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## Farmers, List Your Repair Needs

It would be hard to find a farmer who at some time or another had not lost valuable time waiting for necessary repair parts. Take this territory and total up the time lost in this way and it will astonish you. And all because repairs are not odered as early as they should be.

There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared to meet every call promptly.

Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

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Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 5 p. m.

TURNER & SON,

Betterton Md.


## A Word With the Old Folks

*Elderly People Are Learning Importance of Good Elimination.*

IN the later years of life there is apt to be a slowing up of the bodily functions. Good elimination, however, is just as essential to the old as to the young. Many old folks have learned the value of *Doan's Pills* when a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys is required. Scanty or burning passages of kidney secretions are often signs of improper kidney function. In most every community are scores of users and endorsers who acclaim the merit of *Doan's. Ask your neighbor!*

**DOAN'S PILLS 60c**

*Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys*

Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

MARY C. HAMILTON

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of June 1927 otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 21st day of December 1926.

THOMAS W. PERKINS,
Administrator

D25.





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JAS. O. BUCK,


## FACILITIES FOR YOUR COMMUNITY

Practically any town of any size in the United States periodically reads an item like this about itself: "Telephone company to enlarge its factilities here to care for future growth of the community."

No village is too small to interest the telephone company, whose aim it is to anticipate the telephone needs of every community and rural district.

It is this desire to extend its service to the farthest corners of the nation and into the smallest homes, which has given the United States a telephone service which is so far beyond that enjoyed by any other nation that comparisons are impossible. The telephone, in America, is not confined to government uses, to the aristocracy or to the official class.

No industry is more representative of democracy than the telephone; it serves all on the same basis and with the same courtesy. No other industry has a greater distribution of its stocks and bonds among its employes and the people of the nation.—The Manufacturer, Industrial News Bureau.

## THAT ALL USEFUL TELEPHONE BOOK

You boast about your libraries,
Of fussy books and such!
But when your really sift them down
They don't amount to much;
You read a book just one time through
Then put it on a shelf
For some lone, hungry bookworm
To enjoy his little self,
Yes, I'm willing to admit it,
For I'm not a bit stuck up,
'Longside of Burns and Shakespeare
I'm just a mongrel pup;
I'm not dressed up in vellum
With leather coat and band—
But what's printed on my pages
Everyone can u..derstand.
True to the instinct of my kind,
No matter where I roam
I buckle down to business
And call it home, sweet home;
I am the busy housewife's friend,
Sometimes the baby's toy,
And I'm the business ally
Of father and the boy.
You'll find me living in a dive,
Or palace of a "king,"
Or any place beneath the skies
Where telephones may ring;
I'm very well acquainted
With all shades and kinds of men,
And I'm read more in a single year
Than Shakespeare is in ten.

—Julia M. Hansen, in Telephone Talk.

## SCOTTISH COUNTY'S FIRST TELEPHONE

Here in America, where not only every county of every State, but practically every hamlet, has telephone connection, it is difficult to imagine in these days an entire county without telephones. However, such a situation has existed in Great Britain up to just a few weeks ago.

A recent issue of the Telegraph and Telephone Journal of London states that the telephone has just penetrated the county of Sutherland in northern Scotland for the first time, exchanges having been established at Dornoch and Golspie, and adds the rather interesting information that "we believe that telephone exchanges now exist in every county in England, Scotland and Wales."

## 10,700,000 FAMILIES TELEPHONE USERS

About two-thirds, or 11,400,000, of the total number of telephones in the Bell System in the United States are residence telephones. These 11,400,000 residence, or as they are sometimes called, "home" telephones, serve approximately 10,700,000 families. The excess of residence telephones over the number of families having telephones is due, in large part, to the use of extension stations. More and more the average home is being equipped with extension telephones so that weary housewives will not have to walk way upstairs or all the way downstairs, in order to answer the telephone, or to put in a call.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

Twenty years ago there were 3,000,000 telephones in the Bell System Today there are over 17,000,000 which can be reached over Bell System lines

Twenty years ago the Bell system had a plant investment of about $450,000,000. Today it has an investment of $2,800,000,000.

Twenty years ago the number of daily telephone conversations over Bell lines was about fifteen millions Today there are about 52,000,000 or over 70,000,000 for the country as a whole.

