

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.

The... NEWEST SHAPES -IN- SHOES and OXFORDS

BEST LINE OF LADIES' FINE SHOES IN THE VALLEY. Men's Oxfords in Vici Kid, Russia Calf, and Patent Leather.—Sweet Shapes.

Up-to-Date Styles in Shirts, Hats, and Neckwear. S. ROSENMEYER, THE STAR SHOE HOUSE, 108 N. LONDON ST., WINCHESTER, VA.

Marshall McCormick, H. H. McCormick, Marshall McCormick & Son.

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

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. Offices on Church street, nearly opposite the jail.

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.

Dr. G. H. Oliver, RESIDENT DENTIST.

Nitrous Oxide Administered. OFFICE—Over Drug Store Opposite Postoffice.

HOURS—9 A. M. to 1 P. M.; 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. BERRYVILLE, VA.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids nature in strengthening and reconstructing 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, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

CHARLESTOWN Marbe & 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 1902

J. C. AVIS, Successor to W. Richardson.

Druggist and Apothecary. FINE TOBACCO AND CIGAR. PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, &c.

HAWK'S CELEBRATED EYEGLASSES. AT NIGHT my clerks, Mr. Sommer, can be found in room attached to rear of store. Ring front door bell. Or I may be found in "day-window" room over Schneider's store.

Prescriptions a specialty and compounded from purest drugs and filled as cheap as any where, consistent with the best quality of drugs.

FOR SALE. EIGHT ACRES OF LAND, situated in northern part of county, one mile from depot, store and postoffice. Five room dwelling, stable, dairy, hen-house, hen-house and large cistern; 2 acres in timber. Price \$600. Apply to D. C. SNYDER.

PATENTS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED FREE. Advice as to PATENTABILITY. Notice in "Inventive Age". "How to Obtain Patents". Charge moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Officers strictly confidential. Address: E. G. SHERES, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

WELL-BORING. Having purchased a modern and high-class well-boring machine, we wish to inform the people of Clarke and neighboring counties that we are prepared to do promptly and satisfactorily all work in the line of well-boring. Give us a trial and we guarantee good work and perfect satisfaction. Geo. W. WYKOOK, JR., CHAS. T. WYKOOK, Also, Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXII. BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1900. NO. 28.

HOPE. Oh, weary hearts, and sad, who silent grope Amid the shadows of some wintry night, Whose depths, also, obscure the spirit's light, Wait thou and wait for the sweet angel hope! Mayhap a strength is hers beyond thy scope, And that gloriously winged her flight, She soon may crown thee with her shining bright And glad new vistas for thy vision ope.

THE LIE THAT WAS NOT TOLD

"Is it good to tell a lie?" Tony laughed. "Yes; sometimes, maybe. Listen." He threw his head back and gazed at me through his half closed lids. I will not use his broken English, for it was not much broken, and he was a good story teller. Said Tony: Her name was Marcia. She was blind. She lived here in this house, in Polk street. You know the little window, high up near the top? It was there. The rent is cheap. From the window one can see St. Peter's and the lake—the lake where the sun shines all day long, like in a big, wide mirror. Only little Marcia, who could not see it, just sat quietly and dreamed of it or listened to the little birds, the sparrows, that fly around the edge of the roof, and the rattle from the street, the noise from the cars and wagons. Late at night her brother Luigi came home. He was a cook.

She was not always blind. And that was good. She could regret—it is better than nothing. Dust in her eyes did it. They got red and swelled up. They burned and festered, and before the priest was called the work was done—she was blind.

