

THE PINE KNOT.

SOUTHERN PINES. N. C.

Kentuckians will have to give up the idea of the State's possessing diamond fields. At the session of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in St. Louis the other day the subject came up for discussion, and it was demonstrated by Professor Ashburner, of Philadelphia, that the only basis for such a belief was the remark of Henry Carlton Lewis before the British Academy of Scientists, that a slight similarity existed between the trap rock of Eastern Kentucky and the diamond region of Southern Africa. A newspaper correspondent, however, had reported him as saying that diamonds might be found in the blue grass State.

A writer in the Brooklyn Union says "A long time ago I wrote the opinion of an experienced publisher that Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, or in other words the Grant family, would derive, in the end, \$750,000 from the writings of General U. S. Grant. Inasmuch as Mrs. Grant has already received \$350,000 and will get at least \$150,000 more from the work which Grant finished just before his death, it will be no difficult matter to make the material left by General Grant for another work yield the remaining \$250,000. The work to follow the war record will be practically a history of Grant's two terms as President of the United States. It will be even more interesting to the masses than the war record, but will lack the merit of being the personal compilation of Grant. His notes, however, will supply all the facts. A fair share of the persons who purchase the war record will want the Presidential history. Therefore the success of the work is absolutely assured in advance. Colonel Fred. Grant has the matter in hand. I am told that he proposes to be the publisher himself."

An American who has spent some months in Liberia writes privately from Monrovia, the capital, that it is built on a bed of iron ore, nearly pure; that it contains 5,000 inhabitants, only few of them white, divided into natives, the Liberians, or children born there of foreign parents, and immigrants. The Kroos, an aboriginal tribe, were formerly the slave dealers of the coast, and each man has a blue tattoo mark in the middle of his forehead, extending to the nose. The women paint themselves from head to heel, many having the Liberian or American flag painted on their brows, but never the British flag, which they hate. The girls, as soon as they can walk, are put into the gree-gree bush, a kind of barbarous convent, where they are taught their duties as women and wives. They are usually sold at birth for connubial purposes, at about \$15 each, or half a dozen for \$75. A man may have as many wives as he has money to pay for. The boys are kept in the bush until fourteen, when they are considered of age. If the boys or girls disclose the secrets of their bush, or are caught in another bush than their own, they are publicly put to death. The country has some 700,000 aboriginals, with 20,000 persons of colonial stock, and nearly all the semi-tropical products are indigenous there. The government is modeled exactly after ours. It was declared an independent state in 1847, and, the years following, was recognized as such by Great Britain and France. The climate, which was once considered fatal to Europeans, has been recently much improved by clearances, drainage and the like, and bids far ultimately to be inhabited by the Western races.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language.

A PIE FACTORY.

TURNING OUT FROM 20,000 TO 50,000 PIES A DAY.

The Biggest Pie Bakery in New York, and How It Is Operated—The Various Processes—Marketing the Pies.

In a little shop in Sullivan street a rosy-cheeked woman sits behind a counter on which are a dozen or two pies. If one asks her where she buys them the answer will be: "Oh, I don't buy them; they are made here." Instinctively one looks to see where pies can be made in or about this place, and with a word of direction from the owner of the red cheeks the visitor climbs a pair of stairs, in the rear of the shop, and at the top he finds himself in the office of the most extensive pie baking company in New York. It is soon evident that the little shop underneath does not, by its size, represent this business. On every side are large storehouses and workrooms where supplies are kept and where they are soon to be made into pies. To gain some idea of the work done, this place has eleven ovens, each capable of sending out 1,300 pies every half hour. The daily average is 20,000, and from the middle of November until the end of the holidays it ranges from 35,000 to 50,000. And as the manager proudly says, "Mr. Vanderbilt has no better goods." The prime favorite is the pie of our fathers—the old-fashioned apple. These are made the year round. Then comes the mince, which are just becoming popular, and will continue through cold weather. And after these peach pies rank highest in popular esteem. When the fresh fruit can be obtained it is always used. Pumpkin and squash pies, custard and coconut, follow in the order named, and then come plum, lemon and cranberry. In the season seventy-five bushels of huckleberries are placed between flaky layers of crust and about thirty bushels of blackberries are also used in the same manner. Red raspberry pie is a new candidate for popular favor, and its use is steadily increasing; 100 dozen of pineapples are used daily in the three months they are in season. But the pie that makes the mouths of the men who work them water is the one made of apricots. It is the most expensive of all, however, and as all pies are sold at a fixed price, no matter of what they are made, it is not well to advertise this particular one.

