

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. 2.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

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SOUTHERN PINES REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

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Small minds are often swamped in the midst of great opportunities. They grasp at all, but seize nothing.

We reverse the true order when we reverence the money-maker. As his talent is the lowest of God's gifts, so he should be servant of all.

Many health resorts advertise to be "right in the midst of the pines," and this may mean one of several things: either that there is a lonely grove of pine trees just on the outskirts of town, or that by going two or three miles into the country one may find a considerable body of pine growth, or, honestly, that the town is surrounded and hemmed in closely by forests of pine. Southern Pines is not only in the midst of the pines, but the pines are in the midst of it, and everywhere through it.

The man who makes newspapers is apt to get tired of them. Tired in proportion to the frequency with which he is obliged to send them forth. After the first thrill the tendency is to regard each succeeding issue rather listlessly, unless there be some special article which the writer expects admiring exchanges to quote and commend. But it need not be so. The printed word as well as the spoken one, goes far and sinks deep. Small indeed must be the journal, and feeble its utterance that cannot do great good for its community, if animated by the right spirit.

Yes, we live in the "pine barrens" and this is "mighty" poor land—for those who don't use common sense in tilling it. It won't produce some things as well as they can be produced in the North; it will produce some others a great deal better. It won't bring forth large crops without manuring any more than most of the land in the North. But treat it generously and it will give back generously. Yes, it is "light" soil. That is to say it doesn't take two yokes of oxen to plow a furrow in it and a man to follow behind with a sledge hammer to beat up each separate clod. A boy ten years old and a mule not too old and feeble to walk can plough all day long and made no fuss about it. We don't raise enormous quantities of Irish potatoes here, but our sweet potatoes (and compared to these Irish potatoes are but as

"Moonlight unto sunlight"
Or as water unto wine")

lie so thick in the hill that they crack the ground open. Our apples are not

quite equal to those of the North, but our grapes are incomparably better. We don't raise quite so many pumpkins down here, but we can raise plenty of big, fat watermelons and don't have to wrap them up in flannel to keep them from freezing to death before they are ripe, either. On the whole it is safe to conclude that this land is "mighty" poor only when you try to put it to uses for which it was never intended.

Weather Report.

May	7 a. m.	1 p. m.	7 p. m.
1	66	80	75
2	55	74	66
3	54	75	68
4	56	80	72
5	70	83	76
6	64	86	72
7	68	82	70

Clear or partly cloudy every day. With the exception of one day (5th) the heat was dry and the air cool and pleasant in the shade.

Why Wages Seem Low.

But the widening of the sphere of one's surrounding, and a larger acquaintance with other men and their pursuits, have long been recognized as not productive of content. Writing to his nephew a hundred years ago, Thomas Jefferson thus concisely expressed the results of his own observation: "Travelling," he says, "makes men wiser, but less happy. When men of sober age travel they gather knowledge, but they are, after all, subject to recollections mixed with regret; their affections are weakened by being extended over more objects, and they learn new habits which can not be gratified when they return home." Again, as the former few and simple requirements of the masses have become more varied and costly, the individual effort necessary for the satisfaction of the latter is not relatively less, even under the new conditions of production, than before, and in many instances is possibly greater. Hence notwithstanding the large advance in recent years in the average rates of wages, and their increased purchasing power, there is no less complaint than formerly of the cost of living; when (as M. Leroy-Beaulieu has pointed out in the case of France) the foundation for the complaint is for the most part to be found in the circumstance that a totally different style of living has been adopted, and that society makes conformity with such different style a standard of family respectability.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Cake Old Enough to Vote.

A little over twenty-one years ago Albert Watson's grandmother down east, mixed into a yellow spotted mass flour and sugar and milk and citron and currants and raisins and eggs and spices, and baked the mass in a hot

oven and placed it outside the window to cool. The cake was laid away quietly then. Three months later it was laid away with great ostentation, as the birthday cake of Albert Watson, who was born that day. Last week a piece of that same cake, moist and appetizing, unribbed by the snaggle-tooth of time, was received by Albert Watson's aunt, in this town. The cake was cut up at the celebration of Albert's 21st birthday in Boston, and it stands as a monument to the ability of the New England women to cook a good solid, palatable, scrumptious, old fashioned cake that will be nice to eat and pleasant to look at when the new fangled compositions of the French chef have crumbled and decayed and passed away from the memory of man. The cake is twenty-one years old, Albert has a beard, and the good old housewife who prepared the hardy sweet is long since dead.—*Chicago Times.*

Curious incidents occur in this land, and one of them is sufficiently so to excite interest. Mrs. Andrews, who lives five or six miles from town, brought recently to the drug store of Mr. Porter a quantity of a certain metal resembling what is known as "babbitt" or pewter, but which, on being struck with a piece of steel, gave forth a clear, ringing sound as of silver. Mrs. Andrews' account of the metal is as follows: One of her sons, during the late cold snap, had cut down a tree and put parts of it on the fire for fuel. Presently, when the fire had well burned, this metal began to pour from an opening in the stick of wood, falling on the hearth in front of the fire. This metal was gathered up in the shape it had taken on the hearth, while among the ashes particles of the same metal were found. The quantity was supposed to be several pounds, and all pronounce it of queer origin.—*Greensboro Workman.*

We acknowledge the receipt of a catalogue of the University for 1887-'88, and congratulate the institution on the many evidences of its growth and usefulness. Especially noticeable is the increased activity in literary work. There is a series of public lectures before the University, besides special lectures before the Scientific Society, the Historical Society and the Seminary of Literature. The regular courses of study offer systematic, well-founded culture, the special courses offer special technical training, the optional courses are arranged for those who cannot stay to graduate, while the various societies stimulate and direct work in all departments. There is something here for every youth in N. C. Total expenses, \$70 per annum; poor boys may give notes; candidates for teaching or preaching and preachers' sons free. The catalogue shows 203 students. Write for one to President Battle at Chapel Hill, N. C.

The quarrel between the United States and Morocco has been settled.