

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 7. No. 18.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1878.

Whole No., 330

## The Avant Courier.

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

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W. G. Johnson, W. M.; R. A. D. McPherson, Secy.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. P. VIVION, ISA H. PIERCE.

### Vivion & Pierce,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Bozeman, Montana.

Will practice in all the courts of Montana. Particular attention paid to collections.

### T. R. Edwards,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to  
Crown office, Bozeman, Montana. Will  
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### FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office at S. W. Langhorne's Drug  
Store daily from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

### JOHN CRAIG,

(Sole of the BIG BOOT.)  
East Main Street, Bozeman

### BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE TO ORDER AND SEWED REPAIRED.

### W. H. BAILEY,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Makes a specialty of repairing Watches  
and manufacturing Jewelry from  
Native Gold and Silver.

### Watches and Jewelry Repaired

AT RATES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

### Geo. A. Baker,

Commission  
AND  
Brokerage,

219, Olive St.,  
SALT LOUIS, MO.

Cash bought and sold on commission, ad-  
vances also made. With a large acquaintance  
with dealers and manufacturers, credit will be  
interest of Montana merchants in filling their  
orders. [3-21-78]

### Henry Hitchins,

MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,

### House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—

### ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

Prepared to execute all work in his line in  
the highest style of the art, and will guarantee  
satisfaction in every instance. [3-21-78]

### Watches & Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON

Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will buy  
and sell American Watches at 10 to 15 per cent  
lower than they can be purchased of East-  
ern jewelers. Travellers, it is invaluable to carry  
with you. I have a large stock of watches  
and jewelry for sale. I will repair any watch  
and guarantee my work. I also repair  
gold and silver. [3-21-78]

### WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

### COPY YOUR LETTERS

Excelsior Copying Book.  
MADE OF CHINA PAPER.

Quickly copies any writing WITH THE SHARP  
PRESS, or BRUSH, used at home, library or  
office. For ladies wishing to retain copies of  
letters, every business man, clergyman, school-  
teacher, traveler, it is invaluable. It is  
portable, it is durable, it is cheap. It is  
made of the best material, and will copy  
any writing, in any color, and in any  
hand. It is a necessity for every one who  
writes. [3-21-78]

## Poetry.

### True Contentment.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR.

Would man contentment realize  
And satisfied remain,  
If that which is were otherwise  
And each wish attain?

Would he be truly happy, had  
He what his heart does covet?  
Could any one state keep him glad  
If he saw one above it?

Man is a being prone to find  
Fault with the things that are—  
Who still keeps wishing in his mind  
For something better far.

Yet had he what he does desire,  
Soon, sated with the same,  
He of his very bliss would tire,  
Monotonous and tame.

How many hours of hopes and sighs  
In yearnings vain are spent,  
Thinking if we could gain the prize,  
That we would not content?

But when we reach the wished-for end,  
And see one still beyond,  
We grow impatient to extend  
To that which looks more fond.

Still it is best such is the case,  
If we are satisfied  
With things we have, each in its place,  
And had no wish denied,  
Not any progress would we make,  
Nor from one stage advance,  
Or better comforts to partake,  
Our pleasures to enhance.

Contentment true is using right  
The means we have to hand,  
While living in expectant sight  
Of greater happiness;  
Anticipation is a bliss,  
Though in fulfillment may miss  
That which their hearts would covet.

Growth is the common law of earth,  
And, being of a finite birth  
Our forms with years are rife,  
Perfection is a godly grace  
Revealed with every effort; and  
And, musing an eternal scope,  
We still must aim and hope.

### Our Selected Story.

#### MAGGIE'S LESSON.

A pleasant sight greeted Mr. Martyn's  
eye as he threw open the door leading to  
the apartment serving as kitchen, dining  
and sitting room in one, on this very cold  
night in midwinter. A bright fire crackled  
and sparkled in the wide chimney place,  
the kettle sang a merry tune all the while,  
to which a denure "grindmill" nodded  
grave approvals. A round table, drawn to  
the centre of the floor, with snowy cover  
and neat appointments, shone in the red  
light thrown by the logs in burning. But  
there was evidently something wanting to  
complete its comfort for the master, who  
glanced expectantly around as he walked  
toward the fire.

"Where's Maggie?" he asked finally,  
throwing down his frost-crusted wood on  
the hearth.

"She has gone with Arthur Tracy to  
Sandville," answered his wife, mentioning  
a village several miles to the West. "He  
had some business to transact, and asked  
her to go."

"Gone with Tracy?" repeated the hus-  
band, in a tone of surprise and annoyance.  
"I thought Harry was coming home to-  
night."

"I believe she decided to go with Ar-  
thur, girls are changeable, you know," re-  
turned the wife.

"Girls are fools," added Mr. Martyn, ad-  
ministering a vigorous kick to the huge  
back log by way of emphasis, sending a  
shower of red sparks up the chimney.

"Bear in mind, Jane," he exclaimed, turn-  
ing angrily towards his wife, "Maggie will  
play her tricks once too often. Harry  
Nelson is as fine a young fellow as ever  
stepped in shoe-leather, and if she offends  
him she'll rue it to-day she did it."

Mrs. Martyn sighed as she took her place  
at the tea-table. Mother's love is ever  
ready with an excuse, and, in this instance,  
reasoned as follows: Living in a lonely,  
unfrequented village, scarcely more than a  
mere settlement, with no society, such as  
the rule settlers could give them, though  
thoroughly appreciating the worth of  
Harry Nelson, she could not blame Maggie  
for being attracted by the polished exterior  
of the handsome Boston merchant.

Mr. Martyn finished his supper in si-  
lence, but anxiety soon took the place of  
anger in his heart.

"Did you caution Maggie about coming  
home before dark?" he asked.

"Yes; it is time for her to be here now,"  
returned his wife, glancing uneasily at the  
clock, which was on the stroke of five.

"And they have two stretches of wood-  
and to pass through," he muttered, look-  
ing gloomily out on the fast gathering  
night.

The mother's heart sank; she under-  
stood the ominous meaning conveyed by  
his words.

Many parties, lingering beyond daylight  
in a pleasure ride, had never returned; the  
stained snow, with scattered fragments of  
town clothing, told of their fearful fate, and  
of the scourge of the forests—the wolves.  
The hours passed heavily. Six—seven—  
eight struck, and still no signs of their re-  
turn.

At last, unable to bear his suspense  
longer, Mr. Martyn went out in quest of  
Harry, and with him to devise some means  
of relief.

Meanwhile, the hours passing so wearily  
to the parents flew by laden with gay en-  
joyment to Maggie and her companion.  
With a pardonable vanity in her stylish ac-  
cessories, she extended her "calls" to far be-  
yond their intended limit, to which Tracy,  
wholly ignorant of the dangers of a Western  
life, politely assented. The sun was far  
in the West when the last adieu was  
spoken, the last invitation exchanged, and  
the ride for home commenced in the sledge  
and pair.

Before they had gone two miles, the day  
was entirely gone, and the moon shone  
brightly over the wide expanse of snow.  
Maggie closed her eyes in terror as they  
crossed rapidly through the first stretch of  
woods, and she felt a cold shiver run  
through her.

Nothing appeared to confirm her fears,  
and she began to hope they might reach  
home in safety.

Tracy broke the silence by exclaiming,  
"This is the best part of the ride, isn't it,  
Miss Maggie?" bending a glance of admira-  
tion on her fresh blonde beauty.

Started from her reverie, she joined in  
his merry conversation, while her thoughts  
made an undue accompaniment to the  
sledge music in the words of her father,  
the evening previous—"these clear, cold  
nights are just the ones for the wolves."

Suddenly to badinage and repartee came a  
fearful interlude, a long, low cry—at first  
a howl, then dying away into a prolonged  
mournful wail—a sound once heard, never  
forgotten.

Maggie had repeatedly heard it when the  
wolves, pressed by sore hunger, ventured  
within the limits of the settlement. At  
such times she would cover her head, and  
trembling with fear, pray that she, or any  
beloved one, might never be exposed to such  
a death.

And now a faint moan of anguish es-  
caped her lips. Tracy turned to her in  
surprise.

"Why, what is the matter?" he cried,  
seeing her pale and affrighted features.

She endeavored to speak, but her voice  
failed her. Then, as the death-cry arose  
again on the still night air, with the  
strength of desperation she almost shrieked,  
"Drive faster! faster! Don't you hear  
them? The wolves!"

But, as if in doubt, he reined in the  
horses to listen.

"And that is the wolves, is it?" he asked  
quietly.

Maggie bowed slightly.

His face grew as white as the snow about  
him in an instant, and, grasping her arm  
sternly, his politeness vanishing, with only  
the instinct of self-preservation remaining,  
he cried, "And you knew of this danger  
and yet persuaded me to remain so long in  
that cursed village. Now listen," he con-  
tinued with a fish-like deliberation, "I will  
drive fast—make every effort to escape;  
but if it comes to the worst and it's im-  
possible for both to be saved, you shall go,  
and rightly, too, for not warning me."

He grasped the reins and urged the  
horses on, and as they sped rapidly over  
the snow, Maggie sat dumb and motion-  
less with terror.

"Only the sledge bells—a bitter mockery  
—now broke the stillness. She began to  
hope they had been deceived or the wolves  
had lost the scent, when a quick loud cry,  
bursting from the whole pack, scarcely a  
hundred yards away, roused her from her  
stupor, and drove Tracy into a frenzy. He  
sprang the reins violently from him and  
sprang from the sledge, giving the horses  
as he did so a heavy lash with the whip  
that sent them yards away from where he  
was standing.

Maggie comprehended dimly that he  
would take a true for safety. Then her  
own dangerous situation required all her  
attention.

She wound the reins tightly around her  
slender hands and drew the horses in by a  
brief and quick needed rest, and to calm  
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## Winning the Widow.

The widow Cumiskey was standing at  
the door of her little millinery store the  
other evening, as Mr. Costello came along.  
Mr. C. stopped.

"Good evening to you, ma'am," said  
he.

"Good evening, Mr. Costello," answered  
the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin', ma'am,"  
continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs.  
Cumiskey, "but the winter's coming at  
last, and it comes to all, both great and  
small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello; "but for all  
that it doesn't come to us all alike. Now,  
here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy and good  
looking, equally swate as a summer green-  
in, a fall pippin, or a winter russet."