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## THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

I went and stood at the grating and saw a member of the watch pacing at each corner of the patio, each hooded and cloaked like my own particular guard, and all wonderfully picturesque in the light of the rising moon—looking like gentlemen of the Spanish Inquisition.

"The hour of nine!"

"Ten!"

"Eleven!"

"Serenio!"

"Serenio-o-o!"

Thus the calls were repeated from hour to hour. I heard them all, for I could not sleep.

"Why are guards station only in the patio?" I asked myself. "Why are there no guards outside on the trail?"

For this court-room, my prison, had two doors, like the Don's private office—one opening on the patio and the other on the trail outside, the two being opposite each other.

While I pondered over this singular absence of guards on the trail side of my prison, the watchman outside my grating again blew his whistle, again cried the hour:

"Las doce!" (The hour of twelve.)

"Serenio!"

But this time there came no answering whistle; no echoed:

"Serenio-o-o!"

Instead, from outside on the trail came sounds which, once heard, are never forgotten—an ominous, sinister, murmur, the latent roar of a mob.

I bounded to the grating, peered out and saw the shadowy forms of scores of Aztecs surging into the patio. Obviously, they had pounced upon the members of the watch, whom they were now holding prisoners. As they ran pell-mell toward my "cell," cries came in volleys from hundreds of throats:

"Judas!"

"To the Catacombs!"

From that wanton, bestial, many-voiced cry of the mob I dare say that a man possessing even stronger nerves than mine or one even more indifferent to death than I, would have recoiled.

Against the front wall and door of the "cabochose" that living Thing hurled itself, as a wave against a cliff.

Ugly faces peered in through the grated window, trying to pierce the darkness to gain sight of me, and, failing, sought to tear away the iron bars with their naked hands.

They hissed at me, then spat into the room by way of malediction.

Meantime, the door creaked and threatened to give way under the pressure of the human battering-ram. Some of the mob swarmed, too, upon the roof, from which now came the thunderous sound of pounding, as with a heavy beam.

"One moment more," I told myself, very calmly, "and the roof will cave in—and I shall be in the hands of this pack of wolves."

But just then came a loud cry, in a deep, authoritative voice:

"Stop, hombres! Stop!"

The command came from—Padre Aurelio. He stood in the patio in front of my grated window carrying a lantern in one hand and holding up his free hand while he called for silence:

The pounding on the roof ceased; the door creaked no more; the hoots of the mob died away.

"Aztecs!" called the padre, "What would Don Justina say—should he return at this moment and find you here bent upon such evil work?"

"Give the prisoner to us!" the Aztecs yelled. "We will throw him into the Catacombs."

"What would Don Justina say?" repeated the padre. "And what would the daughter of Don Justina say could she see you now?"

"It is because of the Senorita Dona Felipa that we want the prisoner!" an Aztec cried.

"The senorita has vanished!" cried another.

And a third shouted:

"The Americano has made away with her—as he made away with Don Justina."

And I, standing at the grating, murmured: "Felipa vanished? Do they say vanished? Well then, Joaquin Ruiz is responsible."

What now terror was now to be added to the torture I was enduring? What had Ruiz done with Felipa?

I saw Vallejo step close to the padre and heard him say:

"Two nights ago, padre, the senorita disappeared from the hotel in Mexico City. She has not been seen since. Where is she? The Americano knows."

Two nights ago! Why, that was the night I talked with Felipa in the arbor in the garden of the hotel. And I felt sure that some deep plot was afoot to make me seem responsible for Felipa's disappearance.

"Enough!" cried the padre. "Disperse now, men of Montezuma. Were Don Custino here—or the Senorita Felipa, you would sink away in shame. Tomorrow, Aztecs, the prisoner shall be heard, as is his right. Now go!"

"No!" shouted Vallejo. "We want the prisoner!"

"To the Catacombs!" yelled the mob.

Whereupon Padre Aurelio, seemingly as a last resort, appealed directly to the superstition of the Aztecs.

"Go!" he cried. "In the name of Don Justino—who is not dead, but living, and who will appear to you in good time. Go! In the name of the Senorita Felipa—who, though she has disappeared, will re-appear to show that she knew her father to be still living. For she will come to us here as—the bride of the prisoner. Go!"

The padre continued this line of argument until it finally had the desired effect. The Aztecs began to disperse.

Ten minutes later the last of the Aztecs had left the patio, and Padre Aurelio then ordered one of the watchmen to open the door of my "cell," saying that he would pass the rest of the night with the prisoner.

"Padre, what has become of Felipa?" was my first question.

"God knows and God is good," he replied. "All things will be revealed to us. Courage, my son. I have what I believe to be good news for you."

"Of Felipa?" I asked, breathlessly.

"No! I only just now learned of the strange disappearance of the senorita. My own heart is heavy concerning her. I cannot even hazard a guess—"

"Well, I can," I interrupted. "Find Joaquin Ruiz and we will find Felipa. I saw her in his company at the railway station at Mexico City. Padre, will you help me to escape? Look! This door opening on the trail is unguarded."

"Ah, my son, you do not know the Aztecs. Depend upon it, the trail is well guarded. The Aztecs are lurking there—hoping you will seek to escape by the door that is apparently unguarded. But—I spoke of good news for you. It is this:

"A fortnight ago, at San Luis Felipe, where the people were and still are perishing of the Yellow Death—there suddenly appeared a man wearing the robe and hood of the Franciscans, such as I wear now. He at once began caring for the stricken—picking them up in the streets and carrying them to the hospital. Ever since his first appearance he has shown himself merciful to all victims. None of those stricken by the dread disease are now permitted to lie unattended. To all who are sick the friar brings medicines and water and comfort. Yet he is no friar. Now, as you know, it is forbidden by law to wear churchly robes in the public streets of our larger towns. Yet this unknown man, who calls himself a friar, is permitted to roam thus robed among the people of San Luis Felipe, unmolested, because of his ministrations to the lowly and afflicted. He is tall and smooth of face, like an American, yet he has the air of a Spanish nobleman. And—"

"Padre!" I exclaimed, "what is this you tell me? A man unaccounted for, save by himself? Coming, none know whence, as if risen out of the earth at night? Why—that's the man the stranger told me about the other night."

And I told the padre now the stranger had sent Larry Annesley to San Luis Felipe purposely to see the "friar."

"And, surely, Padre Aurelio," I concluded, "it is—"

"Don Justino—possibly," the padre said. "But wait, my son, wait. My news is not all good. It is true that the Senor Larry Annesley is at San Luis Felipe. He arrived there some days ago. But, my son, very soon after his arrival in the town and before he could find the strange friar, the Senor Larry himself was stricken with the yellow plague."


(To Be Continued.)

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### GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER GETS LIFE SENTENCE

Parry Sound, Nov. 9.—Bruno Vallejo, long a tried for the murder of Frank Mantella, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced by Sir John Boyd to life imprisonment. The defence was self-defence, the prisoner claiming that Mantella had made black hand threats and demands.



## The "Woman Question—Three Meals a Day"

This is the problem confronting the average housewife—a problem of vital importance to the home, and one best solved by a trip to our store and the purchase of



For the Woman Question is not only what to eat, but how to cook it, and you find the answer in Gurney-Oxford—first in construction, as well as convenience; first in facilities for control and readiness. The Divided Oven Flue Strip assures perfect baking because of its even heat-distribution, and in every detail the perfect construction of this Chancellor Range assures satisfactory cooking results.

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### B. SINESS AND PUBLIC GOOD

New York, Nov. 10.—Elbert G. Gray head of the United States Steel Corporation; George W. Wickersham, attorney-general of the United States; George W. Perkins, John Hays Hammond and Frank A. Vanderlip, together with other financiers, captains of industry, educators, and public officials of note gathered in the metropolis today for a discussion of the subject "Business and Public Welfare." The Academy of Political Science in New York, a Columbia University affiliation brought them together, the occasion being the academy's thirty-first annual meeting. The sessions will continue over tomorrow.

### Makes Hair Grow

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The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of.

If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, the Great American Hair Grower, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed.

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as an eligible candidate in your Educational Tour Contest, and will do all in my power to help her win.

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Give date and hour sent in, \_\_\_\_\_

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