

# The Daily Pioneer

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By R. W. HITCHCOCK.

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## TREND OF THE TIMES.

No feature of the industrial life of the northwest is more marked than the movement toward the establishment of manufacturing industries. Within the past two years hundreds of small enterprises have made their beginning in the towns and villages of the northwest. Hardly is there a four corners in land that has not set up a creamery, a woolen mill, a brick and tile factory, a brewery, a flour mill or some other manufacturing industry.

Eastern capital has been looking this way for investment and a good deal has been printed of late in the financial journals of the east in regard to the manufacturing possibilities of the northwest. It is pointed out that here the raw material for the manufacture of innumerable articles is to be found close at hand, that water power abounds and the facilities for transportation are unequalled.

We have everything that goes to make up a great manufacturing country unless it be capital and capital hardly waits to be invited. What every town and city in this section needs is an association of its business men to investigate its possibilities in manufacturing and to make them known to the outside world. The northwest is bound to become a great manufacturing section; why not help it on the way?

## BITS FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY

Mallard advertises for farmers.

The Maccabees will re-pitch their tent at Cass Lake.

A first class school row shakes Deer River from center to circumference.

They are cultivating the tie that binds the railway tracks at a great rate at Mizpah.

They have a bad practice at Warren of drinking alcohol and two men have died of it.

A. M. Greeley, of Big Fork, and Al. Kaiser, of Bagley, are mentioned for the legislature.

The Big Forks Compass has compassed a year of life. "Some weeks we got out a good paper; other weeks a poor one. We plan on doing the same this year. If you want a paper that is good every week, start one yourself," Editor Greeley.

Queer how the unsuccessful mentalist that it is necessary to thrust his apologies for his ill success upon the long suffering

public upon every possible occasion. Witness the letting of numerous printing contracts through the north country.

There's but one virtuous newspaper in Red Lake county. It's the Thief River Falls Review, which is not old enough to get in on the county printing combine.

The Crookston Journal becomes a morning paper and will try to find out if there is anything in the old saw that the early bird catches the worm.

## BACKWOODS SKETCHES

By A. M. GREELEY

### A Ghastly Night.

The wind howled and the snow leaped between the logs and the old cabin shivered and groaned from the attack of the elements. Surveyor Harvey, from the folds of his blankets, awoke to curse and slept to groan.

His surroundings crept into his dreams and he fancied he lay upon a snow-heaped grave in a shivering grave yard. Up the path came the procession of skeletons, shrieking a shrill chant. A sudden fury of the wind played havoc with the bony hand. Skulls, ribs and femurs—in fact a shower of bones—flew before the wind and covered the sleeper.

The scene changed to the interior of this deserted cabin. A spectral old man with beard of ice began to squat and blow at the pile of bones. They flew across the room to an open trap door and rattled out of sight beneath the floor.

At the first hint of day-light, Harvey finds himself sitting erect with teeth chattering from cold and fright. No trap door was in sight, but so overcome was he with the night's mixture of real and unreal horrors, that he lifted a loose pole in the floor fully prepared for any grewsome sight.

In a shallow cellar lay a great heap of scattered bones, mouldy and blackened.

In town a day later Harvey confided his discovery to a friend. The latter smiled knowingly.

"In 64-48, you say? I bet a cent that was my old homestead shack you slept in. You see the game wardens were fierce at times, so when I got a moose I tumbled its bones under the floor."

### Action For Damages.

City Attorney P. J. Russell went to Minneapolis last night where he will appear for the plaintiff in the Hennepin county district court in the case of George Reynolds vs. the Moore Boat Co. of Wayzata. Mr. Reynolds purchased "The Ranger," which was burned here at a Fourth of July celebration, from the Moore Co. They were under contract to deliver it at a certain time but it was not delivered until about six weeks later. Mr. Reynolds sues for damages in the sum of \$700 and alleges that he was deprived of a very lucrative portion of the season's business by the failure of the boat company to live up to the contract.

### Wolves Make Night a Terror.

Peter Larkin was down from Turtle River yesterday and made a visit to the court house to gather information concerning wolf bounties. Several gentlemen at Turtle River plan to pay some attention to hunting wolves during the remainder of the winter. They are particularly plentiful in that section and it is not safe to be in the woods unarmed after nightfall. Night before last a pack of them treed a woodsman less than a mile from the town and people living out in the country complain that they are a constant menace to stock.

Advertise in the Pioneer.

## A PHILOPENA

[Original.]

There is an adage, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It is not to be supposed that this epigrammatic statement is true in every case or in many cases. It is intended to cover isolated cases—that is, where a woman will deliberately set to work to injure a man who has jilted her. There are women thus treated who have plied in secret and still loved. There are cases where they have sacrificed for the man who has turned them off. But the woman who will stab and the woman who will sacrifice are rare.

One evening at a dinner party Henry Wolcott was sitting beside Hester Rowe, to whom he was engaged to be married. A tall girl with a flashing black eye and a pair of full, sensuous lips came in on the arm of her dinner companion and took a seat directly opposite the betrothed couple. Wolcott turned pale. The lady who was seating herself was Kate Drummond, and Wolcott had deliberately left her after an affair of the heart to engage himself to Hester Rowe. Miss Drummond had fascinated him in one way, Miss Rowe in another. The former had worked on all that was sensual in him, the latter on all that was spiritual. Wolcott, whose nature was impossible in either way, finally yielded to the good influence of Miss Rowe.

As soon as the lady entered, Wolcott turned to his companion and talked rapidly about—well, he did not know what he talked. When he turned and faced Miss Drummond he received a cordial bow. The lady indicated that she wished to be friendly. Wolcott was surprised. He fancied that she would cut him. During the dinner she seemed to be in quite an exalted mood. She congratulated Wolcott on his engagement and smiled affably on the lady of his choice. Before leaving the table she exacted a promise from both that they would dine with her at a given date. Wolcott, who was greatly relieved at her friendliness when he had expected the reverse, thought it prudent to accept the invitation, and persuaded Hester to join with him.

When the dinner came off Kate Drummond was seated at one end of the table, with Wolcott and his fiancée on either hand. Wolcott in the presence of his old flame felt, though he did not reveal it, something of her former influence. Kate brought her snapping black eyes to bear on him, and her tongue threw off a shower of words all intended to impress him. Hester sat very quietly eating her dinner in a matter of fact way, and her betrothed could not but compare her unfavorably with the more brilliant Kate.

"A philopena with you!" said Kate to Wolcott and handed him one of those double kernels of the almond known by that name.

"With all my heart," "Henry," said his fiancée, suddenly springing from indifference to an intense interest in what was going on before her, "I do not care to have you eat a philopena with any one except me. Give it to me."

Wolcott cast a quick, troubled glance from one of the girls to the other. Kate was deathly pale. Hester's face was anxious.

"You are forgetting, Hester," he said, "that we are in the presence of a hostess."

"Give me the philopena," said Hester. Kate looked on without a word, but with an eye darting between the two. Hester commanded with her voice, but pleaded with her eyes.

Wolcott tossed the philopena before her. She snatched it and held it tightly. Wolcott, glancing at Kate, saw her eye fixed on his betrothed. It was the eye of a serpent meditating a stroke at one by whom it was about to be killed. But the stroke did not fall. The scene passed as quickly as it came, and apparently the social sky was serene. At least that is how it appeared to Wolcott.

The betrothed couple did not remain long after dinner. Hester told the hostess that she was suffering from a headache and begged to be excused. When Wolcott took Kate's hand before departing he noticed that it trembled. He looked into her eye, and he fancied that he saw despair.

Wolcott and his betrothed rode home side by side without speaking. Something was wrong, but he did not know what it was. He was inclined to blame Hester for her action, though only on the ground that it was impolitic. He concluded to wait for an explanation till they got home.

"Henry," said Hester before entering the house, "you know about acids and tests for all sorts of things. I know about your course in analytical chemistry while in college. Go to the nearest drug store and get some acids to make a test with."

Wolcott was by this time so mystified that he obeyed the order like a lamb, wondering what would come next. Returning with several vials and strips of litmus paper, he found Hester examining the philopena by a bright light.

"Test it for poison," she said. Wolcott started, looked at her as though he thought her bereft of her senses, then did her bidding. After applying several tests he tried one that produced an effect.

"Great heavens, it is poison!"

To Henry Wolcott ever afterward the meetings of Kate and Hester were matters of marvel. There were affable words, expressions of interest, sometimes, it would seem to an observer, even that they loved each other. Wolcott, who looked from behind the scenes, saw in Hester one who held a knife that she could drop at the slightest rebellion, in Kate a slave who cringed before her mistress.

ISABEL BEUTNER.

## Attention!

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