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J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON, MD. | J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON MD.

A GREAT STORE'S SHOWING OF A GREAT LINE OF MEN'S CLOTHING

IF YOU have never enjoyed the superior value and sure satisfaction which a suit of clothes, bought at this store, represents, do you not think that this beginning of a new season, when you are contemplating the purchase of a Spring Suit, is a good time to get acquainted? We know what you will say when you see our stock, "Well, I wonder why I didn't buy here before," and after you have delved into the choice assortment of patterns, practically exclusive, have noted the good workmanship and perfect fit, you will be further delighted with our low prices, as the slogan of this store is "finest merchandise---fairest prices."

THE SPRING SHOWING OF HIGH ART CLOHTING

for which we are exclusive agents in this town, includes all the season's nobbiest patterns. Each garment is a model of perfection, when it comes to style, workmanship and fit, and there are a score of differently designed garments to select from, one more pleasing than the other, all in good taste and distinctively styled.

HIGH ART CLOTHING

is made to please men of all tastes---from the quiet conservative dresser to the young fellow who likes a garment of swagger cut and fancy finish.

HIGH ART CLOTHING looks right when you buy it and stays right after you wear it

Prices start at $10; all the way up to $25.

Furnishings, too, the best of their kind at lowest prices.

SPECIAL FOR THE WEEK:

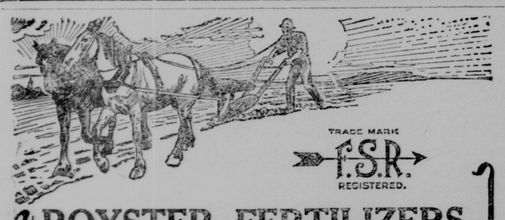
You never hear complaints from the Walk-Over Shoes. They're full of style, correct in shape, perfect fitting and they stand the test for wear. There is satisfaction in every pair.

Nobby Panama, yacht and pencil edge Milan Straw Hats for young men.

The "Perfect Fitting" Eclipse Shirts, in exclusive patterns. The soft silk effects, with French cuffs re very prominent.

The season's nobbiest styles in Neckwear and gauze silk and silk lisle Hose.

J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MD.



TRADE MARK F.S.R. REGISTERED.

ROYSTER FERTILIZERS.

"FOUNDED ON MERIT BASED ON QUALITY."

A trial will be sufficient to convince you of the superiority of ROYSTER goods. Nothing is left to chance—Every ingredient is selected for its plant food value.

For twenty-seven years ROYSTER'S goods have been the standard of the South, and we now propose to make them the standard of the North and East.

One of the largest and most modern plants in existence has just been completed at Baltimore.

Ask your dealer for ROYSTER goods, and if he does not keep them, write and give us his name.

F. S. Royster Guano Company,
NORTHERN DIVISION.
Calvert Building, Baltimore, Maryland,
FACTORIES AND SALES OFFICES:
BALTIMORE, MD. TARBORO, N. C. COLUMBIA, S. C.
NORFOLK, VA. MACON, GA. COLUMBUS, GA.
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SERGE SUITS
GREY SUITS
THIN COATS
THIN TROUSERS
STRAW HATS
OUTING CAPS
SUMMER SHIRTS
THIN UNDERWEAR

For Men and Boys, Young Men and Little Boys of every size. Styles new and correct, qualities right and reliable, prices moderate all over the store.

Big line Men's Serge Suits at $6 to $25. Silk lined at $15, $20 and $25. Grey Serges at $10, $12, $15 and up to $20. Fancy Greys at $10 to $25. New Browns at $15 to $25.

See the Special Cut Suits for Young Men at $15, $18, $20 and $25. Long Coats with long deep lapels, no collar vest and trousers semi peg. Come see us. We will save you time, money and trouble.

Biggest Because Best — MULLIN'S Wilmington — Clothing Hats Shoes

Wedding Gifts

In greater variety than ever at

STURMER'S

Newest, useful and artistic ideas in sterling silver, cut glass and china, just received and prices ranging to suit all purses.

Diamonds

Call and allow us to show you what VALUES we give and get OUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE of QUALITY, equaling and surpassing diamonds sold elsewhere.

Expert engraving, watch, clock and jewelry repairing promptly executed.

STURMER
Jeweler to the People
EASTON, MD.

H. R. PRITCHETT,

Successor to C. H. PRITCHETT.

Undertaker —AND— Embalmer,

GREENSBORO, - MD.

