

BAIRD'S Annual Clearance Sale

Begins Friday, Jan. 5th, Continues till Saturday, Jan. 13

This will be no fake sale but will be a straight, clean, up-to-date Sale. This will be your opportunity to save money on good clean Merchandise. We have no sensational advertisements to offer. Neither do we intend to sell below cost, except in few instances of broken lots and soiled goods.

All Outing Flannel at 9c yard
 " Calico at 4½ cents yard
 " regular 10c Dress Gingham at 8c
 " regular 12½c Dress Gingham at 10c
 " 36 inch Percale at 11c yd
 " 27 inch Percale at 9c yd
 One lot Dress Goods at 19c yd
 " lot Dress Goods 23c yd
 " lot Embroidery regular 10c val. 8c yd

One lot Zion City Lace 5c yd
 All Umbrellas ½ off
 " wool fascinators & Head Wear ½ off
 " Men's Suits at ½ off
 " Men's Overcoats at ½ off
 " Ladies' Skirts at 1-4 off
 " Ladies' Petticoats at 1-4 off
 " Ladies' Corsets at 15 per cent off
 " Blankets at 15 per cent off
 " Shoes at 10 per cent off

All Sweaters at ½ off
 " Men's Hats 20 per cent off
 One lot Men's Hats \$1.00 each
 These are odd lots values up to \$2.50
 All Men's, Children's, Ladies' Winter Underwear 20 per cent off
 Ladies' & Children's coats big reduction
 All Colonial Draperies 15 per cent off
 " Ladies' Waists 1-4 off
 One lot Bed Spreads 1-4 off

It will pay you to come in and look these goods over before you buy. This is intended for a strictly Clearance Sale and all reductions in price are genuine from the original price. We will not give premium tickets on goods sold during this sale.

Come Early and Get Your Pick

E. C. BAIRD

WHITE HAIR OVERNIGHT.

A German Scientist Says Such a Thing Couldn't Possibly Happen.

A cherished popular belief is that of the sudden blanching of the hair from fright, worry or other severe mental strain. It plays its part in the drama and in fiction, while history records its famous instances. Who has not heard that Marie Antoinette's hair turned white during the night before her execution or that the deeds and terrors of St. Bartholomew's night blanched the hair of Henry IV.? Most of us wondered how the change could come about as rapidly as tradition relates, and yet so universal is the belief in this phenomenon that few have the hardihood to doubt it. And yet Stieda, a hard headed German scientist, boldly says that it isn't so at all. This refractory German first proves that such a thing couldn't possibly happen, and then, not satisfied, declares that it never did happen. With equal disregard of folk lore, history and medical literature, he points the finger of doubt and challenges many long deceased historians and physicians to arise and prove their stories.

He claims that when the hair turns white under ordinary conditions it does so in one of two ways. Either the pigmented hairs fall out and are replaced by unpigmented hairs, or, less commonly, pigment production stops in a growing hair and the colorless portion gradually replaces the darker outer segment. As the growing of a new crop of hair in a single night is beyond the possibilities, Stieda must needs discredit all tales of such miraculous transformation, says the Journal of the American Medical Association. This he does at length, taking up the best known instances of such supposed blanching of hair and finding them all lacking in support sufficient to meet critical consideration, much less such control as to establish an acceptable scientific demonstration. For example, he doubts the story of Marie Antoinette's sudden loss of hair pigment, stating that although the queen certainly was gray at the time of her execution, yet this was no novelty, for she was also gray nine months before, at the time the king met his sudden end at the hands of the revolutionists.

As for the rest of the reputed cases, many are nothing better than old wives' tales, while others are examples of credulity substituted for healthy skepticism and careful investigation. The explanation of

ferred for several instances is simply that the keeper of the jail or dungeon in which the unhappy heroine or hero was confined neglected to furnish his guest's dressing table with the hair dye to which the latter had been accustomed at home, and that nature asserted itself before release or execution.

Watch the Thumbs.

