

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

VOLUME 3.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1873.

NUMBER 4.

AVANT COURIER.

Published Every Friday,
AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT,
Publisher and Proprietor.

TERMS:
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
One year \$5.00
Six months 3.00
Three months 2.00

ADVERTISING RATES:

| TIME | 1 Col. | 2 Col. | 3 Col. | 4 Col. | 5 Col. |
|----------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| 1 Time | 5 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 15 |
| 2 Times | 10 | 16 | 20 | 24 | 30 |
| 3 Times | 15 | 24 | 30 | 36 | 45 |
| 1 Month | 45 | 72 | 90 | 108 | 135 |
| 2 Months | 85 | 132 | 160 | 192 | 240 |
| 3 Months | 125 | 198 | 240 | 288 | 360 |
| 1 Year | 450 | 720 | 900 | 1080 | 1350 |

As all notices 15 cents per line for the first insertion and 10 cents for each additional insertion.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, and all Job Printing when the work is delivered.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, is responsible for the payment of the same.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing or leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
4. An Act to amend an Act entitled, "An Act to provide for and regulate the rates of charges for the publication of legal documents," approved January 9th, 1872.
5. It is enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:
SECTION 1. Publishers of newspapers in this Territory shall be entitled to the following fees for publication of all legal advertisements: For the first insertion of each notice of any kind, words, three dollars; for each subsequent insertion, two dollars.
SEC. 2. The printer of such legal advertisements shall be entitled to the cost of the ink before being required to furnish a certificate of publication.
Approved, December 23, 1871.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS OF MONTANA.

| OFFICE | NAME | RESIDENCE |
|--------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Governor | DEW. F. POTTS | Virginia City |
| Secretary | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Chief Justice | D. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Associate Justice | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| U. S. Dist. Atty. | M. C. PARKER | Butte |
| Surveyor General | JAMES H. HARRIS | Helena |
| Register of Lands | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Receiver | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| U. S. Marshal | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Collector Int. Tax | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Collector Customs | W. S. WALKER | Helena |

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

| OFFICE | NAME | RESIDENCE |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|-----------|
| Probate Judge | W. S. WALKER | Helena |
| Board of County Commissioners | J. P. MCARDY | Helena |
| Sherrif | JOHN C. GUY | Helena |
| Deputy Sherrif | C. P. BLAKE | Helena |
| Clerk and Recorder | ANGUS GRAY | Helena |
| Superintendent of Instruction | Z. L. TONG | Helena |
| Coroner | A. D. McPHERSON | Helena |
| Assessors | Geo. W. DICKSON | Helena |
| | Wm. C. BROWN | Helena |

A. F. & M.

Stated communications of Gallatin Lodge No. 6 A. F. & M. held at their hall on the first Saturday evening of each month, at 7 o'clock.
Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
Wm. C. BROWN, Sec.
W. S. WALKER, W. M.

Times and Places for Holding Courts in the Territory of Montana.

SUPREME COURT.
At Virginia City, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.
CITIZEN STATES DISTRICT COURTS.
First District—At Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.
Second District—At Deer Lodge, third Monday in April, and first Monday in September.
Third District—At Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and first Monday in October.
TERRITORIAL COURTS.
First District—In Madison County, at Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.
In Gallatin County, at Bozeman, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and first Monday in November.
In Jefferson County, at Radersburg, second Monday in May, and first Monday in October.
Second District—Deer Lodge County, first Monday in April, first Monday in August, and first Monday in December.
In Beaver Head County, Banack, first Monday in June, and third Monday in October.
Third District—In Lewis and Clark County, at Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and fourth Monday in October.
In Meagher County, fourth Monday in May and fourth Monday in November.

JAMES B. FINCH.

Practical Blacksmith and Machinist,
Main Street, Bozeman, M. T.

Everything pertaining to the business promptly and satisfactorily executed.
Mr. FINCH has a new plan of tempering mill picks, to which he calls the "stitching" millers. It has proved highly satisfactory in every instance, and is warranted to give satisfaction.

