

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS SUCH AS POSTERS, SALE BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, &c., &c. Executed promptly and neatly and at fair prices. JOB WORK must be paid for upon delivery.

Marshall McCormick. H. H. McCormick.

Marshall McCormick & Son.

We have formed a partnership to practice law. All business will receive prompt attention. Office—On Church St., in Court-house yard.

W. T. Lewis, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BERRYVILLE, VA.

will attend to any business committed to him in the courts of Clarke and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office on Church street, nearly opposite the jail. Feb 15.

A. Moore, Jr., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Practice in the Courts of Clarke and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Office—In the Clarke County Bank building. Jan 18.

Giles Cook, Jr., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Will attend to any business committed to him in the Circuit Court of Clarke county. April 18.

John Y. Page, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Commissioner in Chancery, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Sam'l. J. C. Moore, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Will practice in the courts of Clarke, Frederick, Warren and Loudoun counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State, as well as in the U. S. Court at Harrisonburg. Sep 30.

Dr. G. H. Oliver, DENTIST, BERRYVILLE, VA.

For several years a private pupil of Prof. J. B. Hodgkin, and a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, has located permanently in Berryville, Va.

Some Facts About Furniture.

Having added largely to my stock of Furniture, the public is invited to call and inspect the same. In regard to prices I wish to say I can compete with any house in the Valley.

Look at These Prices: BEDSTEADS, in oak or poplar, from \$2.00 up; Bureaus and Washstands very cheap; also, oak sideboards and Safes. Parlor Tables, Wardrobes, oak and poplar Family Stands, Extension Tables in oak and walnut. Woven-wire Mattresses, good quality, \$3.00; Shuck and all-hair Mattresses from \$3.00 to \$12.00. Solid oak Suits, very nice, only \$14. Very fine oak Suits, finely carved, \$22 to \$30. Parlor Suits, in oak, walnut or cherry, \$25 and up.

Also, a large lot of old-fashioned split-bottom Chairs and Rockers at \$3.50 and up, per set. A fine assortment of Fancy Rocking Chairs, Oak, Maple and Rattan, \$1.75 and up.

H. P. DEAHN, Agent.

Undertaking a Specialty. I keep in stock all grades of Caskets and Coffins, such as black cloth, walnut and cherry, black cloth Metallic Caskets, and white Caskets. I also do embalming when requested. Orders by telegram promptly filled. I have the finest Hearse in the Valley, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. In all business matters my motto is to PLEASE, and no trouble will be spared to do so. MAR 27

H. P. DEAHN, Agent.

CHARLESTON Marble & Granite Works, Cor. George and North Streets.

Diehl & Bro., Manufacturers of MONUMENTS, TOMBS, STATUES, Slate and Marble

Mantles, Tiling, and all kinds of Building Marble and Sandstones.

All orders promptly filled at the lowest rates. All work guaranteed. sep 1 '92

W. H. ELWELL, Harness Maker, AND DEALER IN—Saddles, Collars, Whips, Lap Robes, Etc.

Has removed his establishment to South street, at the rear of S. F. Baughman's store. Repairing promptly done. June 6

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and at the same time strengthens and reconstructs the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramp; all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. Dewitt & Co., Chicago.

W. RICHARDSON.

THE COURIER'S facilities for doing nice job work are not surpassed by any office in the Valley of Virginia.

THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXI.

BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1899.

No. 2.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

No, send me not thy sorrows yet. The night is fair and bright. The sweet to spend some waltz hours And watch the heaven's light.

Here in this cold December air I'll hear the nightly chiming, And once again recall the past, The thoughts of olden times.

Above you silent, sleeping town There floats a distant song, A mellow tone that swells the breeze And softly sails along.

It comes to me in lingering notes, In faint and mournful strain, And sadder grows my heart—but calm, O pain that soothest pain!

It brings me back the dear old songs, Songs silenced long ago, Oft heard among the moonlit groves By sweet Euphrates' flow.

