MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

DEVELOPING ANY SIZE ROLL 10¢ BLACK'S 156 WOODWARD AVE DETROIT

Aggravating the Fault.

"When I say a thing I mean it!" exclaimed the emphatic man.

"But sometimes," replied Miss Cayenne, "that only makes it worse!"

The organizers of The Capitol Petroleum Company have now contracted for the drilling of the first well on their 597-acre oil tract in Kansas. Stock now only 2 cents a share while it lasts, one-fifth cash, balance four monthly payments, or 5% discount for all cash. Make all remittances to The Securities Finance & Investment Co., Fiscal Agents, 329 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.Adv.

Hush Money.

Miss Eleanor Munro, niece of former Postmaster Bryson, had an interesting experience while acting as a member of the "flying squadron" of the Red Cross, says the Indianapolis News.

Miss Munro was one of a machine load of workers canvassing the rural routes west of the city. At one home on the Maywood road, Miss Munro alighted and seeing several men in the carriage shed back of the house, proceeded in that direction, determined to make her appeal to the purse holding part of the family. Soon the other occupants of her machine heard sounds indicating some presumably humorous situation, and soon Miss Munro emerged from the shed and showed to her companions a double handful of bills and small change. "Six dollars;" she exclaimed, laughingly, "and how do you suppose I got it? I ran into a keg of beer and a poker game, and in order to get rid of me posthaste, they gave me everything on the board."

Where Bright Men Congregate.

A census of Leavenworth prison develops that there is only one illiterate person out of several thousand confined therein. An ignorant person hasn't brains enough to get into a federal prison. He generally gets thirty days in jail.—San Antonio Light.

Not Necessarily.

"They must have led a hollow life, they must."

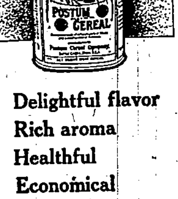
"Who must?"

"Those cavemen."

Instant Postum

A table drink that has taken the place of coffee in thousands of American homes.

"There's a Reason"



Delightful flavor
Rich aroma
Healthful
Economical

Sold by grocers everywhere.

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

—20—

"No, no!" He made a gesture of denial. "How ridiculous! I merely keep you from certain destruction. You cannot go by train, because the railroad has suspended public service, nor can you ride or drive. I tell you, senora, the people are aroused. For the moment you must accept my protection, whether you wish to or not. Tomorrow"—Longorio smiled warmly, meaningly—"perhaps you will not be in such haste to refuse it, or to leave La Feria. Wait until you understand me better. Then— But enough of this. You are unstrung, you wish to be alone with your thoughts, and what I have to say can wait for a few hours. In the meantime, may I beg the hospitality of your ranch for myself and my men?"

Alaire acquiesced mechanically. Longorio saluted her fingers in his customary manner, and then, with a look eloquent of things unsaid, he went out to see to the comfort of his command.

Alaire sank into the nearest chair, her nerves quivering, her mind in a turmoil. This Mexican was detestable, and he was far from being the mere maker of audaciously gallant speeches, the poetically fervent wooer of every pretty woman, she had blindly supposed him. His was no sham ardor; the man was hotly, horribly in earnest. There had been a glint of madness in his eyes. And he actually seemed to think that she shared his infatuation. It was intolerable. Yet Longorio, she was sure, had an abundance of discretion; he would not dare to offer her violence. He had pride, too; and in his way he was something of a gentleman. So far, she had avoided giving him offense. But if once she made plain to him how utterly loathsome to her was his pursuit, she was sure that he would cease to annoy her. Alaire was self-confident, strong-willed; she took courage.

Her thoughts turned from her fears to the amazing reality of her widowhood. Even yet she could not wholly credit the fact that Ed's wasted life had come to an end and that she was free to make the most of her own. Alaire remembered her husband now with more tenderness, more charity, than she would have believed possible, and it seemed to her pitiful that one so blessed with opportunity should have worked such havoc with himself and with those near to him.

Doubtless it was all a part of some providential scheme, too blind for her to solve. Perhaps, indeed, his own trials had been designed to the end that her greater, truer love, when it did come, would find her ripe, responsive, ready. As for this Mexican general, she would put him in his place.

Alaire was still walking the floor of her chamber when Dolores entered, at dusk, to say that supper was ready and that General Longorio was waiting.

