

THE BEMIDJI DAILY PIONEER

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CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH-REMEDY

GIVES UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION. Best Remedy in the Market For Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough--It Always Cures And Is Pleasant and Safe to Take.

I never had a medicine in my store that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is the best remedy to-day on the market for coughs, colds and whooping cough. One of my lady customers told me recently that she could not keep house without it, that since they have been using it they have had no need of a doctor. In case of a severe attack of croup a physician will usually call twice, and perhaps half a dozen times in a severe and long protracted case of whooping cough, while in pneumonia it is often necessary that he call once or twice a day for a week or two. All of this trouble and expense may be saved by the judicious use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, for it is a certain cure for croup, and when given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. Pneumonia can also be prevented. This fact has been fully proven, as during the almost forty years in which this remedy has been in general use, no case of a cold or attack of the grip has ever resulted in pneumonia when this remedy was used, so far as we have been able to learn. It will be seen that a little forethought and by doing the right thing at the right time, all danger and expense may be avoided. Bear in mind that every bottle of this remedy is warranted and if not as stated it will not cost you a cent.

Barker's Drug Store

The Russian Joke Teller. Story telling and jesting have always been counted the favorite amusements of semibarbaric people. To the first we owe the "Arabian Nights" and to the second the clowns, who were formerly the appendage of all great houses. In Russia the paid jester still flourishes, and the people pay so much an hour to listen to his jokes and witticisms. He provides himself with two or three hundred tickets, and mounting a sort of rostrum, he announces that he is going to regale his audience with choice tidbits of mirth provoking lore. He begins selling tickets at a penny each, and when he has sold enough to warrant his beginning he turns himself loose, and the audience remains spellbound by his humorous stories for an hour or two. A recent traveler who saw a number of these jokers in St. Petersburg says, "I listened to them several times, and although I could not understand one word the jokers said, I was sure from the way the audience greeted his stories with roars of laughter that the jokes were above the average."

Adam, Eve and Some Apples.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10. Others say Eve 8 and Adam 8 also; total, 16. But if Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total will be 90. Now, if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total would be 893. Then if Eve 811st and Adam 812 the total would be 1,623. Or again, Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total 82,056. Though we admit Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8181 242 keep Eve company; total, 8,182,056. All wrong, Eve, when she 81812 many and probably felt sorry for it, and Adam, in order to relieve her grief, 812; therefore Adam if he 818 14240-ly Eve's depressed spirit; hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.—Kansas City Independent.

Marriage Customs in Savage Africa.

The charge which is sometimes brought against white men of "marrying for money" cannot be used against their sex in Africa, for there it is the other way about, husbands having to purchase their wives. When a man has a wife bestowed upon him as an act of charity he feels that she is not properly his own, and she, if she will, can treat him with contempt. This custom of wife purchase, although it is to be decried as tending to lower marriage to the level of a commercial contract, is an incentive to young men to work. Lazy youths cannot compete with energetic ones in the matrimonial market, as they are despised by the young women and rejected by their parents as being unworthy of their daughters.—Wide World Magazine.

Sea Roses.

The sea rose is a leathery looking creature which attaches itself to a stone at the bottom of the sea in its infancy and ultimately attains a size about three inches in length and an inch and a half in breadth. When quiet and feeding under water its top opens and blossoms into the semblance of a large pink rose, with petals fully an inch long, a really handsome object. As soon as it is disturbed, however, it shuts itself resolutely into its leather pod.

Southern Spoon Corn Bread.

Four two cupfuls boiling water over a cupful cornmeal; cook five minutes, stirring continually; add a tablespoonful butter, two eggs well beaten; a cupful milk, a teaspoonful salt; beat thoroughly, pour into a well greased baking dish and bake thirty-five minutes in hot oven. Serve from the dish in which it is baked.—What to Eat.

Overburdened With Memory.

"Your son tells me that he is going to take lessons to cultivate his memory." "I hope not," answered Farmer Corn-toss. "He can remember every fool thing that was ever whistled."—Washington Star.

Quite Light.

