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SILK AND WOOL DRESS GOODS IN THE

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

NOW BEING OFFERED AT EVERNGAM'S

ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS

$ .25 Fancy Plaid now	$ .19
.50 Fancy Plaid and Stripe now	.39
.50 Batiste, old rose, Cop. blue, green, gray, tan	.39
.50 Serge, Panama, Mohair and Fancy Mixtures	.39
1.00 Blue, black, brown and gray Serge	.85
1.00 Black and blue Mohair	.85
1.00 Black, plum, blue and gray Poplin	.85
1.00 Old rose Diagonal	.85
1.00 Old rose, red, mode Stripe Serge	.85
1.00 Purple and tan Prunella	.85
1.50 Black, brown, old rose, green and bronze green Broadcloth	1.25
.75 Black and blue Serge	.65
1.50 Black and blue Oak Serge	1.25
1.75 Black and blue Serge	1.45
1.50 Gray and blue Coating	1.25
1.75 Dark blue Coating	1.45
2.00 Plaid Coating	1.65
1.50 Black and white Coating	1.25
1.50 Red, black and blue Poplin	1.25
1.50 Roman stripe Coating	1.15
1.65 Black and blue Poplins	1.45
1.50 Plum, black, blue and green Gabardine	1.25
1.50 Mixed, brown Diagonal	1.25
1.65 Green and brown plaid Serges	1.45
.50 White Serge and Batiste	.39
1.25 White Serge	1.00
1.25 White Serge, black stripe	1.00

LINING SATEEN

$1.00 Black Sateen	$ .85
1.00 White Sateen	.85
1.00 Cream Sateen	.85
1.00 Grey Sateen	.85
1.00 Tan Sateen	.85
1.00 Dark blue Sateen	.85

NO GOODS CHARGED IN THIS SALE

SILKS

$1.00 Shepherd's Plaid	$ .85
1.25 Shepherd's Plaid	1.00
1.25 Striped Taffeta, black and white, blue and white	1.00
1.00 Fancy flowered, green, old rose	.75
1.25 Fancy blue Silk, for waists	1.00
1.25 Fancy brown stripe	1.00
1.50 Fancy stripe Messaline	1.25
1.50 Fancy stripe Taffeta	1.25
1.50 Fancy plaid, blue, black and green	1.25
1.00 Black and white stripe	.85
1.00 Black and white stripe	.85
1.50 Brown, purple and black Plaid	1.25
1.50 Black, blue and green Plaid	1.25
1.50 Blue Moire	1.25
1.50 Black Moire	1.25
1.00 Black Taffeta	.85
1.25 Black Taffeta	1.00
1.25 Black Messaline	1.00
1.00 Black Habitin	.85
1.00 Dark blue Taffeta	.85
1.25 Dark blue Taffeta	1.00
1.00 Blue Messaline	.85
1.25 Blue Messaline	1.00
1.50 Blue Messaline	1.25
1.25 Light Shades Messaline	1.00
1.50 Light Shades Messaline	1.25
1.00 Light Shades Taffeta	.85
1.25 Light Shades Taffeta	1.00
1.50 Light Shades Taffeta	1.00
1.00 Brown Taffeta	.85
1.25 Brown Messaline	1.00

WASH SILKS

$ .85 Striped Madras	$ .65
.85 Striped Wash Silk	.65
1.00 Striped Wash Silk	.85

J. L. EVERNGAM, DENTON, MD.

Mermaid and King Salmon

Story of Swimming and Yachting in Summer Seas

By CHARLES S. PEASE

The big white yacht Priscilla lay at her mooring buoy, nodding gently as if in approval of the sort of day offered by the sun as he lifted slowly out of the sea on the other side of Sandy Hook.

The door of the stateroom next to that of Mabel Chester opened and closed. In a few minutes there was a patter of bare feet on the deck overhead, and a stalwart form in blue trunks shot past her porthole, diving cleanly into the sea. Being a medal swimmer, of course Miss Mabel could not resist having a look to see if this person was acting up to good form.

The young fellow was using a powerful overhand stroke and making for a bell buoy not far away.

"He's no novice," said Mabel to herself, "and, oh my, doesn't the water look delicious! What's to hinder my having a swim all by myself? Aunt Virginia Carrolton would likely find some objection if I asked her. Besides, it isn't 5 o'clock yet, and she must be getting her 'beauty sleep,' I couldn't think of wakening her on any account, so here goes."

