

The Land of Broken Promises

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"The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Texican," etc.

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(Previously Continued)

"Have you seen Del Rey today? No? Then all the better—he must be polling the town. It is only of him I am afraid. These rebels are nothing—I agree with you! No! I am not angry with you at all now! But tomorrow, just at dusk, when all is still as it is at this time, then, if Phil were here I would mount my brave horse and ride out by the western pass."

She ended rather inconclusively, letting her voice trail off wistfully as she waited for him to speak, but something within moved Hooker to hold his peace, and he looked out over the town without commenting on her plans. It was evident to him that she was determined to enlist his sympathy and involve him in her wild plot, and each time the conversation veered in that direction he took refuge in a stubborn silence.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Hooker?" she asked at last, as he gazed into the dusk. "Sometimes I scold you and sometimes I try to please you, but I never know what you think! I did not mean that when I said I could read your thoughts—you are so different from poor, dear Phil!"

"M-m-m," mumbled Bud, shifting his feet, and his face turned a little grim.

"Aha!" she cried with ill-concealed satisfaction, "you do not like me to call him like that, do you? 'Poor, dear Phil,'—like that! But do you know why I do it? It is to punish you for never coming near me—when I signed to you—when I waited for you—long ago! Ah, you were so cruel! I wanted to know you—you were a cowboy, and I thought you were brave enough to defend me—but you always rode right by. Yes, that was it—but Phil was different! He came when I sent for him; he sang songs to me at night; he took my part against Manuel del Rey; and now—"

"Yes!" commented Bud brusquely, with his mind on "dear Phil's" flush, and she turned to peer into his face. "So that is it!" she said. "You do not trust me. You think that I am not your friend—that I will serve you as he was served. Is that what you are thinking?"

"Something like that," admitted Hooker, leaning lastly against the mud wall. "Only I reckon I don't think just the way you do."

"Why? How do I think?" she demanded eagerly.

"Well, you think awful fast," answered Hooker slowly. "And you don't always think the same, seems like. I'm kind of quiet myself, and I don't like—well, I wouldn't say that, but you don't always mean what you say."

"Oh!" breathed Gracia, and then, after a pause, she came nearer and leaned against the low wall beside him.

"If I would speak from my heart," she asked, "if I would talk plain, as you Americans do, would you like me better then? Would you talk to me instead of standing silent? Listen, Bud—for that is your name—I want you to be my friend the way you were a friend to Phil. I know what you did for him, and how you bore with his love-madness—and that was my fault, too. But partly it was also your fault, for you made me angry by not coming."

"Yes, I will be honest now—it was you that I wanted to know at first, but you would not come, and now I am promised to Phil. He was brave when you were careful, and my heart went out to him. You know how it is with us Mexicans—we do not love by reason. We love like children—suddenly—from the heart! And now all I wish in life is to run away to Phil. But every time I speak of it you shut your jaws or tell me I am a fool."

"Um-m," protested Bud, turning stubborn again. "I tell you you don't know what you're talking about. These rebels don't amount to nothing around the town, but on a trail they're awful. They shoot from behind rocks and all that, and a woman ain't noways safe. You must know what they're like—these old women don't think about nothing else—so what's the use of talking!—And besides," he added grimly, "I've had some trouble with your old man and don't want to have any more."

"What trouble have you had?" she demanded promptly, but Hooker would not answer in words. He only shrugged his shoulders and turned away, crumpling his hat in his hand. "But no!" she cried as she sensed the meaning of his concealment, "you must tell me! I want to know. Was it over your mine? Then you must not blame me, for he never has told me a word!"

"No?" inquired Bud, frowning suddenly at the memory of his wrongs. "Then maybe you will tell me how he got this—he fetched a worn piece of ore from his pocket—when my pardner gave it to me. It was right there I lost my pardner—and he was a good kid, too—say all because of that rock. Now, take a look at it—I took that away from your father!"

"Then he stole it from me!" flashed back Gracia as she gazed at the specimen. "Oh, have you thought all the time that I betrayed Phil? But didn't I tell you—didn't I tell you at the hotel, when you promised to be my

friend? Ah, I see that you are a hard man, Mr. Hooker—quick to suspect, slow to forget—and yet I told you before! But listen, and I will tell you again. I remember well when dear Phil showed me this rock—he was so happy because he had found the gold! And just to make it lucky he let me hold it while we were talking through a hole in the wall. Then my father saw me and started to come near—I could not hand it back without betraying Phil—and in the night, when I was asleep, some one took it from under my pillow. That is the truth, and I will ask you to believe me; and if you have other things against me you must say what they are and see if I cannot explain."

"No!" she ran on, her voice vibrant with the memory of past quarrels, "I



"I'd Fight, Too!" Spoke Up Gracia.

have nothing to do with my father! He does not love me, but tries to make me marry first one man and then another. But I am an American girl now, at heart—I do not want to sell myself; I want to marry for love! Can you understand that? Yes? Not then why do you look away? Have you something that you hold against me? Ah, you shake your head—but you will not speak to me? When I was at school in Los Angeles I saw the cowboys in the west show, and they were different—they were not afraid of any danger, but they would talk, too. I have always wanted to know you, but you will not let me—I thought you were brave—like those cowboys."

She paused to make him speak, but Hooker was tongue-tied. There was something about the way she talked that pulled him over, that made him want to do what she said, and yet some secret, hidden voice was always crying: "Beware!" He was convinced now that she had never been a party to treachery; no, nor even wished him ill.

