

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. HARRIS.
TOWN CLERK—J. B. HARRIS.
FINANCIAL—W. B. HARRIS, W. P. GILLIAM...

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.
JUDGE AT FARMVILLE.
Hon. Geo. J. HARRIS, Judge Circuit Court...

W. FLOURNOY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Prince Ed...

W. C. FRANKLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
PAINVILLE, VA.
Practice in Appellate, Prince Edward...

A. D. WATKINS, R. H. WATKINS.
WITKINS & WITKINS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
FARMVILLE, VA.

W. HODGES MANN, J. M. CRUTE.
MANN & CRUTE, Attorneys at Law.
Will practice in the State and Federal...

S. P. VANDERSLICE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Prince Ed...

G. S. WING, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Green Bay, Prince Edward County, Va.

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

J. R. SPENCER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Crutts' Drug Store, rooms over...

M. M. MARTIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Richmond, Va., Farmville, Va.
Will sit at office in Farmville every Mon...

WHITE & CO., DRUGS, Medicines and Druggists' Sundries.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.

PLANTERS' BANK, FARMVILLE, VA.
Capital paid up, \$50,000. Surplus \$30,000.

A FRAME DWELLING.
At Farmville, Va.
The only one of its kind in the State...

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE.
The 25th session will open WEDNESDAY...

HAVE YOUR PRINTING DONE AT THE HERALD.
JOB OFFICE, FARMVILLE.

LIVE LEATHER. Flexible, fine-grained, soft and strong. J. B. LEWIS CO'S 'Wear-Resisters'.

They Have Found the Baby, Marian Clark, and the place to find CLOTHING suitable for Hot Weather, such as Cool Serges, Alpacas or Sicilian Coats and Vests.

J. B. WALL'S. TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL PROPERTY. Located in the Town of Farmville, Va.

VALUABLE HOME AND LOT located in the said town and described as follows: Being that certain tract of land...

For Sale—A Fine River Farm. 200 ACRES OF GOOD ARABLE LAND on the Appomattox river in Powhatan County...

CHALLENGER A. ROSS, Real Estate Agent. Office at Crutts' Drug Store, Richmond, Va.

FARMERS AND STOCKMEN. The largest and best of its kind in the State...

WOOD'S SEEDS. The full planting of vegetables, to come in during the fall, winter, and early spring...

Vegetable Seeds FOR FALL PLANTING. The full planting of vegetables, to come in during the fall, winter, and early spring...

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen - Richmond, Va. Wood's Fall Catalogue gives full information about all Farm Seeds for fall planting...

SONGS BY THE BARDS.

Col. Funston, of Kansas. Oh, Funston, Col. Funston, here's your country's birth to you! There isn't anything on earth, it seems, you cannot do!

IN OTHER LANDS.

To the rock of Gibraltar there are 76 miles of tunnels. Twenty-eight varieties of the lemon grow in Italy; in France, 11.

The young woman looked up and smiled sweetly as he turned to go. "Good night, Jack," said she.

There are 4,500 women printers in England. The healthiest occupations in the world for women are bee-keeping and flower-raising.

Russia has 29 women who have devoted themselves to pharmacy, and Germany has more than 100.

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An Advertising Campaign

By James Barrett Kirk.

The young man leaned carelessly against the piano and listened to the young woman who sat on the piano stool.

"It's awfully good of you, Jack," she was saying, "and I really like you first-rate, because you're such a jolly fellow and never bore me; but when it comes to marrying you—why, that's a different matter. The idea is not actually displeasing to me, I will admit. Still, it isn't exactly a proposition that arouses my enthusiasm."

"You see," continued the young woman, "it has always been a cardinal principle of my life to attain my ends by unusual methods—to get out of the rut, as it were—and people who are actuated by a similar motive are the people who command my admiration. Therefore, I doubt if any man will ever succeed in screwing my affections up to the marrying point as long as he conducts his wooing in the old familiar way. See?"

