THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. XII. | FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1902. | NO. 34.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Blanton.
[illegible]—By Committees.
Finance—O. T. Wicker, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Erambert.
Sanitary—W. S. Anderson, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Farrar.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Erambert.
Light—E. L. Morris, O. T. Wicker and J. B. Farrar.
Street—J. R. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. S. Anderson.
[illegible]—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert and A. E. Cralle.
[illegible]—H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W. [illegible].
[illegible]—E. L. Erambert, A. E. Cralle and W. S. Anderson.
Fire Department—O. T. Wicker, W. E. [illegible] and J. R. Martin.
[illegible]—E. L. Erambert, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Farrar.
Water—A. E. Cralle, E. L. Erambert and J. R. Martin.
[illegible]—J. B. Farrar, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—P. H. C. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
[illegible]—[illegible] and J. E. Ligon.
Supt Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—G. M. Robeson.
[illegible] Commissioner—J. S. Hart.

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LETTERS, SCIENCE, LAW, MEDICINE, ENGINEERING

Session Begins 15th September. For Catalogue address P. B. Barringer, Chairman, Charlottesville, Va.

NOTICE!

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PLACE.

It is one of the FINEST PLACES in the South. Restaurant on the European plan. Wines and Liquors, imported and domestic. Oysters all the year round, a specialty.

Half-shell, per dozen, 20 cents.
Fry, 30 cents.
Half-fry, 20 cents.
Stew, 15 cents and 25 cents.
Ham and Eggs, 25 cents.
Porterhouse Steak, 25 cents.
Everything in season.

905, 907 E. Broad St.,
Half block from the City Hall,
Richmond, Va.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Twenty years ago, sweet wife,
Thine eyes were bright and gray:
Now grief has dimmed their lustrous hue
And stole their light away.
But I can gaze into their depths,
And still they softly shine;
I fondly pray their loving looks
Reflect the love of mine.

Twenty years ago, dear wife,
Thy hair was bright as gold;
But now its silver threadlike streaks
Tell we are getting old.
I pass my hand across thy curls
With blessing in my touch;
For though harsh Time has stole my joy,
Thy love has left me much.

Twenty years ago, loved wife,
Thy hand was round and fair,
And showed with grace the golden ring
My love had placed on there;
But time and toil have left their mark;
Yet though these signs men see,
The hand I hold within my own
Is dear as life to me!
—Jennie Stovin, in N. Y. Weekly.

TWO BAD MEN AND A FIDDLE.

An Averted Shooting in a Colorado Mining Camp.

"THE accidentally averted tragedies are not often chronicled, but I'se seen a few of that kind that are worth telling about," said a Colorado mining man to a capitol committee room group the other afternoon, says a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Sun.

"One night, when Cripple Creek was new and raw, Biff Randall and Alec Grubb, who were partners in a claim that was panning out big, drifted into Sonk Murphy's canvas honkatonk and blew the house. Biff and Alec had been off the reservation for four days. Both were pretty bad men.

"Well, on this night Biff and Alec, being tired and precarious-like on their pins, and neither of 'em having had any sleep for four days and nights, were peevish with each other, and the boys noticed that they were pretty snappy in the way they talked to each other. Consequently the boys kept a sort o' focus on the entrances to the tent, so's to be able to execute proper getaways at the needful moment, in case there was anything doing between Alec and Biff.

"After they'd both wetted down all hands three or four times Biff and Alec were naturally quite some more to the bad than before they'd come in, and they continued to have fancy little cracks at each other for some reason or other. Finally Biff caught sight of a dusty old violin box resting on a shelf behind the bar. The fiddle and case had been left with Sonk Murphy by a rover who wanted the price of a ride back to Denver.

"'Sonk,' said Biff to Murphy, who was taking the watch himself behind the bar, 'lemme have a peep at that music box. Maybe I'll play you a chune. I used to be a heap on the fiddle when I was young and purty.'

"'Well, I never knowed that,' put in Alec, kind o' leering and ugly. 'I knowed that you was a whole lot strong on elbow work, but not with the bow. If I can't play a faster chune on that thing than you can I'll hand you over my half of our hole in the ground.'