"Ask him to excuse me," she told her servant.

But Longorio himself spoke from the next room, saying: "Senora, I beg of you to honor me. I have much of importance to say, and time presses. Control your grief and give me the pleasure of your company."

After an instant's consideration, Alaire yielded. It was best to have the matter over with, once for all.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Doors of Paradise.

Alaire began the mockery of playing hostess with extreme distaste, and as the meal progressed she experienced a growing uneasiness. Longorio's bearing had changed since his arrival. He was still extravagantly courteous, beautifully attentive; he maintained a flow of conversation that relieved her of any effort, and yet he displayed a repressed excitement that was disturbing. In his eyes there was a gloating look of possession hard to endure. Despite her icy formality, he appeared to be holding himself within the bounds of propriety only by an effort of the will, and she was not surprised when, at the conclusion of the meal, he cast restraint aside.

She did not let him go far with his wooing before warning him: "I won't listen to you. You are a man of taste; you must realize how offensive this is."

"Let us not deceive each other," he insisted. "We are alone. Let us be honest. Do not ask me to put faith in your grief. I find my excuse in the extraordinary nature of this situation."

"Nothing can excuse indelicacy," she answered, evenly. "You transgress the commonest rules of decency."

But he was impatient. "What sentiment! You did not love your husband. You were for years his prisoner. Through the bars of your prison I saw and loved you. Dios! The first sight of your face altered the current of my life. I saw heaven in your eyes, and I have dreamed of nothing else ever since. Well, Providence opened the doors and set you free; God gave heed to my prayers and delivered you to me. Now you pretend to grieve at your deliverance; you ask me to respect the memory of your jailer! Decency? Delicacy? What are they except artificialities, which vanish in times of stress? Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, Porfirio Diaz—they were strong, purposeful men; they lived as I live. Senora, you dally with love."

Alaire's face was white with anger as she replied: "You cause me to forget that you are my guest. Are you the man I considered you or the man you are reported to be?"

"Eh?"

"Are you the gentleman, the friend, you pretended to be, or—the vandal whom no woman can trust? You treat me as if you were my jailer. What do you mean? What kind of man are you to take advantage of my bereavement?"

After a moment's consideration, Longorio began haltingly: "I don't know what kind of a man I am, for you have changed me so. There was a time—I—I have done things— I have scorned all restraint, all laws except those of my desires, and so, perhaps, I am a vandal. Make sure of this, however—I shall not injure you. Mexico is no more sacred to me than you, my heart's treasure. You accuse me of indelicacy because I lack the strength to smother my admiration. I adore you; my being dissolves, my veins are afire with longing for you; I am mad with the knowledge that you are mine. Madre! Caramba! I am insane; my mind totters; I grope my way like a man blinded by a dazzling light; I suffer agonies. But see! I refuse to touch you. I am a giant in my restraint. The strength of heroes is mine, and I strangle my impulses as they are born, although the effort kills me. Senora, I await the moment of your voluntary surrender. I wait for you." He extended his arms, and Alaire saw that his olive features were distorted with emotion; that his hands, his whole thin, high-strung body were shaking uncontrollably.

She could summon no coherent words.

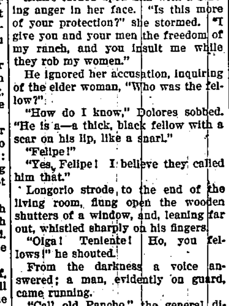
"You believed I was a hawk and would seize you, eh?" he queried. "Is that why you continue to shrink? Well, let me tell you something, if my tongue will frame the thoughts in my mind. My passion is so deep and so sacred that I would not be content with less than all of you. I must have you all, and so I wait, trembling. I say this so badly that I doubt if you understand. Listen, then: to possess you by force would be—well, as if I sacked a cathedral of its golden images and expected to gain heaven by clutching the cross in my arms. Senora, in you I see the priceless jewel of my love, which I shall wear to dazzle the world, and without which I shall destroy myself. Now let me tell you what I can offer you, what setting I can build for this treasure. Marriage with Luis Longorio—"

Alaire could not control a start.

As if quickened by his intensity, the man read her thought. "You did not imagine that I offered you anything less?"

