

The Trey O' Hearts

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

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Boat," "The Black Bag," etc.

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 pulses.

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

"Now, Marrophenat—and you, Hicks—pick Mr. Law up and carry him into the car. And treat him gently, mind! If one of you lifts 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 he 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 growling 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 Marrophenat, 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.

Exactng 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 Marrophenat and his companions, had instituted hot pursuit, and were now strung out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the farthestmost—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 ripped 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.

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"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.

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No Doubt Which Came First in His Esteem.

Camp-for-the-Night. "Well, gent!" the driver observed cheerfully, withdrawing head and hands from long and intimate communion with the stubborn genius beneath the hood. "I reckon you'll christen this hych salubrious spot Camp-for-the-Night. You won't be going no farther—not just 't present. Pulling this old wagon through them desert sands back yonder has just naturally broke' the heart of that engine!"

"What, precisely, is the trouble?" Alan Law inquired, rousing from anxious preoccupation.

"Plumb bust' all to hell," the chauffeur explained tersely.

"Nothing could be fairer, more exact and comprehensive than that," Tom Barcus commented.

Law nodded a head too weary to respond to the other's humor. His worried eyes reviewed the scene of the breakdown.

"What's to be done?" Mr. Law wondered aloud.

"Take it calm," the affable chauffeur advised. "Frettin' won't get you-all nothin'. If it was me, I'd call it a day, make a fire, get them cushions out of the cyah, and get some rest. You can't do nothin' till I get back, anyway, and that won't be much before sunup."

"Where are you going?" Barcus demanded.

"Walkin', friend; just walkin'—"

"What for?"

"To fetch help—leastways, unless you've got some kick comin' and 'ud ruther stop hych permanent—"

He turned off and busied himself with preparations against his journey.

"It's simply things like this make me believe this isn't, after all, nothing more nor less than a long-drawn-out nightmare," Barcus observed pensively.

But Mr. Law was no more attending; he had turned away and was just then standing by the running-board of the motor car and civilly explaining to Miss Judith Trine the purpose of the chauffeur's expedition.

Discovery of this circumstance worked a deep wrinkle between the brows as well as into the humor of Mr. Barcus.

Here, he promised himself, was a situation to titillate the Comic Muse itself. He pointed out in turn the several component parts: the motor car derelict in the hollow of those awful and silent hills—for all the world like a mouse petrified with fright at finding itself in the midst of a herd of elephants; in the car, that aged monomaniac, Mr. Seneca Trine, author of all their woes and misadventures, gnashing his teeth in impotent rage to find himself in close juxtaposition to and helpless to injure the man for whose life he lusted with an insatiate passion; the latter standing outside the car, in polite conversation with Mr. Trine's mutinous Judith—talking to her in the friendliest fashion imaginable, precisely as if she had not

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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) money saving plans for 1914, to 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. Note Plan—If the student wishes to give a note, payable a year (or longer) from date, for the full price of the scholarship, allowing sufficient time for the student to complete the course, accept a position and earn the money with which to pay the note before it falls due, the regular catalogue price is charged for each scholarship, which is a few dollars higher than the cash price. Where 30, 60, or 90 day notes are given, no difference in price is charged. Many students enter Draughon's College each year under this note plan, and complete their course, accept positions and earn the money to pay their notes before they fall due. If you are interested in this plan, write for special note plan blank, which gives full information.

4. 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

teach him by mail for 3, 4, or 5 months or longer (as long as the student desires,) after which the said student goes to Columbia, enters the departments of the college and completes the course thoroughly under the direct supervision and guidance of experienced instructors. Under this plan, the Scholarships are good for instruction both BY MAIL and at COLLEGE, and after studying by mail as long as desired the student enters the institution to complete the work on the same scholarship, without any additional charge whatever. Full information and testimonial letters from those who have actually used this plan will be mailed upon request. Write for them.

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.

After the European war has closed and business conditions have adjusted themselves and become normal again, this entire country will experience the greatest and most prolonged period of prosperity and business expansion and development that it has ever known within its history, and opportunities of rapid promotion and advancement in business, for those young people who have the necessary training and are prepared, will be more plentiful than have ever been the case before. The far-sighted young man is already realizing this and is making plans, if he has not already made them, to secure a thorough and practical business training so as to be ready for the opportunities which every big banker and business man will tell you are sure to be so plentiful.

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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