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

BEST CLOTHING—Ask the Man Who has Worn a Suit or Overcoat

MOST CAREFUL MEN BUY THESE SUITS AND COATS

AFTER ALL, IT IS THE MERCHANDISE THAT COUNTS, and we have got the merchandise, and it is right at all points, in all particulars, and at all prices. We are especially well prepared for the hundreds of men whose price-range for Suits and Coats is from

$10.50 TO $22.50

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

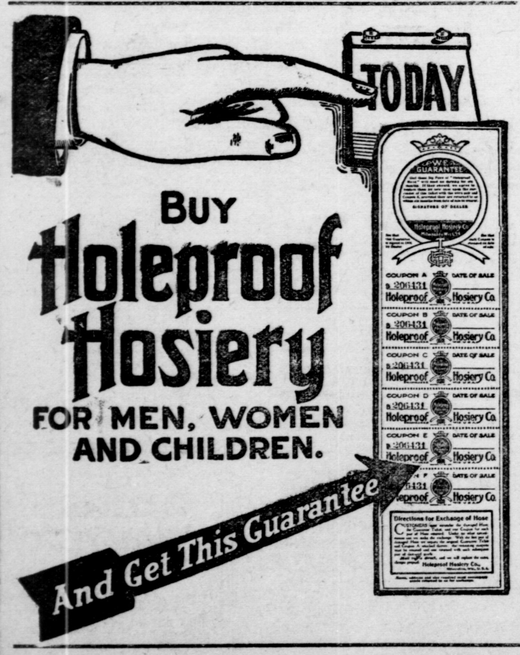
Men's and young men's smartest Fall styles, including the celebrated S. & B., Belvedere and Caswell derbies. The soft hats are of fine silk-finished felt, stylish shapes and newest colors.

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.



BUY holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

And Get This Guarantee

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.

LANDING AT RAKAHANGA.

A Risky Feat and One That Sorely Tries the Nerves.

Rakahanga is a little coral atoll in the south sea, not very far from New Zealand. Few people ever visit it, and to judge from the account in Mr. Frank Burnett's "Through Tropic Seas" of the difficulties that attend a landing there none would care to go a second time.

At Rakahanga the feeling is that only by a miracle can a safe passage be made through what, by a stretch of the imagination, is called the entrance to the lagoon. Imagine a once good entrance obstructed by a wall of coral rising to within a few feet of the surface of the water. This coral wall is built by that wonderful creature, the coral polyp. Over it break with inconceivable fury huge ocean billows that travel with the speed of race horses, lashing and churning the water into a milk white foam and with a deafening roar throwing the spray to such a height that it may be seen miles away.

The backwash of every breaker forms, on the outside of the wall of rock, a chasm fathoms deep, which is again filled up by the next rushing wave. To cross the abyss and reach the quiet shelter of the lagoon is a difficulty that the islander knows the greatest skill in surmounting.

His boat—a long, low, flat bottomed affair, built much like a halibut dory, manned usually by six paddlers besides the steersman—is brought to the very verge of the boiling caldron, and there it is held till the opportune moment arrives. Since that sometimes does not occur for five or ten minutes the passenger has plenty of time to reflect upon his misdeeds, to survey the sublime scene and to wonder how in the world that fearful turmoil of water is to be crossed.

The delay does not tend to compose his nerves, but if he is observant he will notice that about every five or six minutes three giant billows in quick succession roll majestically in. When the last of the three has passed and the chasm has been filled up the paddlers give a frightful yell that terrifies the unsuspecting passenger almost to death, dig in their paddles and shoot the boat forward like an arrow from a bow.

Before the backwash can re-empty the chasm the boat is across. The passenger has hardly time to grasp how it is done before the paddlers have sprung to the reef and pulled the boat clear of the next roller, usually a small one.

In entering the lagoon the chief risk is that of an upset after crossing the chasm and a ducking in two or three feet of water, but on going out, if the boat does not reach the smooth water before the next succeeding swell breaks, woe betide it and its crew, for nothing will prevent its being swamped and carried, with all hands, back into the awful abyss by the inrush of broken water, out of which only the strongest and most skilful swimmers can emerge.

WATER WILL BEAR YOU UP.

Always Remember This and Learning to Swim Will Be Easy.

You can teach yourself to swim, and you can do it in an hour or less. I know plenty of people who have done it by following carefully these directions:

First and foremost, fix this thought clearly in your mind—the water will bear you up. It is fear and struggle that invariably send a person to the bottom. The best way to acquire confidence that makes for courage and fun is, go squarely and reasonably at it. Begin in still water; the old swimming pool on the farm is just the place. Wade out until your shoulders are covered, squat a little and get yourself wet all over.

Don't be the least atom afraid, even if a little water does get into your nose and ears; wade out a little farther until you are up to your chin, and now your toes will begin to leave the bottom of the pool. Do not be alarmed. This shows you that you are a little lighter than the water. Now lift your chest and with the muscles of your stomach breathe deep, stretch your arms out to form the letter T of yourself, stiffen your backbone and hollow your back as though suddenly you were a very important and dignified person. Your toes have come up to the surface now. Lean your head back freely as far as you can, keeping your mouth shut.

Lie back with absolute confidence, and there you are floating. Keep your backbone stiff, gently paddle with your hands, and you are swimming. Make toward the shore, of course. Then try it all over again. This time kick with your feet gently; strong strokes might turn you over and frighten you. Keep your balance and practice two or three times in straight succession.

The next thing that you will be learning is the "V" stroke. Kick out until both legs are like the letter V, shut them together like the blades of a pair of scissors (which give a strong drive ahead), then draw them up sidewise like a frog and kick persistently out again. Then try making your legs go as if you were climbing up stairs. Always remember the water will bear you up, and the great and only difficulty about swimming will be out of your way.—Christian Herald.

Paris Postage Stamp Exchange.

"A curb market in Paris" was written on a picture postcard received from that city by a Wall street broker. It showed an open space thronged with men, women and boys, many of whom held books and portfolios. A letter by the same mail explained that this was the "postage stamp exchange," where dealers and collectors assembled once every month "to do business and to regulate prices." "Here one may find schoolboys, great lawyers, society women, shrewd traders, writers, merchants and men of all professions exchanging, buying and showing stamps, and, although there is no organization, all seem to follow unwritten laws, and the gathering is as interesting to look upon as that stock market in your city which has no roof over its head."—New York Tribune.

AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

Burnaby's Handwriting Was So Bad It Could Not Be Read.

It was stated at the time of Colonel Burnaby's death that he had left behind him the manuscript of a novel for which there was considerable competition among the publishers.

This is quite true. The manuscript, a bulky parcel, was handed to me with discretionary power either to publish it myself or to use it in connection with the proposed biography.

Here a singular and, as it finally proved, a fatal obstacle presented itself. Familiar for many years with Burnaby's handwriting, I could not after diligent endeavor make out more than a sentence here and there on the crowded page of manuscript.

Burnaby's writing was, possibly with the exception of Dean Stanley's, the worst I ever saw. It looked as if before sitting down to write a letter he had pulled a twig out of the hedge, mixed a little blacking and then gone ahead.

He wrote the whole of his "Ride to Khiva" and his "Ride on Horseback Through Asia Minor" with his own hand. But before they reached the printer they were fairly written out by a copyist.

The hapless man used to make out as much as he could, then leave blanks for filling up which he had to seek the assistance of the author. Sometimes there were more blanks in a page than words.

Despairing of making anything of the manuscript of the novel, it was submitted to a publisher, who turned upon it his most skillful decipherist. Neither head nor tail could be made of the manuscript, and the intention of publishing the novel was consequently abandoned.—Sir H. W. Lucy in Cornhill Magazine.

CEMETERY OF SUICIDES.

The Dreary Plot In Which Monte Carlo Buries Its Victims.

Matilda Betham-Edwards in her book "In the Heart of the Vosges" advises all visitors to Monte Carlo to go to the suicides' cemetery before those other places for which Monte Carlo is famous. She describes the small inclosure, walled in and having a gate of open ironwork, always locked.

"Here, in close proximity to garden rubbish," she says, "broken bottles and other refuse rest the suicides of Monte Carlo, buried by the parish gravedigger, without funeral and without any kind of religious ceremony. Each grave is marked by an upright bit of wood, somewhat larger than that by which gardeners mark their seeds, and on which is painted a number, nothing more. Apart from these are stakes driven into the ground which mark as yet unappropriated spots. The indescribable dreariness of the scene is heightened by two monumental stones garlanded with wreaths and surrounded by flowers. The first records the memory of a young artisan and was raised by his fellow workmen; the second commemorates brotherly and sisterly affection. Both suicides were driven to self murder by play.

"The remainder are mere numbers. There are poor gamesters as well as rich, and it is only or chiefly the poor ones who are put into the ground here. The bodies of rich folks' relatives, if identified, are immediately removed. Many suicides are buried at Nice and Mentone, but the larger proportion further off still."

It Was Changeable.

One of the large Kansas City stores owes its success in a great measure to its policy of exchanging goods if returned in a salable condition. An exception is made when dress materials have been cut from the bolt. One day recently a customer purchased ten yards of a two toned silk, which the clerk assured her was the most fashionable fabric of the season. When she reached home with her purchase she decided, on reflection, that a woolen material would be more serviceable. Accordingly she returned to the store the next day and requested the exchange. The clerk explained that it was an impossibility, as the goods had been cut.

"Why, I bought this with the distinct understanding," remonstrated the woman, "that I could return it. Did you not tell me it was a changeable taffeta?"

The exchange was made.—Kansas City Star.

She Snubbed Napoleon.

Mme. de Chevreuse, a representative of one of the noblest families in France, declined the honor which Napoleon wished to confer on her, that of being maid of honor to his sister-in-law, the queen of Spain. The afterward became Josephine's dame du palais, but always affected to look down on the imperial court. One day she went to a reception at the Tuileries blazing with diamonds. "What splendid jewels!" remarked Napoleon. "Are they all real?" "Mon Dieu, sire, I really don't know, but at any rate they are quite good enough to wear here!"

The Genuine Article.

"I understand that Mr. Grabwell started in life by borrowing $50. You must admire a man with courage like that."

"No, I don't," replied Mr. Growcher. "The man I admire is the one who had the courage to lend him the fifty."—Washington Star.

A Delicate Position.

"That was an annoying coincidence," said Mr. Biggins. "It took great tact to manage it."

"What's the trouble?"

"The pension examiner and the life insurance doctor both called on me at the same time."—Washington Star.

A Good Rule.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.

The pain of life but sweetens death the hardest labor brings the sounde sleep.—Albert Smith.