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STARTED WITH A CASH SURPLUS

**SOUTH
ATLANTIC LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
CAPITAL & SURPLUS
\$250,000**

ECONOMICALLY MANAGED
BY THE SOUTH'S MOST
SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN.
PRUDENT INVESTMENT—
GOOD DIVIDENDS.

THE PRODUCING AGENT GETS
THE PROFITS THAT IN OTHER
COMPANIES GO TO GENERAL
AGENTS AND MIDDLE-MEN.
RICH TERRITORY & GOOD
COMPENSATION FOR GOOD MEN.

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NOEL BROS.,

Opposite N. & W. Depot,

FARMVILLE, VA.

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES

Tinware, Sheet Tinware, Stoneware,

Woodware.

Lamps and Lanterns, Lamp Fixtures

of all Kinds, House Furnishing

Goods, Rodger's Plated Ware,

Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

All the Above Goods Low for CASH.

Tin Roofing, Guttering, &c.,

A SPECIALTY.

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A Health Resort
At Home.

There is something very depressing in staying at some Sanitarium or health resort, where one's companions are fellow-sufferers, and where the conversation naturally turns to the ailments of one's self or others.

Avoid this, as well as the expense of remaining, by trying the Compound Oxygen Treatment. Investigate and learn who have been cured, and what they say of Compound Oxygen. You can be treated at our office, or you can use the Home Treatment at your own home. Consultation free. Send for free book.

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Always on hand.

Always for building purposes.

Always ready worked.

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Always to meet your wants.

Always at market prices.

Always glad to see you.

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Always come and try us.

Always yours truly,

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Hardware, Cutlery,

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BABCOCK BUGGIES,

hung on HAPPY THOUGHT SPRINGS

the easiest rider known.

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I desire to announce to the

public that I am

Prince Edward Agent

for the above well known

Company. The oldest and

strongest Life Insurance in

existence.

J. E. GARLAND,

Farmville, Va.



SOULFUL SUMMER SONNETS.

My Trout,

Aha, pretty speckle-fishes! Yes, it is you! Don't try to denk it; my eyes are too true. For a trout in a pool to deceive me; you will. Right over that gravelly shadow and hid Down deep in the shade by that sycamore root!

I'll have you, and maybe another to boot. You're good for two pounds on the scale. An answer to your call, when you feel of the hook, dear me; how you'd bound!

My trout? Yes, here he is standing near by; He's cool as air, and here is the fly. He's shy through those bushes I'll cautiously glide.

Behind the old sycamore safety to hide, And over the bank I'll thrust but the tip.

Or the rod, with my hands firmly set on the grip.

The fly strikes the water—there! there! What a jerk! Hesitate, old rod! how you bend steady, steady, old rod!

The trout, the shrike of the swift-running reek! He makes for the opposite bank—see him swim!

The line's nearly out, and he'll double that stump!

If I check him? Right into the water I jump.

And follow him down till danger is past.

What? it's cold; but old fellow, you're strong at last.

I'll have you, and maybe another to boot.

What is that voice?

Is it you? Come up! Why, you plunge Around in bed like a hooked musical singer!

It's time to be starting; the morning for trout?

"What made you disturb me, old fellow?" I said.

As I turned on my elbow and slid from the bed,

"I'd give all the fish that swim in the stream."

For a pull at that trout that I hooked in my dream."

—Chicago Evening Post.

A Summer Shower.

The wind that has been playing with the tasseled heads of grain Now sounds a sudden warning moan that tells of coming rain. And all the swelling, creeping folk, and all the soft, thin folk, are filled with consternation as they hear the warning sigh; And into holes and crevices, in frantic haste and fear, They run and crawl and hop and fly, and quickly disappear; The squirrels to their nest have gone, the bees gone from their food, And ants beneath a rhubarb leaf a hen has clucked her brood;

The butterflies have left the air, the crickets left the grass, When like a breath the raindrop fall, the little sparrow pause, And drives the mist away, And all the creeping, flying folk come back to work or play.

—Frank H. Sweet, in Ladies' World.

The Release of the Rose.

The rose, once queen of a fair demeane—

Breathing of love and trust—

Is drooping now from her darkened bough.

In the prison bonds of dust.

Her fragile red, whence the dew has fled,

Is filled with a nameless pain;

In yearning leaves how her spirit grieves

For the swift release of rain?

A sudden stir of the clouds for her,

With the thunder's martial boom;

The lightning's flash, and the rain's softplash.

Unlocking the gates of bloom!

The rose is bright with a new-born light,

And the joy of danger past—

She lifts her head from the garden bed

Like a queen awoke at last.

—William Hamilton Hayne, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Unanswered Letters.

They haunt me in my waking hours,

They follow me through all my dreams,

When the last ray of daylight dies,

When the first morning's sunlight gleams.

I cannot drive them from my mind,

I think of them by day, by night,

They make my life a wretched grind,

Those letters that I ought to write.

"Why don't you write them, then?" you ask.

To tell the truth, I do not know.

It would be better far, of course,

No longer to be haunted so,

But somehow neglect them still,

Select them daily, though they blight

My weary life, and always will—

Those letters that I ought to write.

—Somerville Journal.

The Old Oak Tree.

The sweetest thing of earth to me

Is the south wind in the old oak tree.

It moves the branches to and fro;

The shadows dance on the grass below.

The leaves move lightly in the air,

Their rustle seems a whispered prayer,

Deep in the tangled grass I lie,

Seeing but glimpses of the sky.

So thick the green leaves are above,

So light, so soft the breezes move.

I wonder not that men have stood

Before some giant of the wood,

And made it of their prayers a shrine,

Deciding it held a soul divine.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Sun.

The Summer Wind.

The wind makes islands in the sky,

And yonder where the grapevines grow,

A thousand leaves their white backs show;

Like tiny flags that flaunt on high.

The elm its long, slim arms flings wide,

The fir its stately head uplifts,

While through its green the sunlight sifts,

And stilly bows the poplar's pride.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Weather-Wise.

If skies were always sunny—

No cloud o'er hill an' plain

W'd miss that earthly plain!

Of growing at the rain?

W'd never know one measure

Of happiness again!

No matter how they reason—

There is not any doubt—

Something to grow about!

It's well the storm-clouds gather

And blot the sunshine out!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A July Reflection.

He's passed the crisis safe once more,

We need not longer fret—

Something to grow about!

The glorious "Fourth" some time is o'er,

And Willie's with us yet.

Though momps and measles may com-

mand—

A certain share of fear,

The glorious "Fourth" more deadly and

He has it once a year.

—Washington Star.

Studebaker Wagon Co.,

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