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LADIES who cannot use an ordinary SEWING MACHINE. "The Automatic Silent Sewer." It runs without noise, and requires only half the power to operate it. See sample machine at CRUTE & BUGG'S, FARMVILLE, VA. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN! Notice is hereby given that I have this day appointed my husband, N. D. Hancock, my lawful agent to transact such business as is necessary to conduct my farm, and such other business as I may have. I will not be responsible for his personal debts. Mrs. J. B. HANCOCK. Five Forks, Va., Feb. 1st, 1898.

THE BEST OF ALL. Had I my wish, no powerful throne, In truth, would I occupy, Nor wealth possess, nor title own, Nor travel at will—not I. A boy I'd be, whose treasures are In the guise of ball and kite; Whose rambles by day may take him far, But back to his mother at night. A boy, with a long, long look ahead, And a past so short and near That at night, while drowsy-eyed in bed, All he has done is clear. The brook he waded, the fish he caught, The fun in the wind as cold— With a morrow at hand which surely ought Fresh pleasures in store to hold. So short a past, that the rays thereof, Quite blot from the sight the gray, And the future is only a mass of flowers Growing from day to day. While the world of the present has wonders more Than eyes have time to see, With creek and meadow and wood to explore, And cities beyond the sea. "I'm reserved for a lad of ten, indeed, To encounter him and his kind, And Indians fight, and rescue lead, In the depths of his own backyard. With many another source of joy No older head may keep— I'm certain it's better to be a boy Than even the greatest of men."—Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

And Even the Cat Knew. By Charles S. Hathaway. BETTY, the cat, held her post by pre-emption, upon the hassock at Aunt Lucy's feet; her purr was louder than usual and the narrow, sharp and perpendicular lenses set hard in the greenish yellow eyes were interrogation points straightened out, but full of character. At least such was the analysis made by the sweet faced woman, who, gently rocking her chair, tapped an open letter with her glasses as she rocked and smiled answers to the cat's questionings. Then Betty arose and placing her four paws closely together indulged in a pretentious comfortable yawn in which the semi-circular arch of her back was the predominating feature. It was exactly as though she had advised her mistress to retain the secret she had been so quietly eodding for several minutes—a secret too, which could not possibly be of any interest to an outsider. Of course no cat in such a state of mind could purr, and so, when Aunt Lucy realized that her most intimate companion was rebellious she laid aside spectacles and letter, and smoothing out her gown invited Betty to come up and she would tell her about it. "I just couldn't put it off any longer," said Aunt Lucy, as she was helping her furry friend to secure a comfortable coil in the ample lap, "because James is getting along in years and it's scarcely time for him to think seriously of marriage. It would be different if he had a mother, or sisters, or kin of some degree, then he might rely upon them; but he is absolutely alone, he is 32 years old and positively, I do not believe the thought of taking a wife ever entered his head. The cat's opinion of the revelation made was indicated by closed eyes and an aggravatingly comfortable condition, therefore Aunt Lucy continued: "And so, while James is the only son of my old schoolmate and while I am in no sense beholden to him, I couldn't rid myself of the conviction that I ought to do what I could wish, under reversed conditions, a dear friend to do for my boy, if I had one." Betty—she was a wonderful cat—showed that she understood the value of the period that had been reached, by a renewal of her purring, so that Aunt Lucy felt safe in resuming: "You just wait and see when my little girl Julia"—Betty stopped purring—reaches the proper age, if I permit her to go stupidly, thoughtlessly and alone toward an old age of solitude and helplessness. No, sir, I'll do by her just as I propose doing by James, I'll show that I'm a business woman by presenting a business proposition." Then stroking Betty's fur with one hand as she reached to the table for the letter she mused: "I told James I desired him to call, to listen to a matter of business, he has sent me word that he would gladly accede to my request, and—" At this juncture Betty arose and jumped to the floor quickly, running to the door just in time to meet the "little girl," Julia Munroe, Aunt Lucy's youngest daughter and a bewitching maiden still on the safe side of 20 years. The newcomer, with no little show of impatience, told her mother that she had just seen "that old bachelor friend of yours, Jim Duncan, coming up the walk, so I'll vanish." Then as Betty and her younger mistress disappeared through one door there came through another door, Jim Duncan and a personality full of hearty good will, grace and self-reliance. Aunt Lucy's greeting was cordial, confident and wholly free from pretense, so that the two close friends were at once easy and natural, and within a very short time Duncan asked: "What is your business proposition? I'm fairly daft with curiosity."

"Indeed," answered Aunt Lucy, "then I'll keep the doors closed a bit and enjoy myself. An old bachelor who is curious is unique and worth witnessing. I know a good investment when I see it and usually profit by it when—" "That's a fact," interpolated Duncan, "your standing in a business way is only equalled by your social value." Aunt Lucy was not a little flattered by this direct compliment to the greatest element in the list of her personal vanities, so that she nearly rendered her visitor speechless by responding bluntly: "Jim Duncan, I want you to get married, and the sooner the better, and I make the proposition on a purely business basis. Don't interrupt me," she warned, as Duncan attempted to speak, "until I have made my argument. You are 32 years old, good looking, your record socially and financially will bear the closest inspection, there are cords of splendid young women who would just jump at the chance of getting such a chap as you are, and—" "Oh, Aunt Lucy, stop, please," cried Duncan; "this is a matter belonging solely to myself—" "Nothing of the kind," responded the good lady as she placed her hand on her visitor's knee; "recollect I am making my argument from a business standpoint. As a matter of business foresight you owe it to yourself. You are coming close to the age when you will not be able to take your pick and you certainly do not want to go alone into old age." "But I couldn't go into a matter of such a nature on a cold-blooded business basis." "Listen. You would give full value to whomsoever should consent to be your wife—leaving love entirely out of the question. You could give her the best social standing, you could share your prosperity with her and when you become famous—as you will—she might share your fame. Of course, I expect you to pick out the woman you could truly love, but in pleading the case I prefer to rely solely on material things." "I'm glad you'll permit me to love my wife," said Duncan, smiling, "but where's the woman? Who would have me?" "There are cords of 'em. I haven't got anybody picked out and do not propose to do the choosing. You see I am sincere when I tell you that I am looking at the matter purely as a piece of business foresight." "Oh, I'm not ready to marry. I have not seen half of the world as yet." "Choose a good wife and take her with you. You'll enjoy the journeying more thoroughly, and think of the pleasure you might give her." "Possibly," said Duncan, as he, smiling suggestively, looking steadily and squarely into the eyes of his business adviser. "Do you think you are entirely right in your position?" "Unquestionably," was the answer. "Supposing some young chap should come along and, on a purely business basis, seek the hand of your daughter?" "O, that's absurd. Julia's nothing but a child." "How old is she?" "She won't be 20 until her next birthday." "And how old were you when your wedding took place?" "Nineteen! James, this is simply ridiculous, because it doesn't weaken my position a particle. If a young man who was in every way worthy should ask me for the hand of my daughter—" "On a purely business basis?" "Yes, on a purely business basis; if he was worthy, I should give my consent; because any man who deserved such a girl couldn't help loving her." "So you insist on lugging in the matter of love as an accessory?" "I insist upon your becoming reasonable; upon realizing that I bring up this matter because of my interest in you, and because I know that, if you will only think over the situation, you will agree with me. You owe it to your age and you owe it—every reputable man owes it to some charming and worthy woman—to some woman, to make her happy." "All right," said Duncan, good-naturedly, "I promise you I will consider this matter carefully." "That's right, that's manly," enthusiastically responded Aunt Lucy, "and if at any time I can be of service in the matter come to me as you would to your mother." Duncan arose as though to take his departure, at which Aunt Lucy also arose, with: "Now don't put this thinking off, but begin at once; for—" What she might have said in explanation is immaterial, because just then her daughter, with Betty in her arms, entered the room as though ignorant of the presence of the visitor. Then, quickly apologizing, she turned as though to withdraw, at which Duncan said: "Don't go, Miss Munroe. I beg of you." "Thank you, Mr. Duncan," said the girl, with very apparent mock modesty. "I have no wish to leave, but I thought that mamma had business matters up for discussion." "And so I did," interrupted the mother, as she looked suggestively at the young man, "and some day we'll tell her, won't we, James?—what the business was." "Permit me, Miss Munroe," said Duncan, as he stepped to her side—at which Aunt Lucy appeared to have been stricken by a shock of electricity—"to most respectfully and with the utmost of devotion, to ask you to become my wife." "Certainly, proceed," said the maiden, as she very carefully placed the cat upon the floor and stood erect with her face set in a fashion calculated to be token courage. Aunt Lucy was speechless, and as she attempted to take a step toward Duncan she staggered weakly and only caught the back of her chair in time to prevent falling. "Then it was that the daughter held out her hand and Duncan, taking it in his own, together they came to the mother smiling, while the bachelor said: "Forgive me, Mrs. Munroe, but Julia has been my affianced wife for over a month." "And you kept the fact from your mother?" said Aunt Lucy, looking hopefully at her daughter. "Yes; you see your reputation as a cold-blooded woman of business," said Duncan, "made cords of us." And as Aunt Lucy found her way to her chair, the cat walked demurely out of the room, saying plainly as a cat could say in pantomime: "I knew of this long ago."—Detroit Free Press.

