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

FALL OPENING

On the 7th, 8th and 9th of October we will hold an Opening of Ladies' Suits and Coats

for fall and winter wear. We have made quite elaborate preparations for this event, sparing neither trouble nor expense in the effort to show you what the fashion experts have declared will be worn this season. The most up-to-date manufacturers of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have contributed their smartest styles to our stock and we guarantee every one to fit perfectly and to give the best wear possible at the price.

In the new coats and suits for the coming season there is a marked tendency towards the more tailored effects. Both coats and skirts are very simple in line with an accent on such tailored details as notched collars, pockets, belts and plaits. For general wear nothing is as smart as a well-cut tailored suit, for it is so very correct that it has a distinction of its own. With the tailored coat the skirt should be either circular or gored, or made with clusters of plaits that in many instances correspond somewhat to the arrangement of plaits in the jacket. For general wear the most satisfactory suit materials are whipcord, wool poplins, gabardines and serges.

Quite as important as the suit is the top coat that can be worn over it for traveling, motoring, or cold and blowy weather. These coats are loose and roomy, so that they can be worn over a suit. They are made of army cloth, corduroy, fancy mixtures, chinchilla, checks, cheviot, tweed and homespun.

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SATISFIED AND SETTLED

How They Came to an Understanding.

By WILLETT STOCKARD.

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Conley had come home, having been released from prison after completing a five year sentence.

A few hours after his arrival in town he entered a squalid place on the west side not far from the center of Hell's Kitchen. Besides the proprietor and a man whom the former was ejecting at the time, there was only one man in the place. He greeted Conley's arrival with a slight show of surprise and spoke to him.

"How are all the boys up the way?" he asked.

"Hello, Werner!" Conley returned and related bits of information concerning those whom he had left in prison.

"Like to stick in on a juicy little lay?" Werner inquired, lowering his voice slightly and glancing about to see that no one was near them.

"Heard of old man Harris, haven't you?" continued Werner. "He's got more millions than you and me could dream we had after a dozen shots in the arm. Funny old goat he is too. He's got a bug about punching the clock just the same and as prompt as any of his deck hands, which is some prompt, if they work for him for any time. Also he's got another kink about working straight on through July and August, while he lets everybody else in his shop take from two weeks to a month off. He sticks it out without even hesitating till after the first of the next year, and then when he gets his business started on to another stretch, why, he takes a little thirty day layoff.

"And does he beat it south then? Not him—that ain't the old man. He heads up north to a hut he's got planted up in Maine, and that's right where he lives in the dead of winter. He don't have any guide or anybody else along with him, and he don't allow anybody else to come anywhere close to him if he can help it. He camps there for a month, hunting and taking care of what he kills, skinning it and putting away the meat and cooking it and all that all by himself, as I said, and never seeing another living thing besides the animals he's hunting. Funny ideas some of these gazigs have, ain't they?"

"Where do we come in?" interposed Conley.

"We're going to get him at his drum up there and stow him away—put him in hock, you see, and make him pay himself out—although I ain't counting on sticking him up for anything so much as I'm banking on swinging his wife for, say, five or ten thousand at the least and maybe as much as twenty-five. Harris' head manager is his wife's brother, you see, and I think we can hang 'em for twenty-five without starting either one to putting the cops out for us. Leave it to me to make it plain to 'em that the old man will be bumped off before anybody can get to us."

"What's the matter that Harris won't come across himself wit' what we want, in case we show it up to him that we're going to croak him proper if he don't?"

"You don't know Harris," Werner answered. "In the first place, we couldn't make a bluff strong enough for him to think we were not bluffing, and then even if it had to come to a showdown, why, I doubt if he'd really think we meant to kill him and lose our only shot for the money. That's the kind of gink he is. You know, he's the stiff that had a son to get in wrong some way and get his name in the papers—beat up a guy and was sent away for a little bit—and do you think the old man would come through with a little fall money that would have sprung the kid? Nix—not him—and he won't allow the kid around his snare when he comes home."

Werner shook his head, partly in admiration.

"That's him, and I wouldn't count on a finif from him, not just to get himself out, where I'd bet on getting thousands from his dame. I've had all this framed ever since last summer, and I made a special trip up to scout about the old man's grounds and the country around there. One reason I'm first hep to this is because I got a friend of mine named Turner, an old timer that's done five separate bits and is living up there and making good money by getting stuff across the Canadian line, and we happened to meet up with each other last year and got to talking about this Harris guy. Turner knew about him, living no more than thirty miles away from there, and we got this idea. Turner knows places that we could put Harris away, and he couldn't be found for a million years."

"How many you got in on this," Conley inquired, "and who are they?"

"Besides Turner and me and you we'll have Collins and George."

