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Does it need a little repairing after  
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Our LOTIONS and CREAMS are at  
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The assortment is of a high stand-  
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Drop in and see them. We are al-  
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RATES: \$1.00 per day. Meals 30c.  
Good standing in connection.

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ed awning; but a woman can get away  
with it.  
We haven't any admiration for a  
miser, but it is far better to freeze to  
your money than to burn it.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**  
A safe, reliable regulating  
medicine. Sold in three de-  
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;  
No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box.  
Sold by all druggists, or sent  
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Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,**  
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Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone  
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## FINAL NOTICE TO TAXPAY- ERS IN ARREARS FOR TAXES.

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back taxes will please take warn-  
ing that if the taxes are not paid by  
**SATURDAY, September 23rd inst.**, the  
property will be advertised for sale ac-  
cording to law, without further notice.  
G. R. PERKINS,  
City Treasurer.

9-16 61

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Tones and invigorates the whole  
nervous system, makes new blood  
in old veins, cures Nervous  
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price. New pamphlet mailed free. **THE WOOD  
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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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side just after Helen stepped from the  
deck of the speed launch to the dock.  
She ran all the way up the esplanade,  
survey in hand, to where she could  
catch a taxicab and drove hard for the  
Tidewater building. There she alighted  
only to be confronted by two men  
—Seagruue and an officer. Seagruue  
pointed to Helen: "There she is!  
There are the documents she stole—in  
her hand. Arrest her!"

But he would not give up. Urging  
his man to speed, he gained the high-  
way paralleling the railroad track,  
and as the Limited shot by, Seagruue,  
with all the power that could be got  
out of his motor, actually held for a  
time abreast of it. He yelled and  
shouted as one sleeper after another  
drew slowly past—both the train and  
the motor car were running very fast  
—but he could attract no attention.  
Helpless with rage, he saw the last  
car pulling gradually past, and fur-  
ious at being balked, he stood up on  
the seat and as the car drew past him,  
he jumped over the rail and landed on  
the observation platform.

Helen was pushing the launch to-  
ward Oceanside. The ocean below the  
bay laps almost the edge of the rail-  
road track, but her heart sank as she  
looked back and saw the night train  
tearing up the track and rapidly over-  
hauling her. Instinct told her that  
Seagruue would somehow board that  
train in an effort to get to the city  
first. As the engine drew nearer, she  
picked up a pair of glasses and level-  
ing them on the cab, discovered  
George Storm on the right side. She  
waved a signal flag at him, but his  
eyes were glued on the track ahead.  
Then, as if by an inspiration, she  
seized the cord of the air whistle at  
her hand and in the Morse code sig-  
naled for help. Storm turned his  
head and looked back questioningly  
along his train; then up at his own  
whistle. The whistling continued, and  
his attention was finally drawn to the  
launch, now dropping behind the train.  
Helen caught up her signal flag again.  
In a flash he recognized her, and call-  
ing his fireman over they listened to  
her appeal.

"Give me paper, pencil," shouted  
Storm, as he shut off the throttle and  
listened to the long and short toots  
that re-echoed in jerky succession  
from the surface of the sea against the  
towering cliffs and through the flying  
cab. On a leaf, torn from a pad, Storm  
scratched out the signals:

"Have survey. Seagruue on your  
train. Delay so I can reach Oceanside  
first."  
HELEN.

The engine whistle shrieked his an-  
swer to her eager ears.

"Something wrong with engine al-  
ready."

The fireman, learning the truth from  
Storm, tried to persuade him, what-  
ever happened, not to delay the train.  
It would cost Storm, he urged, his job.  
"What's the job to me?" demanded  
Storm, applying the air and bringing  
up the train with a jolt. So saying, he  
snatched a small handful of tools from  
the box and prepared to get down.

Seagruue had made his way into the  
coach. He summoned the conductor,  
and being known was accorded every  
courtesy. But the race was now first  
on his mind, and when he heard the  
brakes grinding, and running back on  
the platform saw fire screaming from  
the wheels, he called the conductor,  
demanding to know the cause of the  
stop. Going forward together for an  
explanation, the two men found Storm  
under his engine with wrench and  
hammer, while in the distance Seagruue  
could see the Spiderwater cutting the  
waves like foaming glass and slipping  
away to where a stormy directors'  
meeting was in session at Oceanside,  
and Rhinelander was in the fight of  
his life to prevent summary action be-  
ing taken to stop the cut-off work. In  
vain he showed Helen's telegram.

which had come in time to rescue him  
from complete defeat. But Seagruue's  
henchman, Capelle, conniving with the  
disaffected element in the directorate,  
was pushing to a vote with every pros-  
pect of success the resolution to stop  
work.

