

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story
of the Mexican
Revolution

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

Up along the hillside and after the fugitives they ran with eager eagerness, racing each other for the higher ground and the first shot at the rebels. First Alvarez on his white horse would be ahead, and then, as they encountered rocks, the Yaquis would surge to the front. It was a race and at the same time it was a rout, for, at the first glimpse of that oncoming body of warriors, the cowardly followers of Bernardo Bravo took to their heels and fled.

But over the rocks no Chihuahuan, no matter how scared, can hope to outdistance a Yaqui, and the pop, pop of rifles told the fate of the first luckless stragglers. For the Yaquis, after a hundred and sixty years of guerrilla warfare, never waste a shot; and as savage yells and the crash of a sudden volley drifted down from the rocky heights the men who had been besieged in Fortuna knew that death was abroad in the hills.

Fainter and fainter came the shots as the pursuit led on to the north and, as Hooker strained his eyes to follow a huge form that intuition told him was Amigo, he was awakened suddenly from his preoccupation by the touch of some unseen hand. He was in the open with people all about him—Spanish refugees, Americans, triumphant miners and their wives—but that touch made him forget the battle above him and instantly think of Gracia.

He turned and hurried back to the corral where Copper Bottom was kept, and there he found her waiting, with her roan all saddled, and she challenged him with her eyes. The sun gleamed from a pistol that she held in her hand, and again from her golden hair, but he saw only her eyes, so brave and daring, and the challenge to mount and ride.

Only for a moment did he stand before her gaze, and then he caught up his saddle and spoke soothingly to his horse. They rode out of the corral together, closing the gates behind them and passing down a gulch to the rear. All the town lay silent below them as they turned toward the western pass.

The time had come. Well he knew the dangers that lay between them and the American line. Dangers not for him but for her. In the hills and passes and on the cactus-covered plain were thousands of men with whom she would not be safe for an instant, and against whom he must guard her that she might be delivered safely to Phil. And he loved her then as he had not believed it possible to love a woman. He loved this woman that he was attempting to save for another man, a "pardon" who had at the best been reckless of every trust, who had been unfaithful to every promise. And across the border this man was waiting for the woman Bud Hooker loved. That he take her to him was a more severe test of his manhood than any to which he had before been subjected. That he be untrue to the trust she reposed in him never entered his mind for a moment. With a strong man's love for her he thought only of how he was to conduct her safely out of the dangers which surrounded her.

Soldiers, miners, and refugees, men, women, and children, every soul in Fortuna was on the hill to see the last of the battle. It had been a crude affair, but bravely ended, and something in the dramatic suddenness of this victory had held all eyes to the close. Bud and Gracia passed out of town unnoticed, and as soon as they had rounded the point they spurred on till they gained the pass.

"I knew you would come!" said Gracia, smiling radiantly as they passed at the fork.

"Sure!" answered Hooker with his good-humored smile. "Count me in on anything—which way does this trail go, do you know?"

"It goes west twelve miles toward Arispe," replied Gracia confidently, "and then it comes into the main road that leads north to Nogales and Gadsden."

"That sounds about right for us," replied Bud. "Gadsden's the place we want to head for, and we want to get there mighty quick, too, if them rebels will let us, an' I guess that's what they'll have to do whether they want to or not."

They rode on together for some distance, the girl seemingly oblivious of the dangers which surrounded her, and Hooker watching carefully for every sign of difficulty.

"What is there up here?" inquired Bud, pointing at a fainter trail that led off toward the north. "This country is new to me. Don't know, eh? Well, if we followed that trail we'd run into them rebels, anyway, so we might as well go to the west. Is your saddle all right? We'll hit it up then—I'd like to strike a road before dark."

They hurried on, following a well-marked trail that alternately climbed ridges and descended into arroyos, until finally it dropped down into a precipitous canon where a swollen stream rushed and babbled and, while

they still watched expectantly for the road, the evening quickly passed.

They had no opportunity for conversation, for the trail was too narrow to permit of their riding side by side. Bud was thinking not only of the dangers that surrounded them, but of this errand on which he was engaged, and what the end of it meant to him.

First the slanting rays of the sun struck fire from the high yellow crags, then the fire faded and the sky glowed an opal-blue; then, through dark blues and purples the heavens turned to black above them and all the stars came out. Thousands of frogs made the canyon resound with their thrifty songs and strange animals crashed through the brush at their approach, but still Hooker stayed in the saddle and Gracia followed on behind.

If she had thought in her dreams of an easier journey she made no comment now and, outside of stopping to clench up her saddle, Bud seemed hardly to know she was there. The trail was not going to suit him—it edged off too far to the south—and yet, in the tropical darkness, he could not search out new ways to go.

At each fork he paused to light a match, and whichever way the mule-tracks went he went also, for pack-mules would take the main trail. For two hours and more they followed on down the stream and then Hooker stopped his horse.

"You might as well get down and rest a while," he said quietly. "This



How to Waken Her, Even That Was a Question.

trail is no good—it's taking us south. We'll let our horses feed until the moon comes up and I'll try to work north by landmarks."

"Oh—are we lost?" gasped Gracia, dropping stiffly to the ground. "But of course we are," she added. "I've been thinking so for some time."

"Oh, that's all right," observed Hooker philosophically; "I don't mind being lost as long as I know where I'm at. We'll ride back until we get out of this dark canyon and then I'll lay a line due north."

They sat for a time in the darkness while their horses champed at the rich grass and then, unable to keep down her nerves, Gracia declared for a start. A vision of angry pursuers rose up in her mind of Manuel del Rey and his keen-eyed rurales, hot upon their trail—and it would not let her rest.

Nor was the vision entirely the result of nervous imagination, for they had lost half the advantage of their start, as Hooker well knew, and if he made one more false move he would find himself called on to fight. As they rode back through the black canyon he asked himself for the hundredth time how it had all happened—why, at a single glance from her, he had gone against his better judgment and plunged himself into this tangle. And then, finally, what was he going to do about it?

But he knew what he was going to do about it. He knew he was going to take this girl through to Gadsden and to Phil, and his loyalty was such that he would not admit, even to himself, that Phil did not deserve her.

Alone, he would have taken to the mountains with a fine disregard for trails, turning into whichever served his purpose best and following the lay of the land. Even with her in his care it would be best to do that yet, for there would be trailers on their track at sunup, and it was either ride or fight.

Free at last from the pent-in canyon, they halted at the forks, while Bud looked out the land by moonlight. Dim and ghostly the square-topped peaks and buttes rose all about him, huge and impassable except for the winding trails. He turned up a valley between two ridges, spurring his horse into a fast walk.

From one cow trail to another he picked out a way to the north, but the

lay of the ground threw him to the east and there were no passes between the hills. The country was rocky, with long parallel ridges extending to the northeast, and when he saw where the way was taking him Bud called a halt till dawn.

By the very formation he was being gradually edged back toward Fortuna, and it would call for fresh horses and a rested Gracia to outstrip their pursuers by day. If the rurales traveled by landmarks, heading for the northern passes in an effort to out-ride and intercept him, they might easily cut him off at the start; but if they trailed him—and he devoutly hoped they would—then they would have a tangled skein to follow and he could lose them in the broken country to the north.

So thinking, he cut grass among the rocks, spread down their saddle-blankets and watched over the browsing horses while Gracia stretched out on the bed. After a day of excitement and a night of hard riding there is no call for a couch of down, and as the morning star appeared in the east she slept while Bud sat patiently by.

It was no new task for him, this watching and waiting for the dawn. For weeks at a time, after a hard day's work at the branding, he had stood guard half the night. Sleep was a luxury to him, like water to a mountain-sheep—and so were all the other useless things that town-bred people required.

People like Gracia, people like Phil—they were different in all their ways. To ride, to fight, to find the way—there he was a better man than Phil; but to speak to a woman, to know her ways, and to enter into her life—there he was no man at all.

She trusted to his courage to protect her, and that he could do, but it was to a man such as Phil she would give her love. Phil could not love her more than he did, but Phil's ways could be more attractive to her. His adventurous life with his father had not been such as to cultivate the little niceties that appealed to women. It was only his privilege to serve, but he gloried in that privilege now as he watched beside her as she slept, and his vigil but strengthened his resolution to see her safely through to Phil.

He sighed now as he saw the first flush of dawn and turned to where she slept, calm and beautiful, in the solemn light. How to waken her, even that was a question, but the time had come to start.

Already, from Fortuna, Del Rey and his man-killing rurales would be on the trail. He would come like the wind, that dashing little captain, and nothing but a bullet would stop him, for his honor was at stake. Nay, he had told Bud in so many words:

"She is mine, and no man shall come between us!"

It would be hard now if the rurales should prove too many for him—if a bullet should check him in their flight and she be left alone. But how to wake her! He tramped near as he led up the unwilling mounts; then, as time pressed, he spoke to her, and at last he knelt at her side.

"Say!" he called, and when that did not serve he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Wake up!" he said, shaking her gently. "Wake up, it's almost day!" Even as he spoke he went back to the phrase of the cow-camp—where men rise before it is light. But Gracia woke up wondering and stared about her strangely, unable to understand.

