

The World's Most Magnificent Instruments

Steinway & Sons
A. B. Chase
Vose & Sons
And Other Pianos.

Thirty-Five Styles to Select From.

We have the finest stock of pianos ever shown in the West and we extend a cordial invitation to all lovers of music to visit our store to hear and see them. We sell on easy monthly payments and take old instruments in exchange.

Montana Music Co.
119 North Main St.

NEWEST THING OUT

"Life's" Gibson Dinner and Menu Cards

Each card has one of Gibson's pictures.

New and stylish Hurd's invitation stationery seals, wax and inkstands, in fancy shapes and colors. New books daily. Ask for our list of new books.

EVANS' BOOK STORE
114 N. Main St.

25c Choice

For 75c and 50c Values

Window Full Fine Pictures Portraits and Studies

Fine likenesses in black and white of Washington and Lincoln, 25c each.

Color pictures of the six greatest musical composers on one card, 25c for all.

Religious pictures and dainty studies in glass frames and in Round Ebonized Wood Frames Choice 25 cents

We Repair Equal to New, Any Old Typewriter.

Calkins' Book Store
37 North Main

Montana Book Co
209 N. MAIN STREET.
Phone 294.

NEW BOOKS.

THE ETERNAL CITY. —By Hall Cain.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT. —By Anthony Hope

DRI AND I. —By Irvin Bachelor, author of Eben Holden.

Newest books can always be found here.

MONTANA BOOK CO.
W. H. KLEIN, Manager.

Do You Shave Yourself?

With a gas jet you can heat a cup of water in a minute. The jet you use for lighting will do very well.

GAS OFFICE 209 N. Main

LIFE OR DEATH Which?

Take FAIR'S PNEUMONIA CURE And Live.

Sold at 115 E. Park St.

Richards
THE BUTTE UNDERTAKER
Practical Undertakers and Embalmers.
140 W. Park St., Butte. Phone 307.

NIGHT FOR SPIRITS

BUTTE YOUTHS ALL READY TO CELEBRATE HALLOWE'EN.

MANY PRANKS WILL BE PLAYED

Dozens of Jolly Parties Arranged by People Who Like to Keep Alive the Traditions of Days That Are Gone.

The small boys of Butte are planning for a great time tonight—Hallowe'en. Perhaps some of them may go a trifle farther than they really mean to, but it is all in fun, remember. Just think of the time you were a boy yourself, and don't make life too miserable for the little chaps—if you succeed in catching them. The evening will be generally celebrated all over Butte by parties and the like; apple-bobbing parties will be especially numerous, and hundreds of young people will make merry until a late hour.

You may have had a sort of confused idea that Hallowe'en was invented expressly for tie-tacs, wandering front gates, delusions, signs and ghostly figures stealing upon one unawares.

Holiday of Hobboblins.
Hallowe'en has been hobboblins' holiday from the time of the Druids of merrie olde England, but since our boys and girls have gone in so enthusiastically for higher education, the hobbob-uns have retreated to the Middle Ages in disgust.

They can be coaxed down again—on their own particular night—but only by the most awesome practices, at dead of night, and in the loneliest places.

To really see a hobbob, the trying place must be as dark as a pocket and as still as the grave; hobbobins take shape in gloom, and move and breathe like phantoms, so that you are pretty apt to feel them first, and see them afterward. And if you are given to "seein' things at night," so much the better for your Hallowe'en.

In Druid days there were stretches of "green" where the simple villagers assembled around huge bonfires shortly after dusk, where the witches could have full play, and mischievous elves prank in the shadows and smoke of the big fires. There was also a god, Baal, who took it upon himself to liberate, for this one night in the year, all the wicked spirits that had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals.

Precaution Against Familiarity.
The bonfires were a precaution against undue familiarity on the part of these malicious spirits.

If a man were pursued by a green-eyed, fiery-tongued demon, or if a black ape of a sprite clung to his shoulders, hugging about his neck with strangling claws, he had only to race through the friendly flames, roll over and over on the ground, and lo! the venomous creature had disappeared.