Once more I stand by one dear form Upon the wave's soft sand To hear faintly come the air And press a trembling hand.

Ah, how the murmuring river hushed, The moon was pale above, When from those lovely lips there rushed Sweet melodies of love!

O priceless past, O dreamlike joys, O long remembered face, What charm you give this stranger's song, What sad and tender grace!

Let me in gold seek pleasures cold, In vanity or strife; One grief to me is worth a world, And one true tear a life.

Sing, sweet unknown, and from this breast Let sadness not depart, Let rain will only brighten flowers, Griefs beautify the heart.

—Boston Transcript.

BULLHEAD PARKER.

When George Parker made his first appearance on the football field at Clevedon college, about two weeks after the term began, he came unheralded and unknown.

The football enthusiasts had been busy for days discussing the merits and qualifications of the various new men who had come up for positions on the team. Good football material was scarce at Clevedon, and the captain and the coach were at their wits' end to construct a winning team with the candidates who had thus far appeared.

The very day that Parker made his initial appearance he had held a short conference in the directors' office at the gymnasium before going on the field for the afternoon practice and the outlook, as they viewed it at the time, was gloomy indeed.

Candidates for positions behind the line were many, and some of them gave promise of developing into good players, but the linemen, especially the tackles, left much to be desired at the close of their conversation.

Shaw, the coach, expressed himself very forcibly as to the qualifications of at least one of the players: "I tell you, Arnold, we must get some life into that line or the best backs in the world won't win games for us. Now, there's Brice at left tackle. He's big and strong enough to stop a freight train, but he plays as though he were dead on his feet. If we only had some man to go in against him on the scrub eleven and wake him up and give him a bit of a scare, he might amount to something, but as it is he's about as lively as an ice wagon."

All this was too obvious to elicit anything more than a very gloomy acquiescence from the captain, and the two men tramped out through the gymnasium to the practice field, and here they found Parker for the first time among the crowd of youths passing and kicking the ball. He was of medium height, rather light but firmly built, resembling the other young men around him in general appearance, except for a rather unusual squareness of the jaw and levelness of gaze.

He came to Clevedon from an obscure little academy in a distant state, where he had prepared for college. The captain of the scrub eleven had noticed him in chapel in the morning and afterward had hunted him out, and, having learned by dint of hard questioning that he had played football and at least knew the rudiments of the game, had asked him to come out to the field in the afternoon and have a try at the second eleven.

The second or scrub eleven, as it is known, is composed of the candidates who are denied a place on the varsity and who yet for the sake of the sport and in the hope that one day promotion may find them out are willing to work on without glory or reward unless they find them in the hard practice game played daily with the varsity. From the ranks of the scrubs come the substitutes for the varsity, and a good player in the former may well dare hope to be chosen on the varsity the next year. It is, as one may see, a sort of apprenticeship or training school through which one must pass before he reaches the varsity.

It had been the bane of the scrub captain's life hitherto that he had not been able to find a man in his miscellaneous lot who was able to play a hard enough game against Brice, the varsity left tackle, either to cause that gentleman any particular inconvenience or to satisfy the demands of Shaw. They had all made the mistake of "kicking" straight into him, and being inferior in weight and muscle to Brice, who was a giant in size, if not in intellect, the result may be imagined.

Thus it happened that in sheer desperation Parker was chosen on this his first night out to go in against Brice, and, if possible, frighten him into improving his playing.

As the two men looked each other over for a moment before the ball was put in play Brice thought to himself, rather contemptuously, that he would have no trouble with this stripling, but after Parker had broken through two or three times on plays around his end and downed the man with the ball he began to realize that he had a very unusual sort of scrub to deal with, and that it would require something very

different from his ordinary style of practice game to keep this fellow occupied. After he awoke to this fact, Parker's lot became rather harder, and he was forced to content himself with an occasional tackle behind the interference when the runner was slow or the ball was poorly passed.

