THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. IX. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3 1899. NO. 20.

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Sanitary—A. E. Cralle, D. T. Elam and W. E. Anderson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and D. T. Elam.
Light—D. T. Elam, Chas. Bugg and J. B. Farrar.
Street—Chas. Bugg, D. T. Elam and W. E. Davidson.
Sewer—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Crumbert and A. E. Cralle.
Roads—H. E. Wall, E. L. Crumbert and W. P. Gilliam.
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Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Poor—A. E. Cralle, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Anderson.
Water—E. L. Crumbert, H. E. Wall and Chas. Bugg.
Safety—J. B. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
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DAWN OF A CENTURY

Dr. Talmage Preaches of the Brightness in Which It Comes.

America To-day the Chosen Nation of God—What the Old Century Leaves Behind It—Christianity is Spreading.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Washington, Nov. 27.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage is an anticipation of things near at hand and urges preparation for stirring events; text, I Chronicles. 12:32: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations, and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three-colored flag—topaz, sardine and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was 13 colonies huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as he ever addressed the ancients or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology, for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6,000 years ago and sent his Son to redeem it near 1,900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreathe the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of its heroes and sound the rogues' march of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and dethronements. I hail it! I bless it! I welcome it! The twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it and how shall we prepare for it are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindliness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wrecks of two revolutions and the superstitions of age. Around its cradle stood the armed assassin of old world tyrannies; the "reign of terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram and Badajos. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty struck people of America sweating under the debt of $200,000,000, which the revolutionary war had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement. Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after vice president. The government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States government had taken only 12 steps on its journey, its constitution having been formed in 1789, and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Capt. Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms and red with too many slaughters and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free, Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by procrastination and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa and Indiana and Brooklyn and Texas and Vesuvius and Oregon must be sent back to southern waters or across to the coast of Spain to silence the insolence, as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquendo and Maria Teresa and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong-Kong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the Isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On the map which we will put on the cradle on the new century we must have very soon a railroad bridge across Bering strait, those 36 miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia and India and China and Burma intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyish days is dusty and on the top shelf or amid the rubbish of the garret, and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall and there flamed the fires and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji island cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and, instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or mitigate some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all-devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about 25 years. How so? While we have been waiting for the law of the land to prohibit intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held 30 years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and damning? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law or such a law will not be passed or if passed will not be executed? God grant that all state and national legislatures may build up an impassable wall, shutting out the alcoholic abomination. But while we wait for that let us, in our homes, in our schools and our churches and on our platforms and in our newspapers, persuade the people to stop taking alcoholic stimulant unless prescribed by physicians, and then persuade physicians not to prescribe it if in all the dominions of therapeutics there may be found some other remedy.

Oh, save the young man of to-day and greet the coming century with a tidal wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of demijohns and beer barrels and rum jugs and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder and abandonment in solution. Aye, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done!" That shows that you will be of no use in the work. "O ye of little faith!" Away back in early times President Davis, of Princeton college, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of a strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer. You can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend and with a loving arm around you will hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house. Sit down with me in the study or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied: "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davis which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

What a boon to the world if Russia and Germany and England and the United States could safely disband all their standing armies and dismantle their fortresses and spike their guns! What uncounted millions of dollars would be saved, and, more than that, what a complete cessation of human slaughter! What an improvement of the morals of nations! What an adoption of that higher and better manifesto which was set to music and let down from the midnight heavens of Bethlehem ages ago! The world has got to come to this. Why not make it the peroration of the nineteenth century? Are we going to make a present to the twentieth century of reeking hospitals and dying armies and hemispheric graveyards? Do you want the hoofs of other cavalry horses on the breasts of fallen men? Do you want other harvest fields gulleied with wheels of gun carriages? Do you want the sky glaring with conflagration of other homesteads? Ah, this nineteenth century has seen enough of war. Make the determination that no other century shall be blasted with it.

