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

ARROW KNIT SWEATERS for Men, Women and Children

Three F's and Three P's

WALKOVER and DOUGLAS SHOES for Men

We Supply All the F's and P's to a "T"

There are three F's in the making of our Clothes--Fit, Finish, Fabric.

The FIT of a suit is all important when selecting a suit. For just that reason we carry slims and stouts in addition to the regulars, so as to fit every man no matter what his build.

The FINISH of these garments is the best possible because they are hand-tailored, thus giving them a certain "hang" or "set" that is the delight of critical dressers.

The FABRICS comprise the best quality and the newest designs that we can buy. Every one is selected with thought and care. We have the nobbiest patterns of the season as well as the more staple ones.

And there are three P's to be considered in retailing---Purse, Personality, Person.

PURSE, of course, is usually the item first in importance on our list. We have in our stock Suits and Overcoats ranging in price from $10.50 to $25.00, each grade a winner in its own particular field.

PERSONALITY. Clothes give a man a certain bearing that he can obtain in no other way. The saying that fine feathers make fine birds may not be wholly true, but we believe that a man wearing one of our all-wool hand-tailored suits will find himself just a bit better dressed than most other men.

PERSON. Every person that buys a suit has some particular pattern in mind that he likes above all others. One man likes blue, another gray, another black, etc. Everybody is different. We have bought our stocks with this fact uppermost in our mind and so we have a wide range of patterns to suit everybody, no matter what their taste may be.

Nemo & R. & G. Corsets

Queen Quality Shoes for Ladies

J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MD.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000

SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

Remember Always Checks Have An After-Value

When you see a man with a checking account "hand over" checks in payment, don't conclude that the whole service of a checking account has been performed.

Not at all. Checks have after-value. The bank "hands back" every check to the man who writes them. The checks return cancelled and have an after-value because they are legal receipts and sure records of past payments.

So if you haven't yet joined the multitude and started a bank account do not lose further valuable time.

DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
DENTON, MD.

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

SAMUEL G. NUTTLE

DENTON, MD.

Fire, Windstorm and Accident Insurance

Best Policies in the Best Companies.

I have several well-located farms for sale at right prices on reasonable terms.

SAMUEL G. NUTTLE.

Phone No. 121 Room No. 1, Telephone Building, DENTON, MD.

And it is incumbent upon you to carve out your own destiny. No man ever became prosperous without laying the foundation of his fortune in partnership with his bank. It is the bank that instils the craving of the capitalist by stimulating the imagination of the small depositor in the "day of little things." Safety and service are the watchwords of this institution.

The Peoples National Bank
DENTON, MD.

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

For the Best In Printing, Call Journal Office

ATTORNEY'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

PERSONAL PROPERTY

By virtue of competent authority in me vested, I will sell at public sale on the farm known as the "Hammond Farm," in Tuckahoe Neck, on the road from Denton to Harris Chapel, on

Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1915

commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following personal property, to wit:

Live Stock

One Bay Mare, 13 years old, will work anywhere; 1 Sorrel Horse, 6 years old, gentle in all harness, has some speed and is a fine prospect; 1 Mule, 12 years old, a good one. There will be 3 or 4 good Milch Cows for sale.

Implements, Etc.

One 9-tine Ontario Drill, in good order; 1 John Deere Riding Plow, nearly new; 1 Spring-tooth Harrow, good as new; 1 Drag, 1 No. 13 Oliver Plow, 1 No. 98 Oliver Plow, 1 1-horse Plow, 1 Deering Binder, in good condition; 4 Cultivators, 1 Farm Wagon, in good condition; 1 1-row Corn Cutter, good as new; 1 York Carriage, 1 set Carriage Harness, 5 sets Chain Harness, 4 sets Plow Harness, lot of Bridles, Collars, Shovels, Spades and Forks, and many other articles usually found on a well-equipped farm.

About 250 bushels of Corn in the ear.

TERMS OF SALE

On sums of $10 and under the cash will be required on the day of sale; on sums over $10 a credit of 8 months will be given, the purchaser giving interest-bearing note, payable at the Denton National Bank, with surety or sureties satisfactory to the undersigned. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
Attorney-in-fact.

