THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. IX. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1899. NO. 42.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and Chas. Bugg.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Frambert.
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.
Salaries—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Frambert and A. E. Cralle.
Bonds—H. E. Wall, E. L. Frambert and W. P. Gilliam.
Opera House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Frambert and A. E. Cralle.
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. Frambert, H. E. Wall and Chas. Bugg.
Safety—J. R. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Commissioner of Revenue—Herbert Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Chief of Police—J. W. Reid.
Sup't Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

Hon. Geo. L. Hundley, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Att'y.
W. H. Thackston, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
E. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
Supervisors: R. M. Burton, J. M. Venable, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
W. L. Clark, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
B. J. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

W. C. FRANKLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PAMPLIN CITY, VA.
Practices in Appomattox, Prince Edward and Charlotte counties. Supreme Court of Virginia and U. S. Courts.

A. D. WATKINS. R. H. WATKINS.
WATKINS & WATKINS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
FARMVILLE, VA.
Practice in Courts of Prince Edward, Cumberland, Buckingham, Nottoway and Amelia, and United States Court at Richmond. Especial attention paid to cases in bankruptcy.

W. HODGES MANN, Nottoway C. H., Va. J. M. CRUTE, Farmville, Va.
MANN & CRUTE,
Attorneys at Law.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

S. P. VANDERSLICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in the courts of Prince Edward and the adjoining counties.
Office over H. E. WALL'S store, Main'st.,
FARMVILLE, VA.

G. S. WING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Green Bay, Prince Edward County, Va.
Will practice in Prince Edward and adjoining counties.

C. H. BLISS,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER,
FARMVILLE, VA.
Solicits business in this and adjoining counties. Charges moderate.

J. R. SPENCER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
SPECIALTIES:
Diseases of Children, Obstetrics, Fevers Whiskey, Morphine, Opium and Tobacco Habits.
Office at Crute's Drug Store, room over Paulett, Son & Co's.

M. M. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Richmond, Va., Farmville, Va.
Will be at office in Farmville every Monday.

WHITE & CO.,
DRUGS,
Medicines and
Druggists' Sundries,
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
FARMVILLE, VA.

Good Judgment
Would dictate that you buy
JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE
and such, of an old established and RELIABLE HOUSE.
Such is the store of
E. WILTSE,
FARMVILLE, VA.

PLANTERS' BANK,
FARMVILLE, VA.
R. S. PAULETT, - - President
W. G. Venable, - - Cashier
Capital paid up, $50,000. Surplus $30,000
DIRECTORS:
R. E. BARROW, R. M. BURTON,
H. A. STOKES, C. M. WALKER,
J. M. CRUTE, T. J. DAVIS,
Does a general banking business. Interest allowed on time deposits. Loans negotiated. Checks sold on all principal cities and Collections made.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home with out pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. DR. B. M. WOOLLEY CO. Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 North Pryor St.

OLD LETTERS.

The house was silent, and the light
Was fading from the western glow;
I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,
Some letters written long ago.

The voices that have passed away,
The faces that have turned to mold,
Were round me in the room to-day
And laughed and chatted as of old.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,
The hopes now dead for evermore,
Came from the lines of faded ink
As sweet and earnest of yore.

I laid the letters by and dreamed
The dear dead past to life again;
The present and its purpose seemed
A fading vision full of pain.

Then, with a sudden shout of glee,
The children burst into the room,
Their little faces were to me
As sunrise in the cloud of doom.

The world was full of meaning still,
For love will live though loved ones die;
I turned upon life's darkened hill
And gloried in the morning sky.
—Frederick George Scott, in Boston Transcript.

Back to Light and Love

THE silent stars looked down through a clear, still night upon a host of sleeping men. The brigade had advanced by forced marches, and now lay within two miles of the dervish camp. To-morrow's dawn would see the assault. Two officers stood together, talking in low whispers, for it was of the utmost importance that the enemy should be taken by surprise, and the orders as to silence were strict.

"Buck up, old chap; you'll come through all right. And if not, what does it amount to? You've got no women folk to bother about."

"No, thank heaven. It is in times like this that one is glad never to have married—like poor old Harcourt."

"Why poor?"

"I was thinking of his wife. I shouldn't care to be tied to an ugly woman myself."

