

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1875.

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District Court—At Helena, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.
County Court—At Helena, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.
Probate Court—At Helena, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.
District Court—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.
County Court—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
Don L. Byam,
PHYSICIAN—Office in the building, north side Main street, having located in Bozeman, Montana, to the citizens of the town and county.
G. W. Monroe, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at the corner of Main and Second streets, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all parts of the Territory.
J. J. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black street, Bozeman, M. T. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
R. P. Vivion,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office, first door from Perkins' brick building, Main street, Bozeman. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
George May,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in Perkins' brick, up stairs, Main street, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all parts of the Territory.
T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamme & Co's, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hamilton, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
PONSFORD'S
SALOON & CLUB ROOMS.
Newly Stocked! Elegant Fixtures!
Everything First-Class!
Corner Main and Bozeman Sts.
STOCK HERDER
AT THE
Mammoth Hot Springs.
S. D. HENDERSON,
Branch is located seven miles from the Springs, has a fine stock range, and is prepared during the season to receive and care of the stock of visitors to the Springs. Stock will be delivered at the Springs whenever convenient. Charges moderate.

A. LAMME & CO.,
Dealers in
General
MERCHANDISE.
Have just received a large and well selected stock of
Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES,
Dry Goods,
Clothing, Boots & Shoes
Cutlery, and all kinds of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Agricultural Implements, &c.
In fact, everything used by
The Farmer Miner and Mechanic
all of which will be sold
FOR CASH as LOW as the LOWEST
Ladies' Goods.
We have a full line of Ladies' Goods, embracing as complete an assortment as can be found in this market, all of which is marked down at a
Very Low per Centage of Profit.
Old customers will find us up to the times, and new ones are invited to call and examine goods and learn prices.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.
There's many a rest on the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a one who would have it,
If the querulous heart would wake it;
To the sunny south that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
Better to hope, though the cloud hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There never was a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the dawn is always the first to see
Is the hour before the dawning.

My Castle in Spain.
The garret I live in is lonely,
I keep up no sumptuous state,
For lacqueys and grooms I have only
Myself on myself to wait.
So I've built me a marvelous mansion,
And laid out a royal demesne,
With a tower of imposing expansion—
My Castle in Spain.
A park of old oak trees caresses
The glint of the summer sun there
Just now all the wood I possess in
Confined to a table and chair.
It stands on an eminence hilly,
(At present my life is plain);
Oh, it warns me to build when I'm chilly
My Castle in Spain.
Through my grounds winds a river sedate
Unlike that old pump in the yard;
My friends there are pompous and stately,
And not with Bohemia farred.
And yet the old friends I invite to
Come over and share in my reign,
They have all an equivalent to
My Castle in Spain.
And what gives the crowning expression
To this sweet Iberian life,
The race of my Spanish possession
Is shared by a beautiful wife.
But my pipe has gone out, and my splendid
Old chateau and fair chateaux
With the smoke wreath have faded,
And ended
My Castle in Spain.

