SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS are publisehd 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.

—May is considered an unlucky marrying month by some people. A young girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself to a lover who had named May in his proposal. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. "Well, make it June, then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes with a blush, she rejoined, "Would not April do as well?"

HOW THE ANCIENTS SPENT THEIR MONEY.—People may say what they please, but some facts of history are, metaphorically speaking, difficult to swallow. For instance, we are told, that Cleopatra drank a glass of wine, in which was dissolved a pearl worth $40,000; that Ptolemus Philadelphus of Egypt had a fortune of $350,000,000; that Aesop, the poet, paid $400,000 for a single supper, and that Heliogabalus reposed in a bedstead of solid gold. All this may be true; but it seems more probable to say, that Swayne's Pills cure dropsy, bilious headache, indigestion, for there is more truth than poetry in it.

—Said a distinguished politician to his son—"Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city."

To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

—One bottle of Dr Thomas' Mayapple Bitters are guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Belching or tasting of food, matters not how long you have suffered. You will find it at all Drug Stores.

—Hon. James L. Wells found himself set down as a married man in the official list of the Assembly. He lost no time in writing to the compiler of the manual: "In proof-sheet of manual I see you say I am married. Please correct, or send the woman around, and oblige."

—Among the most efficacious of remedial agents are the medical preparations from the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

—A widower, when showing a friend the cinerary urn in which reposed the mortal remains of his departed, let it fall. It broke and scattered the ashes over the carpet. He ran for a servant, and when she appeared said to her: 'Jane, sweep up your mistress."

—Doctors are of no account when "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is brought into use. It cures all blood diseases and renews health.

—Counsel had been questioning a certain witness named Gunn, and in closing, he said to him: "Mr Gunn, you can now go off." The judge on the bench, seeing the pun, gravely added: 'Sir, you are discharged." Of course, an explosion in court immediately ensued.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *Free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

—A lecturer was explaining to a little girl how a lobster casts his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one; "we let out the tucks."

—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.

—A Louisville man has succeeded in cooking a meal by electricity. Pretty soon no man who hasn't a lightning rod in his stomach will be safe.

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

—Never go under a tree during a thunder-storm. It isn't fair to the lightning, which has often to spoil a very good tree to get at a poor sort of a man.

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."

—There is a young lady at Saratoga who is so modest that she always retires to her own room to change her mind.

—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.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

But there's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

THAT DAY IN HIS BOAT.

It was a wild night. The wind blew, the rain drove, the waves roared in the near distance. It had been a fateful day to me.

Grandfather Delmar, with whom I had lived ever since I could remember, had been carried to his final home that afternoon, and now I was the last representative of our ancient name. The wide acres of the Delmar plantation, originally one of the estates on the eastern shore of Maryland, had come down to me as sole heiress. To me had also descended the Delmar diamonds, which for two centuries had blazed on the persons of the Delmar ladies. I say descended, but I am hardly correct, for these broad lands and these priceless jewels were mine only under the will of my grandfather, and that will contained a proviso which I had just learned for the first time. I was to marry Randolph Heath, the ward and adopted son of my grandfather or else the entire property was to go to this self same Randolph.

The will had just been read. The funeral guests, or, at least, the most important of them, had listened to it in the great drawing-room below, the walls of which were hung with portraits of my Delmar ancestors, handsome men and lovely golden-haired women.

'Charlotte," said my aunt, when the reading of the will was ended, "Charlotte, my dear, you must invite our friends for the night. You are mistress now."

"I shall never be mistress of Delmar Hall, Aunt Mordaunt," I said, firmly.

She clutched my arm, her eyes wide with wonder.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because of the proviso; I will never wed Randolph Heath."

Her face whitened to the hue of death. She was a lone widow, and I was her idol; and she coveted all those jewels and rich acres for my heritage. For a moment we stood breathless.

"But Randolph Heath's in Australia," suggested a friend, "and you are mistress at least till he returns."

Poor Aunty caught at this last hope with a gasp of relief.