"That's all rot, Hamilton," retorted the other. "I don't believe it matters a row of pins, so long, of course, as she isn't repulsive or underbred."

"Think so?"

"Yes. The most unlikely women sometimes attract most."

"Well, old chap, I'm precious thankful I've no thoughts of woman to bother me to-night. I shall try for a lead to-morrow, even if I have got the route; we've a good chance of being first into the zareba."

"We will give you a race for it, anyhow. But we'd better try and get a sleep, for this awful heat takes it out of a fellow."

The two went to their separate posts. And as he lay, sleepless, the thought came to Hamilton that it was somewhat lonesome to think that no woman's eyes would fill at the news of his death; and he looked upward at the stars above him, wondering where his soul would be to-morrow.

The shadow of death lay upon him, as at times it does upon the bravest soldier; he would fight none the worse for it in the morning. * * *

The sun had risen.

In the previous short half-hour of dawn the assault had been delivered, the dervish forces had been driven from their intrenchments, and now the black, grinning "Gippys" were fraternizing and triumphing with their laughing and chaffing white comrades.

Backward, across the half-mile of plain, the surgeons were busy. Away to the southward could be heard the sounds of pursuit as the British lancers chased the flying Baggara. * * *

A field hospital at the front is not a pleasant place, neither can it be described in cold black and white. War correspondents, as readers of the dailies have no doubt noticed, judiciously avoid more than the merest mention of such places.

There were some ghastly cases, and both surgeons and assistants had been worked hard. But the pressure was over, and at last there was time to attend to the wounds which were not deadly.

"Now, Hamilton, let's see," said Surgeon Maj. Murphy, approaching an officer who lay motionless on a stretcher—who had so lain half an hour at least. The doctor looked his patient over, gave a low whistle, and beckoned to one of the orderlies, who at that moment turned his head.

"Look, see, Dawkins, here's a bad case! He must go back to the hospital."

"Bad as that, doctor?" asked the motionless man faintly.

"'Tis so! Now you keep quiet."

Lieut. Hamilton had been totally blinded by the explosion of a shell in an earthwork as, well in front, he was leading his company. He was sent to the rear—to hospital—and Sister May was given charge of him.

He had not much pain, only he was blind. Treatment appeared to have no effect on this; it seemed likely to be a long business. The days began to hang heavily. Then came the old story: "Love in Idleness."

II.

Hospital sisters do not cease to be women when they take up their work. Sister May was just as susceptible to love as though she had been a silly young thing of 18, though, in fact, she was ten years older. And he? Pity being akin to love, the recipient of pity runs a double risk. Her voice was soft and musical, her touch was soothing, her care of him seemed first motherly, then sisterly, and then—

So it was that by easy stages they drifted into that strange attraction which the world calls "love."

And her one fear was that some day he might see again. The surgeon said it was just possible, and was advising a consultation with the world-famed Prof. Augenwirte, of Graefrath. She prayed against that possibility, for in her own eyes she was plain—nay, ugly, past redemption. Yet, though she could not realize it, her too large mouth and prominent teeth, her irregular nose, and all the fancied imperfections of her face mattered little; for her large gray eyes were soft and full of animation, her skin was like velvet, her figure and carriage perfect. But, womanlike, she could only dwell upon her facial defects, and was full of apprehension lest some day his sight should be restored, and, seeing her features, he should loathe her.

Her cousin Kate, a sister nurse, seeing how things tended, chaffed her unmercifully.

"Now, May, I thought you had long ago sacrificed your life to nursing; and yet the first good-looking young lieutenant—"

"He will always want nursing, Kate," she faltered, in excuse.

"Ah! but suppose Dr. Haggerty is right, and his sight comes back; he won't want any nursing then."

Sister May did not answer.

A week later Hamilton left the hospital for Graefrath, full of hope. The night previous to his departure they came to an indefinite understanding, and though she would not give an unqualified answer to his pleadings, she had not the courage to stop him altogether. In recklessness she allowed herself to drink in the sweets of his passionate words; they would at any rate be a lifelong remembrance, even though on his return he should cast her off.

The operation was successful beyond his hopes, and in a few weeks he was rushing back to his love—eyes shaded, it is true, but with the certainty that in a short time his sight would be fully restored.

"I want to see Miss Johnstone," he said to the orderly at the hospital entrance.

