## The Land of Broken Promises

Author of "Hidden Waters," "The Texican," etc. Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

away.

such."

ever tell you?"

of this woman.

out a case against him.

have always wanted to be your friend

-why will you never allow it? No, but really! Haven't I always shown

I saw you-I was looking through my

hole among the passion-flowers and

did not-but he was there. And you

just looked at me once-and looked

when I came there to look for you? You would just ride by and look at

me once, and even Phil never knew."

"He was crazy to see you, but he rode

right by, looking at the windows and

Gracia, "I asked about you. Did he

Bud hung his head and grinned

And so Gracia had not wanted Del

Rey killed as he thought she did.

She was not the vicious woman he

just the gentle, noble girl he had

sworn to protect and conduct across

the border to her flance. Again came

the desire to claim her, but there was

not only Phil to be thought of but

the fitness of himself to be the mate

"Is it something I have done?" she

asked at last. "Is that why you never

speak to me! And why do you always

"here we are alone, and I am not afraid

you be-you ain't afraid of noth-

ed eagerly. "Oh, then I'm so happy-

"Of course not," answered Bud, look-

"Is that a compliment?" she demand-

Have I been brave, like a man?

"Sure have!" remarked Hooker in-

personally, "but we ain't there yet.

Only thing I don't like about you is

you don't eat enough. Say, don't pick

up them crumbs-let me pare off some

more of this jerked beaf for you. Can't

nobody be brave when they're hun

gry, you know, and I want to bring you

"Why?" she inquired, as she accept-

ed the handful of meat. "Is is on

Phil's account?" she ventured, as he

sat gazing stolcally at the horses.

'You were such friends, weren't you?"

she went on innocently. "Oh, that is

why I admire the Americans so much

"Well, I mean it!" she insisted, as

"Sure! So do I!" answered Hooker

and Gracia continued her meal in si-

"My!" she said at last; "this meat is

good! Tell me, how did you happen to

have it on your saddle? We left so

She gazed up at him demurely, curi-

us to see how he would evade this evi-

dence that he had prepared in advance

for their ride. But once more, as he

"I was figuring on pulling out my-

She sighed and dropped her head

"I am so tiredt" she murmured de-

"Not unless somebody dumps us,"

spondently; "shall we be going on

returned Bud. Here, let me make

you a bed in the shade. There now"
—as he spread out the saddle-blankets

temptingly-"you lay down and get some sleep and I'll kinder keep a

"Ah, you are so kind," she breathed

as she sank down on the bed. "Don't you know," she added, looking up at

him with sleepy eyes that half con-cealed a smile, "I believe you like me,

her smile as honestly; "don't you wor

He slipped away at this, grinning to

himself, and sat down to watch the plain. All about him lay the waving

grass land, tracked up by the hoofs of

cattle that had vanished in the track of war. In the distance he could see

house. The trail which he had followed led on and on to the north. Pat

all the landscape was vacant, except

for his grazing horses. Above the mountains the midday thunder-caps

vere beginning to form; the air was

very soit and warm, and— He woke up a ddenly to find his head on his

"Ump-um-m," be mu cered, rising up

and shaking himself resolutely, "this

won't do-that sun is making me

He paced back and forth smoking

flercely at brown-paper cigarettes, and

still the sleep came back. The thun-

der-clouds over the mountains rose

ry none about me-I like you fine."

self." he replied ingenuously.

they are so true to each other!

eyes on her, "we're fine that way!"

she read the irony in his glance.

suddenly, you know!"

cunningly laid snare.

what is the use?"

wearily.

liked me?' Now, Mr. Hocker, please

had thought her for a time. She was

sheepishly. It was not difficult to make

"The first time I met him." mused

"No," agreed Bud, smiling quietly.

Why did you never respond

#### (Previously Continued)

said you guessed you'd have to kill me," she chided, after a silence. "I him for me, you know, and-on, it was too awful! I must be getting foolish. I'm so tired out, but-what did you tell that Indian?"

Bud glanced at her sharply for a moment and then decided to humor Perhaps, if he could get her, you saw me with your keen eyes. Phil quieted, she would stop talking and begin to eat.

"He asked me who was after us " he said, "and I told him it was Del Rey." Yes, and what did he say then?" "He didn't say nothing—jest lined

out for the pass.' "And didn't you say you wanted-

him-killed?" "No!" burst out Bud, half angrily.

