

The Trey of Hearts

THE OPENING INSTALLMENT OF THE NEWEST STORY OF LEWIS JOSEPH VANCE—HIGHLY INTERESTING, TRUE TO LIFE, AND CLEAN ARE THE THREE EXPRESSIONS USED IN DESCRIBING THIS LATEST PRODUCT OF ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORS.

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Trey of Hearts" may now be seen at the Star moving picture theatre. By this unique arrangement with the Universal Film Mfg. Co. it is therefore not only possible to read "The Trey of Hearts" in this paper, but also to see each installment of it at the Star theatre. (Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

I—THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.
Lapped deep in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the nap of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair he filled so gracefully by stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a stable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-bearded breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lily, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, peered on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was duly conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed, and so, drinking deep of wine-scented roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke, and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hand indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was a miracle.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloysing sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pinch.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library. Perplexed to exasperation, Alan tied the club, only pausing on the way out to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp English, and bore a London postmark half illegible.

Alan tore the envelope open in abominable fashion—and started as if stung. The enclosure was a simple playing card—a tray of hearts.

As for Alan Law, he wandered hitherwards in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not soon forget that year-old parting with his Rose of the Riviera: "You say you love but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this, that if ever you change your mind, you'll send for me." And her promise: "I will send you a rose."

But the year had lapsed with never a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him.

And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the Trey of Hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—not any woman—had received the least warning of his disappearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken.

II—THE SIGN OF THE THREE.

Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sun-beam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences. . . .

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His chair was as white as his hair, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woolen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his hand and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a small man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"
"A telegram, sir—from England."
"Gives it to me."
The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crumpled it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"
Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.
"You sent for me, father?"
"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"
"My birthday. I am twenty-one."
"And your sister's birthday? Rose too, is twenty-one?"
"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man paroled almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"
"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—the girl who smiled strangely—'I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you know. Be more frank to me than to this"—the wasted hand made a significant gesture— "I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. By you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—"

The girl laughed briefly: "Only ask it!"
"And how far would you go to do my will?"
"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he murmured.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint grin of satisfaction. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman who scraped acquaintance with you on the Riviera last year—what's his name?"
"Law, Alan Law."

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her seeming patience was belied by the twitching knuckles of a hand that lay within the little pool of blood-red light.

And presently the deep voice roared: "Law and I were once friends; then it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was better than death? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said—but I knew better. He died of fear of me."

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a Trey of Hearts; it was my death-sign for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a Trey of Hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, the millions insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance, built by the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent I could use to persecute mother and son."

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hidden meaning of the Trey of hearts perplexed him with such distrust that before leaving London, he dispatched a code cablegram to his confidential agent in New York.

"What do you know about the Trey of hearts? Answer immediately."
The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool:

"Trine's death sign for your father. For God's sake, look to yourself and keep away from America."

But Alan had more than once visited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of his own selection.

Eight days out of London, a second-class passenger newly landed from one of the C.P. steamships, he walked the streets of Quebec—and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Dale St. Paul, apparently a very tenderfooted American woods-traveler chaperoned by a tall, thin Indian guide picked up heaven-knows-where.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night, the two struck off quietly into the hinterland of the Notre Dame range, then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, trail-worn and weary, as lean as their depleted packs, the two paused on a ridge-pole of the wilderness up back of the Allagash country, and made their midday meal in a silence which, if normal in the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his gaze questioned the northern skies that lowered portentously, felt with smoke—a country-wide conflagration that threatened all northern Maine, bone-dry with drought.

Only the south offered a fair prospect. And the fires were making southward far faster than man might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dun-colored smoke spring up in the northwest. Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian, from whom his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit Lake, where canoe might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sullen reserve.

They traveled far and fast by dim forest trails before sundown, then again paused for food and rest. And as Jacob sat deftly about preparing the meal, Alan stumbled off to whipl the little trail-side stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, the back-lash of a careless cast by his wear had hooked the State of Maine.

Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, forced through the thick undergrowth that masked the trail, found a few feet from the bank of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and canoe had lessened perceptibly, thank to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddles snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again. He fired in response—Jacob started, dropping his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of thunder.

He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the spillway.

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror, the stick of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spillway. The dead Indian in its bow, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruction.

His next few actions were wholly unimpeded. He was conscious only of her white, staring face, her strange likeness to the woman that he loved.

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned and let his body fall backwards, arms extended at length, and crouching, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift, to drag the woman up out of the foaming jaws of death.

Somehow that impossible feat was achieved; somehow the woman contrived to clamber over him to the timbers; and he in turn pulled himself up onto the outer timber, and with reaction sprawled prone above the screaming abyss.

Later he became aware that the woman had crawled to safety on the farther shore and pulling himself together, limped her example.

In a ghastly twilight in which the flaming forests on the other shore burned with unearthly glare, he discovered the woman, writhing face of Judith Trine close to his and he heard her scream:

"You fool! Why did you save me? I tell you, I have sworn your death!"
The utter grotesqueness of it all broke upon his intelligence like the revelation of some enormous fundamental absurdity in Nature. He laughed a little hysterically.

Darkness followed. A flash of lightning seemed to flame between them like fiery sword. To his crashing thunder, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he awoke, it was with a shiver and shudder. Rain was falling in torrents from a sky the hue of slate. Across the lake dense volumes of steam enveloped the fires that flared beneath the deluge. A great hissing noise filled the world, muting even the roar of the spillway.

But in his hand, altered and bruised by the downpour, he found—a rose. (To be continued.)

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by Alan's head.

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head—"no, I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of—can you guess whose daughter? But see this!" She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, eh?"

The Trey of hearts—the symbol of Trine—Trine, your father's enemy, and yours, and—Rose's father and mine! So, now, perhaps you know!

A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over shoulder into the forest, and signed to the Indian.

"In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre."

She stepped back. Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his rifle, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet from the clearing he dropped the helpless man supine upon a bed of dry logs and branches.

Then, with a single movement, he disappeared.

IV—MANY WATERS.
Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebon darkness called to mind a thunder-cloud.

The heat was nearly intolerable; the voice of the fire was very loud.

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip. The automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pre before departing. At Alan's feet the twigs were blazing merrily.

It would have been easy enough acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs away, but he did not move more than to train his feet as far as their bonds permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his hunting boots, he suffered that torture until a tongue of flame licked up, wrapped itself round the thick hempen cord and ate it through.

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, lifted to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands—Alan's hunting knife as still in its sheath belied to the small of his back. Tearing at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he gripped it firmly between his teeth, and the ebon cord round his wrists against the razor-sharp blade.

Before Alan could turn and run he saw a rank of flames bridge fifty yards at a bound and start a dead pine blazing like a torch.

And then he was pelting like a madman across the smoke-filled clearing, and in less than two minutes broke from the forest to the pebbly shore of a substantial dam, through whose spillway a heavy volume of water cascaded with a roar rivaling that of the forest-fire itself.

Two quick glances showed Alan two things; that his only way of escape was via the dam; that there was a solitary canoe at mid-lake, bearing swiftly to the farther shore Judith Trine and the Indian—the latter wielding the paddle.

In the act of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet from a Winchester .30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet from the canoe of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and canoe had lessened perceptibly, thank to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddles snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again. He fired in response—Jacob started, dropping his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

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ROOSEVELT IS RUED FOR LABEL BY BARNES IN POLITICAL FIGHT



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NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Politicians regard the suit for label brought by Chairman William Barnes, Jr., against Colonel Roosevelt simply as a step in the political game being fought in this state over the gubernatorial nomination. Generally speaking such suits are not taken seriously. Mr. Barnes asks \$50,000 damages because Roosevelt attacked him as a corrupt political boss. Mr. Barnes is chairman of the state Republican committee. If the suit comes to trial before the fall primaries it will likely cause a sensation, but if it goes over, as it probably will, there is small prospect that much will ever come of it, so those say who profess to be versed in such phases of political activity.

AIR RACES ARE FAILURE

CHRISTOFFERSON CUTS SHORT EXHIBITION BECAUSE OF WIND

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 3.—The large crowd attending the aviation and horse racing exhibition at the Rose City Speedway yesterday left feeling that it hadn't received its money's worth.

Silas Christofferson, the local aviator in his heavy army tractor and three in the lighter Cirrus biplane.

He made the ones scheduled in the heavier machine, but again disappointed the crowd by not taking the lighter air craft aloft. He explained that it would be suicidal to attempt this, with the condition of the atmosphere and puffy wind blowing across the speedway.

Undoubtedly Christofferson, who has never been accused of lack of nerve, knew what he was about. He stated before the exhibition that he was afraid that the wind wouldn't give him a chance to use the lighter machine. No one was more disappointed than he, as he is a local boy, and wished to show his many friends here just what he could do.

But this didn't add any save to the feelings of the crowd, many of whom demanded their money back.

RACE EFFECTED BY WAR

WORD RECEIVED THAT SPEED EVENT HAS BEEN CANCELED

NEW YORK, July 30.—Because of the Austro-Serbian war the automobile race for the Czar's cup, which was to be held in Russia beginning August 28, has been canceled. The Automobile Club of America today announced the receipt of the following cable from the Imperial Automobile club of Russia:

"Owing to international disturbances Imperial Automobile club of Russia declines to countermand Czar's cup for 1914."

Entries for the race were to close yesterday and cars and drivers from the countries composing Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, it was expected, would compete. The course was to be from Moscow through the Caucasus, as far south as the Crimean Peninsula and the Black Sea and return.

Socialist Shot.
PARIS, July 31.—Jean Jaures, the French Socialist leader, was shot to night by an unknown man who was supposed to have attacked him on account of his anti-war activity, and died later of his wounds.

England Prepares.
LONDON, July 31.—English railroads were ordered tonight to hold themselves in readiness to move troops. It was the first British step toward warfare.

Quebec Under Martial Law.
QUEBEC, Aug. 3.—The military authorities took charge of the port of Quebec today. The island of Orleans in the north channel was closed, and it was believed it was mined. Channel lights were extinguished and all shipping was warned away from government vessels or drydocks.

Steel Trust Offers Ships.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The United States steel corporation, it was announced here today, has offered to place 25 vessels at the disposal of grain shippers to move crops on the Great Lakes and, presumably, trans-Atlantic shipments as well.

Suffragettes Stop Militancy.
LONDON, July 31.—Suffragette headquarters issued an order today for a suspension of militancy while England is threatened by a foreign war.

FROM WILLAMETTE VALLEY PAPERS