The Land of Broken Promises.

By DANDE COOLIDGE

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

That was the beginning of a new day at the Eagle Tall, and when De it out a reful to pping the waste braught Lancey came back from town—whith, over the irling the water rouste Lancey came back from town—whith-er he went whenever he could conjure around up an errand—he found that, for once, was lef he had not been missed

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

"But how did 'his Indian happen to pardner had ex, ted his acquisition. 'Say, he mus deserted from his be company with their back from "... czuma!" their their back from "... czuma!"

"More" ikely," assented Bud. "He ain't ta.kin's n '1, but I notice he keeps his eye (...—they'd shoot hi. for a deserter if they could ketch him. I'd hate to see him go that way."

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

"F"r instance? "F"r ed Hooker dryly. It had s s is that Phil was spending a ge d dess of time in town already.
"Well, there's the resultion. Sure

as shooting they're go is to pull one soon. There's two the sand Mexican miners working at Fortuna, and they

say every one of 'ein bas got a rifle buried. Now they're beginning to quit and drift out into the hills, and we're likely to hear from them any time." "All the more reason for staying in camp, then," remarked Bud. "I'll tell

you, Phil, I need you here. That dogged ledge is lost, good and plenty, and I need you to say where to dig. We ain't doing much better than old Aragon did-just rooting around in that rock-pile-let's do a little timber-

"You can't timber that rock." an swored De Lancey decidedly. "And besides, it's cheaper to make a cut twenty feet deep than it is to tunnel or sink a shaft. Wait tii! we get to that porphyry contact - then we'll

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

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

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

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

"When we do that," observed Phil, "we'll be where we're going. Nothing to do then but lay off the men and wait till I get my papers. That's why I say don't hurry so hard—we haven't got our title to this claim, pardner, and we won't go her-not for some

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

As they came up one cu: Amigo quit work and, while the ... in car ; followed suit and gather. (. : pectant), sehind him, he picked up hree - ; drills and an iron drill's! (a anu presented

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

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

The Yaqui led the way to the face of the cut and showed the spot, a hole beneath the pile of riven rock; and a Mexican, not to be outdone, grabbed up a handful of porphyry and indi-

silence, counce the hole; and shot.

Some all his handkerchief with fine shot.

Some all ne came leping back.

"I got it from the fine shot." dir he carried " own to the creek. from a r .. .: er's pan, he washed for ele only a little dirt that, bottom of the pan. Then, while ai texicans looked on, he to" , toward the edge,

and ouit witi CLIUT. "Nada!" : ... d, throwing down some a the Mexithe pan, and cans sensed t ?" i times he end F ooped up d then 'old the men they coul.

"No more wo he said, affecting find you?" den. ied Phil, when his a d'iected bitterness; "re ..., unda—pardner had ex, ted his acquisition. 'is nothing!" And with this sad, no means unusual, ending to 'e, the Mexicans went away amp, speculating among s to whether they could ge, their pay. But when the last of then, 'and gone Phil beckoned Bud into the tent and showed him a piece of Brtz.

"Just take a work of that. and a single glance :: Hooker that it was full of " " " .. es of gold. "I picked ap whom they weren't looking," whispered De Lagey, his eyes dancing with triumph. "It's the same rock—the same as Kruger's!"

"Well, put 'er there, then, pardner!" cried Bud, grabbing at De Lancey's hand: "we've struck it!"

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

The Liexican miners, blinded by their ignorance, went their way, well contented to get their money. Nobody knew. There was nothing to do but to wait. But to wait, as some people know, is the hardest work in the

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

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

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

Poor Ignacio! His four-dollar a-day job had gone climmering in helf a day, but when the Mexican laborers departed he lingered around the camp, loing odd jobs, until he won a place At night be slept up in the rocks,

where no treachery could take him unaware, but at the first peep of dawn it was always Amigo who arose and lit the fire.