JOHN W. CLARK, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Personal Property

Having bought a small farm, I will sell the following property, without reserve, to the highest bidder, on the John Stevens farm, near Andersontown, Md., on

Monday, December 13

1915, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m.:

LIVE STOCK

One Bay Mare Colt, 2 years old, Russell B; 1 Black Horse Colt, 2 years old, Percheron; 1 Cow, fresh at pail, 4 years old; 1 Cow, 4 years old, giving milk, been fresh about 2 months; 1 Cow, 9 years old, will be fresh in January; 7 Shoats, weight 65 to 70 lbs. each; 1 Brood Sow; 5 Pigs, 2 weeks old; 1 Brood Sow, will farrow about January 1st.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

One Deering Binder, 7-ft. cut, with Tongue Truck, been used 2 seasons, cut about 100 acres of wheat; 1 Sulky Cultivator (Iron Age), 1 3-horse Disc Harrow, 1 Road Cart, 1 Superior Corn Planter, in excellent shape; 1 Duplex Dearborn, 1 40 Oliver Riding Plow, nearly new; 1 Carriage Pole; 1 40 Oliver Walking Plow, Corriage Harness, Plow Harness, Collars, Bridles, and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of and under $10, cash; on all sums over that amount a credit of eight months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security, payable at the Peoples National Bank of Denton.

LAWRENCE VICKERY.
F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.

HOLLY WREATHS WANTED

I will buy Holly Wreaths of good quality on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays until December 18th. Call, write or phone.

J. Spencer Lapham
Goldsboro, Md.

Continued use by the same PEOPLE is the strongest possible argument in favor of your trying.

DAVIS 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT

Thompson Hardware & Supply Co.,
Hillsboro, Maryland.

Stockholders' Meeting.

DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Md., Dec. 2, 1915.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Denton National Bank, Denton, Md., will be held at their banking house in Denton, Md., on Tuesday, January 11th, 1916, between the hours of one and three o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

T. C. WEST, Cashier.

DR. W. A. SMITH

DENTIST

DENTON MARYLAND.

Dentistry in all its branches at prices that for workmanship and quality of material cannot be equaled in the city or elsewhere.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH—Some want quality, others quantity. We can furnish teeth at any price.

Open daily from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Appointments by mail or 'pnone.

For Rent.

Two comfortable dwellings, on Third street. Possession given at once. Apply to C. H. REDDEN,
12 4 Denton, Md.

Through His Nerves

A Duelist Is Conquered by an Unskilled Antagonist

By WILLARD MALTBIE

The old story of one girl and two lovers—there are infinite varieties of it. Usually one of the lovers is the villain of the plot, the other the hero. At first the villain has the advantage, but in the end virtue triumphs over vice. This is a tale of one girl with two lovers, both of whom are noble young men, one of them possessing an extraordinary nerve.

It is now more than half a century since a family of Americans named Wentworth made a tour abroad. Vivien Wentworth was then a girl of nineteen and considered by all who knew her a lovely girl. She had been brought up in seclusion and had therefore not received much attention from young men. The visiting of new and to her strange countries at a time when few Americans went to Europe naturally produced upon her a marked impression. Being of an artistic temperament, she enjoyed especially the works of art to be found in Europe and while in Rome had a special advantage in being shown through the marvelous collection of art treasures in the Vatican by a young French artist named Armand Trudeau.

This young man was especially fitted by nature to captivate a young girl of an ideal makeup. He was very handsome, with large, dreamy eyes, a high forehead and an olive complexion. He gave great promise as an artist and wrote very clever verses. He soon won his way into Vivien's affections, though he was opposed by her parents, who did not wish her to marry a foreigner.

So the matter stood when Egbert Kenworthy, an American of an entirely different type from Trudeau, appeared in Rome and made the acquaintance of the Wentworths. While Trudeau's face might have served for a model of St. Sebastian, Kenworthy's would have made an admirable David. He was the son of a New York banker and was taking an outing previous to entering his father's counting room.

