

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

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Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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Behind them other lights appeared, two staring yellow eyes that peered over the horizon, seemed to pause a time in search of the two, then leaped out directly toward them.

Of this they were altogether ignorant; and when a deep, droning sound disturbed the desert silence, like the purring of some gigantic cat, both ascribed it to the drumming of their laboring lungs.

The two lights were not a mile behind them when, silently, without a sign to warn the girl, Alan released her, took a step apart and dropped as if shot.

Instantly she was kneeling by his side. But in the act of bending over him she drew back and remained for several moments motionless, staring at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping down upon them with all the speed attainable by a six-cylinder touring car negotiating a trackless desert.

When Judith did move it was not to comfort Alan. On the contrary, her first act was to draw from her pocket a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver, break it at the breech and blow its barrel clear of dust. Her hand went next to the holster on Alan's hip. From this she extracted his Colt's .45, treating it as she had the other. Then she crouched low above the man she loved, as if thinking perhaps to escape notice from the occupants of the motorcar.

If that were her thought, it was bred of an idle hope. Alan had chosen to fall in the middle of a wide space so arid that not even sagebrush had ventured to take root there. When the glare of the headlights fell upon them it was inevitable that discovery should follow. The motor car stopped within twenty feet. Three men jumped out and ran toward the pair, leaving two in the car—the chauffeur and one who occupied a corner of the rear seat; an aged man with the face of a damned soul, doomed for a little time to live upon this earth in the certain knowledge of his damnation.

As this happened, Judith Trine leaped to her feet and stood over the body of Alan, a revolver poised in either hand. "Halt!" she ordered imperatively. "Hands up!"

The three who had alighted obeyed without a moment's hesitation; her father's creatures, they knew the daughter's temper far too well to dream of opposing her will.

In the six hands that were silhouetted against the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glimmered; but at her command all three dropped harmlessly to the earth.

Then, sharply, "Stand back two paces!" she required.

They humored her unanimsly. Darting forward, she picked up and pocketed the three weapons, then with one of her own singled out the men she named.

"Now, Marrophat—and you, Hicks—pick Mr. Law up and carry him into the car. And lift him gently, mind! If one of you treats a finger to harm him, that one shall answer to me."

Still none ventured to dispute her. The two men designated, without a sign of disinclination, stepped forward. One lifted Alan Law by the shoulders; the other took the legs. Between them they bore him with every care toward the motor car.

But now a second will manifested itself. The man in the rear seat lifted up a weirdly sonorous voice:

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop this nonsense! Drop that man! Judith, I command you—"

"Be silent!" the girl cut in sharply. "I command here—if it's necessary to tell you."

There was a pause of astonishment. Then the old man broke out in exasperation that threatened to wax into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my face?"

"Apparently!" she shot back, with a short laugh. "Judge for yourself!"

"Have you forgotten your vow to me?"

"No. But I take it back and cancel it: that is my privilege, I believe. . . . Silence!" she stormed as she strove to gainsay her. "Silence—do you hear?—or it will be the worse for you!"

As well command the sea to still its voice: her father raged like a madman that he was, for the time being divested of his habitual mask of frigid heartlessness.

And seeing that there was no other way of quieting him, the girl turned to the third man.

"Now Jimmy!" she said crisply. "Into that car—and be quick about it—and gag him!"

"If you do," her father foamed, "I'll have your life—"

A flourish of her weapons gained instant obedience. She stepped up on the running board and shot a quick, searching glance at the face of the chauffeur.

"Straight ahead, my man!" she said. "Make for the nearest pass through those hills yonder, and don't delay unless you are anxious for trouble. Off you go!"

The car began to move. She swept the three men in the desert a mocking bow, jumped into the body of the car and slammed the door.

They made no effort to plead their cause and secure passage even as far as the edge of the desert; doubtless they knew too well the futility of that, she thought, as she settled back in a seat, chuckling with the memory of those three masks of dismay unmitigated.

It was not until five minutes later, when she straightened up from making Alan comfortable that she realized what had made them so content to abide by her will.

Then she heard their voices lifted together in a long, shrill howl that was quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistols popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing rumble of galloping hoofs.

The night glasses in the car afforded her flashes of a body of several horsemen—some six or seven, she judged—making at top speed toward the spot where Marrophat, Hicks and Jimmy waited beside a beacon which they had built and lighted.

Half a dozen sentences exchanged with the chauffeur advised her that these were horsemen from the town of Mesa who had charged themselves with the duty of avenging the death of Hopi Jim Slade.

A sardonic chuckle from within Trine's gag goaded the girl into a sullen fury.

Exacting his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her displeasure, she set herself to revive Alan.

With the aid of such stores of food and drink as the car carried, this was quickly enough accomplished.

Strangling with an overdose of brandy too little diluted with water, Alan sat up, grasped the conditions in a flash, and gained further information as he devoured sandwiches and emptied a canteen.

