

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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Whole No., 420.

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LESTER S. WILLSON.

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We Come and Go.

If you or I  
To-day should die,  
The birds would sing as sweet tomorrow;  
The flowers would bring,  
And few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"  
Would then be said;  
The corn would drop, the grass yield low,  
The cattle low,  
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!  
How few are left  
Remember those who turn to mold!  
Whose faces fade  
I remember now that I had left it in  
Another's hand.

Yes, it is—  
We come we go—  
They hail our birth, they mourn our death;  
A day or more,  
The winner of—  
Another takes our place instead.

**Old Love.**  
The broad sweet loaves its glitter  
As it hangs in the ancient hall;  
The red and blue grows the keen-edged blade  
The rose so gallant a champion made  
As it gleams from the castle wall.

The jewel loses its lustre  
As it lies in the velvet case;  
The diamond and the gem the red gold ring  
That showed such a royal light of gold  
As it lies in the jeweler's breast.

The blue eyes lose its power  
As age comes creeping on;  
The fair form droops from its stately grace,  
The roses fly from the cheek's warm face,  
The charm from the trembling tone.

The color fades from the canvass,  
The magic from the ringing rhyme;  
Now, is there a joy in this world of ours,  
Richer, or glories, or hopes, or flowers,  
But dies at the touch of time?

Ay, love, in its pure serenity,  
Can the pitiless spell die;  
For tears cannot drown, nor absence dim,  
And death itself may not conquer him,  
And true love never can die.

**Making the Best of It.**  
Do you ever, when looking, indulge in a sigh,  
As a pile of deep-dishes and bowls meet your eye,  
Deep dishes and bowls to be washed by and by,  
From the sticking of bread, cake, pudding and pie?  
Oh! be glad there is something to stick, gentle folk,  
Just turn the good faucet and put them to soak.

I have felt for years back, and continue to feel,  
That the stickiest dish in the world, a good deal,  
Is the air-about-pan, where I boil the oat-meal  
For John, faithful John, my Johnny O'Neal,  
But I'm thankful for John and the meal, gentle folk,  
So I'll caress I turn, and the pan put to soak.

When the time comes for washing my dishes I see  
That the gluten and water are bound to agree,  
And I smile as I say to myself, "Deary me,  
The dread is far worse than the real can be."  
Then I think of God Philip, and an glad, gentle folk,  
That by turning a faucet I can put things to soak.

In every dark closet, I've heard people say,  
There's a skeleton lurking and grinning away,  
And some worthy people imagine that they  
Have great burdens, or will have, and fret themselves  
About the gray.  
Now I think with all burdens, comes strength, gentle folk,  
But a good deal of trouble might be put to soak.

A good deal of trouble, I very well know,  
Is the fruit of our strife to keep up with the show,  
'Neath the eye of the world how we mine to and fro,  
While we reap just precisely the grain that we sow.  
There is genuine sorrow to bear, gentle folk,  
But a good deal of trouble might be put to soak.

Let us all be content, strive to make just the best  
Of our surroundings, with love and with rest  
Perform every task. In good humor invest,  
Impressed with the fact that we truly are best,  
And the heaviest that worry us so, gentle folk,  
Will be found quite dissolved by putting to soak.

In Plain City, Ohio, there have been a series of lawsuits about an iron bolt, valued at ten cents, which have already cost the litigants over five hundred dollars.

Somebody accused the Wabshaw Herald of going back on some of the Republican nominees at the late election, and the Herald seems to think it necessary to "state that we did not intend to do any such thing." The accusers should have been told to mind their own business, or words to that effect. What happens the influence of papers more than anything else, is an impression that every cross-road politician is potential in its management.—Pioneer Press.

At an art exhibition, "That picture of X's is a fearful deal, don't you think?" The gentleman addressed:—"I beg your pardon, but I am the artist."—"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying."

### COMING HOME LATE.

When I was first married, I promised my wife that I would never stay out late. She said that her uncle, in whose family she had lived before she was married, had given his wife a great deal of trouble by staying out until the "wee sma' hours," and that she had made up her mind not to put up with it.

So I promised, and I kept my promise for six months, though I had been afraid I should not when I made it.

But at last, one day, my old clan, Tom Hawkins, returned from abroad, and sent me an invitation to a supper he intended to give his friends.

"I must go, Mabel, my dear," I said, "and I'll try to be early as possible; but I'll take my lach-key, and if I am late, you'll go to bed, won't you?—just this once, you know I can't avoid it with my decency."

"Yes, go, Edward," said Mabel, plaintively; "but I hope this is not the beginning of a bad habit."

I took the permission without comment, and I went to Tom's supper.

Of course, I confidently expected to be home by midnight, but we all know how time flies under such circumstances.

It was four o'clock when the party broke up, and it took me an hour to get to my home, which is in the suburbs of the city.

However, I reached the spot at last. I saw my own little white cottage, with its bit of garden, and it looked so peaceful and quiet, that it made me feel quite dispirited.

"This certainly was a dreadful time of night to be returning home.

However, I would open the door softly, take my boots off, and perhaps Mabel would not know how late I was.

She slept soundly, and—but then I paused.

I had felt in all my pockets—my lach-key was in none of them.

I remembered now that I had left it in my other coat.

Must I ring the bell and betray myself? I determined that I would not do that; but I remembered a little pantry window, by which I felt sure I could enter the house.

I felt sure that my burglar clock, and I had been intending to have a shutter and a patent fastening put to it.

There beside the open door stood my wife in a shawl.

"It seems to me," said she, calmly, "that you might as well have come in this way. It would have been easier. I came down and opened the door for you when I saw you tumbling for your keys, which I know you had left home; but if you knew to climb in by way of the garret window, of course you had the right, only you've taken an hour about it. It's nearly six, Edward. I shall not retire, of course."

"I didn't see you at the door," said I.

"Ah!" said she, "well, sight is not usually sharp after staying out until such an hour, and I, I suppose, there are good reasons for it."

Now, we had had a temperance party, and that was unjust, but I was in no condition to retort anything.

I retired and stayed in bed all day, a victim to opodeldoc and harsh home liniment.

And thereafter, whenever I did keep late hours, I entered my house by the front door; as my wife said, it was the easiest way.

**Lord Byron's Journal.**  
Lord Byron had placed in Moore's hands, at Venice, in 1819, a white letter bag saying, "Look here," holding it up.

"This would be something to Murray, through you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" Moore asked.

"My life and adventures," Moore heard this, Moore raised his hand in surprise. "It is not a thing," said Byron, "that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it if you like. There, do whatever you please with it." Taking the bag, Moore said, after warmly thanking Lord Byron. "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." Byron added, "You may show it to any of your friends you think worthy of it."

Byron's Journal, in that parcel, closed in 1816; but, near the end of 1820 he wrote from Ravenna, sending Moore an additional packet, which brought his life to nearly that date; in which letter he suggested to Moore to obtain an advance from Longman or Murray on the manuscript, with the stipulation not to publish the latter Lord Byron's death. Moore, acting on his recommendation, sold the manuscript to Murray for 2,000 guineas, subject to the conditions stated. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824, and immediately the idea of the publication of the work was entertained. Lord Byron's executors and Lady Byron had a moral claim to see the journal published, and Moore, in return for the publication, Moore the agreement to repay Murray the 2,000 guineas, and when he obtained possession of the manuscript, destroyed it.

