

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS AND LIFE  
(By Anson Jackson.)  
Resolutions—yes, we have made some good new year resolutions. No doubt, they are all good ones. We are, to say the least, proud of every one of them. We are proud of ourselves for having made so many noble resolutions. Now we must know the fact that resolution amount to nothing unless acted on. The right start for the new year does not con-

sist in good resolutions, but in wise action.  
We are the architects of our own fortunes. We must rely upon our own strength of body and soul and remember that good health and a clear conscience are always essential to great and successful effort. The us start by learning a few useful things well, centering our attention on those relating directly to the work that we are doing or expecting to do. Learn much of men and their works

and accept practical talent as the philosopher's stone.  
Select some specialty for our life's work and then adhere to Paul's precept: "This one thing I do." Earnest effort in one direction, and stick-to-it-iveness will be our surest road to great accomplishments.  
Having found our life work, let us do that. Stick to it. Day after day, month after month and year after year, with a fullness of purpose and a fixity of aim let us press on toward

the work for the price of our calling. Do not believe in our work. Beyond that, we have a right to it and we should not let it go. There are no doubt many who are to State and Nation and to God and man, when they prevent the discharge of duties that we have. We have the assurance that all who are diligent in their business shall stand before kings and not before obscure men.

Let us learn to not weary in well doing. Don't fret, despair, or waste time in regrets over losses of time or rough usage. It is the jostlings and jostlings of life that bring great men to the surface. Drive a cart of potatoes over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom.  
Let us accept industry, Economy and Honesty as our star; inscribe on our banner, "Luck is a fool, Fleck is a hero." Inscribe on your shield

this truth—that the great differences between men—between men with an aim in life and men who have none—the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then victory or death.  
Mr. Robert Young returned Saturday to Knoxville where he is attending school. He spent most of the holiday season here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Young.

JUDGE CLIFFORD ENTERTAINS.  
Delightful Smoker Given Close Friends in His Comfortable Home Upon the Heights.  
A goodly number of Judge J. C. Clifford's friends were delightfully surprised Friday afternoon when they came to them on the telephone in that pleasant characteristic speech that misakes the distinguished owner of the voice, these words: "Gonna be busy with this evenin'?"  
Well the writer was unmistakably "gonna be busy much" and like to have been the fool to say yes very busy but is there anything especially that I can do for you my friend? However, just in time for his salvation, something like a flash, seemed to whisper in his ear "thou fool, can't you discover a special significance in that question?" So like a good soldier he lied: "a—a—well—a—no—not-very?" and then came the invitation that many will bear him witness is always delightfully pleasing to all who have heard it before. We are never too busy to accept one of Judge Clifford's invitations, knowing what it is in store for us.  
Everybody knows Judge Clifford's fame as a host and entertainer. Well, on this occasion he just fairly outdid himself. He actually went out on the streets and highways and gathering his invited his invited guests together, under his personal guidance, escorted them out to his pleasant home on the heights.  
Only one of the invited guests failed to show up and everybody was pitying him for his stupidity when it was explained that he had given his regrets, not for lack of anticipation of the good time that was in store, but on account of his uncontrollable curiosity that led him into the folly of inquiring too much into the future. (The writer congratulates himself that he did not make this mistake.) However, it is possibly well that he did since he is of such a peculiar personal temperament (possibly more his habit) that he is averse to taking his refreshments in the form of a favor. He does not like this "pernicious" that is adulterated by the soda fountain process but rather, if he shall ever find a need for refreshing draft, would prefer the pure sparkling essence for his.

# The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
Author of "The Prisoner," "The Man Who," "The Black Box," etc.  
Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

## CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Moon.  
Lapped deep in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the edge of his seat) and, squinting disconsolately down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair tilted so gracefully toward an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a stamboy walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, scented and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.  
An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses of her hair, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the blurring Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was fully conscious that he ought to be weary about something, but he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, thinking deep of wine-scented roses, he fell gently asleep.  
The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he would not have slept very long.

For some few moments Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized imperceptibly upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the single fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and clinging than ever.  
Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-gleamed, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional prick.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him.  
And now the sign had come—but what the device did the tray of hearts most.

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—or any woman—had received the least warning of his disappearance. He was simply and satisfactorily removed from English ken.

## CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.  
Out-of-doors, high brass noon, a day in London, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sunbeam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.  
The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the heavy shade that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed by his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well."  
"A telegram, sir—from England."  
"Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremendous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"  
Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"  
"Sit down."  
She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"  
"My birthday. I am twenty-one."  
"And your sister's birthday? Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."  
"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."  
"And which would you say was light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—I am more your daughter than my mother's."  
"And of the white head confirmed the suggestion. It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you know. Before I was brought to this—the wasted head made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—"?

The girl laughed briefly: "Only ask it!"  
"And how far would you go to do my will?"  
"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he announced.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint ring of satisfaction. "I said a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman she snatched an acquaintance with on the Riviera last year—what's his name?—Law, Alan Law?"

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her coming patience was belied by the whitening knuckles of a hand that lay within the little post of wood and light.

And presently the deep voice rumbled: "Law and I were once splendidly

them—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensibly—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

chanceur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me."

