

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

Whole No., 360.

## The Largest Stock!

AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT

### A. LAMME & CO'S.

We carry in Stock Large and Full Assortments in Each of the Following Lines—

Ladies' Goods, Fancy Goods,  
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,  
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Queensware, Cutlery, and all  
kinds of Hardware,

### HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

—AND—

### Agricultural Implements!

We have, in fact, everything needed by the

### Farmer, Mechanic and Miner.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK, AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE,  
EXPOSED TO VIEW, THE ARTICLE YOU WANT,

### ASK FOR IT!

WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES IN STOCK THAT WE CANNOT  
ENUMERATE IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, OR MAKE  
ROOM FOR ON OUR SHELVES.

Doing an enormously large business we are enabled to purchase goods and sell the  
same at lower prices than it is possible for others to do.

CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS AND LEARN PRICES.

A. Lamme & Co.

MAIN STREET, Bozeman, Montana.

## THE BEST PLACE

To Buy Your

# CLOTHING,

### BOOTS AND SHOES,

### Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

### CROCKERY,

### GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

Is at

# LESTER S. WILLSON'S

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 line, 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 Uni-  
ted States, and purchased for cash and consequently at

### "BOTTOM PRICES."

JOHN CRAIG, or as more familiarly known, "Sooty," will preside at the "bench"  
and will make or repair anything in the shape of a boot or shoe, and at prices  
equivalent 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.

## The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern  
Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

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Wm. W. Alderson, Publisher.  
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### Poetry.

#### The Best of All.

"I love my love because she is so fair:  
Her eyes are like two stars, her flowing hair  
Like braided sunshine, and her small feet  
Keep time with my true heart like music sweet."

"I love my love because she is so wise:  
Her soul sits calm and thoughtful in her eyes;  
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm  
As in the tropic noon the quiet palm."

"I love my love for that she is so good:  
No human heart hath fully understood  
Her gentle ways, her happy, hopeful face,  
Bright with the light of some sweet, holy place."

"I love my love," the fourth sang, glad and  
free,  
As if it scarce and thought in her eyes;  
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm  
As in the tropic noon the quiet palm."

"I love my love, because she loves me—  
This is enough to make me proud and blest;  
I love my love because she loves me best."

The plume of the quail in the stubble field;  
The scene of the new mown hay;  
And all day long the shout and the song  
Of the reapers so far away.

Oh, sweet is the field where the meadow lark fits  
As if it scarce and thought in her eyes;  
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm  
As in the tropic noon the quiet palm."

Oh, sweet is the field where the meadow lark fits  
As if it scarce and thought in her eyes;  
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm  
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When the thrashers come in, with halloo and din,  
When they pause to rest what is left of the man,  
Chawed up in an eight horse power.

Oh, like and listen! From over the hills,  
What voice for the doctor begs?  
'Tis the steersman who fell, and awful to fall,  
'Tis the steersman who fell, and awful to fall.

Thus all day long, with mirth and song,  
They laugh at the dread alarm;  
Though the waving field shall its harvest yield  
Of fingers, and legs and arms.

Then pity the sorrows of a poor old granger,  
Whose mangled limbs have borne him to his  
grave.

Who braved, with reckless courage, untold dan-  
ger,  
And ran his farm with modern implements.

The doors of the ancient Egyptians were  
made of wood like those of the present day,  
and stained in the same way to imitate  
foreign and rare woods. They turned  
on pins of metal, and were secured inside  
by bar or bolts. Some exactly resembled  
the front folding door of an old iron, the  
"Red House," at Norwich, pulled down a  
few years ago, having bolts above and be-  
low, and a bar placed across from one wall  
to the other, but in many instances wood-  
en locks secured them like it by passing  
over the centre at the junction of the two  
folds. One of the most striking differences  
between ancient doors and our own was  
that those of the Greeks opened outwards  
to the street, so that they were obliged to  
strike on the inside before they opened it,  
to warn persons passing to keep at a dis-  
tance. Those of the Egyptians and the  
Romans, both inner doors of rooms and  
street doors opened inwardly like our  
doors, and they were forbidden to open a  
street door outwardly except by special  
permission.

Old maids,  
Also, old bachelors,  
A tender-hearted butcher,  
A man who will die for a woman,  
Milkmen who don't water their milk,  
The man who really likes to eat people,  
A hotel clerk who can't "size" a man by  
his clothes,  
Singers who think it's cunning to mumble  
their words,  
A young man with two sweethearts and  
a clear conscience,  
A man who can lay down a pat full with  
perfect equanimity,  
The man who wears a duster two inches  
shorter than his coat,  
People who consider it beneath their  
dignity to raise their hat to a lady,  
The man with a one-eighth interest in a  
two-barrel well who don't say "We pro-  
ducers."

The dry goods clerk who, does not say,  
"Now, isn't there something else to-day?"  
People who wear under plate-glass pins  
and imagine that they will be taken for  
diamonds.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's  
funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together  
by the kitchen fire, with that hush over  
our spirits which follows a death and a  
burial. All the afternoon we had been  
busy in getting the house to rights, not  
meaning yet with the things which had  
been here and were now ours, but by dint  
of open windows, stashes and furniture  
dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to  
the rooms that familiar look which they  
had lost during these weeks of anxiety and  
trouble. A few days more, and we must  
face a future which was full of terrors.  
Mean while custom as well as inclination  
accorded a brief respite in which to think  
of her who has gone, and of each other,  
with the clinging fondness of those whose  
lives, never before parted, were about to  
separate.

