

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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Whole No., 351.

WHY SHOULD I

Buy My

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

OF

LESTER S. WILLSON?

Because, having gone out of the general merchandise trade, and taken up the above "SPECIALS," I can meet styles and prices of any house in Montana, either at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock of Clothing is complete, for Men, Boys and Youths, is perfectly new and fresh, made to order, and in my best lines, being fully up to

CUSTOM MADE GOODS.

My stock of Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods is immense, and must be seen to be appreciated. The best of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS

Always on hand. Boots, Shoes and Leather Findings at prices that will astonish Eastern Montana. Boots and Shoes for Gents, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children, just manufactured by the best manufacturers in the United States, and purchased for cash and consequently at

"BOTTOM PRICES."

JOHN CRAIG, or as more familiarly known, "Scotty," will preside at the "bench" and will make or repair anything in the shape of a boot or shoe, and at prices to suit. Call and examine. No trouble to show goods. Prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

Being satisfied that the CASH SYSTEM is the only true one, I shall adhere strictly to it, or to terms that make sales equivalent to cash, thereby asking no man to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

Poetry.

Labor is Noble.

BY CALVIN DUKK.

You think your work is hard because
You have to earn your bread;
Better wear by labor, man,
I'll tell you how to be glad,
Better by far the better of the two,
With joys that come not loth,
Than idleness and listlessness,
Then fortune linked to sloth.
Think him not always blest who owns
Broad fields and mansion proud;
His days may know no comfort, man,
His heart may be low bowed;
For wealth, sir, often brings unrest,
And care that will not rest;
And gold and land and treasures vast
May bring one misery.
God made you, sir, to do and dare,
To own a steadfast heart;
To win rewards of labor, man,
And not a noble part;
He placed you here to do your best,
To do all good you can,
And show that steady industry
And honor make the man.
What thought those pass you on the way
To gain the sought-for prize?
What thought the clouds may gather, man,
And storm be the sky?
True manhood, sir, is shown, when dark
The prospect may appear,
By marching onward—ever on—
With courage, not with fear.
Labor is noble, when it stands
By the Cincinnatus' plow;
When'er it does the best it can
And braves all trouble through;
Its full reward must some day come
To crown the toiler's head,
Who won it better day to work
Than man will till he is dead.
Grease the griddle.

"SHAKE."

Grease the griddle, Birdie darling,
Grease it over with some lard,
Softly pour the shining butter
On the griddle, warm and hard!
Darling, I am growing hungry,
Gently turn my little cake,
Keep it keep it now from burning—
Use it gently for my sake.
Coaches—[Self-raising, with stove-handle so-
complaning.]
Darling, gently stir the buckwheat,
With the Cincinnatus' spoon;
Grease the griddle, Birdie darling,
Bring the buckwheat very soon.
Grease the griddle, Birdie darling,
Do not let me plead in vain,
For I smell the savory smell, love,
Of those buckwheat cakes again.
Tell, O tell me, Birdie darling,
Have you baked them as of yore?
Do not waste that cake, my darling,
Raise it gently from the floor.
[Cries—Darling, gently stir etc., etc.]

Thank God For All.

Thank God for the wave, the cold, cold wave,
From Manitoba's strand,
Thank God for the breeze, the cooling breeze,
From Greenland's icy hand.

Thank God for the rain, the gentle rain,
That falls so soft and light,
Thank God for blessings rich and rare
At morning, noon and night.

Thank Him for health, and friends, and friends,
For life—the gift of God;
Thank God that we can speak with Him—
Thank God, thank God for prayer.

Epigrams.

The quaint old town of Newburyport
Was famed as the residence of many celebrities.
Among them were Miss Hannah
Gould and Caleb Cushing. Miss Gould
enjoyed a reputation as a poetess co-extensive
with the Union. One of her poems,
"Jack Frost," was a favorite in its day,
and still is to be found in some of our
school readers. In her own society she
was known and feared for her habit of
making sharp epigrams upon her neighbors.
One of her shafts was shot at Mr.
Cushing in the shape of the following epigram:
"Be aside, all ye dead,
For in the next breath
Reposes the body of Cushing.
He crowed his way
Through this world, as they say,
And perhaps now he's dead, he'll be pushing."

To this Mr. Cushing replied, with some
galantry, and quite as much truth:
"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit,
And green be the turf that's above her.
Having sent every bean
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover."

Marching—[Self-raising] Through the Country.

San Francisco, August 3.—A Silver City,
Idaho, dispatch says: There are now
over one hundred volunteers out from
Boise and Owyhee in pursuit of the savages.
The latter are traveling leisurely
through the country, helping themselves
to stock along the line of march. After
attacking the stage on Wednesday they
rode two hours along Snake river and
camped till the following day. The whole
outfit might then have been easily captured.
Several Chinamen witnessed from the
bank the butchery of four of their countrymen
near Munday's ferry, but their countrymen
bound toward him, evidently in rejoyn-
ment over his assistance. The Indians spared the
life of an old Chinaman on condition that
he would cook their breakfast. They told
him that he had better leave after that, as
three hundred more Indians from Oregon
would soon be in that vicinity.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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UNCLE ZEKE'S CONSCIENCE.

How Things Were Missed—His "Terrible Experience" at the Corn-Crib Door.

Some years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new-comer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke, in particular, was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of cypresses did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the good-will of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wings for parts unknown, and, in particular, the corn-crib would show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity had been violated.

To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic ear, and his, "Well, now, who ever heard de like of dat?" "Care to goodness, these yer boys is gettin' wusser an' wusser," evinced all his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cut-hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unweary thief, plunging his hand recklessly into the corn, would be sure to come in contact with it. But to his surprise the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good-sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix brass handles to the corn-crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith's public explanation, of securing one's self while turning the other way. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in the presence of all his colored employees, solemnly repeated in front of the corn-crib the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's "Æneid," and announced that his corn was thereforward safe. A box, stashed to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "lived Mas' Smith done witted dat at corn-house, shure 'nuff." "Till you, gentlemen, you touch dem dar handles efl sperits carry you away." "No such ting's ev'ry day." "How you know dat no such ting?" "Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say about dem tings." "Pete Lee 'didn't believe in no sperits; got a gun fixed somehwah inside dat house; turn de handle and de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up de country when I live in Goozlem." "Another theorist averred that 'while Massa Smith was sayin' dat dar wite Scripber ober dem handles he seen a white pigeon come a-sailing 'round a rom' an' round, an' done light on de peak of de corn-house roof. Jil yil tell you, sar, sumfin up, sho'."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information direct from headquarters. Preparing with half a bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his question.

"Mis' Smith, what you bin a-doin' to dat at crib of yours?" "Why, uncle Zeke, what do you want to know for?" "Oh, nuffin, sar; sorter curious like. Hearn all de boys talkin' 'bout it—never see nuffin like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well explain it to you; but I just advise you—don't go near that crib after dark, or you'll see something you won't like."

Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind. It was midnight—the hour when churchyards are said to yawn, not with exhalation, but returning animation. In front of the enchanted corn-house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder. In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland dog bounded toward him, evidently in rejoynment over his assistance. The Indians spared the life of an old Chinaman on condition that he would cook their breakfast. They told him that he had better leave after that, as three hundred more Indians from Oregon would soon be in that vicinity.

Man's Better-Half.

"There! that explains where my clothes-lines went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

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A school-girl in Ann Arbor, Michigan, took for the theme of her essay, "My Lovers," which she read on commencement day, much to the astonishment of the assembly. She not only gave the names of her admirers, but described minutely their varied manner of courtship, exciting great laughter in the audience, in which the young men undergoing dissection did not participate.

A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible he cheapened everything, and at last said: "I believe you think I'm cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "no you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear." Tab-

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A Kentucky Bridal Tour.

There came one day to a little inland town in Kentucky a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silken bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood on the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered the car the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her most affectionately, and commenced whittling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when, by a bystander, thinking the whole proceeding rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carefully, and chewing a straw to keep up his courage, he said: "Been gettin' married lately?" "Yes," said he, "me and Sallie spliced this mornin'."

A Perilous Ride.

Mr. Frank W. Quindlin made an ascension in the Ritchel Flying Machine from Boston Common on the Fourth, of which the *Journal* of that city gives the following account:

At 8:45 the end of the cord which passed over the frame of the machine was let go, and gracefully floated away before the astonished gaze of at least 100,000 people, who were so struck with the daring and intrepidity of the aeronaut, and the novel exhibition, that scarcely a murmur was heard in all that vast throng.

At the height of a thousand feet or thereabouts, the machine rose and gradually increased its altitude until lost to view by those who witnessed its departure. The preparations for the ascension differed so materially from those of an ordinary balloon ascension that grave doubts were entertained respecting the fate of the voyager, who appeared completely at the mercy of the elements.

The balloon was that through which the gas was admitted, and that was covered with composition caps, beyond reach of the aeronaut, who had no other cord at his command, who had no other cord at his command in case he desired to descend.

Mr. Quindlin waved his hat to his friends and proceeded on his perilous career. Soon after passing over the Public Garden he discovered that he had ascended to a remarkable height, and trying to work the cranks by means of which the fans are put in motion he discovered to his surprise, and that the machine would not work.

When Mr. Quindlin raked his brain to invent some method by which to extricate himself from the danger which enveloped him. He could not determine his exact height, as he was not provided with either barometer or any other apparatus for gauging height or distance, but judged from the appearance of the world beneath his feet that he was two miles from the earth.

A good story is told of a deacon in Tennessee, who was in the habit of riding a bucking mule—that is a mule that can make a mule's back of its straight one, and by a spasmodic movement of its four legs and hump, discharge its rider like a cannon ball.

It surprised the shiners and newshires around the postoffice the other day to see a pretty Tim, and to hear him say: "I want to sell my mule. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings!"

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one. "Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said: "I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it; but you might not have seen it. He wrote: "Died—Litt'l Ted—of scarlet fever, aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to Heaven; left with brother."

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