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

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The Same Price the World Over."

Are the Sensation of the Clothing World.

The men and young men who have always bought clothing around this price are going to find in Styleplus Clothes the quality of fabrics, patterns and workmanship of $20.00 and $25.00 grades offered elsewhere. They will find that $17.00 never before bought so much in clothes, in fabrics, styles, tailoring, fit and finish.

You men who have been paying $20.00 will cheerfully pocket $3.00 and still procure better fabrics and tailoring than you ever did before. You are going to pick out patterns that come from the looms of the foremost woolen mills in this country. You will find fit, style and workmanship that you never dreamt could be had at this price.

You men who have been paying $25.00 will save $8.00 and still be as well dressed as you were before, for Styleplus Clothes are the clothing wonder of the age. They are the production of the greatest organization of the world making medium-priced clothes.

We've tried them out. We've tested them. We've compared them. An inspection will prove it to you. And our guarantee and the guarantee of the manufacturers to give you a new suit should one we sold you go wrong, will protect you.

BOYS' FINE SUITS—NOT STYLE PLUS BUT—

Good serviceable Suits of some of the country's leading makers; splendidly tailored, finely finished; a great variety of the season's best fabrics; unfinished worsteds, thibets, cassimeres, and serges, in blue, black and fancy. Unusually large and varied stock. Russian blouse, sailor, Norfolk and double-breasted styles. $2.00 to $8.50.

High Grade Summer Footwear

Women's $2.50, $3 and $3.50 Oxfords and Pumps, at 95c.

A variety of the best leathers, patent, gun metal and vici; some sizes missing. About 50 pairs in the lot, hardly two pairs alike. These oxfords and pumps were made by the Queen Quality, Dolly Madison and Rice & Hutchins people, and represent styles we are discontinuing. These shoes were good value at the original price, $2.50, $3 or $3.50. 95c. now buys any pair in the lot. A wonderful saving.

Misses' and Children's $1, $1.50 and $2 Shoes at 50c.

About 45 pairs in the lot; best leathers, patent, gun metal and vici; spring heel and half heel. Most all sizes, but not many of a kind. Come and look them over.

Men's $1, $1.50 and $2 Hats at 50c.

Smooth and rough weave, either soft or stiff straw. Better look 'em over.

White Waists, 65c

$1.50, $1.25 and $1.00, slightly soiled, at 65c.

Ladies' Wash Suits, $1.95

Regularly priced $5.50, $4.50 and $3.50, now at $1.95.

Ladies' Wash Skirts, 75c

In white, blue and tan, $1.50 and $1.25, now only 75c.

Cotton Voile, 10c

Pink, blue and lavender, 15c and 18c, now 10c.

Cotton Rep, 15c

In tan and catawba; 25c value, at 15c.

Men's Shoes, $2.50

36 pairs Walkover and Douglas Shoes; gun metal, patent and tan; $3.50 and $4 grades at $2.50.

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.

Every Woman Who Cares Needs White Shoes

Keeping abreast of fashion demands the things that are in style—from head to toe—not necessarily expensive, but imperatively in good taste.

Have you noticed that the Summer shoe season is getting "whiter" each year? This Summer every woman who knows how to dress will have at least one pair of white shoes.

At these prices she may have several pairs:
White Canvas Button Boots, $2.50 to $3.50.
White Canvas Pumps, $1.50 to $3.00.
White Canvas Oxfords, $1.25 to $3.00.
And please note this—

Our White Buckskin Shoes and Pumps for women are of genuine white buckskin—not any of the various imitations that give such poor satisfaction.

White Buckskin Shoes and Pumps, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

Silk Newcomers in the Glove Department

So new they are just out of their wrappings, are certain fine silk gloves, soft and rich of weave, daintily finished and in the fashionable hues of the season.

Short Silk Gloves, in black, white or colors, with two clasps, 50c, 75c, and $1.00.

Longer Gloves for the short-sleeved frocks —12-button lengths in black or white, 75c; 16-button in colors as well as black or white, $1.00 and $1.50.

Other Long Silk Gloves, with embroidered arms, in white or black, 16-button length, $1.00 and $1.50.

Other new arrivals—to be found in the regular glove section include:

2-clasp chomois finished lisle in white, 50c, instead of 75c. 16-button chamois, in natural or white, uncommonly good for $2.50. 2-clasp chamois, in natural or white, $1, instead of $1.50.

In the White Goods Store Women Are Asking for---

White Cotton Corduroy for whole dresses, for separate skirts, the fashionable Norfolk Suits, and other uses, 25c to 50c a yard.

White Madras—a special purchase of 20c quality for 15c.

Plain and Striped Flaxon, 18c and 20c grade for 12½c.

Plain Voiles for cool frocks and blouses, white, lavender, light and dark blue, pink and black, 35c quality for 25c—36 inches wide.

