SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4--NO. 35. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 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:* N. E. Corner Public Square, Sharpsburg, Md. Nov. 4, 1881.

Louis E. & Fred. F. McComas,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS in Chancery. *Office:* Mealey's Row, South Jonathan Street, near Court House, Hagerstown, Md. Nov. 4, 1881.—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. Nov. 4, 1881.—1y.

George A. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery. *Office:* In Scott's new building, on North Jonathan Street, Hagerstown, Maryland. Nov. 4, 1881.—1y.

Dr. S. R. Patten,

RESIDENT DENTIST, SHEPHERDSTOWN, West Va., will visit Sharpsburg on the First and Third Wednesday of each month. He will stop at Mrs. Alder's Boarding-house, where he can be consulted. June 9,—tf.

Cuticura

THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER

Resolvent

Mr. Albert Kingsbury, Keene, N. H., troubled with bad humor on hands and neck, caused by lead poisoning. (He's a painter.) At times it would break out, crack open, and the skin separate from the flesh in large pieces, suffering great continual itching and stinging. Purchased your remedies; used Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, and in less than three months effected a complete cure, and has not been troubled since. Corroborated by Bullard & Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

MOTHER DIED FROM IT.

J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case salt rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

PSORIASIS.

H.E.Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap 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.

SALT RHEUM.

Those who have experienced the torments of Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I endured for years, until cured by the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

MRS. WM. PELLINGTON, Sharon, Wis.

CUTICURA

and Cuticura Soap externally and Cuticura Resolvent internally will positively cure every species of Humor, from a Common Pimple to Scrofula. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c. Sold by all druggists.

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. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

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.

GO TO THE ENTLER HOTEL,

THE BEST HOTEL IN

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

Connected with the Hotel is a *FIRST-CLASS LIVERY.*

Nov4-1y. B. F. GRAVES, Prop'r.

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

J. M. BAYER'S,

Opposite the Market House,

Nov4-1y Hagerstown, Md.

FOR FINE GROCERIES, go to J. M. BAYER'S, Opposite the Market House,

Nov4-1y Hagerstown, Md.

DIDN'T POP.—"Dear John," said a lovely girl with blue eyes and auburn hair, who was dying to have her lover "pop" the momentous question, "What makes you wriggle about and appear so excited? speak, love!" John tried to speak, blushed, and seizing his hat, put out of the house and struck a "go as you please" gait for home. You couldn't blame him, reader—he was afflicted with Itching Piles and had never tried Swayne's Ointment, which cures every time. Your druggist keeps it; ask for it and take no other.

—Jay Gould thinks of joining the church They had better not let him come into the fold. We wouldn't be surprised to see Jay Gould, if he had a good chance, buy up all the churches in this country and get up a corner on religion.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

—It is hard to say whether the poetry of motion is best illustrated by a man reaching up the back of his vest for a lost suspender, or by a woman sending a rock at a cat on the wood-shed

—The doctors have prescribed Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters and are still prescribing them. Why shouldn't they when they know they will cure our national disease, dyspepsia. Sold at all drug stores.

—Conversation being dull at an evening party, the hostess requested one of her guests to go home, that the rest might have somebody to talk about.

—The term *hydra* may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound aways at hand.—*Dr. Banning.*

—"C-c-c-can that p-p-p-parrot talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German, "Ven he don't talk so gooter as you, I schop, by tam, his head off."

—"Sellers' Liver Pills" act directly on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, restoring them at once to healthy action. They never fail.

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your bitters.

Very respectfully,
REV. H. FEREBEE.

—The cheerful are busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are engaged.

"HOW DO YOU MANAGE," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health and spirits. See adv.

—The slang expression "taffy" was probably coined from the word epitaph, which generally expresses the same thing.

"Buchupaiba."

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

—Many men of many mines; Sharon, Floyd, Mackey & Co.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!—The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS and ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Nov. 4,—1y.

—If you grant a favor, do it without whining or do not grant it all.

