

**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 mammoths. 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 Sandwich 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.**  
Ho: Are you sure that I am the only one 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.

**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."

**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."

**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—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.

**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.

**Pierpont Morgan's Success.**  
Pierpont Morgan, who celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday recently, achieved his greatest business successes since he reached the three-score mark. He first became prominent in the financial world about twenty years ago, when he went to Europe and successfully sold \$25,000,000 worth of New York Central stock. This made the old financiers gasp. By this piece of work Mr. Morgan won the lasting friendship of the late William A. Vanderbilt and incidentally cleared \$1,000,000 for himself.

**Missed His Calling.**  
An Italian has been discovered on a fruit ranch at Riverside, working for \$1.50 per day, who proves to be an artist in sculpture of the highest rank, and he has been set to work completing the stucco finishing of the interior of the Carnegie library building. His name is Luigi Ianni, and the only words in English he can use are "You bet." He is now at work on some Corinthian columns of original design that are marvels of works of art.—Los Angeles Herald.

**GAME BACK FOR HIS OWN.**

**How Wilkinson Was Outwitted by a Brainy Tramp.**  
When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.  
But, alas! when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.  
"Eh!" said Wilkinson, "did he break the chain, then?"  
"No," she replied; "but a great, ugly-looking tramp came here and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."  
"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson, "that must have been the tramp I bought him from!"

**Danger in Big Guns.**  
Recent accidents disabling some of our best battleships offer rather startling evidence of the weaknesses that are inherent in vessels of this type. For years inventive genius has been applied to contriving guns of bigger size and longer range than those used before, and each increase has added to the demands laid upon the strength of guns and turrets and their mobility in action. Inevitably the line of safety has been passed and the result is shown in accidents which have caused loss of life, besides exposing the paradoxical delicacy of massive machinery.—Philadelphia North American.

**The Modern Race After Wealth.**  
The mania for money-making has developed into downright madness. And the explanation is easy. People see that it is fast becoming the chief, if not the only, standard of respectability. When Talleyrand was asked if he was not ashamed to sell his influence in making treaties under the first empire he replied: "My friend, do you not see that there are but two things left in France—money and the guillotine?" We are rapidly approaching the period in our own history when there will be but two things left in America—money and contumely.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**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.

**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 sophisticated manner of those who knew 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.**

**How 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 town 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 wit to avoid falling into the hands of a conqueror.

**Prof. SEATON**  
The Celebrated Scientific  
**Palmist and Clairvoyant**

Has arrived and remains a short time only. The Professor is recognized by press and public as the foremost and most able Scientific Palmist and Clairvoyant before the American public, and he especially invites those to call who have been disappointed or deceived in the past by some incompetent person—they will notice the difference between an adept and a pretender.

**ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?**

Do you find that with all of your natural gifts and talents that you are baffled, discouraged and unsuccessful? If so, come and be advised and find out the cause of your bad luck, and how you can change your bad conditions to success, joy and happiness. Thousands live today to bless and give credit of their success and happiness to this wonderful man. Are you sick? If so, come to me and I will tell you free of charge what ails you. I do not give medicine, but tell you how to be cured without asking a single question. Come and be convinced. Palmistry and Clairvoyant taught.

Prof. Seaton is located at

**Room 8 Remore Hotel**

**REED & KNUTSON**  
Blacksmith and  
Wagon Makers  
BEMIDJI, - - MINNESOTA

REED & KNUTSON have opened a blacksmith and wagon shop one door south of The Pioneer, and are prepared to handle any and all work in their line and guarantee satisfaction to all comers. Mr. Reed makes a specialty of horseshoeing and general blacksmith work, and his work is too well known to need any introduction to the people of this vicinity.  
Mr. Knutson has been in the employ of the St. Hilaire Lumber company for four years, and comes well recommended by that company.

Give the new firm a chance to show you what they can do, and you will not be disappointed

**REED & KNUTSON**  
Second door south of postoffice, BEMIDJI, MINN.

**C. D. Steece**  
The Sign Man

Is here to stay, and is prepared to do all kinds of up-to-date Painting, Paperhanging, Free Hand Relief Work, Kalsomining, Etc. . . . .

**ALL MY WORK IS GUARANTEED**

DON'T FORGET TO SEE HIM BEFORE LETTING YOUR JOB. HE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. LEAVE ORDERS AT BEAUDETTE'S TAILOR SHOP.

**C. D. STEECE**  
THE SIGN MAN  
BEMIDJI, - - MINN.

First Class Sample Room. Choicest Brands.

**Mac's Mint**  
Geo. McTaggart, Prop.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. :: :: ::

Beltrami Avenue. Bemidji, Minn.

Subscribe for the  
**Daily and Weekly Pioneer**

The two best papers printed between Crookston and Duluth

**THOUSANDS OF VISITORS**  
will be in Bemidji this week, and they are all invited to call on

Prices Right

**E. L. NAYLOR**  
THE FURNITURE MAN

We Don't Want All of Your Money

The largest and most complete stock of Furniture ever accumulated beneath any roof in Northern Minnesota, and at prices that will induce you to purchase

