

THE TREY O' HEARTS

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

New Running at Bijou Theatre

One Episode Each Week

WATCH THIS COLUMN FOR
MISSIONARY ITEMS
HOME MISSIONS—TO CONSERVE
OUR COUNTRY'S IDEALS

Ours is a land of natural splendor! From ocean to ocean; from the great lakes to the Gulf, and our sister Republic of Mexico, is spread out a grand panorama of gifts of nature, bestowed on us by the lavish hand of Our Creator. Moses said to the Israelites just before his death, "And He hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey." Can we not trace in our history dealings of Providence with us, similar to those with the children of Israel? Among the nations of the earth, at present, we stand out a Christian nation. Since our beginning we've had a group of activities to conserve the most cherished ideals of the United States—we Southerners uniting first in efforts to Christianize the African slaves (brought to us through no effort of our own) as well as joining with our Northern home missionaries in the western extension of religious influences—keeping pace with our geographical extension. Wherever the pioneer struck his tent the itinerant followed, ever looking back to the home-church for support. "The West," however, was never stationary, moving year by year toward the setting sun, until the frontier was lost in the Pacific. Now, as there is no more territory to occupy, no more extensive work our home missions have become intensive, seeking to keep our country true to its God-given ideals.

God provided for the redemption of the whole human race, making individual salvation contingent on personal acceptance of His conditions; but both sacred and secular history go to prove that nations are judged and punished here and hereafter. Israel was his first chosen nation—it failed! Shall we? Many of our clearest and most consecrated scholars unite in the opinion that the United States of America is now committed to the evangelization of the world. Shall we fail? With God's help, no! Let us unite in every effort to conserve our God-given ideals. In order to be God's instrument we must "do his commandments"—those given by God Himself, at Mt. Sinai, and re-enacted by Christ while on earth. "Not one jot or one tittle shall pass from the law," were his words. The fourth then in the decalogue, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, etc." "One day in every seven must be a day of rest from worldly labor, rest for all; employers, employees, women, children, servants, even beasts under our control. The Jewish Sabbath was on Saturday, closing each week with a rest from its labors. How much more significant our "one day in seven" commemorating the resurrection of our Lord! Christ, Himself, on that first Easter Sunday, consecrating it as the day for the spread of the gospel (or good news) to all; bearing these good tidings in five separate appearances on that day to Mary, to the other women, to Peter; to two disciples on the way to Emmaus; and to all the disciples save Thomas. His message that day of "Our Risen Lord" and His injunction "Go tell my disciples" come sounding down the ages, making our Sunday not only a day of rest from worldly colors and a time for the reading of the Scriptures, but more, much more than this a day set apart for the hearing and telling of the Gospel; and education day, getting knowledge for and of the hereafter. Shall we come to it fresh and vigorous, with bodies rested and minds alert for the lessons of the day? If so our every-day work must stop at a reasonable time on Saturday. Some of our merchants have already pledged to close their places of business at 10 o'clock on Saturday night—can't all join in this? Can't our busy housewives make their arrangements on Saturday, leaving themselves and their servants free to attend Sunday-School and all the regular services of Sunday? Will all husbands rise early enough on that day to avoid being a hindrance instead of a help? One thing more! Some of our boys and girls have grown into the habit of singing songs not fit for the worship of this sacred day; even playing "jigs" and "rag-time"—never elevating, but positively sinful, on Sunday! Won't some of you "leaguers" "Bright Jewels," "Christian Endeavor," or Young People's Societies" take this in hand and get all our young people and children to help in making our part of our United States Christian in reality as well as in name? O, that all Christians would unite in a petition to the government to stop by law such desecrations of our Sabbath day, as running of Sunday trains; the opening of places of amusement, etc., as well as enforce laws already existing against all Open places of business!

Stung.
"I would like to get a warrant for a man who obtained money under false pretenses," announced the angry man.
"What is the trouble?" asked the clerk.
"A fellow sold me a half interest in a petticoat factory," replied the angry man.
"Well, what is the matter with petticoats?" asked the clerk.
"There ain't no such animals," replied the angry man.

CHAPTER LI.

The New Judith.

From sleep on a rug draped under Judith Trine's feet, she awoke, struggling back to consciousness like some exhausted diver from the black depths to the star-strewn surface of a night-bound pool.

And for a little she lay unstartling, her half-cumbrous fumbling with their business of renewing acquaintance with the world.

At first she could by no means recognize her surroundings. This rude chamber of rough plank walls and primitive furnishings; this wide, hard couch she shared with her still slumbering sister, Rose; the view revealed by an open window at the bedside; a fair perspective of tree-topped mountains through which a wide-bordered canyon rolled down to an emerald plain, conveyed nothing to her intelligence.

A formless sense of some epochal change in the habits and mental processes of a young lifetime, added to her confusion.

Who was she herself, this strange creature who rested here so calmly by the side of Rose? If she were Judith Trine, how came she to be there? Irreconcilable opposites in every phase of character, the sisters had sedulously avoided association with each other ever since childhood; they had not shared the shelter of four walls overnight since time beyond the bounds of Judith's memory. What, then, had so changed them both that they should be found in such close company?

What, indeed, had become of the wild thing, Judith Trine of yesterday? Surely she had little enough in common with this Judith of today, in whose heart was no more room for envy, hatred, malice or any uncharitable emotion, so full was it of love which, though it was focused upon the person of one man, none the less embraced all the world—even her sister and successful rival in that one man's affections.

This change had not come upon her without warning. She had been almost insensibly aware of its advent through the gradual softening of that old Judith's hard and vengeful nature in the course of the last few days. But now that the revolution was accomplished, she hardly knew herself—she hardly knew the world, indeed, so differently did she regard it—not without something of the wide-eyed wonderment of a child to find all things so new and strange and beautiful.

And this was the work of Love! Now the chain of memories was quite complete, no link lacking in its continuity. She recalled clearly every incident that had marked the slow growth of this great love she had for Alan Law, from that first day, not yet a month old, when he had escaped the fiery deathtrap she had set for him and repaid her only by risking his life anew to save her from destruction, down to this very morning when the stream from a hydraulic nozzle had swept over the brink of a three hundred-foot precipice a crimson racing automobile containing two desperate men bent upon compassing the death of her beloved.

By that act of sheer self-defense the world was richer for the loss of two black-hearted blackguards, and Alan Law might now be considered safe from further persecution—since there now remained not one soul loyal enough to Seneca Trine to prosecute his private war of vengeance against Alan. And though that aged monomaniac had means whereby he might purchase other secondaries and corrupt them to his hideous purposes, Judith was determined that he should never again have any opportunity so to do. Though Alan, she knew, would never lift his hand to hinder her father's freedom of action, she, Judith, meant to take such steps as his persecution called for. If there were any justice in the land—if there were any allies capable of discriminating between Trine's apparent sanity and his deep-rooted meanness—then surely not many days more should pass into his story without witnessing his consignment to an institution for the criminal insane.

She, Judith, would see to that, and then . . .

The woman sighed once more. Then Rose and Alan would marry and live happily ever after. But what of Judith? She made a small gesture of resignation to her destiny. What became of her no longer mattered, so that Alan was made happy in such happiness as he coveted.

And now the thought stirred her sharply that what was to be done must be done quickly, if at all. And the almost level rays of the declining sun, striking in through the open window, counseled haste if Judith were to accomplish her intention of leaving this place and finding her father again before daylight.

With the utmost care she rose from the bed, crept to the door of the room (now recognized as the quarters of the foreman of the hydraulic mining outfit) and out into the room adjoining.

And there, pulling the door to gently behind her, she paused and for many minutes stood in hesitating contemplation of the man she loved—Alan Law, asleep in a chair beside a table, his head pillowed on his folded arms.

This was leaving-taking for her—she would never know.

For better or ill, Judith felt she could not trust herself to say farewell to him without breaking down and weeping, and the other womanhood that threatened to overwhelm her each time she forced herself to face the thought that this parting must be final.

Like a thief she stole across the creaking floor to Alan's side, hesitated, bent her head to his and touched his lips to his cheek—a caress so light that he slept on in ignorance of it.

Then, as she lifted her head and stood erect, bosom convulsed with silent sobs, she looked squarely into the face of Rose.

CHAPTER LII.

The Old Adam.

A long minute elapsed before either woman moved or spoke.

Transfixed beside Alan's chair, standing herself with a hand upon his back, Judith stared at the figure in the doorway in a temper at once discomfited and defiant. With this she suffered a phase of incredulity, was vaguely able to perceive herself that this was truly Rose who confronted her—Rose whose sweet and gentle nature had ever served as the butt of Judith's contempt and ruthless ridicule.

Now was revolution with a vengeance, when Rose threatened and Judith shrunk!

It was as if the women had exchanged natures while they slept.

The countenance that Rose showed her sister was a thundercloud rent by the lurid lightning of her angry eyes. Her pose was tense and alert, like the pose of an animal set to spring. In her hand hung a revolver, the same (Judith's hand sought the holster at her hip and found it empty) that her sister had worn and forgotten to remove when she dropped, half-dead with fatigue, upon the bed.

