The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XL.

The Man in the Shadow.

Two hundred feet, if one, Hopf Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddealy the thing that had been Hopt Jim Slade was checked in its headlong descent by the outstanding trunk of a tree, over which it remained, doubled up, limp, horrible

The miniature landslide that had been caused by his fall went on, settling gradually as the slope be- with you, my friend!" came less sheer. Only part of it, a bottom of the canyon.

its mum I impact on the ground round his feet roused the man who had compassed the bandit's death from the pose he had unconsciously assumed on the instant of firing.

He stepped back, and snatched up a case containing binoculars. Not before the glasses were adjusted.

to his vision did he find time to respend absently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two companfons, a man of his own age and a girl | afraid of the dark!" of some years less, who had been wakened from their sleep by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked his sleeve, omentarily deflecting the glasses from the object which they were following so sedulously as it moved along the heights; a wildly running horse with a woman bound helpless upon its back, both sharply in silhouette against the burning blue.

'Alan!" the girl demanded, "what is it? Why did you fire? Why won't you answer me? What is it?" Judith," Alan replied tersely, again

picking up with the glasses the runaway horse that fled so madly along the perilous and narrow track of the

The name was echoed from two throats as Alan swung sharply and thrust the glasses into the hands of the girl.

Judith," he affirmed with a look of poignant solicitude. "She's roped to the back of that crazy broncho-helplem! See for yourself; one false step -suppose a stone turns beneath its. boof-she'll be killed!" While the girl focused her glasses

spon that speck that flew against the sky Alan turned to the two horses hobbled near by and seizing a saddle threw it over the back of one. At this the other man turned to his

side and dropping a detaining hand upon his arm asked:

What are you going to do?" Alan shook the hand off and went on with his self-appointed task, Go after her, Tom, of course," he

crazy, I tell you-" "Even so," Tom Barcus argued, "you

can't climb that hillside on horsebackand if you could, you'd be too late to elapsed. catch up, much less prevent an ac-

fall . . . You know what's beyond followed the ridge trail. By mid-mornthese hills-deserts! And the girl is helpless, I tell you, bound hand and hills that ran down to the desert, the foot. Think of her being carried that pursuit was more than a mile in the way—all day, perhaps—face up to this rear and shut off to boot by a monobrutal sun! She'll go mad if something isn't done-"

'You've gone mad yourself already.' Mr. Barcus contended darkly. "What's it to you if she does? Suppose you do succeed in rescuing her: what then? As soon as she gets on her pins she'll try to stick a knife into you-like as not What's she been chasing you for, all over this land of the brave and home of the free, but to take your fool life" And now you want to sacrifice



Moistened His Parched Lips and Throat.

Yourself to her, out of sheer, downthat foolishness in the head! I supso you'll like me to call it chivalry: Ph tell you what I call it-lunacy!"

"Don't be an ass!" Alan responded temperately, gathering the reins together and instinctively lifting a foot to the stirrup. "Who warned us yesterday in time to prevent our being crushed by that rock? Judith! Why was she separated from Marrophat and the others-alone up there when that beast encaked up behind her-O. I saw him-I saw it all-and grabbed her and roped her to that bronco-if it wasn't because she had broken with them for good and all and started to fight on our side?"

You're raving," Barcus commented in a hopeless tone. He looked to the girl. "Rose-Miss Trine-reason with this madman-"

Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and confidently to her lover's aide, lifting her lips to his. "Go, sweetheart!" she told him,

"Save her if you can!" With a look of triumph for the bene

at of Mr. Barcus Alan Law gathered Rose Trine into his arms. "Did you dream for an instant Rose would see her own sister carried to her death if anything could be done in avert it no matter what we may to lift and shake like the top of a Alan had fallen in his dissy blindness; quickly answered by fainter yells from have suffered at Judith's hands?"

With an indignant grunt, but con-

from the saddle. "I've got no patience, with you . . . of a sudden selsing the hand and visible beyond arm's length. pressing it fervently. "And God go,

Then hoofbeats drumming on the struck a hundred echoes from its; Incn. rugged rocky walls.

face almost ludierous with its an of Judith, Alan dismounted to escape, guished smile that was intended to, being torn bodily from the saddle by seem reassuring.

as quick as may be," he urged "Light- on with him. ning will never strike us so long as

CHAPTER XLL

The Trail of Flying Hoof-Prints. chill of night lingered stubbornlyand would until the shadow of the eastern rampart had crept sigwly down the canyon's western wall, tele scoped upon itself and vanished, letting in the sun to make the place a

pit of torment and of burning. Refreshed from rest and exhilarated by this grateful coolness, his horse responded willingly to the first light touch of Alan's spur. In a twinkling the overnight camp dropped from view behind the rounded shoulder of a hillside, mesquite-cloaked.

Then from its first spirited flight the horse settled down to steady going, lengthened its stride, and ran for leagues with the long, apparently effortless and tireless lope of the plainsbred broncho, ventre-a-terre.

Alan's departure from camp had anticipated by a round quarter-hour the appearance on the upper trail of friends of the slain bandit, to the number of four or five, who had both discovered and recovered his body, called his death murder and pledged themselves to its avengement-laying responsibility for the putative crime at the door of the man and woman to be seen in the canyon, immediately below the scene of Hopi Jim's fall.

Between the moment when discovery of the men on the ridge trail in-terrupted their simple and hurried breakfast and that which found Rose replied, "What else? That animal is and Barcus mounted on the back of their own horse and making the best of their way down the canyon in pursuit of Alan, but little time had

And even with its double burden, their horse made better time upon "I know it. But suppose it doesn't | the broad lower level than those who ing, when they approached the footlithic hill, while Alan was many a weary mile in advance.

He sat upon his horse, just then, at standstill upon the summit of a rounded knoll, the Painted hills lifting up behind him, the desert before unfolding like a map-but like a map all blurred.

Only in the near foreground was anything definite to be distinguished in the aspect of that sunbitten wastebleached earth patterned in almost orderly arrangement by sagebrush and gnarled cacti. At the distance of half a mile all blended into one vast plain of glaring gray that stretched over the round of the world to a broken wall of purple hills that reeled drunkonly in the haze-veiled southwest.

Was Judith out there, somewhere, lost, defenseless, forlorn, impotent to lift a hand to shield her face from the blast of that savage sun?

Staring beneath a shading hand, he discerned nothing that moved upon the surface of the desert but its myriad heat-devils jigging monotonously their infernal danse macabre. Or-as seemed more probable-was

she back there among the Painted hills, lying still and lifeless, crushed beneath the weight of that fallen

No rest for Alan till he knew Descending the knoll he reined his lagging mount back into the trail, following its winding course through the foothills and round the base of that monolithic mountain toward the june-

tion with the ridge trail, miles away. It approached the hour of noon before he gained the point where the two trails joined and struck out across the desert. And here he discovered what he thought indisputable indication that the fright of Judith's horse

had persisted. Abandoning immediately all notion of returning through the hills by the ridge-trail, he turned and swung away at the best pace he could spur from his broncho, delivering himself into the pitiless embrace of that implacable wilderness of sun and sand.

At long intervals he would check the broncho and, reeling in his saddle, she was never far from his side. endeavor to sweep the desert with his

And toward the middle of the afternoon he fancied that something rewarded one such effort; something for an instant swam athwart the field of the glasses; something that seemed | Sooner or later his strength must fail to move like a weary horse with a him and he would need her; till then human figure bound to its back.

But now the phenomena were discernible which, had he been more desert wise, would have made him pause and think before he ventured farther from those hills, already beyond

reach as they were. His first appreciated warning came when the surface of the desert seemed

siderate none the less, Mr. Barcus athwart the waste, hot as a furnace- frightfully suggestive of dislocation. eaught up the glasses and turned his blast. In a trice dust enveloped man, Yet when she turned him on his back "Go on!" he grumbled, pretending heated particles that stung the flesh sign to indicate that the movement to ignore the hand Alan offered him like a myriad needles. And then dark- had caused him the slightest pain. ness fell, the twilight of hades, a cop-But got" he insisted, per-colored pall. Nothing remained

broncho swung round, back to the the cut clean and bandaged it. double handful of pebbles, gained the hard-packed earth of the canyon trail blast, and refused to budge another

> Himself more than half-dazed, but that hellish sand-blast, and seizing farther bank. "Let's look sharp and follow him the bridle sought to draw the horse

He wasted his strength in that enwe stick to Mr. Law of the charmed deavor; the animal balked, planted ter to him from the swirling clouds life-but I don't mind telling you, once Its hoofs deep in the sand, stiffened of dust. out of his company, I'm just naturally jts legs and resisted with the stubbornness of a rock; then, of a sudden, jerked his head smartly, snapped the bridle from his grasp and flung away, scudding before the storm.

Pursuit was out of the question:

In the still air of that young day the indeed, the bridle was barely torn was once startled by the spectral vis-

canvas tent in a gale. At the same She found him insensible, lying with time a mighty gust of wind swept, an arm bent under him in a pose and horse, a stiffing cloud of super- and released the erm, he made no

There was a slight cut upon his brow, a bruise about his left temple. She tore Hnen from her bosom, be-Blinded, half suffocated, unspeak- neath her coarse flannel shirt, and with ably dismayed and bewildered, the sparing aid from the canteen, washed

Then seeing that the storm held with fury unabated, she rose, reconnoitered and returned to exert all her Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a, still hounded by his nightmare vision, strength and drag the unconscious man across the dry bed of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its There, sitting, she pillowed his

head upon her lap, and bending over him made her body an additional shel-

And for hours on end Judith nursed him there, scarce during to move save to minister to his needs, bathing his fevered brow and moistening his parched lips and throat.

In the course of the first hour she



"Rose-Miss Trine-Reason With the Madman-"

of the broncho. For a moment he stood rooted in bearing two riders on its back.

Then the thought of Judith re-

Head bended and shoulders rounded. he began to forge a way into the teeth of the sandstorm.

How long he fought on, pitting his strength against the elements, cannot be reckoned.

In the end he stumbled blindly down a slight decline and was abruptly conscious that he had in some way found shelter from the full force of the wind

He staggered on another yard or two, breathing more freely, and blundered into a rough-ribbed wall of rock -some sporadic outcrop, he understood, whose bulk stood between him

and the storm. He thought to rest for a time, until the storm had spent its greatest strength; but as he laid his shoulder gratefully against the rock and acrubbed the dust from his smarting eyes he saw what he at first conceived to be a hallucination: Judith Trine

standing within a yard of him, alive, strong, free. He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him, open her mouth to

utter a wondering cry that was inaudible, and come quickly nearer. "Alan! You came for me! You fol-

lowed me, through all this!" He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh-that was like the croaking of a raven as it issued from his bone-dry throat-and in momentary possession of hysteric madness, reeled away from the woman and the shelter of the rock

CHAPTER XLII.

and delivered himself anew to the

Open Mutiny.

mercy of the dust-storm.

Though she had been schooled to hold the very name of Law in loathing unspeakable and to think of Alan as a mortal enemy and as one whose death alone could properly requite the cruel injury that had been done her father; and though the man himself had laughed to scorn her first involuntary confession of that love for him which now consumed her being with its insatiable fires, she swallowed her chagrin and followed him with the solicitude of one whose love can recognize no wrong in its object. Through all the remainder of that day of terror

With the meekness of the strong, she made herself his shadow. And she was now the stronger, for she had had more than an hour's rest beside the waterhole, which he had missed on the way of that rocky windbreak. she was content to bide her hour.

It befell presently in startling fashion; she was not a yard behind him when he vanished abruptly.

But the next moment Judith herself was trembling on the crumbling brink of an arroyo of depth and width indeterminable in the obscurity of the duststorm. Down this, evidently, was a yard the nearer.

from his hand before Alan lost sight ion through the driving sheets of dust of a horse that plodded up the arroyo, consternation as in a bog-with an Weary with the weight of its double

burden, it went slowly and passed so near to Judith that she was able to recognize the features of her sister and Tom Barcus. Be sure she made never a sign to

catch their attention.

Within the next succeeding hour the coppery light lost something of its hot brillance, took on a darker shade, and then one darker still. Twilight stole athwart the desert, turning its heat to chill, its light to violet. Growing more intense, the cold

eventually roused the sleeping man. And hardly had his eyes unclosed and looked up into the eyes of Judith bending over him than he started up and out of her embrace, got unsteadily upon his feet and after a moment of pause, watching her rise in turn, strode away-or, rather, staggeredwith the gesture of exorcism.

Uncomplaining, hugging her newborn humility to her with the ecstasy of the anchorite his horse-hair shirt, Judith followed him patiently, at a little distance.

Not far from where he had rested there was a break in the overhanging wall of the arroyo. Through this he scrambled painfully, reaching the level of the desert only after cruel effort, the unheeded woman at his heels,

A brief pause there afforded both time to regain their breath and survey the desert for signs of assistance; it offered none, other than what they might accomplish through their own exertions. For leagues in any quarter it stretched without a break other than the black cleft of the arroyo, gleaming a bleached and deathly white in the moonshine-like the face of a frozen

With tacit consent both turned that way, Alan leading, Judith his pertinacious shadow, with never a word or sign between them to prove that either was aware of the other's company.

But this was a state of affairs that could not long endure. Judith had the price to pay for her own trials, suffering and privation: the strain began to tell sorely upon her. She reeled slightly as she walked, weaving a winding trail across and across the straighter line of footprints that marked Alan's course through the ordered pattern of the powdered sage-

And of a sudden she collapsed. Instinct alone made Alan glance over-shoulder: for she had made no sound whatever.

He turned and came directly back to her, knelt beside her, lifted her head, pillowed it gently on his arm and plied her in turn with the dregs of the canteen. With a sigh, a stifled moan and a

little shiver, she revived. He helped her gently to regain her feet, passed an arm round her. In this fashion they struggled on in

strange, dumb companionship of mis-

ery and wonder. Thus an hour passed; and for all their desperate struggles neither could see that the light on the mountainside

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 is the car afforded her finahes of a body of several horsemen-some six or seven, she judgedmaking 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 gug 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 farthermost-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 heavfly 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

By the time it entered this last, and shale and broken rock, the pursuit was not a hundred yards behind, while the firing was well-nigh contin-

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

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



"Straight Ahead, My Man!" She Said. hundred yards from the mouth of the

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 no-

ticed that the two men on the hillside were following the woman pellmell, throwing themselves down the slope with gigantic leaps and bounds. And then a great explosion rent the peaceful hush of night-that till then

acks 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

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 fabbering 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 prespector's shack and, roused by the noise of firing and recognizing Alan in the car by the aid of spyglasses, had with the prospector's aid hit upon this scheme of shooting a landslide in between the pu suit and its devoted quarry.

Behind them other lights appeared two staring yellow eyes that peered a time in search of the two, then Dan Marrie 11.25 lesped out directly toward them.

Of this they were altogether ignor-disturbed the desert silence, like the purring of some gigantic cat, both ascribed it to the drumming of their Ralph Boyer 18.00 laboring pulses.

as if shot.

side. But in the act of bending over him she drew back and remained for down upon them with all the speed negotiating a trackless desert.

a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver, break it clear of dust. Her hand went next 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 ven. Portland Ry., Light & Power and ran toward the pair, leaving two edge of his damnation.

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 Sandy Garage & Shoeing Shop \$ 4.65 father's creatures, they knew the

dream of opposing her will. In the six hands that were stlhouetted against the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glimmered; but at her command all three dropped H. Helms 4.50 harmlessly to the earth.

paces!" she required. They humored her unanimously pocketed the three weapons, then with

one of her own singled out the men she named. pick Mr. Law up and carry him into Wm. Winters

> him that one shall answer to me." Still none ventured to dispute her. | Henry Perret \$ 20.50 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.

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 way into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my

"Apparently!" she shot back, with "No But I take it back and cancel

to gainsay her. "Silence-do you hear?-or it will be the worse for you!'

its voice: her father raged like a madheartlessness. And seeing that there was no other

to the third man.
"Now Jimmy!" she said crisply. -and gag him!" "If you do," her father formed.

have your life-" A flourish of her wer instant obedience. She stepped up on " and shot a quick, at the face of the "Straight ahead d been profaned by the pattering 'Make for the r those hills y unless you ar you go!" The car 1

the three

bow. 1

and e' to plead their Th the even as far cau the in the memory of to of dismay unmitt-

al five minutes later. rened up from making them so content to will.

mocking

of the car

a long, shrill how! that was (To be continued.)

COUNTY COURT

EXPENDITURES FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1914. ROAD FUND District No. 1. O. A. Battin \$ 53.00 M. liattin 120.00 J. A. Davis 115.00 T. Kylo 53.69 W. Hellwood 115.00 Wm. Mundion 53.00 Wm. Strange 82.50 J. Peters 77.50 C. Davis 21.50 District No. 2. J. W. Bennett\$ 25.00 District No. 3.

Marion Tong 47.50 The two lights were not a mile be- Clarence Johnson 25.00 her, took a step spart and dropped W. S. Dawalt 37.50 Instantly she was kneeling by his Clarence Dallas 10.00 W. Brown 10.00 several moments motionless, staring J. Searles 5.60 at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping J. W. Bennett 45.00 C. Wolfhagen 4.45 comfort Alan. On the contrary, her Henry Bock 8.00 John Wymore 15.00 at the breech and blow its barrel A. H. Ritzan 17.50 Carl Young 5.00 to the holster on Alan's hip. From Harry Rotsch 4.00 this she extracted his Colt's .45, treat- Chas. Boyer 8.00 ing it as she had the other. Then she | Walter Hall 8.00 District No. 4. Arvid Erickson\$ 1.00

Henry Githens 2.00 J. A. Kitching 5.00 District No. 5. tured to take root there. When the Co. \$ 60.20 giare of the headlights fell upon them | C. W. Schuld & Sons 221.90 follow. The motor car stopped within H. A. Beck 68.00 twenty feet. Three men jumped out G. A. Tacheron 42.00 in the car—the chauffeur and one who an aged man with the face of a damned | B. Johnston 42.00 soul, doomed for a little time to live J. Imel 43.00 upon this earth in the certain knowl H. Nans 38.00 J. A. Sutton 28.00 As this happened, Judith Trine M. H. Wheeler 60.00 C. Wheeler 37.00 J. Johnson 32,00 J. W. Brooks 12.00 District No. 6. District No. 7. daughter's temper far too well to W. M. Ganger\$ 4.50 H. Molton 2.25

B. Odell 4,50 A. H. Klinger 4.50 C. Aschoff 4,50 Then, sharply, "Stand back two J. Cockelrease 4.50 F. Gibons 4.50 A. A. Gibons 4.50 Darting forward, she picked up and T. Hagen 4.50 G. Pickens 4.50 B. Pickens 6.75 the car. And treat him gently, mind! D. Douglas 2.25 If one of you lifts a finger to harm F. E. McGugin 5.00

District No. 8.

District No. 9. Bert H. Finch \$ 16,00 C. M. Sparks 2.10 W. A. Rhodes 2.10 Otto Jannsen 3.00 But now a second will manifested A. W. Lee 26.00 J. W. Eilers 9,00 Nick Sheel 12.00 J. Marshall 14.00 T. Harders 2.00 A. M. Jannsen 32,50 Otto Jannsen 29.00 E. Grafenhein 13.00 A. Zwerman 11.00 R. Miller 10.00 M. Lins 13.00

F. Ochs 15.00 H. Klinker 6.00 Otto Paulsen 12.00 a short laugh. "Judge for yourself!" H. Joyner 12.00 "Have you forgotten your vow to A. H. Miller 4.00 C. Johnson 22.00 J. Paulsen 2.00 it: that is my privilege, I believe. . . . H. Schmidt 14.00 W. Held 20.00 F. Lins 18.00 E. Guber 13.00 As well command the sea to still W. Weiderhold 9.00 District No. 11. man that he was, for the time being Straight & Salisbury 5.88

Mack Rivers 9.50 Eli Rivers 21.00 way of quieting him, the girl turned Leonard Lundberg 19.00 F. M. Robertson 16,00 "Into that car—and be quick about to E. Johnson 12.00 A. W. Kocker 16.00 C. Guynup 14.00 Theodore Huerth 9.50 Ben Rivers 9.50 Gus Rivers 9.50 Louis Norman 8.00 District No. 12. id. Gus Fisher\$ 2.85 gh H. E. Gill 15.65

lay W. S. Powers 17.25 Pope & Co. 1.25 C. F. M. Brown Adolph Benson 16,00 John Moser 16.00 Louis Hampton 12,50 Fred Gerber 23.75 A. J. Johnston 18.00 d sert; doubtless Ed Barret 11.25

(Continued on page 7.)

the futility of that, Ben Swales 1.50 settled back in a Carl Fallert 2.00 District No. 14. F. H. Henrici\$ 30.00 Edward Meyrick 34.00 Emot Hughes 38.25 bie that she realized W. Hughes 40.50 Henry Henrici 55.00 Loyd Henrici 34.00 seard their voices lifted Bill Griffith 35.00