The Pinehurst Outlook.

VOL. II., NO. 16. PINEHURST, N. C., FEB. 10, 1899. PRICE THREE CENTS.

RECOMPENSE.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

We are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright, pure, and beautiful
We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean—though Heaven be fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about that gladness
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own, and I
Shall have so much to see together by-and-by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by-and-by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that His Heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The following interesting article on North Carolina was taken from the Ninth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor:

"One of the most remarkable sections of the American Union is that comprised within the boundaries of North Carolina. This state may be described as a slope, whose western boundary, the great Smoky Mountain Range, has an average elevation of 6,000 feet, and by an easy incline reaches a dead level near the coast. But east of this great range and parallel with it are the mountains of the Blue Ridge, an equally great watershed on which are the sources of many streams which, flowing across either North or South Carolina, pour their waters into the Atlantic.

These principal rivers and their numerous tributaries, because of their elevated sources and the continuous slope, have, without exception, strong and swift currents, all of which may be harnessed to man's use. Consequently in this state, whose mountain streams rarely diminish because of droughts, and are never blocked in winter by ice, nature has supplied unfailing and inexpensive power. W. C. Kerr (State Geologist, in January, 1881,) estimated the water power of the state at 3,500,000 horse power. If the whole of this were employed in cotton manufacturing it would be adequate to turn 145,000,000 spindles. The water power of North Carolina would manufacture three times the entire cotton crop of the country, whereas all the mills on the continent now in operation only spin one-quarter of it, and, putting the crop of the state at 400,000 bales, it has water power enough to manufacture fifty times that quantity.

North Carolina has a greater variety of minerals than has been discovered in any territory of like extent on the globe, from gold and precious gems to the celebrated black oxide magnetic iron ore of Cranerry, and from the finest porcelain clay to marble of exquisite tints and granite of many colors. The state has inexhaustible forests of hard woods, white and yellow pine, and a greater variety of medicinal plants, roots and herbs than any other spot on the continent.

Its arable lands are suited to every product of the temperate zone and to many grown in sub-tropical countries. Noted in the geographies of fifty years ago for nothing but tar, pitch, turpentine and naval stores, North Carolina has, during the present decade, become so famous for other things besides these, that but for the fact that her people are called "Tar Heels" none would remember her ancient celebrity. This state has gained a world-wide reputation for its tobacco. Wherever men smoke, in civilized and in barbarous countries, there the fragrance of this peculiar plant grown in North Carolina rises from their pipes

Corn, cotton and rice are now much greater staples than naval stores, but lumber more than maintains its old place in the industries and exports of the state. It is not limited to pine and oak as in the past, but comprises black walnut, cherry, poplar, hickory, locust and a great many other varieties of forest growth, employed in the industrial arts.

The people have learned that every item of labor employed on raw material adds more than cost to its marketable value, consequently saw and planing mills, spoke and hub, tool-handle, shuttle and furniture factories have been erected in the state. High Point has fourteen furniture factories and manufactures all kinds of furniture, and the profits derived from this industry have added largely to the general wealth. The state will soon cease to export raw lumber and will send out the finished goods. This is now true in cotton—we manufacture as much as we produce. The possibilities of this department are indeed great, for through it North Carolina can be placed before the world rich in mineral wealth, with noble forests, from walnut of the mountains to the cypress of the coastal plain; water-courses able to whirl the cotton spindles of the world, while water from the mineral springs of the mountains, to the deep artesian well of the coast counties, invite the thirsty to drink and rest. The vastness of the tobacco industry, the greatness of our cotton manufacturing establishments, unrivalled fruit from the mountains of the west, all can the Old North State set before the world.

Glancing through the data concerning the employes of the different industries of the state there will be noticed a decided improvement. In the entire list employment is more regular than in 1896, and many of the industries of the state have advanced the wages of employes. Numerous mines long idle are now reopening, and next year promises to greatly increase the mineral production of the state."

