

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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RICARDO GUZMAN IS LURED TO THE MEXICAN SIDE AND MURDERED, BUT DAVE LAW DISCOVERS THE REAL PLOT AND ACTS DECISIVELY

Mrs. Alaire Austin, handsome young mistress of Las Palmas ranch, lost in the Texas desert, wanders into the camp of David Law, state ranger, waiting in ambush for a Mexican murderer. She has to remain there 24 hours, until Law captures his man, kills another and escorts her home. "Young Ed" Austin, drunkard, berates his wife and makes insulting insinuations about the ranger. Law discovers Austin is leagued with Mexican rebels and horse thieves. Mrs. Austin encounters Gen. Luis Longorio, Mexican federal, when she goes to La Feria, her Mexican ranch, to collect war damages, and he makes odious love to her. Dave Law kills a cattle thief. Mrs. Austin gives him a horse and discovers he is secretly in love with her.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

A new moon was swinging in the sky as Alaire and Dave rode back toward Las Palmas. How or when Alaire Austin came to feel that this man loved her, she never knew. Certainly she knew tonight, and, strange to say, the knowledge did not disturb her. Alaire had been repelled by Luis Longorio's evident love for her, but a similar emotion in this man's breast had quite the opposite effect. She was eager for friendship, hungry for affection, starved for that worship which every woman lives upon. Having a wholesome confidence in her own strength of character, and complete faith in Law's sense of honor, she was neither alarmed nor offended.

For the first time in years she allowed her intimate thoughts free expression, and spoke of her hopes, her interests and her efforts; under the spell of the moonlight, she even confided something about those dreams that kept her company and robbed her world of its sordidness. Dave Law discovered that she lived in a fanciful land of unrealities, and the glimpse he gained of it was delightful.

Supper was waiting when they arrived at Las Palmas, and Dolores announced that "Young Ed" had telephoned from the Lewis ranch that he would not be home. Yielding to a sudden impulse, Alaire said to her companion:

"You must dine with me. Dolores will show you to a room. I will be ready in half an hour."

The Austin ranchhouse offered a contrast to the majority of Texas country homes. Not for many years had Dave Law been a guest amid such surroundings, and he began to feel more and more out of place. With growing discomfort, he realized that the mistress of this residence was the richest woman in all this part of Texas, and that he was little better than a tramp. Alaire knew how to be a gracious and winning hostess; of course she did not appear to notice her guest's embarrassment. She had rather welcomed the thought that this man cared for her, and yet, had she deliberately planned to dampen his feeling, she could hardly have succeeded better than by showing him the wide disparity in their lives and situations. Dave was dismayed; he felt



"I'm Sorry I Killed the Fellow."

very poor and ridiculous. Alaire was no longer the woman he had ridden with through the solitudes; her very friendliness seemed to be a condescension.

He did not linger long after they had dined, for he wished to be alone, where he could reach an understanding with himself. On the steps he waited just a moment for Alaire to mention, if she chose, that subject which they had still left open on the night before. Reading his thought, she said:

"You are expecting me to say something about Panfilo Sanchez?"

"Yes."

"I have thought it over; in fact, I have been thinking about it all day; but even yet I don't know what to tell you. As for its effect upon my

self—you know I care very little what people say or think."

"I'm sorry I killed the fellow—I shouldn't have done it, but—one sees things differently out in the rough and here in the settled country. I can't help but feel that his conduct, under the circumstances, called for—what he got. He wasn't a good man, in spite of what Jose says; and I confessed to me that they were planning all sorts of devilry together."

"That is hardly an excuse." Alaire smiled faintly.

"Oh, I know!" Dave agreed. "Don't weaken on my account."

"No! I'm not thinking of the consequences to you or to me. You are the kind of man who can protect himself, I'm sure; your very ability in that direction frightens me a little on Jose's account. But"—she sighed and lifted her shoulders in a shrug—"perhaps time will decide this question for us."

