#### The Land of Broken **Promises**

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

DANE COOLIDGE Maker of "The Fighting Pool," "Hidden Waters," "The Textens," Br. Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

syright, 1914, by Frank A. Munacy.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Though men may make a jest of it in books, it is a solemn thing to kill tilled. If Gracia had slain Del Rey herself in a passion her hot blood might have buoyed her up, but now her whole nature was convulsed with the horror of it and she wilted like a

An hour before she had burned with hatred of him, she had wished him dead and sought the man who would kill him. Now that his life had been sulpped off between two heart-beats she remembered him with pity and nuttered a prayer for his soul. For Hooker, for De Lancey she had no thought, but only for the dashing young captain who had followed her to his death.

Of this Bud had no knowledge. He realized only that she was growing weaker, and that he must call a halt. and at last, when the walls of their pass had widened and they rode out into the open plain, he turned aside from the trail and drew rein by clump of mesquit.

"Here, let me take you," he said as she swayed uncertainly in the sad-die. She slid down into his arms and he laid her gently in the shade. "Poor girl," he muttered, "it's been

too much for you. I'll get some water and pretty soon you can eat."

He unslung the canteen from his saddle-flap, gave her a drink, and left her to herself, glancing swiftly along the horizon as he tied out their mounts to graze. But for her faintness he suld have pushed on farther, for he had seen men off to the east; but hunger and excitement had told upon her

For a woman, and sitting a side-sad dle, she had done better than he had hoped: and yet-well, it was a long way to the border and he doubted if could make it. She lay still in the shade of the mesquit, just as he had placed her, and when he brought the sack of food she did not raise her

"Better eat something," he sugested, spreading out some bread and dried beef. "Here's some oranges I got from Don Juan-I'll just put them

over here for you." Gracia shuddered, sighing wearily. Then, as if his words had hurt her,

he covered her face and wept. What did you tell that man?" she

"W'y-what man?" inquired Hook-

"No!" she cried, gazing out at him through her tears, "not until I know what you said. Did you tell that Indian to-to kill him?"

She broke down suddenly in a fit of sobbing, and Hooker wiped his brow. "W'y, no!" he protested. "Sure not! What made you think that?" "Why-you rode over and spoke to

him-and he looked at me-and then-

She gave way to a paroxysm of grief wondering. That she was weak and she was saying?

"I reckon I don't understand what you're driving at," he said at last. Wish you'd eat something—you'll feel

"No, I won't eat!" she declared, sit ting up and frowning. "Mr. Hooker, she went on very miserably, "what did you mean this morning when you-laughed! I said I hated poor Manuel and you said-well, what you didand you laughed! Did you think-oh, you couldn't have—that I really want out a case against him. ed him killed?"

suddenly brightening up. "You know, not only Phil to be thought of but ver do know what you mean! You of this woman.

said, "and I told him it was Del Rey."
"Yes, and what did he say then?"

at for the pass."
"And didn't you may you wanted-

"No!" burst out Bud, half angrily.
"Haven't I told you once? I did not!
That Indian had reasons of his own,
cellieve me—he's got a scar along his
ribs where Del Rey shot him with a
six-shooter! And, furthermore," he
added, as her face cleared at this excellianation 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
see much!"

on the subject again.

been talking about brave men and all that; and more's once you've hinted

I'd just like to tell you, to put ed the handful of meat. "Is is on your mind at rest, that my father was Phil's account?" she ventured, as he a sergeant in the Texas rangers and no ant gazing stoically at the horses.

hundred Mexicann was ever able to "You were such friends, weren't you?" hundred Mexicann was ever 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 be peaceable and quiet, but don't you never think, because I run away from Manuel del Rey, that I was afraid to

face him." He paused and regarded her inten-ly, 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 un derstand it now-he looked so savage and fierce. 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 meb be, 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 itit was between them two." "And you?" she suggested.

had fought Del Rey?" "I would have met him in the open, said Hooker.

"And yet-" "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

her so happy. "So you were thinking of me," she challenged sweetly, "all the while? I thought perhaps I was a nulsance 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're pure Spanish."

