

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.) (Continued from Yesterday.)

"And say, Bud, you should have seen the way she rose to it. The girl is a sport, believe me, and the idea of those two novias showing the rag while she sat out the dance didn't appeal to her at all. So she gave me her hand and away we went, with all the old ladies talking behind their fans and Manuel del Rey blowing up like a volcano in a bunch of carabahas or worse. Gee, it was great, and she could dance like a queen.

"But here's the interesting part of it—what do you think she asked me, after we'd had our little laugh? Well, you don't need to get so grouchy about it—she asked about you!"

"Aw!"

"Yes, she did! So you see what you get for throwing her down!"

"What did she ask?"

"Well, she asked—here he stopped and laughed—"she asked if you were a cowboy!"

"No!" cried Bud, pleased in spite of himself; "what does she know about cowboys?"

"Oh, she's wise!" declared Phil; "she's been to school twice in Los Angeles and seen the wild west show. Yes, sir, she's just like an American girl and speaks English perfectly. She told me she didn't like the Mexican men—they were too stuck on themselves—and say, Bud, when I told her you were a genuine Texas cowboy, what do you think she said?"

"Why, I don't know," answered Bud, smiling broadly in anticipation; "what did she say?"

"She said she'd like to know you!"

"She did not!" came back Bud with sudden spirit.

Then he laughed the thought away, a great burden seemed to be lifted from his heart, and he found himself happy again.

CHAPTER X.

To an American, accustomed to getting things done first and talking about it afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism, the polite easiness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon had smiled and smiled and then, suddenly, as the last day of their mining permit passed by and there was no record of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail mine with a pistol in his belt and a triumphant sneer on his lips.

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!"

"Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their vent and beds, "and your low, pelado Mexican—and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No, not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain, "Nothing! Only go!"

"No, señor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung low by his leg and stepping forward, "we will not go!"

"What?" stormed Aragon, "you—"

"Be careful there!" warned Bud, suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers, "if you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

"There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence.

"You must not think, Señor Aragon," he began, speaking with a certain bitterness, "that you can carry your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men stir he will kill them. But there is a law in this country (or every man)—what is it that you want?"

"I want this mining claim," shouted Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundrel, Mendez! And I want you to step aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

"The Señor Aragon has not been to the agents mineral today," suggested De Lancey severely, "if he had taken the trouble he would not—"

"Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavalierly; "I sent my servant to the mining agent yesterday and he reported that the permit had lapsed."

"If he had taken the pains to inquire for new permits, however," returned De Lancey, "he would have found that one has been issued to me, I am now a Mexican citizen, like your self."

"You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment, and then, finding himself tricked, he turned suddenly upon one of his retainers and struck him with his whip.

"Son of a goat!" he stormed, "fig! Is this the way you obey my orders?"

But though he raved and scolded, he had gone too far, and there was no putting the blame on his servant. In his desire to humiliate the hated grin-



"No, Señor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter.

As he had thrown down all his guards, and even De Lancey saw all too clearly what his intentions in the matter had been.

"Spare your cursing, Señor Aragon," he said, "and after this," he added, "you can save your pretty words, too—for somebody else. We shall remain here and hold our property."

"Hal, You Americans!" exclaimed Aragon, as he chewed bitterly on his defeat. "You will rob us of everything—even our government. So you are a Mexican citizen, eh? You must give up this barren mine very highly to give up the protection of your government. But perhaps you are acquainted with a man named Kruger?" he sneered.

"He would sell his honor any time to defraud a Mexican of his rights, and I doubt not it was he who sent you to a. Yes, I have known it from the first—but I will fool him yet!"

"So you are a Mexican citizen, Señor De Lancey? Bien, then you shall pay the full price of your citizenship, before our law you are now no more than that poor pelado, Mendez. You cannot appeal now to your consul at Guadalupe—you are only a Mexican! Very well!"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled significantly.

"No," retorted De Lancey angrily; "you are right—I cannot appeal to my government! But let me tell you something, Señor Mexicano! An American needs no government to protect him—he has his gun, and that is enough!"