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

With the memory of many envious lances cast at Copper Bottom, Hooker had built a stout corral, where he kept the horses up at night, allowing them to graze close-hobbled in the daytime. A Mexican insurrecto on foot is a contradiction of terms, if there are

horses or mules in the country, and several bands of ex-miners from Fortuna had gone through their camp in that condition, with new rifles in their hands. But if they had any designs on the Eagle Tail live stock they speedily gave them up; for, while he would feed them and even listen to heir false tales of patriotism, Bud had no respect for numbers when it came to admiring his horse. Even with the Yaqui, much as he

trusted bim, he had reservations about Copper Bottom; and once, when he found him petting him and stroking his nose, he shook his head forbid dingly. And from that day on, though he watered Copper Bottom and cared for his wants, Amigo was careful ever to careas him.

But in all other matters, even to nding him his gun, Bud trusted the Yaqui absolutely. It was about a week after he came to camp that Ami."

trip and made signs n, and this ti ing peccary, wi t, Indian style. meat was low. Bu __ent ant, and each time he " a wild hog or a deer for brought

every cartridge. The one cross under which the Yaqui suffered was the apparent failure of the mine, and, after slipping up into the cut a few times, he finally came back radiant.
"Mira!" he said, holding out a piece



"Two Men, One of Them a Rurale!" other like it. At this the Yaqui cocked

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

might steal it from us. So now we wait for papers. When we get them, we dig!'

So the days went by until three weeks had bassed, and still no papers came. As his anxiety increased Phil fell into the hable of staying in town overnight, and libit day was drawing

the tent; "one of them a rural!"
"Why a rural?" asked Bud, mysti-

himself violently on the breast. "Lend 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.

ently, and, turning, he went up over rocks like a mountain-sheep, bounding from boulder to boulder until he disappeared among the hilltops. Then, as Bud brought in his horse and shut im hastily inside his corral, the two riders came around the point—a rural and Aragon!

knew, means trouble—and Aragon meant more trouble, trouble for him. ano 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.
"'S tardes," he said in reply to the

rural's abrupt solute, and then he stood silent before his tent, looking them over shrewdly. The rural was 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 Amiga had hung out to dry, and his drooped eye opened up suddenly as he turned his cold regard

upon Hooker.
"Sezor." he said, speaking with an accusing harabness, "we are looking sighted a deer, and when Bud loans ... for the men who are stealing my

go. Where did yet; get that meat?"
"I got it from a deer," returned
Bud; "there is his base on the fence; you can see it if you'll look."

The rural, glad > creat : a diversion, rode over and evenined the hide and came back sat clot but Aragon was not so easily appear - .!.

"By what right," he demanded truc ulently, "do you, an American, kill deer in our country? Have y "lie "No, senor," answered Hopker of

berly; "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 while Bud was explaining that he was out in the hills some where, Aragon spurred his horse up closer and pecuriously into his

" hat are tooking for?" deman 'se Fooler rply, and then Ara-

gon nowed noid. "I am looking for the drills and drillspoon," he said; "the ones you stole when you took my mine!"

"Then get back out of there!" cried Bud, seizing 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 pard-ner, 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 bair of his head I'll kill him like a dog!"

" a 1 "al backed his horse away, as If anudenly discovering that the Amercan 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 canyon, 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 hurled the saddle on his horse.

It was through some chicanery, he knew—some low-down trick on the fore last by those dd—d rurales—part of Aragon—that his pardner had 'annel Del Rey was behind it, you been imprisoned, and he swore to have can bet your life on that—and I've ther that or he would go after Aragand take it out of his hide. It was outside Bud's simple con

even to question his pardner's innocence, but, innocent or guilty, he would have him out if he had to tear down the fail. So he slapped his saddle-gun into

the sling, reached for his quirt, and went dashing down the canyon. At a turn in the road he came suddenly upon Aragon and the rural split way between them, and leaned for ward as Copper Bottom burned up the

It was long since the shiny sorre had been given his head, and he need ed neither whip nor spure -Lut a mile or two down the arroyo Bud suddenly reined him in and looked behind. Ther he turned abruptly up the hillside and jumped him out on a point, looked again, and rode slowly back up the

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 be side 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. work, and the tramp of Hooner's boots was drowned by their grubbing until he stood above them. There he paused, his pistol in hand, and waited

tengo!" He drew a second plece 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," ob-served Bud, holding out his hand, and as the rura' tumped, Aragon handed over the ore "ere was a moment's silence as Buc he stepped bac and me them out with his gun.