It requires 150 persons to make and market the 20,000 pies. In one room are a score or more of women, who cook and season the fruits. One boy pares, by a hand machine, the apples, and unless he has disposed of twenty-seven barrels in a day he does not think he has done much. Were the work done by steam the apples could not be cored as nicely as they are. All the specks are removed and they are given to girls to slice. When this is done they are cooked by steam and are sent down stairs, where a man mixes with them sugar and spice. This is a work of art, and not every one can be trusted to decide the exact quantity to be used.

The making of mincemeat is also a leading feature. The currants are all carefully washed in hot water, the raisins are looked over, the spices and liquors measured and the big pots of meats cooked, before they come into the hands of the woman who combines them into the one harmonious whole that will help to make a pleasant Thanksgiving. This woman is really an artist in her way, and her wages would compare favorably with those of persons occupying showier, if not tastier, places. When the mincemeat is prepared it is put down in brandy and stored away for use when desired.

The dishes are washed by three women, who do nothing else. The most surprising feature is the cleanliness that characterizes all the workrooms and all the workmen. Nothing but the best quality of sugar, lard, flour and fruit is used. In the crust room only two men are at work; two of them are busy mixing the flour and lard; one man covers the bottom of the pie tins with this crust, another fills them with the seasoned fruit, and a third rolls out the upper crust, and, having first fancifully marked it, he deftly covers the pie with it, and, with three or four pats of his hand, cuts off the overhanging crust, places the pie on a crate, which, when full, is lowered by an elevator to the bake room, and in half an hour it comes out a rich golden brown color, and of a quality fit to tickle the palate of a king. Two hundred and sixty thousand eggs and

350 barrels of sugar are used each month in producing this mass of pastry.

Five sizes of pies are made, and known to the trade as "home-made," the twelve-inch, nine-inch, seven-inch and "buttons." These sell at wholesale for 42, 18, 11, 5 and 4 cents each. As the "home-mades" will cut into eight pieces, selling for ten cents a pie each, it is not difficult to see how, with a profit of 50 per cent., some of the proprietors of restaurants about the City Hall have made fortunes since they went into business. One of them, who has a place much frequented by pie-eating politicians, has \$500,000 in real estate and first mortgage securities.

The manner of conducting the business is much the same with all the large pie houses. Each has a man who is a member of the Produce Exchange, and he buys goods for his house whenever opportunity, in the shape of low prices, offers. The wages paid are good, the bakers getting \$2.50 a day, the drivers \$2 and the women from \$5 to \$10 a week. The latter, at the end of working hours, retire to a nicely-appointed dressing-room, and shortly reappear clad better than most women one sees on Broadway. Their work, while constant, is not difficult. It is healthful, and most of them stick to it until they marry.

The pie wagons are ingeniously made to carry about 600 each with perfect safety. Cupboards are placed on each side, and an aisle wide enough for a man to walk in lies between. These hold the twelve-inch and smaller sizes. The big "home-made" pies are ordered the day before they are wanted, and the driver has a box under his seat especially made to hold them. A close estimate places the number of wagons in this business in and about New York at 100; 600 men and women are kept constantly busy; 5,000 quarts of milk are daily used; 250 horses are in service, while 1,000 barrels of sugar and 850 tierces of lard, with spices to correspond, are consumed each month.

Formerly housekeepers demanded more pies in summer than at any other season, but now that the seashore and mountains are so accessible the warm weather has become the quiet time for the business, and a brisk demand does not begin until autumn. So long as New York continues to eat 50,000 pies per day, her critics and censors in the great West and elsewhere need not a firm t at she is in her decadence and is losing her hold on things temporal.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Preserving Wild Game.

One of the principal and proudest objects of the Yellowstone National Park and its supervision is to give the royal game of the Rocky Mountains a chance to flourish there without let or hindrance. No one being permitted to hunt within the limits of the reservation, which is larger than some of the older States, all the wild animals and birds of the West are now congregated there; and it must be a luxury to the "poor beasties" worth having—this immunity from slaughter, very much on a par with the peace which comes to human communities, after being harried and worried by long years of desolating wars. Here are to be seen in their native wilds and their native glory such noble specimens of American game as the mountain buffalo, the moose or moss deer, the elk, the antelope, the mountain sheep, the different varieties of deer and all the carnivora that inhabit the uplands. And nearly all these animals have already become so tame as to pay little or no heed to the presence or approach of the tyrant man. We passed one day within a few rods of us a flock of wild geese, feeding in a field along the roadside as unconcernedly as any of their domestic descendants in a farmer's poultry yard, and the wild antelope ("That starts when'er the dry leaf rustles in the brake," so wild and wary that I believe I've spent more hours in honest endeavor to get within gunshot of him on the plains than of all the rest of the game tribe of whatever name or nature), this graceful creature, now in the park, is in the habit of stopping and turning to watch and wonder at the movements of the various visitors with a curiosity devoid of fear. What a splendid boon is this to the wild beasts and birds of our country! and if nothing more were meant by it than their preservation and perpetuity, the setting a part of this great game preserve for all time is not only highly creditable to the government, but more particularly to the wisdom and sagacity of the man who first conceived the project and pressed it to a successful issue in the halls of Congress.—American Field.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Truth, like the sunbeam, cannot be soiled by any outward touch.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

A weapon should be taken away from, but not given to, an angry man.

Imitation and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.

Good will, like a good name, is gained by many actions and lost by one.

Depend upon it, he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

Great good often remains unaccomplished, merely because it is not attempted.

Creed is meant to influence conduct. Character is the aim and the test of doctrine.

Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity.

Don't judge a man by the noise he makes in this world. Two trade dollars in the pocket will make more jingle than \$10,000 in bills.

Beautiful souls are often put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or humility which gives it grace.

To repress a harsh answer, to confess a fault, to stop, whether right or wrong, in the midst of self-defense, in gentle submission—these, sometimes, require a great struggle for life and death, but these three efforts are the golden threads of which domestic happiness is woven.

New York's Italian Colony.

The Italians in this city have grown strong in numbers during recent years and feel such a fondness for the country, and especially for the city, that it is thought that no body of immigrants except the Irish and German embrace so large a proportion of citizens as they. There are between thirty-five thousand and forty thousand Italians in the city, half of whom came here during the last fourteen years, and at least five thousand have adopted this country for their own. In judging the Italian colony as a whole there is pleasant news to relate. They are not only becoming citizens and evincing an interest in national and local affairs, but with the loss of their former desire to hoard up a few hundred dollars and return to Italy to loaf out a poor existence on a starvation allowance, there has been noted a very great and deep improvement in their condition here. They are buying property, sending their children to school, enlarging the area of their occupations and elevating themselves in every way. They are an ardent people, and no sooner do they perceive the possibilities that industry and good citizenship offer than they eagerly embrace them. The manner in which they buy property illustrates this characteristic. Long before one of them has money sufficient to buy a house he finds two or three or a dozen others with equally small funds of savings, and all together they buy a house, live in it or rent it, divide the profits, and are presently able to sell to one of their number or to speculate further. This is particularly the case with the Genoese. But among the Italians are many individuals who are large property owners (leaving out such families as the Fabris and others of the aristocracy of Italy and confining these notes to the masses of peasantry), as, for instance, Antonio Cuneo, who owns \$200,000 worth of property in Mulberry and Bayard streets.—New York Herald.

Telegraphing From Moving Trains.

The Council Bluffs division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has been equipped with the Edison-Gilliland-Smith system of telegraphing between moving train stations. This system consists of placing telegraphic instruments on one car of each train and the use by induction of the ordinary telegraph wire at the side of the track without interfering with the regular traffic over the wires. By this method all possibility of collisions is done away with, as each train is in constant communication with the stations each side of it. The value of this invention as a preventive of collisions on single track roads cannot be overestimated. With it in use a train may start out for a 500 mile run and report every inch of its progress to the dispatcher without stopping. We are yet young as to what can be accomplished by the inductive system of telegraphy, but this device reduces the chances of injury by collision on a railroad almost to a cipher. A great future appears to lie before it.—Railway Review.