

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"Oh, I've been napping there in that chair, where I could keep one eye on you. I'm terribly selfish; I can't bear to lose one minute." After a while she said: "I've made a discovery. Father O'Malley snores dreadfully! Janito never heard anything like it, and it frightened him nearly to death. He says the father must be a very fierce man to growl so loudly. He says, too, that he likes me much better than his mother."

It seemed to Dave that the bliss of this awakening and the sweet intimacy of this one moment more rewarded him for all he had gone through. "I've been busy, too," she was saying. "I sent Juan to the village to learn the news, and it's not very nice. The good we stopped here. He says Neuvo Federal has been destroyed, and the federal forces are all moving south, away from the border. So our troubles aren't over yet. We must reach the river tonight."

"Yes, by all means."

"Juan is going with us as guide."

"You arranged everything while I snoozed, eh? I'm ashamed of myself. I'm so drowsy. You ought to be," she told him.

"My wife!" He laid his lips against her hair.

They were standing beside the window, speechless, oblivious to all except their great love, when Dolores entered to tell them that supper was ready and that the horses were saddled.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Dawn.

Juan Garcia proved to be a good guide, and he saved the refugees many miles on their road to the Rio Grande. But every farm and every village was a menace, and at first they were forced to make numerous detours. As the night grew older, however, they rode a straighter course, urging their horses to the limit, hoping against hope to reach the border before daylight overtook them. This they might have done had it not been for Father O'Malley and Dolores, who were loath to let the saddle unable to maintain the pace Juan set for them.

About midnight the party stopped on the crest of a tiny ridge to give their horses breath, and to estimate their progress. The night was fine and clear; outlined against the sky were the stalks of countless cotton-plants standing slim and bare, like the upright lances of an army; and just ahead the dark meadows, across a mesa, covered with grama grass and black, formless blotches of shrubbery.

Father O'Malley groaned and shifted his weight. Juan told me he never reached Romero by morning, at this rate," he said; and Dave was forced to agree. "I think you and he and Alaire had better go on and leave Dolores and me to follow as best we can."

Dolores plaintively seconded this suggestion. "I would rather be burned at the stake than suffer these agonies," she confessed. "My bones are broken. The devil is in this horse." She began to weep softly. "Go, senders. Save yourself! It is my neckruss fast stomach that hinders me. Tell Benito that I perished braving his name, and see to it, when he remembers that, that he retains none of my treasures."

Alaire reassured her by saying: "We won't leave you. Be brave and make the best of it."

"Yes, grit your teeth and hold on," Dave echoed. "We'll manage to make it somehow."

But progress was far slower than it should have been, and the elder woman continued to lag behind, voicing her distress in groans and lamentations. The priest, who was made of sterner stuff, did his best to bear his tortures cheerfully.

In spite of their efforts the first ray herald of dawn discovered them still a long way from the river and just entering a more thickly settled country. Daylight came swiftly, and Juan finally gave them warning.

"We can't go on the danger is too great," he told them. "If the soldiers are still in Romero, what then?"

"Have you no friends hereabouts who would take us?" Dave inquired. The Mexican shook his head.

Dave considered for a moment. "You must hide here," he told his companions. "While I ride on to Romero and see what can be done. I suspect Blanco's troops have left, and in that case everything will be all right."

"Suppose they haven't?" Alaire inquired. "All night she had been in the lightest of moods, and had steadily refused to take their peril seriously. Now her white cheeks had turned from her husband's face."

"Well, perhaps I'll have breakfast with them," he laughed.

"Silly. I won't let you go," she told him, firmly, and, raising her crype, stood in her face. "I felt a dizzy wonder. 'We'll find a nice secluded spot; then we'll sit down and wait for night to come. We'll pretend we're having a picnic.'"

Dolores sighed at the suggestion.

"That would be heaven, but there can be no sitting down for me."

Garcia, who had been standing in his stirrups scanning the long, flat road ahead, spoke sharply: "Crumb! Here come those very soldiers now. See!"

Far away, but evidently approaching at a smart gait, was a body of mounted men. After one look at them Dave cried:

"Into the brush, quick!" He hurried his companions ahead of him, and when they had gone perhaps a hundred yards from the road he told Dolores to wait, saying: "Ride in a little way farther and wait. I'm going back. If you hear me shoot, break for the river. Hide hard and keep your cover as much as possible. Before they can reconnoiter he had wheeled his horse and was gone.

This was luck, he told himself. Ten miles more and they would have been safe, for the Rio Grande is not a difficult river either to ford or to swim. He dismounted and made his way in foot to a point where he could command a view, but he had barely established himself when he found Alaire.

"Go back," he told her. But she would not, and so they waited together.

There were perhaps a dozen men in the approaching squad, and Dave knew that they were heavily armed. They rode fast, too, and at their head, grinning, a large man under a wide-brimmed hat. It soon became evident that the soldiers were not friendly. Therefore, Dave reasoned, they were not federal, but more probably some rebel scouting band from the south, and yet—He rubbed his eyes and stared again.

Dave pressed forward, eagerly, in- accidentally, the next instant he had broken cover with a shout. Alaire was at his side, clapping her hands and laughing with excitement.

The cavalryman, the big man, tumbled from his saddle and came stumbling toward them.

He took her hand in his and they rode on silently, a Song in the Heart of Each of Them.

Straddling through the high grass, waving his hat and shouting, he cried, and seized one of the ranchman's palms while Alaire shook the other.

"Say! We're right glad to see you all," Jones exclaimed. "You must all be having a sort of unpleasant time with Longorio, so we organized up and came to get you."

The other horsemen were crowding close now, and their greetings were loud. Benito Gonzales, Phil Strang, and a number of Jonesville's younger and more adventurous citizens.

In the midst of the tumult Benito inquired for his wife, and Dave relieved his anxiety by calling Dolores and Father O'Malley. Then, in answer to the questions showered upon him, he briefly sketched the story of Alaire's rescue and their flight from La Perla.

When he had finished Blaise Jones drew a deep breath. "We're mighty glad you got out safe, but you've kicked the legs from under one of our best neighbors. I sure had planned to nail Longorio's hide on my barn door. Yes, and you've taken the bread out of the mouths of the space writers and sob sisters from here to Hudson's Bay."

Mr. Austin, who had been in the party since he came to the country, and, believe me, it's the worst atrocity of the war."

"What?" Father O'Malley had joined the group now, and he asked, "Has he been declared?"

"Not yet, but we've got hopes," Alaire declared. "Ellsworth is in Washington, waving the Stars and Stripes and singing battle hymns, but I reckon the government figures that he's the origin of their newspaper pictures would be close anywhere. Well, we've got our own ideas in Jonesville, and some of us assembled ourselves and declared war on our own boss. These gentlemen—Alaire—waved his hand proudly at his neighbors—'constitute the Jonesville Guards, the finest body of American men that has landed since the time since me and Dave went after Longorio's hide. Blame it all I don't sorry you attacked our expedition!'"

It was evident, from the words of the others, that the Jonesville Guards were indeed quite as baseless of intention as the complications as was their commander. One and all were highly incensed at Longorio's perfidy, and had Alaire suggested such a thing, it was plain that they would have ridden on to La Perla and executed a reckoning from him.

Such proof of friendship affected her deeply, and it was not until they were all under way back toward Romero that she felt the hand made her appreciate fully known. When she reflected that these men were some of the very neighbors whom she had shunned and slighted, and whose honest interest she had so heartily misconstrued all these years, it seemed very strange that they should feel the least concern over her. It gave her a new appreciation of their civility and their worth; it filled her with a humble desire to know them better and to strengthen herself in their regard. Then, too, the earnest in which they held Dave—her husband—gratified her intensely. It added no more difference to them than that he was a poor man, a man without authority or position; they evidently saw and loved in him the qualities which she saw and loved. And that was as it should be.

The were gentle and considerate men, too, as she discovered when they told her, bit by bit, what had happened during her absence. She learned, much to her relief, that Blaise had been held, and that all the distressing details of the inquiry had been attended to. Jose Sanchez, it appeared, had confessed freely. Although her new friends were not his indignant, they likewise let her know that they considered his death only a slight loss, either to her or to the community. Not one of them pretended it was anything except a blessing.

The journey drew to an end very quickly. Romero, deserted now by its garrison, stirred and stared sleepily at the invaders, but concerned itself with their presence no more than to wonder why they laughed and talked so sprightly. Plainly, these gringos were a barbarous race of people, what with their rushing here and there, and with their loud, senseless chatter. God had wisely placed them beyond the Rio Grande, said the citizens of Romero.

The crossing was made; Alaire found himself in Texas once again, and it seemed to him that he had never been so bright, the air so clear, the sky so high, the world so smiling, as here and now. The men who had ridden forth to seek her were smiling, too, and they were shaking her hands and congratulating her. Even the Guzman boys, who were shy in the presence of American ladies, were wishing her the best of fortune and the greatest of happiness.

