

Summer Clearance at Baird's

In order to make room for our Fall Stock we will reduce prices on all Summer Goods.

Dress Goods—one lot dress goods value up to 50c yd, now at 25c yd

All Wool Dress Goods—for this sale only we allow 15 per cent reduction on any piece of dress goods in the house.

Lawns—All reg. 10c Lawns, select 8c yd. All reg. 12½c Lawns on sale at 10c yd

All other Lawns, Dimities, Summer Silks, Cotton Voiles, etc. at 20 per cent reduction.

Ladies Muslin Underwear—muslin nightgowns, corset covers, skirts, drawers, etc. 20 per cent off

Ginghams. A big line of Dress Ginghams at 10c yd

Hosiery—Ladies black hose, a dandy good every day hose 3 pair for 25c. Men's black and tan hose, a good one for the price, 3 pairs for 25c. Children's fine ribbed dress hose 15c a pair

Summer Vests. The best one we ever had to offer at the price, 3 for 25c

Knit Drawers 25c a pair

Union Suits, an extra good one at 50c per suit

Dresser Scarfs, Lunch cloths, etc. Just received a consignment. Only a few of them and they will not last long at the price, 25, 35

and 50c each.

Men's Underwear. Good summer garment, shirt or drawers 25c each

Men's Dress Shirts. The new soft collar shirt, regular \$1.25 at \$1.00 each.

Groceries—It always gives us pleasure to serve your grocery wants. We carry a complete line of good clean fresh groceries. Deliver promptly with our own wagon. Won't you give me a trial and let me show you how well we can please you? Give us your order to-day.

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

Story of an Old Smoke Dimmed Painting of St. Jerome.

In "The Bargain Book," by C. E. W. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany, many instances are given where priceless heirlooms, especially paintings, have been found, neglected, stowed away in some dusty cupboard or adorning the walls of some miserable hut. Usually the owner was the victim of his own ignorance and was happy to sell the treasure for a few cents to some unscrupulous dealer. But here is a story with a happier termination.

A poor retailer of fruit could hardly earn enough even in good times to buy herself and her three small children bread. Her earnings were quite too small to pay the rent of the damp hole that her landlord called a room.

The landlord at last distrained for his rent. He took her bed and her wretched furniture and ordered them sold at auction. The widow and her children were present at the sale. Even the best things went for a trifle. It seemed as if not enough would be realized even to pay the rent.

Among her belongings was a very small, smoke-dimmed picture of St. Jerome, an inheritance from her grandmother, which hung over her bed and to which she and her children offered up their pious prayers. As they were accustomed to do, the children mechanically raised their little hands when the picture of St. Jerome was put up, and the tears of the mother flowed abundantly.

A painter who was present examined the picture for a considerable time and at last bid 2 guineas. Another connoisseur immediately doubled the bid. The painter, to alarm his rival, at once rose to 10, but the connoisseur said, without hesitation, "Twenty-five guineas."

"Fifty," answered the painter. "A hundred," replied the connoisseur. The astonishment and joy of the poor woman may be conceived, for she not only saw all her debts paid by the little Jerome, but a considerable surplus left over. She could hardly believe her ears when she heard the two collectors still bidding against each other. The painter was silent at an offer of 600 guineas.

"You are fortunate," said he after the painting had been knocked down to his rival. "You are fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am: otherwise you would not have

had it under a thousand." It was an original by Raphael.

Not Quite a Success.

Mr. Wackhard read in the paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment and that no mealtime should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterizes those occasions. The idea struck him so favorably that he decided to try it. When his family was gathered round the table one morning he said: "Now, this sort of thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me, you girls? You begin to tell stories and keep up agreeable sort of talk like; and you boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with the strap till you can't stand. Now begin!"

And yet somehow the jollity seemed forced.

A Gilbert Mot.

The following is said to be about the choicest mot in the long W. S. Gilbert list of mots:

After several days' absence from London, Gilbert walked into the Savage Club one day, and somebody shouted a greeting.

"Hello, Gilbert! Where have you been?"

"I've been up to Birmingham to see Wilson Barrett as Hamlet," Gilbert cried.

"The deuce you say! How was it?" asked his friend.

"Oh, very funny—and not at all vulgar," was the answer.

Mexican Courtship.

A Mexican girl is courted by a unique process. Her would-be lover walks up and down the street on the opposite side and stares at her window by the hour. If his appearance is agreeable she appears at the window after a few days of this performance. When the acquaintance develops he is introduced to her papa, and after the necessary marriage arrangements have been made he is introduced to her. The preliminary tramping and staring are called "doing the bear."

No Brighter.

"When you were a boy did you always mind your father?" asked the young hopeful.

"Not always, my son," replied the governor, "but I was soundly thrashed every time I disobeyed him."