"So you are, my dear," she put in; "we'll leave all these disagreeable things to be settled in the future. To night, my friends, we will shut the doors against the storms and be comfortable."

She swept off toward the glowing parlor, followed by all her guests, while I fled away to my chamber.

The afternoon, as I have said, had turned into rain and the huge waves thundered on the shores of the bay close by with a hoarse cry, like a human heart in pain. I paced my room restlessly. I could not marry this Randolph Heath, whose face I had never looked upon since the days of my early childhood. I could not do it, for another face rose before me—the face of the man I loved. A poor man, landless and unknown, yet who had grown so dear to me in the few brief months of our summer acquaintance that to give him up were worse than death. Yet I was a Delmar and it was a sore trial to lose my heritage—to lose the Delmar jewels. All the Delmar women before me had worn those matchless old diamonds; and must I, alone of them, become disinherited and dowerless?

"Yes, cheerfully," I said; since to keep them I must give up the choice of my heart. Dear, dear summer days."

For it had been during a visit to a school friend, who lived in one of the loveliest counties of Pennsylvania, that I had met, the preceding June, Herbert Stanley. For the first time in my life I had found in him a perfectly congenial soul. We liked the same poetry, preferred the same music, admired the same scenery. Ah! what delicious days those were. We rode, we walked, we sailed, we read together. Our acquaintance soon passed into intimacy, and from that ripened into love.

Never could I forget the day, the blisful day, when my hopes became a certainty. Herbert had asked me the evening before if I would go with him in his boat. No knight of old could have handed me into the little vessel more reverentially than he did. How manly he looked! How strong and self contained! My heart beat fast, for something in his manner told me what was coming, but I was inexpressibly happy, nevertheless. He rowed for about half an hour, then stopping, he lay upon his oars, and looking me in the face like a brave heart as he was, told his tale, though with many a hesitating word, and many a look of anxiety.

Should I give such an one up? Never! Yet the temper of my thoughts was such that I could not stay indoors! I left the house and ran down to the shore of the bay, having first thrown a shawl over my head. The storm and darkness were terrific, and the tide was coming in with a hoarse, sullen cry. The salt mist drenched my hair, the winds tore and shrieked around me, and overhead hung the pitch-black sky.

Suddenly I heard a step, and looking up I saw Herbert himself. I started with surprise.

"I have been hovering about all day," he said. "I had given up the hope of seeing you. But still I could not tear myself away."

"You did not doubt me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Herbert!"

My look, my tone, even more than my words, reassured him.

"Thank God!" he said, drawing a deep breath. "Thank God! It is not true, then, what I hear. You are not going to betray me?"

"Betray you?"

"I was told you were to be disinherited unless you married Randolph Heath, and that the temptation had been too great for you. I did not believe it. And yet, and yet—forgive me, darling. I see I was wrong—I was fearfully afraid."

"Be afraid no longer," I whispered, nestling to his broad breast. "What are broad acres and gleaming jewels to your dear love? I am yours, and yours only."

He bent and kissed me. After a while he said,—

"I do not fear for your fidelity, but I do fear for the persecution you may suffer. It is but a short walk to the little church. I know the rector; he was, I find, one of my old schoolmates. Be mine to-night, and I will go away content. Not till you permit it shall the marriage be made public."

"I am yours," I said, "but let it be to-morrow evening. I will tell my aunt in a day or two afterward. Poor aunt, it will need that time to prepare her."

It was arranged, therefore, that I should meet my lover at the same hour the next evening, and with a parting embrace, I hurried into the house, lest I should be missed.

Aunt Mordaunt was in a flutter of excitement the next morning, She had just received a letter, saying that Randolph Heath had returned and would be at Delmar Hall by sunset.

"Now, Charlotte, my love," she said, bustling into my chamber before I was awake, "do try and look your best to-night. You are a beauty, I know, but a charming toilet sets you off amazingly. Lay off your heavy crape just for to-night, and wear that white silk with the lily-of-the-valley trimmings. You must fascinate this Randolph Heath at the outset, it will be quite comfortable to have him at your feet, for you must marry him, my dear; you are too sensible a girl to make a beggar of yourself."

I only smiled in answer, and I suffered my maid to array me in the dainty silk. But at set of sun, instead of receiving Randolph Heath in the grand parlors of the Hall, I was speeding away with my lover towards the old, ivy-covered church built of bricks imported from England a century and a half before—the church where the Delmars for five generations had been married. In the soft glitter of the early starlight we were wedded. An hour after I was home again. But as I ascended to my room I remembered that I had looked my last upon the blinking Delmar diamonds and on the broad lands of the Hall.

I had hardly closed the door behind me when my aunt entered.

"Charlotte, you must come down at once, you must indeed," said she, "Randolph is in the drawing-room, and asks to see you. Don't be odd. Here, Lucile, do your young lady's hair."

I stood uncertain.

"And now, my dear, do put on your diamonds," continued poor auntie, fluttering round me; "you should always wear gems, they become you."

"But, auntie, the diamonds are not mine," I began, wishing to gain time to think.

I was almost ready, then and there, to tell the truth. But I pitied auntie and hesitated.

"But they will be, my love, as soon as you marry Randolph Heath," she urged.

"I shall never marry him," I answered.

"We shall see, my love. At any rate, come down and welcome him. That much is due him at the least."

This decided me. It was his due. As we descended to the grand drawing-room where my grandfather's adopted son awaited us I stopped for a moment on the stairs and gazed around me with almost a sigh of regret. In a few days I must go out from the dear old place disowned and disinherited. Poor auntie! the blow will fall heavily on her.

Shutting my hand involuntarily over the marriage ring upon my finger, I followed my aunt, my heart in my mouth. A tall figure arose as we entered and advanced to meet us. I heard my aunt's warm word of welcome and then I felt my own hands grasped and I looked up.

I cried out in amazement, for the stranger was Herbert Stanley, my newly wedded husband.

"Can I hope that you will ever forgive me?" he said with a smile. "I am Randolph Heath. I have known of the proviso of your grandfather's will for years. But as I wanted you to love me for myself, if you could, I planned to meet you last summer. Can you forgive me?"

I looked up into his dear, kind face.

"No matter who you are, or what you planned," I answered, putting my hand in his, "I forgive you, for I love you."

Then we told the story of our marriage. Aunt Mordaunt listened in horrified amazement.

"An indiscreet thing, to say the least, my love," she said; "you might have committed a grave mistake. It is all right, since you've married Mr. Heath. But really, my dears, you must have a wedding. Yes, in order to preserve the prestige of the the old name, if nothing more, we really must have a wedding, and marry you over again."

And she did, and it was a most magnificent affair. The old Hall was in a blaze of light, and crowded with noble guests, and I wore point lace and the old Delmar diamonds

But I was not half so happy as on the day when I first heard from my husband's lips that he loved me—heard it that day in his boat.

THE LOVERS' TEETH.

I performed an operation of transplanting under romantic circumstances on a certain occasion, says a Philadelphia dentist. A young lady, as pretty as a peach, and a fine looking young fellow came to see me one morning. After no little hesitation they told me they were betrothed and that he was in the army and was going away to the plains for at least a year, hunting Indians. "And we are very unhappy at parting," whimpered she. "Yes, we are," almost blubbered he. "We have heard of transplanting teeth, and want you to take one out of each of our mouths and transfer them." For a moment I was transfixed with laughter and astonishment, and I attempted to reason them out of their foolish proposition—both had excellent teeth, by the way—but they insisted, so I extracted one of her largest back teeth and one his smallest, and changed them about. Hers fitted in his jaw all right, and he went off a few days afterward to his post with his lady love's molar. His tooth, however, would not stick in, for within a week the young lady came back with her face dreadfully swollen. I reduced the inflammation and eased the pain, but could not replant her lover's fang, and she went away with it wrapped up in paper. Oh! the inconstancy of women. Six months after she married a man old enough to be her father. When the young lieutenant subsequently returned he indignantly told me of the manner he had been jilted, and requested me to immediately extract his false love's tooth, which I did, and he threw it in the cuspadore.

