

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Hidden Waters," "The Tascans," "The Tascans," Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Levin

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and larcenous men to whom human life was nothing and a woman more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some of them on the way, and if the base rascals once set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a no to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness. Bud could hardly see them, thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness.

As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The light watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now he might lose in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he understood why she had slept the brief hours of the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet light settled down upon the brief hours of the glimmering specks of a hundred camp-fires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadadán.

"Look!" she said. "I do not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes ago," answered Gracia, "I saw those over to the east—they are along the base of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud, "they've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the herders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that pricked and swiveled, and delicate nostrils sniffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the grasswood, divining by some instinct his master's need of care. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, swaying sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass." And as the sentry stared stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Go back!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw I am at all."

"No, I flattened myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The warning moon came out and they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not meet the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican passions count themselves late if they do not take the trail miles before the reach of their pursuers—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat paws; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind; and then, just as the horses were ending and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buena dia!" saluted Bud, as the blinking men rose up from their blankets to stare at him. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" challenged a bearded man as he sprang up from his brush shelter.

"To the pass, señor," answered Hooker, still politely, but motioning for Gracia to ride ahead. "Adios!"

"Who is that man?" belittled the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my sentinel? Stop him!"

But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his quiet across the ramp of the ridge, and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whirled around the point of a hill as the first scattered shots rang up; and, as a frightened sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to escape a mid-clatter they flung themselves at a rock-slide and scrambled to the bench above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We've won the fight, Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he exploded in an oath and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side—there were no more—and then back at the frightened girl.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, "and don't shoot. I'm going to hold 'em up!"

He jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the ridge. Gracia drew her horse in to her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "no retreat!"

"Hurry up now," he raged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shining horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot, and something in his very presence—the bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a rag-tag bunch, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules, and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mexico, such an army as had been levying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great country south of the American border.

The fiery glances of the American made them cringe as they had always cringed before their masters, and his curses turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pouring forth a torrent of oaths and threats, and riding on the crest of the leader was the first to yield.

Through her son, Nero, who was proclaimed emperor; but her ascendancy proving intolerable, Nero caused her to be put to death.

Other women, nearly as detestable, afterward sprang into the limelight. And in due time the Roman empire fell.

The female of the species in America, however, is busy conserving the forests, taking the child from the mill and sending him to school, improving municipal housekeeping methods, battling against the social evil.

And our republic will survive, growing in strength with the growth of class, sex or creed—Uncle Dudley, in Boston Globe.

Men Most Subject to Deafness. According to a French statistician, males are more subject to aural diseases than females, and out of every seven middle-aged persons there are two who do not hear so well with one ear as with the other.

In every thousand children under fifteen years of age four per cent show symptoms of ear disease, and six per cent a marked deficiency in hearing power.

The ability to disease increases from birth to the age of forty, and then begins gradually to decrease as old age advances.

Out of the total number of cases subjected to surgical treatment in France in one year it is estimated that about fifty-seven per cent were cured and thirty per cent permanently improved.

Q. E. D. "Willie," said the teacher, "give me three proofs that the world is actually round." "Yes'm," said Willie, cheerfully; "the book says so, you say so, and ma says so."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this forever.—Child.

Hottest Springs on Earth Said to Have Been Located Seventy Miles From Portland.

Springs hot enough to cook beans and boil eggs in three minutes have been found in the mountains of the Cascade range. They are on the Clackamas river, 30 miles south of Estacada and 70 miles from Portland.

These springs are 60 in number, and one throws out a stream seven inches in diameter. The springs range from 100 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and are said to be as hot as the Indian name for them, "French halfbreed named Michel Arquette, a trapper, hearing an old Indian of the Molalla tribe speak of hot springs this side of the range, made an investigation and found them."

The springs are supposed to be the hottest in the world—220 degrees. Beans have been cooked in the larger spring with the same dispatch as on a stove. Eggs, encased in a mesh of any kind, have been cooked in three minutes. Even fish have been caught in the Clackamas river and without being taken off the line have been dropped into the spring and in a very brief time cooked to a turn.

