Didn't Feel Like a Genius

By JACK WOODFORD

(Copyright.)

IT WAS late. . . . Or rather it was early. There was a light, however, in the upstairs bedroom window. Raleigh took out his watch and glanced at it nervously, by the light of his cigarette lighter. Two a. m. And he had only been married a year. Back from the honeymoon but six months. There would be, he foresaw, a lot of trouble. He hadn't had any idea that time was slipping by so swiftly; and he had been consistently behind the game.

Very gingerly he unlocked the front door. But careful as he was, Angela heard him. She came rushing down the stairs. Her eyes wide. Clad in a shimmering night negligee of such perfection as to bring out her slim young beauty perfectly. Raleigh heaved a sigh. It was too sad to have to quarrel with Angela for she was looking particularly lovely tonight. He just stared at her, and she just stared at him. It was a tense moment, there in the hall, in the dim light. And then Angela turned and calmly went on upstairs without speaking.

Raleigh heaved a sigh of relief. She had been afraid that he would be incapacitated, he gathered. Probably she was relieved that he was able to walk, at any rate. But she looked so pretty tonight. And it was so queer. So deuced queer to be in one's house with a creature who would not speak to one. Gave him a peculiar feeling as of invisibility.

He followed her silently up the stairs. His mind was acutely busy. He thought of the thousand and one jokes he had seen in cartoons concerning what one might do under such circumstances. The cartoonists must all be single men, else how could they think such a situation funny. There must be some way out of it. He decided that he would have to think up a new lie. Impossible it would be just to say he had been playing poker. She would want to know why he hadn't called her to let her know where he was. Why he had stayed so late. Why he couldn't play poker and come home at a decent hour. Why he had shown no consideration for her feelings whatsoever. Why he this, why he that, and the most particularly why he the other. . . .

Of course he could brazen and bluff it out. Bluster and pout himself. But that would prolong the quarrel until morning, at least; and most earnestly Raleigh did not want the quarrel prolonged. And he wanted to sleep.

It would take, he decided, nothing short of genius to think up something really good that would square things. And he didn't feel like a genius. No man who has just lost in a poker game ever feels like a genius.

Nevertheless, Raleigh doggedly followed her to her door. There she swung about, barring his entrance and said, in a most discouragingly emphatic tone:

"Well . . .!"

"Why! Uh! What's the matter?" asked Raleigh, innocently.

"What's the matter!" she snapped. "You can ask that." And then, who can say what happened. Perhaps there is a particular god who watches over the destinies of married men, for Raleigh blurted out:

"I don't understand your attitude at all!"

"Oh!" she mimicked, "you don't! Well, isn't that strange!" (The last with lamentable sarcasm.) "If you had decided to begin leading the night life of a tom cat, you might at least have 'phoned me. Perhaps I could have fixed up a date for myself."

"'Phone you," echoed Raleigh, still on the crest of Heaven-sent inspiration. "What are you talking about. I called you, explained that I was going to play poker, and you said sweet as could be: 'It's perfectly all right, dear; I've got a good book to read. I don't want to hold you down. Go right ahead and have your good times. Stay as late as you like, and if you lose don't worry.' You know," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I thought your voice was strange at that time. I must have gotten the wrong number. I just called you dear, and you just called me dear; I suppose I got some other chap's wife. . . . I'm sorry." Then he laughed at the joke.

It worked beautifully. Not until near morning was the poor woman satisfied that she had proven her own superiority to other chap's wives, and then only after a blanket permission to play poker ad libitum had been granted.

Bees' Drunk Ties Up Line

Traffic on the railway line passing through Karlovac, Serbia, was tied up recently by a huge swarm of bees on a honey drunk. Derailment of a freight car caused a broken honey jar to release its contents on the ground. Bees attracted by the sweet made the air blacker than during a thunderstorm and forced the wrecking crew to flee. Not until 12 hours later, when all the sweet had been consumed, could the men resume their work of putting the car back on the tracks.

Peculiar "Hole in One"

Mrs. Walter A. Friedman of Cleveland, is claiming to be a member of the "Hole in One" club, though she admits there is a small doubt as to her eligibility. Playing at Highland Park, she drove a long one down the fairway. A caddy stepped into the way, the ball hit him on the leg and bounced neatly into his pocket.

