SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

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.

—Science now says that kissing on the lips must be abolished in the interests of health. Most potent, grave and reverend seignlors, scholars and philosophers, there are moments that you know nothing of, when a man don't care two cents for science, and when he is going to plant kisses where they belong, if the laws of health are ripped from Alpha to Beersheba.

A HUNGRY MAN.—The man who cleaned out a first-class restaurant in Boston the other day and then tried to come the "Cannibal" on the colored cook, had been using Swayne's Pills, the best medicine known here below, composed of concentrated valuable juices of plants. They are undoubtedly the best and safest Purgative, Aperient and anti-bilious medicine known. 25 cts. per box. 5 boxes $1.00. Try them.

—Dr. Byles' wit once met with a severe retort. Encountering a lady who, having declined an offer of marriage from the doctor, had married a gentleman by the name of Quincy, he said: "So, madame, it appears you prefer quinsy to biles." "Yes," she replied; "for if there had been anything worse than biles God would have afflicted Job with them."

—When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a Cold, give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will cure the worst Cough.

—A candidate met Uncle Mose on Austin avenue and said to him: "Be cure to come to the ward meeting to-night and bring all your neighbors with you." "You kin jess bet dey will come along with me, or I stay at home myself. Dar wouldn't be a chicken lef' in my coop if I was ter go to de ward meetin' and luff dem nabors at home."

—Mayapple is the only known Vegetable that acts directly on the liver (when properly prepared.) You will find it the popular remedy, known as Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters. You will find it at all Drug Stores.

—A Dutchman who married his second wife soon after the funeral of his first, was visited with a two hours serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be making all dish noise ven dere was a funeral here so soon."

—Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best phycicians have been completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—A little girl was asked by her mother on her return from church how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" asked her mother. "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud that he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

—"Take this dollar, and give me 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher.' It saved others; it will save me."

—A little boy put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired, "What would God have done if there had been twins?"

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at any Drug Store and and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar size bottle will do. Call early.

—Toddlekins is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes and cut them over to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

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."

—A savage Illinois woman says that for every young wife that cannot cook there is a young husband who will not make fires, carry ashes, split kindling or shovel snow and cannot market because he does not know a hawk from a hen.

"Buchupaiba."

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

—"Seventy berths in the ladies' cabin!" exclaimed Fogg, after hearing a description of the new Old Colony steamer. "Great Scott! but there must have been a terrible squall about that time!"

Part of a Bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me of rheumatism. My dyspeptic wife got so much relief from the balance that she tried another bottle, and now we can truly say we have never had better health.—A Boston Mechanic.

—"Help from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the lady of the house.

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; on griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggist or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m

BY THE SEA.

Tossing up and tossing down,
Billows blue and billows brown
Rocking restlessly
Waste of waters weird and white,
Massed in multitudinous might
In the single sea.

Gray and gold and amethyst,
In the wreaths and clouds of mist
Mirroring the sky.
Writhing waves and tireless tide,
As they inward rippling ride,
Singing lullaby.

Strife above but peace below—
While the waves writhe to and fro,
Pitching as in pain—
Soundless, stillness, perfect peace,
Where the clashing currents cease,
Dreamy deaths detain.

Sobbing, songful, silent sea!
Musing on its mystery,
By the shore we sit.
Like these waves our life will be,
Till the Lord for you and me,
Rule and quiet it.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

It was nutting time.

A blooming band of peasant children had gathered from far and near to have a merry day amid the nut trees and hedges.

I say children—but girls of fifteen and lads of eighteen and twenty were scattered through the chattering group.

The young are always attractive in a certain way. The undimmed brightness of the eye—the satiny smoothness of the complexion—the happy smiles hovering around the rosy lips—each has a beauty to itself; but add to the youthful face the charm of perfectly chiseled features, and of lustrous brown eyes looking out upon the world with an innocent wonder at the charging scenes of loveliness so contantly unfolding themselves before them—frame it in a mass of shining, wavy gold of nature's own crimping—and poise it upon a form so lithe and slender in its exquisite grace that Praxiteles might have chosen it for his model—and you can form an idea of Rika Bremer—the acknowledged beauty of the whole surrounding country.

