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## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER XV.  
THE SERENADE.

In reply to Felipa's question as to what the stranger was doing in my room, I stammered; for I was terribly excited by that unexpected visit of the mysterious masquerader, and dumbfounded at learning that he knew the real purpose of my visit to the hacienda.

"Oh, him!" I stammered. "Why, he came to ask—for a cigarette."

"But, senorita!" I expostulated, "is this discreet? What if Padre Aurelio were to see us here?"

"I heard him snoring as I passed his door," she said.

"And what of the stranger?"

"Yay! I put him into the room next to mine. I stopped at his door, too and—he sleeps. So we are perfectly safe, John. I have come to tell you of my plan."

"You wished to see my hair unbound," she said in the direct simplicity that was part of her.

"Well, behold!" she added, bringing round to the round of her a veritable cascade of black tresses.

"Maybe while you are here, John," she went on, "my father will let us have the danza, the beautiful contradanza, with the conga game, too. And that night you shall see many senoritas with their hair undone—as mine is now."

"The silk-worm itself," I said, touching her thick "mane," "produces nothing so silken as this."

"Ah, but you must see the hair of Carmelita Guerrero!" she exclaimed. Carmelita is to be married tomorrow, as I have already told you, in the Church of San Juan Bautista—Padre Aurelio's church in La Luz. Carmelita's hair, I tell you, reaches the ground when she herself stands erect. But now, Senor John—a cigarette for me?"

I lighted a cigarette for her, passed it to her. She took one or two whiffs, then said:

"John, I told you that the Aztecs would not be satisfied. I wish to keep their respect, of course. Should they think that I permitted that kiss and that you had no right to it, they would turn their backs whenever I passed through La Luz. And in the end they would kill you. Your life and my name are at stake."

She tossed away her cigarette, then added:

"Therefore, John—and here is my plan or at least part of it—before tomorrow sunset, there must be a public announcement of our betrothal."

"Felipa!"

I cried her name in joy as I sprang to my feet.

"To be betrothed to this beautiful girl! I desired no greater happiness. But there was that public record in Mexico City of my betrothal to the unknown. What if Felipa was not herself that unknown and not herself the woman of the cross? I felt that I must gain time, to make absolutely certain that she bore the required 'sign.'"

She, too, sprang to her feet to say: "It is the only way, John, out of our trouble."

"Trouble! Is love a trouble?"

"I have not spoken of love," she said. "I have spoken only of a betrothal."

"And marriage," I added.

"Not marriage. Only of a betrothal to satisfy the Aztecs. The betrothal can be broken off—when it is safe to do so. There! Now you know my whole plan."

"No, Felipa. This betrothal shall not be broken off," I declared, with fervor. "It can't be broken off. You know why, too—though you won't admit it."

I now threw all caution to the winds. What cared I whether she was the woman of the cross or not? I took her hand in mine, persuaded her to repeat herself on the bench beside me, then whispered:

"Felipa, dear, I love you. Our betrothal begins this moment. I fall in with your game, whatever its purpose. This betrothal, I say, shall not be broken. You must marry me."

"Ah, Senor Juan!" she cried. "You are now using the reserve dulces of your speech, are you not? Well, I warned you to hold them—for use for appearances' sake. For this betrothal, you know, is only for appearances' sake. And I must say you are already playing your part with quite sufficient realism."

"You are the girl of the convent and the woman of the steamer," I protested. "Therefore you are the woman I love—my dear-wife?"

"Betrothed," she corrected. "Not wife."

"But you love me—just a little."

"How do I know? How can I tell on so short an acquaintance? No, marriage is impossible."

"There is another man? Joaquin—no? Larry Annesley—no? Ah, the stranger! You love him?"

Ignoring my reference to the stranger, she said:

"We must get my father's consent—tomorrow. What will he think—say?—do?"

Just then a bugle call sounded on the still night air of the desert—the plaintive call for "Lights out!" at the nearby camp of the Black Cavalry.

"Taps!" Felipa said. "And now Joaquin Ruiz will sleep."

"Ruiz!" I exclaimed. "You are thinking of him?"

"God of my soul!" she cried. "I could never love him. He is so cruel!"

"Yes. He follows devils' methods in dealing with men and women. He has tortured Yaqui prisoners of war, helpless in his hands after a fight."

"And yet," she continued, after a moment's thought, "how Joaquin can sing. Many times I have listened to his serenade—there!—at my grated window."

She pointed across the garden to her own room.

"Is it not strange?" she added. "With all their treasors, stratagems and spoils, some men still have music in their souls."

We sat in thoughtful silence until I said:

"Felipa, what is the purpose of this game you are playing? Is it only—your own way? Why do you not show me the cross—and have done with all this make-believe?"

"The cross!" she murmured, once more springing to her feet.

"Again you speak of it. How come you to know of that? Who could have told you—Madre de Dios!" she suddenly whispered, in deep alarm.

I also had sprung to my feet and had taken both her hands in mine; and now she leaned against me, trembling with fright.

I heard the jingle of spurs, the tinkle of guitar—and there, over on the far side of the moonlit garden, facing the grating of Felipa's room, stood Captain Joaquin Ruiz.

He had come to serenade that lady-love of his who—cross or no—cross—was now my own betrothed.

"Joaquin will sing," Felipa whispered agitatedly. "What shall I do? I should, in courtesy, appear at my grating and applaud. But how am I to get to my room? Joaquin will see me—see that I come from this end of the corridor—this side of the garden. He may even discover that I am here alone with you."

"Alay the fears born of your indiscretion, my daughter," said a voice behind us.

It was Padre Aurelio. He had entered my room by the side-door and was now standing in the front door, close by us.

At the same time, Joaquin began the serenade:

"Deuna Adeoda! Novia mia!"

Felipa hurriedly whispered: "Padre, your blessing. This is not indiscretion. Unsay the word, I pray you. I am betrothed to the Senor St. John. He has loved me many years. We first met in Mexico City."

"Day star of my eyes," continued the singer.

"For years, padre," Felipa went on. "I have kept this secret. If that is indiscretion, padre, I entreat your forgiveness."

"Consolation of my soul," sang Ruiz.

(To Be Continued.)

### MR. BORDEN'S VIEWS IN 1904

Addressing the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Montreal on July 21st, 1904, Mr. R. L. Borden said:

"Was there any idea that a reciprocity treaty with the United States would in any way interfere with self-government in Canada? No."

"That was only seven years ago. Why has Mr. Borden changed his mind? When the Conservatives wanted reciprocity it was all right. It was only after the Liberals arranged for it that Conservative demagogues began to denounce it as dangerous."

The sentiment in St. John is that Hon. Dr. Pugsley will carry the city constituency by at least one thousand majority.

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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.  
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.  
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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.

