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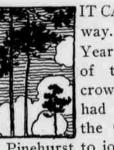


Sitting Bull's Story of the Little Big Horn, His Lost Gold Mine, and His Final Legacy

HOW SHE WAS ADOPTED INTO THE SIOUX TRIBE

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ANNIE



MEMORIES

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

way. It was New Year's day, and one of the biggest crowds of the year had turned out at the Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst to join the glad cry

and Charlie Williams' pack after a bit of a red fox. It was a warm wet morning and the scent fairly screamed over ridge and through hollow. The going was good but the trail was a complicated twisted affair, so the woods were full of galloping and hallooing horsemen. My friend, Annie Oakley, riding a branded bronco from the plains, took the turns and the brush faster than any whip present, and was first at the kill, getting the handsome brush, which she gave little Miss Ormsbee, who had ridden a hard race for second place.

Naturally Annie laid the blame upon the pony, and at the same time complimented the little girl for her riding, which she said reminded her of the Sioux in their palmy days. Of course this remark let her in for it. All hands wanted to know what about the Sioux. She laughingly said she was a Sioux herself, and the sole legatee of Sitting Bull of terrible memory.

"Right this minute I have the "The next morning he sent full head-dress and the beaded down a swarthy runner to my moccasins the old warrior wore place with a buckskin bag conat Custer's last stand-and what taining eighty dollars, every cent he prized much more highly, the he had left in the world, which worn and polished bow and quiver was offered me for my picture. of arrows he clung to and used Of course I sent him the picture, for killing game long after the and his money also. This was the advent of the rifle in his tribe. start of probably the only inti-SITTING BULL SEES GOOD MEDICINE macy or confidence he ever had with any white person. A strange "He was a powerful old fellow, and dignified ambassador in was Sitting Bull, with a magnifull regalia arrived soon after ficent great head like a buffalo's, and friendly and loyal for all his to notify me that I was to be fierce record. I met him first in a made a member of the tribe. The hotel, of all places. We were givceremony was a strange mixture ing an exhibition at St. Paul at of the very solemn and the grothe time, and the old chieftain tesque. In the presence of six had come into town on his way great warriors, not long since the back from the Canadian North- terrors of half a continent, the

IT CAME about this | west where he had remained with his outfit after the fight on the Little Big Horn. He was on his way to Washington to sign a new treaty. He and his famous lieutenants, Red Cloud and the Great Jame Rain-in-the-face, with three or four more came to see the show. He was about as much taken with my shooting stunts as anyone ever has been. He concluded this was good medicine. and that nothing short of a benevolent genius could make a fellow so accurate with a riflethe final desire of any rational being. Particularly for one mainly engaged in the business of shooting matches for final honors with the Federal cavalry.

OAKLEY

"When he got back to the big hall where they were quartered he undertook to tell about the magic which shot cigarettes from Butler's mouth and put out burning candles at fifty feet. To illustrate this last feat and conclude the narrative he blew out the gas through his long pipe, folded his blankets around him and retired to sleep. Great was his indignation at the storming party of bell boys and watchmen who broke into the slumbering wigwam an hour later just in time to save the last council of the Sioux nation.

ADOPTED BY THE SIOUX

The responsible families of America have White Rock water on their tables