"Haven't I told you once? I did not! That Indian had reasons of his own. believe me-he's got a scar along his r. L. I Tey shot him with a six-shocker! And, furthermore," he added, as her face cleared at this explanation of the mystery, "you'd better try to take me at my word for the rest of this trip! Looks to me like you've been associating with these Mexicans

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded curtly.

"I mean this," answered Hooker, "being as we're on the subject again. Ever since I've knowed you you've been talking about brave men and all that; and more'n once you've hinted that I wasn't brave because I wouldn't

"I'd just like to tell you, to put Your mind at rest, that my father was

a sergeant in the Texas rangers and no hundred Mexicans was eyer able to make him crawl. He served for ten years on the Texas border and never turned his back to no man-let alone a Mex. I was brought up by him to ing!" be peaceable and quiet, but don't you never think, because I run away from Manuel del Rey, that I was afraid to it's the first you ever paid me! But

He paused and regarded her intently, and her eyes fell before his.

"You must excuse me," she said, looking wistfully away, "I did not—I did not understand. And so the poor Yaqui was only avenging an injury?" she went on, reaching out one slender hand toward the food. "Ah, I can understand it now-he looked so savage and flerce. But"-she paused again. set back by a sudden thought-"didn't you know he would kill him?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Hooker quietly, "I did."

"Then—then why didn't you—" "That was between them two," he replied doggedly. "Del Rey shot him once when he was wounded and left him for dead. He must have killed some of his people, too; his wife mebbe, for all I know. He never would talk about it, but he come back to get his revenge. I don't shoot no man from cover myself, but that ain't it-

It was between them two." "And you?" she suggested. "If you had fought Del Rey?"

I would have met him in the open," Baid Hooker.

"I didn't want to," he ended bluntly "Didn't want to fight him and didn't want to kill him. Had no call to. And then-well, there was you."
."Ah!" she breathed, and a flush

mounted her pale cheeks. She smiled as she reached out once more for the food and Hooker resolved to do his best at gallantry, it seemed to make er so happy.

"So you were thinking of me," she challenged sweetly, "all the while? I thought perhaps I was a nuisance and in the way. I thought perhaps you did not like me because well, because I'm a Mex, as you say."

"No, ma'am," denied Hooker gazing upon her admiringly. "Nothing like that! When I say Mex I mean these low, pelado Mexicans—Don Juan tells

me you've pure Spanish."

"With perhaps a little Yaqui," she "Well, mebbe he did say that too."

confessed Bud. "But it's fest as good as Spanish—they say all the big men in Sonora have got some Yaqui blood -Morral that was vice-president; the

Tornes brothers, governors—"
"And Aragon!" she added playfully,
but at a look in his eyes she stopped Bud could not look pleasant and think

"Ah, yes," she rattled on. "I know You like the Yaquis better than the Spanish-I saw you shaking hands with that Indian. And what was it

you called him—Amigo?"
"That's right," smiled Hooker; "him and me have been friends for months now out at the mine. I'd do anything

"Oh, now you make me jealous," she pouted. "If I ware only a Yaqui—and

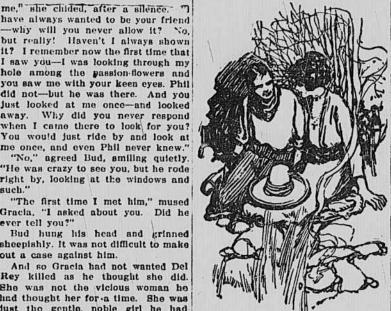
big and black-"Never mind," defended Dud. "He was a true friend, all right, and true friends, believe me, are scarce."

There was a shade of bitterness in his voice that did not escape her, and she was careful not to allude to Phil. His name like the name of her father, always drove this sty man to silence, and she wanted to make him talk.

Then you ought to be triends with

sucked in from the south. And then, with a slash of rain, the shower was upon them.

At the first big drops Gracia stirred as the storm burst over them; then, as Bud picked up the saddle-blankets and far away. spread them over her, she drew him down beside her and they sat out the storm together. But it was more to place. Now that she had been rethem than a sharing of cover, a patient enduring of the elements, and the sweep of wind and rain. When they



rose up there was a bond between swered. "At sundown I saw those over

of falling water and the crash of light are more, and more!" ning overhead. When the storm was over and the sun came out they smiled north," said Bud. "They've crossed at each other contentedly without fear over the pass and camped at the first sit so far away—a byou affaid of me? at each other contentedly without look."—she need closer to him of what such smiles may mean.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

ing across at her boldly. "Why should As the sun, after a passing storm, comes forth all the more gloriously, so the joy of their new-found friendship changed the world for Bud and Gracia. The rainbow that glowed against the retreating clouds held forth more have I been brave," she beamed, "so than a promise of sunshine for them, cia. and they conversed only of pleasant things as they rode on up the trail.

