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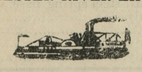
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CHESTER RIVER LINE.



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.

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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.

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Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

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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.

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"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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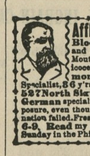
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STOPPED THE YELPING.

Rostand's Peasant Who Had Great Power Over Animals.

"When Edmond Rostand had completed his beautiful villa at Bayonne, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of his inability to sleep," says a Paris paper. "The restfulness of the place, however, and the charming surroundings worked wonders, and after a few days had passed the weary writer was able to sleep, and his friends looked for his speedy return to good health. But a dog blocked the progress of the cure. One night the dog began to bark, and in a short time dogs in all directions answered, and the concert kept up until day broke. All efforts to locate the mischief making animal failed. Every night at the same time the barking began, and no one could suggest a remedy. One day one of the servants told about a ne'er-do-well in a nearby village who had great power over dumb animals—possibly he might help. He was called, a large reward was promised, and the barking ceased. A few weeks after the reward had been collected Rostand was again disturbed by the dogs under the leadership of the same unknown barker. The peasant was again called, and Rostand said, 'You must be well acquainted with the ways of animals to have such power over them.' The man beamed under the influence of the diplomatic flattery and proudly showed how he could imitate the whistling of birds and the noises made by animals in woods, barn or poultry yard. 'And how about dogs?' said Rostand. Then the man began to bark, and immediately the voice of the arch disturber was recognized. 'That's enough,' said Rostand. 'Here is a twenty franc piece. If we should hear the dogs bark again, the police will be called.' The peasant saw that he had fallen into a trap, the dogs were heard no more, 'and that,' says the writer, 'is my dog story without a dog.'"

EASY HOSPITALITY.

Food Abundance In Virginia In the Seventeenth Century.

Few countries of the world have possessed so abundant and varied a supply of food as Virginia during the seventeenth century. This partly explains, writes P. A. Bruce in "Social Life In Virginia In the Seventeenth Century," the hospitable disposition of the people even in those early times. The herds of cattle, which ran almost wild, afforded an inexhaustible supply of milk, butter, cheese, veal and beef. Deer were shot in such numbers that people cared little for venison. So abundant were chickens that they were not included in the inventories of personal estates. No planter was so badly off that he could not have a fowl on his table at dinner.

Vast flocks of wild ducks and geese frequented the rivers and bays and were looked on as the least expensive portion of the food which the Virginians had to procure. Fish of the most delicate and nourishing varieties were caught with hook or net. Oysters and shellfish could be scraped up by the bushel from the bottom of the nearest inlet or tidal stream.

Apples, peaches, plums and figs grew in abundance. Not only were grapes cultivated, but excellent varieties grew wild through the forest. Such an abundance of wild strawberries could be gathered that no attempt was made to raise the domestic berry.

The watermelon flourished, and in hominy, the roasting ear and corn pone the Virginians possessed articles of food of great excellence, which were entirely unknown to the people of the old world. There was produced on every plantation an extraordinary quantity of walnuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts and hickory nuts. Honey was obtainable in abundance, both from domestic hives and from hollow trees in the forest.

Bad Night For the Show.

Piloting an unknown show through a starving territory is no cinch, but I have thought out a good idea. In anticipation of each engagement I am going to call out the reserves and when they are out they will be invited in. That will help fill the house.

You have heard of the various excuses for light business—"because the night is so dark," etc. This is a hot one:

"Young man," said the local manager to the agent on his first tour, "why do you bring your troupe here on a Saturday night? Don't you know you won't do any trade?"

"What's the difference between Saturday night and any other night?" asked the agent.

"Because everybody's getting shaved."—New York World.

Too Easy.

The Union bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleepless. He wondered whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly, while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director.—Simplicissimus.

His Rush.

Boy (reading)—She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror stricken, rushed to the bank— Teacher (cutting in)—Why did the husband rush to the bank? Boy—Please, sir, to get the insurance money.—London Mail.

For penknives the steel is tempered at 470 degrees, for table knives at 530 degrees and for saws at 560 degrees.

THE TOSS OF A COIN.

Mathematics of the Turning of Heads or Tails.

CHANCE AND THEORY CLASH.

If Heads Turn Ten Times In Sequence Theory Says the Odds Are Against Another Head, Yet Chance Says the Odds on the Next Toss Are Even.

A famous mathematician, Professor Karl Pearson, once spent the greater part of his vacation deliberately tossing a shilling and making careful notes of how it fell. He spun the shilling 25,000 times, and a pupil of his, working separately, spun a penny 8,200 times and also tested the drawing of 9,000 tickets from a bag.