BILL AND THE WIDOW.
"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning
as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand
and holding a plum cake on his knee
with the other; and looked across the table
to the bright eyes of his little wife.
"Wouldn't it be a good joke to get teacher
Barnum's Show next week?"
"You can't do it, Ed; he wouldn't ask
her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came
here this morning when I was hanging
out the clothes, and he looked over
the fence and spoke, but when I shook
out a night-gown he blushed like a girl;
and went away."
"I think I can manage it," said Ed; "but
I'll have to lie just a little. But then
I wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances,
for I know she likes him, and he
don't dislike her, but just as you say,
he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place
to borrow some bags of him, and if I
don't bag him before I come back, don't
kiss me for a week, Nelly."
So saying, Ed started out, and while
he is mowing the fields, he will take
a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a
good looking fellow, though his hair and
shiners showed some gray hairs, and he
had got a set of false teeth. But every
one said he was a good soul, and so he
was. He had as good as one hundred acre
farm as any one in Norwich, with a new
house and everything comfortable, and if
wanted a wife, many a girl would have
jumped at the chance like a rooster on a
grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful
always was—and when Susan Sherry,
bottle, whom he was so sweet on, though
he never said "boo" to her, got married to
old Watson, he just drew his hand in
like a mad turtle into its shell, and there
was no getting him out again, though it
had been noticed that since Susan had
become a widow, he paid more attention
to his clothes, and had been very regular
in his attendance at the church the fair
widow attended.
But here comes Ed. Wilbur.
"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."
"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the
news your way?"
"Oh, nothing in particular that I know
of," said Ed. "Only Barnum's Show, that
everybody is talking about, and every-
body is going to see. I was body and
their girls last night, and I
over to old Sockler's last night, and he
was scribbling up his harness, and he
got that white faced colt of his as slick as
a seal. I understand he thinks of taking
him to the show. He's been hanging
around there a good deal of late. I'd
just like to cut him out, I would. I
Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves
a better man than that young pup of a
fellow, though I would not blame her
much either if she takes him, for she
must be dreadful lonesome, and she
has to let her farm out to one who can't
half work, and so one else can't
have the speak to speak up to her.
By jingo! if I were a single man, I'd
show you a trick or two."
So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and
started across the corner of the barn,
where he left Bill sweeping, and put his
car to a knot hole and listened, knowing
the bachelor had a way of talking to him
self when anything worried him.
"Confound that young bagger!" said
Bill, "what business has he there, I'd like
to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well,
so have I, and new harness, too; and his
horse can't get a sight of mine; and I
declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will!
I'll go to the show very night and ask
her to go with me. I'll show Ed.
Wilbur that, if I did let old Watson get
the start of me in the first place."
Ed. could scarce help laughing out-
right, but he hastily hitched the bags on
his shoulders, and with a low chuckle at
his success, started home to tell the news
to Nelly;—and at about 5 o'clock that
evening, he saw Bill go by with his
horse and buggy, on his way to the
widow's. He joggled along quietly, think-
ing of a pretty girl Susan was then, and
wondering inwardly if he would have
a chance of about a mile from her
house, he came to a bridge, he gave a
tremendous sneeze and blew his teeth out
of his mouth, and clear over the dash-
board, and striking on the plank they
rolled over the side of the bridge and
dropped into four feet of water.
"Words can not do justice to poor Bill
or paint the expression of his face as he
sat there—completely dumfounded at his
startling piece of ill-luck. After a while
he stepped out of his buggy, and getting
down on his hands and knees, looked
down into the water. Yes, there they
were, at the bottom, with a crowd of lit-
tle fishes rubbing their noses against
them, and Rill wished to goodness that
his nose was as close for one second. His
beautiful teeth that had cost him so much,
and the show coming on, and no time to
get another set—and the widow and young
Sockler! Well, he must try and get
them somehow—and no time to be lost,
for some one might come along and ask
him what he was fooling around there
for. He had no notion of spilling his
clothes by wading into the water with
them on, and besides, if he did, he could
not go to the widow's that night; so he
took a look up and down the road to see
that no one was in sight, and then quick-
ly undressed himself, laying his clothes in
the buggy to keep them clean. Then he
ran around the bank and waded into the
almost ice-cold water, but his teeth did
not chatter in his head—he only wished
they could. Quietly he waded along, so
as not to stir the mud up, and when he
got to the right spot, he dropped under
the water, and came out with his teeth
in his hand, and replaced them in his
mouth. But hark! what noise is that? A wagon,
and a dog barking with all his might, and
his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa!
Stop, you brute, you stop!" But stop he
would not, but went off at a spanking
pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after
him. Bill was certainly in capital run-
ning costume, but, though he strained
every nerve, he could not touch the buggy
or reach the lines that were dragging
on the ground.
After a while his plug hat shook off the
seat, and the hind wheel went over it,
making it flat as a pan-cake. Bill caught
it as he ran, and after juggling his fist in
it for some time, he dropped under the
water, and came out with his teeth
in his hand, and replaced them in his
mouth. But hark! what noise is that? A wagon,
and a dog barking with all his might, and
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ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,
HELENA, MONTANA TERRITORY.
THIS INSTITUTION, situated in a
pleasant part of Helena, is conducted
by the Sisters of Charity and under the
Patronage of the Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J.,
Pastor of Helena.
The course of instruction in St. Vin-
cent's Academy embraces all Branches
taught in such Institutions.
The beginning of the Academic year
dates from the First Monday in Sep-
tember, and closes the last of June.
It is divided into two Sessions of five
months each. Pupils entered after the
commencement of the Session are charged
only from the time of entering.
TERMS:
Board, Tuition, Washing, per Ses-
sion—Five months, \$180 00
Music on Piano Extra, 35 00
Music on Guitar, 25 00
French Extra, 10 00
No reduction will be made for those
who are withdrawn before the expiration
of the Session, excepting in case of pro-
tracted sickness.
It is to the advantage of the pupils to
enter at the beginning of the Session.
Their steadiness, application, and pro-
gress, depend very much upon an uninter-
rupted attendance during the Session.
Parents and Guardians are respectfully
solicited to co-operate with Teachers on
this point for the ultimate success of their
children and wards.

