

# Peninsula Enterprise.

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By virtue of a power of attorney from Mrs. Sally B. and Miss Sally B. U. Handy, of Maryland, I offer for sale at private contract, on reasonable terms, their valuable farm in Upshur's neck, known as the "Handy Farm," on the eastern side of this county, between Machipon creek and the Atlantic ocean, nearly opposite Exmore station on N. Y. P. & N. R. R., adjoining the lands of Jas. H. Parramore, Upshur B. Quinby, John T. Powell, and Bennett Ferriss, containing by estimation, three hundred and twenty five acres (225 A.), of arable and wood land, and from 200 to 300 acres of salt water pasture appurtenant thereto. This farm can be very conveniently divided into two, with sufficient resources for manure, firewood and log timbers for cutting and will be sold as a whole or divided to suit the purchaser. The land is of good quality and much of it is already improved for trucks, to which, as well as the cereals, it is well adapted, has fair buildings, which, at a small expense, can be put in good repair and has two founten houses. Fish, oysters and wild fowls abound in the adjacent waters. The locality is very healthy—live stock raising on it can be made specially profitable. There is a good landing for shipping, less than 100 yards from the dwelling house. Title good. For further particulars, see or address

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Non resident pupils can board under the immediate supervision of the instructors of the school or in private families of the town at from \$12 to \$15 per month, with proper deduction where pupils spend Saturdays and Sundays at home.

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Mr. Claudius N. Wyant, who succeeds Mr. Marshall as associate principal, is a graduate of the University of Virginia in the schools of Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics and Moral Philosophy, and has had four years of successful experience in teaching. He is highly recommended by the professor of the University as a thorough, popular and successful teacher.

**A SMART WOMAN.**  
"That woman," said Squire Dockley within himself, "ought to have been a man!"

The English language, as the Squire interpreted it, had no high or low form of praise than this. The Squire believed implicitly in his own sex. And when he said that Maria Poole, "ought to have been a man," he did homage to her capacity.

Squire Dockley was on his way to the postoffice. He liked to go in the early morning, before the thermometer had mounted to too high a degree, and while the dew yet sparkled upon the close, short grass along the road.

Old Mr. Poole had been postmaster at Sassafras Gap for 12 years, but his daughter Maria performed all the duties of the position, as the old man was, bed ridden, deaf and helpless. Maria also worked the farm, with the aid of a young man, a red-haired, athletic, named Elias Smith, who came for half wages or account of a limp in one leg; and she kept boarders in summer.

"There's the clothes all out on the line, and it ain't eight o'clock yet," said the Squire. "And not a weed in the garden, and nobody to raise a finger about the place, but Maria! I declare that woman ought to have been a man!" Close beside him was the well, shadowed with a canopy of blue capped morning glories which had not yet folded their silken tents away from the sun.

The Squire stopped to get a drink of water, when suddenly a human head popped up before him like a jack in the box.

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated the Squire, starting back. "Why, it's you, ain't it, Miss Poole?"

"Yes, it's me," said Maria. "I've been down the well to clean it. A tin trumpet, two doll babies, a spelling book, a cocoon and shell and fourteen apple cores, that's what the boarders' children have dropped down since this day week. I some time think, 'giving herself a shake, and sending the surplus moisture of the well flying in all directions, 'that King Herod wasn't so far wrong as folks pretend to think. If you want a drink, Squire Dockley you'd better go down to the spring house. The well's sort of stirred up.'"

The Squire meekly followed Maria Poole down to the cool, sweet smelling spring house where a living stream flowed beneath the shelves, all laden with pans of milk and a glittering spring bubbled up in the corner like a magnified diamond.

"Made much better this year?" the Squire inquired as she slaked his thirst.

"Two hundred and nine pounds, pocketed down already," was Maria's response.

"Well, I declare!" admiringly commented the Squire, as he laid down the gourd shell. "You'd ought to have been a man, Miss Maria; and so I've said 'agin' and 'agin'."

"Humph," observed Maria. "I couldn't make a smarter man than some I know of. I would give up. Well, Squire, I don't want to hurry you, but it's most time to open the postoffice and see about the morning mail."