These two men became rivals for the hand of Miss Wentworth. Kenworthy upon entering the list did not know that an attachment had already sprung up between her and Trudeau. The latter, being opposed by Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, after devoting himself to Vivien for a few weeks dawdling through the galleries, ceased his attentions.

It was at this time that Kenworthy appeared on the scene. He was given every encouragement by the parents of the girl he wished to win and not long after his meeting with Vivien proposed to her. She accepted him, but with a frank avowal that she preferred Trudeau.

Kenworthy, though he had met the disappointment of his life, declined to ask her father for her, contrary to her wishes. He at once withdrew his attentions and left Rome. Then Vivien's parents, being convinced that her heart was fixed upon the artist, consented to the match, and the couple became engaged.

The warm season in Italy was now approaching, and it was decided by the Wentworths to go to Paris and accept an invitation to visit Trudeau's family at their chateau not far distant from the capital. Trudeau was to accompany them. They found his relatives to be eminently refined and were greatly pleased with the intended connection.

But the marriage was destined not to take place.

At that time there was in Paris Jules Chartier, one of those duelists of the earlier part of the nineteenth century each of whom tried to make a longer list of victims according to the code duello than any of his predecessors. These persons have disappeared, and dueling is now only practiced in France by those who consider that they have a cause, and even these expect only a little bloodletting.

A painting of Trudeau's was hung in the salon. One day when the artist was present chatting with friends who were admiring his work Chartier stopped before it and began to ridicule it. Trudeau flushed and made a remark ironical to the critic's knowledge of art. Chartier lightly slapped the artist on the cheek.

It seems strange that a system which justified murder should ever have prevailed. The insult, which was given publicly, forced Trudeau to challenge the man who had slapped him or be forever tabooed by his associates. He had no skill whatever with any weapon, and the affair must result in his being vanquished and probably killed. He knew that he must suffer death and wished to bid a last farewell to his fiancee. But this was not permitted. She might take measures to prevent his fighting and thus disgrace him.

The morning after the insult Trudeau and Chartier met in the Bois de Boulogne, and the latter added one more name to the list of men he had killed. Trudeau's death was a great shock to Vivien Wentworth. Her parents took her away from Paris at once to Switzerland, for the hot season was on, and the mountain air was considered best for the stricken girl.

In September Kenworthy reached Paris on his way to America. There he happened to hear that a young artist named Trudeau had been killed in a duel and, on inquiry, that Bertha Townsend had lost her betrothed. He gathered all the information possible concerning the affair, and it was plain to him that his rival, or, rather, the man who had prevented him from winning Vivien Wentworth's love, had been murdered. Furthermore, he was told that Chartier was invulnerable. He was an expert with every weapon, from the dirk to the claymore, from the derringer to the rifle.

"No one," said Kenworthy's informant, "can hope to conquer Chartier except through his nerve. Naturally he is a coward. It is the certainty that his skill will protect him and enable him to kill his opponent that keeps him cutting notches on the cane which bears the number of his victims. Nevertheless he has splendid nerve, and, this being the only possible avenue through which to attack him, he is liable to die a natural death in his bed."

Kenworthy dwelt on this statement a long while—a man with splendid nerve, whom an enemy could hope to attack only through that nerve. How might the nerve be attacked? He learned that Chartier, like most Frenchmen, had been born a Roman Catholic, though he had never been to mass or confession since his boyhood. Kenworthy went to a priest and submitted a plan for bringing Chartier back into the fold, but, if this were not practicable, to prevent his committing any more murders.

The priest sought the duelist and tried to convince him of the heinousness of his crimes. Chartier was unmoved. After expending upon him all the persuasive eloquence he possessed without avail the priest said to him:

"Be it so. I leave you to your fate, for no man who practices deliberate murder as you do can come to any good end. Beware and repent before it is too late. If you do not, God's wrath will surely smite you."

For the first time during the interview Chartier winced. The father left him without another word, and the duelist sat for some time lost in thought. Then he took up the cane on which he kept the record of his victims. There were twenty notches. He cut one more, saying to himself:

"I will make good this last notch; then I will retire on my laurels."

