

# THE GIRL AND THE GAME

## A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

### By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME, PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight trainman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safecrackers employed by Seagrue, and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagrue where they are cached.

#### THIRD INSTALLMENT

##### CHAPTER III.

The death of Helen's father disclosed at once the serious weakness of his monetary affairs. He had developed his valuable railroad properties without capital of his own adequate to finance them. He was the nominal head of great transportation projects; he had been, in truth, the brain and energy of these, but the actual control belonged to eastern bankers who had supplied the funds to put them through. And with General Holmes' death his daughter was brought face to face with this fact.

In the library of her home the attorneys for the estate were already gathered to discuss its affairs. Amos Rhineland, her father's faithful friend—indeed, the sole friend among the general's many associates that now manifested the slightest interest in the fate of his unfortunate daughter—was present that morning. With him, however, as if to offset the benefit of his presence, was his already criminally compromised nephew, Seagrue.

Helen, who had been summoned to the library, walked down from her room to join the little company.

To Seagrue, who, in apprehension, had absented himself since the night of the tragedy, she never had looked so pleasing as she now did.

Much was in Seagrue's mind and something of it all reflected itself in his face. A score of times his unprincipled recklessness had led him close to criminal lengths; now, it had carried him from a simple suggestion of theft, unscrupulously assented to, to robbery and to murder—the murder of General Holmes himself by Capelle's hired tools. He was as yet too new in his path of crime to feel indifferent to the fearful consequences.

Where he stood, unobserved by the others, he took out of a wallet drawn from his pocket a cuff cut from a shirt and reread a scrawl written on it by Spike, his convict accomplice, advising him that the stolen survey was hidden under the south end of Little San Pablo bridge.

With some trivial excuse for absenting himself, Seagrue left the house,



Gave Helen the Message She Asked For.

got in his runabout car and started for the San Pablo bridge. He found the document where Spike had hidden it.

Helen, in the interval, conferring with her attorneys, and with Amos Rhineland at hand to soften the blow as best he could, was learning, bit by bit the completeness of her father's financial ruin through his sudden death. In matter of fact, all that remained of his free assets was the recently allotted block of stock—now an item of merely nominal value—in the new cut-off line. Long after the attorney had gone, Rhineland remained.

"It's not that the stock is worthless, Helen," he said—they were again together in the library. "If the new line is ever what your father hoped it would be, the investment may yet prove of the greatest value."

engaged the jailer's interest. It was then that Spike, leaning back, managed, undetected, to pass the dough around the key that opened the lock of his own cell; in an instant he had the coveted impression.

A bell warned the jailer that the visitor's time was up. In parting, the confederates shook hands. As they did so, Spike slipped the dough, unobserved, into Seagrue's palm and succeeded in conveying to him by signs an intimation of what he had given him.

Capelle, who had arrived on Seagrue's peremptory summons, at the appointed place, some distance from the jail, awaited Seagrue there with a grin: "Some expedition you've embarked on!"

Seagrue was in no mood for joking. "One you shoved me into," he retorted surlily. He curtly told his confederate what had occurred. Then he drew from his overcoat pocket Spike's handful of dough, showed it to Capelle and explained what it was. "Have a key made tonight from this impression; meet me here tomorrow with it."

The following afternoon Seagrue was again at the jail—this time, ostensibly, to visit Hyde. Passing Spike's cell, a dust coat hanging somewhat ostentatiously from his arm, Seagrue paused to greet him. In doing this to took occasion to lay his fingers on one of the bars of the cell door; as he said good morning the new key dropped from his hand inside the barred door. Spike's foot at once covered it. Moving on, Seagrue fell from his arm one of the two dust coats which he was in reality carrying. Spike, dropping like a cat on his knees, whipped the fallen garment swiftly in between the bars, and while Seagrue and the jailer remained with Hyde, Spike made a rapid change of clothing.

Slipping into the dust coat he found in one of the pockets a cap and a pair of goggles thoughtfully stowed. And watching his chance for the corridor to be empty, he cautiously unlocked his cell door, peered out and swung

against our line were then father's own associates, and my friends."

