

Helena Carl H. 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 a

WILLSON & LEWIS.

[SUCCESSORS TO LESTER S. WILLSON.]

Because, 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.

Our 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.

Our 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, 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, 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.

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

Ladies' Goods, Fancy Goods,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Nothing, 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.

ALL 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.

It is a notoriously 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

AND EXAMINE GOODS AND LEARN PRICES.

REST, Bozema

Bozeman, Montana.

A. Lamme & Co.

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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Office, Courthouse Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

Tennyson Improved.

In the spring a rivulet iris changes on the bar-

rench'd dower;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns

to thoughts of love;

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the

Robin's breast;

In the spring a maiden's musings dwell upon the

style she's dressed.

The Mystery of Pain.

On the crimson cloth

Of my study-desk

A lustrous moth

Poised, statuette

Of a waxen mold

Where in the twilight shap'd,

And in scales of gold

Its body was draped;

While its delicate wings

Were wetted and veined

With silvery strings

Of golden-grained,

Through whose filmy maze

In tremulous flight

Danced quivering rays

Of the gladsome light.

On the disk close by

A taper burned,

Toward which the eye

Of the insect turned;

In its vague little mind

A faint desire

Keenly smelted

For the beautiful fire

Of the insect's kind

Lightly it spread

Each silken van,

Thus away it sped

For a moment's span;

And a strange delight

Lured on its course,

With resistless might

Toward the central source,

And it followed the spell

Through an ethereal maze,

Till it reached the goal

In the deadly blaze.

Dazzled and stunned

By the scalding pain,

One moment it swooned,

Then rose again;

As if again the fire

Drew it on with its charms

To a living pyre

In its awful arms;

And now it lies

On the table here

Before my eyes,

All shriveled and sear'd.

As I sit and muse

On its fiery fate,

What theme of strange

Might I meditate!

For the pang that thrilled

Through its delicate frame,

Our Selected Story.

THAT BOY.

"Husband! there's somebody out in the yard sawing wood. Who do you suppose 'tis?"

Farmer Granger turned himself in bed, listened a moment, and then, with the sleepy sigh of one who realizes that the time for dreaming is over and work hours are at hand, replied:

"It's Old Warner, likely. He's had time to get over his tantrum, I'll see."

The farmer's toilet was not one that required hours to perfect, and before Mrs. Granger had concluded that it was time for her to "be stirring," the brown trousers and blue frock of her husband could have been seen at the further end of the big kitchen, with two keen gray eyes peered through the half-open blind.

No red-nosed, haggard-faced old man met his gaze, but a pale-checked, bare-footed boy whose low whistle kept at his work, while the heap of sticks at his feet gave evidence that his saw had made quick pace since sunrise.

"What art thou about, boy?" was the farmer's salutation, as he neared the wood-pile.

"I thought, may be, you'd give me some breakfast if I sawed awhile," answered the lad, looking up as to note how his proposition was received.

"Breakfast! Of course. We never turn folks away hungry. Where'd you come from?"

"Over east," was the indefinite reply.

"Where'd you sleep last night?"

"Under the bushes, down the road a piece," the boy answered.

"Well, you're a great one! I shouldn't wonder, now, if you'd run away!"—half-interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye.

"Do you mind telling your name?"

"Jap, sir."

"Jap, hey?"

"That's what they call me—my real name's Jasper."

"Who are they—your father and mother?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Not one," was the curt reply.

The farmer looked sharply at the boy from under his broad-brimmed hat, as the saw piled to and fro; and, doubtless, he would have pushed his inquiries still further had not the impatient howling of Whittier and Doll reminded him that it was milking time.

"Well, you don't look over and above strongish. You'd better let that wood alone till you get some vittals down."

"I'd rather keep on," was the only answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption till Ethel, the three-year-old pet of the family, came trotting around the corner of the house to announce in her baby fashion that "be's back" was ready.

"Come right in, come right in. You've earned a good meal o' vittals," and Farmer Granger led the way, with his little girl perched upon his shoulder.

The lad silently took the place assigned him at one end of the square table, opposite Ethel and her father, while Mrs. Granger and a happy-headed old lady occupied seats on either side.

The first supply of broiled ham and baked potatoes had disappeared from the boy's plate, and the second installment was vanishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger suddenly discovered that he had no butter.

"No, ma'am; I don't care for it—this bread's good enough without any," was the reply when the plate was passed.

Mrs. Granger received this compliment with a pleased smile, and an extra large doughnut immediately found its way to accompany the butterless bread.

"I'd like to work a while longer to pay for that breakfast," remarked the boy, as he followed the farmer through the wood-house. "I haven't tasted anything so good in a long time; and the saw was taken p' without waiting for permission."

"Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner. We always mean to have good vittals and plenty o' 'em here."

Mrs. Granger stopped now and then to look out of the battery window; and a wonder who that boy is, anyhow? was repeated more than once that morning to grandma, who sat in the little old rocker, quietly knitting.

"Now, where are you bound for?" questioned the farmer, as the lad picked up his bundle after dinner and seemed ready to take his departure.

"I don't know, sir," he replied, digging his bare toes into the dirt. "I's'pos I'll stop anywhere I can get work."

"Who's the matter with this place?" with a little twinkle of the gray eyes.

"That wood's out, and it'll take three or four days, at the least calculation. I'll agree to give you enough to eat and a comfortable bed. May be by that time you'll want to run home again."

The boy's eyes flashed, but he set his lips firmly together, and made no answer for a minute. Then he said:

"You are very kind, sir; I'll stay if you will let me."

"Solomon Granger, you're crazy!" exclaimed the nervous little woman, when her husband related the foregoing conversation. "The idea of having that boy in the house all night! I shan't sleep a single wink. Likely as nothin' he'll kill us all before morning, and make off with everything there is here."

"Oh, no, I guess he's all right," was the farmer's rejoinder, while a sweet voice came from over the railing:

"I never see a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good, honest blood. Depend on it, Lowly, there ain't nothin' wrong about that boy."

But suspicious Mrs. Granger locked her pantry door that night, her china closet, the spare feet room, the trunk in the attic, the bed that he'll best linen, and lastly the door of grandma's room—the old lady's protestation, "I ain't a mile afraid, Lowly!" having no effect on her.

"Well, I'm thankful we're all here!" was the good woman's ejaculation, as she un-

bolled her bed room door after a night of uneasy dreams. "I didn't know what that boy might do. It fidgets me to death to have him 'round. I do wish you would find out who he is, Solomon."

"He don't seem inclined to tell, and I don't want to be too inquisitive, wife. It will come out sooner or later."

"What art thou going to do about going to church?" she asked, anxiously, on Sunday morning. "There's that boy!"

"There's room enough in the wagon," responded the husband serenely.

"I know—but 'taint a bit likely he'll want to go. And I don't dare to leave him home."

"There's no telling what he'll do."

"My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay 'round here."

"Well, I shall look up everything, and take Ethel, too. We can come home at noon if she gets tired. He's been here just long enough now to find out where I keep my silver and all. And there's grandma—it ain't safe to leave her alone with him!"

"L. m., Lowly! that boy ain't a-go'in' to hurt no one, and the old lady's a low, incredulous lather."

"I ain't so sure about it," said Mrs. Granger, nodding mysteriously. "If anything should happen I should never forgive myself. I wish he'd go with us, husband."

The proffered seat, however, was declined, the boy saying:

"My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay 'round here."

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