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

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Times of Holding the Courts of the Territory for the Year 1876.

The Supreme Court at its late session fixed the time of holding the courts for 1876, making some changes, as follows:
In Helena, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.
First District—H. N. Blake, Judge. In Madison county, at Virginia City, third Monday in March; third Monday in September.
In Gallatin county, at Bozeman, first Monday in May, third Monday in October.
Second District—H. Knowles, Judge. In Deer Lodge county, at Deer Lodge City, second Monday in April. First Monday in September. (for all cases that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special venire may issue to try the same.)
First Monday in December.
In Beaverhead county, at Baars-E, first Monday in June; second Monday in October.
Third District—D. S. Wade, Judge. In Lewis and Clark county, at Helena, first Monday in March; first Monday in November.
In Jefferson county, at Hadersburg, first Tuesday in April; first Tuesday in October.
In Meagher county, at Diamond City, fourth Monday in April; fourth Monday in October.
Notes.—United States Courts are held at Virginia City, Deer Lodge and Helena, at the times the Territorial District Courts are held at those places.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamm & Co.'s, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on A. Black street, Bozeman, M. T. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

John Potter,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hamilton, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

FRANCIS WEISDORFF, M. D.,
Upper Yellowstone, Opposite HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

G. W. Monroe, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office next door west of Strasburger & Spaulding's main street, Bozeman, M. T. Tender his professional services to the citizens of Bozeman and Gallatin county.

Don L. Byam,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN—Office in Fridley's building, north side Main street. Having located in Bozeman, tender his professional services to the citizens of the town and county.

Dr. James Shaw,
U. S. Army, Fort Ellis, M. T.
For some years a regular Physician and Surgeon at the Philadelphia and for some time a resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and Consulting Physician in other public medical institutions of that city, with a number of years experience as a Surgeon in the volunteer service and regular army of the United States. He has been consulted on long standing and chronic diseases at that Fort. The diseases of women and children a specialty.
December 10th, 1875.

THE BISHOP'S BRIDE.

The Bishop was coming to Ryefield, coming to spend six long summer weeks in our quiet little village, in search of rest. Ryefield people are for the most part, hospitable, and they usually mind their own business, at least half the time; but, then, one doesn't see a real, live bishop every day, and I suppose this was why the young ladies all got together the day before he was expected, to form a league against his peace and happiness. It so chanced that our bishop had never obeyed the scriptural injunction, to "be the husband of one wife." He was thirty-five and a bachelor. He was accounted remarkably fine-looking, and I remember I thought him even handsome, with his tall, firmly-knit figure, his clear, blue eyes, and his heavy, waving curls of chestnut-brown hair. He seemed, from all we could learn of him, to be a man of the "St. John Rivers" order, somewhat cold and stern, but indefatigably devoted to his calling. He had been admitted to the priesthood at twenty-three, and ten years in his after life had been passed in the establishment of Indian missions. The bishop had fallen upon his head-sought, and in his daily life he still walked humbly, as one of Christ's disciples. And yet all his Christian humility could not prevent us from holding a sewing society, and as I have said, conspiring against his peace. We must surely all be acquainted with him—that was resolved on, and a discussion was forthwith held as to ways and means. "I shall be presented to him," said the queenly Ad. Glyngelyre, for I know his sister very well, "and, besides," interrupted dashing Kate Barclay, "you're chief soprano singer, but that won't help us any. I say, girls, what do you think of a picnic? We would ask the bishop's protection, just hinting that we were all lambs of his flock." "Capital! capital!" cried several voices; and saucy May Elynn shook down her golden curls, and tossed her little head. "I give you fair warning, girls," she exclaimed, laughing, "fair warning. I am resolved Bishop Blake shall never leave Ryefield without a wife. If any of the rest of you can do better than I can, you are welcome to try. Sit what do you say, Lily White? you haven't spoken yet." "I say, that I hardly think it's right to talk so about the bishop. He seems to me like St. Paul, or one of the angels. I don't ever expect to get much acquainted with him; I shall be satisfied if I see him once in a while, and look at me with his clear blue eyes. Dear, sweet, innocent Lily! we all cried, and the white Lily bowed her fair head, and stole away. Lily White was an orphan—every one's darling. The whole village loved her, and already, at sixteen months she had been with eight months the guardian spirit of the little country school house. No strong man with a rod of iron could have ruled the little one so skillfully as Lily, with her sceptre of love. I never heard any one call her beautiful, but, looking back, her fair face rising up before me, leaves the impression of surpassing beauty. And yet it was a face you might pass a hundred times in a crowd without looking after it, but once really seen, could never be forgotten. Her eyes were fashioned with a quiet, persuasive grace, that left nothing to desire. Her eyes, a clear, dark gray, deeply enlivened in tint for hazel, were fringed with golden lashes, so long that they fairly cast a shadow on her pearl-like cheek, and her figure was graceful, lithe and almost too slight. Her whole beauty was of the Lily type, and she had been most fully named.