**How to Succeed in Life.**  
Mr. Robert Lowe, M. P., ex-chancellor of the exchequer, said recently, in an address to the children of a London orphan asylum:

"I am myself a person who has had to struggle hard in the battle of life, and I will tell you what I believe to be one of the greatest elements of success in life, and that is that I think there is nothing that helps a young man or woman in life so much as strict and rigid self-control, economy and self-denial. It is the custom to say that youth is the time for enjoyment, and so it is; but nature and youth have provided that enjoyment for themselves. The earth and the air and the skies seem to open to them a paradise; but when they get older these delights gradually fade away from them, and they need the more advantages and expensive pleasures. What I, therefore, would strongly advise every one of you is to consider that when you go into the world perhaps the first thing you have got to do is, next to dealing honestly with that which is intrusted to you, to take care that you keep clear of debt, and if possible by self-denial to lay by something for the future in case of any misfortune. For everything that is to be had there is great competition; but when people have once made a step and proved that they are worthy, all the rest is comparatively easy. It has been my duty often to pick out persons for situations, and my experience is that when the great mass is penetrated, and you have got to persons who have advanced one or two steps, the difficulty is not that they are overwhelmed with persons fit for the place, but to get any one who is fit for it. Therefore your object in life should be to begin with the greatest care, attention and self-denial, so to make this first step so to distinguish yourself as being trustworthy and reliable in all particulars, and if you once attract the notice of your employer, and he sees you are well and honestly discharging your duty, you may rely upon it that you are in a fair way to make yourself independent and to lead a happy life."

**Professor:** "What is a proposition?"  
**Sophomore:** "Something that we perceive by intuition, sir."  
**Professor:** "Is every proposition something which we perceive by intuition, that a hog does not chew the cud?" "No, sir; I know that from experience."

A new anecdote is told of Bishop Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who presided at the late Minnesota conference. His weight is between 350 and 400 pounds, and when in the dead and middle of the night recently his bed crashed under him, the gentleman at whose house he was visiting ran up stairs in great alarm. "What is the matter, Bishop?" anxiously inquired the host. "Nothing at all," answered the clergyman; "just tell your wife if I'm not here in the morning to look for me in the cellar."

### MANX BETTER HALF.

The young lady who took a gentleman's fancy has returned it with many thanks.

A South End woman has lost her voice, and her husband wouldn't have her see a mouse for the world.

Alone exhibitions—a poor female of 30 years or thereabouts who has never received an offer of marriage.

"This," said Augustus, as Angelina sat in his lap, sweetly singing, "this is a multi-ink performance, darling."

In the coming race for the matrimonial prize, the family frowner that makes the best bread can sit down a winner on any lap she chooses.

Many a young lady is afflicted with heart disease; it is not caused by aneurism, however, but only by a young man who parts his hair in the middle.

Hon. Eugene Hale will take charge of the west estate of Zachariah Chandler, the property going to Mrs. Hale, the daughter of the late senator.

Some females have just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whisky. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

Women always claim to be anxious to have good husbands as possible, and yet we never attended a wedding where the bride married the best man.

That girl is clutching time right by the bangs who, when her "gentleman friend" drops in to spend an evening, gives him a gentle hint as to what she would like to have about Christmas.

"Book agents," says an exchange, get \$9 a day for talking. We know a woman in the first ward that could earn \$50 every twelve hours at that business with both her hands tied behind her back.

A Boston lady lost a pocket-book containing \$700, and when an honest little fellow returned it to her she was so grateful that she gave him a great deal of good advice, and didn't charge him a cent for it.

Miss Manie Smith was recently admitted to practice at the bar of Keokuk. The presiding judge descended from the bench to shake hands with and congratulate her, and the lawyers subsequently gave her a banquet.

A woman applied for a situation recently at Belfast, with her clothes dripping like a water spout. On being asked as to her of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

American girls chewed up seventy tons of gum last year. One-half of it can be found to-day striking under mantel-shelves. The other half was carried away by the young men who go courting, and lost—*Town's Fall Reporter.*

Things are not exactly right. A careful political economist closely calculates that women in this country might annually save \$14,500,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

est proportion of female inmates is from farmer's wives and daughters.

We have been so accustomed to think of farmers, their wives and families, as the healthiest and sturdiest inhabitants of a country, that the statement astonished me. But I began to open my eyes and look around, and one of the first things I saw was a burton, fresh lass, full of life and vigor, transformed by farm-house work into a tired, nervous, pale, weak girl, in a few months.

Are farmers' wives cheerful? With the question in mind make an investigation. Some of them are cheerful. Those who have farms successfully carried on by careful husbands, who only demand of their wives supervision of the "help," of which plenty is furnished.

But go through the country, observe the farm-wife carefully, and you will see generally tired women—tired women with careworn faces and mechanical actions, going about their daily routine of hard duties.

Is there any connection between this tiresome and unvarying drudgery and the meaningless labor of an insane Asylum? Perhaps there is a closer connection than farmers are aware of. Perhaps there is a predisposing cause of insanity in the constant pressure of anxiety and the vexatious care of an unvarying round of drudge-like duties which hurries farmers' wives to the Asylum.

Many a man who has the idea of woman's work being so laborious, when they remember their own laborious tasks. But sheering does not bring back the lost vitality of the wives to whom kitchen, pantry, milk-room, dining-room, suggest drudgery.

The man has a constant change of scene with all the excitement incident thereto. He goes from breakfast to the plow, the harrow, and the constant laboring duties of the farm. He comes to dinner—if it isn't on the table at the hour, he grows or looks sour—and to supper prepared for him, and after supper, goes out to the barn or the neighbor's dooryard to smoke a comfortable pipe and chat with the neighbor about the crops.

The wife rises to kindle the fire, dress the children, cook breakfast, wash the dishes, send the children to school, get dinner, wash the dishes—and if there is a moment to spare between dinner and supper, to spend it in sewing, get-up, wash dishes, put the children to bed, and if a moment more offers, to sew, besides taking care of the morning and evening milk, gathering eggs, churning and working butter, and a hundred things that must be done every day, in exactly the same way and order—and then, perhaps, the sour or disappointed looks of the lord of the manor if anything is amiss in all this endless detail of drudgery.

She does not attend any lodge or society meeting; she visits a neighbor very seldom, "she's so busy"; she does not walk out after tea to meet a friend, to drive away care by social converse; her duties vex her till bed-time, when, anxious and careworn, it's long ere she can sleep, or if she can, the teething baby or the sick child demands her care; and she may spend half the night in quieting it, to be roused from a troubled sleep all too soon to get breakfast, &c., &c.

I have known farmers to sneer at the idea of indoor work being laborious and hard, and even be boorish enough to jeer the hard-working wife for "making a mountain of a mole-hill." But in point of exertion and wear upon the body and mind, the farmer's work, though laborious, is easily borne by the constant shifting of the burden and change of duty and neighborly chit-chat in comparison with the wearisome sameness and petty drudgery of the farmer's wife.

Farm life ought to be the healthiest and the happiest of all lives,—and in the story-books it is so. The books tell of arduous, tiresome work interspersed with recreation. A faithful portraiture of one year's weary routine on the farm as it actually is in New England or the Middle States, where the wife does all the housework and dairy-work and the man does all the farm-work, would hardly be a profitable book to the publisher. But where Janet the maid does the dairy-work in a scrubby neat dairy, and the housewife superintends all matters connected with the house; where there are "harvest-homes" and excursion and visiting; where the dull routine of irksome duties is broken up and enlivened by recreation,—there is a charming and attractive picture. And why should not this charming picture be a reality?

The farmer who loves his wife and cares for her welfare sees, with anxiety, her cheeks losing their freshness and her spirits their elasticity. He consults the doctor, who recommends iron or quinine, or some drug; and the tonic seems for a while to be the very thing needed, but it soon loses its power, and he begins to think the life is going into a decline, and she feels it.

Happier and better advice than any prescription of iron or bitters for the over-taxed woman would be: Hitch up the bay mare to the wagon and take your wife for a drive, not once, nor twice, but often. Take her with you when you go to buy a new horse or mowing machine. Take her to the town. Break up the monotony of her life indoors. Relieve the constant pressure, and you will see the bloom return to her cheeks and the freshness to the spirit. Endless monotony will wear the fibre of any mind and cause aberration, or else react on the body and create disease.

Recreation for the farmers' wives would not remove every cause of disease or insanity; but if farmers would place recreation for their wives and families, they would remove one cause of despondency, gloom and sickness from their houses.

