The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna, near where the Eagle Tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendez to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to turn Mexican and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and suitor of Gracia's. He is released on promise to stay away from Gracia.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"I wonder where that dogged Indian went to," he said for the hundredth time, as the deep shadows gathered in the valley. "By Joe, Phil, if Amigo comes back I'm going to go ahead on that mine. I want to keep him around here, and we might as well get out some ore, if it's only for a grub-stake. Come on—what do you say? We'll open her up—there's nothing to hide now. Well, I'll do it myself, then—this setting around is getting on my nerves."

His far-seeing eyes, trained from his boyhood to search the hills for cattle, scanned the tops of the ridges as he spoke; and while he sat and pondered they noted every rock.

Then at last he rose up slowly and gazed at a certain spot. He waved his arm, beckoning the distant point of blackness to come in, and soon from around a point in the canyon the Yaqui appeared, bearing a heavy Mauser rifle on his arm.

Across his broad breast hung the same familiar cartridge-belt, two more encircled his hips, and he walked with his head held high, like the warrior that he was.

Evidently his flight had led to the place where his arms had been hid, for he wore the regulation knife-bayonet at his hip and around his hat was the red ribbon of his people, but Bud was too polite to ask him about his journey. Since his coming the Yaqui had always maintained a certain mystery, and now, though his eyes were big with portent and he smiled at the jests about his gun, he simply waved his hand to the south and east and murmured:

"Muchos revoltosos!"

"Seguro;" answered Bud jokingly; "but have you killed any?"

"Not yet!" returned the Indian, and he did not smile at that.

"I wonder what that Indian is waiting around here for?" remarked Phil in English. "He must have his eye on somebody."

"Yeah, I bet," agreed Bud, regarding his savage friend with a speculative interest. "Most of them Yaqui soldiers was farmhands in this country before they rounded them up. I reckon he's looking for the man that had him deported.

"Tired, Amigo?" he inquired in Spanish, and Ignacio gravely acknowledged that he was, a little.

"Then drink plenty coffee," went on Hooker. "Eat lots—tomorrow we go to work in the mine."

"Tomorrow?" repeated the Indian, if considering his other engagements; "good!" He nodded a smiling assent.

After a month and more of idleness Bud and Amigo performed prodigies of labor in the cut, rolling down boulders, lifting them up on the tram, and clearing away the face of the cliff. Their tram was ramshackle, their track the abandoned rails from older workings, and their tools little more than their hands, but by noon the last broken fragments were heaved aside and the shattered ledge revealed.

A low cry of wonder escaped the Yaqui as he gazed at the rich vein of ore, and as he saw the grim smile on Bud's rugged countenance he showed his white teeth in sympathy.

"Que bueno!" he murmured. "How good!" gathering the precious fragments in his handkerchief.

At the camp they crushed the picked ore in a mortar and panned it in the creek, and for the moment De Lancey dropped his air of preoccupancy as he stared at the streak of pure gold. Like a yellow film it lay along the edge of the last fine tailings, and when skilful washing had left it bare, it gleamed like a jewel in the pan.

"By Jove, Bud!" he cried, "that's the real stuff—and it goes a dollar to the pan easy!"

"Sure thing!" assented Bud. "Let's pound a lot of it and wash it as we go—then we'll have some getaway money when things break loose here!"

"I'll go you!" answered Phil, and Bud's heart warmed toward him as he watched him pound up a piece of ore and go to swirling the dirt in the pan.

But alas for the fond hopes he cherished! Even as he washed out the gold Phil's mind wandered far away, back to the hotel where Gracia Aragon sat watching by the window.

Her hair was the color of gold, spun fine and refined again; yes, it was worth more than this golden dross that he caught in the bottom of his pan. And what was gold if he could not have her?

He paused in his labor and a dreamy smile parted his lips—then he broke into a song:

Sweet honey bee, be sweet to me,
My heart is free, but here's the key;
Lock up the garden gate; honey, you know I'll wait,
Under the rambler rose tree-ee.

Once more he returned to his work, humming now the dulcet strains of "The Merry Widow," and when Bud came back from the cut it was to hear a coon song:

'Cos I want yer, me honey, yes, I want yer, want yer;
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes I do!

So he labored and sang, until finally the labor ceased, and then the song. He went about other things, and other thoughts, not so cheerful, filled his mind.

