The Trey O' Hearts A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drams of Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Bress Brust," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance CHAPTER I. a sign from her, so that he had grown

The Message of the Rose. that she had forgotten him. Capped deep in the leather-bound uxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the | mean? venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled tlargely on the quaintance-nor any woman-bad renape of his neck) and, squinting dis- ceived the least warning of his discontentedly down his nose, admitted appearance. He was simply and suf-

that he was exhaustively bored. Now the chair filled so gracelessly stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air. sauve and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English Poses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses iat her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediter; ranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scent of roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his exes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So be could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not nove, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hanand discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, freshplucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn -which did service for the traditional

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound and, and meditatively sucked his



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

chair and glared suspiciously round of your sister-?" the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fied | Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And

the club, only pausing on the way out | after a brief pause, "Rose is in love." to aunex the envelope he found ad- he announced ressed to him in the letter-rack. It was a blank white envelope of affirmed with a faint ring of satisfacgood quality, the address typewritten, | tion. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of

don postmark half illegible In tore the envelope open in ab- know in course of time!"

ple playing card—a trey of hearts! Riviera last year—what's his name?— As for Alan Law, he wandered Law, Alan Law." homeward in a state of stupefaction. "In the main," the father corrected te could read quite well the message mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not of the rose. He would not soon for English. His father was Wellington of his own evenishment; just as he bled. get that year-old parting with his Law of Law & Son." love me but may not marry me-and but her seeming patience was belied hearts perplexed him with such diswe must part. Then promise this, by the whitening knuckles of a hand trust that before leaving London, he that if ever you change your mind, that lay within the little pool of bloodyou'll send for me." And her prom- red light. se: "I will send you a rose." But the year had lapsed with never | on: "Law and I were once friends

And now the sign had come but to be what I am today. Law triwhat the deuce did the trey of hearts umphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my When morning came, London had fortune remained to me. Then his lost Alan Law. No man of his ac-

CHAPTER II.

ficiently removed from English ken.

The Sign of the Three. Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of

New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets. Within-doors, neither sound nor sunbeam disturbed a perennial quiet that! was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences. Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motion-

less in a great, leather-bound chair. His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones. clothed in a thick black dressinggown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing: a man seveneighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked -this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"A telegram, sir-from England."

"Give it me!" The old man seized the sheet of yelow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!" Two minutes later a young woman fear of me." n street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?" She found and placed a chair at the

desk, and obediently settled herself "Judith-tell me-what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one." "And your sister's birthday:' Rose too, is twenty-one."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common-beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness." "And which would you say was-

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me smiled strangely-'I think-I am more your daughter than my mother's." A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have

watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you knew. Before I was brought to this"-the wasted hand made a significant gesture-"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle. unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited

in a silence that was tensely expect-"Then, if on this your birthday

were to ask a service of you that thumb. Then Le jumped up from the | might injuriously affect the happiness The girl laughed briefly: "Only

"And how far would you go to d

"Where would you stop in the serv-

"Oh, I know-I know!" the father the stamp English, and bore a Lon- this living themb: but all things I should know-somehow-I come to

sent-minded fashion-and started as "It's true-that Englishman she here." scraped an acquaintance with on the

Rose of the Riviera: "You say you She knew better than to interrupt,

And presently the deep voice rolled

one woma, your mother. I won her I in Liverpool: -all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him-and he was no better off. Each sought the other's his own selection. ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fail-and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running accustomed to the unflattering belief at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible-and lived only



We Both Loved One Woman.

chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down-a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that ! meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I prom ised him that should he escape, would have the life of his son. knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment-they said; but I knew better. He died of

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another-mysteriously always-a trey of hearts; it was my death-sign for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a trev of bearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life The strain broke down

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, "Do you really dislike your twin-sister | the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts: their allfance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more mcney; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. my mother was, while I'-the gfrl | ceased to persecute mother and son, fulled them into a sense of false se curity, and by careful speculations as far as concerned Alan he might repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had | have said 600. His blanket once unthe lure to draw the boy back to rolled, Alan dropped upon it like one America; in you, the one person I drugged.

could trust. "I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as

of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him Overnight the fire had made tre-

rose has been sent; Law is already animals feeding on their kill. homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is swallow a few mouthfule of raw food. in your hands."

heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had I Lake. assumed a waxen pallor. "What is it you want of me?"

