

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. I.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH, 12, 1887.

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THE HEART OF THE PINES.

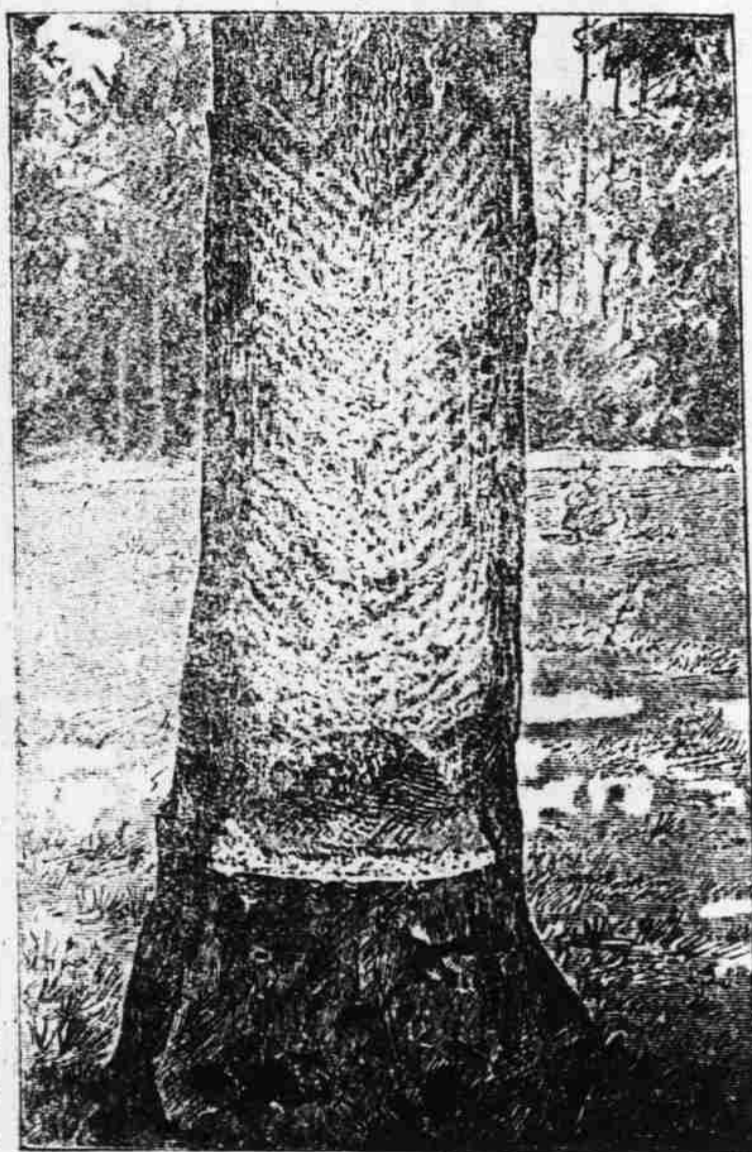
A REGION OF TALL PINES AND HEALTH-GIVING SPRINGS. BALM FOR THE SICK AND WEARY IN EVERY BREATH.

A little south of the central portion of North Carolina lies Moore county, a great triangle, covered with a dense growth of the long leaf pine. The surface is gently rolling, the lowlands affording rich arable land and the uplands being perfectly adapted to the culture of grapes, peaches, strawberries and small fruits of every kind. The Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line Railroad, a part of the great Seaboard Air-Line System, runs through the entire county, having stations at the growing towns of Sanford, Cameron, Winder, Manly, Southern Pines, Blue's Crossing and Keyser. This road though comparatively new has, through the energy and foresight of its managers, built up an immense traffic. By means of its connection with the Raleigh & Gaston, and Seaboard & Roanoke toward the North and with the Carolina Central toward the South it affords easy and quick through transit. By means of a branch road it reaches the enterprising town of Pittsboro, the county seat of Chatham county, and work has already commenced on a branch which will connect Carthage, the county seat of Moore with the main line.

Great quantities of rosin and spirits turpentine are carried by this line from its numerous shipping points in the long leaf pine region. Manly sends out each year 40,000 barrels of rosin and 10,000 barrels of spirits turpentine. The woods are full of turpentine distilleries, where the crude turpentine is transformed into spirits and rosin. The whir of many saw mills can also be heard and millions of feet of this beautiful, fine grained, almost indestructible lumber are being sawed every year and shipped to all quarters of the United States.

