SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4--NO. 12. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1882. $1.50 PER YEAR.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS are published at the rate of $1.50 per inch for three or a less number of insertions; 25 cents for each additional insertion.

Special rates to yearly advertisers.

Job Work,

SUCH AS

CIRCULARS,
POSTERS,
BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
CARDS, &C.,

Neatly and promptly executed at the lowest possible rates.

Professional Cards.

Chas. G. Biggs,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITor in Chancery. *Office:* S. W. corner Public Square, Sharpsburg Md. Nov 4.

Louis E. & Fred. F. McComas,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICitors in Chancery. *Office:* Mealey's Row, South Jonathan Street, near Court House, Hagerstown, Md. Nov4-1y.

Jno. F. A. Remly,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITor in Chancery. *Office:* Near the Washington County Depot, and opposite the residence of Dr. Mason, Hagerstown, Md. Nov4-1y.

George A. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITor in Chancery. *Office:* In Scott's new building, on North Jonathan Street, Hagerstown, Maryland. Nov4-1y.

Cuticura

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of *Cuticura Resolvent*, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap*, the Great Skin Cures.

SALT RHEUM.

Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face arms and legs, for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the *Cuticura Resolvent* (blood purifier) internally and *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap* (the great skin cures) externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes.—The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the *Cuticura Resolvent* (blood purifier) internally, *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap* (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

CUTICURA REMEDIES

are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25 cents. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot,

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep. &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

LIGHTNING

Is not quicker than Collin's VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

A FULL LINE OF QUEENS, GLASS, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, at

J. M. BAYER'S,

Opposite the Market House,

Nov4-1y. Hagerstown, Md.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free'
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

AN INVESTMENT.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!"

The dewdrops quivered like imperial diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the cornfield by the wayside; the grass that bent over the footpath was heavy with evening moisture; yet these two wanderers clung together, homeless and alone, in the falling shadows of the night.

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer; let me brush the dew from your curls. Now, take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing from weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother, bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they had passed close to her, and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed.

"What ails the little girl? is she sick?"

Mary Ellsworth hed never seen Farmer Raynesford before, yet the moment her eyes rested upon his wriukled, sunburnt face, with his shaggy brows overshadowing his kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly.

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We've walked a long way."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tickling his horse's ear with the whip.

"To Brockton."

"That is four miles off, and the little girl is pretty nigh used up already.,,

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh. "But I've no money to hire lodging nearer. In Brockton I hope to obtain work in the factory.

"I won't hear no such thing," said the old man, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty steps further: Here, get in along with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know that Hannah will scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother, "but I can't see folks perishing by the wayside, and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof of the house off."

It was an oddly-shaped old farmhouse, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad doorstone, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the bloomy month of June, a great fire roared up the wide-throated chimney, and shining rows of tin winked and glittered at every leap of the flames. Such a neat kitchen it was! Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarily warmed at the genial sight.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw a line over a post, and went into the house to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here, Hanuah," said he to a tall, angular-looking female, who emerged from a pantry, near by, at the sound of his voice, her face nearly or quite as sour as the sauce of the pickles she was carrying, "Just set a couple of more plates on the table will you? I have brought home a woman and a little gal that I found on the road a little piece below, tired e'en a'most to death. They was calculatin' to walk to Brockton, but I thought it would't hurt us to keep'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once and be done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creature or other, and——"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear you when you're anyways reasonable, but it goes clear agin my grain to see poor folks a sufferin and never stretch out a helping hand. Tain't scripture, nor, tain't human natur."

"Well, go on your gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly, "only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor-house 'twont be through no fault o' yours." She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk pans rattle, while Job with an odd grimace went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground; "she's kind of sharp spoken, but she means well after all. We ain't all jest alike in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering, by far." Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear; he was busy helping little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he toward the close of the evening meal; "the little gal is so tired she can't eat nothing solid."

"I was calculatin' to keep the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense," quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night! Here, little one, see if these berries don't put some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth with her hand in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly on the farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She drew a long sigh and whispered; "Oh, mamma, he is so kind to us."

The tops of the far-off eastern woods were turned to gold by that wondrous chemist, the rising sun, when Mary Ellsworth and her child set out upon their long walk to Breckton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasly in his pocket and glancing round to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a grateful good-bye a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sleepy air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't get work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal of use to you. Needn't thank me—you are as welcome as the flowers in May."

"Ten dollars!' ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of the milk-room windows. "Is Job Raynesford crazy to give ten dollars to a poor strolling vagrant? If he doesn't get a piece of my mind ——" And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awalted the coming tempets with philosophical coolness, his hands in his pockets and his lips parted in a good-natured smile.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter-making; "but she's got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw."

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farmhouse roof with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snow, many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, careworn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! Those swift-footed years brought trouble to the kind old man.

