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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 Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The House Divided.

Alone in that strange place of silence and shadows—that den of the devil's livery, crimson and black—chained to the invalid chair wherein, day in, day out, for years on end, he had suffered the Promethean torments of the life that would not die out of his wretched, wrecked carcass, though without ceasing sharp-beaked envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitable pecked insatiably at his vitals; Seneca Trine sat waiting, with the impassivity of a graven figure waiting on the imminent hour of ultimate avengement for the wrong that had made him what he was.

"Another hour! . . . In sixty minutes more they will be here, Judith and Marrophat and Rose—poor fool!—and him! . . . In sixty minutes more they will put him down before me, bound and helpless, if not dead."

A slight pause prefaced words that were a whimpered prayer: "God send that he be not dead! Have I lingered



Rose Turned on Her Passionately. . . .

God!—then at last I too may die!

There was a long silence, then a groan of exasperated protest: "Why do they not come? Why does Judith delay, when she knows how I suffer? Why have I been put off from day to day with her telegrams that beg for more time and promised everything—but told nothing!—until yesterday. . . . Where are those messengers she sent me yesterday?"

His one hand groped out like a claw and sought a mass of paper on the desk beside him, sorting of from among them two yellow forms. Painfully he blinked over these a slowly his pain-bent lips coaxed the wording:

"Alan and Rose safe with me—will bring both home tomorrow night without fail," he read the first aloud; and then the second: "Have motorcar waiting for me tomorrow morning from three o'clock till called for New Bedford waterfront—Judith."

"No!" he affirmed with the fervor of one persuaded by his own desire. "I must not doubt the girl! She has promised, she has performed:

So still was he, indeed that he seemed to sleep, but so deceptive was that semblance that he was alert for the least sound. The girl entered softly, as if fearful of disturbing his slumbers; but she found him with head erect and eyes a-blaze.

"Judith!" he cried, his great voice vibrating like a brazen bell. "At last! Where is he? You have brought him? Where is he?"

With no more answer than a sigh, the girl drooped her head and let her hands hang limply with palms exposed.

After an instant of incredulous disappointment the man shot a single, frigid question at her:

"You have failed?"

"I have failed," she confessed.

"Why?"

She shrugged slightly. "Who knows why one fails? I did my best; he was too much for me, outwitted me at every turn. Time and again I thought I had him, but always he escaped, either by his own wit and courage or with another's aid. Only yesterday night they were all three in the hollow of my hands—but now I bring you only Rose."

She faltered, awed by the glare of his infuriated eyes. "Let me explain," she begged.

He snapped her short: "You cannot explain. The thing is impossible, that you should have failed. There is something beneath this, something you will not tell me."

She endeavored to speak, but he enforced silence with a sonorous "No!" His hand sought the row of buttons on the desk and pressed one long.

Almost instantly a servant glided noiselessly into the room.

"My daughter Rose—have her brought here to me at once!"

In another moment the replica of his daughter Judith was ushered into his presence.

Upon this one he loosed the lightning bolts of his wrath without ruth. Rose suffered him in silence. His most galling recrimination elicited no retort from this one.

In a lull in Trine's tirade, Judith chose to interject: "Don't be so hard on the silly fool; she's not responsible; she's sick with love for that good-looking simpleton!"

"And you!" Rose turned on her passionately—"what about you? If I love Alan Law, at least I love him openly. I am not ashamed to own it—and I don't pursue him, as you do, pretending I mean to sacrifice him to a wicked family feud, and then spare him every time I meet him, to let him believe I haven't the heart to injure him—as you do, hoping so to work upon his sympathies and ease a kindly word and a pat on the head from his hand!"

Fiercely she leveled a denunciation at her sister. "There!" she cried to her father—"if you need to know where stands the daughter who has strayed your faith—as I have no hope to have never even pretended to approve your villainy!"

"I think," Trine announced in voice of ice—"I have learned no more of her than I need to know."

His fingers sought the row of buttons; and when a servant responded he inquired:

"Mr. Marrophat has returned?"

