

Avant Courier

SCISSORINGS.

Patently waiting—to record the last words of the great Capt. Jack.

It is mentioned as an odd circumstance that the initials of the Sons of Temperance spell "sot."

Miss Anna Dickinson has been more numerously married (in the papers) than any other maiden on the platform.

Cincinnati has averaged her newly appointed policemen, and finds the interesting figure to be 5 feet 2 inches in height and 75 a age.

Twenty-seven disgusted Cincinnatians tumbled, razored, roped and revolved themselves into the spirit world during the fiscal year ending June 1.

A Liverpool woman George Washingtoned her father and a pony. She was sentenced three months for the pony and two months for the father. Ergo.

A venerable couple in New York, by the name of Gosling, have just celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The house was thronged with Goallings.

Bather suggestive—Water running out of the milk car on a railroad—to keep the lactical fluid cool, of course.

The man most likely to make his mark in the world—one who cannot write his own name.

The old cry "see Venice and die" is now changed into "visit Vienna and go into insanity."

A rumor that Mr. Boucicault is about to produce an original play induces an English writer to ask, "Whose is it?"

"Do you know, sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes, I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."

A Charleston father gave a young man who had saved his daughter from drowning, a two-year-old steamer and a shotgun.

The gossamer winds when he walks, and paddles when he swims, but never dives, like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends.

"Pure love is monarch of all difficulties. Beautiful and light-footed, like the leopard it leaps the chasm of separation, and proceeds delighted at the feet of its own!" Just so.

Josh Billings says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold."

It has at last been decided that "the unknown currents" were to blame for the Atlantic disaster. [No excuse; the current news can be obtained from the papers.]

The St. Louis Democrat prints the following beautiful fragments of a poem of twelve verses on "The Streets of St. Louis."

"The sea what I have seen, Go feel what I have felt; Go on at early dawn, And smile what I have smelt."

CAPTAIN JACK.

Who Raised Him, Who Named Him, and Whom He is Named After.

[From the Portland (Oregon) Herald.]

Our reporter has obtained from Mrs. Joseph Knott, an old lady living in this city, and nearly 70 years of age, the following account of Captain Jack:

In the year 1857, while living at Canonsville, Douglas county, an Indian boy came to their house, and speaking the jargon, desired to live with them. He was one of the Rogue River Indians, and belonged to the tribe then located at Crow Creek. She noticed that he appeared to be an active, keen, shrewd-looking boy, and with the consent of her husband took him to raise, with whom he remained several years. As soon as the boy was assured that they intended to keep him, he insisted on having a "Boston" name as he called it, and wished to be named after the best-looking of Mr. Knott's children. This being appreciated by the mother, she decided to name him after the same—and the boy, apparently, being about the same age, was named Jack. The boy grew up together, and many were the days they spent in the sports of the chase. On one occasion, after he had been with them some time, he became offended because he was told to leave the room, and loaded his rifle to shoot Levi Knott, but was discovered in season to prevent his designs. This circumstance led to his expulsion from the family, and from that until the present time, he has not been seen by them, except in 1858, the year in which he murdered Mrs. Harris, after which Jack went to the Goose Lake country. His mother was a full sister to Rogue River John, who attempted to seize the steamer Columbia while she lay at anchor in the harbor of Crescent City, and also a half-sister to the war Chief Sam, of the same tribe, and Chief Joe, who received his appellation from having fought General Lane. All these facts, and many others which we have no space to mention, were recently confirmed by Judge Prim, of Eastern Oregon, who communicated these particulars to Mrs. Knott, stating that the great Modoc chieftain, Captain Jack, was the boy she took to raise in 1851.

Was Glad He Didn't Marry Her.—It is not often that lovely woman, brimming with a sense of the wrongs under which she labors, takes the law into her own hands, but she will, at times, rise in rebellion. A delicate and affectionate creature in Albion, Georgia, was lately, in the language of the local paper, "breach of promise." She went for the breacher, felled him, knocked his hat off and stamped on it, and tried to do the same kind of office for his head. Pulling in this, she tore his coat, put her arms around his ear, and then captured his shirt bosom entire. She then took a handful of hair for a keystone, and worked a delicate pattern on his face with her nails, and made an attempt to carry off his one of his thumbs in her mouth. The miserable wretch at length escaped from her, and so little ashamed of what he had done to provoke his punishment, that he was heard to say, with exultation, that he was glad he did not marry her.

An old barber was sauntering through one of our western villages, on a Sunday. Finding a meeting house, he went in and took his seat. The preacher was discoursing on the "sheep and the wolves. Said he: 'We should assemble here week after week, and do our duty and perform our part, are the sheep or the wolves? There are the sheep, and our friend, the traveler, goes to his feet, and stronger rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolf.' The preacher resumed the benediction at once.

The Derby Day.

