

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 Parsiana. 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

## LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

An Ancient Indian Legend That Teaches a Good Lesson.

How many, in all climes and in all ages, call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost? The lesson is beautifully taught in the following Indian legend:

There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good geni wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:

"Daughter, in the field before us are ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman."

The maiden thanked the good geni and then set forward upon her quest.

As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough, but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears were very small and shriveled.

She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain.

She went on, but, alas, only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind. No need that the geni should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late.

## Vegetables in England.

Until the end of the reign of Henry VIII., according to the historian, Hume, no carrots, turnips or other edible roots were produced in England. The few that were used were imported, and the state papers contain numerous references to the

dispatch of messengers to the continent for rare vegetables and salads to grace the table at important royal banquets. Cucumbers also were unknown until the sixteenth century, and celery owes its introduction in England to the French marshal, Taillard, who was imprisoned in England after his defeat by Marlborough. Broccoli and cauliflower came from Cyprus in the seventeenth century, and the potato, taken to England by Sir Walter Raleigh about 1584, was not in general use until 1663, when the Royal society directed attention to it and recommended its cultivation.

## The Flame of Destiny.

During the course of conversation between two ladies in a hotel parlor one said to the other, "Are you married?"

"No, I am not," replied the other. "Are you?"

"No," was the reply. "I, too, am on the single list," adding: "Strange that two such estimable women as ourselves should have been overlooked in the great matrimonial market! Now, that lady," pointing to another who was passing, "has been widowed four times, two of her husbands having been cremated. That woman," she continued, "is plain and uninteresting, and yet she has them to burn."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Why She Didn't Appeal.

The woman with the prematurely gray hair was telling them about her case in court.

"I didn't win," she said, "and I won't appeal. I don't care. I'll let it go."

"Why?" asked her listeners.

"Why, because if it never comes up again I won't have to tell my age. Don't you know, the judge looks hard at you and says, 'How old are you?' when you go into court. And if you don't tell the truth you'll be jailed for perjury."—Philadelphia Press.

## Barratry.

In English law the term "barratry" signifies an offense committed by the captain of a ship in embezzling or injuring goods committed to his care. In Scotland the word means the acceptance of a bribe by a judge in return for his verdict and used also to stand for the sending out of money from the country to purchase benefices from the pope. The term is derived from the Italian "baratiare"—to truck or bargain.

## NOT A BLUFF.

He Did It on Purpose and Was Willing to Back It Up.

The tall, slender citizen in the frock coat, who had been riding in the smoking car of the elevated railway train, was making his devious way out of it through the narrow space left by the passengers on the side seats who had crossed their legs.

One man whose foot blocked the passage almost entirely refused to surrender an inch of space, and the tall man, after waiting a moment, raised his own foot and brought it down with emphasis on the other man's ankle and instep, crushing the offending foot to the floor and stepping on it with his whole weight, after which, with the serene consciousness that he had performed a public duty, he left the car, went down the stairway to the street and proceeded on his way.

He had walked about a block when he felt a slight tap on his shoulder. He turned around and found himself facing a wrathful looking person, whom he recognized as the man whose foot he had just ground and who had limped after him as fast as he could.

"I should like to ask you, sir," said the wrathful person, "if you stepped on my foot on purpose back there in the car."

"Most undeniably and emphatically I did, sir," answered the tall man, "and if you feel like starting anything on account of it you won't find a better time or place to start it than right here and now. Don't hesitate a second if you feel inclined that way. Sail right in. Anything goes."

"I'm going to tell you that you're a ruffian and a brute anyway!" snorted the indignant person.

"Just so. And you're such a contemptible, infernal hog that I don't care a straw what your opinion of me is," retorted the other, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, putting it in his pocket, buttoning his coat around his slender but muscular form and standing at ease. "Have you any further business with me?"

"I'd like to know who you are, that's all."

"My name is Gwilliams. Here is my card. Ready to answer a call at any time."

"Well, sir, you'll get it in the neck some day!"

"Thanks. You'll get it in the foot every time you give me such a

chance as you did this morning. Want to start anything? No? Well, good morning."—Chicago Tribune.

## Palindromes.

A palindrome is a word or sentence that reads the same forward or backward. The making of palindromes in Latin was at one time a favorite pastime. It calls for the exercise of some constructive and analytic skill. Not many English palindromes are known. The supposed self introduction of the father of humanity to his quondam rib is the most familiar:

"Madam, I'm Adam."

Sometimes an unintentional palindrome comes to light, as in the shop sign in Yreka, Cal.:

"Yreka Bakery."

