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E. G. HOBEN GROCER YORK ST.

Webster City, In., Sept. 27—The biggest and ripest watermelon ever seen in this section will be cut for President Taft when he stops off here tomorrow for the annual observance of Watermelon Day. The President's stay necessarily will be a very brief address.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

"Leave it open, please," the stranger said, himself coming to the door, where he again gave me his hand. "And John, please keep the information that—Alva—will appear at the ball a secret."

"From Felipa?"

"Si, señor, from Felipa and from all others. Adios!"

I returned to del Treveno's house more mystified than ever. How had Felipa managed to get out of that bungalow? How but by some back door, while I stood in the stranger's study, talking to him?

A strange psychological phase of my attitude toward the stranger, that day and always afterward, was this:

When in his presence I invariably found myself regarding him not as Felipa's lover, but as my friend for whom I had only good will. The moment he was out of my sight, however, I would once more think of him only as my rival and become furiously jealous, even enraged.

He held a singular power over Felipa, of that I was certain. And she—she was infatuated with him.

Felipa met me on the verandah at del Treveno's. Her first words were: "John, I have made the grandest arrangements. This morning I induced my father to consent to give us out betrothal party tomorrow night. Tomorrow will be Friday. Are you superstitious? I've been to a whole lot of houses this morning giving oral invitations. Everybody will be there and we will have the danza—the beautiful contradanza."

The innocent! "Whole lot of houses!" The deceit of it! She had been to just one house and that her lover's. She knew, too, that I had seen her at the bungalow; yet now she acted as if she expected me to swallow her fairy tale about a "whole lot of houses." Why, she and her lover had together arranged for this danza, the beautiful contradanza, when she visited him that morning. And—was she really such a deceitful vixen? Coming straight from her lover's house, she now implied that our betrothal would not be broken off after all, and that she would become my wife. Had she and her lover determined that her marriage to me would not interfere with her intrigue?

"What about the sign of the cross, Felipa?"

I threw out this question now as suddenly as I had sprung the subject on the stranger, to see its effect and try to get down to some definite understanding of the situation.

"The cross!" she whispered, her words sounding like a cry of distress.

Horror came into her face. She trembled visibly, reeled to the verandah rail to support herself, though I bounded forward at the same time and caught her.

"Madre de Dios!" she whispered, and her agitation seemed too deep for her to utter another word.

Presently, however, she said in a faint voice:

"John, John! I ask you again—what do you know of the cross?"

"Everything," I answered, thus seeking to extort information.

"And you will tell me what you know?" she asked, with appeal in her eyes. "Has it anything to do, John, with the little iron cross in your room at the hacienda?"

"Felipa, I lied. I don't know everything. I know very little."

"Then you do not know whether the cross has anything to do with my birth and my mother's death?"

"But promise me, John," she went on, "promise not to speak to my father—ever—of the cross."

"Why, Felipa," I protested, "you know very well that you yourself whispered in my ear, in the Catacombs yesterday, certain information about the Cross, which you bade me convey to the Don."

"There you go again, Señor Madman!" she cried. "I shall have the word 'Keeper' embroidered on a cap, and wear the cap whenever I am with you—if you keep on telling me of such hallucinations as seeing me in the Catacombs."

"But there!" soothingly, "never say, sign of the cross, to my father again, John, please," she pleaded.

We stood awhile in silence, Felipa in my arms. And then suddenly: "Come indoors, John," she cried.

We went into the library and there she rested her two hands on my shoulders, while saying:

"John, did I not intimate last night that you shall see the cross

when we are married?"

With that she ran away to the hall and up the stairs. At the top she stopped, looked over the banister and called:

"John!"

"Yes, Felipa."

"You love me?"

"Dios!" I exclaimed, "I will kill all my rivals to get you."

"Maybe Joaquín has a similar murderous intent," she answered. "Be aware of him."

More deceit. She spoke of Joaquín Riz to throw me off the trail of the stranger.

I heard her tripping along the hardwood floor of the upper hall and I called, coaxingly:

"Felipa! Come back a moment."

She returned, and sat down on the top step of the stairs.

"I heard—my master's voice," she said, with mock humility "And lo! I am here."

"I saw you this morning," I announced, as if merely mentioning an everyday fact, "in the stranger's bungalow."

She burst into laughter that filled the house.

"John!" she cried, at last. "You've been eating the loco-weed again. The stranger's bun-aw-low!"

And again she laughed so heartily that Swastika came wobbling up to ask the cause of her hilarity.

Felipa got up and walked down the hall with her duena, pausing in her peals of laughter long enough to cry:

"The Señor Americano is going mad in instalments."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE MILLION.

That same afternoon, Thursday, we left Guanajuato and returned to the hacienda.

On Friday morning, at daybreak, I lay on my bed in my room musing:

"Tonight—at the danza—I shall learn just what the Golden Senorita has to do with the sign of the cross!"

Alva could not herself be the woman of the cross, of course not; for that woman was Felipa.

What hindrance, then, to my marriage with Felipa? There could be no "mistake" in my relations with her, now that I actually knew her to be the woman I sought. I had been told that, to get my father's fortune I must marry the woman bearing the sign of the cross. Very well! Felipa was that woman.

Yes, I would marry Felipa. Nor would I marry her merely because of the cross, but, rather, because she was the woman I loved—the girl of the convent and the woman of the steamer and the woman of the Catacombs.

While I still lay in bed thinking these thoughts, Yaqui, the mayordomo, came to say that there was important news and that the Don wished to see me at once.

I threw on some clothes and ran out on the corridor.

"Here, John," cried Felipa, who was sitting with her father having her coffee. "Good news for you. Your friend, Colonel Royal—arrives this morning."

(To Be Continued.)

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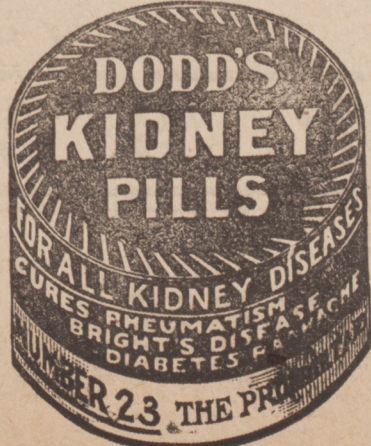
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INDIANA LABOR FEDERATION

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 26—The opening here today of the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Indiana Federation of Labor was marked by the largest and most representative attendance in the history of the State organization. President Edgar A. Perkins of Indianapolis called the gathering to order and presided over the opening session. The gathering will last for three days, during which time the annual reports will be received and discussed and numerous matters of importance to the labor interests taken up for consideration and action.



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GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS

INTERCOLONIAL

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No. 303—Mixed for Loggieville, 5.00
No. 317—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 6.15.
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.
7.55 p.m.—Express from St. John and points east.
7.40 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.
10.50 p.m.—Express from Boston, Portland, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

ST. JOHN S. S. CO.

S. S. Victoria leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p.m.
Steamer Elaine leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m. Arrives on alternate days at 4 p.m.
Steamer Hampstead leaves Fredericton every week day for Gagetown at 4 p.m. Arrives from Gagetown at 10.30 a.m.

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INCORPORATED 1820

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