

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. I.

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29155

John Sullivan, champion brute of America, has a weak arm. Reports say it may never be well again. We sincerely hope it never may.

That is a substantial reply that the business men of Raleigh gave to those who claim that Prohibition injures the business prosperity of a town. No uncertain sound about the resolutions which passed.

We are glad to see that our State Capital is setting a good example to her sister cities by taking a stand for Prohibition, but sorry to note that more of them do not follow it. Durham, however, is on the right side.

Janus-faced John, some of the newspapers are calling the Ohio Senator who wants to be President. That isn't bad, but in view of recent developments hardly covers the ground. Why not "Vishnu-visaged"? Vishnu could look three ways at once.

A certain P. K. Smoot, of Texas, a very unreverend doctor, although he writes D. D., after his name, has been gaining cheap notoriety by bitterly attacking his Northern Presbyterian brethren. Be still, foolish Smoot(ch)! You are as bad as the Northern parson who so recently aired his asininity at Grant's tomb.

The irrepressible Yankee is everywhere. By a communication from Mr. Ingham, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Charlotte, N. C., we learn that he is a Vermonter who has found a home in the South. We find them everywhere we go, and generally doing well for themselves and those about them. Thanks, for your very pleasant letter, brother Ingham.

We don't know what his politics are and don't much care, but, if it wasn't for losing a good judge, we would like to see Judge Barrett, of New York, in the Presidential chair. We don't think politicians after favors for themselves or friends would make much headway with him. But for that matter, neither do the politicians get on very well with President Cleveland. On the whole, it will probably be best not to disturb the existing arrangement,—a good president and a good judge, both where they are very much needed.

The Massachusetts Legislature has got itself into the ridiculous position of voting \$10,000 for a statue to a street brawler who had the good for-

tune to be killed at a time when every man put to death by a British bullet became at once a hero and martyr, no matter what his character or antecedents. Crispus Attucks seems to have been only a hoodlum after all, who has been shining with a ray of glory stolen from the torch of our Liberty, when more than a hundred years ago, she began her mighty task of enlightening the world.

When a letter addressed to Southern Pines, Moore Co., N. C., is sent to Rocky Mount we wonder at the stupidity of postal officials. But when one addressed just as plainly to Seven Pines reaches Southern Pines, its intended destination, without any delay we marvel at the insight of said officials. Another addressed to us at Southern Rivers was received in due time and Cook county instead of Moore in no wise misled the distributing clerk.

Seeing in the *News and Observer* lately that a letter addressed to Rawley passed through the office brought to mind one which was handed to us for mailing whereon was inscribed the name of a well-known public officer at "Rolla". It would probably have gone all right but it looked so strange we changed the spelling. Another letter was seen by us lately which we doubt not reached "Apex" as addressed.

In spite of occasional narrow minded bigots who cannot appreciate the broad truth that the United States is one country and that the honor and glory of any portion is the honor and glory of the whole,—undersized brains who insist that *their* North is all and always great and good and that *their* South was, is and always will be grand and glorious, who from their Northern standpoint are continually sneering at the South and from their Southern standpoint are as diligently snarling at the North,—in spite, we say, of these "dogs who must have their day" the *people* of the North and South are drawing together more and more.

The following taken from the *Clipper*, published in Bucksport, Maine, and edited by an old soldier is an evidence of the feeling that prevailed the exercises of Decoration Day in that section of the North.

"Then a quartette sung the prettiest thing of the day, the words being based upon the dying words of Stonewall Jackson: 'Let us cross over the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees'. Thus are the last words of a brave enemy made the musical refrain over the graves of victor and vanquished."