

THE PINE KNOT.

LIGHTED FOR THE ILLUMINATION OF TAR HEELS, BOTH NATIVE AND ADOPTED.

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THE PINE KNOT

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THE BRICKLAYER'S CHARGE.

As long as we work ten hours each day between daylight and dark, and then go at it again after supper, we feel that we belong to the guild and have a right to speak our mind to our brother workmen; praise them when they deserve it, blame them when they are blame worthy. This time we think a little "blowing up" will be beneficial. We've been praised a good deal lately, told all about our wrongs, sympathized with and petted until we are in a fair way to lose our heads; in fact have already done so, and in some cases have acted rather foolishly. For instance, in following the guidance of that miserable sot Martin Irons, and in much of the striking, for which no decent cause could be shown. But we haven't been very mean or cruel until recently. But now, alas, alas, we blush with shame to think that workmen in the shaken city of Charleston, can have the heart to take advantage of the dire need and put an exorbitant price upon their daily labor.

Here is the picture: Charleston in the midst of her ruins. Half her people homeless, and lacking even the commonest shelter. The whole civilized world responding to her appeal with generous giving; the much berated capitalist sending large sums for the aid of suffering individuals, corporations, States, all coming nobly forward to relieve the necessities of the stricken city. Behold now the magnanimous bricklayer! He will not be slow in coming to the front; not he. He will not walk, he will not trot; he will charge—\$5.00 a day for his work. The rich man who grinds the face of the poor sends from N. Y. his check for \$5,000; the railroads grant free passes to all who desire to leave the city and cannot afford to pay fare, but the bricklayer must trade upon the cruel need of the people for shelter, and demand exorbitant wages. We have great respect for the working man,

and think on the whole he's a fine fellow, and so are all the more sorry to see him guilty of such contemptible meanness.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS.

We are generally pretty good natured, but we do sometimes get a little out of patience with some of our, for the most part, intelligent Northern friends for their slowness to accept the truth concerning the South. There was a prevalent idea not long since that the Southern people spent most of their time in shooting negroes and insulting Northern people, but that notion, we are happy to say, is pretty rapidly disappearing. In the year and a half we have spent in North Carolina, we have traveled over a considerable portion of it and met and mingled with people of all sorts and conditions, and never, but once, was any incivility shown us. We wonder if a better experience would have resulted from the same conditions in any Northern state.

But there are two other mistaken notions about the South that stalk abroad through the Northern states and do an immense amount of harm. One is that land in the South is generally poor. There is a species of ass who travels South, and when he gets back home brags forth his experience somewhat thus:

"Yas, I went clear to New Orleans. Not a patch of decent land all the way. Nothin' but sand and pine trees, Nothin' but mud and water in New Orleans. Had the worst dinner there I ever had in my life."

He probably spent about four days in going and as many in returning, and didn't stop, except for dinner, anywhere. Consequently he passed through half the country in the night, and likely enough was playing euchre or reading a newspaper most of the time during the day. But of course he knows all about it. His braying gets into some country newspapers, and mellowed by distance, loses its ass-onance, and is taken for a human utterance.

The fact is there is good land and poor land in the South, as elsewhere in this country. Plenty of good and and plenty of indifferent, but not much, as far as we know, that is very bad. There is however, one thing about land here that ought to recommend it. A man can buy an acre of it without covering it first with greenbacks. The second and equally prevalent and mischievous notion is that the South is terribly unhealthy. The heat in summer is thought to be so in-

tense as to endanger health, and fever and malaria are supposed to lurk everywhere.

The fact is that the heat is not often so intense here as it sometimes becomes in the Northern states during mid-summer, and as regards diseases, it is a sufficient answer to say that the South, as a rule, is as healthful as any section of the United States, and in some portions is so exceptionally favorable to health (as here) that many invalids resort thither from less favored localities.

THE NORTHERN Settler's Convention to be held at Raleigh, N. C., at the same time as the Agricultural Fair, Oct 26th to the 29th, promises to surpass the highest anticipations of its promoters. Several old settlers have been advised that intimate friends of former days are preparing to improve the opportunity to visit them. Delegations of invited settlers from other states have reported by mail; meanwhile the citizens, native as well as adopted, of many localities, are preparing their exhibits. The people of Catawba and half a dozen adjoining counties, will send large exhibits to the Catawba Valley Fair at Hickory, which will be held a week earlier, and the best of these will be selected and sent to Raleigh. There is concerted action looking to the same result in many sections of the state. Northern visitors will get a splendid insight into the Horticultural and Agricultural wealth of North Carolina.

WE WONDER if you, dear reader in the North, who are so carefully guarding your few choice grape vines, tucking them under warm blankets to keep them from taking cold these frosty nights, can imagine what sort of an experience it is to buy a peck of Scuppernongs (10 qts. here) for 25 cents. They look like big, lightish brown marbles, and what you get is solid grapes clear through, no stems, for they do not grow in bunches. We wont say how delicious they are: then you would want to come and have some and there wouldn't be so many for us.

A NEW RAILROAD.

The French Broad Railroad Company was organized at Paint Rock, on the 21st. of September, Messrs. A. B. Andrews, Frank Coxe, W. E. Anderson, S. H. Wiley and J. E. Rankin from this State with two others from Tennessee being chosen as directors,

Col. Andrews as president, Maj. Wilson as chief engineer and Mr. G. P. Erwin as secretary and treasurer. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000 and the survey of the route is to begin immediately, under the direction of Maj. Wilson.

The new line is to be about eighty miles long, about twenty miles of it to lie along the French Broad river. There will thus be much labor in getting through the mountains, but three-fourths of the road will pass through a comparatively level country. This route will afford still more direct communication than that which now exists between our mountain region and the great West.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

PEA VINE ENSILAGE.

Dr. R. H. Lewis in the *News and Observer* of Sept. 26, gives the following as the cost of forty tons of pea vine ensilage:

Plowing 7 acres of land at \$1.25 per acre, \$8.75; 14 bushels of black peas at 90 cents per bushel, \$12.60; harrowing 7 acres in peas broadcast, \$1.50; labor of sowing peas broadcast, 75 cents; rolling, \$1.00; hauling 100 two-horse loads, mowing, filling, covering and weighing silo, \$27.25. Total cost of forty tons pea vine ensilage, \$51.85. There were two mowings of fine clover cut from this same seven acres before the peas were sowed in July. Farm hands, mules &c., are all charged in the above at the same rates paid all extra labor hired. Peas were sowed July 8, mowed September 16.

FOR THOUGHT.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

As Innocence went forth one day,
She lost her white robe by the way.
She called on Fortune, Fame and Pleasure,
Seeking of each the missing treasure,
And seeking it of each in vain,
Repentance brought it back again.
—*Religious Magazine.*

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing."
—*Lord Chatham.*

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery the soul abides.
But tasks, in hours of insight willed,
Can be, in hours of gloom, fulfilled.
—*Arnold.*

They that are more fervent to dispute, be not always the most able to determine.—*Hooker.*

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words to things.—*South.*

Choose your companions wisely, and your friendships will come about naturally.—*T. T. Munger.*