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

These Are Golden Days at the Everngam Clothing Sale!

Taking People's Money and Giving Them the Full Equivalent For It

Is pleasant work. Giving them more than they pay for is even pleasanter. We're doing the latter these days. When the time comes to clear the stocks we don't hesitate to radically reduce prices.

WOMEN'S STYLISH WINTER COATS

Offered at savings which make the buying of a warm Coat now something more than an indulgence. Among them are some of the season's choicest models, made of the best-liked and most serviceable fabrics, and carefully tailored throughout:

$8.50 Coats, $6.50 Full length Coats of black kersey; body and sleeves lined with satin; easy fitting; plain turnover collar.

$10.50 Coats, $7.75 Made of lustrous black broadcloth, satin-lined throughout; nearly close-fitting back and front; notched collar and revers, faced with peau de soie.

$12.50 Coats, $9.50 Full length, plainly tailored Coats of black serge, lined with gray satin or black peau de soie; notched collar and revers.

$15.00 Coats, $10.00 Full length Coats of black or blue cheviot, body and sleeves satin-lined; easy fitting; collar and cuffs of self-colored broad cloth.

$18.50 Coats, $12.50 Full length Coats of lustrous black broadcloth, lined throughout with gray satin or black peau de soie; silk facings on revers; nearly close-fitting.

Children's and Misses' Coats A big lot; all colors, in this sale reduced ¼ to ½ the former low price.

TAILORED SUITS--LADIES', MISSES' & JUNIORS'

Great Savings in Ladies' Up-to-Date Suits

Striped Suiting, 3-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, trimmed at sides with wide self-strap and small buttons, coat collar, new sleeves, panel front and back skirt, side gore finished at bottom with small plait; colors—black, navy and gray. Some sizes missing. Our regular $6.00 Suit, now only **$3.75**

Striped Worsted, 3-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined throughout with gray satin, panel front and back skirt, side gores finished at bottom with small plaits; colors—black and navy. Broken sizes. Our regular $10.50 Suit, and well worth it, now only **$6.25**

All-Wool Serge, 4-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined with good quality satin, panel front and back skirts; colors—black and navy. A good assortment, but some sizes gone. Regularly $12.50, now **$7.50**

All-Wool Striped Serge, 4-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, finished at bottom with wide self-strap, coat collar, new sleeves, lined with fine quality satin, front and back skirt, side gores finished at bottom with small plaits; colors—black and navy. Our regular $16.50 Suit, good value, now only **$12.00**

Fancy Worsted, 4-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined with fine quality satin, panel front and back skirt, side gores finished at bottom with small plaits; strictly tailor-made; colors—navy and brown. Not all sizes. Regular $20.00 Suit, now only **$14.00**

Diagonal Cheviot, good quality, 4-button coat, 28 inches long, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined with fine quality satin, panel front and back skirt, finished with small plaits at bottom; colors—black and brown. Some sizes missing. Our regular $25 Suit. A great bargain at **$16.50**

Fine Quality Suits for Misses and Juniors at Remarkable Reductions

Striped Suiting, 3-button coat, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined with mercerized lining, panel front and back skirt, side gores finished at bottom with small plait; colors—castor, gray, navy. $6.50, now only **$3.75**

Striped Worsted, 3-button coat, semi-fitted back, coat collar, new sleeves, side pockets, lined with satin, panel front and back skirt, side gores finished at bottom with small plaits; colors—black and navy. Regular $10.50 Suit, now only **$6.25**

Striped Suiting, Norfolk coat, plaited front and back, patent leather belt, new sleeves, mercerized lining, panel front and back skirt; colors—navy and gray. A fine selection. Our regular $10.50 Suit, and worth every cent of it, now **$6.25**

Navy Serge, Norfolk coat, plaited front and back, serge belt, good quality serge lining, new sleeves, mercerized lining; full plaited skirt. A very popular suit; only a few left. Regularly sold at $12.50; an extraordinarily big bargain at **$8.25**

150 Suits & Overcoats to Be Rushed Out This Week

in a Final Special Sale--Positively the Last Chance This Season

A chance to make an A1 investment. Buy your next Winter's Suit or Overcoat now and get a bargain that will pay you nearly 100 per cent. interest on your money. Here's the story: We've gathered together what's left of all the best sellers in our stock; all the last survivors, all the one, two, three of a kind coats and suits. And we've put them all into a big clean-up for just this one week. Included is every kind of Overcoat and Suit sold this season:

60 SUITS AND OVERCOATS that were $10.00 and $12.50 } ALL NOW **$7.50**

50 SUITS AND OVERCOATS that were $15.00 and $18.00 } ALL NOW **$9.50**

40 SUITS AND OVERCOATS that were $20.00 and $22.50 } ALL NOW **$12.50**

Alterations charged for. Sale ends next Saturday

Boys' $3.50 to $6.50 Suits and Overcoats, $2.50

Fifty garments in this clearance—mostly of the little lots of the season's best number, and include: Double-breasted Suits, Sailor and Russian Suits, all sizes, 2½ to 16 years; Long Overcoats, Boxcoats and Reefers, variously 3 to 16 years. Regular $3.50 to $6.50 values, at $2.50.

