Furniture Specials

HAVING been in the furniture and piano business for twenty years in this city, we can offer the very best in our several lines and at prices that can not be duplicated. Our connection with one of the leading furniture concerns of Grand Rapids, the center of furniture manufacturing business of the country, enables us to give prices lower than any other house in the Northwest and to make a specialty of furnishing hotels, homes and public institutions, and to offer such terms as to make it an inducement to buy from us.

WITH the beginning of the new year we wish to announce that we are prepared to offer special bargains in

FURNITURE
PIANOS
ORGANS

Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, Draperies, Carpets, Talking Machines and Records

PIANOS

IN the piano line we carry all the standard makes, and because we are both wholesale and retail dealers are able to sell at prices not available to others who handle these goods. We sell no cheap grade instruments at high prices, but the very best in tone, workmanship and finish at reasonable rates. Having been in business twenty years we are justified in referring to customers who have dealt with us during all these years and are our best patrons today.

Wholesale and Retail

¶We are both wholesalers and retailers and with our Grand Rapids connections are able to supply out-of-the-city customers with better goods at lower prices than it is possible to get from small dealers.

Wholesale and Retail Furniture and Piano Dealer **O. YOUNG** 125-127-129 So. 3rd St. Grand Forks, North Dakota

STEENERSON'S NEW BILL

Polk County Congressman Introduced Drainage Measure in Congress This Week.

The following dispatch from Washington relative to a bill introduced by Congressman Steenerson will be of interest to readers of The Evening Times:

Congressman Steenerson has taken the first step toward bringing to the attention of congress the question of reclamation of swamp lands in Minnesota by drainage, by introducing a bill for that purpose. It provides that the proceeds of sales of public lands in Minnesota, exclusive of ceded Indian lands, shall be set aside in the treasury in a separate fund to be known as the "drainage reclamation fund," which is to be used in examination and survey for, and construction and maintenance of drainage works and drainage outlets for the reclamation of swamp lands.

The remainder of the bill is drawn along the lines of the present irrigation reclamation law, providing for assessment of the cost of reclamation against the lands, which are to be subject to entry under the homestead law, such cost to be paid by settlers, in addition to the regular price of the land. The secretary of the interior is authorized to withdraw all lands subject to reclamation by drainage from settlement and entry, pending the construction of drainage works. The secretary is also authorized to let contracts for the construction of drainage works, provided the amount of the contract is available in the reclamation fund, also to co-operate with the state authorities in all cases where drainage outlets may serve public, state or Indian lands.

The bill provides that the proceeds of sales of lands for the current fiscal year shall be used to start this fund. The fund derived from the sales of public lands in Minnesota last year, exclusive of Indian lands and the 5 per cent paid the state, amounted to $346,000.

Senator Stephens.

There is a sly tip going the rounds that Senator Stephens, of Crookston, will be brought out by his friends for the nomination and that there is to be something doing when he enters. The senator, popularly known as "Andy" Stephens, has a strong following and has made a good record in the upper house. Mr. Krostue would not corroborate or deny the authenticity of this report but intimated that if such should be the case he would be for his colleague. The talk in Polk county that Senator Stephens aspired to the seat in Congress occupied by Hon. Halvor Steenerson is not credited by those who know the ins and outs of the situation.

A Little Politics.

Relative to the political situation in Minnesota and the gubernatorial race which will be inaugurated soon Mr. Krostue intimated that he was in favor of Hon. J. F. Jacobson, former chairman of the state board of control under Governor Van Sant. There are several other candidates in the field among them being Samuel Lord, of Kasson, and Julius Block who expect to be in the running.

Ethics of Wall Street Men.

Tom Watson's Magazine: And who are these mighty men of Wall street? What are their natures, purposes, ideals, methods? What is their work after it is done? In private life it may be, and probably is, the fact that most of these Wall streeters are exemplary citizens. They are doubtless, good husbands, fathers and friends. As old Thomas Carlyle said: "God forbid that any human creature should be without a virtue." In their relations to their fellowmen the Wall streeters are honest after their own standard, and scrupulously exact. That is to say, they observe the rules of the game. The stealing from the public, and from each other, is done with the nicest regard to the proprieties. The rascality is of the sort called eminently respectable." How to get this pound of flesh without drawing blood was the puzzle of Shylock, how to rob a compatriot and dearly beloved brother without violating the laws against robbery is the conundrum upon which the Wall streeter constantly whets his brain.

And he goes to church with his family every Sunday in a most decent and commendable way.

In Wall street will be found the American business man in his highest state of development. His knowledge of the affairs which concern him is vast and ready. There is not a rusty piece in all his mental machinery. He is awake from his shoe-strings up. He can go to the marrow of business matters as unerringly as a fox hound tells fox from hare. He is a masterful man, and he knows it.

He controls those who control presidents and cabinets. He writes no editorials, but he owns the man who does. He makes no stump speeches, but he can buy all the eloquence he needs. He lingers among the sceneshifters, at the back of the big screen and grins sardonically as the audience in front applauds the puppets; he pays the man who pulls the wires.

A Novel Advertiser.

F. W. Tombs, of Grafton, who is in the city on business, is one of the most prominent piano men in the state and gained notoriety as a novel and exceptional advertiser a few years ago by printing his ads on a card one side of which was a description of himself without any reference whatever to his business and ended by requesting the reader to look at his picture on the other side. That instead of being a picture of Tombs was that of the man of cloven feet and arrow tail. Mr. Tombs says he got all sorts of business from that ad. He is also Supreme Annanias of the Order of Exalted Liars and sells memberships to the qualified everywhere. He is one of the good fellows it is a delight to meet.

Let's Make It General.

The efforts of the Fargo Commercial club in the development and advancement of Cass county were recognized by the board of county commissioners in session this week when the assessment of $17 against the body was cancelled.

The action of the board meets with the general approval of businesss men especially, as it is considered the entire county and not alone Fargo has been benefitted by the works of the commercial body. The organization permits the use of the rooms by many associations and bodies holding conventions here.

The man whose pants are worn the most on the knees is the one who is loudest in proclaiming the lack of spirit in the church.

APPEARED BAD

Story of An Accident That Came Near Hanging a Man.

Colonel Lounsberry in a gossipy letter from Washington tells an interesting story of Theodore Elton, well known in the early days in this state.

"Some of us were chatting at Grand Forks one day," says the Colonel. "Colonel Smith, Elton and myself were telling of the meanest things we ever did. I'll not tell you what Colonel Smith's offense was because the Colonel has gone to the land that is happier than this, and I'll bet he'll not be shoveling fuel in the one region or loafing around the throne in the other but just doing something to help somebody get out of the cave of gloom, or overcome some great difficulty essential to their welfare. Elton's meanest thing was to not only whip his boys for going fishing on Sunday but to take their fish from them and throw them back in the river. If the fish had been alive and he had done it to give them their freedom it would not have been so bad. Did Elton ever tell you how near he came to being hanged for murder one time. I'll tell you the story. It was when North Dakota was young. When the distances were magnificent—between good stopping places and sometimes between any kind. He and Steenerson and a couple of others drove out from Devils Lake to about where Pleasant Point is now, and were going on to a point in McHenry county the next day and to return the next day and engaged lodging for that night and the next for the old Frenchman who kept a road house there then. Of course they had the usual good time in the evening but got to discussing politics or something during the latter part of the evening and quarreled. It is probable that as Steenerson thought he was big enough to do it he was going to clean out the whole bunch—at least so it looked to the Frenchman. They started out the next morning not in the best of humor as it appeared to their landlord. On their return Steenerson got out at a lake a quarter of a mile or so from the house to shoot some ducks for their evening meal and Jim and the other members of the party went on to the ranch to put up the team. Steenerson fired a shot just after they left him which was heard by the rancher.

There explanation that they had left Steenerson at the lake to shoot some ducks was very satisfactory at first, but when hour after hour passed and no Steenerson appeared the Frenchman was certain they had certainly lost him on the prairies, and was very confident that they had something to do with his disappearance.

He spoiled their rest for the night by frankly telling them so and making their entertainment so chilling that some of them went to the barn and stayed with their horses. Morning came but no Steenerson. They found him next day, many miles from where they left him, as he had traveled all night, foot sore suffering from hunger and with a worse thirst than I had when W. E. Curtis and General Bell lost me among the buffalo away north of Glendive in the early times, I'll tell you about that some day.

Elton thinks he was never so glad to see a man in all his born days as he was to see Steenerson next day. He began to realize what circumstantial evidence might do for a man had Steenerson's dead body been found next day anywhere along the route they had traversed or where they might have placed it. The whole party still lives to laugh over the incident and Steenerson is one of the most lively of the western congressmen and there is nothing that he would rather do than some act of kindness for one of James Elton's friends.

