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

Correct Styles in Men's and Boys' Clothing to Suit All Tastes

GARMENTS SO WELL DESIGNED AND CUT THAT MEN OF ALL PROPORTIONS MAY BE SUITED. A STOCK OF SUCH VARIED COMPREHENSIVENESS AS TO INCLUDE STYLES TO SUIT THE DRESSIEST YOUNG MAN OR THE MOST CONSERVATIVE OLDER MAN, AS WELL AS THE YOUTH OR LITTLE MAN.

These represent the high-class products of some of America's leading makers, brought to you at popular prices---a real saving in every price.

$9.50 UNEXCELLED VALUES IN MEN'S SPRING SUITS. Strictly Up-to-Date Spring Styles. High-grade Suits as fine in style and tailoring as the high-priced garments. A good variety of the newest effects in worsteds, cassimeres, cheviots and fancy blue serges. Up-to-date Suits with all the latest style touches. Regular and slim sizes from 34 to 42—stouts up to 46.

$7.50 FOR REGULAR $10 AND $12 VALUES IN MEN'S SUITS. Carefully tailored, correctly cut Suits in newest styles. Black thibet and fancy cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches; stouts up to 46.

$15.00 HAND TAILORED SUITS. THE HANDSOME UP-TO-THE-MINUTE MODELS FOR MEN. Garments made by the most expert tailors, beautifully cut and finely finished; perfect fit and permanent shape guaranteed. The latest spring fabrics are fully represented—high-grade worsteds, velours, cassimeres and cheviots. These Suits contain all the up-to-the-minute style features. Sizes 34 to 42; stouts up to 46 inches.

$18.00 FINELY TAILORED SUITS FOR MEN. The fabrics are fine worsteds and cassimeres in the new hair-stripe effects. The tailoring is of the sort that characterizes the best custom work, and which means good fit, good looks and shapeliness as long as the garment is worn. No suits with more style and distinction have been produced this season. All sizes, 34 to 42; stouts up to 46.

$1.50 to $6.00 MEN'S TROUSERS. BIG VALUES. New spring styles in stripes, light and dark shades. Full line from which to select. Sizes to fit all.

$2.00 BOYS' SERVICEABLE SPRING SUITS. Russian blouse, sailor, Norfolk, and double-breasted, new spring Suits. Navy blue and fancy mixed cheviots and cassimeres. $3 values. Sizes 3 to 17 years.

$5.00 BOYS' SPRING SUITS. Unusually large and varied stock. Neat, dressy Suits of light and dark worsteds, cheviots, and navy blue serges. Latest cut Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk, and double-breasted. Sizes 3 to 17 years.

$8.50 NOBBY SPRING STYLES IN BOYS' SUITS. The Suits are splendidly tailored, finely finished; a great variety of the season's best fabrics; unfinished worsteds, thibets and serges, in blue, black and fancy; also checks, stripes and overplaids, in worsteds, cheviots and cassimeres. Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk, and double-breasted styles. 3 to 18 years.

MEN'S SUITS EXACTLY HALF-PRICE

Twenty-five of them—hardly two alike. all sizes in the lot. All Spring and Summer weight. Regular prices ranged from $8.00 to $20.00. Double and single-breasted coats. Fancy mixed cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. All to go for just one-half regular price.

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.**

Spring Shoes for Men, Women and Children

Women's fancy is swinging from the shiny to the dull leathers—hence the increasing demand for chrome-tanned calfskin—soft as kidskin, with a little more body. Patent leather, however, is still popular with many. Both effectively used in the Tie and Pump at $2.50 to $3.50. Three eyelet, ribbon-laced; turned sole, Cuban heel. There are many styles at these prices.

We have a strong line of fashionable Oxfords and Pumps at $2.25.

Real Boy-Built Oxfords. Nothing sissy about them. $2, $2.50 and $3. Gunmetal, patent, tan.

Children's Oxfords. Blucher style; patent, gunmetal and tan. Prices range from $1.15 to $2. Misses' sizes, $1.25 to $2.50. Young women's (really women's, but with girlish low heel), $2 to $3.

Men's gunmetal, vici, patent and tan Oxfords. Douglas, $2.50 to $4. Walk-Over, $3 to $5. Rice & Hutchins, $2 to $3.50.

NEW SPRING HATS

$1.25—Boys' light steel telescope Spring style hats.
$1.50—Boys' light tan and steel telescope Spring style hats.
$1.50—Men's black derby hats, the lightweight Spring shapes.
$2.00—Men's black derby hats, light weight new shapes, Spring styles.
$2.50 and $3.00—Fashionable Spring shapes in high-class black derbies.
$1.50—Young men's Spring styles, telescope shape, in light, tan, steel and black.
$2.50—Young men's Spring styles, telescope shape in the late shades; also black.