And there was a romantic story about her going the rounds.

It was said that no less a personage than Prince Eric, the son of the great and good Gustavus, had been standing one morning by one of the place windows to witness a rustic procession, which had been gotten up in honor of some important victory, recently won by his famous father; and as he stood gazing listlessly out, his eyes brightened suddenly, and he turned to an attendant and whispered a few words which caused him to hasten away. When he returned he was not alone—Rika was with him.

Prince Eric's beauty-loving eyes had been attracted by her, as she had stood amid a group of other maidens, looking at the gayly dressed columns of her countrymen filing by.

She, too, was in holiday attire; and the black velvet jacket, fitting closely to her slender figure, and adorned with silver gilt buttons, brought out so vividly the exquisite fairness of her skin, with its rose-leaf tints of red upon lips and cheeks that she looked like a being of a different sphere as she stood amid her mates.

Confused and blushing, she now awaited the prince's pleasure. She dared not raise her eyes to his face.

Had she done so, she would have been overpowered by the earnestness of the gaze with which he regarded her.

From the moment his eyes rested upon Rika's face, the world held but one peerless woman to him.

It mattered not that his younger brother, Duke John, was even then in another kingdom, wooing for him a royal bride, upon whose brow rested a diadem, whose splendor far exceeded the one which he was to inherit upon the death of his father.

No. In that moment Elizabeth of England was forgotten. The peasant maid who stood before him had become the queen of his fancy.

"Thy name, little one?" he asked.

Rika raised her eyes to the handsome, earnest face, but dropped them timidly as she met his glance.

"I am Frederika—the forester's daughter—your majesty."

"Nay, not yet crave I for that title, maiden. Young blood must have its vent, and I am glad to know that the cares of government are not soon likely to rest upon my shoulders, broad though they be."

With a smile he glanced at his stalwart frame, which was acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens of physical comeliness in the country, as was his face called the handsomest of any prince's in Europe.

Rika courtesied respectfully, but did not reply.

If the gracious prince chose thus to address as an equal one of the humblest of his father's subjects, she knew well her position, and was to the full as proud of her unsullied innocence and integrity as the haughtiest maid in the realm.

Her shy modesty added to her beauty in Eric's eyes.

"Where livest thou, Frederika?" he asked, softy; "for I would well like to send thy father a commission to fell some trees which much interfere with the comfort of the king's hunting parties in the forest."

This he said, knowing intuitively that it would startle Rika to give her his true reason and say that he intended to start out himself in quest of fairer and more precious game—which must be ensnared in tenderer toils than those at the command of the keenest sportsman at his father's court.

After a few words more he suffered Rika to go. But the sweet memory of her presence went not with her. It nestled deep within his heart.

After this interview, scarcely a week passed that did not find Eric's steps turned in the direction of the forester's cottage.

A glass of milk, from Rika's own white hands, was the draught most prefered by the royal hunter—although, out of courtesy, he would sometimes accept a mug of mead from the sturdy old father.

Matters were in this stage at the time our story opens.

The nuts were gathered, and the merry groups had dispersed to their various homes, with the understanding that they should meet again the next day and go together to the palace and dispose of their treasures.

The next morning found them on their way, dressed in their best, as became so eventful an occasion in their usually monotonous lives; for royalty has such a glamour to uninitiated eyes that the mere sight of the walls which shut it in is eagerly coveted.

It was a pretty sight to anyone who might have been stationed at the window, to see that blooming procession of neatly dressed lads and lasses, as they wended their way along with many a merry laugh and jest, until at last they halted in the great square before the palace.

But to the watching eyes of the prince—who had received a hint of the coming of the nut-gatherers—there was but one face worth looking at among the throng.

"Come," he said to the courtiers who were standing near, "let us go down to the square in a body and make the hearts of yon merry rustics even merrier to-day by exchanging some coins for the nuts they have with them."

A prince's suggestion never lacks for listeners, nor for followers; and soon the rich toilettes of the court people were scattered about amidst the crowd in the square.

Eric's steps were turned at once towards Rika.

He soon possessed himself of her nuts; and after paying for them lavishly in golden coin, he took from an inner pocket a locket and chain, which he gave to her, saying:

"Wear it for my sake. There is no one who would look fairer in it. You ought to be a queen, little Rika, and I will yet make you one."

Before Rika had time to realize aught but that his words had filled her heart with a bewildering sense of happiness, he had gone, his gift alone remaining to prove that she had not been dreaming.

But she soon came to her sober senses.

It was well known that King Gustavus had been holding negotiations with the maiden Queen of England, to induce her to bestow her jewelled hand upon his elder son, and it had reached Rika's ears.

Such a thing had been known as a maid of low degree being wooed and won by a royal suitor. The tale of Grisel's happiness, and of her woes as well, was a favorite one among the folk-stories told around the humble hearths of the peasantry; and it fate had ordained it to happen to her also, Rika would have been as glad and proud a maiden as ever the sun had shone on. But she would listen to no words of love from one whose hand was as good as given to another.

Thus she thought as she walked slowly homeward.

So the next day a little barefooted boy—the child of a neighboring farmer—was sent to the palace by Rika with Prince Eric's gift, carefully tied up in a piece of linen cloth, cut from the corner of a web, which she herself had woven from flax raised from the seed, and prepared by her own deft hands.

Could the unconscious trinket have told Eric that Rika's bright eyes had lingered lovingly and regretfully upon it, and that she had pressed it to her red lips again and again, it might have lessened his chagrin in receiving his present back again.

As it was, it only kindled anew his determination to win Rika for his own, be the consequences what they might. It should not be said of him that a lowly peasant girl had given him, the Crown Prince of Sweden, such a rebuff.

He threw a large cloak over his rich court suit; and, thus disguised, he mounted Olaf, his favorite hunter, and hastened towards Rika's home.

Hot anger was contending with his love for the rustic beauty as he rode along.

But when he at last reached the borders of the cleared patch of land in the forest which held the little cottage, had dismounted from his horse and tied him to a sapling, and found himself standing at the door, awaiting his answer to his rap, all was forgotten but the thought that he was soon to gaze upon the beautiful face which had haunted his fancy so persistently since fate had first brought it before him.

Rika opened the door and stood for an instant in glad surprise, gazing up into her lover's face in utter forgetfulness of the difference in their stations.

"Ah! little one, thy face for once tells me all that I wish to know. Thou lovest me! I see it in those eyes."

And before Rika had time to retreat he caught her to his heart and imprinted passionate kisses upon her trembling lips.

She drew herself from his encircling arms, and stood panting like a frightened fawn.

Then she threw herself at his feet, and, clasping her hands entreatingly she said:

"Oh, most noble prince, let it not [illegible] against thy [illegible]

[illegible] he wears the dia- [illegible]s brow, I will content [illegible]h love and happiness

so, noble Eric," said Rika, firmly; "if thou wouldst make such a sacrifice, I, for one, will not be a party to it. After such a maraiage—entailing, as it would, so much loss—love would prove but a transient guest within our home. Reproaches would drive the fickle god away."

Tell me the truth, Rika," interrupted Eric, with passionate earnestness; "do you love me?"

"So well that I would rather die than know that harm would come to one so noble through any influence of mine."

"And yet you refuse to make me happy?"

"I refuse to work your ruin, noble prince. The present is not all of life. But see—the sunlight has already reached the middle point of your dial! In ten more minutes my father will be here. If thou wouldst shield me from harm, go."

"I will obey now; but I will not promise to give up the hope which lured me hither. Farewell for a time, most obdurate maiden."

Then, with a long, lingering, regretful look, the prince turned and departed.

At last came a time which was to plunge the nation into mourning. The good and great Gustavus was stricken with a mortal illness.

He died, and was laid beside his kingly progenitors, and Eric was the reigning sovereign in Sweden.

Young, impulsive, and his own master, with his heart filled with but one image, is it to be wondered at that he suffered no obstacle to delay his union with the maiden of his love, after the days of his mourning were fully accomplished, and that the pretty nut girl of Sweden became its crowned queen?