All our Hallowe'en customs had their origin in some sort of pagan superstition. Rarely have they mingled with church observances; the "spiritual" element being the reverse of saintly, and the conjuring quiet outside the pale.

But on the Isle of Lewis, off the coast of Scotland, they used to have a pretty practice, combining religion and superstition with a beautiful impartiality.

At Hallowtide the sea-god Shorry was the first to be propitiated, because all the necessities of life came to the islanders from the sea.

Brewed Into Ale.
Each family took a peck of malt to the kirk, where it was brewed into ale. Then with solemn procession into the dusky night, the entire village moved down to the shore of the inscrutable sea; the strong man of the parish waded into the water, waist deep, holding aloft a burning cup of the fresh brewed ale.

Chanting an invocation, a charm, a petition to Shorry, the all-powerful, the ale was poured into the man of the restless waters.

In deep silence the procession wended its way back to the kirk, said its prayers before the one candle burning at the altar—and then went out on the village green, drank ale, played tricks and danced till daylight.

In Ireland and North Wales the bonfire served as a sooth-sayer. Every household built its own fire, and each member of the family had a smooth, white "hallow stone" marked for the occasion. "Just before going to bed the prayers were said turning around the fire, the stone were cast into the center of the blaze one by one, and the witches left to do their worst.

If on the morrow a stone were missing the owner was fated to die before the end of the year—of fright, if not otherwise.

Pete Day for Goddess.
Pomona, the Roman goddess of fruits and seeds, had a fete day November 1. They had somehow heard of her in the Celtic Isle, and added one more observance to the Hallowe'en feast.

The more the merrier—especially when it took the form of a famous brew—"Le mas Ubhal," Anglicised into "lamb-wool," and foaming its way into general favor.

How would it taste now, I wonder? A mixture of freshly roasted apples, bruised into a frothy malt ale and served smoking hot, with side dishes of nuts and barley cakes!

The Princess Beatrice ordered a steaming bowl of it for her Hallowe'en party, but she took good care to have a companion tankard of plain old English ale.

The Princess Beatrice, you know, was her majesty's favorite child, and being a willful slip of a miss, she sometimes coaxed her mother away from the restraints of London palaces to the Scotch estates, where she could have things just like other girls, who were not so unfortunate as to be real princesses.

Celebration By Queen.
At Balmoral castle, in 1874, Queen Victoria and the princess had a famous Hallowe'en, with a few favored friends, and the regular retainers.

The queen and princess drove about in an open phaeton, carrying huge lighted flambeaus.

Following them was a long drawn out procession of servants and tenants on foot, each holding a blazing torch.

Through the grounds, round and round the castle, wound the weird line. Back again to the front of the castle,



Budweiser
brewed of selected barley-malt and best imported hops, is "lagered" six months to fully mature, before being bottled for market, which accounts for its being so palatable and wholesome, and makes it "The King of Bottled Beers."

The product of **Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n**
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Brewers also of Black & Tan, Anheuser-Standard, Faust, Pale-Lager, Export Pale, Exquisite, Michelob and Malt-Nutrine.

where a bonfire of logs, packing boxes, and a sprinkling of turpentine, made the night to glow and roar.

When the flames were at their brightest a figure dressed as a hobbobin appeared, dragging a car surrounded by fairies carrying long spears. Bound to the car was an elfy of a witch.

The fairies encircled the fire with fiercely poised spears, the hobbobin cut the thongs binding the witch, dragged her to the blaze and cast her into the very center of the fiery pit.

All trouble being consumed in short order, the entire company adjourned to the open green, drank the punch or its equivalent, and danced Scottish reels to the piping of the queen's favorite piper, Willie Ross.

Scottish National Dance.
It was on this occasion that the queen—who resolutely set her face against court balls after the death of her consort—danced the Scottish national dance, with her faithful gillie, "John Brown," and incidentally raised such a storm of criticism over in London.

Hobbie Burns knew more about a Hallowe'en party—or at least wrote more about one—than anyone else from the quaint old Isles.

It takes a lot of patience to puzzle out the funny Scotch dialect of his "Hallowe'en," but once it is accomplished, all the charms and customs of the time when Hallowe'en was a truly portentous occasion stand revealed.

We have neither cabbage patches nor corn fields at our back doors, but we can bob for apples, roast nuts and burn tapers, and maybe think of something new to take the place of the impossible portents.

In the cabbage or "kall" test the crowd trooped into the dark garden and pulled the first stalk that came to hand, trooping back again to the light to see their luck.

Whether the stalk were straight or crooked, lean or fat, light or dark, the holder was destined to have just that sort of a mate; the taste of the stalk—sour, bitter or rapid—decided the disposition.

Fruit and Floral Harvest.
We have come to associate corn "popping" with the nut roasting, and, of course, we observe Pomona's fruit and floral harvest. For a Hallowe'en party, then, the most unique and appropriate decorations are stalks and fringes of corn, pumpkin vases and jack-o'-lanterns and baskets of rosy apples and horns of plenty of nuts for the several tests.

Small rings screwed in the stalk ends of the ears of corn will facilitate the swinging of that part of the decoration. Pumpkin jardiniere and vases of chrysanthemums—the October blossom—and all the light permitted should come from an open fire, pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns and gourd fairy lamps.

The punch bowl can be set in a hollowed pumpkin and a Cinderella's churrito be made to hold favors or game puzzles.

A Hallowe'en party should be the most informal affair possible. The lunch spread, buffet fashion, in the dining-room, and the guests marched around the table with some sort of an incantation before they are allowed a mouthful.

The center of the table is the place for a medium sized pumpkin, or odd shaped squash, filled with chrysanthemums. Piles of rosy apples and late grapes add to the color.

Sandwiches of Nuts.
Nut sandwiches (made with mayonnaise over lettuce leaves), pumpkin pie, nut cakes, nut candies, apple tarts, salted nuts, cider and apple cups filled with nuts and raisins, or a hallowe'en jelly, is supper enough for any hallowe'en devotee.

The jelly is made by softening one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water. When quite soft add half a pint of hot water and a pint of good sparkling cider. If the cider is very sweet, the juice of a lemon is an improvement. Set on ice until firm and serve cold.

The Hallowe'en cake is entitled to a specially decorated end of the table. A plain gold cake with gaily decorated icing, set high on a bank of white chrysanthemums and green leaves.

The three rings—gold, silver and iron—should be wrapped in paraffine paper before putting them into the butter. Gold is for wealth, silver for happiness, iron for drudgery. Or, if a new version be desired, a gold heart for love, and tiny horn charm for fame, and a key for a journey—all to come within the year.

There is always a lot of fun in popping corn, roasting nuts before an open fire, and roasting tiny red apples in the embers.

The hot corn can be buttered, salted, or made into molasses balls by the guests, with a good deal of good natured rivalry as to which will be the most palatable.

Lights Turned Low.
When the fire place is cleared and the lights turned lower than ever, the nut roasting begins. A large nut in the middle with smaller ones on each side, are named with all due solemnity and ranged in front of the blaze.

"Turn, turn, writhe and burn. Show me thus my fate; Which to love, which to spurn; Which to fear, which to hate; Which will be my mate!"

chants the owner of the nuts. One will burst open and jump away—the fickle

one; if the other two blaze brightly together, that means certain happiness—but alas! if one chars without blazing, there will be disappointment in love, and perhaps widowhood.

For the apple-bobbing, a good-sized dish-pan, two-thirds full of water, is sufficient. Apples, with stems, are marked with a knife, named, and set afloat in the pan.

The onlookers are sure to become hilarious, especially when a determined youth sets his face over a particular apple, pushes it to the bottom of the pan, and comes up dripping but triumphant.

Fun for the Onlookers.
The onlookers are sure to become hilarious, especially when a determined youth sets his face over a particular apple, pushes it to the bottom of the pan, and comes up dripping but triumphant.

A daintier amusement for the girls is to set tiny tapers in the pan of water on strips of cardboard.

