

Holena Col. W. H. Saunders

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Poetry.

POETIC POINTS. Gathered From Various Sources.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "Lion me a tea."

"The sweet to be remembered, But there's one thing sweeter still— To have a man forget you When you were that man a bill."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Better the ragged plow-boy, Who sings and cares for naught, Than the bank cashier with ten thousand a year, And a hundred thousand shore.

Mary snatches up her slate, Her satchel and her rule, And hustles off, lest she be late, And get her lambs at school.

There is more force in names Than most men dream of, and it may keep its throne a whole age longer if it stick Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.

Said Sarah to her Noah, surely, "This world would surely be A hell if it were mine, Were I bereft of thee."

"Ah, love!" said he, "here's one who to 'That sentiment' a shaver, A No. 10, she, with the word of her's salar's."

The boy stood on the parapet floor At the variety show, And cast his earnest glance o'er The folk heads below.

"It's too far back," he sadly said, "Yet he dared not forward go, For he saw his aged father's head First in the foremost row."

Better trust all and be deceived, And rue that faith and that believing, Than doubt one heart that, I believe, Had been the life with true believing.

Oh, in this weary world, too soon The doubting friend or'erakes our youth; Better be cheated by the lie, Than lose the blessed hour of truth.

The doleful dog, with mournful wail, Seeks out a quiet spot, And sits from his cold, baleful boys, Beside his master's feet.

Perchance a supple, whose wrath is spent, Adores his master's feet, and with his hand, Perchance a supple, whose wrath is spent, Adores his master's feet, and with his hand,

Lovers' lips beneath the shade, And I and the other said: "How it is that you see Here smiling upon this suit of mine, If a heart, it palps a you— Thy voice is low melody— 'Tis to be loved by I, I— That's my triumph, will you not? Thus I smiled softly, 'Why, hilly!'"

Going Thro' the Eye. Says the captain to I, "Come, I'll have one of that!" As Paddy of whisky was drinking his fill, With a smile on his face, As he fitly shed the "eye," Says Paddy, "He jabber, I don't think ye will!"

"Be Bold." Write on your door the saying wise and old, "Be bold! be bold! and everwise be bold; Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess Than the deficit; better I, more than less; Better like Hector in the field to die, Than like the perfumed Paris turn to fly.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Col. Ingersoll Pays a Tribute of Respect to the Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., Lately Deceased.—A Characteristic Plea for Tolerance and Charity for all Men.

Chicago Journal. The Rev. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburgh, Pa., a journalist, and the editor of a Methodist organ, whose death was recently announced, has received most eulogistic and tender tributes from the religious press of the country. He died in Georgia, some two weeks ago, while he was the guest of the Governor of that State, Gov. Colquhoun. As a journalist Mr. Clark has been somewhat conspicuous for his zeal in combating the views of Col. Ingersoll, while treating that gentleman with personal fairness. He once visited him in his Peoria home, and in a published letter spoke in the very highest terms of the personal and domestic character of his illustrious theological opponent. Now that Mr. Clark is dead, Col. Ingersoll has paid the following tribute (first published here) to the unalloyed and kindness of the deceased:

Upon the grave of Rev. Alexander Clark I wish to place one flower.

Utterly destitute of cold, dogmatic pride, that often passes for the love of God; without the arrogance of the "select" single, free and kind—this earnest man made me his friend by being mine. I forgot that he was a Christian, and he seemed to forget that I was not, while each remembered that the other was a man.

Frank, candid and sincere, he practiced what he preached, and looked with the holy eyes of charity upon the failings and mistakes of men. He believed in the power of kindness, and spurned with divine sympathy the hideous gulf that separates the fallen from the pure.

Giving freely to others the rights that he claimed for himself, it never occurred to him that his God hated a brave and honest unbeliever. He remembered that even an infidel has rights that love respects; that hatred has no saving power, and that in order to be a Christian it is not necessary to become less than a man. He knew that no one can be maligning to kindness; that epithets cannot convince; that curses are not arguments, and that the finger of scorn never points towards heaven. With the generosity of an honest man he accorded to all the fullest liberty of thought, knowing, as he did, that in the realm of mind a chain is but a curse.

For this man I entertained the profoundest respect. In spite of the taunts and jeers of his brethren, he publicly proclaimed that he would treat infidels with fairness and respect; that he would endeavor to convince them by argument and win them with love. He insisted that the God he worshipped loved the well-being even of an atheist. In this grand position he stood almost alone. Tender, just and loving where others were harsh, vindictive and cruel, he challenged the respect and admiration of every honest man. A few more such clergymen might drive calumny from the lips of faith and render the pulpit worthy of respect.

The heartiness and kindness with which this generous man treated me can never be excelled. He admitted that I had not lost and could not lose a single right by the expression of my honest thought. Neither did he believe that a servant could win the respect of a generous master by persecuting and maligning those whom the master would willingly forgive.

While this good man was living, his brethren blamed him for having treated me with fairness. But, I trust, now that he has left the shores troubled by the mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any way the image of a homeward sail, this crime will be forgiven him by those who still remain to preach the love of God.

