

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

Up along the hillside and after the fugitives they ran with veiled eagerness, racing each other for the higher ground and the first shot at the rebels.

But over the rocks no Chihuahuan, no matter how scarce, can hope to outdistance a Yaqui, and the pop, pop of rifles told the fate of the first luckless stragglers.

He turned and hurried back to the corral where Copper Bottom was kept, and there he found her waiting, with her roan all saddled, and she challenged him with her eyes.

Only for a moment did he stand before her, and then he caught up his saddle and spoke soothingly to his horse. They rode out of the corral together, closing the gates behind them and passing down a slight to the rear.

The time had come. Well he knew the dangers that lay between them and the American line. Dangers not for him but for her. In the hills and passes and on the cactus-covered plain were thousands of men with whom she would not be safe for an instant, and against whom he must guard her that she might be delivered safely to Phil.

Soldiers, miners, and refugees, men, women, and children, every soul in Fortuna was on the hill to see the last of the battle. It had been a long and a hard one, but bravely ended, and something in the dramatic suddenness of this victory had held all eyes to the close.

They hurried on, following a well-marked trail that alternately climbed ridges and descended into arroyos, until finally it dropped down into a precipitous canon where a swollen stream rushed and bubbled and, while they still watched expectantly for the road, the evening quickly passed.

songs and strange animals crashed through the brush at their approach, but still Hooker stayed in the saddle and Gracia followed on behind.

At each fork he paused to light a match, and whichever way the mule-tracks went he went also, for pack-mules would take the main trail. For two hours and more they followed on down the stream and then Hooker stopped his horse.

"You might as well get down and rest a while," he said quietly. "This trail is no good—it's taking us south. We'll let our horses feed until the moon comes up and I'll try to work north by landmarks."

"Oh, are we lost?" gasped Gracia, dropping stiffly to the ground. "But of course we are," she added. "I've been thinking so for some time."

"Oh, that's all right," observed Hooker philosophically. "I don't mind being lost as long as I know where I'm at. We'll ride back until we get out of this dark canyon and then I'll lay a line due north."

They sat for a time in the darkness while their horses champed at the rich grass and then, unable to keep down her nerves, Gracia declared for a start. A vision of angry pursuers rose up in her mind—of Manuel del Rey and his keen-eyed rurales, hot upon their trail—and it would not let her rest.

How to Waken Her, Even That Was a Question. "I knew you would come!" said Gracia, smiling radiantly as they paused at the fork.

day's work at the branding, he had stood guard all the night. "It was a luxury to him, like water to a mountain-sheep—and so were all the other useless things that town-bred people required."

He sighed now as he saw the first flush of dawn and turned to where she slept, calm and beautiful, in the solemn light. How to waken her, even that was a question, but the time had come to start.

"Wake up!" he said, shaking her gently. "Wake up, it's almost day!" Even as he spoke he went back to the phrase of the cow-pump.

"Hope you can ride," he said. "We got to get over that pass before anybody else makes it—after that we can take a rest."

CHAPTER XXV. Though the times had turned to war, all nature that morning was at peace, and they rode through a valley of flowers like knight and lady in a pageant. The rich grass rose knee-deep along the hillsides, the desert trees were fireglazed with the tender green and twined with morning-glories, and in open glades the poppies and sand-verbena spread forth masses of blue and gold.

Free at last from the pent-in canyon, they halted at the forks, while Bud looked out the land by moonlight. Dim and ghostly, the square-topped peaks and huttes rose all about him, huge and impassable except for the winding trails. He turned up a valley between two ridges, "spurring his horse into a fast walk."

From one cow trail to another he picked out a way to the north, but the way of the ground threw him to the hills. The country was rocky, with long parallel ridges extending to the northeast, and when he saw where the way was taking him Bud called a halt. The very formation he was being gradually edged back toward Fortuna, and it would call for fresh horses and a rested Gracia to outstrip their pursuers by day. If the rurales traveled by landmarks, heading for the northern passes in an effort to out-ride and intercept him, they might easily cut him off at the start; but if they trailed him—and he devoutly hoped they would—then they would have a tangled skein to follow and he could lose them in the broken country to the north.

