

THE PINE KNOT.

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

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SOUTHERN PINES REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

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As the editor looks abroad and sees the countless white blossoms that will be luscious blackberries by and by, he rubs his hands with glee. If "rashuns" hold out until the blackberry season opens, he is good for four weeks after that at the very least.

The petition which is being circulated in Chicago, asking that the three anarchists who were not hung may be pardoned and freed from prison might appropriately be signed by all brewers, whiskey distillers and rumsellers. It is the business of these to let loose devils to prey upon society.

We have the authority of *America*, the new and able Chicago weekly, for the statement that scarcely one respectable woman in a hundred would use the ballot if placed in her hands. Now if *America* tells the truth, and figures don't lie, the following must be a correct calculation. In the recent election in Kansas, 20,000 respectable women voted. According to *America*, this number represents one out of every hundred of the women of proper age to vote. 20,000 multiplied by 100 gives 2,000,000, the number of adult women in Kansas. Supposing the number of men voters to be equal (the census report makes it greater we believe), we have 4,000,000 adults in the above named state. Adding to this number 10,000,000 children (the usual proportion) and we have as the total population of Kansas 14,000,000,—more than the combined population of New York and Pennsylvania!

The election in Manly on the question of license or no license, which is to take place on the first Monday in June, should interest every lover of good morals, law and order. The passage of a law prohibiting the sale of liquor will do more for the upbuilding of this section of Moore county than anything that we can imagine or desire. Whiskey is the great enemy which spoils our homes and degrades our churches, checks the growth of our towns, throttles every decent industry, makes shanties where there should be handsome houses, bloated and besotted guzzlers of men who should be active and alert, heart-broken women and neglected children where there should be happy homes, full of smiling faces. Fight this enemy then! Drive him from the land, make it impossible for the rumseller to exist in our midst. Vote at this election and see that your friends and neighbors vote. You may be

certain that the friends of whiskey will be alert and active in the interests of their cause. There must be still greater alertness and activity on the part of the friends of temperance.

Weather Report.

May.	7 a.m.	1 p.m.	7 p.m.	Weather.
8	69	84	72	Clear
9	70	78	70	Rain
10	70	72	70	Rain
11	70	82	80	Cloudy
12	72	84	68	Rain p.m.
13	62	72	66	Clear
14	56	79	70	Clear
15	46	62	69	Clear
16	60	74	72	Partly clear

The Judgment.

The harvest is a judgment on the sowing. Every finished work is a judgment on the way it has been done. Look where we will, we find the indication of this mighty fact,—not as something that works by fits and starts, but that is working constantly—a "power that makes for righteousness," a judgment that goes silently, inexorably on, in every outcoming of man's activity, and that surely is not less certain in the growth and becoming of man's life itself!

In a great part of life, we can see judgment. A great deal of the moral sequence of conduct comes right out into view. For, this is God's world, and body and soul, material and spiritual, man's character and man's future are strangely interwoven and linked together.

But now, see! all this continual, unceasing working-out of judgment, and the visibility of a great deal of it, does not affect this fact: that a great deal of the judgment is not at once visible, is not at once known, only comes visibly out in some "day of the revelation of judgment." It is so even in material things; it is still more so in lives. A farmer sows poor seed, and neglects his hoeing and weeding into the bargain. The judgment goes working on every hour; but it is only when he reaps, and comes to sell, that the revelation of the judgment comes to him. Market-day is the judgment day in that thing. You build your wall out of the perpendicular, or with bad mortar. Probably it is "giving" all the time. Judgment is going slowly, inexorably on, from the moment you have finished it. But you say, "Oh, it is a good enough wall!" Some day it falls,—that is the judgment-day! A young man is idle and careless at his work, not very bad, but not up to the mark. He does not "take hold," barely earns his salary,—hardly that. Some day a pinch comes, or a change: trade is bad,—he is the first to go; or there is an opportunity for some one to rise, but he cannot have it! That is the judgment-day to him. Here is a man trading on bad principles: probably an accountant could read his fate in almost every item of business, every entry in his books. Some day the crash comes. That is the "judgment-

day" to him, and yet in reality it is merely the day of "the revelation of judgment."—*Brooke Herford.*

Piano Pounding.

I don't like your chopped music, any way! That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty musical societies—Florence Nightingale, says that the music you pour out is good for sick folks, and the music you pound out isn't. Not that, exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her, as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a turn or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pulled up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands—to limber 'em, I suppose—and spread out her fingers till they looked as if they would pretty much cover the keys from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of them at once, and then a grand scramble and a string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me. I know the difference between a bullfrog and a thrush.—*Oiver Wendell Holmes.*

Long-Distance Telephoning.

A friend of mine has a telephone in his East End residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter, some four years in age, of winning ways, sweet face and artfully artless manners.

When bedtime came a few nights ago the mother of this little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery; and carrying on the search, her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, hears the babe's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters, she was surprised to see tiny Miss Mabel standing on a hall chair and talking into the telephone in a loud voice.

"Hello! Hello! Hello, Central!" the child was saying in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, Central! Give me heaven. I want t'say my prayers!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Five hundred colored people left the line of the Western North Carolina railroad from Salisbury to Asheville for California, under fair promises of bettering their condition during the past two weeks.—*Lenoir Topic.*