"I see," said Jack. A moment of silence ensued, during which the young man looked fidgetingly upon the beauty of the young woman. He realized that he had been tenderly rejected by the only girl he ever saw who was "just his style," and he felt disposed to enter the lists and have a bout with fate—to refuse to accept her decision as final. He also felt a strange and abnormal craving for a cigar. Rousing himself, he stood erect and addressed the young woman.

"Now, see here, Mollie," he said, "you've got to marry some time, for girls like you are not born to a life of single blessedness; but if you wait for some fellow to go after you in a new and original way I'm afraid you'll wait several hours, at least. Originality is at a premium these days. Nevertheless, I don't propose to give up all hope myself. I have a bright idea occasionally, and by arduous effort I might even evolve a brand new style of courtship. Moreover, I have nothing available in this line to offer just at present, so I'll say good night."

The young woman looked up and smiled sweetly as he turned to go. "Good night, Jack," said she. An hour later found Jack comfortably seated in the easiest chair his club afforded, blue smoke wreaths drifting above his head and a cocktail at his elbow. His appearance was not, strictly speaking, such as to indicate that his heart and hand had just been respectfully declined by the girl he loved, for his was one of those buoyant natures that never fail to rise triumphantly above the disappointments of life. Still, his face wore an unusually serious expression, as he lounged in the big chair and smoked his cigar and sipped his cocktail, and he looked as though he was engaged in solving some abstract problem in philosophy. As a matter of fact, he was making his brain for a new way to "make love."

When the twenty-seventh scheme had been reached progress in this interesting evolution of a method was momentarily interrupted by the advent of a fellow clubman, who paused as he was passing the big chair and surveyed the unusually sober countenance of its occupant.

"Good evening," he observed, pleasantly. "Have you read Jugg's Elstoria?" "I have read Jack," shortly. He didn't like the interruption. "What's the matter to-night?" queried the other. "Anything wrong?" "Guess not," replied the young man. "This cigar seems to have been 'bought on honor,' and the cocktail may be designated as 'the standard of the world.'"

"Then," said his friend, "you must have run up against a case of love gone cold. If so, take my advice and don't despair."

"There's Hecce's union underwear," murmured Jack. The other laughed. "My dear boy," he said, "when you read the magazines you should confine yourself to the literary pages. The others are undoubtedly interesting and attractive, but they exercise too great an influence on your conversation. What are you thinking about that makes you look so deuced serious?"

Jack sighed for the first time since the episode with the young woman. "How to attain the unattainable," he answered. "A fascinating problem, truly." "Yes; but the solution is difficult." "Not particularly so, providing you go about it in the right way." "How would you do it?"

"How? Oh, I'd advertise. That's the only way results of any sort can be obtained nowadays. Well, so long, old man. Sorry I interrupted your cogitations."

The intruder moved away while Jack took the cigar from his lips and gazed abstractedly at the retreating form. Then suddenly he started and sat erect in the big chair. "By Jove!" said he. Then he swung away his cigar and gazed earnestly at the smoldering stump for five minutes, after which he finished the cocktail, set down the glass with a crash and ejaculated: "It's 30-1! Jove! If she doesn't call that getting out of the rut, I'll give it up."

With one of the young man's energetic disposition to think it to act, so when he had finally decided to lure the young woman's affections in the direction of himself by means of a personally conducted advertising campaign he lost no time in commencing operations.

As a preliminary step in the matter the young man hunted up his life companion for the purpose of working that individual for a little information. He didn't know much about the gentle art of advertising himself, therefore he felt the need of a few pointers, and when he succeeded in locating his friend in the billiard room watching an exciting game he drew him off to one side and propounded a leading question.

"See here, Tom," said he, "you're a journalist and must know something about advertising. What are the essential features of a good advertisement?" "What have you?" asked Tom. "A dyspepsia cure, or a new food for infants?"

"Neither," replied Jack. "I merely have curiosity." "In that case," said Tom, "it can be easily satisfied. Select a couple of attractive catch-lines, fill it with a few terse sentences, and if possible offer something free. This sort of an advertisement will sell anything that's made."

"Ah! thanks," said Jack. "Close game, isn't it?" And he returned to the big chair. His next move was to order newspapers and writing materials. Then he spent an hour diligently studying the advertising columns of the papers and examining the various forms of advertisements, following which he deliberated with himself concerning the amount of space he should use. Considering the character of the "goods," he concluded that a delicate little space of about three inches would be the proper size, and that the best position would be on the page where the fearfully and wonderfully constructed madras were wont to pose arrayed in the latest fashions. As far as selecting a medium was concerned he didn't have much trouble. He remembered that Mollie's favorite newspaper was the Saturday edition of the Evening Universe, which was largely devoted to "styles," and he accordingly decided to place his business in its column. Then he turned his attention to the preparation of his first ad.

This, he found, looked easier than it really was. Good catch-lines failed to suggest themselves with any degree of promptitude, while the "something free" seemed absolutely impossible. But another examination of the newspapers obtained the former difficulty, and after a long agitation he hit on an idea that overcame the latter; whereupon he once more seized his pen with feverish haste, and finally succeeded in producing an affair that struck him as being attractive, unique and appropriate, and possessing qualities which he thought ought to have some effect.

And the pioneer advertising campaign having for its object the wooing of a woman was at last begun. On the following Saturday advertising circles were mildly amused to see in the usually sedate columns of the Evening Universe this remarkable advertisement:

MOLLIE KNOWS all about the state of my affections because I have already given her information concerning it. Moreover, she will doubtless be able to recall the fact that on the occasion of our last interview I intimated that I would not take "no" for an answer. In this connection I wish to mention for her benefit that while there are many thousands of words in the English language,

ONE GIVES BELIEF if it is the right one. And I will also suggest that the little word "yes" will relieve me of further anxiety and make both her and me happy for life. To write "yes" and forward it to my address nothing more is required than a sheet of note paper, an envelope, and a postage stamp. I will furnish these articles free on request. JACK.

Now, there were several thousand Mollies and an equal number of Jacks in the city; therefore, these two masses failed to furnish a clue to the identity of either the advertiser or the "people" he wanted to reach. Of course, there was much speculation indulged in, and several theories were advanced; but it was generally believed that the advertisement was not to be taken seriously—that it was merely a sand-wagon attempt on the part of some enterprising manufacturer to attract public attention preparatory to the arrival of his main parade, and that this space would ere long be filled with the unrivaled merits of a new patent medicine, beauty promoter, or brand of complexion soap.

Jack had counted on a condition something like this following the appearance of his ad, so he was perfectly satisfied with the results. True, he felt rather tremulous when he considered the matter calmly, but he nerved himself with the consoling thought that he certainly was getting out of the rut.

The week passed very slowly to Jack. Also, it passed without bringing a reply to his advertisement; but as he scarcely expected such quick returns he was not greatly disappointed thereat. When Saturday again arrived the Evening Universe was eagerly sought by that select coterie of individuals, cleft "ad-men," who help the world to wag by "promoting trade," and therein was found, in the same position and occupying about the same space, another curious advertisement, attractively yet delectably displayed, which read thus:

WHEN MOLLIE SMILES she doesn't do it in exactly the same way that several fellows of my acquaintance do these "smiles," but the effect is even more intoxicating. I am quite positive that if you do these "smiles" you will acquire exclusive rights in this desirable article. I am ready to give in exchange a heart full of love. The deal may be consummated at once if she will forward to me a single "yes," the paper, envelope, and postage stamp for which purpose I will furnish free on request. JACK.

By the time this second ad appeared the young man had lost all nervousness about the probable result of his audacity, and he even decided to make his advertising campaign more extensive and vigorous if necessary.

