

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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Whole No., 379.

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## Poetry.

### A Tale.

"A major" loved a maiden so,  
His warlike heart was soft as "Do."  
He oft would kneel to her and say,  
"You are, of light, my only ray."  
"Aunt! if that kind you would be,  
And sometimes sweetly smile on 'Me."  
"You are my life, my guiding star,  
I love thee near, I love thee far."  
"My passion I cannot control,  
You are the idol of my soul."  
The maiden said, "Fie! 't is pain,  
How can you go on thus? Oh, 'La."  
The major rose from his kneeling seat,  
And went her father for "his bet."  
The father thought no match was finer,  
This major once had been a minor.  
They married soon, and after that  
Dwelt in tea rooms all on "one flat."  
So happy days the little tale,  
For they live on the grandest scale.  
—Joanna Miller.

### Better Than Gold.

Better than granular, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,  
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
And share its joy with a genial glow,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.  
Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though telling for bread in a humble sphere,  
Doubly blest with content and health,  
Untried by the last or cares of wealth;  
Lowly living and lofty thought,  
The glories of empire fade away;  
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.  
Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the soul of toll when their labors close;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the calm that drops on his eyelids deep.  
Bring sleep draughts to the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows his aching head,  
But his simple opiate seems  
A shorter route to the land of dreams.  
Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
When all the fireside characters come,  
The shrill of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife;  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The blessed "as that never were bought nor sold  
And center here, are better than gold.

### Oh, George!

From the Bedford Breeze.  
They were on the ice yesterday—he in  
the glory of his new-found love, and she  
with a brand new pair of skates on her  
pretty feet. They were hand-in-hand—  
now forward, now backward, gliding  
smoothly and gracefully, totally uncon-  
scious of the smiles of the spectators and  
the chaffing of the small boys. He was  
skating backward, and had hold of her  
hand—a strong hold, with just the least  
more pressure than would have been de-  
sirable under other circumstances. He  
was pulling her along and talking the  
meanwhile.  
"Darling Celeste, shall we always glide  
together through life as smoothly as we  
do now?"  
"Oh, George, dear, I hope so!" smilingly.  
"And shall we ever be to each other as  
dear as we now are?"  
"Oh, George, always!"  
"And, Celeste, shall our clasp of the  
hand be as warm in the future as it is  
now?"  
"Oh, George, it will!" lovingly.  
"Dear Celeste, you are so kind to keep  
me first in your affections."  
"Oh, George!"  
There was a crash before that last ex-  
clamation. George was skating backward  
and they were looking into each other's  
eyes. His skate caught in a crack in the  
ice, and there was a fall—Celeste on top.  
A series of mild shrieks, a vision of dimi-  
tity, and then two skaters left the ice.  
George has a lump on the back of his  
head, and Celeste's nose looks like a ripe  
ginger and all skewed around like a mule's  
jaw. Oh, George!

"Want any baking powder?" said a  
meek-looking individual, who called at a  
summer street residence the other day.  
"Baking powder, is it?" said the representa-  
tive of the Emerald Isle, who answered  
the summons; "sure, an' do ye suppose  
we want to blow up the place? Didn't we  
try kerosene until the top of the stove  
went up the chimney? Out wid ye, gettin'  
the likes of us into trouble!" —Lynn  
Reporter.

## WILSON'S LETTERS.

### The Yellowstone Valley From Sherman to Porcupine.

Of the many beautiful spots that are found on the Yellowstone, there are few that will rival Pease Bottom. It is twelve miles in length, and varies from a half to a mile in width. Its prairie meadows are dotted by groves of stately cottonwoods, whose cool recesses are, in the summer time, a constant temptation to the traveler to lie by and rest beneath their ample shade. The hills about are a favorite resort of many species of game, and in their season the buffalo come in to roll on the ample pasturage and drink of the crystal waters of the river. But these very charms have made it the favorite resort of the Indians, who guard it closely and would permit no intrusion without a struggle. Probably no section of the valley has seen more of romance or of tragedy than this. Here Gen. Crocker first won the shimmering echoes with the volleys of his squadrons. Here, the following winter, the party of prospectors from Bozeman were furiously attacked. Here, in 1875, Major Pease and his party of explorers stopped for a time. Their stay of several weeks was almost one constant fight. Three miles below Sherman they erected Fort Pease, which, with their howitzer, enabled them to maintain their ground against repeated attacks. There is little left of the old fort now but a few charred stakes. Scattered about for several hundred yards are deep rifle-pits, from which many an Indian received his death shot. Four low mounds, surrounded by a rough fence, mark the spot where some who fell were buried. We dismounted and carefully examined the head-burials, but the pencil inscription had been nearly effaced and it is with much difficulty that we finally deciphered the name—"Weeks."—the balance is gone, and the others are entirely illegible.

In this bottom Gen. Gibbon's command camped in 1876, and here it was that Major Thompson, in a complete and popular officer, driven to despair by long years of suffering, terminated his life by suicide.

In the lower portion of the bottom Mr. P. S. Willington has located. When we were there he had just completed comfortable ranch building and corral, and next spring will make a small beginning in the stock business by putting 100 head of cattle on the range.

Mr. C. P. O'Brien also has a ranch on stock here. In conversation with him, he informed us that a Crow had just come in who stated that he had been chased by a party of Sioux, and narrowly escaped by Mr. O'Brien's aid, however, that these Indians were not far from the Crow, and the chances were the story was untrue. The Crow had been fired upon a few days before, which made the story seem more probable, but we decided, after some hesitation, to proceed.

The road soon after climbs the inevitable bench, which, to the next bottom, is about twelve miles across. It is bounded by a low mountain range, four or five miles distant. The growth of buffalo grass is heavy, and there is besides a great quantity of red top and some sand grass. There are no streams upon it, but numerous small lakes and pools, which usually become dry in the fall. While the water betwixt it would make a splendid range for stock.

The prospect from this bench is very fine, the valley on the other side of the river sweeps along for many miles, guarded by dark blue mountains. A very large camp of Crows was just opposite, whose lodges were scattered over the prairie for a great distance. Their horses, apparently to the number of thousands, were grazing in all directions. The ton-ton of their gongs could be plainly heard long after the camp was lost to sight.

We had descended from the bench and were traveling by an unfrequented trail in order to save distance, when we noticed eight Indians emerging from a grove of cottonwoods. They wore more than an ordinary amount of savage finery, being decked with a profusion of feathers and thoroughly painted. We felt a little uneasy, for if that Crow had told the truth, we had "met the enemy." Two things were noticed: They had no squaws with them and no lodge poles. At sight of us they set up a yell, scattered across the trail in a rude skirmish line, put their horses into a kee-jump and came directly toward us.

But "it's ever thus." A danger passed is a danger forgotten.

An hour's ride by moonlight brings us to the station at Froze-to-Death creek. This place is kept by Ed. Taylor, who, for a bachelor, has a very large family. The legs are listless, stumpy, and sadly in need of parental discipline. The gentleman name which has been given to this creek is because of the fact that many years ago a war-party of Crows, who in an affray with the Sioux had lost their blankets, were here overtaken by a furious storm. Having no means of starting a fire, most of them perished.

This bottom is about six miles long and from one to two miles wide. The grass is shaggy and magnificent and would feed an immense number of cattle. Again we climb the bench, which is about ten miles long. In crossing this place the writer did not feel especially brave. Every dark object in the distance seemed to be an Injun.

"Honest John" Boyle and two or three cows, our imagination transformed into a whole war-party of Crows, but, after many alarms, we finally descended safely into Porcupine Bottom, which is like its neighbor, only being a few miles longer. Near the river bank we found Mr. Allen, who has made all the necessary preparations for stock raising and next spring will have a herd on the range. The station is kept by Mrs. M. R. Allen, who makes us as thoroughly comfortable and of whose kind attention we have very grateful remembrance. Here is a trading store which is kept by an "old timer," B. S. Murphy.

FRED. M. WILSON.  
Telegraphy Without Wires.

Mention was made in this correspondence some time ago of the experiments that are being made by Prof. Loomis, of this city, in the mountains of West Virginia, to demonstrate his aerial telegraphy. His claims, it will be remembered, that he can telegraph from one part of the country or to another without the use of connecting wires, except those that are needed to reach up to a certain altitude, where his experiments have shown that there is at all times a natural current of electricity.

His experiments are conducted from high hills or mountains, though he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by having the ends of two high hill tops about twenty miles distant, and from them put up a steel rod by which a certain aerial current of electricity was reached. For months at a time he has been able to telegraph from one tower to another. A heavy storm discharges the connection, but it can be readily restored after the storm has passed. In this respect, however, it is not more unreliable than the ordinary telegraph connections by wire, which are broken up by many storms.

A letter was received from Professor Loomis, some days since, by Col. D. C. Forney of the *Sunday Chronicle*, in which he said that recently he had met with the most remarkable success with his experiments and had demonstrated by repeated tests that his telephone could be used as easily as the Morse instrument, and that lately he had done all his talking to his assistant, twenty miles away from him, by the telephone, the connection being aerial only.

### Written for the AVANT COURIER.

### OLD BACHES!

### Their Fanils and Follies. — Sweet Grapes that have Ripened from Remaining in the Shade too Long.

DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to call attention to a great and growing evil appertaining to this Territory.

I allude to gossiping, and, as it is carried on by a certain class of "Old Baches," I will make my remarks directly to them, and not whip them over other people's shoulders.

Now, don't think I mean all of the unmarried male sex, or that my remarks are intended for Gallatin county alone. There are a few here, "whom the cap fits." But stand back, my friends, and give your neighbor Jefferson his dues.

We have kept silent a long time, hoping that these disappointed celibates would get ashamed of themselves and "shut up." But alas! they know not the meaning of the word shame. Too craven and cowardly to look an honest woman in the eyes, and too ignorant of the ways of the world to tell the good from the bad, they solve the problem by putting them all up as bad.

Let me give them all the credit they deserve. They do not make one sweeping assertion, and dispose of them all at once, but classify them as follows:

- 1 "Those that would be had if they dared to;"
- 2 "Those that are bad, but are not found out;"
- 3 "Those that are bad, and everybody knows it."

My ex calls for the aid of every true gentleman of the Territory (and we know there are hundreds) to help us fight this wrong. Everyone who is acquainted in those regions which are remote from towns, and where the Baches "most do congregate," know that I will speak the truth when I say not one woman escapes the poisoned venom of their tongues.

Huddled around the fire in their dirty cabins, they dispose of one character after another in a manner that would surprise one not familiar with their code of laws. If any of my readers doubt me, let them visit one of these cabins every evening for a week, and if they don't hear chapter first of every scurrilous story going the rounds, then I will give them a year's subscription to the *Courier*.

I don't know the cause of it, I only know its effects.

It is all very well, said a benighted husband when told to look after the child, "It is all very well to tell me to mind the youngsters, but it would suit me better if the youngsters would mind me."

"If it takes one hour to make a man, how many hours will it take to make a woman?"—Ed. He, he, he! Here's an anecdote, how many eggs will it take to make an ass?—St. Louis Dispatch. If it takes ten cows to make a herd, how many will it take to make a herder?

The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck are fairly overwhelmed with threatening letters. Never mind 'em, William, never mind 'em. We get them, too, lots of them, but they hardly ever save. Stand 'em off, just as you've always done, till times are better.—*Times*.

There are times when the formality of an introduction can be dispensed with. One of these times is when you meet two young ladies who have tipped over into a snow bank, and are unable to extricate themselves or turn their cutter right side up.

A New York showman has been arrested for having four wives, all of whom he deserted. He did not even stick to his last.

An Illinois man, writing to the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State for a license to practice law, said: "If you have two sizes, send me the largest one."

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical; same piece of bread does for both."

A Nevada boy of sixteen went into a bear's den in a Putnam. The bear was in there, and when the boy came out he was inside the bear.

"Is that dog of yours a cross bred?" asked a gentleman recently of a countryman. "No, sir," was the reply. "His mother was a gentle, affectionate creature."

The gang of burglars who worked for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents, know how a country minister feels next day after a donation visit.

An artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter question.

In the programme for the annual week of prayer, a day is devoted to newspaper men. Glad of it. The editors of some of our exchanges are terribly wicked fellows, and should be prayed for hard.—*Adrian Times*.

"There are men," says Mr. Talmage, "who sing like angels on Sunday, and like sin on Monday." Newspaper men never sing like angels, and if Mr. Talmage alluded to lawyers, why didn't he come out like a man and say so?

