

The Land of Broken Promises

By DAN COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Texican," etc. Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Previously Continued)

Behind them the rumble of distant hoofs rose up like the roaring of waters, and the shrieks of fleeing women echoed from the roadside, but once safely in the canyon their lead was never lessened and, with coach-horses galloping and postillions lashing from both sides, the whole cavalcade swept into the plaza while the town of Fortuna went mad.

Already the great whistle was blowing hoarsely, its deep reverberations making the air tremble as if with fear. Americans were running back and forth, distributing arms and rushing their women to cover; Don Juan, his chin quivering with excitement, was imploring all comers to be calm; and the Aragon, counting flying up to the door, added the last touch to the panic.

They with their eyes had seen the rebels; they were riding in from the south! Other men, equally excited, swore they were coming from the north, and a disorderly body of Sonora miners, armed as if by magic with guns which had long lain hidden, banked themselves about the store and office and clamored for more and more cartridges. Then a rip of gun-fire echoed from across the canyon, and the miners made a rush to the attack.

The whistle, which had cleared all sound as a cloud obscures the light, stopped suddenly in its roar, and the crowd at the hotel became calm. The superintendent, a wiry, gray-haired little man, with decision in every movement, came running from his fort-like house on the hill and ordered all the women to take shelter there and take their children with them.

So, while the rifles rattled and stray bullets began to knock mud from the walls, they went straggling up the rich and poor, patrician and peon, while the air was rent by the walls of the half-Indian Mexican women, who held themselves as good as captured by the revoltees, concerning whose scruples they entertained no illusions.

The women of the aristocracy bore themselves with more reserve, as befitting their birth and station, and the Americans who gathered about them with their protecting rifles pretended that all would be well; but in the minds of every one was that same terror which found expression in the peon wail and, while scattered rebels and newly armed miners exchanged volleys on both sides of the town, the non-combatant Americans sought out every woman and rushed her up to the big house. There, if worst came to worst, they could make a last stand, or save them by a ransom.

So, from the old woman who kept the candy stand in the plaza to the wives of the miners and the cherished womenfolk of the landowners, they were all crowded inside the broad halls of the big house; and seventy odd Americans, armed with company rifles, paced nervously along the broad verandas or punched loopholes in the adobe walls that inclosed the summer garden behind.

Along with the rest went Hooker and Gracia; and, though her mother beckoned and her father frowned sternly, the wilful daughter of the Aragon did not offer to leave him as they scampered up the hill. In fact, she rode close beside him, spurring when he spurred and finally, when the shower of stray bullets had passed, she lay on around the house.

"Don't you help me take my horse inside the walls?" she asked. Bud followed after her, circling the fortress whose blank adobe walls gave shelter to the screaming women, and she smiled upon him with the most engaging confidence.



Women and Children Took Shelter There.

ungraciously. "I promised to take care of you, didn't I? Well, what's the use of talking, then? You better stay right here, where you're safe. Come on, let's go to the house!"

"No!" cried Gracia, her dark eyes turning misty with imminent tears. "Oh, Hooker!" she burst out, "I'm not waiting while I ride—skirt? I thought you'd take me away! What do you mean? I want to be free! I want to run away—and go across the line to dear Phil!" she faltered. Then she looked up at him sharply and her eyes shone in an accusing tone.

"Ah!" she said, as if making some expected discovery, "so that is it! I thought perhaps you were afraid!"

"What?" demanded Bud, put suddenly upon the defense. "I might have known it," soliloquized Gracia, with conviction. "You are jealous of dear Phil!"

"Who? Me?" cried Hooker, smiling down at her grimly. "Well, let it go at that," he said, as she regarded him with an arch smile. "I'd certainly be a fool to take all those chances for nothing. Let him steal his own girl—that's what I say!"

"Now that, Mr. Hooker," burst out Gracia in a passion, "is very unkind—and rude! Am I a woman of the town, to be stolen by one man or another? Am I—?"

"That's what you would be," put in Bud, with brutal directness. "If these rebels got hold of you. No, ma'am, I wouldn't take you out of this town for a hundred thousand dollars. You don't know what you're talking about; that's all! Wait till the fighting is over—see! Did you hear that? Come, oh, let's get into the house!"

