

The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance

COUNTY COURT

EXPENDITURES FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1914.

ROAD FUND	
District No. 1.	
O. A. Battin	\$ 53.00
M. Battin	120.00
J. A. Davis	115.00
T. Kyo	52.00
W. Kellwood	115.00
Wm. Mundion	53.00
Wm. Strange	52.50
J. Peters	77.50
C. Davis	31.50
C. K. Battin	62.50
Dan Marzie	11.25
District No. 2.	
J. W. Bennett	\$ 25.00
Chas. Lischke	14.00
M. S. Shearer	10.10
Ralph Boyer	18.00
Marion Tong	47.50
Clarence Johnson	25.00
J. Enghouse	6.00
E. R. Bennett	77.50
W. B. Dewart	37.50
Ray Dallas	15.00
Clarence Dallas	10.00
W. Brown	10.00
J. Searles	5.50
J. W. Bennett	45.00
District No. 3.	
J. C. Elliott & Co.	\$ 22.10
C. Wolfhagen	4.45
Herman Siebert	42.00
Henry Book	8.00
John Wymore	15.00
A. H. Ritzau	17.50
Carl Young	5.00
Harry Rotsch	4.00
Chas. Boyer	3.00
Walter Hall	8.00
District No. 4.	
Arvid Erickson	\$ 1.00
Henry Githens	2.00
J. A. Kitching	5.00
District No. 5.	
Portland Ry., Light & Power Co.	\$ 60.20
C. W. Schulz & Sons	221.90
W. E. Wheeler	58.00
H. A. Beech	68.00
G. A. Tacheron	42.00
C. Lekberg	54.00
T. Richey	42.00
B. Johnston	42.00
J. Imel	43.00
H. Naas	38.00
J. A. Sutton	38.00
M. H. Wheeler	60.00
O. M. Richey	42.00
C. Wheeler	37.00
J. Johnson	32.00
J. W. Brooks	12.00
District No. 6.	
Sandy Garage & Shoeing Shop	\$ 4.65
District No. 7.	
W. M. Ganger	\$ 4.50
H. Molton	2.25
B. Odell	4.50
A. H. Kilinger	4.50
H. Helms	4.50
C. Aschoff	4.50
J. Cockerlease	4.50
F. Gibbons	4.50
A. A. Gibbons	4.50
T. Hagen	4.50
G. Pickens	4.50
B. Pickens	6.75
E. Teneyck	4.50
Wm. Winters	4.50
D. Douglas	2.25
F. E. McGugin	5.00
District No. 8.	
Henry Perret	\$ 20.50
District No. 9.	
Bert H. Finch	\$ 16.00
C. M. Sparks	2.10
W. A. Rhodes	2.10
Otto Janssen	3.00
A. W. Lee	26.00
J. W. Eilers	9.00
Nick Sheel	12.00
A. Steinke	12.00
J. Marshall	14.00
T. Harders	2.00
A. M. Janssen	32.50
Otto Janssen	29.00
E. Grafenhein	13.00
A. Zverman	11.00
R. Miller	10.00
M. Lins	13.00
F. Ochs	15.00
H. Klinker	6.00
Otto Paulsen	12.00
H. Joynes	12.00
A. H. Miller	4.00
C. Johnson	22.00
J. Paulsen	2.00
H. Schmidt	14.00
W. Held	20.00
F. Lins	18.00
E. Guber	13.00
W. Weiderhold	9.00
District No. 11.	
Straight & Salisbury	\$ 5.83
E. L. Pope	14.25
Mack Rivers	9.50
Ell Rivers	21.00
Leonard Lundberg	19.00
F. M. Robertson	16.00
E. Johnson	12.00
A. W. Koecker	16.00
C. Gynnap	14.00
Theodore Huertth	9.50
Ben Rivers	9.50
Gus Rivers	9.50
Louis Norman	8.00
District No. 12.	
Gus Fisher	\$ 2.85
H. E. Gill	15.65
W. S. Powers	17.25
Pope & Co.	1.25
C. F. M. Brown	.75
Adolph Benson	16.00
John Moser	16.00
Louis Hampton	12.50
Fred Gerber	22.75
A. J. Johnston	18.00
Ed Barret	11.25
Ben Swales	1.50
Carl Fallert	2.00
District No. 14.	
F. H. Henrick	\$ 30.00
Edward Meyrick	34.00
Emot Hughes	38.25
W. Hughes	40.50
Henry Henrick	55.00
Loyd Henrick	34.00
Bill Griffith	35.00

CHAPTER XL.

The Man in the Shadow.
Two hundred feet, if one, Hopt Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddenly 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 became less sheer. Only part of it, a double handful of pebbles, gained the bottom of the canyon.

Its muffled 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 respond absently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two companions, a man of his own age and a girl of some years less, who had been awakened from their sleep by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked his sleeve, momentarily 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 nimbly along the perilous and narrow track of the hill trail.

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—helpless! See for yourself; one false step—suppose a stone turns beneath its hoof—she'll be killed!"

While the girl focused her glasses upon 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.

"To avert it—no matter what we may have suffered at Judith's hands?" With an indignant grunt, but considering none the less, Mr. Barcus caught up the glasses and turned his back.

"Go on!" he grumbled, pretending to ignore the hand Alan offered him from the saddle. "I've got no patience with you... But go!" he insisted, of a sudden seizing the hand and pressing it fervently. "And God go with you, my friend!"

Then hoofbeats drumming on the hard-packed earth of the canyon trail struck a hundred echoes from its rugged, rocky walls.

Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a face almost ludicrous with its anguished smile that was intended to seem reassuring.

"Let's look sharp and follow him as quick as may be," he urged. "Lightning will never strike us so long as we stick to Mr. Law of the charmed life—but I don't mind telling you, once out of his company, I'm just naturally afraid of the dark!"

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 his 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 plains-bred 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 Hopt Jim's fall.

Between the moment when discovery of the men on the ridge trail interrupted their simple and hurried breakfast and that which found Rose 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 elapsed.

to lift and shake like the top of a canvas tent in a gale. At the same time a mighty gust of wind swept athwart the waste, hot as a furnace-blast. In a trice dust enveloped man and horse, a stifling cloud of super-heated particles that stung the flesh like a myriad needles. And then darkness fell, the twilight of hades, a copper-colored pall. Nothing remained visible beyond arm's length.

Blinded, half suffocated, unspeakably dismayed and bewildered, the broncho swung round, back to the blast, and refused to budge another inch.

Himself more than half-dazed, but still hounded by his nightmare vision of Judith, Alan dismounted to escape being torn bodily from the saddle by that hellish sand-blast, and seizing the bridle sought to draw the horse on with him.

He wasted his strength in that endeavor; the animal balked, planted its hoofs deep in the sand, stiffened its 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; indeed, the bridle was barely torn from his hand before Alan lost sight of the broncho.

For a moment he stood rooted in consternation as in a bog—with an arm upthrown across his face.

Then the thought of Judith returned. 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.

Alan had fallen in his dizzy blindness; she found him insensible, lying with an arm bent under him in a pose frightfully suggestive of dislocation. Yet when she turned him on his back and released the arm, he made no sign to indicate that the movement had caused him the slightest pain.

There was a slight cut upon his brow, a bruise about his left temple. She tore linen from her bosom, beneath her coarse flannel shirt, and with sparing aid from the canteen, washed the cut clean and bandaged it.

Then seeing that the storm held with fury unabated, she rose, reconnoitered and returned to exert all her strength and drag the unconscious man across the dry bed of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its farther bank.

There, sitting, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and bending over him made her body an additional shelter to him from the swirling clouds of dust.

And for hours on end Judith nursed him there, scarce daring 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 was once startled by the spectral vision

through the driving sheets of dust of a horse that plodded up the arroyo, bearing two riders on its back.

Wary 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.

quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistol popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing 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 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 Hopt Jim Slade.

A sardonic chuckle from within Trine's gag goaded the girl into a sudden fury.

Exact his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her disavowal, 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 farthest—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.

Behind them other lights appeared two staring yellow eyes that peered up 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, 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 sagebrush 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.



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



Moistened His Parched Lips and Throat.

yourself to her, out of sheer, downright foolishness in the head! I suppose you'll like me to call it chivalry! I'll 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 creaked up behind her—O, I saw him—I saw it all—and grabbed her and roped her to that broncho—if it wasn't because she had broken with them for good and all and started to fight on our side?"