

THE PINE KNOT.

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

VOL. 2.

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A Brief Respite.

There will be an interval of two weeks, possibly three, before the next issue of the PINE KNOT. The editor will be absent in Boston and New York during that time and feels sure that this brief respite will be grateful to his constituents as well as to himself. Since the paper started the editor has not followed the almost universal custom of this section, to take holiday vacations. He does not now take a vacation, but simply omits for the present two or three issues which will be made up to subscribers at the end of the year. Nothing will be lost, and perhaps much may be gained by this temporary cessation of the usual routine. Both editor and readers will perhaps have a heartier appreciation of each other when they get face to face once more. Not that the editor expects to be seriously missed, for in these newspaper-pestered times one journal the less is hardly noted, but he thinks it probable that future issues of the paper may be made more valuable, and the interests of all better served, by this brief recess.

Americanism is getting many able advocates and exciting much interest. The weekly *America*, of Chicago, is doing a great work in that direction. Some of its facts, figures and deductions are startling and deserve careful attention.

Some newspaper man, a lover of his kind, uttered a vigorous protest against punning on the name of Judge Fowle, the Democratic nominee for governor. But it did no good. Hardly was the result of the convention made public before the air was full of sickly puns. If Fowle is elected we hope he will make a recommendation to the Legislature to pass laws for the suppression of bad puns. The hawking of them ought to be a penitentiary offence.

We suppose one reason why we lost the election last Monday was overconfidence in the strength of the temperance sentiment in our midst. The no-license vote started off so well that it seemed as if temperance and decency must carry the day. But by a free use of liquor at the polls enough men were bereft of reason and sense to vote the rum devil into power for another year, but his day is short. Evil shall not prevail, and we look with confidence to the righting of this great wrong a year from this time.

Meanwhile we take comfort in the thought that though whiskey is sold in the township it is not sold in our town. Let us see to it that this curse is kept from our midst.

We are glad to state in justice to the good people of Manly that the white vote within a radius of three miles from town was four to one in favor of no license and that the best element of the colored people was for no license. The same can be truthfully said of Winder and vicinity. Not a single merchant in Manly except the bar-room men voted for license. Whisky in unlimited quantities was dispensed by the rumsellers among negroes, and the results were disgraceful and sickening enough. Let the blame rest where it belongs, and let all honor be given to the business men of Manly who made a bold stand for the right!

Boys Gambling For Pennies.

The luxuriance and magnificence of the gambling establishments of Monte Carlo, Baden and Aix have given the idea that they are the most costly gambling houses in the world. This may in one sense be true, but there is a building in this city which cost more than any of the gaming establishments of continental Europe and which is daily used by gamblers. Players are daily cheated there by chance out of their last penny literally and are forced to leave the place without enough money to buy a meal.

Where is this great building and who are the gamblers? you ask. It is the Federal building, the United States post office in this city, and the gamblers are the newsboys all around it. Who has not seen them?

From early in the morning until it is too dark to distinguish heads from tails, between the buttresses of the postoffice, along Mail street and all over the sidewalk, can be seen knots of these little street gamblers anxiously trying their fortune. They have become one of the institutions of the city. It is just as natural that a newsboy should pitch pennies as that he should sell papers, and no one thinks of disturbing him. He has taken possession of the Federal building presumably with the knowledge of the officials, and he considers it a trespass on his rights when a pedestrian pushes his way through and interrupts his game. He puts his entire capital into the venture, and many an enthusiastic little gambler, who never dreamed of systems and who never broke a bank, has been compelled to sleep at night in some uncomfortable doorway because he lost his little all at pitching pennies.

To be able to tell those who are interested and who do not know all about this game a reporter hunted up a little chap the other day who had "gone broke on der pavement" and who was anxious to sell all his knowledge of the game for a small consider-

ation. There are, according to this boy's story, two ways of pitching pennies. The first game is called "liner," and it may be played by from two to eight boys. In this game a line is chosen and the players stand a certain distance off and pitch their coppers as near as possible to the line, but not over it. If five are playing they all pitch. Suppose three of them put their coppers across the line and two this side. The pennies beyond the line are lost and must be divided between the other two. The one whose penny lies nearest the line takes all of the pennies, shakes them in his hand and drops them to the pavement. The heads belong to him and the tails to his opponent.

Another and more difficult game is played, and is called "crack." It is played just the same as the "liner" game, except that the penny must first be thrown against the wall and made to rebound to that part of the pavement where the chosen crack is situated. This requires more skill than the other game, and only those who are expert ever attempt it.

Another favorite game of these little chaps is called "crap." It is played with a single die and is shaken in the hand, and the opposite player calls "odd" or "even" for the number of spots on the face of the die.

As superstition is to be found among us, it is also to be found among the penny pitching newsboys, and it takes some queer shapes. Not a lad of them who sells papers will pitch a penny until he has made at least one sale, and the little fellow with the box is just as determined and will not try his fortune until he has had one "shine." Again, nearly all of the boys have their favorite pennies, in which they believe, and they cherish them just as fondly as the late John T. Raymond did his pretentious 1804 dollar, and these pennies are often the one thing about the boys that are kept scrupulously clean. Another, and probably the most peculiar superstition, is that they believe a woman brings them bad luck. If, in playing on the street, a woman passes before a boy who is about to pitch, and between him and the crack at which he throws, he can, if he likes, refuse to throw, and the game is given up and another crack chosen. Why a woman and not a man should be chosen as the omen of ill luck does not appear, but "Dey allus bring de rocky wid 'em."—*New York World*.

Mrs. Maria E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, has made a fortune by the invention of a machine for the construction of barrels, which, up to that time, had been made almost wholly by hand. The machine is worked by three men and turns out more than 600 completed barrels a day. Mrs. Beasley was born in North Carolina, of wealthy parents. She possesses remarkable mechanical genius. Her first invention was a machine for hooping barrels. It will hoop 1,700 barrels a day, and is used by the Standard Oil Company.