

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. IX.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1899.

NO. 26.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Barton.
Town Clerk—J. M. Barton.
Police—W. E. Davis, W. P. Gilman and J. H. Burdette.
Supt. of Public Works—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and R. L. Erambert.
Comptroller—W. P. Gilman, A. E. Cralle and W. E. Anderson.
City Engineer—W. P. Gilman, A. E. Cralle and W. E. Anderson.
Light—D. T. Slamm, Chas. Bugg and J. B. Farrar.
Sewer—J. H. Burdette, D. T. Slamm and W. P. Gilman.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Police—W. E. Davis, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Anderson.
Water—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and W. P. Gilman.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Police—W. E. Davis, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Anderson.
Water—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and W. P. Gilman.

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Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. H. Shackleton, Clerk Circuit and County Court.
F. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Court.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
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WANT MORE DAVIDS.
Dr. Talmage Says Every Community Should Have One.

The People Need Energetic Christian Leaders in Their Fight Against Satan—Lesson from the Old Prophet.

[Washington, Jan. 8, Copyright, 1899.]
From a text probably never before discoursed upon Dr. Talmage in this sermon shows how some people multiply their resources for usefulness and in a novel way urges the putting forth of more energy in right directions; text, II Samuel 18:3: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

One of the most wonderful characters of this time was David. A red-haired boy, he could shepherd a flock or carry "ten loaves and ten slices of milk cheese to his brothers in the regiment," or with leathern thong, stone-loaded, bring down a giant whose armor weighed two hundredweight of metal, or cause a lion which roared at him in rage to roar with pain as he hung it, dying, to the roadside, or could marshal a host or rule an empire, or thumb a harp so successfully that it cured Saul's dementia—a harp from whose strings dripped pastorals, elegies, lyrics, triumphal marches, benedictions. Now, this man, a combination of music and heroics, of dithyrambs and battlefields, of country quietudes and statesmanship, is to fit out a military expedition. Four thousand troops, according to Josephus, were sent into the field. The captains were put in command of the companies and the colonels in command of the regiments, which were disposed into right wing, left wing and center. Gen. Joab, Gen. Abishai and Gen. Ittai are to lead these three divisions. But who shall take the field as commander in chief? David offers his services, and proposes to go to the front. He will lead not in the awful charge, for he has not a sword and the battlefield required as much courage then as now, for the opposing forces must, in order to do any execution at all, come up to within positive reach of sabre and spear. But there came up from the troops and the civilians a mighty protest against David's taking the field. His life was too important to the nation. If he went down, the empire went down, whereas if the whole army might be marshaled and the defeat turned into victory. The army and the nation practically cried out: "No! No! You cannot go to the front. We estimate you as 10,000 men. Thou art worth 10,000 of us!"

That army and that nation then and there reminded David, and now remind us of the fact which we forget or never appreciate at all that some people are morally or spiritually worth far more than others and some worth far less. The census and statistics of neighborhoods, of churches, of nations, serve their purpose, but they can never accurately express the real state of things. The practical subject that I want to present to-day is that those who have special opportunity, special graces, especial wealth, especial talent, especial eloquence, ought to make up by especial assiduity and consecration for those who have less opportunities and less gifts. You ought to do ten times more for God and human uplifting than those who have only a tenth of your equipment. The rank and the file of the 4,000 of the text told the truth when they said: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

In no city of its size are there so many men of talent as are gathered in this capital of the American nation. Some of the states are at times represented by men who have neither talents nor good morals. Their political party compensates them for perit services by sending them to congress, or by securing for them positions in the war or navy or pension or printing departments. They were nobodies before they left home, and they are nobodies here. But they are exceptional. All the states of the Union generally send their most talented men and men of exemplary lives and noble purposes. Some of them have the gifts and qualifications of ten men, or 100 men—yes, of 1,000 men—and their constituents could truthfully employ the words of my text and say: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

With such opportunity are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It has often been printed and often quoted as one of the wise sayings of the ancients: "Knowledge is power." Yet it may as certainly be power for evil as for good. The lightning express rail train has power for good if it is on the track, but horrible power for disaster if it leaves the track and plunges down the embankment. The ocean steamer has power for good sailing in right direction and in safe waters and under good helmsmen and wide awake watchmen on the lookout, but indescribable power for evil if under full headway it strikes the breakers. As steam power or electricity or water forces may be stored in boilers, in dynamos, in reservoirs, to be employed all over a town or city, so God sometimes puts in one man enough faith to supply thousands of men with courage. If a man happens to be thus endowed, let him realize his opportunity and improve it. At this time millions of men are a-tremble lest this nation make a mistake, and enter upon some policy of government for the islands of the sea that will founder the republic. God will give to a few men on both sides of this question faith and courage for all the rest. There too false positions many are now taking, false as false can be. The one is that if we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the