PARENTS who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

A PURE, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine.—Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

—Patrick came to the morgue to claim a lost relative. "Has he any peculiarity by which he can be recognized?" "Yes, he is dumb."

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the wosrt case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 25 and 50 cents boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 Cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m.

WAITING!

BY M. D. S.

I am waiting—weary—lonely;
Waiting, oh! so patiently,
For the call to join my loved ones
In the home preferred for me:
In that home are many mansions,
Full of peace, and joy, and love;
Jesus, our dear Elder Brother,
Dwells in that bright world above.

Why should we, afflicted mortals,
Fear to lay these bodies down?
They are but poor worn-out caskets
When the vital spark has flown.
Death is no hard, brutal tyrant,
But a kind and loving friend,
Opening wide the heavenly portals
That the spirit may ascend.

Up to brighter, purer regions—
Up to our dear Father, God—
Up to those long gone before us,
Who life's thorny path have trod—
Who on earth once suffered bravely—
Who, when Death, the gate of Life,
Opened to receive their spirits,
Joyed to end all earthly strife.

So I'm waiting—hourly waiting—
With a brave and cheerful heart,
For the long-expected summons
From my earth-home to depart.
But, from loved ones left behind me,
I shall never parted be!
I shall watch them, guard them, love them,
Till kind Death shall set them free.

HOW HE CHOSE HER.

Felix Milden looked upon his rich and fashionable friend Harry Orme, as a fixed, determined old bachelor.

Harry Orme was one of those deephearted, earnest thinkers who loathe the glittering accessories of merely conventional life, To him a wife was no more toy, to hang with jewels and decorate with expensive gewgaws, but the companion on whose refinement and cultiyation depended the happiness of a lifetime.

Harry Orme was thoroughly in earnest in living, and he could not respond to the frivolous maxims of those who regard life as a holiday to be spent in pleasure-taking.

The Reverend Septimus Cliff was in his study as Mr. Orme entered it; he looked up with a welcoming smile.

"Already?" he asked.

"Yes, already. You have something for me to do?"

"There's never any lack of that?" said Cliff, laughing, "We clergymen are always too glad of hard-working deputies. Here's a list of places that ought to be visited this morning, and— —"

"All right," nodded Orme, and cheerily withdrew—in his element at last, as an active and indefatigable doer of good!

The first place to which he penetrated was a dismal den on the very top floor of a swarming tenement house, where lay a child dying of a disease so loathsome that the very neighbors kept aloof.

Orme's entrance was greeted with noisy gratitude by the mother and sister of the little sufferer, although they acknowledged that their necessities were not so great as they had been "before the young lady came."

"What young lady?" asked Orme, wondering within himself whether any woman could have had the nerve and resolution to penetrate into this scene of suffering.

"Why, the young lady, to be sure." said Bridget O'Brien—"she that goes everywhere, when they're in trouble, the saints be kind to her!"

"O!" thought our hero, "one of the Sisters of Charity, I suppose."

The mother took up the cup of nauseouse medicine, and approached the poor little sick-bed.

"Come, honey," she said, "you know you promissed Miss D'Arcy you'd take it good, by the same token she gave you the pretty picture book,"

"Miss D'Arcy?" echoed Owen, suddenly turning round.

"Yes, sure—Miss Evelyn; and isn't it she comes here every day to see the poor darlint?"

Evelyn D'Arcy! it was not so common a name as to be easily mistaken, but Orme was quite certain that there was some misunderstanding. Evelyn D'Arcy was a young lady whom he had long regarded as a heartless belle.

The next abode marked down by the pencil of the Rev. Septimus Cliff was that of a poor old couple, alone, friendless, and just sinking into their second childhood.

"Ah, it's a gentleman!" said the old woman, sinking back in her chair with something of a disappointed look, as Orme entered, in obedience to her shrill "Come in!" "I thought maybe, 'twas the young lady come back; she said perhaps she would come to read to us a little more, if she got through her other visits in time. There ain't nobody can make my old man hear like Miss Evelyn, though she don't speak loud neither."

"Miss Evelyn?"

