

# 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 newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen's estate is badly involved by his death. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a huge against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander and Storm and Helen saves Spike from death in the burning of the courthouse.

## ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

### Salting of the Superstition Mine.

Outwitted in his effort to obtain possession of the coveted right-of-way record and defeated once more in his plans through the failure of Spike to betray those who had befriended him, Seagrue's wrath concentrated on Spike as being chiefly responsible for his discomfiture.

But standing in the room which had just been the scene of his last defeat, Seagrue felt that he could at least enjoy revenge. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander were still facing him, with Spike near, and the sheriff was just leaving the room when Seagrue called to him. As he did so, he drew from his pocket a worn pamphlet and handed it ostentatiously to the sheriff. "There's something of interest to you!"

"What do you mean?" returned the official coolly. He glanced at the pamphlet, saw set forth on the cover a reward of five hundred dollars offered for the apprehension of Spike and laughed. "We see these things every day," said he, handing it back to Seagrue. "If I were to chase up all of the pointers I get like that, my salary wouldn't buy gasoline."

"You don't have to burn any gasoline to get this money," returned Seagrue. "Your man is right here."

"Where?" demanded the sheriff skeptically.

Seagrue pointed to Spike. "That is the man," he said coldly.

Spike decided the game was up. He made a bolt for the door. The sheriff stopped him.

The moment was an unpleasant one. Helen was furious. "Of all the mean things you've ever done," she said to Seagrue, "this is about the meanest. I should think you would want to go and hide yourself," she exclaimed with cutting emphasis, "from the sight of all living men."

Stung, Seagrue retorted in like: "That sounds fine from your lips, Miss Helen Holmes! It's a new role for you to become the champion of prison birds like this fellow." He nodded insolently towards Spike. "Especially," he added, "since this very man—he pointed a finger relentlessly at Spike—"this very man," he almost thundered, "was implicated in the death of your own father!" He meant, with his retort, to beat poor Helen to the ground. He almost did so.

At the mine the foreman was still examining the walls. He showed Seagrue the lost seam. The latter examined the spot carefully and turned to question the head driller. This man

pointed to the last spot at which they had got high-grade quartz.

The expert stooped and took up a handful of rock from the ground. Answering Seagrue, in reply to a hopeful question, he shook his head. "I doubt very much," said he, after the two had canvassed the matter from all sides, "if it is possible to recover the vein."

At the entrance to the shaft Seagrue dismissed his own two men and turned to the expert. They talked together a few moments. The mining man saw what was in Seagrue's mind and was not surprised a moment later to hear him say, without further beating about the bush: "If I can get a bid for the mine, I'll pay five thousand dollars for a good report on it."

Each understood the other as they left the scene together. And summoning his men, Bill and Lug, and getting into his motor car with the expert, Seagrue drove away toward Las Vegas. The machine was stopped a little distance from Rhinelander's camp and Seagrue on a scratch pad wrote a note to Amos Rhinelander. Giving this to Lug, he directed him to deliver it. He then told Bill to drive back to town.

Helen, cut to pieces over the disclosure of Spike's complicity in the death of her father, returned with Rhinelander and Storm to the construction camp. Storm offered such consolation as he could, but this was very little. And it was almost a relief to him when Rhinelander directed him to see about getting the men to work.

Rhinelander himself was watching the progress of the construction a little while later when Lug handed him Seagrue's note.

Dear Rhinelander: Without a cut-off we cannot operate the Superstition mine profitably. This would make a good investment for your company and I am giving you the first chance to bid for it.

Yours, SEAGRUE.

Rhinelander, somewhat puzzled, read the note over two or three times. He dismissed Lug with the verbal message to Seagrue that he would look into it, and calling Storm and Helen into conference, Rhinelander read



Jumped With a Cry of Defiance From the Top of the Car.

them the note and its contents were put under discussion.

"Do you suppose," asked Rhinelander, "that he means what he says?"

"It might be," ventured Helen, reflectively. "Certainly we know he is about defeated in his construction race. And if he's beaten on the railroad proposition, why shouldn't he want to get rid of his mining property?"

"The Superstition mine," observed Rhinelander, "has always been a good producer."