Wild Geese in the South.

In many parts of the South wild geese breeding is carried on for the benefit of sportsmen, especially along the reed-bound shores of Hyde county, N. C., where years ago some one wounded a goose, bred from it and spread its product through the district. Here are goose yards, and as soon as a hunter enters the yard the inmates know, like dogs, that they are going hunting, and squawk, fight and struggle to be the first to be taken out and placed in the coop or bag in which they are carried to the grounds. Pieces of green tough-rooted turf are cut and staked out in four or five inches of water, and a goose is tethered to each stake and allowed to stand on the sod. Thus placed the goose has the appearance of resting. The hunter retires to his blind to watch, not the sky line, but the tethered geese. Suddenly one stirs, another follows suit, a muffled sound is made by one, and then away off will be seen a streak of moving gray dots which quickly develop into a flock, gander and goose in the lead, goslings to the rear. The birds drop well out of shot, to see if the quality of the geese on the sods permits a visit without loss of caste. The goslings, heedless of social forms, gayly start forward to gossip with the decoys, but the parents head them off, scolding, cackling with many modulations and much emphasis of tone, gabbling wise saws and modern instances innumerable, as wise parents have done to children since the world began, until gradually the gander himself yields to the clamorous gabbling of the decoy flock, which has kept up a flood of praises of the choice feeding ground. He slowly drifts down with much importance, his females behind, the youngsters in their train. His eye is glued on that patch of reeds, and even a man's eye at the opening no bigger than a dollar, a bright coat button glinting in the sun, the gleam of a diamond or the lock of a gun, even the awkward flop of a tethered goose from off its sod, is sufficient to send them away bag and baggage, and good day, to them.

A curious feature of these live decoy geese is that they must not be shot over. The hunter is warned that, no matter what happens, he must wait until the strangers paddle to one side or the other of the decoys, and, failing that, he must let his chance go by, for if once he fires directly over the tethered birds they get nervous, and at the approach of stranger flocks remember what happened, and, showing fear, disturb and unsettle the strangers. Firing to the side they do not appear to mind, and the older birds who have been out one or two seasons, when they see the gun go up, "down charge" like a veteran setter or pointer, on their pieces of sod, chattering like parrots after the wild birds are dropped. Tamed geese have been used on Long Island and other places, but not so generally as in Hyde county.

On the great South bay, Long Island, the geese are shot from quaint boats, which are so designed that they will float on water or may be pushed along on ice by the occupant, having steel runners underneath. When the geese are around, the hunter in a white oversuit pushes off from shore and paddles over to the floe, his impetus carrying him onto it. Then with the iron-shod oar he pushes over it, across the next open water and the next floe, until he gets to the piece of open water he aims at, far enough removed from the shore. Then he places his stales, draws his white apron over him, and, with his gun across his chest, lies back in his boat to freeze until the geese come. If any are around some are generally bagged, but it is cold, hard work. Nevertheless, the grounds could not be reached by any other method, the ice being too treacherous to bear an ordinary blind. This the geese appear to know.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Getting Extravagant.

A man went into an Auburn store the other day and said that he wanted a whip. "I want a better whip than them I've got lately," said he. "I've been buying 10-cent whips, but now I want a good one, a more expensive one."

"All right," said the storekeeper. "How will this one do for 30 cents."

"Well, I dunno," replied the customer. "I guess I'd better have one a little cheaper than that." Then the storekeeper showed him one for 20 cents. "Now, if you'll show me one about half between this and a 10-center I guess it'll be just what I want," said the customer. The storekeeper did so, and the customer bought it. He went off well pleased with his "more expensive" whip.—*Lewiston Sun.*

A Courteous Gent.

Customer—I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until to-morrow?

Drug Clerk—Certainly, Mr. Jones.

Customer—But suppose I should get killed, or—

Drug Clerk—Pray don't speak of it, Mr. Jones. The loss would be but a trifle.—*Chicago News.*