

The Trey O' Hearts

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

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Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Trine is the "death-sigh" of Seneca Trine in the private... daughter, Judith, a woman... law, son of the man (now... innocently responsible for... which made Trine a helpless... in love with Rose, Ju... opposite. Judith vows... death; but under dra... saves her life and... wins her love. There... by turns animated by the... new love, and jealousy of... earns her father's dis... behind by him when he... taking Rose with him, in... away from New York... Judith accompanying him... and succeeds in resour... from Trine's special train.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Light Engine.

ward the close of that summer's... was the whim of that arch-man... of theatricals whom men call... to stage an anticlimax in the... of a vast and hilly expanse of... middle western country—a... and rugged disk of earth which... no human tenancy within a... of its far-flung horizon and was... not neatly, rather irregular... the sloping double line of steel... which marked the railroad's... of way over the old Santa Fe

much for the stage: the light ef... were provided exclusively by the... and purple and gold of a por... sunset; the properties eme... were simply a special train and... is known as a light engine.

was the engineer of the special... started the trouble. After bring... his monster to a full pause, he... upon his passengers and—not... plausible excuse—violently in... Mr. Alan Law for abuse of his... trustfulness.

they had been engaged, both gentle... asserted vigorously, for nothing... dangerous than a quick run... the prairies, in furtherance of... unspecified plans of Mr. Alan Law... his companion, Miss Judith Trine.

he starting out, they had wickedly... maliciously been bribed by the... Law to put on speed and catch up... the special, in order that he might... from the latter a young woman, bride-to-be and the sister of Miss

—and here was the grievance—... hadn't bargained to be shot at... pistols. And precisely that out... had been put upon them during... subsequent to the moment of res-

was unhappy Mr. Barcus who pre-... the affair. This gentleman



of Miss Arms Was Around Her Shoulder.

is suffering from a severe sprain to... a sense of decent pride. In the serv... of Miss Rose Trine and her be... theed, Mr. Law, Barcus had blacke... his face and hands to the hue of... and had garmented himself in a... of a Pullman porter.

It was the freeman (to be just) who... ought the row to a focus by a slight... reference to that "shiftless and... habetina dinge."

He repeated quite promptly. Mr. Bar... jumped for his throat with a... of rage. The freeman slipped... the cab platform, trod on nothing... went over backwards, taking Mr... arcus with him to the ballast.

At almost the same moment Mr. Bar... aw, attempting to restrain the engi... from going to the assistance of... a fellow-worker, ducked in under a... cious swing for his chin, grappled... his foe, tripped him up—and went... with him to the ground on the oppo... side of the locomotive from that... occupied by Mr. Barcus and the fire-

For the next several seconds he was... very busy indeed keeping his face out... of the ballast. The engineer was a

heavy man, but active and infuriated. He fought like a demon unchained. It was all very exciting. Mr. Law was even beginning to enjoy it when he heard a woman shriek. At the same instant revolvers began to pop.

Mr. Law released his foe almost as quickly as he was released. Both rose as one man, to find Judith Trine beside them, a little smile of excitement playing round her lips as she looked up the track and watched the special slow down to a stop—several persons on the back platform plying busy trigger-fingers all the while.

As these last threw open the platform gates and dropped to the ballast, still perforating the air with many bullets, Mr. Law, Miss Judith Trine, and that late belligerent, the engineer, turned simultaneously and sought the rear of the tender.

On the opposite side they found Rose Trine and Mr. Barcus standing uncertainly above the body of the fireman, who, it appeared, had stunned himself in falling and remained insensible.

The appearance of Law and Judith from behind the tender, closely pursued by the engineer, who was in turn closely pursued by gentlemen with revolvers, stirred Barcus and Rose to action. Alan passed him at a round pace, pausing only long enough to seize Rose and drag her with him toward the special.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Pullman.

"Come inside," Law suggested, "and introduce me to the brakeman. I presume I've got to fix things up with him—"

"If there's really any doubt in your mind as to that," Barcus said, rising, "I don't mind telling you you're right."

He paused as Alan entered the car before him and was greeted by a storm of vituperation that fairly blistered the panels of the Pullman. Mr. Seneca Trine, helpless in his invalid chair, thus celebrated his introduction to the young man whom he had never before seen whose life he had schemed to take these many years.

Alan made no effort to respond, but listened with his head critically to one side and an exasperating expression of deep interest informing his countenance until Mr. Trine was out of breath and vitriol; when the younger man bowed with the slightest shade of mockery in his manner and waved a tolerant hand to Barcus.

"He has, no doubt," Alan inquired, "his own private cab aboard this car?" "Yes, suh!" Barcus agreed, aping well the manner of his apparent caste and color. "Ain't dat de troof?"

"Take him away, then," Alan requested wearily—"if you please."

