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Wisdom.

Jays are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Lambert.

Economy and hard work are the only cures for hard times.

Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.—Lavelle.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

"The man that can compose himself is wiser than the man that composes books," but not half so popular.

If the labor spent to keep people out of hell were spent in getting hell out of the people, old Lucifer would be out of a job.

The difference between riding a horse and riding a hobby consists in this, that one can get off a horse at any time, but one can't get off a hobby at any time.

If there is anything harder for a sensitive man to hear than a woman's fault, it is her praise for qualities of which he is ashamed.

When you see a man that isn't energy and independence enough to navigate his own dugout, you may set him down as a very worthless member of society.

Very few of the great minds of this country say Dr. Hall, have come from the city or the cradle of the rich. The farm and the workshop have supplied far the largest number of our eminent men.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

For preserving the complexion—temperance. For whitening the hands—honesty. To remove stains—repentance. For improving the sight—observation. A beautiful ring—the home circle. For improving the voice—civility. The best companion to the toilet—a wife.

If a man is to be baptized it ought to be done thoroughly. The other day a convert was immersed, and when he went home he took with him the minister's pocket-book. If he had been held under water for half an hour this accident would never have occurred.

The love of truth is a bow of peace, ready for every concession that is honest, firm against every compromise that is not. It is the noblest stimulus to inquiry; ardent to seek, yet patient to examine; willing to communicate, but more willing to receive contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for knowledge.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and to trick needs a great many more to make one trick.—Titlow.

It is resignation and contentment that are best calculated to lead us safely through life. Whoever has not sufficient power to endure privations and even suffering, need not feel that he is armor-proof against the world's evils, but must attribute to himself, or at least to the morbid sensibility of his nature, every disagreeable feeling he may suffer.—Hamwell.

No way has yet been discovered to avoid the difficulties of life. One man remains a bachelor, and boasts that he is thus free from care, but existence becomes a profligate struggle with buttons and neckties. Another marries, hoping to find thereafter every button in his place, and the slippers at the fireside on his return from business; but his wife has been made the president of a relief association, and manages to afford relief to every one except him. You may as well make up your mind to stand your share of the general entanglement, and to do it philosophically and bravely, for every one learns, sooner or later, that—

Life is full of care and trouble. Whether you get it single or double.

Swallowed the Bait.

Sioux City Journal.

Not long since a young married man and another young gentleman, a friend, both of them residents of this city, each received a letter purporting to come from some fair damsel, soliciting their correspondence, and intimating that should the correspondence prove mutually agreeable, a personal interview should follow. The letters were promptly answered by the gentlemen, and the parties, through the medium of the post-office. The correspondence was continued for about a week, when a proposition was made for a personal interview, which was agreed to by the ladies, and they designating Tuesday evening, May 7th, at 8 o'clock, as the time, and a point near the Perry creek bridge as the place. The highly elated boys went to their trunks, brought out their white vests, sent them down to John C., with orders to have them done up in style, and to have them ready for use on Tuesday evening.

The meeting hour approached, and the boys, fearing that all was not right, sent a reconnoitering force to the borders of Perry creek, which returned and reported that they might prepare for an immediate engagement. They then repaired to the appointed place, and sure enough, standing near the banks of the raging Perry creek, were the objects of their expected affections. The joy of the meeting words are inadequate to depict. Although 'twas short, 'twas sweet.

Finally, the ladies having accomplished their design, each took a thimble from her mouth, lifted their veils and revealed the awful presence of the married man's wife and a young lady friend of hers, all residing in the same house. It was a nice little surprise party. The gentlemen swore they would not go home with the ladies at first, without thinking discretion the better part of valor, they wisely concluded to go with them, on the condition nothing would be said. That young married man has "swore off" on answering letters from anonymous lady correspondents.

How a Hole Can Hurt.

A negro was convicted in our Superior Court, the other day, for hitting another negro with an ax. A party of colored savans were discussing the case in St. Louis, Mo.

"What I want to know," said one of them, "is this: How can a man hit another man with de eye of an ax?"

"Why, kaint he—tell me dat?" said old St.

"Kase it stands for reason, don't yer see, for de eye of an ax is whar de handle goes in, an' how is er man gwine ter scull another man wid er ax, kaint he murder by hittin' him on de head wid er hole?"

