

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

VOLUME 3.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1873.

NUMBER 13.

THE 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 Column.	2 Columns.	3 Columns.	4 Columns.	5 Columns.
1 Time	3	5	8	10	12
2 Times	4	6	9	11	13
3 Times	5	7	10	12	14
1 Month	15	25	35	45	55
3 Months	45	75	105	135	165
6 Months	85	135	185	235	285
1 Year	150	225	300	375	450

Loans notices 15 cents per line for the first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent 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—or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for 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 and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intent to defraud.
REGULATING LEGAL PUBLICATIONS.
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.
Section 1. The Legislature of the Territory of Montana, do hereby enact and declare:
Section 2. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intent to defraud.
Approved, December 28, 1873.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS OF MONTANA.

OFFICE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Governor	BECK F. POTTS.	Virginia City.
Secretary	J. E. GALLAWAY.	Helena.
Chief Justice	F. G. SKELVIN.	Helena.
Associate Justice	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
U. S. Dist. Atty.	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
U. S. Marshal	JOHN E. BRADY.	Helena.
U. S. Surveyor	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
U. S. Assessor	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
U. S. Comptroller	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
U. S. Commissioner	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

OFFICE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Probate Judge	H. S. MAGUIRE.	Helena.
County Clerk	P. W. MCDONALD.	Helena.
County Recorder	G. W. WAKEFIELD.	Helena.
Sheriff	W. C. PATTERSON.	Helena.
Deputy Sheriff	ARCH GRAY.	Helena.
Clerk and Recorder	W. M. H. BAILEY.	Helena.
Treasurer	W. M. H. BAILEY.	Helena.
Superintendent Public Instruction	F. L. FOSBERG.	Helena.
Surveyor	S. M. BROWN.	Helena.
Assessor	GEO. W. DICKSON.	Helena.
Assessors	ROBERT KELLER.	Helena.

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

SUPERIOR COURT.
At Virginia City, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURTS.
First District—At Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in October.
Second District—At Deer Lodge, third Monday in April, first Monday in July, and first Monday in October.
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 and fourth Monday in October.
In Jefferson County, at Radersburg, second Monday in May, and first Monday in October.
Second District—Deer Lodge County, at Deer Lodge, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.
In Missoula County, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June and second Monday in November.
In Beaverhead County, at Bannock, 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.

Metropolitan Hotel.

JOHN BLUM, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street.
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.
Having assumed full control of this elegant and commodious hotel, I would respectfully inform the public that I will be my constant aim to make the house First-Class in all its appointments.
No expense will be spared to make our guests comfortable. The house is comparatively new, and furnished throughout in the best style.
Terms Reasonable.
All stages arriving in Bozeman stop at the Metropolitan Hotel.
JOHN BLUM.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

When one whose humane impulses are more generous than his fortunes is moved to compassion by some particular instance of suffering poverty, it is not unusual for him to regret that his means are inadequate for the full practical expression of his sympathy, and feel sure that if they were the least bit larger his charities would be as frequent as his opportunities. In some cases the feeling finally takes the form of a definite resolution, that if his pecuniary income shall ever reach certain moderately practicable figures, a fixed percentage thereof shall be devoted yearly and systematically to the needs of others. Thus do the kindest natures temporize, on occasions, with their noblest inclinations; not realizing that the attempt to defer the act of beneficence until circumstances may render it less sacrificial of self will be likely to maintain itself by as good argument through every ascending degree of fortune, until it has become the pretext of all that is miserly and pitiless. Some exceptional characters, however, do seem to carry into their prosperity the generous resolves of earlier inability, and a story like the following is as pleasant in its illustration of such characteristics as its five more general moral element.

Twenty-five years ago a young physician named Wieting, of Syracuse, New York, was just beginning to reap commensurate reward for a previous career of self-denying study, unpaid industry, and needy endurance—having developed an ability as a professional lecturer by which both reputation and profit were coming to him rapidly. A part of the gratification he experienced from this rise in life was in the thought that it would enable him, possibly, to help some "forlorn and shipwrecked brother" wherever he went his heart and hand were ready for generous deeds, and in addressing an audience he was quick to discern in it any apparently poor student to whose suppositious case might be addressed words of cheer and sympathy.

During a series of lectures on physiology and the laws of health at Quincy, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1849, he noticed amongst the regular attendants a pale-faced, poorly attired, and singularly intellectual looking young man, whose earnest attention and fixed gaze individualized him to such a degree in his observation that at last he found himself almost designating him specially in some of his spoken remarks.

From Quincy the lecturer went with his course to Plymouth, in the same State, and when there, again the strange youth appeared as one of his auditors. He determined to ascertain who he was, but before he could take the ordinary steps to such end the faithful follower undertook his own introduction.

