

*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.

*Gorham Sterling Silverware*  
bears this trade-mark and is sold  
by leading jewelers everywhere.

  
**THE GORHAM CO.**  
*Silversmiths & Goldsmiths*  
NEW YORK  
Works-Providence and New York

GORHAM SILVERWARE IS TO BE HAD IN PINEHURST AT  
"THE PINEHURST JEWELRY SHOP"



## Veuve Chaffard Pure Olive Oil

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

in Honest Bottles

Full Quarts

Full Pints


Full Half-pints

**S. S. PIERCE CO.**

BOSTON

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada

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



## MEMORIES OF ANNIE OAKLEY

THE ROYAL BOX AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AND  
A RIFLE CONTEST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

How the Grand Duke Michael Lost a Match and a Bride at the  
Same time at the London Gun Club



IT WAS during the big trap shooting week at Pinehurst, when Jahn was giving his wonderful exhibition in his match for the all round championship against Frank Plum, that we fell to discussing famous matches in times gone by. The old hands had many extraordinary things to relate, but Annie Oakley took the first prize. She said that she had herself shot many memorable contests in her time, but none that had gained the publicity and been favored with the unique interest and subsequent history of a challenge she accepted at the London Gun Club during the Queen's jubilee.

"Queen Victoria herself had a box at the Wild West, and gave a party for the assembled flower of the Royal line of Europe, which started the adventure. I had a special program that day, and the novelty of the whole performance and particularly the unusual spectacle of a girl shooting took their interest to such an extent that I was sent for and presented to the company. It was almost too much—there were four kings and five queens, and a body guard of dukes and field marshalls—Denmark Belgium, Sweden and Italy. The Crown Prince of Germany and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Grand Duke Michael were in the party.

VICTORIA'S "CLEVER LITTLE GIRL"

"What was my impression? Well! the Prince of Wales was the popular idol of the people at the time, and created the most impression upon my fancy—particularly since we became fast friends, and had many a shooting match afterwards. The present Kaiser's father was a vigorous and kindly man, who received me with the greatest courtesy, and left the idea which has never been eradicated that he was of an altogether different temperament

from the Kaiser. Queen Victoria was gracious, and said I was a very clever little girl. I was not so very little, and I was a married woman, but I suppose the costume gave the impression that I was shooting from the high school.

"Well! to go on with the story. The Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke Michael both took more than a curious interest in the shooting. The Duke was reputed to be one of the best shots in Russia, and Edward was no slouch with a gun. They wanted me to try it out under their accustomed conditions, and had a regular exhibition staged at the London Gun Club. They were pleased all right. The Prince had a gold medal struck—I have it now some place—with the crest of the club on one side, and an inscription on the other, which read:

"You are the Greatest Shot  
I have ever seen.

EDWARD."

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE CLUB

"I don't suppose I really was, but they took a fancy to the idea of a country girl from the West outshooting their professionals. I don't believe however that it was there that the Grand Duke got the idea of tackling me himself. For a little while later the Prince asked me down to Wimbledon where they had the ranges and the military camp, and we took a crack at the running deer. It wasn't a real deer. They shoot with rifles at 100 yards at a target made like a deer that is drawn across the country, up and down hill, and behind rocks and obstacles on the dead run. The target is just on the front quarter—and it is considered a disgrace and cause of a penalty to hit the hind quarter. Idea of course is that such a shot would wound the animal and still let him escape to misery.

"Earl D. Gray, who was probably the best shot in Europe at the time, gave me some confidential and careful advice before I took