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Sold by all druggists, or sent  
prepaid on receipt of price.  
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**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,**  
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when the self-assertive get all they

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SATURDAY, September 23rd inst., the  
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G. R. PERKINS,  
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# 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  
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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 in-  
stinctive 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 an-  
swer, he wrote out the information on  
a blank and handed it to the messen-  
ger. "And get a move on you!" he  
exclaimed rudely, as he noticed Spike's  
unpleasant gaze resting on Helen.

Slouching back to deliver his mes-  
sage, the safe-blower was still puzz-  
led over the identity of the girl. But  
he could not place her, and he dis-  
missed thought of the incident. He  
did, however, stop a moment to ask  
questions about train No. 85 from a  
passing switchman. Then he deliv-  
ered his note to the foreman. Pick-  
ens read and handed the note to  
Rhinelander. When Rhinelander hand-  
ed the note back, the foreman crum-  
pled it up and threw it away. As he  
and Rhinelander 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 provok-  
ingly 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." Spike needed only a  
hint. 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 prow-  
ling 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 jour-  
nal 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 con-  
ductor 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 brake-  
man 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 con-  
tained the explosives.

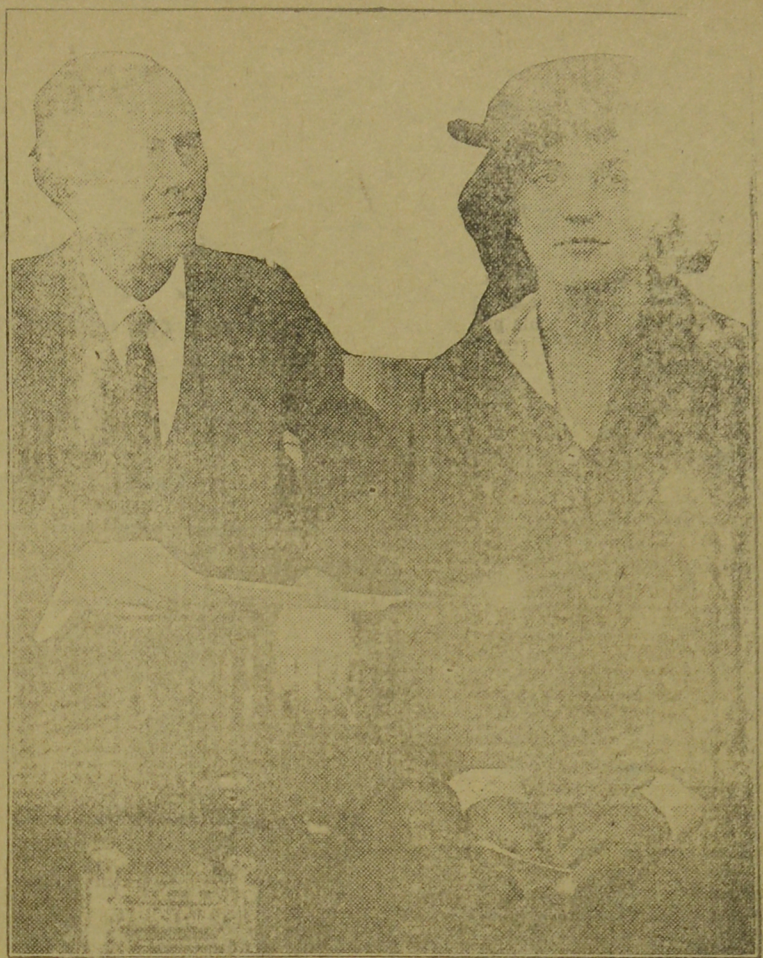
"We must cut off the head end,"  
yelled the conductor as Storm, after  
watching the result, started again  
for the engine.

While the conductor ran forward,  
the crews were chocking wheels and  
pinning down the brakes under half-  
burning 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 flagman  
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 hap-  
pen 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

### CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day  
key at Signal the little office had al-  
ready passed from the quiet kind to  
the remorselessly active kind of those  
small way stations that drive inno-  
cent men mad. Two rival lines main-  
taining large construction camps and  
getting all their supplies through Sig-



Cave Her a Note to the Agent at Signal Station.

wart engine man turned his attention  
to Helen, and Seagrue was soon made  
to feel the pangs of being distinctly  
third in the situation and without an  
anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said  
Storm at length to Helen, "this is my  
last run on local freights. I am as-  
signed tonight to the Limited."

Helen lifted her eyebrows in sur-  
prise: "Some run they're giving  
you!"

Seagrue took the chance to join sar-  
casmatically in: "Right in line for chief  
of motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He  
only regarded Seagrue calmly for a  
moment. Then he turned good-natur-  
edly to thank Helen. While soldier-  
ing agreeably at this task, his fire-

man intruded on the scene long  
enough to remind him they were wait-  
ing for him to get out. Storm, with  
an expression of disgust at the inter-  
ruption, nodded gruffly to the fireman,  
concluded his talk with Helen and  
walked out. Helen rose to go out on  
the platform also. Seagrue intervened  
to distract her attention. It was use-  
less. She must deliver a message, she  
said, to the conductor, and Seagrue,  
peevish, was left to stay with himself  
or unwillingly to follow. He followed;  
but even then it was only to find him-  
self watching Storm's good-bys waved  
to Helen from the cab. And she saw  
them, too; nothing escaped her at-  
tention.

(To be continued.)



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