Sue sat on a low stool, her head against  
the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of  
Aunt Priscilla's youth; she never would  
alter it—she had the old-fashioned  
kind, with pot-hooks, and blazing logs,  
and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-  
blackened bricks and faint red glow made  
a background for my sister's head, with  
its great twist of fair hair, and like-  
slender throat. She is very pretty, pret-  
tier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect-  
ed a picture as I looked at her—a picture  
of a girl sitting in just such an attitude  
by the chimney-side. She was equally  
picturesque at that moment; so far as  
looks go, equally worthy of a Prince; but,  
alas! no fairy godmother was likely to  
emerge from the apple-tree for her benefit.  
Aunt Pris, who in a small way had en-  
joyed the "torture" to wit, was gone, and  
her big, "sing-chair," which we had no  
right to sit in, swung empty in its accu-  
stomed place, type of a empty which we  
were conscious of in other things, and  
would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We  
were tired and spiritless, and John Slade  
was coming presently to talk over things,  
so we saved our words.

By Slade's John was Sue's lover. Their  
poor little engagement had been formed  
two years ago. How many years it was  
likely to last, nobody could guess; but  
they held on to it bravely, and were con-  
tent to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat wait-  
ing, his step sounded without on the gravel,  
and with a little pat—courteous but un-  
necessary, for the door was never locked—  
entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another,  
and sat on the sofa in his usual rock-  
ing-chair. It was a comfort to have him  
do that. The house seemed less forlorn at  
once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?"  
he asked.

"I've been busy," replied Sue. "We have  
been busy, and are tired to-night, I think.  
I'm glad you are come, John, dear. We  
were getting lonely and dismal, Creel and  
I."

"Loretta is my name; but Sue and Aunt  
Priscilla always called me "Creel."

John adjusted a stick on the embers,  
and, with one daring peep, saw a tongue  
of bright flame upon the hearth. He  
never took Sue's hand in his broad palm,  
and, putting it gently, said:

"Now let's talk over matters. We ought  
to decide what we are to do, we three."

"That 'three' was very comforting to  
me, but John always is a comfort. He was  
"made so," Aunt Pris said. And he cer-  
tainly carries out the purpose of his crea-  
tion."

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went  
on.

"Only this; and I brought from between  
the leaves of the big Bible, where we had  
found it, a half-sheet of note-paper, on  
which dear aunt had stated, in her own  
simple form, that she left all she had to be  
equally divided between her nieces, Susan  
and Loretta Priscilla. "Squire Packard's  
name and Susan Brackett's, our old wood-  
crafter, were written below as wit-  
nesses."

"Very well," said John. "That's good  
in law, if not; or, if not, you are the  
nearest relations, and it's yours anyway.  
What property did your aunt own besides  
this?"

"She had an annuity of \$250 a year, and  
fifty dollars more from some timber-  
stock. That's all, except the house and  
furniture, and there is a mortgage of \$300  
on that. "Squire Packard holds it. The  
annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to  
whistle, but restrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he  
said. "A capital manager. She made a  
very little go a great way, didn't she? I  
don't know any other way, did she? I  
nearly on three hundred a year, with mor-  
tgage interest taken out. You have always  
seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the  
garden, you know, and the cow; that gave  
us two-thirds of our living. Aunt was a  
wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it  
a great deal cheaper to feed women than  
men? She always said so."

## Our Selected Story.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

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funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together  
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garden, you know, and the cow; that gave  
us two-thirds of our living. Aunt was a  
wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it  
a great deal cheaper to feed women than  
men? She always said so."

"I am sure it is. Men are carnivorous,  
a diet of tea and vegetables don't suit them  
very well; they're apt to grumble for  
something more solid. Well, my dear  
girls, our summing up isn't very satisfac-  
tory. Even without the mortgage, you  
couldn't live on fifty dollars a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we  
could do. So has Creel, though we haven't  
touched a district school, perhaps. And  
Creel—"

"I could take a place as plain cook.  
There isn't anything else I can do so well.  
Plain cooking, with dripping and soap-  
suds by way of perquisites, and I give a laugh  
which was meant to be merry."

"It is hard," said John, with a woody  
look on his face, which has foreign to its  
usual frank brightness. "How much a  
little money would sometimes do for peo-  
ple who can't get it, and how little it is  
worth to other people, who fling it away  
without a thought of its value! A few  
dollars now! Any rich man would  
consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses;  
but if I could command the sum, it would

make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you  
do with a thousand dollars, if you had it,  
John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to  
sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country,  
you know. It brings him in six or eight  
hundred a year—sometimes more. He has  
a chance to go into partnership with his  
brother out West somewhere, and he'll sell  
for a thousand."

"But John, some people like you better  
than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the ques-  
tion is, will they like me better than the  
other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out?  
If I were that man, I should command  
both practices. It is a chance, don't you  
see? But a new man coming in has his  
chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful laugh. "That's  
the worst of it. I can only keep on and  
hope for the best. But it is hard, when  
with this miserable thousand dollars I  
could double my chances and make a  
nice home for you two. Sue, darling, don't  
cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm,  
but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly  
into the fire.

"I've sold everything, all this which  
aunt left us—the house, everything—  
couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I  
asked, desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let  
you do that, Creel, in any case. You'll  
want your share some day for yourself; it  
mustn't go into buying a practice for me.  
But, apart from that, houses sell so badly  
now that this wouldn't realize much over  
the value of the mortgage at a forced sale.  
And the furniture, though worth a good  
deal to keep, would go for nothing at an  
auction. That plan wouldn't do at all for  
any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about  
it, and seeing what we have, and what it's  
worth," I urged, loth to give up any ghost  
of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't  
we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must  
do sooner or later. Look over the house,  
and make a list carefully, and we'll con-  
sult and fix on approximate values. Don't  
hurry about it, though. Next week is time  
enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and  
can't take," I cried, impetuously. "Some-  
thing to fill up the long days and keep us  
from thinking and getting blue is what we  
never miss! We'll make the list to-morrow,  
John."

A little more talk he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the post office, John?"

"Yes. There was nothing for you."

"Not even the *Intelligencer*?" asked Sue,  
anxiously.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a  
great fire in New York, and the *Intelli-  
gencer* is burned out. Abner brought the  
news over; it was telegraphed to the junc-  
tion. They say the building is a total loss,  
so I suppose there won't be any publica-  
tion for a while—some days at least."

"Poor aunt! how sorry she would be!"  
sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever  
since it began, forty-five years ago. She  
never missed a number. There it all is,  
upstairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was  
so proud of her file. It's no use at all  
now, I suppose, is it, John?"

"The ragman will give a penny a pound  
for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll weigh the lot, one of these days,  
and see what we can realize," said John.  
"Good-night, children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out  
to do next day. The past itself, the faint,  
fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up  
and enclosed in those bundles of time-worn  
articles which elderly people encumber  
their store-rooms and closet shelves.  
Some air of antiquity exhales as you open  
them, and, mingling with our modern air,  
produces an impression half laughable,  
half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born  
collector. She loved old things because  
they were old, apart from use or value, and  
instinct and principle combined had kept  
her from ever throwing away anything in  
her life. Had she been richer, her garret  
would indeed have proved a mine of treas-  
ures for the bric-a-brac hunters. No in-  
fidel would have laid eyes on her and  
sneered; her claw-legged tables would have  
been a very short one. A few chairs and  
tables, a dozen tin spoons and a small tea  
pot in silver, the huge newspaper heap  
which had appreciated at a penny a pound  
—these seemed the only saleable things;  
and we looked comically and grimly into  
each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to est. *Intelli-  
gencers*," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent  
counterparts," replied Sue—"warmer than  
blankets."

"Yes, and they say that a teaspoonful  
of Lacy's Extract gives as much nourish-  
ment as ever so much roast beef," re-  
torted I. "But it seemed to me, when I  
tried it, that except for a taste in my  
mouth as if I had swallowed an old sea-  
son, I shouldn't have known that I had eaten  
anything at all."

John came as usual in the evening,  
"Here's enterprise!" he called out as he  
came in.

"What is enterprise?"

"The *Intelligencer*! Behold it, large as  
his, and looking just so usual, only forty-

eight hours after the fire! That's what I  
call pluck."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, admiringly, as she  
drew the paper from its wrapper and held  
it to the blaze that she might see the fam-  
iliar page. Meanwhile I took from my  
pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have  
searched the house over to-day, and this is  
all there is of any value—the furniture, a  
little silver and those wretched *Intelli-  
gencers*."

I was interrupted by a startled cry. Sue  
was gazing at the newspaper in her hand  
with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had  
flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both  
of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John I don't believe  
it! Read."

"She thrust the paper into his file, and  
he read:

"\$1000—THE OFFICE FILE OF  
*THE INTELLIGENCER*, our paper, having been  
destroyed by fire, we offer the above price  
for a complete set of the *Intelligencer* from its first  
number, March 1833, to the end of the year  
1878. Any person able to supply a set of  
a standard will please communicate with  
us at No. 233, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! Oh,  
John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear  
aunt—think of her file turning out such  
a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true.  
I feel as though it were a dream, and I  
dare not step down the kitchen floor."

John and Sue were equally excited.

"Only," premised the former, "we must  
not forget that some one else may have  
a file of the *Intelligencer*, and get ahead of  
us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept  
me awake all night. My thoughts kept  
flying to New York, anticipating the letter  
that we had written, and John posted  
over night for the early stage. If it should  
be lost in the mail! When morning came,  
I was too weary and too flustered to employ  
myself in any way. But about noon John  
walked in—comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here  
at this hour! Why do you look so? You  
haven't come yet; you can't, for the letter  
is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the  
letter—drove over to the junction, telegraph  
office, paid for the answer, and here it  
is."

"Send me it at once, check ready to your  
order."