

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

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September 2 and 16, 1908

Round-Trip Rate \$10.25 from CHESTERTOWN

Tickets good going on regular trains day after excursion to Philadelphia, and SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches leaving Philadelphia at 8.10 A. M. on above dates, running via the

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I have the quality and the price. See my line before buying what you need in these lines for your fall work. I am offering a mighty fine \$13.00 Buggy Harness, the price only \$7.00 To see it is to appreciate its values and price

All Kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed

WALTER T. BRAMBLE

THE HARNESS MAN

Opp. Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.



Isn't It Awful?

You surely know by this time that a cream separator may even double your dairy profits, and make the work easier, too. Then why not have one? Just take one good look at these pictures—and then a good look at your wife. The upper picture shows the simple bowl of the Dairy Tubular Separator—washed clean in one to three minutes.



FOR SALE BY

H. R. GRAHAM & BRO.

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

COAL COAL COAL

Of course everybody knows where to buy GOOD CLEAN COAL.

Also, Wood, Lime, Hay and Terra Cotta Piping.

The place to buy is from the coal and wood man

J. D. BACCHUS, Chestertown, Md.

IF YOU HAVE ANY THING TO SEI U, ADVERTISE IT

THE PLANET JUPITER

A Monster World, 1,300 Times the Size of Ours.

WHIRLS WITH AWFUL SPEED.

It Spins Around at Such a Fearful Gait That a Furious Gale Perpetually Encircles its Equator—Its Possible Inhabitants and its Moons.

It is curious how little the average person knows about Jupiter. He has heard a lot, too much perhaps, about Mars, but that world, 1,300 times the size of ours, whirling in the terrible outer distance of space with its five moons, its 144 months yearly, known as Jupiter is almost if not quite a mystery.

In the first place, Jupiter, according to some astronomers, is inhabited. So are some of its moons, in the midst of which the great planet spins around like a top at such tremendous speed that it causes around the equator a furious wind that blows perpetually at a rate of about 250 miles an hour.

In the midst of this never ending, howling gale live the Jovians. Some astronomers say that because Jupiter is so much bigger and heavier than the earth no creature of any weight can support itself. A man weighing 200 pounds on this earth would, if carried to Jupiter, weigh 500 pounds, and, reasoning thus, they believe that nothing bigger than a cat could stand on this vast world.

But this is no doubt a mistake. If Jupiter stood still or revolved no faster than our earth all that astronomy says would be true, and a terrestrial man could not stand upon its surface. But as a fact the tremendous rate of revolution is so much faster than the earth's that in spite of its monstrous size it turns about in less than ten hours as against our twenty-four hours.

As it is, a man of normal earthly size, if transported to the equator of Jupiter, would actually feel much lighter than he does here on earth, because the swift rotation of the planet would almost lift him from his feet and throw him into the heavens. He would feel so light that the 250 mile an hour tornado that blows incessantly would pick him up and carry him around and around the planet like a speck of dust.

In order to keep on his feet the Jovian man or woman would have to be about fifty feet tall. Some of them would doubtless reach the height of fifty-five feet. Like all big bodies, the Jovian would actually tend to slowness of motion. Having once seated himself, he would spend a good twelve hours at his breakfast and perhaps eighteen at his dinner and would probably throw up his job if his employer allowed him less than six hours for his lunch.

The oceans of Jupiter, torn into fury by hurricanes, would pay no attention to one moon such as moves the tides on our earth, and it takes no fewer than five of these satellites to perform this work for Jupiter. They travel at various rates of speed, some flying very close to Jupiter's surface and others far off. They have atmospheres somewhat like ours on earth, and a moonlight on Jupiter is indeed a glorious sight, for these moons have a variety of colors. Two are blue, one is yellow and one red.

Jupiter needs all its moons at night for illumination, for without them its five hours of daylight would be almost indeed. So distant is the sun that broad daylight is hardly brighter than twilight on earth, and one lone moon would not reflect enough of the sun's rays to guide the Jovian footsteps.

In the polar and semipolar areas the 250 mile an hour tornado of the equator is not present. Doubtless there are eddies and occasional windstorms such as there are on earth. And in these localities it is possible for smaller creatures to exist, and here, too, vegetation would flourish. The food supply of Jupiter must come from these areas, where it is cultivated and shipped to the equatorial regions by the diminutive races. The polar oceans are not frozen because of the great internal heat of Jupiter, and on these still oceans probably ships not greatly different from ours ply, but about the equator the unending storm would make surface sailing impossible.

If there are ships at all at the equator they are submarines, which dive into the calm depths beneath the surface. Locomotion by flying machines is extremely easy on the equator because, by taking advantage of the wind, the Jovians can navigate their planet at tremendous speed.

It is possible that because of the noise in the wind swept equator the Jovian is deaf. Quite likely, on the other hand, he has good ears, but with a device, either artificial or contributed by nature, for stopping his ears, except when he wishes to listen.