Search the anuals of history, and you will find the romantic story of the marriage on record, adding still another folk-tale to those the country maidens tell over to each other at that witching time between daylight and starlight, when all nature is going to rest, and young hearts are attuned to sympathy with all true lovers.

IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

A member of a party in Yellowstone Park fell down the crater of a geyser while trying to secure a beautiful specimen of mineral formation. His companions shrieked as they saw him fall. They lowered a light into the crater as far as they could. Nothing could be seen. By dropping pebbles they discover that at a depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. They gave him up as lost, and, with sad hearts, left the scene. The next noon he came into camp with another party of gentlemen, alive and well. He fell into the water, but came again to the surface, and hung to a rock. He heard his friends' voices, but could not make them hear him. He stayed there until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard a sound like distant thunder. Suddenly the water was rising, and continued to rise more rapidly. At last he found himself at the point from which he had fallen. Although exhausted he exerted his remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This reached, he managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, where he lost consciousness. When he recovered he was being cared for by strangers.—the men who conducted him to his comrades. The water was warm, but a few moments [illegible]efore he left it began to be hot [illegible]nd to boil furiously.

A DISAPPOINTED CANARY.

A canary belonging to a lady in Dubuque, on being given its liberty [illegible]n a room one day, flew to the man[illegible]el, whereon was a mirror. Think[illegible]ing he had found a mate, he went [illegible]ack to the cage and brought a seed [illegible]o offer to the stranger. Getting no [illegible]atisfactory reply, he poured forth his sweet notes, pausing now and then to watch the effect. Finally he went back to his perch, and, with his head hanging, remained silent the rest of the day.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace has been permitted to see the greatest beauty of Prince Feramorz's harem in Turkey, whom she thus describes: "Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veilings rose the young face. Oh, what a revelation of beauty! uplifted in a curious, questioning way to see what manner of women these are who come from the ends of the earth with unveiled faces, and to go about the world alone, and have to think for themselves—poor things! The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready for play. A sensitive, exquisite face, fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and oh, those wonderful Asiatic eyes—lustrous, coal black, long rather than round, beaming under joined eyebrows."

CARE OF THE EYES.

Continual reading is apt, to injure the sight. Such reading as confines the eyes without interruption to the page is more injurious to the eyes than such as requires occasional pauses in order to keep up with the scope of thought—novel reading is harder on the eyes than history or philosophy. A broad page taxes the eyes more than a narrow page, unless it is divided into two or three columns. Writing is easier for the eyes than copying, as in the latter work one must read as well as write, and compare the copy with the original. Reading on the cars, or when in motion, is injurious to the eyes, as they are strained in trying to overcome the shifting of the page. Reading in an uncertain, changing, or flickering light is trying to the eyes, and should be avoided.

THE VIOLIN.

Of all the musical instruments the violin is the most enduring. Pianos wear out; wind instruments get battered and old-fashioned; the pipes of organs become scattered, and the original construction is lost sight of. All kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merits. Age and use only improve it, and instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as in the case with other instruments, it is the violins of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that command fabulous prices. It is impossible to handle an old violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of enjoyment it has been, and how well it has been loved.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A clock has been erected at Brussels which is intended to run forever—or rather until the machinery wears out. No principle of self-creating power is involved in its construction. It is run by ordinary weights, but one of nature's forces is kept at work winding them up. By means of a fan set in a chimney and operated by the draught of air the clock is wound, and when the weights are at their full heights an antomatic brake is put in operation which checks the action of the fan. The clock in Brussels has been running since September, 1881, and has kept good time.

—A well-known preacher relates that once when riding on the circuit, he breakfasted at a house where johnny cakes were served. Observing a feather protruding from his cake, he remarked: "Sister, your johnny cake seems to be feathering out." "Well, yes, kinder so; I told John no longer ago than yesterday that he must get a cover for the meal barrel or else move the hen-roost."

—"Remember, young man," said Uncle Mose, "dat de best frien' yer's got on dis earth is a better frien' ter himself den he is ter you."