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.

LINEN COLLARS

2 for 25c.—Men's 5-ply Linen Collars, the new shapes for Spring and Summer; the high, medium and low lay-down, wing, and many others. Collars that are made of linen that will come from the laundry as good as new. All sizes, including quarter sizes.

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---

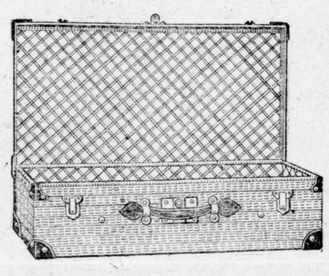
Knows how much of the pleasure of traveling or visiting depends on the trunk. True of the trunk, it is no less true of the suit-case or hand-bag. We have just opened what is probably the best line we have ever carried, and they await your service:

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.

At Slanting Pass

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I'll get him this time!" muttered Harrison evilly.

Redding rolled another cigarette and looked furtively at his companion. "You'll swing for it," he suggested coolly.

"I'm willing to," returned the other recklessly.

"Of course you're something of a fool, Harry, to risk being popped out just because Fenderson discharged you. Mind you, I'm not siding with him because in my opinion he's a dead pattern for a swell, and you know I ain't got much use for that kind."

"What do you mean, then?" growled Harrison, bringing his horse to a standstill.

"Why, I mean I think you've got a grouch all right, but for my own part I always consider whether a man's worth risking my own life and liberty for. If you was both dead what good would it do you?"

"I ain't debatin' that part of it," retorted Harrison obstinately. "All I got to say is that I've got a good grouch against Dick Fenderson, and if I have my way there'll be a new boss up at the Q. K. ranch before the week is out."

"And you'll be six feet deep with your boots on," added Redding with disgust.

"See here," yelled Harrison wrathfully, "did I ask you to come out here and talk over how I'll get Dick Fenderson tonight when he rides back from Cherry Tree or was you invited to come and discourage me out of my intentions eh? If so be, it's the last argyment Why, you and me'll spill blood here and now!" He waved a gun threateningly.

"You're drunk again, Harrison," snapped Redding, glancing impatiently around the lonely canyon in which they had drawn rein to discuss the killing of big Dick Fenderson. Redding hated his boss as heartily as did

"MARJORIE—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

that more malignant spirit, Harry Harrison, but there was good sense mingled with his resentment. He calculated that if he didn't like Fenderson it wouldn't do either of them any good to kill each other. He simply intended to secure another job on an adjoining ranch where discipline was more lax than it was on the big Q. K.

"Tonight at 10:30, when he's riding home from seeing that girl up at Sugar Creek, I'll get him in this here canyon and that there girl will be wearing black by tomorrow night," threatened Harrison as he urged his pony forward and Redding followed with a grim smile on his thin lips.

When they had disappeared and the click of their horses' hoofs had ceased re-echoing from wall to wall of the narrow canyon, a girl's form straightened up from behind a large rock and then sank down in a dejected little heap on the ground.

It was the girl from Sugar Creek ranch. Marjorie Bolton was her name and up to last night she had been heart free. Then Dick Fenderson had voiced his love for her, and because she had only known him three months Marjorie could not believe that the feeling she entertained for him could be more than friendship, and so she told him gently and firmly that she did not love him at all in the way he wished and, with no regard for the humor of the time worn remark, had timidly suggested that she might be as a sister to him. She was sure she felt that way toward him.

Dick Fenderson had reared himself proudly, and he told her almost gruffly that he had four sisters at home in Massachusetts and didn't need any sisters or cousins or aunts—what he wanted was a wife. And he had stared down at her in the fierceness of misery.

At the word Marjorie had thrilled deliciously and would fain have reconsidered her hasty decision, but the impulsive Fenderson had stiffly taken his departure before she really understood what had happened.

She had taken a long walk the following day, and she had been perched among the rocks in the canyon, which was not often used, as it was merely a short cut from Sugar Creek to the Q. K. ranch, when she had been frightened into hiding by the sound of hoofs and men's voices. Thus she had overheard the plot against the life of Dick Fenderson.

Although Marjorie Bolton had been born and bred in the west, she was a timid, gentle little thing and not at all in keeping with the big, broad, open air life of the plains. What she needed was the quiet of a sheltered home in a country village, and now that her father had married again Marjorie sometimes yearned for shady village streets and the close community of village life.