But the climax came just before the close of the 15 minutes' practice. The varsity had carried the ball down the field directly in front of and about 20 yards from the scrubs' goal. Parker had become somewhat used to the varsity play by this time, and when he saw the full back drop back and the half backs move out from and back of their regular positions he knew that a goal from the field was to be tried. Here was his last chance to outwit the now fully awakened Brice.

Instead of moving out, as he might have been expected to do, in order to get a clearer field and open the line, he moved in close and made a feint as though intending to tackle between tackle and guard, which was the sort of play it was the delight of Brice's heart to stop. He was practically immovable, and woe to the unlucky mortal who attempted "go through" him. Nothing, however, was further from Parker's mind than the attempting of such a feat. Instead, as the ball was snapped, he wheeled out quickly, caught Brice's arm in his own and, whirling upon him as on a pivot, thrust that worthy flat on his back and rushed at the full back just in time to block a well directed try for goal.

The men on the side lines cheered lustily for the plucky scrub tackle, and the coach gladdened his heart with a few words of commendation, while the discomfited Brice had a few minutes' explaining to the captain how it all happened.

After that Parker's play was carefully watched by both Shaw and Arnold, and Brice was warned that unless he looked sharp and worked hard he might yet lose the position which he had begun to look upon as peculiarly his own. Under this stimulus he improved wonderfully, and the hopes of the rooters rose again as they saw the line grow stronger and faster day by day.

The great game of the season, for which all the others were but a preparation, was the one with Hanover college, and was to be played this year at Clevedon. For three years the yellow and blue of Hanover had waved triumphantly, and their team was reported to be in better condition than ever.

At last the great day arrived and the morning train brought with it the Hanover team in a great crowd of students, already boasting of the victory that was sure to be theirs. Odds were offered freely, but the Clevedon boys, mindful of the lessons of former defeats, were slow to bet, and much Hanover money went begging.

The day was an ideal one for football, crisp and cool, with that suspicion of frost in the air that puts every player on his mettle and makes every nerve tingle with pure human joy of living. On such a day even a disordered liver loses its ascendancy over the mind, and the blood races through the veins in an exhilarating flood. In spite of the lateness of the season the close clipped turf was green and soft as velvet and the field, lined on either side with ribbon bedecked crowds, was an inspiring sight. Every eye in the little town, without regard to age, sex or residence, was turned to the field, and the condition of servitude, had turned out to witness what proved to be a battle royal.

Hanover, with their usual good fortune, won the toss and chose the north goal, with the wind at their backs. Burrows, the Clevedon full back, swung his toe into the pigskin and sent it whirling well down into the enemy's country, with the ends close after it, and the battle was on. Hanover sent their backs around the Clevedon ends for a few short gains, and then lost the ball on a fumble. Clevedon held it for a few plays and lost it, and so the battle raged. Back and forth in the center of the field they fought. Occasionally a long kick by the full back would drive the ball down the field, and one goal or the other would be temporarily endangered, but soon the ball would be carried back to the center, and the struggle would be begun again. The teams were so evenly matched that neither was able to gain more than a temporary advantage over the other, and the first half closed without either having scored.

For the first five minutes of the second half it was the same story over again, but after one of Hanover's fierce rushes into the line a figure was seen stretched on the ground and a thrill of apprehension ran along the side lines. "Who is it?" "Is he Hanover or Clevedon?" "What souls have we?" were some of the questions anxiously asked.

To the dismay of the Clevedon contingent, it was discovered in a moment that it was Brice, the big left tackle, whose lame ankle had finally succumbed to a severe wrench. For him to continue longer in the game was out of the question, but who was there to take his place? The only man who had practiced in that position was Parker, and when the "rooters" saw him strip off his sweater and trot across the field obedient to the captain's summons their hearts sank within them. What chance would such a heavy, experienced player as the Hanover tackle? But the captain r membered Parker's play against Brice and held his peace.

