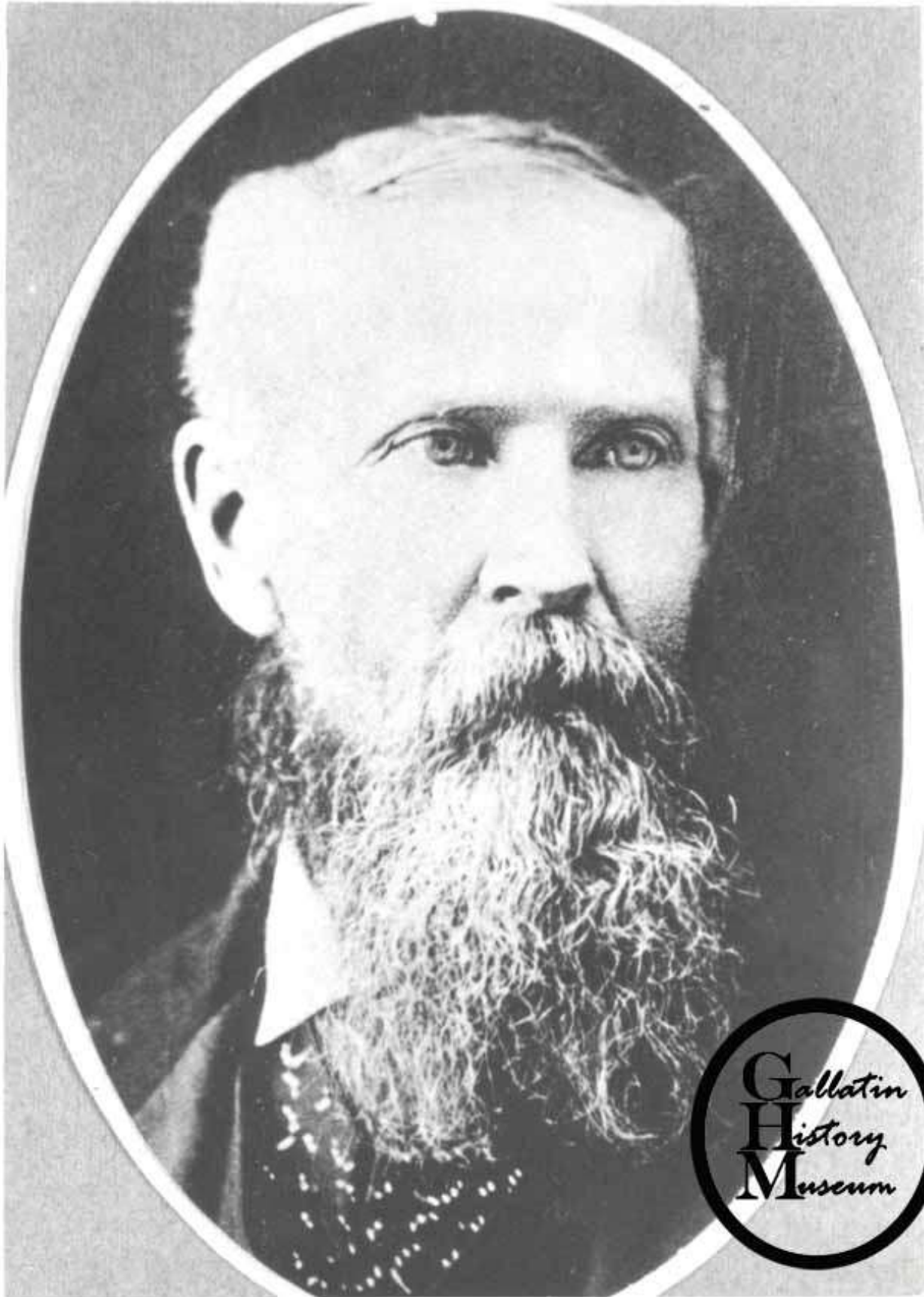


John Guy



Mrs. Beall recalled that John C. Guy and family came to Bozeman in 1867 from Gallatin City, after he had been appointed county sheriff. He built a large two story log house on the northwest corner of Main and Black. He operated this building as a hotel, "The Guy House," for several years. It later took the name of "The Northern Pacific."



## Second Oldest House in Bozeman Is Still Standing

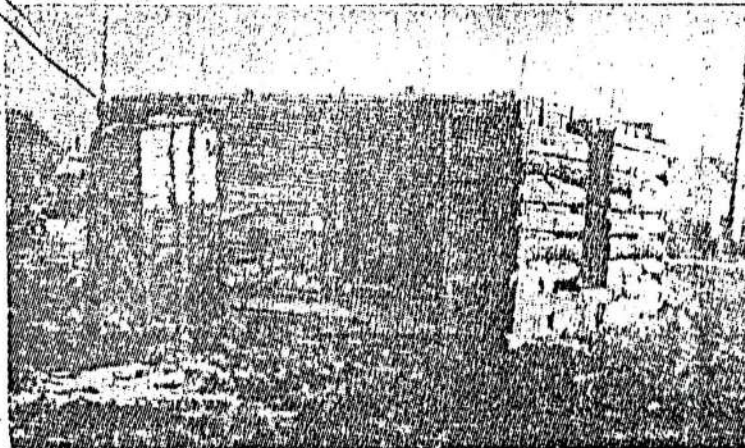
### Log Home Recalls Early Day Memories

In 1869, seventy-six years ago, John Guy built for his family home the log house which today is still standing next to the "Texaco" Service Station, corner of Main and Rouse.

