

THE SOUTH WILL COME.

Development of the Mines of North Carolina, and the Interests That Should be Manifested.

Whit. B. Lassiter a native of Randolph County but now a resident of Montgomery County, wishes to express himself in regard to the mines of North Carolina after a number of years experience.

Why have there been so many failures in mining in North Carolina? This question can be easily explained, in the first place bad management; second, in the old crude way of working mines, by not having sufficient machinery. A free proposition is always easy so when we get down to the sulphide ores in the old crude way we have always been up against it. In this enlightened age with all the new processes, machinery and modern equipments, when you come to the sulphide ores it is made an easy problem. Now I know of many old mines in North Carolina today that have been abandoned on account of sulphide ores. With a little capital they can be put on their feet and be made great payers with the ore running from \$5 to \$10 per ton.

Now, with all my experience I would say this to the people of the South who have capital; you could not do a wiser thing than get some good practical, honest man to look out for you a good property in this county. The time is not far distant when this county will equal the West. I positively say there is but one thing keeping it back and that is capital. I have been asked by the Northern people, "Why is it you Southern people do not invest your money in mining?" I would say to them they did not know anything about working for gold, only working for placer gold in the crude way before the war, in slave time.

There was a day when North Carolina produced more gold than any other state in the union. If all the prospects and abandoned mines were put on a working basis I believe she would do the same thing again. For instance think of the great Copper Lead that has been struck near Asheboro, North Carolina, that measures four hundred feet wide. This vein, all carries values, Rich streaks of copper, gold and silver, running through from two to four feet wide which assays from \$200 to \$250 per ton. This one property is worth millions of dollars. I have made a thorough examination of it myself. There will be a smelter built in the future by a party from Pa. I recently had a talk with the state geologist. He says North Carolina is well mineralized. I also have been associated eight years with a mining expert from the West, who says, "If North Carolina was in the West men would actually fight over the good prospects for gold we have." Oh, that men would only wake up and look for themselves. The time is not far distant when the mills will be running on every side.

I will now speak of some of the "Gold" prospects. First, the Troy Gold Mining Company, of this county, seven miles north of Troy. This property contains 400 acres of land. There are four veins running through it. We have five prospecting shaves which run from thirty to eighty feet in depth. The ore runs from \$3.00 up to \$128.00 per ton. This property can be made a great payer—all it wants is development.

Second prospect is the Reynolds property, lying one mile from the railroad, which I sold to Northern capitalists. On this property there is a shaft eighty-five feet deep that shows rich ore. On this same property there was another vein recently struck which shows abundance of free gold; on assaying it runs from \$30 to \$1,000 per ton. The party who now owns it says that he would not take less than \$100,000 for it.

Third is the Carter mine. The railroad runs right through this property, but the mine has been abandoned for a good many years, and was last worked by a man named Mooney—a man whom I knew well, a man who did not lie although he is now dead. He took out of this one property \$100,000 in gold. This gold was taken out in a small crude way, but when they reached the sulphide ore they were up against it with the processes at that time. Now this ought to appeal to us—the natives of the South. Just stop and think for a moment. The property has been lying idle for more than forty years, and here comes a mining expert from New York who made a thorough examination of this property and says his assays run all the way from \$10, \$20, \$30, \$200 to \$1,000 per ton. This property, no doubt, will be purchased in a short time. I have looked over this property and call it a good one.

Fourth is the Iola mine. I will not speak of this as a prospect. This property is a well developed mine at a depth of 400 feet. The vein runs from four to six feet wide. It is a well defined vein and has good walls.

The ore is principally quartz. This mine has been running four years or more and is a good payer. There are a number of other properties I could speak of that will at an early date be in operation. So, I hope the people in the South will wake up and not let these great golden opportunities pass.

I now have a great secret I will reveal to the public—there are great quantities of oil in North Carolina. I have seen the oil stones in great quantities lying a good many miles south of Troy, N. C. There is also coal following along parallel with the oil belt.

Now, as I said in the outset, when these things are fully developed, we will then have a country that will equal the great West.

Let Every Farmer Read This, Paste This in a Scrap Book.

A Chicago mail order journal in advertising to gush the farmers trade hard while they have plenty of money, says: "The farmers have acquired a mania for buying goods by mail. They have gotten so they will order almost everything provided the circular that advertises it is set up in attractive shape." Recently Chicago society people held some sort of "rural" party. The dress and actions and talk of those supposed to represent the board-working honest tiller of the soil were more like the worst characters in an insane asylum than of an American farmer. Men that made their money from farmer's patronage led the way. Isn't it about time that the ridicule, slurs and counterfeited representation of the farmers as a class be stopped? Metropolitans need not go outside their own bounds to find the lowest and most degraded as well as the most foolish and ridiculous specimens of humanity. But it is always "the innocent Rube," the "hay-seed," that is held up to ridicule. What sort of an impression does this have upon the rising generation? Does it have much to do with encouraging movement toward the city by our farmer boys and girls. The farmer can afford to smile at the foolish characterization, but he cannot afford to ignore the inevitable effect. So long as he jumps at the baits of the mail order schemers; so long as he can be flattered by such address as "dear, kind, esteemed, thoughtful, beloved friends," by absolute strangers, he will find the same crowd making fun of him behind his back. Why don't some of the farm papers call a halt? Are they a raid of injuring the chances of their advertisers.—Exchange.