H. N. ANNIS.

At the upper end of Main Street,
BOZEMAN, M. T.

BLACK SMITHING

WAGON WORK.

HORSES, MULES AND OXEN SHOD.
And everything pertaining to the Blacksmith and Wagon work promptly executed, in a satisfactory manner, and at low prices.

Walker House.

East Temple Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
H. S. GREELY & CO., Prop.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

JOHN P. BRUCE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BOZEMAN, M. T.

Will practice in the Courts held in Gallatin and Jefferson counties. Also, attend to the collection of claims against the United States at Washington, being associated with one of the best Claim Agents in that City.

CHARLES W. TURNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in Court House Building, Bozeman, M. T.

JOHN POTTER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
HAMILTON, MONTANA.

Will practice in all the courts of Montana Territory.

GEORGE F. COWAN,
Attorney at Law,
Office, Lower story of the Court House Building, RADERSBURG, M. T.

EDWARDS & VIVION,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
BOZEMAN, M. T.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.
137 Collections promptly attended to.

H. F. WILLIAMS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

A. G. P. GEORGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RADERSBURG, M. T.

SAMUEL WARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.

Will practice in all Courts of Montana Territory.

J. J. DAVIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Will practice in all Courts of Montana Territory.

PAVE & COLEMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BOZEMAN AND RADERSBURG, M. T.

Will practice in all Courts of Montana Territory.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. T. CURTISS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley.
May be found either at the store of A. Lamm & Co., or at his residence at all hours of the day or night, when not professionally engaged.

C. MUSSIBROD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office at the Metropolitan Hotel,
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

DR. H. CREPIN,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE:
Up stairs in Perkins' brick building,
MAIN STREET, BOZEMAN, M. T.

Offers his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley.

DR. G. W. MONROE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Osborne's Drug Store, Masonic building,
Main Street, BOZEMAN, M. T.

Offers his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley.

DON L. BIAN,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
At his residence on Middle Creek

DR. THOS. REECE,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office, No. 42, St. Louis Hotel,
HELENA, MONTANA.

W. R. BULLARD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HELENA, M. T.

Office in Library Building, Residence second door above the brick church, Broadway.

A. E. F. HEINZE,
Dealer in

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.
MAIN STREET, BOZEMAN.

Watches and Clocks Neatly Repaired and Warranted.

All kinds of Jewelry made to order.

C. W. FLANDERS,
Manufacturer of

SHINGLES AND LATHES.
BEAR CREEK, GALLATIN CO., M. T.

THE subscriber would inform the people of Bozeman and Gallatin county that he is prepared to furnish them with superior Shingles and Lathes. Having the only Shingle and Lathes machine in the county, I am enabled to sell cheaper than other parties. Shingles and Lathes delivered at any place desired.

The Shortest Road to Cherry Creek.

The New Bridge Completed.
THE undersigned announces to the traveling public that the new bridge on the only direct road to the Cherry Creek mines and Virginia City is now completed and the road greatly improved. See via S. & N. P. road. S. H. BAINES.

MOTHER'S GROWING OLD.

Her steps are slow and weary,
Her hands are wrinkled,
And paler, still, and deeper,
The lines upon her brow;
Her meek blue eyes have faded,
Her hair has lost its gold;
Her once firm voice now faltering—
Her mother's growing old.
Her days of strength are over;
Her earthly joys depart;
But peace and holy beauty
Are sifting in her heart;
The links that bind her spirit
Relax their trembling hold;
She soon will be an angel—
Sweet mother's growing old.

My thoughts flow back to childhood,
When fondled on her knee,
I poured out all my sorrows,
Or lapped my tongue of glee;
But now upon me leaning
So weakly and so cold,
With trembling lips she murmurs,
"Dear child, I'm growing old."

I think of all her counsels,
So precious to my youth;
How fondly she taught me
To trust in God for truth;
How tenderly she led me
To Jesus' blessed fold;
Where she will soon be welcomed,
No longer bowed and old.