"Biff, in the act of taking the fiddle out of the box, looked up at Alec from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"'You're on, you juniper,' he said, pretty quiet like, considering Alec's sneering way. 'You're on f'r keeps, and you got to stay with that crack or git what's comin' to a welcher.'

"Alec grinned satirically and confidently, and Biff began to tune up the violin. We thought he'd only been four-flushing when he'd said that he could play some on the thing, but we saw by the way he tuned it up that he knew something about it.

"He put some rosin on the bow, sat down so's to be more steady, stuck the fiddle under his chin and began to saw 'The Irish Washerwoman.' It didn't sound so bad at that.

"Meantime we kept the off eye on Alec. We figured that Alec was out on a limb. Now, considering the merit of Biff's performance, we were a-plenty surprised to note that Alec didn't appear to be even a little bit worried about that defi he'd pushed over.

"We couldn't see that it looked reasonable to suppose that Alec could hand up a faster tune than Biff had executed, and that's why we were astonished to observe that there was no sign whatever of caving on Alec's part.

"'Now, you catfish,' said Biff to Alec, handing over the fiddle and the bow, 'you make good that chaw o' yours about fast chunes. I'll leave it to the bunch. If you've got me coppered, the whole claim's yours. If you hain't got the goods, I'm going to mark a dead line jest 1,000 yards from that hole in the foothill and you're goin' to stay outside of it.'

"Alec took the violin and bow with his confident grin still on his face. He laid the instrument and bow down long enough to cut himself off a large chew from a plug. After carefully stowing the chew in the left-hand corner of his countenance, he picked up the fiddle and bow again, tried the strings like a man who knew just where he stood, and then began on 'The Devil's Dream.'

"Well, it didn't take any of us half a minute to see that Alec had the merchandise and that he had Biff beat. Alec was right there with 'The Devil's Dream,' and there are not many faster fiddle tunes than that.

"Alec rocked around in his seat quite a lot while he played, but he didn't make any breaks in his fingering or bowing, and he tore off that tune faster'n a runaway slag train going down a mountain side. Well, when we saw the way the situation stood, we began to sort o' edge sidewise toward the tent flap.

"We hadn't been asked to be made umpires and none of us felt exactly like pushing to the front and handing down any decision as to the respective virtuoso abilities of Biff and Alec. We saw that Biff's eyes were blazing and that his nigh hand was sort o' twiddling nervously in the direction of his gun. And so our tide just naturally set toward the tent flap.

"Alec set the fiddle and bow down after he'd got through and grinned quizzically and powerful irritatingly at Biff. Biff had a chagrined, evil look on his map that ought to've caused Alec to be careful, but Alec was flushed with triumph and his four days' souse, and he kept right on grinning in Biff's teeth.

"'Ombrey,' said Biff, straightening himself up and glaring hard at his partner, 'lemme tell you somethin'. You're a ringer. You're a ——'

"Now, it was at this very instant, when the hands of both men were traveling toward their guns, that I noticed a squat, heavy-set man, clad in dark clothes, and with a flat-topped derby pushed back from a very bald head, standing in the entrance of the tent. I knew him right away—had seen him in Denver the week before.

"We of the bunch were just about to execute our timely hike when Biff and Alec were on the point of making their gun play, when the little man, who appeared to be quite aware of what was in progress, walked jerkily up to where they stood confronting each other, and almost on the pinpoint of plugging each other, and he said, addressing them both, and looking smilingly from one to the other:

"'I heard some blaying—nod? yes?'

"Biff and Alec both turned and gazed with open mouths at the queer-looking little man with the bald head. Neither of them said a word, but they just stared at him.

"'Oh, here is ze veeoleen,' said the squat man, picking up the instrument from the bar and scrutinizing it. Then he picked up the bow. Biff and Alec continued to stare at him.

"'Vell, I blay for you,' said the little man, and he snuggled the violin up under his chin like as if it was a pet kitten, and he gave a flourish with the bow, and then he brought it down for a crashing chord on all four strings at once—and then Biff's and Alec's guns went back into their belts and they forgot about everything else except the sounds that were coming out of that catgut and, knowing that the making of war medicine was over for the time being, we all gathered around the squat man.

