

# 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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In a land on which God has showered his richest blessings, isn't it a pity to pervert his gift of corn into vile whiskey and indigestible bread (pones), to contaminate the purest air that ever a favored mortal breathed with the fumes of tobacco, and to soil the clean earth with the juice of the same nasty weed?

We were talking the other day with a Northern man, who has travelled through a large portion of the State during the past ten weeks, eyes and ears wide open, asking innumerable questions, Yankee fashion, and we found him very enthusiastic over the future of North Carolina. Everywhere he found more chances for enterprise than men or means to utilize them; exhaustless stores of mineral wealth, water-power running to waste, untouched forests of valuable timber, thousands of acres of rich land untamed by the plow. Everywhere, too, he found a kind-hearted, generous people, received a warm welcome at the firesides of rich and poor alike, and in general had such a gloriously good time that he's coming back to stay.

We wish to direct attention to the call for a joint meeting of the farmers of the State with the Board of Agriculture, published on the fourth column of this page. Every intelligent farmer ought to be present. He should go for the purpose both of teaching and being taught. If he is a believer in his State, and a thorough lover of it,—and what North Carolinian is not?—he ought to be keenly interested in this. Let him instruct his fellow farmers, if he can; if not, let him receive instruction gracefully, and profit by it. The Board of Agriculture, too; perhaps that needs a little of your counsel. It is doing good for the whole State, but doesn't pretend to all-wisdom on subjects agricultural. It wants your encouragement any way. Go, all of you, and attend the meeting.

### THE BEST GIFTS.

A merry Christmas to you all, dear readers! May you see many a Christmas more, and every one merrier and better than the last, until you celebrate it with Him whose advent to earth gave to this day its deep significance.

What merry meetings and merry-makings the day shall see! What hearts overflowing with love at the many tokens of affectionate remembrance! What joy among the little folks! How their hearts (the little

stomachs too, alas!) swell almost to bursting with the glad experiences of the day, and they think that never, never was such a jolly, mysterious, generally delightful day since their acquaintance with this world began.

Even to us, who are older and think we know the secret of Santa Claus, the mystery, the sweet foreboding of the time is not altogether wanting. We have not lost our appreciation of the substantial tokens of good-will that make glad the heart, but we long more now for the gifts of the spirit. Now, as the year sweeps around and Christmas day draws near, we find ourselves looking expectantly for the revealing of a stronger love, a fuller confidence, a truer sympathy on the part of those around us. Treasures of gold and silver are not to be weighed with these.

As our vision widens we look and long to see the whole world giving Christmas gifts. How the eye will brighten and the heart gladden at the sight of neighbors giving to each other real friendliness instead of the hollow form that so often encloses envy, hatred and all evil; of employers and employed bestowing upon each other the gift of forbearance, consideration, real and kindly interest; of Christian churches giving to each other and to all good men everywhere that fraternal love and fellowship which genuine goodness ought always to receive; of nations ceasing to menace with warlike preparations, and joining to bestow the great gift of "Peace on earth."

Not yet do we see all this, but there are signs in heaven and earth. The Christmas spirit is abroad, and every year its influence grows and widens. Its aim is world-wide conquest, and though we may not see the day of final victory, none the less do we rejoice in our knowledge of its certain coming.

### THE QUESTION SETTLED.

It seems that we shall have to believe in the sea-serpent whether we want to or not. A schoolmaster has seen it and we hope that settles the question. Let no small boy even on the remotest back seat wag his head or put tongue in cheek. It was a Boston schoolmaster, too. This clinches all the nails of argument. If it had been a New York schoolmaster the supposition would be reasonable that what he saw was not the sea-serpent at all, but a "boodle" alderman making for Canada, (the head is said to have resembled a beer barrel) or a section of the Mackay-Bennett Commercial Cable trying to swim into the

"pool". But it would take a bold man to maintain that there can be any mistake about what was seen by a Boston pedagogue with his own optics (aided by a marine glass) and "watched for full ten minutes".

This final discoverer of the monster does not, however, venture any opinion as to his being a relic of the Triassic, Jurassic, Jura-Trias or Cretaceous periods; whether he is an Enaliosaur, Mososaur, Lacertian or Crocodilian. This is the first case on record of a Boston man without a theory. But to save the case from going by default, we have a theory which we wish to present as modestly as its great merits will permit. It is our opinion that this huge krakken (no intention of krakken a joke here) never having been properly classed by scientists, feels aggrieved, and is voyaging along the coast of Massachusetts, on the lookout for some zoologic savant to whom he will make the plain proposition:—"Either put me down or I'll put you down." His conduct certainly bears out this supposition, for he appears near those points on the Bay State coast where learned men are most likely to be found, and *always in the months of July and August*, when summer schools of scientific research do most abound. We offer this theory and attendant proof to the scientific world with no expectation that it will escape the sneers of unfeeling critics. But we speak not to the common dabbler in science. Sufficient for us if our views are understood and appreciated by a chosen few.

Did not Tennyson prefigure this very coming of the sea-serpent? Portraying that delightful science, Marine Zoology, under the guise of "The Mermaid", he speaks of her siren voice shrilling forth

Till that great sea-snake under the sea,  
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps,  
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sate, and look in  
at the gate  
With his large calm eyes, for the love of me.

### A JOINT MEETING!

At the December meeting of the Board of Agriculture, the night of the 18th of January, 1887, was fixed for a meeting to be set apart for the discussion of topics appertaining to the material interests of the State.

This appointment is made in obedience to Section 2 of the Act "Establishing a Department of Agriculture, Immigration and Statistics," &c.

The object is for the benefit of the farmers of the State, and a large attendance is respectfully solicited.

A. M. SCALES,  
Chairman *ex-officio*, Ag'l Board.  
T. K. Bruner,  
Acting Secretary.

N. B.—The Railroads will sell tickets at the same rate as obtains at the Annual State Fair.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 15, 1886.