

The railroad commissioners made their annual inspection (?) of this road last Monday. Instead of an inspection the trip has more the appearance of a pleasure jaunt. The inspection was not advertised here at all and but few knew of the date. No information could be obtained from the railroad people as to the arriving time of the train and all one could do was make a run for the depot after the whistle blew for the station if he wanted a glimpse of the inspection (?) train. According to schedule the train was to run to Aneta and inspect to Casselton, arriving at Casselton about 8:30 p.m. As a matter of fact they got to Aneta about nine o'clock, and after getting supper and waiting for a freight train to get out of the way, they started the trip of inspection about eleven o'clock, pitch dark, and the commissioners all in bed. No, not all, for Andy Schatz was here, left by the train on its up trip, because of his corpulency which prevented his making a flying leap to catch the train as it pulled out. The look on the honorable gentleman's face when he realized that he was indeed left was really comical. A message failing to bring the train back, he left the depot in disgust, muttering something which sounded like "To — with their — — train. I want my zupper." The train returned about twelve o'clock and stopped for him to climb aboard. The trip up this line was a farce, nothing less, and we opine that the same is true of the entire inspection of the roads of the state.