That was when she was 16 and pretty, with eyes that were blue and gray, blue that was soft, gray that glittered. As I said, she was pretty. Her lips, as well, her lips were made to be kissed. Her hair was brown—that is, brown with gold. Ah, she was pretty! Well, when she was 20—that was a long time ago. How long? Well, a year, two years, I guess, but it seems longer. Luigi came home one night and brought Terese—Terese, who was dressed in black. And this is what Luigi said:

"Sister, carissima mia, here is Terese. She is poor and unfortunate like thyself. There must be good friends." Now, Marcia could not see the black—the black of Terese's dress and the black of Terese's hat—the grim and somber black. Besides, when one is blind there is but one misfortune, and that is the greatest in the world. Therefore poor, blind Marcia caught but one idea in the jumble of her brother's words. And this is what she said as she smiled and held out her hands:

"Thou art blind. It is too bad. Hast thou always been blind?" In the most simple way in the world she said it. And thus it happened that Terese became blind—Terese, whose eyes were the best in the world—for when Luigi, smiling, opened his mouth to speak and say Terese place her finger to her lips and sign him to stop, he stopped, as you or I would have done, or any one else. (For a woman is always right, at least so any woman will say, and sometimes it is so.) Then Terese drew the blind girl into her arms and kissed her.

"No, little one," she said, "I have not always been blind. But, like thee, as Luigi has told me, I have been unfortunate, and I think we will be the greatest friends in the world." And then she looked at Luigi, whose face was white, and smiled and whispered:

"Love is blind, foolish." So that Luigi grew red again with the blood that came trooping into his face and tried to seize her hand. Only Terese drew it back and laughed. And the poor little blind girl, who felt the movement and heard the laugh, but did not at all guess what it was about, smiled sadly and said in a way one could not exactly explain, "Ah, thou art happy!"

I might have said in the beginning that it commenced just that way. Terese came to live in the house with Marcia and Luigi. Only she didn't have a room with a little window from which one could see the lake. And they were happy—all three. Terese worked. Every morning Luigi guided her down the stairs and to work, so he said, and every evening a little boy, for two pennies a day, brought her back, so she said. Then she and Marcia sat at the window and listened for Luigi. And this continued for awhile—until this thing happened, that Terese came home one evening with a lighter step than usual.

"Madre carissima!" she said as she bent over Marcia and kissed her. "What thinkest thou, little one?" The blind girl grew pale and her lips trembled as she turned her face upward wonderingly.

"Canst see?" she whispered. Terese laughed. "No, no, little one; not that," she said, "but I have something for thee." And she dropped a necklace of gold and blue beads about the little one's neck.

"I am glad," said the blind girl simply, but a tear glistened in her eye, and when she bent her head it dropped upon Terese's hand. "I am glad," she repeated.

"Ah, little one, art glad and yet weep?" cried Terese. "Is it the necklace?"

might have been cured of thy blindness, and I felt so lonely." "Thou dearest little one," said Terese. And she clasped the blind girl in her arms and laughed gayly. Yet—thus shone the woman—her face grew pale, for she began to see what was to come, and she feared the end.

Now, this is how the pit became deeper: When Beppo came, as he did one evening, with Luigi, he brought his mandolin—which is, Marcia sang and Beppo cried: "Brava, signorina! Thou hast a wonderful voice." Whereat the little blind girl was delighted, as were Luigi and Terese, which was sad—all very sad. If they could have known! But how could they have known unless they read the future, which is what, not knowing, these things happened—that Beppo came again and again and for many weeks afterward.

In the evening they sat on the stairs and talked, or Beppo played his mandolin while Marcia sang while it was all dark and still, maybe a little noise from the street. And on one of these nights, which were dire nights, the little blind girl sat silent, as if unhappy, and sighed.

"What is it, little one?" asked Terese. "Art sad?" And the little one smiled. "Nay," she said, "I am happy." Beppo laughed. "One must not sigh when one is happy," he said. "I will play."

The moon was half way in the sky. The night was soft. The music rose softly and reached the heart. "It is a love song," said Beppo. And he reached out and caught Terese's hand. It was dark, and there was none to see except the blind girl, and Terese laughed and smiled in Beppo's face. "It is a love song," she repeated, and Marcia, too, laughed. "Yes," she said, "it is a love song." And she began to sing.