Marle—I think Chollie is a delightful dancer. He's so light on his feet! Lillian—When you're better acquainted with Chollie you'll discover that he's light at both ends!—Town and Country.

An acre in Middlesex is worth a principlity in Utopia.—Macaulay.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under \$900," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right." "You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.

"When the late Joel Chandler Harris was an editor here among us," said an Atlantian, "I called on him one day and found him very willing to correct an error about me that crept into his columns."

"We talked about newspaper contractions, public apologies and the like, and 'Uncle Remus' took down a scrapbook and read me an apology that was an apology indeed. It had happened, he said, in a Transvaal paper. I'll never forget it. I agreed with Mr. Harris that it was the finest specimen of the public apology and retraction extant." It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Beauldenhout, calling myself an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth! Why do you lie so?' I declare, further, that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Beauldenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class. "A. C. DU PLESSIS."

His Cough Cures.

"In my boyhood there came to our town," said a clergyman, "a gentle minister who, the very first Sunday of his incumbency, stopped effectually his coughing congregation."

"It was a congregation, too, singularly addicted to coughing. Rattling volleys of coughs ran over it every few minutes. The minister, indeed, that first Sunday could hardly make himself heard. He had rather a weak voice."

Queer Wedding Effigy.

There is a curious custom still prevalent in the Bellary district of India in connection with the wedding ceremonies among certain Brahman families. Just prior to the close of the feasting a hideous effigy of a male figure, fantastically robed in rags, supposed to represent the bridegroom's father, is carried along the streets in procession under the shade of a sieve adorned with tassels of onions and mango leaves. Every few yards during the procession the feet of the effigy have to be reverently washed and its forehead decorated with a caste mark by its living spouse, the bridegroom's mother. The bridegroom's most attention is paid to them by the women of the bride's party.—St. James' Gazette.

Restaurant Affiliation.

The waiter in the light lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered. "Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man.

"I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second.

"Tea buns and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third.

"A piece of coconut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth.

The waiter passed on to the fifth man.

"Don't say it, don't say it!" he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate."

"No; I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge's Library.

An Odd Legacy.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Jefferson family of actors, was remembered curiously in the will of Weston, who was himself an esteemed member of Garrick's company. Weston's will contained this item:

"I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

Not So Blind.

"Miranda, I want to ask you to marry me and to tell me." "Oh, George, this is so sudden!" "To tell me what date you and your mother have decided on for our wedding."—Brooklyn Life.

Publicity.

"'Twas in the newspaper, and all the world now knows it," is the motto of a leading advertising agency.

The very truth hath a color from the disposition of the utterer.—Ellot.

How to Fill Up Holes in Wood.

It sometimes becomes necessary to fill up cracks or dents in fine woodwork, furniture, floors, etc. The following is the best way of doing it: White tissue paper is steeped and perfectly softened in water and by thorough kneading with glue transformed into a paste and by means of ochers (earth colors) colored as nearly as possible to the shade of the wood. To the paste calcined magnesia is then added, and it is forced into the cracks or very firmly to the wood and after drying retains its smooth surface.

"Parceling Out de People."

Fishing, two boys strung their big catch on the same string. Passing a graveyard they entered the gate to divide the catch, dropping two fish just as they went inside the cemetery.

Passing, an aged negro heard the two boys: "I'll take this one, you that one; I this one, you that one; I this one, you that one," etc.

The negro listened in dismay and ran away as rapidly as his old legs could carry him. He met his negro minister, who called:

"Dancun, why you run in such terror?"

"Declare, parson, I been down yonder by de graveyard and over de fence heard de devil and de Lord parceling out de people atween 'em."

The parson laughed at the old man's fright and made him go back with him to the graveyard to convince him of his error.

The boys were still dividing—"You take that, I take this," etc. Finally one boy asked, "What you going to do with them two at the gate?"

This was more than parson or deacon could stand, and both ran pellmell, neither wishing to take any further chances, no matter what was going on just over the fence.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Penguin Battles.