"Miss Johnstone, sir? Which?"

"Why, the nurse."

"Yes, sir; but there's two of them."

"Well—er—she's very good looking. I did not know there were two."

"Oh, yes, sir; there's two. But I know the one you mean now."

And he was shown into the waiting-room.

"Gentleman wants me? Who can it—" Then the door opened. He started forward.

"My love!" he whispered. "I knew you were beautiful. I have come back to claim you."

Sister Kate drew back, startled. For the moment she could not imagine who this man with the shade over his eyes could be. In that moment he had drawn her to him, and was wildly pouring out his love.

In that moment also the door again opened, and Sister May, looking in, saw all.

She faltered and stepped back, the beating of her heart choking her for the minute.

"Stop, sir!" said Kate, regaining her senses. "You must be Mr. Hamilton?"

"Yes," he answered, amazed, releasing her.

This frivolous little voice was not that of his love. This over-frizzled hair, these shallow eyes were not beautiful at the second glance. What had he done?

"Are you not Miss Johnstone?"

"Yes. Kate Johnstone."

"Kate? And is your sister—"

"Cousin."

"Is she not here?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a smile. "Stay here. I will fetch her."

"Why, May, you there?" she whispered, on finding her at the threshold, and wondering if she had seen or heard. "Here is Mr. Hamilton. Come!"

"No, never! I will never see him!" she panted between her heart beats.

"Nonsense! He has come back on purpose for you, and his eyes are all right."

"Yes, and he expects to see a pretty girl like you!" retorted May, bitterly.

"Look here, May, don't be a fool! Go in; he is waiting."

But Hamilton had already grown impatient. The door opened, and he saw them both.

"Here she is," said Kate.

"Ah!" he said.

Sister May looked down, trembling.

"Are you May Johnstone, my dear nurse?" he asked, his voice full of tenderness and love.

"Yes," she whispered.

Kate had disappeared; they were alone.

"My darling, I have come for you," he said.

"But—you can see now?"

She looked up recklessly, and their eyes met.

"Yes, thank God; I can see my love!"

Then she surrendered herself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Scotch Dialect.

The Scottish American has a story of a north country servant girl, who was living with an English family in the neighborhood of Oxford.

One wet day she happened to step into a heap of mire and returned home with her clothes much soiled.

"What have you been doing?" asked her mistress.

"Oh," said she, "I stepped into a dumplock o' glaur."

"And what's glaur?"

"Just clairts," said the girl.

"But what's clairts?"

"It's just clabber."

"But, dear me, what is clabber?"

"Clabber is drookit stour."

"But what is drookit stour?" insisted the amazed lady.

"Weel, weel," said the girl, "'ave nae patience wi' ye ava. Ye sud ken as weel as me, it's just wat dirt."—St. Louis Republic.

Fox and the Grapes.

Once upon a time a fox espied some grapes growing upon a tall tree or a telegraph pole; it does not matter which. The fox tried to borrow a step-ladder of a neighboring farmer, but failed. "I don't want your old grapes anyway!" the fox now declared. "Appendicitis isn't anything like as swagger as it used to be!" Then he bestowed the laugh upon the bystanders, who looked for him to say the grapes were sour.—Detroit Journal.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God—
That my poor bleeding heart
May tell him thus apart
Of all its cares and woes,
Its struggles and its foes,
As friend to friend.

Alone with God—
That He may counsel give,
With strength divine to live,
Above each ill and care
To overcome each snare,
As Guide and Friend.

Alone with God—
Who will my cries attend
And blest assistance send,
Who all my tears shall dry
And every need supply,
As Helper, Friend.

Alone with God—
To ask that He will come
And make my heart His home,
My life to enter in,
Its aims for good to win,
A Saviour, Friend.

Alone with God—
That I my joys may tell,
And gratitude as well,
For all His gifts to me
And loving kindness free,
My Maker, Friend.
—Roger H. Lyon, in N. Y. Examiner.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Many Christian Workers in Our Churches and Charitable Institutions Could Profit by It.

The old doctor took a holiday last winter and went to New York to visit Perry, one of his college classmates. "There are only we two gray-headed old fellows left of all the boys," he said, before he started from the village. "Perry is a very successful man. He gave up business two years ago, and now occupies himself with church and charitable work. It will be a pleasure to meet him, for we shall have plenty of time for talking over the old days."

