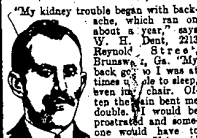


"Doans Saved My Life" "I Had Given Up Kidney Says Mr. Dent, 'But Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Me Permanently.'"



"My kidney trouble began with back-ache, which ran on about a year," says W. H. Dent, 212 Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. "I was unable to sleep, and the pain bent me double. I would have to get up and move. One day I got up and I began to break out. This got so bad I went to a hospital for treatment. I stayed there three months, but got little better. Dr. Dreyer set me and I bled until nearly half again my size. My knees were so swollen the flesh burst in places. I lay there waiting, and I thought about to catch my breath. I had five doctors, each one said it was impossible for me to live. "I had taken Doan's Kidney Pills long before I began to feel better. I took one and was soon able to get up. The swelling gradually went away and I was able to use my legs. I was completely cured. I have never had a bit of trouble since. I owe my life and my health to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Get Doan's of Any Store, Mrs. E. B. Doan's Kidney Pills, FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills house flies, mosquitoes, gnats, and other annoying insects. It is safe for children and pets. It is sold in small tins for 10c each. Write for free literature. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Appearance Are Deceiving. While "Don't you think a great big, tall, married man ought to be taken into the army just the same as anybody else?" "Hub—My dear, he only looks tall; as a matter of fact, he is probably short."—Judge.

The High Cost of Living and How to Reduce It—see ad on this page—Adv.

Many a man's wit is sharpened on the grindstone of poverty.

Countless Women find— that when suffering from nervousness, sick headache, dizzy spells and ailments peculiar to their sex, nothing affords such prompt and welcome relief, as will follow a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

A proven women's remedy, which assists in regulating the organs, and re-establishing healthy conditions. Beecham's Pills contain no habit-forming drugs—leave no disagreeable after-effects. They are—

Nature's aid to better Health

Directions of Special Value to Women are with every box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

ABSORBEINE TREATS MARKS, RASHES, SORES, etc. will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, sore throat, itching, hemorrhoids, etc. It is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use, does not blister or redden. Price 25c per bottle. Write for literature. ABSORBEINE, JR., 250 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Old False Teeth Bought

Broken or in any condition. We pay up to \$5.00 a set, according to condition. Mail address, Wm. T. Loyal, LOMAX, ILLINOIS

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

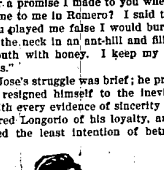
"But first, wait!" exclaimed the horse-breaker. "I bring you something of value, too." Desiring to render favor for favor, and to show that he was really deserving of the general's generosity, Jose moved from inside the sweatband of his hat a sealed, stamped letter, which he handed to his employer. "Yesterday I carried the mail to town, and I rode away from Las Palmas, the senora handed me this, with a silver dollar for myself. Look! It is written to the man we both hate."

Longorio took the letter, read the inscription, and then he read the letter. Jose looked on with pleasure while he spelled out the contents. When the general had finished reading, he exclaimed: "Ho! A miracle! Now I know all that I wish to know. Then I did well to steal the letter, eh?"

"Diablo! Yes! That brute of a husband makes my angel's life unbearable, and she flees to La Ferla to be rid of him. Good! It fits with my plan. She will be surprised to see me there. Then, when the war comes, and all is chaos—then what? Will I warrant I can make her forget certain things and certain people? Yes, in two, three, four days your secret will leave Las Palmas. When she is gone you will perform your work, like the brave man I know you to be. You will relieve her of her husband."

Jose hesitated, and the smile vanished from his face. "Senor Ed is not a bad man. He likes me; he—" Longorio's gaze altered and Jose fell silent. "Come! You are not losing heart, eh? Have I not promised to make you a rich man when the time has arrived? Seeing that Jose still manifested no eagerness, the general went on in a different tone: "Do not think that you can withdraw from our little arrangement. Oh, no! Do you remember the promise I made to you when you came to me to Romero? I said that if you played me false I would bury you to the neck in an anti-bill and fill your mouth with honey. I keep my promises."

Jose's struggle was brief; he promptly resigned himself to the inevitable. With every evidence of sincerity he assured Longorio of his loyalty, and promised the least intention of betraying



"Then I Did Well to Steal That Letter, Eh?"

his general's confidence. After all the gringo was cunning and there was no one of them who did not merit destruction. Pleased with these sentiments, and feeling sufficiently assured that Jose was now really Ed, he acted with characteristic decision. Since Ed's husband had more than once advised this very course, she went to Brownsville, enlisting his willing support. She had written Dave Law, telling her friend that she intended to go to La Ferla, there she remained pending the hearing of her suit. To be sure, she would have preferred some place of refuge, other than La Ferla, but she reasoned that there she would at least be understood, and that Ed, even if he wished to effect a reconciliation, would not dare to follow her, since he was persona non grata in federal territory.

She had counted upon seeing Dave

during her stay in Brownsville, and her failure to do so was a grave disappointment as she knew that he was in town attending court. Yet she told herself that it was better to be here than to have her husband's presence at this particular time. It inspired her to be equally brave and to wait patiently for the day when she could welcome him with clean hands and a soul unshamed.

In the midst of Alaire's uncertainty of mind it gratified her to realize that Dave alone would know of her whereabouts. She wondered if he would come to see her. He was a reckless, headstrong lover, and his desires were all too likely to overcome his deliberate resolves. She rather hoped that in spite of his promise he would venture to cross the border so that she could see and be near him, if only for a day or for an hour. The possibility frightened and yet pleased her. The conventional woman within her frowned, but her outer heart beat fast at the thought.

