SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4--NO. 7. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1881. $1.50 PER YEAR.

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Public Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Washington County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in No. 3,244 on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Trustee will sell at Public Sale, in front of Shay's Hotel, in Sharpsburg, Washington County, Maryland, on **Saturday December 31st, 1881,** all that lot of ground in Sharpsburg, Washington County, Maryland, **improved by a one and a half story Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings,** belonging to the heirs of James A. Early, deceased, bounded on the north by an alley running east and west, on the east by the property of James Marker, on the south by the street south of and parallel with Main street, and on the west by the property of Franklin Kretzer. This is a very desirable property, the lot being an excellent one, and the buildings in a good state of preservation.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, and the residue in two equal annual instalments, with interest thereon from the day of sale; the purchaser to give his notes with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee for the said deferred payments CHAS. G. BIGGS,
Dec. 2,—3t. Trustee.

Public Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Washington County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in No. 3,153 on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Trustees will sell at Public Sale, in front of Shay's Hotel, in Sharpsburg, Washington County, Maryland, on **Saturday, December 31st, 1881,** all that portion of the real estate of which Jacob C. Grove died, seized and possessed, lying to the west of the town of Sharpsburg, in said County, bounded on the north by the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, on the east by the road leading from Sharpsburg to Grove's Warehouses, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, on the south by the road leading from Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown, and on the west by the lands of David Myers; containing **93 Acres, 2 Roods and 18 1-2 Perches of Land, more or less.**

This land, which is unimproved, is of the finest quality, and affords one of the best building sites in this section of the county, being immediately adjacent to the Town of Sharpsburg, and convenient to churches, schools, &c.

Growing crops reserved.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, the residue in two equal annual instalments; the whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustees, and when all the purchase money is paid a good and sufficient deed will be executed.

SAMUEL MUMMA,
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Dec. 2,—3t. Trustees.

HEAR YE DEAF!
Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums.
As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them, even whispers, distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived by bogus ear drums. Mine is the only successful artificial ear Drum manufactured. JOHN GARMORE, S. W. Cor. 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio

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BY THE RIVER.

River, O River, that singeth all night,
Nor waitest for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the chill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, with swell and with fall
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, a word thou must give,
To help me to live.—
"Then sing on thy way:
Sing the joy of To-day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow,
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life only is thine to bestow.
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rhythm of delight
Is my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and I go.

—*Lucy Larcom, in Harper's Magazine.*

Spoopendyke's New Bathing Suit.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke; "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to my country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not to grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue if you will, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel——"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I am going to masquerade around Manhattan beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want it easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance when it was handed him.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inqured, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got it on sideways? There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am, anyhow? A star-fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for—a centipede? Who is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, any way, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs. They're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up there where they belong? What are they there for—snow shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there thy are. Now where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and get my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, of course. I've only got to humor the blasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Suit you now?" he howled.—"That the way you meant it to go? What's these things flopping here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle spoon to turn me over like a flap jack just to please this dod blasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the thing up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—We find one occupation which is ever green, of which we shall never weary, which is good for all seasons, beautiful at times, a source of unwearying delight, which is nearest to the divine—and that is the act of doing good. This is one pleasure which will surely increase as life goes on.

THE TIDES OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

The subject of the tides has been one of interest to mariners and landsmen for a long time. A curious fact, as stated, is that it is always ebb tide at Cape Henry at moon rising or setting; it is always high tide at New Point Comfort at moon rising or setting; it is always low tide at Hooper's Straits at moon rising or setting, and high tide at Sandy Point at the same time, and flood tide at all points above Sandy Point when the moon rises or sets. A vessel entering the capes with a strong fair wind at the beginning of flood tide may carry the same tide to Baltimore. But a vessel leaving Baltimore for the capes will encounter three flood tides on her way, no matter how fast she may sail, and it may be that she will have to contend against several more if she has a head wind. Every flood tide that enters the Chesapeake Bay goes to head of every tidewater stream or tributary of the bay, while the same ebb tide does not run more than sixty miles, and sometimes a great deal less, so that there are always two ebb tides and two flood tides at the same time in the Chesapeake Bay, and sometimes three of one or the other. The flood tide runs about six hours, the ebb runs a little longer, so that twelve hours and forty minutes are required for a flood tide and ebb tide to pass the same point. It is always flood tide in the Wicomico River on the morning of Easter, and the same at Whitsuntide.

THE MECCA OF MAHOMET'S BARBER.

Kairwan, the holy city of Tunis, which the French recently occupied, has its ramparts concealed by Indian fig trees, which are enormously large. A long corridor gives access to a second enclosure. All is silent in the city, and nothing is heard but the murmur of prayers and the melancholy voices of the muezzins on their minarets. In the middle of the town is erected the large mosque of Djama-el-keber, in the form of a fortress. It was Mahomet's barber who sanctified the place, and his remains repose within the mosque, together with several hairs of the Prophet's beard, venerable relics for the Mussulmans. This African Mecca has never borne a foreign yoke except for thirty years. It was taken by Roger of Sicily, whose helmet and cross-bow are kept hung up in a chapel of the Djama-el-keber. Kairwan was the seat of learning, and in its mosques, which contain many manuscripts, the Ulemas studied their doctrines. The French will search among the libraries for Greek and Latin works of antiquity.

A SHIP'S LOG.

The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log-line is a small cord, one end of which, divided into three, so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale-pan from a balance-beam, is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel in the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of the line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray-line.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

—An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

—The study of literature nourishes youth and entertains old age.

—Genuine politeness is the first born offspring of generosity and modesty.

—Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept in kindness.

—To act on a determination made in anger is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

—Gravity does not prove knowledge, though silence may indicate wisdom and hide ignorance.

—A man should never blush when confessing errors, for he proves by his avowal that he is wiser to day than yesterday.

—Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man.

—Nothing is easier than fault-finding.—No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

—If you expect to find purity in politics you are as unreasonable as the circus owner who sent his elephant up to the depot to get his trunk checked.

—Curran said of a man with a very solemn face, "Whenever I see smiles on that man's face they remind me of the tin clasps on an oaken coffin."

—"Let me see," said some one to Talfourd on a cold winter day, "I believe you never wear a great coat?" "No," was the quick reply, "I never was."

—We should manage our fortunes as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

—One of the saddest occurences of late happened in New Zealand. It is said that the cannibals have actually found trichinæ in the missionaries. This puts an end to many a young man's ambition.

—She laid her cheek on the easy-chair back against his head and murmured:—"How I do love to rest thus against your dear head?" said he; "is it because you love me, darling?" "No, because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and thought.

—One day at dinner Curran sat opposite Lord Norbury, who was famous for his severity as a judge. "Curran," asked Norbury, "is that hung beef before you?" "You try it, my lord," answered Curran, "and it's sure to be.

—The barrooms of Texas are now required by law to be closed from 9 to 3 o'clock on Sundays. "This arrangement," said an advocate of the measure in the legislature, "will give liquor and religion just about an even chance; and may the best of the two win!"

SMITH.—Busted a trace, in this city, Friday, just after dinner, Mary Smith, wife of the undersigned, and daughter of old Sam Pratt, the leading blacksmith of Denver, Colorado. The corpse was highly respected by the high-ton'dest families, but death got the drop on her, and she took up the bucket with perfect confidence that she would have a square show at the boarding house on Willow street. Come one, come all.

Dearest Mary, thou hast left us,
For you on earth there wasn't room;
But 'tis Heaven that has bereft us
And snatched our darling up the flume.

Denver papers please copy and send bill; or draw at sight.

By her late husband,
P. SMITH.

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—Has it ever occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction—as we darken the cages of birds when we wish them to sing?—*Richter.*

Catarrh.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in Catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, for $1.

—"Aunty, vat makes de little baby cry so—do it want iz mudder?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder, too."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer. Absolute cure for nervous debility and weakness of the generative functions. $1. at druggists.—Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.