

BOZEMAN AVANT COUNTRY COURIER

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1879.

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THE BEST PLACE To Buy Your DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS, Is at LESTER S. WILSON'S.

Our Stock of Dry Goods is Complete in every Department and entirely New and Fresh. For Choice Selections, Durability and Cheapness, this Stock cannot be Surpassed.

Our stock of Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods is immense, and must be seen to be appreciated. The best of

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, first manufactured by the best manufacturers in the United States, and purchased for cash and consequently at

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NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

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LESTER S. WILSON.

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AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT

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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!

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ASK FOR IT!

WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES IN STOCK THAT WE CANNOT ENUMERATE 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.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

A. Lamme & Co.

The Avant Courier.

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

Office, Courthouse Building, Main Street

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Yes, the winter days are coming, love,
Soon we'll have the white snowflake,
And, also, in the morning, love,
We'll have that luckless snake

"Had done my way, O heavenly maid,
I'd steal a kiss!" he cried.
"Then I'd do ten times worse than that—
I'd dole!" she replied.

How doth the little leucy fly
Crawl'er your mouth and nose,
Until you snort and sneeze and swear
And kick off all the clothes.

When we can read our little clear,
To man-ions in the sky,
We'll meet the devil on the square,
And knock out both his eyes.

"Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never undertook a match,
That didn't give me lead away.

I never loved a damsel fair,
And off did buzz my ring, like,
But when she came to know me well,
Gave me the everlasting snake.

Quoth a wise man in a youth, one day,
"Tell me your aim in life, I pray."
"A mighty general I'd be,"
Replied the youth, ambitiously

Then quoth the strippling to the sage,
"Tell me your aim in life, I pray."
"A mighty general I'd be,"
Replied the youth, ambitiously

While swinging their hooves in the weed-harrows,
Where beans and tomatoes were growing,
The son to his father set out a remark
As warmly the sunbeams were glowing.

"Why like is this spot to the place that was not
Known to fame till that apple proceeded?"
"Pas!" quoth the parent; then answered the son,
"Because 'tis the garden of weeds!"

The Last Love.

Thou art not my first love,
For I had loved before we met,
And the memory of that summer dream
Is pleasant to me yet.

But thou art my last love,
My dearest and my best,
My heart had shed its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest.

An Interesting Dialogue.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'I'll pay, before I go to bed,
The debt I owe the printer?'"

"Yes, there are men who know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But they, I fear, will go to—well,
The place where there's no winter."

Ye Shall Be Loved Again.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain!
Ye shall be loved again.

No one is so loved by fate,
No one so utterly forsaken,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if, with mien wings,
An angel touched his quivering strings
And whispers in his ear,
Where hast thou been so long?"

—Longfellow.

How to Build Up a Town.

Go there to make money.
Make it and keep it.
Don't lay out a cent for public improve-

ments.
Discontinue every new enterprise; and say
will sell every new.

Vote down all propositions to build
school houses and bridges, and grade the
streets, and all that. If you don't, your
taxes will be 15 cents higher than they
were last year.

If you own any real estate in town, put
such figures on it that will turn a pur-

chaser's hair white the same day, and make
him leave town the next.

Don't advertise in your home paper. If
you do, people will find out where you are
and come and trade with you, and in this
way you might get a bogus 50 cent piece
tucked off on you in the course of seven or
eight years.

Run down everything in town, and go to
some other place to buy your supplies, and
tell your neighbors how much cheaper they
sell goods in other towns than in
yours.

Give more to churches and less for li-
brary books and lectures.

If you have any bad roads leading out of
town into the country, don't fix them; don't
grade and gravel or improve them in
any shape. If you do, the farmers will
drive in over those nice roads and track
them all up.

Live for yourself exclusively, and always
make the half cent on your side.

Finally—
So live that when the common sense to join
The innumerable caravan, and so forth,
Those go not like a locomotive head-light,
But like a spinning jenny dip whose wheel is
wet.

Then, wrapped in the drapery of thy selfishness,
Shout loud for pockets in thy skirt,
And if they put some there, walk to the grave
And see the keener sea.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

As I was coming out of the San Francisco

post-office one morning in the year 185-

18, a tall, dark-skinned man placed him-

self in front of me, and fixing his in-

tensely glittering eyes upon me, said, in an

excited tone:

"Sit, can you give me a half hour of your

time this morning?"

"Yes," I replied. "If I can be of any ser-

vice to you by so doing."

"Not here, but in your office privately,"

he continued. "I must speak to some-

body, and having heard you preach in the

church on Pine street, I felt I could ap-

proach you; I am in great trouble and

wagon, and must speak to some one."

His manner was excited, his head trem-

bled, and his eye had an insane gleam as

he spoke. We walked on in silence until

we reached my office in Montgomery

street, when he hurriedly locked the door

on the inside, saying as he did so:

"This conversation is to be private, and

I do not want to be interrupted."

As he turned toward me I saw that he

had a pistol in his hand, which he held

on a desk, and then sat down. I waited for

him to speak, eying him and the pistol

closely, and feeling a little uncomfortable,

locked in this with an armed madman of

almost giant-like size and strength.