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a tray of hearts; it was my death-grip for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a tray of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerves."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed them under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. I ceased to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust."

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of her but my brain. It fell out as I foresaw. You can imagine the scene of passionate re-union—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?"  
"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can compass it; I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"dead or alive, you shall have him here."

CHAPTER III.  
The Trail of Treachery.

But young Mr. Law was sole agent of his own enslavement; just as he was nobody's fool, least of all his own. The hidden meaning of the tray of hearts purchased him with such detest that before leaving London, he dispatched a code messenger in his confidential agent in New York.

What do you know about the tray of hearts? Answer immediately.

The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool: "Prize the design for your father. Keep away from America."  
But Alan had more than once visited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of his own selection.

Eight days out of London, a second class passenger newly landed from one of the P. S. ships, he walked the streets of Quebec and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Bale St. Paul, as parently a very underfooted American woods-traveler chaperoned by a Canadian Indian guide picked up heaven-knows-where.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night the two struck off quietly into the hinterland of the Notre Dame range, then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, trappers and woodsmen had neither depleted pick, the two passed on a ridge pole of the wilderness up back of the Allagash country, and made their midday meal in a silence which if normal it was the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his questions the northern skin that lowered portentously, full with smoke—a country-wide conflagration that threatened all northern Maine, bone-dry with drought.

Only the sixth offered a fair prospect. The first were making southward far faster than any might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dim-colored smoke spring up in the northwest.

Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian, from whom his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit Lake, where canoes might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sultry reveries.

They traveled far and fast by dim forest trails before sundown, then again paused for food and rest. And as Jacob sat dully about preparing the meal, Alan stambed off to whip the little trail-wide stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, the back-lash of a careless cast by his weary hand hooked the state of Maine.

Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, fished through the thick undergrowth, and masked the trail, found his fish in the state of Maine.

He brought up a splendid trout, dressed by a morsel of white paste-board fixed to his trunk, a tray of hearts, of which each pig had been neatly punctured by a .22-caliber bullet.

He carried it back to camp, meaning to consult the guide, but on second thought, held his tongue. It was not likely that the Indian had overlooked an object so conspicuous on the trail.

So Alan waited for him to speak—and meantime determined to watch Jacob more narrowly, though no other suspicious circumstance had marked the several days of their association.

The first half of the night was, as the day, devoted to reluctant progress southward; thirty minutes of steady jogging, five minutes for rest—and repeat.

No more question as to the need for such urgent haste; overhead the north wind muttered without ceasing. Thin veils of smoke drifted through the forest, hugging the ground, like some weird acid mist; and ever the rustled leaves glared, livid with reflected fires.

By midnight Alan had come to the bounds of endurance; flesh, bone and sinew could no longer stand the strain. Though Jacob declined that Spirit Lake was not one hour distant, as far as concerned Alan he might have said "Hell." His blanket once unrolled, Alan dropped upon it like one drugged.

The sun was high when he awakened and set up, rubbing heavy eyes, stretching aching limbs, wondering what had come over the Indian to let him sleep so late.

Of a sudden he was assailed by sickening fears that needed only the briefest investigation to confirm. Jacob had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment.

Nor was his motive far to seek. Overnight, Alan had made tremendous gains. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar of the belated, dilled by distance but not within the growling of wild animals feeding on their kill.

Alan delayed long enough only to swallow a few mouthfuls of raw food, gulped water from a spring, and set out at a trot on the trail to Spirit Lake.

For hours he blundered blindly on, holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, half-blinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, as bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped by a tree-trunk or a log.

A heavy body landed on his back and crashed him savagely to earth.

In less than a minute he was overcome; his limbs pitched together, his ankles bound with heavy cord.

When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him with a look so insatiable as though it had been cast in the bronze it resembled.

Beyond, in one side, a woman in a man's hunting costume stood eyeing the couple as narrowly as the Indian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce enthusiasm over his downfall.

But for that look, he could have believed that he saw that had brought

him overseas to this mortal pass. Features for features, even to the hue of her tumbled hair, she counterfeited the woman he loved; only those eyes, aflame with their look of inhuman ruthlessness, denied that the two were one.

He sought vainly to speak. The breath rustled in his parched throat like wind whispering among dead leaves.

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by Alan's head.

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head—"no, I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of—can you guess whose daughter?"

But see this! She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, don't you? The tray of hearts—the symbol of 'Trine—Trine, your father's enemy, and yours, and—Rose's father and mine! So, now, perhaps you know!"

A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over-shoulder into the forest, and stood to the Indian.

"In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre."  
She stepped back. Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet in from the clearing he dropped the helpless man upon a bed of dry logs and branches.

Then, with a single movement, he disappeared.

## CHAPTER IV.

Many Waters.  
Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebony darkness called to mind a thundercloud.

The heat was nearly intolerable; the voice of the fire was very loud. A heavy, broken crashing roar by Alan's side, and he saw a brown bear break cover and plunge on into the farther thickets—fore-runner of a mad rout of terrified forest folk, deer, porcupine, a fox or two, a wildcat, rabbit, quail, partridge—a dozen more.

