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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---

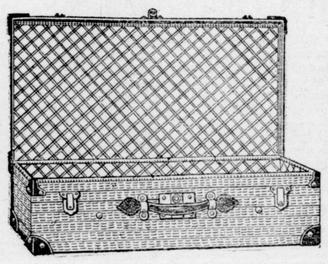
Knows how much of the pleasure of traveling or visiting depends on the trunk. True of the trunk, it is no less true of the suit-case or hand-bag. We have just opened what is probably the best line we have ever carried, and they await your service:

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.

THE DISPATCH BEARER

A Story For Memorial Day

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

It was the summer of 1862. General McClellan was moving up the peninsula lying between the James and the York rivers. Somewhere to the north of Richmond between that city and Washington was an army under General McDowell.

One day an officer wearing the blue uniform of the United States and the yellow shoulder straps of a captain of cavalry, followed by an orderly, was riding amid the dust kicked up by his horse midway between these two armies. The hour was noon, the day was hot, and the horses of both officer and orderly were jaded. Coming to a plantation in the center of which stood a manor house bearing the architectural marks of having been built in colonial times, the captain turned his horse's head in between two stone pillars and rode up the lane under arched trees, making straight for the stable. There, dismounting, he strode toward the door, which stood open. A darky, sitting on a barrel, arose as he approached.

"Got any fresh horses in here, uncle?" said the captain.

"No fresh hosses, marse. Got two hosses in dar dat was 'pressed into de sarvice ob de south'n men, and dey's all wohn out."

"Can't help it. They've had some rest since then, and mine can't go a mile further."

"Can I be of service to you, suh?" asked a voice from behind the captain, who turned and saw a gentleman wearing clothes that, though they had long before disappeared from the north, were still in fashion among a few planters of the south—a beaver hat, a high shirt collar with plenty of neckwear, a ruffled shirt, blue coat with brass buttons and trousers strapped down over his instep. There was something in his thoroughbred manner that made the captain ashamed of going into his stables and taking possession of his horses.

"I am sorry to be obliged, sir," said the officer in an apologetic tone, "to impress a mount for myself and my orderly into the United States service."

"If you will do me the honah, suh, to stop with me fo' an houah I can give you what you wish. My horses will be ready by that time to do a few hours' work. I am Thomas Randolph, suh, and it gives me pleasure to welcome you onto my plantation."

"I am Captain Cartright of the —th United States cavalry. I certainly need something to eat; but, being a bearer of dispatches, I do not feel at liberty to delay."

At the mention of the dispatches Mr. Randolph's eyes took on a peculiar look—a crafty look. Captain Cartright was too hot and tired and hungry to notice it or that the planter had any object in his subsequent words except in relieving that hunger.

"We haven't much to give you, suh," said the gentleman; "only some chicken, but my cook knows how to fry it deliciously, and some fine sweet potatoes that melt in yo' mouth. Her co'n pone is also excellent."

"Enough, sir!" cried the captain. "No man, famished as I am, can resist that bill of luxuries. I'll dine with you with pleasure. Let me see"—taking out his watch—"it is now 12 o'clock. Do you think your horses will be rested by 2?"

"I think so, suh. This way, suh." Then to the darky, "Pete, take the gentlemen's horses into the stable and give them a good feed, and tell Sam to give the captain's orderly all he can eat fo' dinner."

Mr. Randolph led Captain Cartright into the house and, asking him to be seated for a few moments in the drawing room, left him. After some time he returned with a negro and said:

"This is my own body servant, Jim. He will show you to a room where you will find the wherewithal fo' getting off the dirt of the road. When you have done so come down, and dinner will be served."

Jim led the way up the winding staircase to a spacious chamber containing an enormous four post bedstead with curtains above and valance below and other furniture of a corresponding pattern. The darky poured water into a great china bowl. The captain unbuckled his belt, from which hung his revolver and saber, and threw them on a chair. Then he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and plunged his head into the water.

Jim took up the coat and brushed it carefully while its owner was spluttering in the water. When Cartright had finished his ablutions Jim stood holding the coat ready to help him on with it. After this had been done the captain placed his hand on his breast pocket and, feeling the envelope, was satisfied that his dispatches were still there and with a refreshed look on his face went downstairs.

Mr. Randolph received him cordially, glancing inquiringly at Jim, who was coming down the staircase behind the captain. What he saw in the negro's face evidently pleased him very much, for he renewed his attentions to his guest to such an extent that Cartright began to suspect his host to be one of those Virginians who adhered to the Union cause. A darky announced that dinner was ready, and the two went into the dining room, where they found the Randolph family waiting for them. Those at home were Mrs. Randolph, a stately lady, and her two daughters, Carey and Julia, very pretty girls. The sons were all serving in the Confederate army.

"On which side of this fracas are your sympathies, madam?" asked Cartright.