CHAPTER XXII

was practically impregnable

As Hooker stepped out on to the covered porch with his saddle-gun in his hand he became simply one more of a band of excited Americans, all armed and ready to defend the house to the last. Some were pacing back and forth in the corridor, others were hurrying up from the Mexican quarters with a last belated handful of women, but the major portion were out on the open bench, either gazing north and south at the scenes of the distant firing or engaging in a hot-headed scramble for any spent bullet that struck.

The fighting, such as there was, was mostly up the canyon, where a large party of Sonoran miners had rushed in pursuit of the rebels. The firing down the canyon in the direction of Old Fortuna had died away to nothing, and for the moment it seemed as if the futile charge and retreat was the beginning and the end of the battle.

A party of rebels had penetrated clear into the town, but it was apparently more by accident than intention, and they had been quick to beat a retreat. As for the main command of the insurgents, they were reported at Chular, six miles up the railroad, where they had surrounded and taken a small mining camp and captured a train at the summit.

The column to the south—the one which Hooker had encountered—had taken to the high hills west of the town, and, along the skyline of the butte-like summits they could now be seen in scattered bands making their way to the north.

The defenders of Fortuna consisted of a rag-tag battalion of twenty federals and the hot-headed, charging miners. But apparently that was a combination hard to beat, for, while the federals entrenched themselves behind the black tank on the hill and prepared to protect the town, the Sonorans in shouting masses drove everything before them and marched on to attack Chular.

But in this they made a mistake, for the rebel scouts, seeing the great body of defenders pressing on up the narrow canyon, rode back and informed the tricky Bernardo Bravo. He would be a poor general indeed who could not see the opening that was offered, and, while the valiant Sonorans pursued the rebel cavalry up the pass, Bernardo Bravo sent the half of his thousand men to cut off their retreat from behind.

Along the broad top of the mountain above they came scampering by tens and twenties, closing in with a vastly superior force upon the now defenseless town. In the depths of the canyon below the miners were still chasing the elusive cavalry, their firing becoming faint as they clambered up toward the summit and the rebel headquarters at Chular.

They had, in fact, been handled like children, and the Americans joined in contemptuous curses of their mistaken bravery as they beheld in what straits it had left them.

Forbidden by the superintendent to participate in the combat, yet having in their care the women of the camp, they were compelled to stand passively aside while rebels by the hundred came charging down the ridges. Only in the last resort, and when all diplomacy and federal defense had failed, would they be allowed to so much as cock a rifle. And yet—well, twenty determined Americans might easily turn back this charge.

Taking advantage of his Mexican citizenship, Hooker was already on the run for the trenches when the superintendent stopped him with a look. "Let the Mexicans fight it out," he said. "They might resent it if you took sides, and that would make it bad for us. Just wait a while—you never can tell what will happen. Perhaps the rurales and federals will stand them off."

"What, that little bunch?" demanded Bud, pointing scornfully at the handful of defenders who were cowering behind their rock piles. "Why half of them pelones don't know what a gun was made for, and the rurales—"

"Well, the rebels are the same," suggested the superintendent placidly. "Let them fight it out—we need every American we can get, so just forget about being a Mexican."

"All right," agreed Bud, as he yielded reluctantly to reason. "It ain't because I'm a Mexican citizen—I just want to stop that run."

He walked back to the house, tugging his useless gun and keeping his eyes on the distant ridges. And then, in a chorus of yells, the men in the federal trenches began to shout.

"In an airline the distance was something over a mile, but at the first scattering volley the rebels halted, and fired a volley in return. With a vicious splash a few stray bullets smashed against the reverberating steel tank, but no one was hurt, and the defenders, drunk with valor, began to shoot and yell like mad."

The bullets of the rebels, fired at random, struck up and down in every direction, and from the lower part of the town came the shouting of the non-combatant Mexicans as they ran here and there for shelter. But by the trenches, and in the rear of the black tank, the great crowd of onlookers persisted, ducking as each successive bullet hit the tank and shouting encouragement as the defenders emptied their rifles and reloaded with clip after clip.

The rifles rattled a continuous volley; spent bullets lashed like locusts across the flat; men ran to and fro, now crouching behind the tank, now stepping boldly into the open; and the deafening shouts of the defenders almost drowned the wails of the women. Except for one thing, it was a battle—there was nobody hurt.

For the first half-hour the Ameri-

cans stayed prudently under cover, buying themselves at the suggestion of a few American women in providing a first-aid hospital on the sheltered porch. Then, as no wounded came to fill it and the rebels delayed their charge, one man after another climbed up to the trenches, ostensibly to bring down the injured.