Philippines we make a declaration that will be disastrous to our nation, and other nations will take control of those archipelagos and rule them, and perhaps to our humiliation and destruction. The other theory is that if we take possession of those once Spanish colonies we invite foreign interference, and enter upon a career that will finally be the demolition of this government. Both positions are immeasurable mistakes. God has set apart this continent for free government, and the triumphs of Christianity, and we may take either the first or the second course without ruin. We may say to those islands, "We do not want you, but we have set you free; now stay free, while we see that the Spanish panther never again puts its paw on your neck," or we may invite the annexation of Cuba and Porto Rico, and say to the Philippines: "Get ready, by education and good morals, for free government, and at the right time you shall be one of our territories on the way to be one of our states."

And there is no power in Europe, Asia or Africa or all combined that could harm this nation in its worldwide endeavor. God is on the side of the right, and by earnest imploration for Divine guidance on the part of this nation we will be led to do the right. We are on the brink of nothing. There is no frightful crisis. This train of republicanism and democratic institutions is a through train, and all we want is to have the engineer and the brakeman and the passengers keep their places. We want men in this nation with faith enough for all. We want here and there a David worth 10,000 men.

A vast majority of men have no surplus of confidence for others and hardly enough confidence for themselves. They go through life saying depressing things and doing depressing things. They chill prayer meetings, discourage charitable institutions, injure commerce and kill churches. They blow out lights when they ought to be kindling them. They heave around a dull fire on their own hearth and take up so much room that no one can catch the least calorific effect, instead of stirring the hearth into a blaze, the crackle of whose backlog would invite the whole neighborhood to come in to feel the abounding warmth and see the transfiguration of the faces. As we all have to guess a great deal about the future, let us guess something good, for it will be more encouraging and the guess will be just as apt to come true. What a lot of ingrates the Lord has at His table—people who have had three meals a day for 50 years and yet fear that they will soon have to rattle their knife and fork on an empty dinner plate! How many have had, winter and spring and summer and fall, clothing for 60 years, but expect an empty wardrobe shortly! How many have lived under free institutions all their days, but fear that the United States may be telescoped in some foreign collision! Oh, but thank God, it is easier, with money, to pay the taxes now that they are up than it was without money to pay the taxes when they were down. We want a few men who have faith in God and that mighty future which holds several things, among them a millennium. Columbus said to his friend: "Deceitful, why are you always smiling?" The reply was: "Because no one can take my God from me!" We want more men to feel that they have a mission to cheer others and to draw up the corners of people's mouths which have a long while been drawn down—more Davids who can shepherd whole flocks of bright hopes and play a harp of encouragement and strike down a Goliath of despair, and of whom we can say: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

I admit that this thought of my text, fully carried out, would change many of the world's statistics. Suppose a village is said to have 1,000 inhabitants and that one-half of them—namely, 500—have for years been becoming less in body, and through nigardliness and grumbling, less in soul. Each one of these is only one-half of what he once was, or one-half of what she once was. The original 500 have been reduced one-half in moral quality, and are really only 250. Suppose that the other 500 have maintained their original status and are neither better nor worse. Then the entire population of that village is 750. But suppose another village of 1,000, and 500 of them as the years go by, through mental and spiritual culture, augment themselves until they are really twice the men and women they originally were, and the other 500 remain unchanged and are neither better nor worse, then the population of that village is 1,500. Meanness is subtraction and nobility is addition. According as you rise in the scale of holiness and generosity and consecration, you are worth 5 or 10 or 50 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000.

Notice, my friend, that this David, warrior, strategist, minstrel, master of blank verse and stone slinger at the giant, whose soldiers of the text estimated clear up into the thousandfold of usefulness, on this particular occasion staid at home or in his place of temporary residence. Gen. Joab, Gen. Abishai and Gen. Ittai, who commanded the boys in the right wing and left wing and center, did their work bravely and left 25,000 of the Lord's enemies dead on the field, and many of the survivors got entangled in the woods of Ephraim, and mixed up in the bushes, and stumbled over the stumps of trees, and fell into bogs, and were devoured by wild beasts which seized them in the thickets. But David did his work at home. We all huzza for heroes who have been in battle, and on their return what processions we form, and what triumphal arches we spring, and what banquets we spread, and what garlands we wreath, and what omissions we deliver, and what bells we ring, and what cannonades we fire! But do we do justice to the stay at home? David, who was worth 10,000 of those who went out to

meet the Lord's enemies in the words of Ephraim that day did his work in retirement.

