

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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DAVE LAW AND ALAIRE AUSTIN MEET AGAIN AND SPEND THE DAY TOGETHER — LAW RECEIVES WARNING FROM AN AVENGER BUT LAUGHS AT THE DANGER OF DEATH

SYNOPSIS.—Mrs. Alaire Austin, handsome young mistress of Las Palmas ranch, lost in the Texas desert, wanders into the little camp of David Law, state ranger, waiting in ambush for a Mexican murderer. She is forced to stay 24 hours, until Law captures his man, kills another and escorts her home. "Young Ed" Austin, drunken wastrel, berates his wife and makes insulting insinuations about the ranger. Law discovers that Austin is secretly in league with Mexican rebels and horse thieves. Mrs. Austin encounters Gen. Luis Longorio, Mexican federal, when she goes to La Feria, her ranch in Mexico to collect war damages, and Longorio, a bad man, falls in love with her. Dave Law kills a cattle thief and comes into unpleasant contact with Austin.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

There was a murmur from the on-lookers; someone cried, "Viva Longorio!"

The general bowed smilingly; then, taking Alaire's arm, he waved the riders out of his path with a magnificent gesture.

When, later in the day, Mrs. Austin came to say good-by and thank the Mexican for his courtesies, he humbly begged permission to pay his respects that evening at her hotel, and she could not refuse.

As the coach went bouncing across the International bridge, Dolores said, spitefully: "It will take more than the pardon of poor Juan Garcia to unlock heaven for that bandit. Do you notice the way he looks at you? It is enough to damn him for all eternity."

Upon her arrival at the hotel Alaire received an agreeable surprise, for as her vehicle paused at the curb David Law stepped forward, hat in hand.

"What bloodthirsty business brings you to Pueblo?" she queried, when they had exchanged greetings.

Law smiled at her. "I came to offer free board and lodging to a poor Greaser. But he ain't here. And you, ma'am?"

When Dave learned that she was counting upon General Luis Longorio's aid in securing justice, he regarded her with some curiosity as he inquired:

"Isn't Longorio the very man who robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Mexicans are peculiar people," Law said slowly. "At least we don't understand their business methods or their habits of mind. From my experience with them, I wouldn't put much confidence in this Longorio's word. I say this, and I'm supposed to have a little Mexican blood in me."

During this brief conversation they had entered the hotel, and she gave her hand to Law.

"I hope we shall see each other again," she murmured.

"That's more'n likely; I'm located in your neighborhood now," he informed her. "I'm leaving for Jonesville in the morning."

"By train?"

"No'm. I'm goin' to follow the river road if I can get an automobile."

Mindful of the Ranger's courtesy to her on their previous meeting, Alaire said: "Won't you go with us? We intend to start early."

Dave was nearly speechless with delight, and when the mistress of Las Palmas had gone upstairs he felt inclined to pluck himself to see if he were dreaming. He had pursued a fruitless quest during the past few days, and his resentment had grown as he became certain that Tad Lewis had sent him on a wild-goose chase; but the sight of Alaire miraculously restored his good spirits, and the prospect of a long, intimate ride in her company changed the whole trend of his thoughts. His disappointment at not seeing her upon his visit to Las Palmas had only served to enhance his memories of their first meeting, and time now had deepened his interest.

Yes, she was "The Lone Star," the estrellita brillante of his empty sky. There could be no doubt about his feelings; he was more than romantically interested, the mere sight of her had electrified him. The discovery distressed him, and he very properly decided that the affair should end here, since it could lead to nothing except disappointment.

Of course all three of his companions were breathlessly interested in the story of Pino Garza's death; Dolores and Jose did not allow a word to escape them.

"Caramba! It required bravery to ride alone into that rincón," Jose declared. "I know Pino Garza well, and he could shoot like the devil."

"You said your horse saved your life," Mrs. Austin went on. "How do you mean?" When Dave had explained, she cried, quickly, "You weren't riding—Bessie Belle?"

