

Summer Specials at Baird's

Cotton Voiles

Cotton Voiles—big assortment of patterns, very popular for summer dresses. 25c yd

Lawns and Batists

Lawns and Batists, all colors and patterns, just the thing for cheap summer dresses. 10c yd.

Wool Dress Goods

Wool Dress Goods, the newest weaves and patterns. You can get better values for less money at Baird's than at the big stores in Portland. Investigate for yourself.

Parisiana Corsets

This is the season of the year that you need a new corset. Try a Parisiana; we have them to fit any figure at \$1.00 to \$3.00. Every corset is guaranteed—they can't be beat for quality.

Ladies Underwear

Ladies summer underwear, a dandy good gauze vests 3 for 25c
Union Suits, special value 50c

Summer Hose for Ladies

Summer hose for ladies, silky finished, the kind that is cool and comfortable, at 25c a pair

A good cotton hose, 3 pairs 25c

Ladies Shoes

Ladies Tan Shoes \$3 and 3.50 the same kind others ask \$4.00 and 4.50 for. Come and look at them. We have shoes for the entire family and you save money by buying here.

Our Grocery Department

You can save money and get better treatment by buying your groceries at this store. Get the habit and see how well we will please you.

Get the habit of trading at Baird's and you'll save money and always be well treated.

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

A WILY RUSSIAN.

He Was a Diplomat, and He Outwitted Abdul Hamid.

Diplomatists abroad tell how a distinguished member of the Russian diplomatic corps cleverly outwitted Abdul Hamid, the late sultan of Turkey. The Russian displayed a curious ingenuity in introducing the business of his country in the guise of personal pleasure.

It appears that the sultan had absolutely refused to grant an audience to any member of the diplomatic body at Constantinople and that during the period in question Abdul Hamid spent the greater part of his time in cockfighting, an amusement whereof he was passionately fond.

The Russian heard that his imperial majesty stood in need of fresh birds to supply the place of those killed in fight, whereupon the wily Muscovite procured a fine looking white fowl of the barnyard species, caused it to be trimmed and spurred to resemble a gamecock and sent it in a richly decorated cage to the sultan.

The ruse was successful, but the sultan, at first delighted with the gift, soon sent for the diplomatist to explain, if he could, why his bird had shown no inclination to fight. The Russian went, examined the bird in the presence of Abdul Hamid and with great astonishment and regret acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with the royal gamecocks, which were undoubtedly of a superior breed.

A conference followed on the subject of gamecocks in general, and when this was finished the Muscovite succeeded in drawing the sultan in a mood for conversation of a different character and in time adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to discuss. After a long interview he returned to his embassy triumphant over his colleagues.—Harper's Weekly.

A Freak Base Hit.

Writing on freak plays in baseball, Hugh S. Fullerton tells the following story in the American Magazine:

"A freak play robbed Doc Casey's Toronto team of a game in the Eastern league. The game was at Rochester, and Casey's catching staff was so crippled that the plump little veteran was compelled to don the wind pad himself. Casey is short and quite stout. But he was doing fairly well until the tenth in-

ning, when Rochester had a runner on third with two out. A wild pitched ball struck the ground in front of Casey and disappeared. The runner hesitated until he saw Casey making frantic efforts to get the ball from under his protector; then he came home with the winning run just as Casey located the sphere, which had gone under the protector and wedged itself past the elastic belt tightly."

Game to the Last.

A man named Brown used to think that everything was a wise dispensation. One year his crop was washed away. "All for the best," said Brown cheerfully. "I had an overabundance last year."

Later his house was burned down. It didn't faze Brown. "All for the best," he repeated. "It didn't suit us, anyway, and we were going to move."

At last Brown was in a railway accident and got his feet crushed so that they had to be amputated.

"Well," said a friend who came to see him, "this is pretty discouraging, isn't it? Both your feet cut off. Do you think that's all for the best?"

Brown smiled sadly. "Oh, yes," he answered. "They were always cold anyway."—St. Louis Republic.

Time For George to Stop and Think.

He suddenly put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and drew out three broken cigars. Then he looked at his best girl with a forgiving smile.

"Flor de King Alfonso," he airily said. "Fifty dollars a hundred. But who cares?"

"Let me see them," said the girl. She inspected the fragments closely.

"Yes," she quietly announced, "that's the kind papa always buys when he's running for office. I know the odor. Five dollars a thousand. Somebody has fooled you, George."

She was a wise girl, and she did not smile.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Convincing.

The late Wilhelm Jordan used to be very much annoyed because of the constant tearing up of the streets in Frankfurt. One day he said to one of the men at work, "Why are you digging up the pavement again?" "Because a new water pipe is to be put in." "But the old one was still good." "So was the old Nibelungenlied, yet you wrote a new one, herr doctor," retorted the laborer, with a laugh, in which Jordan joined.

STARTLED CARLYLE.

How Charles Godfrey Leland Brought the Cynic to His Senses.

Charles Godfrey Leland said that on his first meeting with Carlyle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family, I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family has since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical."

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch.

"Na, na, I'm nae thot," he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.

When the Ostrich Hurries.

Two feet is the usual stride of an ostrich when it walks, but when the bird is alarmed and commences to run it exchanges its mincing stride for fourteen foot steps, which easily carry it over the ground at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Ordinarily an ostrich makes no effort to profit by its length of legs, and many birds with legs less than a quarter as long habitually use a three and four foot stride, for it seems to be one of the rules of na-

ture that birds like ostriches, flamingoes and cranes extend their stride only when alarmed. The ostrich when it runs takes both feet off the ground at every stride, its progress being made by means of a series of jumps so rapidly performed as to leave the observer under the impression that one foot remains on the ground until the other is placed.

Feast of Kisses.

Halmagen, in Roumania, possesses a public festival which is probably unique in the world. It is a little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and on the morning of its annual fair day the population from about eighty villages come trooping in in swarms. To them go out all the young women, married or single, of Halmagen, each bearing a small flower garland and vessel of wine and all attended by their godmothers. This last precaution is taken from motives of deference for Mrs. Grundy. As the visitors approach, the young women offer to each a taste of wine and—a kiss.

Friendship.

The plant of friendship grows only in the warm air of congeniality. Confidence binds its parts together and is the cohesive power of its nature, while sympathy is the life giving sap coursing through every fiber. It is an evergreen and is indigenous to all lands. Its most beautiful flowers open during the night, and, while a perennial bloomer, it is most fragrant in winter. Time cannot wither or destroy it; age but strengthens and develops.—C. S. Field.

Bryant's Poetry.

Bryant always thought he could write much better poetry than that contained in his "Thanatopsis," which was one of his earliest. During his later days he on several occasions expressed some surprise at the preference shown by his admirers for this particular poem "when I have done so many things better." He believed the translation of Homer to be the best work he ever did.

Unprotected.

The stage manager catches one of the actors smoking behind the scenes.

"Here! You can't smoke on the stage!" he says.

"What's the odds? The scenery is fireproof."

"But you're not."

As the actor discovered when he got his two weeks' notice.—Judge.



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