"Yes," added Bud, who had caught the drift of the last, "and he has his friends, too; don't forget that!" He strode over toward Aragon and menaced him with a threatening finger.

"If anything happens to my friend," he hissed, "you will have me to whip! And now, señor," he added, speaking in the idiom of the country, "go with God—and do not come back!"

"Hal!" spat back Aragon, his hate for the pushing foreigner showing in every glance; "I will beat you yet! And I pray God the revolution count this way, if they take the full half of my cattle—so long as they get you two!"

"Very well," nodded Bud as Aragon and his men turned away, "but be careful you do not send any!"

"Good!" he continued, smiling grimly at the pallid Phil; "now we got him where we want him—out in the open. And I'll just remember them four palanes he had with him—their hands, their hands, the boys with nerve—and don't never let one of 'em catch you out after dark."

De Lancey sat down on a rock and wiped his face.

"Heavens, Bud," he groaned, "I never would have believed it of him—I thought he was on the square. But it just goes to prove the old saying—every Mexican has got a streak of yellow in him somewhere. All you got to do is to trust him long enough and you'll find it out. Well, we're hop to Mr. Aragon, all right!"

"I never seen one of these polite, palavering Mexicans yet," observed Bud sagely, "that wasn't crooked. And this teller Aragon is mean, to boot. But that's a game," he added, "that two can play at, I don't know how you feel, Phil, but we been kinder creeping and slipping around so long that I'm all cramped up inside. Never suffered more in my life than the last sixty days—being polite to that damn Mexican. Now it's our turn. Are you game?"

"Count me in!" cried De Lancey, rising from his rock. "What's the play?"

"Well, we'll go into town pretty soon," grinned Bud, "and if I run across old Aragon, or any one of them four bad Mexicans, I'm going to make a show. And as for that big brute dog of his—well, he's sure going to get roped and drag if he don't mend his ways. Come on, let's ketch up our horses and go in for a little time!"

"I'll go you!" agreed Phil with enthusiasm, and half an hour later, each on his favorite horse, they were clattering down the canyon. At the turn of the trail, where it swung into the Aragon lane, Bud took down his rope and smiled in anticipation.

"You go on ahead," he said, shaking out his loop, "and I'll try to put the outfit on Betadie."

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

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H. I. Moore, Attorney, Crowwell Bldg., 120 S. 2nd St. Phone 342.

TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE

SAN JUAN WOOL CLIP SELLS IN BOSTON FOR 25 CENTS

Shipment of 100,000 Pounds by Wool Growers' Association Brings Best Prices Yet Recorded in New Mexico.

Atmos. N. M., June 15.—The San Juan Wool Growers' association has just received returns on a shipment of 100,000 pounds of wool sent to Boston. The association members who were represented in the shipment and the price they each received, follow: T. O. Kirk, 25¢; J. S. Bacon, 26¢; G. Chavez, 27¢; J. W. Garrison and Son, 25¢; James Brothers, 25¢; Ross Martinez, 25¢; B. Montoya, 25¢; J. N. Vaquez, 25¢; J. P. Valpardo, 25¢; C. W. Fishersick, 25¢; C. J. Kirk, 25¢; J. T. Jaquez, 25¢; D. Trujillo, 25¢; T. Herrera and Son, 25¢; John C. Herr, 25¢; Waters and Price, 25¢; Cornelius Bros., 25¢. Mohair returns to J. G. Archuleta and R. Jaquez were 25¢.

PECOS VALLEY BANKS BEING USED AS BASIS BY CLEVER FORGER

Artesia, N. M., June 15.—Recently a series of drafts, each for \$50, numbered and signed with the name of the State National bank cashier here, and drawn on the bank's New York correspondent, began coming in for payment from points in Kansas and Texas and were promptly turned down. Now the same bogus draft operator is working with a Carlsbad bank as a basis having used four drafts for \$50 each, alleged to have been issued by the National bank of Carlsbad.

Monday cashier Richards of the National bank of Carlsbad, received four drafts by mail from Houston, two of them endorsed "Elliott Hendricks," president of the bank, and two presumably signed by the vice president, "Morgan Livingston," for like amounts. The two gentlemen named repudiated the drafts as rank forgeries—and they were "rank" as the signatures were not even poor imitations and the drafts themselves were not anything like the drafts in use by the bank.

