

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876.

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THE AVANT COURIER.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Editor & Publisher.

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George May,

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JOHN M. SWEENEY vs CHARLES SPAFFORD To be sold at Sheriff's sale, on the 5th Day of February, A. D. 1876, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Sheriff's office, in the town of Bozeman, Gallatin county, Montana Territory, to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate, to-wit: The west half of the north west quarter of section twenty-four Township one, north of range three east, in Gallatin county, or as much thereof as will satisfy this execution. SILAS BALSTON, Sheriff. January 14, 1876.

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THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

The scene was in New York. It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting wind drove the snow before it like a blinding mist, and the clouds hung so low, as almost to touch the roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpine sighed, glancing out from her attic-window on the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garment she had just completed; "and the cold is bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a bit of coal; and Willie must have that medicine. I'd go myself, but—"

"Oh, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back; and the little girl sprang up from her low seat besides the child's cradle, and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued, as she wrapped up the delicate embryo in her arms. "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's, on Tenth street—that brown stone house?"

"Yes, mother! I know."

"Well, dear, run fast and keep yourself warm, and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before if Willie hadn't been so ill. Three dollars she owes me. You can call at the baker's and get a loaf or two."

The child took the bundle and vanished out of sight down the dreary flight of steps, while the mother turned back to the cradle where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands, and moaned piteously. "Give me some tea, mamma, I am so thirsty."

"Yes, darling, as soon as Louise comes back."

Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm, for there was no fire in the stove and the desolate attic room was very comfortable.

There had been a day when this same pale-faced, sick-eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach, and a doating husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, lying, unknown, on some distant battle-field in the South; and her riches had made themselves wings, and flown away. Forlorn and friendless, sick at heart, and weary from incessant toil, she sat, with her wailing child upon her lap, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes upon the dismal scene beneath her attic window.

In the meantime little Louise made her way through narrow by-ways and squallid alleys into the most populous and fashionable part of New York. The biting wind still continued to blow with a deadly, rattling wail, drifting the leaden clouds and the mist-like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached at last Mrs. Rawdon's. A dazzling glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry-making floated out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birth night. Louise crept up the marble steps and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered her in a timid whisper.

"Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of company! Of course you can't."

He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve and cried imploringly:

"Oh, please, please wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised it to me to-night. Do let me take it to her."

The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I heard her scolding because it didn't come home. Maybe she'll see you. I'll try, anyway. Come in here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arch-hall and past the glittering parlors into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper apartment. Here, musingly her lover's seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full half-hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests, and poor little Louise, tired out with waiting, and denuded with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room.

"This is a pretty business, now, isn't it?" she began, as she received and unfolded the bundle that Louise proffered her. "I thought you promised to bring this yesterday?"

"Yes, mamma; but my brother Willie was so ill that mother couldn't sew."

"Oh, yes! that's always the way—you've some excuse ready; but I shan't trust you again, you may depend on it. Here's Violet been crying for an hour, and refusing to come down, because she was so disappointed about her dress. John, bring the bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the parlor now."

She was sweeping out again, her satin robes rustling after her; but Louise sprang up, with a piteous cry.

"Oh, mamma! little brother's so ill, and must have his medicine; please let me have the money."

"I can't to-night—I'm entirely out of change. You can call the day after to-morrow."

But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both of her little, frozen palms. One of the

finger that adorned Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made her appeal.

"Oh, mamma! she said, her blue eyes full of pleading, 'you are rich and happy, and have all you want; but my poor mother has nothing, and my little brother will die without medicine! Do let me have the money!'"

Mrs. Rawdon shook her head impatiently.

"I tell you I have no change. You must call again. John, show her to the door!"

The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself upon the marble steps, while the attic door closed in her very face with a heartless slam.

The wind howled more diabolically than ever, and the keen, stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise selected the steps and crossed over to the opposite payment with a dull, aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath.

How could she go back to her desolate home and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy even so much as a solitary loaf of bread?

Just then something beneath her foot almost threw her to the pavement. Looking down she saw a pocket book. He caught it with a suppressed cry, and thrusting it into her bosom, darted off with the speed of an antelope. At last out of breath and half beside herself with excitement, she paused beneath a lamp post, and after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom.

It was large, thick and heavy. Her fingers fluttered nervously as she unclipped it; and when she caught sight of the green bank-notes it contained, she uttered a wild cry of delight, and darted off again like something insane. Mother and Willie should have all they might need now.

Just beyond the baker's shop towards which she bent her steps, a soldier met her.

"Little girl," he said, "what are you carrying that pocket book for?"

Louise passed a single instant, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird; then she thought of her mother and Willie, flashed through her mind she answered: "No, sir."

"Well, it is gone, I suppose," and the soldier passed on, while Louise hurried away in the opposite direction.

By the time she reached the baker's she was in a tremor from head to foot, and her cheeks seemed on fire; but she drew the pocket book from its hiding place, and standing outside the door unclipped it and took out a note.

The shop was crowded with customers, and she had to wait for her turn before she could obtain what she wanted. Her eyes were directed wistfully toward the tempting shelves. She would buy ever so many loaves and even that frosted cake. They would have meat and coal, too. Why not! The pocket book was hers; she had found it! Still her hands trembled and her cheeks burned.

She glanced down at the note she held, and saw, with a start of horror, that it was for \$50. What had she done? Robbed that man of his money, and he a soldier! Her father had been a soldier! With a sharp cry, clutching the pocket in one hand and the \$50 bill in the other, she darted from the shop and down the snowy street.

Just a square or two beyond the glittering mansion of Mrs. Rawdon she overtook the soldier. He was walking slowly, glancing from one side of the way to the other with an anxious, despairing look on his face. Louise was at his side in an instant.

"Oh, sir! panting for breath, her hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and started, and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face, "I did find your pocket book—here it is. I took this note out, but I couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved, and little Willie will die without his medicine; but I can't steal—I can't! Take it back!"

The soldier took the money from the half-frozen little hands that held it up to him; then lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed her tangled locks, and looked down in her pale, tear-stained little face with eager, starting eyes. His warthy cheeks grew pale and his bearded lips began to tremble.

"Louise, Louise!" he said, "his voice full of thrilling tenderness; "poor, little darling, don't you know me?"

"The child looked up, and then her eyes of wild delight rang out clear and joyous.

"Oh, papa, papa! we thought you were dead! but you've come back to us again!"

"Yes, darling! my broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. "Where's your mother? Take me to her!"

Louise sprang from his arms, and she like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the equalled alleys, and narrow by-lanes; and the soldier followed her.

Malpine sat in her comfortable little bushing her sock while upon her lap.

"Mamma, mamma! I'm so hungry! please give me something to eat!" the little fellow moaned, clamping his hands about her neck.

But there was no bread, and Louise did not come.

"Wait a moment, darling—just a moment longer."

"Wait a little bit longer, darling! Louise will come soon."

At last there was a rattle below, bounding, joyous step upon the stairs, and Louise burst into the room her face all glowing and radiant.

And the patient little one waited, and cold, gray shadows settled down darker and darker; and the poor mother clasped the child closer to her bosom, dreaming of happy days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last long home, with no tender hand to close his eyes.

The shadows grew heavier and darker; the winds moaned dimly, and the snow and sleet tinkled sharply against the windows.

"Oh, mamma! please make a fire. I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, "father's not dead! He's alive—he's come back to us again!"

The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bed post for support, as she did so strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom.

Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming with tears.

"Oh, father! what if I had kept it?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"Then, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong wins its punishment, and right its reward!"

An Heir to Millions that he Cannot Touch.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Probably the wealthiest young man in this city is Joshua Montgomery Sears, son of the late Joshua Sears, who died February 7, 1857, leaving his son heir to his large estate. The heir reached his majority on Christmas, but by the terms of the will, which left the property in trust, he now receives but a small fraction of the estate. The elder Sears left property of the estimated value of \$1,500,000, Alphaeus Hardy, Horatio Harris and Hugh Montgomery being named in the will as trustees. Under their management the property has increased in value until it amounts, according to the assessors' returns of May, 1875, to \$4,026,400 in real estate in Boston, in addition to investments in mortgages, etc., etc., of a like value. Young Sears is at present a student in Yale College, and has been educated under the guardianship of the Hon. Alphaeus Hardy. He is a young man of intelligence, and is said to be possessed of many of the characteristics of his father. By the terms of the will the son was to receive \$30,000 when he became 21 years of age, \$4,000 annually from that age to 25, \$5,000 annually from 25 to 30, and \$10,000 a year subsequently. There seems to be no direct provision in the will that the son shall ever receive other of the estate than the above save in the matter of his education. Who will inherit this vast property in the event of the son's decease is a question for the courts.

Centennial Business Creed.

"First, make it a rule to pay as you go. Establish it and live up to it, and the financial battle is fought. To do this, you must require others to do the same thing. Don't send your papers out through the country until they are paid for; decline all work or patronage of any kind of which you have serious doubts as to prompt payment. Better be cleaning up your office or soliciting good business, than to be working for others with anything less than a certainty of getting your pay. Be as prompt in the collection of your outstanding accounts, small and great, as possible. As you would pay your bills up on sight, require others to do likewise. Never postpone the presentation of a bill because you may think payment doubtful; neither postpone it because you know you can get the money sure when presented. If collection be doubtful, there is great reason for early and constant effort on your part to make it; if not doubtful at all, get your own money into your own hands, that you may pay your bills at sight, or to put by interest as a surplus fund, and secure to the proper parties in the future disposal."

A New Fashion.

We see it stated that at some of the New York hotels they have music during meals. We think this a most excellent idea. About nine men of every ten, and ninety-nine ladies out of every hundred use music, and it has charms for them at meal time as well as at other hours. We would be glad to see this fashion adopted on the Pacific coast. It soothes the nerves, and is a saving of breakfast and roast pork to landlords, for who could indulge in such fare while under the inspiring influence of one of Strauss' sweet melodies? Imagine a fellow just bolting a plate full of bacon and cabbage and let the band strike up one of his sweetest strains, and isn't it certain he would at once lay aside his plate and call for a saucer of ice cream, or a bunch of raisins, and soon retire from the table feeling as full of melody as he is intended to be of bacon and cabbage before the music began. We think so. Those charms that can "melt to tears the adamant of a man's heart," can also soothe the savage stomach of nearly every beef eater in the land, and we recommend all landlords to try the experiment.

Slippery Bill.

No stranger, he doesn't live here now; he's slipped the vic lance—don't know how."

For we've hunted these slippery bills and sent 'em wandering the ratch, ten years ago I rec'd 'em haven't heard about 'em. The game he played when he dusted out."