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which is said to be a positive preventative of the Tomato Blights and also the Frenching of Corn.

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Eight-year-old Maryland Pure Rye Whiskey. Rich and Mellow. Absolutely Pure. All charges prepaid and goods shipped in plain cases.

DAVY & COMPANY,
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No. 304 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

FINAL NOTICE
TO DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to delinquent Tax-payers that they must make prompt settlement of their taxes as the law requires me, after the first day of April, to seize, levy upon, advertise and sell the property of all persons whose taxes have not been paid by that date. I have no option in the matter, therefore publish this as my final notice, and if your taxes are not paid immediately your property will be advertised and sold without further notice.

THOMAS J. FLETCHER, Sheriff.

The Transcript.

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R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1903.

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side,
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely to the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy
Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy
And they are not strong.
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
With a heart full of song.

—*Ripley D. Saunders.*

HOW HE CAME INTO HIS KINGDOM.

When Horace Leonard told his only son to "go West, young man, go West," he felt like adding the rest of the formula, "and grow up with the country," for Adrain Leonard had not yet grown up in the sense of being either mature in judgement or personality. His father was broad-shouldered and atheletic, but Adrians shoulders sloped like a pair of shears. His complexion was fair as a girl's and his brown hair curled in rings over a well-poised, shapely head.

"You ought to have been a girl," his father would say in derision, "as a girl you might have been a success."

"But I am only a boy," Adrian would answer sweetly, exasperating his father still more by his ready acquiescence in the inevitable.

"And you will be a boy all your life," Mr. Leonard would respond with too evident disdain of such a specimen of adolescence.

Then Adrian evolved the popular idea that a toughening process would develop a higher type of manhood, and he became a weak roysterer. He refused to work or to make any practical use of a fairly good education, and spent his allowance in princely prodigality. Then his father tightened the purse strings, read the boy a lecture, in which he recounted all the disagreeable truths he knew, sent him west and washed his hands of him, in spite of the pleadings of Adrian's mother that he would give him one more trial.

Adrian Leonard traveled three days and nights due west, when his money began to give out, and he found himself nearly destitute in the depot of a small town, where people looked so much like those he had left back in the east that he felt at home, especially as neither cowboys nor buffaloes were running wild in the streets. Leaving his trunk to be called for, he took a stroll through the streets, past hotels and pretentious stores, looking for a cheap boarding place and getting an idea of how the land lay. The grime of dust and travel had improved him already. He looked more manly in the cheap business suit in which he was beginning the world than in his university togs, and he no longer talked with a drawl, the saving grace of poverty making itself visible.

Climbing a picturesque hill of this prarie town he saw a carriage load of people coming down. Some gay summer girls were laughing and talking, and looked at him prettily as he lifted his hat. Only one bowed in recognition of the courtesy and she neither laughed nor looked amused. She was driving and the sun was shining in her eyes, and Adrian thought her as handsome as any eastern belle he had ever seen.

"She probably took me for a tramp," he said to himself, but something he saw in her face strengthened and encouraged him. At the top of the hill stood a large frame building with many windows. In one of these was a sign.

BOY WANTED.
Must Come Well Recommended.

Adrian stopped and read it, then entered the place. It happened to be a candy factory and it employed a hundred girls. To Adrian's embarrassed eyes they counted double that number. He had climbed to the top floor where they worked in the big room, and they all stared at him. He addressed one who seemed to be forewoman.

"You advertise in the window for a boy!"

The girl laughed, and then said to the one nearest her: "Tell the boss there's a boy here." Then to Adrian: "Have you brought references from your last place?"

"I will answer those questions to the right person," he answered with a grave dignity which had a good effect on the girls. They stopped giggling and staring to resume their work.

Adrian was both surprised and pleased when he saw in the "boss" a young man of his own age, who in his turn asked where was the "boy," and on Adrian's application for the place took him off at once to the board den he called his office. There with the freemasonary of youth and comradeship, the two exchanged confidences, and the boss of the candy factory said:

It really seems quite providential the way you drifted in here. I have a chance to go railroading, and as soon as you master the situation you can have my place. It is a windfall for us both."

"What am I to learn?" asked Adrian with some anxiety.

"To pay the girls and keep their time. The candy boilers are in another building and have a foreman. It isn't too easy to make all those young things mind and keep their good will, but you must be firm and dignified as a parson. The man who owns the business is an eastern man, and you must make your report every week to him. His family spend their summers here, and his daughter, with some of her friends, was here just before you came."

"Oh, was she driving?" asked Adrian.

"Yes. Then you have seen her? Isn't she a picture? I tell you the girls up here adore her. Mabelle Graham, that's her name, but she's Miss Graham to us. Sweet as she looks, she stands you off—it's a way she has."

A month later Adrian Leonard was boss of the Albion candy factory, and the novelty of the position held him like a charm. Something else held him. He knew the lady of his dreams to whom he had lifted his hat on that first day of his new life, and he had hung his head in shame when she had asked him what he had accomplished in his first quarter-century of existence. But he had honestly told her of his wasted opportunities, laying the blame where it belonged—on himself.

When young Ford, the former boss of the candy factory, gave his position over to Leonard he also had given him some good advice.

"Buy a dog and gun and keep out in the open. No Princeton graduate should have muscles as soft as yours. Expand, man, expand. The air of the west is a wonderful tonic."

He had followed Ford's advice and gained fifteen pounds. His work as superintendent of the factory gave satisfaction to his employer and to himself, but he looked forward to the higher position promised by Ford, to which this present one was a stepping stone. He sent letters home with the stamp of the candy firm on the paper. His father suggested the use of blank envelopes in the future.

"No," he wrote back, "I am not ashamed of a business that has made a man of me, if my friends are, they must drop me, that's all. That was his first step toward the higher life.

And one morning a few months later he received the coveted intelligence that a position in railroad service was to be offered him. He sat with Ford's cheerful letter in his hand, and, looking over the great floor of the factory where the neat, smiling girls were attentively pursuing their work, he wondered if he was sorry to leave them. They had become his royal subjects, and she, Mabelle Graham, was his friend. But for her sake he wanted to accomplish something heroic and there was more chance in railroad life.

Still looking at the letter he noticed how hot and yellow the glare of the sun had become, and wondered what the crackling sound overhead meant. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Girls!" he called in a firm voice "there's a circus coming into town—you can hear the band. Take a half hour and hurry out to see it. Don't wait for wraps. Go, go!"

His voice was breaking. But it was true, a circus was passing, and his quick wit had seized the opportunity. He had never joked with the girls and had demanded absolute obedience, and wondering perhaps at the unusual privilege accorded them, they hurried out, their young feet tripping merrily down the long staircases keeping time to the merry music on the street. Adrian saw that the last one was clear of the building, then he followed them, but too late. The roof that had been blazing over their unconscious heads fell in burrying him beneath. Loving hands soon rescued him, but mutilated, burned beyond hope of recovery.

He lived long enough to say to her as she bantaged his sightless eyes and dropped soothing tears on his palid face, while whispering words of hope and comfort.

"It is better so. Tell them—at home—that if I lived like a boy, I died like a man. Keep me near you—always."

And that was how he came into his kingdom.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Misunderstanding.

Maurice Grau is telling a story about a French singer who recently attended a reception at the home of a lady noted for her parsimoniousness. The hostess tried to converse with the Frenchman in his native tongue. He noticed that her lack of fluency was embarrassing her, and with commendable politeness exclaimed:

"Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. But I am able to understand your meanness if you will the English speak!"—New York Times.

BRAIN LEAKS.

A man's credit is never so bad he can not borrow trouble.

If money could buy happiness most people would be miserable.

A man may evade responsibility, but he cannot dodge the results.

Satan always gets busy when he sees a church closed for the summer.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds, but they do make expensive hats.

The wise man profits by his mistakes; the fool merely mourns over them.

Some rich men think that they can right any kind of a wrong by writing a check.

It is easy to talk about the blessings of poverty when one has a comfortable bank account.

When a man lives by his wits it is a sign that he lives in a community of suckers.

Why is it that men so love to tell their friends how much they suffer from the heat?

The happiest homes are those in which company manners are used between its members.

Trust not the friendship of the man or woman who will thoughtlessly mutilate a good book.

True wealth consists in enjoying what you have, not in having more than you can enjoy.

One of the unsolved mysteries is how a little woman can make an obedient servant out of a big man.

The race of life offers some handsome prizes, and the only entrance fee demanded is honest exertion.

Some men are honest only because it is the best policy, and not because they really want to be honest.

A lot of men take vacations in order that they may experience the delights of getting back to work again.

There is nothing prettier than the proud look of a mother when some stranger takes smiling notice of her little child.

A bright woman writer declares that the historical novel is about to become what it never has been—a thing of the past.

The wise merchant does not depend upon selling people what they need. He strives to make people believe they need what he has to sell.

We would give a whole lot to once wore experience the joy we felt the first time we were allowed to shoot a bunch of firecrackers unassisted.

Speaking of postal frauds, how can you expect honest clerks when it is definitely known that the principals owe their positions to the criminal use of money?

COLUMBUS' LOG BOOK.

A Murphysboro, Ill., dispatch to the Kansas City Journal under date of June 19, says:

A book in script, on parchment, purporting to be the secret log book of Christopher Columbus on his great voyage of discovery, is in possession of Frank Reeves, a resident of Murphysboro, living at 108 South Fourth street.

This book is a record of events and of the secret hopes and fears of the great navigator on his first voyage across the Atlantic. The record begins when the fleet of three small vessels left Palos, Spain, August 3 1492, and continues complete until the two vessels that returned from the New World were caught in a terrific storm about 200 miles west of the Azores.

At this stage of the voyage, when Columbus and his crew had given up all hope of weathering the gale, the last entrance is made that the secret log was placed in a secure box and cast overboard, in the hope that it might reach the shores of Europe and be picked up and the people would thereby learn the cruel fate which had overtaken the great discoverer and his crew.

It is written in quaint language, and the orthography is that of 400 years ago. It gives a vivid description of the discovery and of the disappointment of Columbus when he failed to find either gold or spices on the tropical islands which he visited.

Mr. Reeves received the book from an old German family in Cincinnati several years ago. He has been offered a hand some price for the book.

Night Air.

One of the bugbears of old time people is night air, and there is little exaggeration in saying that the superstition against night air has killed more people than the free circulation of it has ever injured. There is abundance of proof that night air is injurious to no one. On the contrary, people who sleep outdoors under the mere protection of a tent are the healthiest of all people, and the practice has largely gained in popularity of late years under wider knowledge of hygiene for people in delicate health to go in camping parties and breathe the balsam of the night air. The vigor gained from a few weeks of such an outing is a marked proof that the old prejudice against night air is as foolish as most other old wives' whims.—*Exchange.*

SOME people carry their troubles to God and keep their joys to themselves.

INSULTS ARE NOT ANSWERS.

The young woman who became indignant at a statement made by a congressman in the course of a speech and challedged the statement by calling out, "You lie!" took an exceedingly bad and ineffective way of proving her point. In fact, she took, in a very much less degree, of course, the same way of arguing as Lieutenant Governor Tillman took to refute attacks of Editor Gonzales by shooting the latter dead. It is the old brutal way of answering argument with force—in the one case the force of act, in the other, the force of word.

Nothing is more significant of our present degree of civilization than the public refusal to allow a man to be judge in his own case. It will not accept a denial that it is mere assertion and which makes the person denying a self-constituted arbiter of truth, any more than it will allow a man to make his own law and constitute himself the master of other people's lives and fortunes. In the old days of force any man who had the power to make himself judge and arbiter became so. His assertions were blows, and so his arguments convinced until overtopped by physically weightier ones. We have changed all that.

One great obstacle to progress is that there are too many people like the young woman of the Capitol gallery episode, who do not recognize that we have changed things. The attempt to use force in subjecting others to our own way of thinking or doing is general, yet it is seldom recognized as such. It appears in opinion, in prejudice, in tradition, in convention, in precedent—in a thousand ways in which men refuse to recognize fact as an abstract thing, entirely outside their control and unaltered by their personal attitude toward it.

Assertion is one of the easiest things in the world. Proving it is quite another matter. Indeed, feeling is oftener at the bottom of assertion than reason. The young woman of the gallery was incensed at the statement of the congressman, and she indignantly, vociferously and rudely denied it; but the ground it covered would have required quite an investigation on her part to find out if he had really lied or not. She wanted to think his statement a lie because it conflicted with what she deemed her patriotic feelings, and so she unhesitatingly assumed her feeling to be the fact and declared her desire to be the truth. It is to be feared that she is a type of the numerous class of force-thinkers.

Perhaps this type would be astonished and angry, too, to be told that they not only do not desire the truth for its own sake, but also that there is malice in their method. This brutality of word is not so bad as that of act, naturally, but it does not confine itself to statement or denial—it intends insult, and many, perhaps the majority of men, resent an insult as quickly as they would a blow. It may be too much to hope for the happy times when people will assert and deny only on sufficient grounds for either course; but as the Declaration sagely observes, there is a decent respect to be paid to civilized opinion, and that respect forbids that frankness of sentiment which borders on the brutal or the insulting.

LET THE LITTLE FOLKS HAVE PETS.

Nearly all children love animals and should be allowed to have one of some kind for a pet whenever possible. One of the hardest things to exercise in the bringing up of children is foresight and yet it is the most important and imperative of necessities in the mother who conscientiously tries to do her duty. How often do you hear, "Oh, what's the use, we may all be dead a year from now?" This is both true and trite, yet is a most pernicious mode of reasoning. The child who cares for a helpless kitted is unconsciously fostering the instinct of motherhood, the fact that he or she is needful to the little creature produces the same glow which we experience in after life when we minister to the wants of the tiny little toddlers who have not yet learned to do for themselves.

Seldom will a child forget to feed a pet if he is once given the responsibility, all of which cultivates thoughtfulness and diverts from self. They do not know that the sweetest thing in life is to be needed, that we need to be needed above all else, but we know, and should not rob them of this keenest and most innocent of pleasures. Instead of enumerating the disadvantages and drawbacks of having a cat or dog around the house when the desire is wistfully expressed by the little folks look ahead and remember that you are here given the opportunity of planting the seed of a better, stronger and more unselfish solicitude for the care of those little human pets without which no life is fully lived.

Feminine Conversation.

Blobbs—Women talk about nothing but their dress.

Slobbs—Oh, I don't know. It seems to me I've heard some of them talk about their hats.—Philadelphia Record.

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Hundreds of the best farmers insist the **"Le Roy Plow"** is the best made. "Easy Draft" and "Easy to Hold." They are made by a strong Company Not in a Trust. You can see them at

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SHERIFF'S NOTICE

—TO—

Delinquent Tax Payers.

THIS is to give notice to all delinquent tax-payers, that the Tax Books for the county have been placed in my hand for the collection of taxes, which are now due and MUST BE PAID AT ONCE. Don't ask me to wait.

The Law Allows no Delay.

Extract from Chapter 211, Section 68, C. Public Local Laws of 1892, says:

All tax bills unpaid on the 1st of April in each year shall be placed in the hands of the Sheriff of the county, who shall forthwith proceed to seize, levy upon, advertise and sell the property of such delinquents, or so much thereof as is necessary to pay said taxes, interests charges and cost of sale, and for this purpose the said Sheriff is hereby clothed with all the powers possessed by collectors of taxes under the Code of Public General Laws and the Sheriff shall report and pay over to the Treasurer before the 1st day of June in each year all the taxes collected by him.

☞ Don't wait for me to levy on your property, and advertise it, but make prompt settlement and avoid extra costs.

THOMAS J. FLETCHER, Sheriff.

EDWIN R. COCHRAN, Jr.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Wilmington, - - - - Delaware.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.00 per annum.

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