our Men in a Boat

Christ Fosa, Hans Holson, Lars Hydle and Anton Ouren are getting a lot of notoriety throughout the state as a result of a trip of theirs to Red Lake Falls, Minn. Many newspapers have had varyng accounts of their experiences, and the following account is taken from the Hillsboro Banner:

Four Hannaford, Griggs county,

Pour Hannaford, Griggs county, men got weary of the bone dry law and decided they would start out to find an oasis in the desert. They left They left and an oasis in the desert. They left home in an Overland boat and after many weary hours of hard travel in the torrid, broiling sun, with parch-ed lips, reached the fork of the Red and Clearwater where rivers the first, last and only chance city of Red Lake Falls is his wet hidden among the hills and in the Valley of those streams. Here they quenched their thirst with Ham's, Slitz, Blatz and Kentucky dew until their hearts content and until their brains became befuzzled and their limbs shaky. After sampling everything kept in stock by the grog shops they load-ed up their boat to the oar locks and started for their parched, stricken on the prairies of Griggs county. They proceeded with smooth sailing until they hit a snag in the shape of a little bridge near the f a little bridge near the farm, northeast of Hills-Bierman boro, which the driver evidently took for a flock of bridges and as a con-sequence missed it by a foot or two, the boat capsizing and coming out of the wreck with a broken rudder and an oar missing. The supply of liq-The supply of liq-ts, however, floated refreshments, however, fi he top and was salvaged. uid to the Unbeing shipwrecked the mindful of mindful of peng marooned men with the aid of fre-quent sampling kept up their spirits to a high pitch and made merry, so to a high pitch and m much so that people their passing way brought word to Hillsboro which finally came to the ears of the sher the quietly proceeded to the of hilarity and had his suspiciff, who ions confirmed by the sight of much bottled moisture of the flery kin and four men under full sail in kind nearby wheatfield. They—men bottles—were hustled into the s Theyand iff's lifesaving boat and pulled into shore and confined in the life-saving station, that adjoins the lighthouse station, that

station, that adjoins the lighthouse to the east.

On Tuesday the four ship wrecked men were escorted to Fargo by Sheriff Osmund and arrainged before his honor, Judge Cole. Three of them made an open confession and plead guilty to a charge under the state law and were let off with a fine of \$100 and costs. The other one did not fancy the proceedings and decidnot fancy the proceedings and decided to stick it out with Sheriff Osmund awhile but has since changed his mind and will take his medicine with the rest. All of which reminds us of three men in a boat, only there were four in this one.

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