"Yes, suh!" Barcus replied, with nimble alacrity seizing the back of the wheeled chair and swinging it round for a spin up the length of the car.

Before Trine had recovered enough to curse him properly, the door to his drawing room was closed and Barcus was ambling back down the aisle.

His grin of relish at this turning of the tables on the monomaniac proved, however, short-lived. It erased itself in a twinkling when Judith shouldered roughly past him, wearing a sullen and forbidding countenance, and flung herself into the drawing room with her father.

The cause of her temper was not far to seek: at the far end of the car Alan was bending solicitously over the chair in which Rose was resting. One of his arms was around her shoulder. Her face was lifted confidently to his.

Barcus mused morosely on his apprehension of trouble a-brew, simmering over the waxing fire of that strange woman's jealousy. He didn't like the prospect at all. If only Alan and Rose hadn't been so desperately in love that they couldn't keep away from one another! If only Alan had been sensible enough to outwit the woman and leave her behind when he started in pursuit of the special! If only there had not been that light engine in pursuit—as Barcus firmly believed it must be—loaded to the guards with Trine's unscrupulous hirelings!

No telling when they might catch up!

The fear of this last catastrophe worked together with his fears of Judith to render that night a sleepless one for Barcus. He spent it in a chair whence he could watch both the door to the compartment Judith had chosen for her own (formerly Marrophi's quarters) and the endless ribbons of steel that swept beneath the tracks.

But nothing happened. He napped uneasily from time to time, waking with a start of fright, but always to find nothing amiss. Ever Judith stopped behind that closed door, and ever the track behind was innocent of the glare of a pursuing headlight.

Nor did anything untoward mark the progress of the morning—unless, indeed, Judith's protracted sessions with her father behind the closed door of the drawing room were to be counted ominous.

Ever since lunch-time the girl had been closeted with her father; Barcus had been getting some well-earned and sorely-needed rest in his quarters;

Alan standing his watch on the observation platform, in company with Rose; and the train booming along through an uncouth wilderness of arid mountains, barren mesas, and sun-smitten flats given over to the desolate genius of sagebrush.

Whatever had been the tenor of the communication between father and daughter, Judith eventually emerged from the drawing room in an ominous temper. Barcus, coming drowsily away from his compartment at the same time, was jarred wide awake by sight of the foreboding countenance she wore; and after a moment of doubt followed her back to the lounge at the rear of the car.

He got there in time to see her at rigid standstill, staring steadfastly at the two figures so close together on the observation platform. But on his appearance Judith shook herself together, snatched up a magazine, and plunged wrathfully into an easy chair, burying her nose between the pages of the publication with every indication of deep interest in its text.

Mr. Barcus, however, had learned the lesson of bitter experience to the effect that the outward bearing of Miss Judith Trine was no sure index to her inward humor—unless, that is, it might be taken to indicate the direct contrary of its semblance; though even this was no reliable rule. Reminding himself of this, he therefore invented a morbid interest in another magazine—round the edge of which he kept a wary eye upon the young woman.

For all her exasperation, Judith contained herself longer than might have been expected. Her continued show of placidity, indeed, lulled Barcus into a dangerous feeling of security. Persuaded that she meant to behave, he gradually ceased to watch her as narrowly as at first, and lost himself in a morose reverie whose subject was the seemingly permanent mourning into which he had plunged his face and hands for the purposes of his masquerade—staining them a shade of ebony upon which soap and water and scrubbing had no effect whatever. And he had invented a most excruciating method of revenging himself upon the druggist who had taken advantage of his confidence and sold him the ineradicable dye—when he was roused by

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Hand Car.

"Well!" Mr. Barcus broke a silence whose eloquence may not be translated in print—"can you beat it?" "Not with this outfit," Alan admitted gloomily.

"But—damn it!—we've got to." "Profanity—even yours, my friend—"



Struck the Caboose With a Crash Like the Explosion of a Cannon.

the sudden flight of a magazine across the car, missing his head by a bare two inches, and the bang of a chair overturned by Judith as she jumped up and flung herself furiously toward the door.

Just what had happened on the observation platform Barcus didn't know, but he could readily believe that the lovers had just indulged in some especially provoking and long-drawn-out caress.

He overhauled Judith none too soon. In another moment she would have had her sister by the throat—if her purpose had not been to throw Rose bodily overboard, as Barcus suspected. Happily, he was as quick on his feet as Judith on hers; and almost before he had grasped the situation, he had grasped her—had seized her arms and drawn them forcibly behind her back, at the same time swinging her round and endeavoring to propel her back through the doorway.

It was a man-size job. For the ensuing five minutes he had his hands full of violently resentful and superbly able-bodied young woman. Only with the greatest difficulty did he succeed in wrestling her up the aisle and to the door of her compartment, where an even more furious resistance for some additional minutes preface the ultimate closing of the door upon the maddened Judith. Even then he might not draw a free breath: there was no way of locking that door from the outside; and he dared not leave go the handle, lest the girl again fly out and renew the battle.

Waving aside Alan's proffer of assistance, he acidly advised that gentleman to return to his post of duty and not let his infatuation blind him to what might at any moment loom up on the track behind them. Barcus stoutly held the door against the girl's attempt to pull it open and through another period when she occupied herself with kicking its panels as if hopeful of breaking a way out. A long pause followed. He heard no sounds from within. And wearying, he wondered what the devil she was up to. Then her voice penetrated the barrier, its accents calm and not unamiable:

"Mr. Barcus!" "Hello!" he replied, startled. "What is it, Miss Judith?" "Please let me out." "Not much." "Oh—please!" Struck by the fact that she hadn't lost her temper on hearing his refusal, he hesitated.

"Will you be good if I let you out?" "Perfectly." "No more shenanigan?" "I promise."

"Word of honor?" "If my word of honor means anything to you—you have it." "Well . . ." he said dubiously. In the same humor he turned and released the knob; promptly Judith opened it wide and swept out into the corridor, her mood now one of really fetching mockery.

"Thank you so much!" she laughed into his face of decontumure; and dropping him an ironic curtsy, she turned forward and swung into the drawing room occupied by Trine.

"Wonder what she put that on for?" he speculated, with reference to the ankle-long Pullman wrapper which Judith had seen fit to don during her period of captivity. "Heaven knows it's hot enough without wearing more clothing than decency demands . . . But you never can tell about a woman . . . I bet a dollar I've made a blithering ass of myself—letting her loose at all!"

He took his doubts aft, communicating them to Alan and Rose. And his long conference with Alan and Rose on the observation platform afforded Judith ample opportunity in which undetected to suborn the train crew to treachery.

Whether she did or not, this is what happened in the course of the next hour: the special was forced to take a siding to make way for the California limited, east-bound; and when this had passed, the engine of the special coughed apologetically and pulled swiftly out, leaving the Pullman stalled on the siding.

From the rear of the tender the brakeman and fireman waved affecting farewells to the indignant faces of Alan and Barcus when they showed in the front doorway.

"Well!" Mr. Barcus broke a silence whose eloquence may not be translated in print—"can you beat it?" "Not with this outfit," Alan admitted gloomily.

"But—damn it!—we've got to." "Profanity—even yours, my friend—"

Somewhere far back along the line a locomotive hooted mournfully. "It's got to!" Alan replied, helping Rose aboard. "If we can only get out of sight before they get here—"

"Don't worry," Barcus advised: "that's a freight whistle." "Maybe you can distinguish the whistle of a freight from that of a passenger train—I don't say you can't; but I'll take no chances on your judgment being good. Hop aboard here if you're coming with us!"

Slowly the hand car stirred on its grease-hungry and complaining axles; slowly it gathered momentum and surged noisily up the track as Alan and Barcus, on opposite sides of the handlebar, alternately rose and fell back; slowly it mounted the slight grade to the bend in the track, rounded it, lost sight of the stalled Pullman on the siding and began to move more swiftly on a moderate down grade.

Behind it the thunder of an approaching train grew momentarily in volume, lending color to the theory of Mr. Barcus that what they had heard had been the whistle of a freighter rather than of the light engine. But just as Alan was about to advocate leaving the tracks and taking the hand car with them, to clear the way for the train, its rumble began to diminish, grew less and beautifully less, and was stilled.

"What do you make of that?" Alan panted across the racking bar. "The obvious," Barcus returned. "The freight has taken the siding to wait for some other through train to pass. We'll have to look sharp and be ready to jump."

The grade became a trace more steep; the car moved with less reluctance. "Let go," Alan advised: "it'll coast down the balance of this incline—and we'd better save our strength."

But they had barely regained their breath and mopped the streaming sweat away from their eyes when a second whistle, of a different tone, startled both back to their task.

Catching the eye of Barcus Alan nodded despairingly. "Afraid it's all up with us now," he groaned; "that sounded precisely like the whistle of the light engine." "Sure it did!" Barcus agreed. "It wouldn't be us if we had any better luck. The saints be praised for this grade!"

For all its age and decrepitude the hand car made a very fair pace at the urge of the two who rose and sagged again without respite on either side the handlebar; and the grade was happily long, turning and twisting like a snake through the hills.

A little grace was granted them, moreover, through the circumstance (as they afterward discovered) that the light engine had stopped at the siding long enough to couple up Trine's Pullman—thus automatically ceasing to be a light engine, and becoming a special.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the growing rumble of the latter warned the trio on the hand car, just as it gained the end of the grade and addressed itself to a level though tortuous stretch of track.

