

BEASTS BORN IN CAPTIVITY.

Those That First See the Light in Bristol, England, Are the Best. The birth of a litter of lions at Haslemere Park, a private menagerie in England, leads one of the English papers to note a fact that has long puzzled biologists, and that is notorious among those who interest themselves in the study of wild beasts in captivity, this being that nearly all the lion, tiger and leopard cubs born in that country have a cleft palate, which prevents them from being properly suckled, and usually leads to their premature death. But, beyond this, a more astonishing fact still—and one that also greatly puzzles biologists—is that which determines that of all the wild animals born in England those born in Bristol are regarded as the finest, and as the most likely to live. So well known is this to professional showmen and menagerie keepers that "Bristol born" is a recognized brand in the wild animal trade.

Cures Diseases of Plants.

By his method of feeling through the stems instead of the roots S. A. Mokrezi, the Russian entomologist, believes that trees and plants can be cured of disease and greatly stimulated in growth. His special apparatus is intended to introduce salts of iron—either solid or in solution—into apple and pear trees, and he has used it for applying chemical treatment to 800 fruit trees on the southern shore of the Crimea. The weak and diseased condition of the trees was remedied, while an unusual development followed.

Against Duty on Works of Art.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Chas. T. Yerkes and other wealthy men have formed an association the object of which is to secure a repeal of the tariff duty on paintings and works of art imported into this country. An appeal is to be made to President Roosevelt and individual members of Congress will be asked to use their influence to have the law changed. Mr. Morgan has more than \$1,000,000 worth of paintings stored in London, Paris, and Berlin. Yerkes has paintings to the value of \$250,000 in his London apartments, and says he will not bring them here until the duty is taken off.

Cure for Smallpox.

A subscriber requests the publication of the following: "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hines to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of smallpox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved at intervals when cold to a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness and avoids tedious lingering."—Canton Saturday Hollar.

Pleasure in Doing Good.

Rev. A. P. Doyle of New York remarked the other day: "A woman who has an abundance of the good things of this world appreciates them all the more when she tries to uplift the fallen or bring comfort to the heart-broken, and it sweetens her enjoyment of God's gifts. On the other hand, there is no more useless creature on God's earth than the woman of wealth who lives for herself alone."

First Australian Woman Physician.

The first Australian lady duly qualified physician, Dr. Emma Constance Stone, recently died in Melbourne at the age of 46. She was the daughter of a London contractor of scientific tastes who settled in Tasmania. She studied first at the Woman's Medical college, Philadelphia, afterward in London and finally in Melbourne, where she started practice and encouraged a number of young ladies to follow in her footsteps. Dr. Stone was a strong advocate of female suffrage.

The Ivory Supply.

In view of the rapid disappearance of the herds of elephants which formerly roamed in Africa, and the limited number of those animals remaining in Asia, Dr. R. Lydekker calls attention to the enormous supply of ivory which exists in the frozen tundras of Siberia, and which, he thinks, "will probably suffice for the world's consumption for many years to come." This ivory consists of tusks of the extinct species of elephant called mammoth. The tusks of these animals were of great size, and are wonderfully abundant at some places in Siberia where the frost has perfectly preserved them, and in many cases has preserved the flesh of the animals also.

They Dive.

Wood is very scarce in the Sandwichean islands and what there is of it comes dashing down from the mountain streams in the time of the spring floods. It is heavier than our wood and sinks to the bottom of the bays into which the streams empty. The natives wade out into the water until they feel a bit of wood under their feet and at once they dive for it, the women and children helping, and all laughing and shouting and having a good time.

Tabulated Emotions.

He: Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved? She: Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.—New York Weekly.

A Wasted Attraction.

"She has an engaging smile." "Yes, but it hasn't engaged her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FILARIA IS A NEW DISEASE.

Responsible for the Death of Many American Soldiers. Capt. Charles Kieffer, a United States army surgeon, says the Philippines are infested with mosquitoes more troublesome and dangerous from a medical point of view than those that swarm in the Jersey swamps. A strange malady known as filaria is traced directly to them, and is common among the American soldiers quartered on the islands. Soldiers contract the disease by drinking water from stagnant pools in which the mosquitoes have laid their eggs. The first indication of filaria appears in the form of a worm in the victim's thorax. This develops into elephantiasis, which causes the patient terrible pains, accompanied by a constant cough. The sufferer is worst at night, and the patient becomes a prey to insomnia. The only remedy lies in an operation, which in itself is dangerous and rarely successful. If the worm, which is a female, is injured and dies through the operation, its poison gets into the blood, the disease is increased a thousandfold and the chances of recovery are small.

For Those With Stomach Habit.

A Philadelphia baker is authority for the assertion that the latest fad of dyspeptics is bread made with sea water, instead of fresh water. "It has a saltier taste," he says, "than we are accustomed to, but it is very palatable. In fact, he who likes salty things is apt to like it better than the other kind of bread. A physician asked me about three months ago to make some of this bread for his patients. At first I made six loaves a day, but now I make thirty. My sea water comes up to me from Atlantic City three times a week. The dyspeptics who buy the bread say it is the only kind they can eat fresh without discomfort."

Lesson in Chaplain Milburn's Life.

It was of the late William H. Milburn, the blind preacher chaplain of the house, and afterward of the Senate, that William R. Morrison once said: "Mr. Milburn is a man who fears God, hates the devil and votes the straight ticket." Mr. Milburn's life illustrates what one can do in the face of hardships. He was totally blind before becoming of age, but became a Methodist clergyman, successful lecturer and author, keeping at his work until a few months before his death at the age of eighty. The newspapers were read to him every day and he kept fully posted on passing events.

Mrs. Morgan Not Fashionable.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan was "the cynosure of all eyes" at the recent election of the Colonial Dames at New York. Contrary to the expectations of those who did not know her it was found that she dresses simply and her black hat was small and shapeless and a thick veil covered her face. The decision of the women who saw her was embraced in the word "frumpy." Mrs. Morgan's disposition is exceedingly retiring and whenever she appears in public she seems ill at ease.

Point of View.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," remarked the person with a mania for quotations. "Yes," rejoined the morbid party, "and I suppose that's why the pool of disappointment is always slopping over."

Historic Portrait Spoiled.

Among the best portraits in the white house previous to the recent "renovation" was that of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison by Daniel Huntington, for many years America's foremost portrait painter. In the "restoration" this portrait has been rehung to suit some modern interpretation of the alleged original plan of the mansion by George Washington. In doing this the paint has been scratched and scraped and in some important spaces has been knocked off entirely. Worse than this, a hole about three inches long has been punched in the canvas.

Gas From Peat Not New.

At the Motala steelworks in Sweden gas made from peat has been employed as fuel for more than twenty years past.

Full of Absentees.

There was a larger attendance than usual in the "Amen" corner" at the Fifth Avenue hotel last night, and these were some of the interesting stories told: "Judge Gildersleeve," remarked George W. Wanamaker, "was telling the other night of a laughable 'bull' made by Maj. Leach, once famous as the head of the Irish rifle team. The judge was visiting in Ireland and remarked: 'Major, is it true that much of the trouble in this little country of yours is caused by absentee landlords?' 'It is, sir,' responded the major. 'Sure, our little island is full of them.'"—New York Mail and Express.

The One Thing Wrong.

A foreigner went into one of Boston's big hotels one Sunday morning not long ago and asked for a typical Boston breakfast. After some conference with the head waiter an especially nice breakfast was served, including of course codfish balls, brown bread and pork and beans. The visitor ate with apparent relish, but after some minutes summoned his man. "These beans are delicious," he said, "and the coffee could not be better, but"—pointing to the codfish ball—"you may remove the little bun. There appears to be something dead in it."

