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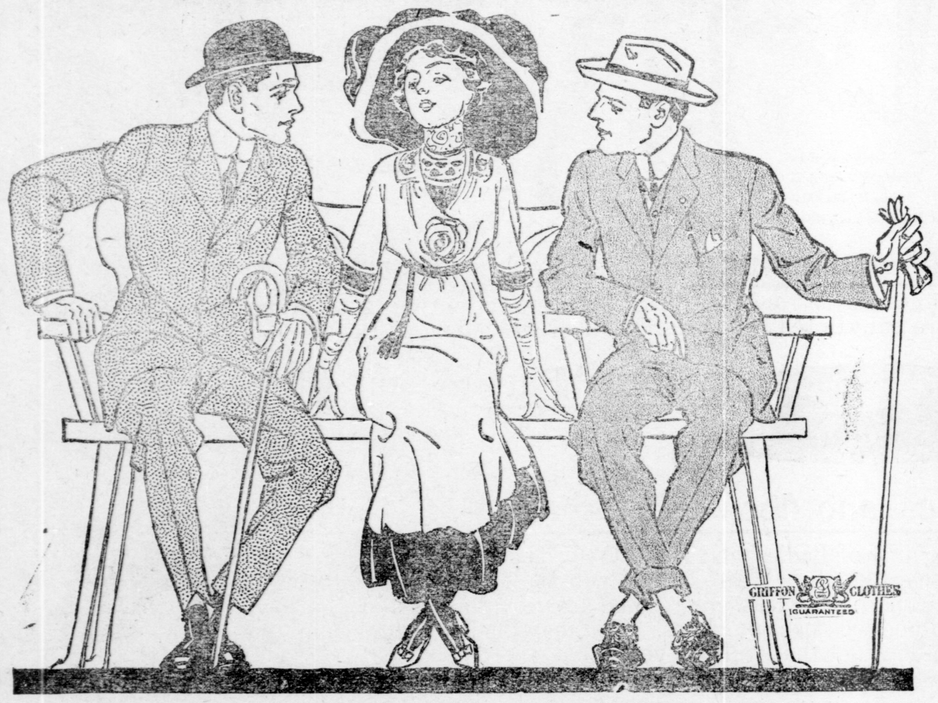
J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND

WHO EVER SAID SUMMER WOULDN'T BE HERE?

SUMMER'S HERE. And now we shall doubtless have three months of real, old-fashioned warm weather---we'll soon forget how cool it was during the first part of June. The hundreds who are not fully ready for the hot days will have to hurry. Get cool Low Shoes, thin Hosiery, Summer Shirts, sheer White Waists. And, above all, get light-weight Summer Clothing---cool underwear, airy dresses, parasols, fans; Serge Suits, Straw Hats. Get traveling bags and trunks---you'll be just as anxious to get away as ever. Get ready---we're ready to help.



Men's Suits, $4.50 to $25.00

Worsteds, cheviots and cassimeres, in the new shades of gray---checks, pin stripes and mixtures; navy blue serge; latest three-button sack coat styles; broad shoulders; wide lapels; form or semi-fitting backs, with or without centre vent; full or half lined. Sizes, 34 to 44 in the regulars; stouts up to 46. Exceptionally good values in the $10, $12, $15, $16.50, $17 qualities.

$15.50 Finely Tailored Suits for Men

All Sizes, 34 to 42; stouts up to 46. The fabrics are fine worsted and cassimeres in the new blue gray mixtures and pin stripe effects. The tailoring is of the sort that characterizes the best custom work, and which means good fit, good looks and shapeliness as long as the garment is worn. No suits with more style and distinction have been produced.

$10.00 Hand Tailored Suits for Men

The Handsome up-to-the-Minute Models for Men. Garments made by the most expert tailors---beautifully cut and finely finished---perfect fit and permanent shape guaranteed. The latest spring and summer fabrics are fully represented ---high-grade worsted, velour, cassimeres and cheviots, in pin stripes and mixtures. These suits contain all the up-to-the-minute style features---the new long cut coat with long lapels, high cut vest, etc. Sizes 34 to 42---stouts up to 46.

$7.50 Boys' Suits NOBBY SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES, 3 to 18 years. The suits are splendidly tailored, finely finished---a great variety of the season's best fabrics; worsteds, thibets and serges in blue and fancy; also stripes and plain mixtures in worsteds, cheviots and cassimeres. Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk, and double-breasted styles. All with Knickerbocker pants.