The doctor gave two days to his visit. Mr. Perry was eager in his welcome, meeting him at the train. "I must ask you," he said, when they were seated in the coupe, "to stop an hour at a temperance conference. I am chairman, and I must be there."

The conference over, they drove home; but one or two committees on civic reform and Armenian relief were waiting for Mr. Perry.

"Come into my study," he said to the doctor. "You'll be interested in these great movements, I'm sure."

The doctor sat listening in silence. There could be no doubt of Mr. Perry's interest. He spoke with a feverish energy on every point as it arose. When the men had gone he carried the subjects that had been under discussion to the luncheon table, talking incessantly of the need of "immediate action, increasing action" on the part of Christians in divers great efforts now being made. In the afternoon the doctor hoped for a quiet talk or a drive out in the park.

"There's nothing I'd like more!" said Perry. "But I never find time for a quiet, idle hour; and, as for the trees and sky, I've almost forgotten what they look like! I have reports of two hospitals, of which I am manager, to audit this afternoon, and to-night I speak at a men's Christian conference. You will come with me?"

The second day passed like the first. The doctor noted his friend's lean, twitching features, his dry lips, his restless glance, his irritable voice.

"When do you rest?" he asked.

"The fact is, I don't rest," said Mr. Perry. "When I go to bed my brain is so busy I can't sleep. But what can I do? The world is perishing. It needs Christian effort, and when I went into the work a dozen new ways opened before me every day. I'm not a young man. My time is short. I must serve God while I am here."

The old man looked at him a moment. "The world," he said, solemnly, "was in need of a Saviour. He came. He saw the work that He had to do for all the ages to come, and He knew that it had to be done in three short years. Yet in those three years He never hurried. He had time to love His friends and be happy with them, to go apart to the mountains, to be alone by the sea, to listen quietly for God's voice everywhere."

"Am I mistaken, then, in doing God's work?" cried Perry, angrily.

"No; but you are mistaken in thinking you can do it all. Do your little share, and rest in God. He will go on with it as He did before you came, and will do after you are gone."—Youth's Companion.

Will Meet Again.

One of the bitterest elements of grief would be eliminated from the death-bed scene if it were as distinct in our hearts as it is in Scripture that death is embarkation. Select the remotest star in the universe, and if you could suddenly realize that your departed and sainted friend were there, with what overwhelming brightness your conception of death and the heavenly world would be transformed, enlivened and beautified! May the Holy Spirit encourage our thoughts to move out cheerily along this line of a sweeter and richer consciousness of the Somewhere of the heavenly world; a little of the bitterness be thereby subtracted from the bereavements that have shadowed our past, and our anticipations incline with a firmer confidence toward the City which hath foundations, and toward reunion with those whose bark sped out into the night and over the sea while we stood weeping upon the shore.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Life a School.

If the earthly life is God's school, we must expect that many of its lessons are to have their application hereafter. —Boston Congregationalist.

LIKE FROZEN PATTIES.

Ice Floes on the Missouri River Assume Quaint and Sometimes Amusing Shapes.

The ice floes of the Missouri river are probably the prettiest and most extraordinary that float upon an American river.

Over upon the Mississippi, above its confluence with the Missouri, the ice floats in great floes that are ice fields, some of them with an area of 10, 20, 30 and 40 acres. Frequently they become so large that there is no room for them to pass between the bars and dikes, and the river becomes blocked until warmer weather rots and dislodges the gorges.

Where the Mississippi flows from two to three miles an hour at a normal

MISSOURI RIVER ICE CAKES.

current velocity, the Missouri is racing along seven and eight miles, and while the Mississippi is sweeping evenly and smoothly, the Missouri is rushing, swirling and cutting up after the fashion of the famous waters that fall at Lodore.

So the floes of the Missouri are whirled and ground one against the other until they are round as a wheel, every one of them, and half of them spinning one way and the rest the other. They rarely get larger than four feet in diameter, and the major portion of them are not more than three. Constant grinding upon their edges builds up a cornice of white, powdered ice, and, like little ice plates that would hold water, and looking for all the world like 10,000 frozen oyster patties migrating to the sea, they go bobbing and spinning along in the prettiest of processions.

Sues for Her Hair.

