The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Foal," "Hidden Waters," "The Texkan," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Buenos dias, Don Cipriano!" he hailed. "How are you this morning?"

"Ah, good morning, Don Felipe," responded Aragon, stepping forth from the shadow of the door. "I am very well, thank you—and you?"

"The same!" answered Phil, as if it were a great piece of news. "It is fine weather—no?"

"Yes, but a little dry!" said Aragon, and so they passed it back and forth in the accepted Spanish manner, while Bud hooked one leg over the horn of his saddle and regarded the hacienda with languid eyes.

But as his gaze swept the length of the vine-covered corredor it halted for a moment and a slow smile came over his face. In the green depths of a passion-flower vine he had detected a quick, birdlike motion; and then suddenly, like a transformation scene, he beheld a merry face, framed and

It Was a Merry Company, Indeed.

illuminated by soft, golden locks, peering out at him from among the blossoms. Except for that brief smile he made no sign that he saw her, and when he looked up again the face had disappeared.

Don Cipriano showed them about his mescal plant, where his men kept a continual stream of liquid fire running from the copper worm, and gave each a raw drink; but though De Lancey gazed admiringly at the house and praised the orange trees that hung over the garden wall, Spanish hospitality could go no farther, and the visit ended in a series of adioses and muchas graciases.

"Quick work!" commented Phil, as they rode toward the mine; "the old man has got over his grouch."

"Um," mused Bud, with a quiet, brooding smile; and the next time he rode into town he looked for the masked face among the flowers and smiled again. That was the way Gracia Aragon affected them all.

He did not point out the place to Phil, nor betray her by any sign. All he did was to glance at her once and then ride on his way, but somehow his heart stood still when he met her eyes, and his days became filled with a pensive, brooding melancholy.

"What the matter, Bud?" rallied Phil, after he had jollied him for a week; "you're getting mighty quiet lately. Got another hunch—like that one you had up at Agua Negra?"

"Nope," grinned Bud; "but I'll tell you one thing—if old Aragon don't spring something pretty soon I'm going to get uneasy. He's too dog-goned good-natured about this."

"Maybe he thinks we're stuck," suggested De Lancey.

"Well, he's awful happy about something," said Bud. "I can see by the way he droops that game eye of his—and smiles that way—that he knows we're working for him. If we don't get a title to this mine, every tap of work we do on it is all to the good for him, that's a cinch. So sit down now and think it out—where's the joker?"

"Well," mused Phil, "the gold is here somewhere. He knows we're not fooled there. And he knows we're right after it, the way we're driving this cut in. Our permit is good—he hasn't tried to buffalo Mendez—and it's a cinch he can't denounce the claim himself."

"Maybe he figures on letting us do all the work and pay all the denouncement fees and then spring something big on old One-Eye," propounded Bud. "Scare 'im up or buy 'im off, and have him transfer the title to him. That's the way he worked Kruger."

"Well, say," urged Phil, "let's go ahead with our denouncement before he starts something. Besides,' the warm weather is coming on now, and if we don't get a move on we're likely to get run out by the revoltosos."

"Nope," said Bud; "I don't put this into Mendez's hands until I know he's our man—and if I ever do go ahead I'll keep him under my six-shooter until the last paper is signed, believe me. I know we're in bad somewhere, but hurrying up won't help none.

"Now I tell you what we'll do—you go to the mining agent and get copies of all our papers and send them up to that Gadsden lawyer. I'm going to go down and board with Mendez and see if I can read his heart."

So they separated, and while Phil stayed in town to look over the records Bud ate his beans and tortillas with the Mendez family.

They were a happy little family, comfortably installed in the stone house that Mendez had built, and rapidly getting fat on three full meals a day. From his tent farther up the canyon Bud could look down and watch the children at play and see the comely Indian wife as she cooked by the open fire.

Certainly no one could be more innocent and contented than she was, and El Tuerto was all bows and protestations of gratitude. And yet, you never can tell.

Bud had moved out of the new house to furnish quarters for El Tuerto and had favored him in every way; but this same consideration might easily be misinterpreted, for the Mexicans are slow to understand kindness.