"What have we got to go on?" he  
demanded, facing Rhinelander down.  
"You know as well as I do we are  
throwing hundreds of thousands into a  
project absolutely uncertain. You offer  
a telegram. What good is the tele-  
gram? Where can Helen Holmes get a  
survey at an hour's notice that would  
justify us in keeping on?"

Beside the engine of the limited the  
conductor and Seagruue were volleying  
sharp and suspicious questions at the  
fireman. He told, reluctantly, of the  
mysterious launch and of Storm's ex-  
change of signals. No more was need-  
ed to infuriate Seagruue, who now un-  
derstood the connivance. Storm  
crawled out from under the engine  
and Seagruue met him with an abusive  
epithet. The stalwart engineer  
promptly knocked him down. The crew  
dragged the two men apart and the  
conductor ordered the fireman to take  
the limited in, Storm, with folded  
arms, refusing to lend further as-  
sistance. But despite his stubborn-  
ness the big train pulled into Ocean-

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side just after Helen stepped from the  
deck of the speed launch to the dock.  
She ran all the way up the esplanade,  
survey in hand, to where she could  
catch a taxicab and drove hard for the  
Tidewater building. There she alighted  
only to be confronted by two men  
—Seagruue and an officer. Seagruue  
pointed to Helen: "There she is!  
There are the documents she stole—in  
her hand. Arrest her!"

Before Helen could collect her  
senses, the officer had seized her and  
Seagruue had snatched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my prop-  
erty, stolen from my father. I, not  
he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and  
wept tears of humiliation and anger,  
Seagruue was producing papers to con-  
vince the slow-witted official that the  
survey belonged to him and that Helen  
was the thief. In spite of all she could  
say, he won out. Indeed, the guardian  
of the law was ready to take Helen  
to the station when Seagruue magnani-  
mously intervened, told him to let her  
go and said he was satisfied to recover  
his property.

Upstairs the directors were closing  
their protracted session, Rhinelander  
vainly trying to hold them together un-  
til his ally should appear. The sound  
of an opening door raised his hopes.  
Helen rushed into the room and hasten-  
ed to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried,  
reading bad news in her face.

She told him of her battle—of how  
she had been robbed at the very foot  
of what were once her father's stairs.  
Everyone listened. Then half a dozen  
men began talking—some . . . some  
against crediting what they had just  
heard.

Rhinelander put his arm around the  
despairing girl. "No matter. We know  
now who has our property, gentlemen.  
We'll get it yet."

Capelle, laughing furtively, left the  
room to report to Seagruue. The chair-  
man rapped for order. Rhinelander,  
trying to comfort Helen, took her to  
her taxicab and they drove back to the  
launch together. Dazed, furious at her  
misfortune, Helen met another sur-  
prise at the pier. Storm, awaiting  
her return there, helped her to alight  
from the taxicab. She could only  
guard him breathlessly. He laughed at  
his reassuring way: "It's really I," he  
said to her, offering his hand. "I  
discharged—but I told the superin-  
tendent I might yet live long enough  
to discharge him. What do you think  
he threw back at me? 'I hope I ever  
deserve it as much as you do, you will  
discharge me.' I guess it was com-  
ing," concluded Storm good naturedly.

"But I've got a marine license and I'm  
going to run your launch to Signal bay  
for you. Got plenty of gas in the old  
tub, Helen?"

His robust humor was infectious.  
With Storm at the driver's wheel, they  
soon reached the offing in the launch  
and were discussing the exciting  
events of the night when Helen's eye  
fixed on the canvas covering the deck  
of the boat. It was on this she had  
laid the blue print to dry and the im-  
pression had been definitely trans-  
ferred. She seized her uncle's arm,  
pointed and explained. Rhinelander,  
jerked a knife from his pocket, cut  
the canvas from the deck and showed  
it to Storm, who headed the launch  
in a great foaming circle back toward  
Oceanside.

(To be continued.)

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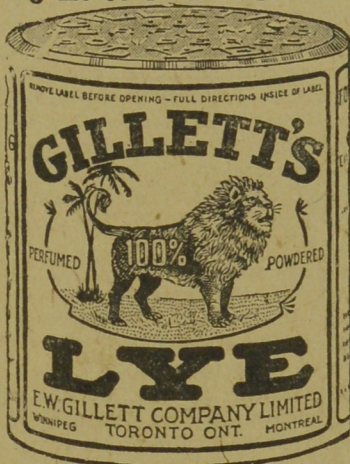
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