DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1912

VOL. 66. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1912. NO. 51

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

Best Clothing and Complete Satisfaction—These You Always Get

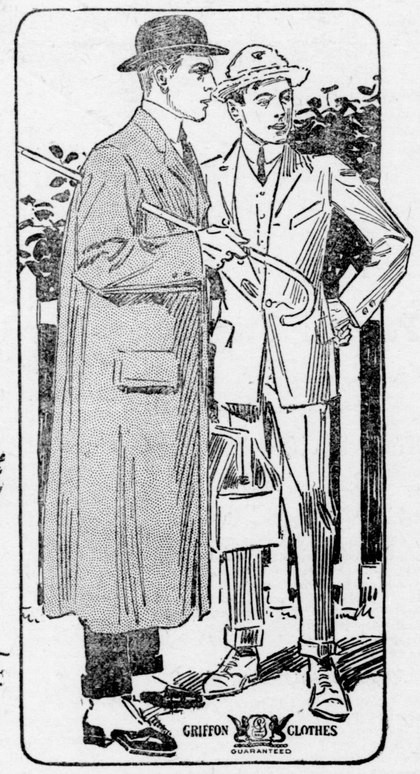
WHEN YOU BUY THE KIND OF CLOTHES WE SELL

WINNING the patronae of the critical dresser is not an easy problem. One of the good points that have made these Clothes so popular among this class of men is an inherent dignity.

It is difficult to describe this. It is a certain intangible something, a certain superb richness of style and fabric that literally commands the respect of all. And because the Clothes are so perfect in fit and drape that they mould into the personality of the wearer, and to such an extent become a part of him, this respect is transferred from the clothes to the man himself.

$14.50 TO $25.00

Every inch of every fabric in every garment guaranteed All Wool.



Fashionable Fall Suits, $10.50 Carefully selected garments for men and young men—made of all-wool fancy worsteds and cassimeres in the latest styles and colors, including the popular gray and fancy blue and brown. All sizes, including stouts.

Men's and Young Men's Suits, $12.50 Hand-tailored garments of all-wool worsteds and cassimeres. The very newest models, carefully finished throughout. All sizes, including stouts.

Men's Suits at $13.50 Smartly tailored all-wool garments, fashioned along approved lines, including the new English models. Made of fine all-wool fabrics in all the new patterns; guaranteed in fit, quality and workmanship. All sizes, including stouts.

Boys' Suits, $2.50 to $5.50 Norfolk, double-breasted and Knickerbocker models—of fine cheviots, cassimeres and worsteds, in gray and brown mixtures; also Russian and sailor styles of brown and blue serge. Sizes 4 to 17 years.

Boys' Suits, $6 to $7.50 Some with two pairs of trousers. All-wool and hand-tailored—double-breasted, Knickerbocker, Norfolk, Russian and sailor models. Choice of cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. Sizes 4 to 18 years.

Boys' Suits, $8 to $10.50 Some garments of all-wool serge, cheviots and cassimeres. Many smart striped effects and gray and brown mixtures. Knickerbocker and Norfolk styles. 4 to 18 years.

OUR DRESS GOODS DISPLAY EMBRACES EVERY WEAVE

STAPLE AND NOVEL—BLACK AND COLORS

Women's, Misses' and Children's Stunning Fall and Winter Coats

These coats are unusually well tailored and are of Serge, Cheviot, Chinchilla, and Plaid Melton. They are built on the newest Fall and Winter lines, with straight back, neatly stitched collars, perfectly plain mannish sleeves, and lined with good satin. $4.00 to $25.00

SWEATERS

These coolish days call for a good warm Sweater. We have them in the Blazer Coat Sweaters, also the Regular Coat Sweaters, in red, grey, blue, tan, white and black.

BLANKETS : COMFORTABLES

Blankets, from 50c to $6.00
Comfortables---Cotton filled, $1.00 to $2.50
Down and Wool filled, $3.00 to $10.50

Women's & Misses' Stylish Tan Boots, $4.00

16-button.

Women's and Misses' high-cut gun-metal Calf Shoes. Stylish kinds for Fall and Winter Wear, $3.00.

Stitched, flexible sole; medium heel.

NEW NECKWEAR

Robespiere Collars, in black, blue and green.

The new Collar and Cuff Sets for coats in white and ecru.

