

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 Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Boat," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

CHAPTER XL.

The Man in the Shadow.

Two hundred feet, if one, Hopi Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddenly the thing that had been Hopi 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 madly 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," she 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.

At this the other man turned to his side and dropping a detaining hand upon his arm asked:

"What are you going to do?"

Alan shook the hand off and went on with his self-appointed task.

"Go after her, Tom, of course," he replied. "What else? That animal is crazy, I tell you."

"Even so," Tom Barcus argued, "you can't climb that hillside on horseback—and if you could, you'd be too late to catch up, much less prevent an accident."

"I know it. But suppose it doesn't fall... You know what's beyond these hills—deserts! And the girl is helpless, I tell you, bound hand and foot. Think of her being carried that way—all day, perhaps—face up to this brutal sun! She'll go mad if something isn't done."

"You've gone mad yourself already," Mr. Barcus contended darkly. "What's it to you if she does? Suppose you do succeed in rescuing her: what then? As soon as she gets on her pins she'll try to stick a knife into you—like as not. What's she been chasing you for, all over this land of the brave and home of the free, but to take your fool life? And now you want to sacrifice

light on our side?"

"You're raving," Barcus commented in a hopeless tone. He looked to the girl. "Rose—Miss Trine—reason with this madman."

Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and confidently to her lover's side, lifting her lips to his.

"Go, sweetheart!" she told him. "Save her if you can!"

With a look of triumph for the benefit of Mr. Barcus Alan Law gathered Rose Trine into his arms.

"Did you dream for an instant Rose would see her own sister carried to her death if anything could be done to avert it—no matter what we may have suffered at Judith's hands?"

With an indignant grunt, but considerate 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, with 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!"

CHAPTER XLII.

The Trail of Flying Hoof-Prints.

In the still air of that young day the chill of night lingered stubbornly—and would until the shadow of the eastern rampart had crept slowly down the canyon's western wall, telescoped upon itself and vanished, letting in the sun to make the place a pit of torment and of burning.

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-clad.

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 Hopi 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.

And even with its double burden, their horse made better time upon the broad lower level than those who followed the ridge trail. By mid-morning, when they approached the foothills that ran down to the desert, the pursuit was more than a mile in the rear and shut off to boot by a monolithic hill, while Alan was many a weary mile in advance.

He sat upon his horse, just then, at standstill upon the summit of a rounded knoll, the painted hills lifting up behind him, the desert before unfolding like a map—just like a map all blurred.

Only in the near foreground was anything definite to be distinguished in the aspect of that sunbitten waste—bleached earth patterned in almost orderly arrangement by sagebrush and gnarled cacti. At the distance of half a mile all blended into one vast plain of glaring gray that stretched over the round of the world to a broken wall of purple hills that reeled drunkenly in the haze-veiled southwest.

Was Judith out there, somewhere, lost, defenseless, forlorn, impotent to lift a hand to shield her face from the blast of that savage sun?

Staring beneath a shading hand, he discerned nothing that moved upon the surface of the desert but its myriad heat-devils jiggling monotonously their infernal danse macabre.

Or—as seemed more probable—was she back there among the Painted Hills, lying still and lifeless, crushed beneath the weight of that fallen horse?

No rest for Alan till he knew... Descending the knoll he reined his lagging mount back into the trail, following its winding course through the foothills and round the base of that monolithic mountain toward the junction with the ridge trail, miles away.

It approached the hour of noon he



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 Marrophet and the others—alone up there when that beast reared 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

fore he gained the point where the two trails joined and struck out across the desert. And here he discovered what he thought indisputable indication that the fright of Judith's horse had persisted.

Abandoning immediately all notion of returning through the hills by the ridge-trail, he turned and swung away at the best pace he could spur from his broncho, delivering himself into the pitiless embrace of that implacable wilderness of sun and sand.

At long intervals he would check the broncho and, reeling in his saddle, endeavor to sweep the desert with his binoculars.

And toward the middle of the afternoon he fancied that something rewarded one such effort; something for an instant swam athwart the field of the glasses: something that seemed to move like a weary horse with a human figure bound to its back.

But now the phenomena were discernible which, had he been more desert-wise, would have made him pause and think before he ventured farther from those hills, already beyond reach as they were.

His first appreciated warning came when the surface of the desert seemed 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 superheated 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, unpeppably 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 bride 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 recurred.

Head banded 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.

He staggered on another yard or two, breathing more freely, and blundered into a rough-ribbed wall of rock—some sporadic outcrop, he understood, whose bulk stood between him and the storm.

He thought to rest for a time, until the storm had spent its greatest strength: but as he laid his shoulder gratefully against the rock and scrubbed the dust from his smarting eyes he saw what he at first conceived to be a hallucination: Judith Trine standing within a yard of him, alive, strong, free.

He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him, open her mouth to utter a wondering cry that was inaudible, and come quickly nearer.

"Alan! You came for me! You followed me, through all this!"

He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh—that was like the croaking of a raven as it issued from his bone-dry throat—and in momentary possession of hysterical madness, reeled away from the woman and the shelter of the rock and delivered himself anew to the mercy of the dust-storm.