P. B. Clark's
STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL.
Coaches leave Bozeman for Helena daily
except Sundays at 7 a. m.
Coaches leave Bozeman for Virginia
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 a. m.
Passengers and Freight carried at reason-
able rates.
OFFICES.
RICH & WILLSON, Bozeman
DAVIS & WALLACE, Helena
RAYMOND BROS, Virginia

Probate Court.
NOTICE is hereby given that in pro-
cess of estate a term of the Pro-
bate Court in and for Gallatin county,
Territory of Montana, will be held in the
town of Bozeman, on the first Monday
in September, 1875, and continue till the
business is disposed of.
JOHN P. BRUCE,
Probate Judge,
Aug. 18, 1875.

Something Definite as to the Value of Black Hills Gold.
While it is scarcely necessary, so far as
Western people are concerned, to advance
evidence that there is gold in paying quan-
tities in the Black Hills, the Journal is
aware that there are numbers of sceptics
in the country who still need more testi-
mony of the fact. Z. Swearing, who re-
cently returned from the Hills, having
left there the 11th of last month, bring-
ing with him some proofs that ought to be
sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous.
He is well known in this section, and
what he says is worthy of credence, and
his experience of twenty-seven years in
the mines of California and the Rocky
Mountains is a guaranty that he has not
been deluded in what he has seen. With
no undue enthusiasm, but as if stating the
simplest matter of fact, he gives it as
his opinion that the Black Hills comprise
the richest precious metal deposits on the
continent. He had with him some speci-
mens of shot, flake, and placer gold,
and also some pieces of quartz. Some of
his pieces of ore, gathered with his own
hands, he submitted to the examination
of Charles Balbach, Superintendent of
the Omaha Smelting Works, who reported
that the silver ore would assay \$249.50
per ton; lead ore, 34 per cent, metal. There
is no inflation nor guess work about
these figures—they are the result of a sci-
entific analysis of honest specimens sub-
mitted for the purpose of finding out the
truth of the matter.

Not a Joke Toward the End.
From the Chicago Tribune.
A granger from Macoupin county stepped
into a local telegraphic office at Nil-
wood the other day, and asked for the
operator. A slim-looking individual, of
the pin back order, without looking up
from his instrument, informed him that
he was the "pin-jerk."
"Well," said the granger, "my name's
Jerry Hogan, and you see—the fact is,
my old woman had another gal, and I
want to dispatch to Aunt Nancy in Zanes-
ville."
"Very well, sir," said the operator.
"The rate is 30 and 3. Just write your
message. The look on the granger's face
was one of bewilderment. "Well," he
said, "you see my learnin' ain't—"
"Oh, I see. Can't write."
"Not exactly that, but Aunt Nancy's
eyes are very—well, I reckon she could
read your hand—write better than I can."
"All right, sir. In that case I will send
it by the 'Dialax,' at the same time
handing the granger the end of a wire.
"Now, all you have to do is to wrap this
wire around your hand, and take this in
your mouth," and he handed him the end
of the ground wire.
The granger wrapped the wire several
times around his hand, and leaning over
the table, took the ground wire in his
mouth, when—bif. One hundred and
fifty cups of Calland's battery went
through him like hot grease through a
griddle.
"By the dial Mr. Hogan was monarch
of all he surveyed."
Now that granger had been a granger,
and had built hog-pens and planted corn
all his life. And when he bought boots
he always got the worth of his money,
while the operator was an operator by
birth, and when last seen was counting
railroad ties between Summit and Bridge-
port and feeling in his pocket for \$20
with which to take lessons on the health
lift.