Combination Undermuslins

Any woman who means to be comfortable in hot weather and keep the lines of her lingerie frocks all that they should be, will choose the straight-cut, slender combinations designed for the purpose. Almost every conceivable kind is here—simple or with flat trimmings; not simple, with lots of laces and embroideries.

JUST THE SHIRTS FOR MEN THIS WEATHER

50c, $1.00, $1.50

Fine Shirts of sturdy madras, refined and beautified by the mixture of silk and in striped designs of unusual richness and brilliant coloring.

All plain negligee, with soft turned back cuffs and every one clean, new and perfect.

Boys' Wash Suits, $1.00

Usually $1.25 to $2.00—percales and other cottons in plain colors and striped effects.

Russian and sailor styles, 2 1-2 to 8 year sizes, and suits that are the products of one of the best makers in America, so you will know they will fit well and give good wear.

Women's High-Grade Hosiery for Summer

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 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.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

The Code Duello

A Story Showing How a Small Circumstance May Turn the Scale of Advantage

By ARNOLD D. EWING

A few years before the war between the states I was obliged to go from my northern home to South Carolina. I was sitting one evening in a cafe with a friend when a discussion arose at a table near me between an elderly man and one who was, at least by comparison, young. The latter had been sitting alone at the table when the former entered the cafe, stood at the entrance looking about him, then walked with a limp to where the other was sitting and, taking a chair, called for a julep. Neither spoke to the other, and it was evident they were strangers.

But presently the older man addressed a remark to the younger, which led to conversation. At that time the pro and anti slavery parties were contending, the one to make Kansas a free, the other a slave state. The man who had entered last began to inveigh against the "border ruffians," as they were called in the north, at the same time charging them with committing innumerable crimes. I was rather surprised at this, since he spoke with a distinct southern accent, though at that time the southern people were not united on the slavery question, indeed were not united even after the war commenced.

The younger man took issue with his neighbor, averring that the south had the right to carry their institutions into the new territories as well as the north Whereupon the other became violent and abusive. The advocate of those who were trying to make Kansas a slave state endeavored to withdraw from the discussion, but his opponent would not permit him. Finally the latter, waxing wrothy, declared that the proslavery movement in Kansas was conceived in iniquity and any man who advocated it was a scoundrel.

The other's cheek burned, but he controlled himself, whereupon his opponent, who was evidently disposed to drive him to the wall, said that a man who had such opinions and declined to defend them was a coward. This forced the younger man to resent the insult offered him, and, drawing a card from his pocket, he handed it to his insulter.

"I haven't a cahd with me, suh," said the challenged man, "but with yo' pe'mission I will write my name on the back of yo's. I will send a friend to yo' immediately to arrange a meeting at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning. I must leave the city at 6 on impo'tant business."

"And I, sir," replied the other, "have an important engagement in the early morning which will prevent my fighting you till later."

"If yo' mean, suh, to crawl out o' the affair I should be glad to know it now."

The goaded man, seeing me and my friend sitting at another table witnessing this imputation on his courage, said coolly to his tormentor:

"Very well; since you wish to be killed before breakfast I will put off my other engagement and kill you. I will be at home for the rest of the evening, where I shall await the coming of your friend."

He arose from his chair and went out, leaving his opponent in possession of the field.

He had no sooner disappeared than the man who had provoked him beckoned to my friend Mortimer, who left me and went with him to an unoccupied corner of the room, and the two held a conference in a low tone. When it was over Mortimer returned to me and gave me a few words of explanation. He said that he was to be the second in the coming meeting of the man whom he had conferred with. Colonel Ringold. He had commanded a regiment of volunteers in the Mexican war, was a planter who owned slaves and a man of high standing in the community. Why he had provoked the man he had sat with—Jerrold was his name—Mortimer did not say.

I had a desire to see the end of what to me was a very singular affair, and, fortunately for my purpose, being a physician, Mortimer agreed to take me with him in the capacity of surgeon Meanwhile I was to say nothing about the matter. Colonel Ringold had not given his true name, and his opponent did not know who he was. Since Mortimer and I were the only persons besides the principals and the colonel would stay at home until he went to the ground the secret was not likely to come out.

I confess I had been much prejudiced against Colonel Ringold for forcing a quarrel upon one who seemed an inoffensive man.

"You think Jerrold an inoffensive man, do you?" said Mortimer. "Well, I will tell you about him. He is one of those persons who grow up under the dueling system—it is rapidly dying out here in the south I am happy to say—who, having acquired great skill with arms, conceive a passion for making as many victims as possible. He can kill the colonel if he wishes to do so, but I shall use diplomacy to induce him to be content to wing his enemy. There are but two persons who know why the colonel insulted him—the colonel and myself. Jerrold does not know it; you do not know it, and I shall not tell you till the affair is over. The probability is, however, that it will lead to another fight."