She was very beautiful, too, in the twilight, and when she drew nearer he moved away, for he was afraid she would sway him from his purpose. But now she was waiting for some answer—some word from him, though the question had never been asked. And yet he knew what it was.

She wanted him to steal away with her in the evening and ride for the border—and Phil. That was what she always wanted, no matter what she said, and now she was calling him a coward.

"Sure them bronco-riders are brave," he said in vague defense; "but there's a difference between being brave and foolish. And a man might be brave for himself and yet be afraid for other people."

"How do you mean?" she asked. "Well," he said, "I might be willing to go out and fight a thousand of them insurgents with one hand, and at the same time be afraid to take you along. Or I might—"

"Oh, then you will go, won't you?" she cried, clasping him by the hand. "You will won't you? I'm not afraid!"

"No," answered Bud, drawing his hand away, "that's just what I won't do! And I'll tell you why. That country up there is full of rebels—the lowest kind there are. It just takes one shot to lay me out or cripple one of our horses. Then I'd have to make a fight for it—but what would happen to you?"

"I'd fight, too!" spoke up Gracia resolutely. "I'm not afraid."

"No," grumbled Bud, "you don't know them rebels. You've been shut up in a house all the time—it you'd been through what I have in the last six months, you'd understand what I mean."

"If Phil were here, he'd take me!" countered Gracia, and then Bud lost his head.

"Yes," he burst out, "that's just what's the matter with the crazy fool. That's just why he's up across the hills now—a hollering for us to save his

MARKET REPORT

MONEY ON CALL

New York, Aug. 19.—Mercantile paper 6 a 7. Sterling strong, rates nominal; for cables 594; for demand 500.

DRY GOODS MARKET

New York, Aug. 19.—Cotton goods sold more freely today. Worsted yarn has been advanced. Dyestuffs troubles among the textile manufacturers are growing more serious. American prints will be placed at value tomorrow.

Chicago Grain

Chicago, Aug. 19.—All Board of Trade markets except corn which was bearishly influenced by rains in the southwest scored further advancement today. Wheat gained 1 5-8 to 2c and oats 1-4 to 3-4, and provisions 7 to 40 cents while corn declined 3-8 to 1-2.

Liverpool Cotton

Liverpool, Aug. 19.—Spot cotton sales 1,750 bales, including 1,400 American on the basis of 6.30d for middling. Spot grades quoted nominally.

Cotton Seed Oil

New York, Aug. 19.—Cotton seed oil was firm on covering of shorts, but later the list eased off somewhat, despite the big advance in lard, owing to selling pressure from refining interests and over cautiousness on the buying side of the market. Final prices were unchanged to 4 points net higher. Sales 15,800 barrels.

The market closed steady. Spot 650 a 65; August 653 a 6.

* THE DAY IN CONGRESS *

Senate met at 11 a. m. Resumed consideration of trades commission bill.

Secretary Bryan conferred with the foreign relations committee over the Colombian and Nicaraguan treaties.

Senator Hitchcock introduced a bill to prohibit floating foreign war loans in the United States.

Senator Gore introduced a bill for government licensing of grain warehouses.

War risk insurance bill referred to commerce committee.

Bill to make Federal reserve notes legal tender for public and private debts introduced.

Recessed at 5:24 p. m. to 11 a. m. Thursday.

House met at noon

Miscellaneous bills were taken under calendar Wednesday rule.

Passed amendment to judicial code allowing appeals from customs court to Supreme court.

Republican leader Mann prevented consideration of wheat price inquiry resolution.

Passed Senate bill allowing appeals from customs court to the Supreme court.

Began consideration to revise government printing code.

Administration marine war risk bill introduced, referred to commerce committee.

Adjourned at 4:40 p. m. to noon on Thursday.

girl! He's brave, is he? Well, why don't he come down, then, and save you himself? Because he's afraid to! He's afraid of getting shot or going up against Manuel del Rey. By grab, it makes me tired the way you people talk! If he'd done what I told him to in the first place he wouldn't have got into this jack-pot!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Gracia, aghast. "Why, what is the matter with you? And what did you tell him to do?"

"I told him to my own business," answered Hooker bluntly.

"And what did he say?"

"He said he'd try anything—once!"

Bud spat the words vindictively, for his blood was up and his heart was full of bitterness.

"Oh, dear!" cried Gracia. "And so you do not think that Phil is brave?"

"He's brave to start things," sneered Bud, "but not to carry 'em through!"

For a moment Gracia huddled up against a pillar, her hand against her face, as if to ward off a blow. Then she lowered it slowly and moved reluctantly away.

"I must go now," she said, and Bud did not offer to stay her, for he saw what his unkindness had done.

"I am sorry!" she added pitifully, but he did not answer. There was nothing that he could say now.

In a moment of resentment, driven to exasperation by her taunts, he had forgotten his pledge to his pardner and come between him and his girl. That which he thought wild horses could not draw from him had flashed out in a fit of anger—and the damage was beyond amendment, for what he had said was the truth.

(To be Continued.)

CHICKEN TALK

DOES THE CACKLING OF YOUR HEN SPEAK A DEUCE'S EGG? OUR "EYE-BRIGHT" CHICKEN MIXTURE SPELLS SATISFIED FLOCKS.

FURMAN SMITH, THE SEEDSMAN

In New Quarters

The Intelligencer Job Printing office has moved into its new quarters in the Watson-Vandiver Building:

There is plenty of good sunshiny light, the office is equipped with a view of efficiency, steps are saved, accuracy is promoted and the workmen are always in good spirits.

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