

The Avant Courier

IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS: One year, in advance, \$10.00; Six months, in advance, \$6.00; Three months, in advance, \$3.00.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Table with columns for Time (1 Time, 2 Time, 3 Time, 1 Month, 2 Months, 3 Months, 1 Year) and various rates for different types of advertising.

A Card is Five Lines, or Square Ten Lines, of this Type. Local Notices 25 cents per line for the first insertion and 15 cents for each additional insertion.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS OF MONTANA.

Table listing various federal officers in Montana, including Governor, Chief Justice, and various judges.

Times and Places for Holding Courts in the Territory of Montana.

Table listing court dates for various counties in Montana, such as Virginia City, Deer Lodge, and Helena.

J. J. DAVIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

PAGE & COLEMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

J. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

STREET & TURNER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in the Guy House, BOZEMAN, M. T.

A. J. HUNTER, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

DON L. BYAN, ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, At his residence, on Middle Creek.

Money Found, FOR PARTICULARS inquire of J. J. Chambers, Middle Creek, or A. Lammie & Co., Bozeman.

WANTED: County Warrants, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I will pay the highest cash for the return of any warrants for Gallatin County.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER, Engraving for Young Men, on great SOCIAL EVILS.

STORY OF JOHN JOBBSON AND HIS CAT.

John Jobson lived in a fine new house. That cat had been a present from a more... The cat had been a present from a more... The cat had been a present from a more...

SLEEP SONG.

By LEON LAMON. Hush! the homeless baby's crying, Rend' sleep!

BREVETTES.

A Baltimore workman lighted a match to discover a leak in a gas meter. He discovered it, but will never communicate the intelligence.

THE FATHER.

Thord was the mightiest man in the parish. He stood one day in the parson's study, tall and grave. "I have a son," he said, "and with him christened."

Honesty Rewarded.

A touching story, the moral of which is that honesty is the best policy, is told by the New York Standard.

Don't Eat too Much.

In order that we may rightly comprehend the blessing of this life, it is absolutely necessary that we should eat.

A Miracle in Rome.

The age of miracles is not yet past. If the story of the Winking Virgin, which comes from Rome, be true, the story goes that near the tomb of a recently deceased and near the tomb of a recently deceased and near the tomb of a recently deceased...

What Will You Have?

The group stood beside the marble slab that formed the bar of a saloon. The lights flashed from a costly chandelier, and showed well the gilded room, built by the earnings of working men.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The Telegraph announces that the Mont Cenis Tunnel is opened, trains having passed through yesterday. The 17th of this month is the day designated for the solemn official ceremony of inaugurating this grand triumph of engineering skill.

The Triumphs of Old Age.

Physiologists tell us that with a greater prevalence of a knowledge of the laws of health the world may expect an increase of the average duration of human life.

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

Two honest men, whose initials are respectively C. and G., met in New York some time since. They were afflicted with congestion of pocket book, and they didn't know how to raise what is popularly known as the "wind."

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

A Baltimore workman lighted a match to discover a leak in a gas meter. He discovered it, but will never communicate the intelligence.

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

A Troy editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the following explanation of the margin: "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

A Michigan editor has just given up the sanction for the pulpit. He thinks it easier to fight the one devil at a minister level than the thousands which an editor is obliged to contend with.

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

A sleepy Deacon, who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "blinded off this mortal coil," started up abruptly, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed: "Hold on there, it's my deal!"

PLAUSIBLE REASON.

Recently a South Bristol, Vermont, man beat his wife unmercifully, and a delegation of ladies called upon him to give him some wholesome advice. He promised him further attention if he ever repeated the offence. His answer was: "I have read ancient and modern history and I read on a peddler's cart thirteen years and I think I know something of human nature and when my wife doubts to be whipped."

THE FATHER.

Thord stood a moment. "I would like to have him baptized alone," he said. "That is to say, on a week day?" "Saturday next," at twelve o'clock. "Is there anything more?" "No, that is all."

THE FATHER.

Sixteen years after that day Thord stood once more in the parson's study. "Thou keepst on quite well, Thord," said the parson; he could see no change in him.

THE FATHER.

Eight years have passed away, and then, one day, a great noise was heard before the parson's study, for many men were coming and Thord at their head. The parson looked up and knew him. "Thou comest in great number, to-day," he said.

THE FATHER.

"I have come to read the bans of my son. He is going to marry Hildes, the daughter of Gudmund who stands here." "She is the richest girl in the village."

THE FATHER.

"People say so," answered Thord; he smoothed away the hair from his forehead. The parson stood a moment in deep thought. He said nothing, but put the names in his books and the men signed. Thord laid three dollars on the table.

THE FATHER.

"I shall have only one," said the parson. "I know it, but is my only child, and I want to do all this well." The parson took the money.

THE FATHER.

"This is the third time, Thord, thou standest here for thy son." "For this time it is also the last," said Thord. "For now I am done." He folded his pocket-book, laid farewell, and went away, the other men following slowly.

THE FATHER.

Ten days after that day, the father and son were rowing in calm weather, over the water to Stridholm, to speak about the wedding feast. "This seat is not firm under me," said the son; he rose to make it right. But the board he stood upon slipped. He threw up his arms, shrieked, and fell into the water.

THE FATHER.

Thord told their names, and they were the best men of the parish, and women of his own kin. "Is there any more?" asked the parson; he looked up. Thord stood a moment. "I would like to have him baptized alone," he said. "That is to say, on a week day?" "Saturday next," at twelve o'clock. "Is there anything more?" "No, that is all."

THE FATHER.

Thord fumbled with his cap; he was about to leave. Then the parson stood up, went straight to him, and grasped his hand. "God give you the blessing into his eyes," that child will be a blessing unto thee."

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THE TURF.

The recent performance of Goldsmith Maid over the Cold Spring Course, Milwaukee, in which the Maid, it is claimed, beat the champion time of the great Dexter, in connection with the offer of Bonner of the New York Ledger, of \$100,000 for the horse beating Dexter's time, has created considerable excitement in horse circles, and doubt has been expressed in some quarters that Bonner would not come to time. The following telegraph letter addressed to the Chicago Tribune by Bonner, settles the doubts on this point, and shows that Bonner is equal to the occasion:

THE TURF.

I have seen your article of September 8th, in regard to my offer for a horse that would beat Dexter's time. To set the matter right, I telegraphed you in full a copy of my only letter on that subject as originally published in the New York papers:

THE TURF.

DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 11th inst., in which you inquire if there are any conditions, so far as soundness or age is concerned, annexed to my offer of \$100,000 for a horse to beat Dexter's time. In reply, I have to state that I have no conditions of the kind to interpose. I throw the door wide open. Of course I should prefer a young and sound horse like Dexter, but I should not make it a barrier against any horse unskilled to perform the feat, whether he is young or old, sound or unsound, lame or free from lameness; whether he have one spavin or two, three ringbones or four, blind in one eye or both, broken-winded or foundered, so long as he performs the feat of starting as Dexter started, from my stable in Twenty-seventh street, near Ninth avenue, at 1 o'clock p. m., and trotting during the same afternoon on Prospect Park, as Dexter trotted—a mile in 2:13 3/4 to a road-wagon and driver, weighing together 310 pounds.

THE TURF.

There must be no running or jumping. Every inch of the mile must be trotted as Dexter trotted it, without a single skip or jump, and I must have the privilege of witnessing and timing the trial, and taking one or two friends with me. The owner of the horse can also have one or two friends present, and under no circumstances will I be concerned, directly or indirectly, in a public or advertised trial, where money is received at the entrance gate, or opportunity is given for betting. If you know of a man who owns a horse that can perform this feat, I will thank you to send him to me, as I want to own the animal even if it has any of all the blemishes I have enumerated. With all of them I would consider him cheap at the price named after performing the feat in question, and I can assure you that if you put me in the way of procuring such a horse, either with or without blemishes, you will have my lasting gratitude, and find me ready at any time, whether night or day, to reciprocate the favor.

THE TURF.

Yours truly, ROBERT BONNER. To this letter I still adhere. Moreover, to encourage improvement in the breed of horses, and to reward great performances by them, I hereby offer the sum of \$10,000 for the mere privilege of seeing any other horse make that performance. I trust that your question, "Will Robert Bonner please arise and prove himself equal to the duty of the hour?" is satisfactorily answered.

THE TURF.

Very sincerely yours, ROBERT BONNER. NEW YORK, Sept. 12, 1871.

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