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**Open Evenings Till Christmas**

**IN A BEAR'S DEN**

**BUTTE MAN TELLS OF AN EXPERIENCE OF BOYHOOD.**  
**NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH**

**Goes Hunting with a Friend, and is Later Rescued From Danger by His Father and the Neighbors.**

How would you like to spend Christmas day in a bear's winter retreat, with a wounded bear as your jailer?  
The question was asked by a Butte man yesterday, while talking with a party of friends. As no one replied, he continued:  
"That is where I spent the time-honored holiday several years ago, when a resident of a small country town in Wisconsin. I was a boy of tender years at the time, but the memory of that day will never be effaced from my mind, even though I live long enough to have grandchildren gather around me in the cheery light of an open fire on some Christmas day yet to come and beg for 'Just one story.'  
"Thirty years ago, Wisconsin—or rather several portions of it—was not so thickly settled as it is at the present time and wild animals of all kinds were numerous. This was particularly true as regards bears. Although there are many of the animals in the northern part of the state at the present time, 30 years ago they were more than numerous and they greatly annoyed the settlers by killing and carrying away young pigs, and now and then a calf, or, perchance, a small cow.

**Bears Very Troublesome.**  
One fall the bears had been very troublesome in the vicinity of the town; nearly every resident there about had sustained more or less loss, which was very hard for the settlement, as the people were poor and depended largely on their farm animals to help carry them through the winter.

At the suggestion of the selectmen of the township a meeting was held and it was decided to inaugurate a hunt, the idea being to round up as many of the bears as possible and exterminate them. All arrangements were made for the hunt, which was to take place on a Sunday, but something happened the preceding night which knocked all the arrangements into a cocked hat and threw the entire settlement into spasms of excitement.

On Friday night, while every one in the little village was wrapped in slumber, a bear, probably the oldest and meanest fellow in the whole state, broke into Job Ruggles' pig pen and did all sorts of things.

**Neighbors to the Rescue.**  
The neighborhood was awakened by the commotion. Half a dozen or more men ran out of their houses, each one carrying a gun or a club.

As the crowd approached the pen where the porkers were confined, the bear made a rush, caught one of the pigs, threw him over his shoulder as easily as a full-grown man would shoulder a sack of flour, and with a growl climbed through the hole he had broken and disappeared in the darkness.

Shot after shot was sent after the four-footed thief, but none of the bullets touched him, apparently, as he continued on his way at a rapid gallop which soon put him beyond the reach of the excited farmers.  
Bright and early Saturday morning all the men of the settlement who could leave their work started on the trail of the bear, I accompanying my big brother on the expedition.

The trail was followed for many a weary mile, through the heavy timber and over the cleared places, but finally all trace of the animal was lost, just after the hunters had come to the partially devoured carcass of the hog.

**The Bear Vanishes.**  
The bear seemed to have vanished in air—absolutely no trace of him could be found—and so, after a long search, the hunters were forced to return to their homes. For some reason the hunt scheduled for Sunday was called off, and the matter was dropped for the time being.

Just before Christmas, while out hunting rabbits with a friend, I came to a big tree in the woods which had evidently been overturned by the wind during the previous summer. The roots, in tearing away from the ground, had pulled a large quantity of the soil with

them, leaving a great hole reaching far back into the earth.  
This hole had been enlarged by some animal and now formed, as I afterwards found out, the winter retreat of a bear. Boylike, I began to investigate the place, thinking that perhaps a rabbit had run in there, and that by a little work I might get him out. I had never killed a rabbit and was, of course, all the more eager on this account.

**Dragged Into the Den.**  
Suddenly a hoarse growl sounded in my ears, and I was seized and dragged deep into the hole. Far back my captor carried me, until it seemed as if I were a mile from the outside world. At first I did not realize that a bear had me, being almost too badly scared to think of anything.