"With perhaps a little Yaqui," she suggested shyly.

"Well, mebbe he did say that, too, confessed Bud. "But it's jest 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 of Aragon. "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 for that feller." "Oh, now you make me jealous," she

pouted. "LI were only a Yaqui-and big and black-"Never mind," defended Bud.

was a true friend, all right, and true friends, believe me, are scarce.'

There was a shade of bitterness in she was careful not to allude to Phil. His name, like the name of her father, always drove this shy man to silence and she wanted to make him talk. "Then you ought to be friends with

me," she chided, after a silence. "I have always wanted to be your friend -why will you never allow it? No, but really! Haven't I always shown it? I remember now the first time that I saw you-I was looking through my hole among the passion-flowers and you saw me with your keen eyes. Phil at this, and Bud looked around him, did not-but he was there. And you just looked at me once-and looked hungry he knew, but what was this away. Why did you never respond when I came there to look for you' You would just ride by and look at me once, and even Phil never knew." "No." agreed Bud, smiling quietly "He was crazy to see you, but he rode right by, looking at the windows and

"The first time I met him," mused Gracia, "I asked about you. Did he

ever tell you?" Bud hung his head and grinne sheepishly. It was not difficult to make

And so Gracia had not wanted Del "W'y, sure not!" cried Hooket Rey killed as he thought she did. Didn't I laugh at you? Say, what kind had thought her for a time. She was of a feller do you think I am, anyway? just the gentle, noble girl he had D'ye think I'd get an Indian to do my sworn to protect and conduct across the border to her flance. Again came "Oh, then didn't you?" she cried, the desire to claim her, but there was

said you guessed you'd have to kill "Is it something I have done?" she him for me, you know, and—oh, it was asked at last. "Is that why you never "Is it something I have done?" she too awful! I must be getting toolish, liked me? Now, Mr. Hooker, please 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 her. Perhaps, if he could get her quieted, she would stop talking and "Of course not," answered Bud, look-

ing across at her boldly. "Why should you be-you ain't afraid of noth-

"Is that a compliment?" she demanddidn't say nothing—jest lined ed eagerly. "Oh, then I'm so happy—it's the first you ever paid me! But have I been brave," she beamed, "so have I been brave, the a man?"

Wildel?" "Gure have!" remarked Hocker impersonally. "but we sin'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 pere off some more of this jerked beef for you. Can't

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nobody be brave when they're bun- RICH MAN'S SON gry, you know, and I want to bring you

"Why?" she inquired as she acceptshe went on innocently. "Oh, that is why I admire the Americans so much -they are so true to each other!"

"Yes," observed Hooker, rolling his eyes on her, "we're fine that way!" "Well, I mean it!" she insisted, as she read the frony in his glance. "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

suddenly, you know!" She gated up at him demurely, curious to see how he would evade this evi-dence that he had prepared in advance for their ride. But once more, as he had always done, Hooker eluded the cunningly laid snare.

"I was figuring on pulling out my self." he replied ingenuously. "What? And not take me?" she

cried. "Oh, I thought-but dear me, what is the use?" She sighed and dropped her head

wearily. "I am so tired!" she murmured de spondently; "shall we be going on

"Not unless somebody jumps us," watch.

"Ah, you are so kind," she breathed, as she sank down on the bed. "Don't after all."

her smile as honestly; "don't you wor-ry none about me—I like you fine."

very soft and warm, and- He woke where he was a student.

sleepy.

still the sleep came back. The thun-

Bud picked up the saddle-blankets and lung trouble. spread them over her, she drew him down beside her and they sat out the storm together. But it was more to them than a sharing of cover, a patient enduring of the elements, and the have some cotton to thin yet. sweep of wind and rain. When they



They Thrust and Parried No More

them and they thrust and parried no

They were friends, there in the rush of what such smiles may mean.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Seat, No Pare, Says New Jersey Court.

Baltimore Sun. of New Jersey sustaining the right stampede the convention to Bryan. of a passenger to refuse to pay his fare unless provided with a seat, is gia delegation alone from the South significant as suggesting certain trend of thought. Whether is would be playing "Marching Through Georgiust, or to the public interest and gia' and the delegations began to convenience to make a general rule march around the hall. Some stalconvenience to make a general rule of this sort at present may be open to question. But in time the European usage doubtless will be adopted in this country, both as to railways and trolley cars. Meanwhile it might be wise for transportation companies to study the practical questions connected with a demand that is bound to come sooner or later, with his teeth, he defied those who can't to put themselves in a position.

nominated, George Bailey, supposes, ed to play, and the delegations kept all the way from Texas, that "the moving around the hall, but the old North State is assured of at Georgians stood firm around their least four years immunity from the Bob Glean peril."

PACES MURDER CHARGE Many Elements of Mystery in Con-

nection With the Crime. Albany, N. Y., June 20 .- Accord ng to the present plans of District Attorney Harold D. Alexander, young Malcolm Gifford, Jr., will be placed on trial here next week on an indictwent charging him with the murder trial will consume several weeks, it is cessfud that it will be adopted this expected.

The accused youth is but 19 years old and is the son of a wealthy man-ufacturer of Hudson, N. Y., These facts, coupled with the many elements of mystery in connection with the alleged crime, have served to attract terest amounting to wide attention to the Gifford case and total amount lent to banks was \$37, the trial promises to be one of the 386,000. It went to 193 banks in most notable that has taken place sixty-two cities of twenty-eight in this country in a long time. The states. elder Gifford has retained eminent Nation's Memorial at Valley Forge. ecunsel to conduct the defense of his

Clute was killed April 1, 1913,

coat and a light fedora hat. who had been expelled from a privines. The memorial is in the form ate school a month previously, but of an imposing arch and was erected returned Bud. "Here, let me make never had gone home nor notified his at a cost of \$100,000, which amount you a bed in the shade. There now parents, left the house of a friend, Congress appropriated for the puras he spread out the saddle-blankets Derrick Boardman, in Troy, ostensi- pose several years ago. The archi temptingly-"you lay down and 'get biy to attend a dance. He was garb- stands at the junction of the old some sleep and I'll kinder keep a ed in a dress suit, a gray overcoat Gulph road, where it crosses the outand a light fedora hat, it is said.

ed at the dance. Witnesses who ap- mous Arch of Titus in Rome, which you know," she added, looking up at peared at the grand jury investigations been somewhat adapted to meet him with sleepy eyes that half contion declared that his clothing was the conditions at Valley Forge. cealed a smile, "I believe you like me, soiled. The next morning, it was tes- The architect was Paul M. Cret, protified, he put his overeout in one fessor of design in the School of Ar-"Sure." confessed Bud. returning friend's suitease, his hat in another, chitecture of the University of

borrowed a cap and left for home. Pennsylvania. Last April, a year after the mur-He slipped away at this, grinning to der was committed, property belong- high. On one side is the inscriphimself, and sat down to watch the ing to Clute was found under the tion: "To the officers and the priplain. All about him lay the waving eaves of the house where Gifford yate soldiers of the Continental argainst land, tracked up by the hoofs of stayed on the night of the killing. cattle that had vanished in the track stayed on the night of the killing. A my, Dec. 19, 1777, June 19, 1778. of war. In the distance he could see pair of gloves, of the same brand the line of a fence and the ruins of a Gifford was wearing when detained house. The trail which he had fol. be detectives, was found near Clute's they were, we cannot enough admire lowed led on and on to the north. But body. These, according to the detecall the landscape was vacant, except tives, Gifford attempted to hide when for his grazing horses. Above the they apprehended him at Chatham, mountains the midday thunder-caps Mass., on April 14, last, while he was were beginning to form; the air was on his way to Easthampton. Mass.,

up suddenly to find his head on his Clute was shot with an automatic pistel. Authorities say Gifford owned "Ump-um-m," he muttered, rising up such a weapon. Gifford could drive and shaking himself resolutely, "this a machine. An attempt was made by won't do-that sun is making me the slayer by the footprints about the automobile.

He paced back and forth, smoking In defense of the accused youth it fercely at brown-paper cigarettes, and is pointed out that he had borne a Mr. Ragland Writes Interesting good reputation in his home town der-clouds over the mountains rose and had never been in any trouble higher and turned to black; they let down skirts and fringes and sudden There is nothing to indicate that he stabs of lightning, while the wind stabs of lightning, while the wind ever knew Clute. Since his arrest sucked in from the south. And then, like has been confined in the Albany with a slash of rain, the shower was the has been country he was trans-At the first big drops Gracia stirred ferred from his cell to the hospital uneasily in her sleep. She started up as the storm burst over them; then, as physicians that he was suffering from

GLASS ROUTE 1.

The farmers around here are very near through with harvest, but they

Mr. Abraham Overcash died June 9, aged 85 years. He was laid to rest in the China Grove Cemetery. He leaves to mourn his death two sons, Messrs. A. C. E and J. S. Overcash and one daughter, Mrs. Dan Smith, a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Miss Lizzie Bennet has been spending some time with her aunt, Mrs.

Jim Plaster. The twelve-year-old son of C. D. Overcash had the misfortune to cut his foot with an axe last Saturday morning, but he is getting along

nicely now. There was quite a large crowl at the unveiling of the Monument to froy V. Overcash on last Sunday afernoon at Enochville.

Mr. George Litaker and family, of Salisbury, came to Enochville Sunday in a new automobile.

Mr. Press Sims it at home from work for a few days. The Cream route is nicely in charge of Mr. W. C. Rose. He now has a large number on the

route and still expects several more.

Mr. A. A. Overcash has purchas-

ed a phonograph. ROSE BUD.

The Fighting Record of Atlanta's New Senator.

Atlanta, Ga., June 20. - The of falling water and the crash of light old "fighting record" of United ning overhead. When the storm was States Senator W. S. West of Georover and the sun came out they smiled gia, has been recalled in an - interat each other contentedly without fear esting way by his near war with Senator Vardaman of Mississippi. Though Senator West is a mildmannered and scholarly gentleman, hot blood flows in his veins, and the papers are recalling the vivid story of the part he played in the national convention in Denver in 1908, The decision of the Supreme Court when terrific efforts were made to

According to the story, the Geor-

and to put themselves in a position were trying to capture the flag to meet it rather than to antagonize. "The secondrel who touches the flag Senator Overman having been re-

CROP MONEY IS READY.

Treasury Department Will Len Cash to Banks if Necessary.

Secretary McAdoo again stand ready to lend a hand to Western and Southern banks in case they need money for crop moving put poses. The plan of lending govern ment money to the banks in agricultural districts for use during crop moving season last year was so suc

Money lent by the Treasury De partment last year was secured most ly by commercial paper, and all the borrowed money has been returned to the treasury by April 1, with in-\$260,000. The

Philadelphia, Pa., June 19.-Not ed orators and many represents while driving an unidentified man tives of patriotic, military and other from Albany to Troy. The passen- societies gathered at Valley Forge ger shot Clute in the back of the head, today for the dedication of the narobbed him and threw the body into tion's memorial to the patriots who a ditch. The slayer wore a gray over- suffered there in the winter campaign under Washington for the in-On the night of the murder Gifford, dependence of the American coloand a light fedora hat, it is said. er line driveway. Its design was Several hours later Gifford appear-largely influenced by that of the fa-

On the other side of the arch is the quotation: "Naked and starving as the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers

Why not give Jack Johnson the next Nobel peace prize? He put an

#### STOMACH TROUBLES

Letter on This Subject.

Madison Heights, Va.-Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of this place, writes; "I have been taking Thedford's Black-Draught for indigestion, and other stomach troubles, also colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I have ever used. After taking Black-Draught for a few

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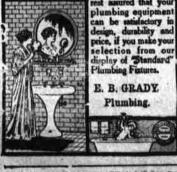
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