"Did any of you ever hear Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, play? Because that's who the squat man was—Remenyi. He had run down from Denver to Cripple Creek to see what a new American mining camp was like, and prowling around, and hearing Alec's scraping of 'The Devil's Dream,' he had just dropped into the honkatonk on an impulse, without any idea of what was going on.

"Well, Remenyi 'blayed' all right. He just nursed that old thing under his fat neck like a boy cuddles a guinea pig with a broken leg, and he hadn't been playing more than two minutes before every man in the gang looked as if he had a sneaking sort of feeling that he hadn't done right with his life.

"Biff and Alec sidled over to the bar and leaned their backs against it, side by side, and every time that Hungarian squat man pulled out a tremolo that was particularly meaty and reproachful and full o' meaning, they'd exchange kind o' entranced smiles with each other and shake their heads sadly at each other.

"I don't know what it was that squat foreign man played. I never will know. But I know that what he played made me feel like I'd been neglecting the folks back home, and when I reached my shack I sat down and wrote 'em letters until daylight.

"When after ten minutes of straight playing, he wound up with a lot of low things 'way down on the G string that sounded like a brook gurgling to itself in the night, and when he took the violin from under his chin with a sort of dreamy smile on his pudgy face, there was an amount of soughing from those fellows standing around such as I never heard outside of a hotel for 'lungers.' And none of the bunch seemed to want to look at each other except, Biff and Alec.

"They looked at each other silently and sheepishly for about two minutes after Remenyi put down the violin and mopped his forehead with a big white silk handkerchief. Then Biff walked up to the stocky virtuoso, cleared his throat, and said in a tone that was pretty hoarse:

"'Podner, I don't know who you all are, nor where you stampedes from, nor anything about you 'cepting what I just heerd. But I know who I am and what I've got. All I got's half a hole in the rock, with some pay dirt in sight, and that's yourn. And, next to that hole in the ground, I got a shack filled up with the riff-raff belongin's that I've been gittin' together f'r years. Well, that shack's yourn, too, and here's the key to the padlock. Take it. Touch a match to the whole fitout and burn it down if you want to—but it's yourn. That's all.'

"The amazed Remenyi stood gazing at Biff with his little beady brown eyes twinkling wonderingly, but before he had time to say anything in reply, Alec stepped forward, fronting him, cleared his throat as Biff had done, and said:

"'Which it affords me pleasure to come to the front and make good f'r what my podner, Biff, jest got through tollin' you all. You win out the claim and everythin' on it. Me and Biff don't feel like we got no right to stay in no camp where there's a ombrey that can do things on a fiddle like you can do, and so, such bein' the case, me and Biff, we just cashes in, and glad to do it, and vamoose, that's all.'

"They meant absolutely every word of it, too. But Remenyi took sudden alarm over the peculiar actions and words of the two rough-looking men. He didn't understand the language very well, and he didn't know what they were trying to force on him, out of enthusiasm and boozerino ecstacy, a claim that has since panned out big, as a tribute to his genius.

"With a murmered word or two he took to his short legs and scampered out of the tent, while Biff and Alec gazed after him disappointedly. Still under the daze of that great music they both speechlessly beckoned all hands to the front, blew the outfit twice around, and then, linking arms, they hiked to their shack, sobered up and went to work.

"They'd both have been dead men if Remenyi, of Hungaria, hadn't popped into that canvas honkatonk at the moment he did."

A Pretty Royal Custom.

A pretty custom dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria has ever since pertained to the royal family. A sprig of myrtle which formed a part of the bride's wreath was carefully cultured, and in due time planted out. When the princess royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present emperor of Germany. The custom was observed in the marriage of the Prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already, as the result of this charming custom, the making of a grove of myrtle trees. Other royal customs attached to the marriage of the royal family relate to the bouquet and the wedding cake. Ever since the marriage of Queen Victoria a firm of Windsor florists have had the honor of presenting the one, a Chester confectioner finding the other, neither accepting payment.—From the Scotsman.

The Princess and the Telephone.