Donning a bathing suit and a close fitting red rubber cap, she tiptoed across the cabin and up the companionway to the deck.

Some sailors were busy forward, and as Mabel appeared a mate came quickly aft.

"I beg your pardon, miss; are you a strong swimmer?"—touching his cap and smiling respectfully.

Mabel was justly proud of her college trophies won at aquatic contests at Wellesley and Magnolia and very graciously answered:

"Don't you think three medals are enough?" and overboard she went in the most artistic of curves, cutting the water as perfectly as a professional.

The mate dropped his deferential air and hurried forward.

"Here, Olson, and you, Torwald, unsling the gig. So! Lower away, now, and stand by. Unhook your falls." He said to himself:

"I was a fool to let her go; the flood is just running and strong at that, but what is a man to do with a pretty little guest of Mrs. Carrolton who has taken three swimming medals? Order her back to her room?"

"I don't think I'll go to the bell buoy this time," decided the girl. "Besides, it seems to be occupied by an observant person looking this way." Mabel had a most beautiful time. She rehearsed all the approved strokes and cut up all the tricks she knew about with the keen joy of youth and perfect health.

"I think that's about enough for this morning," said Mabel, after awhile

MABEL WAS INGLORIOUSLY LIFTED OVER THE SIDE OF THE GIG.

"Now I'll head for the gangway," and she glanced at the yacht.

A nasty little chill ran through her. The Priscilla was so much farther away than she thought it would be.

"Mabel Chester," she addressed herself, "stop that. You brace right up, old girl. I'm ashamed of you. You won a two mile race once. The Priscilla isn't so very far away." And she took on her racing stroke. Looking up after a minute, she instantly realized she was not gaining much, and she saw something else, too—the yacht's gig was coming for her. Two men were bending to their oars, and the mate in his shirt sleeves was urging them on. She glanced toward the bell buoy, and halfway toward her the observant person was coming with a crawl stroke of the power of a tugboat.

A deadly faintness fell upon her like a shadow, and the smooth depths seemed to drag her.

"How perfectly absurd for me to go and get myself drowned this beautiful summer morning! I'll see if I can float. I used to float like a cork."

A gleaming, sun browned figure surged up beside her, a hearty, cheering, boyish laugh rang out, and a strong hand went under her shoulders.

"You are a beautiful swimmer, but the floodtide got you. They will be here in a minute with the boat."

In a few minutes Mabel was rather ingloriously lifted over the side of the gig, while Arthur Benedict, water polo diamond medal holder, ranged on ahead for the yacht's gangway grating.

"Are you all right, miss?" asked the mate anxiously. "I should not have let you go knowing the tide."

"Yes, indeed; I'm coming around. It was all my fault," assured Mabel. "It would take more than three medals to keep me afloat in this tideway. I owe my life to you and Mr."— hesitating.

"I don't know his name, Miss Chester. He came aboard at midnight from an athletic yacht club's launch. Hoots but he swims like a king salmon!"

"Oh, Mr. Ferguson."

"Yes, Miss Chester."

"We won't say anything about this, please, and could you arrange to dry my things in the engine room? I'll leave them outside my door in five minutes?"

"Easiest thing in the world, miss; glad to."

Benedict had reached the grating for the mate had not hurried the gig.

The burly Scotchman passed Mabel over to Benedict, to whom she gave her little cold hand. She locked her thanks, but she said:

"Ferguson says you swim like a king salmon, and I think so too."

"That's worth more than cups and medals!" And Benedict bowed gallantly.

Half up the gangway Mabel turned as he was poised for another dip and whispered:

"Mum's the word?"

Benedict put a finger to his lips, nodded three times and disappeared in the blue water.

"Mabel, my dear," said Mrs. Carrolton as the girl looked into her aunt's cabin later, "Arthur Benedict came down last night from Sea Gate, and I want you to be very nice to him. He is a splendid fellow. I have known him since he was in knickers. He is a nephew of your Uncle Henry's business partner and a Yale man."

Young Benedict, in flannels, being duly presented, was asked by his hostess if he was ready for breakfast and promptly admitted that he was as hungry as a shark.

"Due to taking an early swim, perhaps," he added.

"Arthur, I have always thought you were part fish," observed Mrs. Carrolton.

"Any mermaids down here, Miss Chester?" inquired Benedict blandly.