REFEREE AT FIGHTS. Jock Umpires a Contest Between Two Game Cocks and Achieves Great Fame. Down in that wonderful country in the southeastern part of the city of Chicago, where the trapper pursues his lonely calling and the sound of the frogs in endless morass is all that breaks the silence of primeval nature is the village—no, not village, for it is part of the city of Chicago—the community called Riverdale. It is on the banks of the Little Calumet, and the amusements of its inhabitants are largely aquatic. But there is one denizen of Riverdale who does not care for such pedestrian sports as fishing through sunny afternoons from the abutments of the ancient bridge or paddling an old snuggled scow innocuously in the windings of the river. This inhabitant's name, says the Chicago Journal, well indicates the predilections that make him famous for miles around—it is John L. Sullivan. He referees fights—cock fights. And he is a white, woolly spaniel, the pride and property of Thomas Dennis, of Riverdale. "John"ell, as he is called for short, thinks more of seeing and refereeing a good "scrap" than he would of digging up the bone his bitterest foe had concealed for future use. This low taste was discovered by John L.'s owner some time ago, when two roosters belonging to Mr. Dennis were settling a question of supremacy in the henyard by resort to arms. The birds were laid at it in a crude and unscientific style. About two feet away, crouching in readiness to act, his eyes shining with excitement, was John L. Sullivan. For a moment Mr. Dennis did not know what to make of the dog's queer attitude. Then one of the cocks gave a particularly telling blow, felling his antagonist, and was about to leap upon him, when John L. sprang forward and placed his woolly body between the victor and the vanquished. When the fallen rooster had found his legs again and was ready for action, John L. backed out of "the ring," and took up his watch while the birds resumed their battle. From that time John L. Sullivan's fame spread rapidly, and those who doubted when they were told of his strange tastes were forthwith convinced by being taken to Mr. Dennis' yard to see the real thing. Now, all the country round will vouch for the wonderful referee dog of Riverdale.

DOG GIVES ALARM. How Rex, an Adopted Tramp, Saved a Big Store from Threatened Destruction by Fire. Rex is the name of a tramp dog that to-day is living on the fat of the land because he gave an alarm that saved one of the largest mercantile establishments of Trenton, N. J., from destruction by fire. Rex is a big shaggy dog whose age has to be guessed at and whose pedigree never was of enough importance to make a note of. A few days ago, when the cold snap was on, he came to the back door of the store of the Trenton Hardware company and threw out a signal of distress in the shape of a few pitiful howls. The attention of one of the clerks was attracted to the animal and he took him in and got a bone for him from a neighboring meat market. The dog showed his appreciation of the kind treatment he received by coming to the store the next day and the next. At last he got a bed under the counter and was permitted to sleep in the store nights. A few nights later the watchman was attracted to the store by the wild howling of the dog. He found Rex standing on his hind legs with his paws against the glass in the door, barking furiously. The watchman opened the door and followed the dog to the cellar, where he found a pile of shavings ablaze. The flames had gained good headway and it was necessary to call out the fire department to extinguish them. Rex is a member of that hardware firm now with a life interest.

