

The Things That Endure

ALWAYS the world has sung of The Old Homestead—nobody has ever immortalized the Brown Stone Mansion of Hope.

ONE values old books, old furniture, old acquaintances, old silver, because they speak to us out of the past and refresh the heart with old memories and associations.

THE Gorham Silverware which you buy today for your home will grow into your life like a habit, minister to the present and memorialize the past, and it will not fade like old books, nor wear out like old furniture, and it will survive most friends.

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"Choisa" Ceylon Tea



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on their tables



MEMORIES OF ANNIE OAKLEY

HOW SHE WAS ADOPTED INTO THE SIOUX TRIBE

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



IT CAME about this 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 full head-dress and the beaded moccasins the old warrior wore at Custer's last stand—and what he prized much more highly, the worn and polished bow and quiver of arrows he clung to and used for killing game long after the advent of the rifle in his tribe.

SITTING BULL SEES GOOD MEDICINE

"He was a powerful old fellow, was Sitting Bull, with a magnificent great head like a buffalo's, and friendly and loyal for all his fierce record. I met him first in a hotel, of all places. We were giving an exhibition at St. Paul at the time, and the old chieftain had come into town on his way back from the Canadian North-

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 Lone 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 rifle—the final desire of any rational being. Particularly for one mainly engaged in the business of shooting matches for final honors with the Federal cavalry.

"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 next morning he sent down a swarthy runner to my place with a buckskin bag containing eighty dollars, every cent he had left in the world, which was offered me for my picture. Of course I sent him the picture, and his money also. This was the start of probably the only intimacy or confidence he ever had with any white person. A strange and dignified ambassador in full regalia arrived soon after to notify me that I was to be made a member of the tribe. The ceremony was a strange mixture of the very solemn and the grotesque. In the presence of six great warriors, not long since the terrors of half a continent, the