"Yes, to be sure," petulantly answered the old woman. "Miss Evelyn D'Arcy. I wish she'd come back! She's here every day to read to us, rain or shine. I'm sure I don't know what we'd do without her!"

While Orme still stood there, a soft knock sounded at the door, and a slender young girl entered, in a gray dress, with a veil drawn closely over the brim of her hat. She stopped, with a slight start of surprise, as she confronted him.

"Mr. Orme!"

"I hope I am not interfering with your sphere of duties, Miss D'Arcy," he said, rather akwardly.

"Not at all," said Evelyn composedly. "There is plenty of work for us all, Mr. Orme."

He thought within himself that he never had seen her so beautiful as she was at that instant, with the faint roses of exercise glowing in her cheeks, and the sober gray dress setting off her delicate beauty as a border of dark enamel enhances the glitter of a gorgeous diamond. Was this the girl whom he had fancied to be a mere fashionable butterfly!

Everywhere throughout the dreary route of want, poverty and sickness that he trode that day, the presence of Evelyn D'Arcy followed him, and pervaded the atmosphere like a subtle, invisible fragrance. Evidently it was no sudden freak on her part to occupy an idle hour, or satisfy some solitary twinge of conscience, but a grave, earnest, methodical course of well directed charity and attention—a something which gave him the truest and brightest of all insight into Miss D Arcy's character.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

Mr. Orme began to fancy that he had at last found his ideal.

"If she will but marry me!" he thought. While Felix Mildon began to suspect that Harry was really succumbing to the magic power of the little god with wings and arrows.

They were walking home one night, side by side, from the death-bed whose peace had lifted them up unutterably from the mists and damps of this lower atmosphere. Above, the stars glittered from the purple concave of heaven, like the blossoming of innumerable golden buttercups; below, the air was hused and silent. At length Orme spoke:

"If we could always walk through life thus, Evelyn, side by side! Do you think you could trust me, dearest?"

She put her soft, warm little hand confidingly in his:

"I could trust you always, Harry."

"Then you will be my wife?"

"I will."

And then he told her of the vague impression he had previously formed of herself and her character.

"I saw you, night after night, in the gay whirl of ball-rooms, reception-halls and soirees," he confessed frankly, "and I imagined you like all the rest of the fashionable young ladies it had been my ill fortune to meet."

"You did not imagine it possible for one to lead a dual life," she said smiling. "I went to balls and parties to please my parents, who had a horror of my becoming eccentric or self-isolated. I spent my days in satisfying the cravings of a higher nature."

And Felix Mildon, when he congratulated Mr. Orme on his approaching marriage, did so very heartily.

"So you have left off doubting. eh, Harry?" he said, somewhat mischievously.

And Orme answered:

"Yes, quite!"

THE LADY OF MODERN VENICE.

A Venetian lady used to be gallant in her youth and devout in her old age. She is now neither one nor the other. In education she is inferior to a German or English charity school girl. Any one who reads a newspaper once a week is spoken of as *una donna motto colta.* She is perhaps the most inveterate gossip on the face of the globe. Her tongue wags eternally, and can only wag about the small talk of her native town, for all beyond it is an unknown world to her. Every afternoon she goes to a reception of a friend, when she is not herself receiving. At these receptions there are twenty or thirty women and one or two stray men. Each fresh arrival is handed round to be kissed by all the ladies, and when a visitor goes, those who remain pick her to pieces as crows do carrion. Strangers—and in this they include even Italians who are not Venetians—they regard with disgust and dislike. They are apparently on friendly terms with them, but behind their backs they sneer and jeer at them. No matter how long they may have resided here, the line of demarcation is kept up. As the Venetian ladies talk patois among themselves, and as many of them are unable to talk anything else, they never get over a feeling of awkwardness and constraint when with those whose language is the pure Italian. When not either at home or visiting, the ladies are seated on the Piazza of St. Marc, where they meet the men of their acquaintance and interchange notes.

THE WAY SHERMAN AND COLFAX MET.

