

# The Land of Broken Promises

## A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Good enough!" he muttered, after watching him for a minute in silence and leaving the new boss in command, he went back and started supper.

That was the beginning of a new day at the Eagle Tail, and when De Lancy came back from town—whether he went whenever he could conjure up an errand—he found that, for once, he had not been missed.

Bud was doing the blacksmithing. Amigo was directing the gang, and a fresh mess of beans was on the fire, the first kettleful having gone to reinforce the Yaqui's backbone. But they were beans well spent, and Bud did not regret the raid on his grub-pile. If he could get half as much work for what he fed the Mexicans he could well rest content.

"But how did this Indian happen to find you?" demanded Phil, when his partner had explained his acquisition. "Say, he must have deserted from his company when they brought them back from Moctezuma!"

"More'n likely," assented Bud. "He ain't talking much, but I notice he keeps his eye out—they'd shoot him for a deserter if he could catch him. I'd hate to see him go that way."

"Well, if he's as good as this, let's take care of him!" cried Phil with enthusiasm. "I'll tell you, Bud, there's something big coming off pretty soon and I'd like to stay around town a little more if I could. I want to keep track of things."

"For instance?" suggested Hooker dryly. It had struck him that Phil was spending a good deal of time in town already.

"Well, there's this revolution. Sure as shooting they're going to pull one soon. There's two thousand Mexican miners working at Fortuna, and they say every one of 'em has got a rifle buried. Now they're beginning to quit and drift out into the hills, and we're likely to hear from them any time."

"All the more reason for staying in camp, then," remarked Bud. "I'll tell you, Phil, I need you here. That dogged ledge is lost, good and plenty, and I need you to say where to dig. We ain't doing much better than old Aragon did—just rooting around in that rock-pile—let's do a little timbering, and sink."

"You can't timber that rock," answered De Lancy decidedly. "And besides, it's cheaper to make a cut twenty feet deep than it is to tunnel or sink a shaft. Wait till we get to that porphyry contact—then we'll know where we're at."

"All right," grumbled Bud; "but seems like we're a long time getting there. What's the news downtown?"

"Well, the fireworks have begun again over in Chihuahua—Orozco and Salazar and that bunch—but it seems there was something to this Moctezuma scare, after all. I was talking to an American mining man from down that way and he told me that the federals marched out to where the rebels were and then sat down and watched them cross the river without firing on them—some kind of an understanding between Bernardo Bravo and these blackleg federals."

"The only fighting there was was when a bunch of twenty Yaquis got away from their officers in the rough country and went after Bernardo Bravo by their lonesome. That threw a big scare into him, too, but he managed to fight them off—and if I was making a guess I'd bet that your Yaqui friend was one of that fighting twenty."

"I reckon," assented Bud; "but don't you say nothing. I need that hombre in my business. Come on, let's go up and look at that cut—I come across an old board today, down in the muck, and I bet you it's a piece that Kruger left. Funny we don't come across some of his tools, though, or the hole where the powder went off."

"When we do that," observed Phil, "we'll be where we're going. Nothing to do then but lay off the men and wait till I get my papers. That's why I say don't hurry so hard—we haven't got our title to this claim, partner, and we won't get it, either—nor for some time yet. Suppose you'd hit this ledge—"

"Well, if I hit it," remarked Bud, "I'll stay with it—you can trust me for that. Hello, what's the Yaqui found?"

As they came up the cut Amigo quit work and, while the Mexicans followed suit and gathered expectantly behind him, he picked up three rusty drills and an iron drill-rod and presented them to Bud.

Evidently he had learned the object of their search from the Mexicans, but if he looked for any demonstrations of delight at sight of these much-sought-for tools he was doomed to disappointment, for both Bud and Phil had schooled themselves to keep their faces straight.

"Um-m," said Bud, "old drills, eh? Where you find them?"

The Yaqui led the way to the face

of the cut and showed the spot, a hole beneath the pile of river rock; and a Mexican, not to be outdone, grabbed up a handful of porphyry and indicated where the dynamite had pulverized it.

"Then," said Phil, pawing solemnly around in the bottom of the hole; and then, filling his handkerchief with fine dirt, he carried it down to the creek. There, in a miner's pan, he washed it out carefully, slopping the water over the edge and swirling the water around until at last only a little dirt was left in the bottom of the pan. Then, while all the Mexicans looked on, he tilled this toward the edge, scanning the last remnant for gold—and quit without a color.