So, while on the one hand he had treated them generously, he had always kept his distance, lest they be tempted to presume. But now, with Phil in town for a few days, he took his meals with Maria, who was too awed to say a word, and made friends with the dogs and the children.

The way to the dog's heart was easy, almost direct, and he finally won the attention of little Pancho and Josefa with a well-worn Sunday supplement. This gaudy institution, with its spicy stories and startling illustrations, had penetrated even to the wilds of Sonora, and every Sunday as regularly as the paper came Bud sat down and had his laugh over the funny page.

But to Pancho, who was six years old and curious, this same highly colored sheet was a mystery of mysteries, and when he saw the big American laughing he crept up and looked at it wistfully.

"Mira,' said Bud, laying his finger upon the smirking visage of one of the comic characters, "look, and I will tell you the story."

And so, with laborious care, he translated the colored fun, while the little Mendezes squirmed with excitement and leaped with joy. Even the simple souls of El Tuerto and Maria wer moved by the comicas, and Mendez became so interested that he learned the words by heart, the better to explain them to others.

But as for Mexican treachery, Bud could find none of it. In fact, finding them so simple-hearted and good-natured, he became half ashamed of his early suspicions and waited for the return of Phil to explain Don Cipriano's complacency.

But the next Sunday, as Bud lay reading in his tent, the mystery solved itself. Cruz Mendez came up from the house, hat in hand and an apologetic smile on his face, and after the customary roundabout remarks he asked the boss as a favor if he would lend him the page of comic pictures.

"Seguro!" assented Bud, rolling over and fumbling for the funny sheet; then, failing to find it instantly, he inquired: "What do you want it for?"

"Ah, to show to my boy!" explained El Tuerto, his one eye lighting up with pride.

"Who—Pancho?"

"Ah, no, senor," answered Mendez simply, "my boy in La Fortuna, the one you have not seen."

Bud stopped fumbling for the paper and sat up suddenly. Here was a new light on their faithful servitor, and one that might easily take away from his value as a dummy locator.

"Oh!" he said, and then: "How many children have you, Cruz?"

Cruz smiled deprecatingly, as parents will, and turned away.

"By which woman?" he inquired, and Bud became suddenly very calm, fearing the worst. For if Cruz was not legally married to Maria, he could not transfer the mining claim.

"By all of them," he said quietly.

"Five in all," returned Cruz—"three by Maria, as you know—two by my first woman—and one other. I do not count him."

"Well, you one-eyed old reprobate!" muttered Bud in his throat, but he passed it off and returned smiling to the charge.

"Where does your boy live now?" he asked with flattering solicitude, the better to make him talk, "and is he old enough to understand the pictures?"

"Ah, yes!" beamed Mendez, "he is twelve years old. He lives with his mother now—and my little daughter, too. Their mamma is the woman of the mayordomo of the Senor Aragon—a bad man, very ugly—she is not married to him."

"But with you—" suggested Bud, regarding him with a steely stare.

"Only by the judge!" exclaimed Mendez virtuously. "It was a love-match, and the priest did not come—so we were married by the judge. Then this bad mayordomo stole her away from me—the pig—and I married Maria instead. Maria is a good woman and I married her before the priest—but I love my other children, too, even though they are not lawful."

"So you married your first wife before the judge," observed Bud cynically, "and this one before the priest. But how could you do that, unless you had been divorced?"

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE

HILLSBORO FLOOD MORE SERIOUS THAN FIRST REPORTED

Later News Indicates That Whole Surrounding Country Is Under Water and Damage Will Be Enormous.

NO COMMUNICATION YET EXCEPT BY COURIER

Tom Ross Writes That Country Is a Sea from Engle to the Striken Town; Murphy's Death Confirmed.

Advices reaching Albuquerque from various sources today show that The Herald's first report of the disastrous flood at Hillsboro Wednesday night, made the disaster less serious than it really is.

All telephone communication with Hillsboro has been wiped out and telegrams for the towns are refused because they can only be delivered by courier. The Herald correspondent who sent out the first news of the big flood had to send his message by courier many miles before getting to a telegraph wire at Nutt. He reports today that the property damage in Hillsboro proper will amount to many thousands of dollars. The general store stock is practically a total loss as is that of the drug store. The death of Thomas Murphy the pioneer and first Sierra county sheriff, was confirmed today by The Herald correspondent and by letter and telegrams to Col. W. S. Hopewell.

