

EDWARD KAISER, Publisher

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Copy for changes of advertisements in The Daily Pioneer must reach this office by 10 o'clock a. m. in order to insure their appearance in the issue of same day.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

The larger plans of J. J. Hill always look far beyond the conditions and needs of the present time. This is undoubtedly true of his splendid conceptions of the enormous possibilities of extending American trade with China.

There are short-sighted persons who think Mr. Hill a little daft on the subject of American trade with China; who believe that his dreams of ocean traffic across the Pacific and world traffic across the continent can never be realized; unless the present inhabitants of Asia should be exterminated and their place taken by western races, accustomed to living on a higher scale, to eating white bread, wearing good clothes, buying and using machinery and developing the resources of the country in European and American ways.

The skepticism overlooks the enormous change made in the way of living and consumptive power of Asiatic races by a small leaven of western civilization. It is not necessary to exterminate the Chinese and put Europeans or Americans in their place to make a market there for western products. It is necessary only to bring them under dominion of western energy and enterprise and to organize them for production and consumption according to western ideas.

India has been made an enormous market for European goods by a few hundred thousand Englishmen. The consumptive power of Japan has been increased many fold by the mere introduction of western political and industrial organization. Our trade with Siberia and North China has grown by leaps and bounds with the advance of Russian occupation. Even in the Philippines substitution of American energy for Spanish lassitude has increased the consumptive power of the islands in spite of war, pestilence and famine.

Mr. Hill looks forward to a time when all China shall be brought under dominion of western ideas; whether by its partition among several nations, its reorganization by Japan or an awakening of the Chinese nation itself, similar to that which made Japan a great consuming country. This change is sure to come, whether in Mr. Hill's lifetime or later. When it does come, it is probable that what men call his dreams now will fall far short of the sober fact.—Minneapolis Tribune.

PUBLIC EXAMINER JOHNSON is looking over things in Beltrami county, but profiting by some very dear experience in northern Minnesota he is exhibiting a surprising amount of caution for one so hasty.—Crookston Times.

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Woman Takes Her Own Life. Houghton, Mich., June 3.—Mrs. William B. Mason, wife of the prosecuting attorney of Barago county, committed suicide by shooting at her home in L'Anse, near here. She stood before a mirror and sent a bullet into her brain at the temple. The ball emerging at the top of the head and penetrating the ceiling. Despondency on account of ill health was the cause. She is survived by her husband and grown daughter.

Violation of Postal Laws. Winona, Minn., Jan. 3.—Deputy United States Marshal Sheehan went out to Almon, this county, to arrest John Duncanson, a widower, charged with sending obscene letters through the mail to his rival for the affections of a Stockton young lady.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Overflow From the Wires in a Condensed Form. The Yellowstone National Park has been formally opened at Livingston, Mont.

S. E. Pettes, inventor of the machine for making paper bags, died at Cleveland. He was eighty-one years old.

Prince Julius of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the king of Denmark, is dead. Prince Julius was born at Gottorp in 1824.

The United States transport Logan has sailed for Manila and will stop at Guam on the outward voyage with 100 tons of military supplies.

The London Daily Mail understands that Lord Curzon's term as viceroy of India, which expires next September, will be extended for two years.

The Wisconsin board of commissioners of the St. Louis world's fair appropriated \$20,000 for a building to represent Wisconsin at the exposition. Six representative Battle (Mont.) labor union men will go to Washington in the near future and sojourn at the White House for a week or ten days as guests of President Roosevelt. The president was entertained by the labor unions in this city and invited some of the labor leaders to Washington to talk over the labor question.

THE MARKETS.

Latest Quotations From Grain and Live Stock Centers. St. Paul, June 3.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 80 @ 80 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 79 @ 79 1/2c; No. 3, 77 1/2 @ 78c; no grade, 70 @ 77c. Corn—No. 3, 46 @ 48c; No. 4, 44 @ 45c; no grade, 41 @ 44c. Rye—No. 2, 42 @ 49c. Barley—Malting grades, 45 @ 53c; feed grades, 37 @ 42c.

Minneapolis, June 3.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, 79 3/4c; No. 1 Northern, 78 3/8c; No. 2 Northern, 77 3/4c.

Duluth, June 3.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, 80 1/2c; No. 1 Northern, 78 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 76 1/2c; rye, 49c; flax, \$1.12 1/2; barley, 35 @ 51c.

Milwaukee, June 3.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 83 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 82 @ 82 1/2c; July, 73 1/4c. Rye firm; No. 1, 53 1/2c. Barley lower; No. 2, 59c; sample, 46 @ 57c. Oats lower; standard, 36 3/4 @ 37 1/4c. Corn—July, 44 3/8c.

Chicago, June 3.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 75 1/2 @ 76 1/2c; No. 3 red, 71 @ 74c; No. 2 hard winter, 74 @ 76c; No. 3 hard winter, 71 @ 75c; No. 1 Northern spring, 79 @ 80c; No. 2 Northern spring, 79 @ 80c; No. 3 spring, 74 @ 75c. Corn—No. 2, 45 3/4 @ 46c; No. 3, 35 3/4c. Oats—No. 2, 33 @ 33 1/2c; No. 3, 32 1/2c.

Sioux City, Iowa, June 3.—Cattle—Beef, \$4 @ 4.90; cows, bulls and mixed, \$2.50 @ 4.10; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 @ 4.60; calves and yearlings, \$5 @ 4.50. Hogs, \$5.75 @ 6.15; bulk, \$5.90 @ 6.05.

Chicago, June 3.—Cattle—Good prime steers, \$4.90 @ 5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3 @ 4.55; cows, \$1.60 @ 4.50; heifers, \$2.50 @ 4.85; calves, \$2.50 @ 6. Texas-fed steers, \$4 @ 4.75. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$6.30 @ 6.55; good to choice heavy, \$6.60 @ 6.80; light, \$6 @ 6.35; bulk of sales, \$6.35 @ 6.50. Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$3.75 @ 5.25; fair to choice mixed, \$3.75 @ 4.75; Western sheep, \$4.50 @ 5.25; native lambs, \$4.50 @ 7.10; Western lambs, \$4.50 @ 7.10.

South St. Paul, June 3.—Cattle—Good to choice steers, \$4.50 @ 6; good to choice cows and heifers, \$3.25 @ 4; good to choice feeding steers, \$3.75 @ 4.25; common to fair stock steers, \$2 @ 2.75; steer calves, \$2 @ 3.50; good to choice milk cows, \$35 @ 40. Hogs—Price range, \$5.90 @ 6.50; bulk, \$6.10 @ 6.25; light and inferior grades, \$5.90 @ 6.15. Sheep—Good to choice shorn lambs, \$5.75 @ 6.50; good to choice shorn yearling wethers, \$4.75 @ 6; heavy, \$4.50 @ 6; good to choice shorn ewes, medium weight, \$4 @ 4.50; heavy, \$3 @ 4; culls and stock ewes, \$2.50 @ 3.

WILL SPREAD THE PLAGUE.

Revolutionists Threaten to Infect Constantinople and European Cities. London, June 3.—The Sofia correspondent of the Daily News says he learns that the revolutionary leaders in Bulgaria have obtained a quantity of Indian plague bacilli and are determined that unless the powers interfere in their behalf to infect Constantinople, Salonica and even Berlin.

TELLS ANTE-MORTEM TALE.

Teamster With Fractured Skull Incriminates Two Persons. Janesville, Wis., June 3.—Henry Zimmerman, a teamster who had his skull fractured in a fight a week ago Saturday night, is in a dying condition, and in an ante-mortem statement accuses two well known characters about the city with the assault. The suspects have left the city.

Plunges Down Elevator Shaft.

St. Paul, June 3.—Albert A. Erhardt, a fireman at Hamm's brewery on Minnehaha street, fell down an elevator shaft at the brewery last night and received injuries which may be fatal.

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A Love Lesson.

"Little girl, don't cry. He has broken his troth, I know, And the words he said, When your cheeks flushed red, Are the things of an hour ago; But a better waltzer may soon come by, There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry."

There, little girl, don't cry. He has broken a date, I know, And the violets blue, That he sent to you, Have faded, long ago; But, merciful heavens, child, don't cry! A man with an auto may come by."

There, little girl, don't cry. He has broken his troth, I know, And the horrid thing, Accepted his ring, When you told him to "take it and go"; But the sea holds all for which you sigh, And it's utterly useless to sit and cry, With so many good fish swimming by. —Helen Rowland in New York Press.

The Foiling of a Fortune Hunter

The rain drizzled down outside—pit, pat, splutter, splutter on the leaden roof, and Gordon Clarke stared up gloomily at the top part of the office window, which was not frosted, and which commanded a view of dull sky and telegraph wires.

He bit the top of his quill pen and looked down again at the mass of papers on his desk. Another will to copy! He was sick of wills to copy! It was his business morning, noon and night, copying out details of other people's fortunes; and as he was not likely to have a fortune himself he detested everybody who has.

This will to-day, however, had an unusual interest, and the man at the desk next to him leaned forward.

"You've got old Johnson's will to copy, haven't you?" he asked. "He's dying. The governor was there last night with me, and I heard the doctor say that he couldn't last more than a few weeks. And he hasn't found his daughter yet."

Gordon Clarke looked carelessly at the will.

"He's mad, isn't he?" he asked. The other laughed.

"He's been sharp enough to make \$250,000 or so," he said, "and I should not call that being mad myself. But he is a bit queer. Twenty years ago he quarreled with his daughter and she ran away. He swore she should never come back, and that she might die before he'd look at her again, and all these years he has kept his word. He has lived alone, never mentioned her name, and willed all his money to charities."

"Now he's dying and has altered his will, and is advertising and searching for her everywhere, and can't find her. That's fate, and serves him right. He only quarreled with her because she wanted to marry some one he didn't approve of. But it will serve old Johnson right if he dies without seeing her. He was cruel."

Gordon bent to his work. He cared nothing for Johnson's daughter. He cared nothing for anybody except himself, and his face was bitter and ugly as his pen scribbled the first words on the parchment.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Abel Johnson."

It was a very short one, but there was something in it that startled him. It was a description of Abel Johnson's daughter, who ran away twenty years ago to marry a man named Glenn.

Gordon stared at the name, fascinated—Glenn! His heart began to throb and the blood to run through his veins. That fortune might be nearer to him than he thought. He might get it himself—if he were careful. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

He clutched the pen and stared at the parchment. Twenty years ago Abel Johnson's daughter had married a man named Robert Airdship Glenn. Airdship was an uncommon name and it was not likely that there could be any mistake. Gordon Clarke knew a man named Airdship Glenn, and his daughter, a girl of eighteen, was called Minnie Johnson Glenn.

His hand began to tremble. His



Gordon stared at the name, fascinated, heart throbbed heavily. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

He stared up at the leaden sky and tried to think. There surely could be no doubt about it? The man he knew—the man who was starving with his daughter in the garret above his own room—was the man who had married Ellen Johnson twenty years ago! It must be! It was impossible that there could be any mistake.

Gordon rose from his stool with his lips set tight. He had a little money saved, and only a few days ago Glenn asked him to lend him some in order to pay a doctor's bill for Minnie, who had been ill, and to get an evening

suit. Glenn was an accomplished musician, and an evening engagement had depended upon the suit. He could not take it unless he had one, but Gordon had refused to lend even that small amount.

He set his teeth as he thought of it. He would lend it now! He would lend it, and marry Minnie and make his fortune at a leap!

But the money came too late for Glenn, for when Gordon returned home that night he was met by his landlady with the news that he was ill in bed with brain fever, and that the doctor had forbidden his removal.

"And he owes me \$25 if it's a penny," she cried, "and 'ow I'm ever to get it I don't know."

Gordon put his umbrella in the stand mechanically. His thin, yellow face had changed, and Mrs. Smith had an uneasy recollection that he had smiled in the same way when he had seen a man he hated, knocked down and run over in the street. She looked at him uncomfortably, and wished she hadn't mentioned the bill.

"All the same, Mr. Glenn's a gentleman," she added, "and his poor little girl—"

"You leave them to me," Gordon said, slowly. "I'll look after them. How much did you say his bill was—\$25? Put it on mine next week, Mrs. Smith; I'll see to it."

Mrs. Smith stared as he turned away. She had never yet known Gordon Clarke to give away anything



"Minnie! Minnie!" he cried. "What is the matter?"

unless he got back double what he gave, and now his offer to pay the Glenns' bill was beyond her comprehension altogether. It meant mischief of some kind, she was positively sure of it. She waited for Dr. Seeley's rat-tat with an odd misgiving at heart. When it came at last she flew to open the door and faced him breathlessly.

Dr. Seeley was young and strong, with a kind, keen face and gray eyes, and he looked at her now with a good-humored twinkle in them, for she always had a string of woes to relate to him.

"Any more tragedies, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith gave a sigh. "Lor', no, sir, no more yet—but it do seem likely as there may be mone' we reckon on, sir."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Smith glanced furtively at the stairs and edged away to her own room.

"It's about Mr. Clarke, sir," she said. "He's a good lodger—regular in his habits and all that, but he do seem to be upsetting of Miss Minnie."

Dr. Seeley's face looked grave. "What has Clarke to do with them?" he asked.

"Why, this, sir," she said. "He's lent 'em money, sir. I never liked Mr. Clarke, and seein' that you know something of him, an' seein' that he's tormenting Miss Minnie nearly to death, I thought I'd better tell you."

Dr. Seeley's heart grew oddly heavy under his thick coat. A sudden vision of a fair, pale face, with wide, tearful eyes, flashed up before him, and he sighed again. Yet what had he to do with Mrs. Smith's lodgers? He was only the doctor.

"What is he worrying her about?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith shrugged her shoulders. "Why, marriage, I believe, sir, though you'd never think it, seein' as he's forty if he's a day, and hard-faced and nasty in the bargain, and she's as fresh as a daisy when things are all right, and I thought 'praps—'praps you might 'elp her a bit, sir."

"I? Really, I don't know. I'll see. It may be nothing—I may not be able to interfere, and you know you are always imagining things, Mrs. Smith. You're a true woman."

Mrs. Smith curtsied, not knowing whether to accept it as a compliment or not, and Dr. Seeley went up stairs.

He went up slowly, with his head bent, with that curious vision of a girlish face still before his eyes, and opened Mr. Glenn's sitting-room door.

He opened it so suddenly that Minnie, bent face downward in a chair, had not time to spring to her feet.

She faced him with tears running from her eyes, with her handkerchief crushed in her hand, and attempted to rise.

"Minnie—Minnie," he cried, "What is the matter?"

Her lip trembled. "It is nothing—I—oh, Dr. Seeley, do not look at me like that. I shall be all right in a moment."

He still held her hands. "Minnie," he cried, "tell me. Let me help you. I want to help you. I want to help you always. Minnie I love you. Look into my eyes, darling. I'm a poor man, but you're poor too, or I should never dare to speak, and I can only offer you a poor sort of a

home, but I love you. I'll give my whole life trying to make you happy, darling, if you can bring yourself to care a little for me."

She looked up and the last shred of color fled from her face.

"I can't," she stammered. "I can't—last night—I promised Mr. Clarke—"

Dr. Seeley caught his breath. "What?" he cried.

"I promised to marry him," said Minnie, slowly. She did not add that she had promised for her father's sake—for the sake of the help and food and nourishment Gordon had promised them.

Dr. Seeley looked at her long and steadily, and then drew his breath again with an air of relief.

"You don't care for him," he cried, suddenly. "I can see it in your face, and what I have to tell you won't hurt you, but be prepared for a shock. He—he is married already. He doesn't know his wife is alive. He left her three years ago, and he left her for dead. But I pulled her through, and she is my housekeeper now. And—and—Minnie—look up—do you love me?"

There was no mistaking the look he saw in her face, and he caught her in his arms.

When Gordon Clarke came home that night a surprise in the form of Dr. Seeley awaited him. He came home with a special license in his pocket, with the knowledge that Mr. Abel Johnson was at death's door, and that the advertisements had brought no news of the missing daughter, and now Dr. Seeley awaited him with the news that his first wife was alive.

It was an ugly blow, and for a moment Dr. Seeley was half afraid of Gordon's yellow face. But, after all, it was no use, and the savage malice that flashed up in his eyes died away into a hideous smile.

It was not until three weeks afterward, when he and Minnie were about to start on their honeymoon with an invalid in tow, that they saw the dying Abel Johnson's advertisement to his long-lost daughter to come back, and Minnie pointed it out to her father.

Glenn hesitated. "He was a hard, cruel man," he said, "but, perhaps as he was dying, it might do him good to see you—his daughter's child. Perhaps we'd better see what it means, Min."

And that was how, a little later, Dr. Seeley found, to his surprise, that he had married a rich wife.—Boston Journal.

BOB HAD NOT SLEPT.

How Colored Servant Accounted for Stiffness in His Tent.

