

UP STAIRS OF LIGHT

PASSING OF GIOVANNI CINTELLO,
BELLMAN OF MONTEREY.

LEGEND OF ANCIENT RUINS

Last of the Monks Gathered to His
Fathers in a Manner That Is
Weirdly Solemn and
Beautiful.

Far to the south of one of the great peaks of the southern range of the Rockies stands today the ruined pile of what was, in years long past, the famous monastery of Monterey.

It was originally founded by a band of 34 monks, who three centuries ago traversed what are now the Gulf States in search of a suitable place in which to worship.

Such a site they found in this land of the eternal sun and flowers. By means of trunks of trees and soft mud they succeeded in erecting a massive building that withstood the ravages of time long after the last of the band had passed away, many of whom perished in fruitless efforts to civilize and spiritually recreate the unnumbered hordes of savages that frequently camped in the neighborhood.

Monks Pass Away.

One by one, however, as the years rolled by, the members of the order died. The shuffling of sandaled feet upon the floor grew less and less.

The rich, made of once swelled the halls with noble chants were weakened by the dying away of numbers; and the voices of those, who, through the lapse of years, still survived, cracked and broke woefully.

Finally but two remained, Father Minovetti, and the bell ringer, Giovanni Cintello. Yet the services never ceased. At vesper, when at the close of day the mournful notes of the sad-toned bell rang out upon the still autumn air, the two brothers, now bent and gray with age, mingled their voices in chant as in long ago, the father intoning the services as formerly.

At last Father Minovetti, too, succumbed to his great age. Giovanni watched beside his bedside until the last spark of life had fled, then in a huge, arched box, made of split logs, and with a similar slab for a headstone, he laid him away silently and tearfully among the others in the little plot at the rear of the chapel.

Only One Remained.

There was now no one left but Giovanni. Wearily he gathered up his well worn spade, and leaning upon its arm let his gaze linger far away, where the whitened peaks of the ridge shifted from purple to gold in the fast fading light of the summer sun.

Gazed to where, at the foot of the hills, the mists at the edge of the wood appeared like wraiths of the departed spirits of the mountains.

Giovanni had always loved to stand in this hallowed spot, amid the low rustling of the evergreen trees, and let his mind fly away to the city of Florence—that hallowed city of Italian art—and there let it rest at the gate that led to a little vine-covered cottage.

Here, when the heart was young, he would sit in the twilight, just such a twilight as this he remembered, and twirl his hat foolishly, while he chatted gaily of the doings of the great noblemen on the top of the hill.

He was young, of course, and, he admitted, quite foolish, but then, why should La Belle—but why should he think of it at all, he asked himself. Surely his dotage was upon him; his loneliness was fast oppressing him.

Surveys the Crumbling Chapel.

He turned and surveyed the now crumbling chapel in which so many days of his arduous life had been expended. The rough hewn roof was now deep encrusted with a layer of green moss. Near the gable end the belfry stood out in the garish light stark and grim.

Close beside the door was the window from which the father, but a few brief days before had jested with him about his little garden patch, which for so long had been the object of his solicitude. Well, it was he that would go next; he wondered how long it would be.

Slowly, dragging his spade beside him, he entered the door of the monastery and closed it behind him. How lonely it seemed. He could barely bring himself to look over at the bed from which but an hour before he had carried to its last resting place all that remained of his superior.

Two by Two They Come.

Majestically down the corridor they came, two by two, the father superior at

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was all that remained between himself and almost certain madness. The bed was still in its tumbled state. Silently he pressed the covers neatly down, tucking them comfortably in as was his wont; it was the father's bed.

Drops to Dreamless Sleep.

Then he laid down upon the bare, sanded floor, and with a sigh, and an "Our Father" dying away upon his lips, he fell into a dreamless sleep.

How long he slept he knew not. When he awoke the chill night air possessed his bones, and he arose, as if to secure himself a blanket. But—"Mother of God! what was that?" He stood spellbound, speechless with terror.

His knees, like castanets, smote themselves one against the other. With wide staring eyes, he stood shivering as one with the palsy.

He had arisen, but upon the floor at his feet still reposed his own form!

As he stood there, scarce daring to breathe—knowing that he did not breathe, that he was dead—the moon which had reached its zenith, flooded the floor with a ghastly light.

Slowly he watched it creep toward his own form, silver the hair, and then, as with a halo, give to the features a supernatural beauty.

Heavily had he observed this, when he heard the faint far away strains of voices raised in chant, the chant that he knew so well, the chant that long years before the assembled order had sung in union, when the body was intact, at the dedication of the chapel.

Two by Two They Come.