At the mine matters were being pushed rapidly forward for the selling campaign. Driving back with Bill and Lug, Seagrue had summoned the foreman, bidden him dismiss the men and dispatched his own two worthies to the surface for bags of ore. In the meantime he and his foreman began to get the rock ready. Bill and Lug returned presently from the bag pile, each of them bearing a sack of ore. Lug was sent for more, while the others deposited the rich quartz in readiness for Rhinelander's examination.

At the assay office in Las Vegas, Rhinelander, accompanied by Storm and Helen, was looking for the expert. Rhinelander held a brief conference with him, telling him what was wanted and asking whether he could accompany him on a trip to the Superstition mine. The expert raised some objection, professing other work on hand, but was finally induced to yield and Storm was sent to procure a motor car in which the party embarked on its return. The orders were to drive straight to the Superstition mine.

Seagrue was almost ready for visitors. After an hour's hard work with his men, who had been distributing the sacks and rolling the rich ore in among the worthless rock, he directed them to get ready for a blasting. The foreman took a single charge and put Bill and Lug to work on it.

Seagrue left the tunnel, the foreman remaining under his orders to hurry the shot. The moment Bill was ready, Lug got the dynamite, set the fuse and completed the preparations. Outside, Seagrue, to his delight, saw Rhinelander and his party driving up. Greetings were exchanged, somewhat stiffly, after the recent encounter of the parties, but without dissension in the presence of the expert, and all started together for the tunnel.

With Rhinelander asking questions every few steps, the expert explained as they walked down the tunnel, the character of the formation and recited something of the history of the mine, with which he admitted he was familiar. It all sounded encouraging. By the time the group had reached the end of the main tunnel Bill and Lug had disappeared from sight. The foreman

called in a couple of men and when Seagrue asked Rhinelander if he would like to have it fired, and upon Rhinelander's assent, the party got into safety and the shot was discharged.

Coming out of their retreat, the different members of the group picked up specimens of the shattered ore and examined it.

"Certainly, Helen," said Rhinelander, in an undertone, "this looks good." The expert was at hand with a handful of quartz. "That stuff," he said, showing it to the prospective buyer with an air of certainty, "will average two hundred dollars to the ton."

Helen and Storm consulted together. Seagrue watching. In a moment he asked them and Rhinelander to follow him outside. Leaving the shaft, he took the three to the bag pile.

"These sacks," said he to Rhinelander, "contain high-grade ore, ready for shipment to the smelter. They are to be included in whatever deal I make with a buyer for the mine."

Rhinelander, Storm and Helen continued to discuss the purchase apart. They counted the number of bags. Rhinelander made an effort to roughly reckon the value of them. Seagrue and the expert talking together the while some little distance away. A further conference with Seagrue disclosed that the price he wanted for the mine was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After the usual bargaining, Rhinelander proposed to take the property, including the ore ready for the wagons, at one hundred and ten thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand dollars to be paid down. Seagrue accepted, Rhinelander made out his check and the transaction was complete. Rhinelander only requesting that the foreman keep the men at work until he should have a chance to get started. This was assented to and Storm was placed temporarily in charge of the mine.

While the negotiations had been taking shape, a freight train had pulled in a few miles distant at Valley station, where the crew set out an empty box car for loading. A teamster from the mine was summoned by the agent who handed him a note for the mine.

The head-end brakeman signaled the cab and the train pulled out. As the slack was taken up the box car answered first to the strain on the short cable and with a jerk started down the siding. Approaching the switch, its momentum increased, it sprang the connecting rods and swung in on the main line contact, as Bill had intended, between the two sections of the train.

When the engineer shut off to coast down the grade the three sections came together and the train, except for the absence of air in the hind end of the train line pipe, was complete.

The escaped guard, running every step of the way to sound the alarm, had by this time arrived exhausted at the mine. At the foot of the aerial railway he found Storm with Helen watching the ore come down. Grasping the situation from the disconnected words the man was able to utter, Storm dashed into the chemist's office close at hand and seized a Winchester rifle. Helen sprang to a team and empty wagon, waiting for a load, and climbing up to the seat seized the reins at the moment Storm, rifle in hand, ran out of the office to join her. She lashed the horses forward and headed with a very different load from what they had expected, for Valley.

