

BAIRD'S**SPECIALS****Beginning Friday Mar. 22 We Inaugurate Special Sale Prices****on different commodities in our store. These prices are going to be genuine Bargain Prices. It will pay you to take advantage of them.****ON FRIDAY MARCH 22**

We will allow 10 per cent off from purchase price of all Gingham

ON MONDAY MARCH 25

10 per cent off from purchase price on all of our Shoes

WEDNESDAY MARCH 27

10 per cent off from purchase price on all of our Hosiery

On SATURDAY MARCH 23

10 per cent off from purchase price on all Wool Dress Goods

ON TUESDAY MARCH 26

10 per cent off from purchase price on all Groceries, except sugar

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

10 per cent off from purchase price on all of our Corsets

We do not give premium tickets on purchases made at the reduced prices. We want your trade. Come in and let us get better acquainted.**CASH PAID FOR EGGS****E. C. BAIRD****FIRE ISLAND.****About the Worst Section of the Atlantic Coast For Wrecks.**

No other section of the Atlantic coast line, not even the shores of Cape Cod, Nantucket and Block island, can offer a record of disaster surpassing the roll of shipwreck and death which is inscribed on the shifting sand dunes of Fire island.

For the last 250 years vessels have been going ashore on the beach, and every now and then you come upon their bones, rearing up gauntly out of the sand. Of course the great majority of the wrecks have gone the way of all things earthly. But the sight of half a dozen huge timbers projecting from the face of a dune, making an ideal shelter for a brief rest, suggests reminiscences of a tragedy of the past. Occasionally, too, the waves wash up some odd relic that the sands have been toying with for generations, and the old inhabitants of the coast, standing at their cabin doors, with shaded eyes, will point up and down the dreary perspective to the places where ships and steamers and any number of other gallant craft came to grief on the sands.

There are a peculiar charm and attraction about Fire island beach that are only to be accounted for by its desolation and the grim events connected with its history. This does not apply to the settlement clustered about the lighthouse and the observation towers, but to the long stretches, monotonous in their apparent sameness, that run eastward toward the sheltered waters of Shinnecock bay. It is almost unbelievable that such a barren, primitive landscape can be found within fifty miles of New York city.

At certain seasons of the year you can walk for hours and never see a human being. The only noises that break in on the solitude are the twittering calls of the sandpipers that flit overhead. At distant intervals faintly marked trails lead up the low and bluffs inshore, tending toward the huts of lonely baymen, tucked away in the shelter of the dunes, scantily clad in dune grass and underbrush; otherwise, save for the wreckage that clogs the beach, you would not be aware that human beings existed anywhere. The sand covers everything, obliterating footprints as fast as they are made.

All the flotsam and jetsam of the sea come to Fire island. Bits of

woodwork, parts of small boats, hatches, spars, balks of timber, water casks and chicken coops, bits of all sizes, from a matchbox to a derelict's shattered hull, are washed over the outer bar. If the ghosts of all the ships whose bones have been bleached on Fire island sands could be mustered they would tell the country's maritime history in chronological order.

Bluff nosed Dutchmen out of Amsterdam, stout English ships from Hull and Plymouth town, rangy Frenchmen, stately Spaniards, like the last victim of the beach, and many a goodly Yankee crew have listened to the thunder of the breakers and seen the white sand through the spray, stretching for miles beyond their ken, bare of human soul. But that was in the days before the establishment of the life saving service.

Many a storied ship has met her fate on Fire island beach. Merchantman and privateer, frigate and slaver, coaster, fishing schooner, yacht and liner have pounded themselves apart on the treacherous bar that scarcely shows beneath the gentle swell on a pleasant day. A rapacious destroyer, Fire island.—New York Post.

Daysey Mayme's Social Plans.

Daysey Mayme Appleton will entertain out of town company for the next two weeks and has issued the following cards and sent them to her friends: "I will have two girl guests from out of town for the next two weeks. What are you willing to do for them? I gave a — (blank filled out by dinner, dance, party, tea, luncheon, etc.) when you had company." "Unless they come up to the scratch," says Daysey Mayme as she licked the stamps, "I shall have to announce to my guests that I am in mourning and can't do anything for them beyond taking them for walks and to prayer meeting."—Acheson Globe.

Sikes' Way.

Fullcash (waking with a start in the middle of the night and hearing sounds in his bedroom) — "Who's there? Speak! Who's there?" Hoarse whisper from the darkness: "For goodness' sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone downstairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light I'll nab him in two twos."

Fullcash obeys, and the whisperer, whose name is Sikes, ambles downstairs and out of the back door with his booty.—New York Journal.

A WARY ANIMAL.**Traits of the Whistling Groundhog of British Columbia.**

The whistling groundhog occupies as unique a position in the affairs of the Indians of British Columbia as does the mowich, or deer, among the same people. This small quadruped attracts so little general attention that its importance to natural history would no doubt be overlooked were it not for the fact that it provides the source of important supplies to the Siwash. I have never heard of the white man attempting to rival the Indian in the chase of the groundhog, though, no doubt, when he becomes more generally known to civilization his numerous tribe will suffer a considerable diminution from white hunters.

