SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4--NO. 13. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 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 be ore 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.

COLLINS' PLASTERS **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.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

The days are brief, and dark, and cold;
The barren fields are brown and sere;
The world is chill, the world is old,
And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away,
Or sleep in mother earth's warm breast,
But I amid the storms must stay,
And toil and never rest!

Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed!
Soon shall the sun in strength return;
Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid?
Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day preludes the light,
However man its depth bewails;
After the longest, loneliest night,
The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near its end;
If failing heart and flesh be faint;
What if thy lovers, kin, and friend,
Be deaf to thy complaint:

Even as turns the faithful year
In the slow days of storm and gloom,
And spring begins her journey here
To tempt the earth to bloom.

So shall thy Sun unveil His face
And all these mists in radiance burn.
Wait but His hour; take heart of grace;
Thy year begins to turn!

—*Rose Terry Cooke in the Christian Union.*

SENT BY EXPRESS.

Minnie Harlan was alone in the world, her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her eyes. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the blaze, and asked abruptly:

"But what are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, my child?"

"I don't know—I have thought—mamma had an uncle living in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes,—I've heard tell about him—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't he?"

Minnie was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him to her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went away home to tell his wife "that Harlan girl was the very queerest creetur he had ever come across."

In the meantime Minnie was busy packing her scanty things into her carpet bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her pearly teeth together.

"My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am an orphan all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

Lower Broadway at seven o'clock in the evening. What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity and conglomerate noises it was.

Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazy in the perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet-bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very tired.

"Poor little thing," thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gas lights, and then took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans."

"Sir?"

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on from Millington, Iowa. Arrived this afternoon."

As though poor Minnie were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to Mr, Harrington's address to notify him some time ago, and am expecting an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, again taking up his newspaper.

Some three-quarters of an hour afterward Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at 12 o'clock this day."

A sudden blue came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf.

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five-hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I shall be so thankful."

* * * * * *

"How late you are, Frank! Here—give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry-cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush, mother, there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I know you wouldn't refuse her a corner until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear, you're as welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do so."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you're not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here most two months to morrow, and the situation as governess is advantageous,"

"Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank, Evans, cooly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glass, "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"I must, Frank. I have no right to further trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh, Minnie; do you know that this old house has been a different place since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be made to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of being the thief."

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose, turning red and white.

"O, Frank, you can never suspect me!"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure that this article is in your possession."

"The article!"

"My heart, Miss Minnie. I know that I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the young, dark-haired clerk in Ellison's express office, New York.

They were very quietly married early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage under the circlet of the gaslights.

"Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear, as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-haired official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

"Yes, sir—I remember her."

A tall, silver haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am here uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, where the news of her arrival reached me. I want her, she is the only living relative left me."

"Ah! but, sir," said Frank, "you cannot have her."

"Cannot have her! What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss Minnie was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington stared.

"Take me to her," he said hoarsely, "I can't be parted from my only relative for a mere whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service a mere whim," thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvets and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

OUR OYSTER BEDS.

A prominent officer of the United States Coast Survey has informed the *Eastern Shore Herald* that the oyster beds north of Virginia and Maryland are practically exhausted, and that the present methods of working the Virginia and Maryland beds will in a comparatively short time destroy them also. The clumsy, heavy dredge used, he says, is merciless, murderous and continuous, in spite of protective laws. One of the duties incumbent upon the Legislature will be the passing of a law to protect our oyster beds and to make them a source of revenue. The subject is one worthy of the most earnest consideration, and the efforts of honorable legislators are due to the State to prevent, as far as possible, the destruction of our oyster beds.

LIGHTHOUSE TERRORS.

If those on shore are awed by the terrible violence of the winds and waves during a tempest, what must be the experiences of men who live in a building exposed to the full fury of the heavy ocean breakers! When we look at a lighthouse in calm weather; it is almost impossible to realize that the sea sometimes breaks over the lantern. Such is, however, frequently the case, and an instance of this occurred not long after the completion of the Bishop's Rock Light, which is erected on a rock beyond the Sicily Islands, far out in the Atlantic. One of the builders told of a heavy sea striking under the lantern and carrying away the fog bell, which hung by a stout arm of iron nearly three inches square. A few years ago the lighthouse keepers on this rock were in a terrible predicament during a hurricane, the violence of which was described as being fearful. The lighthouse was struck by enormous waves in quick succession, each causing a noise like the discharge of cannon, and making the massive stone building rock to and fro, so that every article fell away from its place. Once a fearful sea broke the great lens in several pieces, and another smashed the cylinders of the spare light, while sand from the bottom, thirty fathoms deep, was found heaped up on the lighthouse gallery. The power of those unbroken masses of water is so great that lately, at Wick, one of these shocks moved "a concrete block of four hundred tons built up in *situ*.

