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Mountain View HOUSE We would be pleased to see our old patrons. Good table, home cooking. Mr. & Mrs. E. L. Edmonson	The Family Restaurant GLOBE'S NEW EATING HOUSE Lunch Served 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Dinner Served 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Short Orders served at all hours. Open 6 a. m. to 8 p. m.	Los Angeles Cafe 552 N. BROAD Good Meals Best Service Seasonable Delicacies Private Rooms for Ladies HONG LOEY, Prop.
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De Lacy House 391 N. Broad Nicely Furnished Rooms Over Roosevelt Stage Office DeLacy, Prop.	MIAMI STAGE LINE—J. L. SPOON, Prop. Stage leaves from Shute's Livery Stable Time schedule: Leave Globe daily at 8:15 a. m. Leave Globe daily at 2:15 p. m. Leave Miami daily at 10:15 a. m. Leave Miami daily at 4:45 p. m. Telephone Numbers: Globe, 731; Miami, 1553.	Lunch Counter Clean, Ready, Convenient Next Door to Cooney Island W. H. MAHER, Prop.
PLANTS CUT FLOWERS FUNERAL DESIGNS Cor. Cottonwood & High Sts.	LODGE DIRECTORY KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Knights of Pythias, Pinal Mt. Lodge No. 11—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. L. E. Wightman, C. C.; J. G. Russell, K. of R. and S. PYTHIAN SISTERS Monroe Temple, No. 4—Meets first and third Mondays at Odd Fellows hall. Janie Wightman, M. E. C.; Lillian Russell, Secretary. ODD FELLOWS Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Gila Encampment No. 3—Meets second and fourth Fridays, Odd Fellows hall. John Mitchell, chief patriarch; C. A. Wind, scribe. Rescue Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday, Odd Fellows hall. A. H. Hargrave, noble grand; H. C. Houser, financial secretary. Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., Sultana Lodge No. 5—Meets second and fourth Mondays, Odd Fellows hall. Miss Emma Lange, N. G.; Mrs. May Plunkett, secretary. ELKS Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Globe Lodge No. 489—Meets first and third Fridays, Odd Fellows hall. Harry Rupkey, E. R.; J. G. Oldfield, secretary. KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS Knights of Columbus, Globe Council No. 1158—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Miners' Union hall. Albert A. Altwies, G. K.; William Burke, financial secretary. EAGLES Fraternal Order of Eagles, Globe Aerie No. 191—Meets second and fourth Fridays, Miners' Union hall, 7:30 p. m. M. Lyons, Worthy President; S. R. Lowthian, secretary. REDMEN Improved Order of Redmen, Tonto Tribe No. 13—Meets Saturday night of each week at 7:30 o'clock, Miners' Union hall. C. D. Koyle, sachem; G. H. Abel, C. of R. MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA Modern Woodmen of America Globe Camp No. 12019—Meets second and fourth Thursdays, 7:30 p. m., Miners' Union hall. W. A. Smith, consul; J. E. Barrett, camp clerk. ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN Globe Lodge No. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets at Miners' Union hall first and third Thursday each month. W. T. Penrose, M. W.; L. N. Marx, Recorder; F. L. Gates, Financier.	
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CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)

"We've just fixed it so you can't," grinned Runtion cunningly. "No man can hold more than one claim on a creek. You voted for that yourself."

Too late Gale saw the trick by which Stark had used him to rob his own daughter.

"No Creek" Lee had the name of a man slow in speech and action and one who roused himself to anger deliberately, much as a serpent stings itself into a painful fury, but now it was apparent that he was boiling over, for he stammered and halted and blustered explosively:

"You're a bunch of rascals, all of you, tryin' to down a pore girl and get her ground. But who put you wise to this thing, in the first place? Who found this gold? Just because there's enough of you to vote that motion through that don't make it legit, not by a d—d sight, and it won't hold, because I won't write it in the book. You—you—" He glared at them malevolently, searching his mind for an epithet sufficiently vile and, finding it, spat it out—"dressmakers!"

So this was why both Stark and Runtion had gone up the creek with the three new men, thought Burrell. No doubt they had deliberately arranged the whole thing so that the new arrivals could immediately relocate each of Necla's claims—the plea of all the ground outside Lee's discovery and the surest to be valuable—and that Stark would share in the robbery.

