

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. 2.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

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SOUTHERN PINES REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

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—FAY'S—

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We see a new book advertised "How to Get Rich in the South." The method is probably the same as in the North, the East and the West, viz: See that your income always exceeds your expenditures.

The rain has been bad for planters in this section, but it might have been much worse. Grumblers should reflect on the devastation caused by the Mississippi floods and be thankful that they live here rather than there.

People who can afford it should see that they secure plenty of land for building sites. Two lots will do, four is better, six give ample grounds. By adopting this plan we shall by and by have a handsome village of attractive dwellings, set in pleasant gardens and lawns, instead of disfiguring rows of close ranked tenement houses.

Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo lectured in Raleigh not long since on "Some things the People expect from Teachers." We didn't hear the lecture, but we know what some of the things are, for we have had experience. As a rule, they expect a teacher to use a \$5000 education in earning a \$400 salary; to make brilliant scholars out of stupid clods; to be a specialist in all departments of knowledge; to make models of good behavior out of "hard cases" that have been given up by parents; to be always cheerful, always courteous, always prepared for reduction in salary or dismissal. There is no doubt about the love teachers have for their profession; they must love it tremendously or they couldn't endure it.

A Romance in Oil.

Was there ever a history, this side of Cinderella, of the uprising of humility, stranger than that of cotton-seed? See!

For seventy years despised as a nuisance and burned or dumped as garbage.

Then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of ugly utilities.

Shortly afterwards found to be nutritious food for beasts as well as soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect.

Once admitted to the circle of farm husbandries, found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth, in its crude state, \$14 to the ton, or \$40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed.

But then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a value of \$1 a gallon; and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root of every olive tree and then defied the Borean breath of the Alps.

And then experience showed that the ton of cotton-seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its 35 gallons of oil than before.

And that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil-mill engine.

and that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's drift had the highest commercial value as potash!

And that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap stock to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate!

About this time we begin to spell cotton-seed with capital letters.

And how it travelled abroad in its various dresses! as meal cakes it whitened the meadows of England with woolly fleeces and fattened the British cattle under the oaks; it sputtered on the stoves of the Dutch in lieu of lard; it glistened in the cafes of Paris as olive oils under seals and signatures it couldn't even pronounce to save its life, and from under the dikes of Holland it went forth to parade in all the bravery of butter and butterine.

In our own country it renewed the wasting strength of Southern fields and clad them with whiteness that would shame the fleeces of England, or yellow that would pale the fleeces of Argonauts. It knocked the Western hog into spots and poured the Western lard out of the frying pan into the fire. It furnished the Armours and Fairbankses with a pure substitute for the rancid fat they had been shipping us, and suggested the possibility of a clean and cheap lard.

And about this time Congress jumped on to cotton-seed with both feet, and proposed to check its further career by a prohibitory tax.

And now comes a gentleman of this city with a process by which he extracts thirty gallons of fine oil from every ton of cotton-seed meal after the oil mills have done with it. In the "tailings" of the oil mills he finds this unexpected ample store, which he deftly extracts with naphtha, leaving the meal more nutritious as food for beast or field than before he took \$10 per ton from it.

This process he has proved repeatedly in his laboratory, and next week will appear in wider practice in a mill erected for the purpose near Atlanta. This invention will add 40 per cent, to the quantity of oil taken by the old process from a given quantity of seed.

More than this, it suggests the splendid possibilities yet undeveloped for this rural Cinderella that has risen all so swiftly from the ashes of the waste heap!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Improvement Society.

The society will meet next Tuesday evening at L. A. Young's. Every member should be present to give and receive congratulations for the Society's good fortune. The Pines Co., through Mr. F. W. Clark has presented us with two lots which have

been taken by Mr. A. M. Clarke and the whole amount, \$50, is to be worked out under the direction of the Society. This gives us a great boom just when we most need it, and the next three or four months will show a decided improvement in the looks of the streets.

Looking Forward.

[The following is an extract from a private letter to a friend in town. We think it will prove interesting to our readers.]

Ormond, Fla., May, 1888.

In the main building of the Exposition, near the farther end of the room, was a barrel with this inscription:

"I beg all neat and charitable persons to drop into my wide mouth orange peel, papers and trash. The street and side-walks do not need them and I am starving. Empty Barrel, Green Cove Springs Street cleaning Department." I can behold as in a vision, (A. D. 2000) the city of Southern Pines with its magnificent buildings and grand old shade trees, its well kept sidewalks and broad streets, from which every suspicion of "Black Jack" has long since vanished, the little cottage occupied as a printing office in the latter part of the year 1888 and several subsequent years, replaced by a building covering the entire block, the circulation of the PINE KNOT increased to a million and a half, more or less; and when from some other part of the universe, I look down upon the scene of all this progress, I shall have the proud consciousness that I was a member of the first Village Improvement Society of Southern Pines, if I did join and then run away the next night.

What has all this to do with the empty barrel at the Exposition? Nothing, only the barrel was suggestive of clean streets, and my thoughts turned naturally to the S. P. V. I. S. and the welcome visit of the PINE KNOT every week with its account of work done and real estate purchased, has kept alive my interest in the little village, which is the far-famed city of my vision.

By the way, a young lady who is a member of the V. I. S. in my native town, often speaks of the society as the Village Imps.

Some very rainy Sunday when you cannot go to church please write me a nice long letter and tell me who has joined the society since my departure, and what you intend to do when Railroad street is in order, "et settery" as Josiah Allen's wife writes it.

EMMA A. ROWLEY.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Lippincott's Magazine for June has been received. Some of the contents are as follows:

Beautiful Mrs. Thornydyke; A Little Treatise on Plagiarisms; The Yellow Shadow; From Libby to Freedom; With Guage and Swallow; Mr. Ruskin's Guild of St. George; poems by Florence Earle Coates, Clinton Scollard, Edgar Fawcett, and Mary Ainge De Vere.