The forged drafts had been cashed by some hotel in Houston and forwarded to Carlsbad for collection. The forger is thought to be the same individual who so successfully piloted his vacation in El Paso and Artesia, without apprehension, and to whom the bank here had no idea as to his identity.

CANTALOUPES WILL BRING BIG RETURNS

Present prospects are that New Mexico cantaloupe growers will reap a harvest this year. Reports from the Pecos valley points where considerable acreage has been planted indicate that while the first plantings were more or less of a failure, the re-planting has been successful and the crop will arrive about on time. Lake-wood, where an especial drive is being made on cantaloupes, promises to lead the lower valley in production and in getting to market. A late season in Colorado will give the New Mexico cantaloupe crop practically a clear field in the Kansas City, Chicago and Texas markets and the buyers predict first-class prices.

At Fort Sumner a good stand has been secured on 250 acres pronounced by expert growers to be 25 per cent good and from ten days to two weeks ahead of last year, insuring that district a splendid market for its melons at fancy prices.

HELPLESS AS BABY

Down in Mind Unable to Work, and What Helped Her.

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctor'd lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work. I began taking Cardul, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 45 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16."

Cardul certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them.

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardul a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardul. Your druggist sells it.

Sold by: Challenge Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn. For Special Information send your name and 6c postage. Please enclose for return, in plain wrapper, N.C.

BOSTON MARKET IS NERVOUS OVER WOOL PRICE

New Mexico Clip Reported Moving Freely at from 17 1-2 to 19 Cents; Dealers Studying Comparative Prices.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin, discussing conditions in the wool market and the country during the week, says in part:

Notwithstanding apprehensions and predictions wool has continued to move with some freedom during the week and prices in the Boston market have been fully maintained. The greater part of the transactions has been of territory wool again, but there has also been a moderately good trade in foreign wool. In addition to the spot transactions there have been fairly good sales of wools to arrive and rumors are current that in the neighborhood of a thousand bags of Texas Aragon (presumed to be largely of the half-blood, or near half-blood grade, have been purchased abroad through several local houses.

Advices from Bradford and continental points, particularly the former center, indicate a continuance on the part of American operators to secure wool of finer grade and above and it is pertinently suggested that the imports of foreign wools being made in this market and other seaboard markets by the American trade is bound to make up in considerable measure the shortage which is reported in the domestic clip.

France, which seems to be the only country with any surplus wool, is said to be exporting fine wool and tops to certain mills in the United States. In this connection it is stated on the authority of a very well-posted operator in the local market that one mill at least is attempting to market some goods this coming light-weight season which will be made wholly of foreign wool and all mills will undoubtedly, on the present parity of prices, make their blends with the minimum of domestic wool.

Comparative Prices. This fact leads us naturally to a consideration of the comparative prices ruling on domestic and foreign wool of a grade. This subject has received no little comment of late, but it cannot be too emphatically considered by the trade. To be sure the domestic wool clip is now out of growers' hands, taking the country as a whole, but importations of foreign wools are being made at a rapid, landed cost of 5 to 10 cents a pound less than the corresponding grades of domestic wool. This is not to be taken as the present basis of prices being sold in the country. The prices for domestic wool might seem justified in the light of recent and current purchases on the part of the mills were it not for the fact of the abnormal temporary shortage. The prices paid in the country of late may be justified in the light of subsequent events anyway, but the fact is not altered that not a few in the trade consider present prices for domestic wool in the country dangerously high, and are therefore refusing to buy wool.

New Clip News.

Another week will see the territory west of the Mississippi river pretty well cleaned up, except for the wool in the far southwest. Cumulatively little wool is left in the middle and northwest now. Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Oregon being practically cleaned up. In the Triangular section this week as high as 25 cents has been paid for medium wool and 20 cents in the going price in Montana for the better wools now left.

