THE CITY.

Read the Daily Pioneer.

Bemidji Elevator C[illegible] for Gold Medal flour.

C. H. Miles was visitor at Duluth yes

Attend the C. E. S[illegible] Presbyterian church this evening.

J. J. O'Neil, the Northome logger, was a Bemidji visitor yesterday.

J. E Dade of Blackduck, was in the city yesterday, returning home last evening.

A. J. Winters of Cass Lake was looking after business interests here yesterday.

Eyeglasses fitted in latest styles by Larson & Larson, specialists. Second floor Swedback block.

An excellent program will be given at the C. E. Social at the Presbyterian church this evening.

W. P. Stone was a business visitor in the city from Crookston, returning home yesterday afternoon.

A. L. Bogart, who has been in Bemidji attending to business matters, returned to his home at Minneapolis this morning.

C. D. Carter, district manager of the Northwestern Telephone Exchange was a business visitor in the city from Crookston yesterday.

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church will meet at the church parlors tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies to be present.

Give me the girl with ravishing eyes and sweet red lips; she is better than mansions of stone, or temples of brick, for joy and pleasure there will be, if she takes Rocky Mountain Tea. Barker's drug store.

Call at the Pioneer when you are in need of office supplies.

Major Wilson left this morning on a trip to St. Paul.

H D. Barber of La Porte was a Bemidji visitor yesterday.

Attend the C. E Social at the Presbyterian church this evening.

J. P. Cullen and wife, of Island Lake, were Bemidji visitors yesterday.

The Pioneer at all times has in stock office supplies of every description

Dr. A. Larson has returned from a few days business trip at Park Rapids.

Attorney G. W. Campbell returned this morning from a busin ss trip to Duluth.

Mrs. J. A. Ball came down from her home at Northome and is spending the day here.

J. W. White, the Park Rapids insurance man was attending to business matters here yesterday.

An excellent program will be given at the C. E. Social at the Presbyterian church this evening.

J. Lalone came down from Turtle River and spent yesterday trading with the local merchants.

Mrs. W. L. Preble took the morning train for Stillwater where she will spend some time visiting.

Combine good housekeeping with good citizenship, use Hunt's Perfect Paking Powder—not made by a trust.

John Stordahl, who has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Roe the past month, returned yesterday afternoon to his home at Hendrum.

J. P. Daugherty the railroad contractor, is in the city today from Big Falls. Mr. Daugherty reports work on the Minnesota & International extension progressing quite rapidly.

Possesses wonderful power over the human body, removing all disorders from your system; that's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Barker's drug store.

A. Olson, Henry Dahlstad, H. L. Kvislen, Ole Benson, A. Young and J. G. Thompson were here from Blackduck yesterday to attend the funeral of Richard Albrant. They returned home last evening.

The Bemidji Orchestra will give a dance at the opera house Monday evening February 11. This is the last full night dance to be given before lent and every one should avail themselves of this opportunity. Tickets, $1.00 per couple.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite; improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, giving renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Barker's drug store.

Where Angels Fear to Tread.

A company of young American tourists visited the home of Beethoven in Bonn and were unrestrained in their expressions of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano and proceeded, with true American confidence, to play the "Moonlight Sonata." Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano. Such an interesting combination!

The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over the young lady turned to the old man and said:

"I suppose many musicians have been here and have played on this instrument?"

"Paderewski was here once, madame"—

"Ah!" she sighed.

"But," continued the faithful guardian, "when some one urged him to play on Beethoven's piano he said, 'No; I am not worthy.'"

When the Disease Let Go.

An old man was just recovering from an operation, and as he lay regaining consciousness he heard the doctor say to a nurse regarding some powders to be given him, "If one every hour is too much give him a half one every half hour." The old gentleman raised himself up on his elbow and said:

"Say, doc, that reminds me of a man that had a Newfoundland dog. His wife got so tired of having him (the dog, not the man) track up the floors and porches that finally she made her husband take the dog to town and sell him. That afternoon he returned radiant. 'Well,' he said, 'I've sold him for $25!' 'Good!' cried his wife. 'I can get that hat now.' 'But,' continued the man, 'I bought two puppies with the money.'"

The doctor looked at the nurse and said:

"I think he'll recover."

P. S.—He did.—Judge.

Sacred Monkeys of India.