Storm was stubborn in his attitude. "They are supposed to be your friends," he said skeptically.

"At all events, they have all offered me every assistance since father's death," declared Helen. "They didn't want me to do what I am going to do. But—"

"I would rather be dependent on no one—at least, as long as I can be."

He looked unabashed into her frank eyes; "I can't be sorry for that, anyway," he said slowly. "Everything else that happened," he hesitated again, "I am sorry for. No, not everything, either!"

"I am running the locals, now—\$5 and \$6—and I'll have a chance, maybe, to see you every day."

The Coast & Colorado line hackers showed all of their aggressiveness in their new undertaking. Headquarters for their cut-off work were set up not a stone's throw from Signal station where Helen had gone to work. Nor was energy the only manifestation of their spirit. The keen rivalry of the endeavor to reach the Superstition range with a line first extended even to the construction crews, and as the work progressed the foremen would hesitate at nothing to delay or embarrass their opponents in the race.

Spike, aided with a car by Seagrue after he had broken jail, had made good his escape and was now something of an incubus on Seagrue's hands. The construction camp offered a temporary outlet for his activities, and though Spike and hard work had never been on worse terms of intimacy, Seagrue sent him freshly dressed up to the Colorado line camp.

As the feud between the two companies grew, Seagrue conceived that a tool, and especially one of Spike's stamp, might prove of service to him in the camp of the enemy. "Get a job with the Tidewater, and keep me posted on every move," he said

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"Arthur Gaylord, Superintendent C. R. & T. R. R.:

"Dear Gay: The bearer, Miss Helen Holmes, wants you. Anything you can do will be appreciated. R."

Though her resolution had been taken, it seemed to require all of Helen's courage to make the actual start on the path she had chosen. She reached the superintendent's office at Beaman next day, after wandering all over the yards to find it, almost frightened out of her undertaking.

Gaylord, the superintendent, met her with a consideration that dispelled her fears. In a few words he spoke feelingly of her father, and after asking what she would like to try, gave her a note to the agent at Signal station, assigning her for clerical work due to the cut-off construction, already under way there.

George Storm, the freight engineer, had not seen Helen since the funeral of her father—which he had lain off to attend—nor had he heard of her. He was east-bound at Beaman one morning, comparing orders with his conductor, when he saw Helen in her severely plain black about to board the local passenger train which was to take her to Signal to begin work.

The engineer hastened to her. She met his utter astonishment—when she had told him what she was doing and why—without embarrassment or confusion, only laughing a little at his concern.

But when, questioning her further, Storm learned of the cut-off operations, now begun—not alone by the Tidewater people, but as well by their rivals—the Colorado & Coast line—his suspicions were aroused and he disclosed them to Helen without reserve. "That Colorado & Coast crowd are running our people a hot race on the cut-off construction. They know something about that original survey—they must—or they would never start in so far."

Helen smiled incredulously. "I think that could hardly be, Mr. Storm. You know the men building now

to Spike, giving him money as he did so.

Rhineland, as vice-president of the Tidewater, had been charged with the cut-off operations and took so lively an interest in it that he personally directed much of the work. Moreover, he made it a point to keep his crews well supplied with the sinews of war—in this case, men and explosives for the rock work. Both were scarce, and much of the time the two roads were bidding strongly against each other for them. When Spike applied in the tent office to Rhineland's foreman, Pickens, for a job, the latter, though not impressed with his appearance, thought it a chance to hire a man away from the opposition, and told Rhineland he would put the fellow on the pay roll.

Shortly after Spike's appearance at the time-keeper's window, the boss driller came in to ask about new supplies of explosives. "We're running too low right now," he complained to the foreman. "If we don't get powder for tomorrow, we're got to stop blasting, that's all there is to that."

Pickens turned to the new man: "Hike over to the depot, mutt, and ask the agent when he'll have dynamite for me."

Spike shuffled across to the little station with his usual confidence. Helen, at her desk, glanced up at him, without really recognizing him. She was only conscious of an instinctive dislike for his unpromising visage as he asked her when more explosives would be in.

"Tell Pickens," said the overworked agent, answering Spike's questions himself, "there are two cars for him on No. 85." To make sure of the answer, he wrote out the information on a blank and handed it to the messenger. "And get a move on you!" he exclaimed rudely, as he noticed Spike's unpleasant gaze resting on Helen.

Slouching back to deliver his message, the safe-blower was still puzzled over the identity of the girl. But he could not place her, and he dismissed thought of the incident. He did, however, stop a moment to ask questions about train No. 85 from a passing switchman. Then he delivered his note to the foreman. Pickens read and handed the note to Rhineland. When Rhineland handed the note back, the foreman crumpled it up and threw it away. As he and Rhineland went out together, Spike picked up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

After hours that night he was again over at the Colorado camp, where the work was going provokingly slow, to report to his real boss. Seagrue picked up his ears at the news of the explosives. He presently looked hard at Spike. "If we, or you, can delay their supplies a little," he mused, "it might help here a lot just now, Spike."

He started on foot for a small station five miles up the line, where he learned No. 85 usually took water. On his way he had an eye open for a conceivable, cold-blooded chance that might offer to wreck the train; fortunately none inviting offered.

Reaching the water tank and prowling along the local train after it had pulled up under the spout, Spike still sought in some way to work mischief on it. His eye rested presently on some waste protruding from a journal box. Watching his chance, he struck a match to this and moved cautiously on.

Storm was in the engine cab. He had received his signal from the conductor and was pulling his train away from the spout, when the conductor, swinging up on the hind end of the caboose, caught with his eye a color of something from one of the wheels of a box car ahead. Pulling the air valve, he brought the train to an emergency stop and with his brakeman ran forward. Storm, looking back for an explanation, likewise saw the growing blaze, and getting down joined the train crew. The flames had begun to lick the body of the car.

The trainmen were throwing sand on the journal, but it was too late for temporizing with experiments such as that. Storm told them he would back under the spout so they could flood the flames and hastened back to his cab. As rapidly as possible he pushed the train up past the water tank, where the conductor cut off the hind end and signaled Storm ahead. But a can of crude oil in the burning car gave way at that moment under the strain of the intense heat, and the fire, now well started, ignited the car next ahead. The two were stopped with a jolt under the tank and the brakeman and fireman, pulling the spout down, turned on a heavy stream of water. This unhappily served only to spread the flames from the crude oil, and the wind drove these toward the two cars just ahead, which the crew were particularly anxious to save—they were the cars that contained the explosives.

"We must cut off the head end," yelled the conductor as Storm, after watching the result, started again for the engine.

While the conductor ran forward, the crews were choking wheels and pinning down the brakes under half-burned cars. The engineer, cut off, headed with his engine into a siding and leaving it there, ran back to the fire. The burning cars were already drifting. The brakeman and fireman had escaped from the top of them by catching at the waterspout as they passed under it.

Storm, down the track, saw the situation. He realized what might happen if the powder cars were allowed to run away. With a flying leap, he caught the side ladder of the head car and running up, began pinning down the brakes. The conductor

yelled himself hoarse trying to warn him off. But instead of stopping, Storm fought his way back through the smoke to the second car. The trainmen hastened into the station to the operator and gave the alarm. The operator telephoned a message instantly to Signal, the next station.

The agent had gone over to the camp, and it was this message that caught Helen at Signal, alone in the office. She picked up the receiver as the telephone bell rang, listened to the excited operator and wrote his hurried words down on a pad:

"Runaway powder cars on fire. Engineer Storm on them. Ditch at first spur."

She dropped her pencil as she finished, breathless with shock. Then pulling her wrist together she cast about for help. She was quite alone.