It may seem strange that a learned professor should put himself to such an amount of trouble to demonstrate what every schoolboy who had ever tossed a coin already knew. Yet, as a matter of fact, few really do grasp the laws which govern such an apparently straightforward matter as the tossing of a coin. In the words of the arithmetician, the theory of "runs"—that is, heads turning up repeatedly or tails turning up repeatedly—is precisely as follows:

The chance of a head is one-half; of two heads following, is one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-quarter; of three heads in succession, one-half multiplied by one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-eighth. Now, what do you suppose is the chance of a run of eleven heads? It is safe to say that not many persons, however accustomed to tossing coins, have reasoned this out. The fact is that one "run" of eleven heads is on the average only to be expected in 2,048 sets of coin tossing.

Although the man in the street may not have reckoned this, he is always quite positive that if, say, a coin has fallen ten times head upward he is safe to start backing tails. He puts his money on tails turning up because, he says, it stands to sense that the run of heads can't continue. But does it? At the eleventh toss the head of the coin is just as big as it ever was. What mysterious influence can a past event, the tossing of ten heads, have on a future one which has no link with them—namely, the tossing of the coin the eleventh time? Surely each toss is an event by itself, as Sir Hiram Maxim said of a game at roulette at Monte Carlo:

"It is a pure, unadulterated question of chance, and it is not influenced in the least by anything which has ever taken place before or that ever will take place in the future."

A nasty piece of plain speaking this for the cranks who had published schemes for "breaking the bank" and whose plans depended entirely on the theory that if one game ended in a win for "red" the chances against it ending "red" a second time were less, a third time less still, and so on.

This of course would be a sound enough argument provided that you regard some dozens of games of roulette or tosses of a coin all as one continuous event. It is quite safe, for instance, to offer beforehand big odds against a coin turning up heads ten times running. But in practice the public house loafer does not do this. What he does is to bet on each separate toss by itself, thus defeating his own aims. The odds against a coin turning up heads eleven times are as has been shown, something like 2,000 to 1. But suppose you only start betting at the tenth toss. What are the odds against the eleventh toss again being a head?

The odds, so far from being 2,000 to 1, are actually 1 to 1! To use an Irishism, the odds are even—that is to say, if you split up the eleven tosses into eleven separate events to be bet on separately your bets should be "even money" all the time, however often heads turn up running. But if you view the eleven tosses as one combined event and you offer a preliminary bet against the whole eleven results being heads you will have to give gigantic odds.

All this goes to prove the absolute uncertainty of gambling. The greatest mathematicians of the day cannot be certain how a coin will fall, so that the man of merely average abilities who stakes anything important on the toss of a coin is allowing that part of his fortune to pass entirely outside his control.—Pearson's Weekly.

South Africa's Locusts.

Millions and millions of locusts settle, and millions and millions continue flying to settle farther on. They have been settling in myriads for a hundred miles and more, and yet enough are left flying to hide the sun. On the ground nothing can be seen but locusts. So thickly do they pack that not a square inch of earth or grass is visible. As you walk through them a narrow wake is left for a few seconds in your track where they have flown out of your way, and as they rise in thousands before your feet the noise of their wings is like an electric power station.—Grand Magazine.

Putting It Mildly.

The flooding of a Yorkshire mine had a tragic result, and a miner was deputed to break the news to a poor woman whose husband had been drowned.

"Does Widow Jones live here?"

"No," was the indignant lady's reply "You're a liar!" he said.—London Tatler.

Never tell your resolution before hand.—Selden.

CATCHING AN ALBATROSS.

The Bird Enjoys the Sport and Is Landed Uninjured.

With the birds settling by the dozen it is easy enough to capture specimens for examination without causing injury or pain. Any sharply barbed hook is altogether superfluous. The albatrosses absolutely enjoy the excitement, and the sport obtained is not without a novel interest.

A small metal frame should be made in the shape of a hollow triangle attached to 100 yards of stout line and kept afloat by a good sized piece of cork. The sides of the metal frame are then covered with bits of fat pork, the hard skin of which is securely bound thereto. The bait is thrown astern, and the line is slowly paid out.

Presently a great albatross swoops through the air, impelled by curiosity to investigate the nature of the floating pork. It settles before the dainty morsel of food; numbers of birds follow suit, each one made bold by competition, and then the sport begins.

