

The Avant Courier.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

Improvement of Cattle.

American Stockman.

Any one who visits the leading cattle markets of this country will hardly fail to notice the wide difference between the best and meanest stock offered for sale.

The first thing necessary in the improvement of scrub stock is to get fresh blood into an improved breed.

The increasing demand for American mules and pack animals gives this subject additional importance.

How to Make Money.

Editor Colorado Farmer.

From almost every farmer we meet we hear the complaint of "Hard times! What shall we do with our wheat? We are poorer to-day than we were a year ago."

The above shows that the farmer is realizing about five and a half cents per bushel for his wheat.

That was a sharp retort made by a lady teacher of one of the Colorado schools to one of the School Commissioners a short time ago.

Man's Better-Half.

Case of rupture—where a lover is wrapped up in his girl.

To fall in love with a fleshy girl may be considered a case of in-fat-tion.

The woman who said she wouldn't marry the best man living kept her word when she married a tramp.

There is one field of labor that woman can never enter—collecting bills—for woman's work is never done.

A pretty girl won a mule at a lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

In an Indiana church the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contributions.

A young man never feels so much at a loss what to do, as when he takes his girl to a picnic.

Mr. C. A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, is in London.

Mr. George Jones, owner of the New York Times, has gone to Europe.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, is at Saratoga Springs.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York Tribune, is on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Joel Cook, editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, is spending his vacation at Cape May.

Mr. MacLean, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is spending his vacation at Long Beach.

Mr. Hugh J. Hastings, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, has a very fine summer residence near Long Beach.

Mr. Robert Bonner, owner of the New York Ledger, is at Spring Lake beach, a fashionable seaside resort below Long Beach.

Mr. George W. Childs, owner of the Philadelphia Ledger, is said to give the best and most attractive dinner parties at Long Beach.

Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times—the old skeet-kill—is up on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A newspaper may be destroyed—it may light a cigar. It may curl a maiden's hair. Oh! only think of that, girls!

An editor's thoughts completely, sweetly, exquisitely, nestling down with you in your mid-night slumbers, gently guard and peacefully keep watch over your dreams.

An Indiana lady, who has been keeping a book of college statistics for more than twenty years, says that 37 per cent. of the sweet girl graduates die within two years after they take their diplomas.

It may be worth recording that the average American girl graduate is somewhat less than 18 years of age, that the French girl is 22, and that the English girl is more than 25.

Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly, and imagines all sorts of things.

Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scolded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination.

When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope, she finds he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together, and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go round and give the visitor a few extra.

A BRAVE LITTLE LADY. She follows Her Husband from Atlanta, Georgia, to Fort Assiniboine, Montana.

A correspondent from the upper Indian country sends us the following item of interest:

A young boy, eighteen years of age, a member of the Eighteenth Infantry band and a son of the leader of the band, became enamored of a young lady of early last winter, while the band was posted at Atlanta, Ga.

The young lady was sweet sixteen, and it was a case of love at first sight. After a brief engagement, they were married. Soon after, the regiment was ordered to Fort Assiniboine, Montana.

The soldiers were to depart, and the young lady was fairly set upon by her admirer, and until the last moment did the young married couple learn that no provisions had been made for taking the lady along.

She had to remain behind, in spite of protestations and tears, and to the infinite disgust of the boy husband. It was then arranged that he should send for her just as soon as he got fairly settled in his new quarters.

But the little lady had other intentions. She did not propose to rest on downy couches in Georgia, while her new-found husband was blowing a horn away in the wilds of Montana. Not any. So, as soon as the regiment departed, she procured a pass to Cincinnati.

There she succeeded in getting one to Chicago. At Chicago she presented herself to General R. Ingalls, Quartermaster General, and stated her case to him and at once aroused his sympathies.

He gave her a letter to railroad officials by which she got a pass to St. Paul. There she interviewed the officials of the Northern Pacific and captured a pass to Bismarck.

At Bismarck she paid her respects to the managers of the Conson line and secured passage to Coal Banks, and from thence by wagon to Fort Assiniboine, and, without warning or notification, dropped down upon her boy husband at the fort. Wasn't it a nice meeting? Well, now, you can well imagine that it was better than strawberries and ice cream.

And wasn't she a jewel of a lady wife, for pluck, endurance, determination and love. She is described as being a very pretty lady, of medium size, with dark hair and eyes, a good talker, but withal a modest, well-behaved little lady, who made the trip of 4,000 miles without danger, although not without fear.—St. Louis City Journal.

The Great "I." Some of our most popular authors are remarkable for their vanity as for their ability.

Victor Hugo is known all over Europe for his colossal egotism, no less than for his patriotism, and the English novelist, Charles Reade, who has struck powerful blows for great reforms, is as abjectly vain and irritable under criticism as a school-boy.

Tennyson is said to have a very hearty appreciation of his own work. He sometimes reads his poems aloud, intoning them as English pastors do the church service.

A select party of friends were invited to hear him read "The Idylls of the Kings" before they were published. The poet read, and the audience listened in rapt silence.

One lady, however, annoyed him by crying out from time to time, "Oh, wonderful! beautiful! sublime!" He turned on her fiercely at last.

"Of course it is sublime," he growled, in his deep bass, "but do you doubt it?"

At the close of one of the finest passages he paused. "Go on Mr. Tennyson," cried his admirer.

"Go on!" he thundered. "Great heaven, madam, who could go on in a strain like yours!"

Benton, the great statesman, possessed an ordinate vanity, which showed itself as sharply as a child's. We remember hearing him a year or two before his death address a large assemblage of young men.

Some Newspaper Men.

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information furnished concerning the Territory

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plied.—Madisonian.

The commercial and other resources of

Gallatin Valley are fully explained in a

concise and entertaining manner, and the

inducements to immigrants are plainly

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ING JEWELLER.

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THE AVANT COURIER

ANNUAL

FOR 1879.

It contains, among other things, twenty

pages of just such information as is de-

sired about the farming, stock-growing,

mining and other resources of Montana.

Three views of Eastern Montana in the

pamphlet were engraved especially for it.

Geo. A. Baker,

Commission

AND

Brokerage