And slowly, toward the end of that long minute, the girl's grasp tightened upon the grip of the weapon and its muzzle lifted.

Remembering this, a flash of her one-time temper quickened Judith. Of a sudden, with a start, she crossed the floor in a single, noiseless stride, and threw herself before her sister.

"Well!" she demanded hotly. "What are you waiting for? Nobody's stopping you; why don't you shoot?"

The upward movement of the hand was checked; the weapon hung level and unobtrusive as the glance that probed her eyes and the tone of Rose's voice as she demanded:

"What were you doing there?"

"If you must know from me what you already know on the evidence of your eyes—I was kissing good-by to the man I love—kissing him without his knowledge or consent before leaving him to you for good and all!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I'm going away—that I can't stand this situation any longer. Marrophet and Jimmy are dead, my father's helpless—and I mean to see that he remains so. Nothing, then, stands in the way of my marrying Alan but me. And such being the case—and because he's as dear to me as he is to you—I'm going to take myself off and keep out of the way."

"For fear lest he find out that you love him?"

Judith's lip curled. "Do you think him so witless he doesn't know that already?"

"And so you leave him to me out of your charity? Is that it?"

"Any way you like. But if it's so intolerable to you to think that I dare love him and confess it to you—if you begrudge me the humiliation of stooping to kiss a man who doesn't want my kisses—if you are so afraid of losing him while I live and love him—very well, then!"

With a passionate gesture Judith tore open the bosom of her waist, offering her flesh to the muzzle of the revolver.

A cry broke from the lips of Rose that was like the cry of a forlorn child punished with cruelty that passes its understanding. She fell back against the wall. The revolver swept up through the air—but its mark was her own head rather than Judith's bosom.

But before her finger found strength to pull the trigger the man at the table, startled from his sleep by the sound of angry voices, leaped from his chair with a violence that sent it clattering to the floor, and hurried himself headlong across the room, imprisoning the wrist of his betrothed with one hand while the other wrested the weapon away and passed it to Judith.

"Rose!" he cried thickly. "What does this mean? Are you mad? Judith—"

Dragging the bosom of her waist together, Judith thrust the weapon into its holster and turned away.

"Be kind to her, Alan," she said in an uncertain voice. "She didn't understand—and I roared her beyond endurance, I'm afraid. Forgive me—but be kind to her always!"

Somewhat blindly, she stumbled out of the cabin into the open, possessed by a thought whose temptation was stronger than her powers of resistance. What Rose had failed to accomplish might now serve to resolve Judith's problem. . . . None, she told herself, bitterly, would seek to hinder her. But she meant so to arrange the matter that none should see or suspect and be moved to interfere.

Round the shoulder of the mountain, on the road along the edge of the cliff, she was sure of freedom from observation.

And yet, such is the inconsistency of the human animal, the instinct for self-preservation was stronger than her purpose: when a lowering cloud swung round the mountain and shot toward her, she checked herself hastily and jumped aside in ample time to escape being run down.

The next instant the machine was hurrying to a halt and the enormous searchlight of Seneca Trine was saluting her:

"Judith! You here! What the devil's . . ."

Where've you been? Where are Marrophet and Jimmy?"

Digging the nails of her fingers painfully into her palms, she breathed deep, fighting down hysteria, reasserting her self-control in so short a space of time that her father failed to appreciate that there was anything uncommon in the mind of the girl.

"Where?" he demanded angrily as she approached the car. "Where, I want to know, are Marrophet and Jimmy? Haven't you seen or heard anything of them? They left me at six o'clock this morning, to go after—"

"Dead!" the girl interrupted, sententious, crying him strangely.

"I don't believe it!" the old man screamed, aghast. "I won't believe it. You're lying to me, you jade! You're lying—"

"I am not," she broke in coldly. "I am telling you the plain truth . . . They followed us all morning in that red car, firing at us all the while. Finally they caught up with us here, about noon—came up this road shooting over the windshield. It was our lives or theirs. We turned the hydraulic stream on them and washed the car over the cliff. If you don't believe me, get somebody to show you their faces."

She indicated with a gesture two forms that lay at a little distance back from the roadside, motionless beneath a sheet of canvas—the bodies of Trine's creatures, recovered by the mining gang and brought up for a Christian burial.

But Trine required no more confirmation of Judith's word. The light sickened and died in his evil old eyes; his stricken countenance assumed a hue of pallor even more intense than was normal with it; a broken curve issued from his trembling, thin, old lips; and his chin sagged to his chest, heavy-weighted with despair that followed realization of the fact that he no longer owned even one friend or creature upon whose consciousness loyalty he might depend.

