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CHESTER RIVER LINE.



SCHEDULE.

(In effect September 29th, 1907.)

Steamer will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 11 A. M. weather permitting, for the following points:—Rock Hall, Queenstown, Bogles, Cliffs, Spaniard's Point, Indiantown, Piney Grove, Ashland, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Wilmer's, River Side, Rolph's, Chestertown.

Returning, Steamer will leave Chestertown, weather permitting, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., stopping at all the above points, arriving at Baltimore about 2.00 o'clock P. M.

WILLARD THOMSON, General Manager. T. MURDOCH, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt

WINTER SCHEDULE.

SASSAFRAS RIVER and TOLCHESTER LINES.

(Weather and Ice Permitting.)
In effect December 26th, 1907.



THURSDAYS.

Steamer will leave Fredericktown at 12.00 noon, Shallcross at 12.30 P. M., Cassidys at 12.45 P. M., Betterton at 1.15 P. M., Gales at 2.15 P. M., Tolchester at 3.00 P. M., arriving in Baltimore about 6.00 P. M.

Will leave Baltimore Thursdays at 7. A. M. for Betterton and Sassfras River Landings stopping at Gales and Tolchester on the return trips.

TOLCHESTER SCHEDULE.

Saturdays leave Baltimore at 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. Leave Tolchester at 9.00 A. M. at 4.30 P. M.

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DANGER IN DELAY.

Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous for Chestertown People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills.

John G. Wagnerm 543 Hamburg street, Baltimore, Md., says: I suffered with kidney disease for some time, the most severe symptoms being a weak back and pains across my loins and hip which would cause me untold agony when lifting or stooping. A constant dull pain through my back kept me awake at night and I would arise in the morning feeling tired and worn out and not in condition to attend to my work. I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procuring a box began using them and one box completely cured me. Doan's Kidney Pills seem to go right to the root of kidney trouble and effect a complete cure in a remarkably short time."

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Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

PHONE 33.

XMAS SPECIALS

At Owen B. Crow's, UP-TOWN.

We have in stock our entire line of Xmas toys and a line that far surpasses that of last year. Our line of

"IRON FRICTION TOYS"

are many, (Red Devil) engines and tender, circus menageries, ambulance, hook and ladder wagons, fire engines, automobiles, police patrol, passenger cars, iron train of cars and numerous other iron toys.

Wrought Steel-Gear Express Wagons, Whee Barrows, Shoofly Rocking Horses, Dolls, Doll-Go-Carts, Carriages, Furniture, Bureaus, Tables, Beds, Trunks, Drums, Pianos, Doll Houses, Sand Carts, Picture Blocks, Bell Toys, Butterfly Push Toys, Horns, Pop Guns, Stoves, Tin and China Decorated Dishes.

"Teddy Bears"

"XMAS TREE ORNAMENTS"

Our line of Decorated Lamps, Water Sets, Wine Sets, Cups and Saucers, and China Ornaments are beauties. Ask to see THEM.

Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Currants, Cocoanuts, are all strictly new. No old nuts carried over.

Come and see us and you will say that we have the most up-to-date line of Xmas goods in town. If you want sweet apple cider for your mince meat, we have it.

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COIN MOTTOES.

Inscriptions That Were a Joy to the Cynics and Critics.

A collection of coin mottoes gathered by an Italian student, Amerigo Scarlatti, was published in Minerva, an Italian periodical. Scarlatti is of the opinion that such inscriptions, though not intended to be cynical, too often admit of such an interpretation through the irresistible habit of the public of ignoring the intention of the designer and applying the motto to the coin itself.

Thus when Charles II., king of the two Sicilies, had engraved on his silver ducat the Latin words "Unus non Sufficit," meaning "One is not enough," all the world insisted on forgetting that the king referred to a single scepter and enthusiastically agreed with him that one ducat wasn't enough for any one.

On the contrary, a storm of ironical opposition was aroused when Louis de Bourbon, king of Etruria, in the early part of the last century inscribed "Videant Pauperes et Lactentur" on his coins. The words mean "Let the poor see and rejoice," and of course every one wanted to know why a poor man should rejoice at merely seeing a piece of money.

On the papal coinage of 1573 bearing the arms of Gregory XIII. are the words "Et Super Hanc Petram" (And upon this rock). Of course the pope and the artist who designed the coin meant the words to refer to the papacy, but the evil minded applied them so maliciously to the coin itself that the issue was speedily stopped. A similar opportunity for evil tongues was afforded when the Knights of Malta coined an issue of dollars with the sign of their order, the Maltese cross, and their motto, "In Hoc Signo Militamus" (In this sign we combat). The ribald affected to take it as a confession that with them money was truly the sinew of war.

A Venetian lira dated 1474 has the somewhat ambiguous motto "In Tibi Solo Gloria" (To thee alone the glory). A sequin coined by Cardinal Rezgonico in 1744 bears the words "Veni Lumen Cordium," or "Come, thou light of hearts." Clement XI. issued a coin with an image of the Madonna, with the legend "Causa Nostrae Laetitiae" (Cause of our joy), and a Venetian piece with an allegorical figure of Justice, with the words "Nostra in hac electas" (Our happiness in this). All of these inscriptions were irreverently diverted by contemporaries from their true object to the money itself.

