THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. XII. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1901. NO. 9.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. G. Bondurant.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Ordinance—H. A. Wade, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Crambert.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, A. E. Craile and J. B. Farrar.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Craile and E. L. Crambert.
Light—E. L. Morris, W. E. Davidson and J. B. Farrar.
Street—J. B. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Salaries—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Crambert and A. E. Craile.
Rooms—H. E. Walker, E. L. Crambert and W. P. Gilliam.
Opera House—E. L. Crambert, A. E. Craile and W. E. Anderson.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and J. B. Martin.
Poor—E. L. Crambert, A. E. Craile and J. B. Farrar.
Water—A. E. Craile, E. L. Crambert and J. B. Martin.
Safety—J. B. Farrar, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—R. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—P. H. C. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. B. Miller.
Police—Lewis Fuqua and J. S. Dixon.
Night Electric Phone—G. T. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—H. W. Robson.
Street Commissioner—J. S. Dixon.

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TROUBLES OF BIRD & HOUSEKEEPING

IF THE average small boy knew what a hard time birds have to rear their families under the best conditions he would hesitate to disturb their nests, even if there was no law to threaten him with punishment if he does so.

There was a patient pair of robins, for instance, who built their first nest more than six weeks ago in a low apple tree in the orchard. Presently there were two blue eggs in the nest. Then came the first catastrophe. Next morning the nest was empty. On the ground under the tree lay one of the eggs with two holes picked in its shell. The other was entirely missing. That was the work of a big, sneaking blue-jay, if one may judge by the fact that the same afternoon the robins were seen chasing a scolding jay about the orchard, and that the picture of the jay has long been in the birds' rogue gallery.

Immediately after the destruction of their eggs the robins set about building a second nest on another limb of the same tree. They got so far as to have three blue eggs in this prospective cradle when a red squirrel came down one afternoon from the oaks adjoining the orchard and made a robins' egg omelet of what he found there.

Then a third nest was built, and on that the old mother bird has now been sitting for two weeks. Perhaps she will succeed this time in rearing an interesting family, but there is an old white cat with three kittens under the hay mow stairs, who spends hours standing motionless, all but the tip of her tail, in the tall orchard grass, and who thinks that a dinner of young robins would do her own children much good.

There is a little yellow warbler who built down in the pasture wood lot and who had equally hard luck in a different and really peculiar way.

The yellow warbler's nest was in itself an exquisite thing. It was built near the top of some thick bushes, about five feet from the ground. It was lined with soft, silky gray mosses

THE ROBIN'S THIRD ATTEMPT.

like the inside of a spun silver cup. It was built so artfully that leaves and branches hid it on all sides, and it took hard work and good luck to find it even after one knew it was there. It was found the day it had been completed, when the mother bird was just ready to begin laying her eggs.

But there was another bird out that day, sneaking through the bushes like a pickpocket, looking for a chance to leave one of its eggs in a newly-built nest. The sneak was a coward, which never builds a nest of its own, and dismisses the whole subject of maternal responsibility from its mind when it has left an egg in some other bird's nest. One of these big brown and black cowbirds found the yellow warbler's dainty little nest, and laid one of its big spotted eggs there. Then it flew back to the pasture again, and got down on the ground among the cattle, with others of its sneaking kind.

Sometimes when a yellow warbler finds a cowbird's egg in its nest it will build a false bottom over the egg and proceed to make its nest above it on the second floor. But this poor warbler got no such opportunity. This has been a cold, late spring, and the warblers and other similar birds have been slow in building. Also there were many cowbirds about looking for a chance to saddle off the hatching and rearing of their young on their betters, and before the yellow warbler mother could get a chance to lay one of her own eggs in the nest she had built it was actually filled almost to overflowing with four big cowbird eggs. This is believed to be the record in the way of cowbird greediness. Often two cowbird eggs are found in the same nest, but rarely if ever before have four been found.

The greed of the cowbird in thus completely occupying the warbler's nest brought its own punishment with it. The warbler, disgusted, abandoned the nest completely. A day or two later something—boy or beast—had discovered the deserted nest and stolen all four of the eggs.

If the yellow warbler builds another nest and succeeds in raising its brood where the cowbirds cannot find it even the first catastrophe may be all for the best. Even when only one cowbird's egg is laid in a nest and is hatched out with three of four young warblers the latter are likely to get the worst of it. The young cowbird from the moment it breaks the shell is bigger and greedier than its foster brothers and sisters. It will crowd them to the side and insists on eating much more than its share of the food which the yellow warblers bring for their young.

