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

Our Great Mid-Winter STOCK-REDUCING SALE Is On

HEAVY REDUCTIONS IN CLOTHING FOR MEN

SUITS IN ANY FABRIC AND A BIG VARIETY OF STYLE

$22.50	Men's	Suits Now	Reduced to $18.48	$12.50	Men's	Suits Now	Reduced to $9.48
19.50	"	"	15.48	10.50	"	"	8.00
18.00	"	"	14.00	9.50	"	"	7.48
17.50	"	"	13.48	8.50	"	"	6.48
16.50	"	"	12.43	7.50	"	"	6.00
15.00	"	"	11.00	6.50	"	"	5.48
14.00	"	"	10.00	4.95	"	"	3.95

CLOTHING FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

$14.50	Suits	Reduced	to $10.48	$4.50	Suits	Reduced	to $2.75
12.50		"	9.50	4.00		"	2.48
10.50		"	7.48	7.50	Boys' Knee Pants Suits		6.00
8.50		"	6.48	6.50		"	5.00
7.50		"	5.48	5.50		"	4.48
6.50		"	4.48	4.50		"	3.48
5.00		"	3.48	3.50		"	2.48

CLEARANCE SALE OF SOFT HATS

$3 and $2.50 Hats, now $2 and $1.50 — $2 Hats, now $1.25 — $1.50 and $1.25 Hats, now $1 and 95c

Overcoats FOR MEN & BOYS

$22.50	Men's	Overcoats,	$18.50
19.50	"		16.50
18.50	"		14.50
16.50	"		12.50
15.00	"		10.50
14.50	"		9.50
12.50	"		8.50
10.50	"		7.50
9.50	"		6.75
8.50	"		6.25
7.50	"		5.50
6.50	"		4.50
5.50	"		3.50
15.00	Young Men's	Coats,	11.00
12.50	"		9.50
10.50	"		7.50
9.50	"		6.50
8.50	"		6.00
8.50	Boys'	Overcoats,	6.50
7.50	"		5.50
6.50	"		4.50
5.50	"		3.95
4.50	"		3.50
4.00	"		3.00
3.75	"		2.75

WOMEN'S FINE SUITS AT A VERY MARKED REDUCTION

There are too many Styles, Materials and Colors to go into details. No woman can afford to ignore this sale---it is one in which the prices do their own talking. Here's a brief list of the prices that make great savings possible:

$25.00	Women's	Suits Reduced	to $17.75
22.50	"	"	16.38
19.50	"	"	13.63
18.50	"	"	12.83
17.50	"	"	12.12
16.50	"	"	11.38
15.50	"	"	10.68
12.50	"	"	8.33
10.50	"	"	6.88
8.50	"	"	5.38
5.50	"	"	3.13

WOMEN'S STYLISH WINTER COATS

Offered at savings which make the buying of a warm Coat now something more than an indulgence. Among them are some of the season's choicest models, made of the best liked and most serviceable fabrics, and carefully tailored throughout.

$8.50 Coats, $6.50

Full length Coats of black kersey; body and sleeves lined with satin; easy fitting; plain turnover collar.

$10.50 Coats, $7.75

Made of lustrous black broadcloth, satin-lined throughout; nearly close - fitting back and front; notched collar and revers, faced with peau de soie.

$12.50 Coats, $9.50

Full length, plainly tailored Coats of lustrous black broadcloth, lined with gray satin or black peau de soie; notched collar and revers.

$15.00 Coats, $10.00

Full length Coats of black or blue cheviot, body and sleeves satin-lined; easy fitting; collars and cuffs of self-colored broadcloth.

$18.50 Coats, $12.50

Full length Coats of lustrous black broadcloth, lined throughout with gray satin or black peau de soie; silk facings on revers; semi-fitting.

Children's and Misses' Coats

A big lot; all colors; in this sale reduced 1-4 to 1-2 the former low price.

400 Pairs of SHOES==for Men, Boys, Women, Girls==Offered in this Clearance Sale

THESE SHOES ARE OF GUARANTEED QUALITY; many broken lots, and lines not to be re-ordered. 20 pairs Men's $4 and $5 Shoes, $3.45—box calf, gunmetal, tan, vici kid, etc.; Douglas and Walk-Over makes; 50 pairs Men's $3 and $4 Shoes, remainders many lines, including Douglas, Walk-Over, $2.35. 75 pairs Boys' $2 Shoes, $1.35. 25 pairs Women's $3 and $3.50 Shoes, $2.65—fashionable materials, Queen Quality, Dolly Madison; 75 pairs Women's $3 Shoes, $2.45. 40 prs. Large Girls' $3 Shoes, $2.10. 65 prs. Misses' $2.50 Shoes, $1.80. 50 prs. Children's $2 Shoes, $1.45.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

