

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

Vol. 8. No. 1.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1878.

Whole No. 365.

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 enormous 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 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.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

Terms of Subscription:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Year, \$10.00

Three Months, 3.00

One Year, Delivered by carrier, 12.00

Single Copies, 10 Cts.

All subscriptions will be discontinued at the end of the time paid for.

Some of our patrons being in arrears on their subscription accounts, we will continue the old terms for their accommodation, or until the amount due us is paid in full. The following are our

Credit Rates of Subscription:

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Wm. W. Alderson, PUBLISHER.

Office, Courthouse Building, Main Street.

TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A California Hunter's Unexpected Encounter.

On Thursday last week Mr. Nathan Rogers, who lives upon a ranch in the mountain above West Point, had the most terrific encounter with a grizzly we ever heard of. Gray squirrels are quite plenty there this season, and after dinner Mr. Rogers went out for an afternoon's sport. He was armed with a light rifle, and fortunately had a large knife which he occasionally carried. He was in the mountains in the vicinity, and Rogers had frequently seen their tracks while hunting his stock; but as it is yet too early for venison he had not been driven out of the higher mountain ranges by the snow. He felt no apprehension from that source.

In leaving a timbered ridge upon which he had been shooting, Rogers had to cross a patch of comparatively open country. He had gone but a short distance when, descending into a little blind ravine, he came upon a huge grizzly feeding on the carcass of a sheep. The bear was not over twenty feet distant—a space that Rogers had not the remotest desire to diminish. Man and bear discovered each other's presence at the same time. Rogers is a resolute man, a sportsman, and well versed in the dangers of backwoods life; but with a full knowledge of the characteristics of the ferocious animal facing him, he died away in his breast. His first impulse was to run, but his better judgment told him that if he did so, and should be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible. There was a chance that the grizzly might not attack him if he retained a bold attitude, but this was dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton, and advancing toward him. When the grizzly had got within about fifteen steps of him, Rogers threw his rifle to his shoulder, and with a steady aim, planted a bullet in the bear's breast just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard, but no sixty-to-pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly. With a growl so ferocious that it resembled a roar, the infuriated animal rushed forward to the attack. Throwing aside now the useless rifle, and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the shaggy monster reared upon his hind legs, his great, convex head towering two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in its mouth and, throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter, hugged him in an embrace so cruel that his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the blood gushed from his nostrils. Rogers' right arm was free, and he drove the blade of his knife to the hill in the side of the grizzly close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, but its immediate effect was only to increase the grizzly's ferocity. It hugged Rogers the closer, its long, sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the unfortunate man's back, while the bones of his left arm were ground to powder in the vice-like jaws of his terrible antagonist. Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation, driving it again and again into the vital of the bear, liberally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth lacerating his human foe in the most frightful manner. The terrible wounds of the grizzly were commencing to tell upon its vitality. Rogers' senses were not so dulled but that he could distinguish the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded situated him to renewed exertions with his knife. The bear endeavored to support itself, despite its cruel wounds, wavered for an instant, then, with a low moan, the huge monster toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partly underneath. Summoning all his remaining strength, Rogers plunged his knife into the grizzly's abdomen, the hot blood and viscera spouting full in his face. The bear relinquished his hold, and Rogers, torn, lacerated, and bleeding, crawled far enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the grizzly.

Although victorious, Rogers' condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half from home, so weak and faint he could scarcely stand, and in danger of slipping to death before he could reach help. Conscious that he must soon have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction of home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his footsteps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of his home, where he lay in a faint, but at last gave way, and he lay in a dead faint by the water's edge. Fortunately he was soon discovered by his man and two Indian hunters of the wagon, and of some 12 years, who immediately

Man's Better-Half.

A Son-Net—Your neighbor's pretty daughter.

A San Francisco girl at a spelling school sat down on "papa-loons." Whose?

What woman would be the most likely to give husband a blowing up, if he irritated her? Dinah might.

Mr. Peck, of Chicago, has gone off with a handsome man, leaving her husband with a bundle of trouble in the shape of four little Pecks.

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his wife to marry him, she gave him a soft answer, and the soft answer turned away wrath.

There is a general regret that Tilden is not to be married. A lively hope had been raised of such. Nephew Pelton bounced with a broomstick.

Snodgrass says that two young ladies, who are the absence of late exchanges, are such other as they would men should do unto them.

She handed him a piece of snail to admire, and after a fond gaze he handed it back, saying, "Your snail lacks nothing in the line of beauty." She tried to look sad and wondered what it all meant.

"I'll take another yard of that binding, if you please," said a woman to a counter-jumper. "Beg pardon," said the clerk. "I understood you five yards."

"That's right," replied the customer, "but another yard will make it more binding."

The art of printing will never be complete till Professor Edison, or some one else, invents a means of conveying to readers' ears the shrill whistle that escapes a young husband's lips when he first learns that his wife has twins.

Necessity has no Law.—Parson (sternly): "How could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that?"

Bride (weeping): "It was not my fault, sir; I never got him to come when he's sober."—Punch.

A widow, whose artistic pretensions had carried his house to be elegantly furnished, married his brother. When her visitors, after her second marriage, complimented her upon the beauty of her house furnishing, she answered, "Oh, yes, my dear brother-in-law had such exquisite taste!"

At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

The Chicago Times says: "There has never been an authenticated case of yellow fever being transmitted through the mail." That's just like a man. Since the days of Adam all afflictions have been charged directly to woman.

"The moon is always just the same," he said indignantly, "and yet I always find some new locality in it."—It's just so with the Bozeman Lyceum.

He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.

Advertisement.—If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with white hair and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocery's shop, he will hear of this to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it.

"Shall I help you to alcohol?" asked a city expatriate of a nonsensical country girl who was about to get out of a wagon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon, and indignantly exclaimed: "What do you mean? You think I smoke, do you?"

A Dubuque girl so enamored a couple of Chicago traveling men that a duel resulted between the latter. An island on the Mississippi was selected for the battle ground, secondly were selected, and war commenced. The second, however, only headed the revolver with blank cartridges, and a piece of the pistol waddling striking one of the principals in the forehead, he dropped senseless, while the successful shot left town in a closed hack under the impression that he was a murderer.

One of our exchanges, says the Chicago Tribune, says swearing is a common habit among Minnesota young ladies, and originated from the annoyance caused by grasshoppers crawling up their stockings while they were playing croquet. The Pioneer-Press, however, places the matter in the following improved light: "The fact is that the grasshoppers ate holes in the girls' stockings, which, of course, made them mad, and when Sarah proposed to use a sheet-iron and tar as a remedy, Mary said, 'Oh, darn it, from this simple incident grew the whole scandalous report about the profanity of the young ladies in Minnesota.'"

Resting.

This word, in western parlance, signifies much more than is expressed in Webster's unbridged, and Noah's conception of the scope and depth of the word must have been vague, indeed, when he confined his definition to the noise made by silken fabrics, leaves, etc., when in motion. He was, nevertheless, a cunning old leech-scraper, and endeavored to fill the bill as "defining" "resting," as one who rustles. It may so happen that this article, when digested, will also prove a failure, but as the writer is strictly on the rustic branch, he knows that it is "out of luck," a rustling community will so consider it. Well, then, "rustling" is a peculiar, indescribable attribute which is acquired in the west by inhaling the air of mountain or plain on an empty stomach, with no immediate prospect of replenishing an empty four-sack, and it changes the system in an instant. Once a restorer, always rustling, until success smiles on oft repeated efforts.

This holds good in every walk of life. Agate, look at the keenness displayed by the sportsman in securing another stake when on horse; notice with what determination the hopeful miner pierces the mountain so long as his grub-stake holds out, and then with what parsimony he rustles for more. Behold the anxious customer for coffee; they're rustling; so are those

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A contemporary says marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

Beecher now says there may be a hell, but not a permanent hell—just a kind of a resting place, you know.

The devil is the oldest tramp known. He is always going to and from the earth, and walking up and down in it.

The man who gets up last in the morning ought to make the best reporter, because he always gets the latest news.

A bug bites the oyster, and a poet begins to grow. A bug bites a hotel guest, and he leaps out of bed and wants to knock somebody's eyebrows off.

It is reported that the first silver dollar coined in the United States has been found. It is held by twenty-eight different American citizens.

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Hint for young seamen: Whatever the navigation books may tell you, the most expeditious mode of boxing the compass is to pop it into your chest.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the construction his contemporaries put upon his able leader: "The demand for more men."

Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge at a faster pace than a walk shall if a white person, be fined five dollars, and if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes—half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

Swartzmeyer to his wife: "Now, see here, nine lof, better as you had Johnny let a little pop you out early cates' adder first thing you don't know, he had some toothache in his teeth, and had been skwallin' around all night with der cholera morbus in his jaw; don't he?"

A man at a church fair who had a fifty-cent bowl of oyster stew, suddenly rose in excitement and began to pull off his coat and vest. "Why do you do that?" asked the pious fair lady who took the fishy cents. "Why, great heavens!" he cried, "there is a little oyster away down an arter, and I'm going to dive in it."

An exchange says campfire will drive mosquitoes out of a room. And to it, but you must first catch the mosquitoes, choke 'em till they are black and blue in the face, and then cram a lump of campfire down their throats. This remedy is more trouble but less expensive than burning down your house to get rid of the pests.

"Anti-fat, eh?" said the third stranger, looking at the advertisement on the bill-board, as he dimly saw a friendly lamp post. "Anti-fat, eh? 'Taint that, anti-fat, anti-fat is—'what I want." And with one more vigorous effort he pushed the clinging lamp post away from him, walked backwards across the street, and fell over a dray and half way up the side of a house.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Astronomer tells us that if there was a telegraphic wire from the earth to the North Pole in Alaska, it would take 1,250,000 years for a dispatch from here to reach its destination; and suppose the rate was 40 cents, and you sent the message to be paid at the end of the line, how like all eternity the interest would pile up on the other fellow by the time the boy handed him the message. Figure up, some of you.

"How was the world made?" is being discussed in a scientific magazine. We weren't there, but we suppose they got all the answers by the time they had finished the survey, and then bombed the rest of it to work, and pushed it through before Mr. Tilden could come along and steal it.—Hawkeye.

The son of a well known tectolar once told an inquiring friend that he and his father had a douse of a time in the Highlands drinking whisky and water. "What?" said his astonished friend, "Your father drank whisky and water?" "No," said the son, "we drank it together, I drank the whisky and he drank the water."

It is given out that the halles will wear vests precisely like the gentlemen's this winter. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in his right hand pocket for a pinch of fine-cut and finds nothing but a piece of chewing gum and the stub of a short black lead pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of ten-dollar greenbacks in the left hand pocket of his vest—that is, if he is an editor, he will—and he will rush back home in Raris time.

THE VIRGINS' BOXES.

A Great Curiosity at Cologne.

Cologne Letter to the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Virgins' bones are a greater curiosity of Cologne than the cathedral, and yet we rarely hear of them in America. Among the thousands of legends of the B. M. E. I. of the pious St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins who, 1,800 years ago, went up the river on a pilgrimage to Rome, and returning, were all murdered by the Huns. Their bones were gathered together, and in some way unexplained, were brought to Cologne and buried in a convent in the city. A jury in a court in Trenton, New Jersey, thinks that it does not. Elmina Waters brought suit in the United States Circuit Court against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in which the payment of a policy on the life of the complainant's husband was refused on the ground that the deceased had committed suicide by consulting a fortune teller, and the jury came in with a verdict for Mrs. Waters for \$2,674.44, the whole amount of the policy and interest.

Does suicide forfeit a life insurance policy? This is a question that has often been asked, and decided a number of times in the courts in the negative. A jury in Trenton, New Jersey, thinks that it does not. Elmina Waters brought suit in the United States Circuit Court against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in which the payment of a policy on the life of the complainant's husband was refused on the ground that the deceased had committed suicide by consulting a fortune teller, and the jury came in with a verdict for Mrs. Waters for \$2,674.44, the whole amount of the policy and interest.

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