Derby day, in England, yesterday. The road to Epoua was jammed with a mass of the dowds were covered with the deerskin throwers, side-shoes, most e-shavers, ring tass, and all that ilk, and the mee e-brse filled with shrapnel as dangerous, though less fiery. The sky is always clear on Derby day, and the sunshine very warm. The stands not full yet; everybody is cracking champagne and munching sandwiches in the baronches. Finally the saddling bell rings sharp and clear in the summer air, and away over the sea of green to where it chooses against the hills and the white of such steeples of the villages beneath. How quickly the stands fill after the first bell, and what banks of fowl in as the most aristocratic ones—lier after tier of warm colors and beautiful faces.

Then comes the preliminary gallop down the home stretch. Fitted to thirty of the fastest running horses of the world, nostrils distended, velvet sleek, skin glossy as satin, heads bent down in vain attempts to draw the gauzy-colored jockeys over their ears. Slowly they all center up to the rise on the far corner, and field-glasses are leveled by the thousands to see the start.

Down goes the flag and they're off, stringing out each rod as some young colt, that carries his owner's fortune and his honor, drops to the rear, killed by the cruel p. e. Ah! here is the rise of the Tottenham hill, and now we shall see where the blood and the bone lie. How smoothly and easily Gang Forward covers his ground, brasting the rise with a toss of his lean thin head, and a wider stretch of his lengthening stride. Flat running strap out of White Klog does him good service on the hard ground of today—if the turf were mushy, those big shoulders of Kaiser would leave him no chance. Close at Gang Forward's flank comes the wild-looking head of Doncaster, savagely sawing his bit in an impudent effort to get away from the iron arms of Jemmy Wilmer—the best jockey between the four seas. If it were not for the temper of Doncaster he might win the race, but even Jemmy's iron muscles cannot keep him from falling away half his strength on the first quarter.

Now comes the wild dash of the run in, and the slender limbs of Gang Forward twinkle in the sunbeam like gleams of flying thought. There's not an earthly chance of catching him. Isn't there, though? Jemmy Wilmer sets his teeth, throws up his hand, and Doncaster immediately runs away with him. Then is seen what time vast shoulders and those mighty strides can accomplish on a down slope. How the voice of the people rises like the roar of a mighty sea as his brown head steals slowly up to the shoulder of Gang Forward, and stays there! How the deafening thunder of applause rises in the octave of alarm as the year's dog races across the course almost under the flying feet; and how it swells back again into one vast, reverberating roar, as a last touch of Jemmy's spur sends Doncaster over the line a hair length ahead, and lands him the winner of the quickest and closest Derby since Pretender beat Pere Gomez in the dazzling race of '69.—Cincinnati Times, May 29th.

Sweden and Norwegians in America.

To us in America, Sweden and Norway must always possess an unusual interest. But few of our readers are, perhaps, aware of the large and constant flow of emigration from the dominions of King Oscar to the United States. In 1869 as many as 60,000 Scandinavian souls came to America. There has been no year since then in which the number has not exceeded 30,000. And yet the population of the whole Kingdom is not much larger than our Middle States alone. And, what is better, we receive no emigrants who are more desirable than the Swedes and Norwegians. They have every quality we crave in the men and women who are to be the parents of future American generations—temperance, economy, industry, a desire for an independent, agricultural life. They are welcome, as their brothers will be welcome, whenever they choose to come. Their presence in our citizenship gives us a deeper interest in any event that concerns the motherland, and justifies us in the expression of our warmest wishes for the prosperity of the new King and his Kingdom, and of a hope, to use the words of the venerable Archbishop in pouring the consecrated oil upon his head, that he may so "govern the country and kingdoms that his reign will redound to the praise and honor of God, strengthen right and justice, do good to the land and its people."

An Election Story.—In an old Pennsylvania town, where they voted the Democratic ticket some, so the story goes, in 1868, the experiment was made of putting a Republican ticket in the field. A Mr. Green was the candidate selected, but by reason of sickness he was unable to go to the polls on election day. When the returns were published, Mr. Green had just one vote. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the fact, he would reward him with a suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked: "I want that suit of clothes." "Then you're the man who voted for me?" "Yah, Lam dat man." "Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?" "Yah, I swear to 'em." Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the Justice of the Peace, and the required affidavit was made, upon which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent. At parting, Mr. Green said: "Now, my friend, just answer me one question; How came you to vote for me?" "You wants to know dat?" "Yah." "And you won't go back on do clothes?" "No." "Well," said he, slowly, and with a twinkling of the eye, "den I tole you—I made a mistake in de ticket."

We cannot cure the evils of society today, we can lay the foundation for a better society tomorrow. To do this, we must begin our individual efforts to regenerate characters of something more than passive goodness and piety. Every one of us suffers contamination from the ignorance, the selfishness, the wickedness of those around. They may be bonded together in one corner, but the air is free and circulates through all space gathering up puerilities, and carrying them to the purest retreats, gathering up purity and dropping it among sinners and scoundrels; and when we acknowledge ourselves wise enough to judge with condemnation, we ought to be willing to sacrifice those injuries of life which we know will lead others into temptation.

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