SHE GOT A HUSBAND

But Not In the Regular Way

By F. A. MITCHEL

"My dear Margaret," wrote Miss Frances Pomeroy to her friend, Miss Jaqueline Seaton, "I have had the time of my life. It has been unique. I have not only spent chill November in a warm climate, but have done so masquerading. Do you remember when we were sophomores how Bess Wharton and I dressed ourselves as boys, went out on to the campus, kicked football and were ordered off by the college authorities? And perhaps you will remember what a good looking boy I made—to say nothing of Bess.

"Well, we were caught, as you know, going into your room, and the whole thing came out. The faculty notified us that our presence was no longer required at the university and we were directed to repair to our homes. I expected to meet with a very cold reception there, and so I did at first, but when I told the whole story to papa he laughed and said, 'I didn't believe when you went to college that you would behave yourself with sufficient circumspection to get through, and I'm not disappointed.' Dear old pappy! I never could do anything that would seem terrible in his eyes, and even if I did I always knew how to get round him so that it shouldn't count against me.

"It was two years ago that I took leave, prematurely, of my alma mater. I dare say that the day will come when I shall regret my folly. I'm nineteen years old, and if I hadn't been expelled from college I would now be a dignified senior. I'm going to tell you a story that puts that sophomore episode in the shade. Compared with what I've been doing, the first was a mere bagatelle.

"Last spring I was very much run down in health. Papa and mamma worried about me just as if I had been good and took me out on a farm, hoping I would get better. But I didn't. I think I was pining for something out of the general run, don't you know; a bit of spice in my diet. At any rate, such an opportunity occurred, and this is how it came.

"Mother has an old friend she hadn't seen for years, a Mrs. Varney. The Varneys are rich and have both a summer and a winter home. Their winter home is in the center of an orange grove in Florida. After we got home in September mamma wrote Mrs. Varney, telling her that she was worried about my health and said she feared I would need to go south for the winter, but you know our income is small, and traveling and putting up at hotels are expensive, and I knew well enough that we couldn't afford to make such a trip, for mamma wouldn't take me without papa, and for the three of us the outlay would be something awful.

"Mamma, in reply to her letter, received an invitation for me to visit the Varneys on their orange plantation. I had been referred to as Frank, and when I read Mrs. Varney's letter I saw at once that she thought I was a boy. 'My son Albert, who has charge of the plantation,' she wrote, 'every morning rides over it and is constantly in the open air attending to the needs of the trees, the packing of the oranges or some such matter. Your son can go with him, and I don't doubt that within a few weeks he will show considerable improvement.'

"Well, now, just think of riding about with a young man that way. Then the idea got into my head what a lark it would be to go riding around with him, not as a girl, but as the boy he thought me! I couldn't get it out. It stuck and simmered and simmered and stuck until I made up my mind I was going to do that very thing.

"I answered Mrs. Varney's invitation myself and didn't say a word about her mistake or that I was a girl, accepting her invitation and telling her when I expected to arrive. The first preparation I made was to have a lot of men's clothes sent home to try on and kept what fitted me, sending the rest back. What an easy time the men have buying their clothes! Why, to buy as much women's things as I bought men's in half an hour would require from one to two months and no end of trouble.

"Before I started mother said: 'Now, Frank, if you behave yourself and drop your pranks you may catch the young man who manages that plantation. If you do your future will be provided for.'

"My goodness gracious, right on top of this advice I was about to put in practice the worst prank I had ever played.

"'Humph!' grunted papa. 'Frank will never get a husband in the regular way. When she snares one it will be with a trap never used by woman before.'

"This set me up a bit, though I confess I felt mighty squeamish about what I was going to do. I sent my men's clothes, including a riding suit, by express to one of the big hotels near the Varney plantation and, with many warnings from mamma ringing in my ears, started on my way for Florida. When I got there I had an awful time getting out of the hotel that I had entered as a woman in man's clothes. I escaped at night in an ulster overcoat that covered me from head to foot. It was 11 o'clock when I was driven up to the Varney plantation, and all the family had gone to bed except Bert Varney, who received me very cordially. He offered me some refreshment before going to bed, setting out a bottle of whisky. I swallowed some of it, though I didn't like it, and smoked a cigarette with him, which didn't trouble me so much. I took quite a fancy to him from the start and anticipated pleasantly my approaching rides with him over the plantation. But I gasped for breath every time I thought about meeting his mother in the morning. As to his sisters, thank heaven he had none.