Dave laughed with some relief. "I think you've worried yourself enough over it, ma'am," he said; "splitting hairs as to what's right and what's wrong, when it doesn't matter much, in either case. Suppose you continue to think it over at your leisure."

"Perhaps I'd better. And now"—Alaire extended her hand—"won't you and Montrosa come to see me once in a while? I'm very lonesome."

"We'd love to," Dave declared. He had it on his lips to say more, but at that moment an eager whinny and an impatient rattle of a bridle bit came from the driveway, and he smiled.

"There's her acceptance now."

"Oh, no! She merely heard your voice, the fickle creature."

Alaire watched her guest until he had disappeared into the shadows, then she heard him talking to the mare. Benito's words at the rodeo occurred to her, and she wondered if this Ranger might not also have a way with women.

The house was very still and empty when she re-entered it.

CHAPTER XII.

The Guzman Killing.

Ricardo Guzman did not return from Romero. The man had disappeared, it seemed, completely and mysteriously. At first the facts appeared plain: a citizen of the United States had been lured across the border and done to death by Mexican soldiers—for it soon became evident that Ricardo was dead. The outrage was a casus belli such as no self-respecting people could ignore; so ran the popular verdict. The ominous mottled serpent which lay along the Rio Grande stirred itself.

Of course, the people of Texas were delighted that the long-delayed hour had struck; accordingly, when the state department manifested its willingness to allow Don Ricardo ample time in which to come to life in preference to putting a further strain upon international relations, they were both surprised and enraged. Telegraph wires began to buzz; the governor of the state sent a sarcastic message to the national capital, offering to dispatch a company of Rangers after Guzman's body, just to prove that he was indeed dead, and that the Mexican authorities were lying when they professed ignorance of the fact.

This offer not only caught the popular fancy north of the Rio Grande, but it likewise had an effect on the other side of the river, for on the very next day General Luis Longorio set out for Romero to investigate personally the rancher's disappearance.

Now, throughout all this public clamor, truth, as usual, lay hidden at the bottom of its well, and few even of Ricardo's closest friends suspected the real reason for his murder.

Jonesville, of course, could think or talk of little else than this outrage, and Blaze Jones, as befitted its leading citizen, was loudest in his criticism of the government's policy. Blaze's conception of diplomacy was peculiar. "If Potos didn't talk straight that consul oughta beat a gun bar'l over the old ruffian's bean and telephoned for a couple hundred battleships. We Americans are cussed with notions of brotherly love and universal peace. Bah! We're bound to have war, Dave, some day or other."

Dave nodded his agreement. "Yes, But—everybody has the wrong idea of

this Guzman killing. The federal officers in Romero didn't frame it up."

"No? Who did?"

"Tad Lewis."

Jones started. "What makes you think that?"

"Listen! Tad was afraid to let Urbina come to trial. Ricardo's dead and the other witness is gone. Now draw your own conclusions."

Jones was amazed. "Say, Dave," he cried, "that means your case has blown up, eh?"

"Absolutely. Lewis has been selling 'wet' stock to the federales, and he probably arranged with some of them to murder Ricardo."

Blaze cursed eloquently. "I'd like to hang it onto Tad; I'd sure clean house down his way if I was positive."

"I sent a man over to Romero," Dave explained further. "He tells me Ricardo is dead, all right. There's a new grave in the little cemetery above the town, but there hasn't been a death in Romero lately." The speaker watched his friend closely. "If we had Ricardo's body on this side it would put an end to all the lies, and perhaps force Colonel Blanco to make known the real facts. It might even mean a case against Tad Lewis."

"What d'you say we go over there and get Ricardo?"

Dave smiled. "That's what I've been leading up to. Will you take a chance?"

"Yes."

"I knew you would. All we need is a pair of Mexicans to—do the work. I liked Ricardo; I owe him something."

"Suppose we're caught?"

"In that case we'll have to run for it, and—I presume I'll be discharged from the Ranger service."