Next to the old time jail, the old Guy home is the oldest house in Bozeman. Mr. Guy was an early pioneer, coming to Gallatin county in 1864 with a wagon train. Believing in the future of the new country, he purchased many lots, among them the district now called Lindley Place, and sold them in later years to the throng of settlers. He also served as sheriff for the county. The house was sold in the late '70's to W. Y. Smith who with his family lived in it for many years. It now belongs to the Continental Oil company.

Billy Frazier, 82, the oldest living pioneer, stated that he remembered well when the house was built. "Billy" came to Bozeman at the age of ten and recalls vividly the early days. "There were less than 100 residents when John built his house," he said, "and all of us thought it was pretty grand." Remembering further, he told your reporter that a fort built for lookouts against the Indians stood where the library now stands. The fort was built out of logs 8 feet high and had two lookouts, one on the southeast corner and one on the northwest. Guards kept watch 24 hours a day. The fort was torn down in 1870 and a dwelling constructed. With the threat of a livery stable being built directly in front of her hotel, Mrs. Frazier, Billy's mother, bought the lot and later sold it to the city for the library.

Billy still lives in the old Frazier hotel which at one time was Bozeman's lodging establishment. The first school was held in the Frazier home with nine or ten students, including Billy. Among the students were three Fridley children. A sad look came in to Billy's eyes when he said, "You know, I drove the hearse for every member of the Fridley family."



**OLD HOUSE STILL STANDS**—Pictured above is the Guy homestead, built in 1869. A living memorial to the past and future of Bozeman, the log construction still stands.

Billy's mother was a cousin of John Bozeman and Billy remembers clearly the day Bozeman was killed by Indians. "He didn't want to serve as a guide that day," Billy said, "he had stayed with us the night before and left from our hotel when the man begged him to serve as his guide. I can see him yet waving his hand to us as he rode off in the distance."

The Crow Indians were really the only Indians the early settlers trusted. The tribe came every year to spend their summers in Bozeman and were always friendly. Half-breed Sioux Indians lived among the early pioneers in Bozeman the year around and were treated the same as white people.

It is with a feeling of awe that one gazes at the old Guy home and thinks of the many, many experiences it could relate, had it the power of speech. Its builder is long since gone, but the log house still stands as a living memorial to the past and to the future of Bozeman.

Because of its historic value, there is a possibility of the old time Guy home being situated in a prominent place and preserved as a part of Gallatin County's early history.



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**EXCITING CHASE AFTER HORSE THIEVES**

**Killing of Three and Capture of Two!**

**An Organized Band Operating in Gallatin Valley!**

Some time ago we noted the fact that a large number of horses in our community were rapidly disappearing, and that it was the general impression that an organized band of thieves were operating in our midst. It seems that several persons in Bozeman have been for some time suspected of being engaged in this nefarious business, and it was observed, after the disappearance of twenty or more horses from our immediate vicinity, that some of the suspected persons were also missing from their usual haunts—the saloons and street corners.

Horses had been taken from their picket stakes all around town; the thieves in many instances changing good halters and ropes from poor horses to good ones and vice versa. Among the number losing stock was Mr. James Hughes, of this place, who had missing a valuable span of mules. Mr. Hughes determined to make an effort to reclaim his stock and hired a man to accompany him. Hearing that Mr. P. McCormick had also lost several head, Mr. H. saw Mr. McCormick who consented to join him in his efforts to find the trail of the thieves and the missing stock. Sheriff Guy took charge of the party, of consisting James Hughes, Paul McCormick and — Butler, and on the 25th ult., started for the Cherry Creek mines, where they has been informed some of the stock was seen.

Mr. Guy and his party came to where the thieves had camped on the head of Cherry Creek, and on Friday morning they followed the trail leading from the camp towards the Madison valley five miles, which then diverged South-east through a canyon difficult to traverse, and in passing through which the horse of Mr. Guy, which he was leading, lost its footing and rolled down a precipice about 150 feet, lodging against a tree. Being protected by the saddle in its rolling feat the horse was recovered without serious injury. The thieves continued their course, traveling high up on the range on the East side of the Madison. Friday night a heavy rain fell, which rendered the trail difficult to follow. On Sunday evening Mr. Guy and his party came upon the camp, west of Henry's Lake, occupied the night before by the thieves. They had also met a party of ranchmen from the Madison valley who had seen and conversed with the band, and represented them to be four and probably more in number. Mr. Guy, thinking it would not be prudent to attack a superior force, sent Mr. McCormick to the Madison valley for assistance. Eleven men returned with Mr. McCormick. The whole party then took the trail which led in the direction of Red Rock, and on Tuesday afternoon, a little before sun down, they came upon the thieves camped about twelve miles South-west of Henry's Lake, on Red Rock. The discovery was almost simi-

**A C C A R D**

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**Edms. Davis & Spelling.**

THURSDAY, August 1, 1872.