Bob belongs to the old school of Southern body servants, is lazy and blithe, full of wondrous romancing and perpetually faithful to his master. Besides these hall-marks, he labors also under a frequent delusion of his race, which is that he always sleeps poorly.

On a recent camping trip Bob and a fellow servant slept in a tent next to their master and his father-in-law.

"Well, Bob," questioned the polite, elderly gentleman next morning, "did you rest well last night?"

"Who? me?" returned Bob in a voice of sorrowful resentment. "No, suh; I neber sleeps well. Dis yere niggah ain't s'lep' well in twenty years or mo', I jes' couldn't s'het my eyes last night, Mars' Jeems."

"Why, what was the matter, Bob?"

"Law, suh, I can't tell yer. 'Spec somebody is rubbed de lef' hin' foot up a graveyard rabbit again my elbow."

"Tut, tut, Bob; if you hadn't slept well last night, how could you have kept so remarkably quiet? You were as still as a mouse all night."

"Who? Me still Mars' Jeems?"

Some indignation in his tones now. "No, suh! 'Scuse me, suh, but dat wuz Zack what wuz so still!"

"YOU GO ON DYING."

Comfort Accorded Sick Man by His Affectionate Wife.

Writing in Longman's Magazine" on "Eighty Years Ago," Mr. Geo. Rooper describes amusing incidents to illustrate the indifference to death often shown by the poor. He says:

"My original destination was the church, and so my father, a model parish priest, sought early to initiate me into one of the most important duties of a clergyman—visiting the sick. In accompanying him, I was greatly impressed not only with the patient endurance by the poor of the hardships they endured, but by the indifference to death, whether in their own persons or in that of others."

"When I'm gone, Susan, you'll look to the mending of the pigsty."

"You go on dying, Sam, I'll see to that," was the wife's response.

"When you get up to heaven, Betty, do you think I shall have nothing better to do but to go rampaging about for your Jen?" was the unsatisfactory reply.

A Feeless Case.

"A case came to me this morning," said the great lawyer, "that I propose to handle without gloves."

"What kind of a case is it?" asked the human interrogation point.

"A case of soap," replied the legal luminary with an open-faced grin.

Perseverance Wins.

Kerwin After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Parker—Are you sure of it? Kerwin—That's what. It was only this morning that she told me I was a perfect idiot.

The Spare Room. The guest from the city sat in the bedroom that had been allotted to him in his brother's house in the little country town. He watched his breath turning to icy clouds as it left his lungs and wondered how long it took a man to freeze to death. "They call this the 'spare room,'" he said, shivering, to himself. "And it is well named. I don't wonder they can spare it. I think that I could get along without it myself."—Magazine of Humor.

Mayor Cleared the Sidewalk Himself. They tell a story of Mayor Studley in New Haven that is characteristic. He was walking along Church street one day when he found the way blocked by a "hog" of a builder who had filled the sidewalk with cement and planks, forcing everybody out into the street. The mayor picked up the planks himself and threw them into the street and rolled the cement after them. He left word with a near-by policeman that if that sidewalk was obstructed again the builder would be arrested. Some men can do that sort of thing without diminishing their dignity and greatly to the increase of their popularity. Studley is one of those men.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

Twice Told (Shirt) Tales. Come in and Listen. I. MEYER & CO., High Art Clothiers.

Livery Stable. A. M. BAGLEY, SUCCESSOR TO J. J. JINKINSON. New Carriages and Good Horses. New and Second Hand Carriages For Sale. BEMIDJI - MINN.

Jay L. Reynolds Attorney-at-Law. Office: Over Lumbermen's Bank. THIRD STREET BOWLING ALLEY. For Week ending Tuesday, June 9th, the following prizes will be offered: HIGH SCORE IN TEN PINS. One pair Gold Cuff Buttons Furnished by E. A. Barker. HIGH SCORE IN SEVEN BACK. One Negligee Shirt Furnished by I. Meyer & Co.

G. WEETMAN, PROPRIETOR. Peterson & Hoff, Painters and Decorators. House Painting, Paper Hanging, Graining, Decorating, Etc., Etc. MODERATE PRICES. PAINTS, OILS AND WALL PAPER.

. PAINTING. Decorating Floor Finishing. Granite Floor Finish. WALL PAPER and PAINTS. W. C. JONES. TELEPHONE 20. Office Opp. City Boat House.