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ONAWAMA
THEATRE
Every Wednesday Evening

THE TREY O' HEARTS

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifeboat, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinked and wiped tears of pain from his eyes, solicitously tested his nose and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth, and remembered the presence of a lady.

"Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently. "I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm here—and say it out loud!"

Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and dropped his head at the same time. "It can't be," he complained in unuttered resignation. "The words have never been invented."

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"Good Lord!" Barcus exclaimed, as Alan gently lowered the inert body of the girl to the sands. "And to think I didn't understand she was so nearly all in—chaffing her like that! I'd like to kick myself!"

"Don't be impatient," Alan advised grimly. "I'm busy just at present, but I'll be back in a moment. You might fetch some water to revive her."

It was an order by no means easy to fill. Barcus had only his cupped hands for a vessel, and little water remained in them by the time he had dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious.

He sat down suddenly and rested his head on his knees. "Don't be longer," he murmured. "You can help, if you can help."

He had come to the headland of the lighthouse itself before the ground began to shelve more gently to the beach, and was on the point of addressing himself to the dark and silent cottage of the lightkeeper when he passed, struck by sight, what then had been hidden from him.

Where one twin ran another must be seen. He used only now secure something to revive Rose, help her somehow up the beach, and in a few minutes, with a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward Boston and the land of law and order.

Such thoughts as these, at least, made up the texture of his hopes; the outcome proved them somewhat too presumptuous. He jogged down a quiet village street and into the rail road station just as the agent was closing up for the night.

A curly citizen, the agent, displeased to have his plans disturbed by chance, greeted Alan with a glare of unimpaired cheerfulness.



Two Men Shadowed Him.

Whether abed or at the hands of those who dislike us; but rather to be hanged as common pirates.

"You have the courage of ignorance," Barcus replied coolly. "I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time being."

At this Alan sat up with a start. "Back against the boom of the kiltzilly boat while he nodded, shone the milk-white sails of an able schooner."

But by this stage in his history Mr. Law had arrived at a state of mind immune to surprise at the discovery that he had once more failed to elude the vigilance and pertinacity of the woman who sought his life.

He viewed the schooner with no more display of emotion than that of narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"At our present pace—say, two hours." "And will that enable us to hold our own?" "Just about," Barcus allowed, squinting critically at the chase; and she's some footer, that schooner; and this is just the wind she likes best.



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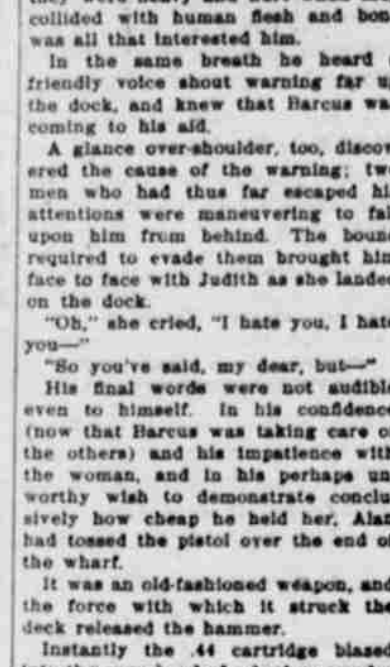
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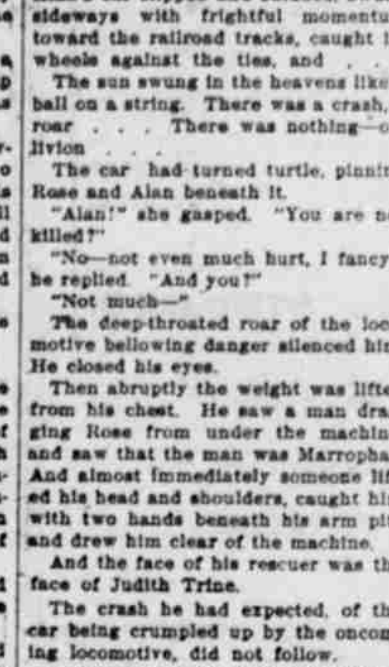
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IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR HARNEY COUNTY.
IN the matter of the Estate of F. Crews Croxton, Dec'd.
To W. T. Croxton, Mary L. Croxton, Robert Croxton and Natalie Croxton, GREETING:
IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Harney County, at the Court Room there at Burns, in the 15th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the Real Property, to-wit: Ely N. V. and Lots 1 and 2 of Sec. 18, Twp. 25, S. 3, R. 34 E. W. M., belonging to said estate should not be sold.
WITNESS: The Hon. H. C. Lovens, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Harney in the Seal of said Court affixed this 13th day of Feb. A. D. 1915.
ATTEST:
R. T. Hughes, Clerk.
By Walter T. Struck, Deputy Clerk (Seal)

\$1500 Reward!

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