

Exclusive agency for Peters' Shoes, Parisiana Corsets and Colonial Draperies

BAIRD'S

Pure White Flour
Magnolia Coffee
Pictorial Review Patterns

Summer Goods at Reduced Prices

We are beginning to receive our Fall and Winter goods and in order to make room for them we are selling Summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

All regular 10c lawns at 8c a yd. All regular 12½c lawns at 10c a yd. Cotton Voiles, Summer Silks and all other Summer dress goods at 20 per cent reduction.

Ladies Gauze Vests 3 for 25 cts. Ladies Gauze Vests in better grades from 15c to 50c each. Look them over. Ladies Gauze union suits 50c each.

Table Linen, real values from 25c yard up.

Curtain Material—All colors, from 10c yard up. Have you seen them?

The Best Hosiery in Town

Hosiery—The best hose for the money is our motto. When in need of hosiery let us show you our stock.

Corsets—When you need a new corset let us show you a Parisiana. They are made to fit any form \$1.00 to \$3.00 each. Every corset guaranteed.

Just received our new bath Robe Materials 40c yard.

Fall Blankets Have Arrived

Just received our fall line of Blankets. They are the best values we have ever had to offer you, 75c pair up. We invite comparison.

Groceries—Try a pound of Magnolia Steel Cut Coffee 35c lb.

Try a sack of Pure White flour \$1.60 sack.

Try a pail of Diamond C pure leaf lard 95c.

Try a piece of Rex Sugar Cured Bacon, extra light weight, 25c lb.

If you like good things to eat we have them. Phone us your orders.

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

A FRIGHTFUL CONFLICT.

Battle With a Maniac on a Chimney 250 Feet High.

"Every time I see a tall chimney," said an Englishman, "I am reminded of a thrilling affair that happened when I was a lad in Bradford, England, my birthplace. A 250 foot chimney had just been completed, and two brickmasons only were left on the top to put the finishing touches on it. Both of them were big men. One of them, a fellow of gigantic strength, went suddenly insane just as the last bit of work was done on the chimney, and his companion looked on with horror while the maniac deliberately cut away the rope ladder leading from the top of the chimney to the ground.

"The maniac no sooner did this than he turned to his companion and calmly announced that he was going to throw him over the side of the chimney to the ground. They closed, and a terrific protracted struggle ensued. The workmen down below had seen the rope ladder when it struck the ground, and they knew at once that something was wrong with the two men at the top.

"They got away from the chimney at a sufficient distance to see what was going on up at the top, and they witnessed the frightful encounter between the two men. The maniac frequently by pure strength got his companion over to the very edge of the chimney. Every time he did this the sane man would muster up all of his force and push the madman back. The hand to hand battle went on for hours, while a company of firemen down below were endeavoring to shoot a line over the chimney by means of a rocket cannon. Finally the sane man got a certain hold on the madman and broke the latter's arm. Then the maniac lay quiet.

"After hours of aiming the firemen managed to get a line over the chimney, which the exhausted brickmason, almost 'all out' from his terrible struggle with the insane man, grabbed. Then he drew up the rope ladder, fastened it and came down to the ground, sinking into a semicomatose condition from which he did not emerge for days.

"Two firemen volunteered to go up the rope ladder after the maniac. They had nearly reached the top of the chimney when the insane man walked over to the edge, looked around quietly for a minute or so, paying no attention to the cries of

his rescuers, and then dived headforemost to the ground. He was probably dead before he struck the earth, and he was picked up a shapeless mass."—Exchange.

Remarkable Clairvoyancy.

When people are determined to find evidence to convince them of a thing they are bound to believe there is never any lack of it. A certain man who accepted as true the pretensions of a charlatan who claimed to be able to tell the past history, character and future of any person from his handwriting said one day to a friend:

"Why, look at the things he is able to tell you from a mere glimpse at your handwriting! The first thing he said to me was, 'I see you never took a prize in orthography while you were at school,' and it was true."

"Did he give you any idea how he knew that?"

"He said he could tell it merely from the way in which I had made the curves of the letters g and h in the word 'handwriting'!"

