SHARPSBURG ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4—NO. 51. SHARPSBURG, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1882. $1.50 PER YEAR.

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.

—"How is your son, who went to New Mexico, coming on?" asked Gilgoody of Col. Yerger, whose son left Austin a year or two ago for that territory. "Very well, indeed," was the reply. "I suppose he has helped hang many a desperado." "On the contrary, he is the only man in New Mexico who never has anything to do with hanging criminals." "How is that?" "Well, you see he is a sheriff."

—THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—More especially if there is a pretty girl in it, and you are seated by her side upon the sofa, and the old folks are gone away, and the grate is well heated—but a home where Swayne's Ointment is not known is no home at all. Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Ulcerated Piles and all Eruptions of the Skin, flee before it. For sale by all the leading druggists, at only a trifling cost. Try it, and you will like it.

—Every one cannot be beautiful, but they can be sweet-tempered; and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive in the long run than even beauty. Have a smile and a kind word for all, and you will be more admired—nay, loved—than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

—Dr. S. B. Brittan says: "As a rule physicians do not, by their professional methods build up the female constitution, while they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood; and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

—There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it, and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stop not to decipher the worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

—If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia, Wind Colic, Belching of the Food, Nervousness, Palpitation of the Heart, can't sleep at night, etc., use Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters. You will find it at all Drug Stores.

—Recipe for Angels: "Mamma, what makes angels?" said a little boy, who had been reading of the Heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and, with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear."

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.

—The great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one, of speaking only of things we know, and in conversing with others only on subjects which may interest them.

—The greatest medicine known for producing an appetite is "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Try it and see.

—"It is proposed to change the name of Paoli station on the Pennsylvania Railroad to "Dyffryn Mahr." We shouyld lyke to heawr a conductwr cawll outt the new name, fryastynce.

—Thousands of families have had occasion to try the never failing qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and they all unite in the praise of this wonderful prescription.

—An elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with a young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her.

"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.

—Alabama lightning tore the feathers off a rooster and threw them over the fence, but he was up and crowing before the thunder came.

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

—Latin is a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.

—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 worst 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.

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you have gone and done it,
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I am single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Brighton last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At the soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead, the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore:
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And your settled down we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected?
You rejected? So was I.

OUT OF DANGER.

"A letter, Miss," said Sarah, Miss Barclay's maid, presenting herself at the side of the work-table, on which were heaped variously tinted crewels with which Miss Barclay was executing a composition in the Kensington outline work.

"A letter!" repeated Miss Barclay, taking it into her hand; "and from Cousin Elizabeth, to be sure!"

Then carefully cutting the envelope—for tearing a letter open was not one of Miss Barclay's habits—she perused the contents, which, after some preliminaries, ran as follows:

"And now, Hester, I want you to do me a favor. I hope it will not inconvenience you; but I am very anxious to have my daughter Abby leave home for awhile, and I should be so pleased to have her come to you. She is deep in a love affair with a man I hate. His name is Francis Cholmondly. I'd rather have her marry any other decent man on earth. I do not know why I hate him so, except that he is a puppy. He's not so poor that he could not take good care of a wife, and he is rather handsome, in his nasty, foppish way. People rather like him generally, and his social position is good. I've no doubt I'm unreasonable, but I won't have Abby marry him; and if I can get her away, I can get rid of him. So I tell you frankly my reasons for asking you to invite her, and I know how good natured you are. It will be a thankless task, for she's terribly sulky just now, but I'll be ever grateful to you."

And then the letter wandered away again into matters that do not concern this story, and ended in the signature—Elizabeth Marsh.

"Poor Lizzie! she always had such strong whims," said Miss Barclay, going on with the folds of the purple robe of a thin blonde figure traced upon the background. "One of them was to marry Caleb Marsh. I don't believe that has turned out quite as well as it might. However, I'm fond of Lizzie, and I shouldn't mind having Abby here. I'll write at once and ask her. And—by the way—I'll invite Brother Richard's boy to come down, and bring a friend with him. Every one is glad of a week's country visit in summer. They'll both fall in love with the girl in this lonesome place; and there's no such cure for one love affair as another."

