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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.

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VALUE OF POE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Edgar Allan Poe, whose poetic genius got scant and unsubstantial recognition in life, is being placed securely by those who come after him, upon a pedestal of fame so enduring that he cannot fall. At a sale in Philadelphia recently Poe manuscripts brought prices which would be considered fabulous at the time that Poe lived. Indeed, it seems like the irony of fate that the genius which failed to keep the poet and those who were near and dear to him from the verge of want should put money in the pockets of mercenary book vendors. In the light of Poe's hardships and reverses, it seems ghoul-like to see thousands bartered for the mortal remains of his scintillating intellectual powers. Yet, it is the highest sort of tribute to the genius of Poe. America is beginning to recognize in Poe one of its greatest poets, if not its very greatest. The gems which he left behind were not many, but it becomes more and more evident that each was a real gem. They are standing the test of time, the crucial test for that which is great in literature. Possibly it was not intended that a single mortal should have all the good things of life. It is permitted to few to have fame when living and immortality of name and deed after death. Possibly the writers of to-day who get fortunes from books of evanescent vogue and slender merit have their reward here and now. They will be denied a place in the ranks of real immortals. Nature seems to try those whom she intends to honor most, and there is evidence that the honor in store for the genius of Poe will be as great as was his trial.

John Wesley's Quarrel.

John Wesley once had a disagreement with Joseph Balford, his traveling companion of many years, and they agreed to part. They retired for the night, each firm in his determination and each doubtless deploring in his heart the separation soon to follow between two friends who had been so devoted and mutually helpful. In the morning Wesley asked Bradford if he had considered during the night their agreement to part. "Yes, sir," said Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," said Bradford, grimly. "But will you not ask my pardon?" demanded Wesley. "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "In that case," said Wesley gently, "I must ask yours." "It was not the ending that Bradford anticipated. A moment he hesitated, and then, breaking into tears, he followed Wesley's example and forgave and was forgiven.—Youth's Companion.

Why He Wept.

It was a cold day, and when a messenger boy with a dispatch for the head of the firm came into the store, leaving the street door open behind him, there were angry growls from the clerks, who shivered in the draught. "Say, kid, were you brought up in a stable, that you don't know enough to close a door after you?" howled the book-keeper, a dyspeptic, irritable chap. The little messenger, apparently hurt to the quick, began to cry bitterly. A kind-hearted clerk went over to him and patted him on the shoulder. "There, my boy," he said soothingly, "don't take it like that. He did not mean it. Of course, you weren't brought up in a stable." "Well, that's just it," whimpered the boy, wiping the tears from his eyes with the cuff of his coat sleeve; "I was brought up in a stable. They had some donkeys in the stalls there—and," indicating the book-keeper with a jerk of his thumb—"every time I see an ass now it makes me feel homesick."

Cooling a Hot Iron.

The small girl had been told not to put her toy flatiron on the stove, as it would become too hot. She insisted that she must have a hot iron, however, for how else could she make her doll's clothes look nice? But when the iron was given her she found its warmth more than she bargained for. She said nothing to her mother, but quietly taking up the iron she toddled out to the refrigerator and deposited it there, and when her mother asked for an explanation she said: "I thought I'd cool it off."

STINGY SPORT.

Shakes Himself for the Drinks and Blames Losing Hand.

"It is a rare thing that you find a man who is sporty and stingy at the same time," said the man about town, "but I have a fellow in mind who is one of the most perfect combinations of the two attributes I ever came across. As a rule the men who are inclined to sport are open-handed and open-hearted. Witness the gamblers, who are noted for their generosity. No real gambler ever turned his back to a fellow who was in need of assistance, if he had the wherewithal, and if he didn't he should do the next best thing. He would speak a kindly word, which is often worth more to the man in distress than money. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but when you find the exception you can bet the man is not a real gambler. He is not all wool and a yard wide. You may bank on that. He is a cheap screw. On the other hand, the fellow who is close-fisted is not a bit inclined to be sporty. He will not bet on anything, and will not do anything where a cash outlay is likely to be necessary. But the man I have in mind is a marked exception to all these rules. He is stingy, and yet he gambles, and the gambling passion is so strong in his make up that he seems to be unable to control it. As it is, however, the chief loss is in time. He works the system cleverly by playing one hand against the other. For instance he is a drinking man. He is too stingy to buy a drink for himself straight out, so he resorts to a little gambling trick, but not with a second game. He would then stand a chance of losing and would have to pay for two drinks. It would be cheaper to buy one for himself without any preliminaries. He will go into a saloon and call for the dice box. He will roll the bones out in Mexican poker dice, playing one hand against the other, and giving each hand a shake in turn. In this way he satisfies his passion for gambling, gets a drink and feels that he has "stuck" some fellow for it, thus pandering to his stingy impulses. He is the only man whom I ever saw who was always shaking dice with himself for the drinks. But he seems to get a deal of fun out of it, and actually his hands seem to become excited over the contest, so much so that you can look at the fellow's hands and tell which one of them got stuck. The losing hand has a morose, gloom, dejected look, while the hand that wins is as cheery as a new-blown rose."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Sure Remedy.

Do unto others as they do unto you might well be the heading of this true tale. Two men and a dog are the characters therein. Man number one, being unable to sleep for three entire nights owing to the constant barking of the dog aforesaid, got up and arrayed himself at 4 in the morning and hid him to his neighbor's front door. There he kept his thumb on the electric bell until the dismayed servant appeared. "I wish to see Mr. W." "Why, sure he's in bed this hour, sir." "I'm sorry, but I must see him now." "He ain't goin' ter get up at this time ter see nobody." "Well, I intend to stay here and ring this bell until he does see me, and you can go and tell him that." After an ominous interval Mr. W. descended, almost speechless with wrath. "What do you mean by disturbing me in this manner? It's the most outrageous—"

SLEEP.

The question of the proper amount of sleep for persons in normal health is frequently discussed. One can scarcely make a hard and fast rule, for some healthy people apparently require very little sleep while others need nine, or even ten hours. The time given to sleep should be governed considerably by the general state of nutrition of the body and the character of exercise which has produced the need of sleep. What is necessary to be accomplished in the sleeping hours is the building-up of the nervous centres, and to repair the waste that has taken place during the day. If the state of nutrition is good, and there has been a healthy working of the nerves during the day, with such a degree of physical exercise as has left the circulation of the body in an even balanced condition throughout the entire system, the process of repair and restriction will go on readily and rapidly. On the other hand, if the body is filled up with poisonous products caused by dyspepsia, renal affection, or lack of sufficient pure air or physical exercise, then the repairing process will take longer. Young children require at least twelve hours' sleep, and delicate anemic girls should have plenty of sleep. It is nature's best restorer.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by M. A. Toulson.

MANY BRUSHES WITH DEATH.

Remarkable Adventures of a Hunter of Big Game.

After playing hide and seek with death for nearly half a century F. O. Selous, the greatest big game hunter in Africa and the Alan Quartermain of Haggard's novels, is still a hearty and healthy man, ready at a moment's notice to go out and face new dangers. It would be understating it to say that he has faced death a hundred times, as his estimates of danger and the estimates of ordinary persons vary so widely. Selous has had a thirst for danger and adventure ever since he was a boy at Rugby. Even in those early days he was never so happy as when he was risking his neck or doing some feat of exceptional daring, and he had so thoroughly made up his mind to be a huntsman of renown that he used to sleep next the dormitory window, which he opened wide on the coldest nights, as the nearest approach he could get to "sleeping in the open." They still tell at Rugby how Selous robbed a jackdaw's nest one dark night under the window and nose of Dr. Temple, then head master, and how, one bite cold March day, he swam across to the heronry at Coombe Abby, removed his wet clothes, climbed a lofty tree, and swam back again with a couple of coveted heron's eggs in his hand. This was the boy who, a few years later—he was only 19 then—bearded Lobengula, gun in hand, and asked his permission to hunt elephants in Matabeleland. "Hunt Elephants?" the dusky King said, with a laugh; "why, you are only a boy; you had better hunt antelopes," little knowing that the slim, fair stripling would prove to be the daughter-huntsman who had ever set foot in Africa. This was years ago, and practically ever since that day Mr. Selous has made his home in the wilds of South Africa, waging war against the fiercest and most dangerous animals he could find, rubbing shoulders with death a hundred times, and surviving hardships and adventures such as probably no other man living has faced. Hunting has been to Mr. Selous no idle pastime, but a serious business; for all the capital he had in the world was \$2,000, and for twenty years he had to live on the spoil of his busy gun. How busy it was may be seen from the fact that of elephants alone he has killed 78, and of lions more than a score—three of them falling to four successive snouts. Within four years, from January 1, 1877, to December 31, 1880, his bag reached the unrivaled total of 548 head of big game, including 20 elephants, 100 buffaloes, 304 antelopes, 13 lions, a dozen rhinoceroses, 18 giraffes and 48 zebras, and in 6 months in 1874 he accounted for 93 head, including 24 elephants, 19 buffaloes, 9 rhinoceroses and a lion. It is eloquent of the daring of the man that of his 78 elephants all but one were shot on foot, and that one nearly brought the hunter's career to a tragic conclusion. He and his companions had slaughtered 22 elephants out of a herd of 60, when an enormous bull charged him furiously, and, striking his horse with terrible force, dashed both horse and rider violently to the ground. When Mr. Selous recovered his senses he found the levathan kneeling over him but luckily not on him, and he was able to crawl from the dangerous position and escape into the bush. On another occasion, when he was pursuing a wounded elephant on foot, he found himself hotly chased by an infuriated bull, which was literally whirling its trunk over the huntsman's head and screaming with rage. "How I got away," he says, "I scarcely know. Urged on by the short, piercing screams, I bounded over and through thorn bushes which in cold blood I should have deemed impossible. I emerged from the bush without a shred of clothing on me." Still undaunted, he turned round on his pursuer, and raising his gun, fired at him at short range. The gun, however, had been loaded twice, and the recoil dashed him to the ground, inflicting a serious wound on his face, of which he bears the mark today. But many of Mr. Selous' most dangerous adventures have been with buffaloes, of which he has shot considerably over 200. "At one fierce bull he pulled the trigger twice, and twice the gun missed fire. As he was about to aim for the third time the bull charged fiercely, plunging his horns deeply into the horse's body and sending his rider sprawling on the ground. In a moment the buffalo was charging at Mr. Selous' prostrate body, but, although he was struck heavily by the animal's horns, the points failed to touch him. Of such narrow escapes from death Mr. Selous could tell scores if his unconquerable modesty would permit him to talk of his adventures. Several times his life has been attempted by treacherous and unfriendly natives, and in one midnight raid on his camp his escape was nothing less than providential. When he found himself in safety he was clad in a shirt, a light coat and a pair of shoes, and for fourteen terrible days he wandered alone in the jungle before deliverance came. On another occasion he spent 90 hours without food or water; at one time or another he has broken almost every bone in his body; he has been at death's door with fever and ague; he has defied for a score of years every law of health and safety, and yet at 51 he remains the picture of health and strength and boasts a constitution that has few rivals in the world."—Exchange.