"Yes. She's buried where she dropped. I've been right lonesome since she went away."

Alaire turned a quick glance upon the speaker to find his face set and his eyes miserable. Impulsively she laid her hand upon his arm, saying: "I know how you must feel. Do you know what has always been my dearest wish? To be able to talk with animals and make friends of them."

Dave smiled absentmindedly. "There's a wonderful book about a near-sighted old Frenchman who was cast away on a penguin island. He saw the big birds walking around, and thought they were human beings."

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realizing that he was jealous—yes, madly, unreasonably jealous.

So! His divinity was not as unapproachable as he had imagined. Doubtless Longorio was mad over her, which explained the fellow's willingness to help her exact reparation from his government. Fine doings for a respectable married woman! It was wrong, scandalous, detestable!

Had Dave only known the truth, he would have gained a grim comfort from it, for Alaire Austin was not enjoying herself that evening. Her caller stayed on interminably, and she became restive under the flow of his conversation. For some reason or other, Longorio was not the romantic figure he had been; in his citizen's clothes he was only a dandified Mexican gentleman like any number of others. The color was gone from the picture; this quixotic guerrilla hero, this elegant Ruy Blas, was nothing more than a tall, olive-skinned foreigner, whose ardor was distasteful. Longorio was tiresome.

CHAPTER X.

Jose Sanchez Swears an Oath.

Jose Sanchez made use of the delay at Pueblo to institute further inquiries regarding his missing cousin, but nowhere could he find the slightest trace. Jose swore an oath that he would learn the truth if it required his whole lifetime, and, if it should turn out that his sainted relative had indeed met with foul play—well! Jose told his friends they could judge, by looking at him, the sort of man he was. He proudly displayed Longorio's revolver, and called it his cousin's little avenger. The weapon had slain many; it had a duty still to perform, so he said.

Jose intended to confide his purpose to Mrs. Austin, but when it came time to start for Las Palmas there was a fourth passenger in the automobile,

and he was obliged to hold his tongue for the moment. Alaire was in good humor, and expressed her relief at escaping from everything Mexican.

"I haven't seen a newspaper for ages, and I don't know what is going on at Jonesville or anywhere else," she confided.

Dave told her of the latest developments in the Mexican situation, of home happenings, and when she asked him about his own doings, he informed her of the affair which had brought him to Pueblo.

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"How did you happen to read Anatole France?" Alaire asked, with a sharp stare of surprise.

The Ranger stirred, but he did not meet her eyes. "Well," said he, "I read most anything I can get. A fellow meets up with strange books just like he meets up with strange people."

"Not books like—that." There was a brief silence. "Mr. Law, you went to school in the East, didn't you? Where?" The man hesitated, at which she insisted, "Where?"

Dave reluctantly turned upon her a pair of eyes in the depths of which there lurked the faintest twinkle. "Cornell," said he.

Alaire gasped. After a while she remarked, stiffly, "You have a peculiar sense of humor."

"Now don't be offended," he begged her. "I'm a good deal like a chameleon; I unconsciously change my color to suit my surroundings. When we first met I saw that you took me for one thing, and since then I've tried not to show you your mistake."

"Why did you let me send you those silly books? I dare say you've had a fine laugh at my expense?"

"No!" gravely denied the man.

They had come to an arroyo containing a considerable stream of muddy water, and Law was forced to get out to plug the carburetor and stop the oil intakes to the crank-case. This done, Alaire ran the machine through on the self-starter. When Jose's "Carambas" and Dolores' shrieks had subsided, and they were again under way, Mrs. Austin, it seemed, had regained her good humor.

"You will receive no more of my favorite authors," she told Dave, spitefully. "I'll keep them to read myself."

"Do you still believe in chivalry?" Alaire turned her eyes upon the questioner, and there were no girlish illusions in them. "Do you?" she queried, with a faint curl of her lip.

"Why—yes."