"Have you ever been haunted by the

idea of suicide?" he asked abruptly, his

eyes glaring upon me as he spoke.

"No, not particularly," I answered, "but

why do you ask?"

"Because the idea is haunting me," he

said, in an agitated tone, rising from his

chair as he spoke. "I have lain for two

nights with a loaded pistol in my hand,

calculating the value of my life. I bought

the pistol to shoot myself with, and I

wonder that I have not done it; but something

has held me back."

"What has put the idea of suicide into

your mind?" I inquired.

"My life is a failure, sir; and there is

nothing left for such a fool as I have been,"

he said bitterly. "When a man has no

hope left he should die."

I was making some reply, when he broke

in:

"Hear my history, then tell me if death

is not the only thing left for me."

When he told me his name I recognized

him as that of a man of genius, whose con-

tributions to a certain popular periodical

man was evidently half mad, and ready for

tragedy.

"How old are you?" I asked, aiming to

create a diversion.

"I am 45," he answered; apparently

brought to a little more recollection of

himself by the question.

"I should think," I continued, having

arrested his attention, "that whatever may

have been your follies, and whatever may

be the future you have to face, you have too

much manhood to sneak off with the

back door of suicide."

The shot struck. In an instant a change

passed over his countenance. Suicide ap-

peared to him in a new light—as a coward-

ly, not a heroic act. That was all gone,

the outside was but a poor creature, weak

as well as wicked. He was saved.

"You should be ashamed of yourself,"

he said, "you are only 45 years old; you

are in perfect health, with almost a

genius's strength, a classical education,

extensive business experience, and with a

knowledge of life by your mistakes that

should be a guarantee against the possi-

bility of their repetition. A brave man

should never give up the battle—the brav-

est men never give up."

He said quietly: "I will not act the part

of a coward. You will hear from me

again. Good morning."

I did hear from him again. He went to

British Columbia, where he prospered in

business and got rich, and became a pillar

in the church of which his father was one

of the great lights. He committed no

suicide, but matrimony, marrying a sweet

and cultured English girl, who thinks her

husband the handsomest and noblest of men.

The Mogul Indians.

The Mogul Indians of Arizona, numbering

1,700, live in seven villages on the tops

of three cliffs or headlands that rise more

than 400 feet above the plains. Why they

choose these unhandy places is a mystery.

On reaching the villages, says a recent vi-

sitor, one finds oneself on a flat ledge of

bare rocks which extend out from the

main table nearly half a mile in length,

and from ten feet to perhaps three hun-

dred feet in width. The sides are almost

perpendicular. The most populous of

these villages, Wadap, is on the extreme

end of the rocks, where the width is not

over 100 feet. All the water for all pur-

poses is carried in earthen vessels on the

backs of men and women from a spring

CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

Teaching the Children How to Pro-

nounce Correctly.

At the meeting of the teachers' insti-

tute, held at the Girls' Normal School on

Friday last, Mr. Jacob H. Sides, Principal

of the Belmont Grammar School, was as-

signed the duty of illustrating correct

pronunciation by pronouncing fifteen words,

being allowed but five minutes' time, the

gentleman was only able to struggle with

thirteen words, which are frequently mis-

pronounced even among those who have

been liberally educated. It is charitable to

suppose that the errors committed by this

class are the result of carelessness rather

than ignorance.

The words pronounced by Mr. Sides

were in this order: Pronunciation, which

should be pronounced as if spelled pro-

nounced as if the third syllable were spelled

she, instead of s, with the accent on the

last a.

"I was surprised," remarked Mr. Sides,

"to hear the word so universally mispron-

ounced by the members of the Teachers'

National Convention; which met recently

in this city." The word telegraph should

be pronounced tele-gram-phy, not tele-

graph-y. Squallor, frequently pronounced

"squollor," should receive the long sound

of a, as in mate-squallor. The word re-

gistry should be divided into three syllables,

reg-istry, with the accent on the a in the

second syllable. In recess the accent falls

on the last syllable, and is pronounced re-

cess. The word government is too often

omitted, as the word is pronounced gov-

ern-ment. Eucalyptus is pronounced eu-

cal-yptus, not eu-cal-yptus. Indisposi-

table, not in-dis-posi-table and indis-

posi-table, but the former mode of pronun-

ciation is the correct one. The word is-

olate should be pronounced is-olate (the a

as in man), not is-olate. Alottery is

pronounced al-ot-tery, not al-ot-tery. Rise,

when a noun, is pronounced "rice,"

but when a verb is pronounced "rise." The

last word referred to by the expositor of

correct pronunciation was laugh, which

created considerable merriment, so much

so that the listeners laughed and they

laughed and they laughed, when the proper

thing for them to have done was to have

struck the sound of a as in, and they would

have been just right.

The Manner in Which Orville Grant

Tarried the Indian Commissioner Hayt.

Orville Grant is credited with something

like brilliancy in an encounter with the In-

dian Commissioner the other day. Few

people in the far interior are more rag-

ged or dirty. He wanders about Washing-

ton as an object of pity and contempt. It

is a constant source of wonder that the

Grant should allow this broken-down

brother to wallow in the gutter without an

effort made to care for him, or