Alaire did not explain her plans even to Dolores, but when her preparations were complete she took the Mexican woman with her, and during Ed's absence slipped away from the ranch. Boarding the train at Jonesville, she was in Pueblo that night.

It seemed at last that war with Mexico was imminent. Later news came to issue, and that lowering cloud which had hung above the horizon took ominous shape and size. Ellsworth spoke to him that afternoon to President Roosevelt, but that the Atlantic fleet had been ordered south; and that marines were being rushed aboard transports pending a general armistice. It was as if the United States had finally risen in wrath, and as if nothing less than a miracle could now avert the long-expected conflict.

Blaze Jones took the San Antonio paper and read the paragraph which told the latest war news. Invasion! Troops! The Stars and Stripes! Those were words that stirred Jones deeply and caused him to neglect his work. How that his country had finally awakened to the necessity of a war with Mexico—a necessity he had long felt—was fired with the loftiest patriotism and profound eagerness to lend. Blaze realized that he was old and fat and near-sighted; but what of that? He could fight. Fighting, in fact, had been one of his earliest accomplishments and he prided himself upon knowing as much about it as any man could learn. He believed in fighting both as a principle and as an exercise; in fact, he attributed his good health to his various detestable "run-outs" and he had had more than once argued that no great fighter ever died of a sluggish liver or of any one of the other ills that beset sedentary, peace-loving people. Written in his like men—too much ease made them flabby. And Blaze had his own ideas of strategy, too. So during the perusal of his paper he bemoaned the mistakes his government was making. Why waste time with ultimatum? He argued to himself. He had never done so. Experience had taught him that the way to win a battle was to beat the other fellow to it. Why waste time in this diplomatic procrastination? Alled him with impatience. It seemed almost reasonable to one of Blaze's intense patriotism.

He was engaged in laying out a plan of campaign for the United States when he became conscious of voices behind him, and realized that for some time Paloma had been entertaining a caller in the front room. Their conversation had not disturbed him at first, but now an occasional word or sentence forced its meaning through his preoccupation, and he found himself listening.

Paloma's visitor was a woman, and as Blaze had time to hear her he felt his heart sink. It was Mrs. Strange. She was here again. With difficulty Blaze conquered an impulse to flee, that was so recently a story all too familiar to him. "Why did you come?" "Why? It seemed as if the whole city of Galveston was there, and yet nobody offered to help us," the dressmaker was saying. "Phil was a perfect hero, for the ruffian was twice his size. Oh, it was a tight fight! I hate to think of it!"

"What made him pinch you?" Paloma inquired. "Heaven only knows. Some men are dreadful that way. Why, he left a black-and-blue mark on my neck. Blaze broke into a cold sweat and cursed feebly under his breath. "He wasn't drunk, either. He was just naturally depraved. You could see it in his face." "How did you escape?" "Well, I'll tell you. We chased him up across the boulevard and in among the tents, and then—" Mrs. Strange lowered her voice until only a murmur reached the listening man. "A moment later the woman burst into shrill, excited laughter, and Blaze himself laughed furiously.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Warning. A few days after she had written to Judge Ellsworth Alaire followed her letter in person, for, having at last decided to divorce Ed, she acted with characteristic decision. Since Ed's husband had more than once advised this very course, she went to Brownsville, enlisting his willing support. She had written Dave Law, telling her friend that she intended to go to La Ferla, there she remained pending the hearing of her suit. To be sure, she would have preferred some place of refuge, other than La Ferla, but she reasoned that there she would at least be understood, and that Ed, even if he wished to effect a reconciliation, would not dare to follow her, since he was persona non grata in federal territory. She had counted upon seeing Dave

"This was unbearable! It was bad enough to have that woman in Jonesville, a constant menace to his good name, but to allow her access to his own home was unthinkable. Sooner or later they were bound to meet, and then Paloma would learn the disgraceful truth—yes, and the whole neighborhood would likewise know his shame. In fancy, Blaze saw his reputation torn to shreds and himself exposed to the gibes of the people who venerated him. He would become a scandal among men, an offense to respectable women; children would shun him. Blaze could not bear to think of the consequences, for he was very fond of the women and children of Jonesville. He rose from his hammock and looked down the porch into the kitchen, from which point of security he called loudly for his daughter. Alarmed at his tone, Paloma came running, quickly.

"Get her out!" Blaze cried, severely. "Get her out!" "She? Who?" "That woman!" "Father, what are you?" "Nobin! What else, but I don't want that caterpillar crawling around our premises. I don't like her."

Paloma regarded her parent curiously. "Do you know you don't like her when you've never seen her?" "Oh, I've seen her, all I want to; and I heard her talkin' to you just now. I won't stand for nobody tulin' my best stories." Paloma interposed. "The ideal she doesn't."

"Get her out and keep her out," Blaze mumbled. "She ain't right; she ain't human. Why, what'd you reckon I saw her do, the other day? Makes me shiver now. You remember that big bull-moose that lives under the barn, the one I've been layin' for? Well, you know I believe me, but him and her are friends. Fact! I saw her pick him up and play with him. Who—oh! The goose-flesh popped out on me till it busted the buttons of my vest. She ain't a girl, she's a woman. I saw her do, the other day? Makes me shiver now. You remember that big bull-moose that lives under the barn, the one I've been layin' for? Well, you know I believe me, but him and her are friends. Fact! I saw her pick him up and play with him. Who—oh! The goose-flesh popped out on me till it busted the buttons of my vest. She ain't a girl, she's a woman. I saw her do, the other day? Makes me shiver now. You remember that big bull-moose that lives under the barn, the one I've been layin' for? 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