Peninsula Enterprise.

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John R. Rew. S. J. Turlington.

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—Attorneys-at-Law.—

Offices:—Accomac C. H. and Parksley.

Will be at Court House every Wednesday and court days.

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Attorney-at-Law,

Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

Office—Onancock, Va.
Will be at Accomac C. H., every Wednesday and court days.

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T. C. KELLAM, Onancock, Va., Agent,

Public Auction

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate.

By virtue of a power of attorney vesting title in us for purpose of sale, we, Lafayette N. and Frederic F. Harmon, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at Fair Oaks, in the county of Accomac, on

Saturday, the 8th day of June, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m,

free from all incumbrances, including widow's dower, an excellent and desirable farm, the late residence of John E. Harmon, deceased, known as the "Harmon Land," located at Fair Oaks, and one of the most productive farms in that locality. The land is of the best quality and in good condition for cultivation, with in a mile of the N. Y. P. & N. R. R., schoolhouse and church, respectively, containing One Hundred Eleven and Two-fifths (111 2-5 A.) acres by actual survey. Resources unlimited. There is a tenement house upon this farm recently built. This tract, which is triangular in shape, is bounded on South by lands of Katherine Mapp and Susan Mason, East by lands of Mary Colonna and Robert T. Harmon, West by lands of Mary Beloate, Benjamin C. Hatton, John W. Martin and Z. C. Mason, South-West by lands of James N. Turlington and Lafayette N. Harmon.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale with liberty to purchaser to pay as much more as he may desire; and the amount remaining unpaid on the day of sale to be divided into three equal installments, payable respectively in six, twelve and eighteen months, secured by the bonds of the purchaser, each bearing date on day of sale and carrying interest from that date; the premises to be at the risk of purchaser as soon as bid off, possession to be delivered on the 1st day of January, A. D., 1902, the rents for the present year not to pass to purchaser, nor are the taxes for present year to be paid by him; the title to be retained as additional security until the payment of the whole of the purchase money, and upon the payment of the whole of the purchase money the heirs and widow will execute to the purchaser a deed for the premises, with general warranty of title when same properly prepared at purchaser's expense is tendered them for execution.

Lafayette N. and Frederic F. Harmon,
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John E. Harmon, deceased.

Metompkin Beach Hotel, &c.

—For Sale at—

Public Auction.

The undersigned trustee will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House of Accomack County, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, AT 3 O'CLOCK.

the Metompkin Beach Hotel, situate on leased land on Metompkin Beach. The land upon which said Hotel stands is subject to an annual rental of ten dollars. I will also sell at the same time 16 chairs, 4 bedsteads, pillows, mattresses, a lot of silver knives and forks, and a lot of dishes.

This hotel building has a number of comfortable rooms in it and is suitable and convenient for taking boarders. A good location and a bargain for the right man. Terms cash.

THOMAS H. MELSON,
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No. 1—Is a truck farm, situated in Worcester county, Md., about one mile from the line of Virginia, ¾ mile from railroad station, store and postoffice, convenient to churches and within ¼ mile of school-house. The farm contains 86 acres, all high land, and is especially suited for growing sweet potatoes, more than one-half cleared land, balance set in pine woodland with abundance of resources. Is improved by a 4 room dwelling.

No. 2—One-half of the Wagram water mills, one of the largest and best streams on the Shore.

No. 3—Is a storehouse and lot situated in the town of Rehobeth, Somerset county, Md.

The said property belongs to the estate of the late Wm. T. Tull, deceased.

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It is improved by good buildings and has on it an abundance of pine shats and other resources for manuring purposes, also good lot of big timber.

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GEO. H. ELLIS,
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Talmage's Sermon.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—This is a discourse by Dr. Talmage for those given to depreciate themselves and who have an idea that their best attempts amount to little or nothing; text, Matthew xxv. 15, "To another one."

Expel first from this parable of the talents the word "usury." It ought to have been translated "interest." "Usury" is finding a man in a tight place and compelling him to pay an unreasonable sum to get out. "Interest" is a righteous payment for the use of money. When the capitalist of this parable went off from home, he gave to his stewards certain sums of money, wishing to have them profitably invested. Change also your idea as to the value of one talent. You remember the capitalist gave to one of his men for business purposes five talents, to another two, to another one. What a small amount to last, you think, and how could he be expected to do anything with only one talent? I have to tell you that one talent was about $7,200, so that when my text says, "To another one," it implies that those who have the least have much.

We bother ourselves a great deal about those who are highly gifted or have large financial resource or exalted official position or wide reaching opportunity. We are anxious that their wealth, their eloquence, their wit, be employed on the right side. One of them makes a mistake, and we say, "What an awful disaster." When one of them devotes all his great ability to useful purposes, we celebrate it, we enlarge upon it, we speak of it as something for gratitude to God. Meanwhile we give no time at all to consider what people are doing with their one talent, not realizing that ten people of one talent each are quite as important as one man with ten talents. In the one case the advantage or opportunity is concentered in a single personality, while in another it is divided among ten individuals. Now, what we want to do in this sermon is to waken people of only one talent to appreciation of their duty. Only a few people have five talents or ten talents, while millions have one. My short text is like a galvanic shock, "To another one."

The most difficult thing in the world is to make an accurate estimate of ourselves. Our friends value us too high, our enemies too low. To find out what we are worth morally and mentally is almost impossible. We are apt to measure ourselves by those around us, but this is not fair, as they may be very brilliant or very dull, very good or very bad. Indeed there are no human scales that can tell our exact moral and mental weight, nor is there a standard by which we can measure our exact intellectual height, so the hardest thing to do is to calculate our real stature or heft. But it will be no evidence of egotism in any of us if we say that we have at least one talent. What is it and, finding what it is, what use shall we make of it? The most of the people, finding that they have only one talent, do as the man spoken of in the parable, they hide it. But if all of the people who have one talent brought it out for use before this century is half past and correspondents begin to write at the head of their letters 1950 the earth would be one of the outskirts of heaven. I ask you again, What is your one talent?

Value of Cheerfulness.

Is it a cheerful look? Carry that look wherever you go. It must come from a cheerful heart. It is not that inane smile which we sometimes see which is an irritation. In other words, it must be a light within us so bright that it illumines eye, cheek, nostril and mouth. Let ten men who are accustomed to walking a certain street every day resolve upon a cheerful countenance as a result of a cheerful heart, and the influence of such a facial irradiation would be felt not only in that street, but throughout the town. Cheerfulness is catching. But a cheerful look is exceptional. Examine the first 20 faces that you meet going through Pennsylvania avenue or Chestnut street or Broadway or State street or La Salle street or Euclid avenue, and 19 out of the 20 faces have either an anxious look or a severe look or a depressing look or an avaricious look or a sneering look or a vacant look. Here is a missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who soothed Abraham at the loss of Sarah and the God of David, who consoled his bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying, "I shall go to him;" the God who filled . John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupted and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches which were more than the earthly advantages that are wiped out—let that God help them. If he take full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and those who are in the tough places of life and are run upon and belied and had their homes destroyed will say: "If that man can be happy, I can be happy. He has been through troubles as big as mine, and he goes down the street with a face in every lineament of which there are joy and peace and heaven. What am I groaning about? From the same place that man got his cheerfulness I can get mine. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.'"

Unwholesome Humor.

Again, is your talent that of wit or humor? Use it for God. Much of the world's wit is damaging. Most of satire has a sting in it. Much of caricature is malevolent. Much of smart retort is vitriolic. In order to say smart things how many will sacrifice the feelings of others! The sword they carry is keen, and it is employed to thrust and lacerate. But few men in all the world and in all the churches realize that if wit is bestowed it is given them for useful, for improving, for healthful purposes. If we all had more of it and knew how to use it aright, how much it would improve our Christian conversation and prayer meeting talk and sermon! Robert South and Rowland Hill and Jeremy Taylor and Dean Swift and Lorenzo Dow and George Whitefield used their wit and their humor to gather great audiences and then lead them into the kingdom of God. Frivolity is repulsive in religious discussion, but I like the humor of Job when he said to his insolent critics, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you," and I like the humor of the prophet Elijah, who told the Baalites to pray louder, as their god was out hunting or on an excursion or in such loud conversation that he could not hear them. I like the sarcasm of Christ when he told the self righteous Pharisees that they were so good they needed no help, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," or when in mirthful hyperbole he arraigns the hypocritical teachers of his day who were so particular about little things and careless about big things, saying, "Ye blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and the Bible is all ablaze with epigram, words surprisingly put and phraseology that must have made the audiences of Paul and Christ nudge each other and exchange glances and smile and then appropriate the tremendous truths of the gospel. There are some evils you can laugh down easier than you can preach down. The question is always being asked, Why do not more people go to church, prayer meeting and other religious meetings? I will tell you. We of the pulpit and the pew are so dull they cannot stand it. But when we ask why people do not go to church we ask a misleading question. More people go now to church than ever in the world's history, and the reason is in all our denominations there is a new race of ministers stepping into the pulpits which are not the apostles of humdrum. Sure enough, we want in the Lord's army the heavy artillery, but we want also more men who, like Burns, a farmer at Gettysburg, took a musket and went out on his own account to do a little shooting different from the other soldiers. The church of God is dying of the proprieties.

Set a Good Example.

Or is your talent an opportunity to set a good example? One person doing right under adverse circumstances will accomplish more than many treatises about what is right. The census has never been taken of lovely old folks. Most of us, if we have not such a one in our own house now, have in our memory such a saint. We went to those old people with all our troubles. They were perpetual evangelists, by their soothing words, by their hopefulness of spirit, an inexpressible help. I cannot see how heaven could make them any lovelier than they are or were. But there are exceptions. There is a daughter in that family whose father is impatient and the mother querulous. The passage of many years does not always improve the disposition, and there are a great many disagreeable old folks. Some of them forget that they were ever young themselves, and they become untidy in their habits and wonder how, when their asthma or rheumatism is so bad, other people can laugh or sing and go on as they do. The daughter in that family bears all the peevishness and unreasonable behavior of senility without answering back or making any kind of complaint. If you should ask her what her five talents are or her one talent is, she would answer that she has no talent at all. Greatly mistaken is she. Her one talent is to forbear and treat the childishness of the old as well as she treats the childishness of the young. She is no musician, and besides there may not be a piano in the house. She cannot skillfully swing a croquet mallet or golf stick. Indeed, she seems shut up to see what she can do with a ladle and a broom and a brush and other household implements. She is the personification of patience, and her reward will be as long as heaven. Indeed, much of her reward may be given on earth. She is in a rough college, from which she may after awhile graduate into brightest domesticity. She is a heroine, though at present she may receive nothing but scolding and depreciation. Her one talent of patience under trial will do more good than many morocco covered sermons on patience preached today from the tasseled cushion of the pulpit.

There is a man in business life whose one talent is honesty. He has not the genius or the force to organize a company or plan what is called a "corner in wheat" or "a corner in stocks" or "a corner" in anything. He goes to business at a reasonable hour and returns when it is time to lock up. He never gave a check for $20,000 in all his life, but he is known on the street and in the church and in many honorable circles as an honest man. His word is as good as his bond. He has for 30 years been referred to as a clean, upright, industrious, consistent Christian man. Ask him how many talents he has, and he will not claim even one. He cannot make a speech, he cannot buy up a market, he cannot afford an outshining equipage, but what an example he is to the young, what an honor to his household, what pillar to the church of God, what a specimen of truth and integrity and all roundness of character! Is there any comparison in usefulness between that man with the one talent of honesty and the dashing operators of the money market?

Genius Unnecessary.

The chief work of the people with many talents is to excite wonderment and to startle and electrify the world. What use is there in all that? No use at all. I have not so much interest in the one man out of a million as I have in the million. Get the great masses of the world right and it does not make much difference about what the exceptional people are doing. Have all the people with the one talent enlisted for God and righteousness, and let all those with five or ten talents migrate to the north star or the moon, and this world would get on splendidly. The hardworking, industrious classes of America are all right and would give no trouble, but it is the genius who gives up work and on a big salary goes around to excite dissatisfaction and embroilment, the genius who quits work and steps on the stage or political platform, eats beefsteak and quail on toast and causes the common laborers, compelled to idleness, to put their hands into empty pockets and eat gristle and gnaw bones. The world would be mightily improved if it could slough off about 5,000 geniuses, for there are more than that on our planet. Then the man or woman of one talent would take possession of the world and rule it in a common sense and Christian way. There would be less to amaze and startle, but more to give equipoise to church and state and world. "To another one."

The most brilliant and many sided man that ever trod this world, in my opinion, was Napoleon Bonaparte, and no man that ever lived did the world more damage. I have read a book advocating him as a great emancipator and reformer. I was not surprised at the book, for I have heard of a pamphlet in defense of Judas Iscariot. I suppose it may set forth the idea that he was out of money and needed the 30 pieces of silver, and the money was not spent for himself, but to open a respectable graveyard. I would not be surprised to find a book in honor of satan, the chief miscreant of the universe. We all admire industry, and there is no more industrious being than satan. But when a man tells me Napoleon was a reformer and emancipator I would like to take him out and show him 95,000 corpses in the Russian snow banks and ask him if he likes that, and I would show him the grave trenches of those who fell in the year 1799 during the Napoleonic wars. Only 116,000 men butchered in four months! I would ask him how he likes that. The country is beautiful, and I would ask our friend to cross with me to Leipsic and examine the grave trenches opened there. Only 101,790 fallen on both sides! That is all. Come on, my friend, and see the further work of the great emancipator and reformer at Borodino, which I had an opportunity of looking at last summer. Only 100,000 dead men as a result of the battle! Pass by as hardly worth looking at Austerlitz, where the work of our reformer left 42,000 of the slain, and come to Waterloo, to find that only 56,000 dead men were left on the field! Alas for the work of this great emancipator and reformer! He turned Europe into a charnel house and filled Europe with widowhood and orphanage and childlessness. Though he was the brilliant man of the ages, would it not have been better for the world if he had died in his cradle six weeks after he was born? Compare that with the man who had one talent and that the talent of invention. He was born on a farm in Spencer, Mass., in 1819. He went to the district school in the winter and never had any other literary advantages. He became a machinist. In 1846 he came on to a battlefield where more women have been slain by the needle than in the wars I spoke of men were slain by the sword. Elias Howe! He could not make an oration. He could not marshal a host. He could not write a constitution. But he could contrive a sewing machine which said to millions of beggared, consumptive, bent over, half blinded sewing women: "Go free! Take back your health! Recover your eyesight! Come down out of that garret! Go free!"

Make Good Use of Your Talent.

Is your talent that of persuasion? Make good use of it. We all have it to some extent, yet none of us think of it as a talent. But it is the mightiest of talents. Do you know that this one talent will fetch the world back to God? Do you know it is the mightiest talent of the high heavens? Do you know that it is the one talent chiefly employed by all the angels of God when they descend to our world—the talent of persuasion? Do you realize that the rough lumber lifted into a cross on the hill back of Jerusalem was in persuasion as well as sacrifice? That is the only, absolutely the only, persuasion that will ever induce the human race to stop its march toward the city of destruction and wheel around and start for the city of light. Now may the Lord this moment show each one of us that to a greater or less extent we have that one talent of persuasion and impel us to the right use of it. You say you cannot preach a sermon, but cannot you persuade some one to go and hear a sermon? You say you cannot sing, but cannot you persuade some one to go and hear the choir chant on Christmas or Easter morning? Send a bunch of flowers to that invalid in the hospital, with a message about the land where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." There is a child of the street Invite him into the mission school. There is a man who has lost his fortune in speculation. Instead of jeering at his fall go and tell him of riches that never take wings and fly away. Buckle on that one talent of persuasion, O man, O woman, and you will do a work that heaven will celebrate 10,000 years.

Among the 114,000 words of Noah Webster's vocabulary and the thousands of words since then added to our English vocabulary there is one outmastering word the power of which cannot be estimated, and it reaches so far up and so far down, and that is the word "come." It has drawn more people away from the wrong and toward the right than any word I now think of. It has at times crowded all the 12 gates of heaven with fresh arrivals. It will yet rob the path of death of the last pedestrians. It will yet chime so loudly and gladly that all the tolling bells of sorrow will be drowned with the music. It is piled up in the Bible's climax and peroration, "And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come." Have it on the point of your pen, have it on the tip of your tongue. Monosyllables are mightier than polysyllables, and that word "come" is the mightiest of monosyllables. Shakespeare says of one of his characters, "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs." We may say of others, they speak words which are of balm and music, are light and life. Master one of those words, harness one of those words, project one of those words, prove the full plenitude and power of one of those words. David Garrick, the dramatist, said he would give 100 guineas if he could say "oh" as George Whitefield said it. What might we not give if we could say "come" as Jesus said it? Some one has said that syllables govern the world, and I think that one syllable might save the world. But I cannot particularize. Whatever be your one talent, cultivate it. Once fully realize that you have something with which to enhance heaven and take hold of the eternities, and it will add a new bank of keys to the music of your soul. You are ordained to some kind of work by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty. If you cannot do anything else, go around and feel sorry for somebody. When some one asked, "What is the secret of William Wilberforce's power?" the answer was, "His power of sympathy." And there are 10,000,000 people who have the same qualification if they only knew it. Sympathy! If you cannot restore the child to that bereft parent or the fortune to that bankrupt financier or health to that confirmed invalid or an honorable name to that wrecked character, you can at least feel sorry for the misfortune or the bereavement or the suffering. Sympathy! If you have not the means to do anything else, go and sit down and cry with them. That is the way Christ did when he went out to the desolated home in Bethany and the sisters told their sad story. He cried with them. Oh, cultivate that one talent of sympathy!

A Mighty Division.

After the resurrection day and all heaven is made up, resurrected bodies joined to ransomed souls, and the gates which were so long open are shut there may be some day when all the redeemed may pass in review before the great white throne. If so, I think the hosts passing before the King will move in different divisions. With the first division will pass the mighty ones of earth who were as good and useful as they were great. In this division will pass before the throne all the Martin Luthers, the John Knoxes, the Wesleys, the Richard Cecils, the Miltons, the Chrysostoms, the Herschells, the Lenoxes, the George Peabodys, the Abbott Lawrences and all the consecrated Christian men and women who were great in literature, in law, in medicine, in philosophy, in commerce. Their genius never spoiled them. They were as humble as they were gifted or opulent. They were great on earth, and now they are great in heaven. Their surpassing and magnificent talents were all used for the world's betterment. As they pass in review before the King on the great white throne to higher and higher rewards it makes me think of the parable of the talents, "To another ten." I stand and watch the other divisions as they go by, division after division, until the largest of all the divisions comes in sight. It is a hundred to one, a thousand to one, ten thousand to one, larger than the other divisions. It is made up of men who never did anything but support their families and give whatever of their limited means they could spare for the relief of poverty and sickness and the salvation of the world, mothers who took good care of children by example and precept starting them on the road to heaven, millions of Sabbath school teachers who sacrificed an afternoon's siesta for the listening class of young immortals, women who declined the making of homes for themselves that they might take care of father and mother in the weaknesses of old age, ministers of the gospel who on niggardly stipend preached in the backwoods meeting houses, souls who for long years did nothing but suffer, yet suffered with so much cheerful patience that it became a helpful lesson to all who heard of it; those who served God faithfully all their lives and whose name never but once appeared in print and that time in the three lines of the death column which some survivor paid for, sailors who perished in the storm while trying to get the life line out to the drowning, persecuted and tried souls who endured without complaint malignity and abuse, those who had only ordinary equipment for body and ordinary endowment of intellect, yet devoted all they had to holy purposes and spiritual achievement. As I see this, the largest of all the divisions, from all lands and from all ages, pass in review before the King on the great white throne I am reminded of the wonderful parable of the talents and more especially of my text, "To another one."

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When Matches Were Introduced.

The Atlas, a London newspaper, published on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light: "Among the different methods invented for obtaining light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees. He supplies the purchaser with prepared matches, which are put into boxes, but are not liable to change in the atmosphere, and also with a piece of fine glass paper folded in two. Even a strong blow will not inflame the matches, because of the softness of the wood underneath, nor does rubbing upon wood or any common substance produce any effect except that of spoiling the match. But when one is pinched between the folds of the glass paper and suddenly drawn out it is instantly inflamed. Mr. Walker does not make them for extensive sale, but only to supply the small demand in his own neighborhood."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Her Version of It.

A young girl in a class preparing for admission into the church was asked by the pastor how she ought to obey the fifth commandment, to honor her father and mother. She answered promptly, "I ought to take them out for walks on Sundays, and I ought not to let them see how much more I know than they do." She expressed an opinion probably quite current among young people concerning the preponderance of knowledge in the rising generation.—Congregationalist.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Wm. P. Bell, druggist, Accomac C. H., Va.