

# HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Blaze, in truth, was embarrassed by the size of his holdings, but he shook his head. "No, I'm too old to go rampaging after new gods. I ain't got the imagination to raise anything more complicated than a mortgage; but if I was younger, I'd organize myself up and do away with that Ed Austin. I'd sure help him to an untimely end, and then I'd marry them pecan groves, and blooded herds, and drug-store orchards. She certainly is a heart-breakin' device, with her red hair, and red lips an—

"Father!" Paloma was deeply shocked.

Complete isolation, of course, Alaire had found to be impossible, even though her ranch lay far from the traveled roads and her Mexican guards were not encouraging to visitors. Business inevitably brought her into contact with a considerable number of people, and of these the one she saw most frequently was Judge Ellsworth of Brownsville, her attorney.

It was perhaps a week after Ed had left for San Antonio that Alaire felt the need of Ellsworth's counsel, and sent for him. Ellsworth was a kindly man of fifty-five, with a forceful chin and a drooping, heavy-lidded eye that could either blaze or twinkle. Judge Ellsworth knew more than any four men in that part of Texas; information had a way of seeking him out. He was a good lawyer, too, and yet his knowledge of human nature he considered far more important than law. His mind was like a full granary, and every grain lay where he could put his hand upon it.

He motored out from Brownsville, and after riding himself of dust, insisted upon spending the interval before dinner in an inspection of Alaire's latest ranch improvements. Not until dinner was over did he inquire the reason for his summons.

"It's about La Feria. General Longorio has confiscated my stock," Alaire told him. "I was afraid of this very thing, and so I was preparing to bring the stock over. Still—I never thought they'd actually confiscate it."

"Hasn't Ed done enough to provoke confiscation?" asked the Judge. "I have it pretty straight that he's giving money to the rebel junta and lending every assistance he can to their cause."

"I didn't know he'd actually done anything. How mad?"

"Yes—for a man with interests in federal territory. But Ed always does the wrong thing, you know."

"Then I presume this confiscation is in the nature of a reprisal. But the stock is mine, not Ed's. I want your help in taking up the matter with Washington."

Ellsworth was pessimistic. "It won't do any good, my dear," he said. "You won't be paid for your cattle."

"Then I shall go to La Feria."

"No." The Judge shook his head decidedly.

"I've been there a hundred times. The federals have been more than courteous."

"Longorio has a bad reputation. I strongly advise against your going. You'd better send some man."

"Whom can I send?" asked Alaire.

"You know my situation."

The Judge considered a moment before replying. "I can't go, for I'm busy in court. You could probably accomplish more than anybody else, if Longorio will listen to reason, and, after all, you are a person of such importance that I dare say you'd be safe. But it will be a hard trip, and you won't know whether you are in rebel or in federal territory."

"Well, people here are asking whether Texas is in the United States or Mexico," Alaire said, lightly. "Sometimes I hardly know." After a moment she continued: "Since you know everything and everybody, I wonder if you ever met a David Law?"

Ellsworth nodded.

"Tell me something about him."

"He asked me the same thing about you. Well, I haven't seen much of Dave since he grew up, he's such a roamer."

"He said his parents were murdered by the Guadalupe."

"Yes. It happened a good many years ago, and certainly they both met a violent end. I was instrumental in saving what property Frank Law left, but it didn't last Dave very long. He's right careless in money matters. Dave's a fine fellow in some ways—most ways, I believe, but—" The Judge lost himself in frowning meditation.

"I have never known you to damn a friend or a client with such faint praise," said Alaire.