Down the jagged cut the rried. 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 noth-ing, but the swing of the Texan's gun spoke for him, and they rode quickly

"You dad-burned greasers!" growled Bud, returning his pistol with a jab to its holster. Then he looked at the ore. There were two pieces, one freshdug 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 plece?

Once more Bud looked it over, and then the rock fell from his hand. It was the first piece they had foundthe piece that belonged to Phil!

CHAPTER XV.

When the solid earth quakes, though it move but a thousandth of an inch beneath our feet, the human brain reels and we become dizzy, sick and afraid. So, too, at the thought that some trusted friend has played us couldn't stand it—I hired the string false, the mi -ns back upon itself band and we went down there in and we dorbt . stability of every- hack to give her a serenade. But this thing-for ' :.. ent. Then, as we find all the trees atraight up, the world acting like c jealous ass all along intact, and e hills in their proper places. . n the treacherous doubts asid at disten to the voice of reason. hi . . : awful moment Hooker saw weakness or through guile; und then his mind straightened itself e remembered that Phil was in

... hat more natural, then, than that the rurales should search his pockets and give the ore to Aragon? He | stooped and picked up the chunk of -that precious, pocket-worn spec-

that had brought them the first e of success-and wiped it on hi. .. eve.

Mechanically he placed it beside the other piece which Aragon had gouged from the edge, and while he gazed at them he wondered what to do-to Bud inexorably. "Her old man was out leave their mine and go to his friend, or to let his friend wait and stand guard by their treasure—and his heart told him to go to his friend.

So be swung up on his horse and followed slowly, and as soon as it was dark he rode secretly through Old Fortuna and on till he came to the jail. It was a square stone structure, built across the street from the cantina in order to be convenient for the drunks, and as Bud rode up close and stared at it, some one hailed him through the bars.

allo there, pardner," called Hooksinging down and striding over to ...e h'ack window, "how long have they had you in here?"

"Two drys," answered Phil from the inner daraness; "but it seems like a lifetime to me. Say, Bud, there's a Mexican in here that's got the jimjams-regular tequila jag-can't you get me out?"

"Well, I sure will!" answered Bud; "what have they got you in for? Where's our friend, Don Juan? Why didn't he let me know?" "You can search me!" railed De

Lancey. "Seems like everybody quits you down here the minute you get into trouble. I got arrested night be-Who do I go tt. 'vou plached for?

"Pinched for nothing!" cried De Lincey bitterly. "Pinched because I'm a Mexican citizen and can't procat myselft I'm incomunicado for

three deys!"
"Well, I'll get you out, all right,"
said Hooker, leaning closer against the bars. "Here, have a smoke did that is your idea of being true as steel they frisk you of your makings?"

"No!" snapped De Lancey crossly,
"but I'm out of everything by this
time. Bud, I tell you I've had a time
of it! They threw me in here with
this crazy, murdering Mexican and
I haven't had a wink of sleep for two days. He's quiet now, but I don't want any more."

"Well, say," began Bud again, what are you charged with? Maybe I can suggested Bud, edging his words with grease somebody's paw and get you sarcasm. "I'm going up to the hotel!"
"No; come back!" cried De Lancey, "Come on "Come o "Well, say," began Bud again, "what

his white face against the bars and his voice became low and beseeching. haven't been quite on the square with you—I've been holding out a little. But you know how it is-when a fellow's in love. I've been going to see

"Oh!" commented Hooker, and stood very quiet while he waited.

"Yes, I've been going to see her," going up to find the comisario."

hurried on Phil. "I know I promised; A brief interview with that smiling but, honest, Bud, I couldn't help it. It just seemed as if my whole being was wrapped up in her, and I had to do it. She'd be looking for me when I came and went—and then I fixed it with her maid to take her a letter. And then I met her secretly, back

got some holes punched in the wall-loopholed during the fight last sum-1 lo . "Bure, I'll take your word for that,"

up through the Mexican quarters to the cuartel of the rurales, but the captain was inexorable.
"No, senor," he said, waving an eloquent finger before his nose, "I cannot

release your friend. No, senor!" "But what is he charged with?" persisted Bud, "and when is his trial? You can't keep him shut up without a

trial.' At this the captain of the rurales lifted his eyebrows and one closely

waxed mustachio and smiled mysteriously. "Y como no?" he inquired. "And why not? Is he not a Mexican citi-