Mr. Pritchett comes from Hillsboro, where he has been engaged as an Undertaker and Embalmer for several years, to continue the business established and conducted by his father.

Vacant Scholarships.

OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD,
Denton, Md., May 31, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the following named scholarships are vacant for the coming scholastic year and will be filled by the School Board at a meeting to be held on or after June 20th, 1911:

1 Male free scholarship to Charlotte Hall Military Academy.

1 Female free scholarship to St. Mary's Female Seminary.

4 scholarships to State Normal School, Baltimore.

1 scholarship to State Normal School, Frostburg.

1 scholarship to Maryland Institute of Art and Design, Baltimore.

Candidates for these scholarships will make written application to the School Board, stating your age, school last attended, and grade; also enclose one or two letters from teachers indicating the nature of the school work done.

Candidates for the Charlotte Hall scholarship will present themselves at the Denton High School June 15, 10 a. m., for examination in the following subjects: Arithmetic, Algebra, U. S. History, Grammar, Geography, and First Year Latin.

Examinations will not be conducted for the other scholarships.

By order, E. M. NOBLE, Supt.

M., D. & V. Excursions.

The Maryland, Delaware and Virginia Railway Co. is now ready to book excursions to Rehoboth, Del.; Lewes, Del. and Love Point, Md. Sunday schools and other organizations desiring to run an excursion to either of the above points, will please communicate with the undersigned as to dates, commission paid, etc. Yours truly,

I. B. JONES, D. P. A.,
j3b Salisbury, Md.

A Make Believe Vacation

Happy Result of a Strange Undertaking

By Annette Miller

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For the third time Mrs. Brown hurried from the kitchen door toward the fence at the rear of the yard. Suddenly she stopped, stooped and, apparently satisfied with what she saw, hurried back to the house.

From the security of her kitchen door she watched her husband plowing in the field adjoining the yard. He plowed around a "land," and each round took him a little farther from the house. An occasional "Gee, there!" or "Whoa, haw, there!" floated up to the watching woman.

As Mr. Brown turned a corner and came down on the furrow parallel to the back yard fence Mrs. Brown set her lips tightly, pulled her sunbonnet well over her face and hurried toward the fence. This time she reached her goal.

"Jared."

"Whoa!" And Mr. Brown, resting his hands on the plow handles, turned an impassive face to his wife.

"Martha White is going to have a vacation," she faltered. "She's going to stay two weeks."

Jared continued to gaze upon his wife in silence.

"Seems as if I'd give most anything I've got if I could go away and stay two weeks," she went on bravely, "and oh, Jared, I haven't seen Ellen or William for ten years; my own sister and brother, and I'm getting old, and, Jared, Ellen's daughter Nellie has named a baby for me. Jared, do you suppose"—

"Who'd look after the chickens and tend the milk and things while you were gone?" asked Jared calmly. "Get up, there!"

It was Jared's method of saying no. Mrs. Brown looked after the plodding horses through blinding tears. She watched him until he was ready to turn upon the farther parallel furrow. Then she hurried back to the house lest he should see her standing there.

"I did so want to go," she moaned. "I haven't been any place to stay overnight for ten years. I do so wish I could go."

She cried a little when she reached the house, but tears had never come easily to her, so she soon stopped and took her knitting out on the little side porch.

"Oh, dear me!" she sighed after awhile. "I can't seem to keep my mind off my vacation. Oh, dear me! I most wish we didn't have any chickens and cows."

She folded her knitting and, awkwardly carrying her chair, went around to the front porch.

"There!" she said grimly. "Now maybe I can think Christian thoughts."

She dropped her knitting presently and sat with folded hands while her

SHE GAVE THE LETTER TO THE FIRST PASSERBY.

mind went back to her girlhood days. A light gradually came into the sad eyes and a faint color to her cheeks.

"I've got a beautiful idea," she confided to an inquisitive Biddy.

"I've got a beautiful idea," she repeated, "and I'm going to do it. I needn't say a word to Jared about it, and he'll never know."

She carried her chair back to the side porch, put her knitting away and went briskly about her evening chores. The next day she wrote to her sister:

"Do you remember how we used to 'make believe' when we were children? Well, I am going to play I am visiting you. It is the best I can do, for I can't be spared from the farm. If you could just write to me in a week or so I can pretend I am there, and I can think of your letter. It seems to me it will be pretty nice to pretend, since I can't go, so please write, Ellen, to your loving sister, Mary, and tell William too."