Took A Pill at Mayville

One of the state papers is telling a good story on a Great Northern conductor whose run is on the line from Larimore to Wahpeton. At Larimore an old lady boarded the train and at once inquired how far it was to Mayville. The conductor told her the distance, and went about his work. In a few minutes the porter was accosted and asked the same question. Next the brakeman was interrogated, and then the conductor was again asked to tell the distance, and earnestly requested to not pass the place without informing the old lady, who was supposed to be very much unused to traveling alone. But when Mayville was reached the conductor became engaged in his work and forgot his inquiring passenger. After the station had been passed a couple of miles, the sight of the old lady as he was collecting fares, reminded the man in uniform that he had carried her past her destination, and would in all probability, have to give a severe accounting for his forgetfulness to his superior officers. But a glance convinced him she was asleep and he caught the bell cord with a sigh of relief as he thought of how he could back his train to the town and get her off his hands without her knowing that her request had not been specifically carried out. The depot was reached and the old lady was aroused. When asked to get out of the coach she became indignant and said, "I did not want to get off at Mayville; I only wanted to take a pill when we got there, as the doctor said that would be about the right time."

Mutually Frank.

Jerome K. Jerome, at a bachelors' club dinner in New York, said of bachelorhood:

"No doubt it is the dread of the father-in-law that keeps so many of you young men single. We hear a great deal of the horrid mother-in-law, but the more horrid father-in-law artfully manages to keep in the back ground. He ought to be dragged out into the limelight of criticism. He ought to be exposed.

"I think that the consensus of opinion is that the father-in-law is worse than the mother-in-law. It is because he is dreaded so much, maybe, that no one talks of him.

"I admired the pluck, recently, of a young fellow who spoke up to his sweetheart's father. This crusty old gentleman, when the youth asked for the young girl's hand, said, with a sneer:

"You want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me tell you that you're not exactly the sort of man that I would choose for a son-in-law."

"The youth nodded.

"Well to be frank,' he said, 'you are not the sort of man I'd choose for a father-in-law, either. But we needn't chum up you know, unless we want to.'"

Washington Star:— I see our friend has taken a hand in politics."

"I am not sure," answered Senator Sorghum, "whether he has taken a hand in it or merely put his foot in it

Being a good fellow has made many a man bad.

HON. KNUTE NELSON

A Fargo Correspondent Gives A Reason Why the Senator Went Fishing When His Countrymen Needed His Assistance.

Fargo, Jan. 6.—Reports as to the meeting of Sons of Norway, at Devils Lake, to celebrate the independence of Norway are received here with considerable interest on account of the part taken during the past year by North Dakota people in behalf of separation.

It will be remembered that the Norwegians of Bottineau county held a meeting last summer, passed strong resolutions and sent them to Senator Hansbrough. The Senator, who was a champion of Norwegian independence, laid these resolutions before President Roosevelt with a written statement vouching for the genuineness of the meeting and the earnestness of those who participated in it.

This recalls a somewhat amusing feature of the campaign made last year by the American sons of Norway in the northwest in behalf of independence in the old country. At a great meeting of American Norwegians held at Fargo when the Norwegian singers were on a visit to this country, the Hon. Knute Nelson made a speech in which he used his big stick on his countrymen, telling them that they were "too fussy, too exacting and too hard to please." The fact that the Hon. Knute failed to encourage the movement for independence did not suit the sons of Norway, especially the visiting Norwegian singers, who went away much disgusted.

Later in the summer, it is said, repeated efforts to get the Hon. Knute to take up the independence question with the president failed. The Hon. Knute appeared to be too busy, and it is reported that for several weeks during that campaign he was lost among the Minnesota lakes where he had gone probably to discuss the question with the black bass and wall-eyed pike.

Not a few of the Hon. Knute's friend knew that he had at one time taken a deep interest in the affairs of one Norwegian and a couple of Laplanders who were helping a California syndicate to get posession of some mines in Alaska, and they had hoped that when all the people of old Norway, where the Hon. Knute is said to have been born, were in trouble; when monarchial Europe was trying to strangle the Norwegians and choke the spirit of independence out of them, he would come to the front, foregoing the pleasures of the rod and reel, the pastime of aristocracy, and do his level best to give them relief.

Now that Norway has achieved her independence without the aid of the Hon. Knute these same friends have had time to question each other and make a mental survey of the situation, and they find that a little more than one half of the Scandinavians in Minnesota are Swedes, and that the Swedes were opposed to Norwegian independence. They find further—although this may not have anything to do with it— that heretofore both Swedes and Norwegians have been voting quite solidly for the Hon. Knute, and that the Hon. Knute will soon be asking for united Scandinavian support again.

People throughout the northwestern states are much interested in all these matters and are indulging in some speculations relative thereto. Of course, no one will accuse the Hon. Knute of trying to dodge the issue.

Safety Razors.

Grafton Record: A good deal is being said these days in the advertising pages of the magazines regarding the safety razor. From what I have heard about them I believe that their intentions are good, but I wish at this time to state my own experience which can be used as advertising matter if the makers of safety razors care for it, otherwise it can be considered null and void. After a busy week of duck shooting, without attending any regular services at a barber shop I made arrangements to shave with a safety razor. A safety razor resembles a pair of scissors in one respect only; it can be bought at a hardware store, also at a drug store, it can also be borowed. I secured permission of a friend to use his safety and he sat on a bale of hay and watched me proceed. It being morning I used Pears' soap, of which I made a large dish of head strong lather, which I applied to my face in handfuls, having no brush or other convenience. After softening up my beard I grasped the razor firmly in my right hand and drew it down with a Spencerian stroke, watching myself in the hind end of a tin pail. The stroke left a path flushed with bright, red noise. The man on the bale of hay acted as though he was at a show and had got in on a complimentary ticket. His laughter annoyed me and caused my hand to be unsteady, giving me much pain and anguish, and what I said will not appear here in person and I hope it will not appear elsewhere. I steadied down finally and got a happier slant on the razor and it did its work better and with less noise and fewer vegetables coming from the audience. After I had been over the ground thoroughly I washed up in a pail of sparkling alkali water from the horse trough, wiped the safety on a quiet piece of horse blanket and returned it to the owner, who carefully tucked it away in the bureau drawer of his rubber boot.

What About Johnson?

When asked whether he thought Governor Johnson could be beaten or not, Mr. Krostue admitted that he was strong in the state but attributes the late Republican defeat not to a lack of confidence in the party but in the candidate nominated. And here it might be a piece of news to the public to know that Mr. Dunn has recently laid plans for a magnificent residence to cost many thousands of dollars. Mr. Dunn it will be remembered, was reported to be financially "all in" during the campaign and this is one of the "facts" played upon by his friends.

Mistletoe Not Necessary.

M. B. De la Bere, the versatile quill driver on the Sheldon Progress, is a bachelor of the Chesterfieldan school.

In a social gathering in thas city during the holidays he remarked to a young lady, "I suppose you keep from under the mistletoe because you are afraid of being kissed." "No," answered the young lady, "it is not that, but I have decided that the man who has to wait for such an opportunity is a fool." Now Mike is wondering whether he is a fool, or whether he let a golden opportunity pass unimproved.

Witte certainly has nerve, if he goes after his pay these days.

Time, tide and the modern woman wait for no man.

FAT BEEF FOR MARKET

Farmers Are Gradually Learning Wisdom of Marketing Stock at Home.—Beef More Plentiful This Winter.

According to a well-informed market man the time is not far distant when a sufficient amount of beef for our home consumption will be raised by farmers in the valley. Beef cattle this fall and winter are more plentiful than in years past and the farmers are receiving a fair price for the same right here at the home market without going to the expense of shipping to the city.

It has been the custom in the past and a very foolish custom at that, for farmers to turn off in the fall their cattle and ship them to the city markets where a small sum was realized for them. Good sized two-year-old steers brought all the way from $20 up to a maximum of $30. The same animal fed for a short time and marketed at home would bring about $40.

The farmers of the valley are beginning to realize the folly of tsih din at seems certain that in the next few years the number of cattle kept into the winter and fattened for home consumption will be much in excess of that in the past. The trouble with the farmers is, according to the market man, they are in too much of a hurry to turn off stock in the fall and take whatever the market offers. The same condition prevails in the marketing of hogs. Few hogs are kept after they weigh from 175 to 200 pounds and it is after they have reached this weight that the profit is put on. It is maintained by good authority that it is easier to put on several pounds of fat from this weight on than it is one pound prior to that weight.

Left It to the Glass.

New York World: "The Irish native wit still flourishes. While in the West a few years ago we frequently hired an old fellow known as Jolly Jerry to do odd jobs around the ranch. On one occasion he had been working nearly all of a very cold day, and my uncle told me to take Jerry to the house and give him a drop of "good stuff" to warm him up for his ride home.

Handing Jerry a good sized water tumbler, the ordinary whiskey glass not being available at the moment, I poised the decanter over it and started to pour his drink.

"Say when Jerry, I said.

Quick as a flash came Jerry's reply: "Shure, the glass'l say whin."

Brutally Frank.

The first winter storm had come, and the world glistened in a mantle of white.

"Well," said the first old gentleman, "how does the snow strike you?"

"In the back of the neck, mostly," the second old gentleman replied, "though it is true that now and then I get a little in my ear."

And, dodging to avoid another well-directed missile, he muttered, an imprecation and passed on.

The plan of having music to wake up our indolent millionaires is all right as far as it goes, but the men who make the music will have to rely on the same old alarm clocks.

Only foolish people try to be smart; smart folks can't help it.