"Why, did you see one?" asked Mabel, unshaken.

"Thought I did. May have been some big fish, though. He had a red head and silver scales."

"And a tail like a king salmon?" inquired Mabel, very much interested.

"Nonsense!" declared Mrs. Carrolton. "Tell us about that meteoric motorboat of yours, Arthur."

Benedict was at once all enthusiasm and gave an up to date description of all the different kinds of "water bugs" that were to take part in the race of the afternoon. He explained that the ideal toward which the designers were striving was a boat that at high speed would practically skim along on the surface of the water, not plow through it.

"Why, my boat Zip will run on a thin layer of fog, I believe! Watch her. She's entered in the big race this afternoon."

The Priscilla, gay with bunting and flying the commodore's pennant, was saluted by all the river craft as she steamed up the bay and, passing out through the East river, dropped her anchor at the finishing line for the motorboat contests off New Rochelle.

The Zip was brought alongside, and Benedict took her off for a warming up before the race in which she was to start in half an hour.

Mabel, in a smart yachting suit and wearing the colors of Benedict's club, had wished him good luck and then went forward to consult Ferguson. That canny old Scot was not at all in sympathy with the program for the day, and, pointing to the snapping, cracking, roaring contestants on every hand, streaking over the water, he said as much to Mabel.

"Why, miss, when nature has supplied a good, spanking breeze like this the young fellows should be satisfied to do their racing with honest canvas to carry them along instead of sheet metal traps, full of machinery and gasoline. It's just a craze to go faster than the wind and is of the same piece with mile a minute motorcars, airships and underwater boats. I say it's flying in the face of Providence!"

"Why, Mr. Ferguson," quizzed the girl, laughing gayly at the dour old salt, "you wouldn't want to go back to three stickers and canal boats and stagecoaches, would you?"

"Who knows but what I would?" And his weather beaten features relaxed as he glanced at the bonnie lassie who had sought him so much since the morning.

"Miss Mabel, there is enough weight and power in one of those racing cockles to kick it all to pieces if anything goes wrong with the works, let alone the chance of an explosion."

Ferguson scowled again and picked up his marine glasses.

"Here comes our boat, miss. Have a look at her," he said suddenly.

Mabel gave a little gasp as she found the onrushing Zip skimming toward them like a swallow. In the midst of the flying spray stood a figure that looked to her altogether like a viking.

Ferguson, who had lassies of his own, did not fail to note the girl's shining eyes and rising color as she watched and shook his finger at the venturesome sportsman as he brought his fragile craft to the line.

The commodore beckoned to Mabel from the bridge, but she cried:

"Oh, Uncle Henry; please let me stay here with Mr. Ferguson; it's so much nearer."

"As you please, my dear, and you may fire the starting gun when I give the word."

The mate put the lanyard in her hand, and she turned to the line where there were ten panting water greyhounds waiting and quivering.

Ferguson was watching the commodore.

"Now!"

Mabel twitched the lanyard, bang went the gun, and they were off.

The course was a five mile sprint to a stakeboat and back. One boat broke down at the line, and three others gave up with some kind of motor trouble while the fleet was yet in sight; then the others disappeared in a haze.

"Here, Olson, and you, Torwald, unsling the gig. Now in with you and stand by to lower away."

"Why, what is that for, Mr. Ferguson?" asked Mabel, with round eyes.

"Just a precaution, miss. I take a good deal of that," muttered the mate, with his glasses trained on the course.

"See them yet?" whispered Mabel, on tiptoe.

"I can just make out three white spots. That means that only three

"YES," HE SAID SOFTLY, "AND I AM GOING TO TRY AND WIN"—

boats have turned the stake. You will see them clearer in a minute or two. Find one with two red spots on her bow. That is the Zip."

For awhile Mabel could not make out more than three fountains of flying spray; then, dancing with excitement:

"Oh, look, look! Take the glasses. Isn't that our boat out in front?"

"It's the Zip, leading by a hundred yards."

"Our boat will win!" called Mabel to the bridge.

So she did and blew up two lengths over the line!

"Lower away," shouted Ferguson, jumping into the gig, and down they went. Mabel didn't stop to think; there wasn't time. She just slid down one of the falls into Ferguson's arms.

"It wasn't anything for a gym girl to do," she said afterward to Mrs. Carrolton, "and, Aunt Virginia, I'm that proud. I was the first one to see him and grab him by the hair!"