Bill and his confederate in the box car, elated by their huge success, looked out of the side door for observers and seeing none, began to dump the sacks of precious quartz one after another out on the right of way.

But it was a day of surprises for everybody. The agent at Valley—who had asked to be sent out to the desert on account of his rheumatism—was peacefully lighting his pipe, after the one great event of the day—the departure of the local freight—when he heard somewhere out of doors an unwelcome rumble. It grew and still it grew and the next moment a team, helter skelter on the run dashed down the road from the Superstition mine toward the depot. In a moment he was dumbfounded to recognize in the man behind the threatening rifle as he drew close his old acquaintance in the Occasional yards, George Storm, the ex-engineer.

Could George Storm have turned bandit? Was he running amuck? Would he take the life of an old and unoffending friend without provocation? These and similar queries raced through his head when Storm, addressing him with a shout by an old-time familiar nickname, asked where the box car of ore was, that had stood on the siding.

The agent now saw everything double but look as he would he could see no car. Not until now had he given the presence of the box car a thought. He knew the train had not taken it because it was not ready. He knew the conductor had started without it—but where was it? The car of ore had disappeared completely.

Storm was talking fast and the situation was made clearer to the startled agent when he learned the wagon guards had been held up. To Helen, who thought in tremendous ellipses and reached the end of situations before others had charted their beginnings, there was only one possible solution to the mystery and to solve it they must chase the freight train. She so declared and Storm approved.

That day mere chance, which had so often contributed to the discomfiture of Storm and Helen, came to their aid. The freight train stopped at Arden for water. This embarrassed Lug and Bill, who, perspiring at every pore, were catching sacksful of quartz as fast as they could along the track. What was of more moment, the engineer's stop for water enabled Helen and Storm with their team to gain on the train.

Helen rose in her seat. "Drive close, George," she cried. "I can make the train from here and give the alarm."

There was no time for hesitation. Springing to his feet the free guard dashed down the road, Bill opening fire on him as he fled.

Bill and Lug, dragging the fat guard down hill, hid him in a ravine near the side track. The two then hiding in turn, watched the train as it stopped at the station below. The agent came out of the office after a few minutes. When the conductor asked about the car the agent and he walked together over to it. They saw it would not be ready to start for some time.

The predicament in which the thieves now found themselves was an awkward one. They knew full well that Storm, the minute the escaped guard reached the mine, would be after them with men as fast as horses could travel.

But Bill, the craftier of the pair, thought that by working quick they still might make it. Between the siding and the main line were two cables used by the teamsters to switch cars with and they gave him an idea. Pointing to the cables on the ground, he outlined his suggestion to Lug: "There's one way to work it, Lug, and just one—"

Lug, like another Watson, stared at his companion until he should hear more. "We must drop this car into the train," explained Bill. "Throw the ore out on the right of way as we run along and pick it up afterwards with the machine. See?"

Together they crossed over to where the train stood, pulled a pin in the middle of the swing and attached the longer of the cables securely between the two sections of the train thus cut in two. The second cable was attached to the hind end of the first cut, and fastened to the partly loaded box car on the side track. The plot was then rested.

The conductor, deciding there was no use waiting longer for the box car, was making ready to go without it. The head-end brakeman signaled the cab and the train pulled out. As the slack was taken up the box car answered first to the strain on the short cable and with a jerk started down the siding. Approaching the switch, its momentum increased, it sprang the connecting rods and swung in on the main line contact, as Bill had intended, between the two sections of the train.

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Bill Sullenly Gave In.

"Don't attempt it."

Before he could make a successful effort to stop her she jumped from the teamster's seat to the side ladder of the nearest box car.

The watchful thieves, whose attention had already been drawn to the pursuing wagon, decided it was time to make a getaway. Bill started out of the car, but a shot from Storm, who saw the move and recognized the criminal, was warning enough to Bill. He hastily dodged inside and led the way to the little square door at the end of the car. Out of this, followed by Lug, he crawled to make the top of the train.

Storm, determining to be in at the finish, saw only one way of compassing his resolve. He took from the box seat the driver's rope and as the team dashed alongside the train, Storm swung the rope in a loop over the nearest brakewheel, secured his rifle and swinging out from the wagon made his way, hand over hand to the train before it had quite pulled away from the running horses.