"This was a cincher the other dawkies thought; but old St. remarked:

"Fore de wah me an' you used to work in de same cotton yard, didn't we?"

"Yes, we did."

"Well, I s'pose you 'members when Massa Thrunkill, down dar at Griffin, used ter lam' yer 'bout like t'blay wid dat paddle dat he had?"

"Well, dere we go way?"

"Well, dere de pint; when he used ter paddle yer, an' yer used ter to grope 'round an' complain ob de blisters whar he raised on yer, wuz it de paddle or de holes in de paddle whar raised de skin an' made de sore? Now whar's your scientific argumint?"

The case was settled—nobody in the negative.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Incident on the Missouri River in 1844.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri river is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri river were in the habit of making regular visits to St. Louis, to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many of them who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened during the fall of 1844, the new steambot Lexington started up the Missouri river, led down to the grounds with freight.

Among the passengers were Judge Joseph C. Ransom, now of this city, Theodore Warner, of Lexington; Ben. Halliday, afterwards the famous overland stage proprietor; Colonel Pomeroy, of Lexington, and a planter of Platte county, named Yocum.

The steamer Lexington was provided with a steam whistle—the first used on the Missouri river—and, as it happened, one knew about it except Theodore Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together playing cards (for fun) in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner, as he dealt the cards.

"Why," inquired Yocum, the planter.

"Why," echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. "This boat is provided with a new patent safety-valve, which notifies the passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it, it is time to get back aft or jump overboard."

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the Lexington was steaming up the long, straight stretch of the river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all had been busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other with horror and dismay, spread themselves over their faces. The first man to realize the situation and act was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying, as he pulled over one after another of the passengers:

"Run, run for your lives; and the thing's going to bust. Follow me and let's save our skins!"

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the men were restrained from jumping into the river.—Kansas City Times.

A Material Hole.

Take a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye and look steadily through it, focusing the eye on any convenient object; keep the left eye open. Now place the left hand, left palm up, edgewise against the side of the tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently the size of the cross section of the tube, made thro' the left hand. This is the hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefor and slantingly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equalling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears to make an opening a quarter of an inch in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its indifference of illumination, will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion—for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us—is certainly one of the most curious and beautiful of the kind. Besides here is the solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because if a page of print be regarded, the lines within the boundaries of the little hole will not coincide at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.

Odds and Ends.

There is a clergyman for every seven hundred and eighteen of the population of this country.

The Providence Tool Company is working on a contract to furnish 100,000 guns to the Turkish Government.

Minnesota has 335 flour mills in operation, with 1,489 run of stone. They will grind 56,000,000 bushels of wheat per year.

Mr. A. S. Stewart's estate has not yielded to the New York lawyers more than 1 1/2 per cent, and they pronounce the way he found his property up a clear conspiracy against the laws of the land.

In Marshfield, Mo., the last saloon has been turned into a reading-room, and the reading-room has been placed in charge of the proprietor of the late gin-mill.

Two women can manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church, passes the understanding.

A man will sit on a picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour, and he will wobble all over the seat.

A Milwaukee man who deposited \$100 in a bank, and was told the interest would be five per cent, came promptly at the end of the year with five dollars in small currency to pay that interest. When told that the interest went the other way, he looked up in astonishment, and went away wondering why a man should pay him five dollars for being allowed to take care of his money for a whole year.

A Canadian youth, who was married the other day, had not money enough to pay the minister, but at night a charivari party came about the house, and his thirity father-in-law quietly went among the noisy ones, ascertained who they were, and by threats of prosecution extorted money enough from them, not only to give the clergyman a handsome fee, but to supply the bride with a liberal quantity of pin money.

A man takes a drink, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from the newspaper is treasured up in his mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A family without a newspaper is always an age behind the times in general information. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading.

An incident of the late imprisonment in Fall River, N. Y., is said to have been very amusing. "All about the defalcation," etc., when a gentleman asked him if he knew the gentleman referred to, and he said he did; said he was in his Sabbath school, and it was only last Sunday he was telling him to be a good boy, and not to lie or steal, and to save his money and put it in the Five Cent Savings Bank, and the boy added, "now he's got all my father's money."

A young man went into the post office at East Yonkers and sealed himself by the door. Not long after a big snake, measuring over five feet long, crawled from his pocket on to the floor. As may well be imagined, the bystanders were somewhat startled, but the young man explaining that he was a snake charmer, and took him up and returned him to his pocket.

A good printer will set six thousand ems a day, or about twelve thousand letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of twenty-four thousand feet, or more than four miles, and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about fourteen hundred miles.

The following is a report of an actual conversation between two little children of one of our citizens. Perhaps the three-year-old theologian has reached the point taken by some of our most advanced thinkers: Sister—"Fred, if you do that naughty thing again you won't go up to heaven." Brother—"Yes I will; I ain't afraid." Sister—"Indeed you won't; mamma says that only good children go." Brother—"Oh, well, God wouldn't like such a nice little boy as I am to go down where the old devils is."—St. Louis Times.

Unhappy Marriages.

The universal expectation of married people is, that their lives will always be happy ones. Deluded dreamers! They imagine that they are different from other people, and that when they enter the portals of matrimony, love, peace, and prosperity will ever be their attendants. Such had better consider themselves the same as others, but form iron resolutions to do differently from other married people—resolutions that will keep them from the dangerous coasts on which so many have been wrecked and ruined. Unhappy marriages depend upon many causes. Prejudice, vanity, party spirit, and avarice, intellectual, moral, and bodily, are more accomplished than they really are. Depend upon it, that love brought into existence by a moonlight stir, strengthened by deceit and fashionable display, and finally consumed through the influence of intriguing friends will fade in after life almost as fast as the Jewels which compose the bridal wreath.

A Black Hills Love Serape.

Deadwood, Dakota, May 10.—This afternoon Herman Haussler, a tonsorial artist about 22 years of age, eloped with Miss Hattie Allen, 17 years of age. Both parties resided in Gayville, a few miles from here. Hattie's mother, accompanied by an officer, both on horseback, have gone in pursuit of the runaway. The intimacy between Herman and Hattie has lasted for several months, past, during which time the old lady constantly fought against it, and lately she made such violent threats as to cause Haussler to close his barber shop for several days. It is rumored that the lovers are secreted in this city, awaiting a more favorable opportunity to skip. As this is the first sensation of this character in the Hills, it seems to be hugely relished.

Divorces in the Territories.

The following is the new law on divorces, which passed the Senate on the 25th of April last.

That the respective district courts of the following Territories of the United States to-wit: New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Washington, Dakota, and Montana, shall have exclusive original jurisdiction in all matters, proceedings, and processes relating to divorce, and all process or proceeding now pending in any of the probate courts of any of such Territories shall hereafter be transferred, entered and have a day in district courts in each of the Territories in which such probate court is situated. And all petitions, bills, processes, or other proceedings instituted in any probate court in any such Territories, in matters of divorce, shall be transferred and returnable to, and have a day in, the district court of any such Territory in which such probate court is situated, next to be holden after the day to which the same would be returnable to such probate court or subject to be proceeded with therein; and writs of error, bills of exception or appeals shall be allowed in all cases of divorce from the final decision of such district court to the supreme court of the Territories respectively, in the same manner as in all other civil cases heard or tried in said courts. Provided, That such appeal or writ of error shall be taken within thirty days after the date of the judgment or decree. And the judgment or decree shall have no effect to authorize either party to marry again until the expiration of said thirty days. And in case such writ of error or appeal being taken, the judgment or decree of the district court shall be subject to reversal, affirmance, or modification by the supreme court.

In the Territory of Arizona, the supreme court alone shall have jurisdiction in all matters of divorce; and all cases and matters of divorce pending and undetermined in any other court of said Territory at the time of the passage of this act, shall be transferred to and tried and determined in said supreme court; and all processes issued in any manner of divorce from any other court of said Territory, and not yet returned, shall be returned to said supreme court of said Territory.

