

DELINQUENT TAX SALE

TREASURER'S OFFICE. MADISON COUNTY, VIRGINIA. Notice is hereby given that all lands and town lots in the following list, on which the taxes remain unpaid for the year specified, will be sold at public sale on the first Monday of November, 1902...

YEAR 1901

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts for the year 1901. Includes sections like 'MADISON PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 21, RANGE 1', 'WARNERVILLE PRECINCT', etc.

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts. Includes sections like 'WARNERVILLE PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 23, RANGE 1', 'NORFOLK P.A.E. PRECINCT', etc.

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts. Includes sections like 'BATTLE CREEK PRECINCT', 'SHELL CREEK PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 21, RANGE 3', etc.

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts. Includes sections like 'HIGHLAND PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 23, RANGE 3', 'GROVE PRECINCT', etc.

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts. Includes sections like 'SCHOOLCRAFT PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 22, RANGE 3', 'FAIRVIEW PRECINCT', etc.

Table listing property descriptions, sections, and amounts. Includes sections like 'UNION PRECINCT', 'TOWNSHIP 22, RANGE 1', 'DEER CREEK PRECINCT', etc.

A Handy Conclusion. A former Princeton man now living in Philadelphia tells of his only unpleasant encounter with Jimmy McCosh as an illustration of the beloved old tutor's innate kindness. When a student he was lounging on his bed one afternoon, smoking. In response to a knock on the door he called out: "Who's there?" "It is I—Dr. McCosh," came the reply. "You're a liar!" answered the student, thinking one of his chums was trying to joke with him. "If you were really Dr. McCosh, you'd simply say, 'It is I.'"

From Frying Pan to Fire. A Loudonville man was dancing a quadrille when he heard his pants seams ripping, at which he rushed into a dressing room, where his wife—good soul—was soon busy with needle and thread, he having first divested himself from his leg covering. Presently he heard the rustle of skirts and realized that he was up against the horrible proposition of being discovered in the ladies' dressing room, which he had entered by mistake. Appealing to his wife again, the excellent creature showed him through what she supposed to be a closet door and turned the key. "Let me back! Let me back!" he screamed as he began pounding on the door. "I'm in the bathroom!" And he was—Ravenna (O.) Republican.