THE SEE-SAW OF WASHINGTON ETIQUETTE.

The absurdity of Washington etiquette is displayed by the relative visiting relations of Mrs. James G. Blaine and Mrs. John Sherman. When Mr. Blaine first came here as a Representative Mr. Sherman was a Senator, so Mrs. Blaine made the first call each year on Mrs. Sherman. Mr. Blaine was elected Speaker, and it was then the duty of Mrs. Sherman to pay the first call on Mrs. Blaine. Mr. Blaine ceased to be Speaker and was a Representative, when the old order was restored. Then Mr Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Blaine a Senator, so Mrs. Sherman had to make the first call upon Mrs. Blaine. Last spring Mr. Blaine went into the Cabinet and Mr. Sherman became Senator, so Mrs. Blaine had to make the first call on Mrs. Sherman, and now Mrs. Blaine as the wife of a citizen, again pays the first call, as Mrs. Sherman is the wife of a Senator. It reminds one of the old dancing figure: "Ladies change. Chassez all around."

TEACH THEM TO BE POLITE.

Train your children to be polite at home, and you will never have cause to blush at their rudeness abroad. The rosy cheeked boy and girl and the strong and vigorous young man who sit in their comfortable seats in crowded cars, while gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers tug at the straps, are poor commentaries on home training.—Nothing is cheaper than politeness, and nothing pays better. It should not be taught because it pays, but from principle. The young man who is negligent of his mother and sister at home, or the sister who is selfish and unthoughtful, will be no blessing to any other home into which they are engrafted, until "they unlearn what they have learned amiss. "This is often difficult and annoying, and robs life of its sweetest hours and richest gifts. Train your children in politeness and unselfishness in all little things, and the greater will come without an effort.—*Inter-Ocean.*

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.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—In character, manners, style, in everything, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

—"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the fence.

—"Love," says the Philadelphia *Chronicle*, "makes many a good right arm go to waist."

—Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them, and mere mole-hills when we have passed them.

—No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

—To be comfortable and contented, spend less than you can earn—an art which few seem to have learned.

—This is the present reward of virtuous conduct—that no lucky consequence can oblige us to regret it.

—The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

—"I don't like that cat. It's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

—There is many a man in the world who never committed but one act of folly and won't get to the end of it until he dies.

—We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

—"Syracues has a female architect." Norristown hasn't a female architect, but she has more than one designing woman. —*Norristown Herland.*

—The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

—The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

—The man who said that he used to be an odd Job Christian, but he had at last determined to work full time, put the gist of the matter in a very quaint way.

—The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things.

—The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive branch till the second time of her going forth; why then should you depend on the failure of the first attempt?"

—The young Englisman, just over, read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement—"Gained eight pounds in ten days," and remarked, "Hexcellent wages, that. Mary."

—"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "Twouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith, "I'm a married man.

—When you hear a man talking too much about modesty you may be reminded of what Lamb once stuttered:—"Well, sir, there is no mock modesty about you—nor real either."

—"When I was an infant," said Fogg, "the women were forever kissing me And," he added, "I have done what I could to get square with them since I have grown to years of discretion."

—All effort existing without a cause is an impossibillity; tickling in the throat, huskness of the voice, violent; coughing, etc., are the effects of a severe cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures the cold at once, and removes its serious effects.

—An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a little chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, when he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late!"

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.*

—Tyndall's theory that heat is simply motion in another from, must be true. Strike a piece of iron and it becomes hot. Strike a man and he immediately boils over. There is, however, one exception to the rule. Strike a warm friend for a short loan and he at once becomes as cold as an iceberg.

Hundreds of Men, Women and Children Rescued in every community from beds of sickness and almost death and made strong by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling worth. —*Post.*

—No life is wasted unless it ends in sloth, dishonesty and cowardice. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

"Buchupaiba"

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. $1. 6 druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, at for $6. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.