Not Quite Clear.

Mr. David could not be called stupid. He was rather slow, and added to this deficiency, his tongue had a way of getting mixed up. Not every one understood this, and as a result the poor fellow got into many complications. One day he was making a perfunctory call on a lady with whom he had little in common. He got up to go.

"I've enjoyed your society very much, Mr. David," said the lady. "I hope you will come to see me again soon."

"I've enjoyed my visit, too," he said. "I don't know when I've enjoyed one before."

"Mr. David!"

He thought a minute. "I didn't mean that," he added. "I meant that I don't know when I've enjoyed a visit here as I have enjoyed this one."—Youth's Companion.

A Rat Dog.

The canine specimen did not appear in any way remarkable, but he had a value. "Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat catchin' dog in the state." Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose. "Rat dog!" scoffed the traveling man. "Look at that, will you?" "Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows them. But just you let a strange rat come in here once!"

tach themselves to rocks, shellfish, the piling of piers and sometimes even to whales. The base of the shell is glued firmly to the supporting object, there being no stem.

Ship barnacles are true wanderers of the deep, the same species frequently being found upon the hulls of vessels coming from the most remote and widely separated regions. They present a very odd appearance, for the shell is attached to the end of a flexible stalk, which varies in length from an inch in some species to twelve inches in others. Generally speaking, the shell of the ship barnacle is of a white or bluish white hue, and the stalk is brown or slate colored.—Harper's.

Schliemann's Luck.

It is told of Schliemann, the ex-humer of buried cities of the ancient world, that he was pursued by ill luck in his earlier undertakings. Mentioning the fact to a friend, the latter asked him which leg and arm he first inserted in trousers and coat. Schliemann said he habitually inserted his right. "That is the cause of your misfortunes," said his friend. "You have offended the left hand fairies, and they take out their vengeance on you. Reverse your habit and see." "And," said Schliemann in telling the incidents in his later and prosperous years, "you see how it changed my luck."

Justice to Come.

Lord Cockburn, though a successful defender of prisoners, failed on one occasion to get an acquittal for a murderer. "The culprit," Mr. Croak James tells us in his "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers," "after the sentence fixing his execution for the 20th day of the month had not been removed from the dock when his counsel passed him and was then seized by the gown. The prisoner said, 'I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn,' to which the counsel gravely replied, 'Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the 20th.'"

Exceptions.

Hardy—She may be well educated, as you say, but she uses very singular expressions. Tardy—She does? Hardy—Yes. Yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert. Tardy—Wasn't that correct? Hardy—Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say "musical" in speaking of a concert. A concert must be musical. Tardy—Must, eh? Well, I've been to some that were not.

FREAKS OF MARINE LIFE.

Barnacles May Serve Some Purpose, but it is Not Apparent.

Barnacles are among the curious forms of marine life. So far as is known, they perform no important office, either constructive or destructive, in the economy of nature. They serve to no appreciable extent as food for the creatures of the depths; neither do they operate as a check upon other forms of marine life that might become redundant.

Strangely enough, barnacles are assigned by the naturalists to the same great subdivision of the animal world which includes insects—the anthropoda, which means joint footed. Barnacles belong to that class of crustaceans that embraces lobsters and crabs and constitutes the order of cirripedia, a term that means "curled feet."

Barnacles are hatched from eggs. The young in no way resemble the adults. Upon emerging from the eggs the young barnacles show themselves as free swimming little creatures with one eye, six legs and one shell. The young barnacle undergoes the operation of molting several times and finally appears with two eyes, twelve legs and two shells. At this state it roves no longer, but attaches itself to some convenient object by means of its antennae, secreting a cement whereby it glues itself quite fast. Then it undergoes a metamorphosis that completely changes its appearance. It loses its bivalve shell and its eyes and acquires its characteristic cirripeds or curled feathery legs, and it takes on an entirely new shell.

