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THEATRE

Every Wednesday Evening

THE TROY O'HEARTS

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Detail.

Across the plain purple shadows were sweeping, close-raked, like some vast dark army invading the land, pouring on over the ramparts of mountains in the east.

Within the rim of hills that ringed the plain like the clipped and broken flange of a titanic saucer, silence brooded and solitude held sway—frowning the town of Detail that occupied the approximate middle of the sagebrush waste, to proportions even less significant than might be inferred from the candor of his christening.

A platform, siding, a water tank, a Wells-Fargo office and a telegraph and ticket office, backed by three rough frame buildings; that is Detail tem-
poreally.

Shortly after nightfall the steel ribbons of the Santa Fe began to hum. A headlight peered suspiciously round a shoulder of the eastern range, took heart of courage to find the plain still wrapped in peace, and trucked stolidly toward Detail, the engine whose eye it was pulling after it a string of freight cars, both flat and box.

At Detail the train paused. Its crew alighted and engaged in animated argument. Detail gathered that the excitement was due to the unaccountable disappearance of the engine; none seemed to have any notion as to how it could have broken loose; yet missing it conspicuously was.

In the pause that followed, while a report was telegraphed to headquarters and instructions returned to proceed without delay, one of the trainmen spied a boyish figure lurking in the open door of an empty box car. Cunningly boarding this car from the opposite side, the trainman caught the skulker unawares and booted him vaingloriously into the night.

As the figure alighted and took to his heels, feeling itself in the darkness it uttered a cry of pained surprise and protest which drew a wrinkle of astonishment between the brows of the trainman.

"Sounded like a woman's voice," he mused; then dismissed the suggestion as obviously absurd.

It was not.

Shortly after the freight train had gone on its way—indeed, the glimmer of its rear lights had been lost among the western hills—a second headlight appeared in the east, swept swiftly across the plain and it turned stopped in Detail.

The second bird-of-passage proved to be a locomotive drawing a single car—a Pullman.

Hardly had it run past the switch however, when the brakeman dropped down, ran quickly back to the switch and threw it open.

Promptly the train backed on to the siding.

As the Pullman jolted across the frogs the brakeman, interposing himself between it and the tender, released the coupling.

By the time that the Pullman had come to a full stop on the siding, the locomotive was swinging westward like a scared jackrabbit—though no such milk-and-water characterization of the traitor passed the lips of any one of the three men who presently appeared on the Pullman's platform and shook impatient fists in the direction taken by the fugitive engine.

When the last of these had run temporarily out of breath and blasphemy a brief silence fell, punctuated by groans from each, and concluded by the sound of a voice calling from the interior of the car—a voice as strange in sonority of tone as it was curiously querulous of accent.

The three men immediately ran back into the car and presented themselves with countenances variously apologetic, to one who occupied a corner of the drawing room; a man wrapped in a steamer rug and a cloud of drowsiness.

Now when he had drained the muddy froth of profanity from his temper it left a clear and effervescent well of virulent humor; the wrath of the valetudinarian began to vent itself upon the hapless heads of the trio who stood before him.

While this was in progress, the person of boyish appearance, who had been keeping religiously aloof and inconspicuous in the background of Detail ever since that unhappy affair with the trainman, stole quietly up to the rear of the stalled Pullman, climbed the steps and crowded down the aisle unceremoniously interrupted the conference just as the invalid was polishing off a rude but honest opinion of the intellectual caliber of one of the three named Marrophet, who figured as his right-hand man and familiar genius.

"Ames to that?" the boyish person ejaculated with candid fervor, lounging gracefully in the doorway. "There's many a true word spoken in wrath, Mr. Marrophet. Father forgot only one thing—your mastery with a revolver. From what I've seen of that, this day, I'll go bail that the only safe place for a man you pull a gun on is right in front of the muzzle. There's something downright uncanny in the way you can hit anything but what you aim at."

