

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Post," "Missions Wars," "The Trailblazer," etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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

"Mira!" he said, holding out a piece of rock, and when Hooker gazed at the chunk of quartz he pointed to the specks of gold and granted, "Oro!"

"Seguro!" answered Bud, and going down into his pocket, he produced an



"Two Men, One of Them a Rurale!"

other like it. At this the Yaqui cocked his head to one side and regarded him strangely.

"Why you no dig gold?" he asked at last, and then Bud told him the story.

"We have an enemy," he said, "who might steal it from us. So now we wait for papers. When we get them, we dig!"

"Ah!" breathed Amigo, his face suddenly clearing up; "and can I work for you then?"

"Si," answered Bud, "for four dollars a day. But now you help me watch, so nobody comes."

"Stawano!" exclaimed the Indian, well satisfied, and after that he spent hours on the hilltop, his black head thrust out over the crest like a chuckawalla lizard as he scanned the land below.

No the days went by until three weeks had passed, and still no papers came. As his anxiety increased Phil fell into the habit of staying in town overnight, and finally he was gone for two days. The third day was drawing to a close, and Bud was getting restless, when suddenly he beheld the Yaqui bounding down the hill in great leaps and making signs down the canon.

"Two men!" he called, dashing up to the tent, "one of them a rural!"

"Why a rural?" asked Bud, mystified.

"To take me!" cried Amigo, striking himself violently on the breast. "Lead me your rifle!"

"No," answered Bud, after a pause; "you might get into trouble. Run and hide in the rocks—I will signal you when to come back."

"My bien," said the Yaqui obediently, and turning, he went up over rocks like a mountain sheep, bounding from boulder to boulder until he disappeared among the hillsides. Then, as Bud brought in his horse and about him hastily inside his corral, the two riders came around the point—a rural and Aragon!

Now, in Mexico a rural, as Bud well knew, means trouble—and Aragon meant more trouble, trouble for him. Certainly, so busy a man as Don Cipriano would not come clear to his camp to help capture a Yaqui deserter. Bud sensed it from the start that this was another attempt to get possession of their mine, and he awaited their coming grimly.

"E tardes," he said in reply to the rural's abrupt salute, and then he stood silent before his tent, looking them over shrewdly. The rural was a hard-looking citizen, as many of them are, but on this occasion he seemed a trifle embarrassed, glancing inquiringly at Aragon. As for Aragon, he was gazing at a long line of jerked meat which Amigo had hung out to dry, and his drooped eye opened up suddenly as he turned his cold regard upon Hooker.

"Senor," he said, speaking with an accusing harshness, "we are looking for the men who are stealing my cattle, and I see we have not far to go. Where did you get that meat?"

"I got it from a deer," returned Bud; "there is his hide on the fence; you can see it if you'll look."

The rural, glad to create a diversion, rode over and examined the hide and came back satisfied, but Aragon was not so easily appeased.

"By what right, he demanded truculently, "do you, an American, kill deer in our country? Have you the special permit which is required?"

"No, senor," answered Hooker soberly; "the deer was killed by a Mexican I have working for me!"

"Ha!" sneered Aragon, and then he paused, balked.

"Where is this Mexican?" inquired the rural, his professional instincts aroused, and white-hot was explaining that he was out in the hills somewhere, Aragon spurred his horse up, closer and peered curiously into his tent.

"What are you looking for?" demanded Hooker sharply, and then Aragon showed his hand.

"I am looking for the drills and drill-iron," he said; "the ones you stole when you took my mine!"

"Then get back out of there!" cried Bud, setting his horse by the bit and throwing him back on his haunches; "and stay out!" he added, as he dropped his hand to his gun. "But if the rural wishes to search," he said, turning to that astounded official, "he is welcome to do so."

"Muchas gracias, no!" returned the rural, shaking a finger in front of his face, and then he strode over to where Aragon was muttering and spoke in a low tone.

"No!" dissented Aragon, shaking his head violently, "no—no! I want this man arrested!" he cried, turning vindictively upon Bud. "He has stolen my tools—my mine—my land! He has no business here—no title! This land is mine, and I tell him to go. Pronto!" he shouted, menacing Hooker with his riding-whip, but Bud only shifted his feet and stopped listening to his excited Spanish.

"No, senor," he said, when it was all over, "this claim belongs to my partner, De Lancey. You have no—"

"Ha! De Lancey!" jeered Aragon, suddenly indulging himself in a sardonic laugh. "De Lancey! Ha, ha!"

"What's the matter?" cried Hooker, as the rural joined in with a derisive smirk. "Say, speak up, hombre!" he threatened, stepping closer as his eyes took on a dangerous gleam. "And let me tell you now," he added, "that if any man touches a hair of his head I'll hit him like a dog!"