The process of collecting turpentine is an interesting one and very little understood by people outside of the "pitch, tar and turpentine" region. As soon as the trees have reached sufficient size a deep notch is cut in one side called a "box", and the bark and a thin layer of the wood above is chipped away so as to allow the turpentine to ooze out and run down into

the box. When the box is full the turpentine is removed by means of a large wooden paddle and the process is called "dipping". As fast as the wound sears over so as to hinder the flow of the turpentine, the bark and wood are cut away a little higher up. When this cut has extended upward several feet from the ground a long handled cutting instrument has to be used and the process is called "pulling." The turpentine which collects and hardens on the outside is scraped off in great white flakes, looking "good enough to eat", and is called "scrapings." Pieces of this are boiled and then chewed by the native people, and by many northern visitors also, as it is found by them very helpful in curing throat and lung diseases. The spirits of turpentine are obtained by the ordinary process of distillation, which is a great and profitable industry in this section. People suffering from any pulmonary or throat disease often get great benefit by inhaling the resinous fumes from these distilleries. But its not necessary for the health-seeker to go very far out of his way to get the healing effects of the long leaf pine. Here, not only the bed you sleep



LONG LEAF PINE "BOXED."

on may be of pine, but the house you dwell in, the chairs you sit upon, the table from which you eat, all are of pine. Day and night you must inhale its life-giving odor. Your morning fire is kindled with it. The fresh morning air brings its fragrance to you from the forest; at noon the hot sun draws that fragrance forth and multiplies it a hundred fold; at night, if it is cool, you draw up beside a blazing fire of pine broad hearth. You are enveloped, saturated, steeped in pine.

The great advantages of this section for a health resort have been known for some years, but it was not until 1884 that the town of Southern Pines, in the southern part of Moore county, on the Raleigh & Augusta Railroad was really established, and the commencement of its rapid growth dates from an even more recent period. The town is beautifully laid out on the top of a high sandy ridge, 600 feet above sea level. This ridge slopes

away in all directions, with undulations here and there which give a pleasing variety to the landscape. The sand is of great depth and acts as a perfect, natural filter. Water disappears as soon as it strikes the ground, mud is a thing unknown and there are no standing pools to breed disease.

The climate is—well, we won't say what we would like to about that, for fear we shouldn't be believed. We will give the testimony of others on the subject, and first of all of a party of gentlemen from different sections of the north who visited North Carolina last fall to attend the Northern Settler's Convention. They came to Southern Pines to spend Sunday, October 31, in resting after a week of traveling and sight seeing. They were so delighted with the place that their joy took expression in the following letter to Mr. F. W. Clark, the courteous General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Seaboard Air-Line.

Readers will please remember that this expression was called forth by a delightful day at that season of the year when elsewhere pleasant days are rare. In this favored land "dear November" is not known.

Southern Pines, N. C., Nov. 1st, '86.

To F. W. CLARK, G. P. Agt.,

Seaboard Air-Line Railroad Co.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned citizens of several states, now guests at Prospect Hotel, Southern Pines, desire to express our great obligations to you for the many courtesies you have extended us during the past week, and especially for your thoughtfulness in bringing us to this delightful resting place. We have found Southern Pines an attractive and desirable resort for invalids, tourists and pleasure seekers, and we desire to express our united opinions as to the present condition and future prospects of this place.

We find here a rolling county, mainly covered with trees of long leaf pine. The soil is a pure sand, which insures a dry atmosphere. The water is free from all impurities and is remarkably cool and soft. The breeze sweeping across these hills is fragrant with the balsamic odor of the pine. In every direction are firm roads winding for miles through the woods that because of the peculiar nature of the soil, will always be in good condition for riding or driving.

We find here one of the most cozy hotels—the Prospect House—it has ever been our good fortune to encounter. In all respects it is a model. The table is provided with every delicacy and the service is all that could be desired. It is just the place for invalids and for all who wish a comfortable home.

We find here a community of refined and educated people who came to make a temporary stay because of the healthfulness of the place, and have received such benefits from it, and have found a residence here so delightful that they have become permanent inhabitants.

We believe that when sportsmen learn of the abundance of quail, wild turkeys, foxes and deer they will resort to this place in great numbers every winter.

The mildness of the climate is exemplified by the wild, and garden flowers now in bloom. Some of us have gathered to day the following garden flowers: Ageratums, Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Balsams, Geraniums, Verbenas, Petunias, Pinks, Snap Dragons, Morning Glories, Drummond Phlox, Roses (two kinds).

From information gathered from native and northern-born citizens of this vicinity, we are convinced that there is no better place south for the cultivation of vegetables, small fruits, grapes and peaches for the Northern markets and, as Southern Pines is but 26 hours by rail from New York city it has the advantage over other localities at greater distance. While the season here is fully as early as that of the coast there is this additional advantage at Southern Pines, that there is no danger of frost destroying the earlier crops.

Very respectfully yours,

LEWIS A. DODGE, Boston.

J. B. DOYLE, Stubenville, O.

J. M. HOLDEN, Boston.

J. C. STUART, Shippensburg, Pa.

B. S. PHELPS, Pottersville, N. Y.

S. C. HARRIS, Shippensburg, Pa.

C. C. COUILLARD, Boston.

A. M. CLARKE, Delta, Pa.

B. S. PARDEE, New Haven, Ct.

J. C. DENSTEN, Woodbury, N. J.

(For other interesting matter relative to this section see page 4.)



A DRIVE THROUGH THE PINES.