"Judith!" exclaimed the invalid. "Where did you drop from?"

"From that freight," Judith explained carelessly, neglecting to elucidate the exact fashion of her drop. "I judged you'd be along presently, and thought I'd like to learn the news. Well—what luck?"

Her father shrugged with his one movable shoulder. Mr. Marrophet groaned indignantly. The others shuffled uneasily and looked all ways but one—at the girl in man's clothing.

"None?" Judith interpreted. "You don't mean to tell me that after I had

taken all that trouble—cast the engine loose in the middle of that treacherous risk of my life—you didn't have the nerve to go through with the business?"

"We went through with it all right," replied Marrophet defensively; "but as usual, they were too quick for us. They jumped out and dropped off the freight before our engine hit the engine-house. We smashed that to kindling wood—but they got away just in time to miss the crash. And by the time we had stopped and calmed down the engineer—well, it was dark and no way of telling when way they had run."

The girl started to speak, but merely dropped limp hands at her sides and pulled her eyes helplessly.

"We do our best," Marrophet observed. "We can't be blamed if something—somehow—always happens to tip the others off."

The girl swung to face him with blazing eyes. "Just what does that mean?" she demanded in a dangerous voice.

Marrophet lifted his shoulders. "Nothing—much," he allowed. "I am only thinking how strange it is that Mr. Law can't be caught by any sort of stratagem—when you are on the job, Miss Judith?"

The girl's hands were clenched into fists, white knuckles showing through the flesh. "You contemptible puppy!" she snapped.

But on this her voice failed; for her eyes traveled past the person of Mr. Marrophet to the doorway of the drawing room and found it framing a stranger.

"Excuse me, friends," he offered in a lax, semi-amused drawl. "It pains me considerable to butt in on this happy family gathering, but business is business, same as usual, and I got to set you all to please put up your hands!"

"What do you want?" the invalid demanded.

"Why," drawled the bandit, "nothing in particular—only your cash. Shell out, if you please—cents all and the lady, too." He ran an appreciative glance down the figure which Judith's disguise revealed rather than concealed. "If you'll pardon my takin'

notice," he amended. "Perhaps I wouldn't if the lady's clothes didn't fit her so all-fired quick!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my man!" Judith cooed, without any show of fear.

At the same time her father's voice brought her to her senses.

"Judith! Be quiet. Let me deal with this gentleman. I am sure we can come to some arrangement."

"You bet your life," agreed the gentleman as the girl mutiniously stepped back. "I know what I want, and you all know you got it: so the name of the said arrangement is just 'shell out.'"

"One minute," the invalid interposed. "Don't misunderstand me; I guarantee you shall be amply satisfied. I give you my word—the word of Seneca Trine."

The eyes of the bandit widened. "Not is that so? Seneca Trine, the railroad king? Sure's your own you're him! I've seen your picture in the papers a dozen times. Well, now, it looks like I'd drawn a full house to this pair of deuces, don't it? You ought to be able to pay something handsome."

"I'll pay you far more handsomely than you dream of if you'll do as I wish," Trine interrupted quickly. "Do me the service I wish—and name your price: whatever it is, you shall have it!"

"Nothing could be fairer'n that!" the two men admitted suspiciously. "But what's the number of this here service—like you call it?"

"Listen to me," Trine bent his head forward and jabbed the air with an emphatic forefinger. "What's the life of a man worth in this neck of the woods?"

"How much you got?"

"I'll pay you ten thousand dollars or the life of the man I will name." The eyes of the bandit narrowed. "Hold on, my friend: is that what you call my naming my own price?"

"Name it, then," said Trine.

"Give me a thousand on account," said the other, "and a better thing you'll pay me in ten minutes, thousand more in exchange for it and one dead man, properly identified as the one you want—signed by you—and your man's as good as dead this minute, providing he's in riding distance of this here car."