The rural backed his horse away, as if suddenly discovering that the American was dangerous, and then, saluting respectfully as he took his leave, he said:

"The Senor De Lancey is in jail!" They whirled their horses at that and galloped off down the canon, and as Bud gazed after them he burst into a frenzy of curses. Then, with the one thought of setting Phil free, he ran out to the corral and hurried the saddle on his horse.

It was through some chicanery, he knew—some low-down trick on the part of Aragon—that his partner had been imprisoned, and he swore to have him out or know the reason why. Either that or he would go after Aragon and take it out of his hide.

It was outside Bud's simple code even to question his partner's innocence, but innocent or guilty, he would have him out if he had to tear down the jail.

So he slapped his saddle-girth into the sling, reached for his quirt, and went dashing down the canon. At a turn in the road he came suddenly upon Aragon and the rural, split a way between them, and leaned forward as Copper Bottom burned up the trail.

It was long since the shiver sorrel had been given his head, and he needed neither whip nor spur—but a mile or two down the arroyo Bud suddenly reined him in and looked behind. Then he turned abruptly up the hillside and jumped him out on a point, looked again, and rode slowly back up the trail.

Aragon and the rural were not in sight—the question was, were they following? For a short distance he rode warily, not to be surprised in his suspicion; then, as he found tracks turning back, he gave head to his horse and galloped swiftly to camp.

The horses of the men he sought stood at the edge of the mine-dump, and, throwing his bridle-rein down beside them, Bud leaped off and ran up the cut. Then he stopped short and reached for his six-shooter. The two men were up at the end, down on their knees, and digging like dogs after a rabbit.

So eager were they in their search so confident in their fancied security, that they never looked up from their work, and the tramp of Hooker's boots was drowned by their grubbing until he stood above them. There he paused, his pistol in hand, and waited grimly for developments.

"Ha!" cried Aragon, grabbing at a piece of quartz that came up, "Aqui lo tengo!" He drew a second piece from his pocket and placed them together. "It is the same!" he said.

Still half-buried in the excavation, he turned suddenly as a shadow crossed him, to get the light, and his jaw dropped at the sight of Bud.

"I'll trouble you for that rock," observed Bud, holding out his hand, and as the rural jumped, Aragon handed over the rock. There was a moment's silence as Bud stood over them—then he stepped back and motioned them out with his gun.

Down the jagged cut they hurried, awed into a guilty silence by his anger, and when he let them mount without a word the rural looked back, surprised. Even then Bud said nothing, but the swing of the Texas's gun spoke for him, and they rode quickly out of sight.

"You dad-burned greasers!" growled Bud, returning his pistol with a jab to his holster. Then he looked at the ore. There were two pieces, one fresh-dug and the other worn, and as he gazed at them the worn piece seemed strangely familiar. Aragon had been comparing them—but where had he got the worn piece?

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE

ROAD SUPERVISORS EMPRE COMPANY ARRESTED FOR CONTEMPT IS PLANNING POWER PLANT

Valencia County Officials Before Judge Mechem on Peculiar Charge, Made by H. H. Schutz of Los Lunas.

Socorro, N. M., June 23.—Fred Becker and Lenias Sanchez, respectively road supervisor and justice of the peace in Valencia county, were arrested Saturday and dragged before Judge Mechem in Socorro, on the novel charge of having committed contempt of court by arresting H. H. Schutz, receiver of the Southwestern Agricultural corporation near Los Lunas for obstructing the public roads. Mr. Becker claims that Schutz had made a practice of letting the ditch of the corporation, for which he is receiver, operate until the roads resembled a swamp, and there were holes from all the people who had to use that section of the highway. Several notices were sent to Mr. Schutz warning him to stop flooding the roads but he paid no attention to them and finally he referred the matter to N. H. Field, his counsel, who wrote the Valencia county road board a letter in which he told them that any interference with the office of the court would be punished by contempt proceedings. The road board got legal advice and decided to stop the nuisance anyhow. Mr. Schutz was arrested, taken before Justice of the Peace Sanchez and tried by a jury who found him guilty. He was fined \$25 and costs but demanded an appeal and afterwards filed an information against Becker and Sanchez. District Attorney Tittman represented the men and he holds that there was no contempt as the flooding of the roads was a misdemeanor and was not committed in the regular course of business of the corporation for which the receiver was appointed. Judge Mechem will decide the matter later.

Another interesting case before Judge Mechem has to do with a mandamus proceeding to force Max Montoya, county treasurer, to pay a warrant for wild animal bounty which has been ordered paid by the county commissioners but which Montoya refuses to pay on the ground that the original claim was not sworn to properly by the claimant as provided by law. The action is in the nature of a test case as the commissioners have approved hundreds of dollars' worth of wild animal bounty claims in which the affidavits were signed in the name of the claimant by E. H. Sweet and acknowledged before E. H. Sweet as probate clerk. Among them is one for about \$500 in favor of H. G. Bursum.

