

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

Whole No., 395.

The Largest Stock!

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

Being 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.

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

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, 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, "Sooty," 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 Avant Courier

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Wm. W. Alderson, Editor.
Matt. W. Alderson, Proprietor.

Office, Courrier Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

You'll Never Guess.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or melted with a tear;

In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
Their shadowed mystic rest—
But, little maid, you must not ask
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

—AND—
I know a voice of fairy tone,
Like brooklet in the June,
That sings, to please itself alone,
A little old-world tune;

Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
And will not leave it free;
But I shall never tell you, dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid
For whom I built a shrine,
A leafy nest of murmurous shade,
Deep in the heart of mine;

And in that calm and cool recess
To make her home she came—
But, oh! you'd never guess
That little maiden's name.

—Lester S. Willson's Sonnet.

To a Bleeding Heart.

Flower fair, an emblem sad
Of a sorrowing desire,
Nothing has, or ever had
Brighter beauty than is thine.

Still, unlike the world to thee
Bloomest as a garden fair,
Unto thee the breezes free
Naught of evil tinges bear.

Still, the wand'ring breezees sweet
Soon may blast with bitter breath,
Desolation, and complete,
Harshly reign o'er thee in death.

Like to thee, when young and fair,
Lies the race with death begins,
Till exhausted, in despair,
Life succumbs, and Death it wins.

Like to the earth's fairest scenes
Bud and bloom in beauty rare,
Till the shadows intervene
Shedding desolation there.

One by one our joys are past,
One by one our hopes depart,
Leaving nothing to the last
But a broken, "weeping heart."

—L. A. Osborne, in Galena Gazette.

Composed at Last.

His wife had, probably, been arguing and coaxing for years, for he looked like a man whose spirit had been worn out before he had consented to have his photograph taken. He had halted at the door of a gallery, as if trying to invent some excuse, but she pushed him up stairs, and he was in for it at last. He hoped the photographer would be crowded with work, but he wasn't. He hoped the camera was out of order, but it was in fine condition. "Can't take me to-day, can you?" he queried.

"Oh, yes—take you right away," was the reply.

"Have I got to sit up straight?"

"No; sit as you please."

"Hain't these clothes too tight?"

"Not a bit."

"Can't spare over three minutes."

"Very well—I'll take you in two."

There was no way to get rid of it, and with a despairing look around and a frown at his wife, the old chap dropped into a chair with a sigh, shut his eyes, crossed his legs and groaned out:

"Well, if I must, I must. Bring on your laughing-gas, and don't let me wig out through my pockets while I'm unconscious!"

Who are to Blame?

Mrs. Mary L. Davis, one of the Pioneer's peculiarities, has written a letter desiring a suspension of judgment on the part of the paper. She claims that the Freemasons were made insane by Methodist persecution. She says:

"Adventists had nothing to do with it. If any denomination did, it was the Methodists, who drove the people out of their senses. You do not condemn the whole Congregational Society because the Secretary of Home Missions defaulted. Every one must stand on their own merit, and it is wrong thing to judge Adventism by this. If the Bible is true, Adventism must be, for it is built on it. But we do not sanction this any more than you do. Please think of us as kindly as you can, and consider that three-quarters that you read is malicious falsehood."—Household Gazette.

"My lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written on the book of nature—"

"On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the judge, with pen in hand.

Man's Better-Half.

She handed him her album,
Which he wrote a line
Of friendship, love and flowers,
Splendidly true.

She murmured, as she got it back,
In rather pettish tones,
"You might have written something besides
"Yours truly, T. A. Jones.""

A lady has discovered that aqua ammonia is almost an instantaneous cure for a scall.

Eve was the first, and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

The Oswego Record says that however bold a man is, he will wince a little when a woman seizes a rollingpin and demands a pail of water.

A woman was sitting at the breakfast table the other morning, when an almost breathless neighbor came in and informed her that her husband was dead. She calmly remarked: "Wait till I'm through breakfast and then you'll hear howling."

The widow of ex-Postmaster-General Alexander W. Randall still thrives as a raiser of cattle upon her lands in Nebraska. For several years, it is said, her sales of stock have reached \$6,000 a year, and the herd is as large again as it was when she assumed the management.

About the poorest "Pinafore" joke of all was tried on Miss Anthony. "I shall never marry!" said the lady, sternly. "What, never?" exclaimed the gentleman to whom she was talking. "Now you go right away from here," replied the lady, with great violence, "or I'll hit you with my umbrella."

The school committee of Indianapolis appointed a committee of ladies to investigate the question of teaching dressmaking and cutting in the public schools, and five out of thirteen girls who were selected to cut and fit a blouse in the presence of the committee, succeeded perfectly, and only one failed outright.

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no home," said the lady to her companions, "they are here. My wife and I were talking to the superintendent."

This is the way one of the ladies who belong to the Atlantic Contributor's Club remembers things: "General Forrest was buried the day my new hat came home. Hayes was inaugurated the spring I made over my old silk. Dickens died when Jenny was a baby. Lincoln was killed when Mary was creeping. The civil war broke out when Sally was cutting her teeth. The King of Spain was born the year I was married."

Bob Ingersoll's Tribute to his Deceased Brother.

Hon. Eben C. Ingersoll's remains were buried at Oak Hill cemetery just before sunset on the evening of the 2d inst., in the midst of a terrible thunder-shower and pouring rain. The funeral services were held at his late residence, and were unusual and impressive. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, nearly all the distinguished men in Washington being present. The body lay in a velvet casket, and the casket sat upon two velvet pedestals in the centre of a long saloon parlor, the windows of which were darkened and chandeliers were blazing with light. The family and relatives sat about the casket, and Robert G. Ingersoll stood at his head while the lid was being screwed down; then drawing from his pocket a few pages of manuscript, he laid it upon the coffin-lid and commenced to read. His voice trembled with emotion, and much that he said was scarcely audible. It was a touching tribute of brotherly affection and eulogy upon the dead man's life and character, and expressed in the very highest art of eloquence, of which Col. Ingersoll is master:

"My friends, I am going to do that which the dead will not promise he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where nature's morning almost touches noon and while the shadows were still falling towards the west. He had not passed on the high way the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that binds down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and enraptured with the world, he passed to silent and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best. Just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock and in an instant hear the billows roar, a sunken ship, for whether in mid-sea, or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all, and every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jewelled with joy, will at its close become a tragedy so sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flowers. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead shined the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music, touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing hand gave aid. With a loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words, 'For justice, all places are a temple and all seasons summer.' He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch; justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion, and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy,

Wit and Humor.

It was a goose that laid a golden egg and got killed for it.

Why do cornstalks have ears? To hear the corn-talk, of course.

What a pity it is that men of large means are so apt to be men of very small ends.

In sitting for a picture, the person who winks at the camera gets a reply in the negative.

The Washington Capital, which is an authority on slang, says "Cheese it" is a corruption of "Don't give it a whet."

More frogs' legs are eaten in America than in France. And so there should be. Is not our national game croak-eh?

An Irish orator at Ballinacree being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must have the court."

A giant bites an oyster, and lo! a pearl begins to grow. But, if a bug bites a man in a boarding-house, he forthwith consigns his landlady to the same place that Ingersoll is trying to abolish.

A market man was mercilessly swindled in the town of B—. His misfortune gave him a very unfavorable opinion of the residents, and he expressed his opinion of them by saying that if the angel Gabriel stopped at B— there would be no resurrection.

"The people would swallow him out of his horn before he had time to blow a single note."

A few days since a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party and, holding a long hair before his eyes, said: "See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?"

"Why, that's from my wife's head!" "Are you sure of it?" "Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair out of my horn, do you?" "No, probably not, but I am so sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentleman, pointing to a friend near by."

—Old City Derrick.

He Lost His Breaches.

Private William Hines, of Company F, Eighteenth United States Infantry, has lost his breaches.

On the 11th day of October, 1876, the trousers of Hines, and his blanket, were destroyed by fire while he was sojourning at Abbeville, S. C. On the same day Captain T. J. Lloyd, commanding the detachment of troops at Abbeville, ordered a board of survey to convene and fix the responsibility for the loss. The board, composed of First Lieutenant C. R. Paul and Second Lieutenant F. H. Barnhart, met pursuant to the order. The board found that one woolen blanket had been damaged to its full value, \$4.55, and one pair of trousers damaged to their full value, \$4.10, and declined to hold Private Hines responsible for the loss. In fact, the board reported that no one was to blame.

Two days later Captain Lloyd forwarded a true copy of the proceedings of the board to the Assistant Adjutant General of the South at Atlanta, Ga., and requested authority to make a gratuitous issue of private Hines' breaches and trousers to Hines.

On the 31st of August, 1877, Capt. Lloyd, Rochester, Paymaster, United States Army, and Acting Assistant Adjutant General at Atlanta, informed Captain Lloyd, through the Chief Quartermaster of the Department, that the proceedings of the board of survey were approved. This seemed to settle the question, and Private Hines got his breaches.

But the end was not yet. The issue was disallowed by the Quartermaster General for want of the approval of the Secretary of War, and August 1st, 1877, Capt. Lloyd addressed a letter to the War Department stating that a gratuitous issue of breaches had been made to Hines on the authority of the department commander, and asking Hines with the money value of the same, the amount having been charged to Hines on clothing account. Under date of August 1st, 1877, Adjutant General T. J. Lloyd respectfully returned this application, with the information that there was no authority for the gratuitous issue of clothing except as provided in general orders of 1867 and 1868. This went to headquarters at Atlanta, and under date of August 17th, C. McKeever, Assistant Adjutant General, transmitted the document, by command of General Roper, to Captain Lloyd, in command at McPherson Barracks, with the information that the commanding officer of the department never authorized any gratuitous issue of trousers to Private Hines. Captain T. J. Lloyd, commanding the post, restored the letter with indorsements: "I am in command of company F, and, August 1st, he respectfully returned it to the Adjutant General's office until Feb. 8, 1878, when General Townsend respectfully submitted it to the Secretary of War. Secretary McCrary studied over the matter until Feb. 25th, when he had the honor to transmit to the House of Representatives a copy of the papers in the case, and respectfully requested the sanction of Congress."

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Valuable Information.

If a farmer or a business man wants to find out how great a spendthrift he is, let him keep an exact memorandum of all the time he spends.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted nails, and says the oxide of lead with which nails are painted is a very dangerous poison.

More miles of railway were built in the United States last year than for some years previously. The number of miles constructed in 1875 was 1,561; in 1876, 2,450; in 1878, 2,281; in 1878, 2,088.

In San Francisco there are 10,027 voters of Irish nationality, and 5,644 voters of German nationality, and the two together are about equal to all the native American voters of Pennsylvania.

Plate glass is made by pouring the molten material upon a table which has a marginal ledge of a height equal to that designed for the thickness of the glass. A roller travels over the table, resting on the ledges and flattening out the glass, which is thus made of equal thickness throughout.

When wet boots are taken off fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great affinity for damp, and will rapidly absorb the least vestige of it from the wet leather. As it quickly and completely takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot with a tightly fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it.

A French physician has performed a remarkable feat in the art of the transplantation of teeth. He extracted an incisor (projecting under the tongue) in the lower jaw of a young woman of 20, and planted it in the upper jaw in place of a decayed tooth just removed. In a few weeks the tooth was