Oh, the world needs a day of judgment to give many of the stay at home's proper recognition. In the different wars the sons went to the front and on ship's deck or battlefield exposed their lives and earned the admiration of the country. But how about the mothers and fathers who through long years taught those sons the noble sentiments that inspired them to go and then gave them up, when perhaps a few words of earnest protest would have kept them on the farm and in the homestead? The day of final reward will reveal the self-sacrifice and the fidelity of thousands who never in all their lives received one word of praise. Oh, ye unknown, ye faithful and Christian and all enduring stay at home! I have no power now to do you justice, but I tell you of one who has the power, and of the day when he will put it forth. It will be the day when the thimble, and the ladle, and the darning needle, and the wash-tub, and the spinning wheel, and the scythe, and the thrashing machine, and the hammer, and the trowel, and the plow, will come to as high an appreciation as a 74-pounder, or the sword, or the battering ram that pounded down the wall, or the flag that was hoisted on the sealed parapets.

The warrior David of my text showed more self-control and moral prowess in staying at home than he could have shown commanding in the field. He was a natural warrior. Martial airs stirred him. The glitter of opposing shields fired him. He was one of those men who feel at home in the saddle, putting the neck of a pawing cavalry horse. But he suppressed himself. He obeyed the command of the troops whom he would like to have commanded.

Some of the greatest Sedans and Austerlitzes have been in backwoods kitchens or in nurseries with three children down with scarlet fever, soon to join the two already in the churchyard, or amid domestic wrongs and outrages enough to transform angels into devils, or in commercial life within their own counting-rooms in time of Black Friday panics, or in mechanical life in their own carpenter shop, or on the scaffolding of walls swept by cold or smitten by heat. No telegraphic wires reported the crisis of the conflict, no banner was ever waved to celebrate their victory, but God knows and God will remember, and God will adjust, and by Him the falling of a tear is as certainly noticed as the burning of a world and the flutter of a sparrow's wing as the flight of the apocalyptic angel.

Oh, what a God we have for small things as well as big things! David no more helped at the front than helped at home. The four regiments mobilized for the defense of the throne of Israel were right in protesting against David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow, or cloven down with a battle-axe, or fatally slung from snorting war charger, what a disaster to the throne of Israel! Absalom, his son, was a low fellow and unfit to reign; his two chief characteristics were his handsome face and his long hair—so long that when he had it cut that which was scissored off weighed 200 shekels after the king's weight, and when a man has nothing but a handsome face and an exuberance of hair, there is not much of him. The capture and slaying of David would have been a calamity irreparable. Unnecessary exposure would have been a crime for David, as it is a crime for you.

In nine cases out of ten the fatalities every day reported are not the fault of engineers or brakemen or conductors or cab drivers, but of the stupidity and recklessness of people at street or railroad crossings. They would like to have the Chicago limited express train, with 300 passengers, advertised to arrive at a certain hour in a certain city, slow up to let them get two minutes sooner to their destination, not one farthing of their own or anyone else's welfare dependent on whether they arrive one minute before 12 o'clock or one minute after. You ought to get permission from a railroad superintendent to mount beside the engineer on a locomotive to realize how many evils of recklessness there are in the world—funeral processions whipping up to get across before the cowatcher strikes the horses; man of family, with wife and children beside him in a wagon, evidently having made close calculation as to whether a stroke from the locomotive would put them backward or forward in the journey to the village grocery; traveler on a railroad bridge hoping that he could get to the end of the bridge before the train reaches it. You have no right to put your life in peril unless by such exposure something is to be gained for others. What imbecility in thousands of Americans during our recent American-Spanish war disappointed because the surrender came so soon, and they could not have the advantage of being shot at San Juan hill, or brought down with the yellow fever and carried on a litter to transport steamer, already so many floating lazaretos, instead of thanking God that they got no nearer to the slaughter than Tampa or Chattanooga or the encampment at their own state capital, mad as the government, mad as God, because they could not get to the front in time to join the 4,000 corpses that are now being transported from the tropics to the national cemeteries of the United States! Exposure and daring are admirable when duty calls, but keep out of peril when nothing practical and useful is to be gained for your family or your country or your God. I admire the David of my text as he suppresses himself and enters the gate of his castle as much as I admire him when with his four fingers and thumb clenched into the grizzled locks of Goliath's head, which he had decapitated, and Saul admiringly asks: "Whose son art thou, young man?" and David, blushing with genuine modesty, responds: "I am the son of thy servant, Jesse, the Bethlehemite."