The Poker Faces

When Dillon, Read & Co. refused that $100,000,000 loan to Germany some one revived an old story of Clarence Dillon's proficiency at poker. He will—or at least he would at one time—when the betting had grown two-handed and fairly stiff, show his hand to the company:

"Do you think that's good enough to call on?"

Then he watched the faces of his adversary and others. Usually he found out what he wanted to know.—Boston Globe.

Sand of Sahara Desert Carried Far by Winds

It is now well recognized that the falls of colored rain and also of dry dust that occur at rather frequent intervals in southern and central Europe are due, in most cases, to windborne material blown up from the Sahara desert.

Several cases in which enormous quantities of solid matter have been carried great distances by the winds have formed the subject of elaborate investigations on the part of meteorologists. Thus during the three days, March 8 to 10, 1901, heavy dust storms occurred in the deserts of southern Algeria, and the sequel of these storms was carefully studied by Hellmann and Meinardus. A widespread cyclonic storm, centered over Tunis at the time, sucked up the dust, which was carried northward by the winds at high altitudes.

Deposits from this dust cloud occurred over an area extending as far as 2,500 miles from the place of origin. Reports collected from hundreds of observers indicated that **1,800,000 tons of** dust fell over the continent of Europe, and one-third of this fell north of the Alps. As much more is believed to have fallen over the Mediterranean, while on the African coast itself the deposit is supposed to have amounted to 150,000,000 tons.

Maiden's Heart Won by Suitor's Bank Balance

Bill and Jack, living in the same Long Island town, were rivals for the hand of pretty Betty, but, although she remained neutral and showed no preference, each considered himself the favored one. They remained friends, having made a gentleman's agreement that there would be no hard feelings on the part of the unsuccessful suitor.

However, there was no curb on the manner of courting her—and that's where fate stepped in. Bill continually sent Betty flowers and candy and took her to theaters and the opera. Jack, on the other hand, was decidedly stingy. But one night, after a pleasant visit, he managed to leave his bank book behind him in a chair, as if it had fallen out of his pocket.

Betty, being human and feminine, could not resist her curiosity—and that is why she married Jack. Flowers and candy can be forgotten, but real money in a bank speaks volumes. —New York Sun.

Franklin's God

Benjamin Franklin's god resembled a Jehovah, surrounded by his cherubim, a deity that might have been dreamed of by a disciple of Plato. . . . The supreme being of Franklin is separated from us by a series of beings, superior to us, inferior to him, each installed in a planet of its own, and ruling over the satellites which belong to it. As an inhabitant of the earth, Franklin thought himself obliged to worship the god who lived in the sun, and he made a liturgy for him—a kind of abbreviation of the Anglican prayers—to which he remained faithful. Like a good Platonician, he demanded of this god virtue, knowledge, an after life.—Baltimore Sun.

Pressure of Water

Iron vessels and other heavy vessels sink to the ocean bed, and the water pressure has nothing to do with holding them up. Water is practically incompressible, so that even at the greatest depths the water of the ocean is very little heavier than the water near the surface. The volume of the ship is therefore much heavier than the same volume of water at any depth, and the ship will sink. The pressure of a fluid is exerted equally from all directions and not simply upward on the vessel. For a ship to remain suspended halfway between the surface and the bottom, it would have to be constructed of some light material and have a very light cargo.

Rewarded

Russell Gordon Carter, famous as a writer of stories for boys, said it was his experience that boys seldom remember the names of the authors, but never forget the stories that they like.

"One of my neighbor's boys once read a story of mine and told me about it. The fact that my name was on the cover had been entirely overlooked and he was much surprised when I told him I had written the story and pointed out my name.

"'Well,' he said with a grin, 'don't waste time bragging about this one, but get busy and write some more like it.'"

Just Like a Man

Little Johnny is just picking up slang expressions. The other day the three-year-old was playing with his sister. He came to her side and put his arms around her and in a cooing way said to her: "I 'ove 'ou 'titter' dear, I 'ove 'ou," and then quite suddenly he burst out "bologny."

The astounded little sister came to life in time to say: "Just like a man."

