

The Land of Broken Promises
A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution
By DANE COOLIDGE

The present town was built a little up from the river in the lee of a great ridge of rocks thrust down from the hill and well calculated to turn aside a glut of waters. It was a comfortable huddle of whitewashed adobe buildings set on both sides of a narrow and irregular road—the great trail that led down to the hot country and was worn deep by the pack-trains of centuries.

On the lower side was the ample store and cantina of Don Cipriano, where the thirsty arrieros could get a drink and buy a panocha of sugar without getting down from their mounts. Behind the store were the pole corrals and adobe warehouses and the quarters of the peons, and across the road was the mescal still, where, in huge copper retort and worm, the fiery liquor was distilled from the sugar-laden heads of Yuccas.

This was the town, but the most important building—set back in the shade of mighty cottonwoods and pleasantly aloof from the road—was the residence of Senor Aragon. It was this, in fact, which held the undivided attention of De Lancey as they rode quietly through the village, for he had become accustomed from a long experience in the tropics to look for something elusive, graceful and feminine in houses set back in a garden.

Nothing stirred, and he having good reason to avoid Don Cipriano, they jogged steadily on their way. "Last house!" observed Phil with a last hopeful look over his shoulder. "Oh," assented Bud, as they came to a fork in the road. "Say," he continued, "let's turn off on this trail. Lot of burro tracks going out—expect it's our friend, Mr. Mendez."

"All right," said De Lancey absently, "wonder where old Aragon keeps that beautiful daughter of his—the one Don Jo-an was telling about. Have to stop on the way back and sample the old man's mescal."

"Nothing doing!" exclaimed Hooker instantly. "Now you heard what I told you—there's two things you leave alone for sixty days—booze and women. After we cinch our title you can get as gay as you please."

"Oose!" piped Phil, "hear the boy talk!" But he said no more of wine and women, for he knew how they do complicate life. They rode to the east now, following the long, flat footprints of the burros, and by all the landmarks Bud saw that they were heading straight for the old Eagle Tail mine. At Old Fortuna the river turns west and at the same time four canyons came in from the east and south. Of these they had taken the first to the north and it was leading them past all the old workings that Kruger had spoken about. In fact, they were almost at the mine when Hooker swung down suddenly from his horse and motioned Phil to follow.

"There's some burros coming," he said, glancing back significantly; and when the pack-train came by, each animal piled high with broken wood, the two Americans were busily tapping away at a section of country rock. A man and a boy followed behind the animals, gazing with wonder at the strangers, and as Phil held them a pleasant "Buenos dias" they came to a halt and stared at their industry in silence. In the interval Phil was pleased to note that the old man had only one eye.

"Que busca?" the one-eyed one finally inquired, "what are you looking for?" And when Phil oracularly answered, "Gold!" the old man made a motion to the boy to go on and sat down on a neighboring rock. "Do you want to buy a prospect?" he asked, and Bud glanced up at him grimly. "We find our own prospects," answered Phil. "But I know of a very rich prospect," protested Mendez, "very rich!" He shrilled his voice to express how rich it was. "Yes!" observed Phil; "them you don't you dig the gold out? But, as for us, we find our own mines. That is our business."

"Sure!" observed Phil, going back to his horse and picking up the bride, "that's what they all say. They're all lost padre mines, and you can see them from the door of the church. Come on, Bud, let's go!" "And so you could this!" cried Mendez, running along after them as they rode slowly up the canyon, "from the old church that was washed away by the flood! This is the very mine where the padres dug out all their gold! Are you going up this way? Come, then, and I will show you—the very place, except that the Americans ruined it with a blast!" He tagged along after them, wheedling and protesting while they battered him about his mine, until they finally came to the place—the ruins of the Eagle Tail.



Sat Toying With His Pistol.

Kruger's magazine of giant powder, exploded in one big blast, had destroyed all traces of his mine, besides starting an avalanche of loose shale that had poured down and filled the pocket.

Added to this, Aragon and his men had rooted around in the debris in search of the vein, and the story of their inefficient work was told by great piles of loose rock stacked up beside caved-in trenches and a series of blind tunnels driven into the neighboring ridges.

Under the circumstances it would certainly call for a mining engineer to locate the lost lead, and De Lancey looked it over thoughtfully as he began to figure on the work to be done. Undoubtedly there was a mine there—and the remains of an old Spanish smelter down the creek showed that the ground had once been very rich—but if Kruger had not told him in advance he would have passed up the job in a minute.

"Well," he said, turning coldly upon the fawning Mendez, who was all curves in his desire to please, "where is your prospect?" "Aqui, senor!" replied the Mexican, pointing to the disrupted rock slide. "Here it was that the Americano Crooka had his mine—rich with gold—much gold!"