This tremendous, good natured Jovian has a leather-like skin to protect himself from the scratches of flying things and a device for sifting the air that he breathes, for Jovian atmosphere is full of dust, and in spite of the difficulties of his existence he is a long lived gentleman. On the average he exists for about 800 of our years. Probably many a Jovian exists a full thousand of our little years.—Detroit News-Tribune.

None of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.

Her System.

"How do you get along with the men so well, Maude?"

"Well, I expect them all to be fools. But I don't let them suspect what I expect. So I'm never disappointed.

"And neither are they."—Cleveland Leader.

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A GERMAN SATIRE.

The Forgotten Life and the Sad Fate of the Herring.

The experiments of men of science sometimes furnish amusement to those who are not particularly interested in the slow, minute and apparently insignificant investigations by means of which important physical facts are learned. It is interesting to know that if you cut off the tails of forty successive generations of mice at their birth not one mouse, even in the fourth generation, will be born without a tail. But when the man of science was engaged in cutting off the baby mice's tails all the world laughed at him. The slow experiments to test the possibility that by degrees an animal may change its habit—a land animal taking to water, and so on—were thus amusingly satirized in Germany.

Some time ago Herr Professor Schiltzer, the eminent biologist who is making experiments relative to the changes of habit made by animals, captured a live herring. He took the fish home and kept it in a large vat of salt water. Every morning the professor dipped out of this vat half a teaspoonful of habitat made by animal, captured a live herring. He took the fish home and kept it in a large vat of salt water. Every morning the professor dipped out of this vat half a teaspoonful of habitat made by animal, captured a live herring. He took the fish home and kept it in a large vat of salt water.

The herring survived and passed his days apparently in the best of spirits. In the course of time the water in the tank became rather stale and unwholesome. Not a grain of salt was left in it. And still the herring remained cheerful and in good health. Next the herring professor began to deprive the fish, little by little, of the fresh water element in which he lived. In this also he was successful, and after a time the herring gambled around in a perfectly dry tank.

The herring professor next put the fish in a birdcage, and the intelligent creature continued to thrive. But one day the herring professor noticed that something seemed to be the matter with it. He had forgotten to give it anything to drink. Thereupon he put a dish of water in the cage.

The next morning, when the herring professor came to look at his fish, a melancholy sight met his gaze. The herring had fallen head first into the dish of water and had been drowned.—Harper's Weekly.

THE MAN KILLING CAMEL.

A Turk's Consideration For the Brute's Future Owner.

There had come with us from Hebron a Turk soldier riding a young camel whose virtues he boasted and indeed exhibited—the clean limbs, the stride and the docility of the beast. It seemed a worthy camel—a camel of excellent humor and of distinguished promise—and it was much coveted by the way. At night, as the custom is, the man was used to sleeping close to his beast, the winds being chill, but now at Hebron, while the mules were unloading and the cook was coaxing his fire, he tethered the camel, flung his saddle on the sand and went off to the mud barracks to huddle with the Egyptian frontier guard. I was presently alarmed by the cook's outcry and a rising excitement in camp. The docile camel was viciously trampling his master's saddle, stupidly believing that he was engaged in his master's murder—a savage and dreadful attack, a rearing and heavy plunge.

"What!" ejaculated the Turk when he was informed of this. "Have I cherished a man killer?" The camel was heartily beaten and reduced to his knees, whereupon the Turk, who was for the time being the camel's master, and who he could rise but with difficulty, and he withdrew to observe his behavior, for his master was not yet convinced. Rise he did, a persistent, silent effort, and cautiously approached the saddle, which he attacked as savagely as before, but now with one hoof.

"I have had a narrow escape," said the Turk. "My camel would have killed me tonight. By God and Mohammed, the prophet of God," he swore, "I will sell the beast in the bazaar at Beersheba."

I inquired concerning the future owner's prospect of long life. "He is in God's hands," was the answer.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

A Great Way Off.

Mr. William Miles, late verger of Rochester cathedral and the original of Mr. Tope in "Edwin Drood," was a great favorite with the late Dean Hole. On one anniversary of the verger's birthday, after a pleasant greeting, the dean asked: "How many children did your mother have?"

"Oh, I am the eldest of twelve!" replied Mr. Miles. "Then," said the genial dean, "you never saw your youngest brother." "Oh, yes, I did," answered Miles. "What! With ten miles between you?" said the dean chaffingly.

Quite modest. "You took retainers from both husband and wife in this divorce case," said the court severely. "Your honor," said the accused attorney, "let me explain. I was first retained by the man." "No impropriety in that." "Then, conscious that the husband had secured legal talent of such high caliber, I deemed it fair that the wife should have an equal show."—Kansas City Newsbook.

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Have You Seen the 1908 Ford Auto?

IF YOU HAVEN'T you must call on us and get a demonstration. It is the most powerful, the smoothest running, the easiest of control, the noiseless, and the most economical machine on the market today, both in first cost and in running expenses.

I will be in Chestertown in a few days to give a demonstration and prove all this to be true.

Don't buy an Auto until you see the FAMOUS FORD.

A. Raymond Prettyman, Sole Agent for County. Galena, Md.

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