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EVERNGAM'S

AUGUST REDUCTION SALE

Will Continue For a Few Days Longer

THIS sale includes Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Laces, Children's Rompers, Parasols, Men's and Children's Straw Hats, Shirts, etc. Articles that are advancing in price every day, you will now be able to buy at really wonderful figures. We have determined to make this sale a big one. Goods that you can rely on at prices you can't resist.

Griffon Brand and Kirschbaum Clothes

These suits, always moderately priced, are now marked down to far below their values. You can buy them without any doubts or fears. They stand on their own feet and we stand back of them. They are just like the Clothes you have always bought here, tailored by men who know how, guaranteed to fit and wear in the same old way.

Any Straw Hat in the Store, except Panamas, now reduced to **$1.00**

Men's Oxfords

$1.95 Men's Walk-Over and Douglas Shoes, formerly selling for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50. There are at least seventy-five pairs of these, all sizes. Be sure and get a pair while your size is here.

ALL PARASOLS reduced 50 per cent.

500 yards Torchon Lace, all widths, 5c per yard.

15 pieces of plain and fancy Ratines, suitable for every day dresses, 10c per yard.

DRY GOODS

We have placed a heavy reduction on all the Striped Suitings, Flowered Voiles, Striped Voiles, Persian Patterns, Plain Color, Blue, Grey, Lavender and Black,

25c quality 19c. 35c quality 25c.
50c quality 39c.

J. L. EVERNGAM, DENTON, MD.

NUTTLE MILLING CO.

DENTON, MARYLAND

MANUFACTURERS OF

"IDEAL" FLOUR AND FEED

THE ATTENTION OF

STOCK AND POULTRY RAISERS

IS DIRECTED TO OUR

Cotton Seed Meal, Linseed Meal, Molasses Feed, Calf Meal, Bran and Middlings, Mixed Hay, Chick Feed, Scratch Feed, Charcoal, Alfalfa Meal, Oyster Shells, Kaffir Corn.

"IDEAL" POULTRY MASH AND SCRATCH FEEDS contain every element required to produce eggs. Try them and watch results

HOUSEWIVES

Find "IDEAL" FLOUR, CORN MEAL and BUCKWHEAT just what they are looking for.

500 BUSHELS OF FANCY SEED BUCKWHEAT

CALL PHONE 97 DELIVERIES MADE PROMPTLY

We Are Headquarters

for Bushel Hampers, Five-Eighth Baskets, Half Bushel Peach Baskets and Covers, Standard Strawberry Crates, Berry Boxes, also Cantaloupe Crates.

We also carry the regular Six Basket Georgia Peach Carriers in stock.

We carry the above in stock at all times and can make prompt shipment at attractive prices, quality considered. Can deliver in quantities of 2000 or more Baskets to any point within a radius of 18 to 20 miles of Ridgely by motor truck.

T. L. DAY, SWING & CO.,

Ridgely, Maryland.

7-22-3m

Aids to Beauty

are plentiful here, and you'll take great comfort in these low-priced toilet needs. They are fine and high-grade. Our tooth brushes are of the best selected stock, convenient shapes, bristles well-secured. We have everything for the bath at the prices you ought to pay—and no more. Our drugs are fresh and pure, and in filling prescriptions we take no liberties.

Denton Drug Company,
Denton, Md.

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO · Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First

A LITTLE MORE QUALITY

ALWAYS PAYS

A friend of mine bought a lawn mower. I forget what he paid, but it was the cheapest he could find.

He cut his lawn twice, then took the lawn mower to the repair shop.

Every time he finished mowing the grass the cheap machine had to go back to the repair shop to be sharpened or tuned.

"That's the most expensive lawn mower I ever owned" he told me one day.

He had learned the lesson I've been trying to teach people about motor cars. And that lesson is—the cheapest car is often the most expensive. It pays enormously to pay a little more.

By paying $1090 for a Chalmers, for example, you get a five-year car. A car that will do everything you expect of it for at least five years.