Bud returned sadly to the company of the Yaqui and gave it up. Perhaps his pardner had been right when, riding out of Agua Negra, he had enlarged upon the dangers of Old Mexico, "the land of manana and broken promises." Certainly his speech had been prophetic in regard to dark-eyed women; for, even as he had said, nothing seemed to please them better than to come between man and man.

It was a madness, he felt sure—the spell of the hot country, where the women look out from behind barred windows and men sing beneath their balconies at midnight. Already it had cost him his pardner—would it conquer his will as well and make him forget his trust?

In his impotence the idea of some perverse fate—some malign influence over which he had no control—was strong with Hooker; yet when the blow fell he was not prepared for it. It was the third day of their mining and, with Amigo, he had been driving into the face of the cliff.

Already their round of holes was drilled, the fuses cut, the charges set, and as he retreated before the blast he noticed absently that Cruz Mendez was in camp. The shots followed, one after another, and he counted them to make sure there was no miss-fire—then he looked around and discovered that Phil was gone.

"Where is Don Felipe?" he inquired of Mendez, and that low-browed brother of the burro bowed fawningly before he replied.

"He has gone to Fortuna," he said, wiping his face with a bath towel which he wore about his neck.

"And what for?" demanded Bud imperatively.

"I don't know, senor," writhed Mendez. "I brought him a letter."

"From whom?"

"I don't know. It was given to me by Juana, the servant of the Senorita Aragon."

"Ah!" breathed Bud, and pretended not to be surprised.

"Well, let 'im go!" he said to himself, and went back into the mine. It

Thrust His Rifle Into Its Sling and Started for Town.

was what he had expected, in a way, and his code bade him keep his hands off. But the next morning, when the evil was either avoided or done, he thrust his rifle into its sling and started for the town. At the jail he halted and gazed in through the windows—then he rode up to the hotel and asked for Phil.

"What? Have you not heard?" clamored Don Juan. "Ah, it is most unfortunate—I would not have had it happen for the world!"

"What?" inquired Bud succinctly.

"Why, the quarrel—the encounter with Capitan del Rey! I did my best, I assure you, to prevent it, for the town has been put under martial law and the captain is in full charge. They quarreled over the favor of a lady, and now your friend is in jail."

"I didn't see him when I come by," observed Hooker.

"Ah, no—not in the carcel—in the cuartel, the guardhouse of the rurales!"

"Much obliged!" nodded Bud, and rode on through the town. The street of the Mexican quarter was filled with strange people hurrying to and fro; long packtrains loaded with trunks and curious bundles came swinging up from below; and a pair of rurales, looking fierce under their huge sombreros stood guard by the cuartel door.

"Where is the captain?" demanded Hooked. After requesting him to hang his pistol-belt on his saddle-horn, a sergeant showed him in to the chief.

Manuel del Rey was very busy with papers and orders, but as the American appeared in the doorway he rose and greeted him with a bow.

"Ah, good morning, senor," he said, with one swift glance to read his mood. "You are in search of your friend—no?"

"Si, senor," answered Hooker, but with none of the animosity which the captain had expected. "Where is he?"

"I regret very much," began the officer, speaking with military formality, "but it is my duty to inform you that the Senor De Lancey has left Fortuna. Last night he did me the honor to enlist in my company of rurales—he is now on his way to the north to assist in guarding the railroad."

"What?" shouted Bud, hardly able to believe his ears. But when the captain repeated it he no longer doubted his Spanish.

"But why?" he cried; "why did he join the rurales?"

"Ah, senor," shrugged Del Rey, "was he not a Mexican citizen? Very well, then; he could be summoned for military service. But the circumstances were these. Your friend came yesterday to this town, where I am at present military commander, and made an unprovoked assault upon my person. For this, according to law, he should have been shot at sunrise. But, not wishing to occasion unpleasantness with the Americans now residing here, I offered him the alternative of military service. He is now enlisted as a rural for a term of five years."

"Five years!" exclaimed Hooker; and then, instead of starting the expected rough-house—upon which the rural guards were prepared to jump on his back—he simply threw down his hat and cursed. Not anyone in particular, but everything in general; and at the end of it he turned once more upon the watchful captain.

"Dispenseme, senor," he said, "this is the truth, is it?"

"Si, senor," returned Captain del Rey. "But before leaving with his detachment your friend wrote this letter, which he requested me to deliver to you."

He offered with a flourish a sealed envelope, from which Bud extracted a short note.

Dear Bud:

When you get this I shall be far away. I must have been mad, but it is too late now. Rather than be executed I have enlisted as a rural. But I shall try to be brave for her sake. Take care of her, Bud—for me! PHIL.

Bud read it through again and meditated ponderously. Then he folded it up and thrust it in his pocket.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," he said, saluting and turning upon his heel; and while all the Mexicans marveled at the inscrutable ways of Americanos, he mounted and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

There was a world of Mexicans in the plaza when Hooker rode down through the town. Never, it seemed to him, had he seen so many or liked them less.

To the handful of Americans who remained to man the mill and mine, they were easily a hundred to one; and though their eyes were wide with fear of the imminent rebels, they had an evil way of staring at him which he did not relish.

Even at the hotel, where the Spanish-Mexican aristocracy was massed ten deep, he sensed the same feeling of veiled hostility and wondered vaguely what it might portend. If Philip De Lancey, for making love to a girl, was drafted into the army, what would happen to him if these people should ever break loose? And did they have the courage to do their worst?

He lingered around the door for a while, hoping to meet Don Juan or some American who would tell him the news; then, disgusted with everything, he flung away and left them to themselves. Fortuna was not a white man's country—he could see that without a diagram—but at the same time he intended to hold his mine until he could hear from Phil.

Let the tides of insurrection come and go, let the red-flaggers take the town and the federals take it back again—at the end he would still be found at the Eagle Tail, unless Phil received his title to the mine.

As for Aragon, whose fine Italian hand he perceived behind the sudden taking off of Phil, let him make what trades he would with the rurales and Manuel del Rey, even to the giving of his daughter's hand; but if, taking advantage of the unsettled times, he dared to try to steal their mine, then there would be war to the knife.

It is a fine, comforting thing to be single-minded and of one purpose. All the rest of life is simplified and ordered then, and a man knows when to raise his hand and when to hold it back.

In his letter Phil had said nothing about their mine, but he was a Mexican citizen still, and the mine was in his name. Bud was his pardner and free to hold it in his stead; and that he determined to do—not only hold it, but work it for a stake. Then, when the tide was passed and all made certain, they could turn it over to Kruger and quit the accursed country.

As for the girl, Bud decided that she could take care of herself without any assistance from him, and dismissed her from his mind.

Back at the mine he found Amigo guarding camp from the hilltop, and after telling him the gist of his troubles, the two of them went to work. Every day, while one of them dug out the ore, the other crushed and washed it and watched as he horned out the gold. Their rifles they kept beside them and pistols in their belts; and every time a Mexican dropped into camp, as one did now and then in the general unrest, he felt the silent menace of arms in readiness and continued on his way.

For a week they labored on together, grim, watchful, expectant—then, at the break of day, they heard a distant rattle of arms, like the tearing of a cloth, and knew that the battle was on.

The great whistle at Fortuna opened with its full, bass roar, and Amigo snatched up his gun and went loping down the canyon, drawn irresistibly by the sound of conflict. Bud lingered, climbing higher and higher to get a view of the country. But his young blood clamored for action too, and soon he was mounted and gone.

The fighting was not at the American town, but down the valley by Old Fortuna, and as Hooker galloped on toward the sound of the firing he noticed that it was on the move. Already the cowardly rebels were retreating—the volunteers from Fortuna were hurrying to get closer to them, the rurales were riding to flank them; and when Bud jumped his horse up the last hill and looked down into the broad, cultivated valley he saw the dust of their flight.

Down the fenced trail that led to the lower country the mounted insurrectos were spurring in a rout; across the newly plowed field, of Aragon the men on foot were making a short cut for the hills; and all about them, like leaping grasshoppers, sprang up puffs of dust.

Now they plunged into the willow brush along the river, where it swung in against the ridge; and as their pursuers broke into the open they halted and returned the fire. The bullets struck up the dust like hailstones in front of the oncoming irregulars, a man or two in the lead went down, and they faltered. Then, as frantically as the rebels, they turned and ran for cover.

While defenders and invaders shot back and forth across the broad field, Bud put spurs to his horse and rode closer, and when he came out on another hilltop he was just in time to see the rurales come pelting in from the west and take the revoltosos on the flank. There was a great deal of long-distance firing then, while the rebels slowly retreated, and finally, with a last defiant volley, the defenders turned back from their pursuit and marched triumphantly to Old Fortuna.

There, amid numerous vivas, Don Cipriano rolled out a cask of mescal and, after a fiery speech, invited the victors to help themselves. So they fell to drinking and carousing, and the one defender who had been wounded was bandaged and made much of, while a great crowd from the upper town looked on in awe and admiration.

At last Manuel del Rey and his rurales returned from harassing the enemy and with several wounded prisoners in their midst, the valor-drunk Mexicans formed a riotous procession and went marching back to town. Every horse and mule was carrying double, guns were being dropped, broad hats knocked off, and ever, as they marched, they shouted:

"Viva Madero! Viva Mejico! Muerte a los revoltosos!"

It was an edifying spectacle to an American, and with the rest Bud tagged along to the plaza, where they had speeches and cheers galore and more mescal at the company's cantina. But in the midst of it, while he sat laughing on his horse by the hotel, Bud felt a gravel strike his broad hat from above and, looking furtively up, he beheld Gracia Aragon smiling down at him from the balcony.

She beckoned him with a swift movement and gazed out over the assemblage again, and after a few moments of deliberation Hooker tied his horse and wandered into the hotel.

A tingle of excitement went over him as he tramped up to the ladies' parlor, for he had never met Gracia face to face. But he disguised his qualms by assuming a masklike grimness of countenance and, when the glorious Gracia glided out of her room to meet him, he only blinked and stood pat.

A long experience as a poker player was all that saved him from betrayal, for there was something in her very presence which made his heart leap and bound. But he only gazed at her somberly, without even so much as raising his hat.

Back in Texas, in his social world, it was considered almost unmanly to thus salute the ladies. So he stood there, his big sombrero pulled down over his mop of light hair, gazing at her without a blink.

Perhaps it was not altogether as friendly a scrutiny of her charming features as Gracia expected, for he remembered what she had done to his pardner; but if she sensed such a rare thing as disapproval from a young man, she was too excited to show it. Her lips trembled, and she looked back furtively, meanwhile drawing him into an alcove by the slightest twitch of his sleeve.

"Don't talk too loud," she whispered. "My mother is listening from the room—but for the love of God, tell me, where is Phil?"

"I don't know," answered Bud, trying to lower his big voice to a boudoir softness; "he joined the rurales and was ordered north—that's all I know."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; but haven't you heard from him?"

She seemed to be all impatience to snatch his news and fly with it, but Bud was in no such hurry. And so far was he from being a carpet knight that he immediately raised his voice to its normal bass. It was all right for Phil and his kind to talk by signs and whispers, but that was not his style.

"Not since he went away," he said. "He left me a little note, then, saying—"

"Saying what?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Well, saying that he had enlisted to keep from being executed, and—that's about all!"

"And not a word about me?"

"Yes," admitted Bud; "he said he'd try to put up with it—on account of you—and—"

"What?" she entreated, taking him beseechingly by the coat.

"Well," stammered Hooker, shifting his feet and looking away, "he told me to kinder take care of you—while he was gone."

"Ah!" she breathed, still standing close to him, "and will you do it?"

"I reckon so," said Bud, "if we have any trouble."

"But I'm in trouble now!" she cried "I'm watched—I can't get away—and I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what?" he demanded.

"Of him!" she answered, her voice breaking; "of Manuel del Rey!"

"Well," replied Hooker bluntly, "I've got nothing to do with that— I can't interfere in your love affairs—but if they's war and they try to take the town, you can count on me."

"Oh, thank you," she said, bowing satirically. "And do you expect a war?"

"Not with that bunch of hombres!" returned Bud, waving a disparaging hand toward the noise of the shouting.

"But I'm in Trouble Now!" She Cried.

At this she broke down and laughed. Evidently she was not so fearful of discovery after all.

"You forget, sir," she said, "that I am a Mexican!"

Then, as he failed to show any signs of contrition, she changed her mood again.

"But wait!" she ran on, her eyes flashing. "Perhaps we are not so eager to defend our government when we have a new one every year. But if the men who are gathering in Chihuahua invade our country, you will find that as Sonorans those men will fight to the death.

"You laugh because you do not understand. But why should we Sonorans fight side by side with the federals and rurales? Are they not the soldiers of Diaz, who have simply changed to another master? That Manuel del Rey was last year hunting down Maderistas in the hills; now he is fighting for Madero! And tomorrow? Who can say?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully, and Hooker perceived that she was in earnest in her dislike of the dashing captain, but prudence warned him to say nothing if he would escape being drawn into the quarrel.

"No!" she went on, after an expectant pause, "let the rurales pursue these bandits—they are hired for that purpose! But if Orozco and Salazar join this ladron, Bernardo Bravo, and seek to capture our towns, then, Senor Americano, you will see real war and men fighting to the death! Ah, you laugh again—you are a Texan and judge us Sonorans by the cowardly Chihuahuans—but it is the truth. And I, for one," she added naively, "would be almost glad to have war. Do you know why? To see if you would really defend me!"

She smiled, looking frankly into his eyes, and Bud blushed to the roots of his hair, but once again he held his peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF THE CURIOUS THINGS

So Remarkable an Incident of Life That Comment Really Seemed to Be Useless.

"It's curious about things, isn't it?" said the man who had something on his mind and wanted to talk.

"Yes," replied the man addressed, but without interest.

"It's curious how a fellow gets into a box and then out again."

"Yes."

"You know the Widow Spicer, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"I heard last month that she had come into $50,000. Sat right down and proposed marriage by letter and rushed the letter off."

"Well!"

"Didn't hear from her in answer. Here's the letter. Forgot to stamp it, and it went to the dead letter office. Just got it back. Suppose it had reached the widow and she had accepted me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a week ago I heard that she didn't have ten cents to her name. Curious, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I can beat it. I married the Widow Spicer five days ago."

"Gee whiz!"

"And instead of having $50,000, she had $75,000."

"Say—say!" exclaimed the other, as he threw up his hands; but he could get no farther. It was too curious.

SETBACK FOR THE OPTIMIST

According to Pessimist, He Had Failed Utterly to See Things in Their Proper Light.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the cheerful real estate man. "In this paper there is a record of eighty-seven marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm.

"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see? Those eighty-seven marriage licenses mean eighty-seven marriages. The eighty-seven marriages will lead to eighty-seven inquiries for houses, flats, or at least eligible apartments. It's bound to stimulate business in our line and we'll get our share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those eighty-seven licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults?"

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist; "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy eighty-seven, and that ain't helping our business any. You make me tired."

In Luck.

Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guides' badge)—"Come on, here's a bit of luck for you. I've made Rupert's nose bleed."—Punch.

WIT and HUMOR

NOT QUALIFIED AS MUSICIAN

Sambo Declined Place on Band Because He Couldn't Even Carry a Tune on a Mouth Organ.

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night turned to charitable work, when Congressman William P. Borland of Missouri was reminded of an incident along that line.

Some time ago Sambo Smith was watching the development of a watermelon vine in his garden on the outskirts of a southern city, when the esteemed Washington Snow rambled down the road and became a part of the immediate scenery.

"Mistah Smith," began the esteemed Snow, trailing his way across the garden, "I hab come to see yo' on some 'ponhtant bizness."

"Yes, sah," agreeably answered Sambo. "What kin I do fo' yo', Mistah Snow?"

"We am gittin' up a mission band, Mistah Smith," impressively replied the other, "an' we would like yo' ter jine."

"Say, Mistah Snow," broadly smiled Sambo, "yo' make me laugh like great happiness! Yo' know berry well dat I kain't eben carry a tune on a mauf organ."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dying, Egypt, Dying.

"Cleopatra, my Egyptian deity, why is the local train from Rome to Cairo like a poor baseball league?"

"Antony, my easy Mark, I confess I know not!"

"Ah, Cleo, the local train from Rome to Cairo is like a poor baseball league because, Cleo, because of its many short stops!"

Fanfare. Bus. Cleopatra reaches for favorite asp.—Harvard Lampoon.

Not Worth Mentioning.

Snooker (fiercely)—Your fowls have been over the wall and scratched my garden.

Chanks (coolly)—Well, there's nothing extraordinary in that. It's their nature to scratch. Now, if your garden were to come over the wall and scratch my fowls, it would be extraordinary, and something worth communicating.—Pearson's Weekly.

What Next?

The following, overheard on the subway, is offered to our readers without prejudice:

"The women are now importuning President Wilson to establish a woman's independence day. Great Caesar! Are they never satisfied? They already have 365 such days."—New York Post.

Financial Finesse.

"Has Burroughs paid you that $5 he owes you?"

"Yes; and say, that fellow is a born financier."

"What do you mean?"

"He paid the $5 in the morning and established confidence to such a degree that he borrowed ten that afternoon."

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

Wiggs—Courtesy helps business.

Woggs—Yes, and good business makes a man feel a heap more polite, too.

How It Happened.

"How did the accident happen?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the man on crutches. "The automobile was going pretty fast and all of a sudden we struck a wet place on the asphalt and there was a noise and the doctor said: "He'll be able to be around in about four weeks."

No Consistency.

"I don't understand George," said the bride.

"How so?"

"He told me to sweeten his coffee with a smile, which I did. And then he went and put in two lumps of sugar, anyhow."

A Quandary.

"A great many of the people out our way think that you ought to come out and say something," said the adviser.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and if I do say something just as many people will say that I ought to have kept still."

Greeting the Doc.

"Roman gladiators used to address the emperor thus: 'We who are about to die salute you!'"

"I feel like using the singular number of that salutation every time I climb into a dentist's chair."

HOW HOPP LOST HIS MONEY

Thrills and Joys Experienced by Amateur Stock Gambler Are Related by Railroad Man.

Stuart C. Leake, the railroad man, who spends much of his time traveling between Richmond, Va., and New York, has all sorts of friends and acquaintances. One of these is a man named Hopp.

"Hopp," said Leake one day in Philadelphia, "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"The biggest thing I've done," explained Hopp, "was to experience the joys of stock gambling. Take it from me, I'm some gambler in stocks."

Leake asked him to tell the merry story.

"I had saved up $1,000," Hopp narrated, "and I decided to take a shot at the market. I picked out the stock on which I knew I could make a lot of money. I decided to buy, and I took ten shares.

"Over in the corner of the bucket shop was a telegraph operator, and I could hear the instrument saying, 'Hopp's got a thousand! Hopp's got a thousand!' That sounded good to me. It was an omen of victory. Pretty soon a cold shiver ran down my spine, and then ran up again. The instrument began to say, 'Take it away from Hopp! Take it away from Hopp!' Talk about thrills and excitement! I was beginning with 'em right away.

"To make a long story short—do you get me?—that stock dropped eleven points in about fifty minutes. They took it away from Hopp."—Popular Magazine.

MUST BE.

First Passenger—Beg pardon, but my name is Baggs.

Second Passenger—Baggs! Baggs! I once knew a man named Sax. Any relation of yours?

Cracking a Joke.

A popular suburbanite, who is also a ready wit, told some children in the neighborhood that as there were English walnuts on his place, he was going to invite them to his Nutty Castle, where he would furnish the expense of entertainment.

"If your house is named Nutty Castle," said one of the children, "what are you called?"

"Oh, I am the doughnut," answered the entertainer.

Soon Decided.

"I had two applicants for work this morning."

"Did you have any trouble in deciding which one of the two you wanted?"

"No. One said in a tenor voice, 'I wish to obtain employment, sir,' and the other one growled, 'I want a job,' so I gave one a slap on the wrist and the other a job."

Right Size Too Large.

Belle—A French shoemaker has patented a machine that makes a plaster cast of a customer's foot and from it forms a last over which his shoes are made.

Beulah—That would never do over here. A shoe made like that would be altogether too large for a New York woman.

Promoting Cheer.

"Did you get any encouragement from the eminent official on whom you called?"

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman of the delegation; "he was right encouraging. He called attention to the fact that it's a pleasant day today, and he said he wouldn't be surprised if it was just as pleasant tomorrow."

Modernizing Shakespeare.

Manager—I am going to stage a real novelty next season.

The Star—What is it?

"Shakespeare brought up-to-date."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; instead of King Richard yelling 'My kingdom for a horse!' I am going to have him call for an aeroplane."—Youngstown Telegram.

Handicapped.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the sheriff. "Trying to hold up a train in the hope of getting a few hundred dollars."

"I know it!" said the train robber. "But I had to work fast. I didn't have time to get hold of the directors and make them help me to hold up the stockholders."

Costume.

"I've bought a silk hat and a frock coat," said the man who has decided to run for office, "but somehow I don't look like a regular statesman."

"Let me look at you," exclaimed his wife. "I thought so! Men don't know how to dress themselves. Rub that hat the wrong way and put on a lay-down collar and a black bow tie."

Fitness.

"Do you think the natives of the Philippines are capable of establishing a government?"

"To a certain extent. You put a bolo in the hands of a healthy Moro and turn him loose on an unarmed community and the way he'll turn in and govern will surprise you."

Dividing Up the Day.

"A man should have eight hours for recreation and then take the remainder of the day for work and sleep."

"Perhaps. It depends on the kind of work you select. Sometimes a man goes after his recreation so violently that he gets too nervous to work or sleep."