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NEW YORK'S YELLOW DAY.

City Miserable, as in 1881, From Dense Pall of Smoke.

The northerly and northwesterly winds that prevailed in this section of the country on Wednesday are responsible for the strange atmospheric conditions that made yesterday a "yellow day," such as annoyed New Yorkers away back in 1881 and again, in lesser degree, in 1894, not to mention other occasions years and years ago. From the Battery to the city line beyond the Bronx, and from the Hudson to the outmost parts of Brooklyn, the whole city looked as though it were enveloped in a regular Newfoundland fog. On Broadway it was impossible to see more than a dozen blocks, while along the water front, the Jersey coast and the Long Island shore were as completely shut off from the vision as if they had never existed. On the Battery only the dimmest outlines of Governors and Ellis Islands could be seen, while Staten Island was as completely hidden as if it were in mid-Atlantic. In Central Park life was made miserable for driver and pedestrian, and the grass and flowers looked as if they had been daubed with yellow paint, owing to the peculiar reflection due to the smoke. Before one had been in the open five minutes the smarting of the eyes was all the proof needed that it was smoke, and not fog, that had settled over New York. There was also unpleasant sensations both in the nostrils and throat. Everywhere could be detected the odor of resin. On every street, in the elevated and surface cars—in fact, in most of the buildings, everybody was rubbing eyes or trying to sneeze out some of the smoky particles. There were thousands of people in the city who at first found it impossible to account for the peculiar situation. In City Hall Park, where a tolerably wide sweep of the city may be had, men and women would stop every now and then in order to take a good look and see where the supposed fire was. Then, when no sign of a fire could be seen, they would conjecture that it was something else that was wrong and begin to ask each other questions. About the time somebody who had been keeping track of the fires in the mountains of New York and New England would come along and explain what the matter was. Dense as was the pall of smoke at noon, it was denser at sunset, and as there was hardly any wind and no sign of rain there was little hope that it would perceptibly diminish during the night. Yesterday the wind—that is, what blew intermittently—was from the northeast. However, it was not strong enough to drive the smoke away from New York, and the result was that the accumulation of Wednesday night remained all day and was still here last night. In the rivers and the bay the chief sign that something was wrong was the incessant tooting of tug, ferry-boat and steamboat whistles. Tugs moved about the harbor with the greatest caution, constantly sounding their sirens to warn other crafts of their approach. Ferry-boats in many instances ran far behind schedule time, while trans-Atlantic and coastwise liners proceeded at only about half the usual speed. The French liner Savois, which sailed for Havre, was one of the liners that got away before the smoke became practically impenetrable for any distance. Yesterday was not the first "yellow day," by any means, in the history of New York city. A way back in 1781 one occurred that, if the records left are correct, was just as bad, if not worse than that of yesterday. On that occasion many people in New York thought the judgement day had come, while others not so superstitious found it impossible to explain satisfactorily the phenomenon. One hundred years later, in 1881, came the famous "yellow day," with which New Yorkers are a lot more familiar. On that occasion the atmosphere was thoroughly impregnated with forest-fire smoke, as it had been a century before. The cause of fires in the woodlands on that occasion was due, as it is to-day, to the drought that had prevailed in this section of the country. Again in 1894 there were a great many forest fires in this and neighboring States, and on that occasion the atmosphere again changed to a "yellow color," with all the annoying accompaniments of such happenings. Not only did the smoke enshroud the land, but it extended far out to sea as well. Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Ocean Grove, Point Pleasant and other coast resorts reported the ocean invisible except for a short distance, while the marine observers at Fire Island, Sandy Hook, and other observation stations found it impossible to sight incoming and out-going vessels for any considerable distance, even with the aid of the most powerful marine glasses.

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SHERIFF'S NOTICE

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 88, 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, interest 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.

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