"Well, perhaps he is!" thundered Bud, suddenly rising to his full height, "but I am not! I am an American, senor capitan, and there are other Americans! If you hold my friend without a trial I whi come and tear

not stop me, either!" "Ah!" observed the dandy little captain, shrugging his mustachio once more and blinking, and while Hooker raged back and forth he looked him

your fall down-and the comisarlo will

over appraisingly.
"One moment!" he said at last, raising a quieting hand. "These are perilous times, senor, in which all the de-fenders of Fortuna should stand together. I do not wish to have a difference with the Americans when Bernardo Bravo and his men are marching to take our town. No, I value the friendship of the valiant Americans very highly-so I will let your friend go. But first he must promise me one thing—not to trouble the Senor Ara-gon by making further love to his

daughter!" "Very well!" replied Bud. "He has already promised that to me; so come on and let him out."

"To you?" repeated Manuel del Rey with a faint smile. "Then, perhaps—" "Perhaps nothing!" broke in Hooker shortly. "Come on!"

He led the way impatiently while the captain, his saber clanking, strode out and rode beside him. He was not a big man, this swashing captain of the rural police, but he was master, nevertheless, of a great district, from Fortuna to the line, with a reputation for quick work in the pursuance of his duty as well as in the primrose ways of love.

In the insurrections and raidings of the previous summer he had given the coup de grace with his revolver to more than one embryo bandit, and in his love affairs he had shown that he

could be equally summary,

The elegant Feliz Luna, who for a time had lingered near the charming Gracia, had finally found himself up against a pair of pistols with the op-tion of either fighting Captain del Rey or returning to his parents. The young man concluded to beat a retreat. For a like offense Philip De Lancey had been unceremoniously thrown knew how loyal I've been to you-if jail; and now the capitan turned his attention to Bud Hooker, whose mind

the mine stands in my name, you he had not yet fathomed. "Excuse me, senor," he said, after a brief silence, "but your words left me

in doubt-whether to regard you as a friend or a rival." "What?" demanded Bud, whose knowledge of Spanish did not extend

to the elegancies.

"You said," explained the captain politely, "that your friend had promised you he would not trouble the lady further. Does that mean that you are interested in her yourself, or merely that you perceive the hopelessness of his suit and wish to protect him from a greater evil that may well befall him? For look you, senor, the girl is mine, and no man can come between us!"

"Huh!" snorted Bud. who caught the last all right. Then he laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. We don't know what you're talking about -it's the first one we found in our he said gruffly, "but he will stay away, all right.

"Muy bien," responded Del Rey care threw open the door and stood aside for his rival to come out.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," saluted Bul, as the door clanged to be-hind his pardner. But Phil still bristled with anger and defiance, and the captain perceived that there would be no

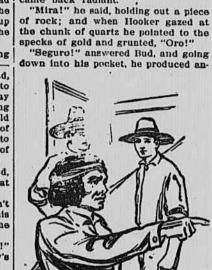
thanks from him.
"It is nothing," he replied, bowing politely, and something in the way he said it made De Lancey choke with rage. But there by the carcel door was not the place for picking quarrels. They went to the hotel, where Don Juan, all apologies for his apparent neglect-which he excused on the ground that De Lancey had been held incomunicado-placated them as best be could and hurried on to the news.

"My gracious, Don Felipe," he cried,
"My gracious, Don Felipe," he cried,
"you don't know how sorry I was to
see you in jail, but the captain's orders were that no one should go near
you—and in Mexico we obey the ruplaced against a wall and shot.

"But have you heard the news from —I won't see her again until we get down below? Ah, what terrible times our title! Will that satisfy you? Then they are having there—ranches raided, give me your hand, pardner—I'm sorry women stolen, rich men held for ran-I did you wrong!" som! Yes, it is worse than ever! Alsom! Yes, it is worse than ever! Al-

his son Feliz have been taken by Bernardo Bravo! Only by an enormous ransom was he able to save his wife and daughters, and his friends must

"At the ranch of the rich Spaniard, Alvarez, there has been a great battle tion was not only for singing rag-time in which the red-flaggers were defeatbeneath the Aragon windows, but for ed with losses. Now Bernardo Bravo trying to whip the captain of the ru-swears he will avenge his men, and rales when the latter tried to place Alvares has armed his Yaqui work-



his head to one side and regarded him

story. "We have an enemy," he said, "who

"Ah!" breathed Amigo, his face suddenly clearing up; "and can I work for you then?" "Si," answered Bud, "for four dol-

iars 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 conned the land below.

two days. The third day was drawing less, when suddenly he beheld the Yaqui bounding down the hill in great leaps and making signs down the

canyon. Two men!" he called, dashing up to

"To take me!" cried Amigo, striking

"Muy blen," said the Yaqui obedi-

Now, in Mexico a rural, as Bud well

piece of quarts that came

"What Are You Pinched For?"

broke in Hooker harshly. "But get To the point! What are you pinched "Well," went on De Lancey, his

voice quavering at the reproof, "I was going to tell you, if you'll listen to me Somebody saw us there and told Ara gon-he shut her up for a punishment cad, Manuel del Rey, who has been swooped down on us with a detach ment of his rurales and took us all to jail. He let the musicians out the next morning, but I've been here ever since.

"Yes, and what are you charged with?" demanded Bud brusquely. "Drunk," confessed Phil, and Bud grunted.
"Huh!" he said "and me out watch

"Oh, I know I've done you dirt, Bud," walled De Lancey; "but I didn't mean to, and I'll never do it again." "Never do what?" inquired Bud roughly.

ing that mine night and day!"

"I won't touch another drop of booze as long as I'm in Mexico!" cried Phil. "Not a drop!" "And how about the girl?" continued

and tried to jump our mine today-"Well," faltered De Lancey, "I'll-

"You know your promise!" reminded "Yes; I know. But-oh, Bud, if you you knew what offers I've resisted-

"Well?"

she-

"Well, Aragon came around to me st week and said if I'd give him a half interest in it he'd-well, never mind-it was a great temptation. But did I fall for it? Not on your life! I know you, Bud, and I know you're hon ost-you'd stay by me to the last ditch, and I'll do the same by you. But I'm in love, Bud, and that would make a man forget his promise if he wasn't true as steel."

"Yes," commented Hooker dryly. "I don't reckon I can count on you much from now on. Here, take a look at this and see what you make of it." He drew the piece of ore that he had taken from Aragon from his pocket and held it up in the moonlight. "Well, feel of it, then," he said. "Shucks, you ought to know that piece of rock, Phil

"No!" exclaimed De Lancey, starting back. "why-where'd you get it?" "Never mind where I got it!" answered Hooker. "The question is: What did you do with it?"

"Well, I might as well come through with it," confessed l'hii, the last of his assurance gone. "I gave it to Gracia! "And I took it away from Aragon, continued Bud, "while he was digging some more chunks out of our mine. So is it? You've done noble by me and

my life on it that Gracia would never betray me!" "Well, think it over for a while,

lamoring at the bars. "Come on this, and finally De Lancey dropped back, Bud! Here!" he said, thrus ing his hand out through the heavy irons. "I'll give you my word for it

"It did you wrong!"

"It did the "replied Hooker soberies of the receiving telegrams to prely, as he took the trembling hand; "it's pare rooms for the refugees, and the
Kruger. But if you'll keep your word,
Phil. maybe we can win out yet. I'm out friend, the Senor Luna, and Phil, maybe we can win out yet. I'm going up to find the comisario."

Lancey was laid bare. He had been engaged in a desperate rivalry with now pay for him.
Manuel del Rey for the hand of Gra- "At the ranch o cla Aragon, and his present incarceraby the garden gate. You know they've

And Le Lancey was the prisoner not "He is a brave man, this Colonel of the comisario, but of the captain of Alvares, and his Taquis are all warthe rurales. Some at heart, Bud rode riors from the hills; but Bernardo has (Tringer constitution)

The comparison with the contract of the contra