And at this point discovery of the switch of a spur line that shot off southward into the hills furnished Alan with his independent inspiration. Stopping the hand car after it had jolted over the frogs, he jumped down, set the switch to shunt the pursuit off to the spur, and leaped back upon the car.

Hardly had they succeeded in working the hand car up round the shoulder of the next bend when the special took the switch without pause and the roar of its progress, shut off by an intervening mountain, was suddenly stilled to a murmur.

But even so, there was neither rest for the weary nor much excuse for self-congratulation; the rumble of the special was not altogether lost to hearing when the thunder of the freight replaced and drowned it out.

Of a sudden, releasing the handlebar, Alan stood up and signed to Barcus to imitate his example.

"Well—" this last panted, when he had obeyed.

"Jump off—leave the hand car where it is—they'll have to stop to clear it off the track."

"And then?" "I'll buy a lift from them if it takes my last dollar in the world," Alan promised. "It's our only hope. We can't keep up this heartbreaking business forever—and it can't be long before Trine and Marrophi discover their mistake!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Caboose.

For once, in a way, it fell out precisely as Mr. Law had planned and prayed.

Constrained to pull up in order to remove the obstruction from the track, the train crew of the freight choked down its collective wrath on being presented with a sum of money. In the hopes of further largesse it lent its common ear to Alan's well-worn tale, which had so frequently proved useful in similar emergencies, of an eloping couple pursued by an unreasonably vindictive parent; and had its hopes rewarded by the price Alan bargained to pay in exchange for exclusive use of the caboose as far as the next town.

So that it was not more than ten minutes before Rose was settled to rest in such comfort as the caboose afforded, while Alan and Barcus sat within its doorway and smoked.

Neither he nor any other aboard the freight suspected for an instant that, in the box car next forward of the caboose, a woman in man's clothing lay perdue, now and again chuckling impishly to herself in anticipation of the time and the event she was biding

with such patience as she could muster. The whistle of a locomotive overtaking the freight sounded the signal for her to take action on her cherished plan.

Rising, she glanced out of the open door. A curve in the track below the freight, laboring up a steep grade, enabled her to catch a glimpse of a headlight, followed by a string of lighted windows, indicating a single car: the special, beyond a doubt.

Without hesitation, since the train was not running at speed, she dropped out to the ballast, wheeled smartly about, caught the handbar at the end of the box car as it passed and swung herself up between it and the caboose.

A trifle later the freight gained the summit of the grade and began to run more smoothly.

Climbing to the top of the box car she peered keenly through the gloaming, which was not yet so dense that she might not discern two heads pro-



Judith Uncoupling the Caboose.

truding from the window of the special's engine, one on either side.

At a venture, she snatched off her coat and waved it wildly in the air.

An arm answered the signal from one window of the pursuing locomotive.

Marrophi, of course! She turned and peered ahead. The freight was approaching a trestle that spanned a wide and shallow gully.

So much the better! Dropping down again between the cars, she set herself to solve the problem of uncoupling the caboose.

In this she was successful just as the last car rolled out on the trestle.

Its own impetus carried the caboose to the middle of the trestle before it stopped.

As this happened, Alan and Barcus, already warned of an emergency by the slowing down of the car, and for some time alive to the fact that the special was again in pursuit, leaped out upon the ties and helped Rose to alight.

Already the last of the freight was whisking off the trestle, its crew thus far unconcerned of their loss.

And behind them the special was plunging forward at unabated speed. There was no time to execute their plan of the first desperate instant—to run along the ties to safety on the solid earth: the distance was too great; they could not possibly make it.

With common impulse the two men glanced down to the bottom of the gully, then looked at each other with eyes informed by common inspiration.

Barcus announced in a breath: "Thirty feet—not more."

Alan replied: "Can you hold the weight of the two of us for half a minute?"

Barcus shrugged: "I can try. We might as well—even if I can't."

While speaking, he was lowering himself between the ties.

"All right," he announced, briefly. With a word to Rose, Alan slipped down beside Barcus, shifted his hold to the body of the latter, and climbed down over him until he was supported solely by the grasp of his two hands on Barcus' ankles.

Instantly Rose followed him, slipping like a snake down over the two men till she in turn hung by her grasp on Alan's ankles, then released her hold and dropped the balance of the distance to the ground, a scant ten feet, landing without injury.

A thought later Alan dropped lightly to her side, staggered a trifle, recovered and dragged her out of the way.

Barcus fell with a heavy thump and went upon his back, but demonstrated his lack of injury by immediately picking himself up and joining the others in a mad scramble for safety.

Overhead the special engine, hurtling onward like some titanic bolt, struck the caboose with a crash like the explosion of a cannon. It collapsed upon itself like a thing of pasteboard.

That it had been constructed of more solid stuff was abundantly proved by the shower of timbers, splinters and broken iron that rained about the heads of the fugitives. For all that, the gods smiled upon them for their courage: they escaped without a scratch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)