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SUSAN LIPP OR THE LAWSUIT

"I tell you what it is, gal," said old Mr. Lippe to his daughter Susan, "I'm determined never to hev a educated feller for my son in law; that's a fixed fact."

"But, father," said Susan, "education don't make or unmake a man any more than riches do. It's the soul, the principle, that constitutes a man."

"Very true, Susan," rejoined daddy Lippe, "and I've found precious little principle in collegebred fellers. I tell you that I've got along well enough, and allus made my mark."

As the old man said this, his eye roved out of the window, over the broad and well-improved homestead with a glint of self-satisfaction.

Susan's father was no exception to men of his class, who, when they imbibed an idea, are pig-headed in their adherence to it. Susan understood this trait of her father, and letting the argument drop, relapsed into silence.

While old Mr. Lippe entertained such notions of letters, and, by the way, was always taking pains to inform everybody concerning them, he had deviated somewhat with respect to his only child, Susan, who had improved the advantages bestowed by an excellent public school, situated in Stanhope, a small village adjoining her father's farm.

To the blandishments of the sterner sex, however, Susan turned a deaf ear. The young Stanhoppers loved her father's broad acres full as well as they did his daughter, who, with the quick instinct of a woman, penetrated the shallowness of their protestations of love. Besides, there was a young lawyer who had entered suit for her heart, and won his case, while teaching school a short time previous to his admission to the bar.

It would have been singular if the daughter of obstinate Lippe had not been equally obstinate in the constancy of her affection for Henry Coverdale, her litigious lover.

Of this attachment, however, daddy Lippe was blissfully ignorant. He had never seen young Coverdale, and that young gentleman, being well aware of the antipathies of his contemplated father-in-law toward schoolmasters and their like, prudently refrained from visiting Susan at home. The accommodations of the house of a maternal aunt of Susan's in Stanhope were vouchsafed them, her uncle, the harnessmaker, rather liking, than otherwise, their clandestine visits. In this way the lovers managed to keep the fire on the altar of their hearts fanned to a bright flame.

The impatient Coverdale desired to bring his suit to an issue, but the dutiful Susan would not consent to an elopement. With the hope of modifying her sire's views on the subject of education, she had introduced the theme, with what success is recorded above.

That night, after family prayers, quite an animated colloquy took place between Susan's parents. The door of Susan's chamber being ajar, she became an innocent listener to the conversation, which, as it concerned herself alone, proved rather interesting. Mother Lippe was in Susan's secret, and favored it with her might.

"Now, old man," said she, as that functionary was covering up the fire, the last thing before going to bed, "it's downright mean in you to oppose Susan's ijees about larning. I'm sot not to hev any ignorant sealawag round arter my daughter."

"I rule this roost," responded daddy Lippe. "And I'll make the roost hot for you," rejoined the dame. "Times ain't now what they was when we was youngsters. Just think of matting Susan to Mat. Aw; or yet to Chris. Gibby, the shoemaker, who has about as much of an ijee of books as a hog has of meating."

"There's no might of use argufy ing about it, old woman; I'm sot."

"And so am I," replied the irate dame; "and we'll see who'll sit to the most purpose. If Susan can't marry the kind of man she wants to, she can stay at home, and that's the end of it."

With this clincher, mother Lippe turned her face to the wall, and refused to say another word.

In the meantime, Henry Coverdale was gradually winning his way to eminence. As a speaker, he stood head and shoulder above any of the young men, his associates at the bar. The result of his efforts also began to flow upon him in a golden stream. Yet, he still remained a bachelor, though many wondered. Still there were no signs of old Mr. Lippe relaxing in the least from his views on "education."

However things were destined to shape themselves entirely different to what a mere observer might reasonably hope to expect.

This grew of Coverdale's love for Susan, which now assumed the cast of impatience.

One day a young man in homespun garb, presented himself at the house of old Mr. Lippe, and inquired if he wanted to hiro a hand on the farm.

The old farmer eyed him for some moments, and finding him remarkably well favored and knit together said:

"Where are you from?"

"I live at Monroe when at home," replied the young man.

"Raised on a farm?"

"Yes sir."

"About how much do you want a month?"

"Whatever you think is right."

"You'll never get along in the world unless you drive a better bargain than that," said Mr. Lippe. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. You can work a month for twenty dollars, and after that, if we suit one another, we'll bargain for a year."

"Agreed," said the young man, and was installed forthwith as a hired hand.

As the reader guesses, the hand was none other than Henry Coverdale, who had commenced to put into operation a plan to gain the old man's consent to his union with Susan.

Time wagged along. Old Lippe was mightily pleased with his hired hand, and often praised him to the women folks. Indeed, he looked with a degree of complacency on his attentions to Susan, which began to be marked—and Coverdale was on the point of popping the question, when a circumstance occurred which induced him to postpone it for a short season. The circumstance was as follows:

The farm of Mr. Lippe was a part of a tract, the title of which had formerly been in dispute, though it was in deed and in equity his. Just at this time one of those land sharks that infest the country raked up a worthless claim, and entered suit for possession.

This proceeding was so obviously absurd and rascally, that Mr. Lippe merely laughed at it, although, at the advice of his hired hand, he appeared at court to refute the claim, supposing, however, that his mere word would be sufficient to dispose of the scoundrel of a landshark.

His hired hand also concluded to lose the day and go with him, in order he said, "to see what a judge and court were like."

Old Mrs. Lippe and Susan accompanied them for the purpose of making some purchases, as they could get better bargains in the county town than in Stanhope.

The conversation of the family had placed Henry Coverdale in full possession of the facts in the case, and he had manifested such an interest in the affair, and appeared to be so anxious as to the result, that the old man was not astonished to see him enter the bar and take a chair by his side. He noticed also that his dame and Susan were among the spectators in the court room.

The case was called, and the lawyer for the plaintiff arose and made out so plausible a statement that it enraged the old man dreadfully, so much so that he could scarcely content himself until the lawyer concluded.

The moment he sat down the old man sprang to his feet.

"See here," exclaimed he. "Here are deed and every man in this court room knows me well enough to know

that I never got them by rascality, or claimed more than what was justly mine."

"All that may be true," replied the judge, "but the court demands legal proof relative to the points at issue. I presume you have an attorney, Mr. Lippe?"

"Never said a single word to one, I never thought it worth while," said the old man, perfectly agast at the turn matters were taking.

At this stage, Lippe's hired hand rose to his feet.

"May it please the court, I will undertake the case for Mr. Lippe," said he.

"A pretty case you'll make of it," said the old man. "You can plow corn a wonderful sight better."

"I assure you, Mr. Lippe, that Mr. Coverdale is perfectly competent to the task," said the judge, who was well acquainted with the young lawyer, and who, though ignorant of his present relations, fancied he smelt a joke in the actions of the parties.

"Mebbe your honor is right," said Mr. Lippe, "but a plague take me, if you don't find him a likely sight bet ter farm hand than lawyer."

A general titter ran around the bar.

The suit proceeded. The young attorney having previously mastered the whole ground, entered into its merits with such force and clearness as astonished even the court. But how shall we paint the surprise of old Mr. Lippe? It took him by storm. At every word of the young lawyer he seemed to distend with astonishment, until his amazement was something so ridiculously appalling as to convulse the entire audience with laughter. Peal and peal resounded, and even the fat sides of the judge forgetting their gravity, seemed ready to shake to pieces with merriment.

"Who—who—who are you?" at last gasped the old man.

"Sit down, Mr. Lippe," said Coverdale. "I am attending to the case."

Then stooping, he whispered in his ear.

"I am trying to earn Susan."

"She's yours," shouted the old man, regardless of the bystanders or the court, which having now an inkling of the matter, gave a loose rein to their jubilant feelings. How Susan felt, however, can be better imagined than described. She blushed like one of her mother's peonies, and hastily hid her face in her veil.

When the merriment had subsided, and old Mr. Lippe had secured his equanimity, the happy attorney proceeded, and finally made so clear a case for his involuntary client, as caused the judge to dismiss the suit. The old man left the court in triumph, and with his hired hand, proceeded forthwith to the clerk's office, where a license was procured. The judge gave the court a short recess and united the happy pair in the bonds of matrimony.

Since that event, Mr. Lipp has changed his views on educational matters.

"It did me more good than anything I ever used. My dyspepsia was of months standing; after eating it was terrible. Now I am well," writes S. B. Keener, Hoisington, Kas., of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. W. Richardson.

Senator Jones, chairman of the democratic national committee, who has just returned from Europe, says that the opposing presidential candidates will again be Bryan and McKinley. He says Bryan will have a larger following than in 1896. Senator Jones accuses the republican party of insincerity in its declaration for bimetalism, and says he can't see much of the increased prosperity. On the attitude of Richard Croker as to the nomination of Bryan for president, Senator Jones had little to say, merely replying to a direct question: "Croker is already in line."

The "Plow Boy Preacher," Rev. J. Kirkman, Belle River, Ill., says, "After suffering from bronchial or lung trouble for ten years, I was cured by One Minute Cough Cure. It is all that is claimed for it and more." It cures coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. W. Richardson.

Senator Hanna admits that John R. McLean will give the republicans a hot fight in Ohio, but says he believes that his party will win by a handsome majority. Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, who usually claims everything in sight, is not so sure of republican success in Nebraska.

Sight for the Blind.

Dr. Peter Stiens, the Russian electrician, claims that he has applied an electrical apparatus of his invention to several blind persons and has made them able to see light and the shape of the objects around them. In the course of a recent newspaper interview he said to the interviewer:

"I have been working on this invention for years and have every confidence now that I shall soon bring it to such a state of utility that blind persons by its aid will be able to see with their brains, just as ordinary people see through their normal eyes. In a word, my invention acts in place of the eye." Dr. Stiens then suggested that the interviewer should judge for himself, and further says:

"Dr. Stiens took me into a small room and blindfolded me. He did this so effectively that not a ray of light reached my vision. All was absolute darkness. Then suddenly out of the darkness there appeared a white light before me—a light that looked very much like the ordinary light of day. Then Dr. Stiens held up an object before me.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A pair of pincers," I replied.

"Right," answered the electrician.

The doctor is not ready to give his invention to the public, and further developments are awaited with interest.

"When our boys were almost dead from whooping cough, our doctor gave One Minute Cure. They recovered rapidly," writes P. B. Belles, Argyle, Pa. It cures coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. W. Richardson.

Admiral Dewey positively advised the President at their interview to make a change in the military command in the Philippines, and the President and his cabinet will consider during the trip West how it can be best done. Admiral Dewey, it is learned, told the President plainly that General Otis, though honest and industrious and a man of ability in certain lines, particularly as a lawyer and administrator, was not the aggressive and broad-minded military commander needed for the emergency.

The One Day Cold Cure. Kermet's Chocolate Laxative Quinine for cold in the head and sore throat. Children take them like candy. W. Richardson.

Bishop T. U. Dudley, of Kentucky, is out in a stirring denunciation of the divorce system inspired by a similar stand taken by Bishop Potter, of New York, in the Diocesan Council of New York. He says he thinks when the General Church meets in 1901 it will enact a law forbidding ministers to marry divorced persons.

President King, Farmer's Bank, Brooklyn, Mich., has used DeWitt's Little Early Risers in his family for years. Says they are the best. These famous Little Pills cure constipation, biliousness, and all liver and bowel troubles.—W. Richardson.

The arrest some days ago of Mrs. Owens, a white woman of King George county, on the charge of burning the store house and entire stock of goods of Mr. J. C. Ninde, is creating no little excitement throughout that county. The accused has had a hearing in a justice's court, and the case was sent on to the grand jury.

"If you scour the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Paekler of the Micanopy, Fla., "Hustler." It cured his family of Lathrippe and saves thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles. W. Richardson.

It is now estimated that 1,500 persons perished in the earthquakes in Asia Minor, around Aiden. The first shock occurred at 4 o'clock in the morning of September 20, and lasted forty seconds. The effects were appalling. Whole villages were completely destroyed. The earthquake was felt as far as Scio, Mitylene and Smyrna.

The One Day Cold Cure. For cold in the head and sore throat use Kermet's Chocolate Laxative Quinine. Easily taken as candy and quickly cured. W. Richardson.

Attorney General Griggs's review of the finding of the court martial in the case of Capt. O. M. Carter, upon which President McKinley based his approval of the sentence, emphasizes the fact that in four years Captain Carter bought securities worth \$463,000.