Palindromes of considerable length may be evolved—as, for instance, the supposed reply the girl makes to her mother's question regarding the progress of the class in Latin:

"O, ma! No pupils slip up on amo."—Journal of Education.

## Who Owned the Fish.

There is in Wales a creek five miles long, connecting two small lakes. About fifty persons own property along this creek, and for years and years the people have disputed as to who owned the fish in it. Not long ago two boys got into a fight over the fish they were catching, and the dispute was at last carried into the courts. The decision of the judge was odd enough. He decreed that any one claiming to own any of the fish should attach a brass tag to the tails of the fish with the owner's name in plain letters, and that in the future he must catch his own fish or none at all. This unique decision put an end to the dispute.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Silk From the Cocoon.

In attaining full growth the silk-worm stops feeding and throws out its silken thread. The silk is formed in a fluid condition and issues from the body of the worm in a glutinous state, apparently in a single thread. From this silk the worm constructs its cocoon, an interval of from three to five days being required to complete its imprisonment in the envelope. In order that the silken strands may not be subjected to the danger of breakage by the moth emerging from the cocoon the cocoons are steamed till the inclosed insects are dead. After this the silk may be wound off.

## THE NEW COLONEL.

How Grant Proved Himself to Be a Master of Men.

When Captain Grant, formerly of the regular army, was appointed colonel of an Illinois regiment in place of Colonel Goode, John A. Logan while escorting him to the camp said: "Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage the boys?"

"I think I can," replied Grant.

Logan and McClernand, two congressmen, made patriotic speeches, and Logan, after a two hours' oration, led forward a quiet man in plain citizen's clothes, saying:

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Colonel U. S. Grant."

"Most of the soldiers observed him for the first time," writes Hamlin Garland, from whose "Life of Grant" we have quoted. "They were astonished and disappointed."

Grant looked like a grave country doctor. But he showed that he could manage the "unruly boys." There were loud calls: "Grant! Grant! A speech!" Their late colonel used to "orate" before them. The new colonel stepped two paces toward them and said in a clear, calm voice:

"Men, go to your quarters!"

If an eight inch shell had exploded in their ranks the "boys" would not have been more surprised, but they went to their quarters. There was that in the new colonel's voice which expressed command. The tone was not loud, but it was given with a clear cut inflection which showed him a master of men.

That evening at dress parade as he stepped to the center of the regiment, wearing no uniform save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seams and an old sword, the men jested in low voices about their new commander.

Colonel Goode, the late colonel, not infrequently used the daily parade as an occasion to make a speech, and the men expected one from Grant. The line officers advanced, and the adjutant saluted.

"A soldier's first duty is to learn to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and as instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

That was all he said. As the men marched back to quarters a private asked: "What do they mean by sending down a little man like him to command this regiment? He can't pound dry sand in a

straight hole."

"He can't make a speech. Look at the clothes he wears. Who is he anyhow?"

"Boys," retorted a sergeant, "I'll tell you who he is. He's the colonel of this regiment, as you'll find, and don't you forget it."

The sergeant was a prophet. The regiment had obtained all the liquor it wished for. Grant stopped that. A man resisted arrest.

"What's the matter?" asked Grant of the officer of the day.

"The man persists in bringing liquor into camp and refuses to give it up."

"Put him in the guardhouse."

"He refuses to go."

Grant stepped up to him, seized him by the collar and jerked him outside of the camp gate. "Get out of my regiment," he said. "You are not worth disciplining. If you come back I'll have you shot!"

A big, dangerous man named Mexico was tied up with a score of others for leaving camp without permission. "For every minute I stand here I'll have an ounce of your blood," said he to the colonel.

"Gag him!" said Grant.

One by one as the hours passed the other offenders were released by the officers of the guard. Grant released Mexico himself. The bully saw that his colonel was his master, and the regiment began to find out that it had a colonel.

## The Rich Uncle.

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. Is it not my property that stands between us?

She (sadly)—Y-e-s.

He (with a ray of hope)—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father, but I have an aged uncle who is very rich and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive.

She (delightedly)—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?—New York Weekly.

## The Duffer's Record.

Mark Allerton in London M. A. P. tells this story from the golf links: A duffer inquired of his wearied caddie, "How many's that, Sandy?" The caddie replied: "Ye're playin' yer ninth. Ye tappit it aff the tee in yin, ye missed it a'the-gither in twa, went intae the bunker in three. Ye didna get oot in four, but ye got oot in five. Ye gaed intae the whins in sax, ye didna get oot in seven. But ye got oot in acht, and noo yer playin' yer ninth."