

Lelena Col W. A. Saunders

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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THE BEST PLACE
To Buy Your
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,
Is at
WILLSON & LEWIS.
[SUCCESSORS TO LESTER S. WILLSON.]

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

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

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

CUSTOM MADE GOODS.

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

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS

Goods 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

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Wm. Craig, or as more familiarly known, "Bobby," 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, and prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

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

WILLSON & LEWIS.

The Largest Stock!
AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
General Merchandise
IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT
A. LAMME & CO'S.

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
Woolen 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 IT, ENUNERATE IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, OR MAKE ROOM FOR ON OUR SHELVES.

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

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.
111 N. STREET, Bozeman, Montana.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.
ESTABLISHED IN 1871.
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Wm. W. Alderson, **ALDERSON & SON.**
Editors and Proprietors.
Office, Courrier Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

THE ARABIAN TALE.

PART II.

I was in hopes that there would come no
For any more of my Arabian story,
And I had thrown away my pen and scroll
To seek in other fields for wealth and glory,
But since my friends are anxious now to
hear
What said the Queen upon that famous
day,
When something strange she whispered in
the ear
And sent the young man laughing on his
way,
I'll try and satisfy their curiosity
With the least I can of verbosity.

Our hero when he left the palace went
To a bazaar, where everything was sold,
From a rich jewel to an Arab's tent
And men and women slaves, so I've been
told;
The young man wanted none of these just
then,
But sought rich clothes and sword of rarest
steel,
Such as are always worn by Eastern men
Who are in waiting on a monarch's court—
We have to wear the livery and the brand
Of those we serve, in every court and land.
Yes, there's the rub—we have to wear the
brand
Of those we serve, no matter who or
what;
It can't be hid, for placed by Nature's hand
The plain to see as when you've singed
a cat.

The noble thoughts and every low desire
Is stamped, and so is occupation;
Capidity, and pride, and passion's fire
Are known as is a blacksmith by his
anvil;
We can't be fooled if we but do our part
And study Physiognomy—a noble art.
"But what has this to do," I hear you say,
"With the advice the Queen gave our
young man?"

Oh, nothing, only I have oft a way
Of moralizing some whenever I can.
Now, while I think, I'd better give the
name
Of our young hero: It was Abdel Khan,
Who from a line of noble people came
As ever worshipped God by Arab plan;
For in those times there were as-to-day,
A thousand paths that lead salvation's way.

Now Abdel Khan when next he walked
the street
Looked like a prince, and it was plainly
seen,
From dress and sword, by those that he
did meet.

That he was in some office for the Queen,
The barber when they met was very civil
And asked him to call 'round and see the
folk,
And hoped he would not harbor any evil,
That all their trouble had been but a joke.
And Abdel Khan said, "That is very true,
I'll call upon you in a day or two."

Next day he did a courteous message send
To ask the barber what would be the
charge
Of shaving him and a most worthy friend;
The barber told his price, which was
not large,
Khan soon appeared and took the barber's
chair,
And wrapped in cotton cloth up to his
chin.

His handsome face was soon made smooth
and bare
As if a beard had never on it been,
He then went for his friend and soon was
back,
Leading along the street the good old Jack.

The barber was amazed—struck all on
end—
And asked him what he meant to thus
behave;
When Abdel Khan replied: "This is my
friend
Which you've agreed this very day to
shave."

"Me shave an ass! No! by the Prophet's
head!
For such a thing was never known be-
fore;
If that's your friend, it shows how you've
been reared;
Such customers as you I want no more,
For I have something better to attend
Than waiting soap and razors on your
friend."

Then Abdel Khan departed with his friend,
And to the Queen went straight with his
report,
And laughter loud and long broke at the
end
Of his recital in that famous court.

Odds and Ends.