Whatever was to be done, she must do it and it must be done in haste. Running through the freight house she espied a coil of rope. It suggested something—though at the instant she could not have told what. But she caught it up on the instinctive impulse and ran out on the track. The cars, flaming in the distance, were coming down the long grade. A telegraph pole standing just above the station put a wild idea into her head. If she could pass the rope above the burning car, it might help the engineer to escape from the top. Trying her skill as a plainwoman, she ran a noose and cast the rope, larrikin-like, at the top of the pole.

In her nervous haste she failed, again and again, to drop it over the cross-bar. No rope was ever so stiff, clumsy and intractable, and the cars were fast rolling nearer. But restraining her fears she kept trying, and at last, in spite of everything, she landed the big noose over the pole and bar. Across the track grew a hedge of tall blue-gum trees. To the nearest of these Helen ran, and as fast as she could, climbed the tree, the loose end of the rope hung over her neck and shoulder. Gaining a branch high enough, and using all her strength, she drew the rope taut. With a few half hitches she made it fast around the tree and tried it with her weight.

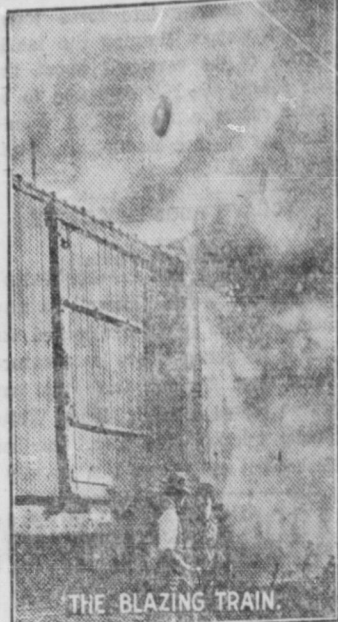
The flaming cars, in spite of all that Storm had been able to do, continued to gather speed down the Signal grade. The engineer found himself in a ticklish dilemma. For a jump his chances now were no better than if he stuck to the car, and he saw nothing for it but to stick. Only, he hoped mightily for something to turn his way. He was fast approaching the station. From the gum-tree hedge he saw what seemed a branch waving violently. Then he perceived it was more than that, it was someone trying to signal him—a woman—and she was climbing hand over hand out on a cable stretched across the track. But he could understand even less than he saw of what she meant to do. Overcome by flame and smoke just before the cars reached the hedge, he sank down on the deck. But Helen would not give up. Clinging as best she could to the cable, she waited for him to pass under her. Enough of consciousness remained to Storm in the fury of the fire to enable him to realize as he came close that it was Helen on the cable trying to save his life. As he swept under her he raised himself. She clutched blindly at him, and holding on in desperation, managed to drag him from the top of the burning car.

The agent, returning from the camp with Rhineland, saw the blazing runaway; and, amazed, saw Helen hanging from her cable and striving with failing strength to hold her heavy burden.

He ran toward her, snatching a tarpaulin from a pile of cement bags as he passed them on the platform, and with Rhineland reached the hedge at once to break Storm's heavy fall into it when Helen let him go. A moment later she, herself, dropped exhausted into the canvas.

Below the station a deafening explosion shook the solid earth. It startled the two construction camps. A new and sudden flame shot 40 feet up into the air and dense clouds of black smoke billowed above where the powder cars had stood. Seagrue glanced as Spike as they stood to men were carrying the station two waiting room, and Seagrue, coming over, joined them. Inside, he saw bending over the unconscious engineer, stretched on the floor, a slender girl dressed in black. She turned anxiously, in a moment, to ask if a surgeon had been called. As she did so, Seagrue, dumfounded, looked into the face of Helen Holmes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE BLAZING TRAIN.