In Ontario, Oregon, this week, merely ordinary wool brought a clean landed basis of 25 to 30 cents, while at Mountain Home, Idaho, mediocre wool also brought a clean landed basis of 25 to 30 cents. The offering at these two points, totaled about 250,000 pounds. At Shaniko, late last week, about a million pounds of wool were sold at which staple wools brought a price equivalent to 61 to 64 cents, clean landed Boston, while the short wools brought 59 to 60 cents on the same basis.

In New Mexico the clip is moving very freely and prices have been varying for the better wools between 17 1/2 cents and 19 cents, the latter having been paid this week for a choice clip. The latter price is figured to cost over 60 cents clean landed.

In Texas the bulk of the eight months wools at San Angelo have been sold at around 17 cents, but the many twelve months clips are still being held. The Kerrville wools will be put up at auction on Saturday and are expected to improve on the current market basis.

TO TAKE PICTURES FOR RECLAMATION LECTURES ABROAD

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.) Santa Fe, N. M., June 15.—An official photographer of the reclamation service is expected in Santa Fe within a few days to make a tour of the state taking photographs of the government irrigation projects and scenes in the state with which U. J. Blaudin, a statistician of the service, will illustrate a lecture with which he is to deliver a tour of Europe.

Want a maid? A Herald want ad will find her for you.

BONA-FIDE BARGAINS. This store has its bargains. But it has no bargains that will not bring a customer back for another. That's why we advertise Styleplus Clothes \$17. They are always one price and always the best value for your money. If you wear one suit you will come here for your next—you will have to, because you can get Styleplus at no other local store. The maker turns out the utmost in good clothes at a minimum price by applying scientific and economical methods. We take a moderate profit. You benefit by the plan. Try Styleplus this spring and experience the pleasure of getting a bargain that actually saved you money right in season. Big assortment, all styles and fabrics. Special fashions for young men. SIMON STERN INCORPORATED. Styleplus \$17 Clothes. The same price the world over.

Pfleuger Quits as Postmaster in Santa Fe

J. Howard Vaughn Named Acting Official—Leaves Recess Appointment Reported.

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.) Santa Fe, N. M., June 15.—John Pfeuger, Republican postmaster of Santa Fe after whose resignation there has been a constant change on the part of patriotic Democrats for many days, resigned his job today and under authority of the Pfeuger boardman, J. Howard Vaughn, well known banker, was appointed acting postmaster.

President Wilson appointed Adolph P. Hill, assistant secretary of state to be postmaster, but Senator Thomas Benton Carson, as the crowning achievement of his senatorial career, succeeded in preventing Hill's confirmation by the senate and up to this time has continued to hold it up. Carson says he will keep Hill out of the job if he does nothing else in the senate and it is now about conceded here that he will do both, there being no indication either of Hill's confirmation or of the senator's doing anything.

Democrats here claim the retirement of Pfeuger and the selection of an acting postmaster will leave the president free to make a recess appointment to the office, should this be true and should the president appoint Hill after congress adjourns, it is freely predicted that the senator from New Mexico will blow up with a loud noise.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HANDS DOWN TWO IMPORTANT OPINIONS

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.) Santa Fe, N. M., June 15.—Attorney General Clancy today gave an exhaustive opinion to District Attorney Tomney of Colfax county in connection with the sale of property for non-payment of taxes. The attorney general finds that tax certificates must not be sold in any case for a loss and that the total of the taxes plus the interest.

Replying to another request from the Colfax county official the attorney general is of opinion that county commissioners have the right to transfer from one fund to another, any surplus in any county fund not specifically appropriated by statute.

A well-known journalist of the middle west was visiting the national capital, and while talking to some members of congress was leaning against the wall of a committee-room. A picture hanging on the wall fell and striking him full upon the head, knocked him down and for the moment stunned him. As he opened his eyes one of the group asked: "Can we do anything for you, old man?"

"Yes," he feebly answered.

"What is it?"

"Repeal the law of gravitation."

SECOND MOGOLLON MAY BE RESULT OF STRIKE

Silver City Reports Uncovering of Vast Body of Rich Ore Which is Causing Rush of Prospectors.