And this was the pity of it—that they didn't guess those two, Beppo and Terese. Nor did they seem likely to find out, for not alone are those blind who cannot see.

And when it was all finished—when Beppo had gone home—Marcia and Terese sat silent and held each other's hands.

"What is it, little bird?" asked Terese. And Marcia opened her eyes, her face was wet with tears, and the whole of the tale was being sobbed into her ears. But she only smiled, and when she rose she grasped the guiding fingers of the two with hands that shook no more than does yours or mine, and when she walked up the stairs to the little room with the window that overlooks the lake her steps were as firm as though nothing had happened at all, though Terese cried all the way down again despite the kisses and caresses of Beppo.

"Is it kind to tell a lie?" asked Tony. "Well, I don't know. Maybe, sometimes." Then he dropped into his broken English. "You got another cigar, yes?"—Exchange.

Digestive Powers of the Ostrich. The digestive powers of the ostrich have long ago passed into a proverb. The birds will swallow almost anything that they can get into their beaks. They are amusingly greedy and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer looking protuberance.

When visitors stand near the fence of one of the inclosures, the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella, or a walking cane, a watch chain, locket, brooch or button.

It does not surprise us to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches and usually is responsible for their death. It is said that an attempt is sometimes made to relieve their systems of an accumulation of indigestible matter by administering half a gallon of castor oil in one dose.—Good Words.

They Never Do. "There is such a thing as somnambulism, of course?" queried the anxious looking young man as he appeared at the lawyer's office.

He Was Proud. "Lady," said Meandering Mike, "did you remind me that dere was some wood in yer yard ready to be chopped?"

Better Than Nothing. "Uncle Gabe Lunkinhead," wrote the Editor of The Bumbleton Bugle, "dropped in last Monday morning and paid us \$1 on subscription. Come again, Uncle Gabe."

plowed her head upon his breast, she did not look up—that is, until he strained her to his heart and held up her head until he looked into her eyes and asked, "Wilt thou be mine?" Then, though her face was drawn and haggard, she smiled. And when he pressed her close and asked again she smiled once more, though sadly, and threw her arms around his neck and answered, "Yes." But she choked, as with a sob in her throat.

"Thou lovest me?" said Beppo. He looked at her drawn face and thin lips and read the love within her eyes, so that for a moment he was awed. "Thou lovest me," he said. And Terese hung limp within his arms and dropped her head.

"Yes," she said, "I love thee." Then, just as poor blind Marcia's song came to an end, they kissed. And why the sound of it should have been so loud I do not know. Maybe it was not so loud, after all, but it reached the ears of the little blind girl like the roar of a mountain torn asunder, though it was but the tearing apart of her own little heart she heard. The last faint chord quivered unheard in her throat and ended in a choke. She sat like one of stone peering at them as though listening, but there was nothing more to hear, for Terese's head was buried in Beppo's arms, while Beppo embraced her hair.

"No, no!" cried Terese. She threw her head back and pressed her hand across his mouth. But the little blind girl understood and rose to her feet with her face all white, and as she spun round her hands were flung high about her head, so that they fell in Beppo's face as he caught her and laid her tenderly on the ground.

Terese cried as Beppo turned to her with his face all puzzled.

"She loves thee." She sobbed and kissed the poor white face of the little one. "She loves thee, and I must go away."

But Beppo did not understand this. "Lovest thou me?" he asked. "Yes, yes," answered Terese; "thou knowest that."

"Then," said Beppo—he smiled—"that it all."

The Way to Live. "If anybody needs artificial exercise," said a well known doctor, "it is because he is not leading a natural life. It is better to come back to nature than to do something that takes up time and produces nothing. Sport people are always told to exercise. I tell you, they cannot exercise safely to themselves. Brain workers should avoid all extra exertion. Thin people can take all the exercise they want to."

His First Dress Suit. He was a very youthful looking man, and he wore a natty opera hat and a lengthy padlock coat, which caused him to be the cynosure of all eyes in a North Thirtieth street trolley car.

He Had a Friend. "The young man left the car hurriedly before it had reached the street where he wished to alight.—Philadelphia Call.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Has world-wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at C. C. Blencowes drug store.

WHEN THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS

See to it that Your Lad Enters the SCHOOL ROOM PROPERLY CLOTHED.

The expense need not be heavy if the garments come from us. Take, for instance, the all-wool Cheviot Sack Suits. Neat checks of plaids offer plenty of choosing, with many grades of color, Coats are cut double-breasted, knee breeches are shapely and carefully sewed.

If the boy needs a suit, bring him in, try one on and see how well these new cheviot suits fit him.

All other kinds of suits in. We give money back if not satisfied. Always ONE-PRICE.



Main Street - - Winchester, Va.

clothes, telegraph poles. In these days of increased employment there are many men who are by a unit of the telegraph poles and are being changed to a unit of an ordinary telegraph pole. This is done simply by changing the poles. There are different kinds of poles for this purpose. Some are made with a sharp point that goes through a hole in the coat, which is made a button would be sewed on the back. Buttons of this kind are changed readily, one kind removed and the other kind put in its place.

There is another kind of transformation button in which a black button of ordinary appearance is sewed on to the coat in the usual manner, there to remain, the gold button in this case consisting of a cap which serves or is otherwise fastened right over the black button, which it covers. Screwing on these caps would not put a man into uniform; taking them off would put him back into a blue coat such as might be worn anywhere.

The device of a silk band that may be put in a moment around a uniform cap is familiar. It covers up the gold braid there, which is, after all, likely to be the most conspicuous thing about a uniform, more so than the brass buttons on the coat.—New York Sun.

Four Hundred Pounds of Gold. "The monthly clean up of our mine," said a gentleman connected with mines on the Quesnelo river, British Columbia, "is about 400 pounds of gold, which is made into one brick and carried out by stage to Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific, 235 miles away. It may not occur to you what that little brick of gold—400 pounds of gold—isn't as big as a bale of hay—represents in bulk of material handled to obtain it, but it means a lot. For instance, the pay streak in the mine runs 25 cents to the cubic yard, which means that 400,000 cubic yards of gravel, 400 pounds of our gold being worth about \$100,000, must be washed out by our big hydraulics to get it. As the pay streak is about one-third of the whole quantity to be blasted and washed, it would give the enormous mass of 1,200,000 cubic yards of earth and rock to be handled. This bulk weighs nearly 1,500,000 tons, and all this for a bit of yellow metal that could be covered by a peck measure. If we had to carry it away in the same kind of six horse stages that we send the gold out in, it would take 750,000 of them, with as many men, to drive them and 4,500,000 horses to haul them."—New York Sun.

The Red Snapper. The red snapper is a fish that is particularly desired by timid people who fear the bones. There are no small bones in a red snapper. The flesh is coarse grained, but of excellent flavor, especially when prepared by baking. They weigh from 40 pounds down to 6 or 8 pounds each. They feed upon smaller fishes and in doing so follow the shallow places in the gulf known as banks. The most successful captains say they fish on the bottom, but so avaricious is a hungry red snapper that he flies at almost any object and has been known to snap at a piece of red flannel with such avidity that he landed on the hook.

They are thus easily caught if found in schools, but it is not infrequently that vessels return with but small catches as a result of rough weather or the migrations of the fish. Then, again, some excellent cargoes are caught, the largest ever having been brought to Galveston by one vessel being about 43,000 pounds. The banks from which the Galveston supply is secured extend from about 30 miles offshore to Campeche, where a great deal of the fishing for the Florida ports is done.—Galveston News.

It will surprise you to experience the benefit obtained by using the dainty and famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. J. C. Avis.