Across the barbed wire and rail fence from the warbler's nest is a big woods pasture. Close to the fence grow thick clumps of hazel brush and wild crab and plum trees. In some places the thicket is so dense that a man has hard work in forcing his way through it. High up in these tangles, six or eight feet from the ground, two pairs of catbirds have built their nests. They are apparently safe from all other but bird enemies, for the long, sharp thorns and the interlacing branches protect them from attack from the ground. This is evidently a favorite nesting place of theirs, for in the branches there are the ruins of nests evidently two or three years old.

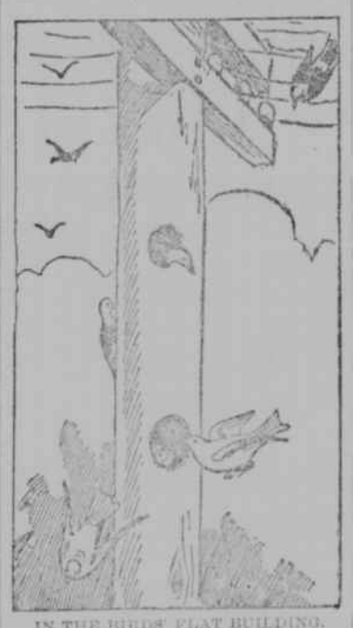
Close to the catbird's tangle and lying on the ground in a poor apology for a nest were found a recently hatched

COWBIRDS STOLE THE WHOLE NEST.

mourning dove and a white egg from which the little bird had not yet picked its way. This nest was close to the stalks of some close growing bushes and would never have been discovered if the old mother bird had not gotten up and flown away in a terrible fright when the nest seeker was four or five feet away.

With the instinct of most of the ground-building kind, the old bird went off with an apparently broken wing, and did her best to decoy danger away from her helpless little ones. It is a wonder how these little doves escape the prowling cats which hunt in the meadows and woods all about, but so far they have done finely, and on Saturday last the elder of the two was already able to use his wings in a flight of three or four feet.

Out in an old telephone pole which stands at the corner of two country roads is a regular birds' flat building. About 15 feet up from the ground, just high enough up to be the despair of small boys, is a small hole leading down to a circular chamber. Here a blue bird family has its home. Five feet higher up is another and larger hole. This is the front door to the residence of a red-headed woodpecker. At present the young woodpeckers are just getting ready to try their wings, and at almost any time one of the youngsters may be seen looking out of the hole at what must seem a strange world. Still higher up, in the third story of the flat building, is another opening evidently made by a flicker, who changed his mind and left before he completed his work. There is likely to be an English sparrow's nest in that cavity before the summer is over, for the "avian rats" are going out into the country for the summer in great numbers and bid fair soon to be as big a nuisance there as they are now in the city and nearby suburbs.



IN THE BIRDS' FLAT BUILDING.

There seem to be other birds beside the bluejay which sometimes eat or at least destroy the eggs of their fellows. Thus the other day a horrible suspicion was aroused in regard to that symbol of innocence and gentleness, the robin redbreast. The robin flew from a tree down into the grass of a swamp meadow. There he disappeared for a moment. When he came into sight again he was flying for dear life with a red-winged blackbird close behind it, shrieking "stop thief" at the top of its voice. Of course, the robin's intentions may have been perfectly honorable, but why should the redwing be roused to such a sudden pitch of fury at sight of him?—Chicago Tribune.

FAMED FOR BEARDS.

South Carolina Beats Sunflower State All to Pieces.

Six-Foot Men Whose Chin Adornments Drag the Ground Are Quite Common—Beaufort the State's Center for Tall Men.

The Greenville (S. C.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that besides raising all kinds of sensations in politics and being the author of the dispensary system, South Carolina is also entitled to the distinction of producing more tall men and men with the longest whiskers than any other state in the union, or possibly in the world.

The neighboring county of Laurens has within its borders more than half a dozen men whose whiskers will drag the ground, and the bewhiskered gentlemen are fully up to the average in height, too. In fact, there are few men who might be called "sawed-off" in the state.

Perhaps to Mr. J. W. Martin belongs the distinction of wearing the longest chin adornments, his whiskers measuring something more than six feet. It is claimed that if he did not keep them trimmed they would go to 12 feet or more within a few years, they now growing at the rate of six inches every 12 months. When this huge roll of hair is taken out of the fold of his vest it falls to the ground. He stands quite six feet, and is regarded as one of the strongest men in the county. Now in his fortieth year, he says that he has not shaved since he was quite a young man, and never expects to put another razor on his face, as he feels satisfied that by permitting his beard to grow his health is as near perfect as it well could be. The hair is almost as fine as silk thread, and Martin says that he gives his face at least one good bath every day, rubbing the roots of his whiskers so as to give them food and nourishment. He says that the roots of the hair need looking after just the same as do the roots of young plants and trees, and that if proper attention is not given them they cannot be expected to live and flourish. If this is done nature will do the rest

MR. J. W. MARTIN.

and there will be no scalp diseases to irritate and annoy. If quack remedies are used, he says, to hasten the growth of hair "there's goin' to be a bald-headed man before a sheep can wag its tail."