Musical Trees

One of the curiosities of the West Indies is the musical tree. This species is a member of the great pea family. On ripening the great pods split open at the edges and the wind, passing through the openings, creates the sound which gives the tree its name. In Barbados there is a large valley of these trees, and the natives, naturally enough, believe the place to be haunted.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Measuring Moonlight

We grumble at our constant changes in temperature, yet on the moon the noon temperature is hotter than boiling water, and at night it freezes solidly in the deadliest cold imaginable, about 458 degrees below zero. This is because the moon does not retain heat, throwing the sun's rays back into space, like a mirror reflects light.

These facts have been revealed by an instrument invented recently. It is so sensitive that it even measures the heat of moonlight when it reaches the earth, so small a fraction of a degree that it can hardly be imagined.

Love in a Garden

By EVANGELINE WEIR

(Copyright.)

IT WAS good to be in the country away from the rush of city life and its problems; just to live without thinking about it. She walked across a path into an orchard where the first apples lay thick on the ground—green apples, yellow apples with gay, rosy cheeks.

She nearly bumped into a kneeling man who was putting apples into a basket. For a second she was confused, but he offered her an apple before she had a chance to apologize for trespassing. "A Maiden Blush," he told her with a mischievous light in his eyes.

"Such an old-fashioned name," she responded. "Recalls long skirts, slim waists and huge pompadours. Do you live here?"

"I am learning to be a farmer. My lesson for the present is to pick apples for market."

Ellen Barnes walked away munching an apple.

"Pretty scene for a moving picture," she thought as she crossed the brook and stepped into the road.

It was a week before she saw him again. He was crossing the garden with a basket of apples on his shoulder.

"How do you do, student farmer," she called to him as she passed by.

"Have an apple?' he called after her. "A Maiden Blush?"

Every day Ellen Barnes passed the big garden on her way to and from to the country post office. Each time she found him working there. Sometimes he came to the fence and talked to her; sometimes he just waved his hand and continued his work. One morning he was not there when she passed and repassed. At the end of the week Ellen had to acknowledge that she missed him, missed him enough to lean over the fence and question the farmer's wife, but learned nothing by her prying.

Then one morning he was in the garden cutting roses. He waved his hand at her and asked her to stop. After a few minutes he jumped over the fence, roses in hand. "They are for you," he explained. "I'll walk down to the house with you."

"Where have you been?"

"Did you miss me, Joan?" he asked softly.

"Joan?" trying to read his face. "My name is Ellen—Ellen Barnes."

"I call you Joan."

"Why?"

"You look like Joan Dare of the 'movies.'"

"Do you know her—personally?"

"Yes—and no."

A smile crept into her eyes.

"If you continue at your present job at two dollars a day, you may be able by and by to go to Hollywood and meet her."

He shook his head. "She is very rich."

"Do you worship this lady of the 'movies,' young farmer?"

He sighed, "You do not understand."

There was a sudden tightening of Ellen's lips. She did understand.

The walk was the beginning of many walks, and Ellen was happy. She was in love with the student farmer and that fact alone should have sent her back to her own world instead of loitering near the garden.

One evening as they sat watching the rose glow of a sunset, his hand sought and held hers. A tingling joy stirred her young blood and sent the color to her pretty face. Then she was in his arms and heard his voice, soft and low as it told the old, old story. He spoke of a rose-covered cottage, a garden and an orchard. It was all so clean, simple and sweet that it brought the tears to her eyes. Love had been offered to her many times but nothing like this splendid, simple young man was giving her. She drew his head down to her breast and laid her cheek against his hair.

"Joan!" he murmured softly.

"Are you sure you're not in love with that other girl—your dream woman?" she asked him.

His arms tightened around her and his voice was determined.

"No one shall come between us—not even that other woman."

"Why should that other woman try to come between us?" she asked.

But her question was not answered for he had taken her face between his hands and was kissing her.

"Who are you, really?" she asked suspiciously.

"The farmer's wife told you."

"That you were Henry's sister's husband's second cousin's nephew."

"It is unbelievable that I have such a remarkable family tree, but it is true," he admitted. Then he laughed. "You have known from the first that I am Joan Dare. What is the big idea, and who are you?" she said.

