

# 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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Why can't something be done with persimmons? Hereabout the trees are loaded with them, but no one makes any use of the fruit, except for "simmon beer".

How is this for "drear November"? Sky a brilliant blue, with scarcely a cloud to be seen, air as pure and sweet as untrammelled, upland air can be, woods aglow with vivid green and red. Surely, in this latitude, November is a month to be thankful for and not sneered at.

Let in more light. There is no doubt that window glass costs more than plain boards, but, on the other hand, it is not so expensive as doctor's bills and medicine. There are not enough windows in most of the houses of this section. The people complain of colds, and no wonder, when often the greater portion of the light has to come through an open door, instead of a closed window.

We saw a man from a populous northern state, not long ago, whose nose was very high in air. He couldn't find anything in North Carolina that was good enough for him. He was a farmer and he waxed very sarcastic concerning the farming lands of this state. His principal criticism seemed to be that land here is not exactly the same as what he had been accustomed to all his life. He was such an admirer of his own conversational powers that he could not spare time to listen to what might be said on the other side. It was very clear in his mind that nothing of any value could be said on the other side.

We couldn't think of any argument that would fit his case except the incontrovertible one that he was a jack-ass. So we left him haranguing, and for aught we know he may be at it still. The moral is this: When you come from any state that differs materially from this, don't quarrel with North Carolina for not being exactly

like the region you came from. Use what little common sense you have, and be sure you know what you are talking about before you pour forth your eloquence too abundantly.

### CONCERNING FAIRS.

The North Carolina Exposition was a success, as were those held in New Orleans, Louisville and Atlanta, in so far as the show of products was concerned. But financially all of them were not a success. It turns out that the New Orleans Exposition was a desperate financial failure, while the Southern Exposition at Louisville, after four years of trial, winds up with a clear loss of a half million dollars. The Georgia State Fair at Macon falls far below the former exhibits. Why this failure to take a deeper interest in such useful and needed expositions? We think it probable that if all the counties would institute fairs, which is certainly most desirable, and would hold them all the same week in the Fall—to be known in the State calendar as the County Fair Week—and from these various fairs the best specimens should be selected and sent at once to the State Fair at Raleigh to meet upon the week following, that a great display would be made and a great impetus be given to both the State Fair and all of the county fairs.

We really believe this suggestion is worthy of the attention of the farmers and editors and public spirited men generally. Let the leading spirits in each county take the matter in hand, and about the middle of October let a fair be held at every county seat, and about October 20th let the State Fair open, and important results will follow. Every county would be spurred to make the best possible exhibit of its chief productions, and then let the best of these be selected for the State Fair.

—Wilmington Star.

### AT THE CITY OF OAKS.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 9th. 1886.

"Sleeping with one eye open" may be a pleasant variation from the usual custom of employing both optics for that purpose, but attempting to sleep with both eyes open isn't so funny. The great Napoleon wouldn't have been foolish enough to lie awake all the time after one o'clock in the morning in order to catch a train at 4-30, even if there had been any trains to catch in his day, but Napoleon and I differ in this as well as in some other minor characteristics. I got the train, however, even if I didn't get much sleep and was soon jogging toward Raleigh. In the car a pleasant faced gentleman inquired about Southern Pines and, entering into conversation with him, I learned that he was the Rev. Mr. Coble, a Presbyterian clergyman of Laurinburg. After a half hour's pleasant chat, he left the train at Cameron, and

I relapsed into silence and dullness.

The forest had been on fire at one point which we passed. Here and there great pines were still burning, some at the base, but most of them among the branches at the top. As we rushed by, these fires looked like the thousand twinkling lights of a great city. A little farther on, fields and meadows frosted white began to peer out of the morning grayness and slowly the day dawned. As sharp a frost as one often sees at this time of year, was the verdict of everyone.

At the station in Raleigh I had an opportunity to observe two specimens of the genus Snob. I hope they don't live in the city of Raleigh,—indeed I have every reason to believe that they were merely temporary sojourners in the State Capital. They had installed themselves in a carriage, occupied two seats with two persons and the other two with their luggage for which there was plenty of room elsewhere. When a lady and gentleman were given seats in the same carriage, the male Snob objected audibly to being "so crowded" and the female Snob seconded his objections. The lady and gentleman, having no liking for the society of Snobs, seemed glad to take refuge in another carriage. The writer made diligent inquiry, but could not learn that these parties paid for more than two seats, although occupying four.

Carriages haven't gone entirely out of style yet, though the track for the new horse-railroad is being laid. It is to be hoped that after this enterprise gets well under way it will be made a criminal offense for anyone to sing the little song about "the pink trip-slip &c. &c."

The colored people's Fair opens well. Processions are parading the streets, bands playing, chickens squawking, pigs squealing &c. &c. There are some handsome horses displayed upon the street, their blankets embroidered with temperance mottoes. We hope to see this movement in favor of temperance universal throughout the land.

The new cotton compress is just getting a roof over its head. It works well and doesn't make so much fuss about it as at first. The continuous fine weather has been favorable for picking cotton and great quantities are brought in.

Along the streets everything is lively. Trade appears to be brisk and the merchants are already making preparation for the holidays. Of course it is not necessary to mention the names of these live merchants. Many of them are advertising in the PINE KNOT, and sooner or later all their names will appear.

The present cost of operating the railroads of the country with steam is \$502,000,000 per annum, in round numbers; but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,306,500,000.—Exchange.

### BROOM CORN.

A new enterprise in North Carolina is a broom factory, lately established in Asheville by J. Straith & Co. These gentlemen distributed a great many seeds of the broom corn in that vicinity with instructions how cultivate and cure the same, with a view to making a market for the product. They state that on good ordinary land, farmers in that vicinity have realized from \$30 to \$80 per acre. As broom corn grows very well almost anywhere in the state and the cultivation is both easy and profitable, it might be well for many of our people to investigate the matter.

### FOR THOUGHT.

Beware of little expensés; a small leak will sink a great ship.—B. Franklin.

They do most by books who could do much without them.—Sir Thomas Browne.

In all matters, before beginning, a diligent preparation should be made.—Cicero.

One of the grandest things in having rights is, that being your rights, you may give them up.—Geo. MacDonald.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

—Sir Henry Wotton.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.—T. B. Macanlay.

The more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be.—H. Bushnell.

I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness, drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl.—Dr. Johnson.

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.—O. W. Holmes.

No man can gauge the value, at this present critical time, of a steady stream of young men, flowing into all professions and all industries, who have learned to speak in a society such as ours, "I can't afford."—Thos. Hughes.

Versatility is overpraised. There is a certain value in having many strings to one's bow, but there is more value in having a bow and a string, a hand and an eye, that will every time send the arrow into the bull's eye of the target.—T. T. Munger.