The milkman lives to be sixteen years
old.
If a young man wants to see his name in
a paper let him get married. He will never
enjoy his death notice.
"How much was this butter, did you
say?" "Seventeen cents, sir." "Where on
earth have the other two gone? I can
smell but fifteen."
Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, is the for-
tunate owner of half of a newly developed
silver mine which is yielding \$9,000 worth
of silver daily.
They make up furs without sewing now
by applying a solution of india rubber and
benzine with a brush and passing the ma-
terial between two rollers.
Overhead on a ferryboat—"Everything
has gone wrong with A. T. Stewart's af-
fairs since his death." "If the old man
had been alive the St. Mark's churchyard
outrage never would have occurred."
The Dublin (Ga) Post apologizes to
some of its fellow-citizens for having
slandered them in not asking them to sub-
scribe.
A skunk got into the basement of the
Grace Church at Yonahoe, Ontario, one
evening recently, while a service was in
progress, and the congregation was dis-
missed without waiting for the benedic-
tion.
Rev. A. P. Graves, the evangelist, says
that all graduates of the Agricultural Col-
lege at Ames but one are infidels. The
College Aurora says none of them are in-
fideis. Now, who's right?
It is a mistake to expect to succeed at
farming without plenty of good honest
work. Some men may have made money
crop without a good deal of that indispen-
sible article.
Major McDowell, of Chicago, a brother
of General McDowell, says that the ser-
vice candidate for President, who could
get the German and Irish vote and make a
better run than any other man, is Hon. E.
B. Washburne.
A young man in the country wrote to a
Boston book-seller as follows: "Dear sir:
If you have a book called Daniel Webster
on a bridge please to send me a copy
by Fyler's express c. o. d. I want to teach
my neighbor to read."
A few years ago Mr. Edison was in Eng-
land, and anxious to find some one to take
up one of his inventions, but he failed, and
went back to America, where Gould, of
the Erie Railway, made a million
dollars by it.—London Truth.
Having been entirely without a printer
the past week, we have had to do job work,
play the devil, chop wood, set type, mail
papers, hunt up locals, go to market, be-
lieve, read and correct proof, avoid the
orthographic (beat with bill, according to
the old definition) hence had no time to
write editorials.
Mr. Guy Carlton, a robust farmer sev-
enty-five years old, living near the village of
Wyoming, N. Y., has bought his coffin
and has it ready for use. He also has ready
for erection a solid marble block, chiseled
in the shape of a dwelling, with doors and
windows. The block will be put over his
grave to symbolize by its form and solidity
the long dwelling of man.
Postmaster-General Key has directed a
letter to be prepared for transmission to
the Speaker of the House of Representa-
tives foreshadowing the discontinuance of
the postal car service in all parts of the
country on the first of January, unless
Congress shall, in the meantime, make an
appropriation to continue it.
A case is going to court in Kentucky
where one man agreed to fatten another's
hogs on the spot, for two over half. The
hogs were stolen, and the question is,
how many hogs will each have when
the division takes place? Numbers
of people have applied the arithmetic, and
yet they differ.
The editor of the Mower County (Minn.)
Transcript, being hard pressed for items,
fastened a pair of bob-sleds to his feet one
day last week and went out with a skating
party. Suffice it to say the experiment
furnished two-thirds of a column for his
paper, gave a physician employment for
two weeks, and changed his complexion so
that his creditors will never recognize him.
The employers in the manufacturing and
iron trade in the North of England claim
that the arbitrators five per cent. reduc-
tion in wages in consequence of the depres-
sion of business. The men claim that the
price of labor is lower than in the past 20
years. The newspapers continue to pub-
lish accounts of distress throughout the
country, which the authorities and private
citizens are endeavoring to relieve.
How a Man Goes to Bed.
Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an
exchange says:
"There's where a man has the advantage.
He can undress in a cold room and
get his bed warm before a woman can
get her hair-pins out and her shoes untied."
That's how it looks in print, and this is
how it is in reality: "I am going to bed,
my dear," he said to his wife, "No reply."
"Now, John, you know you'll always be
in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes,"
in a minute," he replies, as he turns the
paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy
article headed "The Louisiana Muddle."
Fifteen minutes later she calls from the
bed-room, "John, come to bed, and don't
keep the gas burning here all night," and
murmuring something about the "bill be-
ing lit enough now," she creeps between
the cold sheets, while John sits placidly
on his seat across the piano stool and a
cigar in his mouth. By and by he yawns,
swooshes himself, throws the paper on the
floor, and setting the shaker proceeds to
that vigorous exercise of shaking the coal
stove. Just at this stage a neat altogether
pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake,
ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes,
I'm ready. Why don't you go to sleep
and let a fellow alone?"
Then he discovers that there is a coal
naked. When this is supplied and rattled

Wit and Humor.