Miss Barclay was a lady of prompt and decisive action. Two letters were at the office before the next mail went out, and three bedrooms were being put into apple-pie order, and the cook was instructed as to certain provisions to be prepared for the expected guests.

"Brother Isaac and myself will be all the better for having the young people about us," said Miss Barclay; but cook, an old servant, who prided herself on being "free spoken," was of opinion that "peace and quietness would be broke up by all sorts of racket, and that she'd no doubt they'd be obliged to buy butter."

However, as cook afterward remarked, she was well aware that was not her lookout. And on Saturday the stage paused at the door, and from its top clambered down two youths; one big and rough-headed, the other small and sleek, but both armed with portmanteaus, gun-cases and fishing rods exactly resembling each other.

"All right, driver," cried the rough-headed youth—"all right, driver."

"This is the young lady's stopping-place, too," shouted the driver. "This is Miss Barclay's."

But by this time the young lady was getting out.

She was a pretty girl, with a splendid head of black hair, which, when Miss Barclay had seen her last, she had worn in two long braids down her back. Now she was wonderfully grown—no longer a little girl, but a young lady, with a coiffure of puffs, and crimps that was a mystery to prim Miss Barclay. A coquettish hat was set very much on one side of her head, and instead of the sullen scowl Miss Barclay had expected, she greeted the lady with the most beaming smiles.

"Dear Cousin Barclay," she exclaimed, "how good of you to ask me to this lovely place! I adore the country, and I am so pleased to see you again. How sweet you look! I must kiss you. I just feel that I am going to be perfectly happy all the time I'm here."

"Is she acting, or does she mean it?" asked the spinster to herself. "It's a comfort to find her so pleasant, anyhow." But she answered heartily and merrily, and sending Sarah to show her young cousin the way to her room, that she might refresh herself after her journey, turned her attentions to the youths, with whom she had as yet only shaken hands.

"I am so glad you came at once, Fred," she said, "and so pleased that you brought Mr.—"

"Mr. Oakley," said Fred. "My college chum—Frank Oakley. My dear aunt, we're very much obliged to you, and father sent his love, and mother wonders when you intend to come to see her; and I've a letter, and some patterns and things in my bag. And, Aunt Hester, what a pretty girl that [illegible] traveled all the way with us in the cars, and from the depot in the stage. Never saw such a pretty girl before."

"That's cousin Lizzie's daughter, Abby," replied Miss Barclay. "She paid a visit to your house when you were twelve years old, but you wouldn't speak to her. You said you hated girls."

"What a cub I was," replied the shock-head, gravely. "Well, I don't know, Aunt Hester. As for Frank, he adores them. Don't you, Frank?"

Frank looked modest.

"There is so much to admire in all—wo— I mean in all ladies," he answered, with a little lisp.

"What a very polite young man," thought Miss Barclay.

It was a very merry tea-table. Old Mr. Isaac Barclay, to be sure, did very little but eat, after having solemnly shaken hands all round; but Fred was a host in himself, and Miss Barclay chattered as merrily as the young people. That very night she wrote to her Cousin Elizabeth:

"LIZZIE, MY DEAR:—You'd be delighted to see the success of your plan. Abby is as happy as a queen. She has found two beaux here, my nephew Fred, and a friend of his. Fred seems very much taken. I've no doubt he will cut your 'puppy' quite out, and Abby couldn't make a better match; a good fellow with a little fortune, and fine prospects in his profession. I hope it will come to something. Meanwhile, comfort yourself, Abby is heart-whole.

Yours truly, as ever,
HESTER."

The weather was bright for the next three weeks. The skies seemed to smile upon the spinster and her guests. They took long walks, drives, excursions, and Fred was devoted to his aunt. Meanwhile, Mr. Frank Oakley did his best to please Miss Abby, who did not refuse to be pleased.

"Don't stick to me, Fred, if you want to cut Frank out," Miss Hester would sometimes whisper, but Fred always answered that he felt well contented; and, on the whole, Miss Barclay decided that Abby was too frivolous for Fred.