After the lecture one evening the youthful stranger sought the doctor on the platform, and giving his name as W. Z. Wright, asked the privilege of a brief conversation. He was, he said, a poor Massachusetts boy, not yet of age, without relatives or friends, who felt in himself a possibility of great things and an irresistible inspiration to find some one who had the mind and means to assist. Accident had led him to attend the first lecture in Quincy, when, at first sight of the lecturer's face, he had been impressed with a sense of a peculiar natural sympathy between them. Aside from the matter of the scientific discourse the speaker's personality had exercised over him a magnetism not to be either described or resisted, so that he had been impelled to follow to Plymouth. It was his final conviction that the stranger so influencing him could be no other than the great friend whom his needs had instigated him to look for, and in this belief he now wished to submit a certain proposition.

California gold fever had just broken out; he felt absolutely sure that if he could go out as a miner it would be to certain riches, and his proposal was, that in consideration of receiving half that of the results of the golden venture, the lecturer should supply him with a pecuniary outfit to the extent of \$1,000!

"I shall surely succeed!" concluded the youth, with singular earnestness of manner. "Only lend me the sum I ask and have faith in my honesty, and I will make fortunes for both of us. Trust me and you shall find me true."
Extraordinary and incongruous as this proposition to a scientific lecturer was, Doctor Wieting did not receive it so astoundedly as a more ordinary character might have done. The stranger had magnetized him in his turn, and the disposition to charity, of which previous mention has been made, inclined him to take a peculiar view of the curious application. Hence, instead of dismissing the applicant as a lunatic, or a very shallow and audacious impostor, he told him to call upon him at his rooms on the following day. Nor did subsequent reflection and consultation with his more worldly-minded brother, who was his business agent, induce the benevolent lecturer to think worse of the would-be Californian.

In short, at the next appointed interview he thought still more highly of the youth's sincerity, abilities, and confident mission, and after an earnest

What Causes Hard Times.

Too many spend money and too few earn it.
Too much money is spent wastefully and needlessly, and too little saved and made productive and accumulative.
We buy too much abroad that we ought to produce at home.
We pay too much that we do not pay for cash down—too much of what we buy being what we do not actually need.
Too many are idle and too few are industrious, and too few of us know how to work and derive pleasure and profit from our labor.
We spend too much time learning what is not useful, and too little in forming ourselves upon the best methods of promoting our material prosperity.
We know too much of politics, spend too much time and money as politicians and know too little about political economy—a successful public policy.

Our actions are governed too much by passion, prejudice and partisan feeling, and not enough by a broad, intelligent, liberal and patriotic conception of the duties which American citizenship involves.
We are too superficial and impatient and lack the clear purpose and persistent, patient application necessary to permanent success.
We depend too much upon our "sharps" and "cut-throats," and readiness to take advantage of circumstances, and not enough upon earnest, honest labor.
We talk and read too much, and think and act too little.
We spread ourselves over too great surfaces, and thus fail to dig deep enough in one place for the nuggets that will enrich us.
We lack in that higher morality which frowns down venality and elevates and encourages purity of life, probity of conduct, and a scrupulous regard for a good and honorable name.
We do not teach our children that they must, not how to earn their own living, and are too willing to commit them to a life of easy unscrupulousness, depending on their skill as make-shifts rather than their solid acquirements as man and woman.

We roll about too much like stones, drifting and speculating, capitalizing, and defrauding ourselves of the profits of our own industry.
We are devotees of show rather than substance, and pay homage to the glitter of "success" which is but a robe covering filth, rottenness and corruption—social, commercial and political.
We build too many churches, and cultivate the Christian virtues and spirit too little.
We have too many schools and too few real teachers.
We are too undivided in certain directions and not enough so in others.
We adhere too closely to what we ought to depart from, and refuse to take heed of what we ought to cling to.
In short, we are too much what we ought not, and not enough what we ought to be.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy.—When the boys got alone again, "Why did you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.
"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.
"Then why not say I did it?"
"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."
The boy's heart melted—Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.
When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.
The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand-in-hand with the culprit, as if they were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where Christie sat, and said aloud with emotion:
"Bonnie, Bonnie, lad—he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame."
The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when any true and noble being is being done—so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big boy tear drop pattering on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when, for the want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

"Who dares to spit tobacco juice on this car floor?" savagely asked a burly passenger on the Mobile train. "I dare," quietly replied a slender youth, and he did it. "You're the chap I'm looking for," said the ruffian, "give me a chew!"

CHARCOAL is a valuable internal palliative in dyspepsia, and in many of the disorders affecting the stomach and bowels. Taken in doses of a tablespoonful night and morning, it is an almost unfailing corrective of costive habit. Mixed with softening poultices, it is cleansing, soothing, and healing to foul sores. An occasional dose of the powder produces a favorable improvement in sallow or tawny complexions.—[Scientific American.]

