

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

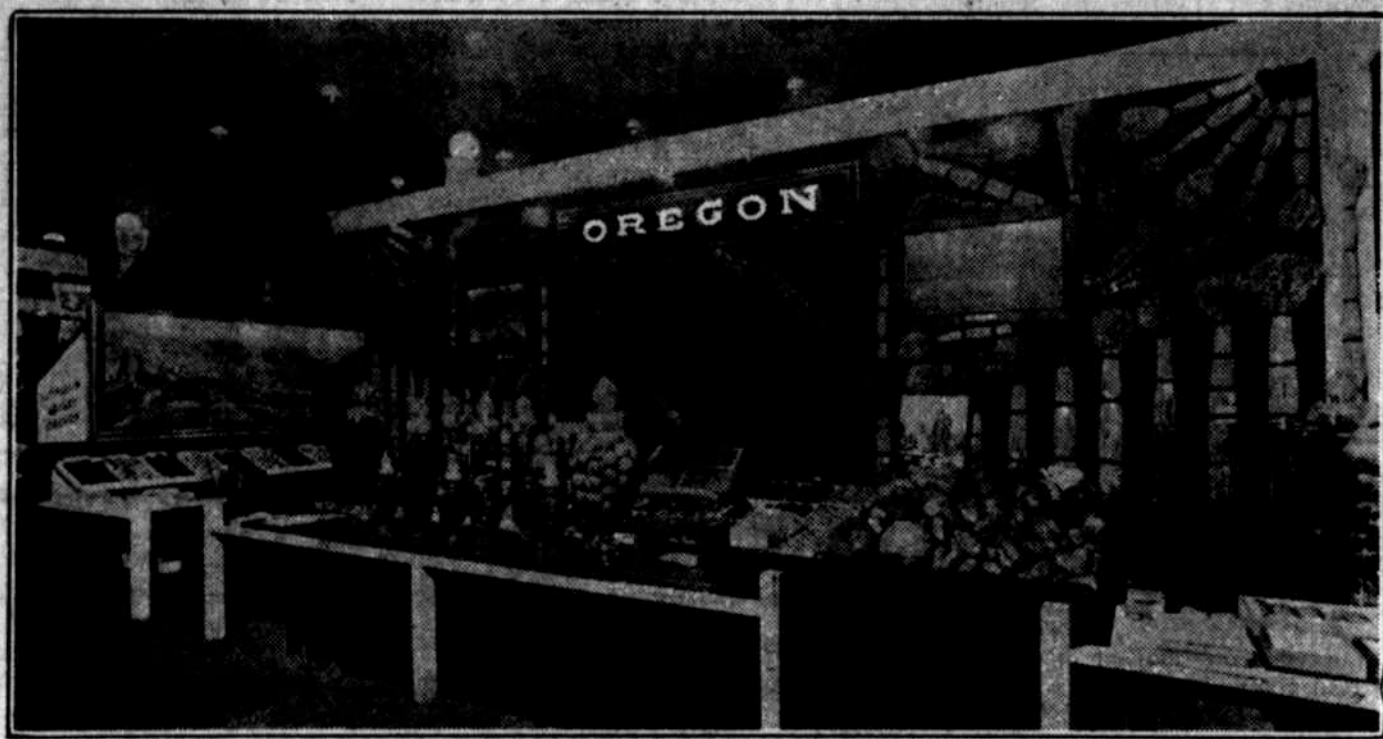
Try a pair of Peters Shoes

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



Oregon's Official State Booth Makes Excellent Showing at Northwestern Land Products Show

Oregon's official state booth attracted much attention at the Northwestern Land Products Show recently held in St. Paul. Of all the big shows in 1911 this was the most important as Northwestern products alone were shown, without fear or favor.

The official state booth of Oregon occupied an equal amount of space with the other state exhibits, which was subscribed for

by the business men of the Twin City and Duluth. Similar space was also furnished free to all the other states in the Northwest Development League.

The official state booth of Oregon was designed and put up by the Great Northern Railway for the State of Oregon. It was handsomely decorated and the apples and other fruits from Hood River, Willamette Valley, the Umpqua and Rogue River

Valleys made a splendid showing. In addition to fruit growing, the chances for diversified farming, dairying, hog and cattle raising, which are of much interest to the mid-Western and Eastern farmer, were emphasized. The interest manifested in Oregon was such that the Great Northern officials are well satisfied that the state will benefit much from this comprehensive exhibit.

The Size of Texas.

Texas is larger than all the New England states combined, larger than all the gulf states, including Georgia, combined; larger than the middle Atlantic states, consisting of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia; larger than Germany, larger than France, larger than Austria-Hungary. It is big enough to supply the population of the United States with almost everything it needs to eat, wear and make life worth living without exhausting its resources. All this is not so remarkable from the standpoint of room when it is known that the area of Texas is 265,780 square miles, that its greatest length is 825 miles and its greatest

breadth 740 miles. — Galveston News.

He Bit.

The city man was jogging on toward the farmhouse in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there," he ventured after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Waal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Any-

thing else you want to know? Get up here, hosses!" — Philadelphia Ledger.

Lost a Breakfast.

When in London early in his career Paul Du Chaillu, the explorer, received an invitation to breakfast signed "S. Oxon." On going to the address given he found it was a boot shop in Pall Mall and came away, deeming it, as he said, an impertinence that a bootmaker whom he did not know should invite him to breakfast. He afterward learned that the invitation was from the famous Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, whose London lodgings were over the boot shop. The prelate met him later and was greatly amused when the explorer told him of his mistake.

THE SMELL OF THE RAIN.

All Nature Senses It and Echoes the Welcome.

Sweeter than any perfume ever distilled by the chemist, sweeter than roses or cape jessamines or the scent of a ripe grape, sweeter than new mown hay or a baby's breath, sweeter than fresh linen and milady's washed hair, is the smell of the rain.

It is the breath to the nostrils, exhilaration to the lungs, elixir to the blood and wine to the brain. The dusty earth inhales it and is pulsing again with potential life. The flowers that were panting are revived, and the very leaves of the trees absorb it as incense and are lifted up. Hungry, fretful, parched and complaining, man opens his mouth and gulps it down like a gormand.

The fading and wilting cotton blossom welcomes it as a message of new life, and the naked of all the world rejoice in the hope of replenished wardrobes. The growling, groveling beasts of the stock exchange, intent upon the dust and drought and want of grim prospect, sniff it and are abashed and tame. Miasmas of privation and distress fade away from it as the fogs before the sunshine, and mellow wholesomeness possesses the fields and permeates the habitations of men.

The grass of the plains, brown and withered and dry as stubble, senses it as the blind and deaf are aware of the unseen and unheard approach of friends, and it steals over the land as the perfumed herald of an unforgetting providence.

The very sparrows of the ground twitter their delight, the songsters of the forest acclaim it with more liquid melody, and the mother bird on her nest whispers rejoicings to the brood beneath her wing. The bee that hung despairingly to the honeycomb flies straight to the clover field.

It springs up like a newborn presence; it comes down like a benediction. An unseen censer is swung in the air; a silent baptism is celebrated; the prayer that was uttered haltingly and half faithlessly is answered, and a resurrection is realized. What skeptical, impatient and unworthy creatures are we; what malcontents and murmurers! And how shortsighted is our view of creation and reproduction and the eternal scheme of life! Six thousand years have taught us little

though we know so much of the current day and hour. A lifetime of bounty, centuries of progress and the recurring cycles of a perpetual universe are vain to impress our poor understanding with the truth of the unfailing and the everlasting. What know we of the recessions and processions, the actions and the reactions, the energies and the restings of this old-young earth's large life? How unmindful we are of the deep, big truths which nature has been exhibiting all these years and generations and eons of the upward and advancing march! A little trial, a little hardship and we are undone, though the storehouse is full and the fat years are certain to return, for the fruitful ground will not belie itself.

But the smell of the rain—one whiff of it and all repinings are done, and the way is shining again, and we are after the butterflies as eager and as heedless as before.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and their ears are dried and their hurts are healed by little kisses which they straightway forget.—Fort Worth Record.

The Life Plant.

A creeping moss is found in Jamaica, in Barbados and in certain other islands of the West Indies which is called the "life tree" or, more properly, the "life plant." The powers of vitality of this strange freak of nature are said to be beyond those of any other known plant. It is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or by application of a red-hot iron. It may be cut and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds remaining will throw out roots, grow and form buds. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been placed in a closed, air tight, dark box, without moisture, for the purpose of testing its vitality, but invariably without effect on the plant's duration of life.

Too Uncertain.

The traveling salesman had looked at Mrs. Dolan's third floor back and found it neat and attractive. "I'll take it for two months," he said, "and always pay as I go. I suppose that will suit you."

"It will not," said Mrs. Dolan firmly. "There's times I'm not in the house when folks goes. They're liable to be called off sudden when I'm out o' the way. My boarders pays when they come—or else they don't come."

WILD PLANTS.

Provided by Nature With Weapons For Their Own Defense.

The keen competition in commercial circles even in these strenuous days is as nothing beside that of many plants and trees for bare existence. Their entire lives, from the time they form in the parent seed pod, are beset with peril, for nature is as much mistress of destruction as of creation.

At the same time all plants in their wild state are provided with weapons of defense, and often the weakest plant has proportionately the strongest weapon. Directly cultivation is brought about, however, so do the defensive faculties disappear.

Thorns, spikes, spines and stiff, bristly growths are the most common forms of plant defense.

In a childish way we have all looked at the araucaria, or monkey puzzle tree, and firmly decided that the spikes were intended to ward off simian acrobats. As a matter of fact, however, the spikes were there for a very different purpose. The trunk of the araucaria is composed of soft, pithy wood, and the sap travels upward so near the bark that were this covering broken by a blow the tree would "bleed." The spikes therefore are to prevent a possible blow from reaching the bark, and as the tree grows and the trunk toward the base toughens so do these basal spikes drop off.

The most terrible plant defense of all is that of the wreath of thorns, a creeper that flourishes in the dense jungles of South America. A horse or man struggling through such a jungle if so unfortunate as to come in contact with this creeper will rapidly be enfolded with the sinuous lengths that, snakelike, form a chevron de frise around the intruder, from the clutches of which it is impossible to get free without assistance.

But often the more subtle methods of defense prove of greater interest than the apparent ones. It is a well known fact that animals dislike drinking water that has lain in the large, bowl-like leaves of certain plants. The rhododendron, for example, has stringy, tough leaves, that must be the reverse of palatable, even to the most goatlike animal. The more familiar laurel is also distinctly uninviting as a dish, and if a moth were placed in an air tight box with some crushed laurel leaves the poisonous fumes would kill the insect.—St. Louis Globe-