A physician in charge of a well known asylum for the care of the insane said: "There is one infallible test either for the approach or presence of lunacy. If the person whose case is being examined is seen to make no use of his thumb, if he lets it stand out at right angles from the hand and employs it neither in salutation, writing nor any other manual exercise, you may set it down as a fact that that person's mental balance is gone. He or she may converse intelligently, may in every respect be guarding the secret of a mind diseased with the utmost care and cunning, but the telltale thumb will infallibly betray the lurking madness which is concealed behind a plausible demeanor."

Pertinent Questions.

Magato, a Kaffir chief, once put some awkward questions to certain European missionaries.

"Why do you white men work so hard?" he asked.

"To earn money."

"Why do you want money?"

"That we may have no need to work."

"That is a roundabout way of getting to the spot that my young men are already upon."

"You say work is a good thing and that all good white men enjoy work," said Magato on another occasion. "Why is it that when you send bad men to prison you make them work as a punishment?"

A Fearful Poison.

Cyanide is the basic principle of prussic acid, and the latter, it is well known, is the most deadly poison, contributes a reader of the Washington Star. I have seen puppies die from a single drop of prussic acid placed on the tongue before the animal had a chance to swallow, so quickly does it work upon the nervous system. A German chemist, after many years of experimenting, thought he had discovered an antidote for prussic acid, but he never had a chance to demonstrate it, for when he made the attempt he died before he could administer his antidote.

DOUBLE STARS.

They Are Superbly Bright and Are All Said to Be Suns.

Many stars that appear single to the naked eye are found to consist of two stars close to each other when examined through a powerful telescope. They are called double stars and several thousand have been observed by astronomers.

There are two classes of double stars. The first consists of those optically double. These appear double because they are nearly in the same line of vision as seen from the earth, though they have no connection, and one star may be very much nearer to us than the other.

The second class consists of those physically double, or binary stars, where one star revolves about the other or where each revolves around the center of gravity common to the pair, forming a binary system.

Many double stars have been found to perform such a revolution. This is generally very slow, requiring centuries for its completion. A few binary stars, however, revolve so rapidly that a complete revolution has taken place since they were first observed. There are some whose period is less than a century.

Besides the binary stars, groups of three or more stars are found that are physically connected. These are known as triple, quadruple and multiple stars.

The colors of double stars are superbly brilliant and varied. The components often shine in contrasted colors, one being blue and the other yellow, or one being green and the other yellow. Sometimes the companions are purple and white or red and white or both are white.

A few stars are known as naked eye doubles. One is a small star in Lyra near the bright Vega. A sharp eyed observer may see it double. Bessel did so at the age of thirteen.

A low power of the telescope will separate it into two white stars wide apart. A high power will separate each of the two components in the two stars. This tiny star is, therefore, a double double, forming a quadruple system.

A beautiful double star easy to find is Albireo in the beak of the swan. One of the components is of the third and the other of the fifth magnitude. The colors are golden yellow and sapphire blue.

It is said that all these double stars are suns. It is difficult to conceive in the least a complex system in which blue, green and crimson suns circle slowly round each other,

perhaps accompanied by retinues of planets. Our sun and his dark family dwindle into insignificance in comparison, though suns great and small, single, double or multiple, are held together by the same law that keeps the pebble in its place on this little earth.—Harper's.

Alexander's Famous Horse.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, was in all probability the most celebrated horse of which we have any knowledge. He was bought for the sum of 16 talents from Philonious out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was skewbald, or, in other words, white, clouded with large deep bay spots, this peculiar breed being valued by the Parthians above all others, but being disliked by the Romans because so easily seen in the dark. Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes and there received his death wound. Disobedient for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the battle, brought Alexander to a place of safety, knelt, as was his custom, for him to alight and, having thus performed his duty, trembled, dropped down and died.

Palmistry.

Palmistry is almost as old as history itself. It is spoken of by Aristotle, Pliny, Paracelsus, Albert Magnus and many other of the ancients. It is supposed to have originated in Egypt, but no one pretends to say when. From Egypt the art, or science, or whatever you prefer to call it, spread to Greece, the land whose people were "always looking for some new thing." Palmistry appears to have existed from time immemorial in India, and it is possible, and probable as well, that it may have been indigenous to that country, just as it may have been to Egypt.—New York American.

