

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

Vol. 6. No. 47.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1877.

Whole No., 307.

Avant Courier.

W. W. Alderson, Matt. W. Alderson,
Publishers.
ALDERSON & SON, Publishers.

Terms of Subscription.
For a year, \$5.00
For six months, \$3.00
For three months, \$1.50
For one month, 50 cents per month, payable in advance.

Advertisements.
First insertion, 10 cents per line for first week.
Second week, 7 cents per line.
Third week, 5 cents per line.
Fourth week, 4 cents per line.
Longer advertisements payable quarterly in advance.

THIS PAPER
is on file at the office of
L. T. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent
Chicago and Northwestern Railway,
Chicago, Ill., with all the agents of
the line in Montana and
is published at their call.

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Poetry.

Poet's Figures.

A THEORY.

O Night, thou art not kind! Scant rest thou dost
Thou giv'st to those who crave Lethargic draughts
of thee.

And vain desire remains still the deed
Of those who in thy arms would 'en as dead
lie;

And yet, because we seek thy spell not utterly
in vain,
O Night, thou art not kind! Scant rest thou dost

O Day, thou art not kind! Thou bringest care,
And weary hopeless toil, and pleasure wearier
still;

Thou pointest out the dead we may not dare,
The ends which none may reach, the memories
none may kill;

And yet, because we fear to tread the dark and
lonely way,
O Day, thou art not kind! Thou bringest care,

O Time, thou art not kind! Thou bringest old,
Remorse for vanished years, and all that might have
been;

As in thy glass illusions are dispell'd,
The hollow faith of hope, and all the sandless
sea;

And yet, because we scarcely feel the ruin, thou
hast wrought,
A further step of thee, O Time, by foolish men
is sought.

O Love, thou art not sweet, or glad, or kind!
Thou hast Night with wistful dreams; thy
tender gaze
Makes Day mournful, while with longings
blind,

We see Time's ruthless touch conceal'd and
mar
the face;
And yet, because we yearn to know the discipline
of pain,
From Day and Night and Time we strive a little
Love to gain.

Our Selected Story.

The Story of a Ticket Agent.

"WESTERN train's gone, ma'am," said
Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting-
room of the little depot.

"The train was to take?" I said, gasping.

"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be
helped. 'Measies will give out sometimes,
you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the next Western train due?"
I asked.

"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours
to wait. Be dreadful, mesias, ma'am. There's
a nice family that lives in t'other part
of the house—pose I tote you in a
bite of something to eat, and she'll be
proud to let you rest on her spare bed."

Fine woman, Mrs. Holly—I know her very
well. Won't you go in and see her?"

"I thank you, sir. I dare say I'll be
quite comfortable here."

"Well, jess as you please. But now I
must be going. Hope you'll git to your
journey's end safe. Good-by."

And Farmer Brown left the room,
mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared
down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived in
a country settlement, some five or six miles
from the solitary building dignified by the
name of depot, and when the time came
for me to return home, she placed me in
the care of a neighboring farmer who was
going to a distant village, and would pass
the station.

During our ride we met with an accident.
Part of the harness gave way, and we
were detained such a length of time that,
as the reader knows, I was too late for
the train.

After Farmer Brown left me, I amused
myself by reading a newspaper, which
some one had left lying on the seat.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, and
entering, I found myself in one of the
prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

"The most delicate tint of buff was on the
walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin
curtains, festooned with tye, hung at
the windows, and here and there were
books, brackets, pictures and flowers, and
all the dainty belongings that make a room
look so 'homey' and pleasant.

And most charming of all, there lay in a
white-draped cradle a golden baby, fast
asleep, with rings of golden hair, falling
over his white brow, and a great, red,
velvety rose clasped in his tiny, dimpled
hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two
or three years—a little mite of a woman,
with a bright, dark face, vividly colored,
big blue eyes, and wondrous dark hair,
wound in heavy braids about her stately
head.

"Excuse me, but may I trouble you for
a glass of water?"

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be
seated. Excuse me," and she left the
room.

Presently she returned, bearing a saucer
covered with a snow white napkin, and
containing a glass of water, a glass of
cream milk, a saucer of luscious red straw-
berries and a plate of sponge cake, light as
yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if I
take too great a liberty; but, you see,
Farmer Brown told me of your being com-
pelled to wait so long, and I thought you
might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind of you!" I exclaim-
ed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to me. If
you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like
to bathe your face. If so, just step in
here."

And she led the way into a little white
bedroom—the very heart of cleanliness and
purity.

