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J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND

Store News From Everngam's That Will Be of Interest to Many

THE SPRIGHTLY AIR---THE ELASTIC STEP---THE ELATION OF YOUTH YOU WILL PRESERVE IF YOU WEAR UP-TO-DATE, WELL MODELED CLOTHES

These are the qualities of our clothes, which, when compared with the ordinary run of garments, will be found smarter in style, as well as stronger in the texture of the fabrics.

The wide variety of the weaves and colorings will give you an opportunity to select the kind of suit in which you'll look best. These suits range from the very conservative models to the more pronounced styles. Among them you can surely find one that appeals to you.

A royal display of all the new spring colors, beautiful checks and shepherd plaids and a variety of combinations and mixtures! Smart styles for the bright, progressive young men---long and short soft roll fronts; high-cut vests with fancy silk edging; trousers with side buckles, flaps to button over the hip pockets, belt straps and unfinished bottoms, ready for your preference in finish.

Extra large stocks and great variety in the $15, $18, $20, $25 patterns.

Suits for the Business Man

Suits for all ages and usages. Business Suits of best tweeds, Scotch cheviots and American worsteds, in all the new shades of heather mixtures; also, in the new browns, tans, blues and grays. Some are severely plain and others with stripes of different widths; the linings are of wool serge and alpaca, - - - $10.50

Handsome Suits of Blue Serge

Scores of handsome two and three-piece Suits of finest twill pure worsted serge; non-gloss wearing and non-fading. The shop which finished our Blue Serge Suits is famous throughout the world for superiority of its product. Its name is synonomous for the best serge, and it has honestly lived up to its reputation in our suits at $12.50

Suits of Class for Young Men

Out of the ordinary for the high school boy who wants something distinctive, but not freakish. Soft gray cassimeres, heather mixtures and new smart tweeds in various shadings; sizes 14 to 18 years. Coats of English model; high-cut vest; trousers small at waist, knee and bottom, large at hips; cuffs or turn-up $10 to $18.50

THE BOY'S NEW SPRING SUIT

Boys' Suits at $2.95 At this price we are showing an excellent assortment of new spring styles in two or three button double-breasted coat models, with Knickerbocker pants that have full peg legs. The materials are rich all-wool fancy cassimeres in tan, brown and gray mixtures.

At $3.50 A decidedly attractive line of the choicest spring styles; made of the higher grades of cheviots and cassimeres in all the season's best shades. Both you and the boy will be pleased at the value.

At $6.50 Finest quality dark blue serge, either in plain grounds or with interwoven stripes; made in the newest two and three button effects, or the swell Norfolk style, with full peg Knickerbocker pants, lined throughout; 7 to 18 years. These suits have all the qualities of the best $10 values.

At $8.50 Fancy pure worsted, medium blue shade in diagonal weave, with self-colored and light blue stripe; sleeves with open vent, buttons and button holes; pants lined, peg top and side buckles. 9 to 17.

At $9.50 Fancy pure worsted, medium tan shade in diagonal weave with self-colored and dark purple stripes one-quarter inch apart, sleeves with open vent and 3 buttons and button-holes; pants full lined, peg top with side buckles. Sizes 10 to 17 years.

Women's and Misses' Spring Footwear

A magnificent line of Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps; Eclipse and new Colonial models; new models with the one and two straps or without straps; also, the Bunny Hug Pump, in such leathers as Russia calf, patent colt, gunmetal, vici kid, the new white buck, and soft suede, also silk cloth and white canvas. You can have them in high, medium or low heels and guaranteed welted soles.

Women's High-Grade Hosiery for Spring

Pure Thread-Silk Black Hose. The very best and highest grades obtainable at these prices. **75c, $1.00, $1.25.**

Black Lisle-Thread or Silk-Lisle Hose. With garter tops; all improvements for durability. Three pairs for **$1.00; 35c** a pair.

Extra Fine German Lisle-Thread Hose. Hermsdorf black; all improvements. **50c** a pair.

Misses' Flat Full Regular Made Silk-Lisle Hose. Black, tan and white. **25c** a pair.

Children's Imported Ribbed Cotton Hose. With full regular made seams in the back. **25c.**

SHOES FOR THE BOY

Give Him a Pair of These

If you want the boy to have the finest quality shoe made, get these. New spring models for boys and youths in patent colt and gunmetal calf, guaranteed welted sole, medium and high toe $2.50

A splendid quality of Boys' Shoes, button or blucher styles, in gunmetal calf or patent colt, with soles of solid leather; just such shoes as can be depended upon to give good wear. - - $2.00

MEN'S NECKWEAR

The Season's Latest

At 25c and 50c.—The most popular prices. A wonderful variety of styles and colorings. Exceptional quality at these prices, including knitted scarfs in plain colors and fancy stripes. For those who wish to pay from $1 to $1.25 a fine array of the newest effects.

GOOD RAINCOATS

A SPRING NECESSITY

Plenty of Rainy Days will come. In the spring a Rubberized Raincoat is a friend in need. We've some extra strong values in guaranteed coats at $5 to $15. New models. Ask to see them.

TRUNKS : SUIT CASES : HAND BAGS

Whoever has taken a trip with an unsatisfactory trunk---decrepit, feeble in its joints, badly arranged, with no place for anything, and everthing out of place---

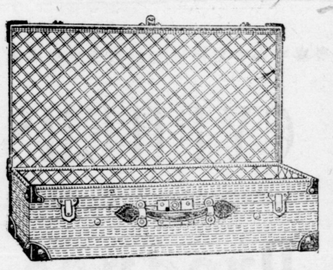
Whoever has traved with a fine trunk---strong, light, compact, roomy, easily packed, with convenient devices that amount to real luxuries---

Knows how much of the pleasure of traveling or visiting depends on the trunk. True of the trunk, it is no less true of the suit-case or hand-bag. We have just opened what is probably the best line we have ever carried, and they await your service:

Fiber-bound, linen-lined trunk, covered with heavy 12 oz. duck, two fiber center bands, heavy brass trimming; Excelsior lock, dowel bolts on front and sides, extra heavy straps, swinging tray with compartments, and extra skirt tray linen lined. $5.50

Extra fine quality smooth russet leather hand-bag, English shape, hand-sewed French edges, brass trimmed, double handle, leather lined, sliding catches. A very durable and roomy bag, and a bargain at the price asked.

16 inch, $5.50
18 inch, $6.50



Genuine cow-hide suit-case, beautifully creased, English rounded top, leather handle, solid cow-hide corners, all brass trimmings; fancy muslin lining, straps all around, extra bolts. An especially well-made, nice-looking case, fit to carry anywhere. 24-inch $5.50

CORRECT CORSETS

For women who want the latest style features in corsets at less than equal quality costs in other makes. Made by the Nemo and R. & G. Corset Co's, and sold by thousands every year, every pair represents special value At 50c, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50.

HIGH SCHOOL CORSETS — desirable for young women or growing girls, because there are no side steels to compress uncomfortably —Of batiste, sizes, 18 to 25—$1 to $3.

FERRIS WAISTS—for women, young girls and children. Of various materials—50c to $1.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Cluny Bands, 1, 2, 3 inches wide, 18c and 25c a yard.

Venise Allovers—In cream, white and ecru; small and large patterns, $1 to $3 a yard.

27-Inch Embroidery Flouncing—With ruffle edge; all dainty patterns. 50c to $2.

Allover Embroideries—In openwork and eyelet work, also Irish lace insertion; 22 inch. $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Allovers--Small baby patterns embroidered on fine nainsook; desirable for waists, yokes, guimpes. 50c-$3.25

Fashion Emphatically Favors Silk

Fashion not only unqualifiedly approves of Silk for spring and summer wear, but has also graciously specified just what Silks will be most in vogue. We tell you about some favorites---

Tub Silks Including Wash Habutais and Fancy Wash Silks, for women's waists and dresses, and the heavier Silk Shirtings for men's and women's wear. Designs are exclusive and show many smart color combinations. They are cool, yet give remarkable service; colors are absolutely fast. They range from the 19-inch width, at 50c a yard, to the wider Tub Silks at 70c and 85c a yard.

Foulards : Messalines : Taffetas Here in ample variety. These fabrics appeal to practical-minded and beauty-loving women alike, giving excellent service, and in lovely colorings and fascinating color combinations. Exclusiveness even in these at 50c; others at 85c, in several different designs. Double-width French Faconne Foulards at $2 a yard.

SERGES AND DIAGONAL SUITINGS

Are Popular Spring Fabrics for Tailored Garments

The Best of Them Are Here Remarkably Low Priced---50c to $1.50

These fabrics approved by fashion for women's tailored Spring garments are in the wanted weights, and include the new leather brown, navy, black and cream. 36 to 56 inches.

STORM SERGE—Sponged, shrunk and spot-proof. All-worsted; mannish weight in navy and black. 54 inches wide. $1.25 per yard.

CREAM SUITINGS—Full 56 inches wide. Perfect cream color in a variety of stylish weaves. $1 and $1.25 a yard.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

A Grim Experience

The Way a Tourist Was Shut Up In a Church

By HOMER WORTHINGTON

We were on our wedding journey in Europe, doing picture galleries and churches. I will not assert that this is all there is in that elderly country for tourists to see, but it is the principal part of the matter. Lucia and I were one morning visiting a Roman cathedral several hundred years old, looking at pictures hanging on the walls, some of which must have been painted for the purpose of scaring away the devil; at ghostly marble figures lying on their backs, with their hands clasped over their breasts; straining our eyes in dark chapels to see hideous frescoes, the principal part of which had been chipped off, when we heard the clock above us strike the hour of noon.

At the moment we were looking at a statue, wondering whom it might represent. A gentleman—rather a singular looking person he was—hearing our remarks, politely told us all about the marble and of another much older and more curious in a different part of the church, offering to guide us to it. Lucia said she was tired and would go to our hotel and rest before luncheon.

I would rather have gone with her, but the stranger was so urgent that I should see the curious statue that I consented to remain with him. I told Lucia I would be with her within half an hour, and she left me. Then I started to another part of the church with my guide.

He showed me the statue, told me its history, beginning back in the twelfth century and ending in the eighteenth, when, after having been stolen, buried, resurrected, lost its nose, one of its ears and both hands, it had been miraculously set up in its present position in the middle of the night, when the church was locked, with no one inside. As he proceeded I thought I had never met a person more voluble. Why he took so great an interest in me I could not divine. Instead of listening to what he said I was taking in his personal appearance.

He was rather small, wore a little bell crowned hat, which, of course, in the cathedral he carried in his hand; had coarse dark hair standing straight upon his head and a short stubby beard. His coat was a dark blue cloth, fitting tight at the waist, with a full flowing skirt. His trousers were checkerboard and tight to the skin. The most remarkable feature in his face was his eyes, which twinkled like a pair of stars in the heavens.

When he had told me all about the statue and the archaeological disputes as to just where it had lost its nose and the other features I thanked him for his kindness, bid him good morning and was about to leave him when he said:

"There's something far more curious in this church than this—the bones of St. —— (I have forgotten the name), that have come down to us through 800 years. It will require but a moment to see them, and I shall be happy to show them to you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but my luncheon hour is at hand, and I must rejoin my wife."

"I will not detain you five minutes," he replied and looked so anxious that I should enjoy a sight at these old bones in which he seemed to take such interest that I went with him to see them. Taking me to the forward part of the church on one side, he opened a door that I judged to be about five feet high—at any rate, one must bend to enter it—and told me to step inside. "After you," I said, but he stood holding the door open so deferentially that I went in. The only light there was in the place came in at the opening through which I had entered, and even that was shut off immediately, for I heard the door close and a click in the lock. My companion had remained outside.

It required a few moments for me to realize my situation, to become frightened. Then I turned to the door and tried to find a knob by which to open it. There was no inside knob. I hammered on the door, but it was of iron and made of several plates, so that my thumps were not likely to be heard. I listened eagerly for the door to be reopened. Perhaps it had closed of itself and sprung a bolt. In this case my guide must find some one to enable him to open it and might have gone away for that purpose.

Then I remembered that starry look in his eyes, and I became terror stricken. Suppose he was insane! If so he had doubtless shut me up in a dark room, seldom opened, and at some future time, instead of the bones of a saint, my own skeleton would be found there. I felt around the walls of my inclosure and was horror stricken to find that it was but about 5 by 4 feet. I could not lie down in it. I looked up and could see light—it seemed far above me—on the four sides of the ceiling, as though let in by a narrow strip of glass. Reaching up, even standing on my toes or jumping, I could touch nothing.

What would Lucia think when the luncheon hour came and I did not return? How long would she wait before becoming frightened, and what would she then do? No one would likely think of looking for me in the cathedral, especially in that dark hole. They would infer that I had left the place and gone elsewhere. I thought of the many cases where persons have started forth on some ordinary errand and had never been heard of again. I remembered the old story of the bride playing "hide and seek" during her wedding festivities, getting into a chest with a spring lock and not being found for years, when the chest was opened and her skeleton taken out. Then I gave way to uncontrollable terror.

I heard directly above me the stroke of a bell. I listened for more, but no more came. This enlightened me upon my position. I must be in the clock tower. The clock had struck the hour. Looking up again at the rectangle of light the terrible fact thrust itself upon me that the dark space within it was the bottom of the weight that moved the machinery and the hands. The weight was slowly descending and would crush me. At the thought my legs gave way beneath me, and I sank in a heap.

Then I arose and renewed my knocking on the door. I hammered with my fists and kicked with my feet. But, since the substance on which I belabored was a very poor conductor of sound and produced but little effect inside, what could I expect of it without? During our inspection we had seen very few persons, and they had all been in the body of the church. Besides, the entrance to my dungeon was reached by a narrow winding passage.

I heard the clock above me strike the hours one after another and counted them as one condemned to death counts those before his execution. My thoughts were confused—a jumble. Now I would think of Lucia, of her fright at my absence, and what she would do in hunting for me. Again I would dwell upon the horrible death I would suffer when the life was being crushed out of me by an iron mass probably weighing several tons. Then a hope came to me at remembering that the clock would not be allowed to run down and might be wound before the weight had killed me. I wondered if when it came so low that I could brace myself against it would I be able to support its great weight till it was wound up.

It was past noon, as I have said, when I went into my prison. When the hour of 5 was struck the weight might have been from ten to twenty feet above me, though I had no means except sight of judging the distance. It occurred to me that there would be a special hour for winding, and this would be at 6 o'clock in the evening. The crisis for me was due in about an hour.

That hour was the longest, the most horrible, of my life. I sat down on the floor, looking up at the coming mass descending so slowly that I could not see it move. It came so near that standing on my feet I could touch it with my fingers. I held them there and could feel it move. When it came a little lower I placed my palms under it to see if I could hold it up. The only way I could tell if it was sinking in spite of me was by the slowly changing position of my hands. I knew that they were giving way under the weight and lost hope of saving myself by this means.

Slowly came the weight till when I stood erect it touched the top of my head. Then I was obliged to stoop, then get down on my knees. Lastly I sat on the floor. Surely the clock weight would not be permitted to sink to the floor before being wound, for this would necessitate the stopping of the clock. If I could be spared two feet by lying on my side with my knees drawn up I might live.

And to this position I was reduced. I felt the bottom of the weight pressing against my side till finally I lost consciousness.

But not for long. The pressure was removed, and I heard the winding of wheels, the click of cogs, up in the tower. The clock was being wound. I was spared for twenty-four hours.

Soon after the hour of 10 sounded I heard a click at the door, which was thrown open, and the glare of a lamp showed me a number of excited faces.

"Found!" was shouted joyfully, and Lucia, pushing forward, fainted in my arms.

Shutting me up in the clock tower had had a peculiar effect on the lunatic who had done the deed. He kept his secret till night, when he accosted a man passing the church and told him that the devil in human form had been following him to drag him down to hell. But he had tricked Satan, having put him under the weight in the clock tower, and he had doubtless by this time been crushed. The listener broke away from him, but, thinking there might be reality in his story, returned and, meeting a searching party, had led them to the tower.

I brought my bride straight back to America, where we have contented ourselves since our memorable experience. She is full of reverence for holy things and considers my being shut up in a clock tower a punishment upon us both for our heathenish behavior in nosing about in a building dedicated for worship. I consider it a lesson for hosts of foreigners who do that very thing. While pious people are kneeling at an altar tourists are staring over their shoulders to get a view of a famous painting. While praises are being sung to the great Creator these same tourists are straining their voices to tell one another about the antiquities.

At any rate, we will never do it again. I have had trouble enough getting rid of the results of my last trip. Lying awake at night, the deep toned strokes of a town clock take me back to that frightful bell tower, and I feel the ceiling over my bed is coming down to crush me.

Misnamed.

An old lady was going over the London zoo, and after some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her umbrella.

"Well, mum?" said the keeper.

"I want to ask you," explained the old lady, "which of the animals in the zoo you consider the most remarkable."

The keeper scratched his head for awhile:

"Well, mum," he replied, "arter careful consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the biscuit goes to the laughing hyena!"

"Indeed!" said the old lady in surprise. "And why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable?"

"Well, mum," answered the zoological expert, "he only has a sleep once a week, he only has a meal once a month, and he only has a drink once a year. So what he's got to laugh about is a bloomin' mystery to me!"