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THE GIRL AND THE GAME

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DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC

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Escape was first in his thoughts.
He remembered the stolen survey in
his pocket. On the safety of this, his
money from Capelle depended and his
first act was to secrete it near where
he landed.

The two engines in this time had
been brought to a stop and backed to
the bridge. "Get after the man that
jumped," cried Helen. "We must find
him. Take both banks of the river."

With one of the firemen left to
guard Hyde, Storm and the other fire-
man hurried down one river bank as
the passenger engineer took the other.
Neither side afforded more than a
slight chance of concealment and
Spike, starting from where he had
cached his stolen document, was
pounced on by Storm's fireman. But
Spike, a powerful man, had almost
fought out for himself a second chance
for escape when Storm bore him down
to the earth. Helen ran up. "Where's
what you have stolen?" she cried fur-
iously as Spike stood prisoner. Storm,



She Ran Out on the Balcony.

without loss of time, searched him.
"You've stolen our survey," exclaimed
Helen wrathfully. "Where is it?"

Spike shrugged his shoulders. "I
don't know what you're talking about,"
he muttered. "What do you fellows
want with me, anyway?" he demanded,
looking from one to the other of the
two men, impudently.

They dragged him to the freight en-
gine and with Storm directing, both
engines started back to the passenger
train. The freight engine sounded a
greeting to the crew of the stranded
flyer, and Storm and Helen clattered
past to their own deserted train. With
Storm speeding up at his throttle
Helen soon saw the semaphore of
Signal station and with the two pri-
soners, Storm and his fireman returned
with Helen to the house.

Police officers were already in
charge and the safe-blowers were
turned over to them. Helen, agitated
and anxious, was met at the door of
the library by Amos Rhineland. His
face was grave. With a keen, ques-
tioning look her father's friend laid
his hand tenderly on her arm as she
attempted to enter the room. "Stop,
Helen," he said in a constrained tone.
"Don't go in there just now."

Storm stood near. She would have
pushed past Rhineland, but again
he opposed her entrance. "And where
is father?" she exclaimed as if a sud-
den realization had come upon her.
"My child," Rhineland took her
within his arm, "we are under the or-
ders of the police. Nothing in the li-
brary must be disturbed."

An awful suspicion gripped her
heart. "Father," she exclaimed in-
tensely. "He was hurt. Where is
he?"

Rhineland, avoiding her glance di-
rected into the half-darkened room,
motioned significantly to Storm. The
engineer understood; but it was too
late. Slipping with the strength and
speed of a fawn from between the two
men, Helen darted into the library.
Those of the fated household heard in
the night an agonizing cry; it rang
far. She had found her father all too
soon and had thrown herself beside
his dead body, where it had been
placed on the couch beside the fire-
place.

Thus perished by the hand of a
wretched criminal—a mere deck of
the scent of our civilization—this man
who had himself, and alone, discov-
ered the first railroad pass over the
Continental Divide.

Seagru's ears echoed long with a
memory of that cry. Standing beside
his captured confederates he asked
himself whether the price had not, af-
ter all, been too high.

But Spike, insensible to all but his
criminal instincts, drew close beside
him and asked him, unobserved, for a
pencil. But for the fear that his own
neck might be jeopardized by an ex-
posure, Seagru would have had done
with his two murderous tools then and
there, but he had put himself in their
power and dare not refuse. Spike,
despite his handcuffed wrists, managed
to scribble a note on Seagru's cuff,
telling him where the survey had been
hidden. The officers coming out of
the library, marched their prisoners
away.

Alone in his room, the half-sickened
conspirator read Spike's message. He
paused and for a long moment pon-
dered his situation. It was not hard
for him to shake from his conscience
his own responsibility for the tragic
outcome of his villainy and Capelle's.
It was, he argued, not what he had
contemplated or desired. It was Ca-
pelle's fault. Accidents will happen—
sometimes fatal ones. The game
might still be his.

CHAPTER III.

The death of Helen's father dis-
closed at once the serious weakness
of his monetary affairs. He had de-
veloped his valuable railroad prop-
erties without capital of his own ade-
quate 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 ac-
tual control belonged to eastern bank-
ers 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 attor-
neys for the estate were already gath-
ered 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 criminal-
ly compromised nephew, Seagru.

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

To Seagru, 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 Seagru's mind and
something of it all reflected itself in
his face. A score of times his un-
principled 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 read a scrawl written on it by
Spike, his convict accomplice, advis-
ing him that the stolen survey was
hidden under the south end of Little
San Pablo bridge.

(To be continued.)

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relieving those in their destitute Motherland, should be an added
incentive to us to give all we can to the Belgian Relief Fund.

This is not charity—it is a debt of honor we owe to our heroic
Allies, who checked the first onslaught of the Germans while
France and Great Britain got time to rally and save the day
on the Western Front.

The able-bodied men of Belgium are still in the fighting line,
holding the trenches at the British left. Their women and children,
and their old and wounded men, who have held out bravely under
untold sufferings are looking to us for food and life. Our modest
contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund will help to save them.
Our failure to give our share will bring them a step nearer to
grim starvation.

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least one Belgian family when a contribution
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