DENTON JOURNAL.

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J. L. EVERNGAM'S J. L. EVERNGAM'S

Mid-Winter Stock Reducing Sale!

BEST BARGAIN OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON

CLOTHING FOR MEN.

SUITS IN ANY FABRIC AND A BIG VARIETY OF STYLE.

$22.50	Suits, Now	$16.48	$12.50	Suits, Now	$9.48
19.50	"	15.48	10.50	"	8.00
18.00	"	14.00	9.50	"	7.48
17.50	"	13.48	8.50	"	6.48
16.50	"	12.48	7.50	"	6.00
15.00	"	11.00	6.50	"	5.48
14.00	"	10.00	4.95	"	3.95

CLOTHING FOR YOUNG MEN & BOYS

$14.50	Suits, Now	$10.48	$4.50	Suits, Now	$2.75
12.50	"	9.50	4.00	"	2.48
10.50	"	7.48	$7.50	BOYS' Knee Pants Suits,	$6.00
8.50	"	6.48	6.50	"	5.00
7.50	"	5.48	5.50	"	4.48
6.50	"	4.48	4.50	"	3.48
5.00	"	3.48	3.50	"	2.48

OVERCOATS.

$22.50	Overcoats for Men,	$18.50	$8.50	Overcoats for Boys,	$6.25
19.50	"	16.50	7.50	"	5.50
18.50	"	14.50	6.50	"	4.50
16.50	"	12.50	5.50	"	3.95
15.00	"	10.50	4.50	"	3.50
14.00	"	9.50	4.00	"	3.00
12.50	"	8.50	3.75	"	2.75
10.50	"	7.50			
9.50	"	6.75	$15.00	Young Men's O'coats,	$11.00
8.50	"	6.25	12.50	"	9.50
7.50	"	5.50	10.50	"	7.50
6.50	"	4.50	9.50	"	6.50
5.50	"	3.50	8.50	"	6.00

WOMEN'S SUITS GREATLY REDUCED.

There are too many Styles, Materials and Colors to go into details. Here's a brief list of the prices that make great savings possible:

$25.00	Women's Suits, Now Selling at		$18.75
22.50	"	"	17.38
19.50	"	"	14.63
18.50	"	"	13.83
17.50	"	"	13.12
16.50	"	"	12.38
15.50	"	"	11.68
12.50	"	"	9.33
10.50	"	"	7.88
8.50	"	"	6.38
5.50	"	"	4.13

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 lustrous black broadcloth, 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 broadcloth.

$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.

Big Lot Children's and Misses' Coats, all colors, in this sale reduced ¼ to ½ the former low price.

JANUARY SALE OF SHOES AT GREAT SAVINGS.

Our January Sale of Shoes starts today. The most important January Sale of Shoes, because o the great quantities and greater variety than in former years. Shoes for MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, MISSES and CHILDREN, at prices that scarcely more than would ordinarily pay for materials, perfect in every detail, and of GUARANTEED QUALITY. Many broken lots and lines not to be re-ordered. Extraordinary savings on shoes for the 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.

50 Pairs $3 to $4 Shoes for Men, $2.35
Remainders of many lines, nearly every kind of leather among them.

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

25 Pairs $4 Shoes for Women, $2.95
Fashionable black and tan, button style, and gun metal and patent colt button Shoes, at an attractive special price.

75 Pairs $3 Shoes for Women, $2.65
Shiny leather, with dull leather tops; gun metal, with cloth and kid tops, button style; tan calf button shoes and bluchers.

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

65 Pairs Misses' $3.50 Shoes, $1.80
Goodyear welt; various styles; patent leather, gun metal and vici.

50 Pairs Children's $2 Shoes, $1.45
Fifty pairs; shiny leather, gun metal, kid and tan Russia calf; Goodyear welt.

J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MD.

WRIGHT BROS. | WRIGHT BROS.

Sale Continues

ANOTHER **WEEK.**

A Large Lot of RAINCOATS
to be disposed of.

SEVERAL LOTS OF SHOES
at exceedingly LOW PRICES to move them quick.

LADIES' COATS
at about ONE-HALF PRICE;
---ALSO---
SUITS AND SKIRTS.

MEN'S CLOTHING

is also included in this Sale.

Several Lots of BOYS' CLOTHING
Very Low.

Also MEN'S HATS, CAPS,
UNDERWEAR & FURNISHINGS.

We notify all who are owing us to call and settle at once.

SALE IS ABSOLUTELY FOR SPOT CASH.

NO GOODS BOOKED OR TRUSTED OUT.

H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT

CARTER BLOCK DENTON, MARYLAND

STURMER

Jeweler to the People
solicits your valued patronage.