And at the end of that time it will be in fair condition.

The motor—it's the famous 3400 r.p.m. It will never worry you. Never cause you to lose your temper.

For it has been tested in the hands of 30,000 owners and found 99.21 percent perfect.

Caution: Don't take the cheap-lawn-mower attitude in buying motor cars.

FORMAN & MASON, Centreville, Md.
ZELL MOTOR CAR CO., 11-19 E. Mt. Royal Ave., Baltimore, Md.

DEN-MAR MOBILE CO.
CHAS. A. DAVISON, Prop., DENTON, MD.
Phone 84
Catalogue sent on request.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

The undersigned, attorney for estate of David M. Hess, deceased, will offer at public sale at the front door of the Court House Building, in the town of Denton, Caroline county, and State of Maryland, on

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1916

at two o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain farm, tract, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Third Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, called "STAFFORDSHIRE," bounded on the east by lands now or formerly of Richard Breeding, on the west by the county road leading from Andersontown to Burrsville, on the north by lands now or formerly of the heirs of John Wright, deceased, and lands of the heirs of James Coulbourne, deceased, and on the south by lands now or formerly of the heirs of Thomas Murrine, deceased, and containing

164 ACRES OF LAND

more or less, and being the same lands which were conveyed unto the said David M. Hess by the deed of Nicholas Chelins and wife, dated October 22, 1890, and of record among the land record books of Caroline county aforesaid, at Denton, Maryland, in Liber L. H. G., No. 55, folios 375, 376 and 377. The improvements thereon being a large

Frame Dwelling House

stables and other outbuildings.

Possession given on delivery of deed. All taxes for year 1916 to be paid by said estate.

TERMS: Fifteen per cent. (15%) of the purchase money must be paid on the day of sale, and the balance to be paid at the office of Thomas Clayton Frame, Jr., Esq., in the town of Dover, Delaware, on or before the seventh day of October, 1916, at which time said estate of David M. Hess will give to the purchaser or purchasers a deed for said land and premises. The fifteen per cent. paid on the day of sale will be treated as a part of the purchase money if the other terms are complied with; otherwise it will be treated as liquidated damages and forfeited for non-compliance.

Further particulars may be had by calling upon or writing the undersigned. The property may be inspected at any time by persons interested.

THOMAS CLAYTON FRAME, JR.
Attorney for Estate of David M. Hess, deceased.

Dover, Del., August 19, 1916.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

FARM & WHARF PROPERTY

—KNOWN AS—

McCarty's Wharf, or Plaindealing, and situate on Choptank River, in Fourth Election District of Caroline County, Md.

The undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House, in Denton, Md.,

Tuesday, Sept. 12

1916, between 2 and 3 o'clock, all that tract of land and wharf situate on Choptank river, and known as McCARTY'S WHARF property. This tract contains

144½ ACRES

of which about 50 acres are cleared and splendidly adapted to growth of truck. Balance, timber and cut over land. There is some saw timber and other timber that, according to estimate, will cut 1000 cords of wood. The improvements consist of

2 SETS OF BUILDINGS

all in good repair. The dwelling at wharf was erected two years ago, and is large and comfortable.

The wharf is one of the regular stopping places for Baltimore steamers, and is an important shipping point for farm produce.

This property is attractive and desirable, as, in addition to its advantages as a water front, it is conveniently located, being 1½ miles from Smithson, where there is church, store, school, and cannery; 3 miles from Bethlehem, on the B., C. & A. Railway, and 5 miles from Preston.

Possession given January 1, 1917.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-fifth cash, balance in two equal instalments payable in six and twelve months respectively, deferred payments to bear interest after January 1, 1917, or all cash at purchaser's option. Title papers at purchaser's expense.

R. ELMER BOWDLE.
F. P. COVEY, Auct.
CHAS. B. HARRISON, Atty.

A very liberal loan can be had on the above property by applying to CHAS. B. HARRISON, Preston, Md.

