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

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Whole No. 399.

The Largest Stock!

AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT

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

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Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

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A. Lamme & Co.

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To Buy Your

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Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

Is at

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[SUCCESSORS TO LESTER S. WILLSON.]

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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 more to pay for another's goods.

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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Poetry.

Beside the Brook.

"I go a-fishing!" and he sped

With rod and line, where by-paths led

'Neath latticed boughs, beside the brook

Where fish were lured with cunning hook.

"I'll read in solitude awhile!"

With favorite book, and morning smile,

Thro' winding ways, she sought the nook

She loved the best, beside the brook.

Later, I passed; the line and hook

Were quietly twisted, beside the brook;

While, in the grove, the angler's prize

Was reading love-sonnets in his eyes.

"—'Briar-Bree'—Scribner for June.

Recess!

Oh! how my heart sighs for my own native land,

Where potatoes, and squashes, and cucumbers grow;

Where cheer and good welcome are always at hand,

And custards and pumpkin pies smoke in a row;

Where pudding the visage of hunger soothes,

And what is far dearer—the pot of baked beans.

Let Maryland boast of her dainties profuse,

Her large watermelons and cantaloupes fine,

Her turtle, and oysters, and terrapin stews,

And crab cakes high-zested with brandy and wine,

Ah! neither my heart from my native land weans,

When smokes on the table the pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans—with what pleasure I saw it!

Well seasoned, well porked, by some rosy-faced dame;

And when from the glowing hot oven she'd draw it,

Well crisped and well browned to the table it came.

Oh! give me my country, the land of my teens,

Of the dark Indian pudding and pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans! Ah! the muse is too frail,

Its taste to describe, on its virtues to tell;

But look on the sons of New England so hale,

And her daughters so rosy, 'twill teach thee full well,

Like me, it will teach thee to sigh for the green.

Oh health, and—of rapture!—the pot of baked beans.

Objected to His Fall-Bearers.

Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Some time ago a citizen of this place was very ill. He fell into a stupor which lasted three or four days. He was carefully

watched by his wife and one or two ladies from the neighborhood. One afternoon the attending physician said he could not live through the day, and the sorrowing wife, with a view of having everything in readiness for the end, held a consultation with her friends as to the arrangement for the funeral. The conversation was held at the bedside of the dying man, and in a short time all the details were arranged except the names of those who should be asked to be pall-bearers. Three or four young gentlemen had been selected, when the wife said, in the sobbing tones suitable to the occasion, "How would Mr. So-and-so do?" "Oh, he would do so nicely," echoed the chorus of friends, "he is such a nice young man." There was a sudden movement under the coverings of the bed, and the dying husband slowly raised himself on one elbow, rubbed his eyes and said in a weak voice, "No, he won't do. I ain't going to have that fellow for one of my pall-bearers." The ladies were astonished at this revival of the sick man, but the wife laid him back gently on the pillows, and said soothingly: "Never mind, dear don't worry. This is a matter that need not trouble you. It is a sad duty which we will have to perform after you are gone." "No, it it isn't," said the husband crossly. "That fellow ain't going to be one of my pall-bearers. I don't like him, and never did, and if you are going dear don't worry. I'll get well, see if I don't." Again he fell back in the bed and became unconscious, but in a few hours there came a change for the better. To-day he walks the streets as hale and hearty as any man.

A "Hardly Ever" temperance society has been formed down East. When a member is asked how he drinks, he says, "Hardly ever, but if I do, it is about this time a day."

Our Selected Story.

A STORY SUCCESSFULLY TOLD.

Pretty, plump Mrs. Archibald Steele wrote the following paragraph in one of her letters to her husband the other day: "John must come down here at once, whether you can spare him or not. Our dear little Laura is greatly taken with a tall, thin young man, with a hooked nose and thin lips, called Stuyvesant. It is whispered about the hotel that he is a very good match, and has the veritable blood of the old Dutch governor in his veins. I must say that it has a queer way of showing itself, for the young man is as pale as a spectre; and dressed in that white duck, with his sunken eyes and bilious skin, is enough to frighten one. I have grown to hate him, while Laura is growing to love him, and I am afraid. All the evening he leans up against the wall, never dancing or opening his mouth, save to give vent to some haughty, sarcastic criticism upon the scenes around him, and yet dear little Laura's eyes—ah, indeed, all the other pretty eyes about—are perpetually beseeching him for attention. In the daytime he is always with the young man, that covers more ground with its legs while it is going than any other animal ever saw. When Laura goes out to drive behind it, and vanishes out of sight with the bony creature, I tremble to think how dreadful it would be to our dear little girl would ever be part and parcel of this wretched man and his beast. So I think John had better come down at once, quite long to see his handsome face and hear his honest voice, and I think it is about time that John should tell his little story to Laura, and have things settled comfortably."