SHE DID NOT DRINK.

And Consequently Did Not Need First Floor Rooms. American pushfulness is an unlimited quantity. The women are as irreplaceable in society as the men in commerce. A certain visitor to the Riviera found this out recently. He was occupying first floor rooms at a well-known hotel. All of a sudden, without any introduction or preliminary, a note was brought to him signed by the wife of a well-known American millionaire. It asked him whether he would object to giving up his rooms to her niece. He was much amazed, but wrote back inquiring whether the niece drank. Mrs. — wrote in reply, in surprise and indignation, winding up with an emphatic statement that her niece did not drink. Lord X— concluded with the following note: "Lord X— regrets that he cannot give up his first floor rooms to Mrs. —'s niece, for he is convinced that, as the young lady does not drink, it is very much easier for her to get up stairs than it is for Lord X—."—London Tatler.

A NEW BOILED DINNÉE.

Little One's Astonishment Natural Under the Circumstances. "I have a little niece," said the raconteur of the Sewing Circle, "who is never so happy as when she is allowed to visit the kitchen and watch the servants at work. Fortunately, her mother has good-natured servants who rather enjoy having the child around, so many are the charmed hours which Jessie spends downstairs making little pies under the cook's superintendence, and pretending she is 'grown up.' "The other day she descended to the laundry to oversee the family wash in her busy little way. She gave one look of utter astonishment as Mary put on the clothes to boil, and then fairly flew upstairs to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma! What do you think? Mary's cooking the clothes for dinner!"—New York Times.

Cheerfulness Counts.

The Cosmopolitan says the longevity of the medical man is materially less than that of workers of other professions. Only those with a sound physique, other things being equal, can win in a struggle for success. The sick look with confidence to the well. They demand the hearty dogmatism that comes from the overflowing of animal spirits. They enjoy the cheerful optimism that comes from a good digestion. They lean upon the doctor in their weakness and yield willing obedience to his kindly influence. Much of the power possessed for good may be outside of pills or potions, correct theories or sound deductions.—American Medicine.

Bait!

A class in a Sunday school was listening to a lesson on patience. The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. Look at the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question: "And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" With one voice was the answer shouted—"bait!"

Evicted Kaffirs.

The correspondent of a London paper, writing from British South Africa, says the Kaffirs are bound to increase in population more rapidly than the whites, whom they already greatly outnumber, and being barred from work in many cases by the importation of cheap labor from India and forced to leave their land holdings, which they retain only under lease from the Boers, to whom it has been allotted, and under liability of eviction, a serious uprising of the natives is not beyond the possibilities of the near future.

Teetotalism in Texas.

When Gen. Horace Porter was in Texas he came across a man who went about telling everybody, in great surprise, that he "had struck a big thing here." "What's the matter?" people asked. "Why," he answered, "I was sent down here by a temperance society in Kansas to distribute these tracts. Well, whenever I handed a man a tract he glanced over it, hauled out a revolver from one pocket and a quart bottle of whisky from the other and then said: 'Look here, you just have a drink of that, or my gun'll go off.' Would you believe it! I haven't had to pay for a drop of liquor since I came here to distribute teetotal tracts."

Not Looking for Notoriety.

No author of the day has been less photographed than Joseph Conrad, who has just published a book of sea stories. His publishers, when his book was about to come out, having failed to persuade him to face the camera for a new picture, hunted high and low throughout England and America for some sort of likeness. Finally, in the files of an old English illustrated magazine, someone stumbled upon a small oval head of him, and it is from that half-tone, enlarged and retouched, that all pictures of Conrad recently published have been made.

Light-Haired People Live Long.

Light-haired people, it is said, as a rule live longer than those having dark hair.

SOLD HIS SHOOTING BOOTS.