Do you really enjoy what you eat? Does your food taste good? Do you feel hungry and want more? Or do you have a heavy, dull feeling after meals, sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, bad breath, indigestion and dyspepsia? If so, you should take a little Kodol after each meal. Kodol will nourish and strengthen your digestive organs and furnish the natural digestive juices for your stomach. It will make you well. It will make your food do you good. Turn your food into good, rich blood. Kodol digests what you eat.—Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

Sylvanus Stall, D. D., V. P. Publishing Co., Philadelphia, 264 pp., price 1.00. It has been said that a man at forty-five is either a fool or a physician. In the earlier books of the series, the author, Sylvanus Stall, D. D., has sought to save young boys, young men and young husbands from mistakes which can only be avoided by intelligence. Few men know that great physical changes await them at middle life. Perhaps it may be truthfully said that men of forty-five are ignorant of the nature of the changes through which they are passing as boys at the period of adolescence. In this book, Dr. Stall, in that honest, frank and fearless, but pure and matchless way which distinguishes the earlier books of the series, lays out of what all intelligent physicians admit: prepares his readers to solve the mysteries of those changes and by intelligence to escape the sad consequences of ignorance. To many men the guidance of this book will be a timely benediction.

Nearly all old-fashioned Cough Syrups are constipating, especially those that contain opium. They don't act just right. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates. It drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Contains Honey and Tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it.—Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

Police Officer, M. F. Sechrest, of High Point, who has been in jail charged with killing Oscar Kearns, colored, at High Point, a few days ago has been released on a \$1,000 bond for his appearance at the next term of Guilford Superior court.

A cleansing, clean, cooling, soothing, healing household remedy is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. For burns, cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, and sore feet it is unequalled. Good for Piles. Beware of imitations. Get DeWitt's. It is the best.—Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

It's surprising how many friends a man has until he needs one.

Bad sick headaches, biliousness or constipation are quickly relieved by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill, sure pill, safe pill—prompt and pleasant in action.—Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

Last week, John Creamon who lives near Mocksville, brought his 18 months old child to a blacksmith shop at Mocksville, to have a six inch iron rod taken from its head. In playing with it, it became fastened so that the parents could not remove it.

"CLEAN TOWN" CLUBS

INSTITUTIONS THAT ARE OF VALUE TO ANY COMMUNITY.

How They Can Improve the Loose Ends of a Town, Make It Proud of Its Surroundings and Cultivate Civic Pride.

A thriving western city has organized a "clean town" club, its object being to rid the back streets of rubbish, to cultivate civic pride and to make the community proud of the surroundings of home and highway, says the Independent. Of course it had its beginning in a women's club, where so many good things have their origin, and it is particularly commendable as a sensible outlet for the energy and enterprise of women associated for helpfulness.

In this instance, it is explained, the members, being far from public libraries and reference material, could not easily study archaeology or ancient history; hence they took up the matters nearer at hand and endeavored to improve their home town. Far be it from us to depreciate the study of archaeology or of ancient history, but there is something in the "clean town" idea that seems a great deal more personal and helpful than either. Where is a community that does not need such an organization?

Large or small, busy or lethargic, the American town has too many loose ends. It has streets that end aimlessly in cow lots or in back yards littered with weeds and tin cans. It has alleys that are hideous with tipsy fences and unpleasant heaps of refuse. It endures signs that offend eye and taste because there is none who has courage to lead in a movement for their abolition. The field for the exercise of mutual interest in the correction of abuses is limitless.

The reason why our towns are not clean from a physical point of view is not that the dwellers therein lack perception, not that they are satisfied with conditions, but that they have not awakened to such an enthusiasm for changing the situation as will induce them to act. The "clean town" club furnishes this needed stimulus and brings concerted action in the direction in which it is most needed.