"Merely a scenario writer who thought he was in love with Joan Dare but now is hopelessly in love with Ellen Barnes. Joan is a glorious woman in her war paint and feathers, but Ellen in an old sport suit with a sunburned nose is the sweetest thing living. I am ready to die for Joan, but I want to live for Ellen," he told her dramatically.

"Don't waste your talent; save it for a picture," she laughed.

And they sat in an old garden in the fragrant twilight happy in having found each other at play. They had eaten an apple but they did not fear the outside world so long as they could go forth hand in hand to work, suffer or play.

Famous Health Centers

For centuries the "bads," or health resorts, of Germany and central Europe have been famous for the medicinal powers of their spring waters and for the elaborate establishments that have been built up about these springs, where every comfort and luxury is provided for those who come for the cure and for those who are merely in search of rest or recreation. Hundreds of thousands of persons visit them each year, and many return annually to their favorite resorts.

Millions of Hours Lost by Disabling Illnesses

On an average, each person in the country has at least one disabling illness every year, the committee on the "cost of medical care" has reported after a survey of various sickness reports compiled by the United States public health service and other organizations.

Men have a disabling sickness about once a year, women about twice and children over twice during the school year. Colds, bronchitis, grippe, influenza and pneumonia are oftenest the cause of these disabling illnesses and cause the longest disability. On the same basis of the number of cases and total time lost, digestive disorders and diseases also take a high place.

About 130,000,000 cases of disabling illnesses occur in the United States each year. Adding nondisabling illnesses more than doubles the figure, the committee reported. The 36,000,000 wage earners in the country lose at least 250,000,000 work days a year, and the 24,000,000 school children lose 170,000,000 school days a year. These figures account for only one-half of the total population.—Kansas City Star's Science Service.

Early Postal Records Destroyed by Flames

The first 60 years of American postal history are almost a complete blank because of the great fire of 1836, which destroyed the Post Office building at Washington and with it almost every vestige of postal records. Years later a postmaster general was forced to admit to congress that he was unable to supply the names of assistant postmasters general who had served from the beginning of the system.

One volume alone was saved from the flames by a youthful messenger in the office of the auditor of the treasury for the Post Office department. This book, still in existence and now under control of the chief clerk of the Post Office department, is a ledger of postal revenues for the years 1776, 1777 and 1778. So far as is known, no other postal records of the early years are in existence.—Detroit News.

Pepper Production

Black and white pepper comes from southern India, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, Siam, Borneo, Penang and other parts of the Malay peninsula. Black pepper consists of the dried immature berries of a perennial climbing shrub called Piper Migrum, native to the forests of western and southern India. White pepper is practically the same product as black pepper except that the outer shell of the berry is removed to a greater or less extent by friction following soaking in water. Red pepper is the powdered ripe pod, both flesh and seeds of any variety of capsicum, the plant which gives us the edible fresh pepper, but which bears no relation to the true pepper plant. Cayenne pepper is, by ruling of the board of food and drug inspection of 1906, distinguished from red pepper as being obtained only from small-fruited varieties of capsicum.

Tiger China's King of Beasts

To the Chinese the tiger, not the lion, is the king of beasts. From childhood they are taught to fear the tiger, and he is made the bugaboo to frighten youngsters. If they are naughty they are told that the "laohu" (tiger) will catch them. Paper tigers are pasted over doors in China, so that the evil spirits, seeing the beast, will flee away.

The Chinese have great faith in tiger bones, claws and sinews as medicine. Since the tiger is so strong, they say, medicine made of him must make one strong. Traveling medicine men with tiger skins stretched on their poles as signboards rarely wait long for purchasers of their wares.—New York Times.

Franklin's Precocity

It was in 1772 that Benjamin Franklin tried his hand at journalism for the first time, writes Nathan G. Goodman in the Baltimore Sun. Without their being identified he slipped articles into the Courant under the name of "Mrs. Silence Dogood." Parading behind the mask of a shrewd middle-aged widow this sixteen-year-old boy carried on a moral and intellectual crusade, including an attack on "scollars" at Harvard college. Already Franklin knew how to mix light, amusing observations in serious discussions without falling into burlesque, and he avoided bitterness.

Old, but Apt Phrase

Few phrases are more apt than "All his geese are swans," which has come down to us through more than 300 years, and which we understand to be practically synonymous with the line "He is prone to exaggerate."

Like so many other idioms now a solid part of our daily conversation, this one was originally found in a book now considered a classic.

It was first used in none other than the famous "Anatomy of Melancholia," by Robert Burton, over three centuries ago.—Kansas City Times.

How to Live Long

The trouble with the rules for longevity suggested by centenarians is that they are contradictory. Their habits of life differ. All they seem to have in common are sound constitutions and a good deal of luck.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Bricks For Sale

Will deliver by Truck anywhere up to 30 miles. Prices range from $16.00 to $20.00 per 1000.

JOHN SCHAUBER

Subscription to the Transcript $1.5 per annum.

What a Penny Can Do

I heard a wise man say: "Give crown and pounds and guineas, but not your heart away. . . ." Young men, however, are apt to be careless of their hearts, mindful of their pounds and guineas, but rarely, very rarely, mindful of their pennies. A penny, they know, will tell them their weight, will purchase exactly one stick of chewing gum. Some may even know that a penny will light a 40-watt bulb for three and a half hours. But pennies are generally a nuisance. You get them when you buy a newspaper. You can never tip with them.

But this a penny can do, so scorn it less: one penny can move a ton of coal one mile, almost, by rail. By sea one penny can move a ton of coal fifteen miles, which, incidentally, is 79,200 feet.—Fortune, the Business Magazine.

The Last Scrivener

"I am the last public scrivener in Paris. . . ." A serious little man was speaking to a representative of the Paris Soir. "Things have changed," he continued, "and when the buildings about here are torn down I shall have to move. There are not so many letters to write now, for even the little maids have learned to pencil their own love missives. I still have, however, enough clients to earn my living." Over his modest office is the sign: "Public Scrivener." The profession was legalized in France by Charles V during the latter part of the Fourteenth century.—Exchange.

Ceylon Great Trading Port

Spices, plumbago, pearls and rare woods, the export commodities which brought fame to Ceylon, have been superseded by tea, rubber and coconut products as the island's leading exports. More than one-fourth of the world's commercial crop of tea is produced there. In the two chief coconut products, copra and coconut oil, Ceylon's contribution forms a tenth of the aggregate world exports. One-tenth of the total rubber supply is produced there.

Radium Disintegration

Atoms of radium are distinguished from atoms of non-radio-active substances by the property of spontaneous disintegration, which, in the case of radium, consists in the ejection of an alpha-particle, which is a small piece of the central core or nucleus of the radium atom. This process transforms the radium atom into another chemical element. During disintegration atoms of radium also emit a radiation similar to X-rays.

To Preserve Custer Memento

To preserve an old inscription cut in a rock on Mount Inyan Kara in Wyoming by Gen. George A. Custer, representatives and senators from a half-dozen middle western states are being asked to obtain funds from the federal government. The inscription was cut by Custer two years before the massacre of Little Big Horn. It is endangered by destructive relic hunters.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE TO

TRADERS AND OTHERS

Notice is hereby given to all persons and bodies corporate or politic, doing business in Kent county, and requiring a State License to obtain a license or renew the same on or before

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT

A failure on the part of persons now engaged in business to renew their license by the first day of May next, will subject them to a fine.

Clerk Robert A. Shallcross will be ready to issue licenses on or before the first day of May next at his office in the Court House.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the license law:

If applicant's stock in trade does not exceed	$1,000..$15.50
If over $1,000 not over	1,500.. 18.50
If over 1,500 not over	2,500.. 20.50
If over 2,500 not over	4,000.. 25.50
If over 4,000 not over	6,000.. 30.50
If over 6,000 not over	8,000.. 40.50
If over 8,000 not over	10,000.. 50.50
If over 10,000 not over	15,000.. 65.50
If over 16,000 not over	20,000.. 80.50
If over 20,000 not over	30,000..100.50

SPECIAL NOTICE

All applicants for traders license must make application in writing upon special form under oath before Clerk of the Circuit Court or Justice of the Peace or Notary Public as provided for under Chapter 632, Acts 1916.