(Continued in next issue.)

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of J. A. Little, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present same to me at my residence in New Salem township, Union county, N. C., on or before the 10th day of November, 1915, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate settlement.

D. L. LITTLE, Administrator of J. A. Little, Deceased.
Stack & Parker, Attys.

Men and Women Wanted

to sell the most remarkable bargain in the magazine world this year.

Regular Price BOTH
Everyboydy's \$1.50
Delineator \$1.50 \$ 2
Total \$3.00 To One Person

A monthly salary and a liberal commission on each order. Salaries run up to \$250.00 per month, depending on the number of orders. This work can be done in your spare time, and need not conflict with your present duties. No investment or previous experience necessary. We furnish full equipment free.

Write for particulars to
THE RIDGEWAY COMPANY,
Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York

H. B. HAVELY, C. E.,
Civil and Hydraulic Engineer.
Surveying, Mapping
and
General Engineering.
Phone No. 343
Belk-Bunday Bldg. Monroe, N. C.

W. B. HOUSTON,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office up stairs, Fitzgerald Building Northwest of Court-house, Monroe, N. C.

Pay your city taxes for 1914.
T. L. CROWELL, Collector.

SEABOARD

AIRLINE RAILWAY

Travel via Monroe, N. C., and Seaboard Air Line Railway to and from all points in North, East, South and West. Chair car between Charlotte and Wilmington. Steel, electric lighted observation sleeper between New York and Birmingham. Electric lighted Pullman drawing room sleeper Charlotte to Portsmouth.

Schedule in effect April 12, 1914.

The following schedule figures are published as information only, and are not guaranteed:

- TRAINS ARRIVE MONROE.
- No. 14—Charlotte to Wilmington, local, 5:45 a.m.
 - No. 12—Birmingham-Atlanta to Ports. and New York, 6:10 a.m.
 - No. 5—New York to Birmingham 9:55 a.m.
 - No. 34—Rutherfordton to Raleigh, local, 11:00 a.m.
 - No. 19—Wilmington to Charlotte, 11:10 a.m.
 - No. 31—Raleigh to Rutherfordton, local, 2:35 p.m.
 - No. 30—Atlanta to Monroe, 5:36 p.m.
 - No. 20—Charlotte to Wilmington, local, 5:40 p.m.
 - No. 16—Rutherfordton to Monroe 8:20 p.m.
 - No. 13—Wilmington to Charlotte, 9:55 p.m.
 - No. 6—Birmingham to Ports. and New York, 8:45 p.m.
 - No. 11—New York-Ports. to Atlanta and Birmingham, 10:50 p.m.
- TRAINS LEAVE MONROE.
- No. 14—Charlotte to Wilmington, local, 5:50 a.m.
 - No. 12—Birmingham-Atlanta to Ports. and New York, 6:15 a.m.
 - No. 16—Monroe to Rutherfordton, 8:00 a.m.
 - No. 6—New York to Birmingham, 10:00 a.m.
 - No. 34—Rutherfordton to Raleigh, local, 11:10 a.m.
 - No. 29—Monroe to Atlanta, 11:15 a.m.
 - No. 19—Wilmington to Charlotte, local, 11:20 a.m.
 - No. 31—Raleigh to Rutherfordton, local, 2:30 p.m.
 - No. 20—Charlotte to Wilmington, local, 5:40 p.m.
 - No. 13—Wilmington to Charlotte, local, 10:00 p.m.
 - No. 11—New York-Ports. to Atlanta and Birmingham, 10:55 p.m.
 - No. 6—Birmingham to New York and Ports., 8:50 p.m.

For further information call on or phone S. J. Brigman, Ticket Agt., or John T. West, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C., or C. B. Ryan, G.P.A., Norfolk, Va.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE B. & P. POLICY?

ONE DOLLAR buys \$50 per month, with \$500 for Accidental Death, AA Classification. Larger or smaller amounts at proportionate rates.

CALL TO-DAY, Tomorrow may be too late.

We also write Life Insurance in its most approved forms.

GORDON INSURANCE CO.

Everything in Life, Accident and Fire Insurance. OPERA HOUSE BUILDING. MONROE, N. C.

Stale Drugs Have Little Power

We Don't Use Them.

ENGLISH DRUG CO.

The Old Reliable Drug Store, Monroe, N. C.

WAR! What Is It All About?



HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Serbia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you

FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, and THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—which over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom. Read how Germany and Austria fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.

The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporary history, which Prof. Duruy completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past he tells the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and \$1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books are worth more than you pay for books and magazine to get, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock room at once. Send your coupon today—ask us in time.

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and \$1.00 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Look at the label on your paper. If it is not in advance, you are expected to renew at once. A paper like The Journal cannot be sent twice a week for one dollar a year unless that dollar is paid promptly. Do not neglect this important matter.

Fresh and Fancy

- RAISINS,
 - CURRENTS,
 - NUTS,
 - BILL PICKLES,
 - MINCE MEAT,
- and many other articles of Seasonable Groceries
- Call and see us.
We buy Country Produce.

M. WALLER

The live and let live grocer,
Help some young lady win a handsome prize.