The first play demonstrated that, whatever else he might be, Parker was no coward. Whenever there was a rush through his side of the line he was generally found at the bottom of the heap when the mass of men entangled itself. But the fierce, determined, bulldog game that Hanover was playing was beginning to tell, and slowly the ball was being carried nearer the coveted Clevedon goal—50 yards, 45, 40, until the ball lay on the 80 yard line, and here the advance stopped. Three times

the Hanover backs drove headlong into the Clevedon line, only to be held and thrown back again.

It was the old guard at Waterloo over again. One more play, and the ball must go to Clevedon. But the goal was straight ahead and only 30 yards away, and a well directed kick would put Hanover five points to the good. The full back dropped back and every one knew what was coming. Every man was crouching low in the line with his muscles tense and every sense alert watching the ball and the man opposite him. Back went the ball to the full back, and after it the Clevedon quarter back, dodging quickly through a hole between center and guard, but just too late. The ball barely cleared his fingertips as it sailed up into the air and straight into the goal posts. A clean kick, and the Hanover bleachers roared and waved their approval.

Parker, in the rush of the moment, was conscious of nothing but a mad desire to tear his way through the line and reach the full back, but struggle as he would the man opposite him blocked him hard and low, and his effort was futile. On the Clevedon side of the field there was a good chance that the ball was almost tangible. Only seven minutes to play and the score 5 to 0 against them.

Burrows put the ball in play again with a low, swift kick that sent it straight at one of the big Hanover guards. Taken by surprise, instead of holding it, he let the ball bound back from his broad chest straight toward Parker, who was rushing down the field. As the ball bounded toward him, the coach near by kicked up a ball and had a cry to kick up a ball and he threw himself full length at the netted oval and gathered it in his arms.

At the same moment the unlucky guard, rushing from the other direction to repair his error, stumbled over the prostrate form and, whether it was intentional or accidental no one ever knew, struck poor Parker full in the face with the toe of his heavy shoe, cutting a deep gash above his left eye. To the Clevedon supporters on the side lines it seemed as though an evil fate was pursuing them. There was no one to take Parker's place, and he could not play with a deep cut in his head and the blood streaming down his face. But they failed to recognize the spirit of the boy, and when the coach tried to lead him from the field he flatly refused to be taken away. "Let me stay the game out," he pleaded, and then as a shrewd afterthought he added, "Who'll you put in my place anyway?" The force of this argument struck the coach, and, pleased with the boy's grit, he had no alternative but to yield, and back into the face went Parker, with his bloody face and a handkerchief bound round his head.

If he had played hard before, he played like a demon now, but the team was going down hill fast. The men had lost heart and with ever increasing swiftness the Hanover wedge ground its way down the field until a final breathless rally stopped the advance on the 20 yard line. One minute to play and the Hanover full back dropped back for another try for goal. Here was a last desperate chance, and in spite of his aching, whirling head Parker remembered the trick that had worked so well on Brice and above in close to his opponent. The latter, mistaking the movement, closed up the gap, when, quick as a flash, as the ball was snapped, Parker sprang out, whipped his husky opponent half around and rushed at the full back like a tiger, with the speedy quarter back close at his heels. The kick was swift and sure, but Parker was quicker, and as the ball rose he sprang high in the air and caught it full on his outstretched arms.

As the ball bounded back Sheldon, the quarter back, snatched it up, and was off for the Hanover goal, 80 yards away. Behind him strained the Hanover half backs in hot pursuit, but it was no use. A stern chin is a long one, and Sheldon did not hold the varsity record for the 100 yards for nothing. He planted the ball squarely between the goal posts, and Burrows kicked an easy goal, making the score 6 to 5 in Clevedon's favor, and time was up.

And Parker—well, Parker fainted away in the arms of his roommate as he tried to walk off the field and was sick for a month with brain fever. But he had earned his nickname of "Bull-headed" Parker, and lived to prove his full right and title to it on many a hard fought field.

One talk of his powers yet back at the old college, but Parker is sleeping in a Cuban grave, having given his life for his country this year. He fell in the charge of the rough riders at San Juan, a hero to the end.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Yellow Fever Cure.

A correspondent of a London paper asserts that no fatal results may be attacked as soon as the symptoms appear, take a tumblerful of olive oil with the juice of a lime squeezed into it. This dose should be repeated till vomiting and purging ensue.

"This is infallible in checking the virulence of the complaint," says the letter writer, "and a speedy convalescence invariably follows. I have not only proved its efficiency personally, but have witnessed its complete success in dozens of cases, both in Cuba and South America."

Faced the Lions.

African Explorer (spinning a yarn)—Not very long ago I went out one day unarmed, when I suddenly found myself face to face with three lions.

Friend—Well? Explorer—I fixed my gaze on the brutes, then stuck my hands in my pockets and walked away, whistling an air from an opera.

Friend—And didn't the lions immediately rush at you?

Explorer—They couldn't. It was at the zoo.—London Tit-Bits

WASHING CAR LINEN.

THE SYSTEM WHICH IS USED AT THE PULLMAN WORKS.

A Monster Laundry in Which 1,200 Gallons of Soap, Made on the Premises, Are Used Every Day on 45,000 Pieces of Linen.

Big laundries are commonplace enough, but a laundry which can substantiate its claim to being the largest in the world, which uses a ton of soap a day and yet washes none of the public's linen, would seem to be an anomaly. Such a laundry is the one at Pullman, Ill., maintained by the Pullman Palace Car company for the washing and ironing of the thousands of sheets, pillowcases and similar furnishings in daily use on its sleeping cars throughout the country.

The building is a handsome brick and stone structure of two stories.

To this building comes every morning by express soiled linen in carload lots. These are delivered at the east end of the building in square canvas bags of uniform size, and each is carefully labeled and numbered. The work of packing and billing the contents of these bags has been done at six different depots in the city, where an accurate record of each day's receipts and disbursements is kept. When the bags are opened at Pullman the pieces are recounted and piled in a promiscuous heap upon the floor. No effort is made to return to a car the exact supplies received from it, save in number and kinds. A piece of linen on a Pullman car is never used a second time until it has been returned from the laundry. Thus the week's occupant of a sleeping car gets fresh sheets and pillowcases each night.

Twelve immense brass hydraulic washers await the piles which have found temporary resting place upon the laundry floor. These piles are wheeled to the washers in roller baskets and consigned to their care. These washers are 7 feet long and 3 feet in diameter, and consist of large cylindrical shaped tubs standing on their sides, with openings at the tops. Inside of each tub is a perforated brass cylinder. It is through an opening in these cylinders the linen is placed, the shell holding 200 sheets and a proportionate amount of smaller articles. After the admission of hot water a certain amount of soap the cylinders are set to revolving and revolving automatically. Pipes carry cold and hot water to each washer and the hot water is always kept at 212 degrees. In twenty minutes the washing is completed and the rinsing, first in hot and afterward in cold water, and the addition of the requisite amount of bluing concludes the process. Each machine can wash 400 sheets per hour, and 45,000 pieces of linen a day is the average amount handled.

The "wringing" of the linen is performed by ten hydraulic extractors. These are metallic circular tubs about 3 feet in diameter and 15 inches deep. Within each is a perforated copper basket into which the linen is packed. These baskets are circular in shape and revolve 1,500 times a minute for 10 or 15 minutes, throwing off the water by centrifugal force until the contents are nearly dry. When sufficiently dried the pieces, which are packed in almost solid masses, are taken out by men and placed in machines called tumblers.

These machines are merely revolving wooden cylinders, with interior arrangements for shaking out the mass consigned to them. In a few moments the pieces are all separated. Girls then carry the tumblers and smooth out the pieces preparatory to consigning them to the mangles or ironing machines.