$3.50 Boys' Spring Suits UNUSUALLY LARGE AND VARIED STOCK. Neat, dressy suits of light and dark worsteds, cheviots and navy blue serges. Latest cut Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk and double-breasted. Sizes 3 to 17 years.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, OXFORDS AND PUMPS

BLACK, WHITE, TAN AND PATENT LEATHER

Latest style high shoes, oxfords and pumps in the new light and dark shades of russet. Five up-to-date lasts. Excellent leathers, splendid workmanship. Sizes 8½ to 2. Mail orders given special attention. Good values. Service, comfort and style for the low price of $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, or $2.00.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S PATENT LEATHER OXFORDS AND PUMPS. Five hundred pairs for big and little children. Made on the right lasts—the kind that will not hurt the feet. Safety heels. All sizes from 8½ to 2. 85c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

LITTLE BOYS' SHOES AT $1.25. Black vici kid; manly shapes with safety heels. Well-wearing, flexible soles. All sizes from 8 to 13½. Well worth all of $1.50: specially priced $1.25.

BOYS' SHOES AND OXFORDS. Of patent leather; Blucher style high shoes. Blucher cut oxfords. Straight or swing lasts. Sizes 8½ to 5½. $1.25 to $3.00.

WOMEN'S OXFORDS AND PUMPS. In tan, patent coltskin, gun metal calf, white duck and nubuck oxfords and pumps. The pumps also come in patent kid. Cuban or military heels. All sizes. $1.25 to $4.00.

MEN'S "WALK-OVER" AND DOUGLAS SHOES

New lots just received. Bench-made shoes and oxfords in latest styles and lasts. Best upper and sole leathers. Sizes 5 to 12—widths B to EE. $2.50 to $5.00.

MEN'S NEW STRAW HATS

More latitude in choice in men's Straw Hats this season. There's an absence of "freak" shapes and straws that is noticeable. Men may wear whichever style best pleases, and be well hatted in any—preference being for the stiff "splits" for dress, and soft split straws, Leghorns and Panamas for more usual wear. Medium full shapes are "the thing"—Panamas and Leghorns with full crown or telescope, brims of medium width. Panamas, $5.00. Leghorns, $2.50. Stiff Split Straws, $1.25, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50,—the latter a very fine Swiss split. Soft Split Straws, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2, $2.50. Soft Sennit Straws, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2. Staple Mackinaws, $1 to $2.50.

SUMMER STYLES IN HATS FOR MEN AND BOYS

$1.25—Boys' light steel telescrope Summer style hats.
$1.50—Boys' light tan and steel telescope Summer style hats.
$1.50—Men's black derby hats, the light-weight Summer shapes.
$2.00—Men's black derby hats, light-weight new shapes, Summer styles.
$2.50 and $3.00—Fashionable Summer shapes in high-class black derbies.
$1.50—Young Men's Summer styles, telescope shape, in light, tan, steel and black.
$2.50—Young men's telescope shape, Summer styles in the late shades; tan and steel; also black.

WOMEN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR

We have gathered lavishly of women's lace-trimmed underwear, in light weights. There is no wanted kind omitted. There is probably not another such showing in this county, and surely our prices are the lowest:

10c each, three for 26c—White Ribbed Vests, with lace-trimmed yoke and arm-holes.
12½c each, three for 35c—White Ribbed Vests; lace-trimmed yoke and arm-holes.
At 15c—White Ribbed Lisle Vests, prettily trimmed with lace.
At 16c—White Ribbed Lisle Vests, lace-trimmed.
25c each, three for 65c—Real Egyptian White Ribbed Lisle Vests; lace trimming.

WOMEN'S SUMMER HOSIERY

Women's Gauze Lisle Stockings, 25c. Double heels and toes; thin but durable.
Women's Gauze Lisle Stockings, garter tops, white, black and tan, 50c.
Women's Silk Stockings, extra good value, 50c.
Women's Pure Silk Stockings, white, black and tan, garter tops, $1.00.
Women's Extra Heavy All Silk Stockings, black only, $1.25, $1.50.
Women's Gauze Lisle Garter-top Stockings, double heel and toe, white, black and tan, 50c.
Women's Lisle Lace Stockings, garter top, double heel, toe; black, white, tan, 50c.

MEN'S NEGLIGE SHIRTS : BEST FOR THE MONEY

These shirts were bought before the advance in materials, and we can give special values at the price.

Special at 50c—Fancy Percale Neglige Shirts, in light and dark colors; well made, with separate cuffs. Also soft Neglige Shirts, plain white body with handsome white madras bosom, or plain tan madras body with fancy madras bosom of same shade. These look like $1.00 shirts.

Special at $1.00—A wide variety of Neglige Shirts, of white madras, plain-colored madras, and fancy figured and striped effects. Also shirts with muslin body and plaited cambric bosom, and of fancy colored madras and percale. $1.25 and $1.50 values.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS

Special at $1.00—White plaited Dress Shirts; fine cambric body, with linen bosom. Good $1.25 value.

SUIT CASES : TRUNKS : HAND BAGS

Fibre-bound, linen-lined trunks, covered with heavy duck; two fibre centre bands, heavy brass trimming, excelsior lock and dowel bolts; extra skirt tray, linen lined, $5.50.

Extra fine quality smooth russet and black leather hand bags, English shape. $5.50.

Suit cases of genuine cow hide, perfectly made. $5.50.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

The Fog Lady

She Came to the Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It had been a warm May day without a breath of wind to stir the young green leaves on the elms and maples that bordered the village streets.

Late in the afternoon there stole over hill and harbor a faint bluish haze that some said was smoke from distant forest fires. The weatherwise predicted a "May fog."

"Going out, doc?" asked old Simon Way, the boat builder, as the young physician passed him on the little wharf.

"Yes, Simon, I'm going out for a breath of fresh air, if there's any out there. It's deuced hot ashore."

"Ye won't find any wind outside today," predicted Simon, with an eye toward the channel. "I been out there all day and came back with the tide. It's hot as thunder out there, and it'll be worse before ye get back."

"You think we'll have a squall?" The doctor hesitated at the top of the steps that led down to the water where his dory was fastened. His speedy little motorboat was anchored not far away.

"Worse than a squall for getting around in."

"What's that?"

"A fog."

"I shall be back before it shuts down." The doctor straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath.

"Ye feel shut in between these high bluffs?" asked Simon curiously.

"Yes, but under the right conditions I would not—there are certain things that might change it all—bring its own breath of paradise with it."

Simon Way went home and told his wife that he guessed Dr. Morton was getting tired of Bell Harbor, in spite of the splendid practice he had acquired. Mrs. Way threw a shawl over her head and ran across the street to tell Mrs. Clarence Sayles and that lady delivered the information in an abbreviated form to the effect that Dr. Morton was going to leave town.

Cleo Adams heard the news just as she sat down to the supper table.

In the meantime Dr. Morton's launch had chugged out of Bell Harbor into the sound. The white bow cut the placid water and broke up the rose-colored reflections into rippling waves of rose and silver flecked foams.

All about him was a wall of fog, now shot with a queer pinkish glow. As he shut off the power and the engine ceased throbbing he listened for some sound to break the silence that was upon the waters.

"This will be a good place to think it over," he said to himself and then realized that he had expressed the craving of his heart—ever since Cleo Adams had laughed at his offer of marriage.

He stared unseeingly into the fog, his thoughts revolving around that episode of last night.

Dr. Morton had wooed Cleo Adams in the shy way that is characteristic of many men of his profession, and when the time came when he could no longer withhold his confession of love, he had done an unusual thing.

It was 9 o'clock the previous evening when he had entered his little office and sank wearily into a chair before his desk. His housekeeper had left a supper for him and gone to prayer meeting. The house was quiet.

Suddenly he picked up the telephone receiver and held it to his ear as he called Cleo's number. He felt very cool and professional as he waited for a reply from the Adams home.

It came at last in Cleo's low, clear voice:

"Yes?" she inquired.

"Is this Miss Cleo?" asked the doctor calmly.

"This is Miss Adams," she replied to his satisfaction.

"Cleo," he almost whispered, fighting back the shyness that almost choked his utterance of the important words—"Cleo, I love you, dear; could you marry me?"

Then had come an instant's hesitation. He was prepared for that, but her light, stinging laugh was a stunning surprise to him. "No, thank you!" she had said airily and hung up the receiver with a little defiant clatter.

Dr. Morton sat in his chair, motionless and white, until his scandalized housekeeper had arisen from her bed and come downstairs to inform him that it was past 2 o'clock. Thereupon he had shaken himself together and retired, only to spend a sleepless night before he arose to fulfill the duties of another day's dull routine.

Now he had left it all behind. In the solitude afforded by the fog he would battle with his trouble and master it.

But he did not reckon with the fog.

While he sat there thinking bitter thoughts about Cleo Adams, who now appeared to be shallow and heartless when once he had believed her to be earnest, sincere and far above coquetry in any of its forms, his boat was drifting idly with the tide. Little by little he was floating away from the shore and not until he heard the blast of the foghorn of the shoals lighthouse did he realize his position. At once he started the engine and turned toward Bell Harbor.

It was growing dark now, and the fog clung moistly to his face and hands and every shred of his garments. It entered his throat and almost strangled him, so raw and penetrating was it.

Something dark loomed before him, and at the same instant a fog bell tolled close at hand.

A big sound steamer rushed past him, a menacing death from which he had barely escaped.

