

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 9. No. 2.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

Whole No., 418.

## 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. WILLSON'S.

My 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 Clothing is complete, for Men, Boys and Youths, is perfectly new and fresh, made to order, and in our best lines, being fully up to

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

## "BOTTOM PRICES."

No trouble to show goods. Prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

## 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 man to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

## The Largest Stock!

AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

## General Merchandise

IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT

# A. LAMME & CO'S.

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

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!

We have, in fact, everything needed by the

## Farmer, Mechanic And Miner.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK, AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE EXPOSED TO VIEW, THE ARTICLE YOU WANT,

## ASK FOR IT!

WE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES IN STOCK THAT WE CANNOT NUMERATE IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, OR MAKE ROOM FOR ON OUR SHELVES.

Our large business are enabled to purchase goods and sell the lower prices than it is possible for others to do.

A. Lamme & Co.

## The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

Terms of Subscription. CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Year \$7.50  
Six Months 4.00  
Three Months 2.00  
One Year, delivered by carrier 5.00  
Single copies 5 cents  
All subscriptions will be discontinued at the end of the time paid for, when the subscriber so orders; otherwise, the paper will be continued at credit rates of subscription:

One Year \$8.00  
Six Months 4.50  
Three Months 2.25  
Delivered by carrier, 50 cents per month, payable at expiration of each month.

Wm. W. Alderson & Son, Editors and Proprietors.

Office, Courthouse Building, Main Street

A Fighting Tar. The American Sea Captain Who Cleared Out the Queen's "Navee."

We have recently heard an interesting anecdote by which one can deduce a novel and adorn it into a tale, of how second thought so often prevents vast complications. There is a Yankee skipper from Maine, well-known as a coal-trader, Capt. Pitcher. He is like most Maine men, largely proportioned and powerful. Some years ago he ran the Kranz from Washington to Boston, but has been abroad since, trading between this country and the continent. As the story goes, a British troop ship, commanded by an Irishman, Capt. Pitcher, was at anchor in a foreign port. Captain Pitcher's bark was being piloted in, and through some mismanagement fouled the jibboom of the troop-ship, doing, however, little or no damage. The old officer, in a fury of rage, howled:

"Come on board, sir!"

The Yankee skipper, not exactly knowing what to do under the circumstances, pulled in his gig to the ladder of the troop-ship and mounted to the deck. He was somewhat startled when, as he stood upon it, the old officer called:

"The skipper was astonished, but quickly answered:

"I am an American citizen. I am unarmed, but no man shall arrest me."

"Arrest him, sentry. Don't you hear me?" roared the captain.

The sentry advanced to seize the skipper, but was met with a left-hander that would discount a pilot-driver. Quickly the Yankee made for the gangway, striking down every man who interfered, leaping into his gig, and pulled off to his bark. Straight to the American consul he went, and put his case before him. The latter told him he would attend to the matter, and the next day the skipper called. The consul sat at the center of the table, to his right was the English officer, no other than Vice Admiral Sir James H. P. K. C. B., in all the splendor of full uniform.

"Admiral Hoop, Captain Pitcher," introduced the consul.

"Captain, I am delighted to meet you," responded the admiral. "And now let the war go on."

He spoke in the suavest manner, and with the sweetest of smiles. The skipper bluntly said that he thought the English officer should apologize.

"Not at all, not at all; no, dear friend. You came on board my ship, whipped the entire Queen's navy, and escaped without a scratch. Is that not sufficient satisfaction? Don't let us have any Alabama claims business, please don't ask an apology; you are too good a fellow, I know, to force it."

"Well, admiral," began the captain, greatly mollified; "well, admiral, I sort of guess that perhaps it's all right."

"Of course it is. We are diplomats, and I have some splendid brains in my cabinet. These are excellent cigars; we will adjourn to our brandy and cigars, and our two nations will postpone the war. If all of your sailors are like you, I should prefer that the war be indefinitely postponed."

"Bud, bring some cigars," said Mrs. Grant.

"You cannot smoke here," says Mrs. Grant.

"Well, I'll try," answers the General in so emphatic a tone that some one raises a laugh by adding, "It won't last all summer."

Through subterranean and devious paths we follow Mr. Hugh Lamb, the obliging forman. We examine the vast bodies of ore, which we encounter, and Gen. Grant splashes through the water, knocks pieces of the ore off with a pick, and is full of curious questions about the cost of mining and milling, the character of the rock, the yield per month, etc., etc. We are getting so far down now that the natural heat of the earth is becoming unpleasant and Mrs. Grant, who does not seem to enjoy it, says:

"Oh, why can't we have something else for money, and save all this work and trouble?"