The man who thought a fire extinguisher in a Hartford Hotel was a water tank and tried to draw a glass of water therefrom recently, knows a thing or two more than he did before he tried it.

Before the election Mr. Kearney said he would install Butler, governor of Massachusetts if he had to wade to his knees in blood. Now let the immortal gods cover their eyes while Dennis rolls up his breeches.—*Old City Derrick*.

"It is all very well," said a benighted husband when told to look after the child, "It is all very well to tell me to mind the youngsters, but it would suit me better if the youngsters would mind me."

An Irish agent having been instructed to raise rents, called a meeting of the tenants and apprised them of the intention. "You can afford it," said he, "see how prices have risen." Silence was broken by an old farmer, who said: "Yes, there is no denying that. It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now it jabsbers, it can't be done under two." The rents have not yet been raised.

Edison's discoveries in science are of vast importance, but they dwindle into insignificance when compared with the discovery just made by the editor of the *Syracuse Times*. He says: "If you are in a bow-knot under your chin, and they will be kept from the front." Who but a Syracuse editor would have thought of making such an experiment?—*Norristown Herald*.

A Lesson in Politeness.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out, "Turbot!"

"Master sent you a turbot?"  
"Young man," said the dean, rising from his easy-chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future."

The boy sat down, and the dean going out, came up to the door, and, making a low bow, said:  
"Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present."  
"Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and here's half-a-crown for yourself."

The dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit. The teacher, as well as the scholar, received a lesson that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world.

### Wisdom.

Don't tell a young lady she paints. We should use a book as a bee does a flower.

Free thought is needed for the search of truth. It is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.

When you have a chance to hug the girls, never complain of wasted opportunities. Take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes and patriots? A book is a man's best friend, and the only one he can shut up without giving offense.

Laziness is a good deal like money—the more a man has of it the more he seems to want.

The proof of the pudding is in the state of your health on the morning after you have eaten it.

When a man is in the wrong and owns it, he admits that he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

No one ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a much greater to himself.

Someone has beautifully said that "sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear."

"Adversity," said a Western preacher, "takes us up short, and sets us down hard; and when it is done, we feel as contented as a boy that's been spanked and set away to school."

It was not good for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!

When a poor little blind boy was asked what forgiveness is, he paused a moment, and then, taking his pen, wrote—"It is the odor which the trampled flower gives out to bless the foot which crushed it."

Let never be afraid of changing our opinions, not our knowledge. That is a form of pride which hampers the more powerful minds—the unwillingness to go back from one's declared opinions; but it is not found in great childlike geniuses.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

A man of fashion can make up his mind to be called a libertine, a spendthrift, a gambler—anything but a coward. A woman of fashion can put up with the aspersions of being a flirt, a coquette, extravagant, or dissipated, but she will not to the discerning wretch who presumes to discover, and to whisper, that her ladyship is a *scold*.

Stray Thoughts—Specially About Women, from "La Vie Parisienne."

When time spares beauty he completes it.

Women do not read; they listen with the eye.

It makes it easy to grow old, but not impossible.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

A woman would sooner rule a heart than fill it; not so a man.

A woman need not always recall her age, but she should never forget it.

A woman listens to a play with her mind and judges it with her senses.

It takes a man less time to get over one's own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbor's good fortune.

There are people who with whom penitence stands for repentance; also people with whom wearing mourning dispenses with feeling sorrow.

In church, women think they receive because they observe, and that they are meditating when they are only holding their tongues.

The highest rank of esteem a woman can give to a man is to ask for his friendship, and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

As a rule, women care little for comedy because it makes them enter into themselves. Give them the drama, which draws them out of themselves.

Women attain perfection in but two departments of literature—letters and memoirs. They only write well when they imagine that they are talking.

She is to be pitied who thinks to find a friend other than her husband if she is a wife, than her children if she is a mother, than God if she is neither.

A woman who takes a woman to her friend introduces her into her life as they do the bearer of a flag of truce into the enemy's camp—unarmed and blindfolded.

Some conjugal fidelities can be explained on the hypothesis that many a woman is satisfied to be nothing in her husband's life so that she is everything in his life.

Women who would hesitate about crying before a husband or a lover, have no scruple about shedding tears before an audience. It is with their emotions as with their shoulders; they are only displayed in public.

The shadow of human life traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.