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CUTTIN RUSHES.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago? Meeself was rish early on a day for cuttin rushes.

Walkin up the Bralld's burn, still the sun was low. Now I'd hear the burn run, an then I'd hear the thrushes.

Young, still young, an drenchin wet the grass, Wet the golden honeyuckle hangin sweetly down.

Here, lad, here! Will ye follow where I pass, An find me cuttin rushes on the mountain?

Then was it only yesterday or fifty years or so? Rippin round the bog pools high among the heather.

The book it made me hand sore, I had to lave it go. 'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.

Come, dear, come, an back along the burn See the darlin' honeyuckle hangin like a crown!

Quick! One kiss! Sure, there's some one at the burn. 'Oh, we're ather cuttin rushes on the mountain!'

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago? \* \* \* I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.

Oh, that's the Bralld's burn, I can hear it sing an flow. For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.

Run, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were young? The honeyuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an brown.

Sing, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were young? The day we cut the rushes on the mountain? —Moira O'Neill in Blackwood's Magazine.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET. There's many a plan that comes to naught.

There's many a light that goes out, And disappointments sports and cares Have bedecked us round about.

And many a sad mistake we made Throughout our lives, and yet We've done the very best we could, 'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come, And out of darkness light, And all wrongdoings in this world Some day will be set right.

And though we have not reached the height Attained by others, yet We've done the best we could, my dear; 'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well, 'Gidna' we'll things to take our stand, In goodness to each.

So judge yourself not harshly, dear, Nor at misfortune fret, We've done the best we could, and so 'Tis useless to regret. —London Tit-Bits

IF. "If I were a man," the woman said, "I'd make my mark ere I was dead; I'd lead the world with a battle cry, And I'd be famous ere I should die— If I were a man!"

"If I were a youth," the old man cried, "I'd seize all chances, I'd go with the tide; I'd win my way to the highest place, And stick to honor and seek his grace— If I were a youth!"

"If I were rich," the poor man thought, "I'd give my all for the poor's support; I'd open my door, and I'd open my heart, And goodness and I would never part— If I were rich!"

And lo, if all these things come true, The woman a man, the man a youth, The poor man rich—then all in truth, This world would be, when we get through, Just as it is! —James Oppenheim in New York Sun.

OUR GREAT ATLANTIC. Wondrous deep that only endeth Where the blue sky downward blendeth Splendid breakers, rising, curling, Falling, dashing, thundering, whirling, Mighty mass of restless motion Is the noisy, rolling ocean.

Watery plain in sunlight glimmering, Carved and hollowed, quivering, shimmering; Emerald ridges tipped with whiteness, Spray and foam of feathery lightness; Mighty mass of ceaseless motion Is the beautiful, great ocean. —Tista in Good Housekeeping.

Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. L. Gamble, Vernon, Tex., says, "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." W. Richardson.

The Bainbridge Street Baptist Church, of Manchester, has extended a pastoral call to Rev. E. V. Baldy, of South Carolina, who has just completed a special course at the University of Chicago. Mr. Baldy is a native of Lee county, Georgia.

The One Day Cold Cure. Cold in head and sore throat cured by Kermet's Chocolate Laxative Quinine. As easy to take as candy. "Children cry for them." W. Richardson.

In Kansas persons convicted of murder in the first degree are sentenced to be hanged whenever the Governor shall sign their death warrant, and so the penitentiary contains scores of prisoners under sentence to be hanged.

Millions of dollars, is the value placed by Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., on the life of her child, which she saved from croup by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures all coughs, colds, and throat and lung troubles. W. Richardson.

Rev. W. W. Sisk, pastor of the Baptist Church at Waverly, has offered his resignation, to take effect on the second Sunday in November. Mr. Sisk will then leave to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Manchester, Va.

Cure Cold in Head. For cold in the head and sore throat, easy to take and quick to cure cold in head and sore throat. W. Richardson.

The monument in memory of the Confederate dead buried in Massanutten Cemetery, Woodstock, Va., will be unveiled at that place on Thursday, October 26th. The Shenandoah Herald announces that Hon. John W. Daniel delivers the address.

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