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

Stylish? Yes; Snappy? Yes; Serviceable? Yes, Indeed.

CLOTHES of the distinctive character of our garments do much to raise the appearance of a young man. They're full of life and "pep"---original and individual. They're tailored by skilled craftsmen of pre-shrunk fabrics in newest colors and patterns. They're selected thoughtfully and carefully from a line of strictly all-wool garments, and in our judgment are absolutely the best that can be bought. There is no excuse for a young man being poorly dressed when he has the opportunity of getting these garments at

$10, $12.50, $15, $18, $20 and $22.50.

We have on hand a big lot of Men's, Women's and Children's Oxfords that we are going to sell at the following greatly reduced prices:

150 pairs of Children's and Misses' tan and black Oxfords and Strap Pumps, regular price $1.25 to $2.25, at 50 cents.

110 pairs of Boys' Oxfords in tan and black, all sizes, regular price $1.50 to $2.50, at 95 cents.

75 pairs of Ladies' Oxfords, Sandals and Strap Pumps, regular price $1.75 to $3.00, at 95 cents.

100 pairs of Queen Quality and other well-known makes, regular price $2.50 to $4.00, at $1.50.

96 pairs of Men's Oxfords in black and tan Walkover, Douglas and Rice & Hutchins, regular price $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, at $1.50.

Store Closes at 7.30 o'clock every evening, except Saturday.

J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON, MD.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000

SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

For The Young Person
A Pointer

Some people can see the point more quickly than others. Here is a pointer that may help you see the point.

If you haven't reached the point in life where you feel the need of a bank account it does not follow that you never will. You can't keep from growing old. You will not always be young and care free. As age creeps on, you will see the point of the saving habit even if you don't see it now. Our bank will help you to see the point before it is too late. Start with us now.

T. C. WEST, Cashier. *HARVEY L. COOPER, President.*

New 1915 Model, C. 25.

BUICK TOURING CAR FOR SALE

Fully equipped with Speedometer, Robe Rail, Nickel Plated Bumper, Five Goodyear, Non-Skid Tires, extra Rim and Tubes, Electric Lights and Starter. Machine is in first-class condition in every respect, has been run very little and is covered by maker's guarantee. Will demonstrate Car at anytime. Will sacrifice for quick sale.

E. H. HIRS, : : : : Denton, Md.

SYSTEM IN THE HOME

is brought to the most perfect state of simplicity and convenience by the use of the check book. Pay the grocer and butcher by check and you will not only avoid possible duplicate payments but also be ready to verify any questionable bill. System insures the wise handling of money. A checking account supplies system.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

FRANTZ BROS.

(Successors to M. K. FRANTZ.)

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS

READING TERMINAL MARKET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Highest market prices paid for fresheggs, poultry etc.

Lucy Dove's Wedding Cake

A Fine Creation and Richer Than She Thought

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a magnificent cake, a mountain of dark richness masked beneath thick white frosting. About the edge it was ornamented with sugar flowers and Cupids, while it was completed by a delicate, airy ornament in the middle. This was a miniature church in white sugar, before the open doors of which stood a bridal couple, wee manikins, appropriately attired.

Little River never had seen such a cake, and they talked a great deal about it and about Lucy Dove's rich cousin in New York, who had sent it as a wedding gift.

While their neighbors admired the beautiful structure, the Doves, Mrs. Dove and Lucy, were disappointed.

First because Cousin Archibald had actually promised to make Lucy a valuable present on her wedding day—"to build a home," he had said, with twinkling eyes, and who could blame Lucy and David for counting on it?

Besides, Mrs. Dove had whispered the secret to one or two friends, and, lo! it was known all over Little River that Cousin Archibald would give Lucy a handsome present of money on her wedding day.

And all that came was the cake, brought from town by the caterer's special messenger, with a brief note from Archibald, who was sailing that very day for Europe.

"This, my dear Lucy," he wrote, "is my wedding gift to you and David. May you be happy and blessed is my heartiest wish."

"And that is all he sent?" quavered Mrs. Dove.

"Yes," said poor Lucy with quivering lips, for she and David had planned—why, they were going to build the home on a piece of land David's father had given. Now the home must wait awhile until they could save money.

"And we really don't need the cake," she said resentfully.

They really didn't need it, for inside the parlor cupboard was a high bandbox which contained a large wedding cake baked by Mrs. Dave herself after a recipe which had been in the family for many years.

So Cousin Archibald's wedding cake was displayed among the presents, and the guests marveled at it and whispered to one another while they nibbled at the cake made by Lucy's mother.