His sympathies were not confined within the prison of a creed, but ran out over the walls like vines. He did not hate the rusted bars with leaf and flower. He could not echo with his heart the denish sentence of eternal fire. In spite of book and creed he read "between the lines" the words of tenderness and love, with promises for all the world. Above, beyond the dogma of his church—humanity even to the verge of heresy—causing some to doubt his love of God because he did not hate his unbelieving fellow-men, he labored for the welfare of mankind, and to his work gave up his life with all his heart.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. Washington, D. C., July 11, 1879. Mark Twain's "Rock Me to Sleep."

A correspondent writes to the Buffalo Express: Perhaps some of your readers may be interested to know the opinion of the celebrated critic, Mark Twain, upon the claim of Mr. Ball to the authorship of the poem, "Rock Me to Sleep." In an old scrap-book I find the following apostrophe, published about the time the controversy first arose: "Backward, speed backward, Oh Ball in your flight! Make not an ass of yourself (just for to-night); pull the few silver threads out of your hair, fill up and varnish those tresses of care, care that was born of attempting fancy-steep, which you couldn't climb, Ball, whom none rocked to sleep. Oh, Ball, come back from the echoing shore. Oh, Ball, for a season the public to bore, with your infamous rhymes and your stupid complaint, for you know you are claiming to be what you ain't. Oh, drive no more—don't snuffle, don't keep—hang up your lyre, Ball, I'll rock you to sleep."

Resuscitation. Dr. T. S. Lambert, of New York, is confident that a large majority of persons drowned, if taken out of the water within a few hours—or even a few days—can be restored to life by the proper application of heat to the body. According to his theory of resuscitation, when taken out of the water the drowned person should be turned upon his face for a moment only, to allow any water in his nose or throat to run out, then his wet clothes should be removed and replaced by the warm underclothes of bystanders, if none other are available, several thicknesses being applied

Man's Belter-Half.

Doesn't come a Miss—A boy baby. A wife's secret—Her opinion of her husband.

Is a lady's hair likely to bang when it is powdered? A Brooklyn lady is named Opportunity. Young men fan to embrace her.

A Rockland female calls her husband Muehche, because he is such a stick. Naomi was 503 years old when she married. Don't be in a hurry, girls.

The lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain. Persons should always dress to suit their figure. A hump-backed lady for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

A man died in St. Louis recently, and in his will, after saying that he never forgot a favor, left \$1,000 to an individual who ten years ago ran away with his wife.

An Arab writer says: A woman will make as long an eye as a patient a tug as a camel if you will only give her a kind word and show her a bit of green comfort at the end.

Down on the Delaware river there lives a woman farmer, Mrs. A. C. Thomas, who manages personally a farm of twenty acres and makes a profit of \$2,500 a year from it.

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange, "be governed by her chin. The worst of that is, after having chosen a wife, one is apt to keep being governed in the same way."

When a lady, by accident, discovers that her photographer has put her picture in his show-case, she goes home and makes a terrible time over it, but she doesn't order it to be taken out.

These are the evenings when a girl of common sense will ask her lover to check that mosquito digging his bill into her back rather than sit still and be gouged.

What a feeling of relief comes over a woman as she enters a church and discovers that her neighbor's wife has the same feather on her bonnet that she wore last season.

Before marriage a man is generally greeted by his sweetheart with, "My darling is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "Hugh Henry, wipe your boots."

Philadelphia Chronicle: Short dresses are now all the rage in Paris. This is glorious news for the American women, who have grown left-handed in the back from stooping over to pick up their trails.

Pretty compliment paid to Mamma. By a farmer, a member of a deputation from Montevideo, Uruguay: "Madam, your rank is higher than it was, but our love for you could not be greater than it was."

If honestly people, especially women, are wise, then the Ohio delegation of pencil pushers must possess more of it to the square inch than any set of people we ever saw.—Colorado Farmer.

The newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's clay pipe a delicate sky-blue, with a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley on the bowl. If you haven't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, or perhaps better.

Among the goods offered for human wear by a glass pioneer of Vienna are: glass hats, glass buttons, glass collars, glass cuffs, glass gloves, glass shoes, glass socks, glass stockings, glass trousers, glass coats, glass dresses, glass carpets, glass collars, vails and dresses.

"Oh, yes, I'm mad—just as mad as I can be," exclaimed a fashionable lady, tossing her head to give emphasis to her words. "To think that the horrid reporters should have had the impudence to lug me into their description of the Fitzgerald wedding! Ugh! the horrid things—and they did not even mention the lace on my dress."

A Napa belle, attending an entertainment recently given in Vallejo, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to show the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his long pipe. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with a handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and handed it back in disgust, saying, "Why, there is not a drop in it!"

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, said: "We are told that 'in Adam's fall we sinned all,' but I don't believe any such nonsense. If I am to be punished eternally for what my great-great-grandfather did six thousand years ago, I might as well give up. I am responsible for my own behavior. I am responsible for the naughtiness of my ancestors. There is wickedness that is original with me that is much greater than any devilry I may have inherited. If Adam put poison into the ocean six thousand years ago, then that poison must be very thin by this time, in fact, too thin to do much harm. It is neither that dirt for us to sin and try to it to Adam. Let Adam answer for himself and we for ourselves. Let us remember that we are free moral agents, and that our duty is to labor for righteousness."

