

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

Whole No., 406.

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AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

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Having gone out of the general merchandise trade, and taken up the above SPECIALTIES, we can meet styles and prices of any house in Montana, either at

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WILLSON, 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.

As 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 cash to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Wm. W. Alderson, J. M. ARMSTRONG, Editors and Proprietors.

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Poetry.

Lines to a Cat.

I love thee, cat, I love thy pleasant ways;

I love to see thee dozing round the house;

I love, through all these dreary summer days,

To watch thee circumvent the baneful mouse;

I love to hear thy calm, contented purr,

And stroke thy coat--so near, and yet so far.

But I love not, when starry night is come,

To hear thee, cat, with velvet-padded hoof,

Rapid as taps upon the startled drum,

Or summer rain-drops, pattering on the roof,

For when thy claws slip from their velvet jacket,

Thou art a wild Niagara, cat--a cat a racket.

Sweet warbler, when the radiant moonlight falls

In mellow splendor on the banister rail,

Oh have I listened to thy plaintive wails

And enced thee, from my sleep-deserted bed,

How have I wept to hear thy long-drawn shout,

"Maria! oh Maria! Maria! oh Maria!"

Oh, cat ambitions! Thou wast born to lead;

Thou art the first in peace, in war, the first;

And to provide for each and every need,

Thou never grievest without thy purr,

And like most human vocalists who sing,

Thou getst thy back up, cat, at every thing.

Why dost thou rage, vain cat, when sable night,

With "dewy freshness fills the silent air,

Why dost thou climb the roof to yell and fight,

And trip and spin and scold and claw and swear?

Do not thou hiss, sweet cat, when thou art in the

Seas, half thy fur clawed out, and one eye gone,

Oh, cat, thou wouldst not thus disturb the moon,

If to the temperance pledge thou wouldst not stick!

Thou wouldst not fight, unless at some saloon,

Thou didst not get thy back up, cat, when I see thee,

I know you, cat; I see it in your eye,

Full on you take your catnip on the sly.

Go, gentle cat, go from my lap and prowl

Upon the dizzy wood-shed's beehive height,

On lofty domes, or window sills and bowls,

And every thing that reaches air and sight.

And I will love thee still, for all that, cat,

Because I would not have thee less a cat.

Yet hear! When midnight pauses in the sky,

I will arise from sleepless couch of mine,

And guided by thy animated cry,

And by thine eyes so brilliant that shine,

I will take down my trusty caliver,

And with six pounds of buck-shot fill thy skin.

'Tis also first on the wood-shed.

Kitchen Consolation.

Of this baking and brewing,

This boiling and stewing,

And washing of dishes three times a day!

The griddle--cakes turning,

The skimming for churning,

The setting of tables and clearing away!

What is it but weariness,

That a warm oven and a hot hearth,

The same round of labor day after day?

I'd rather be painting,

Or sewing, or braiding,

Or spending my time in a pleasant way!

Thus my fancy kept dreaming,

O'er the hot dishes steaming,

And wondering why I must a kitchen fire tend--

'Till an angel's low whispering

Comped me to listening.

Is your work not the oldest,

The usefulness, the noblest?

In ministering daily to the life God has given?

If the work is unceasing,

Of washing and sweeping,

Remember that order's the first law of heaven.

Pray what gives more pleasure

Than a warm oven and a hot hearth,

When tastefully served on the family board?

Thank God you can labor--

Can knead, mix and flavor,

And draw pleasant meals from the farmer's rich

Soil--

That heartsome delight

At morn, noon, and night,

When the family gathers for chat and good cheer,

That should you be complaining

Of work unavailing

That brings joy to the loved ones each day in the year?

Balky Horses.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and make the work go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brain of horses seems to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of steam twice around the fore-leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow-knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

IMPORTANT TO HONEST CLAIMANTS. BONA-FIDE RESIDENCE ON LAND REQUIRED.

A Sharp Letter From the Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, GENERAL LAND OFFICE, Washington, D. C., Aug. 7, 1879.

