

BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

There was a man and a maid and a ring; "I'll have you forever," and that sort of thing.

And while he was talking another man came, presto! spoke to the new one.

For that is the way of a man with a maid the usual way of a man with a maid—of with the old and on with the new ones.

Another man and a maid and a ring; she loved him dearly and called him her king.

And dream of the future and pictured the next.

Where they twain should live with love and its best.

Protest! Refuse to the new one, and one that he favored the true one; for that is the way of a man with a maid the usual way of a man with a maid—of with the old and on with the new one.

Mrs. Judge Crute is visiting in Baltimore.

The rain was needed and its good effects can already be seen.

The Dramatic Club met at Mrs. Berkeley's on Monday evening.

Rev. Mr. Capers went to Petersburg on Monday evening and to Richmond next day.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight." Some one must deliver the lithia again.

No one need get cold buggy driving this winter. The display of lap robes is magnificent.

Building rock roads is slow process. Slow and sure is the motto. When done let it be well done.

These chimes, spare ribs, pluck and such like, hanging in front of our meat houses, do wonderfully excite the salivary glands.

Rev. K. H. Basmajian, from Constantinople, is in Farmville and will lecture in the Opera House on next Monday night.

We had been for days without a drink of Farmville lithia, and it did seem to be better than ever when we did have a smack at it.

The Normalites enjoyed a Hallo-weene entertainment on Tuesday evening. The HERALD would be pleased to hear from the Normal each week.

The Farmville fall roses are unusually beautiful, but none quite as much so as some specimens we have seen from the garden of Mrs. C. M. Walker.

Mr. W. E. Davidson's residence, on High street, is near completion. It will hold up its head among its companions, and all of us will be proud of it.

Mrs. Dr. White has been having the trees about her home thinned out. It's an improvement, and does let in upon the new green house a flood of glorious sunshine.

Mrs. Wm. Boyle, with her infant daughter, arrived here last Wednesday night from Rocky Mount, N. C., on a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. R. Cunningham.

Col. T. M. R. Talbot is now in charge of the F. & P. He is an experienced railroad official, and will no doubt manage the property to the best interest of all concerned.

The HERALD's phone is No. 48. Ring us up and give personals and all kinds of general interest. And remember that the smallest items of neighborhood news are of interest to neighbors.

Mrs. Samuel McKimney, of Knoxville, Tenn., will visit Mrs. C. M. Walker, on her way to Richmond, where she will represent the Knoxville chapter in the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Our ministers were all in their pulpits on Sunday, and the Rev. Mr. Broughton, of Richmond, occupied that of the Baptist church. The secretary conducted services at the Y. M. C. A., and there was a good attendance of young men.

Cumberland courthouse has a street corner United States mail box. Who says the old bug is dead? On the contrary she has taken on new lease of life and has a brilliant future. The Flippen Bros. couldn't live in a dead town.

Don't be alarmed about small pox. It has been scaring the people in and about Bristol for some time and only one old lady, 84 years of age, has succumbed to it. It scars and scares but doesn't do much killing. Prudent people are vaccinated, however.

There was a distressing death by accident on the farm of Mr. Henry Hubbard, a few days ago. It seems that a little colored girl in her effort to save a pet dog, frightened a pair of mules, who ran over her and trampled her to death.

The Richardson building begins to assume full form and symmetry. And this is true of the Commercial Co's store, both of which will be ornamental to the town. If business is "cracking" by reason of position each of them will boom from the start. Those corners have been active centres of intense activities from long ago.

Major Otley is of opinion that a curbing is absolutely necessary to the preservation of the town's 16 foot macadam, at least a portion of it. He is an expert and his opinion is entitled to weight. Hear him in time, it will not do to make mistakes in a matter of such importance. A stitch in time may save nine times nine.

The Hampden-Sidney football team beat the Richmond College team last Saturday in a hotly contested game on the grounds of the latter, the score being 17 to 5. Now let the Union Theological students "tackle" them and it will be demonstrated how much better it is to breathe the pure air of Prince Edward, and jump, and leap and run

Wedding Bells.

On Wednesday, the 25th of October, at noon, Mr. E. J. Whitehead, of Farmville, and Miss Martha Ersell Wainwright, of York county, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Leroy J. Phaup being the officiating minister.

