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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 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

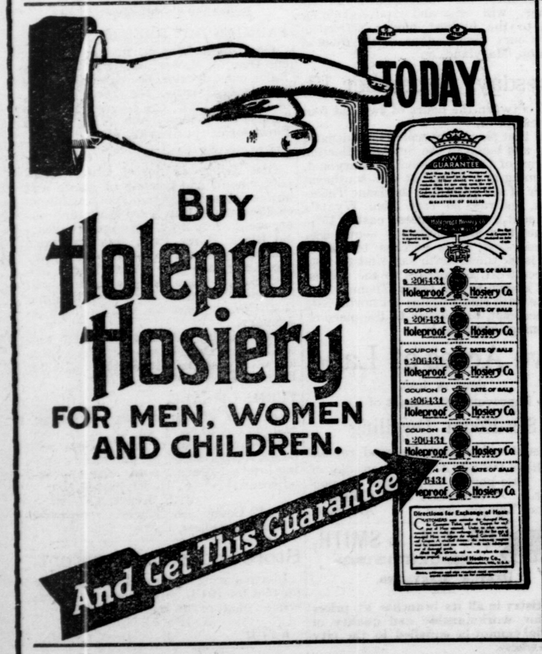
Men's and young men's smartest Fall styles, including the celebrated S. & B., Belvedere and Caswell derbies. The soft hats are of fine silk-finished felt, stylish shapes and newest colors.

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.

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 FIREBRAND

How It Was Thrown Between Two Girls

By EMMA ALDRICH

Muldridge was one of those men who are so dead set in their ways that they are liable to overreach themselves. He was so anxious to get rich that he wouldn't marry lest the expense of a family would prevent his accomplishing his object. When he had accumulated a fortune he found himself without a chick or a child in the world to pass it on to. Then it was a splendid property, consisting of houses and lands. He couldn't enjoy it himself. He was too old. If he had a son he might be interested during his last days teaching the boy how to take care of it and at his death see it pass into the possession of his own flesh and blood.

But, not having a son or a child at all, he set himself to make such provision as would insure the passage of his estate to one of his nieces. If he had had a nephew he would have left it to him. But he hadn't a nephew, and of his two nieces, one, the daughter of his sister Anna, was but twelve; the other, the daughter of his sister Elizabeth, thirteen. Had he not been so wrapped up in his fortune as a whole and desirous of having it go as a whole to a descendant he would have left half of it to one niece and half to the other. But his object was to provide for it remaining undivided rather than to make any person or persons happy. Indeed, he didn't wish to make any one happy. It was his delight to make persons miserable. Not exactly that either; he loved to set them at odds. He would sell the same thing to or buy it from two different persons, then set them to quarreling over which should have the preference, while he looked on without taking any part in the wrangling.

Like most persons who wish to indirectly retain the management of their property after death, Muldridge made a will with that intent. He left his estate in the hands of a trustee till his niece, Alice Mortimer, and her younger cousin, Sadie Brown, should have passed twenty years of age. On the latter's twentieth birthday at 12 o'clock noon the trustee was to announce in presence of both girls that the one first married should inherit the whole of his estate. His main object was to do all he could toward having a posthumous grandnephew, and he further tied up the estate so that it should go to the first son born to the niece who should win it.

And so it came about that Misses Alice Mortimer and Sadie Brown grew up neither of them knowing that when Sadie should reach her twentieth birthday they would be called upon to hurry for a husband or lose a fortune. It may be supposed that had they been informed of the terms of their uncle's will each would have provided a man for the occasion. But it is questionable if this is so. Miss Mortimer was an incorrigible flirt, and it is doubtful if even the contingent possession of wealth would enable her to make up her mind between several men she had dangling about her. Miss Brown was a demure little body, and since it would be necessary for her to intimate to some man that she would like him to marry her it is quite likely that she would lose the inheritance.

Muldridge died a year before this birthday of Sadie Brown on which hung half a million dollars. His trustee, John Andrews, who by the terms of the will was to be well paid out of the estate for keeping the secret, succeeded admirably in holding his tongue and a few days before Miss Brown's birthday notified the parties interested that a bequest of their uncle, Martin Muldridge, in which they were concerned would be made known to them. They were to come to the trustee's office half an hour before noon that there might be no slip in compliance with the law.

The cousins had not been near neighbors and scarcely knew each other. Both arrived at the trustee's office promptly at 11:30 o'clock and greeted each other in a friendly manner. Indeed, they had reason to be pleased with the situation, as they supposed it to be, for it was to be inferred that each was to come in for a nice share of Uncle Martin's estate. They sat chatting till the clocks began to strike 12, when the trustee entered from his private office with the Muldridge will in his hand and, untying the red tape about it, read them the document. When he had finished he said to them:

"Young ladies, you have heard the provisions of the will. If either of you marries it will be to your interest to request the clergyman who marries you to carefully note the hour, minute and second and make affidavit to that effect before a notary or such person as is authorized to take acknowledgments."

The two girls sat gaping at the trustee for a few moments; then Miss Mortimer began to quiver with excitement, while her cousin took on a bewildered look. It was an abominable situation for any man to bring about between two estimable girls, and no one but a crochety old skinflint would have thought of such a thing.

Up jumps Miss Mortimer and leaves the room, bent on finding one of her lovers, marrying him and appropriating the inheritance. Miss Brown seemed dazed and remained in her chair, apparently not understanding just what had happened or, if she did, not knowing what in the world to do about it. Neither of the girls was fitted to make a good showing in such a race, Miss Mortimer having so many men she could marry that it would be next to impossible to decide between them and Miss Brown being so retiring that she was incapable by nature of asking a man to marry her.

Miss Mortimer had very little doubt that she could easily win. There was Tom Scovill, who had been begging her to marry him for months. There was Bob Hackstaff, whom she wanted but had not been able to get because he preferred Julia Green. Ned Tucker had been buzzing about her lately, and she thought it would be no trouble to bring him to the point. Indeed, it was not likely but that she could induce almost any of them to marry her, especially if she told them that by doing so he would get a fortune. But there were obstacles in the way of quick work. In the first place, the only one of the lot she wanted was Bob Hackstaff. But Bob, in addition to preferring Julia Green, was an independent sort of a fellow, and she had heard him say that the last thing he would do would be to tie himself up to some woman's fortune, to have it continually thrown in his face.

"I wonder," mused Miss Mortimer, "if there will be time for me to see Bob and find out how he would feel about it. I'm afraid there won't be. That little cousin of mine may be too retiring to hunt up a husband, but that kind of a girl is easily hunted, and as soon as it gets out that if she marries before me she'll get a fortune there'll be a dozen men offering to marry her. Every one of them will swear he has loved her since she was a baby, and she'll believe every word of it."

Then she thought of the half million that might be hers and what she might do with it—how live, how dress and the admiration it would bring to her. No, she wouldn't send for Bob. It would be a loss of valuable time to no purpose. Why, just think of it—every ten minutes might be worth a hundred thousand dollars! While she was deliberating her cousin might be picked up by some designing man.

A pile of money is always an object of attack. Old Muldridge, with all his shrewdness and foresight, though he could keep secret the conditions of the inheritance from his nieces till the proper moment, could not keep it from all men. The trustee had it and acted upon it. He didn't want the inheritance for himself. Indeed, he couldn't have it, for he was married already. He didn't want it for his son, for he had no son. But when he saw little Miss Brown sitting in his office without any sign to be up and stirring to secure a fortune he bethought himself how he could help her and a nice young fellow who was his clerk.

Henry Forsythe was hunting over some lawbooks when his employer entered and said to him:

"Henry, there's a girl in the other room who, if she can be married at once, will win a fortune. Have you got a sweetheart?"

"No, Mr. Andrews; I haven't."

"Well, come in there and I'll introduce you."

Forsythe was presented in due form, but since time was precious Mr. Andrews thought proper to state to the parties concerned what it was in their power to do—what it might be their interest to do. Then, shutting the door, he left them together. But, taking time by the forelock, he sent out for a clergyman, and there was a notary in the office.

Half an hour passed, and, hearing no word from the couple in the other room, he called out: "Time is precious. Half a million at stake."

Ten minutes more elapsed, when Mr. Andrews put his head out of the window and saw a carriage dash up and stop at the door below. Out jumped Miss Mortimer and a young man. The elevator was at the top of the building at the moment, and some time must pass before the couple could come up. Throwing open the door where he had shut up Forsythe and Miss Brown, he surprised Forsythe imprinting a kiss on Miss Brown's lips.

"Time's up!" cried the trustee. "Come here, Mr. Parson. Hurry up. Marry these two at once!"

When Miss Mortimer and Mr. Thomas Scovill, whom she had decided as the only person she might marry in a hurry, reached Mr. Andrews' office, they found him just coming from an adjoining room and announced that they were ready to be married.

"There's a clergyman here," replied the lawyer, "who has just performed the marriage ceremony in the case of your cousin. I dare say he'll be happy to marry you as well."

"My cousin married!" exclaimed Miss Mortimer.

"Just married."

She sank in a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Sweetheart," said the would be groom, "we can be happy without this fortune. I'll"—

"Get out!"

If the shade of old Muldridge looked down on this scene which he had contrived it must have been with supreme happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe, notwithstanding their hurried courtship, lived happily together, spending a good deal of the income on the poor, which Muldridge would have deprecated. But they had a son to inherit the property which the old rascal had provided for.

As for Miss Mortimer, Mr. Scovill never spoke to her again, though she apologized for her heartless conduct toward him when she heard that she had been forestalled. She is still unmarried and bids fair to be an old maid.

Pat's Answer.

An Irishman once entered into conversation with an Englishman. The Englishman, thinking to have a joke with his companion, asked, "How many hairs on a pig's face?"

"Begorra, sir," said Pat, "the next time you shave you can count them."—London Answers.

Wanted to Know.

Mother—Freddie, haven't I told you that if you mock at the peculiarities of others you may grow just like them? Freddie—Say, ma, do you suppose if I mocked at the elephant long enough I'd ever get so's I could pick up apples over the fence with my nose?—Boston Transcript.

A Cast In His Eye.

"What a queer look he has."

"He is a theatrical manager, and he has an all star cast in his eye."—New York Press.