The waters come from solid rock and are strongly impregnated with salts, but not of sufficient strength to make the taste objectionable.

Many stories are told by the Indians with regard to the wonderful properties of these springs and they have been known to cross the mountains from the reservation on the other side to bathe in the waters of the "Big Hole," as they call it.

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A mile of macadam road has been completed in Clayton county near Strawberry Point. It is the first stretch of hard surfaced rural highway to be built in that county and is said to be a model of its kind. The success of the undertaking, it is believed, will awaken a feeling for good roads and pave the way for later securing aid in the construction of other roads of similar nature. The road was costed, requiring an expenditure of \$12,500.

Keokuk preachers must have been using the political line. The second Keokuk preacher to enter the field is Rev. W. L. Hawkins, pastor of the Swedish Mission church, who has filed his papers for the nomination of state senator on the prohibition ticket. Rev. F. Sanders, who ran for mayor in the spring, and who is running for the legislature on the progressive ticket, is the other preacher-politician.

Both Cedar Falls and Black Hawk chapters, D. A. R., have voted to contribute toward a fund to commemorate the historic trails by which the pioneers entered Iowa and over which thousands of others emigrated further west. The project includes the purchase and preservation of historic buildings and sites as well as the erection of monuments and tablets to mark the old time trails.

George Martins, a Mexican laborer who inflicted fatal knife wounds on Louis Seandus in Fort Dodge, and was recaptured by a posse at Otho, has many knife wounds, including a bad one across the forehead, which makes possible a self-defense plea in his trial for murder. Martins is 61 years of age and his victim was 20.

Evangelical education for the individual church was the keynote of the Sabbath school institute as a preliminary to the session of the synod itself held in Council Bluffs. Dr. Geo. C. Fracker of Cedar Rapids, the superintendent of religious education for the synod, told of the plans in his address.

C. A. Stewart, of Sioux City, was acquitted on a charge of inciting a riot. Stewart came to Le Mars in May and started to deliver a lecture on "The Papal Menace." The Roman Catholic faith caused his arrest and after being jailed he secured a bond. His arrest and trial created a good deal of feeling.

The new Elm Norwegian Lutheran church in Marshalltown, now nearing completion, will be dedicated on Sunday, Nov. 29, and in connection with the service a special session of the Des Moines district conference will be held on Monday and Tuesday following.

Petty offenders meet with a sharp turn when they come before the courts in Sioux City. For stealing \$5 from a farmer Gerald Iago was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. The limit for a case of manslaughter is eight years.

Henry Anders has sold his farm of 220 1/2 acres in Banner township, Woodbury county, to A. Michaelson, of Holstein. The consideration was \$160 per acre. The farm was bought by Mr. Anders fourteen years ago for \$40 per acre.

Hog thieves are operating in the locality of Le Mars and carry off their spoils by automobile. Two or three farmers have been awakened by the sounds of disappearing hogs and then to find a shortage in their hog lots.

That it pays to raise and sell blooded stock was demonstrated by the sale held in Iowa Falls by Pemberton Bros. Fifty head of purebred hogs were sold at an average of \$130 each, while six averaged \$200 each.

Fire of unknown origin caused \$12,373 damage at Joice. The losses are: Huso & Osland Hardware company, \$5,400; Huso garage, \$500; A. Saxe Lumber yard, \$3,900; other losses, \$272.

Fire at Bloomfield burned six horses, destroyed a lively stable, interrupted the service of two telephone companies and damaged the electric company.

Corn husking is on around Rockwell City. Corn is of unusually good quality and will average sixty bushels to the acre.

Panama held its first annual home festival last week, and it proved a success. Large crowds were present despite unfavorable weather.

The recent high water caused considerable loss in Ringgold county. Forty bridges washed out is only a part of the damage.

Burglars attempted to blow the safe of H. G. Neuhann at Buck Grove, but were evidently frightened away before gaining an entrance.

The freshmen were surprised when the sophomores beat them in the 69 in the annual Army and soph-prop field and track meet on State field.

The dead body of Patrick Delaney was found under the bridge of the Milwaukee railroad in the heart of the city of Decatur. He was lying face downward in about a foot of water, and there was a hole of a triangular shape in his skull, showing that death was probably caused by striking his head on the rocks.

Instead of complying with a demand of two footpads to give up his valuables at 1 o'clock in the morning, Attorney Guy P. Linville of Cedar Rapids knocked one of the thugs down and pummeled him while the other fled.

Mussel diggers in the vicinity of Keokuk look for a shortage of pearls due to the war, and are expending \$500,000 to reap the profits. Experts declare that the war will prevent shipments of the pearls from Europe, and already there has been a demand for the pearls found in the Mississippi river mussel.

Authorities have been unable to pick up a clew which might lead to capture of burglars who broke into the Whitehead general store at Albia. The cash drawer was rifled of its contents and about \$100 in merchandise was taken.

In default of \$1,000 bond, Walter R. Johnson, a Burlington railroad employe, was placed in jail at Council Bluffs to await hearing on a charge made by his wife that he tried to force her to drink poison with intent to kill her.

More than \$20,000 was raised at a rally day meeting held in the Methodist church at Vinton. The money will be applied towards a new church building.

The members of the Westminster church of Cedar Rapids are engaged in a campaign to clear the church of its indebtedness of \$15,000.

Iowa's loss through hog cholera this year will total less than half of that of 1913, according to Dr. W. H. Croft, veterinarian of the agricultural extension department, Iowa State college. The farmers this year have done exceptionally well in cooperating with the authorities of the experiment station in endeavoring to keep down the loss and the results show that they have been amply repaid.

Several thousand Shriners representing Iowa and the adjacent states attended the fall ceremonial and welcome to Dr. Frederick R. Smith, imperial potentate of North America, held in Des Moines. It was a day of fun, frolic and mirth for the nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and the ceremonial was without a doubt the largest and most successful in the history of Iowa Shrinedom.

Among the eight candidates that are taking the regular examination for the position of rural route carrier from Imogene to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mike Dempsey, are a husband and wife and a father and son. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Castel are competing for the office and Edward and Clarence Smalley, a father and son, are also taking the same examination.

The Poland China sale of A. Kool & Son near Cordova which was held last week proved successful. Forty head of hogs were sold at an average price of \$20 per head. Part of these were a year old and the remainder were spring pigs. One litter of four 13 months old pigs sold for \$27. One of these was bought by M. Shivers & Son of Knoxville for \$500.

The Rev. C. L. Butler, superintendent of the Des Moines conference of the Methodist church, founder of the Iowa Welfare league, with headquarters in Des Moines, and one of the best known men in the Methodist ministry in Iowa, died at the Des Moines Methodist hospital recently. His death was due to pneumonia.

In the year of 1891, three brothers, Peter, Henry and William Chase, were brought to Page county from central Iowa. William was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Dressell of College Springs and the other two boys were placed with farmers near Clarinda. William has never seen or heard from his brothers since that time and would now like to find them.

Sixty dollars an acre from this year's alfalfa crop is the remarkable record made by William Bankston of near Tabor. He has cut and sold from his tract a total yield of five and one-half tons of hay per acre, which he sold from the field for \$10 a ton.

Penn college at Oskaloosa is \$42,000 richer because of the probating of the will of Mrs. Martha Taley, a pioneer Quaker who died at Bangor, Marshall county, in 1870. She made 25 years ago the gift of a farm of 240 acres to the college and it is worth \$42,000.

Dr. E. F. Lowry of Ottumwa, secretary and treasurer of the Interstate Swine Breeders' association, announced that at another meeting of the association has been arranged for next winter. He also said that the loss from hog cholera this year will be enormous.

The new Lutheran Evangelical church at Graceland, dedicated recently, missed services being held. In the morning they were conducted in German and in the evening in English. The new structure is modern in every particular and has a seating capacity of 500.

The Glenwood Canning factory season just closed has been the most successful since it was started. The output for the year was 360,000 cans. Besides using the product of 40 acres of tomatoes, the factory bought 16,000 bushels from farmers.

Alleging that Mrs. E. Misavage carried a butcher knife with her to bed every night, with the intention of killing him at a convenient opportunity, Mrs. Misavage has filed suit for a divorce at Sioux City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walsh Roundy, pioneers of Dunlap, held a real old fashioned family reunion there last week. Eleven children, 44 grandchildren, 72 great-grandchildren, 127 descendants in all, were in attendance.

A death came with little warning to W. E. Shelling, an old time attorney of the city of Marshalltown and vice president of the Fidelity Savings bank of the city. Mr. Shelling died of heart disease.

Webster City probably can show the best financial record of any city of its size in the West. With the exception of a small amount of short-time fire house and other accidents its total indebtedness was but \$49,000.

Infantile paralysis has made its appearance in the vicinity of Ida Grove and fear of an epidemic is felt. Several deaths have occurred and a number of children are afflicted with the dread disease.

Arth R. Reynolds, president of the Des Moines National bank, can show the record of the Chicago district federal reserve bank at a salary of about \$30,000 a year if he will take the job. He will be picked up by the bank of Graythorn, near Napoleon, the property of J. S. Moore.

James Robinson of Vail was sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary at Fort Madison. Robinson, a farmer, was charged with the slaying of the wife of Ed Peniston, a farmer living near Akron, a year ago. The woman pleaded guilty and served six months in the county jail.

A four weeks' stand for a threshing crew on one farm is unusual in Iowa. A crew just finished threshing the 550 acres of wheat on the farm of E. Klick, near Glidden, and they were four weeks on the job. The wheat averaged 28 bushels to the acre.

The senior class of the Iowa State college voted to donate the site of a monument to the memory of the erection of a monument to the memory of Plymouth county veterans of the civil war. W. H. Dugan, I. S. Freeman and J. G. Koenig were appointed a committee to see to the erection of the monument.

A. Michaelson of Holstein has bought the Henry Anders 200 acre farm in Banner township, Woodbury county, paying for the same \$160 an acre. Mr. Anders bought the farm 14 years ago for \$40 an acre.

E. D. Goheen was caught in a belt in the electric light plant at Emmetsburg and his arm was broken in two places and he was otherwise injured.

The adjutant general has issued an order for the convening of a military examining board at the capitol Oct. 29-30. Thirty-nine officers are to appear for examination.

SEES NO EVIL IN 'WOMANISM'

Eastern Writer Rather of Opinion That Movement in This Country Makes for Good.

The American people are not "degenerating" as a result of "womanism," nor on account of "foolish and feeble agitations concerning eugenics, prohibition, equal suffrage, etc.," Schopenhauer's echo to the contrary notwithstanding.

ART TREASURES AND WAR

The first business of the next Hague conference—if we assume that this body will ever meet again—should be to discover some means of protecting works of art from the ravages of war.

The recuperative power of human beings makes it comparatively easy in the course of time to replace everything that war has destroyed. The raw material for new armies is being constantly born. New corps succeed the old. But when a masterpiece dies it is dead.—Life.

SOME PEOPLE NEVER BORROW TROUBLE SO LONG AS THEY CAN BORROW ANYTHING ELSE.

Some people never borrow trouble so long as they can borrow anything else.

TONES UP!

Not Drugs—Food Does It

—wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

SUCH A FOOD IS

Grape-Nuts

THE ENTIRE NUTRITION OF WHEAT AND BARLEY, INCLUDING THE VITAL MINERAL SALTS—PHOSPHATE OF POTASH, ETC