Trine waved his hand at his secretary. "Jimmy, find a thousand dollars for this gentleman. Make out the paper he indicated for the balance, and I'll sign it."

"Ah! no powerful trouble, Mr. Trine? How do you know I'll do anything more pocket that thousand and fade delicately away?"

"My daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Marrophet, will accompany you."

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it?"

"Name?" interjected the secretary, writing busily with the top of his attitude case for a desk.

"Slade," said the bandit. "James Slade." Again Trine paraded the atmosphere with his index finger. "The man whose life I want is named Alan Law. He is running away with my daughter, Rose, accompanied by a person named Barcus, disguised as a Pullman porter."

"The three of them having recently escaped from a train wreck on yonder on the freight!" Hopi Jim interposed. "You've met them?" Judith demanded, whirling round.

"About an hour ago, or maybe an hour and a half," Hopi Jim replied, "a good ways down the road. They stopped and sat where they could get up on for the night. I kindly directed them on to Mesa, down in the Painted hills yonder."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Fireplay.

Contented with the promise of a thousand dollars advance on his contract, providing he returned with her within a stipulated time, Mr. Hopi Jim Slade drifted quietly away into the desert night.

Well content, persuaded that the morrow's sun would never set upon a tone tenanted by an Alan Law, that monomaniac, Seneca Trine, forgot his recent ill temper and set himself diplomatically to adjust the differences between his daughter, Judith, and his first lieutenant, Marrophet.

It was no facile task; Marrophet could not be trusted to work with a single mind because of his infatuation for Judith; Judith could no more be trusted faithfully to serve out her vow to bring Alan Law to her father's feet, alive or dead, because—O cruel irony of Fate!—she herself had fallen in love with that same man whose death she had pledged herself to compass.

Only when, as now, half mad with jealousy, determined to see Alan dead rather than yield him to the woman he loved, her sister, might Judith be counted upon to serve her father in his lust for vengeance as he would be served—and even so not without Marrophet at her elbow to egg her on through her resentment of his surveillance. Neither could be trusted, indeed, to work alone to the desired consummation; for Trine had secret reason to fear lest Marrophet might, given opportunity, connive at Alan's escape in order that he might marry Rose, and so throw Judith back into his, Marrophet's, arms.

Four, debated, fell!

slight, the girl maneuvered her horse to the side of Hopi Jim, and then dropped back, permitting Marrophet to lead the way with Texas.

As deliberately she set herself to work upon the bandit's susceptibility to her charms.

Within an hour she had him ready to do anything to win her smile.

It was to be termed a town only in the near distance. Mr. Slade maintained his distance and a deaf ear to her blandishments. The only information as to their purpose that she was able to extract from either man, when the pursuing party turned aside from the main trail, some distance from Mesa, was that Hopi Jim knew a short cut through the hills which he termed the upper trail, by which they hoped to be able to head the fugitives off before they could gain the desert on the far side of the hills.

Only at long intervals did they draw rein to permit Hopi Jim to make reconnaissance of the lower trail that threaded the valley on the far side of the ridge.

Toward noon he returned in haste from the last of these surveys—scrambling recklessly down the mountain-side and throwing himself upon his horse with the advice:

"We've headed 'em—can make it now if we ride like all-get-out!"

For half an hour more they pushed on at the head of the column, obtained from their weary animals, at length drawing rein at a point where the trail crossed the ridge and widened out upon a long, broad ledge that overhung the valley of the lower trail, with a clear drop to the latter from the brink of a good two hundred feet.

One hasty look back and down into the valley evoked a grunt of satisfaction from Hopi Jim.

"Just in time," he asserted. "Here they come! Ten minutes more . . ."

His smile answered Marrophet's with unspeaking scorn.

"Texas will sleep better tonight when he knows how I've squared the deal for him," the bandit declared.

"What are you going to do?" Judith demanded, reining her horse in beside Marrophet as the latter dismounted.

A gesture drew her attention to a huge boulder poised insecurely on the very lip of the chasm.

"We're going to tip that over on your friends, Miss Judith," Marrophet replied, with a smack of relish in his voice. "Simple—nest—efficient—eh? What more can you ask?"

She answered only with an irrespressible gesture of horror. Marrophet's laugh followed her as she turned away.

For some moments she strained her vision vainly, endeavoring to penetrate the turbulent currents of anger, hatred and fear that flared the valley. Then she made out indistinctly the faintly marked line of the lower trail; and immediately she caught a glimpse of three small figures, mounted, toiling painfully toward the point where death awaited them like a bolt from the blue.

Instantly she glanced over-shoulder: Hopi Jim and Marrophet, ignoring her, were straining themselves against the boulder without budging it an inch, for all its apparent heftiness of pose. For an instant a wild hope flashed through her mind, but it was immediately extinguished when Hopi Jim stepped back and uttered a few words of which only two—"dynamite" and "fuse"—reached her ear.

Knocking beside the boulder he dug busily for an instant, then lodged the stick to his satisfaction, attached the fuse, and breaking off, edged on his belly to the edge of the cliff and looked down, carefully calculating the length of the fuse by the distance of the party down below from the spot where the rock must fall.

But while he was so engaged and Marrophet aided him, all eager interest, Judith was taking advantage of their disregard of her.

Hurriedly unbuttoning her jacket, she whipped a playing card from her pocket, a tree bark, and with the stub of a pencil scribbled three words on its face—"Danger! Go back!"

Then finding a small, fattish bit of rock, she bound the card to it with a bit of string; and with one more backward glance to make sure she was not watched, approached the brink.

Hopi Jim was meticulously shortening the fuse, Marrophet kneeling by his side.

In the canyon below the three were within two minutes of the danger point.

It was no trick at all to drop the stone so that it fell within a dozen feet of the leading horseman.

Slade, who had been suddenly dismounted, cast a look aloft, then dismounted and picked up the warning.

As the others jolted him, he detached the card and showed it to them.

At the same time Hopi Jim and Marrophet jumped up and ran back, each seizing and holding his horse by nose and bridge.

Constrained to do likewise lest she lose her mount, Judith waited with a lightened heart.

The explosion smote dull echoes from the flanks of the Painted hills, all drawing in the noon-day hush; the boulder teetered reluctantly on the brink, then disappeared with a tearing sound followed by a rush of earth and gravel; a wide gap appeared in the brink of the trail.

Leaving Marrophet to hold the two frightened horses while the girl poothed her own, the bandit rushed to

the edge, threw himself flat and swore bitterly, with an accent of grievance, as he rose.

From the canyon below a dull noise of galloping hoofs advertised too plainly the failure of their attempt.

And Hopi Jim turned back only to find Judith mounted, reining her horse led in between him and Marrophet, and prepared to give emphasis to what she had to say with an automatic pistol that nestled snugly in her palm.

"One moment, Mr. Slade," she suggested evenly. "Just a moment before you break the bad news to Mr. Marrophet. I've something to say that needs your attention—likewise, your respect. It is this: I am parting company with you and Mr. Marrophet. I am riding on toward the west, by this trail. If either of you care to follow me—the automatic flashed ominously in the sun glare—"It will be with full knowledge of the consequences. Mr. Marrophet will enlighten you if you have any doubt of my ability to take care of myself in such affairs as this. If you are well advised, you will turn back and report failure to my father."

"And what shall I tell your father from you?" Marrophet demanded sharply.

"What you please," the girl replied, flashing an implish smile over-shoulder. "But, since when I part company with you, I part with him as well—for all of you, may you tell him to go to the devil!"

"Well," Mr. Marrophet admitted confidentially to Mr. Slade, "I'm damned!"

"And that ain't all," Mr. Slade confided in Mr. Marrophet, whipping out his own revolver. "You're being held up, too. I'll take those guns of yours, friend, and what you've got about you—that's of value, including your horse—and when you get back to old man Trine you can just tell him, with my best compliments, that I've quit the job and lit out after that daughter of his. She's a heap sight more attractive than nineteen thousand dollars, and not half so hard to earn!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Burnt Fingers.

Once she had lost touch with her father's creature, the girl drew rein and went on more slowly and cautiously.

Below her, in the valley, the lower trail wound its facile way. From time to time she could discern upon some naked stretch of its length a cloud of dust, or perhaps three mounted figures, scurrying madly on with fear of death snapping at their heels.

It was within an hour of midnight, a night well-clear and bitter cold on the heights, and bright with moonlight, when Alan's party made its last pause and camped to rest against the dawn, unconscious of the fact that, a quarter of a mile above them, on the upper trail, a lonely woman had when they paused and made her own camp on the edge of a sharp declivity.

The level shafts of the rising sun awakened her. She sat up, her eyes, yawning, stretched, limbs stiff with the hardness of sleeping on unyielding, sun-baked earth—and of a sudden started up, surprised by the grating of footsteps on the earth below.

Before she could turn, however, she was caught and wrapped in the arms of Hopi Jim.

She mustered all her strength and wits and will for one last struggle—and in a frenzied moment managed to break his hold a trifle, enough to enable her to snatch at the pistol hanging from her belt and present it at his head.

But it exploded harmlessly, sending its bullet on the blue of the morning sky. The bandit caught her wrist in time, thrust it aside and subjected it to such cruel pressure and such savage wrenchings that the pistol dropped from fingers numbed with pain.

And now all hint of mercy left her eyes; remained only the glare of rage. He put forth all his strength in turn, and Judith was as a child in his hands. In half a minute he had her helpless, in as much time more her back was breaking across his knee, while he bound her with loop after loop of his rawhide lariat.

Then, leaving her momentarily supine on the ground, Hopi Jim caught and unhooked her horse, and without troubling to saddle it, lifted the girl to its back, and placed her there, face upward, catching her hands and feet, as they fell on either flank of the animal, with more loops of that unbreakable rawhide, and deftly placing the master knot of the hitch that bound the human pack well beyond possibility of her reach.

She prayed a prayer for mercy. He laughed in her face, bent and kissed her brutally, and stepped back laughing to admire his handiwork . . .

Thus he stood for an instant between the horse and the edge of the declivity, a fair mark, stark against the sky, for one who stood in the valley below, holding his rifle with eager fingers, waiting for just such opportunity with the same impatience with which he had waited for it ever since the noise of debris kicked over the edge by the struggling man and woman had drawn his attention to what was going on above.

Alan pressed the trigger and the shot sounded clear in the morning stillness, Judith saw a look of aggravated amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Slade.

Then he threw his hands out, clawed blindly at the air, staggered, reeled against the horse's flank so heavily that it shied in fright, and abruptly shot from sight over the edge of the bluff.

(To be continued)

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County Engineer, J. H. H. Miller
County Auditor, J. H. H. Miller
County Recorder, J. H. H. Miller
County Sheriff, J. H. H. Miller
County Jailor, J. H. H. Miller
County Coroner, J. H. H. Miller
County Health Officer, J. H. H. Miller
County Veterinarian, J. H. H. Miller
County Inspector, J. H. H. Miller

STATE—OREGON
Governor, Geo. E. Chamberlain
Secretary of State, Harry Lane
Comptroller, J. C. Hawley
Attorney General, A. M. Crawford
Judge of the Supreme Court, J. W. Gresham
Judge of the District Court, J. H. H. Miller
Judge of the County Court, J. H. H. Miller
County Clerk, J. H. H. Miller
County Treasurer, J. H. H. Miller
County Assessor, J. H. H. Miller
County Surveyor, J. H. H. Miller
County Engineer, J. H. H. Miller
County Auditor, J. H. H. Miller
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