"What was I to think? Your reputation—"

"Blood of my heart!" breathed the general. "So! That is what you meant a moment ago. That is why you refuse my embraces. No, no! Other women have feared me, and I have



"What Kind of Man Are You to Take Advantage of My Bereavement?"

laughed in their hair as they tore at my arms, but you—you will be my wife, and all Mexico shall bow at your feet." He checked her denial with a gesture. "Wait until I tell you the vision I have seen during these days of despair. I see Mexico made whole by my hands; a land of peace and plenty; a people with one name upon their lips—the name of Longorio the Deliverer; and you as the first lady of them all. You know me for a man of tremendous ability in every line. Well, I know myself, too. I have measured myself carefully, and I have no weakness. There is no other like me. Pancho Gomez? Bah! He is a red-handed bandit of no culture. Candeleria, his chief? The idol of the ignorant and a dreamer of no force. Potosi? He is president today, but what of tomorrow? Those who surround him are weaklings, and he stumbles toward oblivion. Who will succeed him? Who will issue from the coming struggle as the dominant figure of Mexico? Who but that military genius who checks the Yankee hordes and saves the fatherland? I am he. Fate points the path of glory and I am her man of destiny. You see, then, what I bring you—power, position, riches. Riches? Caramba! Wait until my hands are in the treasury. I will load you with gold and jewels, and I will make you the richest woman in the world. Senora, I offer you dominion. I offer you the president's palace and Chapultepec. And with all that, I offer you such passionate love as no woman of history ever possessed."

He paused, spent by the force of his own intensity; it was plain that he expected an immediate surrender.

Alaire's lips parted in the faintest of mocking smiles. "You have great confidence in yourself," she said.

"Yes. I know myself as no one knows me."

"Why do you think I care for you?"

Longorio's eyes opened. His expression plainly showed that he could not imagine any woman in her senses failing to adore him.

"Don't you take much for granted?" Alaire insisted.

The Mexican shook his head. Then his face lightened. "Ah! Now I see. Your modesty forbids you to acknowledge your love—is that it? Well, I know that you admire me, for I can see it. All women admire me, and they all end by loving me." His chest arched imperceptibly; with a slender finger he delicately smoothed his black eyebrows. Alaire felt a wild impulse to laugh, but was glad she had subdued it when he continued. "I am impetuous, but impetuosity has made me what I am. I act, and then mold fate to suit my own ends. Opportunity has delivered to me my heart's desire, and I will not be cheated out of it. Among the men I brought with me to La Feria is a priest. He is dirty, for I caught him as he was fleeing toward the border; but he is a priest, and he will marry us tonight."

Alaire managed to gasp, "Surely you are not in earnest."

"Indeed I am! That is why I insisted that you dine with me this evening. I cannot waste more time here, for necessity calls me away. You shall go as my wife."

"Do you think I would remarry on the very day I find myself a widow?"

"The world will never know."

"You dare to say that!" Her tone was one of disgust, of finality. "I wonder how I have listened to so much. It is horrible."

"You are still a little hysterical, and you exaggerate. If I had more time, I could afford to wait." He ogled her with his luminous gaze. "I would let you play with me to your heart's content and exercise your power until you tired and were ready to surrender."

Alaire raised her head proudly, her nostrils dilated, her eyes ablaze with hostility. "This is very humiliating, but you force me to tell you that I hate you."

Longorio was incredulous rather than offended. He drew himself up to his full height and smiled, saying: "That is impossible." Then, ignoring her impatience: "Come! You cannot deceive me. The priest is waiting."

When Alaire spoke next, it was with an expression and with a tone of such loathing that his yellow face paled. "Your conceit is insufferable," she breathed.

After a brief struggle with himself, the Mexican cried, hoarsely: "I will not be refused. You wish me to tame you, eh? Good! You have found your master. Make your choice, then. Which shall it be, surrender or—compulsion?"

"So! You have been lying, as I thought. Compulsion! Now the real Longorio speaks."

He flung up his hands as if to ward off her fury. "No! Have I not made myself clear? I shall embrace you only with the arms of a husband, for this is not the passion of a moment, but of a lifetime, and I have myself to consider. The wife of Mexico's next president must be above reproach; there must be no scandal, no secrets hidden away for enemies to unearth. She must stand before the people as a perfect woman; she must lend prestige to his name. When I speak of compulsion, then, I mean the right of a husband—"

Alaire uttered an exclamation of disgust and turned away, but he intercepted her, saying: "You cannot hold me at bay. It is destiny. You shall be mine tonight. Think a moment! We are alone in the heart of a country lacking in every law but mine. Your friends do not know where you are, and, even if they knew, they could not help you. Your nation's protest would avail nothing. Outside of these walls are enemies who will not let you leave this house except under the protection of my name."

"Then I shall never leave it," she told him.

For the first time Longorio spoke roughly: "I lose patience. In God's name have I not waited long enough? My strength is gone." Impulsively he half encircled her with his thin arms, but she seemed armored with ice, and he dropped them. She could hear him grind his teeth. "I dare not lay hands upon you," he chattered. "Angel of my dreams, I am faint with longing. To love you and yet to be denied; to feel myself aflame and yet to see you cold; to be halted at the very doors of Paradise! What torture!"

The fellow's self-control in the midst of his frenzy frightened Alaire more than did his wildest avowals; it was in something of a panic that she said:

"One moment you tell me I am safe, the next you threaten me. You say I am free, and yet you coerce me. Prove your love. Let me go—"

"No! No! I shall call the priest."

Longorio turned toward the door, but half-way across the floor he was halted by a woman's shriek which issued from somewhere inside the house. It was repeated. There was an outburst in a masculine voice, then the patter of footsteps approaching down the tiled hallway. Dolores burst into her mistress' presence, her face blanched, her hair disordered. She flung herself into Alaire's arms, crying:

"Senora! Save me! God's curse on the ruffian. Oh—"

"Dolores!" Alaire exclaimed. "What has happened?"

Longorio demanded, irritably: "Yes. Why are you yelling like this?"

"A man— See! One of those dirty peladors. Look where he tore my

"Well, What Have You to Say for Yourself?"

dress! I warned him, but he was like a tiger. Benito will kill him when he learns—"

"Calm yourself. Speak sensibly. Tell me what happened."

"One of those miserable soldiers who came today—pig!" Dolores was shaking, her voice was shrill. "He followed me about like a cat, purring and grinning and saying the most horrible things. Just now, when I went to your room, he was waiting in the darkness, and he seized me. My money!"

"A soldier? One of my men?" Longorio was incredulous.

Alaire turned upon him with a blazing anger in her face. "Is this more of your protection?" she stormed. "I give you and your men the freedom of my ranch, and you insult me while they rob my women."

He ignored her accusation, inquiring of the elder woman, "Who was the fellow?"

"How do I know," Dolores sobbed. "He is a—a thick, black fellow with a scar on his lip, like a snarl."

"Felipe!"

"Yes, Felipe! I believe they called him that."

Longorio strode to the end of the living room, flung open the wooden shutters of a window, and, leaning far out, whistled sharply on his fingers.

"Oiga! Teniente! Ho, you fellows!" he shouted.

From the darkness a voice answered; a man, evidently on guard, came running.

"Call old Pancho," the general directed. "Tell him to bring me black Felipe, the fellow with the torn lip. Quick!"

"Yes, general," came the voice; then the metallic rattle of spurs and accoutrements as the sentry trotted away.

Dolores had completely broken down now, and Alaire was trying to comfort her. Their guest remained by the window, frowning. After a time there sounded a murmur of voices, then a shuffling of feet in the hall; Alaire's friend, the old lieutenant, appeared in the doorway, saluting. Behind him were several others.

"Here is Felipe," he announced.

"Bring him in."

A sullen, frowning man in soiled uniform was pushed forward, and Dolores hid her face against her mistress' shoulder.

"Is this the fellow?" Longorio inquired.

Dolores nodded.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" The general transfixed his trooper with a stare; then, as the latter seemed bereft of his voice, "Why did you enter this house?"

Felipe moistened his scarred lips. "That woman has rings of gold. She's not so old, either, when you come to look at her." He grinned at his comrades, who had crowded in behind old Pancho.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The only time two women are in perfect accord is when they hate the same pe

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Benjamin C. Hilliker, Swartz Creek	320
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A Grasping Mind.

"Eight hours work, eight hours rest, and eight hours recreation, you know," said the man who likes proverbs.

"Yes," replied the weary citizen. "Maybe sometime congress will be hurried up to pass a law looking out for the rest and the recreation."

Where to Stick.

"Sticky weather," said the boy, who was thinking of fishing.

"That's right," responded his dad. "Stick to business, son."

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