"Mrs. Varney is just too lovely for anything. When I had finally screwed up my courage to go down to breakfast her son had finished his meal and had gone out. So I was received by her alone. I breakfasted principally on fruit, Mrs. Varney chatting with me the while.

"'Now, my dear boy,' she said, 'you must make yourself entirely at home. Go to bed and rise when you like, eat and drink what you want, but I would advise you to keep out of doors as much as possible. Bert asked me to say to you that he will start to ride over the plantation at 10 o'clock this morning, and if you wish to join him I am to order a horse for you. How did you leave your dear mother? You're looking better than I expected to find you—a little pale, but when you have spent a month in the open air with Bert you'll have more color in your cheeks.'

"I should think so. Indeed, I felt the color coming into my cheeks every time I looked at my trousers. I decided to ride with Bert that very morning and in half an hour went out on to the veranda, booted and spurred. I had ridden in divided skirts, which was a fine preparation for riding in breeches. Bert, who had already been out on horseback, rode up, and when I had mounted we started on the daily rounds.

"I studied Bert's countenance in an effort to make out how far successful I was in personating a man. He didn't give me the slightest evidence that there was anything unusual in me, treating me as a man would naturally treat another man several years younger than himself. He was very kind and attentive, telling me all about the orange culture, the dangers incurred and the pleasure experienced after passing a season of them in gathering an abundant crop. I reined in several times during the morning under a tree to pluck ripe fruit. How much more delicious is an orange eaten just off the tree than one picked green and sent north, ripening on the way.

"It would require several hundred pages of this letter paper—especially written in my scrawly hand—to give you an account of my experience with Bert Varney. I thought him a very pure man, for I noticed that he said not a word to me but what he might have spoken to a girl companion. I came at once to have so great a reverence—admiration—for him partly on this account that I took pains to repress the hoyden nature to which I was born, and up to a few days before I was expecting to leave for home deported myself in an exemplary manner.

"You know that riding horseback is my hobby, and if I had been a man I would have long ago broken my neck at a fence or a ditch. There were no fences at the plantation except some inclosing orange groves, but the ditches were a constant temptation to me. I was afraid that if I should get a fall in taking one of them it might lead to betraying my sex. After resisting many temptations I yielded one morning and, making a run for a ditch, attempted to put my horse over it. I felt the bottom of the universe dropping out beneath me, a thud, and I knew nothing more till I saw Bert bending over me. My coat and vest were both open, and my shirt and undervest had been badly torn. I saw in a moment that my secret was out. Though I was badly stunned, I felt the hot blood rushing into my cheeks.

"Now, wasn't this just too provoking for anything? I was lying on the ground, but gathered strength to sit up and rearrange my clothing, though about all I could do was to button my coat. Then I clapped both hands to my burning cheeks and would have kept them there had Bert not gently pulled them away.

"'Don't trouble yourself. I've known it ever since the evening you came to us.'

"He said no more at the time; he was too much concerned about my injury. I made an effort to rise, but it was not very successful. However, with Bert's assistance I got on to my feet. I took no thought as to bruises or broken bones or internal injuries. I was horrified at my secret being out and the manner of its exposure. My head was hung while my companion was trying to get some of the dirt off my clothes, at the same time looking at me with anxiety.

"'Does your mother know—it?' I managed to get out with difficulty.

"'No.'

"I was getting faint again, and he supported me in his arms.

"'I suppose—this ends all the pleasant—friendship'—

"'Yes, it does, on my part,' and he kissed me.

"It is astonishing how far that kiss tended to restore me.

"How I remained a few days longer at the plantation, a boy to every one except Bert; how I got home, how I continued to keep my secret from mamma and told it to papa, I will tell you when we meet. Bert and I are engaged, but are not to be married till spring. Papa says he knew I would never get a husband in the regular way. But—if I ever have a daughter and she is inclined to play such pranks as I have played I'll shut her up in the top of a tower."

He Got Along Fine.

Thomas had never been able to carry a tune, and after he had been for awhile in a class where singing was obligatory his mother felt curious to know how he managed to keep up with the singing.

"Thomas," she inquired, "how do you get along in your singing class?"

"Fine!" declared Thomas.

"Why, that's lovely," said his delighted and mystified mother. "What does your teacher say about it?"

"She says," replied Thomas cheerfully, "'Now, Thomas, if you don't feel like singing you needn't.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Excuse.

"You seem like a spiritless creature. I don't believe you've got enough ambition to open your door when Opportunity knocks."

"Don't be too hard on me, ma'am. I ain't never had a door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.