Carefully slipping around the corner of the cabin and keeping the house between him and the others, Burrell broke into a swift run, making the utmost possible speed for fear they should miss him and guess his purpose, or, worse yet, finish their discussion and adjourn before he could complete his task. He was a light man on his feet, and he dodged through the forest, running more carelessly the farther he went, visiting first the upper claims; then, making a wide detour of the cabin, he came back to the initial stake of Necla's lower claim, staggering from his exertions, his lungs bursting from the strain. He had covered nearly a mile, but even so, he laughed grimly as he walked back toward the cabin, for it was a game worth playing, and he was glad to take a hand on the side of the trader and the girl. Coming within earshot, he heard the meeting vote to adjourn. It could not have terminated more opportunely had he held a stop watch on it.

Runtion addressed the other conspirators loudly:

"Well, boys, there are three good claims open for relocation. I'm sorry I can't stake one of them."

"They won't lie open long," said one of the undesirable citizens, starting to turn downstream, while his two companions made for the opposite direction. But Burrell stopped them.

"Too late, boys. Your little game went wrong. Now, now, don't get excited! Whew, I had quite a run!"

Gale paused in his tracks and looked at the young man queerly.

"What do you mean?"

"I've jumped those claims myself."

"You jumped them?" cried Necla.

"Sure! I changed my mind about staking."

"It's a lie!" cried Runtion, at which Burrell whistled on him.

"I've been waiting for this, Runtion, ever since you came back. Now—"

"I mean you haven't had time," the other temporized hurriedly.

"Oh, that sounds better. If you don't believe me take a look for yourself. You'll find my notice just beneath Miss Gale's." Then to "No Creek" Lee he continued, "Kindly record them for me so there will be no question of priority."

"I'll be d—d if I do," said the belligerent recorder. "You're worse'n these crooks. That ground belongs to Necla Gale."

Up to this time Stark had remained silent, his impassive face betraying not a shadow of chagrin, for he was a good loser, but now he spoke at large.

"Anybody who thinks the American army is asleep is crazy." Then to Burrell, "You certainly are a nice young man to double cross your friends like that."

"You're no friend of mine," Meade retorted.

"I? What do you mean?"

"I double crossed you, Stark; nobody else. There's no use mouthing words about it," said he. "These things are your tools, and you tried to steal that ground because it's sure to be rich."

Stark exclaimed angrily, but the other gave him no time to break in.

"Now, don't get rough, because that is my game, and I'd be pleased enough to take you back a prisoner." Then, turning to Lee, he said: "Don't make me force you to record my locations. I staked those claims for Miss Gale, and I'll deed them to her when she turns eighteen."

Poleon Doret called to Runtion: "M'sieu, you 'member w'at I tol' you yestiday? I'm begin for t'ink it's goin' to be you."

Seeing that the game had gone against him, Stark got his feelings under control quickly and shrugged his shoulders as he turned away.

"You're in the wrong, Lieutenant," he remarked, "but I don't want any trouble. You've got the law with you." Then to Runtion and the others he said, "Well, I'm ready to hit the trail."

When they had shouldered their packs and disappeared down the valley Gale held out his hand to the soldier. "Young man, I reckon you and I will be friends."

"Thank you," said Burrell, taking the offer of friendship, which he knew was genuine at last.

"I'm in on that," said "No Creek" Lee. "You're all right."

Poleon had been watching Stark's party disappear, but now he turned and addressed the young soldier.

"You mat' some enemies today, m'sieu."

"That's right," agreed Lee. "Ben Stark will never let up on you now."

"Very well. That is his privilege."

"You don't savvy what it means to get him down on you?" insisted Lee. "He'll frame things up to suit himself, then pick a row with you. He's the gufkest man on a trigger in the west, but he won't never make no open play, only just tell the life out of you with little things till you're up; then he'll down you. That's how he killed the gold commissioner back in British Columbia."

Necla had said little so far, but the look in her eyes repaid the soldier for his undertaking in her behalf and for any misbehavior that might ensue from it. She came forward and laid her hands upon his.

"Don't worry, daughter," reassured Gale. "There's nothing Stark can do, and whatever happens we're with the Lieutenant. He's our kind of people."

Burrell liked this grizzled old fellow with the watchful eyes and was glad now that he could grip his hand and face him squarely with no guilt upon his conscience.

By this time Doret had finished with their blankets, and the four set out for town, but instead of following the others they accepted Necla as guide and chose the trail to Black Bear creek.

The party reached Flambeau on the following day, sufficiently ahead of Stark and his men for Lee to make known his find to his friends, and by sunset the place was depopulated, while a line of men could be seen creeping slowly up the valleys.

Gale found Alluna in charge of the store, but no opportunity of talking alone with her occurred until late in the evening, after Necla had put the two little ones to bed and had followed them wearily. Then he told his squaw. She took the news better than he expected and showed no emotion such as other women would have displayed, even when he told her of the gunshot. Instead she inquired:

"Why did you try it there before all these others?"