For Sale.

Fancy Seed Wheat, free from smut, cockle and onion. Great yielder of Talbot Co., Md. Yielded us twenty-eight bushels per acre, on this farm, this year. Expect to seed one hundred and fifty acres this fall. Price $2.00 per bushel, our bins or F. O. B. cars.

EVERGREEN STOCK FARM,
J. J. ROSS & SON, Proprietors,
9-2 Seaford, Del.

Wanted.

At once a reliable farm hand to work by the day or month. House and firewood furnished.

GUS C. RIECK,
9-3-3t Preston, Md.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm, near Smithville, for sale.

RICHARD J. S. BULLOCK,
8-26-3t Rowlandsville, Md.

For Sale.

Two Calves, cheap, if sold within a week

J. BOON DUKES,
7-2-1t Denton, Md.

The WOMAN'S PICTURE

An Unusual Episode of Life on the Border

By GORDON RAY YOUNG

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

I raised my hands.

There was no word spoken. The revolver and behind it the masked face of the highwayman were enough.

For the first time in my life I realized how people felt when they gazed at the muzzle of my gun and trembled before the black mask that I wore.

I remember that I wanted to laugh. The humorous side of the situation appealed to me. I was being held up!

I, Hugh Richmond, whose purse did not contain so much as the value of one gold piece, but whose body, dead or alive, was worth $5,000.

I know that I smiled, and I could see that my smile was disconcerting; therefore I knew that I was face to face with an amateur. I cared little for being held up. In fact, I rather enjoyed the situation.

"Pleasant day," I ventured.

The gun made a terrific report, and the bullet whizzed dangerously close. After such an answer I kept my lips closed.

My highwayman did not seem to know what to do next, and we sat on our horses at a bend in the mountain road and looked at each other. The first motion he made I knew that he wanted me to dismount, but I pretended not to understand and wrinkled my brow as though puzzled.

"Climb off," came in a faint whisper.

Then I was puzzled. It was not the hoarse whisper of one who had lost his voice. Of a sudden I understood. My amateur highwayman was more frightened than his victim. He could not even manage his voice. I determined to take advantage of him.

In those days I was a good horseman, and I was mounted on the wisest little mare that ever kicked up dust in a sheriff's face.

Gently I touched Dolly's flank with a spur and, keeping my hands aloft, made her plunge from side to side, guiding her with my knees until we were several yards away.

I lowered my hands, leaned forward, chirped in Dolly's ear, and away we flew.

Bang, bang, bang! All of his shots went wild.

An hour later I smiled to myself and tried to imagine the astonishment that would seize Mr. Amateur if he knew that his revolver had caused Hugh Richmond to lift his hands.

There wasn't a sheriff in Colorado that didn't want me. I was wanted on so many charges that I had lost track of them myself.

I only knew that no man—"no, nor woman either, though by your smile"—was my friend.

I sprawled in the sunshine, as I often did, and let my thoughts wander.

At such times I would think of the faces of men and women I had known long ago, and of all those faces there was but one I remembered with tenderness, and that dear, sweet little girl believed that I was dead.

I was worse. Society had driven me out.

Solitude is pleasant enough when you grow tired of the city and are wearied by the restless clatter of industry, but I longed—I actually craved the company of a human being.

But I could have no friends. I knew if I made any sooner or later I would be

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE SITUATION APPEALED TO ME. I WAS BEING HELD UP!

betrayed, and the horror of horrors that oppressed my mind was that I might be taken alive.

From where I was it was not far to Pinon, and in Pinon—well, there were people—a dance hall, music, the clatter of voices and the sound of oaths, a ghastly resemblance of a pleasurable life that I had known long ago and in another section of the world.

It was quiet in the Silver Dollar when I rode up, casually glanced at the men in front of the saloon and entered. There were only two or three people in the place. To sit in that hot saloon, reeking with odors that at other times would have been offensive, was now a pleasure.