The path of duty,
She ever bore delight,
She walked by Faith and Patience,
And trusted God for sight,
Her hands with useful labor,
Each day their mission told;
Her deeds, like heavenly roses,
Still bloom, though she is old.

Alas! those hands so skillful,
Which toiled with loving grace
To make me blessed with comfort,
And home a happy place;
Those dear hands, pale and wrinkled,
Are now by time controlled,
They rest in prayerful quiet—
Dear mother's growing old.

Yet, though her earthly temple
Fast fadeth day by day,
Her soul with Faith increasing,
Pursues its heavenly way;
And when the mist of Jordan
Shall from her sight be rolled,
She'll shine in youth and beauty,
Where spirits ne'er grow old.

Oh, mother, fond and faithful,
Thou hast truly loved,
May I be true to thee
Till all the struggles end,
And while with sad heart yearning
Thy torn my arms enfold,
I pray in peace to meet thee
Where saints no more grow old.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON has been noted for his kindness to tailors.

Some time since he loaned to one of them the old table on which he used to ply his shears and needle, and from which he, in an unparalleled career, rose to the Presidency. During the cholera alarm of June last, his brother left Greenville in a hurry, taking his family with him to Bristol. In the confusion he neglected to leave behind this celebrated table. Mr. Johnson was prostrated by a violent attack of cholera, and could not look after outdoor matters, and so the table found its way to Bristol. Of course it was regarded by the family as a relic too interesting to be lost, and Wednesday last, Mr. Johnson, son of the ex-President, arrived in Bristol in quest of it, and found it safely locked in one of the A. M. & O. cars, and snugly billed for a distant Virginia town, to which the aforesaid tailor had already removed. There was no use for a warrant in detinue, for the service could not be made, and as both table and tailor were in Virginia, an attachment could not be served.

Did the pursuit end there? Not a bit of it. Learning that day that many of the Virginia cars are backed across the State line to the Tennessee switch in order to get them on the proper track, Mr. Johnson procured a writ of Justice on the Tennessee side a writ of replevin, and when this car was being switched for its Virginia journey there was present a Tennessee officer, who very dexterously switched the table out of it and turned it over to the son of the ex-President, who now has it again in Greenville.—Bristol News.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, and cheeks like a darnation and eyes like an asterisk, but such things offend come from a tender head than a tender heart."

"I wish, your reverence," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, then you would be able to let me in." "By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you if I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

UPS AND DOWNS.

From the Blackrock Tribune.

When the history of the Northern Pacific railroad comes to be written, it will be found to have had its periods of rapid progress, of hesitation and temporary pause. Unlike the Central and Union which connects the great middle States of the republic, the Northern Pacific starts out of the wilds of Lake Superior and plunges into the still more inaccessible wildernesses of the continent, neither beginning with, finding or reaching communities of any present importance in point of numbers or wealth.

On the other hand the Union Pacific born in the throes of the rebellion, was the offspring of the widely separated East and West, filled with the mighty desire to cement their relations by some link, which neither domestic commotion nor foreign war could sever. The public heart opened without stint, and endowed that favorite with more than princely gifts of land and money. It was the great and original achievement of the age to carry this highway from the levels of either ocean up over heights which arrest even the clouds in their flight.

It was a sort of spectacle to the nations, this prodigy of human audacity, and the work went on with all the inspirations that can animate and sustain an enterprise of such nature—the world's admiration, and a nation's ambition and money.

The idea of the Northern Pacific was agitated during the same stormy period, but feebly in comparison with its more splendid competitor. An obscure man whose name is seldom or never mentioned now, in this connection, was unwearied in his effort to make interest in Congress for a lauded endorsement, in behalf of the attempt to carry across a second railway north of the forty-fifth parallel. No personage was too high or too humble, that he did not active influence and aid, in a cause which was near to the hearts of Isaac I. Stevens and Edwin F. Johnson—illustrious names now passed away.

THE LITERARY NIECE.