Jane Batson is going to sue the city of New York for damages in the loss of her luxurious growth of gray hair, which was cut off short when she was sent to prison for three months as a disorderly person. She says the cutting was not only unusual, but illegal because she was not a 12-months' prisoner.

A genuine Key West cigar for 5c.
H. C. CRUTE, Druggist.

Go to Doyne's for Furniture and you will save yourself money.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Humiliating Blood Diseases.

Humiliating blood diseases can be cured. This is not a theory, it is a fact. Cures are being made every day, though they are not made in a day. The reason why so many suffer without hope is because they have been so often induced to try impossible remedies. The man who says that a blood disease can be cured by a local application or operation is a fraud. There is but one way: the blood must be purified. When that is done the disease disappears. The best purifier is David's Sasaparilla. It does the work when others fail. For sale by Winston & Gray.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit, NO-TO-BAC remove the desire for tobacco, without nerve distress, expenses or inconvenience, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong, in health, nerve and pocket-book. 500 boxes sold. 400,000 cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50 guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. STOP SMOKING! Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

An English correspondent writes from Constantinople that there are upward of 38,000 Armenian children still uncared for, among whom the distress is appalling.

Wood's Seeds.

Seed Potatoes
For Planting in June or July.

We have a large quantity of late Seed Potatoes which were put into cold storage early in the season, so as to keep them unsprouted and in first class vigorous condition for late planting in June or July. Heretofore, the principal obstacle to planting late potatoes successfully has been in procuring sound and vigorous stock late enough to plant, so as to insure the maturity of the crop in the cooler rainy season of the fall. We advise our customers to place their orders ahead, otherwise our supply may be exhausted. Shipment can be made at such time as customers are ready to plant.

Write for prices and Descriptive Circular, which also gives full information about all Seasonable Seeds, German Millet, Cow Peas, Teosinte, Sorghums, Buckwheat, etc.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

BAD BREATH
"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."
WILHELMINA NAGEL,
137 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 315
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

The PEOPLE'S OPPORTUNITY

FOR FOOT WEAR,
We mean, of course,
SHOES
for Men, Women and Children, go to the
Baltimore Clothing House.
There you will find Course and Fine Shoes of every size and at prices that will astonish you.
Satisfaction is Guaranteed
in every instance of a sale.

For Umbrellas and Parasols in the finest of Gloria Silks the Baltimore Clothing House is the place to go. These goods are entirely NEW and of the very latest styles. Prices lower than you have ever seen them—quality considered. A big lot of them and they must be sold.

We have a nice assortment
—of—
TRUNKS,
which we are offering at factory prices. They were bought at a big discount, and this advantage we give you. They are every one of fine make, and we invite your inspection. Remember that we are headquarters for
FINE CLOTHING
for Men, Youth's and Children. Prices as low as the lowest. Ladies and gentlemen's
FURNISHING GOODS
in all the latest styles. Special attention is asked to our superb line line of Neckwear.
BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE,
Farmville, Va.
Opposite Crute's Drug Store.

KEEP COOL.

Refrigerators,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Fly Fans.

Blue Flame
Oil Stoves—
No Smoke.

At
CRUTE & BUGG'S,
FARMVILLE, VA.

This space reserved for
M. S. FELDMAN,
The Virginia Reliable Bargain House.
Look for next ad.
Will offer at greatly reduced prices Summer Wear for Ladies and Gents', from now on.
Remember the place, next door to H. E. Wall's Hardware Store,
FARMVILLE, VA.

PAULETT, SON & CO'S
Space.

NICE
VIRGINIA
SIDES
and
SHOULDERS.

We Have Completed
and now occupy
OUR NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE,
S. W. Corner Main and Third Streets,
FARMVILLE, VA.,
Where we will be glad to see and serve our friends and the public. We shall carry in stock a large and varied line of
General Shelf Hardware,
Sash, Blinds and Doors,
Wagon and Carriage Material,
Studebaker Wagons,
Agricultural Implements, Plows,
Castings, &c.
A select stock of Buggies, Surreys and Road Carts; handling only the manufacture of such builders as we can recommend to give good service as well as please the taste.
A good assortment of Groceries, Lime Plaster, Cement, &c., and
FERTILIZERS FOR ALL CROPS.
We also conduct a General Commission business and solicit consignments.
Duvall, Robertson & Co.