The last bitter drop that brimmed his cup of misery was added when Alan Law himself appeared, leaving the miners' cabin in company with his betrothed—Rose now soothed and comforted, smiling through the traces of her recent tears as she clung to her lover, nestling in the hollow of his arm.

To Alan, on the other hand, this rencontre seemed to afford nothing but the pleasant surprise imaginable.

"Well!" he cried, releasing Rose and running down to the car. "Here's luck! And at the very moment when I was calling my lucky star hard names! How can I ever reward your thoughtfulness, Mr. Trine? It beats me how you do keep track of me this . . ."

Nothing but a barely perceptible respiration and intermittently fluttering pulse persuaded them that the same of life was not extinct in that poor, old, pain-racked body.

through her lover's protestations; Judith lost in profoundest melancholy; Trine nursing his rage, working himself up into a silent fury whose consequences were to be more far-reaching than even he dreamed in his wildest moments.

Its first development, for all that, was desperate enough.

The aged monomaniac occupied the right-hand corner of the rear seat. Thus his one able hand was next to Judith, in close juxtaposition to the revolver in the holster on her hip.

Without the least warning his left hand clutched upon the weapon, withdrew it and leveled it at the back of Alan's head.

As he pulled the trigger Judith sprung herself bodily upon the arm.

Even so, the bullet found a goal, though in another than the intended victim. The muscular forearm of the chauffeur received it.

With a shriek of pain the man released the wheel and grasped his arm.

Before Alan could move to prevent the disaster the car, running without a guiding hand, careened off a low embankment to the left and shot full tilt into a shallow ditch on the right, shelling its passengers like peas from a broken pot.

Alan catapulted a good twenty feet through the air and alighted with such force that he lay stunned for several moments.

When he came to, he found Rose helping him to his feet; a heavy on-passenger touring car halted in the roadway indicated the manner in which his friend had arrived on the scene of the accident.

When damages were assessed it was found that none of the party had suffered seriously but the chauffeur and Seneca Trine himself. The former had only his wound to show however, while Trine lay still and senseless at a very considerable distance from the wrecked automobile.

Nothing but a barely perceptible respiration and intermittently fluttering pulse persuaded them that the same of life was not extinct in that poor, old, pain-racked body.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Last Trine.

Toward the evening of the third day following the motor spill, Judith sat in the deeply recessed window of a bedchamber on the second floor of a hotel situated in the heart of California's orange-growing lands.

"Boring!" Seneca Trine sat, apparently asleep, in a wheeled invalid chair.

There was no occupant of the room. Though he had lain nearly two days in coma, her father's subsequent



Lightning Kills Trine and Strikes Down Alan and Rose.

way—happening along like this every time I need a car the worst way in the world!"

"Drive on!" Trine screamed to the chauffeur. "Drive on, do you hear?"

But Judith had stepped up on the running board and was crying the driver coldly, with one hand significantly resting on the butt of the weapon at her side. The car remained at a standstill.

Sulphurous profanity followed, a pungent stream of vituperation that was checked only by Judith's interruption: "We've had to gag you once before, you know. If you want another taste of that—keep on!"

"But where's Rose?" Judith demanded when, after helping Rose into the car and running off to thank their hosts, Alan returned alone to the car.

"Goodness only knows," the young man answered cheerfully. "He would insist on rambling off down the canyon in search of an alleged town where we could hire a motor car—somewhere down there. I tried to make him understand that we had plenty of time, but he was maddish as he generally is when he gets a foolish notion into his head. So I drove—"

"We'll meet him on his way back—or else asleep somewhere by the roadside!"

Taking the seat next to the chauffeur, he gave the word to drive on; and they slipped away from the location of the mining camp, saluted by cheers from the miners.

The road dipped sharply down the mountain side to the hot of the canyon. The car moved smoothly and swiftly, coasting; only now and then was it necessary to call upon the engine for power with which to negotiate an up-grade or some uncommonly long stretch of level road.

Half an hour passed without a word spoken by any member of the party. Each was deep in his or her own special preoccupation: Alan turning over plans for an early wedding; Rose hugging the contentment regained

progress toward recovery of his normal state had been rapid. Now, according to a council of surgeons and physicians who had been summoned to deliberate on his case, he was in a fair way to round out the average span of a sound man's lifetime. He had apparently suffered nothing in consequence of his accident more serious than prolonged unconsciousness. For the last twenty-four hours he had been in full possession of his faculties and (for some reason impossible to Judith to fathom) uncommonly cheerful.

From this circumstance she drew a certain sense of mystified anxiety. Twice in the course of the morning she had caught his eye following her with a gleam of ardent exultancy, as though he surmised some secret of extraordinary possibilities.