When I awoke to a realization of my position—in a cave with a bear, that was probably very hungry after a long fast, and very angry after having his winter slumber disturbed—I almost lost my senses.  
Little by little I regained my coolness, as the animal manifested no disposition to do me harm, and in half an hour, as near as I could judge, I was as calm as before starting out on my hunting trip in the morning.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the cave I saw that I was in the winter quarters of a bear, and a big fellow he was, too. One of his paws was broken, and it gradually dawned upon me that he was the same fellow who had robbed Ruggles' pig pen and had been shot by the farmers.

**Small Boy a Curiosity.**  
Instead of making a meal of me, the bear seemed to regard me as some sort of a curiosity. He ran his cold nose up and down my face a dozen times, and his coarse, hot tongue sent cold shivers chasing down my spine as he licked my face.

The night came and passed in this manner, and still bruin manifested no disposition to eat me. He was hardly fully awake yet, I thought, and I wondered what he would do when all his senses became active.  
In the early morning the animal became sleepy again, and, throwing one of his enormous fore paws over me, dragged me down by his side. His regular breathing indicated that he was asleep, but I soon found, on making a slight movement in an endeavor to get away from grasp of his paws, that he was very wide awake.

At the first motion on my part he opened his small red eyes and leered in a manner not at all comforting to me, and which made me wish I was safe at home with my mother.

**Loses His Courage.**  
As I thought of my parents and my brothers and sisters I lost courage; tears rolled down my face in streams and I sobbed as if my little heart were about to break.

Hour after hour passed away and still the old bear kept close watch upon me. Try as I would, I could not keep warm, and although the den was as comfortable and warm as our cosy sitting room at home, I shook and shivered as if with the ague.

At last, well toward evening, I heard shouting in the distance. The men were evidently coming nearer and nearer, for the shouting and calling grew louder and louder, and soon I heard my name spoken.

The bear also heard the noise made by the searchers, and, raising his head, looked inquiringly at the entrance to the den and then down into my face.

Had I not been so badly frightened I could have laughed at the comical appearance of the old fellow, as he put his head on one side and cocked his ears forward in a knowing way.

**Odor of Burning Sugar.**  
Soon the odor of burning sugar reached my nostrils—the searching party had decided that I was in the bear's den and had determined to bring the animal out by appealing to his appetite, for it is well known that the smell of burning sugar will almost bring a bear back from his grave, so fond is the clumsy animal of the saccharine substance.

As the odor became more pungent the bear grew uneasy and seemed to hesitate between eating me and going out to investigate. This hesitation proved his ruin.

He slowly shook his great head from side to side for a moment, smacked his lips as if already enjoying the sugar which he smelled, and then, leaving me, started for the entrance.

He had not been gone more than a minute before the sharp crack of a heavy rifle rang out, and then followed a terrifying scrambling at the mouth of the den.

In the dim light I could see the bear, blood pouring in streams from a ragged hole in his neck, where the big bullet from the old smoothbore rifle struck him.

**Rapidly Growing Weak.**  
Bruin made a desperate effort to reach me, but he was rapidly growing weak from the loss of blood, and as he approached he staggered and swayed like a drunken man.

When within a few feet of me he gathered himself for a last desperate effort, and I felt that my hour had come.  
The maddened animal clasped me in his arms and was just beginning to exert his great strength in an endeavor to crush me, when his growling ceased, his arms relaxed and his head fell to one side.

Then, like a wet cloth, the huge brute sank back a lifeless mass, the bullet in his neck having done its work.

Instead of fainting, as I really had a right to do, or falling upon my knees and thanking God for my escape, as little boys in Sunday school books always do after being delivered from some great danger, I scrambled over the body of the bear and, as I was, soon clasped in the arms of my father.

**Shot by the Father.**  
"Twas he who had shot the animal when it appeared at the mouth of the den in search of the burning sugar he had smelled.

It was more than an hour's work to drag the carcass of the bear from the cave, and the task was only accomplished after the expenditure of considerable muscular energy, for the old fellow weighed when we got him home a trifle over 860 pounds.

**Pleasing Play at the Family.**  
"The Jefferson Farm," as presented at the Family theater last evening by a repertoire company, was well presented and pleased a large audience. The various characters were well sustained, and nearly every actor and actress made a decided hit. The company will be here all the week.

