

# 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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## Eastern North Carolina.

### The route of the Norfolk Southern Railroad.

### A Land of Rich Promise and Great Fulfillment.

On stepping into the cars of the Norfolk Southern Railroad at Norfolk, one doesn't need to be told that he is going "to get somewhere" and not be very long about it either. We had spent such a comfortable time at the New Purcell House that we rather hated to leave the city without a longer stop, but promising ourselves another day at Norfolk on our return we settled down in our comfortable car seats for a pleasant ride through a region hitherto unvisited by us.

It was a delightful day though the air was a trifle cool, making the sunny side of the car a place not to be despised. It was pleasant to look out of the window as we sped along and note the promise of earth's bounty on every hand. Long reaches of ploughed land with its warm brown cheek upturned to the blessed sun; streaks and splashes of vivid green while early vegetables were growing; men and teams a-field, plowing, harrowing, getting the soil ready for the seed of the later and tenderer crops. Everybody busy, full of eagerness and expectation. We flit past houses bowered deep in the bloom of peach and cherry. Here stands a substantial farmhouse, every line of its weatherbeaten gables betokening solid comfort and abundance. In front a clump of yellow blossoms glows like a burst of flame against the dark background of sombre pines. It is a wide level land, traversed by firm white roads. Farming is evidently done on a large scale, and corn is certainly the staple crop.

At Hickory Ground we sped through what seemed to be one huge corn field, stretching out on both sides of the track as far as the eye could follow it. No need to inquire if this is rich soil. The heavy growth of all kinds of vegetation attests that fact.

At Centreville we are reminded of home by seeing over a store, in large fat letters the name of Wilson, and below it "Post office." It was near this point that we crossed the Albemarle & Chesapeake canal, and it was in this vicinity too that we saw some young orchards that it did us good to look at. Great swarms of black birds flew up from the fields on either side as our train shot past. Enough certainly to make a thousand pies containing twenty-four each for the King of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, if he has a taste for music along with his pastry.

Here now at Moyock we have left "Ole Virginny" behind and are traversing the rich alluvial soil of Eastern North Carolina. Here was a cotton field last season, and the rank stalks lie in heaps over the ground. We meet and pass a heavily loaded freight train bearing northward great logs of pine, poplar and gum. Last night the express

freight on the Norfolk Southern took a load of shad from Elizabeth City at 5:20 and at 4 o'clock this morning they were in the market at New York. We are pained to see that the trail of the lightning rod man is to be found in Moyock. The most prominent object on the depot platform at this place was a bundle of lightning rods. Let us hope that his career may be stopped before he desolates the entire country.

We remember once seeing a very funny cartoon in one of the illustrated New York papers. It was called "The opening of the season" and represented an immense number of enthusiastic sportsmen in every conceivable kind of craft, "making up" to one poor little duck and blazing away at it with every sort of firearm, from a horsepistol to a rifled Parrot gun, and the best thing about it was that the duck was just going under water without a feather ruffled. This couldn't have taken place in Currituck county. Not but that there may be plenty of poor shots who visit this region from year to year, but there is no doubt about the abundance of game. From October to February Currituck sound is the resort of millions of canvas back, red head, black head and mallard ducks, together with geese, swan and other fowls. Along the shores of the sound and on many of its islands Northern sportsmen own extensive marshes and have erected numerous club houses.

Trucking is also a very important industry in this county. The N. S. R. has several stations in Currituck and great quantities of peas, cabbage, potatoes and watermelons are shipped to Norfolk and the Northern markets. Fishing is also an important industry.

In Camden county, between the Pasquotank and North rivers is a tract of land as level as a prairie, fertile as any one need ask. Corn is the leading crop but it is well adapted to all the cereals, as well as grasses, cotton, potatoes, peanuts and truck. One hundred and ten bushels of corn by actual measurement have been raised on an acre of land without manure. This was of course exceptional, but a great deal of the land is capable of producing fifty bushels to the acre. The shipping facilities of the county are excellent, either directly by the Norfolk Southern Railroad or else by one of its steamboat lines to Elizabeth City and thence by rail.