At this moment additional line must be given in order to compensate for the progressing of the ship, thus enabling a bird to seize the desired food. With a sudden rush the supreme effort is made. Once or twice the attempt proves ineffectual; but, rendered bold by greediness, a final grab finds the curved bill securely wedged inside the apex of the triangle, as the fierce tugs on the line quickly indicate.

Steadily the haul is made, hand over hand, until a helpless albatross is bodily lifted on to the poop in an absolutely uninjured condition. A slackened line enables the bird to escape, and if scattered wits permitted such an effort sudden flight would obtain release.

The other birds invariably commence to attack a wounded comrade, a steady pull being required, even if the line does cut your hands, to save it from its friends. Once safely on deck the mandibles are tied together, for otherwise the bird throws up an oily fluid, a disagreeable habit possessed by all the tribe.

Subject to this precaution it may wander gravely around to survey the new horizon of life. The large eyes gaze with a truly pathetic confidence expressive of anything but fear.

It is a strange spectacle to witness the inquisitive bird solemnly waddle to and fro among the equally inquisitive human beings around. True, it objects slightly to the process of measurement, pecking sharply by way of protest, but a gentle box on the ear soon induces submission as the dimensions are rapidly noted, the albatross meanwhile reposing affectionately in the arms of the second officer.

The specimen happens to be a small one, but the wing expansion from tip to tip is less than ten feet, the extreme length of body is three feet six inches and the formidable bill measures upward of four inches.—Cornhill Magazine.

MAKING A COAT.

Thirty-nine Distinct Varieties of Work by as Many Men.

According to the United States bureau of labor, the old saw "It takes nine tailors to make a man" is filled with misinformation, for in reality, the bureau finds, it takes thirty-nine men of different trades just to make a coat under the present system of shop manufacture, for the day when one tailor measured the customer, cut out the cloth and, with his apprentices, shaped it into a finished and pressed garment has practically passed. Today all one tailor may do through his entire life is to mark the place where buttons are to be sewn on. Another man never marks but for buttons. His specialty is to work buttonholes. A third man spends the long day in sewing on buttons, a fourth in making buttonholes. Men who sew sleeves do not make armholes. The armhole men give place to shoulder shapers, and these last do not touch collars, which are a distinct specialty. Even the men who manipulate the tailor's goose are divided into pressers of seams, edges, linings, sleeves and coat pressers. The basters stick to one distinct specialty of basting, and a separate functionary, the basting puller, undoes their work. Even the coat strap is a separate province. So that when the coat is finished it represents thirty-nine distinct varieties of work by as many men. And when a man finally puts on the coat he is wearing the product of 312 fingers and seventy-eight thumbs, not counting the digits of those who sheared the sheep, wove the cloth, dyed it, finished it, shipped it and cut it nor the ink stained clerical hands which kept a book record of all the processes. Probably from sheep to wearer the coat was handled by at least 3,000 fingers.—New York Tribune.

Elephant Police.

The sight of six pairs of elephants simultaneously at work capturing a half dozen struggling, trumpeting mates is an imposing one. Like a pair of animal policemen arresting a prisoner, the great beasts sidle alongside a victim, take him between them and jostle and squeeze and worry him, tail first, toward a tree. Every inch is contested by the herculean fighters until nearing a stout tree or stump the little brown elephant catchers slide from their mounts to the ground, crawl under the ponderous bellies and shuffling, kicking feet, slip cable slings about a hind foot and take a turn around a tree.—Strand Magazine.

Brilliant Idea.

"I can't understand," said the stranger, "since the monument is perfectly cylindrical in form, why they put in square railing around it."

"Perhaps," replied the native, "they didn't have enough railing to go round."—Philadelphia Press.

OUR

FALL AND WINTER

WEARABLES

are now ready for inspection.

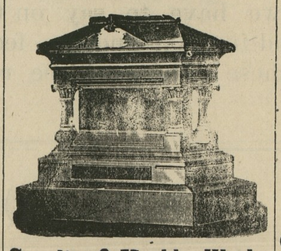
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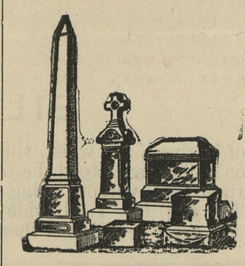
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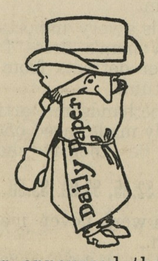
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Cultivators,

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

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Early Rose, Irish Cobbler, Early Ohio, Red Bliss, Burbanks and other varieties.

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"Harden" and "Semple" Fire Extinguishers.

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The new Perfection Wick Oil Stoves, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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