WOMEN WHO FUSS.
Usually They Lack Repose, Dignity and Above Everything Well-Bred Calmness.

An English writer has been giving English women who fuss a sight of themselves as others see them, remarks the Philadelphia Press. Woman nature is woman nature the world over; so, perhaps, woman fussers at the four corners of the earth may find something in their remarks that will strike home. She says: "Can there be anything more uncomfortable and embarrassing for a guest than to be entertained by a restless, fussy hostess, or for the latter to have to entertain the same sort of guest? A fussy woman can never be called a well-mannered one. She has no repose, no dignity, none of that well-bred calmness which is so admirable in a woman; none of that gracious and friendly courtesy that so speedily and completely sets strangers at ease. Good-natured and desirous to please and give pleasure, anxious to do her duty as wife, mother and hostess, she is yet rarely successful for a fussy woman is seldom an observant one, being always too busy to notice whether those around her are pleased or annoyed until they speak out plainly and express their feelings in words."

"The truth is that she cannot understand the charm and peace most people find in being occasionally left alone, allowed to go their own way, to follow their own inclinations, without remark or remonstrance. To the casual visitor and mere acquaintance the fussy man or woman is a bore, perhaps, but of whom they are tolerant because of their good nature, their obvious friendliness and desire to be hospitable. It is only the family and intimate friends who feel the real discomfort and misery that can be caused by their excess of zeal and continued interference in every little matter that concerns the daily life and doings of those around them."

GIRLS OF MADEIRA.
They Are Pretty When Young, But Their Beauty Soon Gets Spoiled With Hard Work.

The women of Madeira are, when young, very handsome, but their beauty soon gets spoiled by hard work in the fields. They are of a mixed race, half Portuguese, half Moorish, and their



MADEIRA GIRLS.
Arab blood makes them much handsomer as a race than the pure-bred Portuguese. They have dark eyes and hair and are rather under medium height, but, as a rule, strongly built.

Their costume is very bright, as they wear gayly colored chintz gowns, and very often scarlet capes or perelines, with long ends thrown over their shoulders. On their heads they wear a white muslin handkerchief, the ends of which hang down over their shoulders, and over that a curious funnel-shaped cap. When the peasant women come into town on a feast day or market day, they are careful not to waste the beauties of their best clothes on the country roads, and may, consequently, often be seen putting the finishing touches to their toilets under palm trees outside the town, chatting and laughing together as they do so. A curious trait about the people is that when they go out begging they always put on their best clothes. There is a great deal of poverty in Madeira nowadays—though the influx of tourists is doing something for the islands.

Women with Big Hands.
The bicycle craze has had the effect of increasing the size of woman's hands. Glove makers say that where they formerly made six as the average size of a woman's glove, they are now compelled to make them half a size larger. Women who were proud of their little hands are now showing big hands with quite as much pride. It must be borne in mind that the big hand must be well groomed, for small defects which would pass unnoticed in the tiny hands become very conspicuous in the big one.

Dainty Flannel Sachet.
To scent a bureau drawer nicely take a piece of flannel out to fit the bottom of the drawer and sprinkle it with good perfume. Now wrap a quantity of sachet powder in it and put away in an air tight box. At the end of a month you will find that you have a piece of perfectly scented flannel which will hold its odor for years. Shake out the flannel and lay it in the bottom of the bureau drawer. It makes the most pervading perfume that is known.

The Largest Turquoise.
The duchess of Westminster still wears the largest flawless turquoise owned by any private individual, and the duchess of Sutherland possesses the only complete necklace of black pearls.

Real Sermons on Stones.
A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

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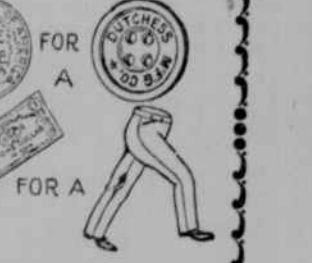
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