This happy marriage was celebrated at Providence church, York county, which had been elaborately and handsomely decorated for the occasion with flowers and ivy the latter having been furnished from the historic Nelson House, Yorktown. Mr. H. M. Whitehead, brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Sarah Turner, of Norfolk, maid of honor. The ushers were Messrs. John Buchanan, R. N. Howard, Jacob Wainwright and Fred H. Ayres.

The church was filled with friends of the contracting parties, the sun shone out in nontide splendor and Heaven's benediction rested upon the brilliant scene. After the ceremony luncheon was served, and from this bright spot in life's journey the happy pair started for their future home in Farmville.

Mr. Whitehead is the popular and efficient deputy clerk of the county and circuit courts for Prince Edward, and has already won high place in the confidence of his fellow countrymen by his gentleness of manner, modest demeanor, accurate and painstaking work.

The bride, who is a very attractive and popular young lady of York county, was becomingly attired in a dark gray travelling suit; being in mourning she carried no flowers, but a prayer book and hymnal instead. Miss Turner, of Norfolk, the maid of honor, was prettily dressed in a gown of navy blue cloth with old gold trimmings and carried a lovely bunch of "Society roses."

Mrs. Whitehead has not come among strangers, for as student of the Normal she learned to know the social and religious circles of Farmville, and to be recognized as one of their favorites. She has already received the warm welcome, and our hope is that the new home may be full compensation for the old.

The HERALD adds its greeting and good wishes.

A Preacher's Rebuke.

On last Sunday Rev. John Stanley Thomas, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Suffolk, Va., delivered an address on modern pulpitering in which he said:

I am not here to say that a man who plays cards or takes a social drink, or dances or goes to the theatres, or indulges in what are called social evils, isn't a gentleman. I'd declaim what I know to be untrue in many instances if I said it. Nor do I underestimate such pleasures that so often prove fatal. The clergyman who attacks what are generally called social evils and open and secret sinnings, ought to be very sure about his own private life.

I despise the spirit of the pulpit that prompts the harsh attacks on the pew, the world-minded attendants, the severe and cutting criticisms we hear so often.

It is taking advantage of the pew to speak from the pulpit what the pulpit representative dare not say to the bearer on the street or in a home. It is nothing less than professional cowardice.

Hampden-Sidney Notes.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA., Nov. 1. J. Edgar Smith, Esq., an alumnus of Hampden-Sidney in the classes of 1880-1 and 1881-2, and now a member of the bar of Washington, D. C., has presented to our library a drama written by himself entitled "The Scarlet Stigma," founded on "The Scarlet Letter," which shows considerable dramatic power. The scene is located in Boston in June, 1695.

President McIlwaine returned on Monday from a visit to Blackstone, where he preached Sunday, and reports that Professor A. M. Earle, who for two years was the leading instructor in Hoge Academy, and resigned to enter on study for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary, has kindly consented to return to the academy for the present session in order to fill a vacancy in the faculty, and is now installed in his work. Professor Earle has the entire confidence of the faculty, the students, and the community, and everything is moving along pleasantly in the institution. Its corps of instruction is full and able, and the outlook for a successful session excellent. There is a larger number of cadets present than ever before, and they are a handsome and promising set of fellows.

A Sudden Death.

The sudden death of Mr. M. B. Hurt on the morning of October 31st, was a great shock to all who knew him. He was 21 years old on the 25th of October. His home was at Pamplin, but had been a resident of Farmville about a year where he had filled the position as night watchman at the Farmville Manufacturing Company's. The cause of his death was a carbuncle on the side of his face. His remains were laid in the family burying ground near Pamplins.

FOR SALE.

Twenty-five Black Poland China Pigs, from 6 to 8 weeks old. A. R. VENABLE, JR.

Why Not?

If Farmville's six per cent bonds can be converted into four per cent bonds, why not proceed at once to effect the change?

If corporations can borrow money at four per cent why should not the farmers of Prince Edward proceed to enter into a combination and when necessary borrow for the individual members?

If trusts do indeed cheapen the things necessary to human comfort and happiness, why not make the article universal?

If money is plentiful, why is it that so many people with good eyes, and both eyes open, don't see it?

If rock-bottom is desirable between Farmville and Hampden-Sidney, why is not rock-bottom desirable the county over? If it costs more to endure bad roads than it does to maintain good roads, why not have the good?

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

Wanderings of a Week.