Don't all come in a rush, as there are only three of us to wait on you.

though we may lose a hide on each article, we make it up in the quantities.

then—for this day only; and assure them, that it is not a "make any difference" for, still

may desire FOR NOTHING—that is, FREE GIFTS; in fact, for the mere asking for

are cordially invited to favor us with a call, and we will give them whatever goods they

ous friends will make it up to us:

we will adhere to it for this day only—believing that some other of our number

still further changes, we herewith make the following proposition, with the proviso that

Owing to the fact that we also desire an entire "new deal," besides "contemplating

**FIRE.**—The China wash house on Main street, next door to Perkins' butcher shop, spoken of in our last issue as being the scene of an incipient conflagration a few days before, was again, about 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, the scene of a fire which obtained considerable headway, and for a time threatened the destruction of our beautiful young city. But for the exertions of some of our citizens, the best portion of Bozeman would now be a heap of ashes. This is the second time within a week that our town has been in imminent peril of a destructive fire, originating from the same source and we know not at what moment we may be visited with a repetition more disastrous in its nature from the same quarter. We understand that the property owners contiguous to the China wash house have offered the Chinamen owning the cabin and lot a liberal price for the same, in order to raze the dilapidated building with the ground, and prevent any further chances of heavy loss by its existence and continued occupation by these careless opium-smoking Mongolians. We believe they will not sell, except for an exorbitant price, and, under the circumstances, we think it would be well to force them to sell at a fair price.



leading from the camp towards the valley five miles, which then descended South-east through a canyon difficult to traverse, and in passing through which the horse of Mr. Guy, which he was leading, lost its footing and rolled down a precipice about 100 feet, lodging against a tree. Being protected by the saddle in its rolling feat the horse was recovered without serious injury. The thieves continued their course, traveling high up on the range on the East side of the Madison. Friday night a heavy rain fell, which rendered the trail difficult to follow. On Sunday evening Mr. Guy and his party came upon the camp, west of Henry's Lake, occupied the night before by the thieves. They had also met a party of ranchmen from the Madison valley who had seen and conversed with the band, and represented them to be four and probably more in number. Mr. Guy, thinking it would not be prudent to attack a superior force, sent Mr. McCormick to the Madison valley for assistance. Eleven men returned with Mr. McCormick. The whole party then took the trail which led in the direction of Red Rock, and on Tuesday afternoon, a little before sun down, they came upon the thieves camped about twelve miles South-west of Henry's Lake, on Red Rock. The discovery was almost simultaneous on both sides. Mr. Guy's party held a short council of war, and determined to surround the camp. The party was divided into two squads, Mr. Guy taking charge of one and Mr. Hughes the other, Mr. Guy giving instructions to take them, dead or alive. The camp was immediately surrounded and the thieves ordered to surrender. Three of the most desperate approached Mr. Hughes' party, and two started in the direction of Mr. Guy, the latter indicating a desire to surrender. The former were ordered frequently to hold up their hands, but persistently refused to do so; when about forty or fifty yards from Mr. Hughes and his party it was discovered that they were armed with pistols, and still refusing to throw up their arms, Mr. Hughes, taking deliberate aim at the most desperate character, who was easily recognized, ordered his men to fire on the other two. The shot of Hughes took effect in the heart of Thomas Harlowe, well known in our community; one of the other men, Wm. Marsh, was shot through the head and also several times in the body; the third took shelter in a ravine by lying close to the ground. The party continued to fire at him, but without effect. He had drawn his pistol and was trying to return the fire, but it was so rapid he could not rise. Mr. Hughes flanked him, and obtaining a better view of the body, sent a Needle gun ball through it, which struck in the region of the back, passing entirely through him and coming out about the breast. Hughes then ran up closer to him and shot him through the head with his revolver. The man proved to be John Connor, who has been loafing around Bozeman for the last year. The two who had virtually surrendered to Mr. Guy, upon hearing the firing of the other party, commenced running toward the mountain, and were fired on several times, a shot from Mr. Guy's pistol scalping one of them, but not seriously injuring him. Finding themselves entirely surrounded, and being assured they would not be hurt if they would surrender, they came out and gave themselves up. They were recognized as Gns. Callahan and George Clark, alias Pluto Jack. The former is a young man whose parents have resided in our place since its first settlement, and no

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#### "WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

The author of the above soul-stirring melody is respectfully informed that he can do better by getting one of those handsome turn-outs at CLARK'S Livery Emporium when he feels like taking a ride.