As soldiers and bystanders reported no one hit, and the bullets flew harmlessly past, their solicitude turned rapidly to disgust and then to scorn. Strange as it may seem, they were disappointed at the results, and their remarks were derogatory as they commented on the bravery of pelones and Mexicans in general.

From a dread of imminent attack, of charging rebels and retreating defenders, and a fight to the death by the house, they came suddenly to a desire for blood and battle, for dead men and the cries of the wounded; and all fear of the insurgents left them.

"Come away, boys," grunted the burly roadmaster, who up to then had led in the work; "we wasted our time on that hospital—there'll be no wounded. Let's take ourselves back to the house and have a quiet smoke."

"Right you are, Ed," agreed the matter mechanic, as he turned upon his heel in disgust. "This ain't war—them Mexicans think they're working for a moving-picture show!"

"I bet you I can go up on that ridge," announced Hooker, "and clean out the whole bunch with my six-shooter before you could bat your eye."

But the superintendent was not so sure.

"Never mind, boys," he said. "We're worth a lot of ransom money to those rebels and they won't give up so quick. And look at this now—my miners coming back! Those are the boys that will fight! Wait till Chico and Ramon Mendoza get after them!"

He pointed, as he spoke to a straggling band of Sonorans, led by the much-vaunted Mendoza brothers, as they hurried to save the town, and a cheer went up from the trenches as the federals beheld reinforcements. But a change had come over the freighting miners, and they brought other rebels in their wake.

As they trudged wearily into town and sought shelter among the houses a great body of men appeared on the opposite ridge, firing down at them as they retreated. The battle rapidly turned into a long-distance shooting contest, with the rebels on the ridges and the defenders in the valley, and finally, as the day wore on and a thunderstorm came up, it died out altogether and the rebels turned back to their camp.

Except for one lone federal who had shot himself by accident there was not a single defender hurt, and if the enemy had suffered losses it was only by some such chance. But when the Sonoran patriots, leaning up their empty belts, came clamoring for ammunition, the men by the big house took to the real catastrophe of the battle.

Seventeen thousand rounds of the precious thirty-thirty had been delivered to the excited miners and now, except for what few the Americans had saved, there was not a cartridge in camp. Very soberly the superintendent assured the leaders that he had no more; they pointed at the full belts of the American guard and demanded them as their right; and when the Americans refused to yield they flew into a rage and threatened.

All in all, it was a pitiful exhibition of hot-headedness and imbecility, and only the firmness of the superintendent prevented a real spilling of blood. The Mexicans retired in a huff and broke into the cantina, and as the night came on the valley re-echoed to their drunken shoutings.

Such was war as the Sonorans conceived it. When Hooker, standing his guard in the corridor, encountered Gracia Aragon on her evening walk, he could scarcely conceal a grin.

"What are you laughing at, Señor Hooker?" she demanded with asperity. "Is it so pleasant, with a household of frightened women and screaming children, that you should make fun of our plight?"

"No, indeed," apologized Bud; "nothing like that. Sure miss; be bad in here—I stay outside myself. But I reckon I'll soon be over with. The Mexicans here in town have shot off all their ammunition and I reckon the rebels have done the same. Like as not they'll all be gone tomorrow, and then you can go back home."

"Oh, thank you for thinking about me!" she returned with a grateful curl of the lip. "But if all men were as good as you, Mr. Hooker, we women would never need to ask a question. This morning you told me I did not know what I was talking about—now I presume you are thinking what coward the Mexicans are!"

"Oh, I know! You need not deny it! You are nothing but a great big brute; but you are a friend of dear Phil's, and so I will hold my tongue. If it wasn't for that, I'd—"

She paused, leaving him to guess.

"Oh, I do wish he were here," she breathed, leaning wearily against the white pillar of an arch and gazing down through the long arcade.

"It was so close in there," she continued, "I could not stand it a minute longer. These Indian women, you know—they weep and moan all the time. And the children—I am so sorry for them. I cannot go now, because they need me; but tomorrow—if Phil were here—I would leave and ride for the line."

(To be Continued.)

