

**T**HE finest, the most unique, and the best located all-the-year resort hotel in the world is being built in Asheville, N. C. It will be opened July 1st, 1913, under the management of Wm. S. Kenney, of The Mount Washington, Bretton Woods, N. H., and Hotel Clarendon, Seabreeze, Florida.

It is being built of the great boulders of Sunset Mountain at whose foot it sits. It is being built by hand in the old fashioned way, ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF, and will be full of rest, comfort and wholesomeness.

It is being built plainly, but as richly as man can do it. Four hundred one-piece rugs are being made at Aubusson, France; the furniture is being made by hand by the Roycrofters; the silver hand-hammered; and the "big room" will contain two great stone fire-places, capable of burning twelve-foot logs.

In front of this hotel, GROVE PARK INN, are one hundred and sixty acres of golf links and lawn, and all around, miles of majestic mountains and the wonderful climate. The Hotel Company owns eight hundred acres around the hotel and consumptives will not be taken.

For particulars address Wm. S. Kenney, Mgr., Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C. Southern Office until April 20th, Hotel Clarendon, Seabreeze, Florida. New York Office, 1180 Broadway.

## THE HIGHLAND PINES INN

Weymouth Heights,  
Southern Pines, N. C.

A. I. Creamer Lessees and Managers M. H. Turner



**T**HIS BEAUTIFUL COLONIAL STYLE HOTEL was erected during the past summer. Located one mile above Southern Pines, within five minutes' walk of the Country Club. More than fifty rooms which connect with private bath. All rooms furnished with best box spring beds and hair mattresses. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Booklet upon application.

### Summer Hotels

THE INN  
Charlevoix, Mich.

HOTEL OTTAWA  
Ottawa Beach, Michigan

## THE GREAT BEAUFORT CANAL

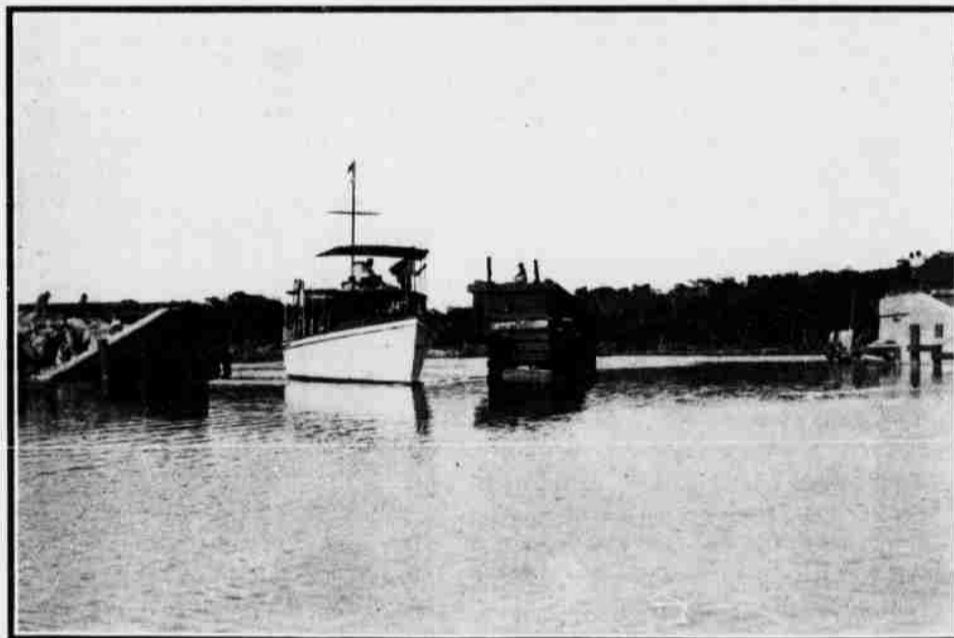
Interesting Facts Concerning the  
South's Inland Waterway

PART TWO—CONCLUSION



**HARD BY** is the tower, 200 feet high, of the wireless telegraph station, and a mile to the eastward the equally tall tower of the Hatteras light-house, one of the most important in the world. By the edge of the woods, with a wide stretch of barren land to the northward, where the reef is low, the route goes to the light-house, and there the scenes are very curious indeed. Looking northeastward, the traveler sees what seem like gigantic swans upon the ocean, not very far from the shore. These are fishing schooners from New York, catching various fish for market. Very near the new light-house are the ruins of the old

ting them in a wagon, to be hauled away as food for his cows. On the beach are bricks with the edges beveled, so that the angles are all gone, and these tell one a strange story about Cape Hatteras. Years ago a schooner loaded with fine brick went ashore on the north side of the Cape. Years after the brick began to appear, away down on the south side, all edges gone. The wind changes suddenly, as it does there at any time, and a sea is kicked up, looking like a riot of the breakers, which shoot into the air. One expects to see all sorts of wrecks, but there are very few visible. It is the quicksands of the Cape which simply swallow them. Go out in a boat on a pleasant day, place an open handkerchief, held down with shells or pins, upon a seat, and after the little wavelets have broken upon this awhile it will be found that they have left a lot of sand upon it. Now then, a big ocean tramp may strike one of the "diamonds," be



THE BEAUFORT CANAL AT THE CORE CREEK END

one, which was blown down with powder. From the top of the light-house there is a view one never forgets; the roaring ocean, now blue, now green, now almost black, then suddenly a shine like a broad band of silver, due to the shallow water of the dreaded Cape, where there are two "diamonds," that is, stretches of sand of that general shape, with a "lead," or waterway, between them. Strange to say, back in the sound from out the mainland there projects a Cape, also with two "diamonds," which people thereabout speak of as the "shadow of the Cape (Hatteras) in the sound," this being a very odd thing indeed. At the foot of the tower one sees what are called the "swamp gardens," for there are fresh water lakes here and there in which earth has been thrown up so that vegetables are grown on very high ridges, wire netting being placed around the tiny gardens to keep away the ever-hungry ducks and geese which swim about.

A trip through the woods will show some curious sights. Nowhere is there more holly. Here is a man with a long stick beating off the red berries and put-

gripped by the sand and literally sucked down. First the sides go out of sight, next the stacks, and last the masts, and that is the last of it. Under those diamonds, or in their vicinity, is enough gold and silver to pay at least a large part of the national debt, and there it will stay.

A dozen miles southward on this long island, this barrier between sea and sound, one comes to Hatteras Village, where there is a life-saving station and also an inlet. This Hatteras is an odd place. It must be borne in mind that there are no tides in the sounds except what are known as wind tides, so small, relatively speaking, is the amount of salt water which gets into either Albemarle or Pamlico Sounds. Sometimes it happens that a wind from the north or northwest piles up the water in the sound at Hatteras village, and at the same time there is a very high tide, a storm tide, on the ocean side. Then the village is flooded. So the houses are built upon stout wooden pillars several feet above the ground and the graveyard is raised and protected, so that it is lifted above any chance of flooding. On one occasion