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They are the Most Durable, Convenient and Economical.

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Notice.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to give notice that the undersigned has this day severed his connection with Farmville (the Farm Agency), and will not be responsible for any of said agency's obligations incurred in future.

June 27, 1906. J. L. HAUT.

FENCING

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Sash-Doors-Blinds

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FARMVILLE M'FG. CO.

G. M. ROBINSON G. C. ROBINSON

A Romance of the Wind Belt.

"You met your husband in Kansas, I believe?"

"Well, you could hardly call it meeting him. You see, a cyclone came along, and when I recovered consciousness I was sitting on John Luck of what had once been a pumping station. Isn't it strange how fate brings people together sometimes?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

That Settled It.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Old Grumlechin—Has she accepted you?

Young Man—Yes, sir.

Old Grumlechin—Then what do you want to come around and bother me with your troubles, for?—Chicago Daily News.

He Got Off Easy.

Him—How can you be so cruel as to throw me down in this manner?

Her—I thought it better to hurt your feelings than risk seeing you hobble around on crutches.

Him—Why, what do you mean?

Her—Papa said if I didn't throw you down, he would, and papa's terribly strenuous, you know.—Chicago Daily News.

Hard Study.

"Russia will one day have universal education."

"Maybe so," answered the always doubtful man. "But it looks to me as if it would take the average man half a lifetime to get through the spelling book."—Washington Star.

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THOS. A. BOLLING,

Farmville, Va.

A NEW POET.

Friends, beware!
Stop listening! Hark! a sound in the air!
Above the pretty songs of school
(Not of much matter, but rarer),
Above the pious rattle of psalm
And empyrean manifold,
And rattle of psalm where there should be
house.

Over the dust and mock,
The buzz and roar of wheels,
Another music swam—
A right true note it struck.

Friend, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The low song of a man who leaves his fellow
Mother-love and country-love, and the love
of sea and ten.
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and
thoughts that linger long,
There has come to the old world's singing
the thrill of a brave new song.

They said there were no more singers,
But listen—a music swam!
A voice of the true joy-bringer!
Now will ye heed and rejoice
Or pass on the other side.
And wait till the stars hath died,
Then weep over his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A new sound is in the air—
And know a new poet's coming is the old
world's judgment day!
—Richard Watson Gilder, in Atlantic.

The Healing of a Social Feud

By L. LUMLEY

THE river at Wroxham upon a busy, midsummer Saturday is not unlike a lesser Henley at the point of dissolution, a muffled tumult of departure, punctuated by the squeals of steam launches, and the excited directions and counter-directions of the occupants of tangled craft.

On the evening of such a day, in the thick of the craft below the bridge, lay the wherry Vanity, a marvel of mutton in parvo ingenuity, with every possible luxury on board.

The Laisieres—lately come aboard—were justly proud of the Vanity. Perhaps the only regret that disturbed the mind of Mrs. Laisiere, as she lay back in a wicker rocking-chair upon the roof of the deckhouse, was that the Mainly's were not there to witness the wonders of the wherry.

For between the Laisieres and the Mainlys there existed, on the former side, a barrier of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness; and on the latter, of cold disapproval—a condition of affairs which was a constant source of delight to the circle in which the Mainlys exulted brilliantly, and round which the Laisieres vainly hovered, "with those cursed goolies, like a millstone round our necks," as Laisiere, careless of metaphor, constantly exclaimed, alluding to the source of his wealth as a manufacturer.

Mrs. Laisiere, as she sat ruminating upon the subject of the Mainlys, allowed her eye occasionally to rest upon the opposite bank of the river, from which the boats were dropping of downstream one by one.

Suddenly she put out her hand and grasped the arm of Laisiere, who was also reclining, reflecting, and, in addition, smoking, while the crew of two all-round Norfolk "skippers" pursued amphibious occupations.

The action caused Laisiere to drop his cigar, and with it a crisp summary of his disapproval. But as his eyes instinctively followed the direction of his wife's gaze, he forgot his cigar in the sensation caused by the spectacle of Mrs. Mainly, in a neat duck suit, colling rope on the deck of a smart cutter, which had come into view with the departure of a substantial boat-house from its moorings.