NEW STATION LIKELY FOR SILVER CITY

[Special Dispatch to Evening Herald] Santa Fe, N. M., June 22.—As the result of a three-cornered conference between the state corporation commission, the Santa Fe Railway company and the people of Silver City, it is likely that the station question on a new Santa Fe station for Silver City. The corporation commission approached the railway company on the subject following the filing of a complaint by Silver City people. It is understood that the station question has been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

When Pa Scored One. "Pa," said Tommy, asking his fifty-first question that evening, "is a vessel a boat?" "Well, yes," said Pa, trying to read his paper. "You can call a vessel a boat, certainly." "Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?" "A lifeboat, of course. Now run off to bed."—Ladies' Home Journal.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

"I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together."

"My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it."

"Do you, lady readers, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly troubles, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlasting tired feeling?"

"If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century."

Begin taking Cardui today. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Auxiliary Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Literature and a free trial bottle. (Buy Cardui in its own wrapper, N. C. 124)

Contemplated Improvements at Hanover and Pinos Altos Will Be of Importance to Silver City and Vicinity.

Silver City, N. M., June 22.—Although no definite statements have been given out by those in charge of the operations of the Empire Zinc company (a subsidiary of the Mineral Point Zinc company) at Hanover and Pinos Altos, it is understood that a new plant will be built at the former camp to generate power for the operation of the ore separation plant at both properties owned by this company. In November the Empire Zinc company purchased the Cleveland and other groups of sulphide zinc claims on the west side of the Pinos Altos mountains and have now blocked out a sufficient quantity of ore to warrant the erection of a concentrating mill. At Hanover the company owns rich sulphide zinc claims and added to their holdings last month by purchasing several adjoining claims a short distance south-east from the town of Hanover. To economically operate both sulphide properties it will be necessary to construct ore treatment plants. It is believed the magnetic process of ore separation will be used. Tests are now under way in the east and it is thought that before long the method to be employed in the mill will be derived at.

Extensive drilling will be a necessity at Hanover in order to arrive at conclusions as to the amount of water available to run a power plant with sufficient horsepower to operate the mills. Surface water indications are very favorable and doubtless Hanover gulch will be the site for electrical generation. Engineers of the Empire Zinc company went over the ground between Pinos Altos and Hanover this week in order to make an estimate relative to an electrical power transmission line between the two camps.

Besides the fact that mills will be erected at both Hanover and Pinos Altos, the construction of a tramway from the mines at Hanover to the A. T. & S. F. railroad also gives proof of much activity. Grading is now being done for the tramway which will extend over 2,000 feet. The ore from the mines at the terminus are carbonate and are shipped without treatment to the refineries.

If the contemplated improvements are consummated it will mean much to the general welfare of Silver City and vicinity on account of the large amount of money to be expended and the people it will bring into the community.

The Empire Zinc company is one of the most careful and conservative corporations operating in the southwest and they will not commence any construction until all problems confronting them have been definitely solved and when they do take action it is generally on a huge scale and of a stable nature and of benefit to the entire section in which they operate.

SOCORRO MINING COMPANY TAKES OVER JOHNSON GROUP

The Socorro Mining & Milling company, operating the Little Panoche mine, has closed a deal whereby they take over the Johnson group of mines in the Mogollon district from the Oaks company which has been operating same. The principal mine in the group is the Johnson mine which the Oaks company has been operating for the last year, shipping the ore to the custom mill. The Johnson mine is one of the most promising properties in the Mogollon district and with the other property acquired by the Socorro company will give that corporation enough ore in sight to make it a dividend payer for the next ten or twelve years. At the present time it is paying at the rate of about one per cent a month.

WHAT ALL COOKS SHOULD KNOW

Write us on "Mistakes in the Kitchen" in Good Housekeeping. Mrs. Horner says: "Good juicy steaks are spoiled by the baking because so many people put it into a pan, sprinkle it with salt, thus drawing out its juices, add water, hot or cold, indiarine, and then bake it in an oven not properly heated. The result lacks flavor and tenderness; it is dry and tough. The correct way is to put the beef in a dry pan, resting it on the bones, fat side up. Run it into a hot oven and sear it quickly on the outside; this retains the juices. When it is partly done, dust it carefully with salt. Keep the oven hot for 20 or 25 minutes, then cook it to about 245 degrees, and cook 15 minutes to each pound if the roast is large. Baste it with the fat in the pan."

Boiled meats also are spoiled in many households. As often as not they are put in a little water, and as soon as it begins to boil, salt is added and boiled furiously until they are wanted. The proper way is to drop the meat down into a kettle of boiling water, but it is only for 15 or 20 minutes, then push it to the back of the stove, where it cannot possibly boil again, but will maintain an even heat, boil twenty minutes to each temperature of 165 degrees Fahrenheit of meat. Meat so treated will be juicy and tender. Failure in tried recipes often result from inaccurate measurements of material—using sweet milk for sour, for instance, without changing soda to baking powder. Water may be substituted for sweet milk, provided a small amount of butter is added.