It just seems natural that the males of this section should have long whiskers, and men with beards two, three and four feet long cause no comment when they appear on the streets. It is an everyday sight, and no one pays any attention, except strangers, and if these make comment, a native will say: "Gee whiz, stranger, yer just orter see So and So," or something like that.

Down about Beaufort is where the tall men grow. A six-footer in that locality is regarded as a small potato. They are as common as sinners at a camp meeting. A young fellow named Jacob Eberhart and several others in Beaufort tried to enlist for the Spanish war, but were barred on account of height. Capt. E. S. Fickling, now a member of the state capital's police force, is unquestionably the tallest man in the world, he standing six feet nine inches in his stocking feet. He is a little more than one inch higher than Capt. Oswall Ames, of the Second life guard, of England, and who was believed to be the tallest man in the world. Chief Yeoman Wills, of the navy, now stationed in Washington, is only a fraction shorter than the Englishman.

It is said that when Gen. Lafayette visited this state in 1825 the Beaufort artillery turned out to do him honor. In the artillery there were 76 men over six feet in height.

Swear Worse Than Pirates.

The natives of India are extraordinarily gifts in profanity. A native servant in Lahore was dismissed for dishonesty by an English professor of languages. The next day he appeared with a carving knife, but was refused admission to the house. He sat under the window and began cursing. He cursed the professor along the genealogical tree back to the first ancestor of his race. Then he dwelt upon every detail of his anatomy, from the top of his head to the end of his toes. For three consecutive hours he sat there and swore without once repeating a phrase.

The Peanut by Other Names.

In Tennessee and Georgia the peanut is known as the goober; in Alabama and the western gulf states, a ground pea; in the southeast of the United States and in the West Indies, a pindal or pindor, and in various parts of England, a jurnut, an earth nut or a manila nut.

Our Democratic Institutions.

A favorite amusement with persons having plenty of time at their disposal is the searching of city directories with the intention of unearthing strange coincidences or curious names. One of these statistical fiends was in the writing-room of a Washington hotel, poring over the city directory, reports an exchange of that city. "We are surely a democratic nation," he exclaimed, as he reluctantly yielded the book to a man who had been patiently waiting for ten minutes to look up an address. "I find that President McKinley's name is sandwiched in between the names of two bricklayers; Gen. Miles has a bartender and a dressmaker as his immediate neighbors in the directory; Senator Long comes between a clerk and a bartender, and Senator Chandler is tucked away between a huckster and a clerk!" The man was right. The city address book is arranged on the alphabetical order, and if the president's name began with a Z, he would be found near the last pages of the book. But imagine King Edward VII. or Emperor William being placed in a directory between two bricklayers!

Several great men have held that true love is formed at first sight and many men not so great have testified that that was the case in their own experience. As an instance of implicit trust in this doctrine, however, the case of an Ohio farmer who met his affinity for the first time in Chicago on a recent Thursday, courted her on Friday, proposed on Saturday and was married on Sunday is a record destroyer. If the theory proves to be correct in this case it may be assumed with reason that young couples since the beginning of the institution of marriage have been wasting a vast amount of valuable time, says the News of that city. Why devote months, and even years, to an undertaking which can be accomplished in three days? However, considering that an ill-advised marriage cannot be corrected as quickly as it can be contracted, the slower methods in vogue are perhaps to be commended.

Two new uses have been found for the camera, both of which are helps in detecting violations of law. One is the photographing of cases of cruelty to animals, or the results of cruelty. This serves a double purpose. A protograph is the best evidence that can be produced in court, and it arouses public sympathy as nothing else except the scene itself could do. The other application is in making pictures of the smoke nuisance. Many cities have ordinances against the use of soft coal, or restrictions on the time during which it may be used; but violations are frequent. Here again the testimony of a photograph is hard to contradict. The name first given to the hand camera now so common seems to have been an appropriate one. They were called "detectives."

A Cleveland man heard a noise in his kitchen at night, and went down to see about it. When he opened the door and asked: "Who's there?" two revolvers were presented at his head with the remark: "Your money or your life." The Cleveland man does not hear very well, and he asked: "What's that you say?" The robber in a loud tone repeated: "Your money or your life," still holding out the pistols. Then the Cleveland man said: "What nonsense," gave the fellow a push, and went calmly upstairs again. The burglar was so astonished at this singular proceeding that he departed, taking nothing, after scribbling on the wall: "Well done, old hoss."

