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...ENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1912. NO. 9

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

Choose a Safe Christmas Store—EVERNGAM'S

SANTA CLAUS IS REAL. The snow-white beard and round red waistcoat are symbolisms that make him an entity to children eyes, but we grown-up children see beyond. We see that this Santa Claus of bunting and batting is only an image reflected from our own hearts---the real Santa is within. This store can help you to carry out his plan to make people happy.

FINE FURS for the Holiday Buyer

Here is the place to get those Dependable Furs at the Right Prices. Prices lower than you had any idea such good Furs could be sold for, yet high enough to give the very best service, and to be satisfactory in every way.

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

and sure to be appreciated. Neck Pieces and Muffs to match in Silver Lynx, Mink, Isabelle Coney, Sable Fox, etc. Child's Sets of Lamb Angora, Coney, and Squirrel.

Women's Neckwear : Gift Hints

Dainty Neck Fixings here galore.

Neckwear, soft, with lace, net, and chiffon.

Tailored neckwear, pleasing in its trimness—various styles, all in newest and most charming effects.

Silk and velvet bows. Trimmed with tiny flowers.

Robespierre Collars, of satin, shadow lace, and velvet, with jabot of soft lace.

Windsor Ties, in plain colors and plaids.

Boxed Neckwear,—latest jabots in smart combinations of lace and velvet, 25c, 50c.

Book for Young and Old

People are buying more and more books for gifts. Books are here for all moods and all minds—for the young, the old and the ageless; for him, for her or yourself; books that are rare, old, select, curious, classic, and popular. And, by the way of Xmas suggestion, when in doubt as to what to give, give a book.

Motor Girls on a Tour	Motor Boys Over the Rockies
Motor Girls on Cedar Lake	Motor Boys on the Wing
Motor Girls at Lookout Beach	Motor Boys Afloat
Faith Gartney's Girlhood	Motor Boys on the Atlantic
Queenie's Whims	Motor Boys on the Pacific
Flower Fables	Racer Boys at Boarding School
A Girl in Ten Thousand	Racer Boys to the Rescue
Frances Kane's Fortune	Baseball Joe on the School Nine
Bad Little Hannah	Baseball Joe of the Silver Stars
Our Bessie	Dictionaries
A Girl of the People	Atlases
Merry Girls of England	Bibles
The School Favorite	Testaments
Deb and the Duchess	Hymnals
Miss Nonentity	Poems

A WONDERLAND OF TOYS

Christmas Eve is fast approaching, and there is much to do for the little folks, for they, above all others, must not be forgotten. Christmas is their day. Come to Santa Claus' headquarters today and bring the children with you. You'll soon learn what their little hearts most crave---that Santa Claus should bring them. You will find other parents doing the same thing. Childhood days come back to you. Everybody come. Come to Denton's Brightest and Best Toy Store. Everybody says so!

China Dolls	Rocking Horses	Horns and Drums
Bisque Dolls	Toy Horses and Carts	Pistols and Pistol Caps
Kid Dolls	Story Books	Footballs and Rubber Balls
Doll Trunks	Building Blocks	Trains and Automobiles
Doll Beds	A B C Blocks	Airships
Doll Chairs	Tables	Artist Paints and Brushes
Eskimo Dolls	Magic Lanterns	Rocking Chairs and Morris Chairs
China Dishes	Engines and Cars	Targets
Games of many kinds	Pop Guns and Rifles	Horse Reins
Blackboards	Rubber Toys	Carpet Sweepers
Shoo Fly Horses	Sleds and Coasters	

Things for Baby's Christmas

No pleasanter place anywhere to select the Precious Baby Gifts.

Dainty Toilet Articles.
Wee Booters. Shoes.
Unbreakable Playthings.
Beautiful Caps. Sacques. Mittens.
A charming variety of Coats.

Scarfs and Shams

That almost indescribable attraction of a well-appointed bedroom is attained in a number of ways. The use of fine Dressing Table and Bureau Scarfs and Pillow Shams is undoubtedly one of them. Imitation Filet Net, in designs to match, prettily finished with a scalloped edge, 50c. Other Bedroom Linens.

Pictures Make Nice Christmas Gifts

Landscapes and Colonial Subjects, in beautiful soft colorings, framed in gilt and plain, mahogany finish moulding. A wide diversity of subjects to select from. Prices to suit everybody.

