

# BOZEMAN GAZETTE

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

Vol. 7, No. 21.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

Whole No., 333.

## The Avant Courier.

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

### ADVERTISING RATES

Length of Advertisement	Per Line	Per Column
1st Week	10	25
2nd Week	8	20
3rd Week	7	18
4th Week	6	16
5th Week	5	14
6th Week	4	12
7th Week	3	10
8th Week	2	8
9th Week	1	6
10th Week	1	5
11th Week	1	4
12th Week	1	3
13th Week	1	2
14th Week	1	1
15th Week	1	1
16th Week	1	1
17th Week	1	1
18th Week	1	1
19th Week	1	1
20th Week	1	1

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## Poetry.

### The Burlington Spring Bird.

Dear little blue bird,  
Herald of Spring,  
Swallow this cough-dropper,  
And bid the winter  
Warbling so hoarsely,  
Of April's approach;  
Hunting around for a  
Branchial trachea.

For little blue bird,  
Don't you go off;  
Tidy up your little neck,  
Doctor that cough,  
Of April's approach;  
Hunting around for a  
Branchial trachea.

Don't be discouraged yet,  
Herald of Spring;  
Shake all the winter  
Out from your wing.  
Who knows what wonders  
Cough-cure may do?  
Sing, little blue bird,  
"At-chie! At-chie!"

—Burlington Hawkeye.

### What of This?

What! Well, what of that?  
Didst fancy life was worth of ease?  
Flattering the race leaves scattered by the breeze?  
Come, rouse thee! What speak I called to thee?  
Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?  
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,  
To bleed another life within its own.  
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy dream the sun would never set?  
Didst fancy that the stars were never dim?  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;  
Thy steps will guide thee, and be guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday?  
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!  
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so!  
Though human help be far, 'tis not in vain,  
Near him who hears his children cry,  
He'll near them where'er 'tis his to be;  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

### POPULAR WITNESSES.

#### How a Bread and Milk Supper Once

#### Served Salmon P. Chase—A Broiled

#### Steak Defeats a Candidate.

[Cleveland (O.) Leader, Oct. 22.]

"It is a very curious thing," said an old stager to a *Leader* reporter recently, "how small things often turn the scale in elections. You hear some of these people-to-day talk and you would think that there never was a time until recently when such a thing as partisanship was known. Why, I can remember when it was much worse than now. For instance, when Salmon P. Chase was running for Governor the first time, he came, I remember, during the canvass, to a little rural town in Montgomery county. I was traveling with him at the time, and we were both to speak in the evening. Mr. Chase had not been feeling very well all day, and this fact, together with what followed from it, did him much more good than both our speeches. It happened in this wise: An honest farmer had come some ten miles over the country on purpose to see the Governor, as he was even then called. He saw him, but was not satisfied; he determined to dine with him in order, he said, to see what the Governor would eat. Mr. Chase, not feeling well, as I have said, did not care to partake of a regular meal, and so simply ordered some bread and milk. The farmer was delighted. 'Chase is the man for Governor,' he said to his friends. 'He only eats bread and milk. He is no stuck-up feller. He is the farmer's candidate by all means' and the story went all through the county and even beyond. The enthusiastic farmer would tell it with all the needed variations and imitations, and when the votes were counted it was ascertained that the Whig majority was much larger than it had ever been in that county before, and all on account of that bread and milk supper.

"Talk about sickness of the people. You don't know anything about it. Why, I knew of a man who was defeated for Congress once simply because he had his beef steak broiled instead of fried, as the generalty of people do. It was down in York State, long ago, and it was not thought the thing for a candidate to eat as his district in his own behalf. He must just sit down at home, and if he were elected, well and good; if not, he must consider it the direct intimation of Providence, you know. Well, a man was nominated, and during the canvass he took a short trip on business across his district, stopping one noon at a wayside inn. Here he ordered dinner, and not being exactly well, asked for a piece of steak broiled on the coals. The gaping rustic took it up as a crime. Ward went forth from one end of the district to the other that the Whig candidate did not eat his meat as the rest of humanity did, but had it cooked upon the coals, something after the plan of a savage. They would vote for no such man to make laws for them. And he was defeated on the broiled meat issue."

### Drink and Insanity.

Intemperance poisons the brain. It enervates and subverts the will, obscures and distorts the intellect's powers, impairs and reduces consciousness, cautionness, and other moral sentiments, while at the same time it intensifies the imagination and the several esthetic faculties, and goads the mere animal propensities to a degree beyond the entire realm of manhood. It has thus made in the United States, within a few years, two hundred thousand maniacs. The statistics of lunatic asylums exhibit twenty, thirty, and in some instances, even fifty per cent. of all cases recorded, as chargeable directly to the use of alcoholic liquors. Dr. Howe, of Boston, shows one hundred and forty-five out of three hundred cases of insanity traceable to drunkenness.—*Pittsburg Advance.*

Stanley says that one African native came so fond of him that he begged Stanley for a favor to kill and eat him.

## Our Selected Story.

### Adventures Of a Goat in a Garden.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling wickel-looking goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before the goat had spent three minutes in his garden he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulling down the clothes-line, and devoured two lace collars, a pair of under-slippers, and a striped stocking belonging to Mrs. B., and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the servant girl came rushing in with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us!" she exclaimed coming to a fall halt, and gazing raptly at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Show! show! there!" screamed the girl, setting down her basket, taking her skirts in both hands and shaking them violently at the intruder.

Then the goat, who evidently considered the movement a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive, and just one minute later, by the city hall clock, that girl had tumbled a back-somerset over the clothes-basket, and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who butted her on the battle-field every third second.

It is probable that he would have kept on butting for the next two weeks if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness! Annie, do get upon your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a murderous blow at the goat's head, and missing it by a few inches of the shortest kind of luck. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind feet, waltzing towards her, and striking her in the small of the hard enough to loosen her finger nails and destroy her faith in a glorious immortality.

When Mrs. B. returned to consciousness she crawled out from behind the grindstone, where she had been tossed, and made for the house, stopping only once, when the goat snatched and butted her head first into the grape arbor.

Once inside the house the door was locked, and the unfortunate sought the solitude of their own rooms, and such comforts as they could extract from rubbing and growling, while the goat wandered around the garden, like Satan in the look of Job, seeking what he could devour, and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening and learned all the particulars from his amiable-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, had the grapevine, and one side of the clothes basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him in there to destroy everything?" he demanded in an angry voice.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I wasn't going to stir the devil and be killed—that's why," answered his wife, excitedly.

"I wouldn't stir the devil!" he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

"Get out of here, you thief!" he shouted, as he came into the garden and caught sight of the shaggy and highly-perturbed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of the eye.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs.

"I'll show you whether—"

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's shirt bosom; and before he could recover his equilibrium he had been butted seven times, in seven fresh spots, and was down on his knees crawling around in a very ungraceful manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"I look out he don't hurt you!" shouted Mrs. B., as the goat sent him flying into a snow pile.

When Burdock got his bald head out of the snow, he was mad all over his clothes, and tried to clutch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living shop of yourself before the neighbors," advised Mrs. Burdock.

"Come in, pa, and let him be," begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad, look out; he's coming again!" shouted his son, enthusiastically.

Then Burdock waxed profane, and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths, and a pious old lady who lived in a house in the rear, shut down her window and sent out her cook to hunt for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, Dad," advised his son, a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

## An Important Distinction.

Solomon enunciates a law the right apprehension of which would be certainly obscure to us, from right viewing in childhood, a good crop in age, as seed corn dropped in the spring furrow insures ripened corn in the fall. But to understand that law we have need to note its terms. Train up a child in the way he should go, says Solomon. We content ourselves with teaching. Now, the difference between teaching and training is recognized in all education. It is commonly, though unphilosophically, discriminated by the terms theoretical and practical. In the one case the mind simply apprehends a truth; in the other, under the influence of that truth, some organ of the mind or body is put into active exercise. A child is taught botany when she learns the names of classes and genera, and the appellation of the various parts of the plant anatomy, from her text book. When she goes out into the fields, picks for herself the flowers, analyzes them, examines their parts and assigns them places, she is training herself in botany. In the one case she is simply informed of a fact and quickly forgets it. In the other, she exercises her powers of perception and judgment; and, if this is repeated until it becomes a habit, to characterize every flower that she sees by its class-name, she never wholly loses the power thus acquired. Knowledge gained in school, however one acquires it, is soon wholly forgotten.

Now apply this distinction. You may tell your child that it is exceedingly wicked to get angry, and accomplish nothing. But if you succeed in habituating him to control his temper when a child, you may rest perfectly secure that his temper will not control him when he becomes a man. You may teach him that patience is a virtue, and he may be none the better. But if you develop within the power of patiently bearing the burdens of childhood, he will never lose that power in his manhood. You may tell him that he should love God, and that he ought to love Him, and yet the boy may grow up an atheist; but if you have the skill to inspire a childish love for God in his young heart, nothing can efface it. In a word, you may instruct your child in religious truth and his manhood will reek with vice. But exercise his faculties in a religious life, and he can never lose the power which thus he will have acquired.

For character is the product of habit. We are what we have been accustomed to do. What the child does at first with difficulty comes by repeated experience to do with ease. What he habitually does with ease he does at length unconsciously and by the necessity of his nature. This is the meaning of the familiar proverb, "The child is father to the man." "Habit is second nature." Instruction is like coating upon the surface of cloth—habits with the first washing. Habit is like a dye infused into the thread before the pattern is woven—nothing can extract it. The principles that are learned in childhood are often left behind when the child leaves the school-room. The habits, whether for good or evil, grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength.

We recognize this truth and we act upon it in all the lower realms. We understand that, as regards the use of the fingers and the feet, practice makes perfect. We understand that the child must not only comprehend the principles of any art, but be versed in the practice. Reading a cookery book will not make a young girl a good housekeeper. Studying the principles of a thorough base will not make her a good musician. She must have her piano and practice her hour a day. If a boy is to learn to swim, he must go into the water and paddle till he learns. For the child acquires dexterity on the piano by playing in the kitchen by cooking, the water by swimming, and dexterity thus acquired is never lost.

It is enough, then, that we teach our children aright. Your boy may commit the catechism, and turn infidel. He may repeat the Ten Commandments without missing a word, and not obey one of them. He may be admirably versed in Scripture, and never follow its guidance. Nay! his Bible may be no more than a mere spelling-book to him; he may learn not only the text of the Ten Commandments, but their true significance, and yet depart very far from them. He may be able to repeat the first two commandments, and be a covetous man, which is an idolator; he may recite the third, and interlard his speech with many oaths; the fourth, and be a habitual Sabbath-breaker; the eighth, and die in a State's prison. A child may know to do right, and choose to do wrong; as one may be an adept in detecting counterfeit money, and yet habitually pass it.

Not only is it enough that we govern our children aright; that by the fear of punishment and the hope of reward we keep them from wrong doing while they remain under our control. We must teach them to govern themselves, cast upon their responsibilities, allow them to act upon their own judgment, permit them to suffer the inconveniences of their own blunders. We must put the wheel in the child's own hands; and, standing by his side, and pointing out to him the rock on this side and the shore on that, and in the whirlpool of the sea, we must teach him how to man his own helm. Then, when manhood comes, he will carry the bark safely through the Scylla on the one side and Charybdis on the other.

So interpreted, Solomon's declaration is true. So interpreted, it is God's promise to the faithful: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Anxious, weaned, fainting mother, lay hold upon that promise; and, by patient labor of love, secure in the manhood life of your perished children its abundant reward.—*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

A girl came to Walla Walla by stage, but there were sixty dollars charges for freight; her bag was kept in waiting because she had no money, and she got her out of "snooze."—*Oregon Enterprise.*

You couldn't come that on any of the Montana farmers. Just ship the girls out here and see how soon we will get them out of "snooze."

## Wit and Humor.

Snoogress says that he once had so natural a picture of a hen, that it laid in his drawer for three weeks.

There will always be more or less excitement in the household that possesses a cat and a back fence, or a poor piano and a good healthy girl.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

A Keokuk dog fell down the Keokuk savings bank stairs and broke his neck. Served him right for going anywhere near a savings bank.

The New York Herald asks if there will be a Chicago Times in heaven, and the Times replies: "If heaven wants the news there will be."

Photographer—"Now, sir, if you will look a little less as if you had a bill to meet, a little more as if you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture."

"Advice!" said an old man of much experience. "Why, I never had any one come to me for advice, who, before he got through, wasn't willing to give twice as much as he asked for."

"How shall we utilize the Chinese?" inquired California Press. We suppose it never occurred to the Californians to petrify the Chinese and sell them for tea store signs.

Young man, go West. Go to Nevada, where, when you take a girl to spelling school, you have to ride twenty-five miles, and she expects you to keep your arm around her all the way.

"Send me the currier any more as you did not notice the big hog husband butchered sundy and it dont fit my pantry shelves anyhow." The husband—no, the "hog" weighed 357.

A Nebraska saloon keeper became so affected by the temperance agitation that he promised to reform; so he put out a sign: "Owing to the cause of reform, all fifteen cents drinks will hereafter be sold for ten cents."

Don't try to do too much. A Main street man undertook to make his wife learn to eat with her fork the other day, and now he wears a bestneck on his eye. The pathway of the reformer has always been a good deal like Jordan.—*Breakfast Table.*

A harrowing catastrophe lately occurred in Minnesota, where a lover on a fast train tried to kiss his sweetheart from the car platform, but on account of the rapidity of the train's motion delivered the oscillation on the lips of an astonished Bohemian girl at the next station ahead.—*Chicago News.*

Youth (withdrew, love-struck sigh): "Oh! wilt thou be mine, my dear birdie? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you. Say, oh! say thou wilt be mine?" Maiden (with downcast eyes): "Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls look at me curiously. Is my hair all right?"

A brother of Bishop Clark was one of the wildest men alive. It runs in the family. He once went to one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with, "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to." Then he fled.

A gentleman, who is a sculptor in a feeble way, was calling on a lady the other evening. "How do you manage to get the right facial expression?" she asked, referring to his statues. "Very simple," he said. "I read a poem expressing the passion I desire to portray; I then, as my face expresses rage or love, I plunge my fingers over all these chairs in this room?"—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Perpetual Motion Accomplished. A magnetic clock, invented by Daniel Drawbaugh, of Milltown, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, is sufficiently remarkable to be worth description. The magnetism of the earth, an inexhaustible source of power, is made to oscillate the pendulum; and the simplicity of all the works gives an assurance of the least possible friction. At a certain point the movements of the pendulum itself, out of magnetic connection with the earth, and at another point restore the connection, thus securing the conditions necessary to produce its oscillations. The works are so ingenious and simple that it is no wild assertion to make that, were it not for the unavoidable wearing out caused by even the smallest amount of friction; the clock would run as long as the solid earth endures. This clock is hung against a board partition, with all the works exposed, subject to the jarings of machinery and obstructions from dust settling upon it. Yet it runs continuously and uniformly, with only slight variations, as tested by transit observations at noon.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A cunning Fox Caught at Last. A farmer of York, Pa., recently set a trap to catch a cunning fox which had been annoying him considerably by its midnight visits among the poultry. At fourteen successive visits to it he found the trap sprung, a stick of wood between its jaws, and the bait eaten up. The circumstance, so often repeated, surprised him. There were no other tracks to be seen but his own and those of the fox, and who sprung the trap was a question that puzzled him sorely. By continuing to pull the trap he hoped to catch the author of the mischief.—*Oregon Enterprise.*

You couldn't come that on any of the Montana farmers. Just ship the girls out here and see how soon we will get them out of "snooze."