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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lammie & Co.'s, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

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

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Opposite HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Church street, Bozeman, M. T., offers his professional services to the citizens of Bozeman and Gallatin county.

Dr. James Shaw,
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For near twenty years a regular Physician and Surgeon of the city of 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. Can be consulted on long standing and chronic diseases at Fort. The diseases of women and children a specialty.
December 10th, 1875.

FREDRICK E. SCHULTZE
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
BOZEMAN - - - MONTANA

Stair Building and Fine Work a specialty. Cabinet work will receive prompt attention.
My work in the past is a guarantee for the present and future, and if you want anything made from a table to the finest musical instrument give me a call. Prices reasonable.
5-17.

Henry Hitchins,
MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,
House, Sign, Carriage

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!
Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.
6-1817

Watches and Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price lists and compare terms before sending.
WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.
Shop opposite the Post Office.

Metropolitan Hotel.

Louis Kruger,
Proprietor,
Main Street, Bozeman, M. T.

Having taken charge of this elegant Hotel, the finest in the Territory, I am prepared to entertain the traveling public and regular boarders with

First-Class Fare
AND
Accommodations.

The building is constructed of brick, is comparatively new and the rooms are furnished throughout with all modern improvements, affording guests

Comfort and Pleasure.

The kitchen and dining room are under the supervision of

EXPERIENCED COOKS AND ATTENTIVE WAITERS.

The tables are supplied with everything the market affords.

CHARGES REASONABLE.
The coaches stop at the Metropolitan.

LOUIS KRUGER.

Poetry.

Song.

Let thy weary eyelids fall—
Weighed with much weeping;
Ever as the sowing is,
So must be the reaping.

Though thy weary eyelids fall,
Thou canst not banish sorrow—
All that makes thee weep to-night
Will make thee weep to-morrow.

Mourful thine eyelids fall,
Loveless faces hiding;
Faces where a light from thee
Hath no sure abiding.

Heavily thine eyelids fall,
Foudest eyes o'er shading—
All in vain they fall, to hide
Flowers of Life fast fading.

Let thy weary eyelids fall!
Thou may'st rest in sleeping,
And forget the earth awhile,
With all thy cause for weeping.

Let thy weary eyelids fall!
Humbly fall, while praying
Unto Heaven for strength to heed
What thy soul is saying.

Saying, "Let thine eyelids fall!
Rest thee from thy sorrow!
Weeping dureth for a night,
Joy cometh with the morrow."

"Wisdom is the fruit of pain—
Thou hast learnt thro' weeping
That what'er the sorrow is,
Still will be the reaping."

The Crow Council.

CONCLUDED.

[Special Report to the Courier.]

Gen. Brislin—Miles had sent out for those Chiefs to come in and talk. He had promised they should come and go in safety and your young men made him lie, for they killed them. A white soldier does not lie, even to a Sioux. It was bad business and vexed the General. Your young men should not have run away and they would not have been hurt for what they did. After all, the killing of five Sioux Chiefs wasn't a bad job for one day (cries of Ugh! Ugh!)

Iron Bull—The Tongue River affair made us ashamed, and we hung our heads.

Gen. Brislin—Well, it all over now, and I wish you would send the scouts.

Gen. Miles has asked for your tribe.

Iron Bull—Very well—how many do you want to go with you.

Gen. Brislin—None now; but I want to make an arrangement by which, when I am ready to strike the Sioux, you will come and help me. I am going down to Tongue River and from there after the Sioux, and I want your co-operation at the right time. I will send you word when we are ready to strike, and I want you to strike with me.

Iron Bull—I am very old, but old as I am, if you send for me I will come and all these old Chiefs with me.

Blackfoot—Look at me, I am big and heavy, but I will ride like the wind to meet you when you send for me.

Horse Guard—I am over seventy, but I will go, and every River Crow warrior at my side.

Red Sides—(A very old and infirm Chief) I want to shake hands, and say I can still ride to fight the Sioux, and will go if I die on the road.

The Chiefs here called for Bear Wolf, the War Chief, who came forward and said: "What my head Chief, Iron Bull, has said is my law. I cannot talk, but can fight. When the Chiefs go I will be with them, and all the young warriors in the Crow Nation will go.

