

# IT PAYS TO TRADE AT BAIRD'S

## We Have Just Received Our Spring Line of Dress Gingham

2000 yards of all the newest patterns at 10 cents per yard  
2000 yards of all the newest patterns at 12 1-2 c per yard

We wish you would come and inspect these gingham. In White Goods we have a nice line of Flaxon. This is the new popular white goods priced at 15c to 35c per yard. Each week will add new goods to our spring line. It will pay you to get the habit of coming to Baird's for your Dry Goods.

Try Our Parisiana Corsets

Try a pair of Peters Shoes

## Our Grocery Stock is Fresh and Complete

You will always find what you want in groceries here. We want to please you in Groceries and would appreciate having us give you a trial. You will always find prices right.

Yours for business, E. C. BAIRD

# We Will Pay You Cash For Your Eggs

### THE PETRIFIED MAN

A Cardiff Giant Swindle That Came to a Sudden End.

"Not very long after Benjum's Cardiff giant went into history some young men appeared at Lancaster, Mo., with the petrified body of a man, which they said they had found on their father's farm in Iowa while plowing," related the man who was telling of the incident. "The young men were exhibiting their petrified man in a tent, charging 100 cents admission. To the large and keenly interested crowd they explained that while working in the field one day the plow struck something hard, supposedly a rock. The plowman stooped down to remove the obstruction, but could not. He called his brother. By their united efforts with shovels they uncovered the rock, which turned out to be a petrified man, perfect in every outline. A great many people came to the grave and identified the remains as a neighbor who had gone off to the war, returned home and mysteriously disappeared. A mark under the eye and some peculiar scars in the back were the main means of identification, the speaker said, and there was no doubt that the soldier had died and turned to stone.

"A large man who had been listening thoughtfully spoke up when the description was finished.

"You are sure that's Jim?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the speaker. "My father knew him well. He has positively identified him."

"Know how he came to his death?"

"No, sir. It's a mystery."

"Then we'll hold an inquest,"

"In response to the amazed exclamation from the owners of the petrified man the inquisitor explained that he was the prosecuting attorney of the county and that it was his duty to see that inquests were held in all cases where death was mysterious. The boys protested, but in vain. They tried to get out of town with their exhibit, but were arrested and put under bond. The petrified man was laid out in state and the coroner summoned. He brought a mallet along. The crowd was immense, for this time the show was free.

"If there's anybody here who knows how this man came to his death he will please come forward," said the prosecutor.

"Nobody responded, for the boys had jumped their bond,

"Then I will make a post-mortem examination," said the coroner, picking up his mallet.

"He tapped the petrified soldier alongside the head. It rolled around and around like a baby on a doll rack when the thrower hits a ball-eye. Then he tapped an arm. That member also did the whirling act, because an iron rod ran through the center. The other arm performed the same way under the coroner's scientific manipulation.

"What do you find was the cause of death, doctor?" asked the prosecutor.

"Too much iron in the system."

"Without another word he picked up his mallet and left the death chamber. The petrified man was patched up and sold to a traveling speculator for \$60, which just about covered the costs of the inquest and the attorney's fees. The last I heard of the petrified man he was being shown in the Ozarks as the remains of a Persian king or duke who had been slain several thousand years ago by his subjects, who thought he was hard."—New York Sun.

### Long Canals.

The Grand canal of China is the longest entirely artificial waterway in the world, extending as it does from Hangchow to Peking, a distance of almost 700 miles. The part between the Yellow river and the Yangtze is said to have been constructed over 500 years before Christ. The remaining portions were built separately at later dates, and Kublai-Khan, whose rule began in 1280, united them and made the continuous canal, which is still used. Much longer continuous waterways, partially natural and for the remainder of their extent artificial, exist elsewhere. Of these the longest reaches from the Chinese frontier to St. Petersburg. It measures 4,472 miles. Another, running from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg, is 1,434 miles. Both these were projected and commenced by Peter the Great.

### Always the Sermon.

An American was being shown over an old church beneath which hundreds of people were interred. "A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, with a wave of his hand.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"—Liverpool Mercury.

### CONSCRIPTION.

European Peasants Imagine That All Countries Enforce It.

Conscription is so universal throughout Europe that the French or Italian peasant cannot imagine a government which does not enforce it. This amusing account of the struggles of some Italians to comprehend our army system is found in an article by H. A. Foucault in Harper's Weekly.

At one of my stopping places the hostess wandered in and sat down before the register in which I had written my autobiography. Her eyes fell on the figures indicating my age. "Aha!" she cried, jabbing the number with a stubby forefinger and winking good humoredly. "Soldiering is hard work. I don't blame you any. Officers are hard masters."

I had too often been accused of running away to escape military service to be at all put out by this familiar accusation.

"Many a boy I know," went on the woman, "who has run away to America just before he reached his majority and the beginning of his three years in the army. How strange you Americans should fly over here to Italy for the same reason!"

"Well, I don't blame them," growled the innkeeper.

"But military service is not required in America," I put in.

"Eh?" cried my hearers in chorus.

"We don't have to be soldiers in America," I repeated.

"What! You have no army?" shouted the host.

"Yes. But the soldiers are hired, as for any other trade."

"But who makes them go?" demanded the blind musician.

"No one. They are paid to go."