Register and Receiver, Bozeman, Mont.

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your letter dated the 21st of June last, transmitting the petition and affidavits of Charles E. Smith, in relation to the Homestead Entry No. --, dated April 23, 1877, for the W. half of N. E. quarter, 18, 1 N., 6 E.

On the 12th of June Mr. C.--applied to make an additional entry of eighty acres, in railroad limits to the above, under the Act of March 3d, 1879, when it was ascertained that he had up to then failed to reside upon his original entry, and you therefore rejected his application. He alleges as the cause of his failure to comply with the law that he was misinformed as to the requirements in regard to the matter of residence by a neighbor, and also by a clerk in charge of the Register's office, when the entry was made.

He resides on an adjoining farm of 100 acres, which he purchased under the pre-emption laws, in July, 1872, and upon which he settled as early as May 4th, 1873; that is, eight years before he made his homestead entry, and ten years before he seems to have found out that the homestead law requires a bona-fide residence on the land by the claimant, although it had been in practical operation all around him for ten years before. Such a degree of ignorance of the simple requirements of a great popular law in which nearly every settler is deeply interested, might hardly be possible with some isolated spatter on the remote frontier, but it is hardly creditable in this case; for the country around him is one of the oldest and most thickly populated settlements in your district, and is in the immediate vicinity of the local office, comparatively well settled by farmers, who have obtained their lands under the pre-emption and homestead laws--being a class of people who in that country discuss all the advantages and disadvantages of these laws, and know that one of the principal requirements of a homestead entry is a bona-fide residence on the claim. It is unreasonable under these circumstances to suppose that even a "plain farmer" would live ten years in such a neighborhood and not know the law, and that he should besides such a presumption be inconsistent with the business tact displayed in his pre-emption entry, and his prompt application for the benefits of the Act of March 3d, 1879. It is also apparent from the affidavits that he did not seek so much to find out what was the law and its requirements as to find some way to evade it, and reap its benefits, without the inconvenience of changing his residence.

He may have been misinformed as stated, but that was the kind of information he wanted; and the consequences are the results of his own choosing. I am of the opinion that he has not acted in entire good faith in the premises, and that he has therefore forfeited his claim--and having failed to comply with the law, his said entry is held for cancellation, and you will inform him; also inform him that he is allowed sixty days in which to appeal from this decision; at the expiration of which time you will promptly report his action in the premises to this office, referring to this letter.

Very respectfully,
J. M. ARMSTRONG,
Act'g Commissioner.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

Mr. Beecher's Reply to an Inquiring Correspondent.

The Christian Union publishes the following:

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Will you please give in the columns of the Christian Union some advice for preserving health? A good many of your readers would like to know how it is that you have been able to go through so much, and to do so much, and yet to retain your vigor and good spirit. We want the secret of your own experience.

First. Select a good father and mother to be born of.

Second. Then, being born with a good body, regard it as a machine, and keep it in perfect order by the same methods by which you would keep any other machine in order. The body is an engine; food is the cylinder where the steam works. One must not create by too much fuel an excess of steam; that will strain the engine, and make poor work. You must not let the fuel get out and the fire grow low, then the engine will not work at all. Most men eat because they are hungry or because their food tastes good. These are two respectable facts; nevertheless, a man who is working ought to eat rather with reference to what he has to do, determining both quality and quantity by that consideration. He should sort his food as an engineer does his coal and pine wood. If I have to do a pretty sharp morning's work, I eat eggs, toasted bread and coffee, which combine a great deal of nourishment with a little weight, and are easily digested. On the other hand, a cup of coffee, a slice of toast, and a cup of coffee, I can work from eight to two without a break. I do not eat the white of an egg. Rice, whites of eggs and cotton wool are alike to me. In summer I generally make my breakfast of bread and fruit. The best breakfast I ever ate in my life was in Venice. We were in an old hotel, in which was converted into a hotel, it took more steering to reach the breakfast room from your chamber than it does to bring a ship into New York harbor; but it was a charming room when we reached it. Our breakfast was a delicate bit of ham, with eggs, which we did not care anything for; but there were white eggs, purple and white grapes and melons, with a good cup of coffee. I breakfasted on such fruits all the time I was there. A light breakfast suits me. It may not another. I know

persons who need an ample breakfast before they can preach or write. It agrees with their habit and constitution. I only describe my own habit. I need but little food. I can eat all things eatable provided I do not overfill.