Gen. Brislin—I will send you a messenger if I can find the Sioux, and then all of you ride hard and be in time to take your full part in the battle.

Iron Bull—I have three parties of young men out now-looking for the Sioux camp. Perhaps I shall find it before you do, and if so I will send you word where it is. It is not far from the mouth of Little Horn and will be along the foot of the mountains all summer. Here is my young man Bravo—I want him to go with you to Tongue River and keep close to you, and when you are ready tell him, "now is the time for Iron Bull to come." Bravo will know where to find the Crows, and will deliver your message safely; and when he does I will jump on my horse and ride hard with all my warriors until I come where you are and we will destroy the Sioux.

The campaign against the Sioux being settled, there was a general hand shaking and a smoke, after which the Chiefs said they would like to speak of their private affairs.

Good Heart—There are some bad men on the river who sell our young men whiskey and make them drunk. We want them driven away.

Gen. Brislin—The whiskey has all been seized by the ground. Gen. Gibson and poured on the ground. You old Chiefs must urge your young men not to drink whiskey.

Iron Bull—That makes my old heart glad. What you say is my mind—I do all I can to prevent the Crows getting it. Why did the Great Father stop the sale of ammunition to the Crows?

Gen. Brislin—It was a law of Congress and a general order—all other Indians were treated precisely as the Crows were. Still, I am of the opinion that the Great Father did not know what good Indians

Industrial Notes.

A Fort Dodge firm are engaged in the manufacture of potato oil.

There is considerable excitement in Rushford, Minnesota, and neighborhood, over the reported discovery of silver near that place. Several specimens have been sent to Philadelphia for assay.

It is said that a Dane connected with the observatory at Copenhagen has discovered a mode of sending any number of telegraphic messages over the same wire, by the simple method of pricking each message in a different key, with the aid of tuning-forks.

Dr. Potter, of Griffin, Ga., has invented an electric motor which is intended to supersede the use of steam power. His invention is to decompose water by electricity into a vapor more powerful than steam. By the same motor he proposes to generate a burning gas, better than the gas of the companies.

An American firm is sending to England flour packed in paper cases. They are less than half the price of wooden casks, and much lighter, and very durable. The process has been patented by its inventor, a German residing in Allentown, Pennsylvania, who also claims to be able to employ them for the storage and shipment of fluids.

Sour-milk jewelry is the freshest Boston fancy. The milk comes from dairies in the cheese-making counties of New York, and in the form of curd looks like popped corn. Coloring matter is introduced; and the butter, after being subjected at a high temperature to enormous pressure is transformed into American coral and jet.

Milk, dried in casks thoroughly, and then ground to a fine powder and mingled in suitable proportions with farinaous substances, such as oatmeal, is among the latest of European preparations for use on long voyages. The powdered milk is said to keep, if properly protected from moist air, almost indefinitely. Various dishes in which it forms an ingredient are spoken of as very palatable.

There is no end to the attainments of science. The last thing out is female underclothes all in one piece, consisting of shirt and drawers. A La Crosse editor informs us that these double garments are not handsome to look at on a person. They are, however, very handy and comfortable, and a great saving. The saving is shirt tail alone, that has heretofore been of no earthly use, except to tickle in, is enormous. In these hard times every inch that is saved even on the humblest shirt tail, helps to pay off the National debt.

The bridge between Brooklyn and New York will be 6000 feet long, the central span being 1595 feet long, and 135 feet in height. It will be 85 feet wide, including a promenade 13 feet wide, two railroad tracks, and four wagon or street car tracks. The approach on the Brooklyn side, from the terminus to the anchorage, will be 836 feet, and on the New York side, 1393 feet. It is expected the bridge will be completed the present year, and that it will cost about \$10,000,000.