"But your friend is a good fellow, is he not?" she asked. You know Abby is in my care." And Fred thereupon swore that Frank was a gentleman, and a good fellow; well to do also. "As good a husband as any girl could have, if he does lisp and blush," continued Fred. "Don't trouble yourself, aunt; nothing better could happen to Cousin Abby than to marry Frank."

"Then he really means to offer?" queried Miss Barclay.

"Oh, he's desperate," answered Fred.

And that night another letter was written to Cousin Elizabeth, which contained this sentence:

"Now, Cousin Lizzie, I am in a dilemma. Fred and Abby are not smitten with each other, but Fred has brought a friend of his here, a Mr. Frank Oakley, who is making love to your girl. Give me my instructions. Fred assures me he is an excellent match and a good fellow, and I consider him most agreeable, but am I to foster the affair or send him packing? Abby is your daughter. I await instructions. I know your temper, Eliza beth. We quarreled once; don't let us do it again."

The answer was brief as a telegram:

"Any young man but that detestable Francis Cholmondly. Foster it."

So the young people were left to their own devices; the house rang with laughter, the orchard was robbed, the horses driven out for moonlight rides, the boat was forever on the river, and the voice of the piano told all passers-by that "Miss Barclay had company."

There were parties at the old house too, and even old Isaac Barclay was sufficiently interested to sit up until nine o'clock, and to tell a very long story without any end about a visit he had once made to Boston, where he had his pocket picked.

The pleasantest days that had ever been known at the Barclay were these, and they had been prolonged two months, and now Fred must go home—must indeed—nor could Frank linger longer.

"And I must go, too, said Abby. [illegible] I must, but shall never [illegible] and I want you to kiss me [illegible] and tell me that you'll always love me, for you've been kinder than ever ma was to me."

Abby said this late at night, sitting on a low stool at Miss Barclay's feet, and there were tears in her eyes. But next morning when the confiding old lady arose, Sarah met her with an ominous look, and the declaration that something must have happened.

"How you scare me, Sarah!" cried Miss Barclay. "What can have happened? Brother Isaac is well, isn't he?"

"*He's* well enough," replied Sarah. "But Miss Abby haint been abed all night, and her trunk is gone, and here's a note that laid on her piller."

Miss Barclay seized the missive and opened it with shaking hands. It read thus:

"DEAREST AUNTIE.—Don't be angry. Remember your promise to love me always. When you read this I shall be married. I shall be Mrs. Francis Oakley Cholmondly. Fred is Frank's best man, and little Lilly Jones, from the village, my bridesmaid. You see it, don't you? Fred was in the plot, and he introduced Frank Oakley to you. You never guessed that Oakley was only his middle name. We hated to deceive you. You were so good we all adore you, but ma was cruel, and I'm of age since last week. I'm very happy, only if you don't forgive me I shall never forgive myself. Ma will have to after awhile.

Your affectionate niece, ABBY.
No, I must write it all—
ABBY CHOLMONDLY"

"I shall die!" screamed Miss Barclay. "I'd rather, than to face Elizabeth."

But she did not: nobody did. Everybody is alive and well at this moment, and even his prejudiced mother in-law has come to admit that Frank is not so bad a fellow, after all.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

It was not long ago that I happened to be in a part of Central Africa where no white man had been before. I was separated from my companions—a hundred miles distant. War was raging around me; the road was difficult. I wished to communicate with those whom I had left behind. "Who will return," I asked of the naked savages, "to the white men and carry them something from me?" Numbers volunteered, glad to earn a yard of cloth for the job. A letter was written and offered to a man, and he was told that this piece of paper would inform my friends of all—that it would speak to them. He dropped the letter on the ground and ran away. Others were tried, but it was useless. A great crowd assembled, and, at a safe distance gazed at the little bit of paper fluttering on the ground, "It is medicine," they said. "It is charmed." In vain I tried to reason them out of their terror. None would touch it. "Will no one," I said, "keep it and give it to the white men as they pass this way?" A yell of refusal and excited gesticulations answered my request. "Then I shall place it here in this tree" I said, moving toward it while the crowd dispersed in flight, "and you can point it out to the white men when they come." Even this they refused to do. My friends passed close under the tree, but no one dared to show them the charmed thing; and there it is probably to this day, fluttering on the branch of that stunted fig tree, like an evil spirit, the awe and terror of the tribe.

