# -Y ()'HF/ OUIS JOSEPH VANCE

self his shadow. And she was now the stronger,

for she had had more than an hour's rest beside

the waterhole, which he had missed on the way of

that rocky windbreak. Sooner or later his

strength must fall him and he would need her: till

It refell presently in startling fashion; she was

But the next moment Judith herself was tremb-

ling on the crumbling brink of an arroyo of depth

and width indeterminable in the obscurity of the

duststorm. Down this, evidently, Alan had fallen

not a yard behind him when he vanished abruptly.

then she was content to bide her hour.

in his blindness.

# 12TH INSTALLMENT

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of " The Trey O' Hearts" may now be seen if the leading moving picture theaters. By this unique arrangement with the Universal Film Mfg. Co. it is therefore not only possible to read "The Trey O' Hearts" in this paper, but also to see each installment of it at the moving picture theaters.

(Copyright, 1916, by Louis Jesoph Vance.)

### MIRAGE

STROYSIS—The 2 of Hearts is the "deeth-sign" onsloyed by Sensee Trins in the private war of vengeance
chick, through the agency of his daughter Judith, he wage
gainst Aim Law, son of the man, now dead, who was innoantly responsible for the secident which rendered Trine a
etpless cripp's. Also loves and is loved by Bose, Judith's
win and desible. Judith vews to compass his death, but
neder dramatic chromatances Also saves her life and so,
awillingly, who her love. Thereafter Judith is by turns
almosted by the new love, the old harred, and Jesicuay of
st sieter. In secaping her persecution, Also and Eccuay of
st sieter. In secaping her persecution, Also and Eccuay
of arid mountains bordering the Arizona decevis. Judith,
chile pursuing, suffers a change of heart and warms these
times to evert an attempt upon their livel. In return for
his sha in select by an outlaw accomplice and bound helpine to the back of a horse. Also shorts the accomplice and
he have runs away, following a perllous mountain teall.

## 1-THE MAN IN THE SHADOW.

Two hundred feet, if one, Hopi Jim fell from the lip of the chiff. Then suddenly the Thing that had been Hopi Jim Slade was checked in its headlong meent 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 hand-ful 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 contain-

ng binoculars.

Not before the glazzes were adjusted to his viston did he find time to respond absently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two comcanions, a man of his own age and a girl of some years less, who had been wakened from their sleep

by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked bis sleeve, momentarily deflecting the glames 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 sil-houstte against the burning blue.

"Alan!" the girl demanded, "what is it? Why did you fire? Why won't you answer me? What

"Judith," Alan replied torsely, again picking up with the glasses the runaway horse that fied so madly along the perilous and narrow track of the

The name was echoed from two throats as Alan swung sharply and thrust the glasses into the inds of the girl.

olicitude. "She's roped to the back of that craxy croncho—helpless! See for yourself: one false step—suppose a stone turns beneath its hoof—she'll be slifed!" 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 strode to his side and drop-

ping a detaining hand upon his arm, asked: ast are you going to do?"

Alan shook the hand off and went on with his pted tank.

"Go after her, Tom, of course," he replied. "What elee? That animal is crany, I tell you-" "Even so," Tem Barcus argued, "you can't climb that billside on horseback—and if you could, you'd

be too late to catch up, much less prevent an ac-"I know it. But suppose it doesn't fall . . . . . Tou know what's beyond these hills—desert! And the girl is helpless, I tell you, bound hand and foot. Think of her being carried that way—all day, per-

pa-face up to this brutal sun!" tens turn. He looked to the girl.

reason with this madma Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and afficially to her lover's side, lifting her lips to

"Go, sweetheart!" she told him. "Save her if Then hoofbeats drumming on the hard-packed arthoof the canyon trail struck a hundred echoes

its rugged, rocky walls. Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a face almost crous with its anguished smile that was in-

nded 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 lifebut I don't mind telling you, once out of his com-

# pany, I'm just naturally afraid of the dark!" H-THE TRAIL OF FLYING HOOFPRINTS.

In the attl) 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 aun to make the place a pite of torment and of burning.

Refreshed from rest and exhibitated by this grateful cocinens, his heree responded willingly to the first light touch of Alan's apur. In a twinkling the evernight camp dropped from view behind the rounded shoulder of a billfilde, mosquite-cloaked.

Then from he first spirited fight the horse settled down to steady going, langthoned its stride, and ran for leagues with the long, apparently offortlers and tirelass lope of the plains-bred broncho,

Alan's departure from camp had anticipated by a round quarter-hour the appearance on the upper trall of friends of the slain bandit, to the number of four or fve, who had both discovered and recovered his body called his death murder and pledged themselves to its averagement-laying responsibility for the pulative crime at the door of the manand woman as he seen in the canyon, tamediately Lifew the reene of Hept Jim's fall.