Twenty years ago there was less than 8,000,000 miles of Bell-owned telephone wire in the country. There is now about 50,000,000 miles.

Expert attention has been directed to developing a style of type for telephone directories that provides the highest degree of legibility for a given size.


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## THE ENGAGEMENT RING

By W. E. LLOYD

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"AND you start for West Africa tomorrow?"

Bransome felt that the question was like an unwritten doom. He looked at Mary Starr in the moonlight as they stood outside Colonel Starr's conservatory.

Bransome had known Mary for five months. Colonel Starr, in whose regiment he was now a captain, had taken a liking to the young man when they were posted at Malta, and had invited him to his home in England. Now Bransome, with the rank of acting major, was to leave for West Africa to put down the rebellion of the Kru tribe in the recesses of the forests. And he loved Mary.

But he knew that she was engaged to Lionel Travis, the political agent among the Krus, who had made his escape to the coast after sanguinary fighting.

Yet they loved, and love was stronger than honor at that moment. They gravitated toward each other, and stood looking at each other, not daring to speak lest they betray themselves.

"If I meet Travis—" began Bransome at length.

"Yes?" Her word was like a caress.

"What shall I tell him?"

Mary took the solitaire from her finger. "Give him this," she said softly.

Bransome, incredulous, clasped her in his arms and their lips met. "You love me, dearest?" he murmured.

"I have loved you since we met. It is wrong, but it is better than a marriage that shall wrong Lionel and myself, too."

Before Bransome departed it was understood that they were engaged. And Lionel Travis' ring reposed in Bransome's pocket to be handed to the agent if they met. Bransome would affect ignorance of the contents of the little box. It was a cruel mission, but there was no way of getting a letter to Travis, who might be in any part of the coast.

Bransome sailed the following day, and fifteen days later arrived with his regiment at the coast town. All the interior was in a ferment. The regiment was sent up hastily to the base, where it halted while the pioneers cut roads through the forest. And it was there that Bransome met Travis.

He was to accompany the column as political delegate to the loyal tribes. The two men met, greeted each other warmly, though Bransome naturally showed something of constraint. Travis lunched in the mess, and they smoked their cigars together afterward. When Travis rose to depart to his quarters Bransome spoke of Mary Starr for the first time.

"She asked me to give you this," he said, handing him the little box containing the ring.

"Thanks!" said Travis indifferently, and slipped it into his pocket.

The column started a day or two later, Travis accompanying it. Often the men exchanged words. Bransome would look curiously at Travis, but he could gather nothing from the agent's inscrutable countenance.

There was, however, little time for thinking. On the sixth day the enemy's stronghold was sighted. The messenger who went forward with a summons to surrender was met with defiant shouts from the negroes. Half an hour later the seven-pounder opened fire on the rebel stockade.

A fusillade of elephant guns followed, but few of the attacking party were hit. Presently the guns ceased; a breach had been made in the strong walls built of hardwood logs and almost as resistant as cement and mortar.

The regiment spread out in line. Bransome ran before them, waving his sword. "Advance!" he shouted.

Then he saw Travis beside him in his civilian clothes. The agent's white solar helmet made a splendid mark for an enemy. "Go back, you fool!" Bransome shouted.

But Travis ran beside him, and Bransome had no time for argument. The whole line followed, with fixed bayonets, roaring behind him. The bullets churned among the trees, and cut splinters from the boughs. Showers of leaves came down.

The yelling, defiant Krus manned the walls of the breached stockade. The assaulting party was compelled to form into column to mount the breach. And now the enemy displayed its secret resource, nothing less than an old brass ship's gun, which might have done service in the sixties, and was none the less effective here. A roaring detonation, and grape shot burst among the British troops. They fell in heaps, cut down by the well-directed charge.

But the gun was, of course, not a quick-firer, and had to be reloaded. The troops closed up. Bransome, who had by some miracle escaped unscathed, put himself at their head again. "Advance!" he shouted.

And again he was conscious of Travis in his white helmet, cool and smiling beside him.

It was a mad rush toward the walls. Just as the foremost man set foot in the breach the cannon roared again. The flies were swept away. And again Bransome found himself uninjured.