In a little while I was a different being
from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who
had sat in the hot waiting-room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem
of a woman, and, after the manner of our
sex, we soon became well acquainted as
if we had known each other for years.

And while I was lying languidly upon her
comfortable sofa, and she, seated in a low
rocking-chair, stitching away at her baby's
dress, she told me the one romance of her
life, as follows:

"I have lived in this little depot all my
days. My father was agent here, and he
served the company so long and so well,
that, when he died, they kindly allowed
me to remain in his place, with the same
wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen,
and father had long before taught me the
telegraphic and all the other work. About a
year after father's death, I became ac-
quainted with Jack—Jack Holly—my hus-
band," and Mrs. Holly looked up and
smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on
the road (and is now, too), and everybody
considered him an honest, likely young
fellow. He thought the world of me, and
we became engaged. But you know how
girls are! The weakest of them can make
a strong man tremble.

"A week, white girl held all his heart-
strings in her small, white hand," I said to
myself.

"Yes; and I dare say I often pulled
Jack's heart-strings rather hard; but he
was gentle and patient when I flirted with
the country lads, and when I was wild and
wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one
day there came along a city chap, who en-
gaged board for the summer at a farm-
house in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Deverges, as he was
called, was handsome, well-dressed, and
had that polished, indescribable air that is
so fascinating to most silly girls. Jack
was kind and well-mannered, but he didn't
have a bit of 'style' about him, and 'style'
was what I doted on in those days; so I
snubbed Jack, and snubbed on Mr. Deverges
when he offered his attentions. I flirted
most dreadfully with him, till even gener-
ous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave
and sad he came into the ticket-office.
The last passenger had gone, and the train
was moving out. Jack's train had stopped
to take freight.

"Well, how long is this thing going to
last?" said Jack.

"What thing? I snapped out.

"Why, this affair with Deverges. I see
it is going beyond a mere flirtation."

"Pray, what of it?"

"Only that I do not wish my future
wife's name joined with that of a—"

"Jack pause, she added earnestly: 'Well,
I was just against this fellow. Who
knows what he is?'

"Mr. Deverges is a perfect gentleman,
and that is more than one say of some
others," I said hotly; and then some de-
mon prompted me to add: 'And, Mr. Hol-
ly, in regard to your future wife, I believe
I do not aspire to that honor—and—and
here is your ring.' I drew off the little
golden band and handed it to him.

"Well, do you mean this?" he said, with
white lips.

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping
and critiquing. The affair may end now,
and forever."

"So be it, then. Good-by," said Jack,
and without another word he left the
room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half
that I said, and every minute expected that
Jack would kiss me, and we'd 'make up.'
But now he had gone 'forever.' A mist
came over my eyes as I watched his last
disappearing train, and I would have in-
dulged in a good cry; but just then the
special came puffing up, and the president
of the road came in. He was a kind old
gentleman, whom I had known since I was
a wee girl.

"Good-day, Miss Nellie. Everything
prosperous, I hope. Will you do a favor for
me?"

"Certainly, sir, if I can."

"Well, you see, when we were coming
down I met a gentleman who owed me
some money. Paid me six hundred dol-
lars, and now I don't know what to do
with it, as we are going up into the woods
to see about laying off a new railroad. We
shall be gone two days. Don't want
to take the money with me—will you take
charge of it while I'm gone?"

"If you'll trust me."

"Bless my soul! yes, of course. Here's
the money. Must hurry away. Good-
morning."

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted
away before Mr. Deverges came sauntering
in."

"Got quite a little sum there, haven't
you, Miss Nellie?" eyeing the bills in my
hand.

"Yes," I replied, laughing. "Mr. Sayre
has made me his banker. Look! Six
hundred dollars! How rich I should be
if it were mine."

"You deserve to have much more, and
doubtless that pretty face will win it."

"Somehow his bold complement failed
to please, and so it was with coldness that
I said, 'Take a chair, Mr. Deverges?'

"No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have
an appointment. But, will you allow me
to call on you this evening?"

"Well, I scarcely think I shall be at
home. You know mother and sister Lulu
are away, and a little while ago I got
word from grandma, saying that perhaps
I had better come and stay all night with
her."

"It was true that I had received such
word from grandma, but I had no thought
of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack
would come and make up, and of course I
didn't care to have Mr. Deverges call at
the same time.

"What will you do with your money,
Miss Nellie?" carelessly inquired Mr. Dever-
ges.

"Oh, I shall put it right here in this
drawer. No one knows about it, and it
will be perfectly safe."

