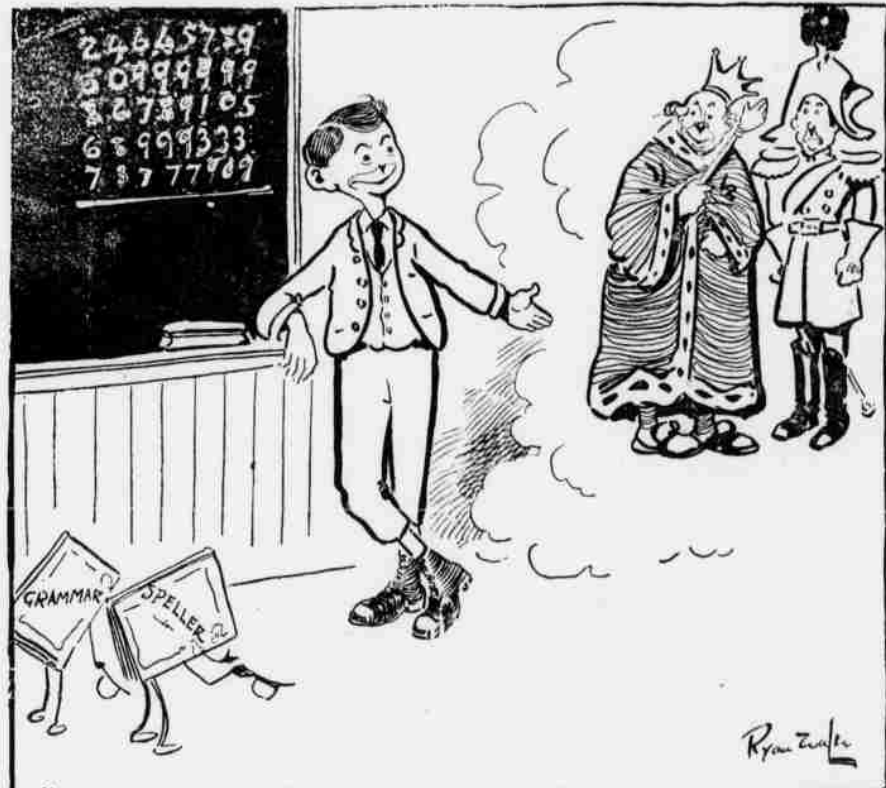
The Legend of Granny Groo.

HERE dwelt, long, long ago, in a land far beyond the seas, a poor old woman called Granny Groo, whose only companion was a little grandson named Danny Groo. Danny and his aged grandmother had hard work of it to keep the wolf from the door. Their little home consisted of ten acres of prairie land, on which they toiled early and late to raise their small crops, and five acres of woodland, from which they gathered their fuel when it was cold. The little possession had been left to them by Danny's father and mother, who had died while Danny was a baby. On the death of Danny's mother, who had gypsy blood in her veins, there was found hidden away in her breast a small locket attached to a

to be looked after. Often on warm summer days, after the crops had all been garnered, Danny would take his flock of sheep up the mountain side, some two miles from his home, where they might nibble the fresh young herbage that grew there. Old Granny Groo remained at the house and churned the golden cream to get a bit of golden butter for their supper, or spun flax in the cool shadow of her loomroom.

While they were very poor, they were busy and happy. But one day their peace was sadly threatened—aye, even their very safety. It came about in this wise:

While Danny was watching his sheep on the mountain side one fine autumn day, there came a band of mountain brigands down the slope and surrounded his flock, driving every sheep away into their own mountain stronghold.



MATHEMATICIAN TOMMY.

That Tommy's quite a scholar, there's not a bit of doubt; Note the sum upon the blackboard; he can easily work it out!

silver chain as fine as a thread of silk. About the locket was wrapped a piece of paper, on which was written these words: "Do not open the locket until Danny is in his twentieth year. Then a gift will be found that will make him both rich and great if he use it as he is instructed to do. Only on this condition must he ever open this locket before his twentieth birthday: If severe illness or great danger threaten him or his dear old grandmother, he may open it and make use of a part of its contents."

So the years had gone by, and Danny, so small when he was told of the locket, soon forgot its existence. He was an industrious little fellow, rising before the sun during the farming months and going to the fields to till. Old Granny helped, of course, doing all the "man's work," as she called the labor which was too heavy for Danny. Besides the garden and the wheat and barley fields there was a small flock of sheep and a mild-eyed milch cow

With a heavy heart Danny ran down the mountain side to tell his grandmother the woeful news of their loss. When he arrived there he found the old woman sitting in the doorway weeping and lamenting loudly and heart-brokenly, her well-patched apron over her face.

Danny forgot the sheep and his own sorrow in the presence of his good old granny's grief, and hastening to her he threw his arms about her neck and asked what troubled her so deeply. It was the first time Danny had seen the poor old woman in tears since the death of his mother.

"Oh, lad, lad! the mountain robbers have been here and taken all our grain and the cow."

Danny's heart was heavy, very heavy, and he hesitated about telling his grandmother of the loss of the sheep. What would become of them now? Not a bit of food in the house, the granary empty, the cow gone and the flock of sheep driven