HOME MADE CANDLES.—Many of our readers in the country will find that candles can be made economically, by mixing a little melted beeswax with the tallow to give durability to the candle, and to prevent its "running." The light from a tallow candle can be improved in clearness and brilliancy by using small wicks which have been dipped in spirits of turpentine and thoroughly dried.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ died at Boston on the 14th inst.

Jefferson "Sharp."

Jefferson's final release from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years, was now at hand. During the last years of his Presidency he had lost, in some degree, the "run" of his private affairs, a fact which any one will understand who has ever been absorbed for a long time in concerns of magnitude and difficulty, not personal. Every one who has ever put his whole heart into writing a book, or conducting a periodical, understands it. Groceries elude the sweep of vision that takes in a country or a great subject; and no man can easily subside from the triumph of an important measure or the rapture of a "good number," to that exact consideration which monthly accounts demand. Little by little the mind floats away from all that detail; until, at last, a kind of real inability to grasp it takes the place of former vigilant attention, which is only another way of saying that a President should be, if convenient, a married man. A few months before his retirement, it occurred to him to look into his own affairs and see how he was coming out on the 4th of March, 1800. To his consternation and horror, he found that there would be a serious deficit. His plantation had only yielded four or five thousand dollars a year, at the best, but the embargo, by preventing the exportation of tobacco, had cut his private income down two-thirds. "Nothing," he wrote to his merchant in Richmond, "had been more fixed than my determination to keep my expenses here within the limits of my salary, and I had great confidence that I had done so. Having, however, trusted to rough estimates by my head, and not being sufficiently apprised of the outstanding accounts, I find, on a review of my affairs as they will stand on the 31st of March, that I shall be three or four months' salary behind hand. In ordinary cases this degree of arrearage would not be serious, but on the scale of the establishment here, it amounts to seven or eight thousand dollars, which, being to come out of my private funds, will be felt by them, sensibly." He requests his correspondent to arrange a loan for him at a Richmond bank, and urges him to lose no time. "Since I have become sensible of this deficit, I feel that I have been under a great deal of anxiety, and must solicit as much urgency in the negotiation as the case will admit. My intervening nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave debts here unpaid, if indeed I should be allowed to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain."

Such is the price, or rather a very small part of the price, which citizens of the United States have often had to pay for the privilege of serving their country. The privilege is worth the price; but it is not safe to put the price so high that only a very great or a very little man can find his account in paying it. Poverty and abuse—a Tweed will undertake a city on those terms. So will a Jefferson. But Jeffersons do not grow on every bush, and Tweeds can be had on most wharves of any extent. The loan was effected, however, and Mr. Jefferson was thus enabled to get home to Monticello without danger of being arrested for debt upon the suit of a federalist with a taste for sensation.—[Parton in Atlantic.]

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.—Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds, as it makes it look like pewter."
Stove fluster, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy, and more durable than when mixed with any other fluid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new.
To extract ink from cotton, silk and woolen goods, saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

DISINFECTANT.—One drachm of dry iodine, placed in a suitable open vessel in a sick-room, is said to be among the best articles used for this purpose. The usual objection of its disagreeable odor is of minor consequence when health and life are at stake. The vapors of the iodine will discolor the ceiling or plastered walls for a time, but the color will gradually disappear. Iodoform, used in the same way, is quite as good; and is less offensive to the sense of smell; besides, it does not discolor the walls, but is more expensive than the other.

"ABOUT THIS TIME," as the old Farmer's Almanac hath it, look out for chopped hands and kindred ailments. The following remedy is prescribed by an exchange, and is doubtless of some efficacy: For chopped hands, wash them well, and without using a towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub in well. Use once a day, and it will make the hands very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands.

BETTER TO WEAR A CALICO DRESS WITH OUT TRIMMING, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.
Better live in a log cabin, all year round, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.
Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.
Better to sit at a pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.
Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.
Better meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.
Better to pay the street organ grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.
Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.
Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you own your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.
Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics, than to run in debt for new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.

WHAT THE FARMER MUST KNOW.—The farmer, like the business man, must know what he is doing; he must have some pretty decided ideas of what he is to accomplish—in fact, he must calculate it beforehand.
He must know his soil—that of each lot; not only the top, but the sub-soil.
He must also know what grain and grass are adapted to each.
He must know when is the best time to work them, whether they need summer fallowing.
He must know the condition in which the ground must be when plowed, so that it be neither too wet nor too dry.
He must know that some grain requires earlier sowing than others, and what these grains are.
He must know how to put them in.
He must know that it will be well to have machinery to help him as well as to have a horse.
He must know about stock and manures, and the cultivation of trees and small fruits, and many other things; in a word, he must know what experienced, observing farmers know, to be sure of success. Then he will not guess—will not run such risks.

