SOUTHERN OPPORTUNITIES.

Something Concerning the Prosperity and Resources of the South.

The prosperity of the South rests on a bedrock of natural resources. In every State are lands sufficient in area to furnish good homes for all the people that can be employed in their development, and soils as fertile as any in America. The home-builder may be familiar with the garden spots of the earth, but there are surprises for him in all parts of the South. He will find there are more agricultural products and mineral resources in the South than elsewhere in any equal territorial division of the United States.

The South is the land of cotton, corn, wheat, rice, sugar, tobacco and all kinds of fruits, vegetables and grains. It has large forests of merchantable timber, vast deposits of coal and iron ore, great quarries of marble and building stone, extensive beds of valuable clays and cement materials and extensive water-powers.

Live stock can be produced cheaply in every section. Green feed is possible all the year in many localities. There are fine openings near all the manufacturing centers for dairying, poultry-raising and trucking. Land is still very cheap when all the advantages are to be considered. Instances can be given in every State where the value of a single crop has exceeded the original cost of the land.

The South is a three-storied business proposition. First there is the underground wealth in minerals, metals, stones, clays, oil, gas, salt, etc., then comes the soil on the surface, in which all the grains, grasses, roots and bulbs of the temperate zone can be produced, and, lastly, the forest and orchard trees, filling the landscape with beauty and yielding timber for every known use, and fruits and nuts of every sort. No other region in America is so richly endowed.—Southern Field.

How It Feels to be Electrocuted.

He waited a second, or an age, then suddenly it seemed as if he must leap from the chair, his body was swelling to some monstrous, impossible, inhuman shape; his muscles were stretched, millions of hot and dreadful needles were piercing and pricking him, a stupendous roaring was in his ears, then a million colors, colors he had never seen or imagined, colors beyond the range of the spectrum, new, undiscovered, summoned by some mysterious agency from distant corners of the universe, played before his eyes. Suddenly they were shattered by a terrific explosion in his brain—then darkness.

But no, there was still sensation; a dull, purple color spread before him, gradually grew lighter, expanded, and with a mighty pain he struggled, groping his way in torture and torment over fearful obstacles from some far distance, remote as black stars in the cold abyss of the universe; he struggled back to life—then an appalling confusion, a grasp of consciousness; he heard the ticking of the two watches—then through his brain there trickled a thread of thought that squirmed and glowed like a white hot wire * * *

A faint groan escaped the pale lips below the black leather mask, a tremor ran through the form in the chair, then it relaxed and was still.

It's all over. The doctor, lifting his fingers from Archie's wrist, tried to smile, and wiped the perspiration from his face with a handkerchief.—Brand Whitlock's "The Turn of the Balance."

Wants to be Hanged.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 11.—A man about 45 years of age, travel-strained and weary, claiming to be George W. Bundrick, appeared in Downey, Cal., near here, today, and surrendered to the authorities, asserting that he had killed John Shroeder at Rains, Dooley county, Georgia, in 1902. He said that he had been arrested in Georgia, tried, convicted and sentenced to hang, but had escaped from jail at Americus by overpowering the guards. He said he was weary of being pursued and wanted to be taken back and hanged for his crime.

JURY DON'T AGREE.

No Verdict in Thaw Case and He Will be Placed on Trial Again.

New York, April 12.—Hopelessly divided, seven for a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree and five for acquittal on the ground of insanity, the jury which since the 23rd of last January had been trying Harry K. Thaw reported today after 47 hours and eight minutes of deliberation that it could not agree upon a verdict. The 12 men were promptly discharged by Justice Fitzgerald, who declared that he, too, believed their task was hopeless. Thaw was remanded to Tombs without bail to await a second trial on the charge of having murdered Stanford White, the noted architect.

When this new trial would take no one connected with the case could tonight express an opinion. District Attorney Jerome declared that there are many other persons accused of homicide awaiting trial and Thaw would have to take his turn with the rest. As to a possible change of venue, both the district attorney and counsel for Thaw declared they would make no such move. Thaw's attorneys will have a conference tomorrow with the prisoner to decide upon their next step. They may make an early application for bail. Mr. Jerome said he would strenuously oppose it. He added the belief that as seven of the jurors had voted for "guilty" his opposition probably would be successful. In that event Thaw has another long summer before him in the city prison, for his case on the already crowded criminal calendar cannot possibly be reached until some time next fall.

Strange Story From South Carolina.

W. J. Odom, who lives in the Early's cross road section, claims that at the residence of his son, Willie Odom, a curious freak occurred from 8 to 1 o'clock Monday night, and from 9 to 12 o'clock Tuesday morning. Looking glasses, water buckets, fruit jars, etc., danced and pranced about in a manner as if possessed with life. A water bucket half filled with water jumped from its shelf in the room and emptied its contents. It was picked up and replaced, when it jumped again. A bottle of cough syrup leaped from the table a distance of ten or twelve feet, struck the chimney and broke; glassware, fruit jars and demijohns cut peculiar antics, fell about in profusion and were broken; one empty jar fell to pieces without moving from its place. The people in the house carried the bottles, one containing turpentine, out of doors, and these vials returned mysteriously to the room and fell upon the floor. A mirror about 18 inches long, sitting on a table, bounded from the table about eleven feet to the middle of the floor and was smashed to smithereens. Mr. Odom is dumbfounded over the phenomena. A number of the people in the neighborhood collected and all are mystified. The whole community became interested and some thirty-five or forty people gathered at the house. Mr. Odom is reliable and is not superstitious. He called at the Press office yesterday. J. M. Gray, of this city, was at the place Tuesday evening and saw the broken pieces of glass

We give the above as told us by Mr. Odom, who seeks an explanation as well as advice as to what should be done.—Darlington, S. C., Press.

Fearless of Criticism.

Just as a clear conscience in a man generates a certain fearlessness of public opinion, so we are fearless of criticism on the Weaver Piano, knowing the integrity of its construction throughout—in the hidden parts as well as the parts that are visible. Examine the piano carefully at your first opportunity inside and outside, technically and professionally, musically and mechanically; put on the X-Rays if you please; use a microscope if you will. As a result you will become an enthusiastic admirer of the Weaver Piano and after that you will never be quite satisfied with any other. We would not think of advertising the piano as we do if we were not absolutely certain as to the merits of the instrument. Ask for catalogue and become more thoroughly acquainted with the Weaver Piano.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,
Manufacturers. York, Pa.

STATE NEWS.

A Medley of Events Which Have Occurred Through North Carolina.

A moonshiner who was arrested in Jones county last week, was making rum out of molasses.

The board of aldermen, of High Point, at the request of business men of the town, have refused to allow a carnival to exhibit in that town.

Duncan Southerland, a farmer of Robeson county, 68 years old, died suddenly last week whilsitting in his chair after partaking of a hearty meal.

Will G. Matthews, a white boy 16 years old, who killed J. T. Raney in Northampton county some months ago, was convicted last week of murder in the second degree and was sent to the penitentiary for 30 years.

At Hall's Cross Roads, on the line of Franklin and Wake counties, a man named Pullen walked into the store of W. H. Perry and shot him, killing him instantly. The tragedy is said to have resulted from a controversy over some machinery.

The Concord Tribune says that John P. Yount, of Newton, has sold the Bale cotton mill near Concord, to some Gaston county mill men.

It has been estimated that the recent cold snap has injured the strawberry crop of the State from ten to twenty per cent. The crop this year is estimated at 1,800 car loads, while that of last year was 2,300. The falling off is said to be largely due to the decreased acreage.