"I thought he was going to send them money," was the burden of their remarks.

So Lucy and David were married, and instead of building a cozy home they hired a shabby little cottage. But so happy were they that they forgot all about Cousin Archibald and the present which had disappointed them.

It is true that Lucy wrote to her cousin thanking him for the cake, but the letter pursued him around the

"GWAMMA SAYS COUSIN ARCHIBALD IS COMING TODAY!"

world, and he didn't receive it until three years afterward just as he sailed for home.

David Wyatt worked in the grocery store. He was head clerk and made good wages. Lucy was industrious and saving, and one fine day she and David rode over to Graytown and drew $800 from the bank. This was to build a home.

"I am so happy, dear," sighed Lucy as they stopped the horse so that they could gaze at the plot of ground on which their home was to be built.

"It's our own money. We earned it ourselves," said David sturdily. "It will be a small house, but it's plenty big enough for folks who love each other."

Lucy blushed, and little Lucy, tucked away on the stool at their feet, chuckled with glee, as she did whenever her father kissed the adorable being she called mother.

The Wyatts built their little house and moved into it and were happy. Little Lucy divided her time between her grandmother's home and the new house.

One day she came pattering in bubbling with news.

"Gwamma says Cousin Archibald is coming today!"

Lucy smiled sympathetically. She had quite forgiven her cousin his broken promise.

"We must put the wedding cake in a place of honor," she told David.

"We better save it for Lucykins' wedding," laughed David.

So when Cousin Archibald came to call at the cottage he saw the untouched wedding cake and smiled a little while he examined it. He was a gray, elderly man, lonely, and fond of travel. Now, he was about to start on another expedition—this time to Alaska.

Before he went he gave little Lucy a five dollar gold piece and that appeared to be the extent of his generosity.

A week later disaster fell upon the little family.

David, the wage earner, fell down the cellar stairs at the store and besides breaking a leg was otherwise seriously injured.

It was a dreadful winter.

The money in the bank dwindled; another man took David's place, for he grew no better. They borrowed money and placed a second mortgage on the house and in the spring they lost the place and had to move away.

Lucy's mother made room for them in her house.

"It's all that dratted wedding cake," complained Mrs. Dove; "I've heard it was bad luck to keep a wedding cake a long"—

"If it will change the luck, mother, I will give it away," said Lucy.

"For land's sake!" cried Mrs. Dove. "Who would you give it to, child?"

Lucy meditated.

"There's Hannah Morey—she's going to be married next week—she'd be glad to have such a handsome cake."

"Do as you like, Lucy," said her mother, "only I'd hate to have it bring bad luck to Hannah and Joe."

"Nonsense!" laughed Lucy.

She lifted down the bandbox and trudged down the dusty road to the Morey house. The Moreys were poor and proud. Hannah received the cake with ruffled pride.

"I couldn't accept a secondhand wedding cake," she said stiffly. "Mine won't be anything like this one, but it will be made just for me!"

"Of course it will!" cried poor Lucy, ashamed of her errand. "It seemed a pity that it should not be used, and of course, it will be years before little Lucy will be ready for it."

"Why don't you eat it, then?" asked Hannah.

"Eat it—why, I never thought of eating wedding cake—like that!" said Lucy as she picked up her bandbox.

"I felt so foolish, mother," she said when she arrived home. "Of course Hannah wants a cake made especially for her, and I suppose Lucykins will want one made especially for her when she grows up."

The wedding cake went back into its box and was locked in the parlor cupboard.

The fortunes of the Wyatts did not improve. David's broken limb knit firmly together, but there was some internal injury that puzzled the village doctor.

"If I could have a specialist from town," he said regretfully, "I am sure the matter could be solved at once. There's some injury to the nerves. Now, Dr. Boudrey, the French specialist, could put his finger on the very spot."

"I suppose it would cost a great deal of money," faltered Lucy.

"A couple of hundred to get him way up here," admitted Dr. Smith.

Lucy shook her head.

"You will have to do the best you can, doctor," she said sadly. "We can't afford it."

Dr. Smith drove away much perturbed. If he could only help Dave Wyatt to regain his health he would gladly forget to send in his bill. But these specialists! He sighed profoundly. Without money one can do so little, and a doctor who forgets to render his bills is not usually very well to do.

David fretted the days away in close confinement of his bedroom off the parlor.

Little Lucy played around his bed, making timid excursions into the little used parlor.

Lucy had a passion for collecting keys.