Thomas Ross, the well known Sierra county stock grower and mine owner, sent a letter to Mrs. Ross from Engle yesterday which reached here this morning. He said he had attempted to drive his automobile from the Elephant Butte dam to Hillsboro, but that the whole county is under water and he had been forced to turn back. He left last night for Lake Valley, intending to get into Hillsboro today on horseback.

Colonel Hopewell received several messages today, one from William Kiel, justice of the peace at Lake Valley. Kiel says Hillsboro is a total wreck and that the damage there will be very heavy. Fred Meister, the stage line owner, is one of the heaviest losers in stock, equipment and buildings.

Colonel Hopewell, while he has not heard direct from his ranch farm, has heard enough to know that his alfalfa fields are damaged or gone, and if the flood through the valley is as serious as Mr. Ross reports it he says the damage to crops will run into many thousands of dollars.

Thus far Hillsboro has required no outside assistance.

SCHREINER'S BODY FOUND 30 MILES DOWN RIVER

Remains of Unfortunate St. Louis Boy Discovered by Lumbermen Far from Scene of Tragedy in Rio Grande

[By Leased Wire to Evening Herald.]

Santa Fe, N. M., June 12.—The body of Henry Schreiner of St. Louis, drowned on June 2 in the Rio Grande near Velarde, was found last night by lumberpacks near Buckman, having been carried thirty miles down the river. The remains, in a fairly good state of preservation, were brought here by auto for shipment to St. Louis. The body of Martinez, Schreiner's companion, was found several days ago ten miles from the spot where the double tragedy occurred when the two were attempting to shoot the rapids on a flimsy raft.

Effeminate Method.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were having a discussion one evening over Mr. Morris, a friend of the family.

"I don't see," said Mrs. Hudson, "how you can say that Mr. Morris has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud and masculine voice."

"I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear," responded the husband, "that he talks all the time."—In National Monthly.

Try a 10-cent Herald want ad.

R. L. Moore, Attorney, Cromwell Bldg., 120 S 2nd St. Phone 742.

The HERALD Want Ads get the best results.

MAY BROKE ALL THE NEW MEXICO RAIN FALL RECORDS

With Exception of 1897 it was Wettest Month in History of State Since Weather Bureau Started.

According to the United States weather bureau at Santa Fe all rainfall records for May in this state were broken by last month's precipitation. The monthly summary issued yesterday says:

The month of May averaged practically normal in temperature, but far above the normal in precipitation, in fact, with the exception of May, 1897, it was the wettest of record for the state. Temperatures averaged slightly below the normal in the northeast counties, the Pecos valley and in localities in the southwest, but somewhat above the normal in most of the Rio Grande valley and northwest. The greatest deficiency occurred in southwest Mora and central Chaves counties, while the greatest excess occurred generally in the higher districts of the state, and in the San Juan basin. With the exception of a sharp cool period the first four days of the month temperatures were moderate and showed little change. Neither very high nor very low records were made, although rather warm periods occurred from the 7th to 11th, and 21st to 28th. The 9th was probably the warmest day of the month, and the 2d the coldest.

Eastern counties received a large excess of precipitation, the excess decreasing westward until a slight deficiency occurred in southwest Socorro and northwest Grant counties. There were good rains in eastern counties on the 1st, with scattered showers elsewhere, but with the exception of the southwest counties, general shower conditions prevailed from the 13th to 23d, and again from the 28th to the close of the month. Many heavy local downpours occurred in the eastern counties, with attendant damage and loss. The monthly amount at Portales (12.67 inches) is probably the greatest of record within the state in recent years, and is as large as will occur occasionally in the year in that section.

High water prevailed in the streams of that state as a result of melting snow and the heavy rainfall, but at the close of the month streams were generally decreasing rapidly. Conditions thus far have been highly favorable over most of the state for a beautiful year.