Cluny Collar and Cuff Sets at $1.50.

Pleatings, Pleated Net, white and ecru, at 25c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER GOWN

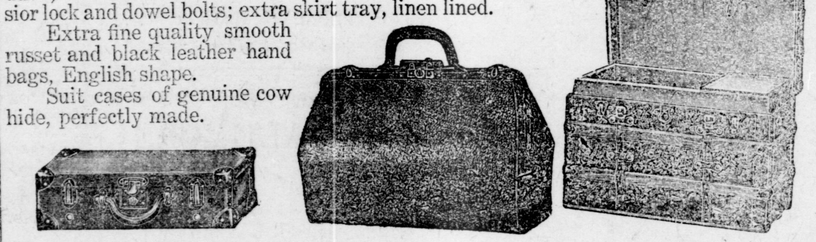
In fringe, chinille, ball trimming, puffing and banding.

SUIT CASES : TRUNKS : HAND BAGS

Fibre-bound, linen-lined trunks, covered with heavy duck; two fibre centre bands, heavy brass trimming, excelsior lock and dowel bolts; extra skirt tray, linen lined.

Extra fine quality smooth russet and black leather hand bags, English shape.

Suit cases of genuine cow hide, perfectly made.



MEN'S HATS

Derbies and Soft Hats
$1.50 to $3.00

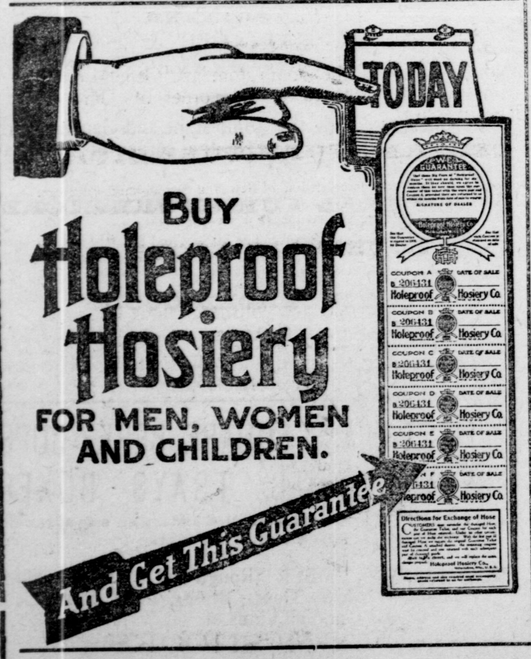
Men's and young men's smartest Fall styles, including the celebrated S. & B., Belvedere and Caswell derbies. The soft hats are of fine silk-finished felt, stylish shapes and newest colors.

S. & B. Derbies at $3

A popular make of the finest quality felt; all the new Fall models.

Boys' Soft Hats at $1

Popular telescope and college shapes of fine quality felt and cloth; new Fall shades.



UNDERWEAR

ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES IN WOOL AND COTTON FOR

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

Ladies' fine rib bleached Vests, ribbon inserted at neck, crochet edging around neck and down front. 25c and 50c.

Ladies' Wool Underwear, fine rib. $1.00 to $2.50.

Ladies' Union Suits, in wool and cotton, extra good values, at 50c to $2.50.

Children's Wool and Cotton Underwear, bleached, fine rib, ribbon inserted. 25c to 75c.

Extra good values in Men's Heavy Fleeced Underwear at 50c.

Men's Ribbed Underwear, medium weight, white and grey, at 50c.

Men's Extra Quality Wool Underwear, in white, grey and red. $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.

AUTUMN SILKS

In MESSALINES, all colors
FOULARDS
TAFFETAS
PEAU DE SOIE
BLACK DUCHESS SATIN
CREPE DE CHINE, in pink, blue, black;
and MARQUISETTE

GLOVES FOR THE FALL

In black, white, tan and grey. $1, $1.25, $1.50

Veilings in Chiffon and Mesh

For the New Fall bonnet.

Ask to See the
New Fall Butterick Fashion Book
to select a pattern for your new Fall frock.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

Between Friends

A Tale of the Desert

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The sand of the desert shimmered in the intense heat. The sun shone brazenly down from a merciless blue sky. Shifting winds had riffled the sands into wavelets, with here and there a mountainous billow.

Winding in and out among the billows were shallow indentations—camel tracks in the sand.

Ford Cameron turned to his companion.

"How long, Abdi?"

The Arab leaned from his horse until his face almost touched the sand. With a single movement of his lithe body he sat upright again. "Ten minutes, saire," he said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

Cameron frowned.

"The last caravan we ran into tried to rob us of what the others hadn't stolen," he muttered.

"This is the same one, effendi," remarked Abdi.

"How do you know that?" Cameron's tone was sharp.

Again the Arab shrugged. "I know!"

"Let us go another way, then," suggested the American impatiently. "My journey to the ancient ruins of Gib, where I am to join the archaeological expedition, has already been interrupted five times by encounters with bandits and holdups by both Italian and Turkish scouting parties. Is there no other route we may take—one that is less frequented?"

Abdi's fierce glance seemed to overleap the billowed desert and became concentrated on the far horizon, where something glittered for an instant and then vanished.

"There is a different route that may prove to be safer," he said at last.

"Lead the way, then," ordered Cameron impatiently.

Obediently the Arab wheeled his horse to the left, away from the route which they had chosen and which was the same taken by the thieving caravan whose camel tracks had momentarily halted their journey.

As Cameron followed his guide he occasionally threw a glance over to the right, where one might reasonably expect to glimpse some trace of the caravan which had passed only ten minutes before. He was hoping that they would elude the thieving Arabs who had plundered their provisions and tried to steal their horses. A quick battle with automatic revolvers and a repeating rifle had put the Arabs to flight. But they hovered near. One day's uninterrupted journey would bring him to the expedition camp on the site of ancient Gib. Urgent business had prevented his joining the party at the appointed place; consequently he had to make this lonely trip across northern Tripoli with the uncertain loyalty of an Arab dragoman as his sole dependence.

Cameron decided to be on the lookout for treachery from his dragoman.

"What is that?" he asked suddenly.

Abdi inclined his ear respectfully. A faint yapping sound broke the stillness.

"Jackals," declared Abdi, shrugging his shoulders.

Cameron knew that the Arab lied and felt that his suspicions were confirmed. Therefore he said nothing.

He drank some strong coffee of his own preparation and ate a few tinned biscuits from his own saddlebags. He decided not to sleep that night. In an unguarded moment Abdi might murder him with a shot from the silver mounted rifle he carried slung over his burnoose.

Cameron propped his saddle against a sand hillock and, sitting down, leaned his head against the leather bags. His cartridge belt was buckled outside his coat and in either hand he held an automatic revolver.

The three horses, Abdi's, his own and the pack horse, which carried his luggage, were grouped near at hand.

Once again there came the distant cry—of the jackals? Cameron believed otherwise. Abdi turned his head away and listened.

"It is a signal cry," thought Cameron, who knew something of the wireless telegraphy of the desert tribes. "I wonder if it relates to my affairs or are they on the trail of Italian scouts? Very likely they are on the scent of other game—something bigger than I can offer with my meager equipment and silver watch."

After awhile he arose and stretched himself, offering a splendid target for Abdi's rifle, but the tall Arab did not even turn his head. He was staring out into the fathomless gloom of the desert as if his falcon eyes would pierce its mysteries.

Cameron remained standing. He felt a vague uneasiness creeping over him. He thought he heard fotsteps padding to and fro in the soft sand among the hillocks. There seemed to be a burden of whispering in the still air, but whenever he grew rigid and tense with listening there was nothing save the murmuring breeze troubling the grains of sand.

The horses stirred restlessly and one of them whinnied. Cameron caught the beginning of an answering whinny—it was never ended. Something stifled it into silence.

"What was that, Abdi?" asked Cameron sharply.

The Arab turned. "That, effendi Thy servant sneezed."

A grim smile curved Cameron's lips. "Traitor," he muttered to himself as he listened.

After that a great silence fell upon the desert. The wind ceased blowing. The horses drooped their heads and were quiet. Abdi stood a dark statue throwing a gigantic shadow on the sand.

Cameron's eyes ached with the watching and with a longing for sleep to come to his burning eyelids.

Suddenly a tiny spark appeared at the top of a nearby hillock. It disappeared.

Instantly Abdi struck a fusee and lighted a cigarette. As his lean dark face was exposed in the glow of the brief light, Cameron saw a look of eagerness spread over the grim features of his dragoman.

"A signal," decided Cameron, wondering whether it would not be wiser to bowl the traitor over with one shot now and if there was to be a battle let it begin at once and have it over with.

There would be small chance of his escaping alive if the enemy should surround him as they would be likely to do. Even now they might be crouching behind the very sand dune against which he was leaning.

Almost anything was better than the strain of waiting for something to happen. He would give them ten minutes more and then—. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was two hours after midnight.

He was impatient at the idea of having his arrival at Gib delayed by another day and he could not understand Abdi's stupidity in prolonging the journey except in the light of having betrayed his master to the bandits.

Abdi smoked his cigarette peacefully and finally flung the burning end to the ground. Cameron watched for some answering signal but saw nothing.

"Perhaps it is the signal to attack now," he muttered and at that instant Abdi turned swiftly and yelled at him. "Baalek!" (Lookout!) was his cry, and it was flung as a warning to Cameron.

Cameron dropped into the shadow of the hillock and awaited with quickened pulses the swift padding of feet among the sand dunes. He saw Abdi throw himself into a similar attitude and he was ashamed that he had mistrusted the loyal fellow even as he thrilled with the realization that he was not fighting alone—there were two of them.

Abdi had the point of vantage; he could see what was coming. Cameron watched his dark form.

Suddenly Abdi sprang to his full height and screamed fanatically:

"La illah Allah, Mohammed Rasoul il Allah!"

There came a sharp shot out of the silence that followed his challenging cry, and the Arab tumbled back, clutching his arm.

"Come on out of that, you jackals!" sang out a strong English speaking voice from the direction of the shot that had wounded Abdi.

Cameron's breath nearly left his body.

"Hi, there! Who are you?" he called out.

"The devil!" was the astonishing explosive retort. "Come on, Appleby; let's investigate this civilized individual." And footsteps came nearer, nearer, and finally rounded the hillock against which the groaning Abdi leaned, and two men dressed in European garments and wearing white pith helmets appeared.

They stopped at sight of the group of three horses, the wounded Arab and the solitary form of the American in garb similar to their own.

"Appleby, who is your fool friend?" asked Cameron coolly as he approached them.

"Ford Cameron!" ejaculated Appleby, staring with all his might. "Have we been stalking you all the evening?"

"You have," returned Cameron grimly. "It's a wonder you didn't get potted. What did you think we were, eh?"

"Bandits. We heard you were coming. How? Desert wireless, of course. Thought we'd come out and meet you. Started yesterday and got lost. Last night the pesky robbers harried us all over the desert. Thought we were in for another night of it, only we changed about and hunted the hunters. Funny, isn't it?"

Appleby rattled lightly on as his companion leaned over the groaning Arab, deftly ripped the covering from his shoulder and made a brief examination of the wound by the light of an electric pocket lamb that quite awed Abdi into submission.

"A mere scratch," he pronounced brusquely as he took out a small case from his pocket, applied ointment and bandages. "There, my good fellow; you'll be all right in a day or so. Mighty sorry I pinked you, but it was fortunes of war."

He pressed a gold coin into the Arab's eager hand, and, waving aside the murmured thanks, he joined the other two men.

"Let me introduce Dr. Ransom," said Appleby to Cameron. "He's the medical end of the expedition."

The three sat and talked in the diminishing moonlight, while Abdi slumbered fitfully.

When day dawned Cameron mounted a hillock and looked in all directions. Against the eastern sky stood palm trees in dark silhouette.

"The ruins of Gib!" he shouted down to his companions.

As the three stood and watched the rising of the sun Abdi stirred himself and turned his face to the east.

"La illah Allah, Mohammet Rasoul il Allah!" he chanted. And this time it was a cry of peaceful worship.

Ma Knew, if He Didn't.

"Are you going to marry Sister Ruth?" asked the small boy of the young man who had been invited to Sunday dinner.

"Well—er," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "I—er—I really don't know, you know."

"That's just what I thought," said the boy. "Well, ma says you are."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Little Pitchers.

Willie—Uncle Jack, did you choke on that cake batter ma made yesterday? Rich Old Uncle—Good heavens, no, child! What put such an extraordinary idea into your head? Willie—Why, I heard pa tell ma he made you cough up the dough.—Exchange.

A little sunshine set aside for a rainy day is better than an umbrella.—Youth's Companion.