

The Land of Broken Promises

By DAN COOLIDGE

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(Previously Continued)

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 that 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 "pardner" 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 rounded the point they spurred on till they gained the pass.

"I knew you would come!" said Gracia, smiling radiantly as they paused 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 is 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 bubbled 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 the 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 in 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 canon resound with their throbbing 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 cinch 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.

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 canon 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 canon 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 canon, 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 was strengthened by his resignation to see her safely through to Phil.

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

ARE BARBARIANS SAY THE FRENCH

Make a Severe Allegation Against the Conduct of the German Armies

(By Associated Press.) London, August 22.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegraph company from Paris quotes an official statement: "Owing to strategical considerations it has been impossible to co-operate earlier with the Belgian army in the defense of their country, but the engagements which we have undertaken are only the more solemn and our co-operation will be still closer and will be pursued with extreme energy."

In contrast with the considerate treatment accorded German prisoners, it has been established that the enemy considers as non-existent both international conventions and the most ancient traditions of right and military order. We are suffering a veritable invasion of barbarians. We wish indeed to remain civilized and will do so till the end, despite this return to savagery on the part of a nation which has pretended to be the abettor of civilization. But it is impossible to preserve towards our present adversaries the chivalrous generosity which until now has been the rule between soldiers.

"Time for war with gloves on has passed. The enemies with whom we exchanged at Fontenoy courteous words before opening fire have become today our faithful and useful allies. We have before us unbridled savages. We owe to them only the strict observation of the rules of humanity and the laws of war."

"The minister of war has issued strict instruction that German prisoners, officers as well as soldiers, not be treated with the consideration and favor which should be reserved for our own men. Life is assured, naturally and that is all we owe them."

German Boat Sails
Delaware Breakwater, Delaware August 22.—The German steamship Brandenburg, Philadelphia for Bergen, Norway, loaded with coal, passed out to sea at 8:30 o'clock tonight.

ACQUITTAL ORDERED
John H. Carter, Exonerated of Charges Preferred Against Him.

(By Associated Press.) Asheville, N. C., August 22.—Declaring that the evidence adduced by the government in the case of the United States versus John H. Carter, former president of the American National Bank of Asheville, on trial here upon the indictment returned at Greensboro two years ago, charging the defendant with alleged violations of the national banking laws, failed to establish a prima facie case of guilt, Judge James E. Boyd, of the United States court, today directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty from the box.

Today's verdict followed a week's hearing of the government's evidence. At the conclusion counsel for defendant announced to the court that the government having failed to make a case, no evidence would be offered for the defendant. Counsel thereupon submitted a request to the court for a verdict of acquittal.

JAPS ADVANCE
Shanghai, China, Aug. 22.—According to information received today from an unofficial but not Japanese source, the tenth division of the Japanese army, consisting of 16,000 men, went on board transports at Kokura last Friday. Furthermore a Japanese battleship fleet, including the super-dreadnaught Kongom has sailed to bombard Tsing-Tau, the seaport of Kio-Chaw, and cover the landing of the first Japanese forces of occupation.

NEWS FROM GERMANY IMPOSSIBLE TO BE HAD
New York, August 22.—The Associated Press has received the following message through the German embassy: "Berlin, Aug. 22.—The Associated Press, New York: 'Germany is completely cut off from the rest of the world and neither can send out news nor receive it. The empire therefore is unable to defend itself against the falsehoods propagated by the press of hostile countries. It only can defend itself by its deeds. The German people will be profoundly grateful for every effort to disseminate the truth.' 'Von Bethmann-Hollweg, 'Imperial German Chancellor.'"

CITROLAX CITROLAX
It's a laxative, of course—name tells you that. And the nicest hot weather drink you ever tasted. Flushes thoroughly, and pleasantly, too. F. C. Cryslar, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "Have used Citrolax for 15 years but this Citrolax has got everything else beat a mile." You will agree with him. Specially nice for children and delicate persons. Sweetens a sour bilious stomach very quickly and stops headache. Evans' Pharmacy, agents.

Not So Strange After All.
You may think it strange that so many people are cured of stomach trouble by Chamberlain's Tablets. You would not, however, if you should give them a trial. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Mrs. Rosie Rish, Wabash, Ind., writes: "Nothing did me the least good until I began using Chamberlain's Tablets. It is decidedly the best medicine for stomach trouble I have ever used." For sale by all dealers.

PERSONALS

Miss Sadie Gary has returned to Anderson after a visit to friends at Townville.

Wayne Clement, one of the popular employes of the Piedmont & Northern lines, was in Anderson yesterday.

Willie Marshall and Eugene Watson have returned from a trip to Atlantic City.

John Simpson of McCormick was among the visitors to spend yesterday in Anderson.

A. C. Tucker of Carswell Institute section was in the city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wharton of Iva were shopping in the city yesterday.

W. J. McCown of the Mountain Creek section spent a few hours in the city yesterday.

W. O. Merritt of the Roberts section spent part of yesterday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Briggs have returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Greenwood and Greenville.

Henry Harper has returned from Charlotte where he spent a few days on business.

P. W. Shaw of Iva was among the visitors to spend yesterday in Anderson.

H. B. Moore of Pendleton was in the city yesterday for a few hours.

Claude Sorrells and L. O. Baker of Hartwell, Ga., were in the city yesterday.

B. C. Wilson of Calhoun Falls spent part of yesterday in the city.

D. R. Simmons of Belton was with the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

W. H. Dobbins of Townville spent part of yesterday in Anderson.

A. W. Cullem was among the Belton men to spend yesterday in the city.

J. D. Smith and Marian Smith of the Lebanon section spent yesterday in the city.

Julie Ducworth of near Lebanon was among the visitors to the city yesterday.

Dr. J. H. McClusky of Pendleton spent a few hours in the city yesterday.

Henry Martin of Liberty was in Anderson yesterday for a few hours.

W. S. Campbell, a progressive planter of Anderson county, was in the city yesterday.

L. E. Martin and W. B. King of the Hopewell section spent yesterday in the city.

Dr. J. E. Allgood of Liberty was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

M. M. Campbell of Belton was in Anderson yesterday for a few hours.

A. J. Hunnicutt of the Lebanon section spent yesterday in the city on business.

Miss Jessie Herron of Starr was shopping in the city yesterday.

Miss Eunice Jones of the Roberts section spent yesterday in the city with friends.

L. C. Garrison and J. R. Garrison of Deaver were in Anderson yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bailey have returned from Hartwell, Ga., where they have been visiting friends.

D. B. McPhail and Alpha McPhail, two well-known planters, were in the city yesterday.

Mrs. A. M. Cochran of Charleston has arrived in the city for a visit to her son, R. E. Cochran.

Sheriff S. J. Johnson of Hart county, Georgia, was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

Mrs. Thomas Johnson of Hartwell, Ga., was shopping in the city yesterday.

W. O. Morrah and J. N. Wardlaw of Troy spent a few hours in Anderson yesterday.

M. J. W. E. McMillan of Greenville has arrived in the city for a visit to her son, Frank Sloan on Whitner street.

W. C. Keith of Greenwood was with the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

Harry L. Watson of Greenwood, editor of the Greenwood Index, was in Anderson yesterday.

William Mauldin of Greenville, formerly an Anderson citizen and very popular here, spent yesterday in the city.

Miss Edna Bailes is in Greenville, where she is the guest of her aunt.

Mr. Burris of Greenville was in Anderson yesterday for a few hours.



The Rose For Love— The Card For Death—

Sweet Cupid and Grim Death, in the form of a rose and a playing card, play tag with each other around Alan Law, hero of Louis Joseph Vance's new combination Motion Picture novel.

If you like to read—if you enjoy seeing something really worth while—don't dare miss

The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance
Author of The Fortune Hunter—The Black Bag—The Lone Wolf—Etc.
Read the Story in

The Intelligencer

See the Pictures

At The Bijou

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Anderson Intelligencer

Mr. Burris is an employe of the interurban and is now en route to Washington to spend his vacation.

George E. Moore of Hones Path, the genial editor of the Hones Path Chronicle, spent yesterday in the city.

Mrs. Ola Cooley left yesterday for a trip to the mountains.

Mrs. Delmar Bailes and Lamar Bailes have gone to Newberry to visit relatives.

Miss Mary Lewis is spending the weekend with her home folks at Clemson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dewling have returned from a ten day stay at their farm above Portman.

Miss Flora Overman has gone to Salisbury and other points in North Carolina to visit relatives.

Mr. Paul Stephens has returned from a trip to Southwest Georgia.

Hon. E. M. Rucker has returned to Columbia after a visit of several weeks to his mother, Mrs. S. F. Rucker.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Cobb, who have been camping for several weeks on the Seneca River near Portman, returned to the city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frank have gone to the mountains for a short stay.

Mrs. Jap Bell has returned from a visit to Williamston.

Miss Ola McGreger was expected home last night from Asheville, N. C., where she has been visiting her sister, Miss Eleanor McGreger.

Mr. G. H. Bailes is spending the week-end in Hendersonville.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Kraser have returned from Lafayette where they have spent the last month.

Richard Cheshire of Gaffney spent the week-end in the city with his parents.

Sam Littlejohn, city editor of the Ledger at Gaffney, is spending Sunday in the city with his parents.

Constancia A. B. of the Paris firm sent a circular letter to friends declaring that the Dardanelles are open to Constantinople.