

Listen! Don't Fail to Inspect the New Fall Goods at Baird's

The stock is more complete and the prices are much lower than they ever were before in Newberg

Wool and Cotton Blankets

A big line at Bargain Prices

Cotton Blankets per pair from 75c to \$2.75
Wool Blankets per pair from 4.00 to \$8.50

We want you to see this line of Blankets before you buy. These are genuine bargains and you will save money by buying them at Baird's.

Mixed Wool and Cotton Dress Goods

For Girls School Dresses

Here is some goods that we are selling at very attractive prices, and now is the time to buy. We have several pieces of mixed wool and cotton goods which we bought especially for girls school dresses, and we have marked them to sell at

25c and 30c per yd

Our Hosiery Department

For Men and Women, Boys and Girls

It certainly does pay to buy your hosiery here. There is no better line and no better assortment of Hosiery in the county than Baird's, and you will find that our prices are generally a little lower than those of other dealers. We have them for Men and Women, Boys and Girls, in wool or cotton. You always get the best value for the price at Baird's.

Ladies and Childrens Coats

We have just received a nice line of those Black Caracul Coats and are offering them at the astonishingly low prices
\$12.00 for ladies, \$5.50 for children

These are good bargains and want you to come and see them

Groceries

Don't forget this is the fast growing department of our store. Remember that it pays to do your trading at Baird's store.

Fine All Wool Dress Goods

Here will be found one of the largest lines of all wool Dress Goods and the widest range of assortment to be found in the city. All wool dress goods in all colors and styles at only

50c to \$1.25 per yd

Silk Waisting—1 of a kind

Some lovely silk waisting—three and half yards to the pattern—one of a kind. If you need a nice silk waist come in and look these over. Priced at

\$3.50 per pattern

5000 Yards of Outings

5000 yards of Outing—the largest assortment of patterns in the city. Get your Outing now.

at 10c per yard

Baird's

Men's Suits and Overcoats

ALL WOOL SUITS FROM \$13 TO \$18

These suits are as good as the others ask \$18.00 to \$30.00 for. You can get more for your money in suits and overcoats at Baird's than any store in the Willamette valley. It will be a great pleasure to show you this up-to-date line and save you some money

MEASURED THE GUN.

After the Englishman Got Through the American Had His Turn.

In connection with the ordnance inventions of an admiral in the United States navy, now deceased, there is told a story of how a young naval officer, a lieutenant, frustrated the scheme of a British naval officer to get the plan of the new gun, just then a matter of extreme interest to other nations.

The lieutenant had been detailed by the government to inspect the making of the new guns at one of our naval establishments. One day the American officer received a visit from the Englishman, who made no bones of asking for a look at the drawings. The American regretted extremely that they were locked up in the iron safe and that the officer having supervision of the establishment alone had the combination. The British officer was very inquisitive and was evidently taking mental notes.

After awhile the lieutenant was called out to the machine shop. When he got back to the office he found that the Englishman had gone. The American hastened to the foundry, where he discovered the foreigner very busily measuring the diameters of the eleven inch pattern. The instrument he used for this operation was a white grapevine stick he carried. He desisted, however, as the American officer approached, and then he was "started out of the works."

It was late in the afternoon, and the lieutenant accompanied him back to the city and introduced him at the club. There the wide awake American secured that remarkable stick and upon examination discovered four distinct notches. These the lieutenant carefully pared off with a knife and notched a like number about four inches farther down. "That will be a wonderful gun to go on a bust with," grimly said the young American, "if the Britisher ever causes one to be made according to the dimensions I gave him."—Army and Navy.

Futility.

"What does 'futility' mean?" said the young girl to her sweetheart.

"It means—er—well, let me give you an example. Have you pencil and paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, multiply 3,946 by 741."

The maiden struggled with the figures and at last produced an an-

swer.

"3,845,066," said she. "Divide that by two."

"1,422,533."

"Right. Now add three to that and subtract it from 1,422,536."

"The result is nothing," said the maiden.

"Correct," said her sweetheart. "That's what I call futility. You've covered a sheet of paper with figures all to no purpose."

Then he wondered why she returned him his ring.

Warranted to Wear.