HUGH ANDERSON IS THIRD VICTIM OF LIGHTNING ON RANGE

According to a dispatch from Cloudcroft under date of yesterday, Hugh Anderson, a prominent Pecos valley cattleman, was killed Wednesday afternoon while rounding up cattle on the Buidoso, when he was struck by lightning. Death was instantaneous. Anderson was 60 years old and well known in state livestock circles. He is the third well-known stockman to meet death by lightning on the New Mexico range this season.

Impossible!

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband the other evening.

With a look of astonishment he replied: "I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"—In National Monthly.

Try a 10-cent Herald want ad.

9 lbs very best New Potatoes . 25c

Tall Carnation Milk ... 10c
Borden's Eagle Milk ... 15c
Fresh Creamery Butter ... 25c
Fresh Cream of Wheat ... 15c
Nice Size Sweet Naval Oranges, doz. 25c
Extra fancy Lemons, doz. ... 30c
3 pkgs. Seeded Raisins ... 25c
6 bottles best Soda Pop ... 25c
2 lbs. extra large fresh Prunes ... 25c
2-lb. can Karo Syrup ... 10c
1 gallon can Karo Syrup ... 50c
Cabinet Maple Syrup, qt. ... 40c
Good quality Roast Coffee ... 20c
30c quality Roast Coffee ... 25c
35c quality Roast Coffee ... 30c
Red Wolf Coffee ... 30c
Wedding Breakfast Coffee ... 30c
Cabinet Pulverized Coffee ... 30c
17 lbs. Cane Sugar ... $1.00
19 lbs. of Beet Sugar ... $1.00
2 Tin Cups ... 5c
Fine wire mesh Coffee Strainer ... 5c
Best quality Oil Cloth, yard ... 20c
Men's 35c Straw Hats ... 20c
Men's 75c and $1.00 Straw Hats ... 50c
Boys' Straw Hats ... 10c and up
Girls' Straw Hats ... 10c and up
Misses size 3 and 3½ $1.25 White Slippers ... 50c
Misses size 2½ to 5 $2.50 Tan Slippers ... $1.50
Men's $4.00 Goodyear Welt Oxfords ... $2.50
Ladies' $1.25 House Dresses ... 99c
Misses Dresses 14 to 19 ... 90c to $1.50
Children's Dresses ... 25c, 50c and 65c
Women's and Misses Trimmed Hats at Cost.

DOLDE'S

YOUR DOLLAR BUYS MORE ALL GOODS DELIVERED.

210-212 South Second Street. Phone 664.

Catarrh is Often Deep Seated

Local Congestions May Indicate Much Internal Inflammation.

Just because catarrh affects the nose and throat, few people realize how deep-seated it may be until it creeps into the bronchial tubes and settles down into the lungs. The way to treat catarrh is to recognize the fact that it is in the blood.

And there is only one blood purifier that can be safely used. It is S. S. S., the most powerful, the most searching, the most assimilative blood remedy known today, for it is not a mineral, but a vegetable remedy.

The medicinal components of S. S. S. are relatively just as essential to well-balanced health as the nutritive properties of the grains, meats, sugars and fats of foods. Any local irritating influence in the blood is rejected by the tissue cells and eliminated by reason of the stimulating influence of S. S. S.

You will soon realize its wonderful influence by the absence of headache, a decided clearing of the air passages, a steadily improved nasal condition, and a sense of bodily relief that proves how completely catarrh often infects the entire system. You will find S. S. S. on sale at all drug stores. It is a remarkable remedy for any and all blood affections, such as eczema, rash, lupus, tetter, psoriasis, boils, and all other diseased conditions of the blood. For special advice on any blood disease write Medical Dept., The Swift Specific Co., 533 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Carefully avoid any and all substitutes for S. S. S. There is nothing "just as good."

OFFICIAL CALL FOR STATE GOOD ROAD CONVENTION

Earnest Plea to Members of Association to Attend Important Gathering in Santa Fe July 30-August 1.

Santa Fe, N. M., June 12.—Official call for the state convention of the New Mexico Good Roads association and the state branch of the National Highways association was issued here last night by Col. R. E. Twitchell, president, and E. L. Grose of Albuquerque, secretary of the organization. At the same time Governor McDonald sends out a call for an official conference of all road officials in the state, to meet simultaneously with the road convention on July 30 and 31 and August 1st. The call for the convention follows:

To All Members of the Association:

This association was organized for the purpose of arousing and stimulating sentiment for road improvement and construction throughout the state. Its aim has been the striving for the enactment of wise, equitable and uniform road legislation in the state. The association is pledged to aid in bringing about efficient road administration in the state and its various county, precinct and municipal subdivisions, involving the introduction of skilled supervision and the elimination of all political considerations from the building and management of the public highways of the state.

The past year has seen a marked advancement in the promotion of the objects for which the association stands. A great deal has been done in road construction in various parts of the state. It is desirable that all of this work, whether done by state, county, precinct or municipal authority, be thoroughly understood by the citizens of the state. The continued activity and interest in road building is of prime importance to every locality in the state. Systematic maintenance, classification according to traffic requirements, the payment of all road taxes and the question of the principle of state aid and state supervision are each propositions which demand thorough discussion by the road and highway authorities of the state and every county and city.

The annual meeting of the association, which by vote of your executive committee is now amalgamated with the National Highways association, is therefore hereby called, under the provisions of the constitution, to meet at Santa Fe, July 30th, at 2 p. m., the meeting to continue until August 1st.

A meeting of the State Association of Highway Officials will also be held at Santa Fe on the same date. Elaborate details for the meeting are in course of preparation, and a program of entertainment covering the three days of the meeting is being prepared. Some noted speakers on road building and kindred topics will be in attendance and deliver addresses.

It is of the utmost importance that this meeting in numbers and in its work be a notable one in the history of road building and good roads agitation in the state. Full details and copies of the program for the meeting will be sent to all members of the association as soon as possible.

Every member of the association is a qualified delegate to the meeting.

Any person desirous of attending the annual meeting as a delegate may become qualified by making application by mail to the secretary, sending him the sum of one dollar, that sum being the amount of the annual dues. The annual dues may also be paid to the secretary at any time on the opening day of the convention.

The railroad companies will be asked to put in special rates for this meeting, of which due notice will appear in the public press.

R. E. TWITCHELL,
President.

E. L. GROSE, Secretary.

TAKING 3000 HEAD OF CATTLE TO THE JEMEZ

Colorado Feeders Will Graze Big Herd on Baca Location During the Summer Months

(Special Dispatch to The Herald).

Santa Fe, N. M., June 12.—Sylvester Brothers, the big Monte Vista, Colorado cattle growers and feeders are engaged in driving 3,000 head of steers from their northern ranges to the Baca location in the Jemez mountains where the stuff will be grazed during the summer months, before being transferred to feed lots.

BOYS CUT UP DEAD CATTLE CARRY OFF THE MEAT

A report was brought to the health authorities this afternoon that dead cattle which had been left in the local stockyards were being cut up by native boys who were carrying away the meat. An investigation is being made.

Phone 1, Red Barn, 311 W. Copper for first-class hacks and carriages. W. L. Trimble & Co.

ROSWELL LINEMAN MEETS INSTANT DEATH

Roswell, N. M., June 11.—Walter Wells was killed Wednesday afternoon about 4:30 when he came in contact with a live wire near the Berrier dairy north of the city. He was on a pole at the time and as the other workmen were on poles about two spans distant, it is not known just how the accident happened. The line on which he met his death carried twenty-three hundred volts.

The other workmen took him from the pole, called a physician and began using every means to restore life. It is probabl that life was extinct before any of the men reached him, as stimulants administered by the physicians had no effect, and artificial respiration methods were used for an hour.

One of the coincidents in connection with the accident is that it was within five hundred feet of where Roy Berrier met death in a gasoline engine two years ago.

The Roswell Gas and Electric company, by whom Wells was employed, was extending the line which runs near the Berrier place to the Harry White farm. The pole on which Wells was killed was at the northeast corner of the dairy farm.

Not Very Attentive.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, "Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.—In National Monthly.

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

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We would suggest San Diego, Coronado, Redondo Beach, Del Mar, Oceanside, La Jolla, Catalina you can follow the Simple Life in a tent on the beach—or you can stop at such resort as Hotel del Coronado with every luxury and comfort

P. J. JOHNSON, Agent Phone 204