**OUR STREETS.**—The present muddy condition of our streets rendered so by an ordinary summer shower, should be a warning to our citizens of what we may expect when winter sets in. However, the experience of every one here during the last winter and spring should be fresh in their memory. Unless something is done before winter, and the sooner the better, we will again have to plod through the mud knee deep to visit our nearest neighbor. A few dollars expended by property holders would put good side walks in front of their premises, making walking during winter and spring practicable, and suitable crossings should be laid from the different corners. In fact, Main street should be either Mac Admized or laid with a Nicholson pavement. The idea of having two or three wagons stalled in our main business thoroughfare is a spectacle not at all creditable to the enterprise of our people. Let the work commence.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

##### Furs a Specialty!

Parties having HIDES, FURS, PELTRIES or WOOL, will find it to their advantage to call on W. L. PERKINS, at Bozeman, or A. J. DAVIDSON, at Helena, as they are paying the HIGHEST CASH prices for all the above articles.

THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS are attracting a large number of visitors at this time. Almost every day a number leave our town and vicinity for these wonderful springs. The last party leaving was Mr. W. H. Randall and family, accompanied by J. P. Waddell, Esq. The party was well supplied with everything necessary to make the trip enjoyable and comfortable. Mrs. R. has been in delicate health for some time, and it is hoped that the remarkable curative powers of the springs will restore her health. We confidently trust that the gray hair and bald spots on the cranium of our handsome young friend Waddell, whose early palsy is cropping out rather early, will be replenished by a full suit of natural auburn. We wish the party a pleasant and beneficial trip.



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Mr. Guy commends especially the endurance and courage of Messrs. Hughes and McCormick, and the action of Mr. Guy, not alone in this matter, but in many others deserves the highest credit. In his official capacity, Mr. Guy has faithfully executed the law, and protected the rights and interests of the people.

tion of our streets rendered so by an ordinary summer shower, should be a warning to our citizens of what we may expect when winter sets in. However, the experience of every one here during the last winter and spring should be fresh in their memory. Unless something is done before winter, and the sooner the better, we will again have to plod through the mud knee deep to visit our nearest neighbor. A few dollars expended by property holders would put good side walks in front of their premises, making walking during winter and spring practicable, and suitable crossings should be laid from the different corners. In fact, Main street should be either Mac Admized or laid with a Nicholson pavement. The idea of having two or three wagons stalled in our main business thoroughfare is a spectacle not at all creditable to the enterprise of our people. Let the work commence.

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##### A New Art Gallery.

Gov. Williams, desirous of inaugurating an Art Gallery, proposes to his patrons and the public generally to relieve them of their surplus Treasury Pictures, and give them in lieu thereof the best Liquors most highly flavored Cigars, choicest Wines and coolest Lager to be found in Bozeman.

DEPUTY DISTRICT CLERK.—We understand that H. N. Maguire, Esq., who has satisfactorily filled the position of Clerk of the District Court for this county since 1869, has resigned and is succeeded by Mr. Charles Clancy, a nephew of Judge Clancy of Keatingville, who comes to our place highly recommended as a young gentleman of unexceptionable character and fine business qualifications.

##### Painters and Glaziers, Attention!

You can find a full and complete assortment of PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, PAINT BRUSHES and every article in your line at the new Drug Store of W. W. MORRIS, a few doors east of Lamme & Co.'s, Bozeman.

VACCINATION.—Dr. Mussigbrod would announce to the citizens of Bozeman and its vicinity that he has received a quantity Fresh Vaccine Virus, and persons desiring vaccination can leave their orders with S. W. Langhorn, at the New Drug Store, Main Street.

##### Stock Ranch

The proprietor of CENTRAL VIEW FARM, situated one mile northwest of Bozeman on the Helena road, has a fine pasture enclosed by a high, strong fence, and will ranch all kinds of stock, on reasonable terms. Also, good fresh butter can be obtained. Apply at the ranch or at W. W. Langhorn's, Main Street, Bozeman.



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WE ARRIVE IN BOZEMAN CITY

Friday, June 4. We started early this morning and drove through a delightful country - a portion of the Gallatin Valley.

We arrived at Bozeman City about six o'clock, and stopped at Guy's Hotel.

Bozeman! The long looked for city, for which we have traveled 2,000 miles. And glad enough we were to see it, for we were completely tired out.

We received letters from home - one from Verona & Mother, one from Will's sister in Michigan, also one from Virginia City.



The Guy House, built in 1868 on the N.W. corner of Main and Black. Later it became the Northern Pacific Hotel.

- 19 -

(The Guy House was "a large two-story log house on the northwest corner of Main and Black Streets where the Story Block now stands." It was built by John C. Guy, a several term county sheriff. The log structure was later covered with board siding, and is usually described as a frame building.)

(In the Bozeman Chronicle of August 10, 1954, marking the 90th Anniversary of the founding of Bozeman, an article "Pioneer Woman Tells of Early Home Life", contains excerpts from Mrs. Tracy's speeches. Sections in quotations which follow are from this source.)

"Our last stop before reaching Bozeman was old Gallatin City where we spent the night at Campbell's Station (now on the road to Trident from No. 10 Highway). Next morning Mr. Tracy brought one of the trunks into the house for me to get out better clothes to wear when we should arrive in Bozeman. There was very good reason for this, for it was evident on arrival and later that evening, that I was somewhat an object of curiosity. It seems that several bachelors of the town had concluded in the spring that it was not good for man to live alone, and so had started for the 'states' in search of a better half."

"As this was a long and very expensive journey, the ones who had remained

behind were more than anxious to see how the investment would 'pan out'. As Mr. Tracy was the first to arrive with his bride, a great deal of interest was displayed when, with quite a flourish, he drove up in front of the Guy House on that afternoon of June 5, 1869. A number of men gathered around, and Mr. Guy himself came out to greet us and escort us into the hotel."

"When supper was served a little later, Mrs. Guy insisted that I take a seat by her at the table. Every stool around the two long tables was occupied--Mrs. Guy, Mrs. Story and I being the only ladies. It did look somewhat like curiosity, and Mr. Guy told me later he had seventy-five extras for supper. I wonder if they thought Mr. Tracy's investment was a good one--I was then just a young girl of seventeen."



Many a gay blade will remember the good old horse and buggy days when he went to the livery stable to pick a prancing horse and one of those stylish rigs . . . those outfits really had the "pick-up".

Saturday, June 5. A warm and beautiful morning, and glad we are that we are not obliged to travel today.

We find ourselves in Bozeman. I have become some acquainted with Mrs. Guy and Mrs. Story. Very fine women they seem. There are a great number of Indians here now - camped just back of the house. I wrote to Mother and to Verona.

(Mrs. Nelson Story. The Story house was on the southeast corner of Main and Tracy, with a barn and corral on the lot which extended through the block to Babcock. The Story and Tracy homes were only a few steps from each other. The Storys were also staying at the Guy House until their home was completed.)

Sunday, June 6. It is some rainy here today. We did not attend church. I have written three letters today. Will and I have written twentyseven letters since we left home.

We went to church this evening and heard a very good sermon.

(The Methodist Church, a small frame building, had been built on the southwest corner of Main and Tracy, with services beginning July 28, 1867. The Tracys, particularly Mrs. Tracy, was a loyal member for a lifetime.)

Monday, June 7. It is quite a cold and unpleasant day. I wrote to Charley,



Edna and to Will's sister.

I have been doing nothing but reading today. Will went over to Fort Ellis about three miles from here.

(Following a winter of Indian troubles and the death of John Bozeman in April, Fort Ellis was established in August 1867. Tracy supplied quantities of hay, grain and other commodities to the fort.)

Tuesday, June 8. It is very pleasant today, Mrs. Story went visiting today and Will went over to the fort again, and I am all alone. He bought a few housekeeping things at the fort. Mrs. Davis called today.

Wednesday, June 9. It has been a very nice day. Will was gone nearly all day and I am very lonesome. I wrote some letters.

Thursday, June 10. It is a very warm morning. Mrs. Guy and I went for flowers. We had a nice little shower this afternoon.

When the stage came in it brought our trunk. And letters from Charley and Mother. Miss Josephine Davis called here today.

Friday, June 11. Nothing of importance to write today. Mrs. Rich called here, and I had an introduction to her. She appears to be a very nice lady.

Saturday, June 12. It is very warm here today. But by looking out my window, I can see great quantities of snow. I sewed some on my quilt.

There were some people here today - a Mrs. Curtis and her family that I became acquainted with.

Sunday, June 13. A beautiful morning. My dear husband started for Helena this afternoon. Several ladies called here today - Mrs. Noble, Mrs. S. and Mrs. L. But I am all alone tonight and very lonesome.

Monday, June 14. I have been sewing some on my dress, and nearly finished it. It is now evening and Sophia Guy came to sleep with me. But I am awful lonesome without my William.

Tuesday, June 15. I sewed, read and slept some today. I wrote letters and expected some on the coach, but was disappointed.

Wednesday, June 16. This morning I went up to the store with Sophia and bought calico for a sunbonnet, and an apron and a spool of thread. I cut out my bonnet, and have nearly finished making it.

I went over to our house this afternoon. It is all white washed, and Warner is going to paper tomorrow.

It has been the longest day I have yet seen, and I have been homesick.

(The home was just a few steps away at about 19 East Main, the

location for many years of the Rea, then the Modern Grocery.)

Thursday, June 17. It has been raining nearly all day, and is very dark and gloomy.

There are quite a number of Indians coming into town today. A very rough looking set. I received a letter from Verona tonight.

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"When I first came to Bozeman, the whole prairie south of town (in the vicinity of the present Methodist Church), seemed covered with Indian teepees. Indian ponies, squaws, papooses and dogs were everywhere. I was dreadfully afraid of them. They would peer in the windows if the doors were locked, or come flocking around the door begging for biscuits, soap, clothes, everything. One day a big Indian espied a large rain umbrella that I had brought with me from 'the States', and at once pestered me to trade it for a buffalo robe. He was so persistent that I at last, to get rid of him, made the trade. All day long he paraded up and down the street with the umbrella raised above his head. The next day his squaw had it, but she, becoming tired of it, brought it to the door and flung it on the floor shouting "heap of dirt, heap of dirt" in great disgust. She wanted me to trade back, but as I would not, she finally snatched the umbrella and stalked off with it."