"Ah, how I hate that man!" raged Gracia, spurring her horse as she scowled back at the galloping Del Rey and his men who were riding onward rapidly. "If I could only get my hands on that scoundrel!"

"All right," observed Bud with a quizzical smile. "I'll have to kill him for you then!" She gazed at him a moment with eyes that were big with questioning, but the expression on his rugged face baffled her.

"Don't know," mumbled Bud. "Didn't know, I say, let me get them saddle-blankets, will you?" He went about his work with embarrassed swiftness, clapping on saddles and bridles, coiling up ropes, and offering her his hand to mount. When he looked at her again it was not strangely.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued) "How do you know it is so?" asked one. "I said it was so, didn't I?" the other came back, coldly.

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ELUSIVE PEST IS PESKY FLY. S-s-s-h! He is at the screen door seeking an entrance. The monster thinks the family away on a Sunday school picnic, and that he can plant the seeds of death undisturbed.

It was merely a short paragraph, but it was a paragraph that was full of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, had decided in favor of Mr. Fox as the representative of the pure doctrine of Whiggery.

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PARIS AGAIN GOAL

Germans Are Rushing Large Force From Russia to France.

ALLIES CLAIM TO HAVE GAINED

French and British Occupy Lille, Estaires, Gain in Centre, Woivre and Aisace—Recapture Muehlhausen and Altkirch.

Berlin, via Amsterdam, Oct. 17.—The war office, in its official statement, announced that the Kaiser's headquarters had been moved farther into France.

Kaiser Rushes Troops to France. London, Oct. 17.—Although the fall of Ostend appears to have become a certainty, the German sweep of the northwest coast to the west has been a wedge between the army of General von Beseler and the forces of Generals von Kluck and von Boehm, which compose the German right of the main line of the invaders in France.

Great re-enforcements are rushing from Russia to France, however, in readiness for another German advance on Paris.

The official communique issued at Bordeaux reports among other gains along the whole front the capture of Estaires, 13 miles west of Lille, and on the north bank of the Scheldt the allies are moving straight north to give battle to the Antwerp beleaguering army, which is moving to the westward.

Germans Occupy Bruges. Northeast of this position the Germans have made a corresponding advance, which is part of the converging movement upon Antwerp.

The army from Antwerp not only has occupied Bruges, only 15 miles from Ostend on the east, but has established a line swinging in an arc to the south and then to the west, with the vanguard of the German army occupying Thourout and Dixmude to the southwest of Ostend.

In Thielt, 15 miles southeast of Bruges, a large force of Germans has appeared, and at least one hundred thousand of the invaders are reported to have occupied Bruges, and in the vicinity of Lens and between Arras and Albert the French have made considerable progress.

Muehlhausen and Altkirch Retaken. The French have recaptured Muehlhausen and Altkirch, according to a dispatch from Basel, Switzerland, transmitted to the Exchange Telegraph company by its correspondent in Rome.

This message says that the German losses were so heavy that the enemy was compelled to use 150 motor cars to carry off the wounded.

Both these positions had been taken and retaken repeatedly in the fighting in Alsace.

Further successes are claimed by the French war office on the heights of the Meuse and in the Woivre region, principally to the south of St. Mihiel and near Marcheville. Between the Meuse and the Moselle, furious attacks by the Germans to the southeast of Verdun have been able to advance some distance to the south of the road from Verdun to Metz.

Berlin Denies Allies Win. Berlin (via Amsterdam), Oct. 17.—The war office issued the following official statement:

"In France there is heavy fighting east of Soissons and the Argonne. The French have continued to make attacks on our positions near St. Mihiel, but have been repulsed. The Germans have lost ground at no point, despite the official reports issued in Paris as to French successes. The emperor's headquarters have been moved farther into France."

Cut Off Russian Army in Poland. London, Oct. 17.—German troops have succeeded in cutting off a Russian army in Ivanograd, the great Russian fortress 60 miles southwest of Warsaw, according to an official announcement given out in Berlin and sent here by way of Amsterdam.

The dispatch says communications have been cut between Ivanograd and Warsaw and that the Austro-German forces are preparing to cross the Vistula. It adds that the Germans have repulsed the Russian troops, and have held all of southern Poland up to the Vistula.

The general staff at Berlin reports that the battle east of Wirballen, in the Suwalki district of Russian Poland, which has been raging for ten days, is progressing favorably for the Germans.

The Russian official news bureau, on the other hand, issued a statement asserting that the conflict in Poland was proceeding on ground selected by the Russian general staff and that the situation continued favorable to the czar's troops.

The Russian war office denied Austrian claims that the Russians had been routed at Przemysl or that Lemberg had been recaptured and asserted that the fall of Przemysl might be expected at any time.

Dispatches from Vienna admit that the siege of Przemysl has not been entirely raised.

Portugal Is Mobilizing Army. Madrid, Oct. 17.—The army of Portugal has started to mobilize, according to dispatches from London, which in close touch with the government at Lisbon. This act bears out the increasing rumors during the last few days that the republic had decided to enter the war at once on the side of the allies. The Portuguese army, including the expeditionary corps, numbers eight army corps in active service. Calling out of the First and Second reserves would bring an army of half a million men into the field.

Austrian Dreadnaught Burned. Rome, Oct. 17.—A new Austrian dreadnaught was gutted by fire in the government shipbuilding yards near Trieste and six new torpedo boat destroyers were also damaged, according to a telegram received here. The dreadnaught was to have been launched this week.

British Sink German Ship. London, Oct. 17.—The admiralty announces that the German liner Markomania has been sunk by the British warship Yarmouth near Sumatra.

Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple. Tropical Hawaii, the home of the finest Pineapple, is too distant to supply you with the fresh fruit that has ripened on the plant. If you want the delicious Hawaiian Pineapple use all its perfection fully ripening in the field, buy Libby's yellow pineapples when harvested and placed right into the tin they are picked. You can buy it sliced or crushed.

LOSS OF WAR EXAGGERATED. Real Facts as to Mortality and Property Destruction in a Six Months' Conflict.

The destruction of war is not nearly as great as it seems, Engineering Magazine states. If people do not produce, neither do they consume, and the spending \$10 a day comes down to the \$1 or even to the ten cent level with other particular detriment to himself or to his similarly placed neighbors.

How a Row Started in Glen Elder. They were leaning over the line fence, these ladylike neighbors, and they seemed to be having an argument as the Glen Elder Sentinel's reporter passed.

Over Seventy Years Young. Mrs. Russell Sage started on her eighty-seventh year a few weeks ago and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller began her seventy-sixth. Mrs. Sage is said to be the more robust of the two.

Proper Forethought. "Good mornin', Mrs. Moriarity. It's well ye'r lookin'. And how's that delicate son of yours now?"

A Man's Carelessness. "I've hurt my wife's feelings again," said Mr. Meekton.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU. Dr. F. J. St. John's Compound Syrup of Sassafras is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs.

Not in Jeopardy. "She is a grand widow, isn't she?" "Well, she seems to be in clover."

Constipation causes and aggravates many other diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. F. J. St. John's Compound Syrup of Sassafras.

A woman's idea of a boy is simply a man who never flatters her.

GERMANS CONSUME 200 POUNDS OF FOUR PER CAPITA YEARLY.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than smallpox. Any experience has demonstrated that typhoid is a most insidious and dangerous disease.

Pratts Animal Regulator. More pork, better pork and a better price. Sleek fat hogs in the pink health and ready for market weeks earlier.

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