"I ain't very good at runnin'—not from Mexicans." Blaze's eyes were bright and hard at the thought. "It's more'n possible that, if they discover us, we can start a nice little war of our own."

That evening Dave managed to get his Ranger captain by long-distance telephone, and for some time the two talked guardedly. When Dave rang off they had come to a thorough understanding.

It had been an easy matter for Jose Sanchez to secure a leave of absence from Benito, but Alaire knew nothing whatever about the matter until Jose himself asked permission to see her on a matter of importance.

The man had ridden hard most of the previous night, and his excitement was patent. Even before he spoke, Alaire realized that Panfilo's fate was known to him, and she decided swiftly that there must be no further concealment.

"Senora! A terrible thing!" Jose burst forth. "It is strange, unbelievable! My head whirrs—"

Alaire quetted him, saying in Spanish, "Calm yourself, Jose, and tell me everything from the beginning."

"But how can I be calm? Panfilo is completely dead. But—you know?"

Alaire nodded. "I—suspected."

Jose's dark eyes blazed; he bent forward eagerly. "What did you suspect, and why? Tell me all!"

It was with a peculiar, apprehensive flutter in her breast that Alaire realized the crisis had come. Heretofore she had blamed Law, but now, oddly enough, she found herself interested in defending him. As calmly as she could, she related all that had led up to the tragedy, while Jose listened with eyes wide and mouth open.

"You see, I had no suspicion of the truth," she concluded. "It was a terrible thing, and Mr. Law regrets it deeply. He would have made a report to the authorities, only—he feared it might embarrass me."

Jose was torn with rage, yet plainly a prey to indecision; he rolled his eyes and cursed under his breath. "These Rangers!" he muttered. "That is the kind of men they are. They murder honest people."

"This was not a murder," Alaire cried sharply. "Panfilo was aiding a felon to escape. The courts will not punish Mr. Law."

"Bah! Who cares for the courts? This man is a gringo, and these are gringo laws. But I am a Mexican, and Panfilo was my cousin. We shall see."

"Don't be rash, Jose," she exclaimed, warningly.

Jose continued to glower. Then, turning away, he said, without meeting his employer's eyes, "I would like to draw my money."

"Very well. I am sorry to have you leave Las Palmas, for I have regarded you as one of my gente." Jose's face remained stony. "What do you intend to do? Where are you going?"

The fellow shrugged. "Quien sabe! Perhaps I shall go to my General Longorio."

Alaire smiled faintly. "You will be shot," she told him. "Those soldiers have little to eat and no money at all."

But Jose's bright eyes remained hostile and his expression baffling. It was plain to Alaire that her explanation of his cousin's death had carried not the slightest conviction, and she even began to fear that her part in

the affair had caused him to look upon her as an accessory. Nevertheless, when she paid him his wages she gave him a good horse, which Jose accepted with thanks but without gratitude. As Alaire watched him ride away with never a backward glance, she decided that she must lose no time in apprising the Ranger of this new condition of affairs.

She drove her automobile to Jonesville that afternoon, more worried than she cared to admit. Law was nowhere in town, and so, in spite of her reluctance, Alaire was forced to look for him at the Jones home. As she had never called upon Paloma, and had made it almost impossible for the girl to visit Las Palmas, the meeting of the two women was somewhat formal.



"Senora! A Terrible Thing!" Jose Burst Forth.

But no one could long remain stiff or constrained with Paloma Jones; the girl had a directness of manner and an honest, friendly smile that simply would not be denied. Her delight that Alaire had come to see her pleased and shamed the elder woman, who hesitatingly confessed the object of her visit.

"Oh, I thought you were calling on me," Paloma pouted her pretty lips. "Dave isn't here. He and father—have gone away."

It needed no close observation to discover the concern in Paloma's eyes; Alaire told her story quickly. "Mr. Law must be warned right away," she added, "for the man is capable of anything."