He subscribed for all the journals devoted to the science of publicity that he

heard of, sat up nights conning their pages for available ideas, and finally went so far as to visit an advertising "expert," who said "it" 97 times in a five-minute conversation and charged Jack \$25 for performing the feat.

The result of all he read and all he heard was his safe arrival at the conclusion that keeping everlastingly at it would win the girl, or at least some sort of recognition from the girl, and acting on this principle he proceeded to insert in the next Saturday's edition of the Evening Universe his third announcement:

AFTER THE WEDDING Mollie had been played and I can call Mollie my own. I shall at once commence active operations having in view her future comfort. My one object in life will then be to show her how to be happy though married, and if I can help it.

THAT THEEY FEELING will never close the brightness from her azure eyes nor the roses from her cheeks. I feel this proposition worth considering? When ready to write "yes" remember that I will furnish the necessary articles. Guaranteed first quality. Free on Request. JACK.

The young man had now reached about the same state of mind as is enjoyed by the gambler who plays with the intention of "breaking" either the bank or himself. His habitual light and airy manner had been suspended temporarily, and his entire attention was devoted to making his advertising campaign bring forth results of some sort.

Therefore, when three ads. had appeared without bringing him a single reply he began to consider a way in which he could reinforce his newspaper advertising, and with this end in view he evolved the scheme of erecting a billboard on a vacant lot opposite Mollie's home.

Accordingly he called at the office of a billposter and engaged him to secure a permit from the owner of the property and to handle his posters. Then he dropped a line to a well-known poster artist requesting the latter to call at his address.

The evolution of this project and completion of arrangements for carrying it out kept Jack busy the greater part of the fourth week, his close being marked by the appearance of another newspaper advertisement, which the Evening Universe placed before its wondering constituency:

A MAN LOVES BEST that which he thinks most. Consequently, the time he devotes to thinking about different matters indicates in what proportion his love belongs to each one. By close observation and accurate calculation I have discovered that I devote all but 26-100 per cent. of my time to thinking of Mollie, and so my love for Mollie is 94-100 PER CENT.

I trust that she will give this interesting fact her attention and consideration. Beware of imitations, and do not be led into accepting "something just as good." "Yes!" is a small word and easily written. To facilitate the matter I will send a sheet of fine note paper with envelope to match, also a postage stamp. Free on Request. JACK.

On the evening of the publication of this masterpiece the young man held a conference with the poster artist behind closed doors. "What I want," said Jack, "is a series of good designs showing a happy home in which the young wife is surrounded by every comfort and all that sort of thing. That's the main idea. The details I leave with you."

"And the wording?" queried the artist. "There will be no wording," Jack answered. The artist looked surprised. "That's rather unusual in poster advertising," he said. "I hope it is," replied Jack. "The chief business I'm engaged in is rather unusual itself. Oh, yes, I also desire—"

But as to just what more the young man did desire in the poster line the artist was left as ignorant as a Filipino, for an interruption occurred at this moment in the shape of a loud knock and the entrance of a servant with a telegram. Jack felt very much annoyed at the interruption. He wanted to have his new idea developed as soon as possible, and hated to delay the outlining of his plans by a single second. However, he opened the sinister-looking envelope and glanced at the contents.

One glance seemed to be sufficient. He sprang to his feet and brought his feet down upon the table with a starting force. "By Jove!" said Jack. The artist appeared interested. Remembering his visitor, the young man succeeded in reducing himself to a condition of comparative calmness and turned to the artist.

"I have changed my mind," he announced. "I shall not use posters." "That's all," said Jack, tersely. And the artist departed without a word. Left alone the young man hunted up a decanter. He felt a trifle faint and needed a "bracer."

Next, the excitement under which he was laboring demanded action, so he spent five minutes staking up and down the apartment, staircase passages in the march being furnished by occasional assaults upon the unresisting table. Then he sat down and gazed at the photograph of a girl for another five minutes, after which he reread the telegram. It said: JACK: Please send at once envelope, paper, and postage stamp. Free on request. An advertisement. MOLLIE.

Three hours later the young man once more leaned against the piano and listened to the young woman on the piano stool, who smiled at him sweetly. "We will help one another, and get out of the rut together, Jack," she was saying in a soft whisper.—From Profitable Advertising (Boston).

Very True. Mistress—It isn't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary! Cook—Perhaps not, mum; but it's the clothes that makes the policeman!—Puck.

A CHARACTER THAT HELPED.

The Power of Influence—Mysterious Way in Which One Life Helps Another.

It is a truism that influence cannot be measured. But it is also an awful truth-inspiring to the pure in heart, and perturbing to the careless and vicious to whom the thought comes home. We touch humanity at a thousand points with almost every breath we draw.

It is related of a certain housekeeper that after she had complained several times to the grocer regarding baskets of unsound fruit sent to her address she was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of melons, accompanied with this assurance: "You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do, I will gladly refund the money you pay for them."

She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods. "Why?" exclaimed the man. "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market."

The farmer's number among the commission dealer's consignments was "125." After that the lady always bought No. 125, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition or quality.

Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon the housekeeper, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight or "scamp" her work. No. 125 seemed to be looking at her.

One particular that deepened this impression was the nonappearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 125 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper felt her face flush when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous.

The summer and autumn passed, but the sermon of the faultless fruit continued to preach to its buyer when she could buy no more. Careless lapses of duty frequently brought up the thought: "No. 125 would not have done that." She remembered and thanked the unknown man whose integrity had strengthened and helped her. His rectitude represented to her the presence of the sinless Teacher.

The above instance is but one among thousands of the power of involuntary influence. A good man's life is one of the moral toiles of society. His silent example is in itself a blessing to the world.—Baptist Union.

CLEANINGS OF THOUGHT.

God's highest favor to a man is to help him grow.—Boston Congregationalist.

One reason why we do not find more new things in the Bible is because we do not search it expecting to find them. There is not a single chapter or verse which we have exhausted.

Forsake yourself, resign yourself, and you shall enjoy great inward peace. Give all for all. Ask for nothing, desire no return. * * * You shall be free in heart, and darkness shall not cover you.—Thomas a Kempis.

"They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." They shall be arrayed in those garments of glistering purity which were with difficulty kept white in the world, but which in the world to come Divine favor shall keep free from every stain.—William Milligan, D. D.

To me this is the profoundest of all truths—that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is love; love is sacrifice, to give rather than to receive—the blessedness of self-giving. * * * All the life of God is a flow of this Divine self-giving charity.—F. W. Robertson.

Follow God.—God demands snowy whiteness of character, regardless of all circumstances. No other service or profession is acceptable or pleasing to him. Half devotion He spurns with equal scorn with a direct affront, for to him half service is no service at all.—Rev. H. C. Stanton.

The Christian life is living convictions and not talking about them; having them and not fancying that we have them. Not calling Christ our Master, but making Him our Master in fact. "Believest thou this?" Ask the question on your knees, and pray that God will help you to give an honest answer.—Greenough.

Man must work. That is as certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly or he may work gratefully; he may work as a man or he may work as a machine. He cannot always choose his work, but he can do it in a generous temper and with an unlookng heart. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impulsive that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull that he may not enliven it.—Henry Giles.

What Has Saved England. In 1648, when every throne on the continent was either seriously shaken or overturned, the queen of England could walk and drive about as usual. M. Guizot, the French statesman of that era, said to Lord Shaftesbury: "I will tell you what has saved your empire. It was not your police, it was not your army, it was not your statesmen; it was the deep, solemn, religious atmosphere that is breathed over the whole people of England."

What Makes a Man. The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, that the great and insignificant, is energy—irresistible energy—and then the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature without it.—Goethe.