**MEETING GOES OVER**

**BUSINESS MEN ADJOURN UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.**

**RAILROAD MATTER POSTPONED**

Discussion About Consolidation to Come Up Later—Mining Congress Subscriptions Are to Be Continued.

There will be no meeting of the Business Men's association this evening, and no more meetings of the organization will be held until after the holidays.  
The discussion of the move against allowing the railroads to consolidate was to have been a special order for the meeting tonight, and further reports were expected on the Mining congress fund, but Saturday it was decided to postpone the meeting until after the holidays.

"The men who are interested in the matters which are coming up before the association are going to be very busy now until after the holidays," said a member of the association this morning.

**Going to Be Busy.**  
"On that account it was thought best to postpone the meeting. The stores will be open later than this time on, and because of that it would be difficult to get a very large attendance at any meeting of the association that might be held."  
"The business men have at least accomplished one important thing," said another member of the association. "They made the coming of the mining congress an assured thing before they adjourned for the holidays."  
**Will Be Kept Up.**

"There is no doubt but that the work of taking subscriptions for the congress will be kept up, and that all the money needed for the meeting of the body here next year will be forthcoming soon after the meetings of the association are resumed after the holidays.

"The main thing was to get the money that would allow the business men to keep their pledge that was made when the congress was asked to meet here next year. That amount of money has been pledged, and we can adjourn for the holidays with good grace."

**HOTEL ARRIVALS.**

At the Butte—Tom McTague, Deer Lodge; J. V. Prosser, St. Paul; P. Sternfeld, New York; L. A. Wells, Oxnard; H. A. Gray, St. Paul; F. W. Agatz, Helena; F. W. Morphy, Denver; S. Horner, St. Louis; H. G. Pomeroy, Portland, Ore.; D. H. Harrington, British Columbia; W. M. Dressler, Chicago; A. D. Snyder, Fargo; Mrs. A. J. Godske, Billings; James Breen and J. E. Ross, Spokane.  
At the Thornton—H. G. Carhart, New York; A. A. Needham and wife, Whitehall; Thomas D. Long, Helena; Fred Ward, Miss Ashton, New York; H. W. Croll, Salt Lake; Mrs. R. Campbell, Anaconda; M. W. Richardson, Helena; W. F. Murphy, the Pony company; F. F. Stegmeyer, E. G. Van San, Telluride, Colo.; L. R. Trunk, Anaconda; A. Cane, New York; F. B. Varter, Omaha; Joseph Cross, New York; J. D. Morrow, Great Falls; John Berkin and wife, Boulder; D. E. Swinehart, Helena.

At the Finlen—R. M. Stuart, Chicago; C. R. Prescott, Missoula; D. Selpl, Meadville, Pa.; J. J. Woods, A. B. Thompson, Big Timber; D. McAuliffe, Chicago; M. D. McNamee, Grand Forks; A. Audiffred, Laurier; Mrs. M. T. Nielsenhofen, Miss Talbot, Columbia Falls; M. C. Whyte, Anaconda; C. R. Davis, Chicago; Annie L. Harwood, Dillon; Robert S. Whitehead, Seattle; J. W. Bailey Jr., Helena; H. Thompson, Great Falls; Miss Edith Yerrington, Miss Ida Hawley, E. D. Selbman, New York; George R. French, Chicago; Surgeon E. F. Gibson, Joseph E. Janda, United States army; Frank Cline, Deer Lodge; E. L. Parker, Fort Shaw; L. E. Gansey, J. G. Lobb, Indianapolis; Mrs. Heckart, San Diego, Cal.; William Muth, Helena; L. C. Davis, St. Paul; J. Silversmith, Kansas City; Dr. Capital, J. L. Meyers, New York; S. D. Horton, Chicago; B. Snow, Plattsburg, N. Y.; C. H. Wood, Frank Long, Pony; H. L. Klock, Anaconda; F. B. Palmer, H. Watson, Omaha; O. Y. Warren and wife, Warm Springs; E. C. Van Assum, Boston, Mass.; Henry Grant, James Hartford, Garnet; M. D. McNamee, Helena; H. Thompson, Great Falls; E. B. Mendelhall, Mexico; W. G. Smith, Chicago; J. D. Lobb, Salem; Dr. E. Dodd, city; Dr. M. D. Moller, Pittsburg; C. M. Mills, Chicago; C. B. Porter, Denver; F. A. Lyman, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; W. Bowers, St. Paul; Mrs. W. H. Bull, St. Albans, Vt.; W. A. Clark, Virginia City; C. Thurston, Hamilton, Ont.; A. W. Douglas, St. Paul; T. C. Taylor, Washington, D. C.; F. E. Elans, Denver.

**BEST OF THE SEASON.**

The "Burgomaster" Draws a Large Audience at Sutton's Theater.

Better attractions than "The Burgomaster" may have been brought to Butte in the past, but none was ever given a more royal welcome than the play presented at Sutton's new theater last evening.

The company is an excellent one, and contains no end of pretty girls and graceful men. The music, too, is tasty and catchy, especially such airs as "The Tale of a Kangaroo," "Keep Cool," "Dear Old College Days," etc. The performance was a revelation to the audience, and applause was hearty and frequent.

Herbert Cawthorne, as the burgomaster, was excruciatingly funny, and kept the audience in continual laughter. He was ably assisted by Edward J. Sandford, George H. Broderick, Harry De Lorme, Andrew J. Lynam, Misses Edith Yerrington, Ida Hawley, Lillian Austin, Sadie Stockton, Madeline Winthrop and others.

All in all "The Burgomaster" is a pleasing entertainment, full of good things of all kinds, and deserves crowded houses during its entire engagement. The last performance will be given Wednesday night.

**At the Live Stock Show.**  
"You needn't get stuck on yourself just because all these people are looking at you," said the fat pig to the razorback. "You're here simply as a curiosity."  
"That's all right," returned the razorback. "After the show's over I'll go back home and fatten up, and you'll stay here and be cut up."

**Immense Slipper Stock**

**An Under-Priced Slipper Sale**  
...OF...

**Men's Comfortable House Footwear**

Nothing so acceptable as a good, practical shoe for the home. It rests tired feet, and makes the evening a great source of pleasure and comfort, after the strenuous hours of the day.

**Men's Brown Allegator Slippers \$1.00**



- Men's black kid Slippers, good oak soles, under-priced at..... \$1.25
- Men's fine black or tan Everett Slippers, hand sewed soles..... \$1.50
- Men's extra fine high-grade kid Slippers, in opera or Everett, hand-turned soles, under-valued at..... \$2.00
- Boys' Dancing Oxfords..... \$1.50
- Boys' Kid Slippers, tan kid..... \$1.25
- Boys' velvet or brown allegator Slippers..... 75c
- Ladies' one-strap kid Slippers..... \$1.00
- Ladies' one-strap, bow, fine kid Slippers..... \$1.50
- Ladies' Golf Leggings, the 75c grade; to close out about 25 pairs..... 10c
- Ladies' easy House Slippers..... 50c

**FRED HOLBROOK**  
The Shoe Man 27 N. Main St.

**Diamonds and Watches**

The New Store's New Stock

Diamonds will be the fashionable gifts this festive season if our business in them can be a criterion. We have sold many diamonds and some of them are very handsome stones. We have a beautiful assortment of the richest gems of the first water, which we bought for spot cash, so we can positively guarantee the highest possible values.

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- Diamond Rings \$6.00 and upwards
- Diamond Earrings \$20.00 to \$500.00
- Jeweled Rings, at all prices
- Sunbursts, Pendants, Brooches, all new

**Fine Watches...**

Our New Stock contains a fine assortment of the world's leading styles, all at moderate prices.

- Ladies' Gold Watches, Swiss movements, from \$15.00 up to \$300.00 each
- Ladies' Gold Filled Watches, Waltham and Elgin movements, \$12.00 to \$35.00 each
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- Men's Gold Filled Watches, best movements, from \$10.00 to \$45.00 each

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