"Gee! Then you didn't learn any easier than I do, did you, dad?" was the retort of the y. h.—Detroit Free Press.

THE TWO ROADS.

A Story For Those Who Are on the Threshold of Life.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing by the window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest and resounding with soft, sweet songs, while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his anguish: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed. And the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried

aloud: "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"—Jean Paul Richter.

Chinese Legend of the Pleiades.

In China, according to a native legend, long before the Caucasians were born there were seven sisters who lived on the banks of the Yellow river. In order that they might attain the greatest glory in the world to come they vowed that they would never marry. But the parents, having very different ideas, betrothed the eldest to a highly desirable young man of their acquaintance. Obedience is one of the greatest virtues of the Chinese, so the girl was compelled to give her consent. She told her sisters that they would never see her again and promptly jumped into the Yellow river. After a short consultation they concluded to follow her. That night for the first time seven bright new stars were seen in the sky, and that is why only the Chinese really know how the Pleiades first came to be added to the number of stars.

Translated Into English.

Every one has heard the story of the Englishman who was told when asking what was done with all the superfluous fruit grown in California, "We eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

The joke was told to another Englishman, who received it with rather a sickly smile and upon his return home gave his own version of it.

"Queer people, those Americans," he said, "peculiar sense of humor. They told me as one of their choice jokes that when asked what they did with their fruit that was left over they answered that they ate what they could and what they couldn't they could."

VEDDAS OF CEYLON.

Wild People Who Lead a Communal Life in Caves.

Of the curious customs observed by the Veddas, or wild people of Ceylon, a traveler writes: "All the men came to meet us and led the way to the caves, which were completely hidden by a thicket. On the rocky platform in front of the cave the men all surrounded us, shouting to their women to come and see their 'white sister-in-law' or 'cousin.' Veddas have always been renowned for their truthfulness, and this reputation we are able to indorse.

"Each community has its own hunting ground and adheres strictly to its own game rights. Upon each hunting ground there are a number of caves and rock shelters, and the families of the community move from one to another throughout the year, as the presence of game, honey, yams or fish demands. The big caves are communal property; the smaller caves usually belong to single families. But even in the communal caves each family has its particular place, in which its members sleep, cook, eat and keep all their belongings.

"Each family respects the privacy of its neighbors' few feet of the cave floor as faithfully as if partition walls existed, only the children roam all over the cave at will. Food, however, seemed to be public property, for one woman would cook food and share it with every one present in the cave. This may probably be explained as follows: The communal caves are situated in common hunting ground. Therefore all the game, yams, iguanas or honey brought in from the common land is the property of the community, not of the man who procures it.

"I have stated that the smaller caves are usually private property. It would probably be more correct to say that Veddas possess private hunting grounds on which very frequently there are small caves, such caves being then the property of the owner of the land. When a man is living in his own cave in the midst of his own hunting ground the produce of the chase would naturally be his own, though shared with any one living with him. Women and children always fared as well as the men, and the former would be fed first in any time of scarcity. Indeed, the dainties were often saved for the children."—Chicago News.

A Useless Implement.

It is not always safe to meddle with the unfamiliar. Mr. James Russell in "Reminiscences of Yarrow" gives the following story as illustrating the simplicity of the Scotch farmers of the vicinity:

A well-to-do tenant bought a barometer at a public sale. Soon after the minister asked him how he liked it.

"Not at all," returned the honest farmer. "It's no' the thing."

"In what way is it not the thing?"

"Well," replied the worthy parson, more at home with sheep than science, "it was nae casting up sic weather as I wad have liked. So, thinking there was something wrang, I took it doon and examined it outside and in."

"At last I discovered a lang glass tube wi' a hole in the end o' it. Niver dooting that was the matter, I stopped up the hole. But if it did ill before it did naething at all after that!"

The Way She Writes.

"My wife is unique," remarked a proud husband. "Unique, I said. That is the word. It fits her even if it is misused as a general rule. Well, I'll tell you what she does, and then you can judge for yourself if you ever heard of anything like it. She writes letters on ordinary note paper and follows the regular folds of the paper, and you can read her letters without puzzling for ten minutes trying to find what page comes next. Besides following the regular order of the pages, she numbers them to make sure. And I never knew her to underscore a single word. Now, then, did you ever hear of a woman like that?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Indigo Blue Waters Run Deep.

The mean depth of the sea is from two to three miles.

This figure, however, is often passed, and soundings taken off the island of Guam, one of the Ladrone group in the Pacific, extended to 31,614 feet, or just about six miles, the greatest depth known. The land average is 2,300 feet, while the highest summits of the Himalayas are little more than 28,000 feet, which means that the sea bottom has depths greatly exceeding the elevation of the loftiest pinnacle above its surface. Seas of this profound depth, it may be added, are generally indigo blue in color.—London Answers.