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

MID-SUMMER
SALE AT EVERNGAM'S

BEGINNING AUGUST 7th we will have a GENERAL CLEARANCE SALE of MEN'S AND LADIES' WEARING APPAREL. This sale includes some special bargains that we have picked up, the benefit of which we are giving to our customers. It also contains some odds and ends which are good values but which, the stocks having been depleted somewhat, we are anxious to close out.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

About 15 pieces of flowered and striped VOILE. Suitable for shirtwaists or dresses.
Regular Price 25c
Now 19c

20 pieces of fancy LAWNS, 27-in. wide, in all colors and patterns.
Were 12 1-2 and 15c
Now 10c

30 Dresses suitable for house wear. Gingham and Percale, in dark and light colors.
$1.00 - - .79
1.50 - - $1.19

About 50 WHITE SKIRTS, ranging in price from $1.50 to $3.00.
Now 50c

About 150 Pairs Ladies' OXFORDS, in tan and black, fine for everyday wear.
We have divided these into two lots
95c and $1.50

20 PARASOLS, all colors
$1.25 - - .95
1.50 - - $1.10
2.00 - - 1.50
2.50 - - 2.00
3.50 - - 2.50

1000 yards THREAD LACE. Suitable for ladies' and children's underwear, all widths, 5c.
This lot includes 10 pieces of wide plait lace at 10c.

3 Pieces of COVERT CLOTH. Suitable for skirts or coats.
Regular price 50c
Now 39c.

FOR MEN'S WEAR

We have placed a 25 per cent. reduction on all CLOTHING for Men and Boys.
This includes our whole stock of Trousers also.

We have about 100 SHIRTS that we bought in a job lot. These are reg. $1.00 shirts. Now 69c.
Also about 6 doz. WORK SHIRTS Reg. 50c quality. Now 39c.

2 Lots of Men's HOSE. Extra values.
2 pairs for 25c, and
3 pairs for 25c.

A few more pairs of Men's OXFORDS.
Reg. $3.00 and $4.00 values.
Now $1.50

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

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Highest market prices paid for fresheggs, poultry etc.

THE GREEN MANIKIN

A Story With "Heart Interest"

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When David Bronson heard an American speaking voice in that little far away Parisian restaurant an emotion that was surprising surged within him. "So this was what had been the trouble of late, this the cause of his unfinished book—homesickness, pure old fashioned homesickness."

Long ago, as a lad, he had realized this desperate feeling. Now the sound of that familiar tongue brought back a longing to be "among his own" which was almost unbearable, back again in "little old New York," for from her accent the speaker had also lived in that vicinity. Bronson whirled about to look at her. Demure and unaware of admiring glances, she sat at a nearby table, "conspicuously simple" in her close fitting black suit and turban.

Bronson struggled against an uncontrollable desire to hear again that soft voicing of his mother tongue, then with a muttered, "May I?" sank into a seat at the opposite side of the table. The restaurant being unduly crowded, his intrusion was calmly taken for granted. Happily absorbed, he gazed at the lovely, downcast face of his companion, and she, glancing up at last, smiled. A frank, engaging smile it was, like that of a friendly child.

"The salt?" Bronson asked politely, while the girl's smile deepened.

"So you, too, are American," she said. All the pentup longings of the man's home yearning soul broke forth at her question.

"American—yes," he answered, "and if you could but know the joy it gives me merely to be again in the presence of an American! I might have sought out my countrymen here, I suppose, but"—he laughed shortly—"I did not recognize my need until I heard your voice."

The girl leaned impulsively forward. "I know," she breathed. "Oh, I know! For weeks I've been fighting off the desire to go back. Sometimes it was almost too strong for me. I've got to stay here, you see. I must, until"—

"Until," he prompted gently. The girl drew back, continuing her meal. "Until I make good," she answered quietly.

"Student?" the man questioned. She nodded her head.

"There are so many of us," she said ruefully, "'would be' artists, musicians—mostly failures!"

"And you?"

