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THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)
"Turn in here, Amore," shouted the girl. "Escape this way."
She pointed to an arroyo (in this case a dry irrigation ditch) and the rider spurred his horse on, plunged into the arroyo, up which he galloped at breakneck speed, the fringes of mesquite on either side of the canal hiding him from sight.
And now the girl came close in front of me and put her face dangerously, invitingly, near to mine. Her eyes blazed as she said:
"You are unafraid of death? Well, you have just escaped death by only so much as—that."
And she snapped her fingers under my chin.
I seized those fingers, saying:
"You intimated that when we met again I might not wish to hold this hand—forevermore. Well, you were mistaken. I still wish to hold it—forevermore."
I drew her to me—with movements swift, rough, almost savage—and kissed her full upon her quivering lips. Then I released her.
"Madre de Dios!" she gasped. "I will kill you for that."

CHAPTER X.

THE AZTEC WATCHMAN.

"Never had man executioner so lovely," I cried, as she ran to the spot where her revolver lay on the ground.
She stooped, picked up her gun, and slowly returned it to its holster. Coming back close to me then she said, in a voice hardly above a whisper:
"You treated me as—a dancing girl."

"No! As a brave girl."
"You scorn death? You interest me. Who are you?"
"You are a wonderful actress, Senorita Felipa de Gasteneda. Permit me to present my—credencial."
I took the Marconigram from my pocket—for I had carried it always, ever since I left the steamer!—and handed it to her.
"What is this, senor?"
She took the telegram, looking not at it, but at me, wonderingly.
"Why do you pretend not to know me, Senorita Felipa? You surely told me—on the steamer—to find you and present this credencial. Well, what about the persona grata?"
She assumed an expression of utmost amazement.
"You dream, senor. It looks more like persona non grata. Here!"
She thrust the telegram into my hands.

"Do you know," she went on, "that an Americano was killed the other night at the Hotel Silao in Guanajuato—for stealing from a senorita as you have just stolen of me? Si, senor. He went to bed and to sleep—and he will never again wake. For in the morning he was found with a machete through his heart. A peon, an Aztec Indian had killed the Americano. Oh, why did you do this! But look! The Rurales!"
The two pursuing Rurales shot into sight, riding pell-mell down the trail.

"Into the arroyo," shouted Felipa. And into the arroyo the Rurales plunged, as had the desperado before them.
"I do not understand you," I said. "A moment ago you saved the man's life. Now you put the bounds on his track."
"I did not do what I did to save Amore," she said. "I did it to save—"

She paused, then in a tone of fright she exclaimed:
"Dios!"
Into her eyes had come a look of alarm. I followed the direction of her gaze, saw a peon standing motionless as a statue, in the door of a 'dobe hut on a rise of ground near the shaft of a mine, a little way up the canon. The peon wore the regulation dress of his class—white cotton suit, leather sandals, huge straw sombrero, and a crimson zarape hanging picturesquely from his left shoulder.

"What are you so frightened about Senorita?" I said.
"He is Valles, one of my father's Aztecs," she replied, looking from the peon to me and back again at the peon, her expression of alarm growing deeper. "He is the chief of the peons," she murmured. "I say he is their leader, their head man."
"He looks like a character from a grand opera of the Land Of The Az-

tecs," I said. "What is there about him to make you so panic-stricken?"
"He is the watchman here, senor, at the shaft of the Farthermost."

Farthermost! I started as I heard the name. Here was the mine upon which I had come to secure an option.

"And what if—he saw the kiss?" Felipa suggested, this thought seeming to be responsible for all her fears.

"Well, what of it?" I said, much perplexed.
"If he saw the kiss," she answered, "you, senor, are lost. Unless," she added, "unless you—we can prove that you took that kiss by right of the accepted suitor, the right of one to whom I am— betrothed."
"I'll prove that easily enough, senorita. Why do you feign ignorance of what I mean? You know me, of course, and so—"

"Know you, senor? I have never seen you before. I ask you again—who are you? Are you the Americano my father is expecting at the hacienda?"
"I am. And you know my name, too."

"Why, of course I do—now. The President's telegram named you—the Senor Juan San Juan."
"Telegram from the President?"
"Yes, my father's friend—the President of Mexico. Surely you know that he telegraphed my father, asking him to receive you?"

Thus I learned to whom I was indebted for my introduction to Don Justino. But why should the President himself vouch for me? Had the very head of the Republic something to do with—the sign of the Cross?

"John St. John," she murmured, as if to herself. "Strange! You look like Leon Alvarado."

"So people say. I never heard of him till a few days ago."
"Have you ever seen his ward—the Golden Senorita?"
"Yes. But I have never spoken to her."

"I wish I might meet her. They say she's amazingly lovely. And tell me, senor, have you seen the man whom, it is said, she will marry? Leon Alvarado's son?"
"Senorita," I said, "let us have done with this farce. We last met on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. I can appreciate your desire that I forget that particular meeting. But why, otherwise, do you deny acquaintance with me?"

"Auguste Victoria?" she said, protestingly. "I never heard of that steamer."
"What? You were not on that boat—a month or so ago?"
"No, senor."

"Do you deny that you recently returned from Spain?"
"Is this the Inquisition, senor? No, I do not deny—I returned from Spain about five weeks ago. I came home on the Princess Victoria Puise."

"You're confident," she said, "that it was the Auguste Victoria. And then—what of the Alameda in Mexico City? You walked there—as I told you on the ship—with the other girls, five years ago, every evening at the hour of the Angelus, while you were a pupil at the convent school."

"I walked in the Alameda, of course—I walk there now, whenever I am in the city, as everybody does in the cool hour of sunset. But I never attended the convent school in Mexico City."

Her very denial that she had been a pupil at the convent gave me fight. She was the girl concerning whom someone in a high quarter had requested that no information be given. It was her name that had been omitted from the roster.

Yes, she was the girl of the convent. I was as sure of that now, as that she was the woman of the steamer. And yet—was she really the woman of the steamer? She had not permitted me to turn up the light in the stateroom that night, and now there was a chance in a million that I might be mistaken. One sure mark of identification remained, however. Did she bear the sign of the cross? I would see—in time.

(To Be Continued.)

TO SEEK UNIFORMITY IN FOOD LINES

Duluth, Minn., Aug. 22—The problem of how best to bring about the much needed uniformity of the food laws of the various States of the Union was the main topic of discussion at a meeting of the Association of State and National Food and Dairy Departments, which was held here today. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who is one of the strongest supporters of the uniformity movement, was present at the meeting and delivered an address in which he explained the existing conditions and pledged himself to do everything in his power to bring about uniformity of food legislation.

1792—Grand Army of the Allies entered France.
The sage with all his wisdom, sometimes loses to the fool who is a good guesser.



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No. 301—Express for Loggville, 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 Loggville, Chatham Junction, 11.25.
No. 322—Suburban from Marysville 13.45.
No. 304—Mixed from Loggville and Chatham Junction, 16.00.
No. 326—Suburban from Marysville 18.20.
No. 328—Suburban from Marysville 19.15.
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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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The steamer Majestic leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m. Arrives on alternate days at 4.30 p.m.

MINNESOTA TEMPERANCE RALLY

Faribault, Minn., Aug. 22—Temperance workers from every section of the State, among them many noted temperance speakers and lecturers, are gathered here to attend the Minnesota State convention of the women's Christian Temperance Union, which opened here today for a session of four days. Nearly two hundred delegates are present.

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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.

