

# HEART of the SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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



DAVE LAW FOLLOWS A TRAIL OF CRIME THAT LEADS HIM TO A SURPRISING DESTINATION, BUT HE DETERMINES TO ENFORCE THE LAW TO THE LETTER

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 lying 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. Austin is secretly in league with Mexican rebels and horse thieves. Mrs. Austin starts for her other ranch, La Feria, in Mexico, to secure damages for cattle taken by Mexican soldiers, and encounters Gen. Luis Longorio, who becomes instantly enamored of her beauty, much to her embarrassment. Meanwhile Dave Law, trailing horse thieves, kills a man who shoots his horse.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The mist and an early dusk prevented him from seeing Las Palmas itself until he was well in among the irrigated fields. A few moments later, when he rode up to the outbuildings, he encountered a middle-aged Mexican, who proved to be Benito Gonzalez, the range boss.

Dave made himself known, and Benito answered his questions with apparent honesty. No, he had seen nothing of a sorrel horse or a strange rider, but he had just come in himself. Doubtless they could learn more from Juan, the horse-wrangler, who was somewhere about.

Juan was finally found, but he proved strangely recalcitrant. He admitted that he had seen a horse of the description given. Probably it belonged to some stranger.

Dave changed his tactics. "Oiga!" he said, sternly. "Do you want to go to jail?" Juan had no such desire. "Then tell the truth. Where is the horse now?"

Juan insolently declared he didn't know and didn't care. "Oh, you don't, eh?" Law reached for the boy, and shook him until he yelled. "You will make a nice little prisoner, Juanito, and we shall find a way to make you speak."

Gonzalez was inclined to resent such high-handed treatment of his underling, but respect for the Rangers was deep-rooted, and Juan's behavior was inexplicable.

At last the horseboy confessed. He had seen both horse and rider, but knew neither. Mr. Austin and the stranger had arrived together, and the latter had gone on. That was the truth.

"Bueno!" Law released his prisoner, who slunk away rubbing his shoulder. "Now, Benito, we will find Mr. Austin."

A voice answered from the dusk: "He won't take much finding," and Ed Austin himself emerged from the stable door. "Well, what do you want?"

"You are Mr. Austin, I reckon?"

"I am. What d'you mean by abusing my help?" The master of Las Palmas approached so near that his threatening scowl was visible. "I don't allow strangers to prowl around my premises."

Amazed by this hostile greeting, Law

not imagine why a person of Ed Austin's standing should behave in this extraordinary manner, unless, perhaps, he was drunk.

"Well, I saw the calves, and I left the fellow that was branding them with a wet saddle blanket over his face."

"Eh? What's that?" Austin started, and Gonzalez uttered a smothered exclamation. "You killed him? He's dead?"

"Dead enough to skin. I caught him with his horns in the fire and the calves necked up in your pasture. Now I want his companion."

"I—hope you don't think we know anything about him," Ed protested.

"Where's that man on the sorrel horse?"

Austin turned away with a shrug. "You rode in with him," Dave persisted.

Ed wheeled quickly. "How do you know I did?"

"Your boy saw you."

The ranchman's voice was harsh as he said: "Look here, my friend, you're on the wrong track. The fellow I was with had nothing to do with this affair. Would you know your man? Did you get a look at him?"

"No. But I reckon Don Ricardo could tell his horse."

"Humph!" Austin grunted, disagreeably. "So just for that you come prowling around threatening my help, eh? Trying to frame up a case, maybe? Well, it don't go. I was out with one of Tad Lewis's men."

"What was his name?" Dave managed to inquire.

"Urbina. He had a sorrel under him, but there are thousands of sorrel horses."

"What time did you meet him?"

"I met him at noon, and I've been with him ever since. So you see you're wrong. I presume your man doubled back and is laughing at you."

Law's first bewilderment had given place to a black rage; for the moment he was in danger of disregarding the reason for "Young Ed's" incivility and giving rein to his passion, but he checked himself in time.

"Would you mind telling me what you and this Urbina were doing?"

Austin laughed mockingly. "That's my business," said he.

Dave moistened his lips. He hitched his shoulders nervously. He was astonished at his own self-control, though the certainty that Austin was drunk helped him to steady himself. Nevertheless, he dared not trust himself to speak.