"Now, boys!" he shouted, amazed to find that he was still alive.

The attacking party, which had recoiled, heaped one man against his neighbor, and, the dead all about, rushed forward, cheering. Like a cataract the khaki-clad column swept over the breach, driving the dogged negroes before them, pinioning them with the bayonet. In a moment the fort was carried.

From hut to hut the flying Krus were pursued. They fell in writhing heaps, their own gun turned against them. For perhaps half an hour the bloody struggle lasted. Then the British were in possession of the village.

Bransome stopped. He had forgotten everything in the excitement of the battle. His sword was bloody, and yet he could not remember having struck down a man. A trickle of blood was running down his face. He limped from a slug in his leg that he had never felt.

He posted his men in various quarters; this done, he remembered Travis.

"Where's Travis?" he demanded of his surviving captain.

The agent could not be found. Yet it was Travis who represented the majesty of the British raj, and it was Travis who must interview the trembling old king now a prisoner in his own mud hut, guarded by a sullen, defiant chief wife, and a younger one, who held the royal red parasol over him.

Bransome went back, searching among the fallen. Travis was not in the town; he was not anywhere within the fort. Bransome came upon him at last just outside the breach. He had been struck down by a dozen slugs from the brass cannon the second time the weapon was discharged. Travis lay under a pile of dark Krus, but he was alive. He recognized Bransome.

Bransome hailed the stretcher-bearers and had two men place him upon a stretcher and carry him into the town. They brought him to the king's hut, and Travis pronounced sentence. The king was to go into exile to the coast, to spend the last of his days there.

The surgeon came up, looked at the agent and shook his head. "There may be a chance for him," he said. "Get him out of here. Put him in a hut that hasn't been used. There's smallpox everywhere among the Krus."

Travis did not catch smallpox, but it became clear, after a week of delirium, that he was dying. His mind grew clear toward the end. He motioned to Bransome to open the little satchel he carried with the government papers.

Bransome did so, and found in it the little box containing Mary's ring. He looked at Travis and saw that the agent's eyes were fixed upon it. He put it in Travis' hand.

With fingers that almost failed him Travis slowly pulled off the cover and held up the diamond ring. It was incongruous to see the gem sparkling in the dying man's wasted hand. Travis motioned to Bransome to bend down.

"The engagement ring I gave her," he whispered. "She is as true as gold, old man."

"Yes," agreed Bransome.

"We were to have been married when this cursed business was over. Now we shall never marry. I want you to marry her, Bransome. You're about the only man that's fit for her."

Bransome winced and tried not to show the emotion on his features. But Travis was too far gone to see anything except the face of Mary Starr that floated before him.

"I wrote to her, telling her how I longed for her in the silence of the brush," Travis whispered. "I said I had looked at her photograph and her mementos again and again. I wanted something else to bring her vividly before my eyes. And she—she sent me this. Nothing could have been a truer pledge of her love. A girl doesn't like to part with her engagement ring, Bransome."

"No," Bransome agreed.

And the irony of the situation struck into his soul. Travis had lived in the belief that his sweetheart was true to him, and he would die not knowing what the return of the ring meant.

They buried him the following dawn under a cairn of stones. And Bransome, having done his duty to the dead, allowed his thoughts to turn toward the living. The past seemed obliterated—at least it seemed to be symbolized in the gem that sparkled in the dead hand under the damp soil of Africa.

### *Wire-Drawing Machine Marvel of Ingenuity*

In the manufacture of certain kinds of wire, especially fine aluminum wire, a machine is used that is surprisingly similar to the spinning apparatus in a modern cotton mill. In fact, it is a mechanical twister, by which the wire is separated from what might be called the supply coil into strands of the requisite thickness and wound upon spools. The supply coil passes over a pulley above the spindles and through what might be called a drawing frame. From this it is carried to the spools of a certain size. From these it passes through a second drawing frame, which decreases its diameter, again winding it on spools, the third drawing frame turning it into the size required for commercial use.

While some of the machines will draw out enough wire to fill 20 spools at once, so complete and so simple is the mechanism that but one person is needed to attend each machine.


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References—Merchants & Mechanics First National Bank. All commercial agencies.



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JOHN BARTLEY,

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