But while we have been discoursing about these sections of the Albemarle country the train has been swiftly approaching our present destination, Elizabeth City, and we alight with a feeling of gratitude to the Norfolk Southern Railroad for bringing us into this thriving place just four minutes past twelve, M., a most opportune moment to reach a city full of fat shad and luscious oysters. At the Albemarle House we find Mrs. L. G. Underwood, in the midst of her home-like surroundings, making this fine hotel a real success and an important factor in the attractiveness of this city, for the traveling public.

As soon as the inner man is refreshed of course we must look in on our brother scribes. Fortunately for them the editors in Elizabeth City have chosen other days than Saturday for publication, so that the end of the week doesn't find them worn with toil, tortured with anxiety and relentlessly pursued by the copy-demanding fiend of the composing room. We found Dr. Palemon John in the pleasant office of the *North Carolinian*. He is a Northern man, from Pennsylvania, but so long a resident and so thoroughly

identified with the life and growth of Elizabeth City that it is not at all likely that he will ever remove from it. Dr. John impresses one at once as a man of sterling worth. He is an uncompromising republican, but thoroughly liked and respected by everybody, including of course, his political opponents. He speaks of many of the most successful business men of the town as having come originally from the Northern States and his testimony is that all have succeeded, who have really tried to succeed. Dr. John is a born leader of men and his paper has a large influence for good in the community.

Brother R. B. Creecy, of the *Economist*, occupies pleasant quarters in the same building. He is Collector of the Port as well as editor of a bright and breezy newspaper. He treated us to some good stories and a refreshing draught of Juniper water. It was hard to tell which we liked best, as both were very pungent and sparkling.

We did not find E. F. Lamb, Esq., editor of the *Falcon*, in his fine, well-equipped office, but Mr. G. E. Broderick, the associate editor did the honors and gave us an idea of the amount of business the *Falcon* is doing. He is a young New Yorker of great tact and energy. Mr. Lamb does a large amount of business and so is obliged to be here, there and everywhere, but we did finally succeed in catching him, and found in this energetic young man a true representative of the spirit of the new South. Judge C. C. Pool, who who is associated with Mr. Lamb in business, we found to be a wide-awake business man, full of ideas, and ready for new enterprise, a thorough believer in the grand future of Eastern North Carolina, and a gentleman of broad views. But time fails us. We would like to tell of all the energetic citizens of Elizabeth City, whom it was our pleasure to meet; of Frank Vaughn Esquire, lawyer and accomplished writer; of Messrs. Griffin & Temple, leading lawyers, men who are active in all good works, especially such as small contribute to building up of their beloved city; of Professor Sheep, principal of a flourishing academy in town, and county superintendent of schools. All these and many more we met and conversed with and came away thoroughly convinced that in the hands of such men as these the future of the Albemarle section is bound to be as fruitful of great results as the present is full of promise.

## THE NAMESAKE OF QUEEN BESS.

A GLANCE AT THE METROPOLIS OF THE ALBEMARLE SECTION.

Elizabeth City, the county seat of Pasquotank, is "beautiful for situation", surrounded by broad waterways, traversed by handsome streets and adorned with substantial buildings. It has one of the finest courts in the state, a building constructed upon no penny wise policy of supplying what would just barely answer present needs, but with a prudent foresight of the future requirement of this rapidly growing city. It has a population of about 5,000, having increased since 1880 more than 100 per cent. This wonderful growth can probably be attributed to the Norfolk Southern Railroad more than to any other one agency, for it was in 1881 that this road was constructed and its policy has always been a most liberal one in encouraging every enterprise in the towns along its route. Within this period many costly stores and residences have been built, manufactories have been erected, new streets opened

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