COIN IN CIRCULATION.—According to the annual report of the Director of the Mint, the whole amount of gold coined in the country is estimated at \$135,000,000, and the amount of silver coin at \$5,000,000. This in circulation principally in California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona and Texas. As the report closes with the year ending June 30th, no account could be taken of the increase of coin since that date. Five millions of silver is rather a small sum for displacing forty millions of fractional currency. It is possible that there has been an increase of gold and silver coin since the end of June, of ten millions, bringing the specie resources up to \$150,000,000. This is the best showing that can be made in paper currency.—[Bulletin.]

What is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress with out trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.
Better live in a log cabin, all year round, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.
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A HEROIC WOMAN.

The Roseburg (Oregon) Plain Dealer relates: A correspondent writing from Canyonville sends us the following interesting incident, which occurred near that place: About ten days since Henry Bland and his wife, of Canyonville Precinct, went into the mountains to look after their sheep. When about three miles from home his two dogs got after a bear; and after a severe chase succeeded in compelling the bear to climb a tree. About the time that Mr. Bland and his wife reached the foot of the tree, another ferocious bear put in an appearance and savagely attacked the dogs in the immediate presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bland. The fight now became animated and furious, dogs and bear rolling over each other in the death of struggle down a steep mountain into the canyon below. Bland was armed with a Henry rifle, but dared not shoot for fear of killing his dogs. Now came the question how to rescue the dogs; only two cartridges were in the rifle, and these had to be used to the best advantage. Mrs. Bland urged her husband to go to the dogs, while she, alone and unarmed, undertook to keep the ferocious monster up the tree. He started down into the canyon to where the conflict was raging, guided by the growls and yelps of the dogs and bear. He arrived not a moment too soon, for Bruin was evidently getting the best of it, and would only be pacified by the last shot from the now empty rifle.

It was dark when Bland returned to his wife at the foot of the tree. The situation was anything but flattering. The empty rifle was of but little use, and upon the determination of Mrs. Bland to sit up with the bear, he started for home for more ammunition. The lady being reinforced by bleeding dogs now felt that she was mistress of the situation. With no fire, far from home, in the midst of craggy mountains, this indomitable lady dared to hold at bay one of the most ferocious monsters of the forest. The bear, not liking his new home, determined to descend the tree, but our heroine, with a stick and the barking of the dogs, compelled Bruin to take a sober second lower limb, with eyeballs of fire he stared at the scene below; but our huntress was not dismayed by the presence of her horrible companion, but stood guard until about 10 o'clock when her husband and another man came to her assistance. She then started for home through the deep canyon and gorges of the mountains entirely alone, and it was midnight when she safely arrived at her own dwelling.

The next morning as soon as it was sufficiently light, the bear was shot. He proved to be one of the largest of those known as the cinnamon variety.

How some men could subsist with so little sleep. We knew bakers who rose every morning at 4 a. m., notwithstanding they went to bed at 11 p. m., and had thus only five hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Later we noticed that many men slept only six hours, and that this amount of sleep was fully sufficient for plowmen or bricklayers, or other men who had no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he took it after his labor was over the better it was for him. But we found also that for men whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on the brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed or early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour's sleep after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the earlier morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest. The facts, that as life becomes concentrated and its pursuits more engrossing, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors—we take more because we want more; and men whose occupation is mainly brain work should be careful to secure a sufficient time of rest, longer in proportion as their labor is more intense, and also longer when they grow older, as the natural wants of the system will indicate.—[Manufacturer and Builder.]

A LADY who had never been blessed with children, went to a shop to buy some illuminated mottoes for her sitting-room. "This would be the best one," said the dealer, who happened to be an acquaintance, and he passed her "Suffer little children to come unto me."
"Miss M—," said a gentleman, one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied Miss M—; "is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good officer, sir?"

BEEF TEA.—Take one pound of lean fresh beef cut thin, put it in a jar or wide-mouthed bottle, add a little salt, place it in a kettle of boiling water, to remain one hour; then strain it, and there will be a gill of pure nourishing liquid. Begin with a teaspoonful, and increase as the stomach will bear. This has been retained on the stomach when nothing else could be, and has raised the patient when other means have failed.

THE attention of the medical world abroad has been aroused by the new treatment of cancer, introduced in London by a Hungarian physician named Geb. He contends that cancer is not a local, but a general disease; that it arises from the presence of a poison in the system; and that the knife will never cure the disease, but only postpones its fatal effects. His remedy consists in setting up another disease—fever—under the influence of which the blood poison, which causes the cancer, is thrown off. It is said that he has made some most marvelous cures.

"ABOUT THIS TIME," as the old Farmer's Almanac hath it, look out for chopped hands and kindred ailments. The following remedy is prescribed by an exchange, and is doubtless of some efficacy: For chopped hands, wash them well, and without using a towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub in well. Use once a day, and it will make the hands very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands.