SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4--NO. 45. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 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 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.

—Miss Brown, who is no longer young, was chiding Miss Moire for her foolishness in carrying a parasol, which Miss Brown said was useless, and a piece of affectation. "I never carry a parasol," she said. "No," replied Miss Moire; "people on the shady side of life have no use for them."

FAILURES.—Scores of young men have started well in life, but through mismanagement, or "hard times" overtaking them, fail in business and ever afterward float along apparently with no aims or ends. Swayne's Ointment *never* fails in curing Itching Piles and all Skin Diseases. There is no guess work about the preparation. Its originator has a level head, and what he says it will do, you can rely upon. All druggists keep it, and those who suffer should try it and be made happy.

—A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil." Jerrold—"That's all right, then; he is sure to get it back again."

—It is the common observation that the standard of natural health and normal activity, among American women, is being lowered by the influence of false ideas and habits of life, engendered by fashionable ignorance and luxurious living. It is a happy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferers of her sex.

—An exchange says it is not good taste for a gentlemen to stay after 10 o'clock when visiting a young lady. We never noticed any difference in the taste after 10 o'clock. It tastes good all the time.

—It is said there is a death every pulsation of the heart, be that as it may we know there will be none to die from Dyspepsia as long as Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters are manufactured, for they never fail. Remember we ask the trial of one bottle to convince you of its merits. Sold at all Drug Stores.

—An Irishman upon his arrival in the United States, noting the great number of military titles, exclaimed: "What a divil of a battle has been fought near here, when all the privates were killed."

—A most righteous judgment awarded Dr. Lindsey for the wonderful cures performed by his "Blood Searcher."

—"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" "Electricity!" answered the old lady. "Well, yes, I recken I has. I was struck by lightning last summer, but it didn't do me no sort of good."

—ONE VOICE all over the land goes up from mothers, that says, "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly, and cheerful.

—The Indians of Brazil manufacture a kind of whisky—and a most awful mean kind, to, from the roots of a certain vine. Must be the original "lickerish root."

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy free, by calling at any reliable Drug Store.

—"What is meant by the power behind the throne?" asked the teacher. "The ace," replied the smart, bad boy, "which is greater than the king."

—ALL LADIES KNOW their faces are more attractive when free from pimples. Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular among them, because it banishes impurities from blood and skin and makes the face glow and the eye sparkle with health.

—What constitutes a revolution of the earth? First comes the spring, then the summer set and the fall. Needless to go winter further details.

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, &c. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J

—Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly:) "All right, sir, just as soon as I've saw'd off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

Choice Extracts from Druggists.

"We know the value of malt, hops, quinine bark and asparagus composing Malt Bitters."

"Best kindey medicine on our shelves."

"Our lady customers highly praise them.

"Physicians prescribe them in this town.

"The largest bottle and best medicine."

"Our best people take 'Malt Bitters.'"

"Sure cure for chills and liver diseases."

—It is Miss Maud Howe, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, whom Oscar Wilde is going to marry, "they say." Maud Wilde; sounds pretty, doesn't it? Much better than if she should marry a man named Lynn.

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.

A DREAM.

O'er land and sea the peaceful hush
Of midnight's dreamy hour
Lay calmly, as my restless soul,
Drawn by some mystic power,

Did wander through that voiceless realm
Where blooms the lotus tree,
And r. ting 'neath the silent shades,
Found love, and joy, and thee.

Dull daylight's weight of broken vows,
And buried love, and pain,
Fell from my heart, and thou didst seem
To be mine own again.

And life was love, and love was life,
The cruel past was dead;
Thy tender lips were close to mine,
When lo! the vision fled.

Life many a bitter trouble gives
That saddened hearts forget,
But one that never ceasing lives
Unwearied—is Regret.

MADGE'S COUSIN.

CHAPTER II.

Never in her life before had Madge been so serious or so troubled as she was now, in the soft light among the cool plants, within sound of the half hushed music.

"Will you do me a favor?" she inquired, raising the gray eyes that shone for a moment with liquiid brightness.

"You have only to name it—I am at your service."

His manner unromantic to a studied degree, made her all the more safe in taking heart to speak, while she gave him at the same time in generous measure that most precious offering to which every noble-hearted man entitles himself—a woman's respect.

"I have seemed very happy tonight, Mr. Fitzallan," she began in a quiet, low tone, the torn leaf trembling in her hand, and the color dying out of her face, "but I am in great trouble."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." He drew a little nearer, listening attentively, and helping now and again by a word of encouragement.

Her story was a simple one. She was to be married next month to her cousin, Mr. Hawkesbury. She had dreaded it all her life, but it was her fate. And then taking courage from the respectful and almost paternal demeanor of the listener, she made frank confession that she disliked her cousin just because she was forced to marry him; and to this she added such a child-like entreaty not to be thought "too bad," that it must have required more than ordinary self control for Fitzallan to say something that would allow the scene to become a tender one; but this he seemed determined to avoid, and so in her simple way did the sadly perplexed girl that was pouring out her heart's trouble to him.

"Will you speak for me to Mr. Selwyn," she said; "as you are an old friend of his? I cannot reason as men do; but I want you to try if there is any way of release for me. Pray forgive me if I am wrong in asking your interference, but I am very wretched"—here came a burst of tears that must have tried the listener sorely—"and I myself have so often spoken to Mr. Selwyn, and it is of no use. He always says my father's will must be carried out; and, oh! how I wish I could do it."

"It must be done, if possible," Fitzallan said. "But it would not be your father's will to mar the happiness of your life, or to put you in bondage,"

"Oh! if Mr. Selwyn would speak like that," said the girl sadly.

"Well, I shall have a talk with him," said Fitzallan, "and do my best for your happiness, though I would be sorry to injure Hawkesbury's prospects. Let us go back now; there is a new piece beginning. That is one of Rubenstein's, is it not? I need not say you have done me a favor in granting me your confidence."

With that he drew aside the heavy curtains, and they returned to the dazzling light and bewildering music and movement of the ballroom.

After that night Madge waited in anxiety to hear the result of Fitzallan's parley with her guardian. Three days passed and a note came from him, only a few words, saying that he had succeeded, at least so far as to win a promise that the matter should be considered. But Madge saw little good coming of Mr. Selwyn's "considering" what seemed to be decided irrevocably long ago.

At last it was the eve of her birthday; tomorrow would be the dreaded day, and that very morning Mr. Selwyn had said to her gravely, but tenderly:

"My child, it has been the work of many years for me to see to your father's last wish. He was my best and dearest friend, and his life was a sad one. At least his dying will must be done. But I promise you happiness—I do, indeed."

But beyond that day Madge was unable to bear her heart's burden.

"I must tell him everything," she thought. In the afternoon twilight some time after Mr. Selwyn had returned home, she found him asleep in his arm-chair in the dark dining room. But little day light came in between the red curtains, and it was only the glow of the fire that showed her his white hair and long beard. She knelt beside him, as she often did for a talk when he was in that chair, and she woke him by stealing her hand into his.

"Who is it—Gerty? No, Madge, my little Madge, that is to be so patriarchal to-morrow."

"Papa Selwyn," she began, not giving him time to joke any more lest she might not be able to disclose all her troubles. "I want to tell you something, and you won't be angry, will you, no matter what it is?"

He took her face between his hands, and the fire flashed up and showed him how earnest it was."

"I am quite sure," he said, "nothing can make me anything but as deeply in love with my second daughter as a poor old fellow like me can be. Why, child, I am under a cloud all day, because to-morrow—as soon as to-morrow—I can be Papa Selwyn no more, and Madge will be thinking about nobody but her cousin."

"No, indeed!" cried Madge, impetuously; "you will be Papa Selwyn always—always; and I don't care for my cousin a bit."

But her guardian shook his head gravely.

"My dear, you will marry your cousin."

The firelight had died down now, and Madge had courage enough to blurt out, with an effort, the few words—

"I can't marry Jack, because I ought to love my husband, and I never can care enough for him. Or if I must be engaged to him to-morrow"—here there was a great sob—"Mr. Fitzallan is very good and kind, and I don't want to hurt him—but—but—he must go away."