"He is in the waiting room, sir."

"Conduct Miss Judith to him and tell him I hold him personally responsible for her safe-keeping. He will understand."

And for a long time thereafter the father, alone with the daughter who had been estranged from him since birth by every instinct of her nature, essayed in vain to break down her mutinous silence.

At last Trine summoned two of his creatures and had her led weeping from the room to be held prisoner in her bedchamber on the topmost floor of the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Sporting Offer.

Some two hours later, that same evening, Mr. Alan Law, very much alive and, in spite of a complete new outfit of ready-made clothing, looking much more like himself than he had in a fortnight, issued forth from the Grand Central station, hailed a taxicab, and had himself conveyed to the Hotel Monolith.

But if he looked his proper self once more, it speedily was demonstrated that his wish was otherwise: for after learning from the room-clerk of the Monolith that a suite was being held in the name of Arthur Lawrence, that was the name Mr. Law inscribed on the register.

On the other hand, it was his true name that he gave to the person whom he called upon the telephone immediately after being shown to his rooms. But then he was speaking to his old friend and man of business, Mr. Digby.

Within another ten minutes this last was in conference with his employer: "I think you must be out of your head," he insisted nervously, once

their first greetings were over. "You might just as sensibly throw yourself from the top of the Metropolitan tower as come to New York while Trine lives and knows you're this side the water."

"Nonsense!" Alan laughed. "Remember this is New York—not the backwoods of Maine!"

Alan paused and smote his palm with a remorseful fist. "By the Eternal, I'm forgetting Barcus!"

"Barcus?"

"Chap whose boat I chartered in Portland—sheer luck on my part; he's one of the salt of the earth. First, something must be done for the boy. You've got influence of some sort in New Bedford, surely?"

Digby reflected: "Some. There's George Blaine, justice of the peace—"

"The very man. Telegraph him in Barcus' interests immediately. And telegraph Barcus as well—send him hundred for expense, and tell him to join me here in New York as quick as he can!"

"Your friend's address?" Digby inquired, mildly ironic as he sat down to the desk and fumbled with the supply of stationery.

"New Bedford jail, of course!" Alan chuckled—but cut his laugh in two as something fluttered from the pack of envelopes which Digby had disturbed and fell to the floor between the two men.

Face up, it grinned sardonic mockery of Alan's confidence: it was a tref heart.

With an ashen face and a trembling hand, Digby stooped to pick the unnam'd thing up; but Alan was so preoccupied with him, and got his fingers rat upon the card.

"Now will you believe?" Digby demanded huskily.

"In what? A simple coincidence?" Alan flouted. "Not I! Who knows I'm a New York—or that the Arthur Lawrence for whom your agent engaged these rooms was Alan Law. No, my friend: it's a bit too thick for me. Take my word for it, this is nothing more nor less than a souvenir of a poker-party held by yesterday's tenant of this suite."

"Perhaps—perhaps!" Digby assented, stroking tremulous lips. "But I'm afraid for you, my boy. Who knows that Trine's spies were not watching my man when he made this reservation? Who knows but that 'Arthur Lawrence' was too thin a disguise for Alan Law? I tell you, I'm frightened to the marrow of my old bones! Do me this favor at least, my boy: now that you've been warned, whether by accident or design—we won't argue that—do leave town—go incognito to some quiet place near by and wait

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Why They Recommend Foley's Honey and Tar.

F. A. Ehrd, Coney, Calif.—because "It produces the best results, always cures severe colds, sore chest and lungs and does not contain opiate or harmful drugs." Dr. John W. Taylor, Lutherville, Ga.—because "I believe it to be an honest medicine and it satisfies my patrons." W. L. Cook, Nehart, Mont.—because "It gives the best results for coughs and colds of anything I sell." Every user is a friend. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Store—Adv.

