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## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

Nevertheless, I decided to say no more to her about the strange events of the night. I would indeed, "forget all this," until I could ascertain whether, in very truth, Felipa bore "the sign." That was the essential thing for the present; I would let nothing interfere with my quest of the cross "on the right arm just below the shoulder."

The bell in the patio was still ringing peal upon peal. "They always ring the bell like that when my father returns after a long absence," Felipa explained. "It gives notice that the lord of the hacienda has—well, come into the patio, John."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### THE COMING OF DON JUSTINO.

In the patio were the thousand or more Aztecs of the night before, all waiting to greet the Don—the ensemble for another act of an opera of The Land of the Aztecs.

On a horse near the archway, and facing into the patio so that all the peons could see him, sat Yaqui, the splendid mayor-domo, his white mantle flowing picturesquely from his shoulders.

"Don Justino comes!" Yaqui called, in a loud voice.

Silence pervaded the stage. And Yaqui continued:

"Don Justino! Chief Magistrate of La Luz! Judge of the Mountains and the Plains!"

"Bueno!" cried hundreds of the peons.

"Lord of the land! Master of the Mines!" Yaqui added.

"Bueno!" responded the peons.

"Patron and Protector of the Aztecs!" Yaqui concluded.

"Viva Don Justino!" shouted the peons.

Don Justino had appeared in the archway, on his horse. He now dismounted and, leaning on the arm of Padre Aurelio, limped across the patio, every step seeming to give him pain. After a wave of the hand to the Aztecs, he and the padre advanced to where Felipa and I stood at the little door leading into the garden.

Before greeting his daughter, his eyes swept over me in a comprehensive survey. Then, speaking first to Felipa:

"Blessing, my daughter!"

Then, to me:

"And to you, my son, greeting!"

We went to the corridor, sat down and proceeded to get acquainted, the Don meantime making so careful a study of my features that I felt uncomfortable.

Then, after saying that he was more than pleased to welcome a guest sent by his friend, the President, Don Justino said:

"Pardon, señor. Was Leon Alvarado a relative of yours?"

"Everybody asks me something of that sort," I replied. "No, no relation. You knew him?"

"Yes, slightly. We met once or twice at the Palace of Chapultepec. Alvarado and his ward, the Senorita Alva, were frequent guests at the palace—though my eyes were never treated with the delight of seeing the beautiful Golden Senorita, as she is called. Alvarado—wonderful financier! He did more than any ten men in Mexico to influence the investment of American capital in this country—in the development of railroads and mines. He owned mines himself here in Guanajuato. The property is now under trusteeship—and it will some day come into the hands of Leon Alvarado's son. I know no one who has ever seen the son, señor—but will you pardon a personal remark?—you might be that son, so much do you resemble the father."

"I told the Senor St. John that very thing," Felipa said. "And he has seen the Senor Alvarado's ward, too—the Golden Senorita. I wish I might meet her. Father, dear, cannot you arrange it—the next time we open our house in Mexico City?"

"I am told," I put in, "that the Golden Senorita is devoted to the man whose double I have the honor to be—Leon Alvarado's son."

"Yes," the Don said. "They say he—the son—lives in the States. The marvel is that he can stay away from the Senorita Alva, who is said to be as gracious as she is lovely."

A little while afterward Yaqui

came forward to tell the Don that the courtroom in the administration building was filled with peons, awaiting the pleasure of the chief magistrate of the district.

"True, Yaqui," the Don said, "the court sits today."

"My peons, señor," he added, explaining the situation for my benefit, "were paid much silver last evening. And after pay-day, many offenders—oh, nothing serious!—are brought before me. Pardon me for one little hour. I shall then be at your service for the business that has given us the honor of your company."

He attempted to walk away unaided, and the effect was painful.

"Dios!" he exclaimed. "It is a bad thing for the bones of three-score when one slips on the cobblestones of the hunch-backed streets of Guanajuato. It was but a turn of the ankle—but a stick, Yaqui. Get me a cane."

Yaqui glided away in search of a stick and was gone some minutes when the Don, in impatience, clapped his hands and called upon his mayor-domo to hasten.