Having rented his farm and decided to move to town, the undersigned will offer for sale at his residence, 2 1/2 miles southeast of Decatur, or 2 rods south of the county farm, on Tuesday, February 15, 1916, beginning at 10 o'clock, sharp, the following property, to-wit: Eight Head of Horses: Bay mare, 6 years old, with foal, weight, 1500; bay mare, 5 years old, with foal, weight 1450; bay mare, weight 1400 lbs.; sorrel horse, 6 years old, weight 1500; dark sorrel Belgian colt, coming 1 year old, a good one; 2-year-old heavy bay draft horse; 2 mares, heavy with foal, by John Frisinger's Belgian horse, man who gets these mare pays for colt. Two Head of Cattle: Red Durham cow just fresh; she is as good a butter cow as there is in the county; Red Durham heifer, coming 1 year old. Sheep and Hogs: Five head of Shropshire ewes, 3 years old this spring, will lamb about 1st of March and weight 180 lbs. each; full blood Shropshire buck, 2 years old, will weigh better than 200 lbs. Big sow will weigh between 350 and 400 lbs. will have pigs by first day of March. Farming Implements: Corn planter with 80 rods of wire; John Deere riding plow, good one; disc drill, eight holes; Osborn disc, 14 disc, good one; hay rake, 2 good wagons, wagon box, 2 sets of good dump boards, hold 4 yards; 5 or 6 patent bee hives, Delaval cream separator, in good order; dinner bell, spring tooth harrow, 14 lb. harrow, 150 foot good 1 inch rope, grinding stone, new; 2 sets of heavy harness, 5 or 6 wheel faced ox bars, 2 or 3 barrels, set of single harness and numerous other articles; 1 or 6 dozen Plymouth Rock hens, coming 1 year old; 2 Pekin drakes, 1 full blooded Bronze turkey hen, 1 full blooded Bronze gobbler. Turkey hens, gobbler, chickens and ducks will be sold at private sale, but if not so disposed of, will offer at public sale.

Terms of Sale:—All sums of \$50 and under, cash; over \$50.00 a credit of 9 months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 6 per cent interest from date if not paid at maturity; 4 per cent of for cash. No goods removed until settled for.

THOMAS S. DOWLING.  
J. N. Burkhead, Auct.  
John Starost, Clerk.

#### O. I. C. BRED SOW SALE.

The undersigned will sell at public auction at the big sale pavilion in the city of Decatur, Ind., on February 8, 1916, forty head of pure bred O. I. C. swine, consisting of 13 tried registered sows, 1 and 2 years old; 2 gilts and 17 spring gilts; also 8 boars. Everything registered or eligible to registration. Now is the time for the farmers to get in on this breed of swine, the only breed that will fit themselves for the market on grass, the kind that farrow large litters. Not one of these tried sows ever had less than 8 good strong pigs the first litter, and the most of them 10 and 12. This includes my entire herd, as owing to failing health I am compelled to make my work easier, so must quit the business. Do not get it into your head that on account of their being the best herd in the state, that they will sell so high that you can not buy, and then regret after the sale that you did not attend the sale. Arrange your business so you can be in Decatur on that date and attend the sale if you wish to buy or not. I will promise to show you some of the best hogs you ever saw. This sale will start at 1 o'clock, p. m., sharp.

Terms of Sale:—All sums of \$20.00 and under, cash; over \$20.00 a credit of 6 months will be given, purchaser giving good bankable note with 6 per cent interest from date. Any one wishing longer time will please arrange for same with the clerk.

P. B. DYKEMAN, Owner.  
Col. John W. Weddel and Col. Ed Bowers, Aucts.

Fred Fruchte, Clerk.  
Please bring your crates with you.

#### CITY STOPS FOR DECATUR CARS IN FORT WAYNE.

Hereafter the following stops will be made in the city of Fort Wayne by the Decatur cars for taking on and discharging passengers:

Rudisill avenue.  
Pontiac street.  
Creighton avenue.  
Wallace street.  
Baker street.  
Lewis street.  
Transfer corner.  
Terminal station.

These changes are made in the interest of "Safety First."

Ticket office and waiting station has been changed from Williams street to Wallace street in the store of P. L. Cassidy.

#### FOR SALE.

One set of heavy harness, 1 set of farm harness, 1 set of buggy harness, all new, hand made. Harness oil right, as long as it lasts. Stop at 506 So. 13th St., and get the price.

12-4-4wks  
W. H. AMRINE.

Democrat Wants Ads Pay.