The girl's low laughter ended in a wry smile. "I'm an art failure," she replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Bronson's quick glance was sympathetic.

"Perhaps not," he encouraged. "Better stick it out a little longer and see." She arose, drawing on her gloves, and stood looking now on the gloves, now on him.

"I intend to," she answered brightly. With visible regret the author also arose.

"Pardon the boldness of a fellow American," he entreated, "but may I not hope to see you again?"

"Why not?" the girl carelessly responded. "I dine here every day."

So it happened that the small table beneath the window came quite naturally to be a place of meeting, a place for the exchange of simple confidences, for comforting recollections of home beloved scenes and home happy times. To the man this one hour was a sort of panacea for all the trials of a troubled day. About it his dreams centered as a reward for nightly hours of writing. And the girl's open pleasure in these meetings was a constant growing joy.

"Do you know," she asked in her ingenuous way, "I cannot get over the idea that I have known your face before? It was strangely familiar from the first, and yet"—

Then David Bronson knew that his hour of announcement had come. It had been a gratifying thing to hide for a time from the paths of fame and to feel that his unknown personality had powers of its own to awaken interest and pleasure. With a sigh he drew forth his card and placed it before her.

"David B. Bronson," the girl read aloud, while recollection widened in her eyes.

"Not," she said in a tone of awe—"not David Bronson, the author?"

He nodded abruptly.

"And you are writing a book over here," she went on slowly, "a book with a French setting perhaps and one of your wonderful American heroines?"

"The heroine," he confessed, "proves a disappointment. She is so exactly what she seems to be—commonplace, no human heart interest."

The girl turned wearily aside. His admission of greatness seemed all at once to put him far from her presumption of friendship.

"Look about you," she said. "You'll find human heart stories among us all."

Bronson got hastily into his coat. "Just this once," he begged, "allow me to walk with you."

Heretofore this request had been refused. Now the girl deliberated. "You may come," she agreed.

Down the sunlit narrow street they went, crowds jostling her slim figure against the shelter of his arm—on through poorer districts and poorer until where the limit of dingy shabbiness seemed to have been reached the girl paused.

"There"—she pointed at the top of the tenement—"is my home."

"Home!" the man breathed contemptuously; then, with wondering pity he repeated the word, "Home!"

"Goodby," said the girl and extended her hand.

"Goodby until tomorrow," reminded the man, his smile unchanged.

Smiling, too, she went up the narrow stair, but when tomorrow came she was absent from her place at the restaurant table. An atmosphere of unaccountable cheerlessness pervaded the sunny niche near the window. Bronson fretted impatiently at the girl's delay. He had intended to inquire today more particularly into her manner of living. His night had been troubled and wakeful at the thought of her bright presence, braving the struggle for existence. What sacrifice and deprivation might she not be undergoing for a dream of art which might be no more than a dream! This, at least, his own knowledge could decide for her if she would come. But the opposite chair remained vacant.

"Mademoiselle comes not today," the garrulous waiter remarked. "Mademoiselle, 'the green manikin,' is absent."

Bronson sat up with a start.

"Mademoiselle who?" he asked rather sharply.

"She who dines with you," the waiter imperturbably replied, "mademoiselle who is what you call 'manikin' or model for the great modiste. Surely monsieur has heard of the green manikin from Franquetta's."

Yes, Bronson had heard, remembered having seen the model pictured in Franquetta's window, a graceful figure clad always in garments soft tinted as the ocean's foam, and the model was his frank faced student—she of the tenement room. The two seemed irreconcilable.

Abruptly he left his untasted meal; a satirical smile curled his lips. So his sympathy had all been wasted, imposed upon. The green model of Franquetta's was evidently in no need of pity.

For a moment he hesitated before the glittering letters of the modiste's sign, then passed into the miniature theater. Before the parted curtain he waited, watching tensely the girlish figure framed in the gleaming lights. Clad in bright green from shoulder to satin heel stood the girl whose appealing presence had so deeply stirred his heart.

Mechanically, automatically, like some manikin in a play, she moved across the brilliant stage, displaying to an admiring audience the beauties of her costume. Bitterly the man turned from her steady painted smile to pass out again into the street. So the struggling art student, the beloved little student, had never been. Across his very memory of her must ever flash that crimson painted smile. He frowned disapproval when next day the girl herself slipped quietly into her accustomed seat.

"May I tell you," she asked, "the story of a green model who, unlike your difficult heroine, is not exactly as she seems, not exactly commonplace? Her story may even have heart interest."

Wondering, he silently bowed his head. The girl laughed tremulously.

"Fame is an illusive thing," she quoted. "One may more quickly find her because of one's ability to wear a certain color than for the reward of tireless years of study. Over in America my old father and my mother and the sister who has always been sick wait for a success in art which was prophesied surely for me. To this purpose were carefully—oh, so carefully—hoarded the savings of years. This had also been my father's youthful dream—to go abroad and perfect his own sketches, to achieve fame which critics promised. Marriage and later cares had forced this dream aside, but now it was to be fulfilled, gloriously fulfilled, in myself, the daughter.

"But that which had seemed an assured inherited talent at home became here a doubtful promise, and at length the savings were gone—all gone! Do you see, then," she cried passionately, "what I have been doing? Deceiving them all along; writing, as I fancied the glow on their faces, of how one sketch had been accepted, of how another brought the check inclosed, and all the time—all the time I was but a dressmaker's model, a manikin in green. How else could one make money here alone in a foreign land? But now"—her voice broke despairingly—"how dare I go back, I with my mocking boast of art?"

Something gripped hard at the man's throat, and his hand reached out to clasp the girl's.

"Tomorrow," he said slowly—"tomorrow I want to see those sketches."

Tomorrow he saw them. As he turned them over, looking intently at each, an expression of admiration gathered on his face. When he came to the last he looked up at her and said:

"It's the old story—genius stooping to feed on crumbs from the rich man's table while it secured recognition."

And to two old people seated before their farmhouse door there came one eve a letter. "Read it," said the mother. "It's from our girl beyond the sea."

The old man glanced quickly back from the closely written page. "Why," he cried—"why, she's to illustrate that great author's new book, mother, our own little girl!"

In speechless joy they gazed into each other's face. Then together they finished the letter.

"Books and pictures must ever wait for love," wrote the girl, "so David Bronson and I are coming home together. Your daughter has married the author."

Plenty of Room.

The young man who writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky when a friend ran across him.

"What are you doing—studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's because you never had any experience with editors. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for lack of space."—London Tit-Bits.

It's a Funny World.

Many a well meaning man who starts on his day with a determination to radiate cheerfulness only succeeds in setting folks wondering what on earth he's grinning at.—Milwaukee Journal.

Men know not how great a revenue frugality is.—Cicero.

MAKING A MATCH

For a Time It Was Considered a Thankless Job

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Martha," said Farmer Holt one evening to his wife when she was washing the dishes, "John Corey was talkin' to me this afternoon. He says he wants to git married."

"Well, why don't he?"

"He says there ain't no one to marry."

"There's lots o' wimmin would like to get John. He's passed out o' onsartin youth into shore middle age. He's got a good farm, and it's well stocked, and he hain't got no bad habits fixed on to him. I could name half a dozen gals about yere that would be glad to get him."

"He says he couldn't make up his mind to do the courtin'."

"What's he want to do any courtin' for? Courtin's for younkers. John's too old for that, and if he marries a woman of suitable age—some'rs about thirty—I reckon she won't set store by the courtin' part of it neither."

"How can a man get married without doin' any courtin'?"

"He kin jist ask the woman he wants to marry, and if she says yes they kin be married."

"But John says he don't know any particular woman he wants to marry."

Mrs. Holt finished doing her dishes, put them away and, taking up a basket of stockings, began to darn them. Her husband turned to the Farmer's Helper and began to read.

"I'm thinkin'," said the wife, whose mind had got set on the matrimonial question, "that Mandy Sellers would be about what John wants. She's a first rate cook and keeps the house lookin' neat and clean all the time. She's always workin' at somethin'."

"Reckon her father and mother need her."

"There's the younger sister, Susan. She could take Mandy's place. Besides, a gal has got to look out for a home of her own."

"How d'ye know Mandy would have John?"

"Humph! She'd jump at the chance."

The farmer turned to his paper. He was more interested in an article on the feeding of hogs than in providing John Corey with a wife. But the idea of making the poor man comfortable and obtaining at the same time a home for Mandy Sellers had got into Mrs. Holt's head, and she couldn't get it out.

Miss Sellers occupied the adjoining farm to the Holts, and presently leaving her husband immersed in the hog feeding problem the good woman slipped out and interviewed Mandy, telling her that John Corey wanted a wife. She did not ask Mandy if she would like the position; she simply stated the fact. But a few days later when Mandy asked if John had got a wife yet Mrs. Holt suggested that Mandy would be about the kind of wife he should have. Mandy simpered and said he "wouldn't look at her."

One day John was at work at the cider press when he heard Mrs. Holt call him from the road. He went to her, and she spent half an hour questioning him about the treatment of cows and chickens and other matters pertaining to the farm. Just as she was about to depart she said:

"By the bye, Mr. Corey, have you seen Mandy Sellers lately?"

"No, Mrs. Holt, I hain't seen none o' the Sellers family in some time."

"Fine gal, Mandy."

"Think so?"

"Good cook; knows all about a farm and specially good at dairy work."

"I want to know!"

"I wonder why some of the unmarried men about yere hasn't picked Mandy up. She's gettin' on past the age for the young fellers, and there's not many middle aged men in these parts that haven't wives."

"Reckon I'm about the only one o' that kind."

"If you're wantin' a wife you couldn't do better than marry Mandy."

"La' sakes, Mrs. Holt! Mandy Sellers wouldn't marry me. Besides, she's wanted at the Sellers farm. She a'most runs it."

"Don't you believe that. Mandy would like a home as well as any gal I know."

Mrs. Holt, being a diplomat, went no further at the time. She had sowed the seed both in the breast of Miss Sellers and Mr. Corey and was disposed to give it time to germinate. By a skillful manipulation of the parties she finally got them together. John proposed, was accepted, and in due time the pair were married.

Now, John Corey was not a pliable man even in youth, and, having come to middle age, his will was hardening like his bones and cartilage. As for Mandy, she was a methodical person who preferred to do such work as a woman is expected to do in her own way. Thus when he saw her doing things in a different way from what he had been used to doing them he demurred. Mandy had kept the parental abode spick and span. Her father had been accustomed on coming into the house after his day's work was finished to put on a pair of slippers; John tramped in his muddy boots all over the house. Her father did not smoke; John did and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on anything that came handy, usually the floor.

One day Farmer Holt and John Corey met at the crossroads.

"Howdy, John?" said Holt. "How do you like matrimony so far as ye got?"

"Waal, I ain't as independent as I was. My wife seems inclined to run things."

Farmer Holt changed the subject. Later Mrs. Holt dropped in on Mrs. Corey and asked her a similar question.

"Waal, Mrs. Holt, it would be well enough if John had any respect for the looks o' the house. He's lived alone so long that his home isn't any more to him than his barn."

When Mr. and Mrs. Holt compared notes it became apparent to them that if the Corey family continued as they had begun they would not hang together long. Mr. Holt accused his wife of having been too active in making the match, and Mrs. Holt retorted by asking him who started the matter. Since he had done so in reporting to her that John Corey wanted a wife he pursued the argument no further.

Matters in the Corey family went from bad to worse. Whenever John met Farmer Holt he abused him for making a match for him with the "consarnedest woman in the world." When Mrs. Corey met Mrs. Holt she rued the day when she had left a good home to keep house for a man who was so set in his ways that an ox team couldn't move him. The recitals of family difficulties were from time to time poured into Farmer Holt's ears by John Corey and into Mrs. Holt's ears by Mrs. Corey. Now and again the Holts were reminded that they had made the match. John said he didn't blame Holt for his share in tying him up with a virago, but this did not cause the latter to feel especially well satisfied with himself for having done so. Mrs. Corey did not hesitate to throw all the blame for her "mistake" on Mrs. Holt.

In time these vituperations became so marked that the Holts concluded that they must do something to stop them. The only thing they could think of was to apologize for having interfered to bring the couple together. One evening after Mrs. Holt had cleared the supper table and done the dishes they walked over to the Corey farm to carry out their intention. They found Mr. and Mrs. Corey at home and the couple, not having had any reason to quarrel with each other, received their guests, if not with cordiality, at least with common civility.

The visitors talked for a time about the crops, what they were going to put into the ground for the next year and other ordinary matters. Presently Mrs. Holt looked knowingly at her husband, who, nerving himself for an effort, after clearing his throat, said:

"I want to say to you people that the blame for the mistake that has been made is all on me. I mentioned to my wife that John wanted to get married, and she reckoned that you two might be a help to each other. I didn't know that John wasn't used to havin' a clean house and"—

"I didn't know," interrupted Mrs. Holt, "that Mandy would make a fuss every time there was a bit o' dirt left on a rag carpet."

"Air you statin' this case or I?" asked Farmer Holt severely.

"Look a-here," said Mr. Corey, bristling. "What do you people mean by comin' yere to interfere between man and wife?"

"Ain't you got nothin' better to do than that?" asked Mrs. Corey tempestuously.

"We jist wanted to apologize for what we done in bringin' you two together, seein' that you both made a mistake in puttin' on double harness."

"Who's made a-mistake?" growled Corey.

"There hasn't been any mistake," cried his wife.

Mrs. Holt was so indignant at this denial of what had been poured into her ears and her husband's ears for so long a time that she opened up the debate on a high key, Mr. Corey endeavoring to drown her words with a higher one. For a time the man threw in an occasional remark, but, finding themselves no match for the women, dropped out, their utterances sounding like distant thunder muttering in a violent storm.

Finally Farmer Corey deserted, leaving his wife to carry on the fight alone. She then began a retreat, turning here and there to fire a parting shot. Mrs. Corey followed her on to the porch, while John went out the back door to seek quiet in the barn.

The tempest was stilled when Mrs. Holt reached the gate and was not resumed. No more reproaches were visited on Holt by Corey or on Mrs. Holt by Mrs. Corey. There was no intercourse between the families for six months. Then one day Mrs. Holt sent a mysterious looking box to Mrs. Corey. It was not returned, but a note of thanks came to the donor, with an expressed desire that the past might be forgotten. Within a few weeks from that time the stork visited the Coreys. Mr. and Mrs. Holt sent the baby a silver cup and were invited to stand as godfather and godmother at the child's christening. After the ceremony they returned with the happy parents to the latter's home.

"It beats all," said Corey to Holt, "how a little chunk of flesh like that will make a lot o' other things seem so little you can't see 'em."

"Reckon you'll find the chunk o' flesh not so little as you think," replied Farmer Holt.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Holt, for givin' me the best wife in the hull county and the baby as well."

"Don't mention it."

Meanwhile Mrs. Holt was being thanked by the mother for saving her from being an old maid and giving her the best man that ever lived, besides the baby.

Remedied.

A stranded but haughty "leading lady" was obliged to put up at a dilapidated country hotel. She glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register and took the brass key from the proprietress.

"Is there any water in my room?" she demanded.

"Why, there was," replied the proprietress. "There was, but I had the roof fixed."—Chicago Herald.

A Joy He Knows Not.

No matter how proud a man may be of his new hat, he can never know the bliss of replying to admirers, "Yes, and I made that myself from materials I had left over, and I think it's every bit as good as the woman's next door, which cost $20."—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

The busy man is troubled with but one devil, the idle man by a thousand.—Spanish Proverb.