A good anecdote is told by the bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of the Indian. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within 100 miles!'"

While commenting upon the neatness with which an old negro's log cabin was finished, two Nebraska men found that the chunks between the logs were filled with a peculiar kind of stone. It proved to be gold quartz, and the two at once purchased 80 acres of land near where the ore was found, and intend to search for the vein.

"Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?" is a model of a vague and at the same time benevolently suggestive question. In these days of final examinations, doubtless many a floundering youth wishes that those which he has to answer were cast in the same form.

A Pennsylvania man blind from birth lately had sight given to him by a surgical operation, and as soon as his eyes could bear the light complimented the surgeon upon his luxuriant whiskers, and told the nurse that she "was the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

A Coffeyville (Kan.) physician who has just celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday anniversary has closed a contract for a series of articles on "Longevity." He still actively practices medicine.

PADDY CRAFT'S "FULL."

Won by Himself in Front of Petersburg and It Made Him "Solid."

Up at Fort Sheridan they have been tearing down the old wooden shacks which 12 years ago sheltered the two companies of the Sixth infantry which were "jumped" to Chicago at the time of the hanging of the anarchists. The old guardhouse, a jail only in name, the commissary building and the shaky pine barracks have gone. There still stands, however, though its doom is sealed, the little one-story, two-room structure which served as the quarters of Capt. David L. Craft, Sixth United States infantry. When the pigmy building tumbles there will have disappeared everything on earth save an insignificant little headstone in a Pennsylvania cemetery to remind one that such a person as David L. Craft ever lived. Remembrance of this plain, blunt soldier should not be allowed to die. The old description fits him well; he was the bravest of the brave. The wreath placed on his grave Memorial day should be made of immortelles, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

When the workmen finished putting up the shacks at Fort Sheridan the quartermaster looked over the little building assigned to Capt. Craft and said: "He can never get into it." The captain weighed something more than 300 pounds, and as a matter of fact he fitted his quarters as a plump hand does a glove. Craft was never known as anything else except "Paddy" to the men of his regiment, save, of course, when they were addressing him. Why this descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutch should have been dubbed Paddy no one ever knew, but to the men it was a name of endearment. The physical infirmity of too much solid flesh weighed more on the captain's mind than it did on his framework of bones. He was only a brevet captain, and his fear was that his burden of flesh would force him to the retired list before he reached the full rank of company commander. Three times "Paddy" was ordered before a retiring board of surgeons for examination, and three times he defeated the attempt to put him on the shelf. When at drill every order of "double time" meant that Paddy, who could not stand the pace, must fall out. This in itself was a disqualification for service, and the wonder grew among those who did not know that "Paddy" held his own on the active list. An explanation can be found in five lines of an old army record which made Craft a brevet captain for a bit of almost unparalleled heroism.

One day in front of Petersburg a second lieutenant of the signal corps was ordered to the top of a hill with two companions to transmit flag messages sent him by one general officer to another in the valley beyond. Craft was a giant. His herculean frame was silhouetted against the sky, and as his flags wig-wagged back and forth the enemy in the trenches caught sight of him full and fair. A battery of artillery was trained on the place held by the signal men. It took but a minute to get the range. A shell struck within a few yards of the flagmen. Another came, and one of the little party was dead and another was dying. Craft alone stood uninjured. The signal flag which fell from the hand of his subordinate was held aloft in his own.

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.

The wig-wagging went on. Craft's message was only half completed. A glance into the valley showed him the signaled order to leave his post and to retreat to the camp. The initial message was not yet finished. Craft kept on wig-wagging. The fragment of a shell shattered the flagstaff in his hand. Another fragment tore his left arm. Grasping the red banner in his right hand and raising himself to his full height he made a flagpole of his uplifted arm and finished the message while the raining shells dug graves all about him.

Second Lieut. David L. Craft, signal officer, descended that Petersburg hill a brevet captain. Five lines' description in the Army Register of how he held the signal tower had more "pull" in it for "Paddy" Craft than would have come to him from the work of a score of politicians.

Gets Snub at City Hall.

His name was McCarthy and he had a grievance. He went to the headquarters of the fire department in the city hall to ventilate it. "My name is McCarthy," he said. "I'm from the Nineteenth ward; I control 27 votes; my cellar's full of water and I want it pumped out."

"Your name is McCarthy, is it?" was the sardonic query of the Hibernian at the desk.

"Yes."

"You're from the Nineteenth ward and you control 27 votes?"

"Yes."

"Your cellar's full of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, McCarthy, why don't you keep ducks?"—Chicago Chronicle.