SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

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STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

"I HAVE been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of the winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr.——treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. Although I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe nails came off, finger nails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. Oh, my God! how I did suffer!

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier), Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures). I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper

HIRAM E. CARPENTER,
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1880. A. M. LEFFINGWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

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.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh towards consumption.

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

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COLLINS' PLASTERS — 100 TIMES MORE EFFECTUAL than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary organs, Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Nervous Pains and Weaknesses, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

BUY ROASTED COFFEE AT WILBOR'S. He has the cheapest and best.

IT SNOWS.

BY HANNAH P. GOULD.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but, where, none knows,
Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun:
And we shall see, upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'Tis shade and shine!—It snows! it snows!

SAVED FROM HIMSELF.

A beautiful garden, full of rare flowers, and a girl as rarely beautiful as they.

But to day Eunice Ray's lovely face wears a cloud, and the calm depths of her blue eyes are troubled; for she is waiting for her lover, and she knows that the coming hour must decide for weal or woe her whole future life.

Three years before, by her dying mother's side (then only a girl of fifteen) she had promised solemnly never to wed one who was addicted to intemperate habits.

When six months ago she had met Claude Earle he had seemed everything that was noble. The more she had seen of him the more her heart had instinctively gone out to him, and at length when he had asked for the precious boon of her hand in marriage she had given him without hesitation the answer he craved.

For a while the course of their wooing had run in the smoothest, most blissful of channels; but lately a shadow had come over the brilliancy of Eunice's happy love-dream. For some time reports had been brought to her ears of her lover's gradually growing dissipation. At first with an indignant scorn she had refused to believe; but too soon she had been forced to the conviction that what she had heard had some foundation in truth.

A step came up the path to the vine wreathed nook where Eunice sat.

"Ah, here she is! My little queen in the midst of her subjects."

Claude dropped, as he spoke, a handful of fragrant blossoms in her lap, and then seated himself by her side.

Then, for the first time, he noticed the troubled expression her face wore, and attributing it to some trivial cause which his presence would soon comfort, began lightly to question her.

For a few moments the girl hesitated.

As she gazed up into his handsome, laughing eyes, she shrank from speaking words which might drive him in anger from her side, and separate her for all time from him. She loved with an intensity such as a nature like hers could feel but once. But at length she began in a low voice, which gathered firmness as she went on. First she told him of her solemnly uttered vow to her dying parents, and then of what she had heard concerning his intemperate habits.

"If you tell me it is untrue, Claude," she concluded; "I will believe you beyond all others. But if you cannot, I must ask of you to choose now between your love of wine and your affection for me; for, Claude, though it ruin my life's happiness, I must keep my vow."

A dark flush of anger sprang to Claude's face as he rose to his feet, exclaiming:

"I will not say that what you have heard is false—I will not tell an untruth—but what matters it if in the society of jovial friends I have once in a while overstepped the bounds of sobriety? It is only what thousands do, and think nothing of doing. Eunice, I thought that you loved me, but I see I was mistaken. No woman who truly loved a man would impose conditions upon him."

Eunice's face grew very pale as she listened to the torrent of passionate words his wounded pride had dictated.

She laid her soft hand upon his arm pleadingly.

"I feared you would be angry, but I was forced to speak as I did. Oh, Claude," she went on, "only promise me that from this day your lips will never again touch the inebriating cup, and we will yet be so happy."

He flung off her hand with a scornful laugh.

"Such lukewarm love as your every word shows will not suffice for me!" he exclaimed. "If you desire our engagement to be at an end, so be it. I will not demean myself to be hampered by conditions."

Without further words he strode away.

Hidden as she was by the screening foliage, Eunice had no need to fear prying eyes. With a pathetic cry she covered her face with her slender fingers and sank upon the ground.

"Oh, mother," she murmured, "I have obeyed your wishes, but I have broken my own heart!"

The following day, without telling any one of his plans, Claude Earle left the village.

Three years rolled away, years which had sadly changed the tenor of Eunice Ray's life. Her loving father, stricken suddenly down in the prime of his life, had died, leaving his young daughter alone in the wide world, and not only alone, but poor. Though he had always been supposed to be a rich man, upon his death his affairs had been found to be in a deeply involved condition.

Too proud to be dependent upon or pitied by her friends, Eunice had left the home where she had been born and which she had loved so well.