"Oh, I don't mean it that way. I'm almost like one of Dave's kin, and I've been recently interested in watching his traits develop. I'm interested in heredity. I've watched it in Ed's case, for instance. If you know the parents of a child, you can read their children." Again

## ALAIRE AUSTIN MEETS GEN. LUIS LONGORIO OF THE MEXICAN FEDERAL ARMY WHEN SHE GOES TO LA FERIA AND CAPTIVATES HIM COMPLETELY

Mrs. Alaire Austin, a handsome young matron, mistress of Las Palmas ranch, gets lost in the Texas desert and after an all-day struggle wanders into the little camp of David Law, a ranger hunting a Mexican murderer. Circumstances force her to stay 24 hours in camp. Law catches his man, kills another, and escorts her home. "Young Ed" Austin, drunken wastrel, upbraids his wife and makes insinuations concerning the ranger officer. Austin is secretly in league with Mexican rebels. Mrs. Austin starts for La Feria, her ranch in Mexico, to secure damages for cattle confiscated by Mexican federals.

he lapsed into silence, nodding to himself. "Yes, nature mixes her prescriptions like any druggist. I'm glad you and Ed—have no babies."

Alaire murmured something unintelligible.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A Journey, and a Dark Man.

Alaire's preparations for the journey to La Feria were made with little delay. Owing to the condition of affairs across the border, Ellsworth had thought it well to provide her with letters from the most influential Mexicans in the neighborhood; what is more, in order to pave her way toward a settlement of her claim he succeeded in getting a telegram through to Mexico City—Ellsworth's influence was not bounded by the Rio Grande.

Alaire took Dolores with her, and for male escort she selected, after some deliberation, Jose Sanchez, her horse-breaker. Benito could not well be spared. Sanchez had some force and initiative, at least and Alaire had no reason to doubt his loyalty. The party went to Pueblo by motor. On the following day, Alaire secured her passports from the federal headquarters across the Rio Grande, while Jose attended to the railroad tickets. On the second morning after leaving home the party was borne southward into Mexico.

The revolution had ravaged most of northern Mexico; long rows of rusting trucks and twisted car skeletons beside the track showed how the railway's rolling stock had suffered in this particular vicinity; and as the train penetrated farther south temporary trestles and the charred ruins of station houses spoke even more eloquently of the struggle. Now and then a steel water-tank, pierced with loopholes and ripped by cannon balls, showed where some detachment had made a stand. There was a military guard on the train, too—a dozen unkempt soldiers loaded down with rifles and bandoliers of cartridges, and several officers, neatly dressed in khaki, who rode in the first-class coach and occupied themselves by making eyes at the women.

At its frequent stops the train was besieged by the customary crowd of curious peons; the same noisy hucksters dealt out enchiladas, tortillas, goat cheeses and coffee from the same dirty baskets and pails; even their outstretched hands seemed to bear the familiar grime of ante-bellum days. The coaches were crowded; women fanned themselves unceasingly; their men snored, open-mouthed, over the backs of the seats, and the aisles were full of squalling, squabbling children.

As for the country itself, it was dying. The ranches were stripped of stock, no carts creaked along the highways, and the roads, like the little farms, were growing up to weeds.



"I Wonder If You Ever Met a David Law?"

Stores were empty, the people were idle. Over all was an atmosphere of decay, and what was far more significant, the people seemed content.

All morning the monotonous journey continued—a trial to Alaire and Dolores, but to Jose Sanchez a red-letter experience. He covered the train from end to end, making himself acquainted with everyone and bringing to Alaire the gossip that he picked up.

It was not until midday that the first interruption occurred; then the train pulled in upon a siding, and after an interminable delay it transpired that a northbound troop-train was expected.

Jose brought this intelligence: "Soon you will behold the flower of the Mexican army," he told Alaire. "You will see thousands of Longorio's veterans, every man of them a very devil for blood. They are returning to Nuevo Pueblo after destroying a band of those rebels. They had a great vic-

tory at San Pedro—thirty kilometers from La Feria. Not a prisoner was spared, senora."

"Is General Longorio with them?" Alaire inquired quickly.

"That is what I came to tell you. It is believed that he is, for he takes his army with him wherever he goes. He is a great fighter; he has a nose for it, that man, and he strikes like the lightning—here, there, anywhere."

Jose, it seemed, was a rabid Potosista. "When the train arrives," she told her horse-breaker. "I want you to find General Longorio and ask him to come here."

"But, senora!" Jose was dumfounded, shocked. "He is a great general—"

"Give him this note." Quickly writing a few lines on a page from her notebook, she gave him the scrap of paper, which he carefully placed in his hat; then, shaking his head doubtfully, he left the car.

"Flushed with triumph, Dolores took the first occasion to enlarge upon her theme.

"You will see what a monster this Longorio is," she declared. "It was like him to steal your beautiful cattle; he would steal a crucifix."

"I've heard that," Alaire said gravely.

In the course of time the military train came creaking along on the main track and stopped, to the great interest of the south-bound travelers. It was made up of many stock cars crowded with cavalry horses, and peened in with them were the women and the children. The soldiers themselves were clustered thickly upon the car roofs. Far down at the rear of the train was a rickety passenger coach, and toward this Jose Sanchez made his way.

There began a noisy interchange of greetings between the occupants of the two trains, and meanwhile the hot sun glared balefully upon the huddled figures on the car tops. A half-hour passed, then occurred a commotion at the forward end of Alaire's coach.

A group of officers climbed aboard, and among them was one who could be none other than Luis Longorio. As he came down the passageway Alaire identified him without the aid of his insignia, for he stood head and shoulders above his companions and bore himself with an air of authority. He was unusually tall, at least six feet three, and very slim, very lithe; a young man; his cheeks were girlishly smooth and of a clear, pale, olive tint; his eyes were large, bold, brilliant; his nostrils thin and sensitive, like those of a blooded horse. Disdain, hauteur, impatience, were stamped upon the general's countenance as he pushed briskly through the crowd, turning his head from side to side in search of the woman who had summoned him.

Not until she rose did he discover Alaire; then he halted; his eyes fixed themselves upon her with a start of startled amazement.

Alaire felt herself color faintly, for the man seemed to be scanning her from head to foot, taking in every detail of her face and form, and as he did so his expression remained unaltered. For what seemed a full minute Longorio stood rooted; then the stiff-necked cap was swept from his head; he bowed with the grace of a courtier until Alaire saw the part in his oily black hair.

"Senora! A thousand apologies for my delay," he said. "Caramba! I did not dream—I did not understand your message." He continued to regard her with that same queer intensity.

"You are General Longorio?" Alaire was surprised to note that her voice quavered uncertainly, and annoyed to feel her face still flushing.

"Your obedient servant."

Longorio, with a brusque command, routed out the occupants of the seat ahead, and, reversing the back, took a position facing Alaire. Another order and the men who had accompanied him withdrew up the aisle. There was no mistaking his admiration. He seemed enchanted by her pale beauty, her rich, red hair held him fascinated, and with Latin boldness he made his feelings manifest.

"You probably know why I wished to see you," Alaire began.

Longorio shook his head in vague denial.

"It is regarding my ranch, La Feria."

Seeing that the name conveyed nothing, she explained, "I am told that your army confiscated my cattle."

"Ah, yes! Now I understand." The Mexican nodded mechanically, but it was plain that he was not heeding her words in the least. As if to shut out a vision or to escape some dazzling sight, he closed his eyes. Alaire wondered if the fellow had been drinking. She turned to Dolores to find that good woman wearing an expression of stupefaction. It was very queer; it made Alaire extremely ill at ease.

Longorio opened his eyes and passed a brown hand across his brow as if to brush away perverse fancies that interfered with his thoughts. Alaire noticed that one of his fingers was decorated with a magnificent diamond-and-

ruby ring, and this interested her queerly. No ordinary man could fittingly have worn such an ornament, yet on the hand of this splendid barbarian it seemed not at all out of keeping.

"Dios!" Longorio continued. "Your ranch has been destroyed; your cattle stolen, eh? We will shoot the perpetrators of this outrage at once. Bueno!"

"No, no! I don't want to see anyone punished. I merely want your government to pay me for my cattle." Alaire laughed nervously.

"Ah! But a lady of refinement should never discuss such a miserable business. It is a matter for men."

She endeavored to speak in a brisk, businesslike tone. "La Feria belongs to me. I am a woman of affairs, General Longorio, and you must talk to me as you would talk to a man. When I heard about this raid I came to look into it—to see you, or whoever is in charge of this district, and to make a claim for damages."

"Valgame Dios! This is amazing." "There is nothing extraordinary about it, that I can see."

"You consider such a woman as yourself ordinary? The men of my country enshrine beauty and worship



"Why Did You Take My Cattle?"

It. They do not discuss such things with their women. Now this sordid affair is something for your husband—"

"Mr. Austin's business occupies his time; this is my own concern. I am not the only practical woman in Texas."

Longorio appeared to be laboriously digesting this statement. "So!" he said at last. "When you heard of this—you came, eh? You came alone into Mexico, where we are fighting and killing each other? Well! That is spirit. You are wonderful, superb!" He smiled, showing the whitest and evenest teeth.

Such extravagant homage was embarrassing, yet no woman could be wholly displeased by admiration so spontaneous and intense as that which Longorio manifested in every look and word. Alaire knew the susceptibility of Mexican men, and was immune to ordinary flattery; yet there was something exciting about this martial hero's complete captivation. To have charmed him to the point of bewilderment was a unique triumph, and under his hungry eyes she felt an adventurous thrill.

While he and Alaire were talking the passengers had returned to their seats; they were shouting good-bys to the soldiers opposite; the conductor approached and informed the general of his train orders.

Longorio favored him with a slow stare. "You may go when I leave," said he.

"Si, senor. But—"

The general uttered a sharp exclamation of anger, at which the conductor backed away, expressing by voice and gesture his most hearty approval of the change of plan.

"We mustn't hold the train," Alaire said quickly. "I will arrange to see you in Nuevo Pueblo when I return."

Longorio smiled brilliantly and lifted a brown hand. "No, no! I am a selfish man; I refuse to deprive myself of this pleasure. Now about these cattle." He thought for a moment, and his tone altered as he said: "Senora, there seems to be an unhappy complication in our way, and this we must remove. First, may I ask, are you a friend to our cause?"

"I am an American, but what has that to do with my ranch and my cattle? This is something that concerns no one except you and me."

Longorio was plainly flattered by her words, and took no trouble to hide his pleasure. "Ah! If that were only true! We would arrange everything to your satisfaction without another word." His admiring gaze seemed to envelop her, and its warmth was unmistakable.

"Why did you take my cattle?" she demanded, stubbornly.

Alaire is flattered by Longorio's extravagant attentions, but they soon become mighty irksome—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)  
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### LESSON FOR MAY 13

#### JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

LESSON TEXT—John 15:1-13.  
GOLDEN TEXT—I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15:5.

This lesson chronologically follows that of last Sunday. Christ had risen with his disciples from the supper table (14:31), and the remainder of his discourse may have occurred in an upper room, or in the courtyard of the house before they left the city, or on the way to the garden of Gethsemane.

I. THE ABIDING LIFE (vv. 1-4). Under the figure of the vine Jesus teaches spiritual truth by natural analogy. The vine is composed of roots, stem, branches, tendrils, and fruit. There is no separate life: the branches are one with the vine. Christ is the head of that body which is the church to its least member. The life lived by the Christian is Christ's life humanized, the purpose of which is fruit bearing. Discipline is in order to fruitfulness. "He (My Father, the vine-dresser) cuts away any branch on me which is not bearing fruit, and cleans every branch which does bear fruit, to make it bear richer fruit" (Moffat's translation). Paul tells us that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The Word is the cleansing agent (17:17). Verse four suggests a double abiding—we in him, and he in us—the branch depending upon the vine for life, and the vine depending upon the branch for fruit. Jesus had just been talking about his approaching death, and his disciples were full of anxiety. He tells them not to be troubled, and by this figure assures them, that, though he would leave them, he would still be joined to them. Although they had been made clean, they are taught that the only way to keep clean is by "abiding," which is to be continued through the eternal spirit after his decease and ascent to the Father. "It is given to us to hold fellowship with both the root that twines itself about the cross and the tendrils which stretch upward to glory."—A. J. Gordon. So long as we think of ourselves, and not of Christ, as the source of power, we shall miss the secret of fruitfulness.

II. THE FRUITFUL LIFE (vv. 5-8). If we abide in him we will bring forth much fruit. Note the progression: "Fruit," "more fruit," "much fruit." If the branch does not bear fruit it is fit only for fuel (Isa. 27:11). "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (v. 7). Our first fruit is to glorify God (v. 8). The vine does not consume the fruit which it produces, though it does exist for its production, thus glorifying God through its fruit-bearing function. The Bible uses many figures to illustrate the intimate relationship between root and fruit. "Without me," emphasizes Christ, "ye can do nothing." The "word" of verse three is equivalent to the word "I" of verse four. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (v. 3). Our fruit bearing is for God's glory because it is an expression of his grace and power, and it is made possible through our identification with his dear son. Our fruitfulness attests our Christian character. We have not yet attained perfection in our conduct, but we are making progress. Progressive deliverance from the power of sin is counterbalanced by corresponding fruitfulness.

III. THE PERMANENT LIFE (vv. 9-13). "Fruit," "more fruit," "much fruit." Even as the life of Christ has increasingly manifested itself through the ages, so our individual lives are to increase in the fruitfulness which assimilates them to his character and expresses his graces. As the Father has loved him, so has he loved us, and this love he communicates to those who abide in him. The evidence of our abiding is manifested by our joy in keeping his commandments, just as he delighted in keeping his father's commandments. Obedience and joy are correlated terms. The fuller the obedience the greater the joy. Bushnell said: "Heaven is nothing but the joy of a perfectly harmonized being filled with God and his love." Instead of minute, detailed instructions regarding their conduct, the disciples are here presented with love, the governing principle. Love was to be the one sufficient impulse for both divine and human relationships. Our Lord would have the world know his servants by the fruit they bear.

Three things are mentioned as resulting from the abiding life; power to bear much fruit; transform lives and change circumstances through answered prayer; and fullness of joy—a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The world with its poor counterfeits has nothing like it to give, but all of these gifts are contingent upon our "abiding" in Christ, the source of every blessing. The personal pronoun suggests peculiarly intimate relationships: "My Father," (vv. 1, 8, 10); "My love," (v. 9); "My disciples," (v. 3); "My commandments," (v. 10); "My joy," (v. 11).

## BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman."

after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."

—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Motor-driven windlasses have been designed for raising circus tent poles.

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved over night by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

Appropriate.

"What do you think is a fitting diet with which to outfit submarines?"

"I should suggest sinkers."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Luminous Radium Paint.

A luminous compound containing radium has been developed by an American manufacturer for use in locating electric-light switches in the dark, marking watch dials, etc. In powder form the compound is of about the same fineness as ordinary talcum powder, and is nearly as white, says Electrical Merchandising. This powder may be mixed with adhesives or varnishes and used as a paint. The compound is also furnished in flexible sheets which can be cut and shaped as desired, and can be applied to uneven or broken surfaces. This form can be used in making self-contained brass-backed buttons to glue on electric switches already installed and for manufacturers to fit into the hard rubber portions of new switch buttons. The enamel is said to be waterproof and immune to damage from vibration, and may be applied to watch dials and indicating devices of all sorts.

Had Brought Up Many.

The pert lift-boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper care of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, as he flung open the gate on the top floor for his passenger to step out, "but I brought a good many families up in my time."

A woman can have a lot more fun planning a trip with her husband than he will ever let her have in taking it.

Economy!  
Flavor!  
Nutrition!  
Grape-Nuts  
FOOD  
FOR  
Breakfast  
Lunch  
or  
Supper

