

The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 14.—Milwaukee may procure Bull Run water, as it now has the means, the \$20,000 water bonds having been declared legal by the attorneys, who have completed their examination. The bonds were awarded the Portland Lumbermen's Trust company, and the company took them subject to the approval of its attorneys. These bonds were authorized at a special election last year.

Pendleton East Oregonian: A man by the name of Otto Hill and who invariably signs his name as O. Hill, will leave Pendleton in a few days to join the troops of the Kaiser in the fight Germany is making against the other European powers. He has been working for the Newport Land & Construction company in the west end of the county.

Most people talk too much—and not always because they have something to say.

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CHAPTER IX.

Forewarned.

The thing was managed with an ingenuity that Alan termed devilish—it was indisputably Machiavellian.

Alan had been expecting at every station a prepaid reply to his wire for reservations on the night express from Portland to New York.

He shook a glum head. "No—I looked that up first. It leaves before we get in."

He could have ground his teeth in exasperation—the impish insolence of that warning, timed so precisely to set their nerves on edge at the very mo-

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a respite!

CHAPTER X.
Fortuity.

He wasted the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps ill-advised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched atop a pile.

CHAPTER XI.
Blue Water.

By midnight the Seaventure was spinning swiftly south-southeast, close reefed to a snoring southwest wind—the fixed white eye of Portland head light fast falling astern.

He acquainted her briefly with his fortune.



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl and, despite her struggles, tore her away from the rail before she had succeeded in unknitting the painter.

CHAPTER XII.
Down the Cape.

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-heels pounding imperatively overhead, and went on deck again, to stand both dog-watches—saw the sun lift up smiling over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inbound for Boston, raised and overhauled a graceful but businesslike fisherman (from Gloucester, Barck opined when called to stand his trick at eight) and saw it a mile or two astern when—still aching with fatigue—he was free to return to his berth another four-hour rest.

This time misguided consideration induced Marcus to let his crew sleep through the first afternoon watch.

His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus—nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his surmise that the Seaventure had come up into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff if not heavy sea.

CHAPTER XIII.
No Quarter.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all a—"

CHAPTER XIV.
The Wind.

bloody-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The dog defied reasonable explanation, its made a feeble stagger at it with out much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

CHAPTER XV.
The Devil.

He sprang upon the rail, standing himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure.

as it grew still more dark she lowered a small boat that therefore had swung in davits. A little later a faint humming noise drifted across the tide.

CHAPTER XVI.
The Boy.

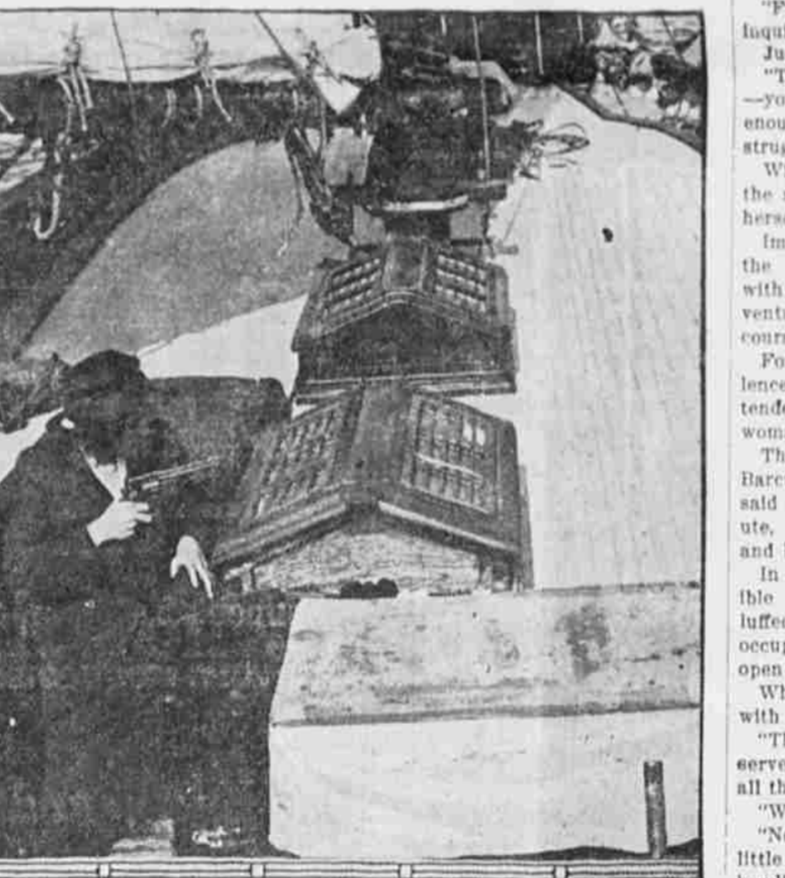
As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Boy.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to the sky.



He Could Have Ground His Teeth in Exasperation.



She Whips Out a Gun as Big as a Cannon.