A brave, courageous nature rises superior to hardships, and such was Eunice's.

After a time she succeeded in obtaining employment through turning to use her facility in the dainty art of designing.

Her lovely, refined face and ladylike, unassuming ways, soon attracted the interested notice of her employer; and what he learned upon inquiry concerning her only increased that interest.

Mr. Grey and his worthy wife lived all alone in a stately, childless home. They were noted far their benevolent eccentricities, and as such their step was set down to be by their friends, when they asked Eunice to make her home with them.

As may be surmised, the lonely girl accepted the cordial invitation extended to her with a breast swelling with gratitude.

She had been with her kind friends about a year when one evening Mr. Grey said, as he rose from the dinner table:

"Wife, I would like you and Miss Ray to be ready in a couple of hours to accompany me to a lecture. I am acquainted with the lecturer, and in him the demon of intemperance has one of his strongest adversaries. I took tickets, knowing your sympathy with the cause, and that you could not fail to be interested."

They went. The room was thronged.

At the time appointed the lecturer made his appearance.

Eunice had expected to see a gentleman somewhat advanced in years; but instead a tall, slight youthful, figure stood upon the platform. With an uncontrollable start the girl recognized in the lecturer, whose rich, eloquent tones were already enchaining the attention of that large, cultivated audience, the lover who had gone from her in anger four years ago.

A film came before her eyes, and she trembled in every limb; then stilling, with a great effort, the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, she sat quietly until the lecture was over, and she mingled with the outgoing throng. But their seats had been far in the front, and some time elapsed before the door of exit was reached.

Then Eunice found that though she had not met his glance Claude had seen and recognized her.

After a cordial hand shake from Mr. Grey and his wife, Claude turned to their young companion, exclaiming:

"This is truly a most delightful surprise! I did not expect to meet an old friend here to-night. Miss Ray, if you will permit me, I would like to accompany you home. There is no enjoyment so great as talking over by-gone days."

That evening Mr. Grey's parlor witnessed a scene of happy re-union, as, unrebuked, Claude clasped his recovered treasure to his heart.

"Eunice," he said, after a while, "the anger with which I left your presence was short lived. When it calmed, I thought over your words, and though they wounded my pride, I could not help but see that they were only just and right. I determined them to do as you had asked me, to pledge myself in my own heart to abstain from any further indulgence of the wine cup; but that until time had proved the reality of my reformation, I would not return to you. The year that followed, in a distant city, I devoted my time and my means to seeking out and striving to redeem cases of intemperance. As the days went on my love for my self imposed work grew upon me, and with it a feeling of abhorrence toward the habit which hitherto I had looked so leniently upon. When I returned to your home to plead for my old position in your love and esteem, I found you gone—where, I could not learn. But, my darling, we will think of the past no longer, but of the bright future in which, thanks to the kind Providence which has re united us, we may live and work together."

He paused.

Eunice did not reply in words, but her little hand sought and found its refuge in his clasp.

Thus we will leave them—the man, strong against temptation, devoting all his noble talents to the fight against the powers of evil, and the gentle girl who had saved him from himself.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

Yesterday several gentlemen were speaking of capital punishment, when Mr. J. L. McNeely, one of the most prosperous farmers of Pulaski County, remarked: "Gentlemen, so far as the punishment is concerned, hanging does not amount to anything. I was hung once until I was insensible, and the feeling could scarcely be called pain." The bystanders thought he was joking. "I am in earnest," he continued." In 1865, just at the close of the war, robbers came to my house in search of money. As a precaution against such visitors I had given two watches and $600 in gold to a trusty colored woman to keep for me until times improved. I was lying in bed, crippled. Several men entered the room and, without saying anything, put a rope around my neck and began to pull. I told them that if they were going to hang me to wait until I could get my crutch, so that I could walk to the hanging place. They took me out on the gallery, and throwing the rope over a cross beam, asked me for my money. I told them I had none. They drew me up. For a moment I experienced a slight choking sensation and then I became insensible. When I became conscious, after being taken down, I was sitting on the steps. The sensations while regaining consciousness were very much like those experienced during a nightmare."

THE KING OF SIAM'S ELEPHANT.