Prof. Phily E. Chase lately delivered the second lecture of his course on "Lessons of the Centennial," at the Franklin Institute. Beginning with a historical account of iron industries, he referred to Tubal Cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," about 3700, B. C.; chariots of iron, and the giant Og's sword, about 1450, B. C.; axes and files of iron, 1030 B. C.; iron works in Britain, A. D. 120; iron pillars in India over 1500 years old; the importations of iron and steel from China and Persia in the times of the Roman Emperors; the common use of steel armor by the soldiers of William the Conqueror; the medieval iron works of Quentin Matsy and various unknown smiths, and the revival in England about the time of the first International Exhibition of the ornamental treatment of wrought-iron, which had nearly become one of the "lost arts."

Literary People at Work.

Mr. Trollope asserts that he does all his writing before breakfast. Mr. Tom Taylor said at a literary-fund dinner, at which Mr. Motley was present, that all his literary work had been done before official hours in the morning. H. J. Byron says he only writes two hours a day, but he takes credit for thinking a good deal. Mr. Hepworth Dixon literally writes from morning till night. George Eliot is at her desk six or seven hours a day. Mrs. Henry Wood writes every day until dinner time. Miss Braddon has been in the habit of writing from ten to sixteen hours every day, and only a couple of years ago her labor was so incessant that it turned her brain, and she had to lay down her pen for many months in the middle of a novel, which was finished by a friend.

The Great Eastern.

The steamer Great Eastern is in the docks at Milford, England, undergoing repairs. She is having two iron masts placed in her instead of wooden ones. The offers for the use of the vessel are principally for bringing cattle from America, for which she is well-adapted. If £50,000 can be raised to fit her with modern engines and boilers, she would be able, in the opinion of the directors, to carry goods across the Atlantic at a lower price than any vessel afloat. At the annual meeting of the company owning the vessel the accounts showed a balance of \$40,000, but it was not thought advisable to declare a dividend until the steamer was chartered.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 28, 1877.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." The truth of this was never more fully shown than yesterday by the crowd of office-seekers who thronged the White House, in spite of the rain and wind and altogether uncomfortable weather. Their perseverance was not entirely without reward for—either because his other business was not pressing or by their much knocking they had wearied his Excellency—those persistent persons were admitted, one by one, and given an opportunity to tell their grievances, claims and aspirations. It is the first time they have gained such audience since the inauguration of President Hayes, and although he listened attentively to all they had to say, he gave them no assurances "save that their claims should receive due consideration. An amusing episode occurred during the afternoon, which is worth relating as going to show that even persons in high places can remember and will reward service rendered.

Among those seeking the presence of the President was Billy Crump, the body servant of General Hayes in the army. Billy had been most faithful in his service, and his master was really attached to him and was invariably kind. Now, Billy has grown poor in these hard times (like the most of us common folk) and of late has been out of employment, and apparently on the direct road to the poor-house, but in a fortunate moment, remembering his former employer and his kindness, by dint of much pinching and economy, he saved enough to take him to Washington, and yesterday, full of hope and expectancy, he presented himself at the Executive Mansion. He received a repulse at the outset from "Arthur" (a sleek, colored attendant who has been for many years in service at the White House) who rudely refused to admit him. Billy was dejected and retired to a corner, hoping that the President or some of his family might pass. His hope was speedily realized by the advent of Mr. Webb Hayes, who immediately recognized him, seized his hand joyfully, and himself led Billy to his father, much to the astonishment and chagrin of "Arthur." The President received him heartily, and in all probability the old servant will have no further fears of a home in the Work House.

Not many nights since, at the solemn midnight hour, the Night Guard at the White House were startled by loud sounds and commotion proceeding from the front portico. Visions of the "hundred thousand" arose in their minds, but, after stealthily reconnoitering outside the house, they were surprised and reassured by seeing but a single form stamping to and fro across the portico and declaiming, in stentorian tones, the virtues and bravery of the new President. He was found to be a crazy Norwegian from Ohio.

Dr. Mary Walker's forcible expulsion from the Treasury building the other day, on account of not being dressed like other women, shows the necessity of more of the same independence that she manifested in dressing as she does. It cannot be said that her dress is immodest, it is only peculiar; but one can say, seriously, that it is not more comfortable and sensible, nor is less graceful, even than the fashionable costumes of a citizen belle of to-day. Every American citizen has an undoubted right to dress as he or she please, so long as modesty and decency are respected; and Mary, at least, is determined to exercise her God-given liberty if she does have to fight for it.