An Arboreal Methuselah.

On the island of Cos, in the Aegean sea, there is an immense plane tree which is estimated to be more than 2,000 years old. It measures nearly eighteen yards in circumference. The lower branches have been shored up by pieces of antique columns and have grown over the ends of the columns like caps. A solid marble seat under the tree is said to have been the chair of Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," and it is supposed that he taught the art of healing from that seat.

TIN CATCHES COLD.

And When It Does the Metal Finally Crumbles to Powder.

Certain metallic elements have their ailments and indispositions, but the tin plague is probably the most remarkable of them all. If tin catches cold it will decay, it will lose its luster and finally crumble to a gray powder. The change is not a chemical one, for the gray powder is still tin, and it can be brought back by careful warming to its original healthy condition.

Apparently, when the tin is very pure it is more susceptible to cold and consequent decay. In fact, it may be made proof against the disease by alloying it with other metals. The disease is a source of considerable annoyance and disappointment to the collectors of coins who possess valuable tin specimens in their cabinets.

This curious failing of tin, says the London Lancet, may possibly have led to the use of the word "tin" as a term of reproach, as in such expressions as a "tin pot institution," or "a tin soldier." Even tin buttons have been known to crumble in this way, and organ pipes made of tin have been found to decay after a severe winter. Tin rot, to keep up the analogy of disease, is even infectious, for decaying tin in contact with healthy lustrous tin soon spoils it and reduces it to its own unhealthy state. If tin is to be protected effectually against the ravages of cold it should be kept above 18 degrees centigrade. The best remedy appears to be, however, to alloy it with another metal, notably lead.

Precaution.

A young father took his six-months-old son to the photographer's last week. A nice picture was obtained, and when he was informed that the prints were ready he went alone to get them. Note this—he was not armed with the proofs—and the child's mother was not along. And yet out of sixty or seventy pictures of babies—for this photographer makes a specialty of kids—he unhesitatingly picked his own. Few mere fathers could have done it.

"How did you?" asked the photographer.

"I know my own child," replied the father, stalking proudly forth.

"How did you?" asked the mother.

"Why—er—dear, when the picture was taken I pinned my lodge pin on his little dress. See how it

shows up in the photograph?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Inning.

The waitress at the Littlehalt inn smoothed her apron and turned, giggling, to her assistant. "There's a regular old countryman just come in," she whispered. "He's ordered a chowder first, the way they always do; when it comes to dessert I'm going to have some fun. You listen."

The old countryman was taking his last spoonful of chowder from his tilted plate when he became aware that the waitress was hovering near him. He looked up, and she spoke in a clear, carrying tone. "We've got four kinds of pie," she said. "Which'll you have?"

The shrewd old eyes twinkled up into the pretty, impertinent face.

"I'll have a piece o' the last," said the old countryman gravely.—Youth's Companion.

Wedding Cakes.

The history of the wedding cake goes back a great many years. The bride of ancient Rome had a cake broken over her head as a symbol of plenty. She carried three ears of wheat in her hand, and the early English bride wore wreaths of wheat, which were sometimes golden. The grains were thrown over her as we throw rice and confetti today. Often the wheat was ground, made into small cakes, which were broken over the bride's head and distributed to the guests in pieces. Hence our wedding cake placed in boxes.—London Graphic.

Dangers of Boating.

Clara—When George and I are married I'm to have my own way in everything.

Dora—Guess you won't.

Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?

"Yes."

"Well, he was rowing, but I was steering."—New York Weekly.

A Prize He Didn't Get.

Whistler once made an etching of a blacksmith, who some months later came up to town and called at the artist's studio in Chelsea. "Hallo, blacksmith!" exclaimed Whistler. "What brings you here?" "Why," said the blacksmith, "I heard as 'ow a prize had been awarded for that there portrait you made o' me, and I've come for the cash."