Kid Gloves for Gifts

An ever-happy solution of the gift problem—gloves for all occasions. Men's Kid Gloves for dress; fur-lined, for driving; automobile gauntlets, for motoring; $1 to $3.50. Women's dress Kid Gloves, in black, white, steel, tan, brown; black suede; $1 to $1.50.

Handkerchiefs

are Holiday Gifts sure to please, & our stock and prices will please the customer.

Women's Handkerchiefs :

A large assortment to select from, including one corner and all corners with embroidered effects. Initialed corner Handkerchiefs. Plain, hemstitched Handkerchiefs of sheer and heavy cloths. Mourning Handkerchiefs.

Aprons

Ladies' White Lawn, Dimity, and Swiss Aprons.

With and without bibs. Small round sewing and Princess styles. Many are trimmed with plain, hemstitched tucks, swiss, and lace embroidery.

Gift Linens

Housekeepers, brides-to-be, and gift seekers: Here is an opportunity to get double satin

Damask Table Cloth and Napkins

of our famous "Humidor" quality, in beautiful designs. Chrysanthemums and stripes; carnations and scrolls.

We have a great variety in Gift Linens, and prices in many instances are considerably below present market figures. These gift suggestions will appeal to the practical-minded : Fine Satin Damask Table Linen, Napkins to match, 50c, 60c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 per yd.; Linen Towels, 25c to 2.00—five intermediate prices.

Women's Full-Length Coats for the Holiday Shopper

Serges, Coats in black and blue, semi-fitting, plain tailored, with and without satin lining, at $12.-50, $15, and $18.

Plush Coats, with a deep rolled collar, in black, $18.

Mixed Cloth Coats, loose & roomy, in grey striped effect—

Chinchilla Coats, in grey and blue, chevrons in grey and black, $12.50 and $15.

Serge Suits, blue and black, two styles, beautifully tailored, satin lined. A few Cheviot Suits, in blue and black, strictly tailored, and satin lined.

GIRLS' COATS in smart little styles, and Junior Girls' Suits and Coats in recent models. Cheviots, Serges, Chinchillas, and double-faced Cloth.

MEN'S CLOTHING REDUCED

A TIMELY OPPORTUNITY

Such an announcement should be decidedly interesting to the man who has a new Suit or Overcoat to buy at this time. For there are few of us, with Christmas so near, who do not have a double use for every dollar. In addition to our unequalled regular stocks, which are marked unusually low, we have these

SPECIAL LOTS

$ 8.50 Suits at	$ 6.50
10.50 Suits at	8.50
12.50 Suits at	10.50
15.50 Suits at	12.50
16.50 Suits at	13.50
18.50 Suits at	15.00
20.50 Suits at	16.50
23.50 Suits at	18.50

These Suits are of broken lots of the season's selling. All sizes, but the smaller ones predominate. They are of stylish fancy worsteds and black fabrics. Look elsewhere, if you care to, but don't fail to come here before buying.

MEN'S OVERCOATS

$ 5.50 now	$ 4.50	$10.50 now	$ 8.00
6.50 now	5.00	12.50 now	10.00
7.50 now	6.00	14.00 now	11.50
8.50 now	7.00	15.00 now	12.00

BOYS' SUITS		BOYS' OVERCOATS	
$3.50 now	$2.75	$3.50 now	$2.75
4.50 now	3.50	4.50 now	3.50
5.50 now	4.00	5.50 now	4.25
6.50 now	5.00	6.50 now	5.00
7.50 now	6.00	7.50 now	6.25
8.50 now	6.50	8.50 now	7.00

An Umbrella for All

If there is an umbrella want you have within reasonable limits you can find it here. And as for gift umbrellas we have the most attractive display we ever had in both men's and ladies'. Handles of horn, gunmetal, pearl with etched silver caps, and natural wood. The covers are of good union taffeta. The prices are exceedingly low, considering the quality.

Men's Holiday Neckwear

Exclusive is probably the word that best expresses one's idea of our neckwear, because when you see it you cannot help but observe that it is just a little different from the ordinary kinds—and that feature alone is worth a great deal to the man who knows. Four-in-hand, reversible and wide-end. 25c and 50c.

Bargains in Neglige Shirts

Stylish, dressy Neglige Shirts, in pleated or plain bosom, coat style, with attached or detached cuffs. A large assortment of varied designs and sizes. Headquarters for Eclipse Shirts, Lion and Double Triangle Collars.