Mr. Archibald Steele smiled when he put the letter of his wife's in his waistcoat pocket, and picking up the morning paper, scanned through his gold-rimmed spectacles the news of the day. Finding nothing therein to refine the exceedingly satisfactory condition of his affairs, he put it down, smiling as only a prosperous, contented down-town merchant can smile. He was one of those happy exceptions to the ordinary rule of mortals, with whom everything went well. His whole experience was an exclamation point to that effect. If he ventured a little hazardingly in trade, fortune trimmed the sails to favor him. He set his heart upon anything relating to domestic felicity, all the elements of art and nature conspired to bring it about. So when he stepped to the door of his office and beckoned to a young man with a strip of commercial paper in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, with a general air of business and shrewdness about him that betokened a successful down-town merchant in embryo, Mr. Steele smiled the third time, with the air of one who was not at all afraid of any billions of dollars, and who might be thrown in the path of a domestic happiness which he firmly agreed had been arranged by an Omnipotent hand.

"John," said Mr. Steele, closing the door of his private office, and looking up on his young clerk benevolently, "I have got an order from Mrs. Steele which I shall you would like to present."

"Certainly, sir," said John, "I'll go out and get the articles myself?"

"Why, the fact is, John," said the merchant, enjoying his joke more and more, "it's only one article—a rather bulky one. It's bargained for a long time ago. I think you will have to go down with it."

"Down to the seashore?" said John, getting a little hot and flustered. "Is it a very valuable parcel, sir?"

"Well, perhaps your natural modesty may depreciate its worth, John. Mrs. Steele and I think a good deal of it, and Laura, too, I am sure does. The commodity is yourself, John. Mrs. Steele wants you to go down and take a little holiday."

When the name of Laura was mentioned, the young man's face grew more hot and flustered than before.

"You are very kind, sir," he said; "and Mrs. Steele is more like an angel than a woman."

"Father solid and plump for that," interposed Mr. Steele, but liking the phrase, nevertheless, said to himself, "I'll be damned if I don't enjoy this!"

"But it is simply madness," pursued John, "to dream of further happiness than I enjoy now—your affection and that of your wife—my position here; I don't dare, I can't hope for anything more. Oh, Mr. Steele, I can't tell her my story. She would turn from me in horror and aversion. She is so young, so beautiful. Let me at least enjoy the present."

"And in the meantime some cadaverous, bilious, blue-blooded scoundrel will carry her off from us all."

Then John's face grew pale and stern.

"If there is the slightest feeling upon her part for—for anyone else, then, indeed, my case is hopeless."

The commercial paper fluttered from his hand, the pencil fell from his ear, and he leaned his head against the desk and trembled.

"Why, who would suppose you could be such a coward?" said Mr. Steele, impatiently. "You shall go down with me this very day."

All the way to the seashore John's face wore the look of one who had resolved to storm a deadly breach, but who did not hope to survive the attempt.

Even the ocean, when it confronted them, wore a threatening look. Upon the horizon a pile of clouds formed a background wan and gloomy, a dense black mist lay in the zenith, and a great red light almost touched the water.

"A very nasty sea," said Mr. Steele, "John snuffed it in, his eyes dilating, and his head high in the sea-scented air."

A tramp on the hard, wet sand, and like a meteor a long black horse shot by, disappearing in the mist, leaving for John the memory of a shivering head, crowned with blood curling hair, two kind eyes bent upon his own, and a white vapor hand extended in salutation.

"John," said Mr. Steele, "did you see the face of that man? I count upon your

saving Laura. Did you see his thin, cruel lips and treacherous eyes?"

"I only saw Laura, sir," said John, simply.

Later on, Mr. Archibald Steele and his plump, pretty wife were alone together in their private parlor. Her dimpled hand lay lovingly in his, and her supple head, fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, rested recklessly on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door opened, and there was heard the rustle of silken drapery. A still shapelier little head, and fresher from the hands of the coiffeur, all unrumpled by the audacious hands of mortal, peeped in at the door. Laura was pale; her little white hands were clasped together, and her musical voice trembled.

"Oh, papa, mamma, come directly!" Mr. Stuyvesant ventured too far, and—

"Was drowned?" said Mr. Steele, with a queer combination in his voice of pity and relief.

"No, no; how can you suppose so dreadful a thing? He was rescued, but is very weak and ill. He has asked for me, and may I go? Will you not come with me, mamma? Oh, do, I beg of you. Can't she, papa?"

Her blue eyes filled with tears; her little feet seemed to be wanting to fly through the corridors.

"Come, Laura," said Mr. Steele. "Let me wait till he is able to come to you. Either the man was drowned or he isn't. Because he was imbecile enough to risk his life, that is no reason for your leaving the talk of the hotel."

Laura raised her eyes proudly.

"No danger of that, papa; and besides, every one is occupied now with the one that rescued him."

"And what madman was that?" said poor Mr. Steele, who could not reconcile himself to the present condition of affairs.

"I don't know—a stranger, I believe. I was so interested in Mr. Stuyvesant I forgot to ask."

"Bah!" said Mr. Steele, getting upon his feet and walking to the door. "I'll go and find out all about it. Do you stay here till I return."

Before he had gone far, Mr. Steele heard from the excited guests several different versions of the affair; but one and all agreed that the rescuer could be nothing less than a clamorous swimmer.

"A regular water-dog!" said one gentleman to Mr. Steele, and as the merchant had heard this epithet but once before in his life, and that on an occasion of vital importance to himself, he sought out the hero of the hour, and found, to his unbounded astonishment, it was John Waters himself!

He was quite enveloped in the admiration and praises of pretty and sympathetic women who looked upon knowing every half second if he was sure he felt strong and well, and how in the world could he buffet those dreadful waves in that grand, heroic way, and how did he manage to drag poor Mr. Stuyvesant in to the shore.

John, like any other hero of the hour, enjoyed this adulation, but looked anxious at Mr. Steele's approach.

"Hum," growled that worthy merchant, "a pretty fellow, you, to interfere with other people's plans? How do you know he wanted to be rescued?"

"He appeared anxious that way, sir," said John.

"I'll be damned if I don't see right at once, I think we'd both go down together. There ought to be a school for teaching people how to be saved. It's the easiest thing in the world; the water itself is an accessory, if you manage it right."

"Oh, do tell us how, Mr. Waters, please do," chorused the pretty and sympathetic women, and John began his lesson. Mr. Steele slipped away.

"Oh, papa," began Laura, "how is Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"I don't know, I didn't ask," he replied.

"I was interested in the fellow that dragged him ashore. He is an old friend of ours. The way we made his acquaintance was on such an occasion; he saved a lady from drowning."

"Why, papa," said Laura, "he must be a splendid fellow."

"Magnificent!" said Mr. Steele. "You see, we had traveled over considerable of the world together, your mother and I, while you were yet a baby; and we found it rather odd one morning to discover that having crossed the ocean and the Alps, loitered in the highlands, traveled thence down the Mississippi valley, across the American desert to California, and back again by another route, your mother had never been up the East river as far as Morristown. It seemed so absurd to have neglected this home excursion, that we determined upon it at once. The morning was wet, but we did not mind that. Your mother looked prettier in a water-proof and rubbers, with a shawl hat tied down under her chin, than most women would in a ball dress. She wasn't a bit afraid of rain or mud. She was a little too reckless, for, getting ashore to see the institution for vagrant boys, her foot slipped off the plank, and she disappeared."

Mr. Steele stopped a minute; his voice faltered; the plump little hand of his wife slipped into his own; he clenched it, and went on again.

"One minute I saw her as neat and trim a little figure as ever graced a water-proof and shawl hat, and the next she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Laura. "Gone where?"

"Into the water, child; into the hungry green waves that surged up to take her away from the fondest heart in the universe; and if it had not been for one of those very vagabond boys, who had been lurking there for a chance to escape from the island, you would have lost us both, my dear; for I made an agonizing plunge after her, though I am ashamed to say I cannot swim a stroke, and should only have gone to the bottom like a plummet of lead, but an official standing by caught and held me, and cried out that Johnny Waters had been safe as a trivet; and presently that vagabond boy came up with your sweet mother on the other side of the boat, and the officer cried out: 'He's a regular water-dog, that Johnny Waters!' and these were the very words a guest here

used in relation to John a minute or so ago."

"John!" cried poor bewildered Laura, "our John, mamma? Was John the boy?"

"And it is John, our John, that saved poor Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"The very same, darling, John, our John. He is always on hand when there is any trouble or danger."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Laura, forgetting all the years that had passed since the accident, and crumbling both the coiffeured heads in the most reckless manner.

"Papa," she then said, "we must go and find John; I want to tell him how much I love him."

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Archibald Steele, and all the way through the corridor and into the parlors of the hotel, with his plump and pretty wife on one arm and his beautiful daughter on the other, he called.

But John was still surrounded by the pretty and sympathetic women, who had cruelly deserted the blue-blooded descendant of the old Dutch governor, lying in his most graceful and languid attitudes on a neighboring lounge—the descendant, not the governor—and had flocked, one and all, to the handsome and heroic founder of the new school for teaching people the way to be rescued from drowning.

These charming creatures spent so much of their time at the sea-shore, and it was nice to be with them.

John was almost hidden in flosses and lace; but when his eyes met Laura's he plunged out of those costly billows with his usual ease and trepidity. There was something in Laura's eyes that he had never seen there before; a tempting languor; a bewitching shyness; a bewildering splendor that steeped his soul in a mad, sweet hope.

Laura stopped one moment to whisper to her mamma, and John gasped out to Mr. Steele:

"I dare—if I only dared to tell her—"

"I have told her myself," said the merchant.

"That I was a pauper, without home or friends?"

"I told the story in my own way, John," continued Mr. Steele, "and I flatter myself I told it successfully; do not spoil it, if you please. I have managed the past and the present; do you look out for the future, John."

And John did. Laura walked through the parlor that night the envied of all the pretty and sympathetic women, and brave and appreciative men that congregated there.

Odds and Ends.

A Delaware woman, a hard worker all her life, being about to die last week, called her husband and children about her and told them where she had buried \$6,000 of her earnings in the cellar. They dug it up before the funeral.

As a match for a sentence of forty-three letters, recently published, containing all the letters of the alphabet, the following only told it successfully: "A. Gray-Pack with my box five dozen quills."

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend her house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow buried, he said he guessed that she'd better shoot with an axe.

Two gentlemen slept in a very close room. The window was, apparently, stuck fast. A pane was broken to let the air and then another, when they both felt better and went to sleep. In the morning they discovered that they had broken two panes of an old-fashioned book case.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, has five children. Onslow, the eldest, is married, and a man of business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter, studying abroad; Alice, the eldest of the girls, is a pleasing writer, unmarried; Edith is a golden-haired young lady of twenty-five, who has just married the third son of Richard II. Dana, Jr., and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

Once, while Randolph of Roanoke was debating a question in the Senate, he said it was a shame that the "noble bull-dogs" of the administration should waste their time in worrying the rats of the opposition. He was called to order, but the President ruled in his favor. Thus encouraged, he pointed his long finger at the members of the opposition, and fairly screamed: "Rats, did I say! Mice!"

A new style of croquet sets are coming into vogue, which promise to become very popular. The hoops have an attachment for catching a shuttle burning at the top of each hoop, on a still night, there is sufficient light to enable a game to be played. When there is no moon, and the wind is not too boisterous, the effect is quite picturesque, and the young and spongy consider it the sweetest invention of the century.

When the Governor of Oregon telegraphed to the Secretary of War, that the beginning of the Indian outbreak, that a temporary issue of arms was necessary to enable him to protect the settlers, he received an answer as follows: "You have more than your quota of arms." The Governor, however, was equal to the situation. He telegraphed in reply: "We have more than our quota of Indians."

The required arms were thereupon at once issued.

The seat of a jury man absent from the Court was taken possession of by a dog. The judge, addressing one of the counsel, said: "You see, Mr. Lansing, the jury man's seat is occupied. Are you ready to proceed?" The lawyer raised his glasses to his eyes, made a brief survey of the jury box, and made the witty reply: "Your Honor, that fellow might do for a judge, but I should hate to trust him for a jury man." The judge joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

Charles— "What did that Spring suit cost you, Alf?" Alfred— "Can't say, dear boy—haven't been used for it yet."

Wit and Humor.

No matter what rank vegetables may attain, the cabbage will always be a head.

When a young man commences to wrestle with his first mistake, he generally gets it "down."

The puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is, how to train the girls, and how to restrain the boys.

The best-natured man will get a trifle mad when his wife tells him that she made Ulsters for the boys out of his last winter's ear-muffs.

"My Soul's at the Gate," is the title of a new piece of music. He had better be careful, or he may find the old man's sole at the gate, too, some of these fine evenings.