That evening Chartier dined at a cafe where he was used to taking his meals. He had few friends and dined alone. A young man entered the cafe and took a seat at a table where he faced the duelist, fixing a calm, resolute look upon him. Chartier endured it for a time, then said in the usual icy tone he used in beginning an affair:

"Monsieur, I appear to interest you."

"You certainly do, since I represent your victims," said the man in broken French.

Chartier started.

"I am commissioned by your last victim, Armand Trudeau, to avenge him," continued the stranger.

Recovering himself sufficiently to retain his outward coolness, Chartier said: "I do not wish to be disturbed at my dinner. Please let me have your card and a friend of mine will call on you."

"What for, monsieur?"

"To arrange a meeting between us."

"There is no necessity to arrange a meeting. I will meet you on the ground where you killed Armand Trudeau at 6 tomorrow morning. You shall have your friends with you and choose the weapons you prefer. As for me, I need no human assistance."

Chartier looked at the man in wonder. He would have no seconds, would leave the choice of weapons to his enemy. What did it mean? He nodded an assent and went on with his dinner. The stranger continued to stare at him. Finally when Chartier raised a glass of wine to his lips his hand trembled. As soon as he had finished his dinner, making an effort to appear unconcerned, he arose from the table.

"Adieu till tomorrow, monsieur."

In the morning Chartier arrived with his seconds bearing rapiers. While he was waiting for his antagonist a carriage drove up, and his enemy alighted. There was on his face a look of cool resolution, indicating that he had no fear whatever for the result. Being given a rapier and his enemy another, the two faced each other, and the encounter began.

The stranger showed himself only a fair fencer. He kept his eye on that of his antagonist, as is customary with fencers, and it produced an effect. Chartier astonished his seconds by his weak thrusts, his almost unsuccessful defense. Under the influence of his antagonist's eye he grew weaker, more defenseless, till at last the stranger, taking advantage of his mental condition, ran him through the heart.

"Gentlemen," said the man who had killed him, "it no longer serves my purpose to remain incognito. Here is my card."

The name on it was Egbert Kenworthy.

A year passed before Vivien Wentworth met the man who had avenged her. Shortly before their meeting she heard who killed Chartier and sent for him.

It was a singular meeting between the bereaved girl and the man who avenged her. Kenworthy stood waiting for her to speak. Several times she essayed to do so, but either she could not frame in words what she felt in her heart or her tongue refused to utter them. At last she held out her hand to him, and at the same time all she felt was expressed in her features with far more intensity than words could have given it. Kenworthy sprang forward, seized it and covered it with kisses.

His Criticism.

One of the wittiest of clergymen, advocating the habit of preaching extempore sermons instead of reading written ones, said he had heard of a Scottish minister who always relied upon his manuscript. At last his sorrowful congregation sent a deputation to complain that he did not speak, but always read, his sermons.

"Ah, my good friends," said he, "I have a bad memory. I should forget what I had to say."

"Weel, minister," was the scathing answer, "if ye canna remember your ain discoorses ye canna blame us if we forget them."—London Answers.

Explanation.

"Willie, did you tie that tin can to the dog's tail?"

"Yes, sir," replied the small boy. "I'm trying to do a kind act every day. That dog chases every rabbit he sees. I tied the can to him so that it will make a noise and warn the rabbit."—Washington Star.

HIS HOSPITAL VISIT

The Stranger Who Inspected the Federal Quarters.

HE CHEERED A FEW PATIENTS

But the Secret of the Unknown Doctor's Influence Did Not Become Apparent Until the Next Day and After He Had Taken His Departure.

It was in the spring of 1862, when Stonewall Jackson, marching down the Shenandoah valley, had won a brilliant victory over General Banks, whom he drove north until the friendly Potomac interposed its screen and he found safety and care for his sick and wounded in the hospitals of Frederick.

A new nurse had been assigned to one of the hospitals the day before the battle—a Massachusetts woman named Charlotte McKay, widowed and made childless within a single year. The patients she had under her care were mostly Federals of course, but there was a good sprinkling of wounded Confederates who were prisoners of war.

One day, just after dinner time, the chief surgeon entered Mrs. McKay's ward, accompanied by a stranger. The man had the appearance of a student. His head was bent and his brows were drawn together, with two deep lines between them, as if he had spent long, thoughtful hours at his desk, and his eyes, the color of blue steel, swept the ward with a keen glance that seemed to take in everything. His grizzled beard showed that he was no longer young, but his step and bearing were elastic and vigorous.

"Dr. Janeway is from Louisiana," explained the chief as he introduced the stranger. "He had to abandon a large sugar plantation there when the war broke out because of his loyalty. He was a surgeon in the Crimean war and so is interested in seeing how we do things here."

The stranger chatted genially with the nurses and the surgeon, discussed their operating facilities, compared them with those of the Crimea, questioned them about the rations of the prisoners and accepted a steaming cup of hot soup from the nurse.

The prisoners were watching and listening to all that passed, in strong contrast to the sullen indifference they had shown before. One young Virginian, tall and muscular, looked as if he were about to spring from his cot.

"That boy looks like he came from near my place," observed the southern Unionist. "May I speak to him?"

"Yes, doctor; you may talk to any of them."

With a curiously quick and noiseless step the visitor reached the bed and conversed for a moment in tones that were inaudible to all but the young soldier. He returned in a moment.

"I was mistaken. A chance resemblance deceived me. The man says he is 'hankering for a drink,' nurse. I told him I would ask you for it."

The wounded man drank the water, stretched out on his side and appeared to sleep, while the two surgeons went on to another ward and presently left the building. Mounting his horse, Dr. Janeway bade a cordial goodby to the chief, bowed with deep respect to the two women and rode slowly out of the hospital grounds.

The prisoners were in better spirits the next morning. A laugh passed from time to time. It was almost as if some excellent joke unknown to their attendants had raised their courage.

"Did you know the gentleman who was here yesterday?" Mrs. McKay asked the boy soldier. The lad grinned up at her and replied:

"Yes, ma'am."

"You did? Who was he?"

"It was Stonewall Jackson, ma'am."

The nurse stared, then she said:

"You're making fun of me, Pryor. General Jackson here in the midst of our armies!"

"It wouldn't be the first time," retorted the boy, nettled by her unbelief. "More than once, when he hadn't just the scout he wanted at hand, he has gone on his own errands."

"But what if he should be recognized!"

"Who's to recognize him? None of your folks, for those who would know him are fighting, not nursing the sick. And none of ours, for they wouldn't tell if they saw him. Reason he spoke to me yesterday was 'cause I was showing too much interest. I'm one of his 'foot cavalry,' ma'am. He wanted to know just how we was bein' treated, and so he came to see."

"We try to do the best we can for you, Pryor."

"Yes, ma'am. I told him so. We've been treated a heap better than we expected to be. But it's tough to be a prisoner, you know. And that was Stonewall Jackson."—Youth's Companion.

Nothing Gratis.

"You can't get something for nothing in this life."

"That's right," replied the gloomy citizen. "If I want even a few kind words about my disposition and some hope of future success I've got to go to a fortune teller and pay for them."—Washington Star.

Old Man of the Mountain.

The title "Old Man of the Mountain" was first applied to Hassan Ben Sabbal, who founded a formidable dynasty in Syria A. D. 1090. He was the prince or chief of a sect of the Mohammedans. Having been banished from his country, he took up his abode in Mount Lebanon and gathered round him a band of followers, who soon became the terror alike of Christians, Jews and Turks. They paid the most implicit obedience to his commands and believed that if they sacrificed their lives for his sake they would be rewarded with the highest joys of paradise. For 200 years these "assassins," as they called themselves, continued to be the terror of the country. Whenever their chief, the "Old Man of the Mountain," considered himself injured he dispatched some of his assassins secretly to murder the aggressor. This is the origin of our use of the word assassin for a secret murderer.