"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can compass it: I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content." The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of "I will bring him." Judith swore-

"dead or alive, you shall have him

CHAPTER III.

The Trail of Treachery, was nobody's fool, least of all his own. The bidden meaning of the trey of dispatched a code cablegram to his confidential agent in New York.

What do you know about the tre

Trine's death sign for your father. For

away from America. But Alan had more than once vis. | ruthlessness, denied that the two were ited America incognito and unknown

Eight days out of London, a secondclass passenger newly landed from one of the C.-P. steamships, he walked the streets of Quebec-and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Bale St. Paul, apparently a very tenderfooted American woods-traveler chaperoned by a tackturn Indian guide picked up heaven-

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night, the two struck off quietly into the then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, depleted packs, the two paused on of the Allagash country, and made their midday meal in a silence which, if normal in the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his gaze questioned the northern skies that lowered portenfously, foul with smoke-a countrywide conflagration that threatened all feet in from the clearing be dropped with the helpless man supine upon a bed of northern Maine, bone-dry

Only the south offered a fair prosct. And the fires were making southward far faster than man might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dun-colored smoke spring up in the northwest. Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian, from whom | cloud.

his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit lake, where canoes might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sullen reserve. forest trails before sundown, then

again paused for food and rest. And folk, deer, porcupines, a fox or two, s the meal, Alan stumbled off to whip the little trail-side stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, weary hand hooked the state of Maine. Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, forced through the thick undergrowth that masked the trail, found his fly, set the state of Maine free-and swinging on his heel brought up, nose to a sapling, trans- the twigs were blazing merrily. fixed by a rectangle of white pasteboard fixed to its trunk, a trey of hearts, of which each pip had been

ing to consult the guide, but on sec. he suffered that torture until a tongue looked an object so conspicuous on it through

and meantime determined to watch crawled from the pyre. acob more narrowly, though no other suspicious circumstance had marked the several days of their association. to the small of his back. Tearing at

The first half of the night was, as | the belt with his hampered fingers, he the day, devoted to relentless prog- contrived to shift it round until the ress southward; thirty minutes of sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop eady jogging, five minutes for rest-

No more question as to the need for such urgent haste; overhead the north wind muttered without ceasing. Thin vells of smoke drifted through the forest, hugging the ground, like some weird acrid mist; and ever the curtained heavens glared, livid with re-By midnight Alan had come to the

bounds of endurance; flesh, bone and sinew could no longer stand the strain. Though Jacob declared that Spirit lake was now only six hours distant. The sun was high when he awakened and sat up, rubbing heavy eyes,

stretching aching limbs, wondering what had come over the Indian to let him sleep so late. Of a sudden he was assailed by sick-

ening fears that needed only the brief-I foresaw. You can imagine the scene cst investigation to confirm. Jacob of passionate renunciation-pledges had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment. Nor was his motive far to seek.

a single rose—the birth of a great ro- mendous gains. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar The old man laughed sardonically. of the holocaust, dulled by distance "Well, there is the history. Now the but not unlike the growling of wild Alan delayed long enough only to

gulped water from a spring, and set The girl bent forward, breathing out at a dog-trot on the trail to Spirit For hours he blundered blindly on,

holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, halfblinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, so bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped or thrown; for even as he stumbled a heavy body landed on his back and crushed him savagely to earth. In less than a minute he was overcome; his wrists hitched together, his

ankles bound with heavy cord When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him and in less than two minutes broke

ing the captive as narrowly as the Indian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce exultancy over his downfall. But for that look, he could have be

The answer forestalled his arrival, him overseas to this mortal pass. Feature for feature, even to the bue of her tumbled hair, she counterfeited od's sake, look to yourself and keep the woman he loved; only those eyes, aflame with their look of inhuman

to Seneca Trine via a secret route of He sought vainly to speak. The breath rustled in his parched throat like wind whispering among dead

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head-"no. I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of-can you guess whose daughter? But see this!" She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, eh? hinterland of the Notre Dame range, The trey of hearts-the symbol of Trine-Trine, your father's enemy and yours, and-Rose's father and trail-worn and weary, as lean as their | mine! So, now, perhaps you know!" A gust of wind like a furnace blast ridge-pole of the wilderness up back swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over-shoulder into the for

> est, and signed to the Indian. "In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre." She stepped back. Jacob advanced picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten

dry logs and branches. Then, with a single movement, he

CHAPTER IV.