"Why—what is it?" she cried. Then, as he spoke again and backed away, she remembered him with a smile.

"Oh," she said, "is it time to get up? Where are we, anyway?"

"About ten miles from Fortuna," answered Hooker soberly. "Too close—we ought to be over that divide."

He pointed ahead to where the valley narrowed and passed between two hills, and Gracia sat up, binding back her hair that had fallen from its place.

"Yes, yes!" she said resolutely. "We must go on—but why do you look at me so strangely?"

"Don't know," mumbled Bud. "Didn't know I was. Say, let me get them saddle-blankets, will you?"

He went about his work with embarrassed swiftness, clapping on saddles and bridles, coiling up ropes, and offering her his hand to mount. When he looked at her again it was not strangely.

"Hope you can ride," he said. "We got to get over that pass before anybody else makes it—after that we can take a rest."

"As fast as you please," she answered steadily. "Don't think about me. But what will happen if they get there first?"

She was looking at him now as he searched out the trail ahead, but he pretended not to hear. One man in that pass was as good as a hundred, and there were only two things he could do—shoot his way through, or turn back. He believed she would not want to turn back.

CHAPTER XXV.

Though the times had turned to war, all nature that morning was at peace, and they rode through a valley of flowers like knight and lady in a pageant. The rich grass rose knee-deep along the hillsides, the desert trees were siligreed with the tenderest green and twined with morning-glories, and in open glades the poppies and sand-berberias spread forth masses of blue and gold.

Already on the mesquit-trees the mocking-birds were singing, and bright flashes of tropical color showed where cardinal and yellow-throat passed. The dew was still untouched upon the grass, and yet they hurried on, for some premonition whispered to them

of evil, and they thought only to gain the far pass.

Beyond that lay comparative safety, but no man knew what dangers lurked between them and that cleft in the mountains. Del Rey and his rurales or Bravo and his rebels might be there. In fact, one or the other probably was there, and if so there would be a fight, a fight against heavy odds if he were alone, and odds that would be greatly increased because he must protect Gracia.

To the west and north rose the high and impassable mountain which had barred their way in the night; across the valley the flat-topped Fortunas threw their bulwark against the dawn; and all behind was broken hills and gulches, any one of which might give up armed men. Far ahead, like a knife-gash between the ridges, lay the pass to the northern plains, and as their trail swung out into the open they put spurs to their horses and galloped.

Once through that gap, the upper country would lie before them and they could pick and choose. Now they must depend upon speed and the chance that their way was not blocked.

Somewhere in those hills to the east Bernardo Bravo and his men were hidden. Or perhaps they were scattered, turned by their one defeat into roving bandits or vengeful partisans, laying waste the Sonoran ranches as they fought their way back to Chihuahua. There were a hundred evil chances that might befall the fugitives, and while Bud scanned the country ahead Gracia cast anxious glances behind.

"They are coming!" she cried at last, as a moving spot appeared in the rear. "Oh, there they are!"

"Good!" breathed Hooker, as he rose in his stirrups and looked.

"Why, good?" she demanded, curiously.

"They're only three of 'em," answered Bud. "I was afraid they might be in front," he explained, as she gazed at him with a puzzled smile.

"Yes," she said; "but what will you do if they catch us?"

"They won't catch us," replied Hooker confidently. "Not while I've got my rifle. Aha!" he exclaimed, still looking back, "now we know all about it—that sorrel is Manuel del Rey's!"

"And will you kill him?" challenged Gracia, rousing suddenly at the name. Hooker pretended not to hear. Instead, he cocked his eye up at the eastern mountain, whence from time to time came muffled rifle-shots, and turned his horse to go. There was trouble over there to the east somewhere—Alvarez and his Yaquis, still harrying the retreating rebels—and some of it might come their way.

With Del Rey behind them, even though in sight, he was the least of their troubles, and could be easily cared for with a rifle shot if they could not distance him. Hooker knew

that the two rurales with him would not continue the pursuit if their leader was out of the way, so that it would not be necessary to injure more than one man.

"Ah, how I hate that man!" raged Gracia, spurring her horse as she scowled back at the galloping Del Rey and his men who were riding onward rapidly.

"All right," observed Bud with a quizzical smile, "I'll have to kill him for you then!"

She gazed at him a moment with eyes that were big with questioning, but the expression on his rugged face baffled her.

"I would not forget it," she cried impulsively. "No, after all I have suffered, I think I could love the man who would meet him face to face! But why do you—ah!" she cried, with a sudden tragic bitterness. "You smile! You have no thought for me—you care nothing that I am afraid of him! Ah, Dios, for a man who is brave—to rid me of this devil!"