Man Fooled His Wife on the Price, But the Result Was Sad. Banks knew very well that he could not afford to pay \$20 for a pair of shooting boots, but he reasoned with himself, after the sophistical manner of those who know the joys of extravagance, that his twice-a-year trip to his Long Island club for two days of duck shooting was really the only luxury he allowed himself, and his economies in other directions deserved reward.

So Banks bought the boots, and told his wife a nice little story about a friend who had struck a bargain in boots and had let him have a pair "for practically nothing." The boots were not worth much anyhow, he carelessly explained, and congratulated himself on having safely and sagaciously handled a delicate situation. When Banks came back from his next shooting trip he was tired and sleepy, and threw his new boots, all muddy as they were, into a closet, to be cleaned when he should have more energy. "And what do you think happened to those boots!" he said two days later to a group of sympathetic friends on "change." "A junk peddler came around the next day and my wife sold him my \$20 boots for fifty cents. She knew they were of no special value, as I had said so, and thought she'd done well to get fifty cents for them."

"And what did you say?" asked one man, betwixt pity and amusement. "Say? What could I say? I became hysterical."—New York Mail and Express.

MELTING OLD PLATES.

Tons of Those Used for Printing Money to Serve as Ship Ballast.

This was "melting day" at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. All the plates, rolls and dies used in printing gold and silver certificates, postage and revenue stamps, bonds and postal cards during 1901 were loaded early this morning on two big trucks. Although the precaution had been taken to spoil the face of each plate with a file, four strapping employees of the Treasury Department rode on each truck. A Treasury committee rode in a carriage.

The procession went to the Navy-yard foundry, where the plates were unceremoniously dumped into one of the furnaces, to come out as pig steel and to be used for ballast for warships. There were twenty tons of plates, rolls and dies, from which were printed last year \$2,200,000,000 in gold and silver certificates of various denominations, and \$889,000,000 in postage stamps, besides hundreds of millions of bonds, revenue stamps and postal cards.

The engravers are now at work on the plates, rolls and dies for 1903. Those in use now will be destroyed next February.—New York World.

NOT A POLYGAMIST.

New Bishop Potter Filled Out an Official Form.

An army officer just returned from the Philippines tells this story on Bishop Potter.

When the bishop went out to Manila a year or two ago, on his arrival at the islands he was confronted by a formidable list of about thirty questions. The list, prepared by Uncle Sam for Chinese and native Filipinos was nevertheless submitted impartially to all comers.

Gravely the bishop, as became his respect of forms, wrote down his name, age, occupation, place of birth. He did not even smile as he wrote "No" opposite the question "Have you any opium?"

But the last question was too much. A look of mock pain crossed his features.

"Must I answer this?" he asked the examiner.

The examiner nodded. And in the space opposite "Are you a polygamist?" the bishop gravely wrote "Not yet."

THE COLDEST WINTER.

Somewhat Remarkable Experience in Duluth, Minn.

In a little wayside inn at a small station some fifty miles west of Duluth a half-dozen men from various places chanced to meet recently.

The conversation opened with a remark concerning the weather, and from that drifted easily to the severity of winters in the different parts of the Northwest.

One man, who came from the Twin Cities, told a sad story of frozen water pipes and other household inconveniences occasioned by the frigid weather there one February.

Another recounted a tale of suffering endured by men and beasts on a North Dakota prairie during a blizzard.

Stories were thus told until five of the group had contributed instances upon the subject.

There was a pause in the conversation until an Irishman, who sat a little apart from the others, quietly smoking a pipe, remarked: "Well, the coldest winter I ever put in was summer in Duluth."

Who Was Demosthenes?

It was in Athens that the great orator Demosthenes was born. Although he had many impediments to overcome, he worked on untiringly, until finally he became not only the first orator of Greece, but of all antiquity. He remedied a stammer in his speech by practicing with pebbles in his mouth. On the death of Alexander he gave his services as an orator to the confederated Greeks, and in the end made way with himself by using poison to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater.

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