Her head sank upon his knees with the great effort of the request.

"My poor child," he said, "I know your secret. Bravely said! my little Madge—my bonny girl! You have had the truth out, and done nobly. You are worthy of the man who is to have you, and that is saying a great deal." When she had heard it, she waited with wide wondering eyes while he told it a second time, for she could not believe in her joy. "As you know, Madge," he began, "most people in this world have more cousins than one." And then he went on to explain to her that Herbert Fitzallan was a very distant cousin, and it was to him her father wished her to be married. Fitzallan's father had been the companion of his labors, and Herbert himself had been loved by the dying man as a son, for Herbert was twenty when little Madge was an orphaned baby of four. "You ask what about Jack?" said the old man. "That was my clever trick upon Madge. I never said you were to marry Jack. I told you of your father's wish. I brought Jack here, the only cousin you knew; and I praised his good qualities—which are fine enough, I can tell you, and appreciated by a young lady not far from here. I knew that wayward heart of yours, and I knew that a woman should not marry without real love, and a great store of it, too. So I left my darling open to the idea that Jack was to be the lucky fellow; and she did just what I and all sensible folks expected—almost hated Jack and her doom. Then I took care that the man you were meant for—who, my dear, has the best and truest heart in the world—should come in the way just at the right time, and show an interest in you. So have I not succeeded, and made my Madge choose her father's choice with her own free heart and will?" As for Fitzallan he is all impatience for to-morrow, and he would have told you the secret at that ball the other night, when he said he was put to a desperate trial, but he had promised me never to disclose it till we were quite sure of success. Well, are you happy now, Madge?"

"My dear, good second father! how can I love you enough?" was all she could say, when she felt his arms round her in that moment of fulfilled desires, and his lips pressed to her forehead in fatherly affection, now that his long solicitude was at an end, and his hard task well done.

That very night Madge, scarcely able to realize her joy, was betrothed to Herbert Fitzallan, who, when once the secret was disclosed, would not wait another hour.

"Have I not waited years?" he said. "All my time abroad I was waiting, and then I came back and I found my Madge more than ever I had dared to hope."

Madge, in her new freedom, did not forget poor Jack. Indeed, she was almost in trouble about her unkindness to him when she heard that he had been only playing a part, bearing all her teasing, and being purposely ungracious whenever she grew kind. But Gertrude consoled her effectually on that score by telling another secret after her kiss of congratulation.

"Jack was, indeed, doing his best to carry out the plan," said she; "and he was often grieved about you; but, dear Madge, you must congratulate us now—not me, but us. Jack and I made it up between us a month ago, and we had many a quiet laugh about you."

So Madge herself accepted the ring, and wore her golden fetters by her own free will after all; nor was there ever a happier or more willing captive. As for Fitzallan, if he was not another Arthur, as the girl's fancy had prompted her to call him, he was "blameless" as the Prince of the "Idyls," and far more blest; and if he reigned over no realm, he was at least king of one brave and tender heart—a kingdom wide enough to satisfy his desires, and a prize which time proved to be well worth his years of waiting.

WHENCE MOUNT VERNON GOT ITS NAME.

Few persons know where the name of Washington's homestead came from. Vernon was the private secretary of the unfortunate duke of Monmouth. Under William III, Vernon became Secretary of State. His son Edward, born 1624, entered the English navy against his father's wishes, and, serving with early distinction, rose to the rank of admiral. At Carthagena, Spain, Lawrence Washington, George's eldest brother by fourteen years, served in a land force which acted in connection with Vernon's naval force, and apparently Lawrence Washington esteemed Vernon, as he gave his name to his home on the Potomac, and procured a midshipman's appointment for George, but his mother's interposition ultimately prevented the boy's availing himself of it, albeit she had at first consented. Vernon's popularity was so great that an unlucky expedition does not seem to have affected it, and he was actually elected to parliament for three places at once on his return. Probably his known hostility to the government had much to do with this. In 1745 he was detailed to watch the north sea, in view of a movement of the pretender's adherents. The next year a serious squabble arose between him and the government, resulting in his producing two pamphlets, which so exasperated the authorities that by the king's express command he was struck off the list of admirals. He died in 1757, at his seat in Suffolk, and, notwithstanding his disgrace, a handsome monument to him was erected in Westminster abbey. It was Vernon who brought into use the custom of mixing water with the ration of rum, which got the name of grog, from his habit of wearing a grogram waistcoat, and hence his nickname of "Old Grog."

STORY OF A KISS.

A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The two roads finally united, and man and woman reaching the junction at the same time walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back, in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine, the woman said to the man: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." "If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all; how can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, and a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken into it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself. "I should never have thought of such an expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

SLAVERY IN HAWAII.

Nothing in current history is more shocking than the story of female slavery in the Sandwich Islands. That the abominable practice of buying and selling white girls exists there seems to be clearly proved by the statements of Mr. H. Lange, the commissioner for Norwegian immigrants in Hawaii. A native of Finland bought a girl for seventy five dollars. A negro and a Norwegian long residents of the island, purchased each a girl on condition to work the three years agreed upon. Another man, whose name is given, sold his servant to a missionary. A plantation overseer fell in love with a girl, and proposed to her employer—really her owner to buy her. The sum of one hundred dollars was demanded. The alleged lover demurred and offered a smaller sum and, after considerable wrangling, the bargain was closed for seventy-two dollars and fifty cents—the seller insuring the buyer that the girl was sound and a good worker. The traffic in human chattels is engaged in and encouraged by the large planters, who rule the islands—the kings, the ministers and the judges being all under their sway. Mr. Lange very properly requests his government to forbid any more immigration to Hawaii. This beastly business is carried on in the country whose nominal sovereign was received with regal honors at Windsor Castle and in seven capitals on the Continent.

THE LITTLE MEMBER.

Several members of the West Virginia legislature took the cars at Grafton late one evening for the State Capital, and among the number was a Mr. G., of somewhat large proportions, physically, and a Mr. D., of proportional undersize.

These two—the stalwart Mr. G., and the smooth-faced little Mr. D.—took a berth together, it seems, in a sleeping car. The little man laid behind, and the good-natured, waggish Mr. G. before.

Mr. D. soon was sleeping and snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under his legislative burdens, soon arose, and was sitting by the stove, when an elderly lady came aboard, and desired a berth.

"All right, madam!" said G.; "I took a berth with my son, and you can occupy my place in that berth where my little boy is sleeping."

Taking Mr. G. at his word, the lady disrobed, and laid down with the boy.

After a quiet repose of some time, the boy, Mr. D., became restless from some cause, and began to kick around, to the annoyance of the old lady. So, in a maternal manner, she patted him on the back, and said:

"Lie still, sonny; pa said I might sleep along with you."

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the legislator; "who are you? I am no boy; I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature!"

It is said that the old lady swooned, and could not be brought to till D. promised that G. should be impeached.

CLAY AND THE GOAT.

Henry Clay never liked to see dumb animals abused or worried. When he was at Washington a very large, somewhat noted, billy goat roamed the streets, and the newspaper boys, bootblacks, and street imps generally, made common cause against him. On one occasion, while the statesman was passing down the avenue, a large crowd of these mischievous urchins were at their usual sport. Mr. Clay, with his walking stick, drove them away, giving them a sound lecture in the meanwhile. As they scampered off and scattered in all directions, Billy, seeing no one but Mr. Clay within reach, made a charge on him. Mr. Clay dropped his cane and caught his goatship by the horns. The goat would rear up, being nearly as high as the tall Kentuckian himself, and the latter would pull him down again. This sort of sport soon became tiresome, and he could conceive of no way by which he could free himself from the two-horned dilemma, so in his desperation he sang out to the boys to know what to do. One of the smallest in the crowd shouted back: "Let go and run, you old fool!" And the dignified statesman had to do it.

A USELESS WARNING.

A good story is told of the Rev. Hoadly Proctor, who once preached in Rutland, Vt. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse. Just before the benediction he leaned forward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit, in tones loud enough to be heard by all: "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon; it's of no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the danger of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

BEAUTIFUL.

The Princes Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again."