I made the acquaintance of the "whistler" on a recent trip into the interior of British Columbia and found his kind flourishing wherever open grass lands were to be found. Pursuing the Indian trails, one may see them at any time. Their clear whistle, in a single soft note much like a boy's first puckered attempt, may be heard for a long distance, and immediately all the groundhogs in the community within hearing of its sound scoot into their burrows, and as the traveler proceeds the warning is passed from village to village, and the little mounds of dirt from their excavated homes, serving as lookouts, are deserted till the strange intruder passes.

At other times when they are not so watchful or perhaps the wind is dead or unfavorable they may be seen and approached within rifle range. My companion said he had shot many, but that they remained so close to their burrows when danger was about that they always succeeded in falling into the hole even if they were literally shot all to pieces. The Siwash do not attempt to shoot them, but set steel traps near their retreats and, catching them alive when they emerge, kill them with an iron rod which is carried for the purpose. They dry and store the meat for winter use, which is said to have a delicious flavor. The pelts are tanned with the fur on and pieced into beautiful quilts, which the hunter and prospector prize even higher than the four point Hudson bay blanket. They make a warm, dry cover for a frosty night and are light and readily packed into a small compass.—Brent Altsheler in Recreation.

Now She Hates Him.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—London Answers.

Johnny Suspects His Pa.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is the meaning of 'metempsychosis'?"

A look of confusion suddenly overspread pa's countenance, but it was only for a moment.

"Metempsychosis," Johnny means—it means—but if I should tell you you would very soon forget the meaning. Look in the dictionary for it yourself, and then you will be more likely to remember. Information that comes without effort seldom lingers in the memory."

Half an hour or so later Johnny sought the dictionary in the library. When he got there he found pa with the dictionary open at "Met." Doubtless it was merely a coincidence, but Johnny could not help thinking that his pa was something of a fraud.—Boston Transcript.

Gladstone and a Hat.

The most famous hat incident in the house of commons took place when Mr. Gladstone was premier for the third time and had to intervene on a point of order after a division had been called. The rules require that in such circumstances the member addressing the chair must do so with his hat on, and Mr. Gladstone could not find his hat. In despair he grabbed that of a colleague, which was at least four sizes too small for him, and the spectacle of the minute headgear rocking about on Mr. Gladstone's massive head was one that those who saw it will never forget.—London Globe.

THE STEALTHY TIGER.**When He Moves Quietly Death Does Not Seem More Silent.**

I have seen a tiger, sitting up a hundred yards from me in the sunlight washing his face like a cat, move a couple of steps into the shade and fade away like the Cheshire cat in "Alice In Wonderland." But what is more extraordinary is that he can "move without some dry leaf or stalk crackling to betray" him. Often in a beat in the middle of the hot season the inexperienced sportsman's heart is in his mouth as he hears the crushing of a dead leaf, the slow, stealthy tread of what seems some heavy animal, but it is only "moa," the peacock, the first to move ahead of the beaters. Then after a period of strained watching, when the eye can and does detect the move of the tiniest bird, the quiver of a leaf, suddenly without a sound the great beast stands before you. He does not always care to move quietly, but when he does death is not more silent.

The question of how a white or otherwise abnormally marked tiger can take its prey is simplified by the fact that, as a general rule, the tiger kills at night or at dawn or dusk and that it is only the cattle killing tiger that takes his lordly toll of the village cattle by day. Again that wonderful voice, the most mournful sound in captivity, "which literally hushes the jungle and fills the twilight with horror," is a powerful aid to him in his hunting. Often as I have heard it the memory of one occasion is as vivid as the moment when it held me spellbound. I was stalking sambhur in the evening in a glade in the forest when suddenly, from not fifty yards above me, rang out a long, low, penetrating moan, which seemed to fill the jungle with a terrifying thrill and for a moment made the heart stand still. The native shikari, who, in spite of Mowgli's contempt, may know something of jungle ways, believes that the deer, hearing the tiger's voice and unable from the reverberating nature of the sound to locate the position of their enemy, stand or lie still and so give him the chance of stalking his prey. There is probably some truth in this, for unless you are following the tiger and have seen him it is almost impossible from the sound alone to tell with any certainty where he is.—Algernon Durand in London Times.

Wasting Valuable Time.

An old farmer died in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris. His fortune, the fruit of years of patient toil, was invested in a nice compact little farm. A nephew of the departed, believing himself to be heir, called a few days later on the lawyer and before saying a word about the succession thought it only right and proper to shed a few tears.

"Poor uncle!" he murmured. "So kind, so affectionate—to think that I shall never see him again!"

The notary allowed the young man to give full vent to his sorrowful emotions, after which he quietly observed:

"I suppose you are aware that your uncle has left you nothing?"

"What!" exclaimed the nephew, suddenly changing his tone. "I'm not down in the will? Then why on earth did you let me stand weeping there and making a fool of myself for a good half hour?"—Paris Journal.

Scotch Craft.

A drunken man was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hobnailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little and said:

"Man, ye micht pit off yer buns, and I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable like when ye come up afore the baillie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as lang as ye like."

New York's First Ferry.

The first ferry by means of which the dwellers on the other side of the East river visited their brethren in Manhattan was a square ended scow rigged with mast and sails. The fare charged for a horse was 1 shilling, and a wagon cost 5. This ferry was in operation in 1735, and three-quarters of a century passed before it was improved upon. The improvement consisted of a horse boat, a twin boat with a wheel in the center, propelled by a horizontal treadmill worked by horses. This was an eight horsepower boat, which crossed the river in from twelve to twenty minutes. Then came the first steam ferryboat in 1822.