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip—the automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spatul crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pyre before departing. At Alan's feet the twigs were blazing merrily.

It would have been easy enough, acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs away, but he did not move more than to strain his feet as far as their bonds permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his hunting boots, he suffered that torture until a tongue of flame licked up, wrapped itself round the thick hempen cord and ate it through.

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, flung to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands—Alan's hunting knife was still in its sheath, belted to the small of his back. Tearing at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he

lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot few wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddle snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. "Now then the Indian stood again, his bullet striking past Alan's ear."

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropped his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of thunder.

He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the spillway.

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror; the sack of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spillway. The dead Indian in his bow, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruction.

His next few actions were wholly unpremeditated. He was conscious only of her white, staring face, her strange likeness to the woman that he loved.

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift, to drag the woman up out of the foaming jaws of death.

Somehow that impossible feat was achieved; somehow the woman gained a hold upon his body, shifted it to his belt, contrived inexplicably to clamber over him to the timbers; and somehow he in turn pulled himself up to safety, and sick with reaction sprawled prone, lengthwise upon that foot-wide ledge, above the screaming abyss.

Later he became aware that the woman had crawled in safety on the farther shore, and pulling himself together, imitated her example. Solid earth underfoot, he rose and stood swaying, beset by a great weakness.

Through the gathering darkness—a ghastly twilight in which the flaming forests on the other shore burned with an unearthly glare—he discovered the wan, written face of Judith Trine close to his and he heard her voice, a scream barely audible above the commingled voices of the conflagration and the cascades:

"You fool! Why did you save me? I tell you, I have sworn your death!"  
The utter grotesqueness of it all broke upon his intelligence like the revelation of some enormous fundamental absurdity in Nature. He laughed a little hysterically.

Darkness followed. A flash of lightning seemed to flame between them like a fiery sword. To its crashing thunder, he leaped into unconsciousness.

Trine and the Indian—the latter wielding the paddle.

In the act of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet from a Winchester .30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet in advance of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and canoe had



A Tremendous Weight Tore at His Arms.

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When he roused, it was with a shiver and a shudder. Rain was falling in torrents from a sky the hue of slate. Across the lake dense volumes of steam enveloped the fire that fainted beneath the deluge. A great hissing noise filled the world, muting even the roar of the spillway.

He was alone.

But in his hand, tattered and bruised by the sawpost, he found—a rose.



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

stare. Then he jumped up from the chair and stared meditatively round the room. It was true that a great deal of that solemn atmosphere was a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library.

Purposely to camouflage, Alan fed the clock, only pausing on the way out to open the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp perfectly half-blighted.

Alan tore the envelope open in abashed confusion, started as if stung. The envelope was a simple playing card—a tray of hearts!

As for Alan Law, he wondered humored in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not own her to get that year-old party with his late of the Riviera: "You say you love me but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this, that if ever you change your mind, you'll send me a rose." And her postscript: "I will send you a rose."

But the year had passed with rapid

Everybody knows Judge Clifford's fame as a host and entertainer. Well, on this occasion he just fairly outdid himself. He actually went out on the streets and highways and gathering his invited his invited guests together, under his personal guidance, escorted them out to his pleasant home on the heights.

Only one of the invited guests failed to show up and everybody was pitying him for his stupidity when it was explained that he had given his regrets, not for lack of anticipation of the good time that was in store, but on account of his uncontrollable curiosity that led him into the folly of inquiring too much into the future. (The writer congratulates himself that he did not make this mistake.) However, it is possibly well that he did since he is of such a peculiar personal temperament (possibly more his habit) that he is averse to taking his refreshments in the form of a favor. He does not like this "pernicious" that is adulterated by the soda fountain process but rather, if he shall ever find a need for refreshing draft, would prefer the pure sparkling essence for his.

Upon entering the cheery parlor, tastefully arranged by the capable, old wife of our host, from darkness without which humorously masked the recognition of the jolly marchers we found ourselves flattered and honored to be one of such a distinguished company. The evening was spent in jolly good time talk, the older veterans vying with each other in telling old time experiences and anecdotes, such as can be so interestingly told by our honorable mayor and our host who has no equals in the town, while the younger members were joyous listeners growing wiser. A spicy diversion was given to this by the entrance of two year old Master Will Clifford who gave us some very interesting acrobatic performances. No clown in any circus that we have ever witnessed. In our opinion, has anything on Will. All attention was his.

After refreshments, engagingly served by our host, for the ladies lent their presence in the beautiful and spacious dining room only as spectators and, because honest, will not attempt to properly enjoy themselves in masculine seclusion, cigars were passed around and the part returned to the parlor. Despite a fog of smoke, which the ladies claimed to really enjoy, we were joined by them who gave a final climax to the evening's enjoyment.

At this time talk was given to more serious discussion of current topics. The final signal for retirement was a vote of the men expressing their approval and disapproval of the Hobson prohibition resolution that has recently been before the national legislature, afterwards condensed to the question of who favored national prohibition, the objection of the three being only to some special features of the Hobson resolution. So we are greatly pleased to report that our congressman will vote for such a measure whenever it becomes their privilege to do so.

Well, everybody had just a