These blanks can be secured upon application to the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

NEW LICENSE LAW

EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1916.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the License Laws of Maryland were amended by the General Assembly of 1916, and new sections added providing for the licensing of Detective Agencies and Agents, Moving Picture Shows and Carnivals, Garages, Cash Registers and Adding Machines, Typewriting Machines, Commercial Mercantile and Mutual Protective Agencies, Intelligence Offices and Employment Offices, Laundries, Junk Dealers, Trading Stamp Companies, Wholesale Dealers in Farm Machinery, Soda Water Fountains, Livery Stables, Bowling Saloons, Storage Warehouses, Check Rooms, Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing Companies, Shoe-Shining Parlors and Hat Cleaning Establishments, Restaurants or Eating Places, Plumbers and Gas Fitters, Construction Firms or Companies, Non-Resident Wholesale Tobacco Dealers. For information of the license fees under this law apply to the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

STALLIONS—Any owner or keeper of every Stallion or Jack shall before being permitted to stand or station such animals pay to the Clerk of the Court or some one of the counties of the State the highest sum that he intends to receive for the season, for one mare, and the receipt of the said Clerk, with the seal of his court, attached thereto for said sum shall be the license for standing or stationing such a stallion or jack for one year from the date thereof; provided that in no case shall the sum directed to be paid by this section for such license be less than ten dollars, and that every stallion or pack, upon which the said tax is paid, shall be exempt from all other State tax.

Any owner or keeper standing or stationing any stallion or Jack without a license shall forfeit and pay twice the sum authorized and required to be paid in the last preceding section and half to the State and the other half to the informer.

a5. J. THOMAS HADAWAY, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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

WILLIAM R. PRICE

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 5th day of October, 1930, 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 our hands this 1st day of April, 1930.

WILLIAM B. COPPER, ETHEL MAUD STAHR AND ROBERT R. HILL,
a5. Executors.

Are You Ready

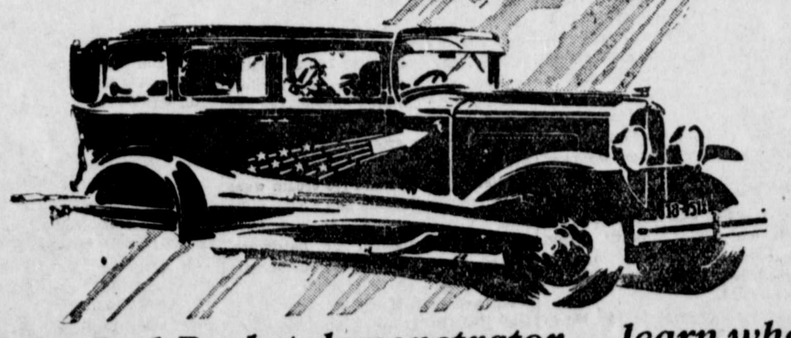


When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have saved your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crosser pangs of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. *Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.*

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Ask for a Ride



in the Red Rocket demonstrator . . learn what fine performance this low-priced six provides

Hail the driver of the car with the RED ROCKET. Ask to ride in and drive this New Series Pontiac Big Six. Learn what splendid performance Pontiac now provides.

SPEED, PICK-UP, POWER—Pontiac's high speed, quick pick-up and abundant power for climbing are made possible by its sturdy 60-horsepower engine, with 200 cubic inches piston displacement. It is the largest engine in any six of Pontiac's price.

UNUSUAL SMOOTHNESS—This engine is also unusually smooth due to new type rubber mountings—a more rigid crankcase—and the Harmonic Balancer which overcomes torsional crankshaft vibration.

EASY RIDING and DRIVING—Pontiac's riding ease is increased by Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers (standard equipment at no extra cost), and by large, comfortable Fisher bodies. Driving too is easier and safer due to Pontiac's new steering system acting on roller bearings and its new non-glare windshield.

Ask to drive the car with the RED ROCKET. Or come to our salesroom and receive a special demonstration. You'll find this finer Pontiac an exceptional "buy" at its low price.

A FAMOUS NAME A FINER CAR

Prices are f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Shock absorbers standard equipment. Bumpers and spring covers at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values . . . Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

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