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A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE
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The engineman, busy with his work,
presently heard the slight jingle, but
only to wonder for a moment what
it could be. The two criminals had
entered Helen's room. The instant
she stepped in from the balcony they
caught and overpowered her—stifled
her screams, and in spite of her con-
tinuing struggles, rudely gagged her.

The bell again attracted Storm's at-
tention, and he was puzzled to deter-
mine what it might mean. Looking
toward Helen's home he saw a bright
light in one of the upper windows.
Then, of a sudden, he saw more—sil-
houetted against the pane, a woman
and a man were struggling. He
alarmed the crew and ran swiftly up
the hill for General Holmes' house.

In the interval, leaving Helen help-
less, the safe-blowers descended the
stairs. Holmes and Rhineland had
likewise been awakened by the muf-
fled sounds of the struggle and the
two appeared in the upper hall. Sea-
grue joined them and with his uncle
hurried into Helen's room, where she
was trying to release herself. But her
father, turning downstairs, had in-
terrupted the two safe-blowers at the
very library door. The old soldier
was no match for the two men, but
he tackled them together. He had
hardly begun to fight when he was
struck down by a black-jack and the
two thugs, survey in hand, made their
escape. They crossed the lawn, gained
the shrubbery close to the gate, and
in the distance saw the headlight of
the midnight passenger train. Signal
was not one of its stops, but the safe-
blowers ran hard for the station and
taking a long chance for their get-
away they recklessly but safely board-
ed the running train as it slowed
somewhat for the bridge.

In the confusion within the house-
hold Helen had been released. She
had hysterically told her story and as
she and her friends rushed down-
stairs she encountered Storm, who had
helped her dashed father to a chair.
"Are you hurt, daddy?" asked his
daughter anxiously.

"No," he cried, "and I've given one
of them a jolt he'll remember. But
Helen!"—in his agitation he laid his
hand heavily on his daughter's shoul-
der—"those damned scoundrels have
got our survey!"

"Then they shall never get off with
it," exclaimed Helen with flashing
eyes. "We will catch them if it
kills somebody."

She gave her orders right and left
—for caring for her father, calling the
police and for making the pursuit.
The boarding of the moving pas-
senger train by the two men had not
escaped Storm's eyes, and a few
words with Helen were enough to clear
things. The flyer was gone and the
burglars with it, but there was a
chance yet to get them. Hastening
with Storm down the hill, Helen told
him the whole story. When the two
reached the siding Storm asked the
conductor to put out a flagman to pro-
tect the freight; he half lifted and
half pushed Helen up into the cab,
and the instant the fireman cut off
the engine, started in pursuit of the
fast-receding passenger train.

But the stern chase is the long
chase. The freight engineer had set
himself a difficult task; one thing
alone was in his favor, everything
else was against him. He was run-
ning a light engine against one pull-
ing a strong string of sleeping cars.
But his own machine was built for
traction, not for speed, and he was
pitting it against one of the fastest
types of engines on the division. From
the time Storm opened the throttle
not a device was left untried to make
his ponderous engine go fast; not a
trick of all those that had already
made his reputation as an exceptional
runner was now overlooked and every
resource of the engineer's art was
brought into play to overhaul the fly-
ing passenger train.

Helen crouched on the fireman's box
with her eyes straining ahead into
the darkness, or glancing across the
hooded lights of the cab at the pro-
file of the silent engineer, waited in
vain for him to look toward her. It
seemed as if he had forgotten her
existence. His attention, for the mo-
ment, was centered on nothing but
the terrific headway he had attained
and must maintain to win, and his
reeling, thundering machine seemed
awake to the relentless energy of
its driver, was responding like a thing
alive to his iron will. A cry from
Storm made her look across toward
him. She saw his eyes regarding her,
but he was pointing silently ahead,
and looking again through her own
window, Helen's straining vision
caught far ahead the faint gleam of
the red tail-lights.

From the top of the distant sleeping
cars Spike and Hyde had seen the
threatening chase. Without a quail,
and crawling along the swaying cars,
they made their way toward the en-
gine. They held up the engineer and
freeman. Spike understood enough of

an engine to take the throttle and he
tried to run away from Storm; but
this proved a game in which he had
no advantage. Striving desperately
to increase his speed he found him-
self, as he glanced back from the
cab window, steadily losing ground.
The race was now more like the ef-
fort of a plow horse to run away
from a thoroughbred. A last resort
remained for the criminals. Hyde,
at Spike's direction, climbed back
over the tender and cut off the coaches.
The engine pulled away from the
train. The air went on and the string
of sleepers stopped abruptly. Close
behind them the freight engine was
pounding and lurching. Storm had
barely time to apply his air and pull
up as he stopped and he was nearly
into the hind-end of the observation
car.

When the passenger crew got out
side there were hurried explanations.
Storm, knowing every foot of the line,
saw that they had reached the longest
passing track on the division and that
by running around the stalled train he
still had a chance to overtake his
quarry. Throwing his engine into re-
verse he backed down, took the pass-
ing-track switch and tore past the
standing cars after the fast disappear-
ing passenger train. With all of its
lights extinguished, and still maintain-
ing terrific speed, it was at a hopeless
disadvantage against the skill of the
man at the throttle of the engine be-
hind.

Overhauled and with defeat in sight
as the nose of the huge freight engine
crowded them, Hyde from the gang-
way and Spike, turning from the use-
less throttle, opened fire with their
pistols on their pursuers. Hyde, fir-
ing his last shot without effect, in his
rage, buried his heavy gun back at the
other cab. It crashed through the win-
dow where Helen had sat an instant
before, but she was now up and back
over the engine tank. As Storm drew
steadily abreast of the runaway, she
watched her chance and with reckless
daring sprang from where she stood
over to the tank of the passenger en-
gine. The safe-blowers turned to meet
her. Stack and stack the engines were
rushing toward the little San Pablo
bridge. But with Spike's and Hyde's
attention turned from the passive en-
gineer and fireman in the cab, they were
suddenly attacked by both from be-
hind. A furious mixup followed. Hyde,
as Helen jumped down at him, grap-
pled with her. Storm, eager in the
jumping gangway opposite them, saw
her peril. Catching up a wrench he
hurled it with all his force at Hyde's
head; it flew true and the thug sank
under the heavy blow like a bullock.
Spike in the interval, tearing loose
from his assailants, gained the foot-
plate and leaping up on the coal de-
fied them.

It was for no more than a moment;
the engineer went pluckily after him.
Cornered, Spike looked ahead. They
were reaching the river and the en-
gines were making a dizzy speed.
With the recklessness of a madman
the criminal leaped from the tender
far out into the stream below. The
slightest miscalculation—a mistake of
a tenth of a second in his reckoning
—would have cost him his life. Yet
he made his jump without injury,
struck out for shore and gained the
river bank.

(To be continued.)

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(Moncton Transcript.)

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otic worker. If she had enquired of
B. F. Smith he could have given her
some pointers. We do not know what
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sal of a woman clerk in his department
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