them and the border seemed very remote now, and neither gave them a There was no one in all the wige world but just these two, this

man and woman who had found them-

Twenty miles ahead lay the northern pass, and from there it was ten more you game?"
to Gadsden, but they spoke neither of the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who would be awaiting them there. Their "Try me!" she challenged, drawing "Try me!" she challenged, drawing And so the times when they had seen each other, and what they had thought; of they had met at Fortuna; of hopes and fears and thwarted ambitions and

all the young dreams of life. Bud told of his battle-scarred father mother and horse-breaking brothers, and his wanderings through the West; order to be sent to school where she where men rose to feed them. could gaze upon the upstanding Amerbut he seemed more to seek her eyes

had always done, Hooker eluded the "What? And not take me?" she horses were shod, and nore tracks of setto, and even the burros were still.

mounted men came in beyond. He This was their opportunity. If they turned sharply toward the west and followed a rocky laige to the hills, without leaving a 1 of-print to mark

the way of their ret rat. Those hoof prir' . brought Bud back he had been we lering to a realizathem. But a lit is way ahead was the pass they must cross, and he suddenly realized that they could not safely do so in the broad light of day. He murt not take such chances

of losing his new found happiness By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and ladrones, men to whom no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the base revoltosos once set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud for Bottom jumped and a man rose up watched the plain from the heights from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled.

ing beside him was the queen. Ita dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty his pardner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard

higher and turned to black; they let her. Again they were in a world that horse." down skirts and fringes and sudden was all their own, an Eden with but stabs of lightning, while the wind one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then pass." uneasily in her sleep. She started up spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music flous moments, but Gracia had hardly

> When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his freshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The long watching by right and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of then it disappeared again as they rode If he did not sleep now he might doze in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he! made her promise to call him and lay row defiles and into moonlit spaces, down to rest until dark.

> The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his In the east the dawn began to break word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he under-stood her silence. In the brief hours at sunup—what if they should meet during which he had slept the de- some straggling party before they serted country seemed suddenly to reached the pass? have come to life. Bud jumped Co

north. But the fires to which Gracia all scattered at their feet. pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.
"Look!" she said. "I did not want

to wake you, but the fires have sprung in a hurry!" up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with They Thrust and Parried No More. sleep. "Have they been there long?"
"No; only a few minutes," she an-

them and they thrust and parried no to the east-they are along the base of that big black mountain -but these They were friends, there in the rush flashed up just now; and see, there "Some outfit coming in from the

> water this side." "Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrec-

> tos?" "Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But whoever they are," he added. "they're no friends of ours. We've got

to go around them." 'And if we can't?" suggested Gra-"I reckon we'll have to go through,

then," answered Hooker grimly. The dangers that still lay between | don't won' to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?" sasped Gracia.

"Let the sentries get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are

nearer to him in the darkness. And so sequential and happy. They told of they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promise. Then, as the night grew darker and no new the days of their childhood, before fires appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' and their ranch in Arizona; of his feet falling silently upon the sodden ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, Gracia of her mother, with nothing of too, might be abroad. The distant her father, and how she had flirted in fires were dying now, except a few

The braying of burros came in from icans. Only Bud thought of the trail the flats to the right and as the fugiand scanned the horizon for rebels, tives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night than to watch for enemies and death. guards as they rode about the horse They rode on until the sun sank low herd. Then, as they waited impatientand strange tracks struck their trail ly, the watch-fires died down, the from the east. Bud observed that the guards no longer sang their high fal-

> were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, great as they were, must be taken if need

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twitched rattively at the bits they gave them the rein and rode shead at a venture.

At their left the last embers of the fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the herders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silbouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail. With ears that pricked and awiveled

and delicate nostrils snuffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the greasewood, divining by some in-stinct his master's need of cars. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle, when suddenly the watchful Cop-

As he watched he dreamed of a swaying sleeply above his gun, and home in which this woman now sleep. Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growle impatiently. "I am going to the past" And as the sentry stared stupidly after neither hurrying nor halting until he

"Good luck!" he obscryed to Gra when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never caw you at all."

"No, I flattened myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't may another wordbecause they'll notice a woman's voice came the desire for sleep, the cry of of them we'll soon be climbing the

They had passed through some per

realized the danger because of the as not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety. The waning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and

into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narand still they did not mount the summit.

hair, but she reassured him with a and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican palsanos count them-

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a By daylight there had been nothing series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came to suggest the presence of men. scrambling behind; and then, just as But now as the velvet night set, the boxed walls ended and they gained down upon the land it brought a level spot, they suddenly found themout the glimmering specks of a hun-selves in the midst of a camp of Mexdred camp-fires to the east and to the licans-men, saddles, packs, and rifles,

> blinking men rose up from their "Excuse me, amigos, I am "A donde va? A donde va?" chillenged a bearded man as he sprang up

"Buenos dias!" saluted Bud, as the

from his brush shelter. "To the pass, senor," answered Hook er, still politely, but motioning for

Gracia to ride on ahead. "Adioa!"
"Who is that man?" bellowed the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my senti-nel? Stop him!"

But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his quirt across the rump of the roan and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whisked around the point of a hill as the first scattered shots rang out; and, as a frightened sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to escape the fury of the charge and in a mad clatter they flung themselves at a rock-slide and scrambled to the bench above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We win!" cried Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he exploded in an oath and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side-there was no escape-and then back at the frightened girt.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, and don't shoot. I'm going to hold

He jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the Gracia drew her horse in bebind him and reached for the pistol in her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "pr-r-ronto!" He jerked out his rifle with his left hand and laid it across his lap.

"Hurry up now." he raged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shining horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot. and something in his very presencethe bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a rag-tag army, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mostco such an army as had been levying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great coun try south of the American border.

The flery glances of the American made them cringe as they had always oringed before their .nasters, and his curses turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pour-ing forth a torrent of oaths and beck oning them on their way, and the lead er was the first to yield.

With hand half-raised and jaw or his breast he struck spurs to his fright-ened Louis and went dashing over the

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gazing forth villainously from beneath their broad hate. As they looked back he whirled upon them and swore he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, artisinking peens, and war had not saide those brave. They passed up, the whole peens, and war man nor amore mean brave. They passed up, the whole line of bewildered soldiery technic in wain for the men that were liching in American, starting blankly at the beau tiful woman who sat so co

When the last had gone by Bud plaked up his ride and watched him around the point. Then he smiled guinty at Gracia, whose eyes wate still round with monder and led the enty down the wall.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The hir,a pass and the in were behind them now and the plains of Agua Negra were at feet. To the northeast the smoke thought you were leading a pack ners of the Gadaden ameltors lay like

ribbons across the sky, and the line 0000000000000

Yet, as they came down from the O ecause they'll notice a woman's voice mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent o SIX AND TWENTY o time for parting was near, and part- o ings are always sad.

> Gadsden and Phil-Phil to whom Gracia was promised. There had been no thoughts of him from the time they that the dangers were virtually over, and but a short time more would place singing. duty he owed his pardner, even though with their sister, Mrs S L. Timms, that pardner had played him false. Great as was his longing for Gracin. he could not forget that duty. Their companionship had been but a thing tion was visiting in our section one could only remember the sweetness of it, and must forget the dreams he had dreamed as he watched beside Gracia in the hills. He was taking her

Bud looked far out across the valley to where a train puffed in from the south, and the sight of it made him uneasy. He watched still as it lay at the station and, after a prolonged stare in sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie. '

"Oh, nothing." answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they might be pervision of Prof Milford is in a flousomebody up there looking for us."

"Well, say a bunch of rurales." He turned still farther to the north

as he spoke and spurred his jaded M Dickson and Jake Owen of Piercehorse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes. He was a hard-look-ing man now, with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to bla law. As two boxes, and the second of the his law. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned pulling fodder off the March planted and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

'What is it now?" she inquired pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?" "That's about our luck," returned

Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line." "All right," she agreed. "My horse

is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud." She tried to cetch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of

the horsemen. "Them's rurales." he said at last. and heading straight for us-but we've come too far to get caught now. Come on!" he added bruskly, and went

galloping up the swale. For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads blow the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the cut bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too foxy for me," he mutapproaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave youthat's all!" she declared, as he turned When you bag, give the orth a little to command her. "Oh, come along, loss with your feet so as to form a on his arm and he thrust his gun back fruit. It keeps the bag dry and pre-

talk about it. Go shead-and flay the hide off of that roan!"

They were less than a mile from the line, but the rurales had foreseen their ruse in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their numbers of them, fresh horses to the utmost now across "It would, however, be no strategy the open prairie, and as the roan merely to plant squash plants intellilagged and faltered in his stride Bud

could see that the race was lost. "Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one more hearty bugs to destroy the canof the international markers as he teloures, Squash are not trap plants

He reached for his gun as he spoke "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me-

behind her, returning his gun to its "All right," he said, "we'll ride it out

The rurales were within pistolahot and whipping like mad to bead them. The sounch blants must have bude and whipping like mad to bead them. Another figure came flying along the like, a horseman, waving his hands spear. For spraying trisuate of levilland, and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savegety with the baffled rurales yelling savegety in the bottom. But it with a mail bead powers.

ore.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bus hind called pardner, and yet when Hooker raw him there he stiftened and his face graw hard.

(To be Continues.)

# But ten miles across the plain lay O O O O O O O O O O

Penditon, August 25.-Several our young people from this section sat together under the horse-blankets attended the singing at Mountain waiting for the rain to pass until now Springs last. Sunday afternoon. All report a nice time and some good

them beyond the reach of either ru-rales or rebels. Bud thought of the of Anderson are specding the week

Allas Saphronin Richey Is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. L. A. Cothran of Liberty.

Mr. John Fowler of the Trinity sec-

day hast week. Mr. and Mrn John Moore spent last Thursday night with the former's uncle, Mr. Tom Kelly of Williamston
Mr. Rufus Lolly and Andrew Mulli-

to Phil, and all else must be sacrificed kir. two of our fine young men, made for duty. Mr. J S. Nichey, Jr., and brother, Preston, made a business trip to Pel-

zer last Saturday. Mr. Walter Mullikin and brother the direction of Agua Negra, he reined McDowell attended the singing last Sunday afternoon at Mountain Srping. They report a nice time and some good singing.

Our singing school which is being carriedo na t this place under the righing condition.

watermelon crop came very near being a failure, but we were blessed with a bumper peach crop.

Messrs, Tem and Willie Rogers. town were visiting in this section last

Friday for a short while.
A garden! Umph! What's that?

The order for the day this week is The writer noticed throuh the col-

umns of the Daily Intelligencer of the candidates being greatly disappointed at Townville one day last week That's no disappointment to the candidates at all to what it will be on the morning of the 26th of August.

A good rain right now would relieve the suffering crops. Six and Twenty and Piercetown ball teams are to play a game of ball next Saturday afternoon on the local

Keep an account of how many of the candidates will meet-you with a brilliant smile and hearty handshake after the election.

diamond.

BAG CANTELOUPES AND CHEAT WORMS,

Melon Worm is Here and Terribly
Hungry—Hewsto Ferestall
His Ravages,
Clemson College, Aug. 26.—"The
pickle worm," says A. F. Conradi, enmologist of Clemson College, in advising what to do about his pest, "like the corn bill bug, is a late riser, but when he starts his appetite acts like a hurricane spreading devastation on all sides. In many gardens this pest har probably begun to appear. Bag the

canteloupes at once." They was too foxy for me," he mut-tered, as Gracia looked over at the Prof. Conradi said:

"Bag the conteloupes with 6-pound heavy paper bags. The ordinary sugar bag is too frail. We use a bag like that in which hardware stores put nalls. She laid an impulsive hand little hill and on this lay the bagged

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Gospand—and flay the ery bug, and some have more than others. A weak point of pickle and melon worms is their appetite. Their blooms of summer squash, and where this food is present it will attract great

course, would appreciate it greatly. The favorite food would soon be gone and would leave a larger number of faced their pursuers. "You'll make it unless you make them so by spraying they won't shoot a woman!" or dusting them with arsenste of lead so that when the worms attack them they will not a dose of poison that will check their voracious appetites. It season, but not too late for next seafollowing for use not selson:
"I. Plant, in a timely and intelli-

gent way, a few summer squash plants among the cantelounes and melons and keep them polsoned.

you can que! It with a little cheese cloth hag or a tin can with small holes in the bottom. Buy arrents of lead powder, not paste. Any one grawing cantelounes on a large scale for market should write us if this wore, is troublesome."

ly sit their heels.

"Reop a going!" prompted Hooker, sanstracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the guidh therether rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

The final (dash brought them to cooker, but as Bud leaned down and take Gracin in his arms the round spread his feet trembled and dropped barrier to the ground.

"Hell or all right," southed Bud, as "Water man's michieder. Bone income but saw her gate fired bayond him, na hu saw her gate fired bayond him.

"When the fired out is fitting to the work in the saw her gate fired bayond him had a woman difficulty in the saw had a woman difficulty in the saw her gate fired bayond him had a woman difficulty in the saw had a

mately.

Top has to the difference between their and cold?

"The long days in summer and the short days to winter?