"Never mind!" returned Bud, his voice thick with rising anger. "If I kill him it won't be for you!"

He jumped Copper Bottom ahead to avoid her, for in that moment she had touched his pride. Yes, she had done more than that—she had destroyed a dream he had, a dream of a beautiful woman, always gentle, always noble, whom he had sworn to protect with his life. Did she think he was a pelado Mexican, a hot-country lover, to be inflamed by a glance and a smile? Then Phil could have her, and welcome. Her trade had lessened his burden. Now his fight was but a duty to his partner in the performance of which he would be no less careful, but to turn her over to Phil would not now be painful.

"Ah, Bud!" she appealed, spurring up beside him, "you did not understand! I know you are brave—and if he comes"—she struck her pistol fiercely—"I will kill him myself!"

"Never mind," answered Bud in a kinder voice. "I'll take care of you. Jest keep your horse in the trail," he added, as she rode on through the brush, "and I'll take care of Del Rey."

He beckoned her back with a jerk of the head and resumed his place in the lead. Here was no place to talk about men and motives. The mountain above was swarming with rebels, there were rurales spurring behind—yes, even now, far up on the eastern hillside, he could see armed men—and now one was running to intercept them!

Bud reached for his rifle, jerked up a cartridge, and sat crosswise in his saddle. He rode warily, watching the distant runner, until suddenly he pulled in his horse and threw up a welcoming hand. The man was Amigo—no other could come down a hillside so swiftly—and he was signaling him to wait.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BURIAL PLACE OF KING JOHN BUT NOT ON THAT MACHINE

Writer Declares Interment of Famous English Monarch Took Place at Worcester.

In the American Law Review there appeared an article in which the writer made an allusion to King John of England, and said he went "to his unlamented rest at St. Wolstan's." Now, is this correct? King John was buried at Worcester and in the cathedral there, and his body has slept in that spot until now, unless, like a streak of morning cloud, it has melted into the infinite azure of the past. In 1797, for the purpose of identifying the resting place of the king and his remains, a committee of citizens was appointed to investigate this matter. The body was identified and all that remained of it placed in a new mausoleum, where it stands today as one of the objects of interest in Worcester cathedral. Shakespeare, in his "King John," puts in the mouth of Prince Henry the following words: "At Worcester must his body be interred, for so he willed it." Thus we see King John was buried in Worcester cathedral, and it is therefore inaccurate to say he was buried at St. Wolstan's. The memory of King John is not cherished with the feeling that has followed the lives and deaths of some of England's sovereigns, and he will be remembered only as the monarch from whom was extorted the great charter of English liberty, from which this country has received a large part of its valued inheritance.—Letter to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

American Victory in War of 1812. One hundred years ago occurred the "battle of the barges," between a force of English from the blockading squadron in Chesapeake bay and a flotilla of barges and gunboats designed to aid in the defense of the city of Washington. Commodore Barney, in command of the American flotilla, being threatened with attack by several large British warships, had taken his boats up the Patuxent river and found a refuge in St. Leonard's creek. The British followed with a superior force of barges and small schooners. Having no guns with which to wage a fight at long range, Commodore Barney dashed forward into the midst of the enemy. Soon the barges were engaged in desperate hand-to-hand combats. For more than an hour the action raged, both sides fighting with vigor and gallantry. But the Americans having pierced the British line, the enemy abandoned the fight and fled precipitately to their ships.

Girl Had Right to Balk on Joy Ride That Homely Escort Had Promised to Give Her.

He was the homeliest man she had ever met, but almost his first sentence won her heart.

It was: "I'll come around some Thursday and take you out in the machine."

"Oh," she twittered, picking a hair from his coat collar. "What Thursday, Mr. Dickdocker?"

"How does some Thursday next week suit you?" he replied.

"Oh, the first, please!" she exclaimed.

That Thursday she stood, with her new auto coat on, waiting at the parlor window for two hours.

"I realize he's ugly as sin and has fourteen gold teeth," she mused, "but with wind goggles on he surely won't look so bad and he'll probably keep his mouth shut on account of the dust."

There was a sudden chugging.

"Tis he!" she breathed. "Twas. He stopped at the curb. He was seated on a dusty motorcycle with an extra seat behind!"

He risk the bell. "Is Miss Niddlestump at home?" he inquired.

"No," replied the maid, "she just went out the back way."—Detroit Free Press.