Political Announcements

FOR COUNTY SUPERVISOR

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county supervisor, subject to the Democratic primary.
J. MACK KING

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of county supervisor of Anderson county, subject to the rules governing the democratic primary.
T. M. VANDIVER

I hereby announce myself a candidate for supervisor of Anderson county, subject to the rules of democratic primary.
C. F. MARTIN

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for county supervisor, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
W. J. JOHNSON
Felzer, S. C., R. F. D. 1.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Supervisor of Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
THOS. B. KAY

REPRESENTATIVE

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for House of Representatives from Anderson county, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
OSCAR D. GRAY

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from Anderson county subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
RUFUS FANT, JR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the legislature subject to the rules and regulations of the democratic party.
GEO. M. REID

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from Anderson county subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
WALTER F. WHITE

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the house of representatives from Anderson county subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
W. I. (Bill) MAHAFFEY

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives for Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
ASA HALL, JR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Representative from Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. T. WEST
Belton, S. C.

I announce myself a candidate for the legislature from Anderson County subject to the rules of the democratic party.
T. P. DICKSON

I am a candidate for the House of Representatives from Anderson county. I will abide the rules of the primary.
SAM WOLFE

I hereby announce myself a candidate for House of representatives for Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. BELTON WATSON

I hereby announce myself a candidate for legislature, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
S. A. BURNS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for House of representatives for Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
L. T. CAMPBELL

I hereby announce myself a candidate for representative from Anderson county subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
J. H. HUTCHISON

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the legislature subject to the rules of the democratic party.
T. F. NELSON

FOR PROBATE JUDGE

W. P. Nicholson is hereby announcing as a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Judge, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
VICTOR B. CESHIRE

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of probate judge of Anderson county, subject to the rules and to the result of the Democratic primary.
J. M. DUNLAP

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Probate Judge of Anderson County subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
W. F. COX

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Probate Judge for Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic Primary.
I. T. HOLLAND

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of judge of probate for Anderson county, subject to the rules governing the democratic primary election.
W. H. FRIERSON

FOR CONGRESS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress from the Third Congressional District, subject to the rules of the democratic party.
JOHN A. HORTON
Belton, S. C.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for congress from the Third Congressional district, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
WYATT AIKEN

FOR SUPERINTENDENT

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent of Education, subject to the Democratic primary.
J. B. FELTON

FOR COMMISSIONER

District No. 1.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for commissioner of District No. 1, comprising Corner, Hall, Savannah and Varennes townships, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
PRESTON B. GAILEY, JR.
Iva, S. C.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner of Anderson county from district No. 1, comprising of Savannah, Corner, Varennes and Hall townships. Subject to the action of the Democratic primary.
J. LAWRENCE MCGEE

I hereby announce myself a candidate for commissioner for district No. 1, comprising Savannah, Hall, Corner and Varennes township, and pledge myself to abide the result of the democratic primary.
G. E. CONWELL

District No. 2.

R. A. Sullivan of Fork township is hereby announced for commissioner for Section Two, comprising Fork Rock Mills, Pendleton and Centerville townships.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner from District No. 2, comprising Pendleton, Rock Mills, Fork and Centerville townships. Subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
JOHN R. CULBERSON

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner from District No. 2, comprising Pendleton, Rock Mills, Fork and Centerville townships, subject to rules of Democratic party.
J. H. WRIGHT

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of commissioner from section 2, comprising Fork, Rock Mills, Pendleton and Centerville townships, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
W. R. HARRIS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for commissioner from District No. 2, comprising Pendleton, Rock Mills, Fork and Centerville townships, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
D. S. HOBSON

District No. 3.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county commissioner for the third section, consisting of Garvin Brushy Creek, Williamson and Hopewell townships, subject to the action of the democratic primary.
H. A. FOSTER

W. H. G. Elrod announces himself a candidate for county commissioner from the district composed of Williamson, Garvin, Brushy Creek and Hopewell, subject to the rules of the democratic party.

I hereby announce my candidacy for County Commissioner of Anderson county from the third section comprising Hopewell, Williamson, Brushy Creek and Garvin townships, subject to the action of the Democratic party.
J. MACK DUFF ROGERS

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Commissioner of Anderson county from Section No. 3, composed of Garland, Brushy, Creek, Hopewell and Williamson Townships, subject to the action of the democratic party.
W. T. Watson

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner of Third Section, consisting of Williamson, Brushy Creek, Hopewell and Garvin Townships, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
W. A. (Berry) SPEARMAN

District No. 4.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for commissioner for Honors Path, Belton, Broadway and Martin townships, District No. 4, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
W. F. TOWNES

I hereby announce my candidacy for county commissioner from Section 4, comprised of Belton, Martin, Honors Path and Broadway townships, subject to the rules of the democratic party.
H. D. SMITH
Better known as "Dick" Smith.

