

# THE TREY O' HEARTS

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Stranded.

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

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

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

In the bows Mr. Law (who had barely saved himself a headlong plunge overboard when the shoal took full hold of the keel) felt tenderly of his excoriated skin, then, rising, compassed the sea, sky and shore with an anxious gaze.

In the offing there was nothing but the flat, limitless expanse of the night-bound tide, near at hand vaguely silvered with the moonlight, in the distance blending into shadows; never a light or shadowy, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit.

"Where are we?" he wondered aloud. "Ask me an easy one," Barcus replied; "somewhere on the south shore of the cape—unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse over yonder."

Alan took soundings from the bows. "Barely two feet," he announced, withdrawing the oar from the water, "and eel-grass no end."

"Oh!" Barcus ejaculated with the accent of enlightenment; and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly undecorative fashion while groping under water for the propeller.

"That's the answer," he repeated; "there's a young bale of the said eel-grass wrapped round the wheel. Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away."

Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been—but only shirt, trousers and a belt.

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

"Don't be impatient," Alan advised grimly; "I'm busy just at present, but . . . Meantime, you might fetch some water to revive her."

It was an order by no means easy to fill; Barcus had only his cupped hands for a vessel, and little water remained in them by the time he had dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious, while the few drops he did manage to sprinkle into her face availed nothing toward rousing her from the trance-like slumbers of exhaustion into which she passed from her fainting fit. . . .

In the end Alan gave up the effort. "She's all right," he reported, releasing the wrist whose pulse he had been timing. "She fainted, right enough, but now she's just asleep—and needs it, God knows! It would be kinder to let her rest, at least until I see what sort of a reception that lighthouse is inclined to offer us."

"You'll go, then?" Barcus inquired. "I'd just as lief, myself. . . ."

"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's not far—not more than a quarter of a mile. And she'll be safe enough here, in your care, the little time I'm gone."

Barcus nodded. His face was drawn and gray in the moon-glare. "Thank God!" he breathed brokenly, "you're able. I'm not."

He sat down suddenly and rested his head on his knees. "Don't be longer than you can help," he muttered thickly.

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

The promontory, he found, formed the eastern extremity of a wide-armed if shallow harbor where rode at moorings a considerable number of small craft—pleasure vessels assorted about equally with fishing boats. And barely an eighth of a mile on, long-legged wharves stood knee-deep in the water, like tentacles flung out from the sleepy little fishing village that dotted the rising ground—a community of perhaps two hundred dwellings.

It was this all—even as Alan hove in view of the village he heard a series of staccato snorts, the harsh tolling of a brazen bell, the rumble of a train pulling out from a station. And then he saw its jewel-string of lights flash athwart the landscape and vanish as its noise died away diminuendo.

Where one train ran another must. He knew only now secure something to revive Rose, help her somehow up the beach, and in another hour or two, of a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward Boston and the land of law and order.

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

But now, though he was all unconscious of the fact, he went no more alone.

His shadow in the moonlight kept him company upon the sands; and above, on the edge of the bluffs, another shadow moved on parallel courses and at a pace sedulously patterned after his.

He found his sweetheart and his friend much as he had left them, with this difference—that Mr. Barcus now lay flat on his back and snoring lustily.

He was awakened quickly enough, however, by Alan's news.

But when it was the turn of Rose—she faltered. She lay so still, betrayed her exhaustion so patently in every line of her unconscious posture, as well as in the sharp pallor of her face upturned to the moon, that it seemed scarcely less than downright inhumanity to disturb her.

None the less, it had to be done. Alan hardened his heart with the reminder of their urgent necessity, and

pening he had gone over the stern, and had involuntarily disarmed himself as well.

The other two men made a sad business of attempting to overpower Mr. Barcus. In less than a minute they were both overboard.

"And just for this," Alan said before getting out of earshot—"I'm going to treat my party to a joy-ride in your pretty powerboat."

He concluded this speech abruptly as Barcus brought them up under the quarter of the power cruiser.

Within two minutes the motor was spinning contentedly, the mooring had been slipped, and the motorboat was heading out of the harbor.

Within five minutes she had left it well astern and was shooting rapidly westward, making nothing of the buffets of a very tolerable sea kicked up by the freshening southwesterly wind.

"My friend," observed Alan, "as our acquaintance ripens I am more and more impressed that neither of us was born to die a natural death."

But soon, disarmed, his case was desperate—and there were two already safe upon the dock and others madly scrambling up to reinforce them.

Wildly he cast about for some substitute weapon, he leaped toward a small pyramid of little but heavy kegs, and seizing one, swung it overhead and cast it full force into the midriff of his nearest enemy; so that this one doubled up convulsively, with a stekish grunt, and vanished in turn over the end of the wharf.

His fellow followed with less injury. But Alan had no time to wonder whether the man had tripped and thrown himself in his effort to escape a second hurting keg, or had turned coward and fled. It was enough that he had returned, precipitately and heavily, to the schooner.

The keg, meeting with no resistance, pursued him even to the deck, where the force of its impact split its seams.

None of the combatants, however, Alan least of all, noticed that the powder that filtered out was black and coarse. Alan, indeed, had only the haziest notion that they were powder-kegs he used as ammunition. That they were heavy and hurt when they collided with human flesh and bone was all that interested him.

In the same breath he heard a friendly voice shout warning far up the dock, and knew that Barcus was coming to his aid.

A glance over-shoulder, too, discovered the cause of the warning; two men who had thus far escaped his attentions were maneuvering to fall upon him from behind. The bound required to evade them brought him face to face with Judith as she landed on the dock.