Petween the moment when discovery of the men on the ridge trall interrupted their simple and hurried brenkfist and that which found Rose and Parcon mounted on the back of their own horse and making the best of their way down the canyon in pursuit of Alar, but little time had laperd.

And even with its double burden, their horse

rande better time upon the broad lower level than there who followed the ridge trail. By mid-morning, when they approached the foothills that ran down to the desert, the pursuitswas more than a mile in the rear and shut off to boot by a monelithic 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.

Descending the knoll he remed 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 before he gained the point where the two trails joined and struck out across the desert. And here he discovered what he thought indisputable indications 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 broachd, delivering himself into the pitiless em-brace of that implacable wilderness of sun and

At long intervals he would check the broncho and, realing in the 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 phenomena were discernible which, had he been more desert wise, would have made him pause and think before he adventured farther from those hills, already beyond reach as they were.

His first appreciated warning came when the surface of the desert assemed to lift and shake like

visible beyond arm's length.

draw the horse on with him.

sight of the broncho.

Blinded, half suffocated, unspeakably dismayed

and bewildered, the bronche swung round, back to the blast, and refused to budge another inch. Himself more than half-dared, 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 seising the bridle sought to

He wasted his strength in that endeavor: the ani-

mal balked, planted its hoofs deep in the sand,

stiffened its legs and resisted with the stubborn-

ness of a rock; then, of a sudden, jerked its head

smartly, snapped the bridle from his grasp and flung away, scudding before the storm. Pursuit was out of the question: indeed, the bri-

die was barely torn from his hand before Alan lost

as in a bog-with an arm upthrown across his face.

Then the thought of Judith recurred.

against the elements, cannot be reckened.

to forge a way into the teeth of the sandstorn

For a moment he stood rooted in consternation

Head bended and shoulders rounded, he began

How long he fought on, pitting his strength

In the end he stumbled blindly down a slight

He staggered on another yard or two, breathing

more freely, and blundered into a rough-ribbed wall

of rock-some sporadic outcrop, he understood,

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 an hallucination: Judith Trine

He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him.

"Alan! You came to me! You followed me.

He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh—that

was like the croaking of a rayen as it issued from

his bone-dry throat—and in a momentary posses-

gion of hysteric madness, recled away from the

woman and the shelter of the rock and delivered

III-OPEN MUTINY.

Though she had been schooled to hold the very

one could properly requite the cruel injury that

had been done her father; and though the man

confession of that leve for him which now con-

sumbd her being with its inantiable fires, she swal-

lowed her chagrin and followed him with the solici-

tude of one whose love can recognize no wrong in its object. Through all the remainder of that day

With the meekness of the strong, she made her-

of terror she was never far from his side.

imself had laughed to score her first involuntary

name of Law in loathing unspeakable and to think

of Alan as a mortal enemy and as one whose death

bimself anew to the mercy of the dust-storm.

open her mouth to utter a wondering cry that was

standing within a yard of him, alive, strong, free.

inaudible, and come quickly nearer.

through all this!"

whose bulk stood between him and the storm.

decline and was abruptly conscious that he had in

some way found shelter from the full force of the

the top of a canvas tent in a gale. At the same

time a mighty gust of wind swept athwart the found him insensible, lying with an arm waste, hot as a furnace-blast. In a trice dust enben' ander him in a pose frightfully suggestive of veloped man and horse, a stifling cloud of superdislocation. Yet when she turned him on his back heated particles that stung the flesh like a myriad and released the arm, he made no sign to indicate needles. And then darkness fell, the twilight of that the movement had caused him the slightest hades, a copper-colored pail. Nothing remained

There was a slight cut upon his brow, a bruise about his left temple. She tore linen from her bosom, beneath her coarse flannel shirt, and with sparing aid from the canteen, washed the cut clean and bandaged it. Then, seeing that the storm held with fury un-

abated, she rose, reconnoitered and returned to exert all her strength and drag the uncons man across the dry bed of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its farther bank. There, sitting, she pillowed his head upon her

lap, and bending over him made her bedy an additional shelter to him from the swirling clouds of And for hours on end Judith nursed him there,

scarce daring to move save to minister to his needs, bathing his fevered brow and moistening his parched lips and throat. In the course of the first hour she was on

startled by the spectral vision through the driving sheets of dust of a horse that plodded up the arroyo, bearing two riders on its back. Weary with the weight of its double burden, it went slowly and passed so near to Judith that she

was able to recognize the features of her sister and Tom Barcus. Be sure she made never a sign to catch their attention.

