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THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

"Poor Larry!" I exclaimed. "Then we can expect no results from his presence there, after all?"

"No. He is in the hospital and—God have mercy on his soul!"

"Padre," I cried, "I will escape and go to San Luis Felipe myself—though I will first find Felipe. Now, look here. Tomorrow my hearing will doubtless result in my being held unless Don Justino is forthcoming or Felipe appears in time. I will be sentenced to be taken to some prison."

"Or to the Catacombs, my son—alas for you! The Aztecs will have it so."

"All right, padre, let it be the Catacombs. But on the way there, no matter how thoroughly I am guarded, I will escape—or die in the attempt."

"You know not what you say, my son. You will not be thoroughly guarded—on the way to your prison or to the Catacombs. There is our unwritten law known as Ley Fuga. It is a bad law. It is the law of 'allowed to escape.' On the way to the place to which you will be sentenced tomorrow your guards will leave you at a certain place, as if unguarded. You will be given every chance to make your escape. And when you seek flight Aztecs will spring up all about you and then, of a verity, they will take you to Guanajuato and cast you into the Catacombs."

"Good!" I cried. "That's my one chance. My wife against the cunning of the Aztecs. For, by gracious, I know Joaquin is in Guanajuato and he has Felipe there, in some house, in his power. I'll take that one chance of escape, padre, and then I will find Felipe. And if I find Ruiz with her, I will give him into the hands of the Aztecs as he thinks he has given me."

CHAPTER LII.

THE HEARING AND THE SENTENCE.

I slept till long after sun-up. Awake and looking through the grated window of my "bed-chamber," I found that a great throng had already assembled in the patio.

Aztecs—peons, obreros, mozos, cargadores and vaqueros; ladies and gentlemen, the caballeros and officers of the Black Cavalry; all, all were pouring in to attend my hearing.

One of my guards of the night brought me some coffee. While I sipped it a number of soldiers came in and began carrying the benches and the Don's desk out into the patio. I understood then, that the court was to be held in the open, where all the people could hear the proceedings.

When the room was stripped of every article of furniture, I stepped into sight in the patio.

"Judas!" cried the Aztecs, now numbering a thousand or more.

"To the Catacombs," they thundered.

All La Luz was there and scores of citizens from Guanajuato. On the benches up front, near the judge's desk, sat the "quality" and officers of the Black Cavalry. Behind them were the hundreds of peons.

Between the peons and the "quality" stood a cordon of troops of the Black Cavalry, afoot, with drawn sabres; while, backed against the four walls of the patio was a solid line of mounted troopers, these forming a great "hollow square" as it were, within which the legal drama of the day was to be played.

At the judge's desk, raised on an improvised dais covered with Indian rugs, sat Senor de la Torre, my judge. On his left sat the Alcalde—the Aztec mayor of La Luz—this Indian official being the direct representative of the peons, himself the most powerful personage in that primitive court. For the Alcalde, rather than the judge, was to decide my fate.

On chairs at the left of the judge's platform, sitting sideways to the throne, were the witnesses. These included, first, del Treveno, the banker; then two of the Don's men who had been present at the conference with Royal—Sharon, the hunchback American engineer, and Desague, the Don's Mexican administrator; then Yaqui, and then, to my surprise, both Joaquin and Swastika appeared.

Among the witnesses I had expected to see Basil Meldrum, my friend of the United States Secret Service. He had promised to stand by me, and he was a man of his word. Where then was Meldrum, my chief witness, whose testimony could free me?

And the stranger, too! Where was he?

On the opposite side of the judge's platform, facing the witnesses, I sat at a table, with Padre Aurelio at my elbow.

In front of the judge's desk stood an empty chair—for the witnesses.

The judge's clerk, who stood at the side of his chief's desk, now lifted his voice, calling for silence.

The hearing began.

The judge arose to say: "The purpose of this hearing is to determine whether the prisoner shall be set free, or whether he shall be held for trial."

With which brief preamble to the proceedings, he sat down and at once said:

"I call for witness Yaqui, Don Justino's mayor-dom."

Yaqui came to the witness-chair.

"Yaqui," said the judge, "while on your rounds on the night of the sanza and after all the guests had departed, you saw Don Justino enter the prisoner's room?"

"Si, senor the judge."

"That will do, Yaqui. I call the witness Swastika."

Swastika waddled forward to the witness-chair.

The judge, displaying my sword-stick, said:

"Does the witness recognize this cane as belonging to the prisoner?"

"Si, senor the judge."

"How do you know it to be the prisoner's?"

"I heard him, when he handed it to Don Justino, say:

"Use my stick."

"Where did you last see Don Justino?"

"In the prisoner's room, senor the judge."

"On the prisoner's bed?"

"Si, senor."

"Dead?"

"Dead—por Dios!—dead, senor the judge."

"And by the bed you found this stick, its handle smeared with blood?"

"Si, senor."

"And on the Don's head a wound and blood?"

"Si, senor."

"That will do, Swastika. Senor del Treveno, if you please."

"Senor del Treveno," said de la Torre, when the banker had taken the witness-chair, "on the night of the sanza, Don Justino told you he had received bad news?"

"Si, senor."

"And you had reason to believe that the bad news concerned the one who is here now a prisoner?"

"Si, senor."

"Tell the court, please, your reason."

"I said to the Don:

"Since we are departing so abruptly, Don Justino, and as the Senor St. John is not in the room, I shall defer giving him my congratulations till morning."

"And the Don replied:

"In the morning the Senor St. John will not be with us."

"Then your news concerns him?" I asked.

"Si, senor," the Don replied. "It is too true."

"And this news of the one who is now prisoner," the judge said, "was brought by Ildefonso, confidential clerk to Don Justino?"

"Si, senor. Of my certain knowledge."

"Thank you, Senor del Treveno. That will do."

"It seems," the judge now expounded, "that only Ildefonso and Don Justino knew of this bad news. They alone held a secret of the prisoner's. And within two hours of the time of Ildefonso's arrival with that news, both Ildefonso and Don Justino met their death. I call now the Don's administrator, Senor Desague, and the Don's engineer, Senor Sharon."

An extra chair was placed, and the two men came forward.

(To Be Continued.)

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WHEN A CITIZEN SHOULD LEAVE

When one finds he is out of sympathy with his town, and can only say a good word for it coupled with an apology he ought to get out. Many people fall into a sort of unconscious habit of growling. But it's a miserable habit. Such people make of themselves a dead weight, while of course, they imagine themselves particularly independent. The individual has about all he can do to get along under his own loads, and he wants help and encouragement from those going his way, and who are identified with him in interest. So with the town. It has its interests to care for and it needs all the pluck all the the energy, all the co-operation and helpfulness its citizens can provide and bring to bear.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

"Fruit-a-tives" saved my Life

RIVIERE A. PIERRE, Q., May 9, 1910. "I look upon my recovery as nothing short of a miracle. I was for eleven years, constantly suffering from Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion."

I was treated by several doctors and they simply did me no good. During the latter part of my illness, I was so thin that I weighed only 90 pounds, and I vomited everything I ate.



The doctors gave me up to die as the stomach trouble produced heart weakness and I was frequently unconscious. I received the Last Rites of the Church. At this time, a lady strongly urged me to try "Fruit-a-tives". When I had taken one box, I was much better and after three boxes, I was practically well again, and had gained 20 pounds. I have taken 13 boxes in all and now weigh 150 pounds and am well.

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"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of intensified fruit juices and always cures Indigestion, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

BEN McCULLOUGH CENTENARY

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Nov. 11—One hundred years ago today saw the birth in this city of the redoubtable Ben McCullough whose exploits as an Indian fighter and soldier of fortune rivalled the stirring deeds of Davy Crockett and other famous western pioneers. McCullough fought under three flags. In his youth he followed the Stars and Stripes into battle against the Indians. Later at the battle of San Jacinto, he fought side by side with Sam Houston for the "Lone Star" flag of the Texas republic. At the outbreak of the civil war he joined the Confederates. He was commissioned brigadier-general and was killed while fighting under the Stars and Bars at the battle of Pea Ridge.

It is claimed that the suit against the Steel Trust is not worrying Mr. Carnegie a little bit. Of course, he wants to die poor anyway.

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Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair.

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In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA the Great American Sage Hair Tonic.

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SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic.

NOTES OF THE LABOR WORLD

Renewed interest in the Farmers' Union movement is being taken in southwestern Missouri.

There is considerable unrest in the engineering trade of Hungary which may lead to a general strike or lock-out in this industry.

The International Association of Bill Posters will hold its next annual convention in St. Louis during the week beginning December 4.

Pittsburgh, Pa., will be the first eastern city to have a bakery conducted by the International Union of Bakery and Confectionary Workers.

From Sao Paulo, the center of the coffee district of Brazil, comes news of strikes in the plantations. The wages of the pickers have been stationary for fifteen years. These men are very badly paid, considering the nature of the work, but as they are entirely unorganized no concerted movement has been possible.

Consular reports show that according to statistics based on passports, 588,354 foreign workmen were employed in Germany last year. Of these 850 engaged in farming. There were 323,326 Poles, 82,092 Rithenians, 23,029 Hungarians, and 39,672 Russians and Austrians.

The recent convention of the Amalgamated Association of Electric Railway Men and Car Men decided to create an internal fund for the bonding of officers of all unions instead of paying the premium amounting to about \$15,000 a year to fidelity companies as heretofore.

California.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's sold at \$1 a box, or three for \$3. Mailed to you, address The Scofield Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

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THE MAIL, Fredericton, N. B.

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SIGNATURE

Give date and hour sent in,

\$20 in Gold will be presented by the Evening Mail to the first person nominating the candidate who polls largest vote of all.

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Extra good Values in ladies' and children's UNDERWEAR at
25c, 35c, 45c and 50c a garment.

Ladies' light and dark WINTER WAISTS, Extra Value at
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