She gave the letter to the first passerby to be mailed and went cheerfully about her work. Her cheerfulness lasted a few days, then she began to wonder if the man had forgotten to mail her letter. Then she counted up the days that had passed since she wrote and sighed.

The next few days were hard. First she wondered anew if the letter had been mailed, then she wondered what Ellen would think of it. She was sure at last that Ellen would think it a silly notion and pay no attention to it. She lost her cheerfulness and became so despondent that Jared noticed it.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No," she said dully.

"Don't seem to be acting very peart," he remarked as he went out.

Meanwhile the letter had sped on its way and brought first wrath, then genuine sympathy and appreciation, to Sister Ellen.

"Poor Mary!" she sighed. "She has not had an easy life, but it is hard to get away from a farm. Now, let me see."

She evolved a plan, called a family council and eventually wrote a letter.

"There," she said placidly, wiping her glasses. "I hope Mary will like my plan. She was always a great one to make believe."

After a week had gone past Mrs. Brown tried to make herself keep away from the mail box at the front gate, but in vain. She watched daily for the carrier's coming, and when he had gone past she plodded out to the gate.

Her heart stood still when she saw a letter. She picked it up. It was the letter. It seemed to her that her heart would have broken if it had been anything else. She could hardly walk back to the house and sank breathless on the lowest step.

She was to visit Ellen first, the letter read, then a letter would come telling her whom she should visit next, and so on. Thus there would be something for her to look forward to. There were a great many "do you remembers" following the business part of the letter, and Mary Brown laughed softly to herself.

The hungry clatter of chickens and pigs roused her at last. The rapt expression faded from her face, and she looked anxiously at the setting sun.

"Mercy!" she ejaculated. "It's getting late. Shoo, there! I'm coming to feed you now."

The next morning she arose with a feeling of elation.

"Now I am visiting Ellen," she thought happily. "Ellen had pancakes for breakfast when I was there before."

Mrs. Brown had pancakes for breakfast, served with the best sirup, and she beamed upon Jared in a way that made him feel uncomfortable.

At noon she had fried chicken, and Jared watched her in astonishment as she helped herself to one of the choicest joints—his favorite piece.

"Are you feeling well?" he asked.

"As well as common, thank you," she responded in her best company manner, and Jared pondered in silence.

He noticed during the next few days that things did not seem to run with their accustomed smoothness, and he did not understand why it was so. His wife seemed well; in fact, when he took pains to observe her carefully, she looked uncommonly well. He decided the trouble lay with himself.

"I wish you'd fix me up some bitters, Mary," he said that evening. "I don't seem to be feeling just right."

"Why, certainly, Wil—Jared," Mrs. Brown said cordially. "I'd love to. I'll do it the first thing in the morning."

Jared had expected instant sympathy and was prepared to give his symptoms in detail after he had had a little gentle urging. But Mrs. Brown was visiting William just then, and William had written that his health was fairly good. Moreover, she remembered that William had never liked to be fussed over. Therefore she forbore to ask questions, and Jared turned to his paper in disgust.

With the morning came a letter. Her mind was filled with pleasant fancies, and the bitters was forgotten. Jared was indignant. He was not accustomed to being ignored, and Mrs. Brown was ignoring him. It was not intentional, however. The truth was that he simply did not enter into her present existence.

Her necessary work she glossed over by pretending to be helping whichever relative she was visiting, and when that was done she followed boldly where her fancy led. It led her to do many things that puzzled Jared.

She walked around imaginary children when she worked and crooned to imaginary babies while she rocked. To be sure Jared could not know why she suddenly swerved from a straight course in going from one room to another or why she held her arms in such a peculiar manner when she rocked. It came to him suddenly one day that her arms held in such a manner might easily enfold a child. He walked out to the barn and sat on an empty keg.

"Poor Mary," he groaned, "poor Mary! Her mind is going! It's been—let me see, it's been thirty-five years since her baby died, and he was only four months old, not old enough for her to be much attached to him, though she did take on considerable at the time I remember. Poor Mary! What am I going to do?"

Then on baking days she made saucer pies and set them before Jared with such a shining face that he ate them, although he longed to sweep them violently from his sight.

"Poor Mary! She don't realize what she's doing," he groaned. "Those dratted pies were bad enough, and now these things! She seems to think the house is full of children. Poor Mary!"