In "Living Animals of the World" some curious stories are told about the habits and characteristics of the monkey tribes. It seems that the entellus monkey is the most sacred of all in India. It is gray above and nutty brown below, long legged and active, a thief and an impudent robber. In one of the Indian cities they became such a nuisance that the faithful determined to catch and send away some hundreds. This was done, and the holy monkeys were deported in covered carts and released many miles off. But the monkeys were too clever. Having thoroughly enjoyed their ride, they refused to part with the carts and, hopping and grimacing, came leaping all the way back beside them to the city, grateful for their outing. One city obtained leave to kill the monkeys, but the next city then sued them for "killing their deceased ancestors."

Ways of the Flying Fish.

Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly, rising again and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit, taking great leaps out of the water and gaining upon his prey, which take shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings is not fully decided. The power of flight is limited to the time the fins remain moist.

How Birds' Nests Are Made Round.

The little abandoned nest had fallen from the tree. The nature student lifted it from the ground.

"How round it is," he said. "No cup rim could be rounder. Don't you wonder how the bird, with neither rule nor compass, can make her nest so round? Well, she does it easily. She builds the nest about her breast, turning round and round in it, and its circular character comes spontaneously and inevitably. The circle is found everywhere in the buildings of the lower animals. The straight line, on the other hand, they can never achieve."

Vulgar Fractions.

Everything that Bobby learned at school he endeavored to apply in his daily life and walk. When his mother asked him if one of his new friends was an only child Bobby looked wise and triumphant.

"He's got just one sister," said Bobby. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half sisters, but I guess I know enough fractions for that!"—Youth's Companion.

Tim Hurst's Baseball Troubles.

At the close of that memorable season when Tim Hurst managed the Browns for Von der Ahe he laid over in Philadelphia on his way to his home up the state, and while in the Quaker City he told his daily experiences while running the Mound City club.

"My Mondays," said Timothy, "were devoted to telling the St. Louis sporting editors how I was going to win the pennant the next year. Tuesdays I would be kept busy denying to the club owners that I had ever made any such statements. Wednesdays I would be explaining to the newspapers why we weren't winning games. Thursdays I would be fighting with Chris to keep him from fining the players all the money they had coming to them. Fridays I would generally be busy all day getting the terms of pitchers that no batter could hit."

"And on Saturdays?"

"On Saturdays I would spend the day signing players that couldn't hit any kind of pitching."—Duluth Herald.

Paint and Ocean Travel.

"The worst feature of ocean travel is never mentioned in steamship company prospectuses or in books of travel," said a returned tourist. "It is not seasickness, for only a few are taken that way in the ocean greyhounds that neither rock nor pitch. It is not the narrow quarters or the inferior cooking or the tipping habit. It is paint. There is always wet paint on an ocean steamer, and there is never a sign on it to warn passengers. The modern sailor is a painter, constantly wielding the brush, always painting some part of the ship or other. There is hardly a passenger on an ocean liner that does not land from a voyage with some article of apparel damaged by paint. A sailor told me once that every ship is entirely repainted inside and out at least three times a year. The work goes on constantly in port and on the sea, and the passenger never can escape."—Philadelphia Record.

Lightning Flashes.

Lightning flashes in a storm are found by an English observer to be much less irregular in period than they appear. Such storms have usually two foci, sometimes three, from which the flashes radiate, and the discharges from each come at regular intervals. The apparent irregularity is due to the varying rates of the different centers. In one storm noticed the two focf were about a mile and a half apart, and in an hour the northern center emitted thirty flashes at intervals of fifteen, thirty, forty-five, sixty and ninety seconds, and the southern center gave sixteen flashes at intervals of seventeen, thirty-four and fifty-one seconds. Another unexplained observation is that just before each great flash there is a momentary faint lighting up of the sky in the stormy region.

It Made a Difference.

An excited man rushed into a lawyer's office and without any preliminary burst out, "Has a husband a right to open his wife's letters?" "Certainly, sir, certainly," was the reply. "Open all you please." "Well, here is a letter my wife has written to your wife and asked me to deliver. I think there's something unpleasant in it about me. I wish you'd open it and if there is just burn it." "Humph! Does my wife know your wife is going to write to her?" "Yes." "And if my wife doesn't get this letter she'll soon find it out, won't she?" "Of course." "On second thoughts," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "I believe there is a legal finding to the effect that it is a criminal offense to open a wife's letters. I couldn't take the risk, sir; indeed, I couldn't."

Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used effectively for epigrams and squibs. Thus a critic once wrote:

I'd fain praise your poem. But, tell me, how is it
When I cry out "exquisite" echo cries "quiz it?"

And when in 1831 Paganini was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices the Times printed the following lines:

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
Echo—Pack o' ninnies!

—London Graphic.

Youthful Misinformation.

Among the answers to questions at a recent school examination were the following interesting examples of youthful misinformation: "Gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as just ordinary ignorance." "Anchorite, an old fashioned hermit sort of a fellow who has anchored hisself to one place." "The liver is an infernal organ." "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle. It is very hard to get."

Only Two In Office.

A man in a certain township was elected constable. The members of the family were much elated and could scarcely contain themselves with their newly acquired civic honors. At last one of the smaller children said to the wife, "Ma, are we all constables?" The mother replied: "Gwan, child! Nobody's constable but me and your pa!"—Atchison Globe.

The Real Cause.

Tommy—What was you bawlin' about last night?

Willie—W'y, when paw and me got home from fishin' maw didn't have supper ready, and I whimpered about it, and paw licked me.

"And he licked you jis' fer whimperin'?"

"Naw; because supper wasn't ready."

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.—Colton.

Man's Love For Woman.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.

Oral Surgery.

Benham—I wish you would perform an operation on your talk. Mrs. Benham—What do you mean? Benham—Cut it out.—New York Press.

About the Limit.

A newly married couple came in a hotel where we were resting and asked how much it would cost to get two bowls of boiled rice and milk and were informed that the price was 15 cents per portion. The groom pulled a small package wrapped in a bit of newspaper from his pocket and, opening it, displayed about a double handful of rice, which he said they had gathered from their clothing after the shower which followed the early morning wedding. He inquired how much would be deducted if they furnished their own rice and upon being informed that no allowance could be made became indignant and remarked that they would wait until they reached home for their dinner rather than submit to such unfair dealing and left the place. The proprietor said that the young man owned one of the best farms in the town and had established quite a famous reputation locally for economy, although that is not exactly the way he expressed it.—Forest and Stream.

Lowell Got His Whacks.

In his volume on the practice of diplomacy John W. Foster relates an illuminating anecdote concerning James Russell Lowell when he was our minister at Madrid. At a royal reception Minister Lowell, in plain evening dress, was preceded up the palace stairway by a minister from Central America, gorgeously appareled, wearing a jeweled sword, who was saluted at each landing by the magnificent halberdier with a heavy whack of the battle ax on the marble pavement. As Mr. Lowell wore no insignia of office, he received no attention. At last, his patriotic blood boiling, he addressed the halberdier in excellent Spanish, "Do you know who I am?" "I don't." "Well," said Mr. Lowell, "I am the minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America, the greatest nation on earth, and if you don't whack the next time I pass you I will forget you at Christmas!" And the halberdier whacked thereafter as directed.

Child Cynics.

A London writer exclaims at thinking "there is really nothing to account for the extraordinary critical mood which the modern child has developed in regard to toyland." The modern child will simply not make believe. Little boys and girls alike become sticklers for the "correct thing," and if the build of a steamship or a motor car, the cut of a doll's frock or the mysteries the eye does not usually see are not "just like" the real thing there is trouble. It is said that toy makers have even now to employ scientific experts and French milliners if they hope to pass the critical eyes of the "new child." The fact is the modern child is born a cynic and a sated little darling. It has no emotions, no desires save to destroy and be lived and breathed for by necessary parents.—Boston Herald.

The Truth of It.

Teacher—Johnny, can you define for us the difference between "caution" and "cowardice?" Johnny—Yessum. When you're scart to go out on a boat and stay home for fear it'll sink and the boat comes in all right, it's "cowardice." Teacher—Well? Johnny—And if you're scart and stay home and the boat does sink, then it's "caution."

Not an Ancestor.

Papa was carefully studying the family history in the big Bible when his nine-year-old daughter surprised him by saying, "Papa, was Aunt Ann one of your Ann-sisters?"

Work.

Most of us work hard enough, but too many of us work hardest trying to keep from working.—Atlanta Georgian.