

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. I.

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The Democrats in the House say that Dr. Tyre York makes them tired. They think he's the wrong Sid-on.

Forty years has the movement for Woman Suffrage been in existence in this country, and it still moves on.

The season of travel to the South is really just beginning. People who like winter pretty well get about all they want of it by the first of February and are generally willing to spend that month and March in a more genial climate.

Mr. H. Bernard Carpenter, of Boston, ought to be a happy poet. His volume, *Liber Amoris*, recently published, has elicited warm praise from Lord Tennyson, in an autograph letter. We hope the poem he praises is better than some of his own latest efforts.

We hope the bill to pension Walt Whitman will not pass. In the first place, because we do not see that he has any claim for it more than any other needy literary man, and in the second place and chiefly, because we do not believe in Mr. Whitman and shall not until he expresses contrition for having put forth such an outrage upon decency as some of his poems undoubtedly are.

Barrett Wendell, writing in *Lippincott's* of Social Life at Harvard, speaks of the prohibition of after-dinner smoking in Memorial Hall, and adds, with a regretful sniff, that a faint smell of boiled meat pervades the big dining hall at all times. We suppose his preference is a strong smell of stale cigar smoke. Well, every one to his choice. If we must have a smell, we infinitely prefer the honest scent of boiled meat.

The Great Republic doesn't always succeed in leading off in the march of progress. Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have all opened their universities to women; but our own Harvard thinks it huge condescension to grant even an Annex, while Yale and Princeton won't have them at all. The time is coming and that before long when the college-aspiring woman will be able to say:—

"No, thank you, annexation has no charms for us. There are plenty of places where we can be received on equal terms".

It is probably a wise dispensation of Providence that we do not all set our hearts on the same object. If every-

body should fall as desperately in love with the wonderful climate of Southern Pines and vicinity, as we have, everybody would want to live here, and pretty soon we should be uncomfortably crowded. We think of you, poor shiverer in the North, as you lug your glowing coal stove and wonder if warm weather will ever come again. We think of you with sympathy and hate to aggravate you, by talking of our delicious days in January and February, but the weather is here to enjoy, and we're enjoying it so much we can't keep still about it.

Query: Can a newspaper be too decent? We have recently seen a communication from an experienced journalist who says that he once published a newspaper which was "too good". It was so spotless that it failed to reach the masses (so the business men said who refused to advertise in it) and so it died. The writer admitted, however, that the best people liked the paper and patronized it, and as it failed after all, we are obliged to conclude that the "best people" were in a decided minority in that neighborhood. We do not believe that in any ordinary community the majority of people prefer indecency to decency, and even if such a depraved taste were found to exist anywhere no decent man has any business to cater to it.

THROUGH NORTHERN EYES.

To attempt to properly treat the subject of agriculture in any state, especially a state like North Carolina, in a common newspaper article, is like attempting to sweeten the waters of Boston harbor with a cup of sugar. Such a diversity of soil and climate is there that almost any crop grown anywhere in the United States can be found in one season somewhere growing in the Old North State—tobacco, rice, peanuts, cotton, corn, sorghum cane, potatoes, wheat, oats, rye, hops and broom corn form a few of the varied products of her soil.

North Carolina extends from the mountains of Tennessee, at an elevation of several thousand feet, down a gradual slope to the level of the sea at Hatteras inlet—a distance of over 500 miles—in width, and from fifty to one hundred miles from north to south. To cover this state in the space of a few weeks, I set myself the task of spending as much time as possible on horseback, out of the beaten paths of travel, and at the most unfavorable season of the year, when frost had destroyed almost all vegetation, and in some localities the snow lay from one to three feet deep on the ground.

I started from Boston with the general idea,—and one, I think, that is rather common in New England, that

North Carolina is a rather small and extremely poor state—poor in soil, poorer in crops, and with a people who just barely existed from hand to mouth. I expected to find mostly peanuts and cotton, some corn and possibly a little tobacco. I will not attempt to speak from the book or to give statistics now, but will just jot down what I saw every day as I rode by fields, corn cribs and barns and what information I gleaned from questioning every farmer I could find willing to be so bothered. At the Agricultural State Fair, held at Raleigh in October, was made a very creditable display of cattle, swine, poultry, horses, mules, cotton, vegetables, fruits, agricultural implements, etc.

In the mountain section of this state the best corn is raised on the tops and sides of almost inaccessible mountains and of course without manure. I have seen a whole range of mountains with their tops covered with corn stalks, and no wagon or cart can be hauled up or down from these fields—barring sleds. I asked, "Why do you cultivate tops of the ridges instead of the valleys and on the base of the mountains?" and they told me that the tops were more fertile, and I suppose they knew what they were about, as they had been doing the same for ages. I saw three kinds of corn, the common gourd seeds, the flint corn, from which the best groats are made, and up in the mountains at an elevation of 4000 feet I found northern Indian corn. Corn is used all over the State for man and beast, in hoe cake, hominy, corn whiskey, for mule, horse, hog, and hen feed. No crop fluctuates so much in price as corn in North Carolina, and all because of the want of proper railroad communication. In the mountain district in North Carolina I found corn selling at fifty cents a bushel, and was told that it would fetch one dollar in March and April. When I left in December corn was worth in the mountains, 60 cents, and on the sea coast forty cents per bushel, the difference being the cost of transportation by wagons. Corn fodder is bundled in small bundles and sold by the bundle and is called not fodder but "roughness." Corn whiskey is indigenous to North Carolina and the "moonshine" article is pronounced by judges to be superior to the taxed commodity. One bushel of meal worth fifty cents will produce two and one-half gallons of whiskey worth seventy-five cents, hence it is not to be wondered at that the planter on the mountains will run the risk of being put in jail for the sake of stilling his own corn. The "moonshine" whiskey is called "blockade," as it has to run a blockade of revenue officers before it can be sold.

As to the corn raising in North Carolina, I should say that with proper methods, a reasonable amount of manure and such cultivation as any other crop should have it would pay much better than in any New England state.

[Concluded on 8th page.]