Will it not be grand if on the first day of the twentieth century the last will and testament of the nineteenth century shall be opened and it shall be found to read: "In the name of God, amen. I, the dying century, do make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my heir, the twentieth century, peace of nations; swords, which I direct to be beaten into plowshares, and spears, which must be turned into pruning hooks; armories, to be changed into schoolhouses and fortresses to be rebuilt into churches, and I order that greater honors be put on those who save life than upon those who destroy it. And if amid the universal peace now attained those two nations, Spain and Turkey, do not stop their cruelties, let the other nations, banded together, extemporize a police force to wipe those countries off the map of nations as a wet sponge wipes from a boy's slate at school a hard sum in arithmetic. This last will I sign and seal and deliver on the 31st day of December, in the year of our Lord 1900, all the civilized nations of earth and all the glorified nations of Heaven witnessing."

But what we do as individuals, as churches, as nations, as continents, we must do very soon, if we want the transition from century to century to be a worthy transition, for I hear the trumpets of the approaching century and the clattering hoofs of the host it leads on.

It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about ten o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers and songs and sermons and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure 12, and then all bow in silent prayer, and the scene is mightily impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church or the clock in the tower of the city hall strikes 12, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around.

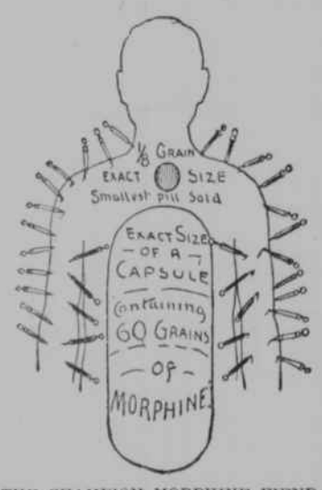
But what a tremendous watch-night the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at 12 o'clock of the 31st of December of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit or moonlit or dark with tempest! It will be such a sight as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century long ago went to their pillows of dust. Here and there one will see the new century arrive who saw this century, yet they were too infantile to appreciate the arrival. But on the watch night of which I speak in all neighborhoods and towns and cities and continents audiences will assemble and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike 12 there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as have not been felt for 100 years, and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of a new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with Heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch night, or if between this and that any of us should be off and away may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer."

VICTIM OF MORPHINE.

Takes Enough of the Drug Each Day to Kill an Elephant or Three Horses.

The astonishing case of Clarence F. Bell, in Bellevue hospital, a morphine wreck at 22 years of age, is, according to the New York World, the talk of the moment for physicians and everybody who have made heredity a study. Bell was a drug clerk in Hicksville, L. I. He understood the nature of the poison. Yet, according to his own confession, he has for two years taken 60 grains of morphine a day.

Divided in doses of one grain each that is sufficient to kill 60 persons not



THE CHAMPION MORPHINE FIEND.

accustomed to taking the drug. In addition to his accustomed 60-grain daily dose of morphine Bell took 20 or more grains of caffein every day.

Bell attributes all this to heredity and blames his intemperate father.

The physicians at Bellevue and everybody who has seen Bell are puzzled.

Nature made him of strong and stocky build. He looks like a man intended for active outdoor work. When taken to the hospital he was sallow and thin, his eyes sunken and yellow, his voice tremulous and indistinct, his digestion gone.

The only way the physicians at Bellevue have been able to do anything with him is to partially hypnotize him and make him think he was getting morphine, while, in fact, he was getting nothing but distilled water. One day, while in a tranquil mood, he told his story. He said that long before he was born his father was a heavy drinker. The young man would not call him a habitual drunkard; but he drank every day and very steadily. Young Bell says that he craved stimulants from early childhood. He was a nervous and excitable youngster, similar in disposition to his father.

About three years ago, when he was graduated from the New York college of pharmacy, he first tasted liquor. He was astonished at the effect it had upon him, and a friend of his father abjured him, as he valued his existence, to let it alone. Two years ago he began drinking steadily and then tried morphine to obtain relief from the results of alcoholism. He started with doses of one-sixth of a grain and gradually increased it until he reached his present enfeebled condition.

GOT A WRONG TIP

That Is Why a Chicago Woman Celebrated the Reported Departure of the Police Force.

Mrs. Mary McDermott, an eccentric character living on the West side, says the Chicago Chronicle, was informed Thursday night that the entire police force of Chicago had been ordered to proceed at once to Cuba. Mrs. McDermott has had dealings with the members of the force frequently and her

CHALLENGED HIM TO FIGHT.

opinion of the bluecoats is not an exalted one. Consequently the report filled her heart with joy, and she proceeded to celebrate the event.