TOMORROW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Line In the Pacific Where It Shakes Hands With Yesterday.

Most people who have read Jules Verne's "Around the World In Eighty Days" will remember how narrowly the traveler missed his bet, having forgotten that in following the sun from east to west he had gained one day.

When one crosses the Atlantic from London to New York he gains rather more than half an hour each day. From New York to Chicago another hour is gained, another to Denver, another to San Francisco, which is reckoning time eight hours later than London and of course the best part of a day later than Shanghai and Yokohama. In crossing the Pacific there comes a time when the day begins, where yesterday and tomorrow shake hands and where the traveler is cheated out of a day in his life.

In mid-Pacific, going west, one skips from Sunday to Tuesday. Going east he has one day of the week repeated—two Sundays or Tuesdays, as the case may be.

The line of the changing day is not a straight one. The islands in the Pacific take their time from the continent with which they trade and from which they were discovered. Thus the line of the change zigzags down the Pacific from south to north, dodging between the islands.

Hence it might easily happen that a ship which has already skipped a day would reach an island which clings to San Francisco time. In such a case it would be Monday on shore and Tuesday on the ship.

If the ship's jolly boat were lying at a wharf, it would be Monday on the wharf and Tuesday on the boat.

And if a person lives somewhere near the line he can get a sailboat and visit yesterday and tomorrow in the most delightful fashion.

Advance Thanks.

The phrase "Thanking you in anticipation" is now becoming common. I think it is one of the meanest ever invented and one of the most insulting, for it implies that, however much pains the worker may take, he will get no thanks for it afterward. Why should he? He has been thanked already. It further implies an imperious and insufferable demand which must and shall have immediate attention on pain of being considered no gentleman. Surely no one who really respects a correspondent ought to employ this touting bagman's phrase.—Professor Skeat in London Academy.

Succeeded.

Gaddie—You don't seem to have made a very satisfactory impression on Borem. Cleverley—I tried very hard to do so. Gaddie—Well, he told me you didn't impress him as a man he would care to associate with very much. Cleverley—Fine. That's very satisfactory. It's the very impression I wanted to make.—Philadelphia Press.

All In the Family.

Rector (shortsighted)—Well, Richard, hard at work, eh? Let me see, you are Richard, aren't you? Laborer—No, sir. Oi be John, sir. You 'ad the pleasure o' buryin' Richard last week, you remember, sir!—London Punch.

HIS TERRIBLE EYES.

Senator Cass Could Almost Paralyze a Man With a Look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two sons. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel small. Wonderful eyes they possessed, and men have been known to shiver with dread when one or the other allowed his glance to fall upon them. Cass could look through a stranger in a way to make his brain burn and his knees knock together. One searching stare seemed to destroy all mentality and fill the victim with paralytic emotions.

No man dared take liberties with Cass. In 1846 the proprietor of the National hotel in Washington was a man who so closely resembled the great senator from Michigan that he was often mistaken for him. An old friend, returning from a journey, entered the lobby and, seeing him leaning against the desk, slipped up behind and hit him a terrific whack on the shoulder, saying cheerily and simultaneously: "Hello, old man! Here I am back again. How are you?" Senator Cass straightened up his six feet three and, turning upon the assailant his terrible, bloodshot eyes, almost annihilated him with a look. Not a word was spoken. That look was ample. The stranger was so "rattled" that he could not even apologize, but slunk dejectedly out of the hotel.

Later in the day when congress was supposed to be in session the stranger returned to the hotel to shake hands with the proprietor and tell him all about the Cass incident. Walking bravely up, he laid his hand down on his friend's shoulder and, without waiting for a greeting, surprised him with: "See here, old fellow, you got me in a deuce of a scrape this morning. Why, you know, I took old Cass for you, slapped him on the back, nearly taking off a shoulder, and the old fool looked at me as if he wanted to commit murder. The darned old lunatic, why doesn't he stay out of here? He knows"— Again the great senator from Michigan straightened up his six feet three, again he turned his bloodshot eyes, again he looked and again the victim fled. Two mistakes of that kind in one day!

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Traits Which Are Readily Disclosed by One's Gait.

"There's a conceited man coming down the street," said the girl in the group on a corner. "How do I know? By his walk. I can tell the chief trait of any person's character by watching him or her walk. For instance, if a man walks with a heavy lift to his hips he's sure to be obstinate. If he sinks down a little on his heels he has a comfortable attitude toward life and the world in general—in fact, he's a bit lazy. That woman coming down the street now is a gossip. Any one could tell that because of her mincing, fussy gait. Indecision is the chief characteristic of that woman's character across the street. Don't you see how she swings her foot rather hesitatingly in the air before she puts it down?

"The man who walks with his knees leading is sure to be of the pious type—the disagreeably pious type, I mean. You see that old codger who is crossing the road with his stomach seeming to lead the rest of him—well, of course it is evident that feeding is his chief delight. When an intellectual man walks his head leads. That girl who sways so is self conscious. Yes, that girl going down the street has a pretty walk, gliding and quiet, but watch out for her; she is treacherous in the extreme.

