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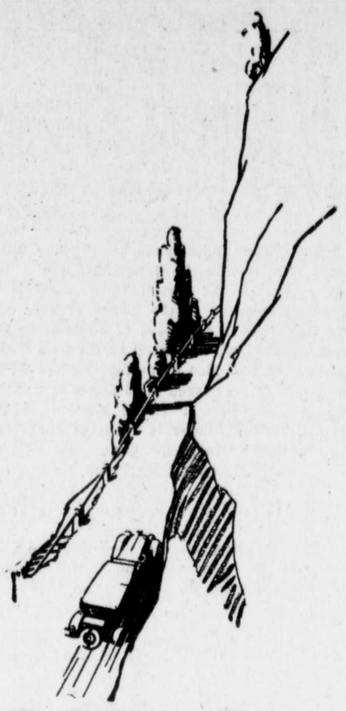
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"STANDARD" GASOLINE

MADE IN MARYLAND



Everywhere this New Delco-Light has won an Instant Welcome

A month ago we announced a new Delco-Light electric plant—Delco-Light at a new low price—Delco-Light so inexpensive in cost that it could bring the blessings of electricity to every farm home in America.

Thousands of farmers have found, in this new Delco-Light, the thing they've always wanted—a genuine Delco-Light plant that they could have, *completely installed on their farms*, at a cost that was really low. Thousands of farm women have found the Delco-Light that would lighten their burdens and bring new happiness to their families—all at a very economical cost.

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Here is a brief description of the new Delco-Light, and some general information about our remarkable new plan of complete installation and easy time payments. Read every word of this information. And then write or telephone immediately for the details of our complete offer.

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The new plant is a genuine Delco-Light in every respect—full 600-watt capacity, strong, sturdily built economical in operation. It is equipped with a standard Delco starter and an economical starting battery. And its price is only $195 f. o. b. Dayton—the lowest price and the greatest value ever offered in a Delco-Light electric plant.

Complete Installation at a Remarkably Small Cost

In addition to this, special arrangements have been made whereby the Delco-Light Dealer in your community will install your plant and wire your house for five lights to be located wherever you specify. You will receive with the plant five beautiful spun-brass lighting fixtures complete with bulbs.

And all of this—plant, installation, wiring, fixtures, everything ready to turn on the lights—will cost you only $53, in addition to the price of the plant itself.

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Finally, we have arranged that this new low cost for Delco-Light, completely installed, can be paid on terms so easy that anyone can take advantage of them. The total cost is only $248, including freight (a little more west of the Mississippi). But you make only a small down payment. The balance is payable on easy terms, arranged to suit your convenience.

Ask for Details

Never before has such an offer been made. Never before has Delco-Light cost so little and been so easy to buy. It means that any farm home—*your* home—can have Delco-Light today.

At the bottom of this advertisement appear the name and address of the Delco-Light Dealer for your community. Call on him, write, or telephone for full information—specifications of the plant, illustrations of the fixtures that come with it, details of our complete installation and wiring plan and the figures that show how easily you can now get Delco-Light.

Delco-Light Company, Dayton, Ohio, Subsidiary of General Motors

GEORGE W. BALDWIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

J. J. POCOCK, 810 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., Distributor

WORTON

Miss Nan Matthews is spending some time at the home of her brother, Mr. H. M. Matthews and family.

Mrs. E. J. Rouse is improving her home with a new front porch and a coat of paint.

Billy Hickman, of Betterton, is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Preston Crowding.

Miss I. C. Cooper, who continues quite sick, has gone to the home of her niece, Mrs. S. J. Lee.

Mr. George Lee and George Rasin motored to Annapolis. Washington and Baltimore Sunday.

Mrs. G. E. Nichols spent Monday in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edith Seward is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Dora Prettyman, who has geen quite sick but is now improving.

Mrs. Bushey and daughter, Miss Miss Harlan, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mrs. Joseph Duyer.

Mr. George Rasin visited his parents, Mr. Jacob Crowding of Townsend on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee and Mrs. Walter T. Morris spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and daughter. Julia spent Saturday in Wilmington shopping.

Miss Elizabeth Crowding spent the week with her brother, Mr. Jacob Crowding, of Townsend.

Worton Grange held their monthly meeting Tuesday night, May 26.

GALENA

Mrs. Harry Hyland, of Wilmington. spent a few days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Vansant.

Mr. Lester Jarman, of Centreville, spent the week-end with his aunt, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Vansant and Mr. William Hyland spent Sunday with their brother in Greensboro who is quite sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyles and children and Mrs. Emma Stradley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Olie Ford near Chestertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Craddock and son, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Miss Helen Bolton, of Beacon's College, Wilmington. spent several days of last week at her home in town.

The Willing Woryers Club held their monthly meeting at the Personage on Tuesday evening, May 25th. All spent a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Agnes Jarman, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

AFTER MANY DAYS

By ROBERT C. BICKNELL

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

THROUGH the fields, fast browning under the October sun, a boy of fifteen trudged despondently. A light rifle of the muzzle-loading type was across his shoulder, a string of squirrels trailed behind.

Reaching the fence by the roadside, he climbed upon the topmost rail and, on this precarious perch, proceeded to charge his piece anew. A thimbleful of black powder first, the last charge of a half-pound that had cost three dollars in Confederate money at the country store. While this was a high price, no doubt, yet it was not so high as it seems—for the value of Confederate money was problematical in the fall of '64. Next, a small flattened bullet, the last in the pouch. Lead had long since become unobtainable. Then the pewter spoons in the kitchen had gone to shoot squirrels and snipe, and this was the last of a broken silver spoon which he had surreptitiously obtained and melted with much difficulty in an old iron ladle, and cast in the molds that looked so much like a pair of old-fashioned candle snuffers. Indeed, the last one had not melted completely and was scant in measure, so that on the side from which the neck should have projected was a flattened surface on which could be plainly seen a little laureled crown, the hall-mark of the maker. The placing of a percussion cap upon the nipple completed the process of reloading, and for a time he sat, his rifle across his knees, looking down the dusty country road.

There presently emerged from the woodland, half a mile away, a most unusual spectacle. A dozen horses showed first their enveloping cloud of dust, and following, came long lines of marching men, in dust-covered blue uniforms. Although he had never seen a Yankee soldier before in his life, the boy knew, at once, that this was a part of the great Union army of which he had lately heard so much. With instinctive caution he drew himself into the overhanging branches of a tree and watched with eager eyes the approaching procession. First passed the mounted officers, then long lines of foot soldiers, followed by several field pieces and a number of lumbering ammunition wagons—all raising such a cloud of dust that he was well nigh stifled on his perch in the tree.

When all had gone and he was concluding that he might safely descend, two men in nondescript garb—camp-followers evidently—came slouching along and paused in the shade of the very tree in which the boy was hiding.

"It was about here somewhere," one of the men was saying, "A farmhouse near the road, a likely looking bay colt grazing in the lot and a pretty woman on the porch," and he looked meaningly at the other and laughed—a harsh, sneering laugh.

The boy grasped the little rifle tightly and his face flushed hotly. What right had these rough men to mention thus his mother—his modest, dainty mother? For his home was the only house near the road for miles, and his own bay colt was loose in the lot by the house, while his mother habitually sat in the mornings on the wide porch fronting the road.

Without having said more, the men moved on, but the boy had heard enough. As soon as the men were out of sight he dropped down and hurried, by a way he well knew, which would bring him to the back of the house.

He had need to hurry, for the men were already at the house when he came up.

One had skilfully caught the horse and was in the act of fastening a saddle on his back, while the other, the spokesman under the tree, was bowing low in mock courtesy before the boy's mother, who stood in the doorway, pale and frightened, but resolutely barring the way to the ruffian who was seeking to enter the house.

"With your kind permission," he was saying, "We will dine with you today. Then we will take a look at the silver, and surely so fair a lady—" he broke off, to take a leering look into her face, stooping slightly, which proceeding the lady so resented that she gave him a slap fair on his cheek and turned him half round.

At this instant the boy vaulted the fence and cried "Mother," raising his rifle as he lighted on his feet. The man, seeing this, ran, and, with one bound, landed astride the astonished horse behind his comrade, who was already mounted in the saddle. The horse was moving briskly by this time, and the two were almost around the corner of a little wood when the boy reached the front of the house. Without hesitating, however, he took aim at the man behind and fired. As the horse turned the corner, the boy saw the two men leaning far over—the one in front supporting his companion. Turning, he was just in time to catch his mother, who fell, fainting, in his arms. When she regained consciousness, a few moments afterward, the boy was sobbing violently.

"I am all right now," she said, patting his cheek as he bent over her. "But it isn't only that," he said, between sobs, "I am afraid I killed the man." So much did he dread the confirmation of his fear that he carefully avoided going near the corner of the wood around which the men had disappeared.

The next day they went away to the North, he and his mother, and before they returned, five years had passed. The war was over, and the period of reconstruction was well nigh passed. Realizing the needs of the prostrate South, the boy, now a young man of twenty, had come, after only one term at the medical college, to practice for a year or two under his father's tuition, while he accumulated sufficient money to defray the expenses of another year at college—a common custom in those days.

"You will need to study, too," his father had told him, after the day's rest from the journey was over, "and all my anatomical specimens were destroyed in the fire which the tramps following Sherman's army kindled in my office about the time you went away."

"With all the skeletons lying scattered throughout the country just now, it should be easy to find one for your study," he added, a little grimly.

"I kin gib him a Yankee's skull, ef dat will do," said an old darky, who had remained faithfully with the old doctor during all these years, and who from having associated with them, as if were, in the doctor's office, had lost much of the darky's fear of skeletons.

"And where did you get such a thing?" asked the young man.

"I foun' hit in de woods by de big road jist beyan' de house, more'n a year ago," the darky explained, and in spite of his added years, and the time which had elapsed, the young man felt some of the dread which had so oppressed him on the day before his departure, five years before.

"Bring it to me then," he said shortly, and in a few minutes he held in his hands a skull, bleached on one side and stained on the other, showing that it had lain long upon the ground, the upper side exposed to the sun.

In one of the bones of the left side, just behind the opening for the ear, was a small, round hole; on the other side was no corresponding opening.

"Must be inside," he muttered to himself," or may have dropped out."

With a small chisel he pried off the fan-shaped temporal bone from the left side, the interlocking sutures resisting strongly the efforts of his nervous hands. Finally it was released from the tenacious grasp of the last stubborn serration, and turning the skull so that the light fell on the opposite side of the interior, he saw, wedged into the inner table of that part of the skull nearly corresponding to the right temple, a small, flattened bullet, and plainly to be seen on its surface was a little laureled crown.

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Saves miles of steps—everything at your finger-tips.

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