Construing this silence as an acknowledgment of defeat, Ed turned to go. Some tardy sense of duty, however, prompted him to fling back, carelessly:

"I suppose you've come a good ways. If you're hungry, Benito will show you the way to the kitchen." Then he walked away into the darkness, followed by the shocked gaze of his range boss.

Benito roused himself from his amazement to say, warmly: "Si, compadre. You will enjoy a cup of hot coffee."

But Law ground out fiercely: "I'm not used to kitchen hand-outs. I reckon I can chew my bridle reins if I get too hungry." Walking to his horse, he vaulted into the saddle.

Benito laid a hand upon his thigh and apologized. "Senor Ed is a strange man. He is often like this lately. You understand me? Will you come to my house for supper?"

"Thank you, but I think I'll ride on to Tad Lewis' and see Urbina."

At this the Mexican shook his head as if apprehensive of the result, but he said nothing more.

Law hesitated as he was about to spur out of the yard. "By the way," he ventured, "you needn't mention this to Mrs. Austin."

"She is not here," Gonzalez told him. "She has gone to La Feria to see about her affairs. She would not permit of this occurrence if she were at home. She is a very fine lady."

"Yes. Good night, Benito." "Good night, senior."

When the Ranger had gone, Gonzalez walked slowly toward his house, with his head bowed thoughtfully. "It is very strange," he muttered. "How could Don Eduardo have met this Garza at noon when, with my own eyes, I saw him ride away from Las Palmas at three o'clock in the afternoon? It is very strange."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### Following Up the Trail.

Dave was glad that he had swallowed "Young Ed's" incivility, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of Alaire. After all, he argued, it was barely possible that Ed had spoken the truth. There were many sorrel horses; the evidence of those rain-washed hoof-prints was far from conclusive; even the fact that Urbina belonged to the Tad Lewis outfit was no more than a suspicious circumstance. And yet, earnestly as he strove to convince himself of these possibilities, the Ranger could not down the conviction that the rancher had lied and that he himself was on the right track.

It was late when he arrived at his destination, but Lewis' house was dark, and it required some effort to awaken the owner. Whop Tad at last appeared, clad in undershirt and trousers, he greeted the Ranger with a leveled rifle; but when Dave had made known his identity, he invited him in, though with surliness.

Lewis was a sandy-complexioned man of about forty, with colorless brows and a mean, shifty eye. Formerly a cowboy, he had by the exercise of some natural ability acquired a good property—and a bad reputation. Just how or why he had prospered was a mystery which his neighbors never tired of discussing.

Tad, it seemed, resented any interruption of his rest, and showed the fact plainly.

Yes, he employed a fellow named Urbina. What was wanted of him?

Law explained briefly. "Why, he's one of my best men!" laughed the rancher. "He wouldn't steal nothing."

"Well, I had to shoot another good man of yours," Dave said quietly.

Lewis fell back a step. "Which one? Who?" he inquired quickly.

"Pino Garza." Dave told of the meeting at the branding fire and its outcome. He was aware, meanwhile, that Lewis' family were listening, for behind a half-open bedroom door he could hear an excited whispering.

"Killed the first shot, eh?" Tad was dumfounded. "Now, I never thought Pino was that bad. But you never can tell about these Greasers, can you? They'll all steal if they get a chance. I let Pino go, 'bout a week back; but he's been hangin' around, aimin' to visit some of his relatives up in the brush country. It was probably one of them old Guzman saw. Anyhow, it couldn't be been Adolfo Urbina; he was over to Las Palmas all the afternoon."

"Did you send him there?"

"Sure. Ed Austin can tell you."

"Where is Urbina now?"

"I reckon he's asleep somewhere. We'll dig him up and talk to him, if you say so."

But Adolfo Urbina was nowhere to be found. No one had seen him since about seven o'clock, nor could it be discovered where he was spending the night. Dave remembered that it had been about seven when he left Las Palmas, and ascertained, indirectly, that Tad had a telephone. On his way from Austin's Law had stopped at a rancho for a bite to eat, but he could forgive himself for the delay if, as he surmised, Urbina had been warned by wire of his coming.

"That's too bad, ain't it?" Lewis said. "But he'll be around again in the morning, and I'll get him for you. You leave it to me."

There was plainly nothing to do but accept this offer, since it could avail nothing to wait here for Urbina's return. Unless the fellow gave himself up, he probably could not be found, now that the alarm was given, without a considerable search.—In view of which Dave finally remounted his borrowed horse and rode away in the direction of Jonesville.