She shook her head. "Men have changed. Nowadays they are all selfish and sordid. But—I shouldn't generalize, for I'm a notorious man-hater, you know."

He nodded, whereupon she eyed him speculatively. "Let us see. You are a man—how far would you go for the woman you loved?"

"The limit!"

Mrs. Austin frowned at this light-seeming answer. "I suppose you mean that you would make any sacrifice?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Would you give up the woman herself, if you considered it your duty?"

"No. There couldn't be any duty higher than love—to my way of thinking. But you shouldn't take me as a specimen. I'm not a good representative of my sex."

"I think you are a very good one," Alaire said quietly, and Dave realized that no flattery was intended.

Despite the rough roads, they made fair time, and the miles of cactus and scrawny brush rolled swiftly past. The morning sun swung higher, and by midday the metal of the automobile had become as hot as a frying pan. They stopped at various goat ranches to inquire about Adolfo Urbina, and at noon halted beside a watercourse for lunch.

Dave was refilling the radiator when he overheard Jose in conversation with Mrs. Austin.

"Nowhere a trace!" the horse-breaker was saying. "No one has seen him. Poor Rosa Morales will die of a broken heart."

Alaire explained to her guest: "Jose is worried about his cousin Panfilo. It seems he has disappeared."

"So! You are Panfilo's cousin?" Dave eyed the Mexican with new interest.

"Si!"

"You remember the man?" Alaire went on. "He was with that fellow you arrested at the water-hole."

"Oh, yes. I remember him." With steady fingers Dave shook some tobacco into a cigarette paper. He felt Alaire's eyes upon him, and they were eloquent of inquiry, but he did not meet them.

Jose frowned. "No one at La Feria has seen him, and in Pueblo there was not a word. It is strange."

"Panfilo was in bad company when I saw him," Law finished rolling his cigarette and lit it, still conscious of Alaire's questioning gaze. "He may have had trouble."

"He was a good man," the horse-breaker asserted. "If he is dead—the Mexican's frown deepened to a scowl."

"What then?"

Jose significantly patted the gift revolver at his hip. "This little fellow will have something to say."

Dave looked him over idly, from head to heel, then murmured: "You would do well to go slow, compadre. Panfilo made his own quarrels."

"We were like brothers, and I do not know of any quarrels. But I shall find out. I am not given to boasting, senor, but I am a devilish bad man in my way."

Nothing more was said during the luncheon, but when Alaire had finished eating and her two employees had begun their meal, she climbed the bank of the arroyo ostensibly to find a cool spot. Having succeeded, she called to Dave:

"There is a nice breeze up here."

The Ranger's face set; rising slowly, he climbed the bank after her. When they stood face to face in the shade of a gnarly oak tree, Alaire asked him point-blank:

"Where is Panfilo Sanchez?"

Dave met her eyes squarely; his own were cold and hard. "He's where he dropped at my second shot," said he.

He could hear his companion's sharp inhalation. He did not flinch at the look she turned upon him.

"He was practically unarmed! What do you call—such an act?"

Dave's lips slowly whitened, his face became stony. He felt himself pitilessly condemned.

"Why didn't you, tell me at the time?" she asked. "Why didn't you report it?"

"I'll report it when you give me permission."

"I—? What—?" She wheeled to face him.

"Think a moment. I can't tell half the truth. And if I tell everything, it will lead to—gossip."

"Ah! I think I understand. Mr. Law, you can be insulting—"

For the first time the man lost muscular control of his features; they twitched, and under their tan his cheeks became sickly yellow.

"You've no right to say that," he told her harshly. "You've plumb overstepped yourself, ma'am, and—I reckon you've formed quite a wrong opinion. Panfilo had his six-shooter and he used it; he intended to ambush me and release his companion, but I forced his hand; so it ain't what I'd call murder; I haven't lost any sleep over it. I—"

"You are utterly ruthless."

"Yes! I'm not what you would consider a nice person; the death of Panfilo Sanchez means nothing whatever to me. If you can grasp that fact, you'll see that your own reputation weighed heavier in my mind than the lives of a dozen Mexicans—or whites, for that matter."

"I go anywhere, everywhere. No one has ever had the effrontery to question my actions," Alaire told him, stiffly.

"And I don't aim to give 'em a chance," Dave was stubborn.

There was another interval of silence.

"You heard what Jose said. What are you going to do?"

Dave made a gesture of indifference. "It doesn't greatly matter. I'll tell him the truth, perhaps. You might warn him against any foolishness. Jose has some sense."

The woman looked up curiously. "Don't you know how to be afraid? Haven't you any fear?" she asked.

Dave's gray eyes were steady as he answered: "Yes! I'm afraid this thing is going to spoil our friendship. I've been desperately afraid, all along, that I might have hurt your reputation. Even now I'm afraid, on your account, to make public Panfilo Sanchez's death. Yes, I know what it is to be afraid."

It became evident to Dave, as the afternoon progressed, that they would be very late in arriving at Las Palmas, and he began to fear that his hostess would feel in duty bound to insist upon his spending the night at her home.

Dave Law finds further traces of criminal doings near the Austin ranch. Longorio makes himself extremely distasteful to Mrs. Austin. Some exciting episodes are described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Syriac Language.

Syriac is one of the three groups of languages into which the old Aramaic of Assyria and Babylonia was developed, the other groups being the Chaldean and the Nabatean-Sabean.

The Syriac is emphatically a Christian literature language, the Bible was translated into it as was a deal of writing from the fourth to the tenth century, and it, instead of Latin, is the liturgical language of the Roman Catholics of Lebanon in Syria today.

The Syro-Chaldaic is a variant of the Syriac, combining features of both the Syriac and Chaldaic groups. It is found in use in Kurdistan and the Lake Urmia districts.

HOME TOWN HELPS

TREES HAVE ECONOMIC VALUE

Every One That Is Planted Adds to Wealth of Community as Well as to Its Beauty.

The most striking living landscape feature is a tree, therefore wherever a tree grows the land is more or less habitable. No matter what kind of a tree it is, if of large size, it proclaims that the land it adorns is not a desert. Trees have been objects of love and veneration since the dawn of history, and as their attractions and uses are many and varied, he who plants a tree plants wealth and adds to the capital of all.

Trees beautify homes, parks, streets and even as orchards their beauty is not the least of their several specific values. They cool the parched earth and heated atmosphere in summer and protect from biting cold and stormy wind in winter, says the Los Angeles Times. They purify the air we breathe and prevent winds from contaminating it by arresting storms of dust and other injurious matter. They add very materially to the value of all property even aside from the esthetic considerations; their pure economic value is no question. There are not, therefore, any reasons for not planting trees and so many reasons why we should, that it is best to place them wherever and whenever the opportunity presents. It is indeed easy to get rid of them if improperly placed. Therefore be ever planting a tree, for it grows all the time, even while the planter sleeps, and is adding to the wealth of all on earth and all to come.

PERFECT LAWN NEEDS WORK

One Who Expects to Get the Best Results Must Expect to Expend Much but Not Difficult Labor.

To have a perfect lawn requires much but not difficult labor. As a rule the land conditions to be met may be divided into two classes: First, where there is a sufficient depth of good loam, but where the grass has gradually been allowed to die out, and second, where the lawnmower has a poor gravelly soil, seemingly without greenward possibilities of any kind quite regardless of what may be done to it.

The treatment in the first case cited is sufficiently simple. It will not even be necessary to spade up the ground and re-seed, for just as good results are produced by a simpler method and in much shorter time. Take a sharp iron rake with good sharp teeth, and after digging out the weeds, scratch deep into the soil, breaking it up as finely as possible. After doing this sow the best grass seed obtainable, using a grass seeder, of which there are several kinds on the market. The wheelbarrow seeder where the space to be seeded is a new lawn, for example, will prove a labor-saver. Where the space to be re-seeded is small, a broadcast seed sower will do excellent work; it is carried by a strap about the shoulder, and will sow not only grass, but all kinds of grain.

Bringing Country to City.

Denmark has solved the problem of gardens for city dwellers in a particularly efficient manner, according to the American-Scandinavian Review. An article entitled "Bringing the Country to the City" tells how 40,000 garden plots have been added to the productive area of Denmark through the utilization of vacant lots and waste lands in or near cities. The land is bought or leased by a company, which does all the preliminary work of building roads and fences, laying water pipes, installing a sewerage system, and preparing the soil for cultivation. It is divided up into small gardens, which are rented at a price of \$2 to \$4 for the summer. Many families raise enough vegetables for their own use and sell a considerable amount besides. Others prefer to build a little arbor and plant a flower garden, which becomes their refuge from the grime of the city.

Decoration of Schools Urged.

Importance of proper environment in education was emphasized by Rev. Dr. John Van Schaick, Jr., in a brief address before the League for the Decoration of Public Schools at its annual meeting at Washington. Dr. Van Schaick declared that proper artistic environment makes not only an esthetic but a moral appeal.

He intimated that the time would come when more public funds could be used for the decoration of school buildings. He commended the work that is being done by the league, and pointed out that it was private initiative which first awakened public sentiment to the need of kindergartens, hospitals and other institutions now supported by public funds, but first started through individual effort.

Back-yard Fences in Boston.

George Gibbs, special investigator for the Boston city planning board, wants wooden back-yard fences abolished in that city. He believes such fences are a nuisance in crowded districts and an eyesore elsewhere, and should be replaced by metal fences of an ornamental type. For high-class residence districts Mr. Gibbs favors brick or concrete walls for dividing lines between back yards.

Is Your Work Hard?

Work which brings any unusual strain on the back and kidneys tends to cause kidney ailments, such as back-ache, lameness, headache, dizziness and distressing urinary troubles. Kidney complaints make any kind of work doubly hard and if neglected there is danger of gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. If your work is hard on the back, keep your kidneys in good condition with Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands rely on them.

A South Dakota Case

R. E. Murphy, Pierre, S. D., says: "Kidney complaint had made me an invalid and I was confined to bed for a month at a time. My limbs swelled twice their normal size and my whole body was racked with pain. The kidney secretions were in awful shape, too. On a friend's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they made a complete cure. I shall never tire of recommending them."

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SEA SOLDIERS GOOD SHOTS

There is a Story From Vera Cruz That Tells of the Marksmanship of Uncle Sam's Marines.

The marines know how to handle a rifle; 50 per cent of the force are qualified, listed shots. There is a story from Vera Cruz that tells of good shooting and a sure eye, Henry Reuterthal writes in the Youth's Companion.

Our bluejackets were marching up the street from the plaza between rows of low two-story houses. A well-dressed Mexican, with a newspaper over his knee, was sitting on the balcony of his house, apparently intent on watching our sailors advance; but hidden under the paper he held a big revolver, and as our men went by he fired. The bullets were striking, but our officers could hardly suspect a well-dressed Mexican, reading a paper and looking peacefully on from his own house, of being the sniper.

Dropping his paper, the Mexican went inside to reload. When he came out again on the balcony the glint of the gun caught the attention of Lieutenant Colonel Neville on horseback in the plaza, 1,000 or more yards away. Through his eight-power field glass the colonel saw plainly the flash of the shots under the newspaper.

"Get him," he said, turning to his orderly.

The man raised his rifle, pressed the trigger—and the Mexican fell out of his chair.

"Got him, sir," said the marine.

Room at the Top.

Little Jennie had been eating very heartily, but she asked for another piece of cake.

"Jennie," said her mother, "I don't believe I ought to give it to you. You're about as full as a little girl can possibly be. Another mouthful, and you'll surely burst!"

"But, mamma