So many persons are content to let things go as they will and so few are willing to lead toward better things! In a little city of the interior a merchant offered last spring \$100 for the best kept lawns in the town. The amount was divided into several prizes, and the specifications limited the contest to certain classes of homes. For instance, properties costing more than \$10,000 could not compete; those worth \$1,200 and less were in one class; those from \$1,200 to \$3,000 in another, and so on, with certain extra prizes for the owner who did all the work on his lawn, hiring no assistance. The editor of the daily paper, a preacher and a laborer were made a committee on awards. All summer the townspeople as they drove around the city in the evenings looked at the lawns and wondered which would win. All over the city were smooth shaven swards, cannaes, salicats, ferns and ornamental plants in a profusion never before seen. It awakened the artistic side of the home-makers, and the result was worth any amount of lecturing on the duty of real estate improvement. The prizes were forgotten in the interest taken in the flowers and the grass and the vines. It roused the better side of the contestants and did the town good.

Financial interest is responsible for most of the loose ends. It means a sacrifice for somebody to make the change needed. A prominent lot is heaped with old machinery because it is conveniently near an implement store. Obnoxious signboards disgrace the lot opposite the church because a small rental is paid by the sign poster. The back street is not graded and improved because it would mean increased taxes. Until the spirit of town pride rises high enough to overcome these things and the community is willing to give up some of its possessions and selfish desire for the good of the whole the towns will be ragged and lacking in beauty.

The "clean town" idea goes further than expensive improvements. It does not cost much to keep the highway free from refuse or to rid the alleys of rubbish. If these things be done, the club has accomplished much. If it will go a step further and help clean the community of business houses that are unworthy, of saloons and cigarettes and loafers, it will add much to its helpfulness. The task is a large one.

It is a mistaken notion that only in the city is there opportunity for reform; that only in centers of population may the spirit of helpfulness be invoked. In the small town, in the hamlet, is as much demand for the good offices of sturdy men and women who have the good of the community at heart. Indeed, it often takes more courage to act thus in the face of acquaintances than in the city among strangers. The "clean town" idea, the town without loose ends and ragged edges, is one that well may be studied and followed both east and west.

Problem of Waste Paper.

A solution of the waste paper problem in Los Angeles is offered by Arthur G. Graves, who has agreed to place several hundred metal receptacles in as many spots widely distributed throughout the city in which people may throw refuse product, says the Kansas City Journal. He expresses a willingness to give to the city the use of these sheet iron boxes provided the expenses of the removal of their contents be borne by the public. The waste thus accumulated is it is purposed by him to convert into paper in a mill which he will build.

VALUE OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

How a Massachusetts Town Has Profited by It.

What an active public spirit and an energetic campaign for civic improvement can do is shown by what the Village Improvement Association of Framingham, Mass., has accomplished.

Then there was the experience with the hen coop on the common, says the Boston Herald. That is a charming piece of ground in Framingham Center, with the old town hall at one end, a high school at the side, two churches at the far end and well planned houses on the fourth side. For years there had been desecrating hen coops and a poultry yard in front of the high school. The association attacked all that. It was a small matter—so small that nobody at first seemed to have interest enough to act. Then one morning the town set to work, tore down the coop, plowed up the hen yards and began improving the common. The school committee, which had been somewhat apathetic in its attitude, spoke glowingly in print soon afterward of the good that had been done by taking away the coops. The improvement association smiled and did not charge anybody with having stolen its thunder.

Then, again, there is the case of the old town hall, a center of activity when the business was in Framingham Center, as it is in South Framingham at present. The building was going to pieces. The improvement association set out to get it. It took time, but finally by an almost unanimous vote the association was given charge of the old white building at a nominal rental. It is going to be an expensive piece of business too. The members of the association have pledged \$1,500 already for improving the exterior and the interior arrangements of the building, and there will be an ultimate expense of about \$5,000. The return? Simply the belief that good has been done and the certainty that there will be a convenient place for dramatic and other entertainments, lectures, social gatherings, clubrooms, dining rooms, kitchen—in fact, as one member puts it, "a complete center for the improving and strengthening of the social and educational life of all."

Now that the association is custodian of the place it is a question merely of time when there will be pretty improvements on the common side of the hall, now not very artistic, and the common will be framed all around in excellent style.

Take even another instance of accomplishment. Soon after the association was formed lightning not only struck and damaged a St. Christopher Wren spire of one of the most beautiful churches in Framingham, but defied precedent by striking it again. There were signs that the modernizing spirit would "improve" the damaged spire. The editorial committee of the association became active at once, and today the spire is on the church in all its original grace.

There is a pretty hill in Framingham Center wooded with pine trees. Some time ago a rumor was spread around the town that there was a plan to buy the land and cut off all the trees. Near the knoll lives a member of the association, not a wealthy person as wealth goes even in Framingham. The place appealed to her on account of its natural beauty, and rather than see the trees cut down she bought the plot.

Near the house of this member is a little triangle where roads meet and cross. There was an old wooden signpost there. It was said that somebody proposed to buy up that little tract and put some building or other on it. The member bought that place. The old wooden sign went down, a substantial column with a pretty signboard went up, and climbing vines were planted by the member at the foot of the column. In midsummer or early autumn the sign is nothing if not an architectural cameo.

It was in recognition of the work done by the improvement association that the South Framingham board of trade appointed a special village improvement committee, and it was to aid the association that a town meeting, attended by 1,500, not only appointed a park commission, but made Dr. F. W. Patch, the president of the association, chairman.

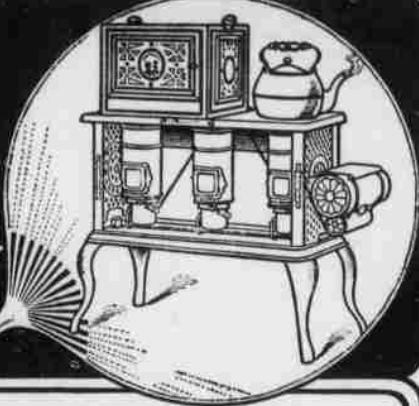
"It was a perfectly safe appointment," comments one member, "for everybody knows that Dr. Patch has no ax to grind and that he would not know how to do the grinding if an ax were handed to him."

It is hard to put the finger on the cause or the causes of the remarkable success of the association in everything it tackles. For one thing, there is an activity which shows a boyish enthusiasm in going ahead and doing things. It isn't a sporadic alertness. It has come to stay.

A Town's Need of Good Roads. In the course of a speech Congressman John H. Bankhead of Alabama declared that "the amount of money it takes to haul a ton five miles on our dirt roads will pay the freight for 250 miles on a railroad or 500 miles on a river and 1,000 miles on the lakes. These figures prove conclusively the enormous tax levied by the bad roads on the farmers and how much of their legitimate profit is consumed in hauling from the farms to the railroad stations, river landings and to the towns and cities. Not only have the farmers suffered great loss on account of poor roads, but the people in the towns and cities who depend upon them for their supplies have suffered also."

A Town's Best Advertisement. Good roads and good fences are the best advertisement a town can have. They attract buyers and increase the value of real estate.

Keep Cool; Save Money



For cool cooking, less work and least fuel-expense use a

NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

—the ideal stove for summer. Does everything that any other kind of stove will do. Any degree of heat instantly. Made in three sizes and fully warranted. At your dealer's, or write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.



The Rayo Lamp

is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickel-plated. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

DENTON, N. Carolina,

is in swaddling clothes now, but it is growing lustily and before many years will be a mart in the world. This is unquestionably the best opportunity to invest in real estate for safe and quick returns in the entire South. Rises in real estate values are perfectly familiar to every one. You can remember when, only a short time ago, you could have bought a lot in a certain town for \$50 that is today worth \$2,500. The prospects of Denton becoming an important town in a few years are greater than that of any other point in the State of North Carolina. It is a new town, twenty to thirty miles from any other, and

a natural trading point

the terminus of a railroad and surrounded by rich farming lands, with plenty of timber and mineral resources. \$100 invested in Denton lots now will certainly be worth \$500 to you in a few years. Lots sold a few months ago are doubled in value.

Stores, factories, a bank, and homes have sprung up during the past few months. There are many other good locations to be had yet. Lots bought on easy terms—terms arranged to meet the convenience of all would-be-buyers. Until August 15th, 1907, the range of prices will be from \$37.50 to \$175.00. After that an advance of 75 per cent. will be made. Terms \$1 down and \$1 per week—5 per cent. off for cash.

Buy Now—Sell Later When Values Have Increased. Send for Map and Price-List

Hub Land Comp'y.

H. B. VARNER, President, LEXINGTON N. CAROLINA.

THE NEWEST AND BEST INVISIBLE

Lacing Corset.



Has been given an innovation by those who appreciate the comfortable, neat appearing article of dress. It has no eyelet to rust causing unsightly appearance. Can be worn under shearest material.

Call at once and see them.

Faultless Fitting The Correct Style Superior Workmanship The Choicest Materials

Are all embodied in our MEN'S CLOTHING

That graceful, easy, stylish air which we give garments cannot be successfully imitated. There is nothing like serge for Summer Clothing. See our line.

WOOD & MORING.

SAW MILLS, MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

From the smallest Farmers' Pony Mill to the Largest Made. From \$150 up. Complete outfits. Everything for the Saw Mill or woodworking plant. Shingle and Lath Mills, Corn and Feed Mills, Wood Saws, Saws, Swages, Mandrels, Saw Guides, cutting, Pulleys, Shafting, Hangers, axes, Etc. I Guarantee to Please you. Write today. Be sure to state fully just what is wanted. Erie Engines and oilers, all sizes and styles. Prompt shipment.

Twenty Years Building and Handling Machinery

V. H. DeLoach, Norfolk, Va.