"Him?" as though she didn't know well enough.

"Why, Arthur Benedict, of course, and wasn't it a miracle that he was not blown into bits!"

A week later when Mrs. Carrolton was going to the hospital to see about the young man Mabel announced that she was going too. Before the head nurse opened the door leading to Benedict's room she whispered:

"He will be all right in a fortnight, and it's a wonder."

Mrs. Carrolton sat by his cot and patted his hands, wrapped in dressings, and told him how glad they all were he would be around soon and said that he must hurry and get well so he could go with them on the Priscilla to Bar Harbor in August. Then she found that she wanted to say something to the nurse and hurried out.

Mabel was standing, leaning on the high foot rail of the cot, looking very charming.

"Well, you won the race anyway, didn't you?" waving her hand aloft.

Only Benedict's eyes showed out of his bandages, but they shone very brightly.

"Yes," he said softly, "and I am going to try to win"— But Mrs. Carrolton came in just then.

After the close of the season and the Priscilla had been laid up in the Erie basin Ferguson went to the commodore's town house to pay his respects before going to Scotland for the winter.

Mrs. Carrolton took him aside as he was leaving.

"I wanted to tell you that Mabel Chester is going to marry Arthur Benedict in the spring."

"I am very much pleased, madam; I am indeed. Each saved t'other from Davy Jones' locker in my presence," and his eyes twinkled under grizzled gray brows. "Please use your influence to have them stay on dry land as much as possible, and then I won't need to follow them around with the gig."

If you bring a smile to the trembling lips of another you will soon discover that a smile is alighting on your own lips.

Going Some—and Still After Him

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WARSHIP FIGHTING TOPS.

They Are Now Mainly Used For Sentry and Signaling Work.

Lord Nelson was killed by a musket ball fired from the crosstrees of his French antagonist. Because of this fighting tops came into existence and, being developed to keep pace with other parts of naval construction, continue to be a traditional feature of the world's navies.

A century ago, when fighting men—marines, boarding parties, gun crews—crowded the upper decks of a warship, a sharpshooter posted aloft picked off many a man. But a big battleship in action today shows not a mark to the man in the fighting top.

In the days when it still remained possible for boatloads of armed men to swarm up the sides and board a fighting ship plunging shots were dropped from the fighting top. But with great steel walls overhanging the waves and never an accommodation ladder swung out for their welcome it is impossible for uninvited guests to set foot on the modern deck.

The captain of the fighting top is usually in control of flag, semaphore and heliograph signaling, leaving the wireless to an invisible operator interned somewhere in the ship's vitals. He is the sentry against small inquisitive craft and may enforce his orders by the rattle of a light quick firer.

He has the outlook, reports and questions passing ships and has virtues as a detective against spies. His functions, however, are limited. He is not high enough placed to see the submarine creeping along a score of feet beneath the surface or to note its wake of broken water.

The fighting top is in big cruisers quite a massive affair and no longer the tiny breastwork behind which the picked riflemen of the ancients knelt. A duplicate set of range finders is usually kept there and used to check off the work of the experts in the fire control tower. There are light quick firers and machine guns, possibly also a high angle gun or two for use against air craft.—Pearson's.

THE PITCHER'S BOX.

In Baseball's Early Days It Was Just a Line Twelve Feet Long.

Up to 1857, or for eighteen years after the first game of baseball was played, there was no limit to the number of innings, the first side scoring twenty-one runs, or "aces," as they were then called, being the winner. In 1857, however, the game was divided into nine innings. The pitcher had a line twelve feet long, kept behind it and could take a short run before his delivery, just the same as is permitted in cricket today.

In 1863 the old "line" for the pitcher to stand behind was done away with and the twirler limited to a "box" twelve feet long and four feet wide, but in this area he could roam at will and throw from whatever spot he pleased. A few years later the "box" was made six feet square, and in 1876 it was again reduced to four feet wide and six feet long. Ten years later it was made a foot longer and a foot wider and in 1887 cut down in length to five and one-half feet.

These "boxes" being always a source of much change and discussion, they were finally abolished altogether and a rubber slab 12 by 4 inches took their place, the pitcher being required to keep his back foot against the slab. This slab was enlarged to two feet by six inches in 1895 and has remained the same since.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GROW, BUT DON'T SWELL.

Save Exertion of Boasting and Use It In Doing Your Tasks.

It is well for you to have confidence in your ability, but when it reaches the stage of "swell headedness" your value to yourself or to any one else begins to dwindle.

"Some men grow with responsibility; others merely swell." The man who swells has ceased to grow.

He has reached a place where he thinks he has all the knowledge he needs, and naturally all growth is retarded.

The best way—the most convincing way—to prove one's capability is by actions, not words.

The fellow who is continually bragging about what he can do is seldom of much account.

It is the man who does things in a quick, intelligent manner who wins.

Such a man will be found at the top because he deserves to be there.

All concerns want him, because he not only accomplishes much as the result of his concentrated endeavor, but his influence is good on the other employees.

Save the exertion it takes to tell what you can do and use it in performing your tasks. In this way you will get so much consideration eventually that you will not be tempted to brag.

The other fellow will do it for you.—Louisville Herald.

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THE ATTENTION OF
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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.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Town of Harmony.

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob T. Nichols to Harvey L. Cooper, dated the 16th day of October, 1906, which said mortgage has several assignments on same, the last being to Harvey L. Cooper, said mortgage and assignments of record in Liber T. L. D., No. 9, folio 378, one of the mortgage records for Caroline county, the undersigned, as assignee, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1916

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Eighth Election District of Caroline county, and more particularly described as follows: In the town of Harmony, on the county road leading from Harmony to Williston, adjoining the lands of Peter Willis, and beginning for the same at the northeast corner of the Willis lot and runs with county road north 65 degrees east 4 perches to a stake; thence south 25 degrees west 12 1-5 perches; thence south 65 degrees west 8½ perches; thence north 7 degrees east 12 3-5 perches to the place of beginning, containing

One Half Acre of Land

It being same land conveyed to Jacob T. Nichols by William H. Dean and wife on the 20th day of October, 1903, and recorded among the land records for Caroline county.

The improvements consist of a

Five Room Dwelling

wheelwright shop and outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
Assignee.
LEONARD F. COVEY, Auctioneer.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Caroline county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN T. PARKER,

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 3rd day of May, 1917, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of October, 1916.

MAGGIE M. PARKER,
Executrix of John T. Parker, dec'd.

Five Fine Cows for Sale.

Being overstocked I will sell at private sale five fine Cows—Jersey strain—one fresh, four soon to be fresh. All young. SAMUEL COLGAIN,
10-7-3t Denton, Md.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from Elizabeth Anne Thomas to Harvey L. Cooper, dated the 20th day of November, 1911, which said mortgage has several assignments on same, the last being to Harvey L. Cooper, said mortgage and assignments of record in Liber J. K. S., No. 13, folio 129, one of the mortgage records for Caroline county, the undersigned, as assignee, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, October 10th

1616, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the First Election District of Caroline county, beginning at a marker white oak tree, the original beginning of Cross Chance, and runs south 13 degrees 30 minutes west 30 perches to a stone; thence north 53 degrees west 97 perches to the main road to Sandtown; thence with said road south 51½ degrees west 55 perches, south 45 degrees 30 minutes west 66 perches to a stone; thence west 20 perches to a stone; thence north 87½ degrees east 150 perches to a stone by the side of the above mentioned road; thence with said road south 40 degrees west 30 perches to a marked persimmon tree; thence south 51½ degrees east 80 $\frac{2}{10}$ perches to the place of beginning, containing

85 ACRES OF LAND

more or less, save and except Four and one half Acres conveyed to Vincent Barclay and two parcels containing Eighteen Acres conveyed to William Roggers; it being same land which descended to Elizabeth Anne Thomas from Rebecca Wyatt, as her only heir at law.

The improvements consist of a SMALL HOUSE.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
LEONARD F. COVEY, Assignee.
Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

Intending to discontinue farming I will sell on the farm where I now reside, on the Norris farm, about one mile and a half east of Denton, on

Wednesday, October 11, 1916

commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property;

LIVE STOCK—One pair of Horses, one Mule, one Cow.

IMPLEMENTS, ETC.—One Wagon, one Top Buggy, Harness, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Forks, Shovels, etc. Household and Kitchen Furniture.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums of and under $10, cash; on sums over that amount a credit of six months will be given, purchasers giving approved notes, payable at Denton National Bank.

W. P. BULTER.
JAMES TEMPLE, Auct.