"Dare say. Good-morning," and, with
a courtly bow, my admirer left.

All during the day I busied myself about
my duties, and when night came, I put on

Man's Better-Half.

—A woman loses one-tenth of her life in
looking for her husband.

—San Francisco is to have a woman's
hotel with a bar in every room—mosquito
bar.

—Maggie Mitchell is going to throw her
whole sole into "Little Barefoot" this
winter.

—It wasn't a Nebraska woman who
sprinkled her butter with pertumery to
give it tone.

—Nobody watches the growing crops
with half the intensity of the woman in
the chicken business.

"I don't mind your fanning me," said
she, "but please don't blow all my frizes
out."—He blew gently.

—An Irish lover remarks: "It's a very
great pleasure to be alone, especially when
your sweetheart is wid ye."

—Mr. Hayes, of Allen county, Ohio,
gave birth to 24 pounds of boys and girls
a few days since. There were two of each
sex.

—A woman's skeleton sells for more
than a man's in Philadelphia; but it's a
week's extra work to wire the jaws, you
know.

—Three good-looking young ladies, the
other day, stood beside a grocer's sign
which read thusly: "Don't squeeze these
peaches."

"—Have I not a right to be saucy if I
please?" asked a young lady of an old
bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if
you displease."

—The married ladies of a Western city
have formed a "come-home-husband club."
It is about four feet long and has a brush
on the end of it.

—A war mep fell into the hands of a
Foskoe Falls belle. She thought it was
a doll, and tried to cut a chemise by it.
She was horrified at the fit.

—She who does not make her family
comfortable will herself never be happy at
home; and she who is not happy at home
will never be happy anywhere.

—Gail Hamilton once taught school at
Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. A man 82
years old tells this story, and shows rings
in proof of it, which he carries to this
day.

—A young lady in Jacksonville, Fla.,
has reluctantly come to the conclusion
that as she has not yet kindled a flame
in any man's heart she is not a good
match.

—A fair set-side bath deposited her
wallet in a sand-bank, but when she came
out, the spot could not be found, and so
her money was lost. Somehow, no bank
can be relied on.

—This lady and her daughter, as every-
body knows, spare no effort to repair the
ravages of time in their faces, and are not
always successful. "I saw Miss E." says
a friend; "how old and worn she looks."
"Yes, poor woman. She is beginning to
look as old as her daughter."

—When a Cossack young woman falls
in love with a man, she goes to his house
and pops the question to him. If he re-
fuses, her relations come and set at him
and threaten him, and they all nag to-
gether, until at last the unhappy youth must
either marry the girl or run away.

—The mother-in-law finds a defender in
the San Francisco Mail, which says: "If
old Adam had had a mother-in-law to look
after him and his wife, it is more than
probable that to this very day we might
have been able to eaper about in the light,
dry costume of our first parents.

—Danbury News: "Prof. Bell, the in-
ventor of the telephone, finds that pen-
etrating and diffusive as the instrument is,
it does not answer all the cravings of his
nature, and he is going to be married.
With a telephone and a wife a man ought
to be able to hear all that is going on.

—If a man gets a bull on his nose, his
wife calls it a rum blossom, and deals out
her sympathy by the two cents' worth;
yet if she but notices a premonitory sym-
ptom of a pimple on her nose, she hysteri-
cally declares it a cancer, sends for two
doctors, and covers her face with a plaster
as big as a soap suds.

—Young ladies only knew how 'is-
gusting to an slovenliness in, and how
attractive are displays of neatness and taste;
they would array themselves in the sim-
plicity and cleanliness of the lilies of the
field; or if able to indulge in costly attire,
they would study the harmonious blend-
ing of colors which nature exhibits in all
her works. A girl of good taste and hab-
its of neatness can make a more fascinat-
ing toilet with a shilling calico dress, a
few cheap ribbons and laces, and such or-
naments as she can gather from the gar-
den, than a vulgar, tawdry creature, who
is worth thousands and has the jewelry
and wardrobe of a princess.