The mountain pass was now, he judged, a mile distant. The light on the hillside, according to the chauffeur, was that of a prospector who had camped there temporarily. There was nothing, then, to be feared from that quarter, but solely from the rear—where the horsemen, having picked up Marrophat and his companions, had instituted hot pursuit, and were now strung out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the farthest—perhaps a mile and a half away—one with a single rider the nearest, well within three-quarters of a mile.

Nobly mounted, this last came on like the wind, gaining on the motor car with every stride; for his horse was trained to such going, whereas the car at best could only labor heavily in dust and sand.

None the less, it had won to a point within a quarter of a mile from the pass before the horseman got within what he esteemed the proper range, and opened fire.

He fired thrice. His first shot winged wide, his second by ill-chance ripped through a rear tire of the car, thus placing upon it an additional handicap, while his third sought the zenith as his hands flew up and he dropped from the saddle, drilled through the body by Alan's only shot.

A long-range pistol duel was in progress before the car had covered half the remaining distance to the pass.

By the time it entered this last, which proved to be a narrow ravine with towering sides of crumbly earth and shale and broken rock, the pursuit was not a hundred yards behind, while the firing was well-nigh continuous.

Two hundred feet above the trail two men were working with desperate haste at some mysterious business—though none noticed them.

Only the chauffeur was aware of a woman running down the hillside at an angle, to intercept the car several

hundred yards from the mouth of the pass.

As it drew near the spot where she paused, waving both hands frantically, the head of the pursuing party swept into the mouth of the ravine.

At the same time the chauffeur noticed that the two men on the hillside were following the woman pell-mell, throwing themselves down the slope with gigantic leaps and bounds.

And then a great explosion rent the peaceful hush of night—that till then had been profaned by the pattering cracks of the revolver fusillade.

As the roar of dynamite subsided the entire side of the hill shifted and slid ponderously down, choking the ravine with debris to the depth of some thirty or forty feet, burying the leaders of the pursuit beyond hope of rescue.

Only a instant later the motor car jolted to a halt and Alan pulled himself together to find that Rose and Barcus were standing beside the door and jabbering joyful greetings, mixed with more or less incoherent explanations of the manner in which they had come to seek shelter for the night in the prospector's shack and, roused by the noise of firing and recognizing Alan in the car by the aid of spy-glasses, had with the prospector's aid hit upon this scheme of shooting a landslide in between the pursuit and its devoted quarry.

fallen little short of compassing his death, not once, but half a dozen times; Judith herself poised on the running-board and smiling down at her victim with a warmth of friendliness even more than the warmth of friendship; and at some little distance, Rose, Mr. Law's fiancée and Judith's sister, eating her heart out with jealousy of this new-sprung intimacy between her sister and her lover!

"Bad business, my friend!" Barcus mentally apostrophized the unwitting Alan Law.

He interrupted himself to nod knowingly and with profound conviction: "I knew it. Now it begins again!"

For Rose had abruptly taken a hand in the affair, a gesture of exasperation prefacing her call: "Alan!"

To her Mr. Law turned instantly, with such alacrity that none who watched might doubt which of the two women came first in his esteem.

Nor was this wasted upon the understanding of Judith. Eyeing her narrowly though furtively, Mr. Barcus saw her handsome face darken ominously.

And her father was as quick to recognize these portents of trouble and to seek to advantage himself of them.

His head craned out horribly on his long, wasted neck as he pitched a sibilant whisper for her ears, and his face in the moonlight seemed to glow with the reflection of that inferno which smoldered in his evil bosom.

But one was silenced, the other quenching all in a twinkling. His daughter turned on him in a flash of imperial rage.

Barcus caught snatches of the woman's tirade.

"Be silent!" he heard her say. "Be silent, do you hear? Don't ever speak to me again unless you want me to replace that gag. I say, don't speak to me! . . . I am finished with you once and for all time; never again shall you pervert my nature to your damnable purposes—never again shall word or wish of yours drive me to lift my hand against a man who has never done you the least harm, though your persecution of him would have acquitted him of a charge of manslaughter in any court—on grounds of self-defense! . . . Understand me!" she raged. "I'm through. Henceforth I go my way, and you yours . . ."

Her voice broke. She clenched her hands into two tight fists with the effort at self-control, and lifted a written face to the moonlight.

"God help us both!" she cried.



No Doubt Which Came First in His Esteem.

CHAPTER XLIV.
As in a Glass, Darkly.
Thoughtfully Mr. Barcus returned his attention to the lovers.
If the evidence of his senses did not mislead him, he was witnessing their first difference of opinion. It was not an argument acute enough to deserve the name of quarrel; but undoubtedly the two were at odds upon some question—Rose insistent, Alan reluctant.
The last gave way in the end, shrugged, returned to the car.
"I'm going back up the trail," he announced, and hesitated oddly.
"Feeling the need of some little exercise, no doubt," Barcus suggested.
"Rose thinks it's dangerous to stop here," Alan began to explain, ignoring the interruption.
"Miss Rose is right—eh, Miss Judith?" Barcus interpolated.
Judith nodded darkly.
"So I'm going to see if I can't buy burros from the prospector back there. Rose says he has some—doesn't know how many—"

"Three will be enough," Judith interposed. "I mean, don't get one for me. I'm stopping here."

"But—" Alan started to protest. She gave him pause with a weary gesture.

"Please! It's no good arguing, Mr. Law: I've made up my mind; I can be most helpful here, by my father's side," she asserted, and nodded at Trine with a significant smile that maddened him. "He needs me—and no harm can come to me; I'm pretty well able to take care of myself!"

At this the innocent bystander breathed an unheard but fervent little prayer of thanksgiving, whose spirit he doubted not was shared by Alan.

For it stuck in the memory of Barcus that their friend, the prospector (whose shack had sheltered Rose and Barcus after their transit of the desert and prior to the man-made avalanche, which had afforded this temporary immunity from pursuit) had mentioned in the hearing of Rose the fact that his string of burros was limited to three.

This, then, must have been the nub of the lovers' quarrel: Rose's insistence that Judith be left behind, Alan's reluctance to consent to this lest he convict himself of the charge of rank ingratitude, remembering the great service his erstwhile antagonist had done him.

If only Judith might not find cause to change her mind!

He set himself sedulously to divert Judith with the magic of his conversational powers—an offering indifferently received. He was still blithely gossiping when Judith flung away to her sister's side.

The ensuing quarrel seemed but the more portentous in view of the restraint imposed upon themselves by both parties thereto.

He believed, however, that a crisis impended when the tinkle of mule-bells rounded down the canyon road; and at this he threw discretion to the winds and ran toward the two with hands upheld in mock horror and a manner of humorous protest.

(To be Continued.)

Big Business College of Columbia Makes Special Announcement to Patrons Largest and Best Known Institution of Kind in State, Makes Most Liberal Offer to Young People for 1915

In keeping with the spirit of times, the management of Draughon's Practical Business College of Columbia, S. C., (one of the chain of big Draughon Colleges located throughout the Southern and Western States,) announces four (4) young men and young women planning to enter College in January.

While the majority of small business colleges are no longer able to accept cotton at ten cents per pound in payment for tuition the Big Draughon College of Columbia is continuing to offer this ten cents cotton plan, and also announcing that notes, payable one year (or longer) from date, will be accepted in payment for scholarships, while this temporary period of business depression continues.

In fact, this institution is extending to its patrons throughout the State the most liberal terms and conditions with reference to manner of making tuition payments.

Following are the four (4) plans of enrollment offered:
1. Cotton Plan—Cotton will be accepted (strict middling) in payment for scholarships and ten cents per pound will be allowed for it. One 500-pound bale will pay for a \$50 complete scholarship in the Bookkeeping and Banking department of Draughon's College or a complete scholarship in the Shorthand and Typewriting department. Two such bales will be accepted for a Combined Scholarship of both Bookkeeping, Shorthand and auxiliary studies.

2. Note Plan—Where the student enrolling pays cash for scholarship, a "War Discount" of \$10.00 will be allowed and Railroad fare of the student to Columbia will be paid by the College. This is equal in every way, from an economical standpoint, to the cotton plan offered above, and will only remain in force for such a limited time as in the opinion of the College management present existing conditions may justify.

3. By Mail Plan—Any young man or young woman can purchase a Draughon Scholarship for the Bookkeeping and Banking, or for the Shorthand and Typewriting course, and pay for this scholarship with cotton (on a basis of ten cents per pound) with cash, or with an approved note. The student can then remain at home, and the College will

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The above plan (No. 4) will especially appeal to many young men and young women throughout the State during the coming year, because many can afford to purchase a \$50 scholarship, for cash or with cotton (at ten cents,) but do not feel able or willing, under the conditions now existing, to undertake the monthly board and living expenses which attending a college certainly makes necessary. While progress is not so rapid in taking lessons by mail, the saving in board and living expenses means a great deal. After taking the Home Study lessons, a student should be able to go to College, complete the work thoroughly in six to eight weeks and accept a position. Individual letters from those who have used this plan during the past year is the best proof that you can use it too. Write for full details.

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Parents who are now planning to place son or daughter in Business College, or young men who look forward to preparing themselves for successful business careers, and wish to economize as much as possible, should write for full information concerning one of the above plans. Money saved is money made, and Draughon training (endorsed by Bankers and Business men everywhere) and the Draughon Business College (the largest business educational training institution in the State) need no introduction to the public; the superiority of the courses of study and the greater facilities for securing positions for students being well known.

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