Her mother said Lucy would be a good housewife. David laughed and predicted that his daughter's hobby meant she would be a burglar some day.

As for Lucy herself, she went on collecting keys from the various doors and enjoyed the baffling pursuit of fitting them to other doors whose locks refused to turn. Oh, the joy of suddenly finding the right key for the right door!

Lucy had tasted this bliss.

One afternoon when her mother and grandmother had gone off to the sewing society Lucy sat beside her father's bed.

His eyes were closed, and there was a grim look of suffering in his young face.

Presently slow tears coursed down his cheeks.

Lucy, awed and frightened, tiptoed into the parlor.

On the marble top table was a brass key, a different key.

Lucy picked it up in her fat fingers and looked around.

It might fit the cupboard door, she thought, and promptly climbed upon a hassock and tried it.

To her delight the lock shot back and the narrow door opened. She brought a chair and climbed upon it.

Now to take down that mysterious bandbox and discover its contents!

Lucy tugged at the strings, and the box tumbled into her arms, almost throwing her to the floor.

Breathlessly she clambered down and was making for the bedroom to share her treasure with her father when the time worn strings broke and the box crashed to the floor.

The cover flew off, and Cousin Archibald's splendid wedding cake, shattered in a hundred crumbly fragments, lay in ruins on the floor.

Fear smitten, Lucy snatched at her one remaining hope.

The cunning little church with the two "dollies" was intact. Carefully she picked it up from the ruins and carried it in to her father.

He had heard the sound and was startled.

"What happened, Lucykins?" he asked, and Lucy answered swiftly:

"This didn't bweak, daddy." She placed the little ornament in his hands.

"IT WAS A CHECK FOR $10,000, MADE OUT TO LUCY AND DAVID WYATT."

Then she broke into wild sobbing, and to soothe her David made up a pretty story about the bridal couple.

"And she holds pretty flowers," smiled Lucykins, "and what is he holding, daddy, a cane?"

David laughed and looked closer.

Securely tucked under the bridegroom's arm was a tiny roll of white paper.

"It's the marriage license, I guess," he laughed, unrolling it. Then his face grew pale as he stared at the long slip of white paper which Cousin Archibald had concealed in the wedding cake.

It was a check for $10,000, made out to Lucy and David Wyatt, and it was dated nearly five years ago!

This was Cousin Archibald's gift. And when he came and found them so happy and independent of his help he had said nothing and gone away again.

"We need it now more than we ever will!" sobbed Lucy Wyatt when she came home.

And little Lucy did not understand until she was quite grown up why it was that she was never punished for ruining the beautiful cake nor why her mother and her grandmother and even daddy cried while they kissed and hugged her for joy.

Romance of a Tree.

In the beautiful gardens of Gray's inn, upon the finest stretch of grass in the heart of London, is what the Americans would call "some" tree—a catalpa—for it was planted in 1598 and is still alive and flourishing and, indeed, puts forth its blossoms every year. The catalpa has a very fine blossom, indeed, in a great bunch, something like a horse chestnut.

The catalpa tree was brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh and was planted by Sir Francis Bacon, then a resident in Gray's inn, with which his name is so intimately associated. In course of time a shoot was taken from that parent plant, which has produced an even finer tree.

Then a curious thing followed: From the shoot another shoot was cut and taken back to America, and in Philadelphia the grandson of the original tree brought home by Raleigh grows today.—London Spectator.

Theatrical Caste.

"Muster Richardson," christened John, was a successful but illiterate traveling showman of the early nineteenth century in England. His "special train" consisted in a cart and other primitive means of locomotion, including a sturdy pair of legs. It was in the early part of his career that he boasted Edmund Kean as of his company. The old showman was not a little proud of the association and used to give himself credit for having had a part in the great tragedian's professional education. When Macready's name was becoming known in the theatrical world Richardson was asked if he had seen him.

"No, muster," he replied. "I know nothing about him. In fact, he's some vagabone as no one knows—one o' them chaps as ain't had any edication for the thing. He never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them riglars was."—Detroit Free Press.

Golf Ball's Strange Flight.

That a golf ball does not travel in a parabolic curve was asserted by Professor C. Vernon Boys during the trial of a patent suit in the British chancery court. Professor Boys, who had been called as an expert on ballistics, described experiments he had made with mechanically propelled golf balls and said that these when driven hard more than counteracted the attraction of gravity. "A good flight," he said, "is very nearly straight for a long time, then gradually rising and then falling."

Aztec Emeralds.

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.—Exchange.

Imagination.

"A poet needs a great deal of imagination."

