

The Pioneer Express.

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F. A. Wardwell. G. G. Thompson.
WARDWELL & THOMPSON.

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The Pioneer Express.

SUPPOSE?

In the year 1920, or any other old time in the future, an upheaval of the earth's surface occurs in the Hudson Bay region. Not many feet necessary, but sufficient to turn the waters southward, and during the hours of some night Hudson Bay comes spreading through the Red River valley until that vast area of low lands, forming the bed of what geologists call "Lake Agassiz," again becomes a great inland sea. It is a thousand miles north and south, it is hundreds of miles wide. The loss of life and property would be immense, beyond calculation, and it would be the greatest disaster in the history of the world.

But, unknown to the remaining people of the United States, this waste of waters has left one island near the center containing just one quarter section. The same upheaval in the north has made one "wrinkle" in the crust of this part of the valley sufficient to push this one farm above the surface of the accumulating waters, and there it stands, unknown to the world, but with its farm house, stables, stock and the farmer and his family, seed and other things naturally and commonly found on a North Dakota farm.

Such a supposition as the foregoing would form the basis or plot of a tale similar to those of "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson" or "Mysterious Island."

We do not intend, however, to complete this story, but it does not require the genius of a DeFoe or Jules Verne, to see and realize, that our farmer and his family would need to use but little ingenuity and labor to supply themselves from the products of the soil with nearly every necessity and most of the luxuries of present existence, and when, after twenty years of solitary life on such isolated island, the steamship, which, on its regular trip from Chicago to Great Falls, over this new sea, gets blown out of its course, and discovers the island, Mr. Farmer will be able to supply that steamer with all sorts of provisions and stores, and perhaps be so comfortable and happy that he will prefer to remain where he is, rather than be rescued and returned to civilization.

The moral of this fable or supposition is, that the North Dakota farmer comes about as near being independent of other people as anybody on earth, that he can raise the biggest part of what he needs on his own farm and every year he is getting nearer and nearer to the ideal—to buy little or nothing outside of what he can raise, and have lots of wheat and other stuff to sell for cash. That sort of "balance of trade" will make a man as well as a nation rich.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The malt joints are closed and now the closers are happy. The closing of the joints won't hinder, however, those who want a glass of beer occasionally, from getting one. About all that it amounts to is a little holy satisfaction.—Minot Optic.

Oh yes, Mc, it amounts to much more than that. Up to a short time ago public sentiment at Minot allowed open saloons in spite of the prohibition law. The same was true in Jamestown and Bismarck and Mandan, and is true at this time in Dickinson, and partially true at Mandan. But only the willfully blind refuse to see that respect for the law is rapidly moving westward. There is a big moral difference between a community which suffers the existence of a blind pig and a city which openly supports and licenses the saloon. While according to the Optic's philosophy, a pig sells more than a saloon, yet it looks better for the people to be on the side of the law, and late events in the western towns show that the people are rapidly getting on the right side.

That a man who wants it can get a drink, some way, is true and will be true, but there are a good many people who don't want it bad enough to either go to a blind pig or send for it by express. We would not be afraid to wager that in the city of Minot if open saloons are kept closed, and allowing for the existence of one or two blind pigs, that at least fifty of its citizens who have in the past habitually taken a social glass with friends in the saloon when open, will become practically, total abstainers; not because they will take the pledge, but simply because they don't care enough for the stuff to practically break the law by drinking over the bar of a pig, and do not have enough use for it

to keep it in their cellars. There isn't a town in the state where the law has been enforced, but what has had this experience. The average citizen in such North Dakota town may be willing to take a social drink under some circumstances, but as a matter of fact, he actually drinks little or none, even though "the closing of the joints don't hinder him."

There is some talk in St. Vincent in favor of a pontoon bridge on the Red River. From what we hear the sentiment in reference to this matter has changed considerably during the last few years on both sides of the river. On this side while many business people would heartily favor a bridge, yet the sentiment is not as strong or unanimous as it was several years since. Over in St. Vincent practically all the business people opposed the scheme when Pembina proposed it some years ago, but now it is somewhat the other way. The rural population on the St. Vincent side have always wanted the bridge.