There are eight of the largest size duplex mangles for car linen. Each consists of a hollow metallic cylinder 100 inches long and 24 inches in diameter. There are also five felt covered rollers coming in contact with each cylinder for the purpose of feeding the pieces smoothly and absorbing the remaining moisture. After passing through these machines, the ironing portions of which are kept at 400 degrees by means of steam, the linen emerges beautifully ironed and finished on both sides. Girls sort and the various articles preparatory to the counting and packing.

The packing is done in bundles consisting of ten sheets or 25 pillowcases, or an approximate number of napkins, towels and the like. These bundles are placed in canvas boxes. Each box holds 200 sheets or 1,000 of the smaller pieces. The boxes are then sealed and loaded into cars at the west end of the building. These cars go to the city by express and the goods are delivered to the various stations by express as they may be required.

The number of employees needed to carry on the work upon the first floor of the laundry are 100 women and one-fifth of that number of men. The latter are used in the heavier operations, the girls, white capped and white aproned, attending to the lighter duties of the place.

The second floor is devoted to starch work, such as coats and caps of waiters on the dining cars. Here ironing and polishing machines of lesser sort are found. About 50 operatives are here engaged.

The soap question is an all important one at the Pullman laundry. Fifteen hundred gallons of soft or diluted soap were used daily. It is all made on the premises and amounts to a ton gross weight of the washing compound. These figures to be appreciated should be estimated from the amounts used for washing purposes in the ordinary household; but few people, even in Pullman, are aware of the magnitude of the company's laundry. Beyond the fact that it gives employment to a large number of young women and a lesser number of men but little interest exists in its daily output.—Chicago Tribune.

A LUCULLUS DINNER.

ONE FEAST THAT ASTOUNDED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS.

Pompey and Cicero Tried to Catch the Famous Gormand in a Trap, but the Roman Spendthrift Fairly Outwitted Them.

"Bright Sides of History" is the title of a series of articles by E. H. House in St. Nicholas. In a story form, introducing modern boys and girls, the author recounts some of the most amusing episodes in history. The following is one of his stories:

"Lucullus was very fond of fine dinners—more so than was good for him in his later years. In early life he was one of the greatest of Roman generals, and at middle age he had kingdoms at his feet. But, like many public men of that period, he was pursued by envious enemies, and instead of making a stand against them he gave up all his glory and devoted himself to the luxury. Although he was enormously rich, he amazed his friends by the amount of money he spent in feasting them. No matter at what hour a visitor called a costly banquet was always ready to be served. People who were intimate with him often tried to catch him unprepared, but no one ever succeeded. The most artful trap of all was set by Pompey and Cicero. Lucullus was too sharp even for these able men."

"Do you mean," asked Harry, his eyes round with astonishment, "do you mean the great Pompey and Cicero we hear so much about at school?"

"The very same. Those were the men. Did you think that Pompey was always fighting battles, and that Cicero did nothing but speak pieces in the senate? Oh, no. They used to vary these occupations by strolling about the forum on pleasant afternoons, and one day they met Lucullus, strolling like themselves, and laid a plan to take him by surprise. They said they had a partying in his power, and then they proposed to dine with him that very day, on condition that he should make no preparations and give no instructions, but let them share the ordinary meal intended for himself."

"Lucullus had not expected this. Though he was extravagant enough, even when wholly alone, he could not bear to entertain guests without a good deal of extra extravagance on their account. So he tried to make an appointment for the next day, but they would not listen to him. Then he wanted to tell his servants, and they objected to this also, suspecting that he might contrive to give some secret orders. They insisted that he should not open his lips to any one besides themselves, but just ramble around until dinner time and then take them directly to his dwelling. Here he made a stand. He protested, reasonably enough, that they demanded too much. He had left home without even saying that he should go back there to dine. At least his friends must allow him to announce that he would return at the customary hour. Otherwise there might be no food at all."

