

# 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 ram-pagin' 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—"

"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 ridding 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."

"Hain'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 Guadalupes."

"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 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 keenly 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 they may be 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.

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 in fascinated, and with Latin boldness he made his feelings crassly 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."

"Vulgame 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

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.)

## FARMING NOW A BUSINESS

The Modern Day Farmer Applies Business Methods and Seeks More Than a Living on the Farm.

A nation-wide cry is being made for more economy and greater production, and probably never was the need of foodstuffs equal to that of the present. Grain prices are the highest in the nation's history and today the agricultural fields of America offer inducements that are unequalled in any other line of commerce or business.

The ideal life is that close to nature, enjoying the freedom of God's great outdoors and fulfilling a duty to humanity by producing from a fertile soil that which is essential to the very existence of a less fortunate people who are actually starving to death for foodstuffs that can be produced so economically in the United States and Canada.

High prices for all grains, undoubtedly, will be maintained for a number of years, and it appears a certainty that the agriculturist will reap a bounteous return for his labor and at the same time carry out the demands of patriotic citizenship. A wrong conception has been generally noticed as to "Life on the Farm." It has been, to a large extent, considered as only a place to live peacefully and afford a living for those who are satisfied with merely a comfortable existence. Such a wrong impression has been created. In a measure, by the lack of systematic business principles to farming in general. But today farming and agriculture have been given a supremacy in the business world and require the same advanced methods as any other line of commerce. In no other business does a system adoption pay better than on the farm, and it is certain that there is no other line of work, that generally speaking, needs it as much. The old idea of getting a living off the farm and not knowing how it was made and following up the details of each branch of farming to get the maximum of profit, at the least expense, is fast being done away with.

Farming is now being considered as a business and a living is not sufficient for the modern agriculturist; a small per cent on the investment is not enough, the present-day farmer must have a percentage return equal to that of other lines of business. The prices for produce are high enough, but the cost of producing has been the factor, in many places, that has reduced the profit. It is the application of a system to the cost of various work on the farm that it is possible to give figures on profits made in grain-growing in Western Canada.

Mr. C. A. Wright of Milo, Iowa, bought a hundred and sixty acres of land in Western Canada for \$3,300 in December, 1915, and took his first crop from it in 1916. After paying for the land in full and the cost of cultivating it and marketing the grain, he sold his grain at \$1.55 a bushel (a low price compared with the present market), had a surplus of \$2,472.67. His figures are as follows:

4,387 bushels worth \$1.55 at Champion ..... \$6,954.85—\$6,954.85  
Threshing bill 11c per bushel ..... 493.57  
Seed at 95c ..... 144.00  
Drilling ..... 160.00  
Cutting ..... 160.00  
Twine ..... 50.00  
Shocking ..... 40.00  
Hauling to town 3c ..... 134.61  
Total cost ..... 1,182.18  
Cost of land ..... 3,300.00  
\$4,482.18—\$4,482.18

Net profit after paying for farm and all cost ..... \$2,472.67

S. Joseph and Sons of Des Moines, Ia., are looked upon as being shrewd, careful business men. Having some spare money on hand, and looking for a suitable investment, they decided to purchase Canadian lands, and farm them.

With the assistance of the Canadian Government Agent, at Des Moines, Ia., they made selection near Champion, Alberta. They put 240 acres of land in wheat, and in writing to Mr. Hewlett, The Canadian Government Agent at Des Moines, one of the members of the firm says: "I have much pleasure in advising you that on our farm five miles east of Champion, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, this year (1916) we harvested and threshed 10,600 bushels of wheat from 240 acres, this being an average of 44 bushels and 10 pounds to the acre. A considerable portion of the wheat was No. 1 Northern, worth at Champion, approximately \$1.85 per bushel, making a total return of \$19,610, or an average of \$81.70 per acre gross yields. And by aid of a thorough system were able to keep the cost of growing wheat at about 25 cents a bushel."

Messrs. Smith & Sons of Vulcan, Alberta, are growers of wheat on a large scale and have demonstrated that there is greater profit in Western Canada wheat-raising than probably in any other business anywhere. Speaking of their experience Mr. Smith says:

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turns from the farm for the past two years have been around 200%, that is for every dollar I have spent I have received, three, now I do not know where you can do that well.

"This is surely the country for the man with the small capital as the land is still reasonable in price, payments in long term and work of all kinds for every man to do. I feel that if I was turned out here without a dollar that in less than ten years I could own a section of land and have it well equipped."

Western Canada's soil and climate is suitable to growing large and profitable yields of wheat. Many so large that those not acquainted with the facts hesitate to believe the reports sent out by the farmers in that country. As an evidence of their sincerity in reporting correct yields affidavits of a couple of grain growers are reproduced.

"I, Newell J. Noble, of the town of Nobleford, Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare that from 1,000 acres of wheat on the said farm there was, in the season of 1916, threshed 54,395 bushels of wheat, being at the average of 54 bushels and 23 pounds per acre. And that from 394.69 acres of oats on the said farm, there was threshed in the said season of 1916, 48,500 bushels of oats, being at the average of 122 bushels and 39 pounds per acre.

"And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of The Canada Evidence Act." NEWELL J. NOBLE.

A Woman Takes Affidavit as to Yields.—On January 4, 1917, Mrs. Nancy Coe of Nobleford made oath as follows:

In the matter of yield of wheat, oats and flax on my farm for harvest of 1916, I, Nancy Coe, of the town of Nobleford, Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare that I threshed from 115 acres on my farm 6,110 bushels of wheat (machine measure, which it is believed will hold out in weights fully about three-fourths of the crop already having been weighed), being at the average of 53 bushels and 8 pounds per acre, and that from 48 acres of flax on stubble ground, I threshed 933 bushels of flax, being at an average of 20 bushels and 38 pounds per acre, and that from 5,006 acres of oats I threshed 586 bushels, machine measure, being at an average of 115 bushels and 27 pounds per acre.—Advertisement.

Poets must suffer before they can write, says a philosopher. After that the public has a monopoly on the suffering.

## NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, headache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. ROBT. STOMPL, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

## Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all Flies. Beet, cecid, ornamental, common, and cheap. It is a most effective and safe fly killer. It kills all flies, including house flies, stable flies, and other annoying and dangerous pests. Ask for Daisy Fly Killer sold by dealers, or a pack of 100 for \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

## TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous effect of the almost miraculous effect. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Vaccines. Producing Vaccine and Serum under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

## In Cooking.

It seems to be difficult for a bride to resist putting whipped cream over everything.—Kansas City Journal.

## Such a Hero!

Bess—Nerve? Why, say! I've seen him joke with a waiter that he hadn't tipped!—Town Topics.

## When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No smarting. Just Eye Comfort. 25 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO



DE ALTON VALENTINE

"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-



DE ALTON VALENTINE

"Why Did You Take My Cattle?"

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