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We have here the most elaborate display of Silverware that you can find in the city. Here are only a few of the many articles to be seen:

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- Tureens
- Trays
- Spoons
- Dessert Sets
- Tea and Coffee Sets
- Water Pitchers
- Knives and Forks
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We are also displaying Hand-Painted China, the work of the leading artists. Souvenirs of Globe in Sterling Silver, Copper and China.

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For house dresses go to Old Dominion, and that's what nearly every woman does, because we surely have a splendid lot to choose from. They come in the New Henriettas, Cashmere, etc.

**OLD DOMINION COMMERCIAL CO.**

# Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Author of "Hearts Courageous," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued).

As he did not answer, she faced him with crimson cheeks; then, reading his look, she suddenly threw her arms about his neck.

"Hugh," she cried, "we belong to each other now! There is no one else to consider, is there? I want to be to you what I haven't been—to bear things with you and help you!"

He kissed her eyes and hair. "You have helped, you do help me, Jessica!" he urged. "But I am jealous for your love. It must not be offended. The town of Smoky Mountain must not sneer—and it would sneer now."

"Let it!" she exclaimed resentfully. "As if I would care!"

"But I would care," he said softly. "I want to climb a little higher first."

She was silent a moment, her fingers twisting the fallen leaves. "You don't want them to know that I am your wife?"

"Not yet—till I can see my way."

She nodded and smiled, and the cloud lifted from her face. "You must know best," she said. "This is what I shall do, then. I shall leave the sanitarium tomorrow. The people there are nothing to me, but the town of Smoky Mountain is yours, and I must be a part of it too. I am going to the Mountain Valley House. Mrs. Halloran will take care of me."

She sprang to her feet as she added, "I shall go to see her about it now."

He rose and walked with her through the bracken to the road. They came out to the driveway just below the trail that led to the Knob. The bank was high, and, leaning first, he held up his arms to her and lifted her lightly down. In the instant as she lay in his arms he bent and kissed her on the lips.

Neither noted two figures walking together that at that moment rounded the bend of the road a little way above. They were Tom Felder and Dr. Brent. Both men saw the kiss and instinctively drew back. The doctor noted now the telltale flush on his companion's face.

"We have surprised a romance," he said as the two unconscious figures disappeared down the curving stretch. "Who is the man?"

"He is the one we have been talking about."

Felder nodded. "His cabin is just below here on the hillside."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the doctor. "What an infernal pity! What's his name?"

"Hugh Stires."

"Stires?" the other repeated. "Stires? How odd!" He stood a moment, tapping his suit case with his stick. Suddenly he took the lawyer's arm and led him into the sidepath.

"Come," he said, "I want to show you something."

He led the way quickly to the Knob, where he stopped, as much astonished as his companion, for he had known nothing of the statue. They read the words chiseled on its base. "The prodigal son," said Felder.

"Now look at the name on the headstone," said the physician.

Felder's glance lifted from the stone to peer through the screening bushes to the cabin on the shelf below and returned to the other's face with quick comprehension. "You think?"

"Who could doubt it? I will arise and go unto my father." The old man's whim to be buried here had a meaning, after all. The statue is Miss Holme's work—nobody in Smoky Mountain could do it—and I've seen her modeling in clay at the sanitarium. What we saw just now is the key to what might have been a pretty riddle if we had ever looked farther than our noses. It's a case of a clever rascal and damnable propinquity. The ward has fallen in love with the black sheep."

At any hour yesterday, hard as the telling must have been, he could have told her. Last night the hour passed. How could he tell her now? Yet she was the real Hugh's wife by law and right. He himself could not marry her. If God would but turn back the universe and give him yesterday!

His feet dragging as though from cold, he climbed the mountain road. As he walked he took from his pocket the little gold cross, and his fingers, numb with misery, tied it to his thigh watch guard. It had been only a bauble, a pocket piece acquired he knew not when or how. Now he knew it for the badge of his calling. He remembered now that, pressed a certain way, it would open, and engraved inside were his name and the date of his ordination.

He might shut the cabin door, but he could not forbid the torturer that came with him across the threshold. He might throw himself upon his knees and bury his face in the rough skin of the couch, but he could not shut out words that beat in golden lettered flashes across his throbbing eyeballs. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

So he crouched, a man under whose feet life had crashed, leaving him pinned beneath the wreck to watch the fire that must creep nearer and nearer.

Curiosity held Jessica until the evangelist closed his melodeon preparatory to a descent upon the dance hall. Then, thinking of the growing dark with some trepidation, she started toward the mountain.

Ahead of her a muffled puff-puff sound, and the dark bulk of an automobile was moving slowly in the same direction, and she quickened her pace, glad of this quasi company.

one street preacher now held forth. He stood alone, unnoted, a little distance away near the courthouse steps, where by reason of the crowd Jessica could see neither him nor the dog, which sniffed at the heels of the circle of bystanders as if to inquire casually of salvation.

Numbers were swelling now, and the street preacher, shaking back his long hair, drew a premonitory, wavering chord from his melodeon and struck up a gospel song. The song ended, he mounted his camp stool to propound his usual fiery text.

The watcher by the steps was gazing with a strange, alert intentness. Something in the scene held him enthralled. Hallelujah Jones knew the melodramatic value of contrast. As his mood called he passed abruptly from exhortation to song, from prayer to fulmination, and he embellished his baroque with anecdotes drawn from his lifelong campaign against the arch enemy of souls.

Of what he had said the solitary observer had been quite unconscious. It was the ensemble—the repetition of something experienced somewhere before—that appealed to him. Suddenly, however, a chance phrase pierced to his understanding.

Another moment and he was leaning forward, his eyes fixed, his breath straining at his breast. For each word of the speaker now was knocking a sledge hammer blow upon the blank wall in his brain. Hallelujah Jones had launched into the recital of a story which, though the stern charge of a bishop had kept him silent as to name and locality, yet, possessing the vividness of an actual experience, had lost little in the telling. It was the tale of an evening when he had peered through the tilted window of a chapel and seen its dissolute rector gambling on the table of the Lord.

The words shrieked themselves through Harry's brain. Harry Sanderson, not Hugh Stires! Not an outcast! Not a criminal, thief and forger! The curtain was rent. The dead wall in his brain was down, and the real past swept over him in an ungodly flood. Hallelujah Jones had furnished the clew to the maze. His story was the last great wave, which had crumpled all at once the cliff of oblivion that the normal process of the recovered mind had been stealthily undermining. Harry Sanderson at last knew his past and all of puzzlement and distress that it had held.

Shaking in every limb and feeling all along the courthouse wall like a drunk man, he made his way to the further deserted street. A passerby would have shrunk at sight of his face and his burning eyes.

For these months he, the Rev. Henry Sanderson, disgraced, had suffered eclipse, had been stunk out of sight and touch and hearing like a stone in a pool. For these months—through an accidental facial resemblance and a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances—he had owned the name and ignominy of Hugh Stires. And Jessica? Deceived no less than he, dating her piteous error from that mistaken moment when she had torn the bandage from her eyes on her wedding day, she had never seen the real Hugh in Smoky Mountain. She must learn the truth. Yet how to tell her? How could he tell her all?

At any hour yesterday, hard as the telling must have been, he could have told her. Last night the hour passed. How could he tell her now? Yet she was the real Hugh's wife by law and right. He himself could not marry her. If God would but turn back the universe and give him yesterday!

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(To be Continued.)

The Largest and the Best Selected High-Grade Furnishings in Globe at Lantin's

**Consumption Statistics**  
Prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

**Her Heart Was Broken**  
Because her complexion was bad and she could find nothing to clear it up. Ladies: a bad complexion is caused by an inactive liver. An inactive liver will be put in perfect condition by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. The unequalled liver regulator. Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

**A Hair's Breadth Escape**  
Do you know that every time you have a cough or cold and let it run on thinking it will just cure itself you are inviting pneumonia, consumption or some other pulmonary trouble! Don't risk it. Put your lungs back in perfect health and stop that cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup.  
Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

**Sick Headache.**  
This distressing disease results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Get a free sample at all druggists and try it.

**LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF GILA, TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.**

In the Matter of the Estate of Pasquale Negro, Deceased—Notice of Hearing. Notice is hereby given that Wade Setel, the Administrator of the Estate of Pasquale Negro, deceased, has filed in this court a petition praying for an order to enter into an Optional Bond for the sale of certain Mining Claims belonging to said estate, to-wit: The Epley, Holmes, Holmes No. 1, Holmes No. 2, Holmes No. 3, Holmes No. 4, Holmes No. 5 and The Lotus, Lotus No. 1, Lotus No. 2 and Lotus No. 3, and that the same will be heard on Friday the 6th day of November, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said court, in said County of Gila, Territory of Arizona, and all persons interested in said estate are notified then and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said Order should not be granted.  
Dated October 26, 1908.  
P. C. ROBERTSON, Clerk.

First publication October 27.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS**

The trustees of School District No. One, Gila County, Arizona, hereby advertise for bids for the erection of a one-room frame addition to the school building known as the Ball Ground School house. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling upon S. F. Sullenberger, Clerk of the Board, who will also receive the bids.

The successful bidder to enter into a bond in sum of Five Hundred Dollars, within five days after notice of the acceptance of his bid.

Bids will open Tuesday, November 10, 1908, at 5 p. m., and the board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.  
S. F. SULLENBERGER, Clerk School Dist. No. 1.

**NOTICE.**

The Board of Trustees of School District No. One (1), County of Gila, and Territory of Arizona, hereby call an election for the purpose of submitting to the tax payers of said School District the proposition to issue and sell bonds of said School District, for the purpose of building an additional school building, principally for use of the High School, and for purchasing the necessary lots, furniture, apparatus, etc., for said building, and to further improve the buildings now in use.

Said election is hereby called to be held at the Central School building, of said School District No. One (1) in Globe, Arizona, on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1908.

James Wiley, W. H. Woodson and G. M. Allison are hereby appointed and designated as judges to conduct said election.

The polls shall be open from 10 a. m. until 5 p. m.

The amount of Bonds proposed to be issued being a total of Fifty Thousand Dollars, (\$50,000.00) to bear interest at the rate of 5½ per cent per annum, to be in denominations of One Thousand Dollars each, and to run as follows:

- 12 Bonds of \$1,000.00 each, to run five years.....\$12,000.00
  - 12 Bonds of \$1,000.00 each, to run ten years.....\$12,000.00
  - 13 Bonds of \$1,000.00 each, to run fifteen years.....\$13,000.00
  - 13 Bonds of \$1,000.00 each, to run twenty years.....\$13,000.00
- S. F. SULLENBERGER, J. S. MILES, L. E. WIGHTMAN, Trustees School District No. 1. First publication November 3, 1908.

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make a fire necessary. How is your supply of coal? We are receiving big shipments of

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are to be had at this market all the time. Don't experiment --- GO WHERE YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING THE BEST. We handle only prime stock and the very best that money can buy. That's the reason for the popularity of the Pioneer Market. When you buy here you buy the best.

**Pioneer Meat Market**  
PHONE 351 M. C. BONNE, Supt.

## FAMOUS INDIAN HOT SPRINGS

A noted resort for health and pleasure. Rate, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Twenty minutes ride from Hot Springs town, Graham county, Arizona. These wonderful waters are recommended to cure rheumatism, gout, dropsy, liver, kidney and stomach troubles, blood disorders and women's ailments. Beautiful lawns and shade trees; large plunge and swimming pool; also fish lake and boating, lawn tennis and croquet and swings. Try our wonderful mud and mineral baths. If you are sick, get well. If well, get pleasure and rest.  
Excursion tickets to Ft. Thomas and Indian Hot Springs, Saturday and Sunday, return Monday. Round trip, \$3.15.  
**Alexander Brothers** Postoffice, Fort Thomas, Arizona.

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160 acres good farm land, with abundance of water, four miles northwest of Globe, suitable for orchards, truck farming, grazing, etc., close to the great Miami Copper mine.

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Time Table—Gibson, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leave Globe 8 a. m.; arrive Gibson 12 Noon.

Leave Gibson 2 p. m.; arrive Globe 6 p. m.

Time Table—Miami Copper Co. Line—Daily. Leave Globe 8 a. m.; arrive Miami 9:30 a. m. Leave Miami 4:45 p. m.; arrive Globe 6 p. m.

Phone 481 W. P. KELSEY, Proprietor Globe, Ariz.

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