Sherman was a delegate to the Whig Convention from Ohio. Samuel Stokely, of Steubenville, was chairman of the Ohio delegation. After the temporary chairman of the convention had been chosen, General Stokely arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I have in my delegation a young man who has never had any office, a rising young lawyer, and very modest fellow, whom I now nominate for temporary secretary of the convention. His name is John Sherman." The convention seemed pleased and Mr. Sherman was elected. The chairman of the Indiana delegation then arose. and following in the same strain, said: "Mr. Chairman, I also have a young man in my delegation who has never held an office. He is a young newspaper editor, and likewise very modest. I, therefore, nominate Schuyler Colfax as assistant secretary." Then the two young men left their seats. greeted each other for the first time, and mounted the platform together. That was thirty years ago. Both men have attained great prominence since, and Mr. Sherman still likes to refer to the way they first met at Baltimore.

HABITS.

Habits are forming like masonry. Every thought seems small. And yet, I notice, in the building that is going up behind my dwelling that small as bricks are, one by one being set in mortar day by day, by skillful hands, the wall thickens, and rises, and solidifies, and the huge structure is piled up at last. Taken singly, those bits of burnt clay are of no great significance. Now, a man's life is made up of little thoughts, any one of which is not much, but the multitude of which are like bricks in the hands of the builder. The walls of your character are going up day by day; and you are building not alone for time, but for eternity.

AN ELEPHANT'S FAVORITES.

Elephants are very fond of babies and dogs. A keeper in a certain menagerie now in this country trusts his little son, who is not quite two years old, with the huge animals, knowing that they will not harm the child. The little toddler is fondled and caressed by the huge. clumsy creatures, who wind their trunks around him in a most affectionate manner. A pet dog that belonged to the same menagerie was recently run over by a wagon and killed. The dog had been the particular pet of one of the elephants, named Queen. She missed the dog, and gave signs of great distress. She kept looking round and round, and, when night came, she was very unhappy. A dog that looked something like "Spot" was taken to "Queen," but she refused to have anything to do with the new pet. It was several days before "Queen" could get over her grief.

THE POWER OF SOUND.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points, it is presumed, in the love of music often found in blind persons who, sadly deprived of sight, enter without any distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There used to be a blind asylum at Liverpool famous for the beautiful singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own sweet music. Some of the most accomplished organists, so far as delicacy and expression are concerned, have been blind; without interruption they can apply themselves to music, enjoying its power. and swayed by its influence as few other people can equal them. It must form a grand treat, music, to the blind. We can easily inagine the luxuriant fancy wherewith a blind person listens to some touching melody, or some full rich harmony of sound.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

In the window of a Boston restaurant there is a water-tank, which is the home of a number of glittering gold-fish and dignified bull-frogs. The other day, a bee fell into the water, and was beating the surface with its wings, when a gold-fish swam up and solemnly snapped it.—Hardly had the fish started for the bottom of the tank when it became very much excited. It leaped into the air, darted up and down the tank, and acted so strangely that the frogs got into the corners frightened. Meanwhile, the bee had escaped from the fish's mouth, and crawling upon a rock in the tank, began to dry its wings with the greatest composure. It was some minutes before the fish stopped cutting its capers, and when it did it sank to the bottom, there to meditate upon the uncertainties of life.

STRINGENT LIQUOR LAW.

The decree regulating the liquor traffic in Russia, which has been recently signed by the Emperor, is of the most stringent character. There is to be only one liquor shop in a village, and where two or three villages are almost contiguous, the one shop must suffice for their combined inhabitants. The publican must be a native of the village, must be appointed and paid by the Common Council, and must sell food as well as liquor. If he allows any person to get drunk he is liable not only to dismissal, but to fine and imprisonment. If any Russian village is reported to the authorities to be addicted to drunkenness, the sale of liqor may be interdicted for so long a period as may seen necessary.

HOW SNAKES CHARM BIRDS.

A new theory of the so-called fascination of birds by snakes is that the bird mistakes the snake's tongue, which the reptile keeps in rapid and constant motion, for a lively worm, and watches it intently with the anticipation of devouring it.