THE TOMB OF JULIET. A Magnificent and Costly Structure Is to Be Built Around it in the Near Future. Cable dispatches bring the news that the tomb of Juliet at Verona is to be restored and that a magnificent structure is to be built around it. Juliet, like some kings of England, a few Roman generals and other personages now equally famous, had never been known to mankind at large but for the art of Shakespeare. Lord Byron, writing to Thomas Moore from Verona, speaks in this wise of Juliet's grave: "Of the truth of Juliet's story the Veronese seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303) and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventional garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." It was from this legend that Shakespeare drew the plot for his immortal play. As a matter of dull fact, Juliet's resting place may be a ruined grave and desolate, but it needs no transformation to restore it to the imagination. A grave? Oh, no; a lantern. For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. According to Dante the Capulets and Montagues were prominent among the fierce men who made Italy "savagely and unmanageable." The Veronese believe the legends of these families to be historically true, but, although the historians have neglected it, the romancers have not. The first written story of the loves of "Juliet and her Romeo" of which there is account is that of Massuccio, a Neapolitan who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. He places the scene of his action at Sienna, and makes no mention of the Montagues and Capulets. The bride recovers from her trance, as did Juliet, but to find her husband executed for murder. Douce takes the legend back to a Greek romance by Xenophon.



JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

Epherus. The story of Romeo and Juliet was also told by Luigi da Porta, and his romance, published after his death in 1533, brings the tale down more closely to the time of Shakespeare. In 1554 Banello made the legend a plot for one of his novels. Later still came a novel by Pierre Boileau, which was translated by Painter in his "Palace of Pleasure" in 1561, and on the French story Arthur Brooke founded an English poem, published in 1562, under the title, "The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet, written first in Italian by Baudell and now in English by Ar. Br." Indeed, a play in English was written and published before Shakespeare's. In a copy of Brooke's poem belonging to Rev. H. White, of Lichfield, there is this address to the reader: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for, being there much better set forth than I have or can do, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect if the readers do but give with them like good myndes to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publish it, such as it is." Shakespeare had therefore "set forth" for him his great play, balcony and all, but he had courage enough to try one of his own, and it was the Shakespeare play that lived. Many attempts have been made to show that Shakespeare "spoiled" the story by changing some of the scenes in his models, but most people have never heard of this fact. Shakespeare's play was first printed in 1597 under the title: "An Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly, by the right honorable the L. of Hundon, His Seruants." A copy of this edition, as may be imagined, is very rare and highly valuable. The play was revised and corrected, and its finished form is to be found in the great folio edition of 1623. Purchasing Table Linens. The young housekeeper buying her outfit of table linen will find it an economy to provide a generous supply of tray cloths and carvers' cloths. These for general use need not be embroidered, and are preferable, indeed, of hemstitched flannel or fringed. They are a genuine saving to the large cloth beneath, and, being much more easily laundered, can be renewed with great frequency. It is the practice of an old housekeeper, who is an adept at fine hemstitching, to cut up the best parts of a fine tablecloth which shows signs of wear into a set of cloths. Where the art of such decoration is unacquired, the cloth may be neatly hemmed and finished with an edge of linen torchon. How to Save Money. Bismarck was showing a friend round his house some time ago, and as he laughingly pointed to the ponderous and forbidding iron safe in his wife's bedroom, he said: "You see, my wife acts as my cashier, and let me tell you that a man who trusts his wife with his financial interests has discovered an infallible way to save money."