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Great opportunity for an enterprising
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Overseas Battalions, and will be re-
ceived at the Red Cross rooms in the
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Wood's Phosphorine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
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Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
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Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
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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

Copyright 1915 by FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the
Signal Film Corporation.

In spite of everything the two out-
laws could do, Helen closed up the
gap that separated the coach from
them, and on the front end of the lat-
ter the fleeing rascals could make out
the armed deputies. Had there been
any doubt in their minds as to the
temper of the men pursuing them, the
puffs of white smoke rising from the
coach front, and the whine of rifle
bullets about their ears would have
convinced Lug and Bill of the danger
threatening them. Safety first was a
household word with the two. Noth-
ing of the disposition of martyrs had
place in their make-up, and, abandon-
ing the engine, Lug, with a word to
Bill to ease the pace, descended the
steps of the tender and tumbled down
a soft bank to the right of way; his
companion followed; a few minutes
later Soda Water Sal, rounding the
curve behind, shot past them with the
reeling coach.

Overtaking the abandoned engine on
a grade, a few miles ahead, the coach
was again coupled to it by the Rhine-
lander party, and when the queer
looking combination reached the first
passing track, the engine of the spe-
cial, almost dead, was vigorously
kicked by Soda Water Sal, together
with the car, out into the clear. An
Helen, with the more venturesous of
the legal lights clinging to the foot-
board, and running boards of Soda Wa-
ter Sal and others swarming in her ten-
der and crowding the cab, again
rushed the posse on to the scene of
the trouble.

At the camp Rhinelander's forces
were in trouble. Seagrue's strategy
had completely blocked them—every-
body was stumped by Seagrue's audac-
ity. And while the leaders were try-
ing to pull themselves together, Sea-
grue's men were rapidly extending
their possession of the disputed
ground.

Storm, realizing that at any cost the
situation must somehow be recouped,
ran over to where Wood was watching
the enemy and whispered to him.
Whatever the proposal, the old man
was startled when George Storm
made it.

Wood looked toward the camp dubi-
tously. "I don't know," he said finally.
"That's pretty radical medicine. But
Rhinelander isn't here and I suppose
we've got to do something. It's a
cinch they've got us beat out of three
months' time in another hour, for if
they once get hold of this section,
we've got to drag them into court. If
you think the old man will stand for
it, George, slam away. You know as
well as I do. But I can't take the
responsibility."

"I will," cried Storm emphatically.
He turned to the foreman of their
switching crew, who stood near, and
pointed to the engine puffing at some
little distance. "Couple on to that
outfit car, Carthy, as quick as the Lord
will let you, and get ready for a run."
Carthy hurried down the track.
Storm, giving orders right and left,
asked Wood to send a crew of men
to throw everything movable in the
outfit car out on the sand.

Seagrue, watching from a distance
the sudden activity among Rhinelan-
der's forces, watched the new develop-
ments with much curiosity and some
little anxiety. He saw the switch en-
gine speed down the line, couple to
the outfit car and back away with it
for a dash. In the cab all was ex-
citement. Under Storm's orders, prepa-
rations were being made for a rec-
ord dash, and as the engine stopped,
with the outfit car in front of it down
below the second switch, huge vol-
umes of smoke pouring from the stack
into the blazing sunshine convinced
Seagrue that something was up.
Rhinelander's laborers and track lay-
ers under Storm's directions parted
and stood expectant at each side of
the run of track on which Cassidy's
house had been so unceremoniously
dropped. Seagrue saw, too late, what
Storm's radical move, in the fight
meant.

Storm, scent of battle in his nos-
trils, stood on the footboard as the
sturdy switch engine started. On it
came, accelerating fast from one, two,
ten, twenty miles an hour up to thirty.
With the safety valve popping and
smoke streaming in a cloud from the
stack, the engine with Rhinelander's
movable lot in front of it, bore down
on Cassidy's house. Cassidy, himself,
sunning on a pile of Seagrue's ties,
with his pipe in his mouth and his
two checks in his pocket, little ex-
pected what was coming. But Rhine-
lander's men saw and understood it
all. A mighty yell rose from the de-
lighted gang as the engine and car
sped on. Storm, bareheaded, his black
hair streaming in the sun—clinging
with one hand for safety as he swung
from the end of the foot-board and
stretched his left arm far out as a
semaphore—signaled the cab.

The engineer checked heavily. A
stream of fire ground from the driving
wheels; the engine jumped in the grip
of the brakes and the outfit car, re-
leased, headed like a catapult straight
at Cassidy's house. Men jumped back
as it hurtled past. The next instant,
crashing and smashing ahead, it tore
completely through Cassidy's house.



Climbed into the Cab and Opened
the Throttle.

A great cloud of dust and timber
rose as from an explosion and the next
moment what had been a house in
torn into a thousand pieces along the
right of way.

Like a spent cannon ball the outfit
car drove on; men, amazed, watching
its wild flight. It struck the end of
the rails, hung for a moment poised,
trembled and toppled heading from
the embankment into a borrow pit.

Storm sprang from the foot-board of
the engine, and before the dust of the
crash had settled, called his men to-
ward. Rhinelander's gang responded
with freedom and energy. Seagrue
saw with wrath how completely he
had been outplayed. He called his
men together to rush the Cass-
idy Range forces for possession of the
Cassidy yard. They ran forward with
picks and shovels, and it looked as
if blood might be shed in the
storm as if blood might be shed in
spite of everything, when the long
shrill whistle of Soda Water Sal was
heard down the line, and within a
few moments Helen brought the en-
gine to a stop at the end of the
steel.

The deputies, followed by Rhine-
lander and his attorney, poured out
of the gangway. Storm met his boy.
Just what view Amos would take of
the summary measures he had adop-
ed to clear their right of way, the
young man felt now a little uncertain
about. Rhinelander looked ahead
the familiar landmark which he had
just acquired at the rather extraor-
dinary price of ten thousand dollars and
asked where the Cassidy house was.
"Ahl gahn't hell," interposed Cass-
idy (who stood listening), pathetically.

Storm pointed to the wreckage of
the right of way and told the
story of what had been done by Sea-
grue and how his play had been de-
feated. Rhinelander's face lit up
with enthusiasm and Helen's eyes
danced with sheer joy. Seagrue, dis-
gruntled and beaten, had secreted him-
self on his own right of way on the
pile of ties vacated in excitement by
Cassidy. In another hour Rhinelan-
der's men had made their title to the
disputed property good.

(To Be Continued.)

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contain as much soap as
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This means that you can save
at least one-sixth of the money
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who is physically fit to put on the Tartan of Clan MacLean.

THE TARTAN OF GOOD CLAN MACLEAN.

(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

Oh, men of the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Rose,
You men of a land where true Liberty grows,
Come fight for the women and bairnies at home,
And put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean.

Come, follow the leaders who gave of their blood,
That the flag of their country be never down trod.
Come, fight ye with might, and come fight ye with main,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

We want you, we need you, oh, men of the Gael,
And you of the Green Isle, we know you'll not fail.
Come out, lusty Saxon, and strike for your ain,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

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