Helen was springing along toward the head end of the train. Gaining it she made explanation to the crew and with them started back.

Bill and Lug gained the top of a car just as Helen and the engine crew came back. The bandits whipped out their guns, held the party up and drove them back. The conductor and brakeman coming forward were treated in the same manner. But there were too many now for the two men to watch and while they were forcing the engine crew with Helen back to the cab, the train crew fell on Bill and Lug. The fight on the top of the train was vicious. Bill managed to break away from his captors, but both men in the scrimmage had lost their guns and with Lug after him Bill ran forward. The engine crew, seeing the move, put on all speed to hold the men if possible to the deck.

Helen had started back to help when she saw the desperadoes coming her way. Dropping in between two cars she cut off the head end and it pulled rapidly from the train. With hope of escape in that direction departed Bill and Lug turned on their pursuers. The encounter was short and terribly sharp. Lug was captured but Bill with superhuman strength managed to get away from his assailants and springing forward jumped with a cry of defiance from the top of the car in to a barrow pit below.

Helen on the head end of the rear section saw his escape. As fast as she could climb down she dropped off a side ladder and started after Bill; the engineer, seeing the issue of the fight behind, now slowed down. Helen, followed by the train crew, led the chase for Bill. He turned on her with an ugly oath, but for all his threats she sprang into him like a wild cat and he found it impossible to get successfully away from her. She was on his heels every minute, delaying his flight, while with oaths and blows he endeavored to be rid of her. By the time he had finally overpowered her the train crew was on his back. And at their heels came Storm with his Winchester.

Exhausted by the struggle against too many odds, Bill sullenly gave in. The conductor stopped the brakeman from mauling him further and with their prisoner in front and Storm as guard, the party started back for the train. Helen waited to see the discomfited thieves placed safely in custody within the caboose and boarding it herself with Storm's assistance, laughingly, as was her wont, received the congratulations of her companions on her success. The engineer already had his orders as to what to do and when the last of the party climbed aboard, the train was started slowly back to find the team and the fat fellow who had been tumbled into the ravine. It was feared he had been hurt, but on being released he asked for nothing more than a fresh chew of tobacco. When Lug and Bill were tied back to the mine, he had his revenge by sitting on the two malefactors alternately.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BAD STOMACH?

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## True Secret of Keeping Youthful Looking

(The Beauty Secret.)

"The real secret of keeping young-looking and beautiful," says a well-known hygienist, "is to keep the liver and bowels normally active. Without these requisites, poisonous waste products remain in the system, polluting the blood and lodging in various organs, tissues, joints. One becomes flabby, obese, nervous, mentally sluggish, dull-eyed, wrinkled and sallow of face."

"But to get liver and bowels working as they ought, without producing evil after-effects has been the problem. Fortunately, there is a prescription of unquestioned merit, which may now be had in convenient tablet form. Its value is due largely to an ingredient derived from the humble May apple, or its root, which has been called 'vegetable calomel' because of its effectiveness—though, of course, it is not to be classed with the real calomel of medicinal origin. There is no habit-forming constituent in 'Santalol' tablets—that's the name—and their use is not followed by weakness or exhaustion. On the contrary, these harmless vegetable tablets tend to impart tone and elasticity to the relaxed intestinal wall. Santalol tablets, which may be procured from any druggist—a dime's worth will do—will prove a revelation to any constipated, liver-troubled person."

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Constipation—clogged bowels cause pain and sickness; 95 per cent of our ills, say the authorities, Santalol Laxatives bring a quick relief. All vegetables contain no relief. Ten doses for a dime at any druggist. Physician's sample free, upon request, if you mention this advertisement. The Santalol Remedies Co., Inc., 800 Madison Ave., Covington, Ky.

## DEMOCRAT WANT ADS PAY BIG



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Mellotone Saves Money because it is so wonderfully durable. It is not easily scratched or marred. The colors do not fade. It makes house cleaning easy. Instead of the mess and work of papering or kalemaning, you wash off Mellotone walls and they look bright as new.

There is only one Mellotone and it is made by Lowe Brothers with the Little Blue Flag trademark. Ask for color card and see the beautiful sample prints at our store.

HOLTHOUSE DRUG COMPANY



The Fight on Top of the Train Was Vicious.