Ghe GIRL and the A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE OF FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a railroad man, scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatllision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the General House and the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes o work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey lians from Seagrue, and though they are taken from finds an accidentally made proof of the survey befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the ight-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhine-lander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning court house. and sells it to Rhinelander. The mine is relocated.

A FIGHT FOR A FORTUNE

A bright morning sun beat down in winter warmth on the Superstition mine. Near the mouth of the tunnel stood Amos Rhinelander, now sole owner of the property, giving orders to his foreman. At the loading platform not far away George Storm was bantering with Helen Holmes. It was the day after her hazardous flight down the aerial railway, but she looked as refreshed and charming as if she had never known the meaning of the word trouble.

George Storm, her companion, stalwart and voung, was disputing with Helen for the possession of a pocket mirror he had filched from her vanity bag, when Rhinelander approached. "I am afraid I am de trop here," he said dryly, looking from one to the other.

Helen flushed the least bit. "Why, not at all." she disclaimed. "We were only waiting for the team to come back from Valley."

"And you found it easier to wait together," continued Rhinelander, unabashed. "However." he went on, sparing the manifest embarrassment of the young couple, "I've something to say to each

They looked at him questioningly. He held two papers in his hand. "Helen," he continued, "yesterday completed, I think, pretty thoroughly, my title to the Superstition mine. I never expect to get any stronger claim on a piece of property than I now have on this. Unless," he added, quizzically, "to my lot in the home cemetery after I occupy t permanently. In fact"-his face lighted with a smile—"it looked awhile yesterday as if I shouldn't have any real use for that even. I certainly thought, George," he said, speaking to Storm, "While we were trapped in the tunnel, the Superstition mine itself would be our last resting place. But while we were relocating that big vein you, Helen, were getting without the loss of a minute the help necessary to bring us out alive.

"That is one reason," he went on, deliberately, "why I have decided over night to convey to you, little girl, with my compliments and best wishes, a certificate for one-third the capital stock of this property." He handed her a paper. "Here it is."

"George"—he turned to his assistant—"you, too, have stood by me at every turn of the road since I went into this cut-off fight. You lost your job with the Tidewater line through sticking to me. I could have got you reinstated—you know that, of course, as well as I do. But there was a little selfishness, I admit, in my not doing so. I felt . you could be of more aid to me on the front; and my expectations have not in a single instance been disappointed.

"I don't expect to spend all my life in this country. I shall have to leave behind me, when I go East, someone to represent my interests and to guard them. The great wealth that has come to me in this property has come almost over night. I wasn't suffering for money before I owned it. But I want the man who stands, out in this country, for the interests of Amos Rhinelander to have a substantial monetary backing outside his care of my affairs. This is why, George, I am presenting to you in this certificate, a second onethird of the capital stock of the Superstition mine. Now," he exclaimed, putting up his hands to shut off the protests and expressions of gratitude voiced by his companions together, "I don't want to hear a word further about this from either of you. All Helen and I will ask from you"- he was speaking to Storm-"is to see that our dividend checks are mailed to us promptly."

A man came up to Rhinelander with & letter. He opened the note and read:

Dear Mr. Rhinelander:

Please tell Helen Holmes that Leary, known likewise as Lefty (but whose real name was Hyde), has confessed he killed her father.

The warden says that maybe I will be paroled about the 16th. Rhinelander read the note aloud very slowly and

distinctly. For a moment the three were silent. Rhinelander handed the letter to Helen. She stood deeply moved.

Seagrue, in his apartment, was still chagrined over the loss of what he had believed to be a worthless mine, but which had already became known all over Nevada as the richest gold-bearing property on the great Superstition range. He had not yet abandoned his hope of recovering through some clever trick the property that he had parted with for what now seemed a paltry sum, and his mind was set on regaining control of it. He was now studying the bill of sale that signalized his loss of the property. He presently took up a pen and wrote out a dispatch:

Amos Rhinelander, Superstition Mine: Quarterly payment Superstition mine due tomor-

SEAGRUE. Storm and Helen were with Rhinelander when the telegram was handed to him at the mine. Rhinelander showed it to his companions.

"I think I will draw the money from the bank and go to town with it in the morning," said Rhinelander, studying the substance of the mes-

Helen intervened: "Let me go with you," she exclaimed, "and I can start Spike for the mine when he leaves the jail. I should hate to see him get mixed up with any more crooks when he gets out."

Rhinelander assented, and writing out an answer to Seagrue's message, read it to Storm before he gave it to a messenger:

Albemarie Apartments, Oceanside:

Will make payment on time. In on the morning RHINELANDER.

Seagrue received the prompt answer without much elation. He continued thoughtful, and as Adams, his servant, was leaving, called him back, asked for his hat and coat, and, accompanied by the man, left the apartment.

Directing his steps up street, Seagrue made his way to a quarter of the town less noted for its attractiveness than for its reputation as a haunt of men of doubtful character. Having reached the vicinity he desired-a shabby and deserted side street-he looked about to see whether he was observed, and, berceiving no one, started down an obscure alley. He knocked at the door of a weatherbeaten house standing close to the street. A man opened the door. Seagrue, followed by Adams, went inside.

"Ward," said Seagrue, addressing the scowling occupant of the room, "I've got a job for you." The man addressed as Ward, a swarthy, beetlebrowed adventurer, scrutinized Seagrue silently at

the intimation. "I know you're sore," continued Seagrue, "at the way the last job went," he added, recalling the incident of the stealing of Rhinelander's pay roll. "But that wasn't your fault or mine."

Ward, without answering, continued to regard him askance. Seagrue unfolded his idea to the hardened crook and the promise of ready money and enough of it-whether he succeeded or failedfinally enlisted him.

"You and Adams, here"-Seagrue nodded toward his servant-"can handle the thing without any

tickets back, boarded the Las Vegas passenger

Helen, was watching the landscape through the

window when Seagrue's men coming in paid for

In his lap Rhinelander held a small bag, and

from the care with which he retained it, Ward sur-

mised it might contain something of especial value.

take a chance on the proposition and at least get

the bag into his own possession, presently spoke to

Adams: "The train stops twenty minutes at Clin-

ton Junction," he muttered to his companion. "We

can get hold of a bag there something like Rhine-

No further words were needed to convey his

meaning. The moment the train pulled into Clin-

ton, Ward and Adams hurried off uptown to a

leather goods store. Breaking precipitately in on

the proprietor, they pulled and hauled his stock

about with small sense of responsibility. Evident-

ly they wanted a bag, but they seemed to the shop-

keeper hard to suit. It was only after much search-

ing and many hard words that Ward's eye lighted

The diner had been put on and luncheon called.

Rhinelander, taking Helen, started for the dining

car closely watched by Ward. No sooner had the

two seated themselves at a table than Seagrue's

men following took seats directly behind them.

Rhinelander placed the hand bag at his feet. Ward

made no move until Rhinelander became occupied

closely with the bill of fare. While he was trying

to tempt Helen with the various delicacies offered,

Ward put his foot carefully out, slid Rhinelander's

bag away with his toe and, unobserved by the hur-

rying waiters or the busy diners, pushed the dum-

The knaves then coolly ordered their luncheon.

When slackening speed warned Ward and Adams

that the train was nearing Oceanside, they were

in no hurry to start out. In fact, they lagged

noticeably in their movements and Helen and

Rhinelander left the station and took a taxicab

uptown without noticing the change of bags that

And just at this juncture blind chance itself took

the officers, on general principles, crossed over to

ate it-somewhat hurriedly-and left the dining

my leather bag into its place.

car ahead of their victim.

had been played on them.

on something such as he was looking for.

Ward, while he sat studying out a scheme to

In the observation car, Rhinelander, seated with

when it stopped.

lander's."

seats not far away.

meet them and stopped them for examination. A few curt questions and equally voluble answers did not satisfy the plain-clothers men, who, after some discussion, insisted that the suspects should accompany them to the station.

Ward's mouth fell when he heard the order. Uselessly he tried to convince the detectives that he and his friend knew absolutely nothing of the holdup in question. To the station they were compelled to go and there were held in cells until the sergeant could send out a man to bring in the victim of the hold-up for their further identification. To complete Ward's chagrin, the precious hand-

bag was checked in under the sergeant's desk. On reaching the hotel to which Rhinelander had taken Helen, she suggested that while he made his payment to Seagrue, she would go to the safety deposit vault-Rhinelander himself was president of the Safety Deposit Vault company-and place their securities away before starting for the jail to intercept Spike when he should be released. In parting they agreed to meet again at the hotel.

Helen went directly to the vault, which she reached just in time to make her deposit of the stock certificates in Rhinelander's box; the watchman was closing the cage when she came out to go to the penitentiary to meet Spike.

It was a long drive, but once there she was not kept long in suspense. In the warden's office she awaited Spike, who, greatly changed, presently entered the room.

Rhinelander had found Seagrue in his rooms. Without wasting words, the two set about the business in hand. Seagrue showed the agreement

thus feloniously abstracting their own property that the watchman saw them. He turned in an alarm. At the police station where it registered, the sergeant called out the men and they started on the jump for the bank.

Helen, in the interval, had taken the securities from the box and showed them to Spike. As they turned to leave, the watchman, re-enforced by the officers, pounced down on them. Helen, desperate over the situation, upbraided the watchman.

A wordy discussion followed. But Helen and Spike were started for the station, where more development had already taken place. The victim of the hold-up, in response to the sergeant's message, had arrived, and on having the suspects, Ward and Adams, paraded with others before him, was unable to identify Seagrue's retainers. In fact, he distinctly declared these were not the men that had eaten all his free lunch and robbed him.

The chief, refusing to be satisfied, continued to ask questions. His instinct concerning criminals, seemed to tell him that this pair were crooks, and, if not answering to one charge, should justly be held to await another. While this was going on in the office of the chief, Helen and Spike were ushered, with the complaining watchman, into the booking room. Helen demanded the use of the telephone and in spite of the serious charge lodged against her something in her bright eyes or her demeanor satisfied the sergeant she was no criminal and he handed her the phone from his desk. She called Rhinelander up at Seagrue's rooms.

When the bell rang, Seagrue told Rhinelander to

hind end of a long freight train was rapidly pull-Ward and Adams headed for it, and, outdistancing their pursuers, sprang for and gained the nearest box car. It drew away with them as

Helen, Rhinelander and Spike ran up too late. Pulling themselves into the empty box car, Ward and Adams were well pleased with their escape. But they were not yet done with their pursuers.

Farther down the line, at a Santa Fe crossing, a Tidewater passenger train had slowed, and for this Helen, Rhinelander and Spike made. But the excitement and speed were telling on Rhinelander, who was not in the class and training of his companions. He weakened. Spike stopped to help him along. In that brief interval Helen made the side of a coach as the Tidewater passenger train picked up speed. Her companions could not overtake her, but Rhinelander hastily chartered a passing automobile and away he went with Spike after the two trains. It was a triangular race, but the passenger train, on a parallel track, gained rapidly on the freight.

Helen had already climbed to the coach roof, and, with both trains running, she watched the gap lessening between the passenger and the freight that hore the two thieves on the adjoining track. As she found her own train rapidly overhauling the other, she made up her mind what to do. The moment her coach pulled abreast of the last box car in the long drag she jumped from the top of the coach to the top of the freight car, landed safely regained her feet and looked over the side of the train for the men she was after.

Within the box car where they had taken refuge, Ward and Adams were trying to open Rhinelander's bag. They had succeeded in negotiating the lock when, to their consternation, Helen, through the open sidedoor, swung down and in on them from the roof. The thieves jumped to their feet. But before Adams was up, Helen had knocked him over again, and as Ward jumped at her, she managed to shoot out her foot at the handbag. By a fortunate chance she kicked it cleanly out of the car. Freeing herself from Ward's clutches with an energetic blow, she sprang to the door herself and jumped after the bag from the fast-moving car to the ground. As soon as she could regain her feet she ran back to search for her hard-won prize.

Adams, when Helen pushed him over, had struck his head against an iron bar and he lay on the car floor almost unconscious. Ward turned to him the minute Helen was gone. "Wake up!" he shouted. "We've got to get out of here."

"What's up?" demanded Adams, groggily. "We're left, man. Shake yourself and get out of

before you get pinched. Waiting their chance when their train slowed down in passing the next station the two men jumped out of the box car. Down the line Ward saw the bridge they had passed when Helen sprang from the car. "That girl can't be very far off yet," he muttered. "She may be hunting for the bag. If we get there quick enough, we can get hold of it ourselves."

Helen, running fast as she could, searched the right of way keenly. Help was nearer to her than she was aware of. But she had eyes for nothing beyond her search and, finally, hardly a stone's throw from the bridge itself, she saw the bag ly-

ing on the gravel. The nearest station was to the north. Helen began to retrace her steps, thinking to telephone or to get somehow in touch with Rhinelander from there. Hastening on, she heard her name called, and, looking up, was astonished to see Spike waving his hand at her from the bridge just ahead. He and Rhinelander, following the train in the machine, had seen her spring from the box car.

She started to run forward to join Spike. But Ward and Adams had come up. Seeing Helen approach, they hid and when she passed them, they seized and overpowered her and dragged the bag from her hands.

Not without stout resistance on her part. She fought the two with blows and screams, and Spike, hearing the commotion, ran to where he could slip over the side of the bridge and drop to the tracks. Shouting loudly as he scrambled to his

bag. But when Spike reached the scene the encounter was short. Ward, the more powerful of Seagrue's men, engaged him furiously, and, as a boxer, would have put him out, had not Spike clenched and slammed the big fellow heavily to the ground. He jumped at Adams before Ward could come back and the two crooks, seeing the game lost, took to their

feet, he ran to where Ward and Adams were fight-

ing Helen, who had again got her hands on the

Spike turned to see what damage had been done to Helen. She had the bag safely in hand and they started together to join Rhinelander. He was waiting for them eager-eyed.

The bag was now committed to Spike for safekeeping, and Rhinelander headed the car for the city in an effort to reach Seagrue's quarters quickly with the payment. Burning the tires all the way into town, he pulled up with a jerk before Seagrue's apartment and the three, alighting from the car, hastened up to his rooms.

Seagrue, expecting the return of Ward and Adams with their loot, caught his breath when he faced Rhinelander and his escort at the door. Rhinelander he could account for. Helen, he was not at a great loss to account for; but to see the craning neck, square .jaw, straight nose and coldgray eye of Spike in the twilight of the hallway was too much for even Seagrue's poise. When they pushed their way in upon him, he made hardly any attempt to resist. "I-I wasn't looking for you." he stammered.

Rhinelander laughed. "No! I understand. However, it's all right. A couple of your men, Seagrue, had this bag in hand"—he held up the leather grip tor Seagrue's inspection-"to bring to you." Rhinelander's eyes were sparkling with the zest of victory. "They were detained, Seagrue," he went on, enjoying to the full the consternation of the breathless rascal before him. "In fact, the two met with a little accident." He nodded toward Helen as the little accident, herself. "The police are looking property from Seagrue's eager clutches? They for the pair now," explained Rhinelander, jestingly. "But we thought it only neighborly to bring the bag in, ourselves. Especially since you seem to consider that our title to the Superstition mine rests on your receiving the actual cash today for

the second payment." While speaking, Rhinelander had gone to the table, thrown the bag open and was tossing the packages of currency out. "There's your money, Seagrue-twenty-five thousand dollars. Count it,

Seagrue, and give me a receipt." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



looked like currency: The money was gone, He turned to the telephone. Spike and Helen had reached the rooms at the hotel when Helen heard the ring of the telephone. She answered the call. Listening, dumfounded, she did not tell Spike what she heard, but with her face somewhat blanched and Rhinelander's words ringing in her ears, she hung up the receiver. "Get the stock from the safety deposit box," he had directed, "and I will use that as temporary security until I can replace the money."

In the interval, Rhinelander was trying to satisfy Seagrue. He told him he would have ample security there for the payment within half an hour. Seagrue only smiled. And while Helen and Spike were hurrying from the hotel, Rhinelander, worried somewhat by Seagrue's peculiar expression, told him he would give his personal check for the

Seagrue shook his head. "No, Mr. Rhinelander," he said slowly, "that won't do. I must have legal tender, and have it today, or our contract doesn't

Helen, with Spike as her strange escort, reached the bank only to find it closed as she had feared. The watchman, despite her appeals, refused them admittance. But a little obstacle such as that was not a serious deterrent to Spike. He had defied the law too long to be balked now in the interests of justice and fair play. He had been a malefactor with the law against him; he brushed aside all scruples now in taking the role of a benefactor with the law still against him. The watchman had his way. "If the case is as bad as you say," Spike muttered to Helen, "we've got to do something."

Helen shook her head despairingly. "It may mean millions, Spike," she exclaimed. "What can we do?" In her distress she clasped her hands. "Do," echoed Spike, scornfully. "Go in and open the box and get your property-there's nothing

else to do." "But how?" cried Helen, wide eyed with per-

Spike tossed his head. It was set high above a pair of swinging broad shoulders and whenever Spike shook his head in that way, Helen knew some suggestion was coming. He bent forward and pointed his finger at her to emphasize his "You put the stock in the box, didn't you?" She nodded a half-frightened assent. "That," he continued stiffly, "was your business. Now, you want to get it out, don't you?" She nodded once more. "That," he declared with much positiveness, "is my business."

A moment later, at the side of the bank, Helen, frightened to death, followed Spike through an unguarded door. He led the way hastily and stealthily to the vault and Helen, with her key, opened Rhinelander's box. It was while they were

answer it, and from Helen at the station the latter learned of the plight she and Spike were in.

No explanation that Helen and Spike could make

moved the desk sergeant in any degree. He had directed the officers to take the two to separate cells when a commotion was heard in the hallway and Rhinelander dashed into the room. In the twinkling of an eye the aspect of everything changed. In Rhinelander, the conscientious watchman recognized the president of his own safe deposit company, and when the great transportation magnate rushed up to Helen to extend his sympathy and nodded, as an old acquaintance, to Spike, the humble watch dog of the safe deposit vault gasped. He waited just a minute, and in an auspicious lull in the conversation between Rhinelander and Helen, Spike standing at attention, the watchman pushed into the group to ask whether he had made a mistake.

"No mistake at all," said Rhinelander heartily and reassuringly, and to the watchman's great relief. "You did exactly right. You didn't know these people. They had no business in there. But they were there not only to get my securities out of a box, but to get me out of a box!" The watchman stared. "So"-Rhinelander turned to the sergeant in explanation-"there's really nobody to blame, sergeant, except that your men and you have a box of cigars coming from somebody and it might as well be me as anybody else."

The sergeant scratched his head. "This is the queerest mix-up I ever struck," he muttered, per-

At Rhinelander's suggestion he sent for the chief. The moment the latter appeared everything was

Within his own room the chief had a knotted problem. He had been trying in every way to extract some damaging admission from Ward and Adams, but unable to do so, had reluctantly dismissed the pair, satisfied that if justice had her due the two would be behind the bars.

Just outside the police station, Helen and Rhinelander-Spike listening-were conferring as to what should be done in the awkward emergency facing them. How could they now save their moved away together slowly, just as Ward and Adams, having got the real handbag from the Sergeant, walked out of the station. The two men encountered the halting and perplexed trio. Rhinelander's roving eye fell on the bag as Ward passed him. He cried out and pointed. Ward and Adams turned nervously. "Stop, thief!" yelled Rhinelander, making for them.

Seagrue's men recognized their victim. Away they dashed, Helen and the two men after them at top speed. Across a city street a block away the

a hand in the little game. Two city detectives in plain clothes had come to meet the train and were refreshing their memories by reading a description of two hold-up men expected on it. Scanning the faces of the incoming passengers for such a pair as would fit their search, the detectives noted Earl Seagrue, Ward and Adams getting slowly out of the coach. While the pair did not quite suit the description,