Third. Next to firing up comes clearing out the ashes. What is called being tired is nothing in the world but ashes in the body. For every vital act involves a consumption of fibre or nerve material, and the consumed material collects. When a man has been working all day, whether of waste material which he ought not to be carried off. When he goes to sleep the whole system recuperates and re-enters itself; the brain recovers; the various capillaries and excretive organs take up the waste and clean out the system. In the morning every man ought to give nature an opportunity to complete this cleansing operation, and he ought not to begin work until it is completed. It is fully as important as morning prayers. If a man is covetous his brain will be muddled and his prayers will be muddled.

Fourth. In this connection comes the morning bath. A great deal of waste should pass the skin, and it is of the utmost importance that its pores should be kept open that they may do their work well. I have been accustomed most of my life to take a cold bath in the morning when I get out of bed. That, however, is an experiment which every man must try for himself. If he does not get up a reaction, and the cold water turns his lips and nails blue, he must modify it. But I recommend a daily bath in one form or another.

Fifth. Sleep is a great restorer of nervous energy, and it ought to be taken regularly and systematically. A recent paragraph in the New York Tribune reports a German professor as saying that the most people who have reached the age of eighty have worked till the small hours of the morning and slept till noon. We shall next have him reporting that the man who daily drinks eight gallons of Bavaria beer outlives anybody else! Eight hours is a fair amount of sleep. Where a man lives under a pressure, where his employment is incessant, where he cannot without inconvenience get up without a second day's work, as a rule allow the early morning to study, the afternoon to social work, and the evening to social recreation. Generally I break my day into two parts, the greater and the lesser day. Besides my sleep at night, I have my afternoon nap for an hour. If you cannot take a nap after dinner--and some cannot without inconvenience--then your digestion--sit up in your chair and fall asleep for ten minutes before dinner; it will make a new man of you.

Sixth. Good fuel, well adjusted to the capacities of your machine and the work it has to do, an engine kept clean, inside and out, and sleep enough, constitutes the essential conditions of good health. There is one other condition, quite as important, refuse to be unhappy. The man who sleeps well, keeps himself clean and feels well, and then refuses to be unhappy--who makes account with himself that unhappiness is wrong (though exceptions force themselves upon him) and ought to be telegraphic communication with Washington, he ordered my men out at 9 o'clock, and when the clock struck twelve those men were shot.

Three or four months passed; Gettysburg was fought, the fall of Vicksburg had taken place, and I was passing through Washington, and called upon Mr. Lincoln. As I entered the room, he said: "General Slocum, the last time I heard from you was in the form of a message which caused me more pain than a most any incident that has occurred during the whole war. When you were down to Leesburg I telegraphed to you that if the sentence of such a man had not been executed, you should suspend it until further orders from me, and you telegraphed back that the man had been executed at twelve o'clock. The wife and sister of that man were sitting here by my side, and I was compelled to open your telegram and read it to them."

I know of no instance that shows Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart or appeals to me more strongly than that. When you remember the length of time that had elapsed, and the number of important and stirring events that had occurred in the interval, I am sure you will agree with me in saying that he proved himself to be a generous and big-hearted man.

Tied to a Post.

James McCarthy, a wife-beater, was sentenced by a Justice of the Peace at Carson last Wednesday, to be tied to a post on the public street, for two hours, and placarded "Wife Beater." He remained tied to the post for half an hour when he was released on a writ of habeas corpus, and taken before Judge King of the District Court, who ordered him discharged on the ground that the sentence was unconstitutional, the punishment being too severe and cruel. The conviction was made under what is known as the "Stewart Act," and was, we believe, the first instance wherein the penalty was ever even partially enforced in the State.--Emersonian Herald.

It is with narrow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles--the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out.--Scott.

Odds and Ends.

Sir Henry Bessemer's new gigantic telescope cost \$300,000.

Wm. B. Astor the other day paid \$475 for a table cover and two bedspreads for his yacht Ambassadors.

Charles Lamb once said that the greatest pleasure he knew was to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.

Mark Twain has received more money for his play of "Gilded Age" than Shakespeare did for all his dramas put together. Such is life.

At the close of the war a young man named Crouch hired out to herd sheep at \$12 a month in Frio county, Texas. He now owns 140,000 acres of fenced land 4,000 cattle and 7,000 sheep.

It is estimated that over 200,000 colored people have been added to the Methodist Church since 1875. They have caused more than a thousand churches to be built, and more than 3,000 colored young men are in their aid schools in the South.

The ugly girl never gets married and the common young men die old bachelors. No matter who is married, the bride in the report is always "beautiful and accomplished," and the sheepish groom is invariably, "the son of one of our best families."

A Grand Jury at Spartansburg, S. C., has reported that the hanging of a murderer by lynchers was "an outburst of popular indignation which merely anticipated the sentence of the law of the land," and refused to indict anybody concerned in the outrage.

By the death of his sister Vice President Wheeler is left entirely alone in the world, without family, his wife having died in 1874, and no child ever having been born to him, and without kin except a solitary cousin, a clergyman, of Pittsburg, who discovered his relationship during the Presidential campaign of 1876.

The Earl of Dunraven says: "Whether in connection with this country [Great Britain] or as independent, or as joined to the United States, or any portion of them, that vast region which is now called British North America will assuredly some day support the strongest, most powerful and most masterful population on the continent of North America."

White Judge Reed, of Ripon, was fishing, recently, at Green lake a fish took his line with such force as to wrench the pole from his hand, and the whole tackle disappeared under water. The fish that took the rod was a mo-lerate-sized pickerel, and he was swallowed by a large-sized pickerel, and the pickerel in turn was caught by a fisherman and the lost line and rod recovered.

About a week ago an Iowa man died. He was very wealthy and left three sons, his only heirs, and would you believe it, the ungrateful boys got together and ran away with all the property before the lawyer could get at it, and divided it with each other? There is so much scoundrelism, grasping selfishness in this world, that sometimes it is enough to discourage a good lawyer.

William H. Hays, the president of the National Bank of the State of New York, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his experience in Wall street. Sixty days in fifty years will cover all his holidays, and the only pleasure trip he ever went on to look at his new-made world made to Indiana. He is apparently as hale and hearty, as he sits in the bank president's chair, counter-signing national bank notes, as he was fifty years ago, when his chief occupation was making the fires and sweeping out the office.

The old gentleman who threw the paper down the other morning with the impatient ejaculation, "Oh, there's nothing in it!" went out to look at his new-made world made to Indiana. He is apparently as hale and hearty, as he sits in the bank president's chair, counter-signing national bank notes, as he was fifty years ago, when his chief occupation was making the fires and sweeping out the office.

Some of our exchanges are growling about a "corner" in grain sacks. Suppose they want 'em without corners, and the grain is a liquid state.

There is only one thing about a cat that I love, and that is, that they are very cheap--a little money well invested goes a great way in cats.--Josh Billings.

Georgia doctor to widow--"I cannot tell you how grieved I am to hear that your husband has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends; but now we shall never meet again."

The editor of an Iowa paper being asked, "Do you say?" says that a good many do not; that they take the paper several years, and then have the postmaster send it back "refused."

There is a story that a man went to a Newburyport liquor store and called for two quarts of rum, professing that it was for the purpose of soaking some roots. After the delivery of the liquor, the dealer inquired, "What roots?" "The roots of my tongue," said the man.

Conjugal affection depends largely upon mutual confidence. "I make it a rule," said a wife to her friend, "to