Within the next succeeding hour the coppery light lost something of its hot brilliance, took on a darker shade, and then one darker still. Twilight stole athwart the desert, turning its heat to chill, its light to violet.

Growing more intense, the cold eventually roused the sleeping man. And hardly had his eyes unclosed and looked up into the eyes of Judith bending over-him than he started up and out of her embrace, got unsteadily upon his feet and after a moment at pause, watching her rise in turn, strode away-or, rather, stag-

gered-with the gesture of exorcism. Uncomplaining, hugging her new-born humility to her with the ecstary of the anchorite his horsehair shirt, Judith followed him patiently, at a little distance.

Not far from where he had rested there was a break in the overhanging wall of the arroyo. Through this he scrambled painfully, reaching the level of the desert only after cruel effort, the unheeded woman at his heels.

A brief pause there afforded both time to regain their breath and survey the desert for signs of assistance: It offered none, other than what they might accomplish through their own exertions. For leagues in any quarter it stretched without a break other than the black cleft of the arroyo, gleaning bleached and deathly white in the moonshine like the face of a frozen world.

With tacit consent both turned that way, Alan leading, Judith his pertinacious shadow, with never word or sign between them to prove that either was aware of the ether's company.

But this was a state of affairs that could not long dure. Judith had the price to pay for her own tale, soffering and privation: the strain began to tell sorely upon her. She recled elightly as she walked, weaving a winding trail across and across the straighter line of footprints that marked Alan's course through the ordered pattern of the powdered sagebrush.

for she had made no sound whatever. He turned and came directly back to her, knelt beside her, lifted her head, pillowed it gently on his

KKONSKI KONSKI K

arm and plied her in turn with the dregs of the canteen.

Thus they struggled on in strange, dumb compan-

Thus an hour passed; and for all their desperate

struggles neither could see that the light on the

yellow eyes that peered up over the horizon,

seemed to pause a time in search of the two, then

Of this they were altogether ignorant; and when

The two lights were not a mile behind them

when, silently, without a sign to warn the girl,

Instantly she was kneeling by his side. But in

the act of bending over him she drew back and

at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping down upon

them with all the speed attainable by a six-cylinder

Alan. On the contrary, her first act was to draw

from her pocket a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver,

break it at the breech and blow its barrel clear of

ing it as she had the other. Then she crouched low

above the man she loved, as if thinking perhaps to

escape notice from the occupants of the motorcar.

hope. Alan had chosen to fall in the middle of a

wide space so arid that not even sagebrush had

ventured to take root there. When the glare of

the headlights fell upon them it was inevitable

that discovery should follow. The motor car stopped

within twenty feet. Three men jumped out and

ran toward the pair, leaving two in the car-the

rear seat: an aged man with the face of a damned

soul, doomed for a little time to live upon this

As this happened, Judith Trine leaped to her feet

"Halt!" she ordered imperatively. "Hands up!"

The three who had alighted obeyed without a

in the six hands that were silhouetted against

moment's hesitation: her father's creatures, they

knew the daughter's temper far too well to dream

the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glim-

mered; but at her command all three dropped

Then, sharply, "Stand back two paces!" she re-

Darting forward, she picked up and pocketed the

"Now, Marrophat-and you, Hicks-pick Mr. Law

ntly, mind! If one of you lifts a finger to harm

Still none ventured to dispute her. The two men

designated, without a sign of disinclination, stepped

the other took his legs. Between them they bore

. But now a second will manifested itself. The

man in the rear seat lifted up a weirdly sonprous

forward. One lifted Alan Law by the shoulds

him with every care toward the motor car.

three weapons, then with one of her own singled

up and carry him into the car. And treat him

and stood over the body of Alan, a revolver poised

in either hand.

of opposing her will.

armlessly to the earth.

out the men she named.

They moved unanimously,

him, that one shall answer to me."

earth in the certain knowledge of his damnation.

If that were her thought, it was bred of an idle

fust. Her hand went next to the holster on Alan's

From this she extracted his Colt's .45, treat-

When Judith did move it was not to comfort

touring car negotiating a trackless desert.

Alan released her, took a step apart and dropped

a deep, droning sound disturbed the desert silence,

like the purring of some gigantic cat, both ascribed

it to the drumming of their laboring pulses

ionship of misery and wonder.

leaned out directly toward them.

mountainside was a yard the nearer.

"Be silent!" the girl cut in sharply. "I command here—if it's necessary to tell you." There was a pause of astonishment. Then the And of a sudden she collapsed. Instinct slone made Alan glance over-shoulder:

With a sigh, a stifled moan and a little shiver,

old man broke out in exasperation that threatened to wax into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my face?" "Apparently!" she shot back, with a short laugh-

that man! Judith, I command you-"

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop this nonsense! Drop

"Judge for yourself!"

"Have you forgotten your vow to me?" "No. But I take it back and cancel it: that is my privilege, I believe. . . . Silence!" she stormed as he strove to gainsay her. "Silence—do you hear?-or it will be the worse for you!"

As well command the sea to still its voice: her father raged like the madman that he was, for the time being divested of his habitual mask of frigid heartleasness.

And seeing that there was no other way of quieting him, the girl turned to the third man. "Now, Jimmyl" she said crisply. "Into that car

and be quick about it-and gag him!" "If you do," her father foamed, "I'll have your

A flourish of her weapons gained instant obedi-

ence. She stepped up on the running board and shot a quick, searching glance at the face of the chauf-

"Straight ahead, my man!" she said. "Make for the nearest pass through those hills yonder, and don't delay unless you're anxious for trouble. Off you go!"

The car began to move. She swept the three men in the desert a mocking bow, jumped into the body of the car and slammed the door.

They made no effort to plead their cause and secure passage even as far as the edge of the desert; doubtless they knew too well the futility of that, she thought, as she settled back in a seat, chuckling with the memory of those three masks of dismay unmitigated.

It was not until five minutes later, when she straightened up from making Alan comfortable that she realized what had made them so content to abide by her will.

Then she heard their voices lifted together in a long, shrill howl that was quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistols popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing rumor of galloping

The night glasses in the car afforded her flashes of a body of several horsemen-some six or seven, she judged-making at top speed toward the spot where Marrophat, Hicks and Jimmy waited beside a beacon which they had built and lighted. Half a dozen sentences exchanged with the chauf-

feur advised her that these were horsemen from the town of Mesa who had charged themselves with the duty of avenging the death of Hopi Jim Slade. chuckle from within Trine's gag ed the girl into a sullen fury.

Exacting his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her displeasure, she set herself to revive Alan.

With the aid of such stores of food and drink as the car carried, this was quickly enough accomplished.

Strangling with an overdose of brandy too little diluted with water, Alan sat up, grasped the conditions in a flash, and gained further information

Behind them other lights appeared, two staring as he devoured sandwiches and emptied a canteen. The mountain pass was now, he judged, a mile distant. The light on the hillside, according to the chauffeur, was that of a prospector who had camped there temporarily. Where was nothing, then, to be feared from that quarter, but solely from the rear -where the horsemen, having picked up Marrophat and his companions, had instituted hot pur suit, and were now strung out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the farthermost -perhaps a mile and a half away-one with a single rider the nearest, well within three-quarters of a mile. Nobly mounted, this last came on like the wind, remained for several moments motionless, staring

gaining on the motor car with every stride; for his horse was trained to such going, whereas the car at best could only labor heavily in dust and saud. None the less, it had won to a point within a quarter of a mile from the pass before the horseman got within what he esteemed the proper range, and opened fire.

He fired thrice. His first shot winged wide, his second by ill-chance ripped through a rear tire of the car, thus placing upon it an additional handicap, while this third sought the zenith as his hands flew up and he dropped from the saddle, drilled through the body by Alan's only shot. A long-range pistol duel was in progress before

the car had covered half the remaining distance to By the time it entered this last, which proved

to be a narrow ravine with towering sides of crumbly earth and shale and broken rock, the pursuit was not a hundred yards behind, while the firing was well-nigh continuous. chauffeur and one who occupied a corner of the

Two hundred feet above the trail two men were working with desperats haste at some mysterious business—though none noticed them. Only the chauffeur was aware of a woman run

ning down the hillside at an angle, to intercept the car several hundred yards from the mouth of the

As it drew near the spot where she paused, waving both arms frantically, the head of the pursuing party swept into the mouth of the ravine. At the same time the chauffeur noticed that the two men on the hiliside were following the woman pellmell, throwing themselves down the slope with

gigantic leaps and bounds. And then a great explosion rent the peaceful hush of night-that till then had been profened by the pattering cracks of the revolver fusiliads.

As the roar of dynamite subsided the entire side of the hill shifted and slid ponderously down, choking the ravine with debris to the depth of some thirty or forty feet, burying the leaders of the pursuit beyond hope of rescue. Only an instant later the motor car jolted to a

halt and Alan pulled himself together to find that Rose and Barcus were standing beside the door and jabbering joyful greetings, mixed with more or less incoherent explanations of the manner in which they had come to seek shelter for the night in the prospector's shack and, roused by the noise of firing and recognizing Alan in the car by the aid of night glasses, had with the prospector's aid hit upon this scheme of shooting a landslide in between the pursuit and its devoted quarry;

(To be continued.)