Specials for Tuesday, Mar. 5th

Just for the Day Only

Women's $1.25 & $1.50 Kid Gloves, 95c.
1 and 2-clasp Kid Gloves in an incomplete line of sizes. Black, gray and tan.

300 Yds. Silk Remnants Worth Up to $1.25 a yd. for 20c, 25c and 35c
Foulards, Tub Silks, Messaline, Taffeta, India, Wash Silks, Habutai Silks, Pongee; plain and fancy weaves, in black and colors; 2 to 10 yard lengths; suitable for waists, linings, kimonos, trimmings, and dresses.

25c Taffeta Ribbon, 19c
3 and 4 inches wide. Every wanted color.

Ladies' 15c & 20c Hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, 10c

Children's 25c Washable Petticoats & Bodies, 10c

Misses' 50c Flannelette Gowns, 25c

Women's $1.25 Combination Suits, 75c
Square and round neck; trimmed with Valenciennes and torchon laces, embroidery insertion, and finished with beading and ribbon. Combinations with drawers or skirt; yokes of several rows of laces, beading and ribbon; trimmed at bottom; finished at waist with beading and ribbon.

Children's $5 & $6 Coats, $1.75
Cloth coats in double-breasted and high-neck models; trimmed with fancy braids and buttons. Navy blue, red, black, tan and old rose. 2 to 12 year sizes.

Remnants of Wash Goods, 2c to 10c a Yard
Calicoes, ginghams, shirting cheviots, percales, madras, satine, linings, cretonne, in 1 to 10 yard lengths.

Ladies' 15c & 25c Collars, 10c

$1.00 & $1.25 Outing Flannel Dressing Sacques, 65c

Ladies' 50c Gloves, 39c
Cashmerette; silk-lined.

$2.00 Nemo Corsets, $1.25

$1.50 and $1.25 R. & G. Corsets, 95c

75c and $1 R. & G. and W. B. Corsets, 50c.

50c Corsets, 35c

BARGAINS IN SHOES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

20 Pairs $4 and $5 Shoes for Men, $3.45
Including box calf, gun metal, tan Russian calf, tan oil grain, soft vici kid. Douglas and Walk-Over makes.

50 Pairs $3 to $4 Shoes for Men, $2.35
Remainders of many lines, including the Douglas and Walk-Over. Nearly every kind of leather among them.

75 Pairs $2 Shoes for Boys, $1.35
Strong, serviceable Shoes of satin calf; good shoes for school or dress.

25 Pairs $3 and $3.50 Shoes for Women, $2.65
Fashionable black and tan, button style, and gun metal and patent colt button Shoes, at an attractive special price. Queen Quality and Dolly Madison makes.

75 Pairs $3 Shoes for Women, $2.45
Shiny leather, with dull leather tops; gun metal, with cloth and kid tops, button style; tan calf button shoes and bluchers. Queen Quality, Rice & Hutchins, and other well-known makes.

48 Pairs Large Girls' $3 Shoes, $2.10
Shiny leather, gun metal and kid; young women's sizes, 2½ to 5½.

65 Pairs Misses' $2.50 Shoes, $1.80
Goodyear welt; various styles; patent leather, gun metal and vici.

60 Pairs Children's $1.25 & $1.50 Shoes, 75c.
Children's shoes in vici and patent; button and lace.

Spring Goods Are Ready

Spring Ginghams, new and fresh; New patterns of Spring Percales, White Goods, Natural Linens, New Silks and Woolen Goods, New Trimmings, Braids and Fringes, New All-over Laces, Hamburgs, Flouncings and Bandings---All ready and waiting.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

His Avenger

Later Events Showed a Mistake

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The men of the Lone Bull ranch had finished supper and were gathered about the long table over newspapers and cards. Most of them were smoking, and the air was blue with the exhalations from pipes and cigarettes.