—The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee relates the
following: "Some days ago, as the Freeport
ferry was taking a load of passengers
across the river, and when about half way
over, the rope which is attached to the
bank, and by means of which the boat is
towed, broke. Consternation reigned
among the passengers; none of the men
could swim, the boat was drifting down;
there was nothing to be done, and it was
thought that the boat and its occupants
would be paddled or its movements direct-
ed. For a few seconds silence and inactiv-
ity reigned; then a strong and healthy-
looking Canadian woman, seeing that the
men could do nothing, proceeded calmly
to take off her shoes and stockings. Mod-
estly forbade the removal of more, more,
and, arrayed as weightily as Horatius
Cocles was when the bridge fell and he
jumped into the yellow Tiber with his
barren on his back, she caught a rope in
her teeth, plunged into the muddy current,
and swam for the shore. There were no
exultant Romans on the bank to greet her
with loud plaudits but the suddenly cheer-
ful faces of the 'lords of creation' off the
boat were beaming upon her with eyes of
admiration. She reached the bank, tied
the rope to a strong tree, and the men
hauled the boat ashore."

Educational--Religious

—Boston has 461 public schools, attend-
ed by 46,718 pupils, and taught by 3,088
teachers.

—Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hits
the nail on the head with the remark that
"people usually do more harm with their
tongues than with their toes."

—The first sermon preached to white
men in Ohio was on the banks of the
Muskingum, on the 20th of July, 1788, by
the Rev. Wm. Breck, a New England
man and a member of the Ohio Compa-
ny.

—Government began in tyranny, and
force began in the feudalism of the soldier,
and the bigot of the priest; and the idea
of justice and humanity have been fighting
their way like a thunder-storm, against the
organized selfishness of human nature.

—If we traverse the world it is possible
to find cities without walls, without letters,
without kings, without wealth, without
cities, without schools and theatres—but a
city without a temple, or that practice not
worship, prayer and the like, no one ever
saw.

—An English Methodist preacher
recently caused a sensation by pausing after
he had announced his text and then saying
that he had thought of it all the week without
finding any interpretation, and that his last
resort, the inspiration of the pulpit, having
also failed him, he could not preach.

—His REVERENCE (time, Sunday morn-
ing)—"Tim, you don't mean to say your
master is going to work the poor baste to-
day?" TIM—"Oh, no, yer reverence!"
Yer see, he's been hard to work all the
week, so the master thought he'd take him
out to-day for a bit of a holiday!"

—An Iowa clergyman and his wife quar-
reled and parted. Somebody advised
them to read "Betsy and I are Out." They
did so, and at once became reconciled to
each other. Hereafter Carleton may ap-
pear in his poem, after the manner of the
patent medicine makers, the following
"certificate" from a clergyman: "My
Dear Sir: I can never be sufficiently grate-
ful to you for your kindly advice in re-
lation to my domestic afflictions. I acted
upon your suggestion, and it had the de-
sired effect. We are reunited, never again,
I trust, to part until the angel of death
shall visit one of us."

A Sharp Rebuke.

A clergyman was annoyed by people
talking and giggling. He paused, looked
at the disturbers, and said: "I am always
afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for
this reason: Some years since, as I was
preaching, a young man who sat before
me was constantly laughing, talking and
making tin-tyou grins." I paused and
administered a severe rebuke. After the
close of the service a gentleman said to
me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake;
that young man was an idiot.' Since then
I have always been afraid to reprove those
who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest
I should repeat that mistake and reprove
another idiot." During the rest of the
service there was good order.

Stability.

If we were asked on what rests success
in business we would answer, on stability
of character and purpose; and we would
add, on the successful business man's
character, who is the successful business
farmer? He who gets a farm and makes
up his mind to live and die on that spot.
Who ever knew a farmer to make anything
who was restless and ever ready to listen
to tales of a better land away off—who al-
ways keeps a shingle on his gate-post la-
beled, "This farm for sale." If any one
wants to hear tales of "bad luck" let him
go there. The demon of bad luck is sure
to take his abode with the restless and un-
stable minded, whether farmers, mechanics
or merchants.

The history of success in any business
pursuit, as well as in any great under-
taking, is simply an account of great stability
of purpose, perseverance and conquest
over difficulties. There is nothing in life
that is so formidable that we cannot over-
come it if we but pursue a steady and de-
termined course. How many men begin
business under favorable auspices, who,
as soon as the first cloud obscures the way,
become disheartened and ready to give up,
thinking that a change to some other lo-
cality will be advantageous. Such men
never gain what they seek—a pleasure in
the temple of fortune. It is the power
of stem in that little chest, constantly re-
newed, that takes the immense loaded train
up that steep grade against the steady
force of gravitation. Stability, perseve-
rance, determination, will bring us to the
summit of our hopes—nothing else on
earth will.

It is a very common thing for a farmer
to get dissatisfied with his business and
want to change it for some other—some-
thing that is easier and more lucrative he
thinks; but he will surely make a mis-
take