The husband and father took it upon himself to reply. "The fracas, as you call it, suh," he said, "is being disposed of by the armies of the respective sides. We noncombatants have nothing to do with the settlement. We intend to treat you no'the'ners when you come to us as ouah guests. Let me help you, suh, to some mo' of the chicken. Do you prefer the white meat or the dahk?"

Cartright would have preferred both, but, that being out of the question, he said either would do, and doubtless he could have eaten even the bones. Besides, he was observing Carey Randolph, whose southern beauty was especially pleasing to him. The dinner proceeded with marked attention on the part of all the family to the young captain, who, in the presence of a southern matron and her two attractive daughters, strove to make himself as agreeable as possible. The dinner finished, he was conducted to the drawing room, where he sat in the most comfortable chair in the room, surrounded by the Randolph family.

Nothing of moment occurred during this after dinner companionship except that the captain, looking out of a window, saw Jim, Mr. Randolph's body servant, riding down the lane leading from the house to the road. Then in a few minutes the officer saw his orderly, Mike Finegan, riding full tilt in the same direction.

Presently Cartright saw Mike riding leisurely back and felt relieved. Rising, he thanked the members of the family for their southern hospitality, which he declared was famed all over the world. All were extremely gracious to him and hoped that the fortunes of war would bring him their way again. Mr. Randolph assured him that he would always find a welcome at the manor house. There was an unobserved pressure of the hand between Cartright and Miss Carey Randolph and a soft look between the two. Then the captain went out, called for the horses to take him and his orderly on their way, and, mounting amid many goodbys, he rode away with Mike at the regulation forty paces in his rear.

They had not gone far before Mike called, "Captain!"

"What is it?"

"Are ye shure the dispatches are all right?"

"Yes." And the captain felt his breast with his fingers.

"Wouldn't it be well to take 'em out and look at 'em? Them people is bad secesh."

"They're fine people, anyway," replied Cartright. But he unbuttoned his coat, took out the envelope and looked at it with astonishment. There was no address or army stamp on the upper left hand corner. Tearing off the cover, he exposed blank paper.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed.

"What is it, sorr?" asked Mike, riding up beside his superior.

"I've been tricked. Some one has substituted this for the dispatches."

"Begorra, that's bad!" exclaimed Mike.

The captain was pale and trembling. What excuse could he give for his incaution, his trustfulness? His delinquency might wreck McClellan's army.

"Orderly," he said, "draw your revolver and put a bullet through my brains; then destroy this blank paper, ride on to General McClellan and tell him that we were attacked on our way and robbed of the dispatches. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

"Oi'm thinkin', captain, that there's a bettther way o' doin' it."

"What way?"

"Presintin' the real dispatches."

"But they're gone."

"They moight come back."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sorr, they say all the nagurs of the south is wid us. One of 'em isn't, I know—that black spalpeen, the planter's body servant. I was eatin' me dinner, and I saw 'im goin' out to the stable, puttin' somepin that looked loike the dispatches in his shirt. Thin he kem out wid a horse, mounted and made off. Rushin' to the shtable, I took a horse and followed 'im. I caught 'im on the road and fired at 'im, bringin' 'im to a halt. 'O'll trouble ye for the papers in your shirt,' I said. 'Wha' papers?' he asked. Fur a reply I cut off his ear wid a bullet from me revolver. Wid that he tuk the papers from under his shirt next his dirty black skin, and here they are."

The captain seized the envelope, took out the contents, satisfied himself that they were really the dispatches, then fell on his orderly's neck.

"But how in the world could the rascal have got them?" asked the captain, wondering.

"I dunno, sorr. I only know he had 'em."

"There's but one way," the captain went on, half to himself and half to Mike. "He brushed my coat. Doubtless he made the transfer then. But I can't understand how he happened to have the dummy."

"Well, sorr," Mike put in, "before the nagur carried the wather upstairs for you I saw the planther hand it to 'im."

"I see it all," said the captain. "It was a neat trick, and but for you"—

He embraced Mike again.

After the surrender Captain Cartright went to Virginia and married Miss Carey Randolph. Then that which might have destroyed an army and ruined the dispatch bearer became simply an interesting episode.

Many Manias.

At a recent congress of neurology a paper was read in which the movement by which the growing lad caresses the first shoots on his upper lip was labeled moustachiostrepsomania; the habit of twirling the cane seen in old drum majors, strepsorhabdomania; that of putting the little finger into the ear, otodactylomania. Then we have "stomatodactylomaniacs," who put the finger into the mouth; "onychophagomaniacs," who bite their nails; "harmoniomaniacs," who drum with their fingers on windowpanes or tables, and "trepodomaniacs," who nervously move their legs.—British Medical Journal.

His Harvest Season.

Teacher—Now, Earlie, tell us when is the harvest seson. Earlie—From November to March. Teacher—Why, Earlie, I am surprised that you should name such barren months. Who told you they were the harvest season? Earlie—I'a He's a plumber.—Brooklyn