An impulse to which he yielded brought him in from the field one afternoon. She was not in her accustomed place on the side porch.

As he drew nearer he saw that the chair, too, was missing. The porch looked lonely. He stood irresolutely for a moment. Then he heard his wife's voice, and his face cleared.

"She's got company," he thought, and hastened around the house.

He stopped at the corner and drew back in dismay. Mrs. Brown sat in solitary state upon the porch. There was a smile upon her lips. She was talking in an animated manner, and in her hands was a very diminutive garment. Jared stole another look. There was nothing alive in sight, and it was certainly a doll dress she held.

With sudden resolution he walked heavily around the house and stepped upon the porch.

"Thought you had company, Mary, when I heard you talking," he said, with a heartbreaking effort to be calm.

At his first word Mrs. Brown thrust the doll's dress into her workbasket and swiftly produced her knitting. Then she set her mind to work—it was in good practice—and fabricated valiantly for a few moments. Jared at last went off satisfied—at least that was the impression he gave his wife. She, poor woman, dropped her knitting when he disappeared around the house.

"My goodness!" she gasped. "I never knew I could lie like that. What

"HERE'S SOME PEOPLE TO SEE YOU, MARY."

am I coming to? But it was Jared's fault. He shouldn't have surprised me. No; it was mine. I should have told him the truth. But how could I? What would he think? I must stop, that's all. It's a silly trick for an old woman anyway. But I'm not through yet. And how can I leave out the rest? And I have enjoyed it so."

She sat silently thinking for some time longer, but could not make up her mind to cut short her vacation. Jared had gone to the barn.

"Mary lied to me," he thought sorrowfully on his way thither. "There was nothing there, and nobody had been there. She lied to me."

He harnessed the horse and hitched up with trembling hands. He was desperate enough for any deed, and going into town to bring out a doctor seemed to him the rashest of acts.

"What if he'd say she'd have to go to the asylum?" he mourned as he climbed into the buggy. "But she ain't to say crazy. She's just childish. Maybe it'll be so I can hire some one to stay with her."

His face was tragic as he went into the doctor's office and none the less so when he came out.

He hesitated not at all, but drove straight to the minister's. That lie weighed heavily upon him. He would save Mary's soul as well as her body.

Mrs. Brown was not in sight when the three men drove up to the house, but they heard her singing. The minister bent forward and held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said.

The words came softly and clearly to the ears of the waiting men:

"The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak,
And the way I cannot see,
And I fear if I try I may sadly fail
And thus may dishonor thee."

The minister sighed, and the doctor cleared his throat as Jared led the way to the house.

"Here's some people to see you, Mary," he said, opening the door, then beat a hasty retreat to the barn.

Half an hour later the doctor and the minister found him there. He raised a haggard face to them. The doctor began his explanation severely, but Jared did not care. A great and solemn happiness settled upon him, and the doctor's voice softened.

"So, you see, you yourself are somewhat to blame," he finished gently.

"Yes," said Jared, "I realize all that. You don't need to tell me that. All I want to hear you say is that Mary is well."

"I've said it a great many times now," the doctor answered good humoredly. "I'll take Mr. Davis home. You go in to Mary."

Jared went. At the door of the sitting room he paused. Mrs. Brown was mechanically moving around the room putting things to rights. She looked old and worn and tired. She did not see Jared until he spoke.

"Mary, how'd you like to go and make Ellen a little visit?"

Mrs. Brown looked up incredulously.

"There's the chickens and the milk to tend to, and everything," she said faintly. "I can't get off."

"I guess I can manage," Jared said. "I guess I can get one of Mittie's girls to come out and stay while you are gone. You can go as soon as you want to."

He watched the color come slowly back to her cheeks and the light to her eyes. There was a feeling in his throat that had not been there since the baby died, thirty-five years before. He swallowed hard.

"I'll go up to the garret and bring down the trunk," he said gruffly.

UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

Essentially the Same Today as When Established by Napoleon.

In the United States there are many universities which are free from state control, but in France there is only one university, and it is an absolute instrument of the state. It is true that there are schools of higher learning, which were founded in 1870 as universities, but five years afterward the title was withdrawn, and they are now called "instituts." They are five in number and are located in Paris, Lille, Lyons, Toulouse and Angers.

But the University of France is an entirely different organization. It is the official school. It is centralized in Paris and has under it a vast multitude of establishments, faculties, college and primary schools, distributed over the whole surface of the country. Directly or indirectly they all depend on the government.

The university was established by Napoleon, and in spite of certain modifications which it has undergone during years it is the same today in its essential elements as the day he founded it. Just as he established the entire civil administration, with its prefects, subprefects, judges, ministers of finance, so he created in 1806 this vast educational organization, with its countless professors, who control the entire intellectual training of France.—America.

CORDED A CROCODILE.

Turning a Greedy Water Devil Into a Trussed Up Mummy.

It is known that a crocodile will sometimes leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an unsuitable tributary, then wander inland until it finds a pool.

In this way three crocodiles once found their way to Taiping lake, in the Malay peninsula. So long as they confined their attention to the fish and an occasional duck no one objected to their presence, but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink it was felt that the saurians ought to be exterminated, and an Englishman and his servant made the attempt.

Obtaining a dugout, they paddled into deep water. The servant was already barefoot, and the Englishman himself took off shoes and stockings, so that his bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the canoe. A bait was attached to a heavy rattan, and soon a tug and a plunge indicated that the crocodile was fast to one end. Immediately the canoe began to move through the water. After a protracted struggle the Englishman managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to the men's legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water and with the weight of a falling pole would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver.

As the crocodile surged close to the canoe and the open mouth appeared above the water the servant slipped a noose of stout cord over the upper jaw and pulled it tight some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, with a quick turn of his wrist, he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the sockets of the other. The servant now grasped the point of the long, narrow head with one hand and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the clinched mouth.

Another noose was slipped over a fore leg. It pulled the leg up to the animal's side. The servant slipped the line over the creature's back and caught up the other fore leg. Then he noosed and tied together the hind legs.

The effect he had achieved was wonderful. In a few minutes he had transformed a ravening water devil into a trussed up mummy, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box cord.

The beast was afterward dispatched, and the servant received the government reward.—Harper's Weekly.

EYE OF THE CAMERA.

Washed Out Blood Stains Cannot Escape the Ultra Violet Rays.

Even before it had been adapted exclusively, by means of special lens construction and combination, to the reception of the invisible ultra violet rays, the camera eye, owing to its peculiar sensitiveness to this light, has played a strikingly dramatic role on various occasions. One of these occurred a few years ago in Lausanne, Switzerland.

It appears that a handkerchief formed an exhibit at a murder trial and was regarded as a crucial bit of evidence. The closest inspection failed to reveal a stain on the immaculately white cloth even with the aid of a powerful microscope. But it occurred to a professor of Lausanne university to photograph the handkerchief, when the image obtained clearly disclosed the presence of great splotches, or, rather, of what had been such, showing ghostlike in the carefully washed fabric. The photograph proved the turning point of the trial, and the result was conviction.

Blood, as was scientifically explained at the time, happens to be one of the substances that absorb ultra violet rays, and when any of these substances have found their way to a receptive surface no amount of erasing or cleansing can hide its presence from the camera eye. When the latter is equipped to utilize only this invisible light the result is much more marked. Should the neatest erasure be made in writing done with substances specially absorbent of the rays the ultra violet photograph would show the traces of the erasure as plainly as the writing itself.—New York Tribune.

CURIOUS DOMESTIC PETS.

Musical Insects and Waltzing Mice Popular In Japan.

Among the many curious domestic pets of the Japanese are their musical insects and waltzing mice.

Hung up in the verandas of Japanese houses may be seen small, exquisitely cut bamboo cages, from which in the hush of dawn and at the close of summer days proceed quaint little whistlings, tinklings and trills. Usually it is at evening that the Japanese sit at their ease to listen to the music of their imprisoned insects. One called the "suzu-mushi" gives out, it is said, a kind of trill so delicate and clear as to sound like an etherealized bird's song.

One species of Japanese mouse may be said to waltz through the greater part of the waking hours of its life, never tiring, though its feet wear out in the process. This peculiar little rodent is black and white and has pink eyes. Its chief peculiarity is that at a time when baby mice of other species are just beginning to move about this terpsichorean mouse is already able to waltz.

Put together, these Japanese dancing mice will waltz in couples, and at times more than two will join in a mad whirl. So rapid is the movement of the dancers that it is difficult to distinguish their heads from their tails.

The Japanese says that waltzing seems to be as essential to the happiness of this mouse as midair somersaults are to the tumbling pigeon. An upright peg forms a convenient pivot round which the mouse can whirl, but it is said that without any such guide they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.—New York Herald.