Powdered sugar is not interchangeable with granulated sugar in many instances; three X sugar makes a heavy cake, but, on the other hand, granulated sugar does not make good royal icing or meringue. Bread flour cannot be substituted in fine pastry for pastry flour, nor can it be used in fine cakes with good results; southern cornmeal cannot be substituted in like quantity for the coarse, flatted yellow meal.

Another very general mistake lies in cooking dishes long before they are needed, and allowing to simmer; in their mixtures they become puffy when this is done, in egg mixtures they become curdled. And there is nothing worse than the custom of pouring salad dressing ahead of time in the kitchen of pantry. The housewife should make the dressing at the table, pour it over the dry, crisp lettuce or other greens, toss, and serve at once. Another mistake is to make a salad too sour; it is neither wholesome nor palatable. Use one tablespoonful of lemon or vinegar to four of oil. In salad-making the greatest luxury is simplicity. To me, however, the greatest of all

defects is the lack of taste shown in the seasoning of every-day cooking. Reasoning does not consist in the use of salt and pepper alone. One vegetable will frequently enhance the flavor of another. A suspicion of garlic or onion removes the earthy flavor from lettuce and running a dash of celery increases the flavor of cabbage; a slice of onion adds greatly to stew; onion corrects the bitterness of the cucumber and makes it very palatable. Two or three cloves and a bay leaf will enhance your soup—a hint of mace in the tomato soup, bay leaf and celery in potato soup.

His Reason Was Good.

The colored defendant, who was being tried on a charge of keeping a dog without a license, tried repeatedly to interrupt the legal proceedings, but each time was sternly silenced by the court. Finally the judge turned to him. "Do you want the court to understand," he said, "that you refuse to renew your dog license?" "Yesah, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' You must renew your license or be fined. You know that it expired on January 1st, don't you?"

"Yesah; but so did de dog, sah!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Palpable Fraud.

"Oh, want yes 't take that big high lamp yes sold me back agin," said Mr. Mulcahey, entering the store in high dudgeon.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"Yes, and it was a piano lamp," roared Mr. Mulcahey, "and devil a chune boy 'O been able t' git out of it!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

I will give one-fourth of the price of every piece of summer footwear in my big stock. This is your chance for bargains. Wm. Chaplin, 121 W. Central.

Let a Herald want ad save you time.

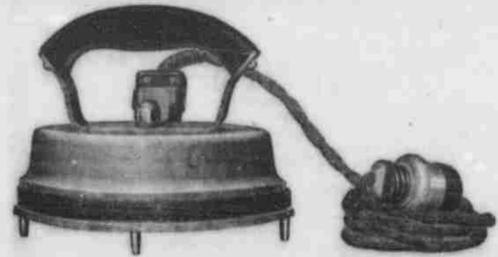
DO YOU WANT AN ELECTRIC IRON

THESE ARE HOT DAYS AND SWELTERING OVER A HOT STOVE WHILE HEATING IRONS IS TOO MUCH FOR ANY HOUSEWIFE

The Evening Herald to the Rescue

BY SUBSCRIBING FOR THE HERALD AND PAYING A SUM ONLY SLIGHTLY IN EXCESS OF THE REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE EVENING HERALD YOU CAN SECURE

A Williams Electric Iron



The Albuquerque Gas & Electric Co. has been selling this Williams Electric Iron at its actual cost to them—\$1.98. Subscribe for The Evening Herald for one year and you can secure one of these irons at a cost to you of only \$1.00. You pay \$1.50 down (this including payment for the first month's subscription) and 50c a month, the regular subscription rate of The Evening Herald, for eleven months thereafter. The Iron is delivered to you as soon as you contract for the paper for a year and pay the \$1.50.

What the Iron Is

The Williams Electric Iron is under an absolute guarantee by the Albuquerque Gas & Electric Co. The Irons have been given a sixty-four day test. Think of it! Fifteen Hundred and Thirty-Six Hours of Steady Current and Still as Good as New. The operating expense is about the same as the cost of fuel in ironing the old way. The difference is that with the Williams Electric you turn the switch and in three minutes the iron is ready for use. All the heat is concentrated on the iron; not a bit of it escapes; you can iron without interruption until you are through, and YOU ARE COOL while your IRON IS HOT. Whereas, by the old method, you will burn a bucketful of coal getting the irons ready to use and heat up the whole house in the meantime, tramp back and forth after fresh irons and to pour bucketful after bucketful of coal into your already hot stove, and YOU ARE HOT while your IRONS ARE COOL.

"TODAY'S NEWS TODAY"

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD