

# The Trey O'Hearts

## By Louis Joseph Vance

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### Light Engine.

Toward the close of that summer's day it was the whim of that arch-manager of theatricals whom men call Fate to stage an anticlimax in the midst of a vast and hilly expanse of desolate middle western country—a rude and rugged disk of earth which boasted no human tenancy within a circle of its far-flung horizon and was bisected, not neatly, rather irregularly, by the flowing double line of steel ribbons which marked the railroad's right of way over the old Santa Fe trail.

So much for the stage: the light effects were provided exclusively by the crimson and purple and gold of a portentous sunset; the properties employed were simply a special train and what is known as a light engine (meaning a locomotive unhandicapped by cars); audience there was none, if one except the actors—who were one and all far too deeply preoccupied with the interpretation of their several roles to be aware of the show.

They were not many in number; perhaps half a dozen aboard the special train—which was making away as fast as it could run toward the glory of the sunset; as many more aboard the light engine.

It was the engineer who started the trouble. After bringing his monster to a full pace, he turned upon his passengers and—not without plausible excuse—violently indicted Mr. Alan Law for abuse of his and his fireman's trustfulness. This said fireman (climbing forward over the tender) vigorously applauded.

They had been engaged, both gentlemen asserted vigorously, for nothing more dangerous than a quick run across the prairies. In furtherance of the unspecified plans of Mr. Alan Law and his companion, Miss Judith Trine. After starting out, they had wickedly and maliciously been bribed by the said Law to put on speed and catch up with the special, in order that he might rescue from the latter a young woman, his bride-to-be and the sister of Miss Trine.

But—and here was the grievance—they hadn't bargained to be shot at with pistols. And precisely that outrage had been put upon them during and subsequent to the moment of rescue.

It was unhappy Mr. Barcus who precipitated the affair. This gentleman was suffering from a severe sprain to his sense of decent pride. In the service of Miss Rose Trine and her betrothed, Mr. Law, Barcus had blackened his face and hands to the hue of ebony and had garmented himself in the garb of a Pullman porter, surrendering himself to humiliating service to those aboard the special, suffering their insolence and scorn without a murmur, but with the ideas of wrath mounting ever higher in his bosom.

And now, when at length he had won his freedom from that ignominious servitude, it was only to be sworn at and vilified, as a common nigger, by railroad hands!

It was the fireman (to be just) who brought the row to a focus by a slighting reference to that "shiftless and misbegotten dinge."

He repeated quite promptly, Mr. Barcus jumped for his throat with a



below of rage. The brakeman leaped for his shovel and brandished it threateningly. Mr. Barcus made nothing of that; he closed in without hesitation and got the fireman by the throat, proceeding to shake the breath out of his body with the greatest good will and dispatch. In the course of this entertainment the fireman slipped on the cab platform, trod on nothing, and went over backwards, taking Mr. Barcus with him to the ballast.

At almost the same moment Mr. Law, attempting to restrain the engineer from going to the assistance of his fellow-worker, ducked in under a vicious swing from his chin, grappled with his foe, tripped him up—and went with his to the ground on the opposite side of the locomotive from that occupied by Mr. Barcus and the fireman.

For the next several seconds he was very busy indeed keeping his face out of the ballast. The engineer was a heavy man, but active and infuriated. He fought like a demon unchained. It was all very exciting. Mr. Law was

even beginning to enjoy it when he heard a woman shriek. At the same instant revolvers began to pop.

Mr. Law released his foe almost as quickly as he was released. Both rose as one man, to find Judith Trine beside them. A little smile of excitement playing round her lips as she looked up the track and watched the special slow down to a stop—several persons on the back platform plying busy trigger-fingers all the while.

As these last threw open the platform gates and dropped to the ballast, still perforating the air with many bullets, Mr. Law, Miss Judith Trine, and that late belligerent, the engineer, turned simultaneously and sought the rear of the tender.

On the opposite side they found Rose Trine and Mr. Barcus standing uncertainly above the body of the fireman, who, it appeared, had stammered himself in falling and remained insensible.

The appearance of Law and Judith from behind the tender, closely pursued by the engineer, who was in turn closely pursued by gentlemen with revolvers, stirred Barcus and Rose to action. Alan passed him at a round pace, pausing only long enough to seize Rose and drag her with him toward the special. Judith flung him a phrase of well-meant advice in passing:

"Come along, you simpleton—unless you want to be shot down where you stand!"

Mr. Barcus acted on that advice, as immediately as resentfully. Judith Trine was little before him at the steps of the Pullman. Mr. Law had already assisted Rose aboard. Mr. Barcus ungraciously gave place to the lady; his ingrained chivalry sorely strained by bullets that kicked among the ballast round his feet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Pullman.

"Come inside," Law suggested, "and introduce me to the brakeman. I presume I've got to fix things up with him."

"If there's really any doubt in your mind as to that," Barcus said, rising, "I don't mind telling you're right."

He paused as Alan entered the car before him and was greeted by a storm of vituperation that fairly blistered the panels of the Pullman. Mr. Seneca Trine, helpless in his invalid chair, thus celebrated his introduction to the young man whom he had never before seen whose life he had schemed to take these many years. His heavy voice boomed and echoed through the car like the sounding of a tocsin.

Alan made no effort to respond, but listened with his head critically to one side and an exasperating expression of deep interest informing his countenance until Mr. Trine was out of breath and vitriol; when the younger man bowed with the slightest shade of mockery in his manner and waved a tolerant hand to Barcus.

"He has, no doubt," Alan inquired, "his own private cell aboard this car?"

"Yes, suh!" Barcus agreed, aping well the manner of his apparent caste and color. "Ain't dat doo'?"

"Take him away, then," Alan requested wearily—"if you please."

"Yes, suh!" Barcus replied, with nimble alacrity seizing the back of the wheeled chair and swinging it round for a spin up the length of the car.

Before Trine had recovered enough to curse him properly, the door to his drawing room was closed and Barcus was ambling back down the aisle.

His grin of relish at this turning of the tables on the monomaniac proved, however, shortlived. It erased itself in a twinkling when Judith shouldered roughly past him, wearing a sullen and forbidding countenance, and flung herself into the drawing room with her father.

The cause of her temper was not far to seek: at the far end of the car Alan was bending solicitously over the chair in which Rose was resting. One of his arms was around her shoulder. Her face was lifted confidentially to his. Barcus mused morosely on his apprehension of trouble ahead, shimmering over the waxing fire of that strange woman's jealousy. He didn't like the prospect at all. If only Alan and Rose hadn't been so desperately in love that they couldn't keep away from one another! If only Alan had been sensible enough to outwit the woman and leave her behind when he started in pursuit of the special! If only there had not been that light engine in pursuit—as Barcus firmly believed it must be—loaded to the guards with Trine's unscrupulous hirelings!

No telling when they might catch up!

The fear of this last catastrophe worked together with his fears of Judith to render that night a sleepless one for Barcus. He spent it in a chair whence he could watch both the door to the compartment Judith had chosen for her own (formerly Marrophat's quarters) and the endless ribbons of steel that swept beneath the tracks.

But nothing happened. He napped uneasily from time to time, waking with a start of fright, but always to find nothing amiss. Ever Judith stopped behind that closed door, and ever the track behind was innocent of the glare of a pursuing headlight.

Nor did anything outward mark the progress of the morning—unless, indeed, Judith's protracted sessions with her father behind the closed door of the drawing room were to be counted ominous.

Ever since lunch-time the girl had been closeted with her father; Barcus had been getting some well-earned and sorely-needed rest in his quarters; Alan standing his watch on the observation platform, in company with Rose; and the train booming along through an uncouth wilderness of arid

mountains, barren mesas, and sun-smitten flats given over to the desolate genius of sagebrush.

Whatever had been the tenor of the communication between father and daughter, Judith eventually emerged from the drawing room in an ominous temper. Barcus, coming drowsily away from his compartment at the same time, was jarred wide awake by sight of the forbidding countenance she wore; and after a moment of doubt flexed her back to the lounge at the rear of the car.

He got there in time to see her at rigid standstill, staring steadfastly at the two figures so close together on the observation platform. But on his appearance Judith shook herself together, snatched up a magazine, and plunged wraithfully into an easy chair, burying her nose between the pages of the publication with every indication of deep interest in its text.

Mr. Barcus, however, had learned the lesson of bitter experience to the effect that the outward bearing of Miss Judith Trine was no sure index to her inward humor—unless, that is, it might be taken to indicate the direct contrary of its semblance; though even this was no reliable rule. Remembering himself of this, he therefore invented a morbid interest in another magazine—round the edge of which he kept a wary eye upon the young woman.

For all her exasperation, Judith contained herself longer than might have been expected. Her continued show of placidity, indeed, lulled Barcus into a dangerous feeling of security. Persuaded that she meant to behave, he gradually ceased to watch her as narrowly as at first, and lost himself in a morose reverie whose subject was the seemingly permanent mourning into which he had plunged his face and

"Will you be good if I let you out?"

"Perfectly."

"No more shenanigans?"

"I promise."

"Word of honor?"

"If my word of honor means anything to you—you have it."

"Well . . .!" he said dubiously.

In the same humor he turned and released the knob; promptly Judith opened it wide and swept out into the corridor, her mood now one of really fetching mockery.

"Thank you so much!" she laughed into his face of discomfiture; and dropping him an ironic curtsy, she turned forward and swung into the drawing room occupied by Trine.

"Wander what she put that on for!" he speculated, with reference to the ankle-long Pullman wrapper which Judith had seen fit to don during her period of captivity. "Heaven knows it's hot enough without wearing more clothing than decency demands. . . . But you never can tell about a woman. . . . I bet a dollar I've made a blithering ass of myself—letting her loose at all!"

He took his doubts aft, communicating them to Alan and Rose. And his long conference with Alan and Rose on the observation platform afforded Judith ample opportunity in which undetected to surn the train crew to treachery.

Whether she did or not, this is what happened in the course of the next hour: the special was forced to take a siding to make way for the California Limited, east-bound; and when this had passed, the engine of the special coughed apologetically and pulled swiftly out, leaving the Pullman stalled on the siding.

From the rear of the tender the brakeman and fireman waved affecting farewells to the indignant faces of

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Hand Car.

"Well!" Mr. Barcus broke a silence whose eloquence may not be translated in print—"can you beat it?"

"Not with this outfit," Alan admitted gloomily.

"But—damn it!—we've got to."

"Profanity—even yours, my friend—won't make this Pullman move without an engine."

Like the same, we can't stop here like bums on a log, waiting for that gang of thugs to sail up in the light engine and cut our blessed throats."

Mr. Law answered this unanswerable contention only with a shrug. Then, stepping out on the forward platform of the Pullman, he cast a hopeless eye over the landscape.

Rare, rugged hills hemmed in the right of way, hills whose vast flanks were covered with dense thickets of mesquite, chapparal, sagebrush and cacti, the haunt of owls and rattlesnakes and—solitude. No way of escape from that pocket in the hills other than by the railroad itself.

He lowered his gaze to the tracks and sidling—and started sharply.

"Eh—what now?" Barcus inquired, with interest.

"Some thoughtful body has left an old hand car over there in the ditch," Alan replied. "Maybe it isn't beyond service."

"With me supplying the horsepower, I suppose!"

"Horse isn't the word," Alan corrected meticulously; and escaped the other's wrath by dropping down to the ballast and trotting over to the ditch, where the hand car lay.

"Looks as if it might work," he announced. "Come along and lend me a hand."

"Half a minute," Barcus answered, dodging suddenly back into the car.


When he reappeared, after some five minutes, Rose accompanied him, and Barcus was smiling as brilliantly as though nothing whatever was wrong with his world.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, old top," he explained; "but I was smitten with an inspiration. There didn't seem to be any sense in letting the amiable Judith loose upon this fair land, so I found a coil of wire in the porter's closet and wired the handle of the drawing room door fast to the bars across the aisle. It'll take her some time to get out, now, without assistance."

Ten minutes more had passed before the two grimy and perspiring gentlemen succeeded in placing the hand car upon the tracks.

"It's a swell little hand car," Barcus observed grimly: "no wonder they threw it away."

"What's the difference how it looks, as long as it will go?"



Struck the Caboose With a Crash Like the Explosion of a Cannon.

"But will it?" Barcus doubted. Somewhere far back along the line a locomotive hooted mournfully.

"It's got to!" Alan replied, helping Rose aboard. "If we can only get out of sight before they get here—"

"Don't worry," Barcus advised: "that's a freight whistle."

"Maybe you can distinguish the whistle of a freight from that of a passenger train—I don't say you can't; but I'll take no chances on your judgment being good. Hop aboard here if you're coming with us!"

Slowly the hand car stirred on its grease-hungry and complaining axles; slowly it gathered momentum and surged noisily up the track as Alan and Barcus, on opposite sides of the handlebar, alternately rose and fell back; slowly it mounted the slight grade to the head in the track, rounded it, lost sight of the stalled Pullman on the siding and began to move more swiftly on a moderate down grade.

Behind it the thunder of an approaching train grew momentarily in volume, leading color to the theory of Mr. Barcus that what they had heard had been the whistle of a freight rather than of the light engine. But just as Alan was about to advocate leaving the tracks and taking the hand car with them, to clear the way for the train, its rumble began to diminish, grew less and beautifully less, and was stilled.

"What do you make of that?" Alan panted across the racking bar.

"The obvious," Barcus returned. "The freight has taken the siding to wait for some other through train to pass. We'll have to look sharp and be ready to jump."

The grade became a trace more steep; the car moved with less reluctance.

"Let go," Alan advised: "it'll coast down the balance of this incline—and we'll better save our strength."

But they had barely regained their breath and mopped the streaming sweat away from their eyes when a second whistle, of a different tone, startled both back to their task.

Catching the eye of Barcus Alan nodded despairingly.

"Ain't it all up with us now," he groaned; "that sounded precisely like the whistle of the light engine."

"Sure it did!" Barcus agreed. "It wouldn't be us if we had any better luck. The saints be praised for this grade!"

For all its age and decrepitude the hand car made a very fair pace at the urge of the two who rose and sagged again without respite on either side the handlebar; and the grade was happily long, turning and twisting like a snake through the hills.

A little grace was granted them, moreover, through the circumstance (as they afterward discovered) that the light engine had stopped at the siding long enough to couple up Trine's Pullman—thus automatically ceasing to be a light engine, and becoming a special.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the growing rumble of the latter warned the trio on the hand car, just as it gained the end of the grade and addressed itself to a level though tortuous stretch of track.

And at this point discovery of the switch of a spur line that shot off southward into the hills furnished Alan with his independent inspiration.

Stopping the hand car after it had foited over the frogs, he jumped down, set the switch to shunt the pursuit off to the spur, and leaped back upon the car.

Hardly had they succeeded in working the hand car up round the shoulder of the next bend when the special took the switch without pause and the roar of its progress, shut off by an intervening mountain, was suddenly stilled to a murmur.

But even so, there was neither rest for the weary nor much excuse for self-congratulation; the rumble of the special was not altogether lost to hearing when the thunder of the freight replaced and drowned it out.

Of a sudden, releasing the handlebar, Alan stood up and signaled to Barcus to imitate his example.

"Well—" this last panted, when he had obeyed.

"Jump off—leave the hand car where it is—they'll have to stop to clear it off the track."

"And then?"

"I'll buy a lift from them if it takes my last dollar in the world," Alan promised. "It's our only hope. We can't keep up this heart-breaking business forever—and it can't be long before Trine and Marrophat discover their mistake!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Caboose.

For once, in a way, it fell out precisely as Mr. Law had planned and prayed.

Constrained to pull up in order to remove the obstruction from the track, the train crew of the freight choked down its collective wrath on being presented with a sum of money. In the hopes of further largesse it lent its common car to Alan's well-worn tale, which had so frequently proved useful in similar emergencies, of an eloping couple pursued by an unreasonably vindictive parent; and had its hopes rewarded by the price Alan bargained to pay in exchange for exclusive use of the caboose as far as the next town.

So that it was not more than ten minutes before Rose was settled to rest in such comfort as the caboose afforded, while Alan and Barcus sat within its doorway and smoked.

Neither he nor any other aboard the freight suspected for an instant that in the box car next forward of the caboose, a woman in man's clothing lay perdu, now and again chucking

impishly to herself in anticipation of the time and the event she was biding with such patience as she could muster.

The whistle of a locomotive overtaking the freight sounded the signal for her to take action on her cherished plan.

Rising, she glanced out of the open door. A curve in the track below the freight, laboring up a steep grade, enabled her to catch a glimpse of a headlight, followed by a string of lighted windows, indicating a single car; the special, beyond a doubt.

Without hesitation, since the train was not running at speed, she dropped out to the ballast, wheeled smartly about, caught the handlebar at the end of the box car as it passed and swung herself up between it and the caboose.

A trifle later the freight gained the summit of the grade and began to run more smoothly.