JAPANESE DIET.

Japan furnishes an example that tells largely in favor of a vegetarian diet. That the Japanese are a people of muscle and great physical endurance is apparent on every hand. The specimens of muscular development shown in the build and structure of the working classes are evidences of great strength and hardness. The diet of those men is entirely of vegetables and fish, and they are very economical feeders at that. The quantity of food they require, or, at least, the quanity that they eat, is astonishingly small when compared with the food devoured by the meat-eaters from the Western World. The amount of manual labor they perform is prodigious. The coolie who does the work for which oxen and horses are utilized elsewhere is about as strong and can accomplish about as much heavy work as the beasts of burden they take the place of. They are possessed of immense power of limb, being able to pull loads that would be considered as much as any ordinary draught animal could draw. It is wonderful to see them walking away with the heavy loads they easily move; and as carriers of burdens upon the shoulder they are capable of startling achievements. Seemingly their frames are as tough as steel, not susceptible of cold or intense heat—going thinly clad in freezing weather, and not shrinking from the sun in its most oppressive seasons.

ARAB STRENGTH.

The physical strength of Arabs is enormous. An officer of the Peninsula and Oriental mail steamers says that there are Arabian stevedores who can readily carry from three to four hundred weight. The donkey boys often lift up their donkeys.

CONTROLLING DREAMS.

A Frenchman has recently made some curious experiments upon himself, and as a result has announced to the world that it is possible to control dreams and make them either pleasant or otherwise. His method is to stimulate the brain through the agency of heat, and to place the body in certain positions. He finds that by bandaging his head with a layer of wadding his dreams always become sane and intelligent. As regards the position of the body, the results, so far as the nature of the dreams are concerned, are varied. For example, when he lay upon his back he experienced luxurious and sensorial dreams. To sleep on the right side brought him dreams which were absurd and full of exaggeration, and which brought old matters vividly back to his mind. While lying on his left side the exaggerated character of the visions disappeared. They became sensible and intelligent, and recalled more recent experiences. The phenomenon of speech in slumber was also more apt to be noted while the body lay in this posture.

A WARNING.

Believers in "brain-waves," and in the class of phenomena which the term "brain-waves" is intended to explain, will be interested in a "strange incident" reported from Plymouth. It is said that on Tuesday evening a young man called upon the editor of the *Western Daily Mercury* and asked if any telegrams had been received which gave the names of Englishmen killed on that day in Alexandria. No news of the sort had been sent to the office of the journal. The inquirer seems to have explained his visit to the editor; at all events his reason as now given was this: The mother and wife of a petty officer named Revington, then serving with the fleet at Alexandria, had been alarmed as they sat working in their house by hearing Revington's voice three times call "Mother." This they regarded as a "warning." On Wednesday the "warning" was shown to have been no false intimation, for the friends of Revington received a telegram from the admiralty to announce that the petty officer was shot in the streets of Alexandria on Tuesday.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.

A poor man on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him and told her of its provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents, sell it and hand over the money you receive to them. I leave to you my dog, take good care of him, he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out for the neighboring market with the horse and dog.

"How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer.

"I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both of them at reasonable rates. Give me one hundred dollars for the dog and one dollar for the horse."

The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave the husband's parents the dollar received for the horse and kept the hundred dollars for herself.

—"If I was in your place," said a New Haven housewife to a fish peddler, "I'd throw away that horn or else learn a new tune. It's perfectly distressing." "Madame," said the purveyor of brain phosphorus, with becoming dignity, "with the limited time at my disposal, and the extreme low price of shad, it is impossible for me to favor my patrons with a cornet obligato on every street, but I try to make the few strains I attempt acceptable and attractive to the cultivated ears of the vicinity. If I fail, I make it up on the quality of my shad. Six pounds; 55 cents. Thanks."