"Yes; if he really waded around in the wet grass looking at sunrises and listening for robins he wouldn't last long enough to write much poetry."—Washington Star.

Limitations.

Jack—I hear that you have quit the literary game. Jill—Yes; I despaired of ever writing up to my publishers' printed estimates of my work.—Life.

TWO GREAT INVENTORS.

Their Foresight Did Not Equal Their Ingenious Ability.

Not infrequently great inventors do not comprehend the significance of the thing they have produced. An interesting anecdote of two famous men of science whose foresight did not equal their inventive ability appears in Les Inventions Illustrees.

When Hertz first began to obtain satisfactory results from his now famous researches into the possibility of transmitting electric waves certain men of science suggested that some day similar vibrations might serve to transmit messages through space. Hertz laughed at the hypothesis and assured all comers that his experiments were for laboratories only. Now, after a few short years, it is hard to find a single issue of a daily paper that does not record some noteworthy example of the use of wireless telegraphy.

Levassor was the great engineer who sketched the automobile with such skill that his design has not been materially changed to this day. After Levassor accomplished his historic trip from Paris to Bordeaux and return at the dizzy speed of about fifteen miles an hour his admirers gave him a banquet. During the toasts one of them, stirred by the spirit of the occasion, rose and enthusiastically called on the assembly to drink to the approaching day when carriages should travel at the speed of sixty miles an hour. Levassor turned to his nearest neighbor and asked in a quick undertone, "Why is it that after every banquet some people feel called on to make fools of themselves?"

IRON IN WATER.

It Takes Only the Least Little Bit to Make Itself Felt.

Half a part per million of iron in water is detectable by taste, and more than four or five parts makes water unpalatable. In some mineral springs iron is the constituent which imparts a medicinal value to the water, but ordinarily it is undesirable. More than 2.5 parts per million in water used for laundering makes a stain on the clothes. Iron must be removed from water from which ice is made or a cloudy, discolored product will result. An iron content of over two or three parts per million in water used in the manufacture of paper will stain the paper.

Iron is harmful in water used for steaming, for it is in equilibrium with acids which inside the boiler become dissociated, with the result that the free acids corrode the boiler plates, but the amount of iron carried in solution by most waters is so small that the damage it does to steam boilers generally amounts to little.

Waters having a high iron content have in some places, where they have been used as city supplies, caused an immense amount of trouble and expense, for they favor the growth of crenothrix to such a degree that the water pipes become clogged with the iron sheaths of that organism. The removal of iron from water is sometimes easy and sometimes very difficult.—United States Geological Survey.

AN EVEN TRADE.

It Wasn't Made Simply Because the Law Wouldn't Allow It.

A traveling salesman for a Ganse-voort street wholesale grocery firm, recently back from a trip through rough lands of a neighboring state, tells this possibly true tale:

"One day on my last trip I had a six mile ride to make to the county seat, and the small village in which I was had only one horse that I could hire and no other form of conveyance. I may say that a friend had landed me in the town that morning from his car, and I had sold goods enough to pay the expenses of the trip.

"Well, I got away on the sorriest specimen of a horse I ever straddled, and I was to send him back by the mail carrier, though not as a parcel post package. It took me two hours to cover the distance—I was sorry enough I hadn't walked—and as I passed the county jail on my old bag of bones a face grinned at me from between the bars of a small square window. I was too sore to smile, but I nodded to the grin, and the prisoner called to me:

"'Say, mister,' he said, 'how'd you like to trade that critter for thirty days in jail?'

"Just then I would have been glad enough to have traded, but the law wouldn't let me, and I rode on."—New York Sun.

THE THIRD NAPOLEON.

Spicy Pen Picture John Hay Drew of the French Emperor.

One of the best things John Hay ever wrote, says William Roscoe Thayer in his presentation in Harper's of Hay's unpublished diaries, is this pen portrait of Napoleon III.:

"Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab, a man so wooden looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle; a complexion like crude tallow—marked for death whenever death wants him—to be taken some time in half an hour or left, neglected by the skeleton king for years perhaps, if properly coddled.

"The mustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, are moving a little nervously as the lips twitch; eyes sleepily watchful—furtive, stealthy, rather ignoble, like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying 'Nobody at home,' and lying as they say it.

"And withal a wonderful phlegm! He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude, inartistic statues. His legs are too short, his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought."

The Proper Kind.

"I will give the boys' athletic club an acrobatic lunch today."

"What is that?"

"One consisting of turnovers."—Baltimore American.