It was after daylight when he dismounted stiffly at Blaze's gate. He was wet to the skin and bespattered with mud; he had been almost constantly in the saddle for twenty-four hours, and Don Ricardo's cow pony was almost exhausted.

Blaze and Paloma, of course, were extremely interested in his story.

"Say, now, that's quick work," the latter exclaimed, heartily. "You're some thief-buster, Dave, and if you'll just stay around here little calves can grow up with some comfort."

When Dave rode to Jonesville, after breakfast, he found that the body of his victim had been brought in during the night, and that the town was already buzzing with news of the encounter. During the forenoon Don Ricardo and his sons arrived, bringing additional information, which they promptly imparted to the Ranger. The Guzmans were people of action. All three of them had spent the night on horseback, and Pedro had made a discovery. On the day previous Garza had been seen riding in company with a man astride a sorrel pony, and this man had been recognized as Adolfo Urbina. Pedro's witness would swear it.

Their distance from Las Palmas at the time when they had been seen together proved beyond question that unless Urbina had flown he could not have arrived at the place in question by noon, the hour Ed Austin had fixed.

This significant bit of information, however, Dave advised the Guzmans not to make public for the time being. Toward midday Tad Lewis and three of his men arrived with the news that

Urbina had left for Pueblo before they could intercept him.

"He's got a girl up there, and he's gone to get married," Tad explained. "I'm sure sorry we missed him."

Dave smiled grimly at the speaker. "Are you sure he didn't cross to the other side?" he asked.

Lewis retorted warmly: "Adolfo's an all-right hombre, and I'll back him. So'll Ed Austin. I guess me an' Ed are responsible, ain't we?" Some skeptical expression in his hearer's face prompted him to inquire, brusquely, "Do you believe what I'm telling you about his goin' to Pueblo?"

"I guess he's gone—somewhere."

Tad uttered an angry exclamation. "Looks to me like you'd made up your mind to saddle this thing onto him whether he done it or not. Well, he's a poor Mexican, but I won't stand to see him railroaded, and neither will 'Young Ed.'"

"No?"

"You heard me! Ed will alibi him complete."

Law answered sharply: "You tell Ed Austin to go slow on his alibis. And you take this for what it's worth to you: I'm going to get all the cattle rustlers in this county—all of them, understand?"

Lewis flushed redly and sputtered: "If you make this stick with Adolfo, nobody'll be safe. I reckon Urbina's word is as good as old Ricardo's. Everybody knows what he is."

Later when Dave met the Guzmans, Ricardo told him, excitedly, "That horse Tad Lewis is riding is the one I saw yesterday."

"Are you sure?"

"Listen, senior. Men in cities remember the faces they see; I have lived all my life among horses, and to me they are like men. I seldom forget."

"Very well. Tad says Urbina has gone to Pueblo to get married, so I'm



"Do You Think Ed Would Perjure Himself?" Dave Asked.

going to follow him, and I shall be there when he arrives."

"Bueno! Another matter"—Ricardo hesitated—"your bonita—the pretty mare. She is buried deep."

"I'm glad," said Dave. "I think I shall sleep better for knowing that."

Since the recent rain had rendered the black valley roads impassable for automobiles, Dave decided to go to Pueblo by rail, even though it was a roundabout way, and that afternoon found him jolting over the leisurely miles between Jonesville and the main line. He was looking forward to a good night's sleep when he arrived at the junction; but on boarding the north-bound train he encountered Judge Ellsworth, who had just heard of the Garza killing, and of course was eager for details. The two men sat in the observation car talking until a late hour.

Knowing the judge for a man of honor and discretion, Dave unburdened himself with the utmost freedom regarding his suspicions of Ed Austin.

Ellsworth nodded. "Yes, Ed has thrown in with the rebel junta in San Antonio, and Tad Lewis is the man they use to run arms and supplies in this neighborhood. That's why he and Ed are so friendly. Urbina is probably your cattle thief, but he has a hold over Ed, and so he rode to Las Palmas when he was pursued, knowing that no jury would convict him over Ed Austin's testimony."

"Do you think Ed would perjure himself?" Dave asked.

"He has gone clean to the bad lately; there's no telling what he'll do. I'd hate to see you crowd him, Dave."

"They call you the best lawyer in this county because you settle so many cases out of court." The judge smiled at this. "Well, here's a chance for you to do the county a good turn and keep Ed Austin out of trouble."

"How?"

"The prosecuting attorney is a new man, and he wants to make a reputation by breaking up the Lewis gang."

"Well?"

"He intends to cinch Urbina on Ricardo's and my testimony. You're a friend of Austin's; you'd better tip him to set his watch ahead a few hours and save himself a lot of trouble. The prosecuting attorney don't like Ed any too well. Understand?"

The judge pondered this suggestion for a moment. "'Young Ed' is a queer fellow. Once in a while he gets his neck bowed."

As the situation develops in the next installment, Mrs. Austin finds trouble increasing for her. Dave Law picks up some important evidence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### GOSSIP FROM STATE HOUSE

Governor Neville has issued a proclamation setting aside June 14th as flag day, and calls upon all loyal citizens to assist in its observance.

Food Commissioner Otto Murschel has refused to permit the sale of a carload of adulterated alfalfa seed shipped by a South Dakota firm to a merchant at Gibbon, Neb., and refused by him.

Guy E. Reed, for the past five years financial manager of athletics at Nebraska university, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted by the athletic board, to take effect September 1.

Local associations of grain men and farmers are urged by George Coupland, vice chairman of the Nebraska council of defense, to see that every farmer is supplied with winter wheat for seed this fall.

Attorney General Reed believes the mothers' pension law is a valid act notwithstanding it has been held unconstitutional by the county judge of Saline county on the ground that the act is broader than the title.

The thirty dairy cattle condemned as tubercular at the Lincoln hospital for the insane have in most cases been found not to have been seriously affected, according to the report to the board of control, by the packing houses purchasing them.

State Labor Commissioner George Norman has been appointed by Governor Neville to the new position of compensation commissioner, created by the last legislature. The governor named him for this place on the understanding that he will perform the duties of both offices with no extra salary.

State Auditor Smith has delivered to Adjutant General Hall 1,358 warrants for \$25 apiece, for members of the Nebraska national guard who served last year on the Mexican border and were afterward mustered out. This practically uses up the entire appropriation made for that purpose by the legislature.

Official notice that the time of grace for "slackers" who failed to register on June 5 for the selective draft has gone by, and that persons who should have registered and did not are now to be arrested and prosecuted as offenders against the laws of the United States, has reached Governor Neville in a letter from Provost Marshal General Crowder at Washington.

The Daily Nebraskan, the student publication, has sent \$51 to "Tim" Corey, president of the University of Nebraska club, as a gift of the Nebraska students and faculty to the Cornhuskers in the training camp. The club will decide how the money is to be used, so that every student and alumnus in the camp will partake of the benefit.

Wholesale drug houses may lawfully sell ethyl alcohol to doctors, and railroad and express companies may transport such shipments without being prosecuted for violating the prohibitory statute of Nebraska, under an opinion rendered by Attorney General Reed in reply to an inquiry from Edson Rich, general solicitor for the Union Pacific railroad.

Retail druggists, however, are not allowed to sell alcohol to doctors or anyone else, but may sell compounds containing it, prepared by themselves, if they have licenses issued by the governor.

The fiftieth anniversary of Nebraska's statehood was celebrated at Lincoln last week in a fitting and patriotic manner. The historical society museum in the city auditorium were exhibited many relics of the past—skulls of pre-historic men, bows, arrows and war clubs of the aboriginals and rule tools and implements of the first white settlers of the state. The "Pageant of Nebraska," staged in the coliseum at the fair grounds was rendered in a characteristic manner and witnessed by a large and appreciative audience. Theodore Roosevelt delivered the flag day oration—an appeal for patriotism and support of the president. A parade of over a mile in length marched through the principal streets, finally assembling on the capitol grounds where the address was listened to with much interest.

Commencement exercises at the University of Nebraska will be considerably shortened this year because of the large number of the class who have already retired from school. Some of the usual ceremonies have either already been held, or will be dispensed with altogether.

A report of registration of convicts at the Nebraska penitentiary shows that out of a total prison population of 409 there were 198 convicts between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, who were required to register.

State Veterinarian Anderson makes the statement that the constant demand from Europe for American horses has seriously depleted the number of animals available for the use of the United States government, particularly in Nebraska.

Confidential information from Nebraska bankers has been asked by the banking board on behalf of the Nebraska council of defense relative to the recently uncovered plot in certain localities of Nebraska said to be aimed against the liberty loan.

## BUSINESS GOOD IN CANADA

No Financial Depression, and None Since the War Began.

A well-known correspondent of an important Western daily paper recently made an extended visit to Western Canada, and in summing up the results, after going thoroughly into conditions there, says there is no financial depression in Canada, nor has there been anything of the sort since the war began. Anyone who has watched the barometer of trade, and seen the bank clearings of the different cities grow and continue to grow will have arrived at the same conclusion. The trade statistics reveal a like situation. The progress that the farmers are making is highly satisfactory. As this correspondent says: "It is true there have been adaptations to meet new conditions, and taxes have been revised, and that a very large burden of added expense in many lines has been assumed, but it has all been done methodically, carefully and with full regard for the resources to be called on. "That this has been done fairly and wisely is proved by the present comfortable financial position.

"With the exception of a restricted area in the east, Canada is not an industrial country. The greater portion of the Dominion must be classed as agricultural area, with only an infinitesimal part of it fully developed.

"Lacking complete development, the agricultural portion of Canada has naturally placed its main dependence upon fewer resources than would be the case in the States. Even in peacetime, business would be subject to more frequent and wider fluctuations, due to the narrower foundation upon which it rests.

"Thus, Canada has been able to come up to the war with efficiency and sufficiency and to maintain and even advance its civilian activities.

"Canada's first element of financial strength lay in its branch bank system. This system has two great advantages: It makes the financial resources of the Dominion fluid so that supplies of capital can run quickly from the high spots to the low spots; also, it places at the command of each individual branch the combined resources of the whole institution so that there is an efficient safeguard against severe strain at any one point.

"Here in Winnipeg, the all-Canada banking houses maintain big, strong branches and, as elsewhere in the Dominion, these held to an attitude of soundness and solidity that prevented even the start of any financial disturbance.

"That business generally is now coming strong on an even keel is largely due to the absolute refusal of the banks, both branch and independent, to exhibit the slightest signs of excitement or apprehensiveness.

"For all Canada the savings bank figures are astonishing. Beginning with 1913, they are, for the fiscal year ending March 31:

1913	.....\$622,928,968
1914	.....663,650,230
1915	.....683,761,432
1916	.....738,169,212
1917	.....888,765,698

"These figures represent what Canadians have put away after paying the increased living cost, which is about the same as in the States, all increases in taxes and imports of all kinds made necessary by the war and generous subscriptions to war bond issues.

"Prohibition has helped greatly in keeping the money supplies circulating in the normal, necessary channels. Tradesmen generally attribute a large part of the good financial condition to the fact that the booze bill has been eliminated. Canada takes law enforcement with true British seriousness.

"Financially, as in every other respect, Canada has developed sufficiency. She has done it in spite of initial conditions which would not look promising in the States and she has done it in a big, strong way.

"One of the best things we did," said one of the leading Winnipeg bankers to me, "was to decide early in the game that we simply would not borrow trouble."

"We started in ignorance of how the war would develop and without knowing exactly what our resources were, and had to find the way.

"And yet Canadians are not overburdened with taxes nor are they complaining of them. For the common people there has been but a slight tax increase. If any, in a direct way. Indirect payments, of course, are made in the shape of higher prices for living commodities, but the price advance on such items is no heavier than in the States in the same period."—Advertisement.

Forestalling a Shortage. This restaurant shortage is appropriately named, all right. It surely doesn't last long.

A woman's idea of meanness is something a man does that would be a mistake if she did it.

An easy mark by any other name would be just as foolish.

After the Movies Marine is for Tired Eyes. Refreshes—Restores—Marine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES! Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.



"I Don't Know Anything About You."

explained in a word the reason for his presence.

"I don't know anything about your man. What d'you want him for, and who are you?"

Dave introduced himself. "I want him for stealing Guzman's calves. I trailed him from where he and his partner cut into your south pasture."

Benito stirred and muttered an oath, but Austin was unmoved. "I reckon you must be a bad trailer," he laughed. "We've got no thieves here. What makes you think Guzman lost any calves?"

Dave's temper, never too well controlled at best, began to rise. He could