---

Friday, June 18. It has been raining all day and the street is getting real muddy. The town seems nearly full of Indians. About two miles from here there are eighteen lodges of Crows.

General Hancock (General W. S. Hancock, probably making his first trip to Montana after a reorganization of the western army command) arrived here today on his way to Fort Ellis. He was accompanied by his body guard - quite a large number of men.

Cullen, the Indian agent, has been staying here for a few days.

Saturday, June 19. It cleared off very pleasant this morning, but left the street very muddy.

Will got home about noon and brought some things for our house - a set of chairs, a feather bed, stove, curtains & groceries.

It is very cold this evening, and Will went to lodge.

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"Our little two-room house located where the Modern Grocery now stands was nearing completion. We acquired some furniture from Mr. Beall - a glass front sideboard \$30, a drop leaf table \$30, a sink \$25, and a bedstead \$20. Mr. Tracy made a trip to Helena, the trip took over a week. He returned with a carpet, the second one in town, a thin ingrain that cost \$1.50 a yard, a stove that cost \$110, six black walnut chairs at \$6.50 each, trimmed in



gold, that were so frail that when a gentleman caller leaned back on one it broke all to pieces, a feather bed and pillows cost \$50.00. When all of these were placed in two small rooms, we thought we had a very cozy home indeed, and good enough for anyone."

---

Sunday, June 20. A very pleasant morning. Mrs. Guy and Sophia, Mrs. Babcock, Will and I went to take a ride down to Mrs. Lyman's. (The Lorenzo B. Lyman's claim was near the mouth of Bridger Creek, hence the present Lyman Creek and Reservoir.) We had a very pleasant time. I wrote to Verona today.

Monday, June 21. It is a very warm and pleasant day. I busied myself doing nothing most of the day. Sewed some, read some, went to see the house, and our furniture.

Tuesday, June 22. Will and I have out a big washing today. Will scrubbed the two floors. We worked very hard and are both tired tonight.

Wednesday, June 23. We brought all our furniture up today. Brought our dishes & I have been washing and cleaning most all day. We took our meals with Mrs. Guy today.

We stayed in our house tonight for the first time.

Thursday, June 24. I worked all the forenoon washing and scouring dishes. Cooked

some and did a little of everything.

Received two letters, and I wrote to Verona tonight.

We traded an umbrella with a squaw for a bed spread tonight.

---

"The tribes west of us passed through Bozeman every year on their way over to the Yellowstone to hunt and fish. All day they would be passing along Main Street to their camp on the river just east of town. The squaws, most of them with papooses on their backs, rode the ponies that were dragging the teepee poles. Next day they were all around the town and visited us all before they left. On their return we had the same display, and they would remain several days to trade with the settlers. Somewhat later the Crows were put on a reservation about eight miles from where Livingston now stands, and after that we saw the Indians only occasionally. (Actually the agency, often called Fort Parker, was being built in 1869, as Mrs. Tracy was writing. Because the white man moved rapidly into the upper Yellowstone, the Indians were moved to the present Columbus area in 1874.) Major Pease was the first agent at the reservation. All kinds of supplies were issued to the Indians, at first from a warehouse in Bozeman, but later at the agency. I remember Major Scully coming here one time when supplies were being issued. He gave several of the chiefs large white felt hats like he

himself wore. They seemed immensely pleased, but at once cut out the tops before they wore them."

---

Friday, June 25. I ironed all the forenoon. Got dinner, fixed up and went down to Mrs. Guy's. We both went to the store and got some nice maple sugar given to us.

Will, Mrs. Guy and Sophia and myself went and took a ride over to Mrs. J. L. Noble's. We passed the Indian camp. There are twenty-two lodges camped two miles from here.

We made quite a little call, and when we came back Mrs. Segman was at Guy's and I had a nice visit with her.

Saturday, June 26. I cleaned the windows and all the woodwork in the front room today. We took a short ride in the afternoon.

Sunday, June 27. We went with Mrs. Story down to their ranch where Mr. Bird lives. Stayed only a short time.

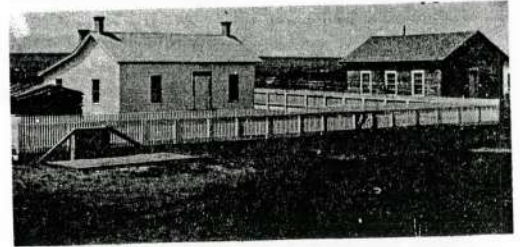
We had green peas for dinner, the first of the season. It is very warm today.

(The Story ranch was located in the area of North Seventh Avenue and the railroad right-of-way. This was unusually early for peas. Mrs. Tracy at age 17 adjusted rapidly. She admitted to problems with cooking, but must have learned rapidly, since she soon had numerous dinner guests.)