The foghorn he had first heard had not been the shoals light. It was the steamer bearing down upon him.

Where had he drifted? He could not tell, except that it must be in the path of the eastward bound steamers.

He resolved to steer in the direction where he believed Bell Harbor to be. He would go very slowly and cautiously, and when he drew near enough to Bell Harbor breakwater he could see the pale glow of its sentinel lantern and thus find his way through the tortuous channel into the harbor.

But the doctor was an amateur. The launch was a new diversion and a plaything to him, and because he was a more skillful physician than he was a navigator he chugged helplessly around for two hours before he admitted that he was lost in the fog.

Another hour passed in fruitless going to and fro. He had heard the blare of the shoals light foghorn, but his ignorance of the waters about here made it impossible for him to calculate distances or directions. He laughed rather scornfully at his foolish hopes when he had bought the motorboat. Cleo Adams was an ardent sailor, and he had planned many delightful trips in the boat which as yet had no name. He wanted to call it after her.

The doctor was now prepared to spend the night on the sound. He had not heard anything that might indicate the presence of other craft in his neighborhood. He concluded that all other boats must be anchored, waiting for the fog to lift. Of course he did not dare to enter the cabin of the launch and sleep.

Just then a strange sound, odd enough heard there in the fog at 10 o'clock in the evening, smote upon his strained ears.

It was the voice of a woman singing. The sweet tones came tremulously across the water, and involuntarily the doctor turned his craft and headed in the direction of the voice.

To his delight it grew louder and clearer as he went on this course, and now he could distinguish the words of the hymn:

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!"

"It sounds as if it was meant for me," he muttered, bending his head to peer through the fog for the first glimpse of the mysterious singer.

Guided by the voice of the singer, who rendered verse after verse of the stirring song with tireless patience now that the first tremolo had been overcome, Dr. Morton drew nearer to the sound until a peculiar orange glow indicated the nearness of a light.

Could it be the entrance to Bell Harbor channel? If so, who was that singing there on the black rocks of the breakwater?

He held to his course with the light on his left and, to his delight, left it behind. He was entering the channel and would soon be inside Bell Harbor.

The voice suddenly stopped and then spoke in tones vaguely familiar to him—perhaps the fog disguised it.

"Boat ahoy!" it called.

"Here!" returned Morton quickly.

"Is that Dr. Morton?"

"Yes. Can I take you off? Am I needed?"

"Come carefully—follow my voice—there!" as the boat jarred against a large rock. "Steady a moment!"

A pale form moved out of the fog and without effort entered his boat, shoving off from the rock before it groped to a seat beside him.

"If you will give me the wheel I can steer you directly to the wharf," said the voice of Cleo Adams calmly, and without a word the astonished physician gave the wheel into her hands and slid along the seat to make room for her.

"How came you there?" he asked curiously, after he had related the details of his being lost in the fog and how her singing had guided him safely to port.

Her voice trembled slightly: "Simon Way told father you had gone out in the fog against his advice and that you had not returned. Father worried because his lameness prevented him from coming to your rescue. I said nothing to them, but came out in my boat to look for you. It sprang a leak, and I abandoned it and climbed on the rocks. I was sure you could hear my voice and would find the way back." She spoke practically and, except for the tremble in her voice, appeared quite unmoved by the heroism of her deed.

"You came out here to save my life?" he asked hoarsely.

"You saved my father's life last winter," she retorted, adding, "You are such a good doctor that we cannot afford to lose you, although I hear you are going away."

"After last night you could hardly profess to care," he said bitterly.

"Last night? I did not see you last night. In fact, I was in Cloverton. They had sickness in Uncle Joe's family," said Cleo.

"Then who talked with me over your telephone?" he asked quickly.

"It must have been Stella Morris. She was to remain with father and mother all night. What did she say? She is such a giddy, thoughtless girl"—Cleo faltered into silence as his words tumbled forth breathlessly in explanation.

"What would you have said?" he demanded.

"Yes," whispered Cleo as their faces touched.

When they named the doctor's motorboat they caled her the Fog Lady, and nobody knew save Dr. Morton and his wife just what it meant.

Dreadful.

"I heard the missus talking about us," said the cook.

"What did she say?" inquired the chambermaid.

"She said we was neither of us any good."

"Ain't it terrible the way ladies talk about one another nowadays!"—Washington Star.

Taxing His Resources.

Old Jones—Can you give my daughter the luxuries to which she has been accustomed? Cholly (engaged)—Not much longer. That's why I want to get married.—Chicago News.

Hard Work.

"Plodder is looking pale. He's just killing himself with hard work."

"What's he engaged at?"

"Inventing a labor saving machine."—Puck.