WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Rouse and little daughter, Ann, of Aberdeen, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rasin last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Nichols spent Monday in Baltimore.

Mrs. A. J. Hackett, of Philadelphia, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Joseph Duyer returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. John Duyer has been suffering with tonsilitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams and Mrs. Harry Williams has returned from Florida and report a wonderful trip.

Ann Rouse, of Aberdeen is spending two weeks with her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rasin.

Mr. H. E. Cooper has returned home after visiting his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Ashley, of Rock Hall.

Mr. Lester Brown, of Baltimore, is the guest of Miss Esther Duyer this week.

Clearing the Way for Spring

All winter merchandise is being closed out at prices lower than ever before. Your dollar does double duty now in clearing the way for spring. In addition to our clearance prices we offer the following specials for the week

Beginning Saturday, March 2nd

Ladies' Silk Hose

196 Pairs of Full Fashioned Silk Hose. Former values to $2.00. Hollywood, Tudor, Belding, Flawless, Rollins, Valor and Hurstex brands. Sizes 8½ to 10. 24 different shades—but not all sizes in each shade.

Purchase your Easter hose now at a great saving.

$1.09 pair

Limit 2 Prs. Each Customer.

Ladies' Gloves

Chamoisette Materials with fancy cuffs sizes 7-7½-8; $1.00 values

79c pair

Men's Work Hose

Heavyweight Cotton Hose for late winter wear 15c value

5c pair

Cups and Saucers

Plain White Ovide Shape Cups and Saucers. You'll need extra ones now

98c set

MEN'S BOOTS

Men's High Top Gum Boots; sizes 6 to 11. Just in time for spring work.

$3.98 pair

GALVANIZED PAIL

Standard Weight, 10-quart Pail Strongly Made.
One with each purchase of one dollar or more, for

9c

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

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Six Cylinder Trucks

with the economy of the four!

CROWDED traffic conditions today demand six-cylinder performance—with its greater flexibility, greater reserve power, higher speed and swifter acceleration. And now—for the first time in commercial car history—this desirable six-cylinder performance has been made available with the economy of the four. For the new six-cylinder Chevrolet trucks are not only offered in the price range of the four—but they are as economical to operate as their famous four-cylinder predecessors! Both the Light Delivery and the 1½ Ton Utility Chassis are available with an unusually wide selection of body types—and among them is one exactly suited to your requirements. Come in today. We'll gladly arrange a trial load demonstration—load the truck as you would load it, and drive it over the roads your truck must travel in a regular day's work.

Sedan Delivery, $595; Light Delivery Chassis, $400; 1½ Ton Chassis, $545; 1½ Ton Chassis with Cab, $650. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

Russell Motors Corporation, Chestertown, Md.
Newsome's Garage, Betterton, Md.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

Two Bites to a Cherry

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

LORAINE had climbed to the granary without a thought of trouble. Her pet Brahma had stolen a nest somewhere and since Loraine had searched all the likely places, she had turned to the unlikely. The ventilators were too high for chicken flights—especially for the short-winged, heavy-bodied.

Adventurously climbing the ladder by whose help the high openings were shut, she saw, amazed, upon a few loose boards, and a handful, no more, of bright straw, seven beautiful big eggs, white at first view but pinkish pearl if you studied them. Clean out of reach unless you took chances. The boards lay loosely upon the wind beams, so might tip if one strained to reach.

A swift thought set her laughing silently. If she fell, the clean wheat heaped below would save her bones, but what a mess the breaking eggs would make of it! And dad so proud of it—it's bright color, its weight and plumpness, its uniformity, scarcely a weed seed to a bushel. Already he had sent samples to the state fair which opened next week, and chary as he was of idlings and outings, she had almost a certainty that he would go himself and take her with him. He wouldn't think of it, though, if she spoiled more than a handful of the wheat.

But she wanted her prize eggs. Spec's neck ought to be wrung for what she had done—only one does not wring necks of feathered folk that win prizes.

By crawling lightly across the wind-beams, Loraine reached the insecure nest and gathered all seven eggs. Her heart beating with excitement, she thought, "What can I do with them. Then the sleeves of her blouse flashed across her consciousness. Carefully but swiftly she stripped it off, knotted the sleeves together at the ends, weighted them as equally as the number seven made possible, slung the improvised carrier over her back, and began a slow and cautious descent, followed by a merry: "Don't shoot—I'm nothing worse than a wheat buyer coming up to see the wonder crop all the neighbors have been bragging about."

"Better not! It's three dollars a bushel just to look at it—and thirty to take away half a handful," she cried, intent only on sending the man away. He laughed, a merry, wholesome peal, mounted the steep stair two steps at a time, and darted out to the wheat bins, to plunge arms and elbows into the splendid grain, then all but bury his face in it, before looking about him.

The granary was oddly dusk, yet oddly lighted—cross-lighted indeed from the double row of ventilators. Those westerly let in narrow ribbons of gilded motes that criss-crossed into a weird lattice with the gray-blue streams from the east. They wove a magic garment about the girl upon the ladder, her bare arms flashing white against the brown dusks of the wooden wall.

Huddling herself into the narrowest compass she said plaintively: "Oh, please go away—I'll fall in just another minute."

"Not with me here," the stranger said alertly, darting to the tipping ladder, and firming it with his shoulder. "You come down—quick! I won't look—on my honor! Now!"

"Take care! Eggs are the messiest things!" Loraine cautioned.

"Right you are," he assented, then setting her feet on firm floor: "I'll wait outside—and never tell anybody just how and where I found you."

"Go to the house—dad's at home—maybe I'll see you later," Loraine murmured, making haste to nest the eggs in the far corner of the farthest bin.

Cliff Byram, wheat buyer, obeyed, somewhat dazedly; the girl had laid upon something inside him never before stirred. His pulses had leaped as he lifted her down. He did not put into words what he had felt—simply because he could not. He'd see her again—many times unless he lost his eyesight. By this time he had reached the porch where a comfortable looking gentleman sat smoking a cob pipe.

Followed explanation. By time that was all settled came the call to supper. Byram accepted it in matter of course fashion. It was the custom of his country to feed the stranger within the gates. He could not vision any other.

He sat next to Loraine, but without losing appetite for the light rolls, honey, and butter, such as he had dreamed of, yet never before tasted.

* * * * * * *

The state fair was the very best ever. Burton grain swept the boards, and Loraine's yearling heifer carried off the blue ribbon in her class, also the sweepstake prize. Possibly that was why, when Byram ended his week's stay at the Burtons', the squire said with a chuckle: "I'd a-set the dogs on you if I had known in time what you were up to. But no use crying over spilt milk—nor crossing youngsters, because they are young. Come again, young man, when you can spare the time."

"I'm coming in two weeks—it's all settled. Loraine's going back with me. We agree there can't be a better time for the wedding—no use in taking two bites to a cherry."

Squire Burton whistled—there being no fit words to speak.

Bill for Baby

Little Grace lived in a district where scarcely a day passed when an agent or canvasser did not call at the door.

One day when Grace was called into her mother's room to see a baby brother who had just arrived, she exclaimed, "Why, where did he come from?"

"The doctor brought him in," replied the father.

"Oh, I didn't know he was the agent for babies," responded Grace. "What did you have to pay down?"

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