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"As I had never been trained in the culinary art, many unpredicted mistakes occurred, but with the help of kind Mrs. Story, now living in her own home near us, I soon learned to keep our table quite well supplied. The first thing Mrs. Story taught me was to roast coffee in the oven. The only coffee we could buy then was the green coffee beans. Other groceries we had were dried apples at 75¢ a pound, flour \$1 a pound, bacon 50¢ a pound. Mr. John Mendenhall had the store."

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The Nelson Story home, built in 1869 on the S.W. corner of Main and Tracy (then called Templar Street) was near the Tracy home.



Monday, June 28. Will helped me wash today, since we had a very large one. The wind blows so I cannot put them out.

Court convenes today and great numbers of people are coming into town.

Josephine and Arvilla called today, and Mr. Babcock this evening. The Indians all left today.

Tuesday, June 29. A very warm morning. I filled the pillows out of the feather bed, and went into the garden and got greens and lettuce for dinner.

I went and visited Mrs. Story a few minutes and got her irons and ironed some. Mrs. Ward called this afternoon and Mrs. & Mrs. Story this evening.

Wednesday, June 30. It was a nice morning. I worked all the forenoon, and went with Mrs. Story to call on Mrs. Fridley and Mrs. Rich, and while there saw Mrs. Willson.

Stopped at Guy's and there met the two Miss Street's, and Miss Johnson, Mrs. Therman & Mrs. Warren. (The Miss Street's were probably from Gallatin City, and perhaps the other women.)

An Indian fought with a man and hurt him some while in the field at work. The man shot the Indian and hurt him some. The Indian was put in jail.

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Following Mrs. Tracy's account of her arrival in Bozeman on June 5, 1869, she continued: "In a few days General Willson arrived with his bride, and I was

included in the crowd of welcomers. As she went directly to her own home (at 224 Main Street - the long-time site of the Baltimore Hotel), Mrs. Willson missed the experience I had had of meeting the entire male population at once. They were still filled with curiosity, however, and the great and absorbing question among them was, "Have you seen the General Willson's wife?" She was such a charming and gifted lady that she won the hearts of the pioneers at once, and later when her piano arrived--the first in town--and they were privileged to hear her sing, they were indeed her captives. Many times, unknown to her, a crowd of rough and grizzled men gathered outside to listen while she practiced."

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The newspaper account then continued to tell of the arrival of Mrs. Walter Cooper: "Mr. Cooper's bride was the next in the series of arrivals that spring. From the time he started off with his pony team to bring her here, all were talking of the prospective bride. His was not a four thousand mile trip, however, for Mrs. Cooper was already in the territory, so it was not long until they arrived back at the Guy House where we were all on hand to greet them. Such a charming young lady was she that all marveled she had been living so near in Jefferson County."

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An early day landmark old timers will remember. The Walter Cooper home on the site of the present Baxter Hotel.

Thursday, July 1. The cavalry came in today. There were only 280 soldiers.

Mrs. Noble and her little girl came visiting, and stayed nearly all day, and Mr. Noble came for dinner.

Mrs. Story moved today and Will bought a cow from Mr. Ruffner for \$50.

The Indian escaped today. The men tried to get him, but failed in the attempt.

(The arrival of four companies of the 2nd Cavalry--although at low strength--under Lt. Colonel A. G. Brackett, was an historic day for Montana. This was the only cavalry unit in the Territory, and remained stationed at Fort Ellis until it was closed.)

Friday, July 2. I scrubbed the floor and worked all the forenoon. Will went to the fort, and in the afternoon to a horse race. I went to Mrs. Guy's and met Mrs. Penwell. (The several Penwell brothers had settled some eight miles northwest of Bozeman in 1864.)

Saturday, July 3. Mr. and Mrs. Guy, Sophia, Will and I went down on the West Gallatin to a 4th of July dance, but did not enjoy ourselves much. There was a large crowd and we had a good dinner. We got some wet coming home and arrived about seven o'clock.

Sunday, July 4. Will sent to the fort, and I went to Sunday School with Sophia. It rained some today, and I wrote letters home.

Monday, July 5. Will went to the Post, and Mr. Chappel was here all day painting and varnishing. We have to sleep on the floor tonight for he has varnished the bedstead.

Tuesday, July 6. Mr. Chappel was here all day. Finished graining the cupboard and sink and finished the table.

Wednesday, July 7. Our furniture is now finished. Will went to the Post today. He bought a pig for \$60. I received letters from Mother and Verona today, and answered them both.

Thursday, July 8. I have done a very large washing today. Will was busy



until afternoon and could not help me. He helped scrub the floor. I never was so tired as I am tonight.

Friday, July 9. It has rained some today and I have finished my ironing.

Mrs. Tracy's diary closed here. In its few month's span her increasing involvement with new friends, home and community activities is evident. During her first weeks she was much occupied with receiving and writing letters. By June she seldom mentioned these.

The closing of the diary may have been hastened by another event which occurred in the tenth month of her marriage, and which she recorded on a separate page in the diary:

"Elmer Henry Tracy. Born February 12, 1870, at Bozeman City, Montana Territory."

Mrs. Tracy made a New Year's Resolution, and picked up the little record book again for a four day notation:

Monday, January 1, 1872. New Year's Day and a Happy New Year to all.

We went up to Ruffner's (The Samuel Ruffners had been married in 1868, lived near the edge of town and engaged in farming and milling. They are frequently mentioned in the Alderson Diary,) and they stayed all night.

We had a nice party, a poor supper and a large crowd, and came home about two o'clock. Elmer had not waked up while we were gone. He stayed with Ola.

Tuesday, January 2. The Ruffners stayed all day. We went to get the baby's pictures taken. I got two splendid ones of Elmer, and Mrs. Ruffner got four of her baby. We came home and had dinner and went sleigh riding.

Went to bed early as we were pretty sleepy.

Wednesday, January 3. Today I washed and cleaned up the kitchen. Cleaned the cupboard and scrubbed the floor, and had shelves put up in the kitchen.

Mrs. Story came over a little while, the first time since her baby was born. It has been a fine day, but looks like a storm tonight.

Thursday, January 4. I had company today. Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Castner came and spent the day, and with their husbands took dinner.

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The diary closes again. In Mrs. Tracy's addresses given early in the 20th Century, and summarized in the 1954 newspaper article she made additional comments.

"In all there were just fourteen women in the town in 1869, but they all vied with each other to help us and to make us welcome."

Mrs. Tracy was apparently counting only the women who lived close in, or who were active in town affairs. She mentions more than fourteen, some of whom are not yet identifiable. Others known to be living in the town she does not mention. Those readily identifiable include:

Mrs. Wm. W. Alderson  
Mrs. Wm. J. Beall (always pronounced "Bell")  
Mrs. Matthew Bird  
Mrs. Arvilla Davis & Josephine  
Mrs. F. F. Fridley  
Mrs. John C. Guy & Sophia  
Mrs. Lorenzo B. Lyman  
Mrs. J. L. Noble  
Mrs. Charles Rich  
Mrs. Samuel Ruffner  
Mrs. Nelson Story  
Mrs. William Tracy  
Mrs. Lester S. Willson

Apparently the Guy House was the center where women stopped most often to meet other women. Mrs. Tracy recalled some of its characteristics:

"The hotel where we resided for three weeks until our home was completed was a log structure boarded up on the outside and having a large front porch. For chairs they used three legged stools. Most of the furniture was homemade except in the parlor which had horsehair furniture. Very few conveniences were to be found, the one carpet being in Mrs. Guy's room. The rates were \$17.00 per week for room and board."

On one occasion Mrs. Tracy summarized her years in Bozeman:

"It has been interesting to watch the growth of our town from the small group of buildings that was Bozeman in 1869 to the prosperous and beautiful Bozeman of today. In 1882 our family had grown, and we decided we must move 'farther out' so we built a larger home at the corner of Tracy and Mendenhall streets. There we are raising our children, and enjoying a life of far less hardship than in earlier days. My love of our town has grown with the years, and I think of it always by the name Davis Willson used to call it:

"Bozeman the Beautiful."



MRS. JOHN C. GUY  
Born, September 2, ~~1825~~ 1828  
Died, September 27, 1919  
From Death Record Book, Pioneers' Society  
of Gallatin County  
by Mrs. E. Lina Houston

A Gallatin County pioneer, Mrs. Amanda M. Guy, widow of John C. Guy, has passed away at her home in Seattle, Washington. News of her death was received in Bozeman by Mrs. Dumphy (Emma), in a letter from Mrs. Guy's daughter, Sophie, Mrs. Chas. A. Dyer, who with her husband had for some time made their home with the mother in order to care for her in her declining years.

John C. Guy and his family will be pleasantly remembered by old timers in this vicinity. They came to Montana in 1863, locating at Alder Gulch. In the fall of 1864 they moved to Gallatin valley and farmed for a year, then moved to Bozeman. In 1866 Mr. Guy was elected sheriff of Gallatin county and served two terms. He was succeeded by A. Cowan, who served one term, and then Mr. Guy was again chosen for two terms.

In 1868, Mr. Guy built a hotel on Main Street and Black Ave. where the Story Block now stands. For several years he and his wife conducted the Guy House that was a most popular stopping place. The hotel was later called the northern pacific. For about four years Mr. Guy was associated with the T.B. Gray in growing very fine strawberries for market on ground now part of the residence portion of Bozeman. Mr. and Mrs. Guy were prominent in the social life of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy were also pioneers of Custer county, locating in 1877 on a farm that had been one of Custer's battle fields with the Sioux Indians. Mr. Guy was first postmaster at Etchatah, a town no longer existing. He served two terms as county commissioner of Custer county. He and his wife moved to Seattle about twenty years ago and Mr. Guy died there in February 1909.

Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy, three of whom survive. Mrs. Dyer who has been mentioned, Robert J. Guy, who lived many years near Forsyth and served several terms as sheriff of Rosebud county and Mason G. Guy of Seattle.

Mrs. Guy was remarkably vigorous for one of her years until a few weeks before her death when she became almost blind, but her mind was clear to the last. She had pleasant memories of her life in Bozeman, and often said she wished they had remained in Bozeman.