Simultaneously, the Laisiere eye swept those of the Vanity, but neither, by so much as an instant's pause, revealed that any mutual shock had been caused. The cold beam of a searchlight could not have been, apparently, less inquiring.

In both yachts the final work of preparation proceeded. On board the wherry, the Laisieres sat in silent state—but secretly longing to "explode" upon the subject of the Mainlys. On board the Puck (as the gold letters at her bows betokened her), Mainly was full of activity, while above the cabin hatch babbled his wife's captivating little blonde head—so blonde, Mrs. Laisiere had been heard to declare, that you could wonder where she got her fairness from.

The Puck was first to cast her moorings and drop down the river, not a helpful puff of wind rustling the tranquil evening.

An hour later the Laisieres' imposing boat lay moored above Wroxham Broad, in the shelter of the tall trees that fringed the river at this point. Alongside the grassy bank opposite was the Puck.

With curiosity, carefully screened by the curtains of their cabin window, Mr. and Mrs. Laisiere had watched certain preparations, the most interesting of which was the erection of a snug tent upon the bank. Evidently it was intended for the occupation of Mrs. Mainly, who fitted busily to and from the Puck, while her husband drove home pegs and tattered ropes.

At length the couple retired into the cabin of the cutter, and from the sounds of clinking china and laughter which presently arose, it was evident that they were absorbed in the novelty of a picnic.

Not so the Laisieres. A certain amount of pomp of a portable description accompanied their dinner even here. But nature was in a restless mood, and by and by the wild duck, in the channels close at hand, woke up and complained of the shaking of the reeds, and the distant, discontented grumble of thunder rolled up. A moment later a flash of blue-green lightning lit up the rippling face of the river. After that it was a quick call to arms; through the trees and rushes, flickering along the water, whistled the wind, and, lastly, the rain, driving diagonally, rattled upon the leaves and blazed into the water.

Above the din came suddenly a call: "Wherry Vanity—ahoy!"

Immediately afterwards a flickering light was to be seen on the Puck, and the lightning revealed Mainly crawling about her deck fumbling for the painter of the dingy.

Then a muffled, sobbing voice arose from the hatching, crackling text on the bank:

"Arthur, Arthur, where are you? Take me out! Something dreadful's happened—"

Here a crashing peal of thunder drowned the words.

"Be brave, darling," roared Mainly; "you must stay where you are; the cabin's full of water, and there's more coming in."

"It's worse here," pleaded the

voice, "everything's upside down, and there's a hole coming in the roof—and, oh! I know I shall be struck by lightning and killed," it wailed.

"Don't be absurd!" shouted Mainly. "Sit tight and shut your eyes; I'm going for help."

"Where to, Arthur?" asked the choking voice.

"To the Vanity."

"No, no," Mrs. Mainly's voice became suddenly determined. "I'd rather die; come back, Arthur, come back!"

But the lightning showed Mainly pulling with frantic strokes for the opposite shore. In his haste, however, he miscalculated the distance, and, a second later, drove the dingy into the side of the Vanity with an impact that shot him from his seat, and brought Laisiere on deck, under the impression that they had been run down.

"Now, then, what the devil's all this?" bawled Laisiere, in a bullying voice.

"It's me," feebly responded Mainly, picking himself up from the bottom of the dingy.

"What are you muttering about?" roared Laisiere, "and what do you mean by running us down at this time of night, whoever you are?"

"I'm the Puck, and I haven't run you down," shouted Mainly, recovering his breath.

"I don't care who you are; what do you mean by it?" retorted the owner of the Vanity.

Just then a flash of lightning revealed Mainly's anxious face to Laisiere. "What are you doing?" he cried, jumping to the situation, and its possibilities arranged themselves before him. Bending to the men at his side he spoke a word or two, and they disappeared down the forward hatch. Then he turned and faced Mainly—as well as the circumstances permitted.

"Now, then, sir," he began, in a hard voice, "perhaps you will explain what you mean by running me down?"

"My dear sir," protested Mainly, in a conciliatory tone as the strain on his lungs would permit, "I say I did not run you down. Let me explain; there's not a moment to lose; we're over there, you know, in a desperate state, flooded out, and my wife—Mrs. Mainly—"

Here a clap of thunder immediately overhead rendered him inaudible, and he waved his hand toward the heavens with an explanatory gesture. Laisiere advanced to the gunwale of the Vanity.

"Look here," he commenced, brutally, "let us put the thing in a nutshell. An hour ago you wouldn't have wiped your boots on the cushions in my wife's cabin; now you want me to take your wife into that cabin because you haven't got a dry one of your own. An hour ago—"

Here the blinding skies revealed the terrible fact that the tent which held Mrs. Mainly had collapsed, and a wringing mass of canvas filled its place. Laisiere regarded the spectacle with serenity, while Mainly, in his agony, danced in the bottom of the dingy until it rocked wildly.

"An hour ago," proceeded Laisiere, as calmly as if he was recalling trivialities, "you hated the very sight of us, and now you'll condescend to put up with our company until the storm's over. And," he added, with a snap of his jaws, "good night to you."

Every moment was becoming more agonizing to Mainly. He was shivering with cold, and the limelight of the heavens played horribly upon the writhing form of his wife.

"For God's sake, say you'll take her in," he pleaded.

Laisiere came to the side of the wherry once more and peered down at Mainly.

"Your wife's kind regards to Mrs. Laisiere—eh? Is that it?" he suggested, grimly.

Before Mainly could reply there arose a wild shriek, and both men, turning, saw a white figure slipping down the opposite bank toward the water.

"Look!" screamed Mainly, and in the same breath he shouted: "Margaret, for God's sake don't move—I'm coming to you!"

A few minutes later the cabin lights of the Vanity beamed rosyly once more, and the figure of Mrs. Laisiere, sleepy but happy, in the blanket-wrapped company of Mrs. Mainly could be seen within. Adjoining Laisiere were rattling things with whisky and cigars. They were the paraphernalia of his open sesame.

"Lady's Pictorial."

Mrs. Gabbey—My! I was at the dentist's this afternoon and he made me keep my mouth open a whole hour. It nearly killed me.

Mrs. Stillwater—Yes, but it might have been worse. If he had made you keep your mouth shut for half that long it would have killed you for sure.—Chicago Journal.

After Service.

The Rector's Daughter—I don't suppose you noticed it, father, but Mrs. De Alton had another new bonnet on this morning.

The Rector—I dare say, daughter. The milliners, I sometimes fear, are more responsible for church attendance than the preachers.—Puck.

Kisses.

When I met dear one Kites, 'tis all Most fitting, sweet and natural. As blossoms open, or rose leaves fall.

But when she kisses me, I vow, I always knit a puzzled brow, And wonder—what she's up to now.—The Myth.

A TELEPHONIC DANGER.



Paterfamilias (who has just run up the call-office, and has his intention diverted by his little daughter)—Hallo, dear, coming to kiss me good-night?

Voice of Female Telephone Clerk (severely)—I beg your pardon?—St. Louis Republic.

Uncertainty.

"Was just the other day you said that New Year's Eve. Perchance 'twill last for aye. Perchance 'twill be broken now."

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Half-shell, per dozen, 20 cents.
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Everything in season.

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N. & W. Norfolk and Western

Schedule in Effect January 21, 1906.

LEAVE FARMVILLE DAILY.

NORTH AND EAST.

No. 16. No. 6. No. 4
1.42 a. m. 10.49 a. m. 5.32 p. m.

SOUTH AND WEST.

No. 15. No. 5. No. 3
12.35 p. m. 3.57 p. m. 12.38 p. m.

No. 15.—For Roanoke, Bristol, Bluefield, Columbus and principal stations between to East Radford and Roanoke via Martinsburg. For car, connects at Lynchburg with through sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis. Leaving car.

No. 3.—For Roanoke, East Radford, Bristol, Parkersburg, Roanoke, sleeper to Knoxville. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Columbus, Bluefield to Cincinnati and on.

No. 5.—For Lynchburg, Roanoke and intermediate stations. Pullman sleeper to Richmond and Norfolk.

No. 6.—For Petersburg, Norfolk, Richmond and intermediate stations. Pullman parlor car Norfolk.

No. 4.—Local for Petersburg and Richmond. Connects at Petersburg for Norfolk.

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IN MOTHER GOOSE'S TIME

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