"The man who puts his feet down especially solidly is heavy and somewhat stupid. That little person crossing the road with a quick, clean step is energy personified, but he has the sort of energy which has no regard for the rights or feelings of others. The girl coming out of that store has an ugly streak in her nature. Don't you see how she puts her foot down unwillingly as if she were saying: 'I won't! I won't!' I shouldn't advise any man to marry her.

"Of course I don't pretend to know thoroughly a person's character by his walk, but I do discover his predominating characteristic."

The Quality of Mercy.

A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as Wild Bill, was tried before a federal court in Georgia and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unmixed pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this:

"Well, I sush am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

Proving It.

"Keep up your courage, old man," said the passenger who was a good sailor to another who was leaning over the railing and paying tribute to Neptune.

"Never mind me," came the answer between gasps. "I've always heard that it took travel to bring out what there is in a man."

Painfully Natural.

Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for $25,000 and who was in the audience actually fainted.—London Tit-Bits.

The Whirling Dervishes.

Those spirits on the hunt for "sensations" in Constantinople will wish to "take in" the dervishes. The whirling clan have a convenient convent on the Grand Rue, where their circumnavigations may be witnessed at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening for the admission of 10 cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine the robed and turbaned dervishes commence their turning. With arms outstretched, the right palm upward to beseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapid revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the premiere danseuse. Very little space is allotted to each priest, and it seems strange that there are no collisions. The dance ceases in an hour or so with the men exhausted. —Travel Magazine.

Boys' Use of Barometers.

Every English schoolboy who can afford it has a barometer that he keeps hidden under his bed or in his trunk, for in all English schools barometers are strictly forbidden to the pupils. Why should they be forbidden? Why should they be desired? Through the autumn and winter the English schoolboy plays football every afternoon, weather permitting. He must play two hours each clear day. These two hours are taken off his recitations. They make his school tasks two hours lighter; hence when he knows beforehand that the next day will be clear he may spare himself two hours of useless study the night before. His barometer pointing to "fine" saves him a lot of toil. But when the instrument points to "change" then the schoolboy knows that there will be no football. Thus a boy with a barometer has a big advantage. He often sells weather predictions at a penny apiece.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Giants Not Long Lived.

Giants are not long lived, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine. "Of nearly 100 names recorded I have been able to find the ages at death of only eighteen, as follows:

Lewis Wilkins	28
The Giant Constantin	30
Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant	22
Cornelius McGrath	23
James Toller	24
Thomas Hasler	25
The Minnesota Giant	18
The Norfolk Giant	43
Patrick Cotter	45
Clerk in Bank of England	32
C. Munster	45
J. Winckelmeier	22
The Kentucky Giant	22
Lady Aama	18
S. Botis	37
Peter Tuchan	29
The Peruvian Giant	39
Antonius of Syria	25

"This makes an average longevity of barely twenty-eight years, or only a third as many years as they had inches. A giant living to a good old age is a thing unheard of."

America's First Book.

The first book printed in America was "The Eccale Espiritual Fara Fiegar al Cielo" (Spiritual Ladder For Reaching Heaven). It was printed in the City of Mexico in the early part of 1537 by Juan Fablos on a press brought from Europe by Fra Julan de Zumarraga, first bishop of Mexico. The first attempt at a newspaper in America was the Mercurio Volante (Flying Mercury), Mexico, 1693. The first Indian school was founded in 1524, and industrial schools for Indians date back to 1543. "Half a century before our overland pony express was inaugurated there were regular monthly mails the length of Spanish-America—from Paraguay to San Francisco, a little matter of 5,800 miles."—M. A. Lambug in Scottdale Independent.

Howler and Healer.

Rokitansky, the father of the well known operatic singers, was professor of pathology at the Vienna university. Besides the two singers he had another couple of sons, who had acquired a certain celebrity as medical men. One day when the old professor was asked how his sons were getting on he replied, shaking his head:

"You see, friends, two of them heal and the other two howl, and the howlers earn four times as much as the healers!"—London Standard.

The Philosophical Father.

The old man had finally succeeded in marrying off two of his seven daughters.

"Your girls have been blessings," said the officiating clergyman after the double ceremony.

"Yes," the old man huskily asserted, "they are the sort of blessings that brighten as they take their flight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Take the Job.

An inland graduate came to New York to seek employment. Through a friend he received an offer of a place as shipping clerk to a certain firm. In reply he wrote as follows: "I regret that I cannot accept your kind offer of a position as shipping clerk, but the fact is that I am always sick when on the water."—Success Magazine.

Persuasion.

"I can't marry you," she said. "You are old enough to be my father."

"Don't hesitate on that account. Ten years from now nobody will suspect it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is always reason in the man for his good or bad fortune.—Emerson.

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Harrows, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Hoes, Plow Lines, Plow Traces, Hames, Hame Straps, Back-bands; Farmers' Vices, all sizes.

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