Majestically down the corridor they came, two by two, the father superior at

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The garments are samples and some of the stock of the foremost wholesale tailors in the country. Such sales as this generally come two months later. We never had a chance before to offer such savings at the season's commencement. A hundred coats left with these eight as the most noteworthy styles.



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Another \$22.50 Jacket at \$13.95

A tan colored kersey garment, also in half fitting style; the revers, cuffs and bottom finished with cloth applique over stitched panne velvet, the edges finished with stitching, the lining of guaranteed satin. Price \$13.95

A \$20.00 Jacket at \$13.95

This coat is made from a handsome golden brown beaver cloth, is cut in semi-box style, has storm collar trimmed with inlaid velvet, side pockets, turn-back cuffs, satin lining and is finished up to the top notch of excellence. Price \$13.95

A \$30.00 Jacket at \$13.95

One of those dashing 27-inch hip seam jackets that are now so very fashionable. The material is an imported tan colored beaver cloth garment; has hip pockets and velvet collar and is lined with guaranteed satin. Price \$13.95

A \$25.00 Jacket at \$13.95

A full box coat and a beauty. The material is a very fine blue kersey, garment is made with yoke back and front, is trimmed most elaborately with black satin bands and ribbons; has patch pockets and novelty shape sleeves. Price \$13.95

A \$25.00 Eton at \$13.95

An extremely fine tan colored kersey jacket, with full storm collar of nutria beaver fur; garment cut in pouch style and belted in waist, with stitched cloth band; lining of guaranteed satin. Price \$13.95

A \$27.50 Eton at \$13.95

One of those very fine black boucle Etons, with immense storm collar of nutria beaver fur; cuffs and belt of stitched panne velvet, lining of best satin; really a handsome affair in every way. Price \$13.95

Another \$30.00 Jacket at \$13.95

A three-quarter length automobile of tan kersey, with full revers and collar of nutria beaver fur; garment made in yoke style; stitched in silk and lined with satin; a wonder for the money. Price \$13.95

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\$5 Children's and Misses' Golf Capes \$2.95

Heavy, warm winter golfs for girls of all ages; made of thick wool cloth in plaid and plain combinations; fringed hood, storm collar; many patterns; length 12 inches; value \$5.00 each. Price \$2.95

\$7.50 Ladies' Golf Capes \$4.35

These capes are made from all wool double-faced golfing, in black and white, in many brilliant color combinations; the length is 28 inches, yoke of contrasting material; storm collar; value \$15.00. Price \$4.35

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The very fine cashmere wrappers in French flannel designs; made with braided yoke and collar, flounce bottom and gathered back; the waist lined with muslin; garment full cut and worth \$1.25. Price 75c

\$3.00 Children's Winter Jackets \$1.39

A large number of winter coats in sizes 4 to 14 years; all made from wool cloths in plain colors and fancy weaves. Most of the coats have capes over the shoulders. Trimmings are neat and appropriate. Too many styles to permit a detailed description of the different kinds. Enough to state that the values reach the \$3.00 mark, and all are priced at \$1.39

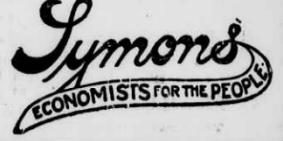
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The heavy cotton elderdown underskirts in plaid and stripe designs with 6-inch quilted sateen band around the bottom; full cut; sold regularly at 75c. Price 39c



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Scrofula



Scrofula is an unwelcome legacy, but one which the children of blood poisoned parentage must accept, with all its humiliating consequences. It is an inheritance that makes one poorer; that brings wretchedness and disease instead of health and riches, for the child whose ancestral blood is tainted with Scrofula or the loathsome virus of Contagious Blood Poison is unfitted for the arduous duties of life so long as any of the transmitted poison remains in its veins. Scrofula manifests itself in various forms; swollen glands about the neck and throat, catarrh of the head, weak eyes, hip bone disease, white swelling and offensive sores and abscesses are familiar symptoms, attended usually with loss of strength, poor digestion and pale or bloodless complexion. The skin is sometimes most dreadfully affected, eruptions breaking out on all parts of the body. Scrofula destroys bone, tissue and flesh; no part of the human system escapes its withering, benumbing touch. Parents whose blood is poisoned by their own misdeeds, or who themselves may be suffering for the sins of some remote ancestor, must restore their own blood to its normal purity and strength, or they cannot expect healthy, robust children. S. S. S. cures Scrofula, like other diseases of a deep-seated, constitutional character, by restoring life and purity to the profoundly poisoned blood, and the rich, strong blood that is carried to the swollen and diseased glands absorbs and destroys the tuberculous deposits, and the painful, disfiguring sores and other evidences of Scrofula disappear.

S. S. S. should be begun immediately upon the appearance of the first symptoms, or where there is a known predisposition to Scrofula. Our medical department will be found of great help to those who are struggling with this wasting disease of heredity or any other blood trouble, and we invite you to write us. Should you or any member of your family need advice, our physicians will cheerfully give the information you desire, for which we make no charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

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their head, wending their way out toward the window, through which streamed the soft, mellow light of the moon.

As he made note of the direction of their progress, he noticed also, to his astonishment, that the beams, instead of falling in a direct oblique line as before, now assumed the appearance of stairs, which started at the head of the corpse, and led up through the window far into the night, until lost in the maze of stars overhead.

The professional had now reached the spot where his body lay, and as each one passed he stooped and pressed a kiss upon the hair of the dead form at his feet, then ascended the stairs, whither the father had preceded them.

As the last one passed, Giovanni also stooped, pressed his lips to his own cold features, fell into his accustomed place at the end, and slowly passed up the stairs—up the moon beams of Monterey.

FEARED THE BILL WAS BAD.

Italian Storekeeper Worried Over One of the New One Dollar Certificates.

Owing to the fact that the new \$1 bills, issued by the government some time ago, are quite different from the old issues, and are not sufficiently numerous in Butte to be passed without attracting considerable attention, there was all kinds of trouble in a store in Park street last evening.

The proprietor of the store is an Italian, to whom American money has always been more or less of a mystery, and when the new bill was handed to him to pay for a 10-cent purchase he looked at it long and earnestly before accepting it.

After the customer had received his 90 cents change, and had proceeded up street for possibly half a block, a sudden fear seized the black-haired son of Italy, and, pulling the bill from his pocket, he made a dash for the door, calling for the police, the fire department, all the saints in his calendar, and almost everything else under the sun.

"Stopa da man!" he shouted, endeavoring to attract the attention of a policeman on the next corner. "Da nan, he passa da bada bill ona me," howled the excited storekeeper, as he tore his hair and bewailed his hard luck.

"He cheats me, and I bella him, so—" and the Italian made a thrust with his right arm, as if he would run a knife through the internal economy of his recent customer.

The patrolman stopped the man the Italian was chasing, and held him until the latter came up.

"He give me da bada bill," shrieked the Italian, dancing around in his rage. "Looks at da queer mon," and he held out to the patrolman the supposed counterfeit bill.

Taking the money, the officer looked it over carefully, and then remarked, with a world of scorn in his voice:

"Say, you dago, why don't you learn something before you make a scene on the street? This bill is just as good as gold, and if I were the man who gave it to you, and whom you have accused of being a swindler, I'd sue you for all

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kinds of damages. You better get back to your store, and hire a small American boy to take care of you."

The Italian endeavored to apologize to the man who had given him the bill, with many a wave of his grimy hands and several tosses of his brown head.

The customer was not disposed to be ugly over the matter, and finally agreed to call the matter square, if the Italian would set up the cigars all around.

This the latter did, and another international squabble was at an end.

Such Madness.

They were "sitting out" the first dance of the first ball of the season. Miss Luviwun sighed silently by, waiting most gracefully.

"Oh, Algy," said the girl, "don't you think Miss Luviwun quite the nicest girl in the room?"

"Why, yes, May, darling; if you think so."

"And her eyes—aren't they just delightful?"

"Perfectly, pet!" Algy agreed. "And hasn't she the prettiest mouth and the sweetest face imaginable?"

"Simply charming!" quoth Algy. "And don't you think she's awfully clever, too? Knows French, and—Boo-so-oh, oo!"

Poor Algy's face went ghastly white. "Why, darling," he exclaimed, "what-ever's the matter? Are you ill? Shall I—"

"Oh-oh!" sobbed May. "I thought you loved me—you loved me best, Algy!"

"So I do, darling!"

"W-w-well, how can you ta-ak so-o about that ugly, vulgar Luviwun girl?"

Another Outrage.

"Senator," she asked, "have you ever been caricatured in the papers?"

"No," replied the gentleman, who has represented his state since away back in the '60s, "the confounded artists always insist on picturing my face just as it is."

As Usual.

"Ah, well!" she sighed, laying away the book, "the romance is ended. They've got married."

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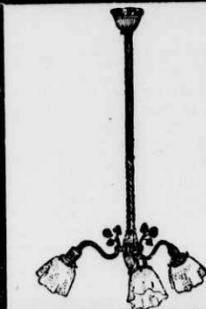
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