Aunt Picklebury was an old maid. Not that old maids need, of necessity, to be in any wise different from the rest of the world. Aunt Picklebury was different. She had, as it were, a vein of originality running through her. She liked to wear her broche showed wrong side out, and to tie her ribbons askew, and to put the flower on the right hand side of her bonnet, when all the world was wearing theirs on the left hand side. And she could afford to cultivate as large a crop of peculiarities as she pleased, for Aunt Picklebury had money. It has been a part of her peculiarity to emigrate and buy western lands, just when all her relatives were located in a snug little eastern town.

"Are you going crazy, Melissa? her married sister had plaintively demanded.

"No," Miss Picklebury answered, "but I want breathing room."

The lands had risen in value with almost fabulous rapidity, the western settlement had grown into a young city, and Miss Melissa Picklebury was rich.

She sat knitting, with a magazine open on her lap, one bright October morning, when Harry Hayden came in, the junior member of Hoyt & Hayden, who transacted Miss Melissa's legal business.

"Crying, Miss Picklebury?" he cried cheerily. "Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Was I crying?" said Miss Picklebury, somewhat shamefacedly. "Well, you couldn't have helped it yourself, Harry, if you had been reading this story. It is my literary niece—the prettiest little thing you ever saw."

"The story, or the niece?"

"The story, of course. I never saw my literary niece, but I dare say she is raw boned and sallow, with holes in spots on her throat. But she writes well; there's no denying that. I read all her papers, and I always laugh or cry over them. It is a great talent, Harry."

"So it is," assented the young man, carelessly.

"I have written East for one of my sister's girls to come out and stay with me. I told them to forward her on by express. She'll be here this afternoon. I want you to go to the office and meet her."

"The literary niece," said Hayden, laughing.

"Goodness forbid," said Aunt Picklebury, with a grimace. "I want no ink-spots on my chintz bed-room furniture and fine fancies about sunset and autumn leaves and such things. I wrote to Polly to send me a homespun, sensible girl, that would be a companion to me; not a full-fledged, fashionable lady."

"All right," said Hayden.

Miss Picklebury looked after the dead drift of yellow leaves that lay in the road.

"A nice young fellow, that," said she to herself, "with no airs and graces about him. I like him. Perhaps—" for Miss Picklebury was by no means free from the feminine trait of castle-building—"he will fall in love with my sensible niece. If he does, he shall have my blessing."

The niece by express arrived that night, just as Miss Picklebury was sitting down to tea. She was slight and graceful and dark-eyed, with a clove-pink complexion, and laughing, dimpled mouth Aunt Picklebury liked the looks of her.

"What is your name, my dear," she said.

"Clara," said the new-comer.

"You are very pretty," said Miss Picklebury, "and I think I shall like you."

"And know I shall like you, Aunt Melly," said Clara, with a great hug of the good old lady's plump, cushiony form.

"Let me see," said Miss Picklebury, "there are three of you—the literary one, the school teaching one and the sensible one."

"I hope we are all sensible, Aunt," said Clara, coloring.

"I hope so too," said the old lady, "but I have my doubts on the subject. I am afraid of these literary folks, and I don't like schoolma'ams. Can you sew?"

A Trapper Killed with Bullets and Lives.

