

THE PINE KNOT.

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

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Does anybody know what good these little cows that run about the woods are? As far as we can learn they never give any milk worth mentioning, and the owner can't get even that little unless they choose to come home to be milked, which is very uncertain. They go wandering about, leading a starved, miserable existence, and in many cases doing a vast amount of harm. Against some of them fences are no protection, and the unfortunate farmer whose crops they destroy has no redress. No matter if they make way with more than their miserable carcasses are worth, no damage can be collected of the owner. The only way to do is to buy them and knock them on the head or shut them up, as we have heard of a farmer doing recently. Isn't that a nice state of things? A lot of scrawny, filthy hogs allowed to infest the villages and fill the houses full of fleas and droves of stunted, good-for-nothing cows allowed to roam about and destroy garden and farm produce and break down young fruit trees. We shall begin to be civilized when we get a law that makes the owner of animals keep them within an enclosure, and renders him liable for all damage they may do. It is useless to expect to get thrifty farmers to settle in our midst until this is done.

The American Meteorological Journal believes that the public ought to know more about tornadoes, and to aid in spreading knowledge on this important subject, offers prizes as follows:

For the best original essay on tornadoes or description of a tornado, \$200 will be given.

For the second best, \$50.

And among those worthy of special mention \$50 will be divided.

The essays must be sent to either of the editors, Prof. Harrington, Astronomical Observatory, Ann Arbor, Michigan, or A. Lawrence Rotch, Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, Readville, Mass., U. S. A., before the first day of July, 1889. They must be signed by a *nom de plume*, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope addressed with same *nom de plume* and enclosing the real name and address of the author. Three independent and capable judges will be selected to award the prizes; and the papers receiving them will be the property of the Journal offering the prizes. A circular giving fuller details can be obtained by application to Professor Harrington.

We would recommend to those who compete for these prizes that they study the frisky tornado at long range, as it is to be noted that no pensions to

disabled essayists or support for bereaved wife and orphan children are mentioned in connection with the offer. If accurate observation could not be made at long distance, it might be well to capture a tornado while young and try the effect of domestication upon his headstrong nature. This would inspire respect in the neighborhood, for a man who kept a tornado tied up in his back yard might well be considered a dangerous character to meddle with. Failing in both the above plans, there would still be a resource left to the enterprising investigator. He could engage the services of an average small boy, and by making a faithful record of his daily performances would be able to present in detail all possible phenomena that might be gathered from a study of the genuine monster. This would be interesting as description, but would not be valuable scientifically, without further inquiry into the laws which govern these two destructive forces, and an attempt to discover if their motive powers are identical, or in any way connected. We look forward with great interest to the appearance of these essays.

Grant's Forty-two Plans.

"The road to glory is not a path of flowers," says a French proverb. Affairs seemed as hopeless as well could be at Vicksburg, just before Grant's successful move down the river on the Louisiana shore to New Carthage. The newspapers of the time are full of bitter denunciations of Grant and his Vicksburg failures. The Confederates were boastful and full of confidence up to the end of April, 1863. But Grant never gave up. His mental sufferings at this time must have been very great, seeing as he did every plan fail at Vicksburg, and hearing and reading the abuse heaped upon him by paper warriors both at home and in his own camp.

But whatever torture he endured none were informed of it. He simply did the best he knew and hung on. His dogged determination imparted itself to a portion of his soldiers, at least. A Union private soldier was captured by the Confederates during the Deer Creek expedition, the last one before the successful move down the river.

A Confederate officer questioned the captive Union soldier as follows:

"What the devil is Grant doing here? What does he expect to do?"

"To take Vicksburg," replied the soldier.

"Well, hasn't the old fool tried this ditching and flanking business five times already?"

"Yes," replied the private, "but he has got thirty-seven more plans in his pocket."

Destroy Your Letters.

It is trouble, not good, that arises from old letters. A package has fallen into my care to be disposed of as thought best. It contains letters, bills, receipts, some papers of value, and others worthless. In order to sort the chaff from the wheat, they must be carefully examined. Ah, what unthought-of secrets they disclose—family troubles of which the world never dreamed; bitter heart-aches where we thought all was serene; love letters, sacred for their time and place, ridiculous now; a whispered suspicion of slander upon a name we thought was pure as the snow, and we are left to wonder whether it is true or false. Old letters. What can they be good for? Their mission is ended.

"I may like to read them while recovering from an illness," says some one.

Pshaw! as if these would be the tonic you need at such a time! Better far a breath of pure air. We are all prone to brood too much at such times, and need no such help in that direction. Let this plea for the burning of letters be a strong one. Business letters should be filed and labeled. Have a blank book into which to copy such dates or extracts as may be of value in the future for references. This can be done when letters are answered. Then burn them and see the ashes. It is the sorrows, not the joys, that most letters contain. They are the safety valve for deep feeling from friend to friend, good in their time, but sometimes worse than useless in the future. Every day brings new experiences. We are constantly changing, and in many cases would be ashamed of our own letters written ten years ago.

Garfield said, "When you pitch your tent let it be among the living, not among the dead."—*Housekeeper.*

Literary Notes.

In *Belford's Magazine* for July, Frank Hurd concludes his discussion on Tariff Reform. "A Plea for the Negro," bearing on the same subject, by Mr. Philpott, and "A Farmer's View" on the surplus and tariff reform, by Sol. Putnam, which also appear in that number, show that the conductors of the *Magazine* are sincere in their endeavors for free trade.

Mrs. Cleveland, lately referred to as "the only democrat in America more popular than our President," has a poem addressed to her by Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt, in *Belford's Magazine* for July.

The fiction in *Belford's Magazine* for July includes a complete novel by Gertrude Garrison, entitled "The Wrong Man." Captain Kemeys has a story called "Old Raven;" and a bright satire on social life is contributed by Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

Donn Piatt, the editor, gives a graphic and striking sketch of "Senator Ingalls' Record," besides some attention to "Sam-Randallism," "Ingersoll on Conkling," the great tariff debate, etc., etc.