Paloma nodded. "Dave told us how he had killed Panfilo—" She hesitated, and then cried, impulsively: "Mrs. Austin, I'm going to confess something—I've got to tell somebody or I'll burst. I was walking the floor when you came. Well, dad and Dave have completely lost their wits. They have gone across the river—to get Ricardo Guzman's body."

"What!" Alaire stared at the girl uncomprehendingly. "My dear girl, aren't you dreaming?"

"I thought I must be when I heard about it. Dad wouldn't have told me at all, only he thought I ought to know in case anything happens to him." Paloma's breath failed her momentarily.

"They left an hour ago in my machine, with two Mexicans to help them. They intend to cross at your pumping plant as soon as it gets dark, and be back by midnight—that is, if they ever get back."

Paloma's face was pale, her eyes were strained and tragic. She made a hopeless gesture, and Alaire wondered momentarily whether the girl's anxiety was keenest for the safety of her father or—the other?

"Can't we prevent them from going?" she inquired.

"What can we do? They'll go, anyhow, regardless of what we say."

"Well, we could be there—you and I."

Paloma agreed eagerly. "Yes! Maybe we could even help them if they got into trouble."

"Come, then! We'll have supper at Las Palmas and slip down to the river and wait."

Strange complications grow out of Jones' and Law's adventure on the Mexican side. It is a thrilling episode described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vibrations Make Sound. Anything stretched is likely to be thrown into vibration, or made to tremble, by the force of the air blowing against it. If it vibrates so fast as to produce the air waves that our ear can hear, then that is what we call sound. This is what happens to the telegraph wires when they hum; and if we put our hand on the telegraph pole we shall feel that the wires vibrate strongly enough to set the whole pole to trembling, too. When the air is quite still you will not hear the telegraph lines humming.



The ethics of gastronomy are as marked as those of society and the arrangement of a bill of fare calls for as much finesse as do the functions of a chaperon.—Elwanger.

CAKES FOR THE TEA TABLE.

The serving of tea in the late afternoon is a custom which should not be allowed to die out.

There is no need of an elaborate equipment, just a few pretty cups and plates, a hot-water pitcher and a teapot, with the trimmings necessary for tea, such as sugar and cream, a few cloves, and a lemon, all not at all beyond the means of the simplest household.

If the tea balls are made by tying enough tea for two or three cupsful in small pieces of thin muslin, they may be dropped into the hot water and the tea will not need straining. The tea balls will keep indefinitely in a tea canister. The custom of leaving a tea table set in a living room is not a pleasant one, as the linen and china become dusty and one prefers to know that everything is fresh and dustless. The necessary equipment may be brought on a large tray or tea cart, arranging it each day as it is needed.

Small crackers, with a marshmallow put on top, then browned in the oven, are great favorites with the young people, and they also are attractive in appearance.

Graham Cookies.—Cream two cupsful of brown sugar with one cupful of shortening, add one egg, one cupful of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Add enough graham flour to make a soft dough, roll and cut.

When making drop cookies, using fruit, a small amount of any preserved fruit may be added to advantage. For example, a spoonful of canned berries, cherries or pineapple. Dry it a little so the moisture will not cause the cakes to fail.

Date and Nut Cakes.—Cream a half cupful of shortening with a cupful of sugar. Add two eggs well beaten, a half cupful of sour cream and a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Stir a half cupful of chopped nuts and dates into one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour and mix them all together. A little spice or just a little grated nutmeg gives a good flavor. Bake in small buttered muffin tins and frost with chocolate icing, or half of them with white frosting.

In the war on high prices, the latest advice is:

To masticate slowly your bread and your meat.

To practice economy in your gastronomy

The longer you chew things the less you will eat!

SIMPLE INEXPENSIVE DISHES FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

A most satisfying dish for a main dish for the dinner or luncheon is prepared with rice and a small amount of meat. It is called in some cook books

Chop Suey.—Take a cupful of rice, cook until tender but still full of moisture, add a can of tomato, a pound of

chopped beef, salt, pepper, celery salt, one small onion finely chopped, all well mixed and baked until the rice is well cooked, and the meat is sufficiently cooked. This will make a dish large enough to serve a family of six bountifully.

Another Savory Dish.—Place a few bits of chicken or other meat well cooked and seasoned in a dish on a layer of thinly sliced potatoes or on half cooked rice, sprinkle with chopped onion, cover with a cupful of tomato and bake until the vegetables are well cooked.

Fig and Raisin Pudding.—Soak one cupful of bread crumbs in one cupful of milk for one hour; stir into them three eggs beaten light, three tablespoonsful of chopped suet and three tablespoonsful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Have ready one-half cupful of minced figs and the same quantity of quartered raisins. Mix the fruit and dredge with flour, then stir into the pudding. Pour the mixture into a large pudding mold with a closely fitting top leaving room for the pudding to swell. Steam for three hours. Turn from the mold and dry in the oven for five minutes, then serve with liquid sauce.

Grape Nut Pudding.—Dissolve a package of lemon gelatin of any brand, add a cupful of steamed raisins, a half cupful of sugar, six walnut meats cut fine and a cupful of grape nuts or macaroni crumbs will be fully as good, or crumbs of cake. Mix all together and mold. Serve with whipped cream.

Asparagus Sandwiches.—Chop fine one hard cooked egg, four strips of browned leftover bacon, and six asparagus tips, also a left over. Mix with any desired dressing and use as a sandwich filling.

The wheat kernel and milk are two of the most perfect foods that nature has made, containing all the elements necessary to repair waste, and rebuild tissue as well as supplying heat and energy. We need butter on bread to supply enough fat, but good rich milk supplies some.

There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts

probably the very best food you can select is Grape-Nuts.

It contains the mineral salts and energy values—all the nutriment of whole wheat and barley—digests easily and quickly, and the flavor is delicious.

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CURIOUS FEARS OF SOLDIERS

One Dreads That His Charcoal Burner Will Be Destroyed Although Indifferent as to Himself.

It is extraordinary what curious fears some soldiers have. One fighter always dreads that his charcoal fire will be destroyed by a shell. He always places the burner in the most protected part of the trench, but remains quite indifferent in regard to his own personal safety.

Another extraordinary fear of a soldier at the front is that of having his bootlaces untied. Nothing else has terrors for him, from bayonet fighting to asphyxiating gases. But he is quite certain that if his bootlaces are loose he will trip over them and break his neck. He always examines his laces to see if they are properly fastened.

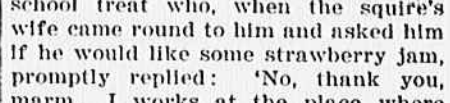
Another soldier who has been through the thick of the fighting is terribly frightened of going through a wood, and would rather walk miles round it than half a mile through it. He has the fear that some day a tree will suddenly fall and crush him.

Many soldiers have a horror of losing their identity disks, or of being unidentified, if they are killed, and buried in a nameless grave. One man is known to carry little scraps of paper in every pocket, giving his name and regiment, so that his body may be recognized if he is killed.

Knew What Was in It. Raymond Blathwait, the well-known journalist, was once asked to write a character sketch of Lord Northcliffe. In a letter he requested a special interview and the famous newspaper proprietor sent him the following reply:

"I am sorry, but I must ask you to excuse me from acceding to your request. I am like the little boy at a school treat who, when the squire's wife came round to him and asked him if he would like some strawberry jam, promptly replied: 'No, thank you, marm. I works at the place where they makes it!'"

Distinguishing Poison Ivy. Poison Ivy can always be distinguished from similar plants by its leaflets, which are arranged in threes, the center one borne on a slightly longer stalk than the other two. It is a perennial plant, propagated by means of creeping underground stems or rootstocks and also by the seeds.



For Building Up Quickly

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