(Silver City Independent.) Strangely illustrative of the fact that the mineral resources of this section of the country are as yet only guessed at and that in addition to the extension and development of mines already known to exist there remain many others yet undiscovered is the fact that in the Mogollon mountains, a district that has been more thoroughly prospected than any other for a period of about thirty years, a discovery has been made of a vein of ore that stands up ten feet above the surface and which, according to those in a position to know shows better indications of mineral wealth than Mogollon ever did in its early days.

The recent discovery at the head of Blain creek is not in any way similar to that of the great Independence mine at Cripple Creek, where the discovery was made on ground that had been traversed over by dozens if not hundreds of people daily for ten years, because the outcrop is so glaringly prominent that even a novice would spot it at once. It is, however, in a locality that while not remote is extremely rugged, and it was only by accident that the lead was discovered in February by Jack Alexander, who had been snowbound in the mountains and took an unusual route out, taking him across the backbones of the range. Here at a height of almost 10,000 feet the discovery was made.

Then, W. Carter, one of the most experienced mining men in this section of the country, visited the scene of the new discovery last week and secured a bond on the original claims from the owners, Messrs. Jack and Floyd Alexander and Lee Meader, for a large sum. He has appointed Lee Meader as superintendent of the work of development which will be commenced at once and will proceed by three tunnels.

The outcropping of ore is about 19 feet wide on the average and is exposed for a distance of about 2,000 feet, the lowest exposure being at least 1,000 feet below the apex. Surface assays show an average value of \$3.25, two-thirds of which is gold and one-third in silver. The ore is what is known as a petzite, and is susceptible in reduction by the cyanide process. The vein lies between walls of porphyry and rhyolite, differing in this respect from the formation in Mogollon, where both walls are porphyry.

The new camp is located in one of the most beautiful sections of the Mogollon country. It is heavily wooded and has an abundance of water so that water power can be developed in more than one place. An automobile can be driven to within three miles of the Lone Star, which was the original discovery, but the

remaining three miles are very steep on a slope. By lengthening the distance to about six miles a good wagon road can be built to the camp. Even at that it will be more accessible than Mogollon and is considerably nearer to Silver City.

A large number of claims have already been taken up, among those having locations being John Hightower, E. W. Johnson, John Birch and King Wade. While all of these are promising that of John Hightower is the most sensational. He claims to have on his property a valuable ore, and that, as is characteristic of this ore, gold can be melted out of it in a camp fire. This discovery is about ten and one-half miles north of the Lone Star.

From what is known of the new district at the present time it shows every indication of being a second Mogollon, and from the fact that the ore bodies are so large and the veins of the true form variety, there is no question why this should not be an exceptionally rich discovery.

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Not the Same. —Ladies Home Journal. Mrs. Browning had a new servant girl named Annie.

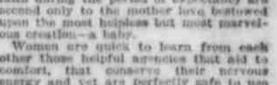
"Annie," said the mistress, "did you put the clothes in water?"

"Oh did not," answered the girl, "did you want me to, m'm?"

"Why certainly," was the reply. "Very well, m'm," said Annie. About two hours later Annie presented herself to her mistress.

"Oh, my put thin clothes in water, m'm," she said, "but the washboard was give me only three dollars on the whole outfit. Here, m'm, it's money, m'm, an' it's sorry of an that you been so hard up."

Greatest Event in Woman's Life



All human experience looks back to motherhood as the wonder of wonders. The patience, the fortitude, the untiring faith during the period of expectancy are second only to the mother love bestowed upon the most helpless but most marvelous creature—a baby.

Women are quick to learn from each other these helpful agencies that add to comfort that conserve their nervous energy and yet are perfectly safe to use and among these they recommend "Mother's Friend."

It is entirely an external application designed to lubricate the breast, soothe the skin and protect the chest. It has been in constant use for nearly half a century and is known to mothers in almost every settled community in the United States who highly recommend it. You will find it on sale in drug stores. "Mother's Friend" is utterly harmless, contains no dosing drugs and yet its influence in the skin and muscles beneath as also upon the network of nerves beneath the skin is very beneficial, very soothing and a wonderful help. The muscles expand naturally and are not subjected to unnecessary surface strain and pain.

Get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today at any drug store and write to us for our instructive little book to mothers. Address: Bradford Spaulding Co., 411 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.