Blaise Jones was the last to leave. With special emphasis upon her name, she said: "Miss Austin, Pamela and me would like to have you come to our house and stay. We feel like going back to La Perla."

"When Alaire declined with moistened eyes, explaining that she could not well accept his invitation, he signified his understanding of her position."

"We're going to see a lot of you, just the same," he promised her, "because we feel as if you sort of belonged to us. There's a lot of good people in this part of Texas, and when they hear of you, God and the rangers is slowly weedin' out. We don't always know."

Just so.

"You are constantly surrounded by jesters, always got my wit about me," responded the king, who was some thing of the sort himself.

THE FARMINGTON ENTERPRISE.

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the ones we like best until something happens to 'em, but you'd heard the prayers the folks of Jonesville have been sayin' lately you'd know you was our favorite." Then, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, he told her, gravely: "It seems a pity that I ain't younger and better-looking. I would sure cut short your grief. Then he raised his hat and rode away, chuckling.

Alaire turned to Dave in dismay. "He knows?" she cried.

"The afraid of it all now. But don't worry; they'll respect our wishes."

Father O'Malley had ridden on ahead with Benito and Dolores; Dave and Alaire followed leisurely. Now that the moment of their parting was all behind, they lingered by the way, delaying as long as possible, feeling a natural constraint at what was in their minds.

"How long—will it be?" he asked her, finally. "How long before I can really have you for my own?"

Alaire smiled into his eyes. "Not long. But you'll be patient, won't you, dear?"

He took her hand in his and they rode on silently, a song in the heart of each of them.

(THE END.)

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The KITCHEN CABINET

Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Desserts for children should be planned with care and may be both delicious and appetizing, as well as easy of digestion. Figs and prunes are both highly nutritious and good for children, but they tire of them, served in two or three ways.

As candy is so liked by the little people, the following suggestion may be used to satisfy that longing without feeling that the child is being injured. Take the stones from soaked prunes and add an equal quantity of figs, put them through the meat chopper, and use the water in which the prunes were soaked to boil with sugar, until heavy sirup that will make a soft ball in water, is formed, remove from the heat and stir until creamy, add the chopped fruit, make into small balls, roll in powdered sugar, and set away to harden.

Home-Made Soda Water.—Take two pounds of sugar, two ounces of tartaric acid, three pints of water and a half-ounce of the essence of wintergreen, the whites of two eggs. Mix the sugar and tartaric acid together with the water, let it boil slowly for two minutes, then set aside to cool. When cool, stir in the wintergreen essence and the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir all together, put into jars and keep in the ice chest. When required for use put two tablespoonfuls of the sirup in a glass, fill with cold water, and stir in a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda.

Buttermilk Pop.—Heat a quart of buttermilk in a double boiler, when boiling stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of two eggs, mix a little cold milk. Stir and cook until the flour is thoroughly cooked and serve hot.

Frozen beef tea is a novelty which will appeal to the invalid during the hot weather. To prepare the beef juice take a thick piece of steak and broil it quickly in a hot pan, then score it and put it into a vegetable steamer to steam all the day. Put juice with a pinch of salt, but of much finer flavor than that which is cooked a longer time. Serve either hot or cold.

Turkish Cream Candy.—Put one and a half cupsful of sweet cream and three and three-fourths cupsful of sugar. Cook, stirring often, until a very soft ball is formed in cold water. Then add the candy thermometer, stir until 238. Let cool a little then turn out upon a marble slab, add fruit and nuts and work with a paddle until it shows signs of turning to a candy mass. Let it stand, then break off a portion and knead until soft and smooth throughout, then press into a mold lined with oiled paper. This will fill a quart mold. When it is hard it may be cut in slices or cut into chocolate or wrapped in paper with out dipping.

JACK CRAWFORD.

The way they make cherry pie in India may be interesting to us, and worth trying. Line a deep pie plate with pastry and put into it a quart of stoned cherries, all the dish with molasses and the top four tablespoonfuls of flour, cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Then brush over with beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar, and return to the oven to brown.

Cherry Roly-Poly.—Roll out very thin a rich pie paste, heap on two cupsful of drained cherries, that have been pitted. Roll up and place in a deep saucpan. Add a cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. If there is not sufficient juice to serve as sauce, cream may be used if desired.

Cherry Sponge.—Put a pound and a half of cherries into a saucepan, add a cupful of cold water, two cupsful of sugar and cook gently until all the juice is extracted. Strain, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a half cupful of boiling water and a teaspoonful of almond extract. When nearly cold, add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into a wet mold and turn out firm. Decorate around the base with stoned cherries.

Cherry Cake.—Cream half a cupful of shortening, add one-half cupful of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, and a half cupful of flour, mix with a half cupful of milk, mix well, and add a half cupful of stoned cherries, cut in small pieces. Pour the mixture into long tins and bake until nicely brown.

Cherries are an addition to any fruit salad, and as stewed sauce to be served with codfish, make a most delicious dessert.

Sambal, Malay Chutney.—Peel and quarter three onions, not wholly ripe, add one onion, pepper, salt and a little vinegar, put all through the meat grinder and serve with a roast.

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SOLD SHOTGUN FOR TEN DOLLARS

And Filed on Western Canada Land. Now Worth \$50,000.

Lawrence Bros. of Yers, Saskatchewan, are looked upon as being amongst the most progressive farmers in Western Canada. They have had their "ups-and-downs" and know what it is to be in tight places. They persevered, and are now in an excellent financial position. Their story is an interesting one. Coming in from the states they traveled overland from Calgary across the Battle river, Red Deer river, through the Eagle Hills and on to Battleford. On the way their horses were stolen, but they did not dishearten them. They had some money, with which they bought more horses, and some provisions. When they reached Battleford they had only money enough to pay their horses, but they had a shotgun. This was the only thing they had. They had some money, with which they bought more horses, and some provisions. When they reached Battleford they had only money enough to pay their horses, but they had a shotgun. This was the only thing they had.

"Since that time we have acquired altogether a section and a half of land, in addition to renting another three quarters of a section. If we had to sell our now we could probably realize about \$50,000, and have made all this since we came here. We get crops in this district of from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre, and from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre. Stock here pays well. We have 1,700 sheep, 70 cattle and 80 horses, of which a number are registered Curies."

Similar successes might be given of the experiences of hundreds of farmers throughout Western Canada, who have done comparatively as well. Why should they not dress well, live well, have comfortable homes, with all modern equipments, electric light, steam heat, pure ventilation, and automobiles. Speaking of automobiles it will be a revelation to the reader to learn that during the first half of 1917, 38,000 automobiles licenses were sold in Alberta, twice as many as in the whole of 1916. In Saskatchewan, 21,000 licenses were issued up to the first of May, 1917. In its monthly bulletin for June the Automobile Association of Canada makes special reference to this phase and to the general prosperity of the West in the following:

"Generally speaking the western better position than hitherto to increase his production. Two years of high prices for his products have enabled him, even with a normal crop of his land, to make a large proportion of his liabilities and at the same time to buy improved farm machinery. His prosperity is reflected in the demand for building materials, motor cars and other equipment. It is so doubt that some extravagance is evidenced by the astonishing demand for motor cars, but it must be remembered that many of these cars will be more efficient for the farm and economy both time and labor."—Advertisement.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

What the American Soldier intends to Do With Canada Is Not Understood in England.

With commendable enterprise a London editorial brother seeks to clarify for his readers the quality expression of certain American soldiers who have intimated that their first undertaking in Europe will be to "can the kaiser."

In interpreting their phrase as a desire to "can the kaiser" hermetically, however, the Londoner's zeal outruns his information.

Nix, nix, friend, it doesn't mean that at all, says the St. Louis Dispatch. It means merely that they propose to decorate the German emperor with hardware; to take his law; pour the leather into him; put him on the pan; slip him one on the wrist; sidnap him Angus; show him where he gets off. To put it more plainly, having bought clips in a game where the custom has been to play "em close to the waistcoat, the Americans have taken off the limit and announce they will copper all bets, sell all raises and intend, the very first time the kaiser gets his feet wet, to call him off the Christmas tree.

It is plain in the circumstances that our British brethren are about to find their knowledge of English handsome increased.

Kilauea's Lava Lake.

Early reports indicate that the alarms of war will not prevent many Americans from visiting the Hawaiian national park in Hawaii. These celebrated volcanoes, Kilauea, Mauna Loa and Haleakala are in the new reservation. The lava lake at Kilauea, a spectacle which has drawn thousands of visitors in past years from every part of the world, will be, it is predicted, unusually spectacular this season because of the recent increased volcanic activity in the region.

More Expressive.

"Words are inadequate to express my love."

"I know they are, Ferdie," said the dear girl. "Try candy and violets."

War may even liberate the human race from the thrall of the white starched collar.

The early milkman catches a glimpse of a woman's true complexion.