Parisians Wearing Colored Beards. Colored beards (for men) are reported to be coming into fashion in Paris. The green wig was a means of feminine adornment. It is not supposed to have made a lasting impression, but it attracted attention. Now men are coming into their share of the color in hirsute decoration. A dark blue mustache on a young poet at a recent soiree was the sensation of the evening. One proprietor of a dressmaking establishment announces that he is going to dye his close-cropped beard bottle green, after the fashion of the Assyrian kings.

The Making of a Man. No university can make a man. . . . Men may lead themselves with lore till they stoop beneath the weight of their accumulations, and yet fail to lift a care from the heart of the weary, or impel a single soul an inch on its way to God. The real building of a man is within.—Dr. Clifford.

Always to Be Reckoned With. You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.—George Eliot.

TURN FROM LIGHT

Those Who Deny Christian Faith Wander Deliberately Into Darkness.

Christ said, "I am the good shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep." The church becomes a "fold," in which, like a flock at night, the people of God are protected from enemies that lie in wait to hurt and destroy. The Christian bishop is a shepherd of souls, and his emblem of office is the shepherd's crook. Wide as is the span of years that separates us from the psalmist's time, wherever that sign and token of the office of a Christian bishop is uplifted it carries us back to the solitude of the hills of primitive Judea and to the Hebrew youth who first sang, out of his inmost soul, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

The world is passing through a period when, because some of its fancies have proved an inadequate measure of the stern realities of life, many people have come to feel, for the time being, as if all beauty were deceit, and only the darkest forebodings, as to man's nature and destiny could be true. None of us can altogether escape the influences of our time; and, lest we may appear to ourselves to be mere rhapsodists and sentimentalists, we are forced to translate our religious poetry, as best we can, into sober legal prose.

Power That Directs Our Paths.

The literal truth within the conception of God as a shepherd, if it shall be found to contain such a heart of reality, must be that a power is over us, able to direct our paths toward the satisfaction of our wants and desires to lead us to what is peaceful and good. Since belief in a God of love and might was once firmly established in the minds of the majority of men, at least in Christian lands, one is first of all inclined not to undertake any defense of that belief, but to summon those who have, for any reason, fallen away from the faith to show just cause for their apostasy.

We can hardly conceive it possible that any sane mind should wish to give up this inspiring thought, the loss of which certainly robs life of most of its glory and darkens man's whole earthly day. And yet, strange as such a desire must appear to us, we can hardly acquit a certain class of minds of entertaining it. We will not say that, as a rule, in such cases, people love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil; but we will charge that they have allowed the passions of controversy so to cloud and confuse their judgment that they are led into the worst folly.

Lose Power to Discriminate.

The insanity born of a fierce personal antagonism is foolish enough, scorpionlike, to turn its sting against its own life; and there are people so blindly enraged with churchmen and all their ways that, to their own grievous hurt, they lose all power to distinguish between the eternal and the perishable elements of the thought of the church.

We do not see so much of this here as in other lands, though even here there is a lower level of our society so ruled by blind and bitter hatred of ecclesiasticism that it is led to deny virtually everything which the ministers of Christ's gospel are trying to affirm. Though among those with whom we are accustomed to associate there may be none whom we could rightly so describe, this class of minds is large enough to take note of in any estimate of the general social forces of our time. And we shall meet some, even in those walks of life with which we are familiar, who, because of the intellectual difficulties in which they find themselves involved, have virtually surrendered the thought of God as their keeper; who in one mood or another, of sad regret or careless indifference, are going their way and making no considerable effort to teach that thought to their children.

Opening the Cupboard Doors.

"There are some people so afraid of fresh air," laughed an old sea captain, "that they seem to think they can ventilate their rooms by opening their cupboard doors." And there are people who imagine that they can keep their lives fresh and healthful in very much the same way. They shut off all currents from the outside world. They shudder at its wickedness, they shrink from its clamor, they do not want to be disquieted by its demands, and so they selfishly shut themselves into their own interests and pursuits, and begin, all unconsciously, to grow pinched and narrow. . . . The breath of the outdoor world may sting, but it is invigorating; rubbing against other people's angularities may be rasping, but it smooths down our own, and all the rush and hurry about us, however weary we may grow, is better than withdrawal and moribundness.

Great Growth in a Hard Field.

The Swedish mission in Abyssinia counted in 1897 five stations, 300 converts, 20 native Evangelists, and 90 pupils in one mission school. Today there are ten stations, 2,000 converts, 75 native Evangelists, ten native school teachers, 1,305 pupils in five boarding schools and fifty day schools in the villages. There is a hospital in full operation and a press which is printing in Ethiopian, Amharic, Tigrinya, Tigre, Canana, Galla and Swahili. Two hundred hymns have been translated into the Tigrinya tongue and are used in the mission schools.