"Twenty years," mused he, one bright June morning, "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day that I caught that ugly fall from the hayrick and got lame for life." And he looked down at the crutches by his side. Hannah stood in the doorway, throwining corn to a forlorn colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gaunter, bonier, and more vinegar faced than ever.

"Yes," she said, slowly, " and perhaps you don't know that it was twenty years ago this day that you threw away ten dollars on that woman and her child. I told you that you'd end your days in the poor house, and I don,t see but my prediction is likely to become true. Didn,t I say you'd repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man,"but I've done many things I've been sorry for—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a moment repent being kind to the widow and the fatherless,"

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but made no answer. "Didn't you say you were going up to see the lawyer about that $5,000 note today?" she asked.

"Yes. But I don't suppose it'll be of much use. If he'll waite a little, I'll do my best to please him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place over our heads, however. They say he is a hard man. I mean to tell him how matters stand now——

"I told you how it would be long ago," ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "Whatever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairwether?"

"I supposed he was an honest man and would't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlesticks! That's just your calculation, Job. There, Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off or you'll be too late for the New York train." And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb gothic library. The room was decorated with appurtenances of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs with tall backs of daintily-carved rosewood were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls. But the prettiest object of all—to which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely lady in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite,arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of pink Neapolitan corals at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small, shell like ears, and the slender waist was tied around with pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she said.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said, playfully.

"Do you really love me so much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers and coming round to his side. "Oh, Walter, if mamma could have lived to see how happy we are." There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arms with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's "right hand man" put his grizzled head into the room."

"The old man wants to see you about that Fairwether business.

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said as the grizzled head disappeared. "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never even looked up, as the halting sound of old Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and stood with hands clasped together listening as intently as though her life depended upon hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful, her husband politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said, in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law or law-books, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of his home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir—$5,000 may seem a very small sum to you, but it is my all."

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence one minute —"I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of the stained glass bay-window, and standing there with the rose and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow like some pictured saint, she told him how twenty years ago a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kindhearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has all this to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter; I am that little child!"

"You, my dearest?"

"I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart."

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken."

"I cannot be mistaken, Walter; I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon."

"What is it, dearest ?"

"Give me that note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a sort of reverie, and laid her hand on his arm. "Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary whom you found with her mother wearied out on the roadside twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the scene." "And don't you recognize me?" she said, smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hands upon her head with a cheerful blessing. "And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for many years, but it is my dearest task to be the humble instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note that you indorsed. My husband has given it to me. See!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over the flame until it fell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor.

* * * * * *

"Well?"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the graveled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you've nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?"

"Hannah," said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding his gloves; "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor, young wanderer a score of years ago?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours ago? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received payment—principal and interest."

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that hung around my neck like a millstone for years. She said it was but discharging a sacred debt of gratitude, but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?" asked Mr. Raynesford, earnestly.

She came to his side, and hiding her old face on his arm, humbly said, "God be merciful unto me a sinner."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer, and forge yourself one.

—A man went into a field, in which a wild bull was kept, after a pumpkin, and got gourd.

—Humility is the sorce of all true greatness; pride is ever impatient, and always ready to be offended.

—Innocent fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, nor is a thing wicked because it is agreeable.

—A worldly life has as much restriction, in different ways, as a good life, without the final remuneration that a good life has.

—Severe. Frugal landlady at boarding house—"Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder—"Well, p'raps. If I don't feel hungry."

—True dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business as money is of wares and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch.

—My little boy, four years old, said to me, "Mamma, what is the name of that town on the left hand of God, where the wicked people go? I can't think."

—If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy.

—If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he cannot hurt you, says a Western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

—It is spoken of as a wonderful thing that the person who transports the mail from Vergennes to Addison, Vt., is a woman. Just as if transporting males were not woman's work from time immemorial. —*Lowell Courier.*

—"The virtue of Paganism was strength, the virtue of Christianity is obedience." As obedience is simply conformity to the law of life, it is the condition of increasing strength, while strength unconsecrated to service soon turns to weakners.

—A cheerful face is as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and fear are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look cheerful, whether you feel so or not.

—Said Sydney Smith, "If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for not paying his pew rent?" If this hint should be acted on, a large number of church members would get nearer to heaven while alive then they will after death.

—There's no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life medody, always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—*Ruskin.*

—Sir Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of a faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter. They are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one o' your novels, I'm asleep directly,"

F. H. Drake's Sufferings.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

—One Philadelpha Dutchman to another; "I tells her, Heinrich, dis guntry isn't zectional; das nort' and das sout' poth vants reconciliation und vergifness, only both vants to do de vegifing."

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

—When a man comes out in a crowd, and says he will not run for office, he reminds one very much of that other man who pioned a temperance pledge on his coat, so that some one would ask him to drink under the mistaken impression that he would refuse.—*Texas Siftings.*

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges, cured by Buchupaiba. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

—When the Old Testament is revised and modernized it will probably state that Adam, after eating the apple, received word that his resignation would be accepted.

A Smooth Complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. See Notice.