

# THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. I.

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## THE PINE KNOT.

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B. A. GOODRIDGE, EDITOR.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class matter.

If you'd like a second June this year, come to North Carolina. We are having it now.

Consider well before you make a promise. Better never promise than never perform.

Don't fall down and worship tobacco, good people of North Carolina! No state was ever solidly built up on anything so nasty.

A dollar bill neatly folded and enclosed in a letter to this office will bring you health, happiness and fifty-two PINE KNOTS, enough to warm and light your fireside for a year.

The cheapest way isn't always the best. People sometimes spend more in trying to economise than it would cost to meet the expense squarely, and the result is almost always unsatisfactory.

It would be strange, wouldn't it, if the cotton that was woven in Lowell, Mass. to make the shirt you are now wearing, my jolly farmer, had grown in your own field, last season. Rather a roundabout way to get a shirt. The cloth ought to have been woven in a factory on—Little River, perhaps.

The Rum Devil has got to go, in fact is going now, but sulkily and with a good deal of howling. Timid people are afraid, and say "Oh, dear, how nice and comfortable everything was until these fanatics went and stirred up our good devil with a Prohibition pole! Why can't they let him alone?"

Never mind, dear chicken-hearts, he's going all the same and—not joy go with him. NO! Destruction, wasting and hunger, disease and death, his faithful satellites, attend his steps.

There are eight cotton mills in Gaston county, all within six miles of Mt. Holly

How about that Convention of Northern settlers? We hope the arrangement of details has been definitely settled. It should not be left until the last moment. With a regular program, speakers previously appointed and a committee of arrangements that knows what it wants much may be accomplished. Without these there will be confusion and loss of valuable time. Perhaps the Wake county organization has that matter in hand. We hope so, at least.

"See the Yankees and the Johnny Rebs at work up there, side by side," said a prominent Southern gentleman of this locality, not long since, as he pointed to a gang of carpenters at work on a large building. It is even so. They are working side by side, all too busy to be anything but friendly, even if there was the slightest disposition that way. But there isn't.

An old Union soldier, in getting his pension, needed the signatures of two witnesses. He applied to two men who had both served in the Confederate army. "Certainly," said they, "we'll do anything for an old soldier, and don't care which side he was on." That's the universal feeling. Now and then a fossil is dug up which hasn't yet discovered that the war is over. But these are so scarce that there aren't enough for one apiece in the scientific museums of the country.

The waver of the bloody shirt had better fold up his ensanguined garment and "silently steal away", or go into the auction business. The people have no further use for him.

### DON'T!

When, a year ago last April, we left Massachusetts, with our editorial wardrobe packed in a paper collar box and came to North Carolina, we didn't expect to find our favorite doughnuts and codfish balls every morning for breakfast, and we were not disappointed in that. We didn't find them. Moreover we found many things that were new to us in the manners and customs of the people. Some of these novelties were agreeable and some were not. But at the start we made a steel-riveted resolution that we would not say on all possible and impossible occasions "Well now, up North, we have things so and so," and "Oh, no, we don't do it that way up North", and "Up North, you know, cabbages grow very much larger than these, and are trained on trellises up over the front porch, &c. &c. &c."

Now, DON'T!

If you think that Jersey mud is cleaner than North Carolina sand, you are perfectly welcome to the opinion but don't spend all your time dinning it into the ears of the people. At least take time enough for your meals.

If it is your firm conviction that Mt. Washington in New Hampshire is higher than Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina, all right. But keep still about it, and then people won't find out the towering sublimity of your ignorance. Supposing you do think that you can give light where light is needed, you must remember that too much light is bad for the eyes. What the people need is rest, and protection from the glare of your electric brilliancy.

Don't say "up North" for a month at least.

Give, oh, give us a rest.

The people of Durham are going to invite the Northern visitors to the fair out to their town to live. If they accept, an excursion train will be run from Raleigh to take them to their new home. We're afraid you want the earth, neighbor Durham. Let us have a few down this way, please.

There's a subscription list open at the PINE KNOT office for money to buy those instruments for the Weather Observing and Signal station. Every property owner in this vicinity ought to help as a matter of investment, for these observations are what will tell to the doctors and scientific men what a marvellous climate we have, and that means crowds of visitors.

Come, give us your autograph!

### CRANBERRY IRON.

It is known that our North Carolina Cranberry iron has been converted into good Bessemer steel, without mingling it with any other metal. We see now that no iron is used in the converter of the South Tredegar works, at Chattanooga, except Cranberry, smelted with washed coke. The steel produced is excellent. The Chattanooga Tradesman says: "We have gone along in spite of the able prophets who have constantly warned us that disaster is just ahead. They have croaked on their dead limbs ever since 1869, while the South has built blast furnace capacity to make 1,000,000 tons of metal a year, and is now adding 245,000 tons a year to the list. As it has been with our iron development, so will it be in the growth of our steel production, only more so."

This is a gratifying announcement, and the more so since success in this direction will certainly stimulate effort elsewhere.—*News and Observer.*

### TO NORTHERN LADIES.

At the last meeting of the Wake county Association of Northern and Foreign-born Citizens, held October 6, a resolution was unanimously adopted, inviting all ladies of Northern and foreign birth now living in the State to join this and kindred associations in helping to make our display and convention at the coming State Fair., to be held in this city, October 26 to 29, a success. All information in regard to space, &c. will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary,

WM. C. CRAM,  
Raleigh, N. C.

North Carolina can boast the best class of settlers that have blessed any portion of this blessed country. They are enlightened, of American birth, and bring no isms, no stilted, impractical views with them. They come with honest hearts and propose to help build up unimproved places, with a sincere intent to develop, to the best of their ability, this fair land. They have infused new life and activity wherever they have pitched their tents.

—*Webster Herald.*

### A JUMBO PEAR.

Mr. W. A. Brown, of Davidson College has a remarkably fine specimen of fruit in the shape of a pear, of the Duchess variety, which weighed one pound and three-quarters. The only sort of a glass jar that could be found large enough to hold the pear was one of the jars used in batteries at the telegraph office, and into this the pear was put and submerged in alcohol. It is to be exhibited at the approaching fair. This pear grew on a tree that was set out last spring, and is undoubtedly the finest specimen of fruit ever grown in this section.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The Japanese persimmon was introduced into this country some ten or twelve years ago, by Thomas Hogg, of New York, and by him disseminated with great liberality. It will probably prove a very valuable fruit everywhere south of Memphis, Tenn. In southern Arkansas, the experience so far shows it to be everywhere reliable, the climate and soil both suiting it admirably, so far as known. But right here I must call a halt, for I have not seen enough of this fruit growing in garden and orchard to pass an opinion on it from personal observation. I have seen the trees growing in many places South with fine health and vigor; have seen and eaten of the fruit and know it to be both handsome and very good. The indications are that its northern limit will equal or surpass that of the very hardiest figs.—*D. B. Wier, in N. Y. World.*

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible.—*Bovee.*