And yet (she argued) it was quite impossible that he should have some forecast of some brewing for the assassination of Alan. Not a soul had had any sort of communication with him since his recovery but the attending surgeon, a man of unimpeachable character, a meek-mannered trained nurse, and herself, Judith. Under such circumstances he simply could not have set a new conspiracy afoot.

And yet . . . She was oppressed by a great uneasiness.

Perhaps (she reasoned) the weather was responsible for this feeling, in some measure at least. The day had been unaccountably hot, a day without a breath of air. Now, as it drew toward its close, its heat seemed to become more and more oppressive even as its light was darkened by a portentous phenomenon—a vast pall of lanky cloud shouldering up over the mountains to the north of distant ramblings.

Now was this all; a considerable degree of restlessness was surely pardonable in one who, from her window, watched a carriage-drive populous with vehicles (for the most part motor cars) bringing to the hotel gayly

dressed men and women, the guests invited to the wedding of Rose Trine and Alan Law.

Within another ten minutes the man Judith loved with all her body and soul would be the husband of her sister.

She had told herself she was resigned; but she was not, and she would never be. Her heart was breaking in her bosom as she sat there, watching, waiting, listening to the ever heavier detonations of the approaching thunderstorm and to the jubilant pealing of a great organ down below.

The had told herself that, though resigned, she could not bear to witness the ceremony. Now as the moment drew near when the marriage would be a thing finished, fixed, irrevocable, she found herself unable to endure the strain alone.

Slowly, against her will, she rose and stole across the floor to her father's chair.

His breathing was slow and regular; beyond doubt he slept; unquestionably there was no reason why she should not leave him for ten minutes; even though he waked it could not harm him to await her return at the end of that scant period.

Like a guilty thing, on feet as noiseless as any sneak thief's, she crept from the room, closed the door silently, ran down the hall and descended by a back way, a little-used staircase, to the lower hall, approaching the scene of the marriage.

Constructed in imitation of an old Spanish mission chapel, it contained one of the finest organs in the world, at this close range its deep-throated tones vied with the warnings of the storm. Judith, lurking in a passageway whose open door revealed the altar steps and chancel, was shaken to the very marrow of her being by the majestic reverberations of the music.

Since they had regained contact with civilization in a section of the country where the Law estate had vast holdings of land, the chapel was thronged with men and women who had known Alan's father and wished to honor his son.

Above stairs, in the room Judith had quitted, Seneca Trine opened both eyes wide and laughed a silent laugh of savage triumph when the door closed behind his daughter.

At last he was left to his own devices—and at a time the most fitting imaginable for what he had in mind.

With a grin, Seneca Trine raised both arms and stretched them wide apart.

Then, grasping the arms of his chair, he lifted himself from it and stood trembling upon his own feet for the first time in almost twenty years.

Grasping the back of the wheeled chair, he used it as a crutch to guide his feeble and uncertain movements. But these became momentarily stronger and more confident.

Then, with this hidden in the bosom of his embittered bosom, a secret unsuspected even by the attending surgeon; that through the motor accident three days ago he had regained the use of limbs that had been stricken motionless—strangely enough, by a motor car—nearly two decades since.

Slowly but surely moving to the bureau in the room, he opened one of its drawers and took out something he had, without her knowledge, seen Judith put away there while she thought he slept.

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pistol in the hand of Seneca Trine, discharging the weapon even as it struck him dead.

As he fell the bolt swerved and struck two others down—Alan Law and the woman who had just been made his wife.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Wife.

Again three days elapsed; and Judith, returning from the double funeral of her father and sister, doffed her mourning for a gown less somber and more suited to the atmosphere of a sickroom, then relieved the nurse in charge of Alan.

He remained as he had been ever since the falling of the thunderbolt—in absolute coma.

But he lived, and—or the physicians lied—must soon regain consciousness. Kneeling beside his bedside Judith prayed long and earnestly.

When she arose it was to answer a tap upon the door. She admitted Tom Marcus and suffered him to lead her into the recess of the window, where they conversed in guarded tones in spite of the fact that the subject of their communications could not possibly have heard them.

"I've come to tell you something," Marcus announced with characteristic awkwardness. "I've known it for three days—ever since the wedding. In fact—and kept it to myself, not knowing whether I ought to tell you yet or not."

"I am prepared," Judith assured him calmly.

"You're nothing of the sort," he countered, argumentative. "You couldn't be. It's the most amazing thing imaginable. . . . See here . . ."

"Well?"

"You understand, don't you, that Alan must never know that Rose was killed by that lightning stroke?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," the man floundered miserably. "You see, he loved her so—I thought