Some ten weeks ago, says the London *Telegraph*, the King of Siam received a dispatch from one of his Provincial Governors informing his Majesty that a brand-new deity, in the shape of a snow-white elephant, had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. These joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of State, and exalted clergy, upon a professional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and of escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, headed by his Majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road toward the interior when it encountered the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the King knelt down at its feet and reverently placed its trunk upon his head and shoulder, imploring its protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the huge quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositur proboscis," his Majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported on the animal's left by the High Priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greeted by salvos of artillery and general salute of the royal troops paraded on either side of the route leading to the place. Having escorted the elephant to its apartments the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Order bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the white elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suite of apartments.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began to learn Latin. Doctor Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen years, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Franklin did not commence his philosophical studies till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Æneid, his most pleasing production. Boccaccio was thirty years when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Many similar cases might be cited.

COTTON RAISING IN KANSAS.

The experiments in cotton raising in Kansas have been very successful. One planter near Independence has shipped one hundred bales of excellent quality. As the thousands of colored refugees who flock to the State thoroughly understand the cultivation of the staple, it is thought cotton growing will be largely introduced, and that ultimately another State will be added to the cotton belt.

Invigorating Food for the Brain and Nerves is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies and brings good health quicker than anything you can use. *Tribune.* See adv.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—High heals—The charges of fashionable physicians.

—Ambitious man—Is there any fixed rule for writing poetry? There is! Don't!

—The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

—When the devil wants to train up a young man in the way he desires him to go, he appoints idleness to boss the job.

—Didactic Parent—"Do you know why I am going to whip you?" Impenitent Urchin—"I suppose because you are bigger than I am."

—A school teacher who has a dead-head ticket on a railway speaks Masonically of himself as a passed master. We can only allow the fellow craft.

—We are all of us more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live.

—"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady to her boarders. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them.

—An exchange explains "how leather scraps are utilized." It is not necessary to explain how leather straps are utilized. Nearly every boy in the land is painfully familiar with the process

—In the bright Autumnal days the temptation to comfortable exposure yields its fruit in a most pernicious cough and irritation of the throat. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup stands unrivaled as a remedy for throat and lung diseases. 25 cents a bottle.

—A farmer from Worcester County to head off pick-pockets, put a couple of good lively hornets in his pocket. He thinks if the pick-pockets had put their hands in there they would have yanked 'em out, and danced round and yelled and swore, and made the crowd laugh. At least, that is what he did, when he forgot about the hornets and felt for his pocket-book.

—A Yankee is considered the sharpest of the human family and only an Irishman can get the better of him. The latter's wit is more forcible than the former's plainness and directness of speech An Irishman took a Yankee friend to church with him on Christmas day. The music was magnificent and the decorations gorgeous. On their way out of church he asked the Yankee how he liked it. "Why, it beat the devil!" said the down easter. "That's the intention," dryly remarked the gentleman from Tipperary.

—One down-town preacher is blest with two sons, bright little fellows they are, too. Now, it is the custom in that preacher's family for these two lads to recite every morning a verse of Scripture. The boys were in great haste to get out on the hill a couple of mornings ago, when the father said: "Now boys, recite your verses; then you can coast" "I'd rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the wicked," repeated the older lad. "So'd I," ejaculated the junior youth, and away he flew after his sled, and the father did not remonstrate.

—A hard-shell Baptist preacher was on an Alabama River steamer in the old days of racing. The Captain seeing a rival boat half a mile ahead, began to curse, and ordered tar pine-knots, bacon, etc., to be thrown in, to kindle the fire as hot as possible; and as the steam got higher and higher, the fatalistic preacher edged his way farther back on deck. The jolly Captain seeing this, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hallo, Brother H.! I thought you was one of them fellers what believes that what is to happen will happen." "So I do," said the preacher, "but I'd like to be as near the stern as possible when it does happen!"

Not to be Sneezed at.

That pure, sweet, safe and effective American distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold and clover blossom, called Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. A few doses instantly relieve the most violent sneezing or head cold, stop all watery discharges from the nose and eyes, cure headache and nervousness, and banish all danger of fever. Complete treatment for one dollar.

—Two scavengers were quarreling as to their respective working abilities, when one, meaning to silence his mate, said: "Well, Bill, you can sweep the middle of the street, but you can't do an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping around a lamp-post!"

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

—The Congregationalist tells of a washerwoman who, being commended by her pastor for her regular attendance and close attention at church, said, "Yes, after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church and sit and think about nothin'!"

"Buchupaiba"

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases $1. 6 druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S WELLS, Jersey City.