She hid her face in her slender brown hands and shuddered at the fate that would surely overtake Dick Fenderson if he rode unwarned through the canyon that night. Then a swift blush flushed her cheek and left her deadly pale again. She remembered that Dick would not ride through the canyon that night and probably never again, because he would cease coming to Sugar Creek ranch. There was momentary relief in the thought of his freedom from danger, but then she realized that he must be warned. If Harrison did not "get" his enemy tonight he would tomorrow night or at the first opportunity. Somebody must warn Dick not to go near Slanting pass because of the murderous intention of Harry Harrison.

Who could warn Dick except herself?

Quietly Marjorie's gray shadow detached itself from the rocky background of Slanting pass, and she walked cautiously toward the entrance, pausing there to glance around the open plain before she followed the trail along Sugar creek to her home. The journey she had to make at nightfall would require a horse. It was fifteen miles to the Q. K. ranch, and she must go there if she wanted to catch Dick Fenderson and warn him.

It was easy to slip away from the house after the early supper, for Marjorie's father was in Bison City and her stepmother was entertaining a visitor from Cheyenne, and the girl's absence would not be noticed for several hours, as she spent much time in her own room.

She saddled her own pony and led him silently to a little grove of cottonwoods beyond the corral. There she slipped off her riding skirt and became a slim boyish figure in corduroy breeches tucked into high boots. A handkerchief was knotted about her throat, and a broad brimmed hat was pulled down over her hair, quite concealing it. In the semidarkness of the twilight grove she looked like a boy, but her cheeks burned with modest shame at her masquerade costume.

Marjorie waited until darkness had fallen completely, and then because she was a timid little thing and her heart kept pounding away at every nocturnal sound that smote the air she tried to bolster her courage by thinking of Dick Fenderson—what a big, splendid fellow he was and how, if it were not for her warning, he might be stricken down and never open his dark eyes again, those dark eyes that had looked love at her only last night.

Now, it was not only the darkness that terrified Marjorie's heart and caused it to flutter wildly. Somehow the very thought of Dick Fenderson sent her into a delicious chaos of uncertainty. Only one thought hammered through her brain—she wished she had not sent Dick away.

The sure footed pony had found the trail to Slanting pass and was thudding along at an even gait. Now they had entered the black gloom of the entrance, and the intelligent animal picked his way carefully and noiselessly down into the canyon's depths, although Marjorie knew that if Harrison was lying in wait for Dick she was running a great risk in riding through there. A bullet intended for Fenderson might blot her own life, but she did not care. It would save Dick—her Dick. There, she admitted it to herself now, he would always be hers whether one or both of them died.

Suddenly a sound ahead smote her heart to stop beating. It was the noise of a horse's hoofs picking its way cautiously among the rocks. It must be Harrison.

"Who are you?" demanded Marjorie in as deep tones as she could assume.

There was no answer, but she could hear the rider approaching and presently she knew that they must be close together for her pony refused to go on.

"Who are you?" she repeated in her natural voice this time.

"Marjorie, what are you doing here?" demanded Dick Fenderson's blessed voice. His hands groped out and found her trembling little ones trying to stay the raining tears.

"What is it, little girl?" he asked tenderly.

Marjorie told him between relieved sobs and he patted her shoulder in a way that was entirely too brotherly to be in accord with Marjorie's enlightened state of mind.

"You did this for me to save my life?" he asked in amazement. "Why, Marjorie, dear, you know you are as timid as a rabbit. You are scared to death of the dark—why, what"—

"Do come away before that Harrison shoots you," urged Marjorie hastily.

"Don't worry about Harry Harrison, dear," returned Dick easily. "The sheriff collared him this afternoon, and he's on his way to Arizona now. He's wanted for a shooting down there. I was riding over to Sugar Creek to tell you that I believe I'll go back east. My father's health is breaking down, and he needs me to run that dairy farm of his. I never thought that I should owe you my life—for that is what it comes to. You are the bravest girl in the world. What can I ever do"—

"Stop—talking so much—like—like a brother," sobbed Marjorie.

Not Just What He Said.

A well known parson, preaching to a crowded congregation at a church where in his younger days he had been curate, alluded to the many changes that had taken place. He contrasted the attendance with that of days gone by and remarked, "At one time in this church there was not a soul—er—person in the gallery."

Next day, in a report of the service which appeared in one of the local newspapers, the minister was reported to have said, "At one time in this church there was not a sober person in the gallery."—Exchange.

A Bright Office Boy.

Caller—Is the boss in? Office Boy—No, sir; he's gone out. Caller—Will he be back after dinner? Office Boy—No; that's what he's gone out for.—Judge.

All one's life is music if one touches the notes aright and in time.