This fraction of a story left me more puzzled than before. Indeed, my curiosity was excited to such a pitch that I did not sleep a wink during the brief interval before the meeting. I was called at 3 in the morning by Mortimer and, with my case of surgical instruments, entered a carriage in waiting and drove to the ground.

The colonel was there, standing alone in the gray of the morning. It seemed to me that his expression indicated some special purpose, by which he was much moved. Since he knew he was to meet a man who was considered invincible, he must have felt that death for him was almost certain. There was a far away look in his eye, such as a man might have who dreads to leave those he loves and who love him. While I had been prejudiced against him a few hours before, I now took him into my heart.

While I was regarding him a carriage rolled up and out stepped Jerrold and his second and his own surgeon. The colonel as the challenged party had chosen Derringer pistols, which were used at that time in duels. The seconds paced off the ground, and since it was long before sunrise and cloudy at that there was no toss up for choice of position. Colonel Ringold stood in one spot until his second placed him in the position from which he was to fight. It was but a few paces from where he stood, but I noticed when he took them the same limp was apparent as when he had entered the cafe the previous evening. Just before the first fire, when all was ready except to give the signal, Mortimer whispered in my ear:

"Whatever you discover keep it to yourself."

He then took a position midway between the two at the side and, holding a handkerchief in his hand, dropped it. Jerrold fired in the air; the colonel's bullet grazed his adversary's sleeve.

To my surprise—Mortimer did not appear to share it—the colonel called for another shot. The two were again placed in position, the signal given, and two shots rang out. Jerrold was unhurt; the colonel fell. I ran to him; but, getting up with difficulty, he motioned me to keep away. Standing as firmly as before, he called for a third shot.

If I was puzzled at seeing him fall and then get up, his antagonist was amazed. Not a drop of blood was to be seen, though his trousers were torn.

When the two were standing waiting for the next signal I glanced at Jerrold and saw at once that something was the matter with him.

I have since thought that at the moment the signal for the third shot was given Jerrold was suffering from indecision. He had gone on to the field intending to wing his adversary and was now undecided whether to kill him or not. Indecision at a critical moment is usually fatal. It delayed Jerrold's shot. At any rate, it was not fired till after he had received the colonel's bullet in his lungs. His struck the earth a few paces before him, he having pulled the trigger of his pistol spasmodically with a bullet in him.

Jerrold's surgeon ran to him. I, not knowing at the time where Jerrold's bullet had gone, advanced toward the colonel to see if he had been hit. He stood motionless, not appearing to be aware of my presence. Noticing the tear in his trousers and lifting the cloth, I made the discovery that Mortimer had cautioned me against bringing to the attention of others.

The leg was of wood.

At that moment the sound of galloping horses was heard, and a carriage dashed up to the dueling ground. Out jumped a young man, not more than twenty years old, who at a glance took in the situation, then, rushing up to Colonel Ringold, threw his arms about him.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed. "Why did you do it?"

"Because I didn't wish to lose my boy."

It was a strange scene. Jerrold sitting on the ground, leaning against his second, coughing up blood and looking at the father and son embracing each other. Then doubtless the cause of the insult of the night before was apparent to him. He had insulted the younger Ringold, intending to show his skill in killing him, and was to have fought him on this same morning. But, insulted by the boy's father, whom he did not know, he had put off the duel with the one to accommodate the other.

All was so plain now that the wounded man must have surmised it. But he said nothing. He was taken in his carriage to a hospital, and I was pleased to hear afterward that, after having recovered, the affair had made a changed man of him, and he had resolved never to fight another duel.

Mortimer, by his diplomacy, as he called it, saved the colonel's life. When bearing the colonel's challenge he prevailed upon Jerrold, for Jerrold's own good, to wound the colonel in such a way that he could not continue the fight, for he represented the colonel to be an obstinate and determined man, who, once in a fight, would continue it till he was put hors de combat. Jerrold, having another duel on hand to follow in the wake of the first and fearing to excite antagonism against himself, fell in with the idea. Mortimer suggested that Jerrold, when convinced that his enemy would kill him if he could, should break his leg so that he could not stand upon it to continue the fight, Mortimer knowing that one leg would be advanced and receive the bullet and that that leg was the wooden one. It was a makeshift at best and resulted in Jerrold's discomfiture.

Why His Habits Changed.

"I thought you used to shave yourself."

"I did, but I gave it up."

"Why?"

"I got tired of being called to the telephone just the minute I was lathered."—Detroit Free Press.

Too High.

A visitor said to the small boy of the family, "Johnny, can you stand on your head?"

Johnny looked startled.

"No," he replied after a moment's thought; "it's too high up!"—New York Telegraph.

For Him?

Medicus—Don't you think this scientific idea is a good one of killing off all the idiots? Cynicus—No; the w[illegible] would be too lonely.—Baltimore [illegible]can