Mrs. McDermott had attained a condition of unusual exhilaration when she stumbled across a uniformed officer. She inquired why he was not on his way to Santiago. He assured her that he had no intention to leave the city. This reply angered Mrs. McDermott, and she announced promptly that she could "fight the officer to a finish."

The end was that Mrs. McDermott spent the rest of the night in the Maxwell street station. Justice Dooley made the fine $100, and the defendant, who is 60 years old, went out to the bridewell.

Intelligence of Plants.

Something like intelligence is often exhibited by plants. If, during a dry season, a bucket of water be placed near a growing pumpkin or melon vine, in the course of a few days the vine will turn from its course and get at least one of its leaves in the water.

The Open Sesame Explained.

Softhead—I say, Cholly, why does a fellah have to wear a necktie that he ties himself, don't you know? Why cawn't a fellah wear a ready-made necktie, don't you know?

Mushbrain—Cawn't you see, me boy, how it is? It's the social test, don't you know.

"Any fellah can afford to buy any sort of a necktie, cawn't he?"

"Ah, yes; but mere sordid wealth doesn't count in society, me boy. It's bwains, culture, wefinement, don't you know."

"What has that to do with the necktie?"

"Can't you see? Society, me boy, admits only those who have bwains enough to tie their own necktie, don't you know."—N. Y. Weekly.

Reserved Her Decision.

"I cannot love you, George, because I understand that you—that you have loved other girls."

"But, Clara, my love for them was in every way justifiable, I assure you?"

"How, pray?"

"Clara," he said, as he restored his arm to her slender waist, "I loved them because I thought they were all like you."

She reserved her decision.—Tit-Bits.

Liked to Be Fooled.

Said Mrs. Fondmother to her son who is unduly partial to the softer sex:

"Don't you put any reliance on what the girls tell you. They are awful liars and will fool you every time."

"Yes, but how nice they do it," replied the enamored youth, with a beautific smile.—N. Y. World.

Stupid Brute.

She—That horrid cook of the Browns has got a hat just like mine.

He—I see no occasion for that to worry you. There is no danger of you being mistaken for one another. Your hair is not the same shade.—Indianapolis Journal.

Accounting for It.

Horrified Mistress—Verena, the guests are not eating their oyster pie. What is the matter with it?

New Cook—I dunno, mem. I put in half a cupful of sugar f'r every pint of oysters. Mebby that wasn't enough mem.—Chicago Tribune.

Valuables.

Mrs. Pelham—So your home burned down the other night! Did you succeed in saving anything?

Mrs. Harlem—Oh, yes, indeed! My husband dragged out a ton of coal before the cellar caught!—N. Y. Evening Journal.

His Answer.

Snappish Individual (sneeringly)—I suppose you consider yourself a gentleman?

Waiter—No, sir. I don't consider I am anywhere near a gentleman.—N. Y. Truth.

Earmarks of Genius.

"Have you any special literary methods, Mr. Furore?"

"Yes; like all other great writers, I often dip my mucilage brush in my ink."—Chicago Record.

A Huge Success.

"Does Mrs. Buster make a good club president?"

"I should say so; she never wears the same dress twice."—Chicago Record.

A Boarding House Episode.

"I guess I'm a coward," the boarder said,
As he hastily pushed back his chair.
"At the restaurant I'll breakfast instead—
Only the brave would tackle this fare."
—Chicago Daily News.

INCONSIDERATE.

Lola—Tom is going to be an undertaker. He says some one dies every time he breathes.

Theone—Heavens! Why doesn't he use cloves?—N. Y. Times.

The Turkey.

As he his gaudiness admires,
And struts and lets his cares relax,
He mocks the farmer who perspires
While humbly sharpening his ax.
—Washington Star.

His Failing.

Her Mother—I am surprised at Charles squandering so much money on a phonograph.

The Wife—I am not. He always did like to hear himself talk.—Harlem Life.

His Failing.

"Is he what you would call a progressive, up-to-date clergyman?"

"Oh, not at all. I don't believe he ever went slumming in his life."—Chicago Post.

Always.

Little Bobby—Pa, what's a man of the people?