Aids to a Cure of Drunkenness. New York Times. Libbig's theory that liquor-drinking is compatible with animal, but not with farriaceous, diet seems to have been corroborated by an English scientific man, who has been trying the experiment on twenty-seven liquor drinking persons. A striking instance of reform was shown in the case of a man of fifty, who had been intemperate for thirty-five years, and was in the habit of taking a spree about once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in obtaining insurance that is, hardly ever, unless he had a tremendous, which nearly proved fatal, he was induced to live upon frugal food,

Wit and Humor.

After dinner—a hungry man. All journals of dentistry are full of extracts from my former.

The dentist makes more money per patient than any farmer. A pen may be driven, but a pencil does best when its lead.

If a printer should have the gout wouldn't it be fatuous for him. Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulated.

A joke is not so durable as a church bell: after it has been tolled a few times it is worn out. "Matches are made in heaven," says an old aphorism. Arech? Where in thunder do they get the brimstone?

He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lot, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

An exchange contains the marriage notice of a Mr. and Miss Carr. We notice it only as an instance of car comping by a clergyman, which is something unusual.

There is one thing that is greatly to the credit of the fallow: it places him in the foremost rank of nature's noblemen, and that is, he mends his own business.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by a death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear, because sometimes the man that shoots misson him," was the reply.

"What I want to get at is the animus of the transaction," said the judge. "But, your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any animus. He came up quiet like, and grabbed the coat, and went off with it before I saw what he was at. No, sir, there wasn't any animus."

The Power of Public Opinion.—Our Pet Critic (sotto-voix): "Well, I can't conscientiously praise it, old man, but I'll tell you what I'll do for you—I'll back-guard it so fearfully that lots of people will come forward, out of fair play, and swear it's the greatest work of genius this age has ever seen." Pictor Ignotus: "Thanks, my dear boy, and bless your kind heart."—Pard.

There are innumerable anecdotes about Bill Travers, who unites to a certain native wit an unfortunate habit of stuttering, which he has never been able to overcome. One day last week he met a friend whom he had not seen for some time. "Hallo, old feller," said Mr. Travers; "where have you b-b-b been since this time?"

"Just back from Boston," said the friend. "I have been delivering a course of six lectures there. I am so-so glad," said Mr. Travers. "I'm glad, be-cause I hate B-B-Boston like hell."—Cincinnati Commercial.

The Dangerous Girl. The talking girl is rarely "dangerous." The real "dangerous girl" is she who seems by some fine fitness to walk into the empty room in a man's heart which has never been opened to another woman, and to take up her abode there. She may not be pretty, she need not be clever; she may be both of these things in a remarkable degree, and a full room will be filled, and chief of many of milliner's art into the bargain. But she has the gift over and beyond all those which renders others subordinate. She has a way of listening which makes the most reserved man eloquent, and her little speeches, never ostentatious and rarely brilliant, have something of the effect of a tonic, and cling to his memory like a perfume.

At night or goes about his daily work. Then her face, her distinct and vivid personality pursues him; it is the girl herself, not her bangles nor flowers that he remembers.

A Big Foot or a Big Story. A young lady in Sandusky can probably boast of the largest feet in the world. A Detroit gentleman, who was in a shoe store in that city when the lady left an order for a pair of shoes, brought back a "chart" of the foot that was taken to secure proper lasts. The young lady is 17 years of age, is 44 feet high, and weighs 110 pounds. There is nothing remarkable about her except her feet, an index of the immensity of which can be obtained by the following accurate measurements: Length, 17 inches; size around the heel, 22 inches; around the instep, 18 inches; around the ball of the foot, 19 inches; around the smallest part of the ankle, 16 1/2 inches. The feet are not unsymmetrical, and the only discomfort the lady experiences is from the muscular exertion required to carry them around.—Detroit Free Press.

A Change. Riding in a railroad car. Husband—"You are quite comfortable, dear?" Wife—"Yes, love." Husband—"The cushions are easy and soft, ducky?" Wife—"Yes, darling." Husband—"You don't feel any jolts, pet?" Wife—"No, sweetest." Husband—"And there is no draft on my limbs, is there, angel?" Wife—"No, my own sweet own." Husband—"Then change seats with me!"

The New Northern Pacific Loan. The subscriptions to the second loan of \$2,000,000 called for by the Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad in June last, were closed yesterday, the entire amount having been taken, and some \$300,000 in excess bid for. It is said that the whole has gone into the hands of stockholders. The first loan was used in building the road from Bismarck to the Yellowstone river, 233 miles. The second loan is to be used in building from Columbia river eastward to Pan O'Reille lake, 300 miles.—New York Times, 17th ult.

A few in Kalama, Washington Territory, on the 23rd inst., destroyed property to the value of \$75,000.