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R. L. BLACK - - York St.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

"My son, my son!" the Don cried, "what have you suffered?"

"Who struck the match in the garden?" again demanded de la Torre.

"That man," the Don replied, "was not the prisoner—whom I now order released."

And the Don put his two arms around me and touched his cheek to mine, saying:

"And my Felipa? Why, I had forgotten! My Felipa! Where is my daughter?"

"Alas! Don Justino," I said, "I wish I could answer you. There is a story and—"

But here Padre Aurelio and de la Torre each began pouring the story into the Don's ears. I joined in the story-telling and, as all three of us now talked at once, the Don was obliged to interrupt us to ask many questions. When the others had at last told him of the events that had occurred at the hacienda, and of my hearing and of the terrible sentence that I had cast alive into the Catacombs, I told him such of my story as it was necessary for him to know just then—omitting, of course, all mention of the sign of the cross.

While we were still busy acquainting the Don with the facts in through the great gates, riding two by two, came a stream of horsemen, all on black horses.

The Black Cavalry had come to do honor to the returned master of the hacienda.

When fully a thousand horsemen had entered and taken their places around the four walls of the patio, forming a great hollow square embracing all the people, an order was shouted, sabres flashed into the sunlight, and all the soldiers of the regiment as one man shouted:

"Viva Don Justino! Viva!"

In acknowledgement Don Justino now threw back the hood of his assumed friarship, and cried:

"Viva Independencia! Viva la Patria!"

And then, people and regiment combined in thunderous shouts of:

"Don Justino! A vuestro salud. Saludos!"

Meantime, we could see more horsemen on black mounts gathering just outside the archway—the regimental band. And now, Aztecs and civilians to the number of a thousand, bared their heads, and a thousand shouts of cavalrymen were brought to salute as the strains of the National Anthem of Mexico filled the air.

We all stood motionless till the Anthem was finished.

Then, when the band began playing a stirring battle hymn, Don Justino called me to him to say:

"My son, I am greatly concerned

about my daughter. All that I have learned has only served to alarm me. We must start at once in search of her."

"Don Justino," I said, "I wish to ask you a strange question. I will explain later—asking you to be good enough to waive explanation for the present. Have you a son?"

I asked this, having in mind what Romero had shouted in my ears in the racing car the night before, just previous to our interception by the gendarmes, namely:

"The master will take good care of his sister."

The Don looked at me like a man dumfounded. Surprise, then inquiry flashed into his eyes. Then he replied:

"No, señor. I have no son—save in prospect."

He smiled. So did I.

"Then Felipa has no brother—and never had?" I said.

"No, my son," the Don replied. "Felipa never had a brother—nor a sister. She is my only child. Let us start at once in search of her."

Now, while the Don and I were talking, and while the band was playing, I became conscious that the Aztecs had grown restless, even excited, and that, for some reason, the troopers of the Black Cavalry were closing around the Indians. Even above the din of the band we could hear ominous murmuring—the Don noticed it, too—and I saw Vallejo wildly gesticulating as he talked with the Aztec mayor. What was happening?

All this was going on, I say, while the Don and I talked. And now in the midst of the excitement, a mounted cassador dashed in through the gate and direct to Don Justino handed him a telegram.

The Don opened it and I marked that while he read it smiles came to his face. And presently he stole a quick glance at me, and great happiness showed in his eyes. Then he read more of the message, started, turned as pale as a dark-skinned man, then turned to me and was about to speak when the band ceased playing and we heard Vallejo shouting to the Aztecs:

"¡Si, señores! Let us take the Señor el Americano again a prisoner!"

A wild, horrifying yell went up from the Aztecs and they made a rush toward the place where I stood with the Don.

The cavalry was ready for them, however, the troopers closing around them and shouting to them to stand back. At this the Aztecs grew riotous, hurling themselves against the opposing wall of horsemen in a terrible rage.

(To Be Continued.)

CHICAGO COPPERS ON TRIAL

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 28.—A dozen policemen attached to the Desplaines Streets station were brought up for trial before the Civil Service Commission today on charges of inefficiency and neglect of duty. The charges against the officers result from the fight that is being waged by reform and civic organizations to clean up the West Side Vice district, which is alleged to be under police protection.

THE BARONY.

Nov. 25.—Mr. Clarence Haugh and Mrs. Cahill Haugh spent a few days in Fredericton last week.

J. T. Dow and family have returned from here to Upper Woodstock.

Miss Fannie Pickard is spending a few weeks with friends in Woodstock and Houlton.

The death of Mrs. John Anderson, Sr., took place at her late residence on Tuesday, Nov. 14. Interment was made at the Barony cemetery on Thursday. Services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Girdwood.

Those who were here for the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Currie, Andrew Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hagerman and family, Scotch Settlement; Messrs. McKean and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Price.

The annual chicken supper and donation was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ebbett on Friday evening.

The sum of \$34.50 was presented to the pastor, Rev. A. A. Rutledge, by the chairman, Mr. John Folster. Mr. Rutledge made a suitable reply, thanking the friends for their kindness.

Dr. A. H. Green of Fredericton, was in this place on Saturday night, extracting teeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Roach and son were visiting Mrs. Roach's mother last week.

The curate had fallen on the performance of the amateur theatrical company, and compliments, wise and otherwise, were flying freely. The well-meaning young man approached his hostess.

COLUMBIA TO HAVE RACE MEETING

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 28.—The stables at the fair grounds track are filled with several hundred fast horses that have been brought here in readiness for the local race meeting. The meeting is scheduled to begin day after tomorrow and will run for thirty days. From Columbia the horses will be taken to Charleston for the 100-day meeting to be given in that city.

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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 1, 10 degrees stronger, \$3; No. 2, for special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid, on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Book Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (formerly W. J. Underhill)

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YOU ARE GROWING YOUNGER MOTHER



BANISH THOSE GRAY HAIRS!

Kill the Dandruff Germs—Stop Hair Falling

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Three applications removed all the dandruff and left my scalp clean, white and smooth. Wm. Crook, Rochester, N. Y.

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PROFIT BY OTHERS' EXPERIENCE

Gray Hair Restored

My hair was getting quite gray and falling out rapidly and I was troubled with a terrible itching of the scalp. My head was full of dandruff, which fell upon my clothes and kept me continually brushing it off. While on a visit to Rochester I heard of your Sage and Sulphur for the hair. I got a bottle and used it. A few applications relieved the itching, my hair stopped falling out and gradually came back to its natural color. It is now a nice dark brown color, soft, glossy and pliable. Several of my friends want to use it, and I want to know what you will charge me for six bottles of it. MISS E. A. ROSS, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

Grew Hair on a Bald Head

For two or three years my hair had been falling out and getting quite thin until the top of my head was entirely bald. About four months ago I commenced using Sage and Sulphur. The first bottle seemed to do some good, and I kept using it regularly until now I have used four bottles. The whole top of my head is fairly covered and keeps on coming in thicker. I shall keep on using it a while longer, as I notice a constant improvement. STEPHEN BACON, Rochester, N. Y.

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