Two will float persistently together, or one burn longer than the other.

It isn't fair to the game to name candles or apples secretly; the fun lies largely in the endeavor of interested parties to protect their namesakes.

While the girls are peeling apples and throwing their long, curly peel over their right shoulder, to see what letter it will make when lying on the floor, the boys can be catching apples for a prize.

Suspend an apple by a string from the chandelier and let the boys try to catch it with their teeth while it is on the swing.

In Hobbie Burns' time they hung a stick with an apple on one end and a lighted candle on the other and set it twirling, but candle grease is bad for later day rugs.

And finally come the three dishes of fate; one empty, one with earth and one with water.

The candidate is blindfolded, the position of the plates deftly changed, and the index finger compelled to describe three circles before descending in search of a plate.

The empty plate speaks for itself; the one with earth a marriage with estates, and the one with water a marriage where the woman must provide the bread for the family while the man hustles around to get the water.

BEFORE THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

Several Persons Appear in the Police Court and Are Fined.

Susie Hunn was sentenced to three months' jail by Judge Boyle yesterday afternoon. The woman sustained her reputation for incorrigibility by swearing loudly at the court and casting profane defiance at the police department.

Judge Boyle called the woman back and added three months to the sentence, making six months in all, which the black queen of swindlers will have to serve.

A neighborhood row between Mary Bearish and Mrs. Steve Christian took up most of the afternoon session. Each woman accused the other of assault. Judge Boyle untangled the knot by fining the Bearish woman \$10, and dismissing the case against Mrs. Christian.

The cases against John Courtney and W. H. Matthews, charged with having adulterated milk offered for sale, were dismissed, the expert analyst failing to appear.

Jack Ayers sent word up from the jail that he was guilty of vagrancy and would not contest the charge.

Jessie Thomas and Jennie Smith were up for sentence on the charges incidental to the robbing of one Mr. Nicks. The court assessed fines of \$50 each.

BUGGY ON THE BARN.

Boys Put in a Full Shift Getting It to the Roof.

Pedestrians on South Wyoming street yesterday had the pleasure of seeing a new four-wheeled buggy planted squarely on top of a high barn.

It had been placed there during the night by mischievous boys, who could not resist the temptation to do a little Hallowe'en work a few days ahead of the real night for the indulgence in such work.

In the vicinity of the barn were a number of gates that had been lifted from their hinges in various parts of the southern part of town.

Gay Country Dance.

One of the merriest country dances of the season was given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Miles at their new barn at the South Fork Reservoir, Ferry Station. An orchestra was in attendance. At midnight an elaborate supper was served. Some of the Butte guests went out by train, but most of them drove out.

HOTSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

There is no medicine in the world so good for stomach complaints as the Bitters. It cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Malaria, Fever and Ague. A fair trial will convince you.

You Certainly Know

Or ought to know, that no house in the west carries the stock and assortment of standard

Sterling Silverware

Rich Jewelry, Diamonds, Pearls, and other precious stones, Watches, Clocks, and everything in the line of a high-class Jewelry Store that we do. An inspection is cordially invited.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

By expert workmen. All our work guaranteed.

J. H. Leyson
221 North Main St.
Montana's Model, Modern Jewelry House

LADIES' SHOES

Ladies' warm-lined shoes, kid foxed, opera toe, lace or button, very suitable for those who are troubled with cold feet.

Per Pair \$1.50

Ladies' Slippers

Ladies' one-strap Slippers, with bow and buckle, hand turned, good house slipper.... For \$1.00

Children's Shoes

Children's heavy hand-turned sole shoes, in square or round toe, spring heel, 2½ up to 5½, plump kid stock, the best wearing child's shoe sold in America.\$1.00

Children's blue felt shoe and kid foxed, size 2 to 675c

Children's Slippers

Children's Felt Slippers, felt sole, 9 to 12..... 50c

MEN'S SHOES

Men's winter tan shoes in heavy waterproof soles, suitable for now, and worth a third more

Price \$3.50

FRED HOLBROOK
THE SHOE MAN.
27 North Main Street.