A veritable giant and a half dozen pigmies are amusing our public, especially the children, this week, by singing the famous story of Jack the Giant Killer. Darius' Lithian Opera Company is said to comprise the largest and smallest persons in the world. Col. Goshen, the giant, weighs 600 pounds and is seven and a half feet tall, and Col. Moore, the pigmy, weighs 32 pounds. The smallest in the company, and in the world, as is alleged, is Jennie Quibley, twenty-eight inches tall and weighing thirty pounds. She is twenty-four years old. Their acting is good and their dancing is delightful, but their voices are anything but melodious—they are entirely too thin (not in a slang sense either). It is as good as a baby show to go to this Opera, for hundreds of babies crowd to see the little people, and there is as much entertainment in watching their acting as that upon the stage.

We are having real April showers for the past day or two. Spring is surely upon us. The beautiful Trailing Arbutus has appeared in the markets, and we may consider our winter as passed.

M. M. W.

Raymond Matching Coins.

Colonel Mulberry Sellers Raymond is said to have a special weakness for matching coins, and has been known to relieve himself of a couple of hundred dollars in an afternoon this way. A story is told that recently in San Francisco he met Maurice Grau, and challenged him to a matching bout. Grau accepted and play was begun with \$10 pieces. Grau kept winning, the stakes were increased to hundreds, and in less than half an hour Raymond had lost \$38,000, on honor, as neither had any such amount of money about them. Raymond was excited and nervous and proposed matching the whole \$32,000 on one cast. Grau consented, and put down head. Raymond matched him, and won.

Other People.

The wealthy Senator from West Virginia, Mr. Davis, was once, it is said, a minor official on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Mr. Ruskin says that having reached 53 years, he cannot look with the old enjoyment at the setting sun. It seems to sink down so fast.

In a Cambridge, Mass., evening-school is a man fifty-seven years old learning to read, and one forty years old studying primary arithmetic.

A venerable lady in Stillwater produces a quilt containing 16,683 pieces. Her name is Mrs. Handy, and she has survived three-quarters of a century.

The San Francisco millionaires are building royal residences. Mark Hoppkins will cost \$3,000,000; Charles Crocker's, \$2,300,000; Leland Stanford has expended \$2,000,000 on his new home.

Dr. Schliemann, the now celebrated explorer, is said to have opened a bank in Sacramento in 1851, buying gold dust from the miners, and leaving there in 1855 with \$100,000. Several years afterward he again visited the State to stand at the grave of a younger brother, who died in Sacramento. He is a naturalized citizen of the United States.

The Empress of Germany and Princess Bismarck are homely. The first is not unfrequently seen driving out in a calico dress; the second, fresh and comely, though past sixty-two, superintends her farm work, while her bedrooms are filled with knitted quilts and other articles, evidence of her skill and industry.

Judge Davis, with velocity, and much specific gravity, plunged down his corporosity in a Senate chair conceivably; but when he was fairly "stalled," he heaved some doleful sighs, for a standing vote was called. And the poor man couldn't rise.

It is calculated by the New York Times that there are in what is known to the public as the civil service about 53,000 officers. Of these, 3000 are filled by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The remaining 50,000 fall to the heads of departments.

Gossip says that Miss Fannie Hayes, the daughter of President Hayes, who will occupy such a prominent place in Washington society for the next four years, is a very pretty brunette, of medium height, and a very fine figure, and is about nineteen years of age. She is very bright and intelligent, a good conversationalist, and will make a decided sensation in society.

Church Matters.

Quite a number of churches in New York city, which have always supported choir, have lately discharged them for economy's sake, and returned to congregational singing.

The Rev. Mr. Stebbins, having been dismissed at a public meeting in San Francisco, turned upon the assailants with "I heard a hiss. Did ever a word of truth drop into the vortex of hell with out sending up a hiss?"

The Methodist Episcopal Discipline now provides for the organization of a lay league in each church, the object of the lay league being the intellectual improvement of the members and the advancement of education.

The Reformed Episcopal Church now numbers sixty clergymen and fifty parishes, with about 4000 communicants. The Bishops, Drs. Cheney and Fellows, of Chicago; Nicholson, of Philadelphia; and Cridge, of British America.

"The way it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see something and you give half a dollar for a chance to win it, another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back."

Recently the two sons of the Rev. Chas. H. Souzeau delivered addresses at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. One of them is thought to inherit his father's humor and eloquence. They are both, however, training for business.

The pilgrimages to Rome to celebrate the Papal Jubilee, it is said, will be very numerous. As many as 20,000 are expected to be in that city in June. The Swiss pilgrims will be under the supervision of a national committee. A French company will leave Lyons May 15. There will be a pilgrimage from Brazil, and one from Canada; none has as yet been definitely announced from the United States.

The Jesuits, according to a work annually published by them at Vienna, number 9546, or 150 more than 12 months ago, and 4694 more than in 1847. France has 3001—an increase of 82; Germany, Austria, Belgium and Holland have 2335; Italy, 1466; England, 1165; Spain, 1332; North America, 727; and South America, 384.

A new Methodist Episcopal church, large enough to seat 1500 persons, has been dedicated in Calcutta, at a cost of about \$40,000. Of this amount all has been raised except about \$6000, and of contributions all but \$750 were collected in Calcutta. This church was first organized by the evangelist, William Taylor, in 1873, with a membership of fourteen persons.

A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to

Humor.

Celexy is good for the nerves, but salary is better.

The warmest kind of hat—One that's got stove in.

For what purpose was Eve made? For Adam's Express company.

A man can't travel into a woman's affections by getting on her train.

A peacock's feathers may not point a moral, but they certainly adorn it.

To divide 15 by 8—insert the 8 between the other two figures. The result is 185.

To keep months out of old clothing, it is recommended to give the clothing to the poor.

Melancholy suicide—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his hat.

Why is a law book like a ram leaping over a fence? Because they're both bound in sheep.

They have a "spirit drum" in New York. It is probably operated by the ghosts of dead beats.

The hospitality of the Indians is proverbial. They always take hair out of you, if you give them a chance.

Apocryph of the Southern question, Hayes is expected, in twelve days, to straighten a knot that has been tangling itself for twelve years.

There is a time for all things. The time for an ink bottle to tip over on your writing paper is just when you have finished the letter.

Seth Green says that a No. 1 mackerel is a better temperance lecturer than John B. Gough ever was. At least, it will make a person drink more water.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

"When a great man dies," says Quilp, "the first thing done is to resolve to build a monument to his memory, and the second is, not to build it."

Baldheaded men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobblestone pavement.

A great drinker being at table, they offered him grapes at dessert. "Thank you," said he, pushing back the plate, "I don't take my wine in pills!"

A lawyer says that no man can make a will which will stand an attack from another lawyer and two or three dissatisfied heirs. Let's all die bankrupt.

In the economy of nature nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the outside of the same fruit may serve to break another man's leg.

Mr. Lincoln told his oldest boy, Bob, to let the youngest, "Tad," have his pocket-knife, to keep him quiet. "But I want it to keep me quiet," was the reply of the oldest.

A great many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We should like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her first baby.

It is remarked as a little singular by a student of Biblical paintings that all the patriarchs are represented as being bald. It should be remembered, however, that most of them married young.

A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over and she had sat awhile, she went to her mother and inquired, "Don't you think it would do papa good to go out doors?"

Standing Rock Agency.

The rock which gives to Standing Rock Agency its name, is a very small affair, and is said to be not more than two feet in diameter at the ground, and does not exceed two feet in height. There is a pretty Indian tradition connected with it, which is as follows:

Many years ago this country was occupied by the Arickaree Indians. One of these had a squaw who was very devoted to him; which fact did not prevent him taking another squaw to his lodge, according to Indian custom. The first squaw could not reconcile herself to this division of her lord and master's love between two women, and so she abandoned the lodge and went out on the prairie with her infant child, where she sat down and wept, and grieved, and starved. She died there, and the infant with her, and both were petrified into stone, which is Standing Rock. Offerings are made to this rock—every day. The top of the rock is always painted, and around its base are beads, cloth, arrows, and other articles used by Indians.