Climbing to the top of the box car she peered keenly through the gloaming, which was not yet so dense that she might not discern two heads pro-

# SPORTS

## BALL FIGHT TO CONTINUE

NO TRUTH IN RUMOR THAT SETTLEMENT IS REACHED

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—Organized baseball has made no overtures to the Federal League for the establishment of peaceful relations, nor will it make any, President B. B. Johnson, of the American league, said in a statement here last night.

Reports that certain club owners of the American league had held a conference with President James A. Guinn of the federal organization, recently, to bring about a settlement of the "baseball war," were characterized by Johnson as "pure tommyrot."

"There is not a word of truth in the story," President Johnson said. "There can be no peaceful adjustment of this problem. When the American league invaded the game, the club owners of our organization went in for a fight in a finish and never asked for quarter. Organized ball was glad to welcome the more suggestion of a compromise in this case never has been considered by our club owners."

## BEAVERS INCREASE LEAD

### PORTLANDERS WIN AND SEALS LOSE WEDNESDAY

Pacific Coast League.

Portland	266
San Francisco	252
Venice	245
Los Angeles	237
Mission	187
Oakland	179

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 7.—While the Portland Beavers were dubbing the Tigers today to the score of 5 to 2, San Francisco lost to the Missions with an 8 to 1 tally. This increases the lead of the Portlanders 14 points over the Seals.

The game was an easy victory for the northeners. The Tigers were able to score only in the first frame when with the aid of two hits and much good luck, they sent two men across the home plate. The Champs scattered their tallies and made runs both in the first and in the ninth frames.

Today's batting order:

Portland—Doane, rf; Rodgers, 2b; Kores, 1b; Spear, lf; Hancock, ss; Davis, 3b; Ryan, cf; Yantz, c; Krause, p.

Venice—Carlisle, lf; Leard, 2b; Whit, rf; Kane, cf; Horton, 1b; Litsch, 3b; Hoop, ss; Elliott, c; Hill, p.

Impres—Hayes and Finney.

### FOOTBALL PLAYER HURT

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 7.—In a collision with Anderson, one of his own teammates, Center Casey of the Washington high school football eleven was believed to have sustained a fractured skull this afternoon. The two players came together with terrific force, Casey's forehead being cut wide open and Anderson, too, suffering cuts over the eyes. Physicians attended the injured lad at the Multnomah club house.

The collision occurred in the middle of the second period of the game between Columbia university and Washington high school at Multnomah field.

### SEATS GO FAST

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—Long distance telephone orders for seats for the world's series were received from Cleveland, Chicago, Washington, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Nashville today. George M. Cohan and Charles Dillingham sent in orders by telephone, each agreeing to pay \$210 for 21 seats.

At noon all tickets placed on sale in the hotels had been sold. Reuben Benvenuto, a New York broker, made his headquarters in the postoffice corridor, opposite the department store, where the tickets were placed on sale this morning.

### BIG GAME NOT TO BE PLAYED

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The annual football game between the army and navy teams was declared off today following a conference here between Secretary of War Garrison and Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Both insisted on the adoption of a 10 year plan or the abandonment of the game. Navy authorities refused to consider the 10 year plan and the game was called off.

### JACK DILLON BEATS FLYNN

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 6.—Jack Dillon, Indianapolis light heavyweight, today holds a decision over Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, as a result of their 10 round bout here last night. Dillon was given the decision because he landed more blows than Flynn, but at the finish there seemed to be plenty of fight left in both. The match was featured by heavy hitting, both men landing telling blows.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

At Philadelphia	R. H. E.
New York	0 3 3
Philadelphia	10 11 1
At Boston	R. H. E.
Washington	11 18 1
Boston	4 12 2

### PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

At San Francisco	R. H. E.
San Francisco	1 5 1
Mission	8 8 2
At Oakland	R. H. E.
Los Angeles	7 13 3
Oakland	3 7 1

### Your Fall Cold Needs Attention

No use to fuss and try to wear it out. It will wear you out instead. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, relief follows quickly. It checks your Cold and soothes your Cough away. Pleasant, Antiseptic and Healing. Children like it. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and keep it in the house. "Our family Cough and Cold Doctor" writes Lewis Chamberlain, Manchester, Ohio. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

(Adv.)

According to a German botanist who studied 4369 species of flowers the white or cream colored ones have the most agreeable odors.

(To be continued.)