Marshall McClure, of the Minot Optic, and Senator Hansbrough have not been walking the same road together of late, but it seems that the Senator was in Minot last week and he and Editor McClure walked down the street together. Mac says in passing a large red building, the senator asked, "Mac, what is that building?" The answer was, "That, Senator, is an ice house!" and the editor gave the senator a "semi-tropical look" and the senator burst out laughing and then Mac says, "we at last got that pleasant smile!" Of course, things are pretty dry now at Minot, so Mac says—but we wonder if they went into the "ice house" to get the "smile."

Jolly Old Uncle Josh.

His Great Generosity Towards His Newly Married Niece. A Realistic Romance of Pembina, in Which a Number of Prominent Business Men Take a Very Conspicuous Part.

Copyright by W. S. Goshorn.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—I—I—er—dare I—?" But the speaker took a header ever bashfulness, only to hear a sweet "Yes, Charley."
"Can I aspire to—er—to—that—is?" Again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging "Yes, Charley."
"Oh, if I might only hope to er—to—Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and might have been only for a demure
"Charley, I have said 'yes' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it, too, and—"
And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened "way down east," and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer before there was a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh, (Hon. Joshua Turner, an old pioneer of Pembina county) rich, generous and level headed, who wrote effusively of his delight at her exhibition of what he called "grit," and he proposed that if the young people would locate at Pembina, he would start them up in life, as a wedding gift, having fully explained that this is the best spot in the world for young married people to get a good start. Of course they accepted, and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

A few weeks subsequent to the above conversation a travel-stained party arrived in Pembina. Our friend, Uncle Josh was in charge and he led the party straightway to the Winchester Hotel. "We'll go to the Winchester," said he, "'cause that's the popular place and strictly first-class. I have known A. B. Buie, the proprietor, for years, and he is mine host after mine own heart; being endowed with that delightful intuition that makes a guest feel at home, comfortable, contented, and in-mighty good luck. The house is one of convenience; the apartments are well furnished and the cuisine—well, that hotel is noted for its excellent table, so I have engaged rooms here until your own house is in readiness." With these remarks Uncle Josh graciously presented to Charles the deed of a cozy cottage.

"After breakfast is over," continued the old man, "I must take you for a little drive and then we'll proceed to buy your outfit. To expedite matters I'll just telephone to A. Simpson, our enterprising jewelry man and have him send us around a rig." When the handsome carriage, with elaborate trappings and prancing horses drew up in front of the hotel Polly declared it to be a turnout fit for a queen. "Yes Sir—ee," replied

Uncle Josh, "that is a purty neat rig—the three S's, 'Speed, Safety and Style' is Simpson's coat of arms, and best of all, the rates are mighty reasonable. His wedding, party and funeral equipments are unsurpassed. It was in a stylish turnout indeed that the rounds of the city were made.

"No grass shall grow under our feet," remarked Uncle Josh, "so what's first on the programme?" "Oh, goodness knows there's lots to buy," remarked Polly. "Then suppose we buy 'lots' first," quoth Charley without turning a hair. "Well, I see you've got a great head for business," laughed Uncle Josh, "we'll just stop at Quackenbush & Hart's real estate office. I can always depend on them for bargains in real estate, as they never hold out false lights to induce people to buy, but what they tell you about property, may be set down as solid facts. They control a large list of desirable residences as well as farm properties, and their judgment on the 'good things' is par excellence." Accordingly Mr. Quackenbush, a member of the firm, accompanied the trio on their drive and before returning had sold to Uncle Josh, for his wards, a cozy cottage on Second street.

"Having already provided a cage for the bird," said Uncle Josh, "now the first thing we'll look after will be the furnishings for it." Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about Green & Russell's Big Furniture and General Store across the river, that she had decided to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was at first at a loss how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suite, a bedroom set in oak, golden finish, that would do credit to old Mr. Klondyke himself. To this she added an easy rocker for Uncle Josh, and didn't forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for "Hubby" Charles, having come to the conclusion that Green & Russell's prices were below the very whisper of competition.

"Oh, say, Uncle," exclaimed Polly, "where can I go for dry goods? This dress is hardly suitable, I must admit."
"Well, my girl, if you want to select from one of the most popular establishments in the city, I will direct you to Chas. Full, who carries a stock of dry goods that for variety and real value is seldom seen outside the large metropolitan cities. He has all the latest weaves in fashionable dress goods and you are sure to be guided right in your selection. You will find Mr. Full pleasant to deal with and his employes polite and expert,

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin. To have a smooth, soft skin, free from eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, scurfing pimples.

Internal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion. Ten such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Shobe, 3704 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned."
S. S. S. is a positive, unflinching cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Bad blood makes bad complexions.

SSS purifies the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body. If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatever for this service.
WIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

while the prices cannot be duplicated." It did not take Polly long to tell a bargain when she saw one. She got a handsome dress, with all necessary trimmings, and several other articles of "fantastic disarray" so dear to the heart of every woman.

"A pretty good start," said the old man, "and now we'll go to King & Co's big hardware and stove store, where Polly's housewifely instincts will have full play in marvels of kitchen apparatus. The establishment in the country that carries a more comprehensive stock of cooking machinery," remarked Uncle Josh. "Every possible piece of kitchen furniture from a tin dipper to a cooking range is here in all styles and varieties." If Polly fails to accomplish wonders in the culinary art it will not be for want of superior cooking utensils, for she purchased a Majestic range with all other equipments needed in a well regulated kitchen, all of which Uncle Josh paid for with delight 'cause he knew King & Co. had treated him all right, just as they always treat everybody.

"I declare, Uncle," exclaimed Charley, "there goes a handsome buggy. I must have one like that for the girl." "Get it right here," said the old man. "You see King & Co., conduct a carriage repository here that for variety and excellence of stock can't be beat. They carry surreys, carriages, buggies, phaetons and wagons of all the leading makes and styles, and are satisfied with a moderate profit, too." Polly was soon the possessor of a handsome carriage, but before they left Charley also got much interested in a road wagon. Uncle Josh saw what was up, so he quickly said, "I'll honor your draft for that too, my boy, 'cause I know that anything you get of King & Co. is O. K."

"Let's see—I promised you a gold watch, didn't I?" queried Uncle Josh, of Polly, "and M. H. Miller is the man to give us the worth of our money." Entering the popular jewelry store the old man gallantly acquitted himself of the promise and then directed Polly's attention to the superior stock of silverware carried by the house. "There is no other such a house in town," said the old man, "and I will guarantee the quality to be the very best. Pick out your family clock while here," he added, "M. H. Miller carries a magnificent line. Don't forget another fact," he continued, "if ever you unfortunately need optical goods, this is the place to come to get your eyes scientifically tested and fitted free."

At this point, somewhat to the confusion of Charley, the old man indulged in a half serious criticism of his personal appearance. "You are decidedly off style for a townsman," said he, "and we'd better go to Short's Satisfactory Store about some new duds. That's an up-to-date place, where they understand the changing styles and are noted for good fits, and I bet you'll look more like a newly married man when you get togged out in a Short's Satisfactory suit." Accordingly, having found goods and prices irresistible, Charles purchased a

Continued on Page 5.

Threshermen!

You can get all kinds of Supplies, and best Cylinder and Machine Oils at

KING & CO., Dealers in **HARDWARE, HARNESS AND MACHINERY.**



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FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
M. H. MILLER, Jeweler, Pembina, N. D.

We Want Your Trade.

You want good goods at reasonable prices. If we can get together, both of us will have our wants satisfied. That is why we advertise. This ad is an invitation to come over and see us, which, if accepted, the rest is for us to do, and we believe we can do it so you will come often.

As to goods, we have everything kept in a well-stocked general store. Big additions of new goods have been added lately. We have a special pride in our big **Furniture Line.**

The largest, best and cheapest stock in Pembina or Kittson counties. We do picture framing. Just now we have some **SPECIAL BARGAINS IN LEATHER LOUNGES, HARNESS in all grades and kinds, and all sorts of horse and buggy clothing.** The merciful man buys fly-nets from us this time of the year.
GREEN & RUSSELL, St. Vincent, Minn.



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