**Advice to a Girl Who is Fin-
ished.**
Josh Billings gives the following, which
is sensible, whether one approves the
spelling or not:
Gertrude U. tell me that you have been
3 years at a boarding school, and have just
finished your education, and want to
know what you shall do next.
Listen to my gushing Gertrude, and I will
tell you.
Get up in the morning in good season,
go down into the kitchen, slice a potato
by the throat with one hand and a knife
in the other, skin the potato, and a dozen
more just like it, stir up the buck-wheat
batter, look in the oven and see how the
bunnet are doing, bustle around generally,
step on the cat's tail, and help your good
old mother get breakfast.
After breakfast put up the young chil-
dren's luncheon for school, help wash up
the dishes, sweep sum, put things in order,
sumtime during the day nit at least 3 in-
ches and a half on sun out of your broom-
stick little blue woolen stockings for next
winter.
In other words go to work and make
yourself useful and not be a burden or
cumbersome, and if you have any time left,
after the beds are all made, and the ducks
have been fed, pitch into the piano, and
make the old rattle-box stream with mus-
ic.
Do this for one year, and sum likely
young fellow in the neighborhood will
hear of it, and will begin to hang around
you, and say sweet things than you ever
heard before, and finally will give you a
chance to keep house on your own hook.
You follow my advice, Gerty, and see if
he don't.

**Grass Planted by Grasshop-
pers.**
A curious fact connected with the grass
hopper laid in Western Missouri is that,
wherever pastures have been destroyed by
the insect, new varieties of grass, which
never before have been seen in the health-
fulness, have sprung up. The principal
species is a green bunch grass of luxuriant
growth, covering ground formerly yielding
nothing but blue grass. Cattle eat the
new species with avidity. It is conjectured
that the seed was brought to the region
and deposited by the grasshopper swarm
which laid their eggs there last fall. Some
doubtful explanation of the phenomenon
was very interesting, since it is not
known when the grass originally grew or
what may be expected of it, if the growth
continue in the future. Possibly the
grasshoppers may prove a blessing yet.

A Strange Story.
A curious incident is reported in the
American papers. About ten years ago
a Jew in straightened circumstances left
Transylvania for America to improve
his position in the new world. He left a
wife and several children behind, and
promised that as soon as it was within
his means, he would send them some
money from America. Three fortune
smiled upon him, and when he had
amassed a sum of 60 000 dollars he re-
solved to return home and surprise his family
with his wealth. He started without
having apprised his family of his intended
return, and on his way home he arrived
at Hamburg, where he was seized with
so dangerous an illness that he made a
will bequeathing all his property to his
wife. He recovered, however, to find
that during his illness his money had
been stolen from him. A few benevo-
lent persons sympathizing with his mis-
fortunes, collected about one hundred
dollars, wherewith the unfortunate Jew
resolved to return to America to retrieve
his fortunes. In the meanwhile the nurse
had decamped with his booty to America,
where, shortly after his arrival, he died
of a sudden. The American consul, find-
ing the coffin, with the 60,000 dollars, to
Transylvania, and, as the will was al-
ready in the hands of the authorities at the
time he quitted the relatives with the
death of the testator. After the usual
period of mourning, the wife contracted
a second marriage. The first husband
had, however, again saved a considerable
sum of money, and eventually returned
to his native country, to find his wife
married to another man. The event has
caused quite a sensation in the neighbor-
hood, and it is stated that a consensus
of rabbis is about to be held to determine
to which of the two husbands the woman
belongs.—Jewish World.

THE YELLOWSTONE!
A Graphic Description of
"Wonder Land."
(Special Correspondence to the Corinne
Journal.)
Virginia City, Montana,
September 19th, 1875.
Eda Maik in compliance with your
request I send you a short letter.
We have made the 'Grand Round'
from Virginia City, up the Madison,
to the Geyer country, over the divide to
the Yellowstone Lake, down the river to
the great falls; to the Mammoth Springs
on Gardner's River, on to Bozeman and
back again, and are not happy yet. For
we long to 'swing around' the same cir-
cle again, and instead of a month, take a
whole summer and fall for it. To sum it
all up in a few words, we were disap-
pointed and most happily so. Mr. Lang-
ford, Harry Norton and others have said
so much about the 'Wonder Land' that
we expected to find more wind than sub-
stance. We were seven days of steady
travel, making the ninety miles over a
very good wagon road to the lower Gey-
ser basin. We were glad to take a rest
from the very weariness of slow travel
and the exercise of punching up, not a
lazy, but an overladen packhorse. Had
the country continued to be what we had
left, mountain of sage brush and waste
of trancelike hills and valleys, we should
have been disgusted beyond recovery.
But up the Madison the surrounding
landscape constantly changes, affording
a panorama of interesting views that
keeps the mind occupied and the tedious-
ness of slow march is not realized. The
sensation is that we have passed into a
new world, a younger and a fresher one.
The parched gray barren world is left
behind, and about us is the greenness and
verdure of early spring. Densely wood-
ed hills and mountain slopes, groves of
left, mountain of sage brush and waste
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