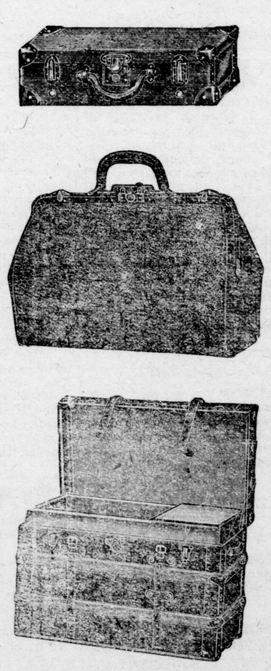
Men's Shoes That Satisfy

Douglas and Walk-Over,—Gunmetal, patent, patent colt and patent kid, in the new shapes, button and blucher. $3 to $5.

A fine line of Supenders for gifts.
Men's Half Hose—the durable kind.

Suit Cases & Trunks

Every season more Suit Cases, Traveling Bags and Trunks are sold for gifts showing the growing disposition of our people to make practical presents. The tendency along this line this year is marked. We are better equipped to meet this demand than usual. Suit Cases and Bags, $1.35 to $8.50. Trunks, $2.50 to $20.



JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

Breaking Him In

He Had Good Grit

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Three men of the Circle C ranch met the newcomer at the railroad station and solemnly escorted him down the platform where half a dozen horses were tied to the hitching posts. Secretly they were laughing at the small, undersized chap who had actually secured a job with the Circle C outfit through the medium of a letter. If ever an individual merited the title "tenderfoot" it was the slender, pale faced newcomer, who wore a derby hat, tan shoes and a faded blue serge business suit. His manner was diffident, and his name was Irving Pinney, and he was under twenty.

"Of course you can ride," suggested Long Jenks as he tossed a careless hand in the direction of a white horse.

"Not very well," returned the other, with alarm in his voice. "I hope he isn't wild."

The white horse was meek enough and carried his timid rider without event to their early camp for the night. Long Jenks informed the newcomer that the ranch lay thirty miles beyond and they would sleep before resuming the journey. Pinney said little to his companions. He seemed merged in despondency and after eating a light supper wrapped himself in his blanket, placed his feet to the fire and went to sleep.

Something roused him in the darkest hour, and he became conscious that a whispered conversation was taking place among his companions. Long Jenks was speaking earnestly:

"Oh, pshaw! You needn't tell me I can't pick out one of that kind. Didn't I wake up half an hour ago and see

"BLAME IT ALL—SHOOT IF YOU WANTER!" HE YELLED.

this Pinney come sneaking into camp on that blue mustang of Witherbee's? He must o' heard me stirring, because he didn't stop to unsaddle. He just slipped off and laid down and pretended to be asleep. He's as mean a cattle thief as ever I see, and if I have my way he'll hang to the highest cottonwood hereabouts!" Long Jenks spoke fiercely.

"What made him come back here? Why didn't he run the critter off?" demanded Saleeby's voice.

"That's an easy one. He was going to pinch one or two more and run the lot off together and leave us—us here without a hide to git back to Circle C. Got any loading?" Pinney heard the click of revolvers and muttered remarks as the men exchanged cartridges. Then they rolled over and apparently went to sleep, for long and noisy outward demonstrations bore witness to their slumbers.

What unfortunate complication of circumstances had combined to place suspicion on him? On his very first day, too, when he was homesick and weary.

All night long he shivered in his blanket under the brooding, sultry sky. Then just as a faint grayness tinged the murky black he wriggled his way toward the spot where the ponies were staked.

There was a low whinny as his hand met a velvet nose, and his fingers trembled as they touched the dangling bit and slipped it between unwilling jaws. In another instant he had left the group of restless ponies and was speeding away through the darkness, the soft thud of hoofs leaving a trail which he felt would be followed to the death. Long Jenks had said so.

He bent his lean body to the rough mane of the horse and pounded with fists and spurless heels on the vibrating flesh. He felt the onward rush of the beast, the pumping of blood through swollen veins, as he clung to the bridle rein. Somehow the saddle became loosened and at last slid away in the darkness, almost unseating him and driving the horse almost frantic with fear. He tried to entwine his legs beneath the pony's belly. There was a numbing blow from flying hoofs and one foot hung useless. Once he turned, and the glitter of steel and a faint shout from behind told him that the worst had happened. The line riders who had been his companions of the night before had discovered his flight and were in hot pursuit.

With despairing eyes fixed straight ahead and ears painfully alert to every sound in the rear, he urged his tired beast forward with cruelly nipping fingers. The pain from his wounded foot was maddening, and the agony sent the blood reeling to his head. His dazed eyes hunted the plain for a place of refuge. Every flashing hoofbeat thundered: "To cover!" "To cover!"

There was a sharp crack and the whistle of a bullet over his head. He turned his sandy head and laughed shrilly, but the derisive laughter changed to a cry of terror as he saw his pursuers not a hundred yards distant, their weapons leveled. The next shot would take him between the shoulders. He would be shot in the back, and they would know it at home in the east. All the blood of his forbears, heroes of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, rose and flamed in his little gray-green eyes. With a hoarse shout he swung his pony about and faced the oncoming men.

"Blame it all—shoot if you wanter!" he yelled.

The line riders pulled their dripping animals to a halt, and the tallest and leanest, Long Jenks, drew a ragged mustache between his fingers thoughtfully. "What s-say?" he drawled.

"I say, shoot if you wanter. It won't hit me in the back!" The boy's voice shook with some sudden emotion as he faced the three grim, saturnine faces.

For a moment they stared back at him; then they slipped from their saddles and rolled in the crackling sagebrush. Long Jenks was the first to recover himself.

The lad on the pony's back reddened to his unkempt hair. "I heard you talking last night—something about me stealing a blue mustang. I don't know anything about it. I never saw a blue mustang!" he muttered sullenly.

The three men rolled in the brush once more while the tenderfoot stared resentfully at them. "He ain't never seen a blue mustang!" shrieked Beese, pointing a finger at the lad's mount.

The boy looked down and a strange expression came into his homely face. When he raised his little eyes a flame flickered in their green depths. The pony which he had found ready bridled in the gray dawn and which had borne him so valiantly in his flight drooped wearily under the fierce rays of the sun. The wet coat showed a bluish gray.

"Is this the blue mustang?" asked the boy in a husky voice.

They shrieked assent. "It was a joke," they said gleefully.

"Git up there, you blamed cowards!" cried the boy fiercely, and, strange to relate, there was that in his voice that brought the three to their feet.

"Look at that there foot," he commanded of Long Jenks, and that gentleman inspected the injured and swollen foot with some concern in his good natured face.

"It sure must hurt some, sonny," he said regretfully as he backed off to a position beside his companions. It looked very much as if the tenderfoot was to be judge and jury and executioner also.

"We was only breaking you in," murmured Beese, uncomfortably, for they could all see the boy was suffering and dared not offer him any assistance in his resentful mood.

"You've gone and broke up my plans!" he flared suddenly. "I've come way out here into the God forsaken country to look for somebody and you have gone and put me back weeks in my search. She'll only have to worry that much more so's you folks could have some fun. I'd—I'd like to smash your faces!"

"I reckon we deserve it—we didn't think of doing harm. Tell us who you are looking for and mebbe we can help you. Sure, the three of us as knows the plains like an open book can do more than one lone little chap like you." When Long Jenks smiled like that he was irresistible, and the boy's somber face softened.

"It's my father I'm looking for. He and my mother disagreed about something when I was a little feller, and he went away and left her. He sends her money every month, but that isn't the proper thing. He's got to come back and be the head of the family and stand back of her or I'll know the reason why. I didn't know where he was till lately. She knew he was in the cattle country from the postmarks on his letters, and I've come to find him, but nobody seems to know the name of Pinney so far as I've come." He looked discouraged.

Hen and Beese looked at Long Jenks, and Long Jenks went white as paper and stared at the homely face of the boy, now so like his own, even to the grim mouth. The boy gazed back at him long and earnestly, and something flashed between them, and they both knew.

"You ain't got to look any further, Irving; your father's been waiting for a summons this fifteen years. He thought he wasn't wanted back there and"— He stopped and drew a brown hand across his trembling lips.

"Oh, if you could only see her, you'd know," cried the boy excitedly.

"It won't be long before we both see her," retorted Long Jenks meaningly. He stepped forward and lifted the boy from the saddle, brushing his cheek with his lips as he did so, and both of them blushed.

"Gents," said Long Jenks with becoming dignity, "I'll have to ask you to render some first aid to the injured here. My son has hurt himself a-fighting three grown men all to once."

"And his name is Sandy Grit hereafter," added Beese solemnly.

Misery Ahead.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point of View.

"Say, pa, what is the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Fond Parent—A visit, my boy, is when you go to see your Grandmother Jones, and a visitation is when your Grandmother Jones comes to see us.—New York Times.

These Boys.

Howard — Hasn't Bachelor waited rather long before choosing a wife? Coward—Bless you, no! He's only had a marrying income since he was sixty. —Life.