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Great opportunity for an enterprising
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A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

**AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING
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DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF
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the car at his feet. Spike never ne-
glected investigating anything that fell
in his way. He picked the handker-
chief up and walked on, still at inter-
vals looking back.

Seagrue was in his rooms, waiting
impatiently for the return of the car.
When it did at last skid wildly around
the corner traveling at a reckless pace,
Seagrue ran downstairs and hurried
the men to get Helen quickly inside.
Spike at this juncture was crossing a
vacant lot. He looked again at the
handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes
turned once more in the direction of
the machine. He saw that the party
had stopped before a building appear-
ing to Spike's eyes somewhat familiar.
The next moment the men lifted what
seemed a heavy burden from the ma-
chine. Helen had been gagged again
and was helpless. But despite her be-
ing wrapped in the rug, Spike got,
from what he saw, the whole story—
they had Helen. A sudden rage stirred
him, and throwing caution to the
winds, he dashed across the open lot
toward the alley.

The freight train bearing Storm was
nearing Las Vegas, but nowhere had
he been able to discover a trace of
Helen. Seagrue and his men were
carrying her upstairs. They left the
driver as a guard at the lower door,
and Spike, running hard, had neared
the building. When the engine
stopped, Storm, with a look of worry,
got hurriedly down. The first man his
eyes chanced to fall on was Spike.
The sight of him to Storm was like red
to a bull. Gaining Spike's vicinity
stealthily, Storm made at him. "What
are you fellows up to now?" he cried
angrily, throttling Spike with the
words against the building.

"Where's Helen Holmes, you blamed
crook?"

"Upstairs, I tell you. Listen! She's
upstairs. Instead of choking me, get
busy to get her out of Seagrue's
clutches—that's what I'm here for."

In the fewest possible words he told
Storm of how Helen had shamed him
with kindness, and how he had sworn
to her he would make good. Storm
experienced an acute revulsion of feel-
ing. "Then we're friends!" he ex-
claimed.

"I didn't say that," returned Spike,
feeling his crumpled windpipe. "I'm
Helen Holmes' friend."

Storm eyed him keenly. "If you
mean it, I'll forgive what's gone before,
Spike. If you don't, I'll choke you
next time for keeps."

"I mean it," snapped Spike. "Stow
the gab." He pointed to the door be-
hind him. "Seagrue's kidnaped her.
They carried her up those stairs not
two minutes ago."

Storm's eyes burned black. Sea-
grue at that moment could have seen
murder in them. Storm compressed
his lips. "How many are there,
Spike?" was all he muttered.

"Three."

Storm pointed. "Watch that door,"
he directed. "I'll go to the roof."
In the room to which they had car-
ried her, on the second floor, Helen,
partly recovered, resolutely faced Sea-
grue and her captors. Lug handed
Seagrue the stolen letters. He exam-
ined them impatiently and tossed one
after another contemptuously aside.
"Is this all you've got?" he demanded
in disgust. The contracts were not
there.

Seagrue glared at Helen. Alive to
her serious danger, her quick percep-
tions took in every feature of her sur-
roundings and almost the first thing
her glance fell on was a stack of iron
cylinders in a corner of the room la-
beled "High Explosives." From out-
side the room she heard, without know-
ing what they signified, sounds of a
fierce altercation. Spike, at the door
below, with a gentle knock, had at-
tracted the attention of the machine
driver, stationed as watchman. The
scout opened cautiously to see who
knocked. But cautious though he
was, he was no match in trickery for
the adept Spike, whose arm shot like
a flash through the opening as he
threw himself against the door. In a
fraction of a second—before the chaf-
feur actually knew what had happened
—Spike had the astonished sentry by
the neck, jerked him outside, flung
him into the gutter and dashed up
the stairs.

Seagrue, unmoved by the fighting
outside, turned threateningly on Hel-
en. "You've got those contracts. I
want them. Will you hand them over
without force?" Helen stood mute.
"Shall I take them from you?" Nei-
ther warnings nor threats moved her to
a single word.

"Won't talk, eh?" snapped Seagrue.
"No matter—I'll do the talking. Stand
her out here, boys, and I'll search her."

He started forward. She backed
away with a cry. "Don't come near
me," she exclaimed. "You shan't
search me! I'll kill you first!"

A knock at the door interrupted Sea-
grue's threatening advance; his con-
federates looked alarmed. "That's

only the watchman, boys," cried Sea-
grue. "Pay no attention. Catch her
and hold her."

The words were not out of his mouth
when the one door of the room was
flung violently open behind them.
"Hands off, there!" shouted a heavy
voice. The three men whirled on the
intruder. Seagrue, in his amazement,
found himself confronted by Spike.
The convict raised a threatening hand.
"Don't touch that girl," he said hoarse-
ly. "The man that does"—he mut-
tered a fearful imprecation—"will an-
swer to me with his life."

Lug and Bill shrank back. They
knew Spike's blood-stained hands too
well to want to rouse his wrath. But
Seagrue was not for an instant to be
swerved from his purpose. "Get that
whelp," he shouted, pointing at Spike.
"I'll look out for the girl."

Albeit with the poor stomach, Lug
and Bill attacked the powerful outlaw.

Helen, looking distractedly for a
weapon of defense, saw the explosive
cylinders. A blow struck by Lug from
behind had stunned Spike. He lay
helpless and the three men turned to
secure Helen. Stooping swiftly, she
picked up a cylinder and stood at bay.
"Come another foot and I'll smash this
if it kills every one of us," she cried,
reckless of consequence.

Lug and Bill halted in terror—they
knew if she carried out her threat it
meant death to them all. Seagrue
was the harder nature. "Throw it
if you dare," he cried, tauntingly. He
knew she would not commit suicide.
"Together, boys," he shouted, "ru-
der."

"Seagrue," cried a voice from the
window behind Helen, "get her. She
Storm had gained a nip of the
commanding the room and thrust
his hand through the window, saw
the men inside with a revolver.

Helen laid her dangerous cylin-
der down. Storm handed her the re-
volver. "Keep them covered till I get in,
Helen!"

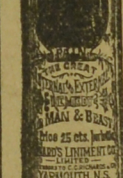
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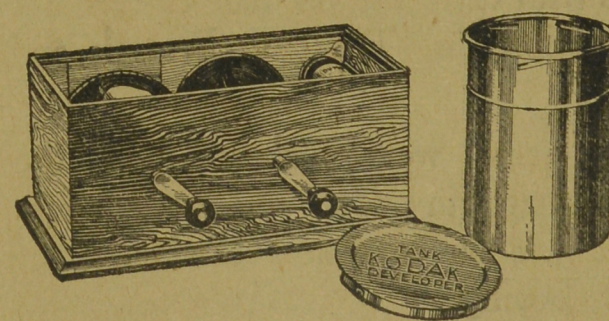
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