The penguin, a notable diver among sea birds, wins his mate by right of conquest. The male birds fight for the possession of the females. These curious birds have regular duel grounds, where relics of innumerable combats in the shape of feathers lie scattered about. In the center is the fighting arena, clear of all debris. The penguins' feathers are a blubber form an efficient shield against their opponents' beaks, so the weapon used is the short flipper, the only wings the birds possess. The fight begins with the two combatants walking round each other waiting for an opportunity to grip. Once this is done the flippers come into play. The fighters shower blow after blow upon each other. There is no record as to how these fights end, but it is a safe supposition to say that they are seldom fatal. The force of the blow from a penguin's flipper is such that three or four of them will draw blood from the human hand.

How Models Make Pictures.

The artist gazed in rapture on "The Kiss," his latest picture. "Do you grasp," he said, "the passionate grace of the girl's attitude, the warmth and the power wherewith her tense white arms draw the young man closer, ever closer? Well, I got that idea from my model, a shopgirl."

"But for my model's suggestion I'd have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose, and the picture would never have been the masterpiece it is. But my model pointed out to me the abandon wherewith a girl, whether of high or low station, gives herself up to a kiss' charm. She illustrated the thing, aided by a male model, a young medical student. Yes, she made my picture."

"The fact is, models make, with their valuable hints and suggestions, lots of pictures. There's many a masterpiece whose merit is due to the splendid pose that the model originated for the principal figure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Burma's Popular Sports.

A form of speculation very popular in Burma is bull racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of these bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite. The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and, it is said, it brings him an annual income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly, but the art can scarcely be practiced according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut and if they do hit each other it is more by chance than anything else."—Calcutta Statesman.

The Wrong Lady.

Some young idlers had been enjoying the fun of halling passing shopgirls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it was evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly.

Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up. "Look a' here now, fellers," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys an' all that, but just keep on an' the wrong lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer face, see?"—Argonaut.

A Parthian Shot.

"Even though you are my brother's son I am obliged to discharge you. But I am sorry for your mother's sake."

"Oh, that's all right, sir. Mother says she don't see how I've put up with you as long as I have."—Judge.

Preparation.

Guest—So your fellow keeper Page is going to be married, is he? Game-keeper—Aye, sir, that-a-be. He wor prayed for in church four the second time Sunday last.—London Mail.

Raising the Ante.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, judge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."

Wanted the Earth.

Browne—Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth? Towne—Oh, yes. Browne—Who was he? Towne—A first trip passenger on an ocean liner.

At the End of the Voyage.

Jonah disembarked. "The only trip I don't have to tip the steward," he exclaimed. Therewith he regarded the whole half approvingly.—New York Sun.

Different Points of View.

"It's hard to be poor," sighed the seedy pessimist. "That's queer," replied the ragged optimist. "I always found it easy enough."

Successful guilt is the bane of society.—Byrce.

A Bank on Two Legs.

"For more than thirty years the most popular woodsman's bank in Maine was a bank on two legs," says Major Holmes Day, author of "King Spruce."

"Until he was over seventy years old Uncle Nate Swan was conductor on the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad, running between the city and Moosehead lake. With him rode the woods and driving crews. When they forgot themselves and made a racket on his train he used to cuff them into submission, and no man ever raised his hand against Uncle Nate. When the men came out of the woods with their pay most of them realized from bitter experience that the city folks would get all their money away from them in a few days. As soon as they would get aboard the train they would begin to strip ten dollar bills off their rolls and hand the money to Uncle Nate to 'sink' for them, banking it on call. They never forgot, nor did he, and in all the years there was never a dispute between Conductor Swan and any of his depositors. When they came back on his train they were sure of enough money for their fare and their tobacco at the lake outfitting store. They wouldn't have known very well what to do with more."

Her Ideal Villain.

The following anecdote, taken from "My Story," by Hall Caine, is interesting.

Immediately after the production of "The Woman in White," when all England was admiring the arch villainy of Fosco, the author, Wilkie Collins, received a visit from a lady who congratulated him upon his success with somewhat icy cheer and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband."

The lady was the wife of Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Different in Books.

In the books this is the way they say it: "Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of wind rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from souls of strong men."

Outside the books we say: "It's raining."—Atchison Globe.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDEN, KIRK & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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