He lanced his voice emphatically, and De Lancey shrilled his in reply. "Here!" he exclaimed, gazing blankly at the hillside, and then he broke into a laugh. "All right, my friend," he said, giving Bud a facetious wink; "how much do you want for this prospect?" "Four hundred dollars," answered Mendez in a tone at once hopeful and apologetic. "It is very rich. Senor Crooka shipped some ore that was full of gold. I packed it out for him on my burros; but I am sorry, I have no piece of it!"

"Yes," responded De Lancey, "I am sorry, too. So, of course, we cannot buy the prospect since you have no ore to show; but I am glad for this, Senor Mendez," he continued with a kindly smile; "it shows that you are an honest man, or you would have stolen a piece of ore from the sacks. So show us now where the gold was found, the nearest that you can remember, and perhaps, if we think we can find it, we will pay you to denounce the claim for us."

"At this the one good eye of Cruz Mendez lighted up with a great hope and, skipping lightly over the rock piles with his sandaled feet, he ran to a certain spot, locating it by looking across the canyon and up and down the creek. "Here, senoras," he pronounced, "is where the mouth of the old tunnel came out. Standing inside it I could see that tree over there, and looking down the river I could just see the smelter around the point. So, then, the gold must be in there." He pointed toward the hill. "Surely," said De Lancey; "but where?" The old Mexican shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I do not know, senor," he answered; "but if you wish to dig I will denounce the claim for you."

TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE



CAPTAIN JOSEPH O. WALKUP, U. S. A. Whose tragic death last week has attracted wide attention and is believed to be the first instance of death by lightning in an automobile. Photo courtesy Silver City Enterprise.

TRAGIC DEATH OF CAPT. WALKUP ATTRACTS WIDE ATTENTION
Said to Be First Instance of Death by Lightning While Seated at an Automobile.

HERETOFORE THOUGHT INSULATION PERFECT
Brother Officers and Friends Pay Impressive Tribute to Dead Scientist at Fort Bayard.

INDIANS ATTRACT ATTENTION AT SAN DIEGO
Exposition Advertising Bureau Featuring New Mexico's First Exhibit; Twitchell's Special Train Exploited.

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET
Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, stinging feet, tired feet.

Skin Health Comes From the Blood

Even Slight Eruptions Such As Acne Should Be Treated.

Pimples and other skin troubles do not align on the face. They come bubbling out from within. They are impurities. And if let alone or treated with surface remedies, they multiply because the cause is still at work within. It should be attacked with S. K. S. and the impurities in the blood will be removed.

Under the influence of S. K. S. this first step work of blood purifier in the skin is constantly taking from the blood the nutrition required for healthy tissue and the cause of disease is being constantly being removed, scattered and rendered harmless.

Impressive Funeral for the Officer at Fort Bayard
Silver City, N. M., June 7.—A large gathering of people—brother officers, relatives and friends who had known him in life—filled the chapel at Fort Bayard, Friday afternoon, to pay their last tribute of love and respect to the memory of Captain Joseph O. Walkup, medical corps, United States Army, who succumbed by lightning and instantly killed a week ago.

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Your Aim

WHAT A MAN AIMS AT IN LIFE DOES NOT ALWAYS INSURE HIS SUCCESS

For instance—it is well to AIM to have money in the bank, but to have a SAVINGS BOOK in your own name and to deposit a fixed amount regularly is what really counts.

This Bank assists you in YOUR AIM to reach financial independence by adding interest at the rate of 4 per cent. We invite your account.

First Savings Bank and Trust Co.

PROHIBITION ELECTION IN WAGON MOUND TODAY
Wagon Mound, N. M., June 7.—The prohibition election being held in this district today is bringing out practically the total vote of the community. While the votes have not been counted yet, those who have been keeping tabs on the voting say that the result will be a victory for the dry element by a considerable majority. Elections will be held in other sections of the county Wednesday.

CURRY COUNTY LAND VALUES ADVANCING
[Special Correspondence to the Herald] Curry, N. M., June 7.—The sale here last week of the site of the 200-acre Lopez farm for \$25 an acre marks an upward turn in Curry county farming land, this being the best price paid for land in this section since the early boom days of the district. J. R. Walker was the purchaser, in a cash transaction, a local man.

Additional State News on Page Seven.
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Salt Lake City, June 12-14

There will be a special rate, Albuquerque to Salt Lake and return at \$31.95 Round Trip. These tickets on sale June 8, 9, 10 and 11th, and limited to continuous passage on the going trip, but permit stop overs on the return trip within the limit of the ticket. Final limit of the ticket being sixty (60) days from date of sale.