I hereby announce my candidacy for County Commissioner from Section 4 comprised of Belton Honora Path Martin and Broadway townships subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. M. Holliday

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election as Commissioner for District No. 4, comprising Honors Path, Martin, Belton and Broadway townships, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. M. Dunlap

The friends of R. A. (Lon) Mullik have announced him as a candidate for County Commissioner from district comprising Hopewell, Brushy Creek, Garvin and Williamson. Subject to the rules and government of the democratic primary.
Dr. W. A. Teller

FOR STATE SENATOR

I hereby announce myself a candidate for State Senator from Anderson County, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. L. SHERARD

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the State Senate, from Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
Clint Summers, Jr

FOR AUDITOR

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
S. A. ABRAMS

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Auditor, Anderson, subject to the rules and regulations of the democratic primary. My record as a pub-

MARKET REPORT

New York Cotton

New York, August 18.—A cable received by the New York cotton exchange today announced that practically all members of the Liverpool trade were willing to shift their interests here to December, and it was reported a large number of contracts held for both foreign and domestic account had already been transferred while a meeting has now been called of all houses whose clients deal with American mills, presumably to discuss further plans for the reduction of old commitments.

Meanwhile crop reports show some improvement today's semi-monthly statement by a prominent local authority making the condition 78.3 per cent against 78 per cent two weeks ago, while the summary of the weekly weather report was also considered generally favorable.

Liverpool reported a decline of 30 points in the spot quotation of 4.20 for American middling and quoted January February 22 points lower at 5.90, with the market at Augusta was 1-4c lower at 10-3-4c, for old and 9-3-4c for new crop cotton and the local spot market was nominal in the absence of transactions. Japan was reported a buyer in the southwest, but domestic mills are still said to be buying only in small scattering lots.

Chicago Grain

Chicago, August 18.—Board of trade markets, inspired mainly by a market improved in the export situation, advanced strongly, led by wheat, which scored a net gain of 4-1-2. Corn advanced 1-3-4 to 2-1-8c; oats 1-1-4 to 3-1-2c and provisions 10c to 35c.

Cotton Seed Oil

New York, August 18.—Cotton seed oil advanced in face of pressure from refiners, owing to demand from Europe as well as domestic consuming interests, light offerings of crude from the south and covering of pit shorts. Final prices were 7-10-12 points net higher. Sales 6,800 barrels.

Cotton Goods

New York, August 18.—Cotton goods markets were generally quiet today with price holding steady on all goods except wide and narrow print cloths. Men's wear cancellations were prevented by notices of advances. Silk goods were in moderate demand. Sales of fall men's wear were light.

MONEY ON CALL

New York, August 18.—Wholesale paper 67; exchanges \$175,619,203; balances \$9,366,406.

WALHALLA MEETING

Quiet Day and a Large Crowd Was in Attendance.

Special to The Intelligencer.
Walhalla, August 18.—All candidates for governor and all state offices spoke here today to an audience of about 600 many of whom were ladies. There were no developments in any of the races. The speakers were given a most respectful hearing. Duncan, Irby and Sims made their usual attacks on Richards, Clinkscales, Cooper and Manning were liberally applauded. Richards showed that he was chafing under fire but was applauded when he closed. The meeting closed at 3.30 p. m.

Browning returned a prepared statement saying that Manning was conferring with Leon Green in Anderson yesterday.

He servant stands for itself and I will appreciate the votes of the people of this county.

WINSTON SMITH

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Auditor of Anderson County subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

R. WARRI AUSTIN

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Auditor, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. H. C. GLENN

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
J. MORGAN KING

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the rules and regulations of the democratic primary.
Dr. W. A. Teller

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Treasurer of Anderson county subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
JACOB O. BOLLINGER

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
W. A. ELROD

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Treasurer of Anderson county, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
J. LEROY SMITH

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer of Anderson county, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
J. A. COOK

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for treasurer of Anderson county, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. J. FRETWELL, JR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the rules of the democratic primary.
G. N. C. BOLEMAN