Two days after the above conversation, we were all together upon the green, as was often our custom on summer evenings. We were gathered in groups under the tall old elm trees, and were chatting merrily, when, glancing up, we perceived our beloved gray haired rector, and with him Bishop Blake. They had come upon us unperceived; but the bishop spoke, "Good evening, my dear young ladies," he said in his deep, musical tones; "I must get acquainted with all of you, for I believe you are all lambs of my flock." "I don't know, to this day, whether this latter clause of the sentence was a genuine expression of the good bishop's kindness of heart, or whether he had by some means become informed of our conversation at the sewing society; but I do know there wasn't a girl present whose cheek didn't wear the hue of a penny as she replied to the bishop's salutations. After that we found the bishop not at all formidable and really a delightful companion. Nancy May Evelyn declared that he didn't flirt—he was particularly attentive to everybody, and yet not particularly attentive to anybody. It was such an unusual thing for a bishop to hurry through with his appointments early in the season, just for the sake of renewing his health at a simple country village! No wonder the girls determined he should not leave with out getting married. But time passed on and his resolution didn't seem any more being carried into effect. If our purpose was more in earnestly his companion than to see him, it was May Evelyn; her purpose seemed to be to see him, such as would be the result of a favorite child; and the little man affirmed that she could never convince him that she was not his granddaughter.

The Local Editor.

The following is borrowed, and it is the best we have ever had a local editor lend us: "If a man buys a new buggy, or if his cow can bawl three times without winking, the local is expected to proclaim it with a grand flourish. If he starts a two penny business, his first thought is to bribe the local with a five-cent cigar to write a five-dollar puff. Indeed, he thinks on the mission of the local to make his fortune for him by 'free-blowing.' He will take the local to one side and point out the superior qualities of a rat-terrier dog, and coolly ask him to 'give him a hoist.' He doesn't care anything about it, only Spriggins has a dog which he thinks is a buster, and some of 'em wanted his 'put in' just to 'take the conceit' out of Spriggins." Every body waits to be 'put in.' They are the 'Great I Am,' but no one says, 'Here, local, put yourself inside of his shirt of clothes, or throw yourself outside of this oyster stew, or stuff this wad into your pocket!' Oh, no, of course not; that would cost something. The shoe is on the other foot, you see. The local is supposed to know everything about other people's business, and is expected to show up all the actors in every family roll in town. If the vile tongue of scandal finds a victim, people wonder why he don't run about with his nose-poke and gather up the vituperative bits of scandal for his paper. If he steps into a board-hall he is requested to make a note of the astonishing fact that Bill Tomkins had made a run of eleven points. When the minstrel troupe arrives in town, the agent immediately rushes into the printing office, and calling for the local, he slips three or four tickets into his hand, and whispers, 'Draw us a big horse. Put it in strong!' and patting him pattingly on the shoulder, the agent admits the inferiority of the troupe, but we are not to 'let on.' It is no sin for the local to lie. To please the lecturer, the local is forced to set two mortal hours to be a local in an hour. And so it goes. All are anxious to appear favorably in print, but few are willing to pay for it. The local's time is worth nothing, but to his local he writes puffing for ambitious persons. He never cuts, nor drinks, nor travels, and money is of no use to him. Put it in! Put it in!

A Permanent Home.

To have a home which a man has himself reared or purchased—a home which he has improved or beautified—a home in deed, which, with his pride and natural love, he calls his own—is an additional security for any man's virtue. Such a home he leaves with regret; to it he slowly returns. There he finds innocent and satisfying pleasures. There his wife and little ones are happy and safe; and there all his best affections take root and grow. To such a pair, as time advances, the abode of their early and middle life, whence they have, perhaps, all departed, becomes constantly more dear; for it is now a scene of precious memories—the undisturbed declining years! And say—what lapse of time, what varied experience of prosperity or sorrow, can ever efface the good impression made by such a home on the tender heart of childhood! To the tempted youth, to the wanderer from virtue, to the sad victim of misfortune, such remembrance has often proved a strengthening monitor, or a healing balm. Nor can this kindly influence wholly fail so long as the dear objects of that familiar scene retain a place in memory, connected, as they inseparably are, with thoughts of a father's counsels, a mother's tenderness, a sister's purity, and a brother's love.

True Men Wanted.

The world does not need true men. It needs them everywhere, and never more than to-day. It needs men, in the pulpit, who prefer substance to show. It needs men at the bar, on the bench, and in legislative halls, who can say without bravado, that a revolutionary hero, tempted by British gold, is reported to have said: "I am poor, very poor, but poor as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me." And surely we want honest, capable, and Christian men in every sphere. We want them as physicians. We want them in our business circles. We want them to study the social problems of the time, as laymen can, and mold public sentiment in the right channels in the attempt. It is indeed a great matter that a man discover the post where he can be most useful, but it is by no means less essential that he should be his own master, and that he should be true, faithful, conscientious and true, wherever his lot is cast.

What is four feet high in Texas.

They have thrives in Florida; oranges in California, and pineapples in Mexico. Come south Spring, New York Graphic.

"Woman, don't you want some nice Sunday?" said a little child. "Yes, I would like some." "Then it you buy some for your mother."

Parke and the New Engine.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]
The New Castle people some time ago got a new steam fire engine, the first they ever had, and of course the entire population of the village turned out to witness the trial of the machine. Mr. Bob Parker secured the post of honor as holder of the service-pipe, and he was mightily proud of it. The engine was down at the wharf getting ready to pump water from the river, and Parker stood almost four hundred yards off, at the end of a line of hose, waiting for the stream to come, so that he could squirt it over the court house steeple. There was a great deal of delay while the men were fixing the engine, and Parker impatiently held the muzzle of the pipe toward the steeple, and he discussed the question of a third term for Grant with Rev. Dr. Hopkins. At the most interesting moment of the debate the engine suddenly began to work, and the next instant a two-inch stream struck Parker in the stomach with terrific force, and rolled him over in the gutter. He fell as if the gulf stream had been shot through him from front to back. Then the pipe gave a couple of eccentric jerks, smashed Dr. Hopkins' hat into black silk chaos and emptied a hoghead of water into his open mouth. It concluded the exercises by getting into such a position that it could play a million gallons a minute up the left trouser leg of the prostrate Mr. Parker who seemed to lose all interest in the capacity of that engine. He went home for his Sunday clothes, and he has since intimated to his confidential friends that if Grant should spend the whole of his third term squirting a stream fifty thousand feet high with that diabolical fire-extinguisher he, Parker, would not go round the corner to win-s-n the spectacle.

Eruditing Conect.

Hamility has this consolation: It finds that the greatest minds have had the least conceit. Shakespeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the causes of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child, who playing on the sea shore, had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them pretty but knew of them no more.

A Remarkable Med-Quilt.

The wife of the Rector of Grace Church in Manchester, N. H., has the finest thing in a quilt yet known. Among the pieces of silk of which it is are 300 of white silk, on which are the original autographs of distinguished people. Among them are the names of Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay, Longfellow, Agassiz, Bryant, H. W. Thorne, Lincoln, Sumner, Houston and Kosuth. Characteristic verses and sentiments accompany many of the autographs, but some are more happy in expression than those of P. B. Ball bar, (Mrs. Partington).

Something Worth Knowing.

The Scientific American says that Mons. Eugene Tisserand has recently communicated to the Academy of Science the fact—learned from his observations—that if milk, as soon as possible after being drawn, is placed in a cold atmosphere—say a refrigerator—and an even temperature is maintained for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, it will be found that the refrigeration arrests all process of fermentation, and that the nearer the temperature of the milk is to freezing point, the more rapid will be the collection of cream, the more considerable will be the amount of cream, the amount of butter, and the cheese produced therefrom will be of better quality.

John Drysdale, of New York, in 1868.

John Drysdale, of New York, in 1868, was possessed of property in Missouri and went to look after it, leaving his wife and two children behind. The property sold and the proceeds in his pocket, he took the Mississippi river boat to New Orleans, intending to stay a few days, but having been forced by a gambler, he landed in that city without a cent. He went to work at his trade, printing, but in 1868, although he had made some money, he was ashamed to go home, notwithstanding he had written to let them know he was still alive. He went to Colorado, began mining, made a fortune, and thinking that his family had discarded him, as he had received no answer to his letters, he went on a tour through Europe. On Saturday he returned to New York, found that his wife had thought him dead, married again, lost her second husband, and was living at Bergen, whither he at once went and found her. A grand party was given to the friends of the family to commemorate the happy reunion, and they will shortly remove to New York.

Yellow Meats on a Every Tart.

The popular combination of black and yellow meats on a every tart. Black groundbeef has been made of cream color, and is then, and are trimmed with black and yellow striped groundbeef. Another rich novelty is yellow striped groundbeef, in the plain steamer last year, but in a new way, brown and pale yellow, on the transparent groundbeef.

Handsome is as Handsome Does.