Editor Herald:—If any of your readers are discouraged as to the possibilities of fruit culture in Southside Virginia, I respectfully advise them to jump into their own buggy, or one of friend Cox's, or else buy a ticket good on the F. & P., and go at once to the home of the Rev. Morrison, near Cumberland C. H. If this object lesson doesn't convince that apples, peaches, pears, &c., can be as successfully grown here as elsewhere, then seeing is not believing with such persons.

Those acres of trees were not simply planted and left to grow and bear, but were well and thoughtfully selected, then carefully nurtured and the result is, there will be a paying crop each year. The Rev. Mr. Morrison is a chaplain in the U. S. navy, and on "board ship" has learned the "value of systematic work which has been of service on shore. Certain is it that he has given us an example worthy of following, and done much to recommend this section as admirably adapted to fruit growing.

The place he now owns was once the home of Dr. Pettus, if I recollect aright, and of this, in connection with it, I am absolutely correct in my memory: The Prince Edward Troop, under the leadership of the noble Thornton, was formed in front of the Randolph House on the afternoon of a May day, 1861, and started for Richmond via Cumberland C. H., at which place we spent our first night away from home as soldiers. As we rode in sight of this home of the chaplain, its then owner, Dr. Pettus, was seen standing in the front yard, with welcome written on his face, and a huge tub of mint julep stationed under the shade of one of those splendid oaks, adding strength and charm to the invitation to halt. We obeyed with alacrity, and for one half hour drank to the success of our army, the health of the host, to home, to the girls left behind, and to comrades on the left and on the right. It was a green spot of war times, and I have never passed the place since that I have not lifted my hat to the home life of old Virginia. The next morning the same scene was enacted in the front yard of Dr. Henderson, now the home of Mr. Gray, just below the Courthouse, and at many another home between here and Richmond. How delightful was war when viewed from such pleasure grounds, but, alas, how repulsive when North Carolina "new corn" drove from the field the fragrant and fascinating Virginia julep.

In my young days I reckoned the Virginia reel as the crowning joy of human life, and next in importance the old time "singing school." For forty years I had not seen the "singing master," nor heard the ring of the "tuning fork," nor been with the girls and boys as they merrily climbed up or climbed down the "scale." I was fortunate enough to find all these, in antique glory, at Evergreen, Appomattox county, on Thursday evening of last week. My old teacher was not there, nor my "best girl," but the teacher and the "tuning fork" were there, and "somebody's darling." I didn't sing a note, but while others sang I listened and allowed memory full swing. And how it did sweep o'er the strings of the dead harp, and make music for at least one heart.

Young man, if you never attended a "singing school," I mean the genuine article, go to Evergreen or some other green spot of earth, and know what you have been missing. While at Evergreen it was my privilege to eat a chicken, which had been killed, dressed and cooked under the thoughtful direction of Mrs. C. S. McDermann, and of all the chickens I have encountered in my wanderings it "took the cake." It was fat to begin with, was killed twelve hours before being cooked, had remained sometime in salt water and was thoroughly cooked. The result being it was a dish "fit for the gods." A chicken cooked while kicking is a failure. You may deal with fish that way but not with fowls.

Things political are somewhat mixed in Appomattox, too. The epidemic of "kicking" as well as that of smallpox, has reached the county and one independent has it in the "effluent" form. This same independent is howling Democracy, just as independent papers and persons are elsewhere doing in the State, to the disgust of his and their former associates. This identical independent, not long since, was so stalwart a Democrat that when a young Republican voter began to visit in his family, he told him if he continued to vote that ticket, he must discontinue his visits to his house. Just another instance of extremes meeting.

In my wanderings in Appomattox I passed the old home of our retraining fellow-townman, Capt. J. R. Martin. There were no electric lights flashing from its windows, no telephones through which to talk to neighbors, nor hot and cold water pumped from the creek, but a typical Southside Virginia home, and no doubt, to him, still "the dearest spot on earth." From just such homes sons of Virginia have gone out to lead her battle and business forces.

The new Methodist church at West Appomattox, which has just been dedicated, is one of the handsomest in the county. Rev. Dr. Bledsoe preached the dedicatory sermon, and it is said to have been the work of a master of pulpit oratory.

That's another name for J. B. Lewis Co.'s Wear-Resisters—the boots that wear well, feel well, look well. Get a "good understanding." All styles, men's, women's and children's. Get a pair at A. E. Cralle's.

We can sell you a tooth brush guaranteed not to shed the bristles for 35c. H. C. CRUTE, Druggist. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever for 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Free of Charge. Any adult suffering from a cold settled on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung troubles of any nature, who will call at H. C. Crute's, will be presented with a sample bottle of Boschee's German Syrup, free of charge. Only one bottle given to one person, and none to children without order from parents.

No throat or lung remedy ever had such a sale as Boschee's German Syrup in all parts of the civilized world. Twenty years ago millions of bottles were given away, and your druggists will tell you its success was marvelous. It is really the only Throat and Lung remedy generally endorsed by physicians. One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its value. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

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Present-Day Thoughts.

A Model for Voters:—In the City Hall Park of New York stands the statue of a beardless youth whose elbows are arched behind his back. The cars of hurrying commerce and pleasure roll by him and crowds almost as unheeding as the cars themselves, glance at the figure and pass on. This youth died one hundred and twenty-three years ago without knowing anything of the outcome of the Revolution and without ever dreaming that his statue one day should stand as a quiet protest and a quiet appeal. Men of greater moment than this earnest, hearty, patriotic school-teacher served all through that war and with distinction, yet their names are inscribed even less deeply upon the hearts of some of us than is Nathan Hale's.

He was a spy and he met a spy's death, just as Major Andre did later on upon the American side. Many others were spies and not all were caught, yet of them we hear nothing. Nathan Hale's memory lives because when he was about to die he said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." That is the metal with the true ring; that is the heroism that tells, because it does not count consequences; that is the life that lives though life be vanquished; that is the self-forgetfulness which prompts his countrymen to an unflinching memory.

Next year the school house in East Haddam, Conn., where Hale taught will become a museum and relics of this brave young man will be gathered there, together with other historic things that should be preserved for ever. Our country is doing well by its constant endeavor through the various historical societies, to preserve statues, and houses, and treasures that tend to make the past more real to the present day child.

What is Hale's quiet message to us across the years of change that separate his time from ours? Is it not that our country ought to be to each of us a very real thing—a personality, I might almost say? We are too often possessed of a feeling of impatience and disgust with some particularly obnoxious neighbor and some of us rise up even in our wrath and declare that so long as this or that bad man votes we will not vote, and so long as this or that bad man has power we will intentionally be weak and show no power. What surer way is there for unfruitful political life than throwing aside the heritage of a vote just because a bad man may possess that same heritage? Rather than holding back, let our vote nullify the vote of the bad man instead of increasing his power by our not voting at all.

It is when we realize the actual personality of our country though made up of all sorts of diverse elements that we can begin to understand something of the spirit that actuated Hale. He was in love with a beautiful girl; he was full of life and hope; he had been well trained at Yale College; and Congress had especially honored him by making him a captain after a short service before Boston; yet all these things he counted as naught when set against the interests of his country, a word that is too often hazy and misty in our minds as to its true meaning. Hale knew it was something worth living for, worth dying for and he was either right or he was a fool. Surely not the latter; for we are running hither and thither to honor him. But if right, what conditions have altered, pray, to make us less interested in the future of the country. I can imagine visions of America's greatness floating before the distended eyes of this boy of '76; and the thought of even making the smallest contribution to its great needs was sweet to him and he did not shrink. He was a prophet and so are we, all of us who understand and live on the belief that our country's history and power, glory and might, do not begin and end with our little tiny selves, but that we are items in the greater circumstance of the moving forward of the nation. Most of us are not called upon to render our services to the country under his trying conditions. All that we have to do is easy compared with that done by this brave young lad. What we have to do, as it were, is to hold up our hands and be counted for the right and against the wrong; yet even this some of our cowardly natures shrink from, as though life were given to us merely to drift down the stream like a twig.

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Buckingham Briefs.

ARCANUM, VA., Oct. 31, '99. Circuit court is still sitting, it opened on 25th October. The suit of Toney against C. & O. Railroad, occupied three days. Toney sued for \$5,000, alleging that the road near his house (8 or 10 miles N. E. of White Hall), had caused a swamp or slash of foetid water giving him and his family malaria. The jury gave him \$500 damages.

Morris against Morris was called today. The frequenters of our courts have become so accustomed to the clerk's call of these parties, that a court without Morris against Morris would cause surprise. The late Wm. M. Cabell said years ago (your readers who knew him must imagine the inimitable nasal drawl): "When I came to Buckingham bar a young man, the first case called in court was Morris against Morris. I have been hearing the same call every court for forty years, and the last case I expect to hear, if I live to be a hundred, will be Morris against Morris."