Mr. J. J. Healy, of Healy & Hamilton's trading post, at Whoop-Up, who is now in Helena, informs us of an occurrence which, in the annals of endurance exceeds anything we have ever heard of or read of in frontier life. It appears that in September last a party of trappers, while encamped on Bow River, a south branch of the Saskatchewan, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Healy & Hamilton's Indian trading post, which is situated on Belly River, familiarly known now as Whoop-Up, just over the Montana line and in the British Possessions, was attacked in the night by a band of Assinaboine Indians, who fired into the camp of sleeping trappers, wounding some of them, among whom was a man by the name of McMullen, who is well known in Helena, and who is an old frontiersman. At the time of the attack the trappers were all in bed, and, of course, rolled out of their blankets and sought to save their lives either in flight or fighting. McMullen, who was clad in nothing save a short woolen shirt, attempted to get to the wagon for ammunition, and, in doing so, was fired upon by the Indians, ten bullets taking effect in his body. Seeing there was no use in attempting to reach his ammunition and arms in this terrible condition, he crawled into the brush, and for twelve weary days walked, crawled and dragged himself toward Healy & Hamilton's trading post, living upon berries and bark and naked to the skin, having used his shirt to bandage his wounds and to wind around his lacerated and bleeding feet, continuing his painful and agonizing journey, until he got within twenty-five miles of that place, where he came to a deserted trapper's camp and crawled under its shade to die. He was soon after found in this condition, sent a runner to the post to inform the traders of the fact. Messrs. Healy & Hamilton immediately sent out a spring wagon to the Blood Indian village and brought the wounded and suffering trapper to their fort, who it was found had ten bullet holes in his shoulders, body and legs. One of the bullets entered his side and passed out near the backbone. Despite of his being riddled with bullets, his twelve days of starvation, nakedness, travel and suffering, McMullen is now at Healy & Hamilton's trading post, and is able to walk around. The trappers and traders made up a subscription for him at the post, which amounted to five hundred dollars, which goes to show that the milk of human kindness flows at Whoop-Up, as well as in more civilized communities.—Gazette.

"Clara, you are quite mistaken, I—"

"Oh, well, never mind all that," said Miss Picklebury. "Only I'm glad your mamma sent the sensible one of the family."

Clara Courtenay plunged into the domestic details of Miss Picklebury's establishment like a bee in a honey-suckle bell. She made preserves, concocted cake and revelled in jellies; she cleaned house after a style that made Aunt Picklebury open her eyes in admiration; she prepared the best room, and was discovered by Harry Hayden on the top of a step-ladder, with her chestnut braids tied up in a towel, and whitewashing.

"Isn't she charming?" asked Aunt Picklebury, confidentially.

"Delicious!" answered the young lawyer, with emphasis.

And so he came autumn evenings to read poetry to Miss Clara, while Aunt Melissa huddled away off in one corner, and took shrewd and not unsatisfactory notes of things in general.

"Tell me about your sister," said he, one evening.

"Which sister?" said Clara, who was skillfully putting together a marvelous mathematical silk quilt of her aunt's.

"The authoress," said Clara, "Well, she is a good deal like me."

"As young?"

"As pretty?"

"Now that's nonsense," said Clara, seriously. "Of course both my sisters are a great deal better looking than I am."

"I'm afraid she was a little bit inky I should almost be tempted to fall in love with her. Would she love me, do you think?"

Clara colored and bent closer over her work.

"I—I don't know whether she would or not," said she.

"Well, I shall not try," said Harry, laughing. "To tell you the truth, I have always had a holy horror of authoresses."

"Very complimentary to my sister," said Clara, pointing.

And of course Harry had to pacify Miss Picklebury into the kitchen, and when she came back the young people had great news to tell her. They were engaged!

"Ah," said Miss Picklebury, rubbing her nose with her knitting needle. "I'm glad to hear it. I knew my sensible niece would be appreciated here in the West."

Mrs. Squire Seabury came to the office of Hoyt & Hayden the next morning.

"Oh, Mr. Hayden," said she, such a star as I hope to secure for my reception to night, a real, live authoress—And then, just to think that she has been living incognito among us for so long."

"Whom are you alluding to?" asked the young lawyer.

"Miss Courtenay, of course, Annie Courtenay, the authoress."

"Oh, you are mistaken," said our hero. "This young lady is Clara Courtenay."

"Annie Clara Courtenay," distinctly enunciated Mrs. Seabury, wisely nodding her head. "Don't you see Annie C. Courtenay—that's her invariable signature."

Harry Hayden went to the Picklebury mansion just as soon as he could decently get rid of Mrs. Squire Seabury.

"Clara," said he, what is your first name?"

THE TRAPPER KILLED WITH BULLETS AND LIVES.

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