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LOCAL HAPPENINGS

The Continued Story of Current Events.

August Edison records now on sale. Northwestern Music Co.

J. C. Simms, the local traveling representative of a wholesale house, went to Kelliher last evening on a business trip.

The Misses Caulfield of St. Paul arrived in the city last evening from the "Sainty City" and will enjoy an outing in Bemidji.

Anyone wanting raspberries to can, call 'phone 129. We will receive them fresh every day from local parties. At Stewart's Confectionery.

The Anderson & Johnson Employment company shipped nine men to Blackduck last evening. These men will work for the J. A. Irvine company on the South Cormant log drive.

J. W. Murray, ex-cashier of the First State Bank of Kelliher, came to the city yesterday afternoon (via Duluth) from his present home in Minneapolis and left last evening for Kelliher on a business trip.

Mrs. H. Stechman departed last evening for her old home at Tenstrike, where she will visit for a few days and incidentally gather a large quantity of luscious red raspberries. There's lots of 'em at Tenstrike.

J. Blondo left last evening for Kelliher with the intention of going out to his claim. He felt considerable satisfaction over the fact that on Sunday he had his new baby girl christened, "Dennice" being the name selected for the little one.

A. C. Ross, junior member of the logging firm of Ross & Ross, came to Bemidji yesterday from his home at Duluth and passed on through the city last evening to Kelliher, the headquarters for the Ross logging operations in this section of the country.

George Kirk returned last evening from Brainerd, where he visited over Sunday with Mrs. Kirk, who is an inmate of the N. P. hospital at that place. Mr. Kirk states that his wife is getting along very nicely and is fast recuperating from the operation to which she recently submitted.

A. Burke and wife and a party of friends left this morning for Portage Lake, south of Walker, where they will spend the balance of the week, angling for Black bass. Mr. Burke has his "batou" at Portage lake, and being "some fisherman" himself, will undoubtedly get some fine catches.

Charles H. Gardner, general north-country manager for the Grand Forks Lumber company, returned last evening from a trip to Stillwater, where he visited with his family. Mr. Gardner's two sons, Bryant and Charlie, who had been on a visit here, returned to Stillwater with Mr. Gardner.

Rev. F. J. Barackman, president of the Bemidji Bible Conference, returned to his home at Blackduck last evening, having been a constant attendant at the sessions of the conference which closed Sunday evening. Rev. Barackman has been a consistent worker for the success of the conference, and he has reason to be gratified with the splendid outcome of the affair. He and Rev. White of this city are open to congratulations on that score.

R. J. Poupore, the logger, came to the city this morning from his headquarters at Kelliher.

C. J. Mealey came down this morning from his home at Houpt and spent today here on business.

E. T. Statcup and V. A. Palm and wife are Denver people who have been enjoying an outing in Bemidji.

H. M. Hamilton, the Iowa financier, arrived in the city last evening for his usual yearly summer outing here.

Just received a large consignment of local raspberries, will sell them reasonable by the quart or case. At Stewart's Confectionery.

E. R. O'Connor left last evening for Kelliher and will do some work in that vicinity, running lines for the Crookston Lumber company. He expects to be absent for the remainder of the present week.

James Lappen has returned from Rochester, Minn., whither he went last week, accompanying Mrs. Lappen, whose health is not of the best. Mrs. Lappen will remain at Rochester for a few weeks, taking treatment.

Rev. C. H. Shutt, an Episcopalian pastor of St. Paul, passed through the city last evening on his way to Tenstrike. He was accompanied from this city by Mr. Larson, who is in charge of the local Episcopal affairs.

Frank Hughes departed last evening for Blackduck and will enter the employ of the Crookston Lumber company at their hoist on Blackduck lake. Frank is an old hand at this work and will give good satisfaction.

Deputy Sheriff Andrew Johnson went to Farley last evening, in response to a telegram from W. T. Blakeley, which urged his immediate official presence at Farley, as some "onery cuss" was running amuck up there and needed attending to.

J. H. Stair of Crookston, now traveling "on the road" for an arms company, was a visitor in the city yesterday afternoon and last night. Mr. Stair is a fine trap shot and may enter the gun club tournament that is being planned to be pulled off in Bemidji during the county fair.