Many Waters.

Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebon darkness called to mind a thunder-The heat was nearly intolerable;

the voice of the fire was very loud. A heavy, broken crashing near by made Alan turn his head, and he saw a brown bear break cover and plunge They traveled far and fast by dim on into the farther thickets-forerun ner of a mad rout of terrified forest as Jacob sat deftly about preparing wildcat, rabbits, squirrels, partridges -a dozen more. . .

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably the back-lash of a careless cast by his into Alan's right hip—the automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the nyre before departing. At Alan's feet It would have been easy enough

acting on instinct, to snatch his itmbs away, but he did not move more than neatly punctured by a 22-caliber bul- to strain his feet as far as their bouds permitted. Conscious of scorching He carried it back to camp, mean- heat even through his hunting boots, ond thought, held his tongue. It was of flame licked up, wrapped itself not likely that the Indian had over- round the thick hempen cord and ate

Immediately Alan kicked his feet So Alan waited for him to speak- free, lifted to a kneeling position, and

As for his hands-Alan's hunting knife was still in its sheath belted conveying the blade to his mouth, he



Sawed the Cords Against the Razor-Sharp Blade. gripped it firmly between his teeth,

and sawed the cords round his wrists against the razor-sharp blade. Before Alan could turn and run he saw a vanguard of flames bridge 50 yards at a bound and start a dead pine blazing like a torch. And then he was pelting like a mad-

man across the smoked-filled clearing. But young Mr. Law was sole agent had been cast in the bronze it resem- a wide-bosomed lake, and within a few hundred feet of a substantia Beyond, to one side, a woman in dam, through whose spillway a heavy a man's hunting costume stood eye- volume of water cascaded with a roar rivaling that of the forest-fire itself. Two quick glances showed Alan two things: that his only way of escape

was via the dam; that there was a solitary cause at mid-lake, bearing

In the act of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet from a Win chester .30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet in advance of

Trine and the Indian-the latter wield

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and cance had



Tremendous Weight Tore at His

lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddle snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again, his bullet droning past Alan's

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropped his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the cance. Simultaneously earth and heavens tocked with a terrific clap of thun-

He turned again and ran swiftly GIRLS This beauti along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror; the suck of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spillway. The dead Indian in its bow, the it swept swiftly onward to destruc-

His next few actions were wholly fume is sold and we promptly forward to unpremeditated. He was conscious represented, all charges paid right only of her white, staring face, her THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. strange likeness to the woman that he Dept. M. 221

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber. With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the

canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently almod directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like Known All Over The World his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift, to drag the woman up out of the foaming laws of death. Somehow that impossible feat was achieved; somehow the woman gained

belt, contrived inexplicably to clamber over him to the timbers; and somehow he in turn pulled himself up to find women who have been restored to safety, and sick with reaction sprawled health by this famous-medicine. Almost prone, lengthwise upon that foot-wide bridge, above the screaming abyss. Later he became aware that the woman had crawled to safety on the farther shore, and pulling himself to-

gether, imitated her example. Solid earth underfoot, he rose and stood swaying, beset by a great weakness. Through the gathering darkness-a ghastly twilight in which the flaming forests on the other shore burned with an unearthly glare—he discovered the wan, writhen face of Judith Trine close to his and he heard her voice, a scream barely audible above the commingled voices of the conflagration and the cascades:

"You fool! Why did you save me? .I tell you, I have sworn your death!" The utter grotesqueness of it all broke upon his intelligence like the revelation of some enormous fundamental absurdity in Nature. He laughed a little hysterically

Darkness followed. A flash of light ning seemed to flame between them like a flery sword. To its crashin thunder, he lapsed into unconsciou

with a face as immobile as though it from the forest to the pebbly shore of er and a shudder. Rain was falling in torrents from a sky the hue of slate. Across the lake dense volumes of steam enveloped the fires that fainted beneath the deluge. A great bissing noise filled the world, muting even the roar of the spillway. He was alone.

But in his hand, tattered and bruised y the downpour, he found - a ros

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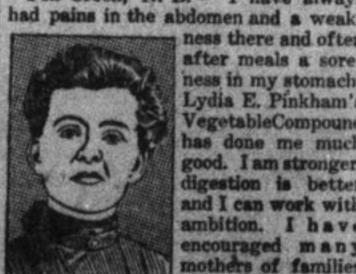


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