Business Enlargement. New Trade and New Stock. Mr. I. Bowman, in order to enlarge his business and keep abreast with the growth of the town has, in connection with the Stove and Tinware Trade, opened a full line of HARDWARE AND GROCERIES of all kinds, at I. Bowman's stand, Main St., where he will be pleased to supply the public with all goods of this character.

Customers will be promptly served, and prices will be as low as any house in town. I respectfully solicit a call from the public. nov17/90. I. BOWMAN.

Fine Custom Boots and Shoes. MADE TO ORDER. A Fit Guaranteed. In addition to above Fine Shoes I have a Cheaper Line of Goods, which I can offer at low rates.

Henry Schneider's Shoe Factory. 4 SOUTH MAIN STREET. Winchester, Va. apr 11/00

Fresh Groceries Select Hardware. I wish to inform my customers and the public that I have bought the HARDWARE business of Mr. C. VanDeventer, to which I have added a Fresh Stock of Groceries, and have opened up my New Store in the Heisterling Building (formerly occupied by Mr. VanDeventer), where I asked my old customers and the public in general to call and assure them that they will be given satisfaction. My Hardware Line is Complete and any article I can't furnish you from stock will be promptly ordered. feb 29 D. H. JONES.

JOHN O. CROWN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. THE CLARKE COURIER is published weekly at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, 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.

L. E. Ricamore

Is receiving at all times the best BOOKS and STATIONERY and will furnish persons wishing to order the same with MARZANI'S 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 Summer Millinery -AND OUR SUMMER STOCK OF- Ladies' Furnishing Goods

is now open, and consists of LADIES' AND MISSES VESTS, COMBINATION SUITS, CHEMISE, GLOVES, HOSIERY, A NICE LINE OF CORSETS and in fact everything in this line for LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN. Sole Agent for the Celebrated F. C. O. S. CORSET. Give us a call. L. E. RICAMORE.

Business Enlargement. New Trade and New Stock.

Mr. I. Bowman, in order to enlarge his business and keep abreast with the growth of the town has, in connection with the Stove and Tinware Trade, opened a full line of HARDWARE AND GROCERIES of all kinds, at I. Bowman's stand, Main St., where he will be pleased to supply the public with all goods of this character.

Customers will be promptly served, and prices will be as low as any house in town. I respectfully solicit a call from the public. nov17/90. I. BOWMAN.

Fine Custom Boots and Shoes. MADE TO ORDER. A Fit Guaranteed.

In addition to above Fine Shoes I have a Cheaper Line of Goods, which I can offer at low rates.

Henry Schneider's Shoe Factory. 4 SOUTH MAIN STREET. Winchester, Va. apr 11/00

Fresh Groceries Select Hardware

I wish to inform my customers and the public that I have bought the HARDWARE business of Mr. C. VanDeventer, to which I have added a Fresh Stock of Groceries, and have opened up my New Store in the Heisterling Building (formerly occupied by Mr. VanDeventer), where I asked my old customers and the public in general to call and assure them that they will be given satisfaction. My Hardware Line is Complete and any article I can't furnish you from stock will be promptly ordered. feb 29 D. H. JONES.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES. Everything in a Building

From Foundation to Roof. Write us for prices.

MILLER SUPPLY CO., Winchester, Va. Telephone Call 16. aug 1/00

THE WAR

is over and peace has been declared, and at the urgent request of many friends C. B. BOXWELL has returned to his old home in Berryville, Va., where he has opened up a first-class BUTCHER SHOP and will keep on hand a full line of choice fresh meats, such as Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Pork Sausage and Pudding in season. Everything will be kept in first-class style. I am here for business and will treat you right. I deliver meat to all parts of the town, and all orders left with me will receive prompt attention. Come to see me and be convinced that I am the right man in the right place. You will find me in Russell Building on Corner of Main & Church Streets. TERMS: CASH. I will also keep Flour, Corn Meal, and Green Groceries. Yours to please. feb 8 C. B. BOXWELL, Agt.