There were twenty-four members in attendance at the practice of the Bemidji band last evening, which is a splendid showing and forcibly indicates the interest which Prof. Harry Masten, director of the band, has worked up in the organization. Such a showing is worthy of the very best commendation and support from our citizens.

L. P. Harrington, principal of the Crookston School of Agriculture, spent last night in Bemidji, leaving this noon (over the delayed west-bound night train) for Crookston. Professor Harrington came to the city last evening from several points south of here, where he has acted as instructor in agriculture at some of the summer schools.

State Senator S. D. Works of Mankato, who has much land interests in northern Hubbard county, came to the city yesterday afternoon from Cass Lake, where he and his family are enjoying an outing. Mr. Works is using H. L. Hartley's houseboat, and the boat is anchored on the lakeshore off Star Island, one of the prettiest spots in the state.

W. H. Gemmill, general manager of the M. & I. railway, and W. H. Strachan, superintendent of the M. & I., came to the city last evening, occupying the private car "50," which was attached to the regular north-bound passenger train. They left this morning for International Falls, on a business trip. They state that the business accorded the night trains is keeping up finely and is exceeding expectations.

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The law passed at the last session of the legislature makes it possible for the Northwestern Building Association of Fergus Falls to make loans in Beltrami county and it is preparing to loan on dwellings in the town and villages. The associations at Fergus Falls have loaned over a million dollars in and around Fergus Falls and have been very successful. Elmer E. Adams is president and Robert Hannah secretary of the Northwestern Association. If you are about to buy or build a home or want a loan on the one you have write either of them for information.

B. F. Pay of Mankato is a visitor in the city and is stopping at the Hotel Markham.

W. A. Johnson of Gilby, N. D., was registered as a guest at the Hotel Markham last night.

A. F. Brown came to the city last night from his home at International Falls and stopped at the Hotel Markham.

Just received a large consignment of local raspberries, will sell them reasonable by the quart or case. At Stewart's Confectionery.

Mrs. Sam Morris and Mrs. B. Feltus of Grand Forks arrived in the city last night and will visit here for several days enjoying an outing.

The Baptist Ladies' Aid will meet at Diamond Point Wednesday afternoon. Come early. There will be a picnic lunch. In case of rain will meet in church.

H. W. Frower came to the city last night from Littlefork and spent the night here, going to Cass Lake this morning, where she had some business before the U. S. land office.

Mrs. Jas. VanVleck of Littlefork spent last night in Bemidji, coming down from her home last evening on the south-bound M. & I. night passenger train, which is a great convenience for the north-country folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Leet departed last evening for Houpt. Mr. Leet has been at Houpt for some time past, and he came down from that place last evening, on the south-bound M. & I. local freight train, to get Mrs. Leet and return to pick a goodly supply of raspberries, which are very plentiful in the vicinity of Houpt.

A Deal in Gum.

Some of these little newsboys are successful little mites. A day or two ago a business man dropped a silver mounted fountain pen through the grating in front of a building on West Third street. They told him in the store that there was no access to the hole from the inside. He seemed to be up against it. Two newsies saw him peering down into the grating and got interested.

"I'll get it out for you, mister," spoke up one of them, "if you'll stand the expense. It'll take about a nickel's worth of 'chewin' gum."

The man said he would finance the gum scheme, whatever it might be.

A minute or two later the boy had dashed into a store and got a yardstick. He was chewing hard on an entire 5 cents' worth of gum. As soon as this was properly softened by the process of mastication he placed it on the end of the yardstick, stuck the stick through the grating until the gum met the pen and brought the pen up with the utmost despatch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sand Fish.

At low tide in midsummer on certain parts of the Breton coast men and boys with baskets and hoes descend the white beach to the sea's edge. They are anglers, but the fish they seek live on dry land. With his hoe each fisherman makes swiftly in the packed sand shallow parallel trenches, very close together and about a yard long. If the luck be good every scratch of the hoe uncovers three or four silvery fish, the size of sardines, that leap up glittering into the air. They must be seized quickly or at once they bury themselves in the sand again. They are called lancons. The smaller ones are used for mackerel bait; the larger, with their heads cut off, mako, fried, an excellent dish a good deal like fried smelts. With daylight tides the lancons are seldom bigger than a man's middle finger, but with the night tides, when promenaders have not disturbed the sand, they run very large indeed. Then, their lanterns flashing on the beach, the Breton fishermen often capture lancons a foot long.