"Because then it would have to be paper money," answers the General.

Mrs. Grant wanted to go back to the surface, but the general says she must not put them to that trouble, and as all good wives should, she yields, and we leave the ladies in the cleanest place we can find, and go on down. We are soon where the thermometer marks 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and the sweat pours off us. We examine the immense system of timbering, and learn that it has required over \$2,000,000 to put this gigantic mine of gold in shape for work. We examine the pumps and the steam drills with their noisy clatter which are stopped and run so that the general may see how they work. Mr. Mackey, who has been through this many times, says it is not warm, but the rest of us sweat and gasp. The General is delighted with the "gold sweat" he is having, and getting

## GRANT UNDER GROUND.

His Explorations of the Great Bonanza Silver Mine—Subterranean Experiences.

(Virginia City, Special, 28th, to Chicago Inter Ocean.)

This afternoon Grant has been with the pioneers and firemen and a dozen other organizations, with which I will not try to remember, for, after all, it is the same old story of heartily, often suppressed, and very frequently fearful enthusiasm.

The Bananza kings, Fair, Mackey and others, have astonished us with the lavish and princely nature of their reception, but more than on this would my pen delight to dwell upon the wild burst of enthusiasm with which the miners and laborers greeted our hero whenever he appeared.

As we passed by a mine this morning, the general and party on top, a big fellow, and handsome in spite of his laborer's clothes, stepped back for Grant, Fair and Mackey to pass, saying:

"General, I was a soldier with you, but I'm not for me to stop you."

But Grant did not heed the words, and turning quickly, he said:

"Yes, it is; shake hands."

And judging from the miner's face, his heart went out to the tips of his fingers as he grasped the extended hand. Your representative took a Turkish bath with Grant down in the mines this morning. This ought to be considered, I think, the climax of newspaper enterprise, but I must add that in the same bath-tub were Fair, Mackey, Governor Kinkead, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Fair, U. S. Grant, Jr., and a representative of the New York Herald, and that the bath-tub was the 2,100 feet level of the Consolidated Virginia and California shaft.

After breakfast at the Savage mansion, the party was driven over the high bluffs of the town and down to the immense building covering the 'C' and 'D' shaft. Here, after being shown, by Mackey and Fair, the pump which throws eighty gallons at every stroke, and which alone cost \$30,000 at the building, we were taken to the mine shaft, where we were shown the shaft, and the ladies in one of the gentlemen in another. Here we were ordered to remove every shred of our clothing, and then attire ourselves in coarse stockings, cowhide boots, a pair of blue canvas pants and jacket. And that was all.

When the General appeared outside in the miner's suit, with his pants tucked in his stockings tops and with the oldest slouched hat in the building on his head, a party greeted him with "bravos" and a hearty laugh, and Grant, looking with amused astonishment at himself, declared he was ready now for "Linnegan's" hat.

When the ladies appeared in men's suits the laughter was turned upon them. Mrs. Fair had been down before, and Governor Kinkead declared significantly that we all know the reason why, for in her janty sailor's suit she made a pretty picture.

"Of course," said the point, and stepping up, cigar in hand, he said, "I would offer this young gentleman a cigar." Who has said that Grant is reserved and silent? On the summit of the Sierras and sailing over the blue depths of Tahoe, he was always appreciative and asking all sorts of questions, and to-day, in his miner's suit, and a boy he had escaped curious crowds, 2,100 feet under the ground, he was chatty as a sun, and with a dry humor which did not need Grant behind it to make it good. He had been very sure that Mrs. Grant would go down the mine until finally Mackey offered to bet \$1,000 that she would go. In the same joking way the bet was taken by the General, but he did not have the money. It would have been useless to apply to a newspaper man for money, he said, and no one else would loan it to him; so, offering some old Japa ese coins for security, we started down.

Grant did go, and descending swiftly in the iron cage, we commiserated the General on his loss.

"Well," he said, "a thousand dollars is a good deal of money to lose, but I guess it will stop Mrs. Grant's shopping awhile, and it is the first bet I ever heard of where both sides were winners."

Down we glide as smoothly as in one of your hotel elevators, to the first level, 1,800 feet below. Here we leave our overcoats, which we had put on for the cold ride down the shaft. As the General starts off he calls back to his son:

"Bud, bring some cigars."

"You cannot smoke here," says Mrs. Grant.

"Well, I'll try," answers the General in so emphatic a tone that some one raises a laugh by adding, "It won't last all summer."

Through subterranean and devious paths we follow Mr. Hugh Lamb, the obliging forman. We examine the vast bodies of ore, which we encounter, and Gen. Grant splashes through the water, knocks pieces of the ore off with a pick, and is full of curious questions about the cost of mining and milling, the character of the rock, the yield per month, etc., etc. We are getting so far down now that the natural heat of the earth is becoming unpleasant and Mrs. Grant, who does not seem to enjoy it, says:

"Oh, why can't we have something else for money, and save all this work and trouble?"

"Because then it would have to be paper money," answers the General.

Mrs. Grant wanted to go back to the surface, but the general says she must not put them to that trouble, and as all good wives should, she yields, and we leave the ladies in the cleanest place we can find, and go on down. We are soon where the thermometer marks 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and the sweat pours off us. We examine the immense system of timbering, and learn that it has required over \$2,000,000 to put this gigantic mine of gold in shape for work. We examine the pumps and the steam drills with their noisy clatter which are stopped and run so that the general may see how they work. Mr. Mackey, who has been through this many times, says it is not warm, but the rest of us sweat and gasp. The General is delighted with the "gold sweat" he is having, and getting

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Mint's neat—Gold and silver.

Food changes with the season—except taffy, which is good all the year round.

An open countenance is never spoiled by the accomplishment of a close mouth.

A dog frequently worries a cat, but man, who is nobler than the dog, worries himself.

When a man has nothing but a few broken teeth in his mouth, can be properly styled a stump speaker?

All the clothes Adam had for a long time was the close of day, while the mantle of night was his bed-clothes.

Farmer (to city swell)—"I s'pose, if I was in New York, I should go gawkin' round, just as you do up here."

"We are living at present in the very arms of tyranny," exclaims a Westerner. "Aha, just been married have you?"

"Don't pay any attention to a sign of 'Shut this door.' It is the trick of a lazy man to get others to do his work for him."

"No news is good news," says an old proverb, which accounts for the fact that some publications rates as good newspapers.

No Hottentot is permitted to marry more than eight sisters out of one family. This is right, somebody else might want a change.

A tombstone with a simple cucumber carved upon it is oftentimes more expressive than one can be with ten thousand lines of obligatory poetry.

When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly, as he says, "True love, darling, sees no change."

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

The poor ye ve always with you. Yes; that is so. We have, as yet, heard of no process by which we could be enabled, for a single moment, to break away from ourselves.

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asks a nervous old gentleman. "No, no, not exactly," tempers his friend; "but if I saw you in the company of Adam and Sapphira I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

The fly that haunts the deserted school-room during vacation season and attacks a globe atlas in lieu of the pedagogue's hand, finds that there is not as much sap in Atlas as in the contracted area of an unbleached crown.

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big, ferocious bulldog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode 300 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

This is the way a Dutch farmer settled in the States advertises for a lost calf: "Hand away! I Red and white calf. His tail behind legs was black, he was a set, Epiphani vat brings him pack pairs 3 tollars. Jacob zuddering, Clear Creek, three miles behind the bridge."

Gen. Beatty said to Senator Chandler, "I would like to see you present."

You are just the sort of a man we need in any and every city the average earnings of clerks are nowhere near so large as the earnings of workmen of average skill in the various trades.

Further, it is fairly certain that with equal capacity, industry, and thrift, the young man who learns any trade will achieve a reasonable competence sooner than the young man who sticks to clerking; while the chances for materially improving one's condition are more numerous in the trades than behind the counter or at the desk.

Why is it, then, that the boys all want to be clerks? Why is it that intelligent parents encourage them in looking for a chance to "get into business," and in looking down on mechanical employment—although there could be an ending among wretchedly mechanical than average clerking? Why is it that teachers almost invariably train their pupils to "look above" industrial pursuits?

What the country wants now is workmen—intelligent, sturdy, industrious workmen; men who can do skillfully the work that waits for the doing; who can invent, new means and better processes for developing the crude resources of the land, and for converting brute matter into life-sustaining and life-enriching wealth. Mere clerks and record-keepers are at a discount. There are too many of them. And the professions, so called, are almost equally crowded with men who have nothing to do. There never was a time when ability to do something real and practical was worth so much as now. Yet our young men swarm after clerkships. Why is it?—Scientific American.

A story is told of a bright, smart boy, who is now an ornament to the bar. An eccentric lawyer advertised for a bright boy to sweep the office and make himself generally useful. The responses were numerous. The office was full of boys as a newspaper office, waiting for the first edition. The lawyer hit upon the following mode of selecting his man. "Boys," said he, "before I pick out my man, I will tell you a story. Once an owl sat upon the top of a barn. A boy got a gun, loaded it, took aim, when, just as he fired, lightning struck the barn, ran down into the boy, and in an instant the barn was all ablaze. The barn, two horses, a yoke of oxen and several pigs burned up, and the boy ran away very much frightened, as he thought he did it." The boys were silent for a minute, when a little weazen-faced fellow squeaked out, "And what became of the owl?" That was the boy who was chosen. "No matter about the owl, my boy; I'll take you. Never forget the main question, and I'll make a good lawyer of you," and he did.

The wheel slipped on a slippery place. In that respect they are better off than the good, who occasionally get a fall trying to stand there.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Mint's neat—Gold and silver.

Food changes with the season—except taffy, which is good all the year round.

An open countenance is never spoiled by the accomplishment of a close mouth.

A dog frequently worries a cat, but man, who is nobler than the dog, worries himself.

When a man has nothing but a few broken teeth in his mouth, can be properly styled a stump speaker?

All the clothes Adam had for a long time was the close of day, while the mantle of night was his bed-clothes.

Farmer (to city swell)—"I s'pose, if I was in New York, I should go gawkin' round, just as you do up here."

"We are living at present in the very arms of tyranny," exclaims a Westerner. "Aha, just been married have you?"

"Don't pay any attention to a sign of 'Shut this door.' It is the trick of a lazy man to get others to do his work for him."

"No news is good news," says an old proverb, which accounts for the fact that some publications rates as good newspapers.

No Hottentot is permitted to marry more than eight sisters out of one family. This is right, somebody else might want a change.

A tombstone with a simple cucumber carved upon it is oftentimes more expressive than one can be with ten thousand lines of obligatory poetry.

When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly, as he says, "True love, darling, sees no change."

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

The poor ye ve always with you. Yes; that is so. We have, as yet, heard of no process by which we could be enabled, for a single moment, to break away from ourselves.

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asks a nervous old gentleman. "No, no, not exactly," tempers his friend; "but if I saw you in the company of Adam and Sapphira I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

The fly that haunts the deserted school-room during vacation season and attacks a globe atlas in lieu of the pedagogue's hand, finds that there is not as much sap in Atlas as in the contracted area of an unbleached crown.

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big, ferocious bulldog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode 300 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

This is the way a Dutch farmer settled in the States advertises for a lost calf: "Hand away! I Red and white calf. His tail behind legs was black, he was a set, Epiphani vat brings him pack pairs 3 tollars. Jacob zuddering, Clear Creek, three miles behind the bridge."

Gen. Beatty said to Senator Chandler, "I would like to see you present."

You are just the sort of a man we need in any and every city the average earnings of clerks are nowhere near so large as the earnings of workmen of average skill in the various trades.

Further, it is fairly certain that with equal capacity, industry, and thrift, the young man who learns any trade will achieve a reasonable competence sooner than the young man who sticks to clerking; while the chances for materially improving one's condition are more numerous in the trades than behind the counter or at the desk.

Why is it, then, that the boys all want to be clerks? Why is it that intelligent parents encourage them in looking for a chance to "get into business," and in looking down on mechanical employment—although there could be an ending among wretchedly mechanical than average clerking? Why is it that teachers almost invariably train their pupils to "look above" industrial pursuits?

What the country wants now is workmen—intelligent, sturdy, industrious workmen; men who can do skillfully the work that waits for the doing; who can invent, new means and better processes for developing the crude resources of the land, and for converting brute matter into life-sustaining and life-enriching wealth. Mere clerks and record-keepers are at a discount. There are too many of them. And the professions, so called, are almost equally crowded with men who have nothing to do. There never was a time when ability to do something real and practical was worth so much as now. Yet our young men swarm after clerkships. Why is it?—Scientific American.

A story is told of a bright, smart boy, who is now an ornament to the bar. An eccentric lawyer advertised for a bright boy to sweep the office and make himself generally useful. The responses were numerous. The office was full of boys as a newspaper office, waiting for the first edition. The lawyer hit upon the following mode of selecting his man. "Boys," said he, "before I pick out my man, I will tell you a story. Once an owl sat upon the top of a barn. A boy got a gun, loaded it, took aim, when, just as he fired, lightning struck the barn, ran down into the boy, and in an instant the barn was all ablaze. The barn, two horses, a yoke of oxen and several pigs burned up, and the boy ran away very much frightened, as he thought he did it." The boys were silent for a minute, when a little weazen-faced fellow squeaked out, "And what became of the owl?" That was the boy who was chosen. "No matter about the owl, my boy; I'll take you. Never forget the main question, and I'll make a good lawyer of you," and he did.

The wheel slipped on a slippery place. In that respect they are better off than the good, who occasionally get a fall trying to stand there.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

New York has 30,000 men table waiters.

The time to save money is when everybody else is spending it.

The last thing that a man wants to do is the very last thing he does—die.

There be men who would willingly search the scriptures if they thought they could find anything to seal them in.

The department has decided that it an unmarried man, and an unmarried woman, each enter a homestead claim, and afterwards marry, and build a house on the line dividing the two claims, and live therein, that each will be entitled to a patent for their homestead.

The reserve of gold coin and bars lying idle in the Bank of France has been drawn on largely for almost a month past to pay balances due the United States for grain and provisions. But if the advance in iron continues, we shall receive pay for grain in British rails instead of gold bars.

Wicks made of spun glass have been tried in lamps, and it is said they do very well. It is stated that they supply the petroleum oil, or alcohol to the flame with more steadiness than the ordinary wick; that they secure a clear and pure light at a less expense of fuel; and that they diminish the usual unpleasant odor.

"Learn what is true, in order to do what is right," is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are unable to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority; and it is one of Descartes' great claims to our reverence that he saw clearly that this was his duty and that he acted up to his conviction.—Harley.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, in a recent address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, said that there were no religious services or sermons at funeral during the early period of Colonial history, and that the first prayer at a funeral in Boston was delivered as late as 1706, and the first funeral sermon was delivered as late as 1783.

A railroad train moved out of Denver with a bride on board, but the careless husband was left in the station. He was wild with excitement when he understood that she had been whisked off on her honeymoon journey alone, and at length a compassionate official put him on a special locomotive, with orders to the engineer to overtake the bride at all hazards.

Prof. Baird of the United States fish commission will soon send to Western States live German carp to be propagated there. The fish have been known to grow in two years so large as to weigh eight or ten pounds. They will do well in very shallow water. At St. Petersburg they are kept in ponds of water not more than fifteen feet deep, and are fed like chickens, and are excellent food.

Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, has a favorite horse for horse accommodation he has had a special box built at a cost of \$12,000. This elegant room forms part of a new stable which cost \$80,000, and which has marble floors; encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists; rings, chains and drain-traps of silver, and walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencil of eminent animal painters. The baron's annual income is fortunately \$1,000,000.

The Jews are barely tolerated even now in Rome. Recently a small procession of Jews followed silently in the evening a body of Italian soldiers, in front of which Italian were enjoying their cigars and drink, the mourners were first jeered at and then assaulted. The police separated the combatants, and the procession moved on. But when the mourners returned they were again set upon, even though guarded by policemen, who could scarcely prevent a riot.

The Horrible Fate of an Intoxicated Farmer.

RICHMOND, Va., October 25.—Last night Jas. S. Nash, a farmer, living in Henrico County, was burned to death under circumstances which for ghastliness are not to be found in the annals of the Inquisition itself. It was a man suffered the tortures of the damned he died.

Nash came to Richmond yesterday and got on a spree. After having a lively time here he mounted his horse and rode back home. He put the animal away, and taking a candle, went to the fodder-house to get some feed. This house was a log cabin with a small door. Opening the door he went in and while in there stumbled against a bale of hay and it fell from its position and rolled up against the door, which opened on the inside, and completely closed and blocked it out. The unfortunate man, who was stupefied from drink, let the candle fall among the fodder, and in an instant the whole place was ablaze. He tried to roll the bale of hay from its position, but it was immovable. His cries brought his wife and children to the scene, but they were powerless to help him, as the door was securely wedged. The sides of the house being of logs, laid on one another, they could not effect an entrance through them. Through the chinks between the logs they could see the doomed man in his agonies. He saw them and called to them. "For God's sake, help me! What are you standing there for? Water!"

His intense pain completely sober