Three orders of barnacles exist. Members of one order are attached by the shell directly to rocks, timbers or other convenient objects. Those of another order are attached to floating objects by a long stalk, and the barnacles of the third order are parasitic upon crabs and other marine animals. When extended from the shell the curled, feathery appendages are in constant motion, and they create currents in the water that serve to convey to the curious little creatures their food, consisting of many species of minute forms of life abounding in the sea.

What are commonly known as "sea acorns" are nothing more than barnacles of the genus balanus. There exists a number of different varieties of these, showing shells of a white, greenish white, pink or purplish color. These barnacles at-

PERILOUS WORK.

Dangers of Railroad Surveying in Mountainous Regions.

Sometimes the work of mountain railroad surveying parties becomes intense and dramatic. The "chief," lowered into a deep and rocky river canyon, is making rough notes and sketches, following the character of the rock formation, and dreaming—dreaming the great dreams that all great engineers, great architects, great creators, must dream perforce. He is dreaming of the day when, a year or two hence, the railroad's paths all have crowded themselves into this impasse and when the folk who dine luxuriously in the showy cars will fret because of the curve that spills their soup and never know of the man who was slipped down over a 600 foot cliff so that the railroad might find its way.

It is then that the work of the surveying party begins to have its thrills. Perhaps to put that line through the canyon the party will have to descend the river in canoes. If the river be too rough, then there is the alternative of being lowered over the cliff sides. Talk of your dangers of Alpine climbing! The engineers who plan and build railroads through any mountainous country miss not a single one of them. Everywhere the line must find a foothold. That is the problem that must be solved. Sometimes the men who follow the "chief" in the deep river canyons, the men with heavy instruments to carry and to operate—transits, levels and the like—must have lines of logs strung together for their precarious foothold as they work. Sometimes that foothold is lost, the rope that lowers the engineer down over the cliff sides snaps. The folk riding months later in the cheerful dining cars do not know of the graves that are dug beside the railroad's path.

It is all new and wonderful, blazing this path for civilization; sometimes it is even accidental. An engineer, baffled to find a crossing over the Rockies for a transcontinental route, saw an eagle disappear through a cleft in the hills that his eyes had not before detected. He followed the course of the eagle, and today the rails of the transcontinental reach through that cleft and the time table shows it as Eagle Pass.—Edward Hungerford in Outing.

Unhealthy to Dine Alone.

The solitary eater is always

tempted to take too large mouthfuls and swallow them too quickly and either eat too much or too little. Eating is only one part of feeding and without digestion is not only useless, but injurious. Those who eat in company have to devote a certain amount of time to talking and attending to each other's wants. This makes the period between the mouthfuls longer and gives more time for digestion. Then, again, conversation at mealtimes usually takes a cheerful turn, and the tone of both body and mind is raised, the heart and nervous system act better, the flow of digestive juices is stimulated, and a larger amount of actual nourishment is obtained from a smaller quantity of food.

The Boy Was Not the Fool.

The other day a little boy was sent to a shop for a penny's worth of cobbler's wax. The shopman, thinking of quizzing him, said: "Won't shoemaker's wax do?" "Aw dooan't know," replied the lad. "Aw'll go an' see." He returned again directly and, addressing the shopman, said: "Mi father says that shoemaker's will do." The shopman handed it to him, smiling, and said: "What is the difference?" "Well," said the lad, going toward the door, "mi father says there's some difference as there is between you and a donkey, and that is they're boath alike." And then he was off like a shot.—London Spare Moments.

An Experiment in Theology.

Jimmie Irwin went to his mother on his return from Sunday school and said, "Mamma, the teacher told a story at Sunday school today." Mother—Oh, no, dear, I think you are mistaken. Jimmie—No, I'm not. She told a story. Mother—Well, what was it? Jimmie—She said that if I told a story the bad man would get me. I've tried it twice and he hasn't got me yet!—Delineator.

Sacrifice Prevented.

"You refuse me because I have a title," said the count bitterly, "but I will relinquish it. I will become a plain citizen." "How noble of you!" responded the American heiress. "I, too, feel called upon to make a sacrifice. I will relinquish my fortune, and—Why, he's gone!"—Philadelphia Ledger.