"I was thinking about calling for my letters and papers," said Squire Dockley, wiping his mouth with a red bandana pocket handkerchief. "Can't nobody get into the postoffice, not if they had a letter for the President himself, afore eight o'clock," said Miss Maria, curtly.

"Business hours is business hours!" "Yes, I know, I know," quoth the Squire, as he followed Miss Poole up the winding path; "but I was calculatin' to speak to you, Maria."

"Well, what is it? Don't keep me long!"

The Squire shifted from one foot to the other like a lover expectorated like this before?

"I was thinkin', Maria," said he "that it wasn't in place for a woman to be keepin' postoffice."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" retorted Maria. "You would like to get the office away from father, would you? And you're gettin' up a petition to edge some friend of your'n in! Well, it won't do down Squire Dockley. All the folks hereabouts know father well, and you won't get no signatures to your papers. And I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, to go and—"

"Hold on, Maria, hold on!" gasped Mr. Dockley, instinctively stepping back a pace or two. "I mistrust you don't quite apprehend me. It's quite another tack as I'm on. I'm a well to do man, Maria, without no incurrence but my son Leontidas, and I've reason to think he's plannin' to get settled in life pretty soon. And lately it's been borne in upon me that I'd sorter have a second partner. The Scrip-ter say it is not well for man to be alone, and the Scrip-ter is generally right. And you're the partner I'd like to have, Maria Poole?"

The Squire beamed. Evidently, in his opinion, there was no sort of doubt but that Maria would accept him, out of hand.

Was he not the Squire? and was not Maria Poole a hard working, ungodly woman, just overstepping the borderland where people would begin to jeer at her lot of "stupid blessedness?"

Maria viewed him out of her honest, gray eyes with utter amazement.

"You see, went on Mr. Dockley 'foin' so young as you was, Maria?"

"No, thoughtfully observed Maria stroking her chin in a man like fashion.

"And you ain't what folks call pretty?"

"No, wincing a little, in spite of herself.

"And there's your father. Most people would object to your father because—"

"Squire, look here, none o' this' curly interrupted Maria. "Praps you think you've done me a favor, but you ain't! And I've no more time to stand guff galloping here, afore the mail is opened. I don't want no price. And I wouldn't marry you at no price. There!"

"Very well, very well!" cried the Squire, in a great rage. "Do just as ye think best. I've no more to say. But it ain't likely a plain, homely old maid like you will get another chance if, indeed, you ever had one."

"I only hope you won't live to regret it," said Maria, with the air of a victor.

And Squire Dockley whisked himself away, never stopping, to inquire for his morning's mail.

"A plain, homely old maid! Maria Poole was only a woman after all, and the old man's brutal words stung her to the very quick.

She had always been well aware that she was not fair to look upon; but a plain, homely old maid!

Was she, then, shut out forever from all the prospects that opened themselves to the eyes of other women?

Nevertheless, she went bravely about her manifold daily duties. She distributed the outgoing letters, stamped the incoming ones, and made her daily report as usual. She saw to the dinner, made her old father comfortable, supervised the affairs of the dairy, gave audience to Elias Smith, and looked after the boarders; and by the time that the soft dusk descended over the hills, she was tired enough. She had often been tired before, but this was a different kind of weariness. It seemed to strike to her very heart.

"I wonder if this sort of thing is 'to go on forever' thought she, as she went out into the garden to see if the tomatoes would be ripe for the morrow morning's break fast.

She was stooping over the vines, when a shadow came between her and the moonlight. She looked up, it was Leontidas Dockley, a tall, well made young fellow of eight and twenty, a most striking contrast to his father.

"Maria, what is the matter," cried he.

"Nothing is the matter," answered Maria, with a little hysterical laugh. "I suppose you've come to 'soid me about your father. But I couldn't help it."

"Has he been meddling about the postoffice again?" said Leontidas, snorting. "Well, don't mind him, Maria. He don't mean anything. It's only his way."

"But, Leontidas—"

"Yes!"

"He says—he says you're going to be married!"

Leontidas leaned against the picket fence, looking thoughtfully down at the scarlet spheres of the tomatoes.

"So I am," said he. "Oh, Leontidas!"

"You know, Maria, we have never been formally engaged."

"No, but—"

"And I can't go on with things as they are now; it's too uncertain."

"But, Leontidas—"

"So I've made up my mind to marry you this fall whether you consent or not. And if you can't leave your father and the postoffice, why, I'll come here to live, but as for letting you dudge on by yourself as you're doing now, I won't stand it, and there's an end of the matter."

"But, Leontidas, your father says—"

"I don't care what he says!" "That I'm a plain, homely, old maid."

"My father isn't a judge of the article," calmly asserted Leontidas. "Because it isn't he that wants to marry you."

"Takes the Cake."

This expression—applied to one who does a thing pre-eminently well, or, sarcastically, and more usually, to one who falls conspicuously—had its origin in the negro cake walks common in the Southern States, and not unknown in the Northern. The walk usually winds up a ball. Complex, drawn by lot, walk around a cake specially prepared for the occasion, and the nippers award the prize to the couple who, in their opinion, walk most gracefully and are attended with the greatest taste.

Hence they are said "to take the cake," an expression which has attained its wide currency through the horsiques in the negro minstrel shows.

Yet the negro cake walk has respectable ancestry in the medieval past. Girard's "Herball" (1633) informs us that "in the spring time are made with the leaves" hereof newly sprung, and with eggs, cakes or tansies, which are pleasant in taste and good for the stomach."

A contemporary, speaking of the strictness of the Puritans, says "all games where there is any hazard of loss are strictly forbidden; not so much as a game of football for a tansy." According to Brand, in the Easter season, foot courses were run in the meadows, the victors carrying off each a cake given to be run for by some better person in the neighborhood. In Ireland, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the lower classes used to meet and dance for a cake raised on top of a pike decorated with flowers, the prize going to the couple who held out the longest; and in some parts of England a custom prevailed of riding for the bride cake. This riding took place when the bride was brought to her new habitation. A pole three or four feet high was erected in front of the house and the cake put on top of it. On the instant that the bride set out from her old home a company of young men started on horseback, and he who was fortunate enough to reach the pole first and knock the cake down with his stick received it from the hands of the damsel.—This was called "taking the cake." The fortunate winner then advanced to meet the bride and her attendants.—American Notes and Queries.

**The Emperor and the Yankee.**

It is told that while the late Emperor Frederick was in London for the queen's jubilee, Sir Murell Mackenzie introduced a noted American doctor to him. After a careful examination of his throat the imperial patient, in his usual cheerful manner, inquired, "Is suppose an imperial throat is very much like that of other mortals?"

"Well, sir," came the quick reply, "we will try and make it so at any rate." The then crown prince thoroughly appreciated the quick Yankee wit, and striking his broad chest, said, "But this is all right, is it not?" The Yankee gravely looked at the splendid proportions of the illustrious patient up and down, and deliberately drawled out, "As for the rest, sir, you would make a good American." Pri z's, meritment was great, but the German doctors present were agast at such levity.—New York Tribune.

**Prosperity and Adversity.**

The conditions and surroundings of life are largely what we make them. This is the case, first of all through our direct influence. Prosperity and adversity are often the simple effects of conduct. Industry, thrift, skill, discretion and principle underlie the one; extravagance, self indulgence and folly the other. As a general thing, we reap that which we have sown.—But where it is not so, where circumstances over which we have no control come in the form of trials or joys, even those are modified by the spirit in which they are received. Who has not seen poverty or sickness or bereavement borne so heroically and cheerfully that the afflicted one seemed rather an object of envy than of compassion; on the other hand, who has not seen one with every outward advantage that earth has to bestow, render himself and others miserably by fretful complaints of troubles too petty to deserve a moment's notice? The faithful endeavor to do right and to bear quietly what must be borne is of itself a fruitful source of happiness and serenity, while a murmuring and discontented spirit may poison the richest blessings and turn them into bitter evils.

**The Coffee Harvest.**

Both banks of the Amazon River are fringed with sugar and coffee plantations of vast extent.—The coffee trees are naturally about 25 feet in height, but in order to improve the quality of their fruit are kept pruned to about six feet. The bush bears a snow white blossom of exquisite fragrance which after dropping is succeeded by a small green button. This develops into a pink berry, which when ripe announces it by becoming a deep purple. It is then plucked, and after passing through the processes of drying, husking, winnowing, sorting and sorting becomes the coffee of commerce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Cheap Job Printing**</