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you, I hate you—"

"So you've said, my dear, but—"

His final words were not audible even to himself. In his confidence (now that Barcus was taking care of the others) and his impatience with the woman, and in his perhaps unworthy wish to demonstrate conclusively how cheap he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of the wharf.

It was an old-fashioned weapon, and the force with which it struck the deck released the hammer.

Instantly the .44 cartridge blazed into the open head of a broken powder keg.

And with a roar like the trumpet of doom and a mighty gust of flame and smoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tottered and fell. . . .

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Anticlimax.

Alan came to himself supported by Barcus—his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt which he had so unwittingly loosed—the cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet dissipated by the wind.

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men insensible, if not, for all he could say, dead.

And then Barcus was hustling him unceremoniously down the wharf.

"Come! Come!" he rallied Alan. "Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buzzing round our ears like a swarm of hornets!"

His prediction was justified even before it was made; already the nearby dwellings were vomiting half-clothed humanity; already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf; and in their number a policeman appeared as if by magic.

And while the man hesitated Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

As he grew more and more calm, he congratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace it would serve his ends as speedily as was consistent with reasonable care for the life of the woman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind him, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was, driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side—Judith the latter, the man an old employee of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Marrophat! Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as a driver, and skill is the lesser factor in such a race.

They could overtake the fugitives practically when they would. But for some weird, incomprehensible reason they chose to hang a certain distance in the rear, a distance that could readily be bridged by two minutes of furious driving.



Two Men Shadowed Him.

Eventually brought her to with the aid of a few drops of brandy.

Between them, they helped her up the beach, past the point, and at length to the door of the hotel, where—reanimated by the mere promise of food—Rose disengaged their arms and entered without more assistance; while Barcus was deterred from treading her heels in his own famished eagerness, by the hand of Alan falling heavily upon his arm.

"Wait!" the latter admonished in a half-whisper. "Look there!"

Barcus followed the direction of his gesture—and was transfixed by the sight of a rocket spearing into the night-draped sky from a point invisible beyond the headland of the lighthouse.

The two consulted one another with startled and fearful eyes.

As with one voice they murmured one word: "Judith!" To this Alan added gravely: "Or some spy of hers!"

Then rousing, Alan released his friend, with a smart shove urging him across the threshold of the hotel.

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

"You have the courage of ignorance," Barcus replied coolly; "if you'll take the trouble to glance astern I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time being."

At this Alan sat up with a start.

Back against the loom of the Elizabeth Islands through which they had navigated while he nodded, shone the milk-white sails of an able schooner.

Sheets all taut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind, she footed it merrily in their wake—a silver jet spouting from her cutwater.

CHAPTER XX.

Hell-Fire.



Dug into His Money Belt.

"It's no use," he conceded at length. "We're here for keeps."

"Why not wade ashore?" Rose Trine suggested mildly from the place she had taken in the stern in order to lighten the bows. "It isn't far—and that's one more wading?"

"That's the only sensible remark that's been uttered by any party to this lunatic enterprise since you have thinned earshot of me, Mr. Law," said Mr. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

## SUFFERED TWENTY-ONE YEARS FINALLY FOUND RELIEF

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity.

Gratefully yours,  
MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE,  
Rapids Park, Echo, La.

Letter to  
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

Wm. MORROW, Notary Public.  
PROVE WHAT SWAMP ROOT  
WILL DO FOR YOU

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Kingston Weekly Free Press. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

## SEVERE PUNISHMENT Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years'

Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles when I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly troubles, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlastingly tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.



The Face of Judith Was Distinctly Revealed.

never have the courage to pull that trigger when I'm helpless in your hands!"

The hot blood mantled her exquisite face like red fire. She caught her breath with a sob, then fung wildly at him:

"Well, if you must know—it's true. I can't bring myself to kill you. I would to God I could. But I can't. For all that, you shall die—I could not save you if I would! And this I promise you—you shall never see Rose again before you die!"

## PONCE DE LEON FAILED; HIS PRIZE IS FOUND.

Ponce de Leon, the daring explorer, searched among the swamps of Florida for the Fountain of Youth, which the Indians said would restore power and make people young. He did not find it.

Thousands of chronic intestinal, bowel and stomach sufferers have written to George H. Mayr, 154 Whiting St., Chicago, in quest of health. They have found it. His remedy, composed of healing vegetable oils from France, has indeed given them back the health of youth.

Why suffer from indigestion, gases on the stomach, fainting spells, torpid liver, constipation and all the evils of a disordered stomach; when there is relief here? Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is now sold here by J. E. Hood and Company.

## WHY SUFFER SO?

It took a big physician specialist many years to find out the simple cause of suffering and how to relieve it. Two things, he discovered, were always present, no matter what the disorder—Inflammation and congestion. Relieve them and the trouble and pain vanishes. His prescription, used very successfully in his practice, was secured by the Nixon Laboratory and carefully put up under the name of "Nixon's Mental Balm." If you suffer from Croup, Neuritis, Pneumonia, Sore Throat, Headache, Earache, Swellings, Scourges and Stiffness, Pleurisy, Coughs, Bronchitis, or Rheumatism, you are in fact suffering from congested and inflamed conditions. Instead of paying \$1 to \$2 for the prescription you can now go to the drug store of J. E. Hood & Co., Kingston, N. C., and get a bottle of it for only 25 cents. Be sure it's Nixon's Mental Balm.

FOR SALE—Cottrell newspaper press and Dexter folder. Will print and fold 4 or 8 pages, 4 columns. A bargain. Address Free Press, Kingston, N. C.