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THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the
Signal Film Corporation.

Cassidy, bewildered by the extraor-
dinary turn things had taken, started
to walk back to where Seagrue was
but on reflection, he changed his
mind, lighting his pipe, sat quiet
down on a part of the roof that
many years given him a peace-
ful view of the vengeance
justly taken on his former abode.
Less than Seagrue had to
fear. With both cheeks in his
pocket, he felt sure he must realize on at
least one, and he sat on the scene
after the men had quit work
thoughtfully smoking his pipe and re-
flecting on the queer things that may
happen in a real railroad war.

A CLOSE CALL

Despite Seagrue's persistent opposi-
tion, Rhinelander secured the right
of way to enable him to complete the
Superstition cut-off, and unable to
stop the Tidewater construction work,
Seagrue resolved to try other methods
to defeat his rival.

Helen Holmes was enjoying the
taste of camp life that her trip to the
front had brought. And after the ex-
citement had died down attending the
destruction of Cassidy's house, she
found herself amused and interested
in Cassidy himself, who was busy
next morning trying to restore a much-
battered stove to service near the
wreck of his shack. Helen watched
his dazed efforts until sympathy over-
came her, and excusing herself, she
walked over to where Cassidy was
struggling to get a fire going.

Seagrue, who had been watching
the scene from a distance, saw Helen
join the old fellow, and deemed it his
opportunity to make tentative ad-
vances toward the collective enemy.
Sauntering over, accordingly, he joined
Helen at a moment in which she sent
Cassidy for water and was herself
watching the fire starting in the
stove.

Helen looked up in astonishment
when she heard Seagrue's greeting.
Indeed, she resented his intrusion so
strongly that she refused all communi-
cation with him and for a time he
spoke into deaf ears.

"You ought not to be too hard on
me, Helen," he urged at length. "Any
man will fight for his life against ruin.
That's all I've done. Everything I
have in the world is tied up in this
Superstition cut-off. But more than
once I said to myself, I would willing-
ly sacrifice it all to regain your friend-
ship."

He spoke slowly and looked so beat-
en and worried as he lingered in the
penumbra of Helen's gaze that she be-



"I Hate to Bring These Back, but I
Can't Double-Cross Seagrue!"

gan to denounce him indignantly for
his villainous conduct.

He took her stinging reproaches
without resentment. "I admit," he
said, "my temper carries me too far,
sometimes."

"Sometimes!" echoed Helen. "A
hundred and fifty!"

"When I do get angry," confessed
Seagrue, "I lose my head. I stop at
nothing. When it's all over, nobody
is sorrier for it than I am. I have
acted shamefully. I know that. And
what hurts the most is that it should
have cost me your friendship and my
uncle's."

While the talk thus begun the two
was going on in this fashion, Storm,
who had been experimenting with
some new jacks, noticed what Helen
was doing; and that the man standing
near her was none other than Seagrue.
Scarcely able to believe his
eyes, the young constructionist called to
Rhinelander to look. The latter
disengaged himself from his new ma-
chines long enough to see what Storm
had seen and putting another man in
charge of the work, he hurried off,
followed by Storm, over to Cassidy's
zone.

They arrived together just in time
to find Seagrue putting wood on Hel-
en's fire. He turned from his peace-
ful role to greet Rhinelander, quite
casually, with a good morning; Helen

in good spirits, was stepping rapidly
around preparing a meal. Rhinelander
looked from one to the other in
amazement, and striding forward, con-
fronted Seagrue. "What does all this
thing mean?" he demanded angrily.
"What are you up to now, Seagrue?"

Seagrue met the wrathful greeting
composedly. His answer was amiable
and untrifling. "We have been talking
over old times, Uncle Ames." He in-
dicated Helen by the slightest nod.
"I've told Helen, what you well know,
that everything I have in the world
has been tied up in this fight. But
I've also told her I would sacrifice ev-
ery bit of it to regain your good will
and hers. I'm sorry for the lengths
I've gone to. It's been a mistake. It
doesn't reflect any credit on me, I
know that. But can't we forget it?
Forget everything, here and now, and
work together, you and I, for the fu-
ture instead of trying to cut each other's
throats? Why not combine our
interests, uncle, and take a fresh
start?"

But Rhinelander, gentle though he
was in disposition and forbearing to a
degree that surprised his friends,
was yet too old in the ways of the
world to put his trust in assurances
without deeds to back them. He re-
garded Seagrue firmly: "This fight,
he said briefly, "was not one of our
choosing, Seagrue. You forced us
into it," he reminded his nephew.
"We cannot compromise now when
sure of success."

Seagrue, whether hopeless, or dog-
ged in his attitude, took the rebuke
hard. He did not resent it but he
looked down and out. So much so
that Helen felt sorry. She even made
occasion, as he stood gloomily watch-
ing her, to go over to him and express
her regret that Rhinelander did not
feel, as she did, that it might be bet-
ter for everybody to try to be friends
once more.

Storm, who had stood apart and was
churning inside at the situation, now
intervened: "Come over to camp,
Helen. That man doesn't mean a word
of what he says. You're wasting time
listening to him. Come along."

She resented the positive way in
which the words were spoken. Her
manner when she answered revealed
some of her impatience: "I'll come,"
she said, with a suggestion of cur-
tiness, "just as soon as I get through
here."

Rhinelander detected her resent-
ment. He knew better than anyone
in the world that the spirited girl
could not be driven and could not
even be coaxed too far. He beckoned
to Storm. "Let's go," he suggested in
an undertone.

Storm seemed against the proposal.
Rhinelander quietly urged it. "You
can't do any good," he explained in
a low tone. "I know what's best.
Come with me."

Storm, angry as a schoolboy, at
what he deemed the folly of giving
the slightest countenance to Seagrue,
followed his friend reluctantly. But
having avowed she would not go,
Helen, conscious herself now of the
strain of the situation, turned to Seagrue
and told him she must be leav-

(To Be Continued.)

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(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

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