"What!" he cried. "No staff to be found?"

"I have a cane for you, Don Justino," I blurted out impetuously, all eagerness to be of any slight service to this truly great man.

I went to my room—fetched my swordstick and handed it to him.

He looked at it, curiously. Finding the secret spring that released the long, rapier-like blade, he drew the steel from the scabbard and—studied the inscription.

Then he turned upon me a look of perplexity—following it with a look of anxiety at Felipa.

A cold chill ran down my back. In rushing to get that stick for the Don I had forgotten all about the inscription on the blade.

What did those hieroglyphics say? "It is a weapon rarely seen nowadays," Don Justino observed, as he returned the blade to the scabbard, then tested its strength before venturing to start on his way to hold his court. Next moment I dismissed all thought of the swordcase from my mind.

I worried instead, and for the first time in my life, about—money. The more I thought of the character of the Don, the less hope I had of attaining success in my scheme in connection with the mine. Don Justino impressed me as being one with whom any plan for putting money in his purse would receive scant consideration. As a grandee, he would have all the grandee's contempt for gold.

When Yaqui finally came up to inform us that Don Justino now awaited us in his private office, Felipa walked with me toward the wicket-gate, warning me to say nothing to her father of our betrothal.

"I can handle my father on that subject better than you," she said.

"And as for the sale of the mine—I will help you in that, too, she added. "My father is rich. He can afford to help you, John, to make some money. He shall do as you wish. The Farthermost is useless, anyway—unless much money is spent to equip it with modern machinery, and that my father will not do. You wish him to sell the mine, John, yes? Very well, he shall sell. The—what do you say? deal?—will bring you a pot of gold, yes? All right! We shall have that gold—to spend on our honeymoon."

"Our honeymoon? Why, Felipa, you said last night that marriage between us—is impossible—that we are betrothed only for appearances' sake."

"Maybe, John, I shall change my mind."

(To Be Continued.)

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**THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE**

As I told you a moment ago the present attitude of the Conservative party has been brought about by the unholy alliance of the Nationalists of Quebec and the Tory-ultra Imperialists of Toronto. I have only this to say that I am not Imperialist nor an anti-Imperialist. I am a Canadian pure and simple, a Canadian first, last and all the time. I am a British subject likewise. I was born under British institutions and I have often said and I repeat here, that the race to which I belong has found more liberty, freedom and justice under the British flag than it would have received under any other flag. (Cheers.) Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Halifax.

1897—Gen. Ignacio Andrade elected President of Venezuela.

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No. 321—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 11.15.

No. 323—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 16.20.

No. 301—Express for Loggieville, Chatham, Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, etc., 18.30.

No. 327—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 18.40.

No. 329—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 22.00.

#### ARRIVALS.

No. 318—Suburban from Marysville 7.45.

No. 302—Express from Loggieville, Chatham Junction, 11.25.

No. 322—Suburban from Marysville 13.45.

No. 304—Mixed from Loggieville and Chatham Junction, 16.00.

No. 326—Suburban from Marysville 18.20.

No. 328—Suburban from Marysville 19.15.

No. 338—Suburban from Marysville 22.35.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

#### DEPARTURES.

6.20 a.m.—Express for St. John, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, etc.

9.20 a.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north. Leaves St. Mary's at 9.35.

9.45 a.m.—Express for St. John and points east.

4.10 p.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, via Gibson branch. Leaves St. Mary's 4.40.

5.50 p.m.—Express for Montreal, Boston, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

9.05 p.m.—Express for St. John, and points east.

#### ARRIVALS.

9.10 a.m.—Express from St. John and points east.

12.30 a.m.—Mixed from Woodstock, via Gibson branch, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

11.35 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Boston, etc.

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7.40 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.

10.50 p.m.—Express from Boston, Portland, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

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### A SIGN OF THE TIMES

New Brunswick boys driven from home by the high tariff policy of the Tories, are beginning to return. Two of them have been in Fredericton this week looking for a chance to buy farms. Reprocity and the larger market is already getting in its work. A policy that will bring back our sons and daughters from foreign lands and fill up the vacant farms ought to be satisfactory to the people of York County.

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