The following morning the four were upon the train, Werner and Collins in one car, Conley and George in another. They had bought their tickets separately. Neither pair saw the other after the train started.

They arrived at different hours, but later met at the spot agreed upon, a place a mile from town, where they were met by Turner and his sleigh.

It was decided that they should sneak upon the lodge which Harris occupied and make him prisoner while still in bed. Then they were to take him away to the place among the hills that had been prepared by Turner.

He was to be kept here in case he refused to agree to the terms offered, while Werner was to return to the city and have the demands presented to Mrs. Harris and her brother.

Two days later the five had gone from Turner's place to the retreat he had made in the hills and from there had advanced upon the little house Harris himself had built of logs.

They took up their position near a mass of white covered underbrush, from which they could watch the window not more than twenty yards away, and prepared to wait until the man within went to bed.

They could see him from time to time as he bent over the fire cooking smoking hunks of meat. He ate his supper with the appetite of a man who had tramped the entire winter's day and had earned his food, after which he lighted his pipe and smoked for awhile, seated before the fireplace, with his feet resting upon the low mantel above his head. Then he stretched himself luxuriantly, an expression of great enjoyment upon his hard lined face, and prepared to roll into bed.

Several minutes later the party gathered about the rear door, discovered that it was not even bolted, entered a rude kind of hallway and stopped before the room in which Harris was already asleep, as his heavy breathing informed them.

"Get your rods ready now," Werner whispered, "so you can follow me when I cave in the door."

He drew back across the narrow passageway and rushed against the door with all of his strength. It broke open before him, and he stumbled into the room, the others following him with their guns drawn.

Harris had started up at the noise and made an attempt to reach the corner of the room in which was a small arsenal, but halted when he saw that he was covered by four or five men who wore heavy mufflers over their faces below the eyes.

Harris stood for a moment gazing at them.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he growled finally, betraying no signs of fear.

"You see, we've got you, doc," Werner began in a matter of fact manner. "Got to hand it to you for taking it like that, though. You see, the object of the game is to take you off to a place we know of and keep you there till your wife or your manager comes through with what we ask and gets you out of soak. Do you make me?"

"How much do you think you're going to get?" demanded Harris, continuing to size them up.

"Well," answered Werner slowly, "if you fixed it up yourself so we could get the coin promptly and without any sort of trouble, why, out of consideration for your kindness and your show of judgment we might let you down with as little as ten thousand—and that's the lowest, because, with just a little more time, we can get your wife or that brother-in-law manager of yours to kick in with at least twenty-five."

"My wife can't sign a check for more that one thousand at most, and my manager isn't allowed to make out one for more than it takes for current expenses."

After a pause, during which Harris and Werner looked at each other in the manner of opponents at poker, the latter said: "On the dead, now, ain't the principal reason you don't want to cough up just because you'd rather give up twenty-five thousand willingly than be made to give up ten?"

Mr. Harris grunted in a manner that might have signified assent.

"Would you give up twenty-five thousand if you didn't have to come across with ten?" languidly inquired George.

"Yes," growled the other.

"You're on!" George called as he knocked Werner's revolver halfway across the room by a sudden movement and rapidly waved his own gun from one to the other of the remaining three, all of whom were taken entirely by surprise.

In an instant Harris had jumped across the room and had armed himself.

"And now, gov'ner," went on the younger man, "I'll keep 'em covered while you take their gats."

Mr. Harris finished disarming them and turned to George.

"What're we going to do with 'em?" he asked.

"If it's all the same to you we'll just turn the rummies out and let 'em beat it before the going gets worse."

"And having them trying it again or trying to pot me through the window some time, eh?"

"They won't," returned the other confidently. "I got enough on any one of them to have him settled for the rest of his natural. Take my word for it, they won't start anything, except to start on their way."

Five minutes later Mr. Harris and George stood side by side at the window watching four men as they walked away.

Then the former turned to the younger man.

"I promised you the money," he said, "and if you're willing to work I'll give you a job, but we'll talk about that in the morning, because I'm going back to bed now. You can find some blankets and skins in that lean-to and make you a pallet."

"All right, sir," said the other. "Good night, dad."

"Good night, son," returned his father.

When Tosti Kissed Melba.

The first time I sang "Goodby" it was in Tosti's studio, and he played the accompaniment himself. The lines "Hush—a voice from far away;" "Listen and learn," it seems to say; "All the tomorrows shall be as today!" "The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry; the link must break and the lamp must die," I sang throughout pianissimo, with only the two slight crescendos that he had marked in the music. Stopping suddenly at the end of those phrases, Tosti kissed me and exclaimed, "That is the way I heard it!" I knew what he meant. The desire prompted by imagination in its composing had been realized. And I was very happy. — Mme. Melba in Woman's Home Companion.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.—Emerson.

A CHEF AND A CHAUFFEUR

Story of the Newly Rich.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When the Doolans fell heir to Uncle Peter Doolan's accumulated millions they gave away the modest grocery business in Sunset and sped to New York, prepared to storm the citadel of society. Once there, established in a luxuriously appointed mansion, they promptly lost their identity as the Doolan family and became known as the "Peter Paul Dulands."

"If it wasn't for Cherry, here, we never could have done it," sighed Mrs. Duland, looking affectionately at her daughter.

"Done what, mother?" Cherry asked sharply. She was a slender, fair girl with an apple blossom complexion, dark blue Irish eyes, long black curling lashes and dusky hair.

"This!" Mrs. Duland waved a fat white hand, sparkling with precious stones. "Society!"

Cherry dropped to her knees beside her mother's chair.

"Mother," she said tensely, "we are not really in 'society,' as you call it. We have a few friends as rich and lonely and out of place as ourselves, and so we cling together, but we are all unhappy! Let us go back to Sunset!"

"Cherry, stop! Give up all this?" Mrs. Duland's voice was horror smitten.

"It's deadly dull," drooped Cherry.

"Dull! What's the child wanting?" grieved Mrs. Duland, forgetting her newly acquired accent. "You, with your fine clothes, automobiles and theayters and dancing and all! What would your poor father say?"

He would confess that he was tired of the glitter and emptiness. I know he would rather be back in Sunset, even in the old grocery store with his cronies around him and"—

"Be still, child," interrupted her mother harshly.

"And you, too, mother. I know you miss the old neighborhod life and the village meetings and"—

"Hush, Cherry!" broke in Mrs. Duland in a panicky tone. "The very idea of my giving up all this—for the kitchen!"

"But you wouldn't have to work any more. We could build a nice house and have servants"—

A tap at the door interrupted Cherry's coaxing. A servant stood there, a very smart parlor maid, of whom the Dulands were rather in awe.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but there's a person to see about an advertisement," she said.

Mrs. Duland looked puzzled. Then her face cleared.

"Oh, yes. I told Peter to advertise for a chef and a new chauffeur. That Frenchman was so reckless I couldn't stand him. Send him up, Mary."

Mary vanished, and Mrs. Duland turned to Cherry, who was standing by the window looking dreamily out at the passing show on the avenue.

"See here, Cherry Duland!" hissed her mother through set teeth. "If your homesickness is due to your pining for that good for nothing Jimmy Lee, who's nothing but a clerk in the Sunset pharmacy, why"—

Another tap at the door, and Mary ushered in a tall young man, who ducked a nervous bow as Mrs. Duland put up a lorgnette and surveyed him coldly.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Duland could not visualize clearly through the lens and in secret reverted to her old fashioned steel bowed spectacles.

All she saw was a tall figure, a blur of dark features. She heard a level, rather monotonous voice.

"Well," she said kindly, "I understand you are looking for a position?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you a chef, or, of course, you are a chauffeur?"

"Both, madam."

"Both?"

"Yes, madam."

"The idea!" breathed Mrs. Duland, staring from the applicant to Cherry's still form in the window. "What is your name?"

"James—James."

"James James? Well, James, what experience have you had in driving cars?"

Modestly James told Mrs. Duland that he was a recent graduate of a well known school for automobile drivers and his experience was limited to a four weeks' engagement with Mrs. Hollinsworth Smyth.

"And why did you leave, James?"

"Mrs. Smith died suddenly, madam."

Mrs. Duland was startled.

"Automobile accident?" she asked sharply.

"Providence," corrected James respectfully.

"You had better see Mr. Duland, James. He will know better what your requirements should be. This is his office address."

"Thank you, madam."

"If Mr. Duland is not satisfied that you can drive our car you might return here, James. Perhaps you can cook better than you can drive."

"Yes, madam, thank you," said James, and he respectfully withdrew.

"Cherry, what did you think of him?"

Cherry came from the window, her eyes shining, an odd look in her lovely face.

"Of the chauffeur—or the chef?" she asked, dimpling with smiles.

"Both!" said Mrs. Duland and laughed. "It is like old times to see you smile like that, Cherry, child. Are you so unhappy?" she asked wistfully.

"Not at all," assured Cherry, kissing her mother on both cheeks.

"If you want you can go back to Sunset tomorrow. You can board at Mrs. Flood's for awhile, and maybe"—

"I'm not going, mother. I wouldn't go for the world!" she ended emphatically.

"Not even—even to see Jimmy Lee?"

"I wouldn't go to Sunset to see Jimmy Lee—now," assured Cherry with dancing eyes, and Mrs. Duland was satisfied that the budding romance was indeed blighted.

At dinner that night Peter Paul Duland looked across the cozy round table at his wife.

"I hired that young feller for chauffeur," he said abruptly.

"If you hadn't I should have hired him to cook. He could do either," laughed Mrs. Duland.

"So you liked this James?" mused Duland; then, suddenly, to Cherry he added, "What did you think of him, honey?"

"She never even saw him. Stood looking out the window all the time," cut in Mrs. Duland.

Cherry smiled vaguely and changed the subject. She knew that the servants were secretly laughing at them for making so much of this business of hiring a chef or a chauffeur. Cherry hated these superior servants, and a fierce loyalty to her parents prompted her to be especially tender with them that evening.

"You are more like Cherry Doolan of Sunset days," said Peter Paul, stroking her dark hair.

"I love Cherry Doolan, and I hate Charlotte Duland," smiled Cherry.

A silence brooded over the three Dulands, who before the millions came had been happy Doolans. At last Peter Paul roused himself.

"I had a letter from Finch today. He says the business is running down."

"It lacks your hand, Peter," said Mrs. Duland, and Cherry knew they were all thinking of the old happy days.

* * * * * * *

The following day Mrs. Duland and Cherry went shopping.

The new chauffeur drove the shining car.

Mrs. Duland was distinctly dismayed at James' reckless driving.

"He will kill us, Cherry," she gasped as they dodged in and out of the maze of vehicles, to stop abruptly at the traffic officer's whistle.

Cherry was pale, perhaps with fear, but her eyes shone.

"Would you like to change to a taxi, mother?" she asked.

"Yes. Tell James to stop at Buffam's."

Cherry picked up the tube.

"Buffam's, James," she ordered.

The limousine drew up at the curb, and James opened the door.

"I will meet you at the Plaza for lunch, mother," and before Mrs. Duland could recover her breath the limousine shot away up the avenue.

"The park, James," said Cherry.

When they reached the park, passing a soda fountain, Cherry called a halt.

"A cherry phosphate," she said to the chauffeur.

"Yes, Miss Duland." He touched his cap and walked a few hundred yards toward a tiny confectionery store.

When he returned he carried a brimming glass of dark red liquid.

"Thank you, Jimmy," she said, smiling at him over the glass.

"James, if you please, Miss Duland," he said, and his lips were white.

"Miss Doolan, if you please, Jimmy," she mocked him.

For awhile he was silent, gazing at her with his heart in his eyes.

"Why did you do it, Jimmy?" whispered Cherry.

"You know! I wanted to come, and then—your father sent for me."

"Father? Then he knows?" breathed Cherry.

"Yes. I was glad to be near you, although I did not expect to be recognized by your fashionable friends. It wasn't that hope, Cherry—I mean Miss Duland."

"Duland! Pooh!" Cherry snapped her fingers. "I am Cherry Doolan and will be until"— She paused.

"And will be until"— he prompted.

"Until I'm not!" she flashed back. "Jimmy Lee, that white linen coat you wore in the drug store was vastly more becoming than this one!"

"Ah, Cherry, you really mean it?" he asked eagerly.

Cherry held out the glass.

"Taste it, Jimmy," she commanded, but first she touched the brim with her own lips. "Taste it, Jimmy."

He took glass and little hand in his and tasted the bitter concoction.

"It's nectar," he murmured.

"The same old Jimmy," she whispered, and tears were in her eyes.

That night at dinner the Dulands had a guest, one whose presence caused a titter of amusement among the servants.

It was James, the chauffeur, who appeared to be equally popular with Cherry's parents.

After dinner, while they sat in the cozy library, Mary, the parlor maid, brought a telegram.

Open mouthed with surprise, Peter Paul Duland read it aloud. It was from his lawyers in San Francisco:

"Just learned your Uncle Peter's son, reported dead, is alive. Arrived from Australia today. Claims entire fortune. Accept sympathy. Come at once."

The Dulands stared at one another and then at Jimmy Lee.

"Thank God!" they said in unison. And thus the Dulands gave back to the Doolans their old happy, commonplace life.

Dutch Barges in the Thames.

For more than two centuries there have always been some big, broad sterned Dutch boats lying in the Thames river, with baggy trousered Dutchmen smoking on board, quite calmly. It is the reminiscence of a Dutch conquest. Those boats have moored there, with their eels for London ever since William III. gave them the right of traffic. And if there wasn't a Dutch boat for a single second just below London bridge the ancient rights would be lost. But you will always find the calm Dutchman smoking on his "pitch."—Westminster Gazette.

Held Responsible.

"That dog of yours seems to have human intelligence."

"He ain't that lucky," answered the proprietor of the dog. "If he was to lose his temper an' turn himself loose to hurt somebody he wouldn't have a chance in the world of pleading insanity."—Washington Star.