Sec. 2. And no divorce shall be granted in any of said Territories except for the following causes, duly proved by witnesses in open court or by the depositions duly taken for that purpose, namely, first, for the cause of adultery of the party defendant; second, for desertion by the defendant for a period of at least two years; and, third, for habitual drunkenness. And no decree of divorce shall be rendered upon the mere default or failure of any defendant to answer or plead to the allegations of the complainant's bill or declaration of the Territory; nor, if the defendant is not a resident of such Territory, until a copy of the bill, petition, or declaration shall have been served upon the defendant or respondent, if his or her residence shall be known at least three months before any such case shall be heard, and such service duly proved. If the residence of the defendant or respondent be unknown then, upon satisfactory proof, by affidavit, of the residence of such defendant or respondent, such publication has been duly made to the complainant or plaintiff, the court shall make an order for publication of notice of the pendency and objects of the suits, in some newspaper in said Territory, naming it, and also in the newspaper nearest the place of the last known residence of such defendant or respondent, at least once in each week for twelve successive weeks prior to the time when such defendant or respondent shall be required to appear and defend. And in such case, after such publication has been duly made and proved, the court may proceed with the case as upon personal service, except that, if such non-resident defendant or respondent shall appear, in person or by counsel, and ask to defend, at any time prior to the final judgment or decree, he or she shall be entitled to make a full defence in the cause. No person shall be allowed to appear as an attorney for either party in a suit for divorce without first filing in court a power of attorney duly executed by such party, with due proof of such execution.

Sec. 3. All laws of any of said Territories, so far as they may be inconsistent with any of the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.—Congress and its Record.

A Narrowly Escaped.

There arrived at Roseburg from Portland, Ohio, a few days since, the aged mother of one, William Skelton, who is confined in jail in the former place awaiting his trial for murder. The Portlander tells that the prisoner was taken from the jail to the court house to see his mother, and that the interview was extremely affecting. Sympathy can scarcely reach such a case as this, and even gentle pity must stand abashed before such a sorrow, not daring to proffer her assistance in the attempt to assuage it. What imagination is vivid enough to conceive, or what pen strong enough to portray, a woe, where an aged mother meets a wayward son after perhaps years of separation, with an awful glare of crime between them, and the dread shadow of the gallows or the State prison hanging darkly over them? In recording such a sorrow,

"The historian, though dumb, might weep."

This is a great tragedy. When a ship is launched Congress adorns, and when a man takes a drink in Virginia they ring a bell.

Our Boys and Girls.

"And what makes my little Johnny so cross this morning?" "Dot up's only."

A pupil being asked to name the bones in the head, answered: "I gave them all my mind but cannot give them."

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."

"What's the use of Washington having a birthday?" said a little five-year-old school boy. "He's up in heaven, and he can't get any presents."

"What's the difference," asked a teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," said Tommy. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.

Nothing unmakes the average small boy so much as to be obliged to steal cookies out of a crock. To his strained senses the jarring of the cover sounds like the crack of doom.

A school boy being asked how the weeping willow came to be called by that name, said: "I guess one of the mean, plaguey things grows near the school house, and supplied the teacher with switches."

A six-year-old, who was found putting himself outside of various good things at a rapid rate just after complaining of an inward griping, explained to his wondering parent that he "did not mean to leave any room for that stomach ache."

A levy of children were telling what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get, little one?" asked the father, to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who at the time was shyly driving a ten-penny nail into the door panel. "Me? I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

Little Mary P's father had gone to Europe. During his absence she prayed constantly for him. On his return she ceased praying for him. "Why don't you pray for father now?" asked her mother. "We have got him at home now, and we can take care of him ourselves."

"Where did this baby come from?" asked a three-year-old girl of the nurse, who was washing the squealing little stranger. "Why, from Heaven, of course," replied the nurse. "Well, if it screamed like that there, I don't wonder that they sent it off," was the stanning rejoinder.

Going Through College.

Theodore Parker never received a diploma, though he pursued the full college course at Harvard. Nor did he ever recite a single line to a professor. His father was poor, and could not afford to pay the college expenses; but Theodore was bound to have a liberal education. One evening he said:

"Father, I have entered Harvard College."

"How did you prepare?" asked the astonished parent.

"I studied by myself evenings after the day's work was done, and mornings before breakfast." He was then assisting his father on the farm.

"But I cannot pay your expenses in college."

"I know that; I mean to stay at home and keep up with my class."

And he did more that keep up with the class; part of the time he worked for his father at home, and part of the time he taught school, paying his father eleven dollars a month to hire another hand in his place. He passed the examination successfully, but was not given a degree, because he had been a non-resident, and had paid no fees. Subsequently a degree was offered him, on condition of paying the customary fees; but money was scarce, though energy and scholarship were ample, and he was obliged to decline it.

What a reproach is this example to those who, having everything to help them in a college course, waste time and advantages!

A Good Man's Wish.

I freely confess to you that I would rather, were I an laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood