The Land of Broken Promises

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

Previously Continued

ting on a log and continuing his

Then, in the middle of a rantence, and while Bud was bending over the fire, the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was waked from his trance by the warning click of a gun-lock. Suddenly his mind came back to his guests, and he ducked like a flash, but even as he went down he heard the hammer clack!

The gun had snapped! Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip pointblank at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went

down fighting. Bud was a glant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to a bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despair of shaking off. his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurled himself over backward into

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a cat to get free. Rocks, pots and ket-



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

tles were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaned to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed madly for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they covered him. The instant he rose they come miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to

As Hooker stood blinded by the smoke and ashes the fellow took deliberate aim— and once more his rifle snapped. Then, as the other Mexicans stood agape, surprised at the failure of the shot, the cannonlike whang of a Mauser rent the air and the leader crumpled down in a heap.

An instant later a shrill yell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and his terrible wood-chopping" knife brandished

high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed to bristle with fury, and the glint of his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, pursuing fig-ure, the two Mexicans had turned and bolted like rabbits, and now, as the Yaqui whirled in after them, Bud could

rocks.

It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian follow his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone

but set about cleaning up camp.

After he had wanted the ashes from his eyes, and when the fury had vanished from Amigp's face, they went as by common consent and gazed at the hody of the chief of the despendoes. Eyen in death his face seemed strangely familiar; but as Hooker stood gas ing at him the Yaqui picked up his

"Look!" he said, and pointed to a ballet-splash, where, is the Mexican held the gun across his breast, Bud's pistol shot had flattened harmlessly against the look. It was that which had saved the Mexican chief from instant death, and the jar of the shot had doubtless broken the rifle and saved Bud, in turn, from the second

All this was in the Yaqui's eye as he carefully tested the action; but, when he threw down the lever, a cartridge rose up from the magazine and glided smoothly into the breech. With a rifle tull of cartridges the ignorant Mexican and been snapping on an empty chamner, not knowing enough to jack up a

For a moment Amigo stared at the gun and the man, and his mouth drew down with contempt.

"Ha! Pendejo!" he grunted, and kicked the corpse with his foot.

think of Bernardo Bravo and his men? They captured the last up train from Fortuna; loaded all the men into the ore cars and empty coaches; and, while the federals were still in their barracks, the train ran clear into the station and took the town by storm.

"And eight days later, at sundown, the federals took it back. Ah, there was awful slaughter averted, sepor! But for the fact that the fuse went out two hundred Yaqui Indians who led the charge would have been blown into eternity.

"Yes, so great was the charge of dynamite that the rebels had laid in their mine that not a house in Agua Negra would have been left standing if the fuse had done its work. Two tons of dynamite! Think of that, my

"But these rebels were as ignorant of its power as they were of laying a train. The Yaquis walked into the town at sundown and found it deserted—every man, woman and child had fled to Gadsden and the rebels had fled to the west.

"But listen, here was the way it happened—actually, and not as com-mon report has it, for the country is all in an uproar and the real facts were never known. When Bernardo Bravo captured the town of Agua Negra the people acclaimed his a hero.

"He sent word to the junta at El Paso and set up a new form of government. All was enthusiasm, and several Americans joined his ranks to operate the machine guns and can-



The Artillery Drove Them Back.

As for the federals, they occupied the country to the cast and at-tempted a few sallies, but as they had nothing but their rifles, the artillery drove them back.

Then, as the battle ceased the rebels began to celebrate their victory. They broke into the closed can-tinus, disobeying their officers and beginning the loot of the town, and while half of their number were drunk the federals, being informed of their

them, with the Yaquis far in the lead.
"They did not shoot, those Yaquis; but, dragging their guns behind them, they crept up through the bushes and dug pits quite close to the lines. Then, when the rebels discovered them and manned their guns, the Yaquis shot

hear them squealing and scrambling gamzed, their men became mutinous rocks. "Growing bolder, they crept farther and at last, when they saw they would surely be taken, the leaders buried two tons of dynamite in the trenches by the bull-ring and set a time-fuse to explode when the Yaquis arrived.

The word spread through the town The word spread through the town like wildfire all the people, all the soldiers fied every which way to as cape and then when the worst expected to happen, the dynamite falled to explode and the Yaquis rushed the trenches at sundown."

Did those Yaquis know about the

dynamite?" inuired Bud.
"Know?" repeated Don Juan, waving the thought away; "not a word! Their commanders kept it from them, even after they discovered the mine. And now the Indians are making boasts; they are drunk with the thought of their valor and claim that the rebels feed from them alone.

"The roadmaster came into town "The roadmaster came into town this morning on a velocipede and said that the Yaquis are insufferable, thinking that it was their renown as fighters and not the news of the dynamite that drove all the addlers from town."

"However, Agua Negra is once more in the hands of the government; the track is clear and most of the bridges repaired; so why quarrel with the Yaquis? While they are, of course, nothing but Indians, they serve their purpose in battle."

"Well, I guess yes!" responded Bud warmly. "Serve their purpose, eh? Where were these Mexican soldiers and them Spanish officers when the Yaquis were taking the town? And that was just like a dog-goned Mexi-can—setting that time-fuse and then not having it go off. More'n likely the poor yap that fired it was so scairt he couldn't hold a match-probably never lit it, jest dropped the match and run. They're a bum bunch, if you want to know what I think. I'd rather have a Yaqui than a hundred

"A hundred of whom?" inquired a cool voice behind him, and looking up Hooker saw the beautiful Gracia gazing out at him through the screen

But if the Mexican had been a fool be had paid the price, for the second time he snapped his gun Amico had shot him through and through.

CHAPTER XX.

In a country where witnesses to a crime are imprisoned along with the principals and kept more or less indefinitely in jail, a man thinks twice before he reports to the police.

With four dead Mexicans to the Yaqui's account, and Del Rey in charge of the district. Hooker followed his second thought—he said nothing, and took his chances on being arrest ed for murder. Until far into the night Amigo busied himself along the utilside, and when the sun rose not a sign remained to tell the story of the fight.

Men, horses, saddles and guns-all had disappeared. And, after packing a little food in a sack, Amigo disap-peared also, with a grim smile in prom-

The sun rose round and hot, the same as usual; the south wind came up and blew into a bellying mass of clouds, which lashed back with the ac-customed rain; and when all the earth vas washed clean and fresh the last trace of the struggle was gone. Only by the burns on his hands was Hooke aware of the fight and of the treachery which had reared its head against him like a snake which has been warmed and fed.

Nowhere but in Mexico, where the low pelado classes have made such deeds a subtlety, could the man be found to dissimulate like that false assassin-in-chief. To pause suddenly in a protracted speech, swing or and pick up a gun, and halt his vic im for the shooting by the preparatory click of the lock—that if deed called for a brand of cunning rarely found in the United States.

There was one thing about the affair that vaguely haunted Hooker—why was it that a man so cupping as that had falled to load his gun? Twice, and with everything in his favor, he had raised his rifle to fire; and both times it had snapped in his hands. Certainly he must have been inept at arms—o accustomed to single-sliot guns.

The reputed magic of the swift-firing rifles evidently had been his undo-ing, but where had he got his new gun? And who was he, anyway? With those two baffling questions Bud wrea-tled as he sat beside his door, and at

evening his answer came.

The sun was swinging low and he was collecting wood down the guich for a fire when, with a sudden thud of hoofs, a horseman rounced the point and came abruptly to a halt. It was Aragon, and he was spying on the

For a full minute he scanned the house, tent and mme with a look so snaky and sinister that Bud could read man who had sent the assassins, and

he had come to view their work!

Very slowly Bud's hand crept toward his six-shooter but, slight as was the motion, Aragon caught it and sat frozen in his place. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he fell flat on his horse's neck and went spurring out of sight.

The answer to Bud's questions was

very easy now. The Mexican who had led the attempt on his life was one of Aragon's had men, one of the four over so carefully when they came to drive him from the mine, and Aragon had fitted him out with new arms to make the result more sure. But with that question answered there came up another and another until, in a sud-den clarity of vision, Bud saw through the hellish plot and beheld himself

dare to face him now, for he knew that he merited death. By his sly that he merited death. By his sly approach, by the look in his eyes and the dismay of his frended retreat, he had acknowledged more surely than by words his guilty knowledge of the raid. Coming to a camp where he expected to find all dead and still, he had found himself face to face with the very man he had sought to hill. How, then had the American ascaped destruction, and what had goourred to his men?

queurred to his men?

Perhaps, in his ignorance, Aragon was raging at his hirelings because they had shirked their task; perhaps, n/4 knowing that they were dead, he yeas waiting in a fever of impatience for them to accomplish the deed. However it was, Bud saw that he held the high card, and as was not slow to act. In the morning he saddled Copper Bottom, who had been confined to the corral for weeks, and went galloping into town. There he lingared about

corral for weeks and went galloping into town. There he lingered about the new his man and

sittles fear chased them | picking out the best trail by instinct | the other bandit chiefs, and they ceross Aragon's face as he

stood, but Bud walked proudly by. "Good morning, senor!" was all Bud said, but the lock in his eyes was eloquent of a grim hereafter.

And instead of hurrying back to

guard his precious mine Hooker loltered carelessly about town. His mine was safe now-and he was safe. Aragon dared not raise a hand. So he sat himself down on the broad veranda and listened with boylsh interest to Don Juan's account of the war.

"What, have you not heard of the battle?" cried portly Don Juan, delighted to have a fresh listener. "Agua Negra has been taken and retaken, and the railroad will soon be repaired. My gracious! have you been out in the hills that long? Why, it was two weeks ago that the rebels captured the town by a coup, and eight days later the federals took it back.

"Al, faere has been a real war, Mr. Bud! You who have laughed at the courage of the Mexicans, what do you pathy with our great cause, I will ask you for that horse. Of course, I will give you a receipt."

He fetched out a blank-book as he

apoke and motioned to a ragged beggar at his heels. Bud checked the man's rush with a look.

"One moment!" he said, and as the soldier turned back his general glanced up sharply.

"Only this, Senor General," answered Bud. "You are welcome to anything I have—food, blankets, money-but I cannot give you that horse.

"But, senor!" protested the general, regarding him with arrogant pig eyes that glinted wickedly, "this poor soldier's feet are sore. Surely you would not make him walk. Only name your price and I will give you a receipt for him, but my man must have the

There was a pause and men began to dismount and move in closer. At a word from their commander any one of them would draw and kill him, as Hooker very well knew, but his love for Copper Bottom made him obdurate.

"If the man is lame," he said, will give him another horse-but he cannot have this sorrel."

He stepped quickly over to the corral and turned with his back to the gate, while the commander spat out orders in Spanish and armed men came running.

"Senor," he said, advancing brusquely upon the defiant Hooker, "I must trouble you for that pictol."

"No, senort" suswered the cowboy, keeping his hand upon his gun, "not to you nor no man—and I'll never give it up to a Mexican!" "Cara!!" exclaimed the officer impa-

tiently, "you are an Americano-no?" "Not only that "sumbled Bud, drawing himself up in his pride, "I am a Tejaro also, and if any man touches

that horse I'll kill him!" His voice trembled with anger, but his hand was steady and the Mexicans

did not deceive themselves.
"Ha, un Tejano!" murmured the men who stood about, and one or two who had started to climb the fence thought better of it and dropped back to the ground.

Bud knew the fate of several men who had proclaimed themselves Ameriicans to the insurrectos-boastfully done, it was said to be the quickest way there was of drawing a Mexican bullet. But to be a Texan was different-somehow the very name suggested trouble to their minds and an Alame fight to the death. Hooker saw that he had made an Impression, and

he was not slow to follow it up.
"If you need a horse," he said to the general, "let your man go up that arroyo and he will find one hobbled on the flat. Then give me your receipt for two hundred dollars gold and I will contribute a saddle."

It was a reasonable concession, under the circumstances it saved the general's face. The hideous frown with which he had regarded the American changed suddenly to a look of pompous pride. He jerked an imperious head at his ragged re-tainer and drew forth als receipt-book with a flourish.

While he waited for the horse to appear he turned upon his snooping men and droye them to their mounts with curses. Evidently it was no sinecure to command in the army of the liber-ation, and the veiled mutterings of

his followers showed that they were little better than tigers in leash. Mounted upon horses, mules, and even burros; armed with every conceivable weapon from a musket to standard repeating riffes, they were a tatterdemalion army, more fit for "treason, stratagems and spoils" then the sterner duties of war.

Bud looked them over closely, wall satisfied to have his back against a wall, and when the low-browed re-tainer came burrying back with the horse he guickly took the worthless receipt and watched them on their way. Then, as the last camp-follower disappeared, he ran for his saddle and rifle and within a minute he was mounted and away. There were rebels below him-very

There were rebels below him—very likely there were mure to come—the only safe alace for Copper Bottom was over the hills at Fortuna. Without stopping for path or trail, he headed atraight northwest over the ridges, itding as the cowboys do when they rake the range for caltle. Hardly had he topped the first high creat when the came in sight of Aruigo, loaded down with his cartridge-belts and carrying his heavy Mauser.

In a long shambling trot the Years!

in a long shambling trot the Yaqui was drifting along the fillede with the free grace of a wild greature, and when Hooker pulled down his horse to keep cace with him he laughed and motioned him on. Taking the lead, he him. Surprise, loped on over hogback and barranca.

and setting such a pace that Bud was

hard pressed to keep up with him. He had heard it said that in the Yaqui country no white man, no mat-ter how well he was mounted, could outdistance the Indians on foot, and now he knew it was true. But why this killing haste on the part of Amigo? He had neither friends nor kin in town; why, then, should he run so fast to warn them of the enemy?

They racked on, up one hill and down another, while the insurrectos followed the canyon that swung to the south, and finally, in a last scramble, they mounted a rocky ridge and looked down upon old Fortuna.

Already the hard-driven peons were out in the fields at work and smoke was rising from the mescal still. Aragon was busy, but his labors would be worse than wasted if the red-flaggers took him prisoner. As Bud breathed his horse he hesitated whether to ride back and warn bim or

"A hundred Mexicans!" he repeated, and Gracia murmured "Oh!" and was

"Miss Aragon is very loyal to her country," observed Don Juan, but Hooker only grunted.

Somehow, since those four Mexicans had come to his camp, he had soured on everything south of the line; and even the charming Gracia could not make him take back his words. If she had intended the remark as a challenge-a subtle juvitation to follow her and defend his faith-she failed for once of her purpose, for if there was any particular man in Mexico-that Bud hated more than another it was her false-hearted father.

Hooker had, in fact, thought more seriously of making her a half-orphan than of winning her good-will, and he lingered about the hotel, not to make love to the daughter, but to strike ter-

ror to Aragon. The company being good, and a train being expected soon, Bud stayed over another day. In the morning, when he came down for breakfast, he found that Aragon had fled before him.

With hie wife, daughter and retinue, he had moved suddenly back to his home. Fooker grinned when Don Juan told him the news. "Well, why not?" he asked; chuck-

ling maliciously. "Here it's the mid-dle of the rainy season and the war going on all summer and nary a rebel in sight. Where's that big fight you was telling about—the battle of Fortuna? You've made a regular fortune out of these refugees, Brachamonte, but I fail to see the enemy."

"Ah, you may laugh," shrugged the hotel-keeper, "but wait! The time will come. The rebels are lost now-some day, when you least expect it, they will come upon us and then, believe me, my guests will be glad they are here. What is a few weeks' bill com-pared to being held for rangom? Look at that rich Senor Luna, who was here for a time in the spring. Against my advice he hurried home and now he is paying the price. Ten thousand nesos it cost to save his wife and family, and for himself and son his friends advanced ten thousand more. I make no evil prophecies, but it would be better for our friend if he stayed on at my poor hotel."

"Whose friend?" inquired Bud bluffly, but Don Juan struck him upon the back with elephantine playfulness and burried off to his duties.

As for Hooker, he tarried in town until he got his mail and a copy of the Sunday paper and then, well sat-isfied that the times were quiet and wars a thing of the past, he ambled back to the Eagle Tail and settled down for a rest.

Flat on his back by the doorway he lay on his bed and smoked, reading his way through the lurid supplement and watching the trail with one eye. Since the fight with Aragon's Mexicans all his apprehensions had left He had written briefly to Phi and Kruger, and now he was holding

It had been a close shave, but he had escaped the cowardly assassins and had Aragon in his power. Not by any force of law, but by the force of fear and the gnawing weakness of Aragon's own evil conscience.

Aragon was afraid of what he had done, but it was the suspense which rendered him so pitiable. On a day he had sent four armed Mexicans to kill this Texan—not one had returned and the Texan regarded him sneeringly. Tals it was that broke the Spaniard's will, for he knew not what to think. But as for Bud, he lay on his back by the doorway and laughed at the funny page.

As he sprawled there at his reading Amigo came in from the hills, and he, too, was content to relax. Gravely scanning the colored sheet, his dark

face lighted up.

It was all very peaceful and pleas
ant, but it was not destined to last.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the morning after they had laughed at the comic paper and decided that all the world was fair, Hooker and Amigo were squatting by the fire

and eating a man's size breakfast.

The creek, swollen by yesterday's torrential rain, had settled to a rivulet. The wind had not risen and the sun was just over the hill when, with a rush and a scramble, Amigo throw down his cup and was off in a flash for the rocks.

A moment later two men rode down

A moment later two men rode down the canyon, and then two more, and two more. It was a column of men, all armed with rifles, and they cast envious eyes at Copper Bottom as they halted before the camp. As for Bud, he saluted grayely, for he knew them for what they were.

These were the lost forces of Bernard Saluted and Saluted services and Saluted services. Can't you see how the firing has slack-

nardo Bravo and Salazar, Rojas and

marched as he well knew, upon Fortuna. They marched quietly, and the great whistle had not blown.

It would make a rich prize, Fortuna, if they could take it by surprise! The ransom for the Spanish baciendados alone would amount to thousands of dollars, and the mine-owners could afford to pay anything in order to save their works.

A box of dynamite under the giant concentrator and the money would be produced at once, and yet the scoundrels halted at a one-man camp to steal a single horse.

A flicker of scorn passed over Hook er's face as the leader came dashing up, but the Texan greeted him with a slow smile.

"Buenos dias, general!" he said;

"you have many men."
"Enough!" observed the "general" hurriedly, "but some in the rear are on foot. As I suppose you are in symgound 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 hi 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 bill, 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 revoltosos, concerning whose scruples they entertained no illusions.

The women of the aristocracy bore themselves with more reserve, as be-fitting 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 wall 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 yerandas 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 Ara-gons 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 led on around the house.

"Won'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.

"I know you will have to go soon, she said, "and I suppose I've got to be shut in with those creatures, but we must be sure to save our horses. Some bullets might hit them, you know, and then we could not run away!

"You remember your promise!" she reminded, as Bud gazed at her in as-tonishment. "Ah, yes, I knew you did otherwise you would not have picked such a good horse for me. This roan is my father's best riding horse. You must put yours inside the wall with him, and when the time is right we

will get them and ride for the line.".
"What?" cried Hooker incredulous ly, "with the country full of rebels? They're liable to take the town in half an hour!"

"No, indeed they will not!" respond ed Gracia with spirit. "You do not understand the spirit of us Sonorans



Can't you see how the firing has alackened? The miners have driven your
rebels back already, and they will do
more—they will follow them up and
kill them! Then, when the rebels are
in flight and Del Rey and his rurales
are away, that will be a good time for
us to alin off and make our dash for
the line!"

"Nothing doing!" announced Hooker! as he dismounted at the corral. don't know what you're talking about! But I will leave my horse here," he added; "I sure don't want him to get hurt."

"But you promised!" protested Gra-

cla weakly.
"Promised nothing!" retorted Bud; ungraciously. "I promised to take care of you, didn't 1? 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, Mr. Hooker!" she burst out,
"didn't I keep them all waiting while I put on this riding-skirt? I thought you had come to take me away! What do I care to be safe? I want to be frog! vant to run away—and so across the line to dear Phil!" she faltered. Then looked up at him sharply and her, " an accusing tone.

notify Fortuna; but even for that brief spell the Yaqui could not wait. "Adios," he said, coming close and holding gut his black hand; "I go this

way!" And he pointed along the ridge, "But why?" said Bud, still at a loss to account for his haste. Then, seeing the reticence in the Indian's eyes, bethrust out his hand in return. "Adios, Amigo mio!" he replied, and

with a quick grip the Yaqui was gone. With that same deceptive speed he shambled through the bushes, still lugging the heavy rifle and making for higher ground. Bud knew he had some purpose—he even had a sneak-ing idea that it was to take jot-shota at Captain del Rey—but six months in Mexico had made him careless, and he half hope? the Yaqui would win.

The captain had it coming to him for his brutality, but with Aragon it was different-Aragon had a wife and



Speed Was What Was Needed.

daughter-and, with the memory of Gracia in his mind, Bud sent his horse plunging down the ridge to warn them

before it was too late. There were some brush fences to be jumped, but Copper Bottom took them fiving, and as they cut into the river trail he made the mud-puddles spissh. Across the fields to the south Bud could see the peons running for cover —the insurrector must be in sight be-

youd the hills. He was going south, they were moving west, but it was five miles north again to the town. Speed was what was needed and Copper Bottom gave his best. They dashed into Fortuna like a whirlwind, and Hooker raised

his voice in a high yell. "Insurrectos!" he shouted: "Ladro-

lence, and then heads appeared from-every window and womer, ran stream-ing with the news. Argon came rush-ing from the store and confronted him angrily; then, reading conviction in his tones, he called for horses and ran

frantically into the house. A shrill screech came from the hillside, where a serving woman had acampered to view the valley, and as she printed her finger and acroamed, mothers laid hold of their little ones and started up the valley on toot.

Still the men ran about in the horse pen and Aragon adjured his women-folk in the house. Burning with im-patience, Bud spurred his way to the corral where they were fumpling with reats and rigging and dropped a rope on the first horse he saw. Then he anatched a side-saddle from a trem-bling poon and slapped it on the brute's back. Grabbing up the bridin he led the horse back to the house and bridied it while he shouted for heats.

Still the women tarried, and the sound of galloping came from the sound. Then, as all seemed lost, the south. Then, as all seemed lost, the Mexicans came bumping out from the stable with the family coach, Aragon and his wife leaped in, and Gracia, neatly attited to a riding-skirt, came tripping down the steps.

Even in such times as these she seemed to realize her first duty to hereall, and Hooker had to gaze for a moment before he helped har up. She offered her foot and vanited lightly

offered her toot and vanited lightly into the saddle, the coach went pounding on ahead; and as the servanta scattered before her she salloped off at the side of Bu-

(To Be Continued:)

George Tompkins, of Richmond, Va. has arrived in the city for a visit to his aunt, Mrs. G. P. Browne.

Frank Henry, of Greenville, in spending a few days in the city with 44 1348 分至四五