I compared the vigorous girl of eight months ago with the nervous, tired girl before me, and involuntarily asked myself—because I feared being misunderstood I I asked anybody else—Why will they not see that they are killing that girl with work and worry? And there the question rests unanswered.

In one of the late reports on Insane Asylums, the statement is made that the large

### WIFE AND HUMOR.

Bosom companions—Studs. Actors are apt to be super-stitious. A boy's whistle is often sucked tin. Marriage is no even game. It is a tie. Label for dice-box—Shake well before using. Grate sympathy—That given for jailed criminals. Eyes are like good children, and should never be crossed. The home stretch is best taken in the evening on a sofa. A bald-headed man is always too sensible to bang his hair. Brass passes for gold in Africa, and by the way, it does here, too. The name of the doctor should be attached to all death notices. Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there. The gambler loses darkness. He never ceases to throw light on anything. As a fly-catcher, Jack Frost outranks any base-ball player in the country. It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise. The publisher of the Paradise Reporter wants a boy. Why don't he get married? All scholars had better get a little gality in courting had better get a little gality.

It is a malicious woman who will slyly put long hairs on a man's coat just to make his wife jealous. Everything has recently advanced in price except liberty, which remains at eternal vigilance, with liberal reductions to the trade. A mule's head does not contain a brain capable of culture and refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what an extent the other end of him can be reared. Judging from the large number of young physicians being ground out by our medical colleges we can no longer sing, "This world is but a M. D. void."

"I'm schimming, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his son called him a bear-eyed son of a saw-horse. "One can overcome any bad habit if he choose," says an old moral law. We'd like to see any one overcome the bad habit of tobacco chewing if he chews. What is the difference between an attempted homicide and a hog butchery? (me is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to eat. Hens will set on a nest of eggs for days and not murmur, but let a man sit on a dozen eggs but for a minute, and he will use foul language enough to fill a barn. A genius out West has just patented a machine for making sweet-potatoes. He is a brother of the old gentleman who put handles on prickly pears and sold them for curly combs. "Strange," growled the editor, "no scissors again. Yesterday there were two pairs, now none." "You ain't the first man busted on two pairs," muttered the associate as he plunged into a criticism of Pinafore. It is reported as a singular incident that during a recent thunder-storm at Aberdeen, Missouri, seven cows, two young horses, and eleven sheep feeding in a pasture were struck by lightning and killed, while a mule in the same field was unharmed. "Some has had luck from the shtart," said Mr. O'Connerman, "and some taste av anything else ever comes to 'em. Wid me, now, Oi was born a twin the same as me brother, and we never had but wan birthday between the two on us, until he died, long lots to him!"

**More Than One.**  
Sam, just back from his first voyage, was telling his mother about a terrible storm and how the sea ran mountains high, taxing the utmost endeavors of the crew to manage the ship. "Ah, but you see, my son," said the old dame, laying her hand softly on his, "there was One at the helm—'" "Lor' bless you, mother," he exclaimed, "energetic slapping his knee, "sometimes there were five or six."

**Don't Be No Any More.**  
A charming actress who plays light parts in one of our theatres, who is also an excellent wife and mother, has been annoyed by the overwhelming attentions of a young down town jeweler. At last his notes and bouquets becoming too frequent she mentioned the fact to her husband, who immediately fired up, and threatened to punish the atrocious offender with a cane of his own manufacture. "Ah, but you see, my son," said the old dame, laying her hand softly on his, "there was One at the helm—'" "Lor' bless you, mother," he exclaimed, "energetic slapping his knee, "sometimes there were five or six."

**Did you send my wife these notes?**  
"Did he, producing some of the offending billet doux."  
"—I—yes, I did," stammered the culprit, trembling in every limb. He saw the weapon, and he thought his time had come.

"Well, well," said the broad-shouldered, big-hearted actor, reaching over the counter, and patting the poor, frightened fellow gently on top of the head, "look here, bobby, you must not do any more."

And he left poor H— to the tender mercies of his fellow clerks.