A couple from the country came to the city yesterday morning, procured a license and were married in due form, and left on the afternoon train for home. They attracted the attention of every passenger by their lavish display of affection. The young man kept his arm tight around the bride's waist as if he was afraid she would vanish before he knew it, and she didn't seem to care if he hugged her right along for a half day. She was so terribly homesick that everybody wondered how he could love her, and by and by he seemed to think that an explanation would be in order. He borrowed a chew of tobacco of a man near the door, and remarked: "I'm coming to hug that gal all the way home, though I know she isn't purty." "And that's where you'd fool yourself," continued the young man. "When I'm hugging a hundred acres of clean, nice land, with forty head of stock on it, I can make the homiest girl in the world look like an angel to me.—(Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.)

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Stockings to match all occasions will be used again this season.

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Pacific Coast Items.

NEVADA.
The April shipments from the Northern Bell mine were \$123,000.
The temperature of water flowing in at the bottom of the C. and C. shaft is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, while the water on the 300 foot level of the Imperial mine will boil eggs and potatoes.
Leaving is a locality of magnificent promise. It has been promising something good ever since it was first discovered. Now it is said they have found a tin mine there.
Mary Jane Williams is a widow with a judgment for \$20,000, against the N. Wark Silver-Mining Company of Lincoln, a co-suing for the Company, and she claimed damages as above. The case went to the United States Circuit Court, and the judgment was affirmed.
It will take all the silver product of Montana and Nevada for three years to come to supply the coin for the English and India coin.

Business in Eureka is about to be revived.

Two of the Richmond furnaces started up yesterday.
The remainder of the 'choosing' works of the Hussey mine at Corcoran, arrived at Carson on Friday, and it will be immediately shipped to its destination.
T. V. Jullien has been appointed Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court, for the district of Nevada, to reside in Winnemucca.
The Tennessee Jubilee singers landed in Chicago \$17,000 better off than when they started for their trip on the coast, which was about three months ago.

CALIFORNIA.

Sidney F. Baldwin, son of ex-Supreme Judge Baldwin, and brother-in-law of John B. Fetton, died of consumption on the steamer Orizaba on her trip from San Pedro.
The chief clerk and cashier of the San Francisco mint are both provided for in the Appropriation bill pending in Congress. The attempt to consolidate the two offices failed.
The Grand Jury indicted Maurice Broadbent for the robbery of Paymaster Broadbent of the U. S. A., and for the attempted murder of his clerk.
There were only four hundred arrivals from China Thursday. Really, business is getting slack.
John M. Burnett, Chairman of the Democratic County Convention, has received a dispatch from Representative W. A. Piper, stating that he is a candidate for re-nomination to Congress.
Chinese emigration has been more numerous since the Presidents of the six companies telegraphed to China to stop it there, ever before.

Counterfeit gold coin, made of platinum heavily plated with genuine gold, has been of late circulated in California.

It is exceedingly deceptive, being of the right weight, color and feeling. The platinum is worth half as much as gold, making these counterfeiters costly of production.
UTAH.
Archibald McGowan has purchased S. S. Johnson's interest in the Mail.
Thompson Davis, the escaped convict, was recaptured at Cottonwood.
Col. Douglas has arrived at Beaver to take command of Fort Cameron.
The District Court is in session at Provo, Judge Emerson presiding. The Judge charged the Grand Jury with special reference to polygamy, urging the indictment of all violators of the law of 1862.
The Board of Directors of the Salt Lake City National Bank has resolved that the bank shall forthwith go into liquidation and be closed as a National Bank, and notice is given to depositors to present their claims for payment.
Thompson Davis, sentenced to five years imprisonment for mail stealing, made his escape from the warden in the snow storm on Wednesday. He is five feet seven inches high, about thirty-four years of age, very short, thick hair, black eyes, dark complexion, smooth shaven.
The telegraph tells us Secretary Black's position is to be occupied by Moses M. Barn, of Illinois. The ex-convict now pronounced that he is a middle aged gentleman hailing from Quincy, Ill., that he served his country with distinction as Colonel of the Fifth Illinois regiment, and lost an arm in the battle of Shiloh. He is prominent man in his district, and has been spoken of as a Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of the State at the approaching election.—(Tribune.)
On the morning of "Black Friday," a brother in New York crossed with a million dollars. He heard and obeyed the voice of Horace Greeley, saying, "Go West, young man." He went to Chicago. His life there was one of abject poverty and destitution. He had homeless and almost unknown. His habits did not commend him. A few nights ago he died of cold and starvation, and perhaps intemperance, in an obscure outskirt of Chicago.
All letters delivered in any post office half an hour before the time of the departure of the mail, will be forwarded.

THE AVANT COURIER.

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