At such a place you meet and see many kinds of people—the vicious and the good gone wrong, who incidentally make up the great percentage of the outcast element; the bad and would like to be bad, the braggart and the hero, faro dealers, rough handed miners and disjointed cowboys.

An hour after I sat down a young man with lily hands entered. I knew him for a gambler or a tenderfoot, and when he placed himself before the tin pan piano and began banging a selection from "Il Trovatore" I knew that he was a newcomer and shifted my chair to get a good look at his face. He was a handsome lad, one of the poetic type.

"Hey," I shouted softly and in ridicule, "desist from such atrocities."

He looked at me in amazement.

"You know that piece—you—you!" And his last word had an altogether different inflection. He was startled and from saucer like eyes stared at me.

My first thought was that I had been trapped; that he recognized me as Hugh Richmond.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

No answer.

"Tell me. What is the matter?"

There was a ring in my voice that he did not disregard, and he answered in a whisper, "Nothing."

That whisper! He was the amateur highwayman.

We had met again, and I liked the boy. My impressions are not always correct, but they are positive, and if I take a dislike to a man at first sight I would distrust him though we were seated side by side in heaven.

But this lad, this mere youth, this unsophisticated child of the east, who had no better sense than to attempt highway robbery and three hours later inflict music on his victim, touched my sympathy.

"Well?" I spoke half defiantly because I wanted to make him talk.

"We never met before," he stammered, coming toward me with the reluctance of one approaching a judgment seat.

"Never," I answered emphatically.

As he sat down I pushed the bottle toward him, and he grasped it eagerly.

"Good stuff," he lied politely.

"Damnable," I rejoined.

"But I think it is good," he insisted and took another glass of the liquid fire.

"How long?"

"Three weeks," he replied, embarrassed. "I am a tenderfoot, the rawest kind and well blistered."

"How long?" I queried again.

"God knows. I don't want to stay any longer than I can help."

His tongue had been loosened. Three large jolts of whisky—such whisky as comes over the bar of the Silver Dollar would have loosened the tongue of the Sphinx—and before I realized what was happening he was rapidly whispering into my ears his tale of sorrow.

"I was in a social set that was too high for my purse," he said. "My family was proud, my name was an open sesame to the exclusive set, but my income was small. My employer trusted me. There is a woman in the case.

"Heaven, such a woman! I am not worthy of her. It was not her fault. And I wish that I could get a start over again, but I've hit the trail for hell, and yet she loves me. I couldn't let her know that I was poor, and I showered her with presents, just as the other fellows did that wanted her to love them, but she turned them away.

"She loved me, do you hear? I gave her everything that money could buy, and then the crash came.

"My own father turned me out of the house. My own mother wouldn't let me kiss her goodby. My employer—he was an old friend of the family—said he wouldn't prosecute, but I was disgraced. The papers had it.

"And then she—she of all women—said that she loved me and always would and said that she was as much to blame as I because she had allowed me to spend money on flowers and take her to the theater—most of the money went for that; but, of course, there was a ring.

"She told me to go west, to go out where money was dug from the ground and fortunes made in a day and to get enough to settle my accounts, and then we would go to some place else and begin life all over again.

"And here I am. But what can I do? How can I dig gold out of the ground? I know nothing about it. There's nothing I can do. I'm bad—bad all the way through. My father told me I was. So what's the use? I don't care for myself, but for her—for her."

Tears rose in his eyes, and he cried: "If I could only get a start again for her! I'd slave my life away just to make her happy, for she loves me even after all that."

He drew a small picture from his pocket, kissed it again and again, then laid it on the table and gazed intently at the sweet, childish face.

I glanced at the picture casually, rose, gripped the table, then sank back, staring into the face of the boy, who failed to notice. I knew her—oh, how well I knew her! And all that he said was true. I glanced around the saloon. It was early. Men were just beginning to drop in. There we sat, the boy and I, men from the far, far east, and each had been driven out, he as the result of a faithlessness to a trust and I—no matter why I came.

There we sat together, he a youth and I a man, and before us lay the picture of a woman whom we both loved.

The boy had fallen across his arms on the table. At first he sighed, and then his heavy breathing told me that he was sleeping. I fell into a reverie.

I had no money. All that I could get hold of went east, passed through the hands of a lawyer and then to— But she never knew whence it came. She believed what the lawyer told her, and he didn't know the truth.

Still the boy slept.

I speculated on the amount he needed and glanced about the room. I touched him on the shoulder. No answer. I shook him, and he raised his head drowsily.

"How much do you need?"

He was not fully awake.

"Come on; wake up." And I shook him again.

"What do you want?"

"Come on outside. The fresh air will do you good," I said.

We went out.

"Look here, laddie, I came out west several years ago and struck it rich. I like you, and I know that there is not a streak of bad in you. Now, if I lend you the money will you go back and be a man? When you get on your feet you can pay it back; no hurry, though."

"Would I—would I? Oh, heavens! Then I could go back like a man and be a man. You must be an angel in disguise!"

"Have you a horse here?"

"No."

"Well, take mine—over there." I selected the best one in sight—that is, next to Dolly. Explanations at that stage of the game would have been embarrassing.

Then I gave him directions as to how to ride, and told him to make haste.

"I'll be along pretty soon—in about an hour—but I want you to go now. I will have to go back and find a couple of friends and borrow a few dollars to make up the amount. I could get it tomorrow, but I want to see you started back east tomorrow morning. It will be a long ride, but I guess you are good for it, even if you are a tenderfoot."

He wanted to wait and come with me, but I made him ride off.

Then I went back in. It was a risky proposition, and such a desperate chance that even now I have strange twitching about my heart when I think of it.

There were noise and laughter. The tin pan piano was going its utmost; excited gamblers were plunging heavily at faro bank, and several men were at the bar, when I placed my back to the wall, drew both guns instantly and roared:

"Hands up!"

The confusion became silence.

Some turned to the door, bent on taking a chance, but thought better of it, and up went their hands. The bartender hesitated for a moment, debating whether or not to drop behind the bar, but he caught my eye and obeyed.

In less time than it takes to tell I had plundered the faro bank—and a goodly roll it was—and asked the bartender to step aside while I emptied the till. He gave me a smile, and I knew by that smile that he was a dangerous man.

I backed to the door, knowing that the moment I stepped outside a fusillade of shots would be sent in my direction. I turned, made two jumps and was astride of Dolly and pounding down the road while the wicked crack of a Winchester troubled my ears. I glanced over my shoulder and could see the white apron about the shadowy form that stood in the doorway. The bartender was a dangerous man, but I had been born under a lucky star.

"What's all that shooting about?" the boy asked when I overtook him a couple of miles farther on.

"A little altercation over a poker game. Come on; we'll have to ride fast if we make that station in time to catch the morning train."

After pushing our horses hard and talking but little we arrived at the station the following morning just as the train whistled in the distance. Its faint roar grew nearer and nearer until, with a mighty rush, it was upon us and the brakes were grinding and creaking.

"If I only knew how I could repay you—I will, but I would like to express my thanks now, and words won't do it," he said earnestly as he gripped my hand.

"You can—and fully—for all time."

"How? Tell me how. I will do anything."

"Give me that picture of"— and I called the sweet faced girl by name.

He reached in his pocket and handed it to me. Again we shook hands. He stepped on the train, and slowly it moved off, and then faster and faster until it was out of sight.

I stood staring after the train and wondering what he would think when he remembered that he had never told me her name—for she was my daughter.

WHICH ONE SHOWS UP THE STRONGER FOR SUFFRAGE? THINK IT OVER!

—From Denver Post.

The Disappointing Movie.

"I've seen it—'tain't no good."

"'E gets 'ung, don't 'e?"

"Yus, but they don't show yer that."

—London Punch.