"Well, when I heard him talking the wish to kill him was more than I could stand, and it came on me all at once, so that I was mad, I suppose."

"Does this man suspect?"

"No."

"Then it is child's play. We will lay a trap."

"No, by heaven!" Gale interrupted her hotly. "I tried that kind of work, and it won't do. It's no murder."

"Those are only words," said the woman quietly. "To kill your enemy is the law."

When he made no answer the squaw slipped out into the shadows, leaving

from the deadly thing seemed to fascinate the man, for he held it a long while silently. The he spoke:

"For fifteen years I've been a haunted man, with a soul like a dark and dismal garet peopled with bats and vermin that flap and flutter all the time. I used to fidget that if I killed this man I'd kill that memory, too, and those fitting, noiseless things would leave me, but the thought of doing it made me afraid every time, so I ran away, which never did no good—you can't outfoot a memory—and I knew not all the while that we'd meet sooner or later. Now that the day is here at last I'm not ready for it. I'd like to run away again if there was any place to run to, but I've followed frontiers till I've seen them disappear one by one. I've retreated till my back is against the circle, and there isn't any further land to go to. All the time I've prayed and planned for this meeting, and yet—I'm undecided."

"Kill him!" said Alluna.

"No! I don't think I can do it—not in cold blood, anyhow. Good night! I'm going to sleep on it." He crossed to the door of his room, but as he went she noted that he slipped the knife and scabbard inside the bosom of his shirt.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MASTERS.

How Modern Artists Make a New Painting an Antique.

Europe is full of artists who, as far as line and color go, can turn admirable copies of anything. These copies are made on old canvases mounted on a framework of old wood, and when the paint is dry the picture is put through an ingenious aging process. A certain kind of varnish gives a ripe golden tone, and deepening of shadows, with a suggestion of the soil of centuries, is had by the smearing of flourescine.

Necla had said little so far, but the look in her eyes repaid the soldier for his undertaking in her behalf and for any misbehavior that might ensue from it. She came forward and laid her hands upon his.

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ANOTHER WORLD.

This Charming Bit of Philosophy Points the Road to It.

I live in two worlds—one in which I must consider the weather and clothes and meals and bills coming due and a host of duties and obligations, some of which weary me. It isn't really a bad world, and I haven't much ground to complain of. It is comparatively a poor world, however, when set against that other world into which I retire with every opportunity—the glorious, free and perfect world of my imagination. The common world, the world of meals and clothes and weather, I share with everybody. No preference or special consideration is given to me. I often get a kick or a cuff that I despise, even though I know that I earned it. But the other world is all my own. I am its creator, king and master. Nothing happens in it that does not please me; nothing exists without my consent. It revolves around me. I am its sun and center; all else is subordinate. There is no order, system or law in it that gives me the slightest trouble, for I alter, change or abolish these at my pleasure. Of course I escape whenever I can from the common everyday world in which I am so insignificant into the world which is wholly my own.—Orlando Jay Smith.

The Journey.

A little work, a little sweating, a few brief, flying years; a little joy, a little fretting, some smiles and then some tears; a little resting in the shadow, a struggle to the height, a futile search for Eldorado—and then we say good night. Some mulling in the strife and clamor; some years in doubt and debt; some words we spoke in foolish anger that we would fain forget; some cheery words we said unthinking that made a sad heart light; the banquet, with its feast and drinking—and then we say good night. Some questioning of creeds and theories and judgment of the dead, while God, who never sleeps or wearies, is watching overhead; some little laughing and some sighing; some sorrow, some delight; a little music for the dying; and then we say good night.—Walt Mason in Emporia Gazette.

Solomonville Sayings

SOLOMONVILLE, April 15.—Guy Massey, who has been very sick, is able to be out again.

Mrs. John C. Epley and children are going to Stockton Pass for some weeks to visit her mother, Mrs. Frank Neese.

Will A. Gillespie, Jr., is going on a trip to Los Angeles. Rumor has it that he will not return alone. He has been very busy building and furnishing a neat little cottage on the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ph. Prudential and son Bernard are in Las Cruces, New Mexico, visiting relatives and friends.

GIBSON Copper Co. STAGE LINE Leaves Globe 8 a. m. Returns to Globe 5 p. m.	Victor, Edison and Columbia Talking Machines and Records at Wightman's Globe's Music Store	PHONE 1525 Guarantee Paint Co. Cottonwood & Devereaux
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