The write thing—a pen.
A close calculation—the tailor's.
A middleman—with a girl on each arm.
The sky, unlike men, is most cheerful
when the bluest.
An actor ought to be a happy man; his
work is all play.
Snoring is now politely described as in-
dulging in sheet music.
A modern surgical operation—to take
the check out of a young man.
When gamblers fail to agree they pour
Hoyle on the troubled waters.
To remove paint from door posts—back
up against it when it is fresh.
Even a clothes line becomes unsteady
when it has too many sheets in the
wind.
It is said that Anthony Comstock blind-
folds himself before disrobing for the
night.
The fellow who got intoxicated with de-
light has been turned out of the temper-
ance society.
The days have come when one thing
harder than getting into bed at night is
getting out in the morning.
The man who goes to church simply be-
cause he has nothing else to do may not
be a heathen, but he is certainly an idle
worshipper.
Surprise is one of the principle elements
of wit. This is why it always makes a
man laugh when he sits down on a pin.
Talk about the angry sea and the mad
waves, and all that. Humpf! you'd be
angry, too, were you crossed as often as
the ocean is.
What can't be cured, etc.—Mike: "Ar-
rah, Pat, the pigs are looking in a bad
way." Pat: "And, sure this, isn't it for
consumption I'm driving them to mar-
ket?"
A man who is drowned in the deep blue
sea is never carted off to a medical college
for dissection, and his body is never stolen
in the hopes of securing a reward.
A musician, George Sharp, had his name
on the door thus: "G. Sharp." A wag
of a painter, who knew something of mu-
sic, early one morning made the following
unintentional and significant addition: "Is
A. flat."
"What's a jography, Bill?" "It's a let-
in of forin lands that we know nothin'
about by 'cute chaps that's never seen
em." Bill got a Government situation.
Talmage must be a tough one if the
New York Police are ashamed to be seen
in his company, and it is said they refuse
to tramp around with him any more of
nights unless he disguises himself.
There will be one comfort about that
railway which is going to be built up the
side of Mount Vesuvius. The traveler
will always find a warm fire and a drop
of the crater when he gets to the top.
A North Carolina paper says of an offi-
cial: "His mule threw him, dragged him
some distance, and but for a rotten saddle-
girth, would have caused a vacancy in the
office he now so acceptably fills."
An exchange has an editorial headed,
"Are we getting out of debt?" Well,
yes. We are getting out of debt gradu-
ally, but as fast as we get out of one debt it
seems as though we get into about three
more.
The Society for the Prevention of Cruel-
ty to animals has a most laudable ob-
ject, but if they can succeed in recon-
structing the moral character of the mule as
to make him less careless with his heels, they
will confer a lasting favor on the colored
portion of the human family.
A gentleman died not long ago who
had been added to his cups. One who
was not aware of his habit was making
inquiries of the family physician in re-
lation to his death, and among other mat-
ters asked about his spiritual condition.
"It was excessive," replied the doctor,
"that was what killed him."
A person who was recently called into
court for the purpose of proving the cor-
rectness of a surgeon's bill, was asked by
the lawyer whether "the doctor did not
make several visits after the patient was
out of danger?" "No," replied the
witness; "I considered the patient in dan-
ger as long as the doctor continued his vis-
its."
She met him last Sunday evening, and
ushered him into the parlor, saying, "The
weather changed suddenly, and he can't
account for her leaving the room so uncer-
emoniously, and the old gent appearing
and conducting him out."
It is reported that a man went home
about three o'clock one morning, and us-
ing his umbrella for a billiard cue, smog
into a sleeping wife in the short rib, crying,
"Pool!" and sank into a sweet slumber.
He has since explained to his wife that
business can have no idea how the cares of
business will sometimes affect a man's
brain.
**THE POSSIBLE LIGHT OF THE FE-
TURE.**
In a letter from Professor Morton to the
New York Tribune he says: Some inter-
est has been excited by the clocks with
self-luminous dials which have been recent-
ly offered for sale in various places. Hav-
ing examined one of them, I find that it is
coated with a sulphide of calcium ("Can-
ton's phosphorus," discovered in 1781), at-
tached by some resinous medium or var-
nish. Though the substance is, therefore,
in composition, only the oil and familiar
one above mentioned, its present manufac-
turers have found out some method of
wonderfully increasing its efficiency. One
of these clocks exposed for a moment to
direct sunlight glows so brightly as to be
easily seen in a room which is not dark-
ened. This Phosphorescence is, moreover,
readily excited by lamp or gas light, and
one of these clocks will continue to glow
during an entire night with no other ex-
citement than that which it gets by the
diffused light in a room during the day.
Toward morning the glow is faint, but is
still sufficient to show the position of the
clock hands.
The nature of this curious action called

Fun on the Farm.

We often hear the remark, "How dull
farming must be!" or, "Who would live
in the country, where are no opportunities
for fun?" Well, then, if you want to know
what genuine fun is, just pitch in and help
break a pair of three-year-old steers. First,
you catch a steer and the him by the lead
to a post in the barn-yard. Then you
catch the other and put a rope round his
horns. Then your dad gets the yoke, and
between you two and the hired man you
get it fastened on their necks. Then the
old man tells you to untie the rope gently,
while he and the hired man hold the crit-
ters. Just as you slip the knot, away go
the steers with a bawl and bellow—or rather
a pair of bellows—and there arises be-
fore your vision a "confused mixture of
horns, heels, tails, ropes, dad, hired man,
and cries on your stupidity," that reminds
you of the picture of a volcanic eruption
in the old geographies. And that is only
the beginning of the fun! By-and-by the
gets hold of one rope, and the hired man
hold of the other, and run races down the
lane—the steers "neck and neck," and the
old man performing the curse on the ser-
pent. Then there is a time in hayting,
when dad undertakes to show you how to
mow over a bumble-bee's nest. He ain't
afraid of these bees—nor need he be—just
go right along—never sting unless you
're flyin' 'em; and then "wh-ih!" get out
of the way! and dad's swath comes to a
sudden stop, and he departs for the house
and harness on a dead run, at the busi-
ness end of a dozen yellow-jegged bumble-
bees. Oh, no! there isn't any fun on a
farm!—Rural New Yorker.

Too Old For Them.
The other day a man with a satchel call-
ed at a ferry-lock saloon wherein fifteen
or twenty old salts were sitting about their
adventures on the high seas, and after
warning his hands at the stove he said to
the bar-keeper:
"Sir, I am the agent of a French wine
house, and I should like to sell you a few
barrels of a brand now over one hundred
years old."
The saloonist thought he wouldn't in-
vest in the wine, but took a pint bottle from
his satchel, held it up to the light, and
looking around on the crowd, remarked:
"Gentlemen, this is a sample of wine
over one hundred years old. I have no
doubt that you will all do me the honor to
taste it."
A perfect shower of tobacco quids and
half-consumed cigars fell on the moist stove-
hearth, and the crowd had its mouth all
ready when the agent scrutinized the bot-
tle and said:
"Well, I am mistaken. I left the wine at
the hotel, and brought along my hair in-
vigorator in place of it. Gentlemen, please
remain seated while I go and fetch the old
wine."
At the end of a long hour he had not re-
turned, and one of the victims slowly arose
and said:
"Gentlemen, you hear me! If I meet
that man and the wine will kill him and
drink his hair invigorator to the last
drop?"
"So'll I," shouted all the others, and
they opened their tobacco-boxes and went
on with their lying.—Detroit Free Press.

Boys.
Boys are boys. They look you square
in the eye and read your general character
like a book. They begin to do this about
the time they get inside of pants and boots,
and do it better than men, because the arts
and artifices and illusions and loves and
ambitions and vanities of life draw a kind
of glamour over most men's eyes soon
after they emerge from boyhood. The
keen penetration of boys detects your
shams and weaknesses, and also your hon-
esty and courage and force, almost at the
first meeting, and when they have once
made up their minds about you, no cover-
ing of pretentious words and no masked
expressions of face can induce them to
change their opinions. If you are doubtful
as to your own real quality, put yourself
on exhibition before a company of boys,
and you may soon find it out. Their
sane, strong and respectful reserve will soon
classify you as good, bad, very good, very
bad, so-so or indifferent, in a summary and
positive style from which there is generally
no more authoritative appeal. Boys are
mischievous, annoying, noisy, bold, often
cruel, often deserving of punishment, but
they are bright and generous and teachable
and useful for all that, and discern motives
with the skill of old detectives. They are
entitled to our profound respect.

Last Thursday morning Mr. Stephen
Blackstone (better known as Deacon) was
struck dead in his bed, apparently having
died without a struggle. Deceased was
one of the earliest settlers of La Fayette
County, and was well and favorably known
throughout southwestern Wisconsin. He
lived to the advanced age of 84 years, and
the day before he died saved quite vigor-
ously a considerable quantity of wood,
which affords the best proof of his moral
character and Christian integrity.—Chicago
in Galena, Illinois, Gazette.

phosphorescence.

phosphorescence, from a certain resem-
blance in effect, although it has no connec-
tion with the substance known as phos-
phorus in chemistry, is probably as fol-
lows: When light falls upon certain bodies
its vibration causes changes in the relative
positions of their particles, somewhat like
the changes which heat vibrations produce
in solids when they cause them to melt;
for example, ice melted by the sun's rays.
When, however, these vibrations cease to
act, the changed substance falls back into
its previous condition (as when melted ice
again congeals), but in so doing emits
again vibrations like those expended in af-
fecting the former change, but of lower
"tone" or greater wave-length. Just as
water in freezing emits heat of low "tone,"
and thus cold, compared with our bodies,
but nevertheless heat compared with a zero
temperature. So these phosphorescent
bodies exposed to strong light suffer a
change which, in reversing itself, causes
the emission of light again, fainter, less
true, and lower in "pitch" than the excit-
ing light, but nevertheless very appreciable
as light.
The substances required to make this
compound—i. e., lime and sulphur—are
very cheap, and the French savant Bec-
querel, who has elaborately investigated
this subject, describes methods of prepar-
ing it so that it shall emit light of various
colors, orange, green, blue, and violet. If
a further advance in brilliancy and dura-
tion should be made at all equal to that
shown by the clock dials as compared with
all former specimens, it is not improbable
that this may become a very important
substance. It would permit our watch-
es with such a body it would, as it were,
show light during the day and then emit it
during the night, and it would only be
necessary to have curtains to draw over
our luminous walls at night to shut out
their light when necessary, just as we now
draw curtains over our windows in the
day time. In the face of such an arrange-
ment as this, even Mr. Edison's new "elec-
tric burner" would be costly and unneces-
sary. By painting the outside of houses
with the same material all need of street
lamps would be avoided.
It is true that "some practical difficulties
remain to be overcome," but what are
these in these days of inventive power?
Should one of our great inventors take
the matter in hand, and organize a stock
company, it will, of course, be merely a
question of time and expense in preliminary
experiments.
Seriously, however, this new form of
phosphorescent substance of calcium is a
wonderful substance, which may well sug-
gest strange possibilities for the future.

Impunctuality.
There are people who can not—rather,
who will not—be punctual, whatever the
occasion and the penalty resulting; who,
if they were bidden to heaven at a particu-
lar hour, would be just five minutes too
late, making up their last accounts as the
gates were closing. It is as much as their
friends can do to get them dressed and
ready in time for the canonical hours on
their wedding-day; and they miss the train
and the last omnibus and as often as they
catch either one or the other. As for ex-
pecting them to be punctual to such a
trivial engagement as a dinner, that is per-
fectly hopeless. They come in briskly or
sluggishly, according to temperament, just
as you have finished the fish—perhaps the
game—and make some futile excuse which
they do not hold water when examined into.
They are not necessarily brazen and with-
out shame of their sin; but no amount of
shame, when they have sinned, will be a
preventive against a repetition of the of-
fense; and they blush, and are sorry, and
make good resolves for the future—all of
which are just so much blowing wind with-
out root, so much water carried in a sieve.
The next time finds them in the same
position as the last; and to the end of their
lives they are the unready and the impunc-
tual. They do not keep even business ap-
pointments; and often have you sorrow-
fully gnash your teeth over the irreparable
loss they have caused you by their delay.
You have trusted to them—weakly and
credulously you have believed in them
once again, though your past experience
should have taught you better; and you
have had to pay the forfeit of your time.
Their promises, their jottings down of
hours, and modes of meeting, and previous
appointments, and all the rest of the para-
phernalia of punctuality meant nothing,
and ended in nothing; they either failed
you altogether or came lagging in at an
hour when the whole purpose of the meet-
ing had become void. But you perhaps
put off both pleasure and profit that you
might be to your time; and so lost what
you can never regain that they might find
a trashed lounge by the fire, amidst
themselves over an old account which they
was not the slightest occasion to touch to-
day, or stroll out on the lawn picking up
daisy roots and dandelions—anything, in
fact, that might be the fancy of the mo-
ment, without a reaction to you and on
the duty of punctuality to the friend
awaiting them.

Special to Advertisers.
To cure dull times. Apply an advertise-
ment to the afflicted part.
All who advertise don't get rich, but
precious few get rich without it.
The world's memory is short. It will
forget you if you do not jog it frequently.
Don't take down your sign in dull times.
People read newspapers all time-of the
year.
If your competitor advertises, let your
advertisement differ from his as much as
possible. The public despise a imitator
worse than any other "ator."
A man's sign offers a waste invitation to
those only who pass his place of business;
his circular can only reach those to whom
personal attention is given; but his adver-
tisement in a newspaper goes into the high-
ways and byways, finding customers and
compelling them to consider his argu-
ments.
A short advertisement six times is bet-
ter than a long one once. "Brag is a good
dog, but Hokiast is a better."