Telephones can be very treacherous instruments at times. One evening the prince of Wales, the king, was at a public dinner at which he was to speak. During the meal he told an equerry to send for a book, to which he wished to refer for a fact, from Marlborough house. The equerry gave the necessary instructions, and the hotel manager rang the royal residence up on the telephone. After he had made himself understood there was a pause of many minutes. He rang again, then again, until at last losing all patience he litlerally shouted: "Are you there? What the —— do you mean by keeping his royal highness waiting? Can you find the book or not?" To his angry expostulations came the quiet answer: "We are very sorry to keep you waiting; we are doing our best to find the book, which shall be sent on at once. Please tell my father this because he is so particular." It was the first, and doubtless he hopes it will be the last time, that the manager had ever rated a princess through the telephone.—Mainly About People, London.

Military Orthography.

A British soldier, who is at this moment serving in South Africa, recently sent a letter to the war office containing a word that baffled the imagination of every clerk and official to whom the puzzle was submitted. The mysterious word was spelled "yfe." It was repeated several times, and seemed, indeed, to be the main subject of his communication. At length it occurred to one of the clerks to consult the hall porter, a grizzled veteran quite unhampered by board school accomplishments.

"Can you tell us the meaning of this word, Simpson?" asked the brilliant clerk.

"I should think I could," replied the veteran, with mild contempt. "Y-f-e spells wife, of course What else could it spell, sir?"—London King.

Always a Wedding.

"Do you love me for myself alone?" asks a woman.

"Yes," says the man.

She believes him, and marries him.

"Do you love me for myself alone?" a woman asks.

"No, for your money," say the man, not by word of mouth, but by his actions, which speak even louder than words.

She does not believe him, and marries him.—N. Y. Sun.

Rather Indefinite.

Hewitt—Lend me fifty, will you?

Jewett—I will when I get back from New York.

"When are you going to New York?"

"Just before I lend you that fifty."—Judge.

Good for Burns.

Tourist (after his first drink of Bloody Gulch whisky)—Thunder and lightning! Gimme a chaser, quick!

Bartender (disdainfully)—Wot d' yer want—water?

"No;—linseed oil!"—Puck.

Another View of It.

Biggs—It's hard to be poor.

Diggs—Not necessarily. A great many people find it easy enough.—Chicago Daily News.

ROAD & FARM IMPROVEMENT.

BREAKING WINTER ROADS.

Homemade Implement Suitable for Use on Country Roads, Village Streets and Sidewalks.

Much energy is wasted in breaking winter roads. Pushing the snow out at the sides of the road makes a deep cut which soon fills with drifting snow and does not give a hard track for travel. The cut shows an excellent homemade road breaker. It can be made wide for farm roads or high-

SIMPLE ROAD BREAKER.

ways, or narrow for breaking paths or sidewalks. Two plank runners are planked across under the front end, as shown in the sketch. Cross braces and a board on which to place a box seat complete the contrivance, with the exception of two staples in front for the attachment of chains. This machine rides over the snow and packs it down, giving a firm roadbed without piling up snow at the sides. Any desired amount of weight can easily be placed upon it. The runners keep this road from slewing from side to side, as is the case with many snow plows. — E. G. Hale, in Farm and Home.

MUST HAVE GOOD ROADS.

Their Establishment Is Essential to the Maintenance of Rural Free Delivery Routes.

Good roads are one of the features necessary to the establishment of rural free delivery routes. It is evident that the post office department meant business when it declared at the start that no free delivery routes would be maintained over poor roads. Not only must the roads be good in the beginning, but they must be kept in proper order, or the route will be abolished. An eastern postmaster recently received the following letter, which shows plainly the attitude of the post office department:

"Reports recently received show that the roads traveled by rural carrier from your office are in bad condition and likely to be impassable in bad weather. You will please notify the patrons of routes one and two that the present lack of attention to these roads will, if continued, be likely to endanger the permanency of the rural free delivery service there.

"A rural carrier cannot possibly make regular time or perform efficient service over poor roads, particularly during the winter and spring months. The summer is the time for mending these highways, which are really serving as post roads, and which should always be in passable condition for the transport of mail. It is the hope of the department that the patrons who are receiving the benefit of the service appreciate it, and that an effort to repair all deficient portions before winter sets in, so that the permanency of rural free delivery service may be insured."—Orange Judd Farmer.

FEEDING CONTROLLER.

Excellent Device for Keeping Hogs Out of the Trough While Pouring In the Slop.

A good device for keeping hogs out of the trough while pouring the slop in the trough is made in the following manner: Have the trough setting parallel to the fence and close to it. If you have an old door as long as trough it will do very well. Drive a post in at each end of the trough and

HOG FEEDING CONTROLLER.

fasten a scantling to the top of these (a). Fasten a pair of hinges to the side of the door and hinge it to scantling, then take two small pieces about 2x1 inches and one foot long, (b) and nail them on the door about two inches apart as shown in cut. Take another piece (c) about the same as other two and put a pin in to push it backward and forward with. Put this in between pieces (b) and put two pieces, (d) across to hold it on. When you want to put slop in the trough pull up the bolt and swing the door out so that it covers the trough and push the bolt down outside of the trough and put in the slop and swing the door back and bolt it again. It is best to put a board at each end of trough to keep the hogs from getting into the trough at the ends.—Agricultural Epitomist.

People talk about the benefits of a change in these days, and it is a good idea. It is a good idea to give the animals a change. They want a new diet. It will work wonders sometimes. If you have an animal that is not doing well, try a change.—Farm Journal.

Estimates of the Florida orange crop this year vary from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 boxes.

Dangerous If Neglected.

Burns, cuts and other wounds often fail to heal properly if neglected and become troublesome sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve prevents such consequences. Even where delay has aggravated the injury DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve effects a cure. "I had a running sore on my leg thirty years," Says H C. Hartly, Yankeetown, Ind. "After using many remedies, I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve. A few boxes healed the sore." Cures all skin diseases. Piles yield to it at once. Beware of counterfeits:—Anderson Drug Co.

The spring poet buds without being planted.

Wants Others to Know.

"I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers for constipation and torpid liver and they are all right. I am glad to indorse them for I think when we find a good thing we ought to let others know it," writes Alfred Heinz, Quincy, Ill. They never gripe or distress. Sure, safe pills.—Anderson Drug Co.

The people who sing their own praise never indulge in duets.

No Loss of Time.

I have sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for years, and would rather be out of coffee and sugar than it. I sold five bottles of it yesterday to threshers that could go no farther, and they are at work again this morning.—H. R. PHELPS, Plymoth, Oklahoma. As will be seen by the above the threshers were able to keep on with their work without losing a single day's time. You should keep a bottle of this Remedy in your home. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

A man's conscience often depends upon the condition of his liver,

Whooping Cough.

A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: Our three children took whooping cough last summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness and came out in much better health than other children whose parents did not use this remedy. Our oldest little girl would call lustily for cough syrup between whoops.—JESSIE PINKEY HALL, Springfield, Ala. This Remedy is for sale by The Winston Drug Co.

The man with a poor memory can never hope to be a successful liar.

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured After Fourteen Years of Suffering.

"I have been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for fourteen years," says Josh Edgor, of Germantown, Cal. "I was to be around, but constantly suffered. I tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured, and I am happy to say it has not since returned." Why not use this liniment and get well? It is for sale by The Winston Drug Co.

We are all too apt to love our neighbors for what we can get out of them.

Don't Start Wrong.

Don't start the summer with a lingering cough or cold. We all know what a "summer cold" is. It's the hardest kind to cure. Often it "hangs on" through the entire season. Take it in hand right now. A few doses of One Minute Cough Cure will set you right. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Children like it. 'One Minute Cough Cure is the best cough medicine I ever used," says J.H. Bowles, Groveton, N.H. "I never found anything else that cured so safely and quickly."—Anderson Drug Co.

When a girl falls in love it is generally with a man after her own heart.

Won't Follow Advice After Paying For It.

In a recent article a prominent physician says, " It is next to impossible for the physician to get his patients to carry out any prescribed course hygiene or diet to the smallest extent; he has but one report left, namely, the drug treatment." When medicines are used for chronic constipation, the most mild and gentle obtainable' such as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, should be employed. Their use is not followed by constipation as they leave the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

No Maude, dear; we should hardly say that a drowned man dies of water on the brain.

Like a Drowning Man.

"Five years ago a disease the doctors called dyspepsia took such a hold of me that I could scarcely go," writes Geo. S. Marsh, well known attorney of Nocona, Tex. "I took quantities of pepsin and other medicines but nothing helped me. As a drowning man grabs at a straw I grabbed at Kodol. I felt an improvement at once and after a few bottles am sound and well." Kodol is the only preparation which exactly reproduces the natural degestive juices and consequently is the only one which digests any good food and cures any form of stomach trouble.

A Summer Residence.

We have for sale an elegant home in the country with 100 acres of improved land, cheap. An hour's run from Richmond, and an ideal retreat for a tired business man.

FARMVILLE FARM AGENCY.

Bargain In Real Estate.

We can sell you 257 acres of land on Sandy River, three miles south of Rice, Prince Edward county, at reasonable figures. Good dwelling with four rooms, six good barns, stable, corn house, &c. 100 acres of cleared land, balance in wood and timber. 40 acres low grounds. Apply to the

Farmville Farm Agency.

HERALD and *World* only $1.60.

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 is on each box. 25 cents.

You Know What You are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50 cents.

Neckwear in the newest shapes and colors, at Fleming & Clark's.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

O'Gara's Private Stock

is something rich in Old Kentucky Whiskey—smooth as velvet; sweet as a peach. Drop in at Hugh O'Gara's and try it before the supply is exhausted—and you'll have to hurry.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form No cure, No pay. Price 50 cents.

We are still selling the famous Jefferson hat in all styles.
Fleming & Clark.

Stop That Cough

before it stops you. Dr. David's Cough Syrup will cure it, as numbers will testify. It is the best on earth. Large bottles 25 cents at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

La Grippe Cough

cured with Dr. Davids Cough Syrup of pure Pine, Tar, Horehound and Wild Cherry. Best on earth for cough's colds, cramp, consumption Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment

best on earth for rheumatism, strains sprains and all pains. Unequalled for both man and beast. Large bottle 25 cents, at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

To the ladies and children of Farmville and surrounding country. Just try a pair of Zeigler Bros. fine shoes. Sold exclusively by Fleming & Clark.

A Model Farm.

If you want a model farm we have one to suit you. It is located in the county of Cumberland. We will take pleasure in showing it to you.
FARMVILLE FARM AGENCY.

Eight Days On His Back

and cured with two applications of Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment. It will cure you.
Owens & Minor Drug Co.,
Richmond, Virginia,
Gentlemen:—I have been using your Nerve and Bone Liniment on my back and find it acts like a charm. For eight days I had been on my back and could not move and after two applications I am now out and to business.
Very truly yours,
E. C. OSBURN, North View, Va.
Sold by White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

We are taking orders daily for men's spring and summer suits. Look at our samples before buying.
Fleming & Clark.

Go-Carts are "all the go" for going babies. Doyne can please you in price and style.

Why pay $5 for a shoe when $3.50 will buy one just as good at Fleming & Clark's. Bostonian and Bion are our brands

Wall Paper in greatest variety, both in prices and styles of print, at Doyne's.

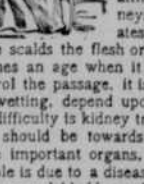
For Rent.—The modern dwelling with all improvements; water, bathroom, &c. Possession given May 1st. Now occupied by Dr. Kearney.
Apply to D. T. ELAM.

Special Low Rate Excursions Via Norfolk & Western Ry.

Federation Womans Clubs, Los Angeles, Cal, May 1 to 8. Travelers Protective Association, Portland, Ore., June 3 to 7. Mystic Shrine, San Francisco, Cal., June 10 to 14. United Order Workmen, Portland, Ore., June 10 to 20. International S. S. Association, Denver, Col., June 26. Knights of Pythias, San Francisco, Cal., August 11 to 15. B. P. O. Elks, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 12 to 14.
Write for information as to rates and dates of sale of tickets
W. B. Bevill, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., M. F. Bragg, T. P. A.,
Roanoke, Va.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

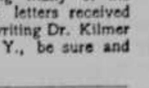
Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor



and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.