As far as I know to the contrary, the oldest white citizen of Buckingham died on Saturday last, 28th, Mr. Jno. P. Morgan, aged 87 years. He was a good citizen, simple and unpretending, an upright, honorable, God-fearing man. He was elected justice of the peace in New Store district for thirty years consecutively. His remains were laid away in the Bethel church cemetery on Sunday afternoon in the presence of a very large crowd of friends and relatives. Rev. John Spencer officiating minister.

Mrs. Hebditch has taken her infant son to the Virginia Hospital to have a surgical operation performed on the child. It has a "hare-lip."

Hanna has lost faith in everything save and except the almighty dollar. He goes so far as to say there isn't a trust in the land, that is with the Boss, "Poor Trust is Dead." He takes nothing but the cash.

The Tampa Tribune, instead of presenting to the world "The man with the Hoe," introduces the "Man with the Grove." Her new oranges are in market.

Bismark's Iron Nerve. Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at White & Co's drug store.

Dout Cough. "There is no better way to get rid of your temper than by keeping it," says an excellent proverb. Some people seem to think that they can get rid of a bad cough in the same way. Keep your cough and you will soon find it necessary to keep something worse. Better invest a quarter in a bottle of David's Cough Syrup—the remedy that cures when others fail.—For sale by Winston & Church.

If you want anything in household or school furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Pictures or Wall Paper go to Doyno's.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

STOP SMOKING. If you are a smoker you know how much it costs you. Stop smoking now. Buy a box of 100 Cigarettes for 50c. It costs you nothing. It costs you nothing. It costs you nothing.

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 Remedies Co., Chicago or New York.

Volcanic Eruptions. Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Blisters, Fomies, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chillyblains. Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by White & Co., Druggist.

Bleed It in 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.

How Are Your Kidneys? Dr. Hobb's Spanish Pills cure all kidney trouble. No food. Add Sterling Remedies Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Wood's Seeds. A Beautiful Lawn is a joy and pride to the fortunate possessor. It can be easily and quickly obtained by sowing

WOOD'S EVERGREEN Lawn Grass Seed and following the full and complete directions for preparation, seeding, and care of Lawns, given in Wood's Descriptive Catalogue, which is free for the asking, or will be mailed upon receipt of postal request.

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Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at White & Co's Drug Store, large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Planters Bank. I have an order for thirty shares of Planters Bank stock. WM. G. VENABLE.

"All Men Think All Men Mortal But Them ves."

There's your neighbor Jones—He has a fine dry goods business, and is making money so they say. Yet he commenced with borrowed money, and owns a part of it yet—owes more still for stock and other things. He will soon get out of debt, though—if he lives. He has a charming wife and three lovely children. What would become of them if anything happened to him? There would be such a shrinkage in his estate that it would scarcely net anything for them. He ought to make an assurance company carry this risk instead of his family. You don't need a policy of course, but Joxas ought to take one at once.

W. P. VENABLE & CO. represent the Equitable Life, with surplus of Fifty Millions.

Announcement! On or about December 1st, I will open a NEW JEWELRY AND OPTICAL STORE—ON MAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR ABOVE PLANTERS BANK, FARMVILLE, VA.

Friends and former patrons who may wish to see me in the meantime will find me at the Shoe Store of W. C. Fallwell. Respectfully,

W. T. BLANTON, Formerly with E. Wiltse.

Pure Whiskey Harper. Perfect Whiskey HARPER. Every bottle guaranteed HARPER. Sold by JOS. MANNONI, FARMVILLE, VA.

New Lot of Toilet Sets, Dinner Sets, and Tea Sets.

Just received from the Potteries. CRUTE & BUGG'S, FARMVILLE, VA.

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Moving Sale! \$5,000 WORTH of well selected NEW Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc., to be sold in the next 30 days, at H. D. COBB & CO.'S.

In order to move our Store February 1st, 1900, we find it very necessary to sell down the stock we now have. It will pay to call on us before making your purchases elsewhere. We also handle

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Made to Measure Clothing. Samples on exhibition. Suits \$13.50 and up. Pants \$4.10 and up.

H. D. COBB & CO., Main St., FARMVILLE, VA.