The audience, puzzled over this strange arrangement for several moments. Suddenly the landlady burst out laughing. "You think to fool us!" she cried. "How, if there is nobody to make them go, can there be soldiers to pay?"

"Ah! That's it!" roared the host.

"They go because they want to," I explained.

"Want to be soldiers?" bellowed the innkeeper. "What nonsense! Who wants to be a soldier and work three years for nothing?"

"But you don't understand. Those who want to be soldiers are paid wages."

"Ah!" cried a musician, with a

sudden burst of inspiration. "When your name is drawn you pay a man wages to go for you?"

"No, the government pays him. Our names are not drawn."

"How much money the king must spend, paying all the soldiers?"

"Ah! They are strange people, the Americans," sighed the host. And he cast upon me a glance that seemed to say, "And liars, too, very often."

### A Question of Usage.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line, "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line, "Neither are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Nither are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice, "Nay-ther are they afraid."

So the question of usage still remained unsettled.—London Standard.

### The Roots of Altruism.

The three eternal roots of altruistic energy are these: First, the principle of justice—that there is a moral law before which all men are equal, so that I ought to help my neighbor to his rights; second, the principle of charity—that I owe infinite tenderness to any shape or kind of man, however unworthy or useless to the same; third, the principle of free will—that I can really decide to help my neighbor and am truly disgraced if I do not do so. To this may be added the idea of a definite judgment—that is, that the action will at some time terribly matter to the helper and the helped.—G. K. Chesterton.

### Flowers as Food.

The old time epicurean was as enthusiastic over flowers and herbs as is the modern vegetarian over a cabbage. He mixed all kinds of buds, leaves and flowers with loving care and gave them all the common name of "sallets." Violets and cowslips he put into custards. Elder tops, burdock roots, broom buds and marshmallows he used for pickling. For confectioning coloring sirups all manner of flowers were used. To-day a cooked flower is a curiosity.

### AN AUSTRALIAN TORNADO.

The Show as Seen From a Reserved Front Seat.

The tornado of Australia is related pretty nearly to the same phenomenon in this country. It is on the land what the typhoon is in eastern waters. The storm of wind and rain is preceded by an unnatural stillness and silence of the elements. Sensitive persons and animals are aware of the approaching storm. The author of "Parts of the Pacific," who calls himself "a peripatetic parson," experienced one such gale when he was at the house of a friend in the northern part of Australia, very near the equator. His account is humorous as well as instructive.

By and by there came across the night air a distant roaring noise. The stillness of the slumbering hours was broken. Something terrible was at hand, as had been foretold by the clerk of the weather. The wind began to moan, then to whistle, then to bellow. The roof rattled, the trees shrieked, rain rushed and hissed, lightning blazed, and thunder crashed and boomed.

All the household was busy holding on to goods and catching things as they were hurled off by the violence of the storm. The roof was ripped up and carried away. Shutters and doors, walls and furniture—off they went, and people raced after them to the rescue. All were at work, myself included.

I had a bad leg coming on, and, considering the bed to be the most valuable article in any part of the house, I right manfully lay in it and so held it down. From the comfortable bed I watched the roof go off, piece by piece. From it I saw the slabs and boards go—I saw everything go until there was nothing left at my side of the house but me and my noble bed.

Together we weathered the storm bravely. Together we remained in the torrents of rain and in the blinding lightning, littered with broken timber, hornets' nests, oranges, bits of furniture from the next room, pomelos and guavas, boughs of trees and sundry other things.

I had never before witnessed a tornado, and the kind bed generously afforded me a front seat on the brow of the hill, from which the whole show was seen splendidly. Moreover, as you do not always require a roof over your head in that country, it was a mere trifle being left without one on a night like

that. When the storm ceased and daylight forced itself in a measure through the still inclement weather it was strange to see the river a long way up the lawn, spreading its turbid waters over the plain which we had traversed only the day before right up to the foot of the mountain. Two trees out of every three were blown down, and no leaves were left on any. Water was running everywhere, and the bright, peaceful scene of yesterday was now an expanse of dull gray and wholesale desolation.

### Appropriate.

There was a great discussion in progress among the members of the faculty of a certain college. They wrangled long and raised their voices to too high a pitch, each eager to have the measure in question embody his particular variation of the idea. Finally a professor of large mind and calm voice, who had been silent, rose and made a tactful, conciliatory speech. As the effect of his words began to show in the peaceful quiet that settled over the fidgeting members, another professor, who also took things calmly, turned to his neighbor and whispered the line from Kipling:

The oil can soothes the worrying cranks.

When the speaker had finished the more aggressive members took up the discussion again. Presently the professor who had Kipling in mind leaned over once more and quoted the line from "McAndrew's Hymn":

And now the main eccentrics start their quarrel.

### The Almanac.

The word "almanac" is derived from the Arabic "aland manah," which means to count and thus aptly applies to measurements of time. In ancient days almanacs were employed by the Alexandrian Greeks, but it is uncertain as to when they were actually introduced in Europe. In 1150 A. D. Solomon Jarchus issued an almanac in script, but the first printed one was brought to Vienna in 1457 by the great astronomer, Purbach. The most celebrated almanac maker was an adept in the so called black art, Nostradamus, and since his time, somewhere toward the middle of the fifteenth century, almanacs with predictions have been in vogue, and their pictorial prophecies and weather lore have invariably appealed to a large number of people.