Cut Heads.

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The Light of the Firefly.

When man will attain the perfect vacuum, then the rude ether bluish of the electric light bulb will give forth many times more light, purified and heatless, soft and healing, as the light of the stars, penetrating as the sun. An examination of the firefly when emitting flames or light shows bodily movements that cannot be understood to mean anything else than vacuum producing. The lights are always seen in the vacuum sack on the back. Immediately before emitting light the insect will flatten the body, draw the legs in, droop the head, seemingly contracting in all directions; then with the relaxation come the flame and light. The bodies of the glowworm and firefly always are transparent when filled with flame. The blades of grass or other debris are seen plainly through the bodies. Here are cases of nature dealing with X rays.—Chicago Tribune.

Selling "Carlyle."

Here is Whistler's story of how he sold his famous picture of Carlyle to the Glasgow corporation:

I received them, well, you know, charmingly, of course, and one who spoke for the rest asked me if I did not think I was putting a large price on the picture—1,000 guineas—and I said, "Yes, perhaps, if you will have it so!"

And he said that it seemed to the council excessive. "Why, the figure was not even life size."

And I agreed.

"But, you know," I said, "few men are life size."

And that was all. It was an official occasion, and I respected it. Then they asked me to think over the matter until the next day, and they would come again. And they came. And they said, "Have you thought of the thousand guineas and what we said about it, Mr. Whistler?"

And I said, "Why, gentlemen, why—well, you know, how could I think of anything but the pleasure of seeing you again?"

And naturally, being gentlemen, they understood, and they gave me a check for the thousand guineas.

The Southern Art of Conversation.

The north may think it knows something of conversation, but the north, as compared with the south, may be said never to have enjoyed a conversation. About the village courthouse, within the hospitable doors of some central store, in the office of the local daily or weekly paper or, above all, in the leisurely and genial intercourse around the fireside or on the inviting porch in summer of friend with friends there will be heard a conversation which in wit, in the charm and force of its illustrations and in the directness and freedom of its criticism is not surpassed in American life today.

It is the product of leisure, of a world without haste, without ruthless preoccupations, without those resources of expression and interest which belong to the crowded and overworked existence of the commercial city. It is, moreover, part of the tradition of the cavalier. It is part of the genius of climate and soil and social habit.—E. G. Murphy in "The Present South."

Carving Scissors.

"I thought I knew all about scissors," said the man. "I had seen tailor scissors for cutting heavy cloth, dressmakers' scissors for cutting filmy fabrics and lace and still other scissors for cutting paper, finger nails, grapevines, all kinds of metals and even for shearing sheep, but in spite of that wide knowledge of scissors I was puzzled when I saw the large, peculiarly shaped pair of scissors lying in the showcase."

"What are these scissors for? I asked the clerk.

"Carving meat," he said. "With scissors of this kind carving becomes mere child's play."

"I never saw anybody use them," said I.

"Nobody does use them," said the clerk—that is, only a very few. In Europe carving scissors are popular because they cut right through meat, gristle, bone and all, but it takes a little practice to learn to manipulate the things, and nobody in this country has patience enough for that."—Exchange.

The Talking Pots.

"Yes, these pots of mine are all right," said the potter. "They don't talk, though."

"No pots do."

"Don't they? Look here."

He took from the shelf a strange, crude pot daubed yellow and blue that had the shape of a duck. He filled it with water; then he poured the water out again. "Quack, quack, quack!" said the pot distinctly. "Every gurgle was a distinct quack. 'There's art for you,'" said the potter. "Every gurgle of that duck pot is a quack. Wonderful Astec art! And I have an Astec pig pot that grunts like a pig and a dog pot that barks like a dog. Wonderful chaps, those Astec potter fellows! I wish I knew their secret. Imagine an Astec banquet!" he said after a pause. "Pots filled, you know, with wine. And every time you pour yourself a drink 'Quack' go the ducks, 'Bowwow' go the dogs. Regular pandemonium!"—New York Press.

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