Pa—A candidate for office before election.—Cleveland Leader.

Where Kissed.

Dollie—Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Mollie?

Cholie—No; it was on the mouth.—Chicago Journal.

A Metamorphosis.

Jack—Miss Ramsey is getting gray.

Dick—Now she will be blue.

Jack—O, no; now she will be blond.—Town Topics.

Aping the English.

When eastern anglomaniacs decide to adopt a foreign custom they never stop to think whether conditions in this country make such a course advisable or ridiculous. It is enough that it is the way they do "on the other side, don't you know." This fact, reports an eastern exchange, is fully illustrated in a fashion recently borrowed from England by some of the smart people of New York city and now gaining considerable vogue in the east. It consists in the loan to a newly wedded couple, for the honeymoon season, of the country house of a friend. Like numerous other ideas taken from foreign countries, this one is being carried out by New York society people without any regard to the difference between the conditions here and those abroad. A country house there usually retains its equipment of well-trained servants, whether in occupancy or not, and is generally so situated that it has about it a permanent resident population, of the same social consequence as the owner of the loaned mansion, who makes it a point to provide bright and attractive entertainment for the newly-wedded pair. With us a country house in late autumn and winter is a melancholy abode, from about which all congenial associates have departed. It is hastily equipped for the use of its temporary occupants with a "job lot" of servants, who, without authoritative supervision, perform their duties in a perfunctory or incompetent manner. Under these conditions no man of sense will seek with his bride, during the late autumn and winter, the monotonous isolation of a country house. But then the New York anglomaniac is not generally overburdened with sense. Hence the popularity of this latest importation.

Typical Soldiers.

Two of the American officers engaged in the Santiago campaign appealed strongly to the picturesque instincts of Frederic Remington. "What satisfying soldiers Lawton and Chaffee are," he says. "Both seasoned, professional military types. Lawton, big and long, forceful and with iron determination. Chaffee, who never dismounts but for a little sleep during the darkest hour of the night, and whose head might have been presented to him by one of William's Norman barons. Such a head! We used to sit around and study that head. It does not belong to the period; it is remote, when the race was young and strong, and it was 'warrior' sculptured in every line. It may seem trivial to you, but I must have people 'look their part.' That so many do not in this age is probably because men are so complicated, but 'war is a primitive art,' and that is the one objection I had to Von Moltke, with his simple student face. He might have been anything; Chaffee is a soldier."

At a recent dinner in New York, Joseph Jefferson related it that when called upon for a curtain speech in New Haven Billy Florence once delivered himself thus: "It is here, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I owe my present success in my profession. We knew each other when boys and girls. We played marbles together under the shadow of the old church, and now to receive this warm welcome from old friends—what can I say? Simply that I never can forget the people of Hartford." A man in the front row said: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "I mean New Haven, of course," said Florence, gravely.

In a case in a Brooklyn court recently there was a witness who stuttered badly. On the cross-examination the attorney tried hard to weaken his story and, in his eagerness, asked his questions very rapidly. This worried the witness, seeing which the lawyer said: "That's all right. Take your time. I'll not hurry you." "Yuh-yuh-yuh-you kl-kl-klk-can't," responded the witness.

The examining surgeon for the naval reserves at New Orleans has many a good story to tell of recruits in the service. One is about a German who was walking his post and calling the hours as is required. He called "Seven bells and all's well." The next call, however, was a variation. It was "Eight bells and all is not well! I haf dropped my musket overboard!"

It is not every man who knows how to compliment a woman gracefully. The following dialogue took place between a very pretty lady singer and a celebrated composer, who is by no means addicted to flattery: "Tell me, my dear maestro, which would you like better, to be blind or deaf?" Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."

Of all the horrible suicides ever conceived of that of a girl serving a life sentence in the Anamosa (Ia.) penitentiary, committed quite recently, was the worst. A bag of spiders was found in the cell after her death, and a post-mortem examination revealed the insects in her stomach.

The New York husband who armed himself with a rolling pin and waited for his wife to come home from lodge until two a. m. in order to properly greet her played the "new man" with a vengeance.

Commercial authorities report a large and increasing demand for American butter in Japan. Last year 73,000 pounds of the good article put up in this country was the total shipment.