SHOT AT MEN WHO TORE DOWN HOUSE

SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE IN LONG ISLAND GETS AN AIRING IN COURT

Providence, R. I., Dec. 31.—The sensational shooting up of bungalow raiders at Esmond, R. I., last week, in which four men were shot, will be unfolded in court today, when Amos Collinson and his son, John Collinson, will be arraigned on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The four men are recovering from their wounds. The bungalow shooting was the result of a row over the ownership of a bungalow. At midnight one night the Collinsons were aroused by noise in the uncompleted bungalow which was built by agreement on their land. The Collinsons claim there were noises which indicated someone was destroying the bungalow. They also claim that William Dickinson of Providence called them names, and ordered the gang with him to continue their work of tearing the building down. They claim they were defending themselves when they shot. Theodore LaMouthe is the most severely injured of the four victims.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

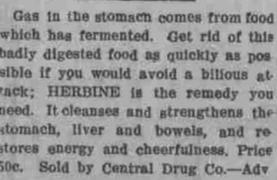
Probate Court, San Miguel County, New Mexico.

In the matter of the estate of George W. Griggs, deceased.

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the final report of the administrator in the above entitled estate has been filed in said court, and that Monday the 1st day of February, 1915, has been set by the court for the hearing of objections to the same and the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 24th day of December, 1914. WILLIAM G. HAYDON, 24-31-7-14 Administrator.

Gas in the stomach comes from food which has fermented. Get rid of this badly digested food as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack; HERBINE is the remedy you need. It cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by Central Drug Co.—Adv.



Why They Recommend Foley's Honey and Tar.

F. A. Ehrd, Coney, Calif.—because "It produces the best results, always cures severe colds, sore chest and lungs and does not contain opiate or harmful drugs." Dr. John W. Taylor, Lutherville, Ga.—because "I believe it to be an honest medicine and it satisfies my patrons." W. L. Cook, Nehart, Mont.—because "It gives the best results for coughs and colds of anything I sell." Every user is a friend. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Store—Adv.

The OPTIC

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Wanted

WANTED—Good girl for second work. Apply Saturday, 1029 Seventh street.

WANTED—Cook. Apply 1054 Seventh street.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. 911 Sixth street.

For Sale

FOR SALE—7 registered Durham cows. Apply H. K. Leonard, San Jose, N. M., or L. Sands.

FOR SALE—Three old houses to be removed from present lots. Must be torn down or moved at once. Apply Investment and Agency Corporation, 603 Lincoln Ave.

FOR SALE—Two good milch cows. 623 Railroad avenue.

Lost

LOST—Small black purse containing calling cards and large sum of money, between Plaza Trust and Savings bank and Hoffman & Graubart's. Return to Red Cross Drug Store and receive liberal reward.

LOST—An overcoat between Optic office and Plaza, old town. Return to Optic and receive reward.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Two room furnished house. Phone Main 351.

Miscellaneous

320-ACRE homesteads; advance information; counties San Miguel, Guadalupe, Rio Arriba, Lincoln, Grant; state township desired; will give sections subject to entry; retainer fee \$1; pay typewriting. Ira M. Bond, 14 Eye St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

This—and Five Cents!

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley and Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup. Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. For sale in your town by O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.—Adv.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

In the Probate Court, San Miguel County, New Mexico.

In the Matter of the Estate of David C. Welsh, Deceased.

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the final report of the Executor in the above entitled estate has been filed in said court, and the 1st day of February, 1915, has been set by the Court for the hearing of objections to the same and the final settlement of said estate.

Witness My Hand this 29th day of December, A. D. 1914.

J. W. McGOVERN, Executor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

In the Probate Court, San Miguel County, New Mexico.

In the Matter of the Estate of D. J. Osburn, Deceased.

No. 18

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the final report of the Administrator in the above entitled estate has been filed in said court, and the 1st day of February, 1915, has been set by the Court for the hearing of objections to the same and the final settlement of said estate.

Witness My Hand this 29th day of December, A. D. 1914.

FRANK ROY, Administrator.

Lame Back may come from overwork, cold settled in the muscles of the back, or from disease. In the two former cases the right remedy is BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It should be rubbed in thoroughly over the affected part, the relief will be prompt and satisfactory. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by