The Chinese cook flapped into the room noisily. He addressed the company impartially in a high, complaining voice:

"Him, Hally Bally, no come eat chow; him sabe I keep chow velly hot till him come alound!"

Harry Barry's seven comrades fixed piercing eyes on the cook. Gabriel spoke, smothering a yawn with one lean hand before he did so.

"I guess he sabe you'll keep his supper hot for him, Lee. If you don't"—he paused significantly, and the wrathful Chinaman found seven blue muzzled revolvers focused upon different parts of his anatomy.

"Understand?" snapped Gabriel.

Lee's straw slippers flapped restlessly on the bare floor. His frightened, beady eyes roved from one to another of the stern faces. He nodded his head like a toy mandarin. "Yes, yes, I sabe velly, velly much!"

"You will keep Mr. Barry's supper hot for him?"

"Velly hot!" said Lee forcibly. "As hot as"— And he named the hottest place there is.

The seven were still shaking with silent laughter over the episode when there came the rapid thud of small hoofs and the Widow Clancy slipped from her saddle at the door and stood before them.

"Where is Harry Barry?" she demanded in a low, intense voice. All the pretty color had fled from her face, and her pallor was enhanced by the vivid auburn of her lovely hair. "Where is Harry Barry?" she repeated as they arose and clustered around her.

"We've been expecting him every minute. He oughter been back long ago," drawled Gabriel.

"Mebbe his horse went lame," suggested the Crane from the background.

One or two others offered suggestions as to the probable cause of Harry Barry's absence even while they expected to witness his dashing arrival at any instant. At last they stood mutely before the pale widow and waited for her to speak again.

"You're a clever lot of fabricators!" she sneered.

A look of concern came into Gabriel's face. "You don't think he's got into any trouble, Mrs. Clancy?" he asked quickly.

"As if you didn't know!" Her voice trembled with grief and anger. "As if you didn't know! What has he done that you—the men that he called his mates, his friends—yes, every one of you—what has he done that you should string him to the tallest cottonwood at the springs?"

"What!" thundered Gabriel, pushing forward. "Harry Barry hanging—where did you say?" The seven who loved the merry hearted comrade whose grave danger had caused them alarm on another occasion listened with white faces while Mrs. Clancy explained in a shaking voice:

"I saw him myself. His horse was staked under the tree. I was a quarter of a mile off when I happened to see him dangling up there in the tree." She hid her face in her hands and shuddered. "I was looking for a lost critter and had my fieldglasses."

"Mrs. Clancy," said Gabriel heavily, for he loved Harry like a younger brother, "there is some mistake. You can count on the seven of us to avenge Harry if harm has come to him."

"I am his avenger," said Mrs. Clancy coldly. "I want you seven to come along with me."

The seven silently obeyed more from pity for the agitated woman than because they were fearful of her threats.

Harry Barry's comrades were grief stricken at the disaster that had overtaken their friend. What could he have done to have merited the severest penalty of that unprotected country, where justice is swiftly meted out wherever it is outraged, with the dome of heaven for a courtroom and the victims for judge and jury?

Crane, who was leading the file, turned and spoke to Gabriel, who was next. "You remember once before we was hauled out to save Harry, the time when we got the letter about the Last Hope?"

"Sure," returned Gabriel, "and we found that the Last Hope was the name of a mine he'd discovered. Mebbe there ain't anything in this either." He smiled hopefully.

The Widow Clancy's voice came nervously shrill from the rear. "Laugh, will you?" she cried. "One of you laugh again and I'll p-put a—a—b-bullet—through—y-y-you!" She suddenly broke into tears and bowed her head on the neck of her pony. Gabriel was beside her in an instant.

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Clancy," he said soothingly. "We was only remembering that Harry scared us once before. You remember we've told you about the Last Hope mine and how we rode all night chasing that boy, only to find him alive and well at the end of the trip, and we can't help but think there's some mistake now and that Harry can't be done away with."

"But I saw him!" cried the widow plaintively. "I saw him there, his head drooping. Oh, it was awful!"

"We think—we're sure that he wouldn't do one of the things he'd have to hang for," was Gabriel's earnest assurance.

"Of course he wouldn't!" Mrs. Clancy lifted her tear stained face and turned drenched blue eyes upon him.

Gabriel was relieved. He saw the spunky little widow giving way to grief was so foreign to her disposition that he was alarmed.

"Mebbe you'd like to wait here while we go and investigate," he suggested, but the widow was firm in her determination to be on the spot.

"You ain't used to such scenes, ma'am," protested Crane mildly, for they had paused to discuss the question.

"I may as well get used to it—if it kills me," declared Mrs. Clancy, and then, fixing glowing eyes upon each in turn, she said earnestly: "I want you to understand I appreciate you've been good friends to me ever since I came from the east, and I know you've always been good friends to Harry, but if I'm convinced that his being up there is your fault—why, why, the whole seven of you will hang for it if I have to do it myself!" The widow looked perfectly capable of engineering any number of lynchings at that moment.

Absurd as was the situation from one point of view, there was the tragedy in the background, and it was a gravely preoccupied party that swung around the last hill as the sun dropped its lower rim below the horizon.

A yellow shaft of sunlight struck the cottonwoods, and from the tallest one something dangled from a stout upper limb.

"Don't you look, ma'am—wait till we come back," commanded Gabriel with sudden authority, and he pressed a flask into her hand.

The brave hearted little widow suddenly lost courage and bowed her head once more on the neck of her pony.

When the seven pounded to a standstill under the cottonwood tree they slipped from their saddles and hesitated. Harry Barry's roan horse whinnied sharply, and then, apparently from the air above them, came a familiar voice, peevish, as if from long waiting.

"Don't stand staring like idiots! I'm plumb tired out hanging up here!" it said.

The seven turned awed looks upon one another, and as by one accord the youngest and strongest, the two Lewises, Jim and Tim, sprang toward the tree and fairly spurred their way up into the lower branches, from which they mounted higher. Then there came the sound of several voices raised in inquiry, explanation and direction.

After awhile three men came down the tree instead of the two who had climbed up. The third man was Harry Barry, and the others were helping him, for his limbs seemed stiff and his face was quite pale. He smiled as cheerily as ever as they gathered around him.

"Another one on me," he grinned sheepishly when they had administered restoratives to him. "I was coming back from dosing the sick critter, when I took a notion to climb that there tree and look around the land and see if there was anybody I knew sashaying around—laugh if you wanter!" he said as a knowing smile went the round of the group.

"I went up in the tree, and I looked, and I thought I saw way off an old friend of mine" (he showed all his white teeth), "and so I was in a hurry to get down, and my heel caught in a crooked little branch, and I fell kerplunk till a handy little stump of a broken limb caught hold of my belt, and there I hung as fine as silk. That was all beautiful and nice, only, gents, it was so that there was a sharp little prongy branch sticking out of the tree right behind my shoulders, and I couldn't move hand or foot without ketching it like a knife, so there I hung till I went to sleep a while back. When I woke up I was all numb and cold from hanging there. I'm feeling better now, thanks. Next thing I knew I heard you fellers coming and seen you out the corner of my eye."

They examined the small ragged tear in Harry's shirt between his shoulder blades, and they saw that the flesh was red and bruised from the torturing branch that had pierced it.

"You had a narrer escape," said Gabriel soberly.

"I guess you won't get to breaking no laws now," joked Hem Wayland. "You've somehow got a taste of what a necktie party feels like when you're the guest of honor."

Crane had ridden ahead to break the good news to Mrs. Clancy, and Gabriel suddenly vaulted into his saddle and wheeled about. "We chaps better be making for the Lone Bull. Lee's keeping your supper hot for you, Harry!"

"And there's a lady waiting around the corner for you," added Jim Lewis over his shoulder as he followed Crane.

"A lady—who—ah!" The question died on Harry Barry's lips as the Widow Clancy's little pony dashed toward the cottonwood tree, bearing a slender, erect figure, with an aureole of auburn hair and dancing blue eyes. There was no lack of color in her cheeks as she saw the stalwart form of Harry.

"Gosh! Let's get out of this!" gasped Jim Lewis as he followed the rest of the seven in their mad dash to escape the tender scene that would follow.

"Let's go home and see Lee has supper plenty hot for them," suggested Gabriel, and soon the faithful seven were dim dots on the twilit plain.

Following them in the mystic light came Harry Barry and his sweetheart, riding slowly, hand in hand.

When Butter Was Scarce.

Butter, which is almost indispensable nowadays, was almost unknown to the ancients. Herodotus is the earliest writer to mention it. The Spartans used butter, but as an ointment, and Plutarch tells how the wife of Deiotorous once received a visit from a Spartan lady whose presence was intolerable because she was smeared with butter. The Greeks learned of butter from the Scythians, and the Germans showed the Romans how it was made. The Romans, however, did not use it for food, but for anointing their bodies. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Right In His Line.

"Why don't you have a sponge to moisten your stamps?" queried the man from across the street who had dropped in to use the lawyer's telephone.

"Good idea," answered the disciple of Blackstone. "Do you want the job?"—Chicago News.