"Nada!" he cried, throwing down the pan, and in some way the Mexicans sensed the fact that the mine had turned out a failure. Three times he went back to the cut and scooped up the barren dust, and then he told the men they could quit.

"No more work!" he said, affecting a dejected bitterness; "no hay nada—there is nothing!" And with this said, but by no means unusual, ending to their labor, the Mexicans went away to their camp, speculating among themselves as to whether they could get their pay. But when the last of them had gone Phil beckoned Bud into the tent and showed him a piece of quartz.

"Just take a look at that!" he said, and a single glance told Hooker that it was full of fine particles of gold.

"I picked that up when they weren't looking," whispered De Lancy, his eyes dancing with triumph. "It's the same rock—the same as Kruger's!"

"Well, put 'er there, then, partner!" cried Bud, grabbing at De Lancy's hand; "we've struck it!"

And with a broad grin on their delectable faces they danced silently around the tent, after which they paid off the Mexicans and bade them "adios!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

It is a great sensation—striking it rich—one of the greatest in the world.

Some men punch a burro over the desert all their lives in the hope of achieving it once; Bud and Phil had taken a chance, and the prize now lay within their grasp. Only a little while now—a month, maybe, if the officials were slow—and the title would be theirs.

The Mexican miners, blinded by their ignorance, went their way, well contented to get their money. Nobody knew, however, that as some people know, it is the hardest work in the world.

For the first few days they lingered about the mine, gloating over it in secret, laughing back and forth, singing gay songs—then, as the scabbies passed and the weariness of waiting set in, they went two ways. Some, fascinated, unexplained to Bud, drew De Lancy to the town. He left in the morning and came back at night, but Hooker stayed at the mine.

Day and night, week-days and Sundays, he watched it jealously, lest someone should slip in and surprise their secret—and for company he had his pet horse, Copper Bottom, and the Yaqui Indian, Amigo.

Ignacio was the Indian's real name, for the Yaquis are all good Catholics and named uniformly after the saints; but Bud had started to call him Amigo, or friend, and Ignacio had conferred the same name on him.

Poor Ignacio! His four-dollar-a-day job had gone glimmering in half a day, but when the Mexican laborers departed he lingered around the camp, doing odd jobs, until he won a place for himself.

At night he slept up in the rocks, where no treachery could take him unaware, but at the first peep of dawn it was always Amigo who arose and lit the fire.

Then, if no one got up, he cooked a breakfast after his own ideas, boiling the coffee until it was as strong as lye, broiling meat on sticks, and went to turn out the horses.

With the memory of many envious glances cast at Copper Bottom, Hooker had built a stout corral, where he kept the horses up at night, allowing them to graze close-hobbed in the daytime.

A Mexican insurrection on foot is a contradiction of terms, if there are any horses or mules in the country, and several bands of ex-miners from Fortuna had gone through their camp in that condition, with new rifles in their hands. But if they had any designs on the Eagle Tail live stock they speedily gave them up; for, while he would feed them and even let them to their false tales of patriotism, Bud had no respect for numbers when it came to admiring his horse.

Even with the Yaqui, much as he trusted him, he had reservations about Copper Bottom; and once, when he found him petting him and stroking his nose, he shook his head forbiddingly. And from that day on, though he watered Copper Bottom and cared for his wants, Amigo was careful never to caress him.

But in all other matters, even to lending him his gun, Bud trusted the Yaqui absolutely. It was about a week after he came to camp that Amigo sighted a deer, and when Bud loaned him his rifle he killed it with a single shot.

Soon afterward he came loping back from a scouting trip and made signs for the gun again, and this time he brought in a young peccary, which he roasted in a pit, Indian style. After that, when the meat was low, Bud sent him out to hunt, and each time he brought back a wild hog or a deer for every cartridge.

The one cross under which the Yaqui suffered was the apparent failure of the mine, and, after slipping up into the cut a few times, he finally came back radiant.

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

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## TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE

### FLAGSTAFF I. W. W. IS TEMPORARILY RESTRAINED

### Court Asked to Permanently Enjoin Members of Radical Organization from Interfering With Contractors.

Flagstaff, Ariz., June 22.—Judge P. W. Perkins has granted a temporary injunction against the Flagstaff local union of the Industrial Workers of the World and its members, restraining them from interfering in any way with the men, material or operations of the Sharp Fellows Contracting company. On June 25 arguments will be presented showing why the restraining order should or should not be made permanent.

The I. W. W. organization is accused of interfering with the contractors in their work on a reservoir. Specific allegations are made of an attempt to induce employees of the contractors to leave their work, threats being made the petition claimed, of beatings in event of failure to do so. The town council in Flagstaff has passed stringent ordinances which are intended to prevent the I. W. W. from holding street demonstrations, and regulating the acts of the union with reference to indoor meetings and furthering the cause in any unlawful manner.

The petition for a permanent injunction is unusually interesting because it is believed to be the first time in either New Mexico or Arizona in which the I. W. W. has been asked to come into court and show cause why it should restrain its activities.

### DAILY MAIL SERVICE FOR PLAINS ASSURED

Carlsbad, N. M., June 22.—Daily mail service to the plains will begin July 1, and H. C. Kerr, who has the contract, is getting ready for the new service. It is remarkable how the mail has increased for the plains country the last few years. It is only a short time ago that a sack or two took all the mail to everybody, while now at times it takes two autos to carry the mail. The route of Carlsbad ends at Livingston, 155 miles away, serving intermediate offices at Knowles, Hobbes, Eunice, Monument, Pearl and other points. For the accommodation of people along the route separate pouches are carried for individuals. The route is possibly one of the heaviest in the country. Where so much mail goes there must be people and people need good roads nowadays. The plains road is one of the important highways in Eddy county and certainly is entitled to more attention than it has been getting.

### CARROLL PRELIMINARY HEARING POSTPONED

Las Cruces, N. M., June 22.—The preliminary hearing in the case of W. B. Carroll, charged with the killing of his wife at midnight on June 11 at Anthony, after several continuances will be held here Tuesday, June 23. The hearing is to be held in the county courthouse and it is not unlikely that as many people as possible will be excluded from the court room because of the sensational nature of the case. Carroll, the accused, is 44 years old, his wife was two years younger. Wiggins, the other man in the case, is 25. It is probable that Carroll's defense will be the unwritten law, and attempts will likely be made to show that in the heat of sudden passion and by irremediable impulse Carroll intended to shoot Wiggins and by mistake killed Mrs. Carroll.

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### TUCUMCARI YOUNGSTER SWALLOWS TACK, DIES

Tucumcari, N. M., June 22.—Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Robertson have returned from Oklahoma City, bringing with them the body of their little son, who died there several days ago, before surgeons could perform an operation which it was hoped would save his life. Some two weeks ago the little fellow, playing on the floor, swallowed a carpet tack. It was thought at the time and for several days thereafter, that he had swallowed a ball of paper. His condition became alarming and the boy's parents took him to El Paso, where physicians failed to find the cause of the trouble. Returning here the child's condition again became alarming and he was taken to Oklahoma City, but surgeons declared him unable to withstand an operation. Death followed soon after arrival in Oklahoma. Burial was in Tucumcari.

### NEW BRIDGE IS BEING BUILT ACROSS VERMEJO

Raton, N. M., June 22.—Work on the new bridge which the county is building across the Vermejo river is progressing nicely, and unless there are unexpected delays, the bridge will be ready for use by the middle of August. Most of the material is already on the ground, and the rest will arrive by the time it is needed. The new bridge will be along the general line of the bridge across the Red river near Raton. The steel work will rest on solid concrete piers, and the floor will be of concrete. The floor will be twelve feet above the river bed, and as the river is wide at this point, there is very little likelihood of the bridge ever being washed away in a flood. The bridge is on a direct line south of Laka 30, and half a mile from French. It will open communication between French and all towns south, with Maxwell.

### CALF BRANDING FOR FORT SUMNER FOURTH

Fort Sumner, N. M., June 22.—An attractive Fourth of July program has been arranged for the people of Fort Sumner and vicinity. A feature of the day will be a calf-branding contest. Unique methods have been resorted to in order to make up this program. An entrance fee of five dollars is asked of each entrant, the money thus obtained to be hung up as prizes. A stockman donated a bunch of calves for the exhibition, testing patriotism and public spiritedness with business, securing the branding of the calves without expense. A baseball game between Laramie and Fort Sumner will be another big feature of the day. Let a Herald want ad save you time.

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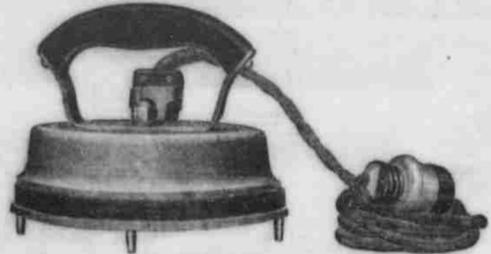
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