"They saw no harm in this, and, after consulting together, agreed that he could send that one short message and nothing more, but he must employ a stranger to do the errand, and must speak to him in his hearing, so that they could guard against any suspicious words or private signals. Lucullus pretended to be extremely troubled and declared that they deserved nothing fit to eat. Nevertheless he consented, and calling a public messenger gave this direction, 'Go to my house and tell the steward to serve dinner in the Apollo as usual.' Pompey and Cicero were delighted. They kept close to their host through the rest of the day, feeling sure that, though they would have an excellent meal, they had prevented him this time from showing one of the gorgeous displays in which he reveled."

"When at last the three entered the dining room the sight of the table almost took away their breath. It was decorated with a magnificence they had not dreamed of. But this was nothing to what followed. Course after course of the rarest food was set before them, with wines that were almost beyond price, until at the end they calculated that the cost of the repast could not have been less than a sum equal to \$10,000 in our money of today."

"Why that is a small fortune to spend for one dinner!" exclaimed Percy.

"You may say so, indeed. They were quite right in their reckoning. Lucullus had outwitted them and carried his point exactly as he wished."

"How, uncle? Tell us how!" the children cried.

"Think it out for yourselves," said Uncle Claxton, but the only attempt at a solution came from Dick, who after pondering deeply caused an outburst of mirth by remarking that perhaps it was Friday. Dick evidently imagined that the explanation which had cleared up the mystery of his uncle's dinner might be good enough for anything in ancient Rome.

"No, no, Dick," said Uncle Claxton, "that's not the secret. You must remember the message which Lucullus sent to his steward—that he would 'dine in the Apollo.' He had several dining halls, named after various Roman gods, and all differently arranged for different kinds of feasts. He had only to mention which of these he would prepare to let his servants know what preparations were necessary and precisely how much money should be spent. It was the rule that a dinner or supper in the Apollo should cost a sum equal to about \$10,000 of our American money, and it was at this rate that Pompey and Cicero were entertained. They did not learn till long after how Lucullus had managed the affair."

London is perhaps the only city in the world that can boast of a house—11 Victoria street—which is located in six parishes.

JOHN O. CROWN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CLARKE COURIER is published weekly at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS, I PAID IN ADVANCE, when not paid in advance two dollars will be invariably charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of One Dollar and Fifty Cents per square (ten lines) for three insertions, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. Advertisements inserted by the half-year or year at less rates.



WINTER SHOES.

Warm Felt Slippers. Fur trimmed felt Julietts. "Quilted"

Ladies Heavy Calf Shoes, \$2. (guaranteed) Fine Kid " \$2 (guaranteed) Men's Heavy Goods of all kinds—Calf, Box Calf, Russet, Tan, Enamel, and Patent Leather—at All Prices.

THE STAR SHOE HOUSE, S. ROSENMEYER, PROPRIETOR, 108 N. MAIN ST. WINCHESTER, VA.

L. E. Ricamore

Is receiving at all times the best BOOKS and STATIONERY

will furnish persons wishing to order the same any MAGAZINE they want at publishers prices by the year. Give us a call and let us serve you.

Our stock is large and varied, and comprises MISCELLANEOUS, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, POCKET BOOKS, STATIONERY AND OFFICE SUPPLIES

In every style from the highest to the cheapest, the assortment being complete so as to meet every one's wants. Also,

Wall Paper

In all shades and styles, &c., &c.

Our Fall Millinery

—AND OUR FALL STOCK OF— Ladies' Furnishing Goods

is now open, and consists of LADIES' AND MISSES' VEISTS, COMBINATION SUITS, A NICE LINE OF CORSETS, and in fact everything in this line for LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Sole Agent for the Celebrated F. C. CO.'S CORSET.

Give us a call. L. E. RICAMORE.

Sibert & Denny, JEWELERS, Winchester, Va.

We desire to say to the people of Clarke that we are still candidates for their trade, and that any favors they may show us in this line will be fully appreciated. We have in stock a large and complete assortment of

GOLD AND SILVERWARE, SILVER-PLATED