"Now, lookie 'ere," said the farmer to the manager of the cloth factory, planking down a big parcel of wool; "th' last cloth you made for me was so thin that I hardly knew when I'd got on a coat or not. So make this oop thicker, my lad."

The manager nodded. Business was bad. He couldn't afford to lose old customers, so he put his best work into the job.

"Well, is the cloth stiff enough this time?" he asked a day or two afterward.

"Stiff enough? You couldn't break it wi' a battleram!" exclaimed the farmer. "Why, my lad, it be bullet proof! Old girl and me, we tried to bend it, but 'tweren't no good. But that be all right now," he added. "I've just been to th' carpenter, and he's goin' to put hinges on knees and elbows!"—Answers.

A Deduction.

"Say, pa," said little Johnny after an hour or two of deep reflection, "if I put a lemon and some sugar in a pail o' water would that be lemonade?"

"Yes, my son, yes—of course it would," replied Mr. Squiggles from behind his newspaper.

"Well, then," continued Johnny, edging toward the door, "if that's the case I suppose if I put a piece of artillery and some gunpowder in a barrel of water it would be a cannonade, wouldn't it?"—Harper's Weekly.

Patriotic.

Jacob Cash of Chicago, after acquiring a large fortune, decided to set up a library. Accordingly he sent for a bookseller and ordered 10,000 volumes, all to be as fine and handsome as possible. "Very good, sir," said the bookseller. "I'll give you nothing but standard books. I suggest that half of them be bound in Russia and half in Morocco." "No, no," said Jacob Cash. "I'm an out and out protectionist. I am. Let 'em all be bound in America."

FIRST BALLOON FLIGHT.

What Would Carlyle Say If He Were Alive These Days?

What will not mortals attempt? From remote Annonay, in the Vivarais, the brothers Montgolfier send up their paper dome, filled with the smoke of burnt wool. The Vivarais provincial assembly is to be pronounced this same day; Vivarais assembly members applaud and the shouts of congregated men. Will victorious analysis scale the very heavens, then?

Paris hears with eager wonder. Paris shall ere long see. From Revillon's paper warehouse there, in the Rue St. Antoine (a noted warehouse), the new Montgolfier airship launches itself. Ducks and poultry have been borne skyward, but now shall men be borne. Nay, Chemist Charles thinks of hydrogen and glazed silk. Chemist Charles will himself ascend from the Tuileries garden, Montgolfier solemnly cutting the cord. By heaven, this Charles does also mount, he and another!

Ten times ten thousand hearts go palpitating—all tongues are mute with wonder and fear—till a shout, like the voice of seas, rolls after him on his wild way. He soars, he dwindles upward, has become a mere gleaming circlet, like some Turgotine snuffbox, what we call "Turgotine-platitude," like some new daylight moon!

Finally he descends, welcomed by the universe. Duchess Polignac, with a party, is in the Bois de Boulogne, waiting, though it is drizzly winter, the first of December, 1783. The whole chivalry of France, Duke de Chartres foremost, gallops to receive him.

Beautiful invention, mounting heavenward, so beautiful, so unguidably—emblem of much and of our age of hope itself, which shall mount, specifically light, majestically in this same manner, and hover, tumbling whither fate will. Well, if it do not, Pilatre-like, explode and demount all the more tragically! So, riding on wind bags, will men scale the empyrean?—Carlyle, "The French Revolution."

The Nameless Girls of Korea.

Girls in Korea have no names or what would be considered names in the western world. The little ones are given a pet name at their birth, and this they bear until they are ten years old, after which time it is no longer used. After her tenth birthday the young woman is

known as "Mr. Kim's daughter" or "Mr. Kim's girl baby." The latter title is considered the more honorable. If there are several daughters in the family they are distinguished by such words as "the eldest," "second," "third," "fourth," etc. After marriage they are known by the husband's name and title, with the word "house" affixed. They may also be distinguished by the name of the place from which they came when marrying, as "Mrs. of the house of Kim, the young lady who came from Kongjo."

Saved by Its Tick.

The last thing the woman did was to put four rings in the clock on the mantel.

"So thieves won't get them," she said. "I should think that would be simply inviting thieves to run away with them," said her friend. "That is a handsome clock, and thieves like clocks."

"They do," said the woman, "but they will never steal this clock. It ticks too loud. No wise thief will run away with a clock that goes like a thrashing machine. It isn't the alarm about his person that he is afraid of, for he can stop the clock, but the occupants of the flat are likely to return before he gets safely away, and if a loud ticking clock is gone they will miss it the minute they step inside the door and maybe give him a hot chase for his plunder."—New York Times.

A City of Men Only.

According to a very reliable authority there is in Mongolia, close to the borders of Russian Siberia, a city which is peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this city, but even to pass the Great wall and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders, and when they accumulate sufficient fortune by trading with Europe through Siberia they return to their native cities and live there at ease with their families.

The Inquisitive Hostess.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—How is your little girl?

Caller—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl. Small Girl (after a painful pause in the conversation)—How is your little boy?

Caller—My dear, I haven't any little boy, either.

Small Girl—What are yours?—Woman's Home Companion.

EAST INDIAN PRINCES.

Some Are Real Aristocrats, Others More Vulgar Spendthrifts.

"India is governed by the British, but only part of it is governed directly by them. Of the 1,766,643 square miles of India 690,000 square miles are under the rule of the native princes, as are 66,000,000 out of the 300,000,000 inhabitants. There are some 6,000 native chiefs, big and little, from the nizams, the ruler of Haidarabad, with its population of 11,000,000, its territory of 82,692 square miles and its revenue of nearly \$12,500,000, down to a petty chief with a few square miles of territory and a few thousands a year of revenue.

"There is as much variety in their breeding and bearing and ability as in their territories and revenues," writes Price Collier in Scribner's Magazine. "Some of them trace their ancestry straight back to the first conquerors from the north, others are descended from Arab, Tartar or Afghan invaders; others are the descendants of court favorites, while others are heirs of rough soldiers who grabbed what they could and held it when the Mogul empire went to pieces. Some are highly educated, others ignorant; some are Anglicized, some Parisized, devoting much time, those to cricket, racing, polo, and these to European travel.

"There are fine gentlemen among them, as chivalrous and as proud as any noble in Europe, and there are others who are mere naughty schoolboys. There are not a few who spend their money on schools and colleges and museums, on irrigation works and tramways, on roads and bridges and model prisons, and who pride themselves on the efficiency and smartness of their imperial service troops, and others who waste thousands of pounds upon motorcars, jewels, dancing girls or favorite wives and hideous Brummagem furniture and pictures. "There are burly, heavy shouldered, big hipped, gross featured princes, who look like brown caricatures of some of Rubens' women, and there are lithe, muscular, fine featured fellows who look fit for a tussle with a tiger and show their breeding even to their finger tips."

A Clew.

"My husband is missing!" declared the stern faced woman, marching into the police station.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. He's been missing

since yesterday. Don't stand staring—make a note of it. Since yesterday, I say!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am."

"When I want your sympathy I'll ask for it. Till then be good enough to keep your mouth shut. Now, where is my husband?"

"How should I know?"

"You ought to know. What are you paid for? Where is he? Have you no clews?"

"Well, ma'am, I have"—

"Have you any clews—yes or no, quickly?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I have one."

"Out with it! What is it? Come; don't keep me waiting!"

"Well, ma'am, I think I—I think I know why your husband left home!"

Disraeli's Devoted Wife.

On the way down to Hatfield Mrs. Disraeli had a fall on the premises of a dealer in marble and cut her face most severely. When she reached her destination she took her hostess aside and said: "My husband is preparing a great speech. If he finds out that I have had this accident he will be quite upset. I want you to take me straight up to my room and say I've a headache. He has lost his eyeglass, and if you put me a long way from him at dinner he will never see what condition I am in." The plan answered admirably, and Disraeli did not find out what had happened for two days.—"Diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff."

Bright Money in Streaks.

A man who gives to his wife all the bright dimes and quarters and halves he gets says that bright money seems to run in streaks. Sometimes he gets a lot of bright coins for days and weeks in succession and then he may go a month and get not one. He doesn't undertake to account for this, but he notes that in the last month he has gathered in next to none. This has left him for that time with a little more money for himself than previously.—New York Sun.

The President's Standards.

The president of the United States has no official flag, but as commander in chief of the army and navy his presence is noticed by distinct standards. The army flag is red and bears in the center the official coat of arms of the United States. Bearing the same coat of arms and somewhat similar, save its color, blue, is the navy flag.