Examine and buy from the
Largest Stock of quality
at most reasonable Prices.

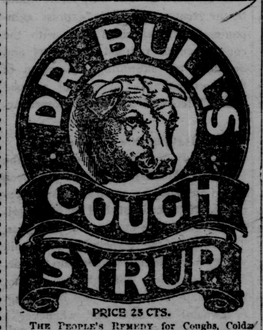
Only store in the two counties employing expert engraver.

Engraving Free and Delivered immediately.

ERNEST D. STURMER,
Hospital Block : EASTON, MD.

DON'T MISTAKE THE STORE.

WHEN IN BALTIMORE
—CALL ON—
R. Lee Chambers
SHIRT MAKER
Popular Prices
4 ST. PAUL STREET,
Baltimore, Md.
(1-21-2m)



PRICE 25 CTS.

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping-Cough and for the relief of Consumptive patients in incipient stages of the disease. Don't take a substitute. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best family medicine for coughs and colds. In use over 50 years.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

KRYPTOK LENSES

Are the kind you use for far and near without the unsightly line. With the so-easy nose adjustment they are a comfort in every way.

SCHUMACHER & FOREMAN,
OPTICIANS,
36 W. Lexington St., Baltimore.
EYES EXAMINED FREE.

Stockholders' Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Denton Cemetery Association, at the office of the Register of Wills on Saturday, February 4, 1911, at 1.30 p. m.

JOHN E. WILSON,
Secretary.

Saved His Nose

An Account of the Defense of an American Girl In Munich

By F. A. MITCHEL

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One evening in Munich a party of Americans were sitting at a table in the Hofbrauhaus ostensibly for testing the famous beer of that city, but really to view the different persons about them. The party consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Hathorne, their son George, aged twenty-two; their daughter Grace, aged twenty, and Sir Clive Oglesby, a young British baronet whom they had met on their travels. At a near table several young German officers were drinking and chatting in a very loud tone. At a third table, alone, was a young man, and, since he had no one to talk to, his nationality did not appear. He looked, however, like either an Englishman or an American.

But it was not long before this young man was awakened from his quiescence by a remark made by one of the German officers sitting near. It was evident from a flush on his face that he understood the language in

"GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!"

which the military men were converging and what they said displeased him. This is what he heard:

"Those people over there are English."

"I would like to pigstick one of them."

"The girl is very pretty. I would like to kiss her."

"You might do so and not be called to account. These English don't fight."

"Nor the Americans."

A slight flush overspread the features of the young man at the third table when one of the officers said he would like to kiss Miss Hathorne.

Between the sexes, especially young people, there are sign expressions that stand in the place of words. Grace Hathorne's eye happened to light on the man sitting alone at the moment he flushed. It darted from him to the officers, and the two items gave her a clew. They were talking about her and had excited the indignation of the young civilian. Her father, her brother and the Britisher all sat, unmindful of what was going on, till Grace, feeling uncomfortable, said she was tired and wished to go to the hotel. The party arose, and as they did so one of the officers, who was half drunk, threw her a kiss with the words, "Goodby, beautiful daughter of Albion."

The situation was painfully embarrassing. Every man in the Hathorne party knew that resenting the insult would bring a challenge from the German. Sir Clive Oglesby grew very red in the face; George Hathorne started toward the Germans, but his mother caught the skirt of his coat and held him back. Mr. Hathorne drew his daughter's hand under his arm and marched her out of the Hofbrauhaus. The others of the party followed, showing great irritation.

When they had gone the young man at the third table drew a leather case from his pocket, took out a card, returned the case, arose and, passing over the few steps between him and the officers, laid it down before the one who had perpetrated the insult. It read, "Ward Claybourne, Kentucky, U. S. A."

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have made a mistake in these people whom you have insulted. Only one is English; the others are countrymen of mine. You are right in assuming that they do not fight. They are brought up in a different school. Fortunately for them, however, my education in your line has not been neglected. I will trouble you for a written apology, which I will be happy to transmit to the lady you have insulted."

The man who had received the card motioned to one of his comrades, who asked Mr. Claybourne's address and promised to bring a reply immediately. Having given it, the Kentucklan withdrew. His challenge, for that is what it amounted to, somewhat sobered the officers, especially the one who had received it. He was a good swordsman, but he knew nothing about the American. He had read in some book that Kentucklans were very expert with a weapon called the bowie knife, but was not aware that that period had long passed. He knew also that an apology was due from him. But, being an army man, he dared not refuse a challenge. His second called on Claybourne and said that if an apology was due it was due to the young lady and not to him. He would therefore accept the challenge.

It so happened that the Hathornes and Claybourne were stopping at the same hotel. Miss Hathorne, Sir Clive and one or two Americans were sitting in the lounging room talking over the disagreeable incident of the evening when Miss Hathorne saw one of the officers she had seen at the Hofbrauhaus come into the hotel. In a few minutes she saw him go out accompanied as far as the door by the young man of the third table. There was a puzzled look on her face for a few moments; then she paled. Could it be that this man who had flushed when the officers were looking at her had taken up the matter in her defense?

After the officer's departure she saw Claybourne go into the writing room. Excusing herself to those with her, she went in there. He was sitting at a desk writing, the only person in the room. She stood looking at him through a very large and very beautiful pair of eyes. He rose and stood deferentially.

"Are you English?" she asked.

"American."

"Would you mind assuring me that the visit just paid you has nothing to do with me?"

Claybourne was stumped. He made no reply.

"Is there to be—a duel?" she went on.

"This is very unfortunate," was the only reply.

"I forbid you to fight on my account."

"It would be impossible for me to obey your order."

"I will go to these men and forbid them as well."

She looked so resolute that Claybourne was troubled. He feared to be placed in a false position.

"I see only one possible way out of it," he said. "I am writing a telegram to a friend in Berlin to come and be my second. I will tell him to say something to the man I have challenged that may influence him. He doesn't know that I am a student at Heidelberg, a member of a corps there and that I have vanquished every man who has been brought against me."

"Don't send your telegram. This news can be conveyed without your Berlin friend. My brother"—

"Would not do at all."

"My father"—

"Worse."

"Give me the address of this officer."

"Impossible!"

"Give it to me," she repeated imperiously. "I am the cause of this quarrel. What right have you to take up my case and ignore me?"

"None," replied Claybourne, hanging his head, and gave her the address.

Without paying any more attention to him she left the room.

Claybourne gave vent to an expression very common among English speaking people. He crammed his fists down into his trousers pockets and strode to and fro.

"What a fool I have been," he said to himself, "to receive that fellow here! The whole thing is spoiled. I shall not only be deprived of the pleasure of punishing him—I should like to cut off his nose—but they will think I gave it away to the girl to induce her to break it up. What the dickens am I to do? Nothing till I hear from her. This is a pretty mess!"

He remained right where he was for an hour, walking the floor like a caged tiger. Then he heard wheels draw up in front of the house, the bang of a carriage door, and in a few moments in came Miss Hathorne, flushed with the effort she had made.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "What have you done?"

She handed him a paper addressed to him. It was a written apology for the insult that had been offered her.

"How did you get it?"

"Asked for it. They at first declined to address it to you, but I declined to accept it unless they did."

"You have made a mess of it," said Claybourne, in an irritated tone, for the moment losing his self control.

"It would have been a worse mess for your opponent if I had not interfered. Do you know what his second said to him after it was all over? I didn't tell him who you were till then. Well, he said: 'Ach! Donnerhoff, you're lucky! If you had met that fellow you would have gone about for the rest of your life without a nose. They say he always finishes his opponents by cutting off their noses.'"

"That's exactly what I intended to do," cried Claybourne passionately, "and you have spoiled it all."

The girl burst into a laugh.

Gradually the comical view of the situation dawned upon Claybourne, and his face took on an unwilling smile. Miss Hathorne thought it the loveliest smile she had ever seen on a man's face.

"You didn't go to them alone, did you?" he asked.

"Yes, I did. It's no time to be prudish when a man's—nose is at stake."

She laughed again. So did Claybourne.

"I would like very much to make your acquaintance," said the Kentucklan.

There was another laugh on the part of both of them.

"Well," she said, "since you've taken my interference so considerately I think I'll permit you to call."

He called the next morning, and his call lasted during their stay in Munich, during their journey with frequent stops to London and during a voyage to America. In short, the call has never ended. Mr. and Mrs. Claybourne live in the blue grass region of Kentucky, but the husband never flourishes a bowie knife and has no desire to cut off people's noses.

Family Preserves.

The following recipe was sent to the editor of a newspaper who had established a household column. It was evidently given by a person of experience:

To make a good jam place one finger or possibly two lightly on the upper edge of an open desk or bureau drawer, close the drawer quickly with the other hand and keep closed for two or three seconds.

Open it, remove the finger or fingers, adding plenty of interjections. This recipe has been tried by every member of my family and has never failed.

Dead Authors.

The society of dead authors has this advantage over that of living men—they never flatter us to our faces, or slander us behind our backs, or intrude upon our privacy, or quit their shelves until we take them down.—Colton.