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says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Gardul, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Gardul, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Gardul, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill. I wish every suffering woman would give

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*by Capt. George B. Rodney*

If you want to spend some of your time adventuring in another land—in the land of Montezuma, Carranza and Villa; if you want to know the conditions of riot and anarchy, of murder and pillage across the Mexican border, then you want to read this red-blooded story that leads up to and concludes with the attack on Columbus, New Mexico, by Villa and the sending of the American army across the line. It is a story of intense interest; of daring adventure and charming romance.

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CHAPTER I

**A Really Nice Young Man.**  
The purring of a disordered motor made Kynaston look up.  
He had not heard a motor car since he had come to this particular section of the Mexican border, now a long six months ago.

The work in suppressing gun runners had not differed here from that along other sections of the line. The days, which seemed to be weeks long, were spent in fruitless patrols along the hillside.

"Sh!"  
Kynaston looked up wearily. He had ridden forty miles that day on the strength of an order from headquarters that told him to investigate a report that American citizens were shipping arms across the border to Villa by means of an aeroplane. The fact that it was obviously ridiculous meant nothing. An order was an order, and he was beginning to be tired of the border life.

Across the border he could see from time to time, from the vantage grounds of his camp, bodies of the Villista cavalry riding the line, prepared to welcome any gun runner who should smuggle arms across to them.

He well knew that arms were being smuggled across, and that every federal officer knew it, too; but that the matter was one that could not be controlled except by martial law.

"Sir!" said the sergeant again.  
"Well, sergeant, what is it?"  
"There's a machine broke down up the road a bit and there's no one in it but a couple of ladies. I seen it come down the hill over the San Pedro an hour ago an' then a little while ago I seen a man ride back on a pony. I don't know what's up."

Riding wearily, Kynaston picked up his revolver and made his way along the rock-strewn path from his camp to the little trail that led due north to "God's country," or due south to revolution and anarchy—whichever way the traveler was inclined.

Four hundred yards away from his picket line, where the horses stamped restfully, he saw the machine, its engine chugging away like the engine of a tethered torpedo boat. By the machine there knelt in the red New Mexico dust a gray-coated girl whose golden hair, escaped from its veil, caught the direct rays of the sun and radiated them like gold.

She did not bear his approach. It was not till he said quietly, "Can I be of any service to you?" that she sprang to her feet facing him.

"I'm Lieutenant Kynaston, in charge of the local border patrol," continued the young man. "Your mishap was reported to me, and I came down at once to see if I could help you."

"Yes, if you have such a thing as an automobile doctor in your camp," the girl replied wistfully. "I was about to give up in disgust and come to your camp for aid."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Kynaston, stooping and looking under the machine with an interest that was none the less by reasons of his exhaustive ignorance of the machine. "If it has coiled or just a ring gone wrong I can possibly assist you. If it is anything more serious I doubt my ability."

"The chauffeur says it is a stripped gear. I sent him back on a hired pony to telegraph for another to be sent to Tia Juana. However, you know how I'll get there—I am Miss Upton. I want you to know Mrs. Fane."

The girl indicated a tall woman with dark eyes sparkling from behind a pink veil, who was leaning over the side of the machine. Kynaston bowed and received a charming smile.

"Mrs. Fane," continued the girl, "is to spend a few weeks with me at my father's mine. Maybe you have heard of Daniel Upton, who owns the Santa Cruz mine a few miles to the south."

Miss Upton covered her hand in the direction of Mexico.

"I should think I have heard of it! We have had twenty complaints from the mine of the depredations on it by the revolutionists. That's why we're here—that, and patrolling the border for gun runners."

Miss Upton laughed deliciously.

"I wish you patrolled by motor instead of on horseback," she said. "For then you'd have a mechanic and not a farrier in your camp. As it is I don't suppose any of your men know about automobiles?"

She looked her question. Kynaston found himself hoping that she would ask many more questions if she would only accompany each one with such a

look.

"I'm sorry to say," he responded gallantly, "that there isn't one of them who would know a cinder from a spark plug. But if you will come to the camp we can at least give you some idea of a better place to rest than this hot road, and I can send a messenger who is more reliable than your man; at least one who knows the country better."

The two women, shaking the dust from their clothes, joined him. They walked slowly back to the hot little camp in the canyon at the base of the hills, where the cavaliers were gathered in a frankly defiant group, looking with unmistakable admiration at the two women as they passed to the little spot of shade afforded by the single tent fly in front of Kynaston's tent.

A deft cook, summoned by a hot trumpet, produced some tea and crackers, and Kynaston, apologizing for the cups, settled his visitors as comfortably as he could.

"I wonder what father will say," mused Miss Upton.

Kynaston, gazing in frank admiration at the girl's shimmering, golden hair, her violet eyes, matchless complexion, and perfect, full-bosomed figure, wondered vaguely if there were anything a man could not pardon such a woman.

It was Mrs. Fane who brought him back to earth.

"My dear Mr. Kynaston, what in the world do you find so odd here?" she asked. "I have often heard of the monotony of the frontier life of the army, but I have never seen a soldier before, and I see now that all tales I have heard were outrageous exaggerations. No? Diminutions, then. Why don't you die?"

"People don't die in New Mexico; they dry up and blow away," said Kynaston, grinning. "Oh, I'll live as long as I can. I don't see why you should die." "Doesn't the weather here do it in Washington or Tibet—so long as he does it as well as he can—What is it now, sergeant?"

A khaki-clad cavalryman who was standing at attention saluted punctiliously.

"Sir, a courier has come in with this note for the lieutenant."

He handed over a grimy paper Kynaston, with a hasty, "Excuse me, please," opened it. He looked up quickly, a light in his eyes that Miss Upton noted with approval.

"Have Corporal Welsh and ten men saddle up at once. No sabers; just rifles, canteens, and a day's rations cooked in the saddle bags."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant hung on his heel, obviously with something unsaid. Kynaston grinned knowingly.

"Yes, you may go, too," he said. The soldier saluted again and departed.

Miss Upton turned to Kynaston with:

"I know. You have received some word that 'sis you out along the line, isn't it?" And the sergeant wanted to go, why?"

"Every time we get an alarm of any kind each and every man wants to go, because he thinks each man may turn out to be a fight and he wants to be in it."

"I wouldn't give much for a man who did it," commented Mrs. Fane. "So you see, just save you," said Kynaston. "I have told the sergeant that I want an extra tent put up so that you and Mrs. Fane can have a comfortable place to sleep with your messengers returned. Send me horse up at once, remember. And Kynaston, with a hot long look at the beautiful picture that Miss Upton presented as she stood in the shadow of the tent fly, went out to inspect the formation of his detachment.

It had happened so often that it had become a habit—that receiving reports that called for the despatching of a detachment at once to investigate some utterly fabulous rumor. Fifty miles east and west ran the line, which was set off at every mile by great rectangular monuments of stone or metal standing grim and gray against the hill rims, each monument marked on the north side with the arms of Mexico, and on the opposite face with the arms of the United States—quite

Continued on Page Four

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