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LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

The Magnificent Revenge of a Governor of Missouri.

While Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri a steamboat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and when the governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized the man long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The steamboat man said he would not and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

The governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.—Exchange.

Origin of "Whig."

Several reasons have been assigned to account for the word "Whig." By some the word is supposed to be a contraction of a longer one, "whiggamore," which in some parts of England and Scotland, especially Scotland, signifies a drover, or

herder. It was in 1679 that the word first became common in the British isles, when the struggle was in progress between the peasantry and the aristocracy to have or not to have the bill passed by parliament to exclude the Duke of York from the line of succession. All who were opposed to placing the duke in the line of succession were derisively called "whiggamores," or "drovers."

But Scotch tradition gives a different reason for the existence of the word. It is this: During the early religious wars in Scotland the weakest of the factions used the words "We Hope In God" as a motto. The initials of these words were placed on their banners, thus, "W. H. I. G." and soon all the followers of that clan were given the title of "Whig," which was afterward attached as a party nickname.

Perfectly Frank.

"I've listened to many divorce cases," said a Louisville judge, "but never have I heard such an all-embracing appeal for separation as that Virginia dandy gave before the country justice in Virginia."

"Why, Sally," said the justice, "what are you doing here?"

"Well, judge, I want a divorce."

"You want divorce, Sally? Why, I thought Bill was a good nigger. Ain't he good to you?"

"Oh, ya-as, judge; Bill ain't never hit me a lick in his life."

"Well, doesn't he support you?"

"Ya-as, sir; he give me 60 cents last Saddy night!"

"Well, what in the world is the matter with you, then?"

"Judge," said Sally in confidential tones, "to tell you de truf, I jes' los' my taste fer Bill."—Louisville Times.

Optimism.

When the optimist was dispossessed and thrown, along with his household impedimenta, into the cold street he chuckled furiously.

"Why do you laugh, my friend?" inquired a passerby.

"Because I have just now been emancipated from toil," replied the optimist. "For years my life has been one long struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But now that I have been deprived of the door I no longer am compelled to toil. Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity!"

Then the optimist walked off, whistling gayly, into the sunshine.—New York Sun.

BLOWING BOTTLES.

Processes Through Which Even the Most Ordinary Must Go.

Although the oldest bottles known were made of skins, glass bottles containing wine are represented on Egyptian monuments which are more than 4,000 years old, while as early as Pharaoh of the Exodus there were bottles made of bronze, silver, gold, porcelain and alabaster, which from their superior workmanship and elegant design go to prove that even at that period the art of bottle making was by no means in its infancy. The early history of the bottle is somewhat meager, owing no doubt to the fact that the true bottle has never been a thing of much beauty, except in a few rare instances, but rather a humble vessel of no intrinsic value.

Bottles are made today in stupendous quantities and are of all sorts, sizes and descriptions. In the manufacture of a common bottle either sand, soap boiler's waste, brick clay or other materials, according to locality, are used. Having been run down into a molten mass, the metal is skimmed, and the first operator, known as the "gatherer," takes a little of the glass on the end of a heated pipe. When this has cooled somewhat he again dips his pipe into the glass, having "gathered" in the two dips sufficient to make a bottle. This he hands on to the "blower," who as he blows through the tube rolls the metal on a stone, thereby fashioning the bottle neck. The roughly shaped mass is then placed in a mold and the operator continues to blow until he has brought it to the required form. After this the bottle is handed to the finisher, who by touching the neck with a small bit of iron dipped in water completely severs it from the pipe. He attaches the pontee, an iron instrument tipped with molten glass, to the bottom of the bottle and thus gives it the usual rounded shape. This pontee may be used for from twenty to twenty-four dozen bottles. Then, warming the bottle at the furnace, the finisher takes a small quantity of the metal on what is known as a ring iron and, turning it around the mouth, forms the ring seen at the top of the neck. Taking the shears, he trims the neck. In the center of one blade of the shears is a piece of brass tapering like a cork, which forms the inner mouth, while the other blade has a piece of

brass fastened to it, for the purpose of shaping the ring. A boy lifts the completed bottle on a fork, and it is taken to the annealing arch, which contains about ten or twelve gross of bottles placed in bins one above the other. These are the processes which even the cheapest and most ordinary bottle has to go through. So it can well be imagined what an infinitude of care and trouble is needed to produce a bottle of the finest grade.—London Globe.

Trousers in College.

As late as 1812 students in Trinity and St. John's colleges, Cambridge, were prohibited from wearing pantaloons or trousers in chapel. Oxford men had already fought for and won the right to wear trousers. These were first allowed in Oxford in 1810, when Rigaud was proctor, and his relaxation of discipline gave great offense to the dons. On Nov. 20, 1815, William Phelps, scholar of Corpus and afterward archdeacon of Carlisle, writes, "I have been invited once to the bachelors' common room, where I found all wore black pantaloons and stockings and white waistcoats." Evidently the discovery caused him some surprise or he would not have thought it worthy of record. Dean Burgon relates in his "Lives of Twelve Great Men" that as late as 1847 the Rev. Edward Miles Rudd as senior fellow of Oriel used to appear at the college "gaudy" in black shorts.—London Telegraph.

A Well Guarded Bank.

The Bank of England is considered to have one of the most nearly impregnable vaults of any bank in the world. It is sixty-six feet below the level of the street. Above it is twenty feet of concrete, holding seven feet of water, and below the same concrete barrier and depth of water. In this manner tunneling becomes impossible, while with the soldier guard posted every night the conservative Briton has reason to believe in the security of his "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

Thoroughly Enjoyed.

"I saw you at the musicale yesterday afternoon. I'm so sorry I couldn't get a chance to speak to you. Did you enjoy my daughter's singing?"

"Yes, very much."

"I thought her accompanist played awfully loud."

"She did. Back where I sat the sound of the piano was the only thing we could hear."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Spoiled Because the Man Who Told It Had a Poor Memory.

Mr. Sniffin was at a dinner party given a few days ago at Judge Pitman's. While the company were at the table Sniffin said in a loud voice:

"By the way, did you read that good thing of Adeler's the other day about the woman over in Pen-cader? It was one of the most amusing things that ever came under my observation. The woman's name, you see, was Emma. Well, sir, there were two young fellows paying attention to her, and after she'd accepted one of them the other also proposed to her, and as she felt certain that the first one wasn't in earnest she accepted the second one too. So a few days later both of 'em called at the same time, both claimed her hand, and both insisted on marrying her at once. Then of course she found herself face to face with a decidedly unpleasant—unpleasant—er—less see what's the word I want? Unpleasant—er—er—Blamed if I haven't forgotten that word."

"Predicament," suggested Judge Pitman.

"No, that's not it. What's the name of that thing with two horns? Unpleasant—er—er—hang it! It's gone clear out of my mind."

"A cow," hinted Miss Gridley.

"No, not a cow."

"Maybe it's a buffalo," remarked Dr. Potts.

"No, no kind of an animal. Something else with two horns. Mighty queer I can't recall it."

"Perhaps it's a brass band," observed Butterwick.

"Or a man who's had a couple of drinks," suggested Peter Lamb.

"Of course not."

"You don't mean a fire company?" asked Mrs. Pitman.

"No-no. That's the durndest, queerest thing I ever heard of that I can't remember that word," said Mr. Sniffin, getting warm and beginning to feel miserable.

"Well, give us the rest of the story without it," said the judge.

"That's the mischief of it," said Mr. Sniffin. "The whole joke turns on that infernal word."

"Two horns, did you say?" asked Dr. Potts. "Maybe it is a catfish."

"Or a snail," remarked the judge.

"No-no—none of those."

"Is it an elephant or a walrus?" asked Mrs. Potts.

"I guess I'll have to give it up,"

said Mr. Sniffin, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Well, that's the sickest old story I ever ran across," remarked Butterwick to the judge. Then everybody smiled, and Mr. Sniffin excused himself upon the ground that he had to meet a man, and he withdrew.

The mystery is yet unsolved. I never concocted any such story as that, and I have a faint impression that Sniffin was trying to build one up by bringing that woman's name, Emma, somehow into a pun with the word "dilemma," and I am glad he failed. When a man begins to palm off his infamous jokes on me the time has come when he can die without being missed.—New York Weekly.

How They Broke Up.

An amusing story is related in "Canadian Savage Folk" of the manner in which an adjournment was taken by a mass meeting. A missionary who had started a school among the Indians met with opposition, and the meeting had been called in support of the rival scheme.

There were several speakers who denounced the school in existence. We replied vigorously, showing the efficiency of the school and denouncing in turn the methods adopted by the opposition. An Indian chief produced some specimens of work done at the school, and several speakers supported the work as it was being done. The climax was reached when a gentleman rose and said:

"I move the whole thing bust!"

The chairman put the motion.

"It is moved and seconded that the whole thing bust!"

The audience sprang to their feet and, waving hats, yelled "Busted!" and made for the door. Thus ended the first and last opposition in that matter.

Early Needles.

It is said by some that steel needles were invented by the Moors. Before their general diffusion throughout the civilized world thorns and fish bones, the latter with a hole pierced for an eye, were in use. The first needles made in London were by a Moor, in the reign of Henry VIII., and in Queen Mary's day steel needles were sold in Cheapside and other streets of London. After this time the manufacture increased rapidly, many Germans migrating to England and establishing needle works in various places.