PEASANTS IN BRITTAINY.

In this long whitewashed room there is a display of toilets such as have rarely been seen. The girls are in white dresses, with muslin or China crape embroidered shawls. The picturesque cap is of light lace, made up with something like a horn at the back of the head. The white dresses are relieved by silk aprons, with bibs of the most delicate colors—pale blue, sea green, lilac, and gray, mingling with charming grace. I specially noticed one young married woman for the almost Eastern luxury of her toilet. A dress of white satin, rose-colored stockings, ribbon of the same color [illegible] embroid. [illegible] shawl and apron, lace head dress and silver ornaments. [illegible] as well with a delicate complexion and fine brown eyes. The men are much less conspicuous. Their coats are of a very sombre hue, and they wear broadbrimmed hats. The two violinists who formed the orchestra played the old air of the *branle*. The dancers took each other by the hand in files of twelve, and executed a dance of the country known as the *gavotte*. Each file led by a man gravely described half circles in the form of the letter S. All these garlands of men and women move lightly, crossing, turning, gliding adroitly around each other, and never departing from the most ceremonious gravity. In this country manners and customs are deeply rooted; nothing has changed; they dance as they did in the days of Louis XIV.

THE WISEST MAN.

"Who is the wisest man mentioned in the Scriptures?" asked Miss Goodenough of one of her Sunday-school class on a recent Sabbath.

"Paul!" exclaimed the little fellow, confidently.

"Oh, no, Johnnie; Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is mentioned as the wisest man."

"Well, my father says Paul was the wisest man, because he never married; and I guess father ought to know!" replied the boy, rather emphatically.

And Miss Goodenough, who has reached the sunless side of forty, did not contradict him, even though she may have her own views upon the subject.

A BLACK REGIMENT.

The famous "Black Regiment" of Arabia Proper, and the oldest in the Egyptian army, and has seen service on American soil. It was founded by the famous Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, and is composed exclusively of black Soudanese and Barbarians, none of whom are under five feet eleven inches. It was with these that Mehemet Ali repeatedly beat the Turks, and it was with these again that he defied England. These men are hated by the Egyptians, who, being afraid of them, have tried in vain to disperse them and disband the regiment. Mehemet Ali himself, also Said and Ismail Pashas, repeatedly tried to get rid of them, and when Napoleon III., finding that Frenchmen could not live in Mexico, asked the Khedive to lend him his Black Regiment, the latter was only too glad to oblige him, hoping that by sending them across the Atlantic he would not only gain the friendship of the great French nation, but would free Egypt of the terrible blacks at the same time. The Khedive was, however, mistaken in this, as the famous Black Regiment maintained its reputation in Mexico and fought so gloriously that they obtained special terms on leaving the country.

WATER FINDERS.

One of those individuals who possess what used to be called an impossible power of detecting water beneath the surface by the turning of a forked witchhazel or apple tree twig in his hands when passing over the locality where water was desired has made his appearance on Cape Cod. A Provincetown man says that the "water finder" is quite old and nearly blind. "He locates water for well-diggers, or pretends to, simply by moving about over the surface with his eyes totally blinded. He pretends to give also about the number of feet below the surface at which the water will be found. It is said that the old water finder is a farmer and a lime-burner also, that he has been employed at Beverly and Newport at $3 per day this season, and succeeded in locating water; also, that he succeeded in detecting the presence of metals." Investigation shows that a person somewhat answering this description has been quite successful in locating water veins this season along the line of the Eastern Railroad, and that there are others in New England who have fully shown themselves possessed of the same "power of divination." In upper New Hampshire wells are often located by such means.

HOW WESTERN CITIES GROW.

A Western man has been telling some Philadelphians how Western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early in the morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flagpole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and, while rubbing his eyes, was nearly run over by a street car and got his feet tangled in an electric light wire.

AN EPIDEMIC.

A gentleman in a village in New York State has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about a pair of twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies are born at once?" A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about the small-pox, at once interrupted and said with much animation. "I know, papa." "Well, what do they call it?" said the father. "An epidemic," said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge.