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

Nothing Like a Winter Wind to Prove How Useful This Store Can Be

You Have a Right to Judge This Store by Service

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.

DRESS GOODS in all Colors and Materials, for All Kinds of Dresses

SERGES in Black, Brown and Blue, 50c, 1.00 and 1.25. **WHIPCORDS**, Black and Blue, 1.00 and 1.25 **All-Wool French Diagonals**, 50c,-1.50 **Scotch Mixed Novelties**, 36 and 54 in., 50c, 1.00 **Batiste**, all colors, 50c **New Corduroy**, in Black, Blue and Red, Brown, 30-in., 1.00 **Faille**, in all colors, 27-in., 50c **SILKS**, for Dresses and Waists, fancy and plain, 50c, 1.00, 1.25 **Silk Corduroy**, for the Tailored Waist, 75c

Handsome TABLE DAMASK
at 25, 35, 50, 75, 85, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, and 2.00

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.

R. & G. Corset
Nemo Corset

A slender, graceful figure at small cost is easy of attainment by every woman, simply by being corseted in one of our R. & G. or Nemo Models, at
$1, $1.50, $2, and $3, $3.50

Ferris Waists
for Ladies, Misses and Girls

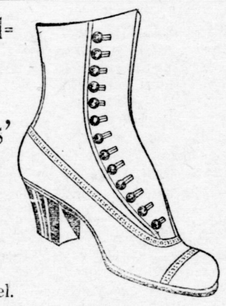
The New FURS

Were never so varied and beautiful. Muffs are long and flat; the Neck Pieces conform to the long lines that rule in women's fashions this season.

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.



GLOVES WE HAVE THEM! Ladies' Kid, Silk, Cashmere and Golf Gloves. Childrens' Kid and Golf Gloves. Men's Kid, Fabric, Lined Skin and Buckskin, Unlined Skin and Canvas Gloves.

NEW NECKWEAR

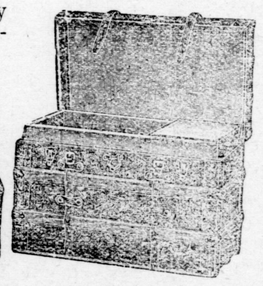
Robespiere Collars, in black, blue and green.
The new Collar and Cuff Sets for coats in white and ecru.
Cluny Collar and Cuff Sets at $1.50.
Pleatings, Pleated Net, white and ecru, at 25c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS

Chenille band, all colors; Lace banding, Roll Trimming and Fringe, all colors, at 25, 50, 75c.

SUIT CASES : TRUNKS : HAND BAGS

Fibre-bound, linen-lined trunks, covered with heavy duck; two fibre centre bands, heavy brass trimming, excelsior lock and dovel 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

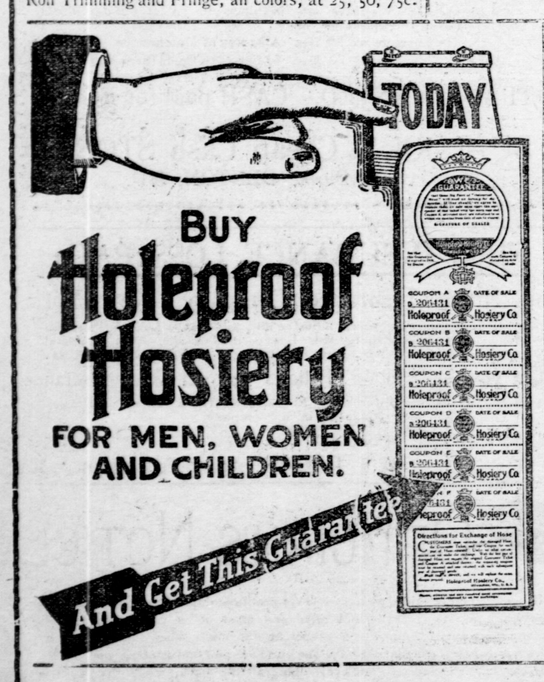
Men's and young men's smartest Fall styles, including the celebrated S. & B., Belvedere and Caswell derbies. The soft hats are of fine silk-finished felt, stylish shapes and newest colors.

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.

Women's & Misses' Stunning Coats for Fall and Winter

Some with Novelty Collars, Velvet and Button Trimmed; some with Belt in back.
Choice of splendid material, including the very fashionable bouncle chevron in two-tone effects; also diagonal novelty Kerseys and swagger Scotch and English Mixtures.
These Coats sell for $8.50, $10.50, $12.50, $15 and $18.

A Splendid Line of Coats for the Little Tots

Very attractive full-length models of CHINCHILLA, BROADCLOTH, CHEVIOTS, PLUSH, CORDUROY, CARACUL and SERGE.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It Involved a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head bent more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an interruption to the plans. A maidservant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms awhile ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note, because it's signed and"— The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the gardener and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, goosie, and then come outdoors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly untwisted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

Darling (here was a huge black blot that obliterated the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading in the library a half hour before dinner? Devotedly, LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodby," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wove delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warned them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face. Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rosy veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as waxen as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately close a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly, when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodby, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning!" called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that early train, too, Lang? You said you were leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town"— But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodby to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woebegone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.

Thrift.

Tonal—Eh, yon was a powerful deescourse on "Thrift" ye preached the Sabbath. Tother—Ah'm glad ye were able to profit— Tonal—Profit! Why, mon, I would have sloshed ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought if it had not been for your providential words—they saved me fourpence there and then!—London Opinion.

The Miracle.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me for $5 and I'd lend it to you it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so. Lorain—And if you returned it that would be a miracle.

Laughter is day, and sobriety is night. A smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either.—H. W. Beecher.