## THE GIRL AND THE GAME.

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE 6 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 FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT 1915, BY FRANK H SPEARMAN

CHAPTER I.

In the midmorning quiet, the bath ing sand and converging through a the streets of the seaside resort were alive with men and women, hurrying myself, like my father." to the city for the grind of the day. Motor cars, too, glided noiselessly along the boulevards, drew up in turn at that moment toward them. before the station and discharged their passengers. From one of these a mid eral Holmes, an ex-army officer and a railroad man, alighted on the platform. A governess and pretty little girl Helen-General Holmes' only childhad accompanied her father to the train, and when he turned to the open tonneau to say good-by, Helen sprang impulsively half into his arms. His train pulled in as he quite simply but affectionately kissed his child and boarded the nearest car.

Helen, promised a morning in the park, left the motor car with her gov. strained by convention, she was still erness the moment they crossed a adventurous in spirit and her father's small scenic railroad running back of one anxiety, old soldier though he the beach. She already had her eye on what she wanted to play with. A contented dog, at peace with the world daughter's undoing. At that, he was and sunning himself on a grassy slope. forced to admit, the rockless girl could had riveted her alert eye; Helen ad. get more out of a horse than he himself vanced joyously to get acquainted, could. The dog seemed not averse to a passive friendship, but the little maid, sitting down, sought something more. and by pulling hard and with confidence at his neck, soon had his unpromising head-after a fashion, as least-in her diminutive lap.

The strain on his sensibilities ap peared more than her amiable and carefree friend could stand. After submitting for a time he rolled over, jumped up and trotted briskly away for a new seclusion and a new peace. Helen, undaunted, sprang to her feet and followed. Her governess, engaged with the chauffeur, saw nothing of this part of the incident. But a moment later the few spectators in the scenic railroad square, waiting to board one of the miniature trains, saw a protesting dog trotting rapidly her leisure to the station. away from a curly-haired girl, who briskly and relentlessly followed,

A newsboy, relaxing against a con venient lamp post after the morning rush, watched the pursuit for a moment with languid interest, then turned to look at an approaching train on the scenic road. He seemed no more than half awake. His wits, in truth, were wool-gathering. Every morning found him absorbed greatly in the mysteries of the miniature engine that pulled the scenic railroad train.

A shout, then a chorus of cries aroused him from his reverie. The puffing train was pulling swiftly toward the open space. The unhappy dog, casting repreachful glances over his shoulder at his pitiless friend, was galloping uncertainly, but directly down the narrow track toward the oncoming train. Helen, seeing or heeding nothing of the train and fixed only on her chase, ran after at top speed. A dozen people saw her danger as the train rounded the curve just in front of her-only one of them made a move. Dropping his unsolds, the daydreaming newsboy, waking sharply, ran headlong after the heedless girl.

It was none too soon. The dog, dismayed alike by the cries and a second pursuit, sprang, almost in the teeth of the engine pilot, right across the track. Helen fast on his heels was ready to jump after, but it would have been pretty certainly a jump to her death. The newsboy caught her arm and whirled her from the engine just at it shot past with brakes screeching on the drivers. Helen sprawled headlong beside the track, and the boy, unbalanced, rolled on the gravel near her.

He was on his feet in a trice, standing over Helen. She was frightened and breathless, and without speaking he knelt by her. Her eyes began to fill with big tears. She sat confusedly up as her companion brushed the granite dust from her pique skirt and with a coarse handkerchief began wiping the blood from a cut on one of her pink knees. Her rescuer made little of the accident. He told her not to cry. He even brushed the round tears from her cheeks-Helen liked him. "What is your name, little boy?" she faltered in a would-be commanding tone.

"I'm no little boy," returned her rescuer gruffly. A crowd had gathered and he was already red in the face. Helen gave the bystanders no heed. 'What are you, then?" she demanded

"I'm a big boy. My name is George Storm; I'm named after my father, He was a railroad engineer. My father got killed on a train. Who's your fa-

"Where did that dog go?" quivered Helen, not answering.

"Gee! I didn't see. You pretty near ing beach and the ocean reflected only got killed. That dog wasn't any good, the brightness of the inviting sun declared the boy scornfully. "Some But a little way back from the glisten day-" he stopped the blood on her knee once more with his handkersmall park toward a suburban station chief, and then added firmly: "I am going to drive a big engine sometime

A frantic governess, followed by an open-mouthed chauffeur, came running

The child parted reluctantly from her new-found friend. "Are you godle-aged, military-looking man, Gen ing to be a really-truly engineer and smokyed up?" she asked.

George faced her unabashed. "You better believe I am."

"I don't care," declared Helen, gulping solemnly while the governess tried to hurry her away, "I won't ever forget you-no matter what you are."

At eighteen, Helen had lost none of the characteristics of her childhood. They were held in deeper reserve, but they were just as persistent. Rewas, was that a spirited horse or an ocean undertow would some day be his

Closest among her father's friends, was Amos Rhinelander, a New York man of large means, and General Holmes, returning on Helen's eighteenth birthday with Rhinelander and Rhinelander's nephew-Robert Seagrue, himself a young and ambitious railroad promoter-from a trip of inspection of the tidevater terminals of Holmes' road, was eagerly awaifed by his daughter at their country home among the San Pablo foothills, A message sent up to her from Signal, the suburban station of the country seat, had asked her to meet her father that day on No. 20, the through eastern passenger train.

The motor car had gone ahead and Helen, taking Rocket, one of her favorite hunting horses, rode down at

While far from being a spoiled child Helen felt very much at home anywhere on the Copper Range and Tidewater railroad. Reared at home, under a discipline almost military, and under teachers held sternly to account for her education by her only living parent, the growing girl had still preserved an innate simplicity-something almost naive-which was reflected in her Triendship for the employees, high and low, of the entire Tidewater line, of which her father was president and in which he owned a substantial interest.

On the day that Helen cantered lazi ly down through the foothills toward Signal, a long west-bound freight train.



The Air Pump Had Quit.

climbing the grade cast of a big hill known on the division as Blackbird pass, found itself in trouble. The air pump, after balking all morning, had quit, and the conductor going forward found the engineer, after repeated efforts with the big machine, helpless. Without losing much time, the conductor rigged up his emergency telephone and asked for instructions from his dispatcher. The answer to his request was curt: "Bring in No. 145 by hand brakes." The crew spread to their posts on the decks and the lumbering string of heavily laden cars painfully got under way up the hill. It was a struggle all the way to the summit; then, dropping over the hill, the long string began rapidly to pick up.

It picked up, indeed, too rapidly, The crew vainly strove to hold back the unwieldly train. Clubs in hand and with the brakes hard jammed, they saw their monster resistlessly

ing up a lump of coal he scratched a tion the helpless passenger train. message on a white signal flag and Picking it up and hastily reading the station. That station was Signal.

ing to do?" shouted the engineer. Without hesitation the conductor cried: "Cut off the caboose and stop it-let the train go!" The engineer agreed: "We've only got one life apiece. No time to lose George!" he yelled to his fireman, "make for the caboose."

The fireman, perhaps the youngest man in the two crews, without answering, continued to hunt for a wrench. 'Wake up, George," shouted the conductor, "come on!"

Searching the tool box, the fireman shook his head. "What do you mean?" demanded the engineer, catching in excitement at his companion's arm, "aren't you coming?"

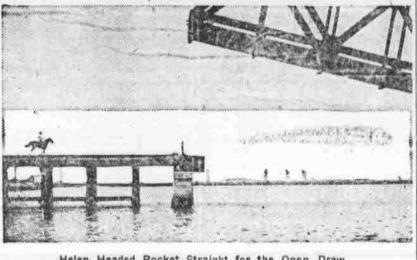
The fireman did not hurry his answer. "No. I'll stay here," he said, turning simply. He was a stubborn, well-set fellow, really a big, cleanlooking boy-with a heavy head of dark hair pushed under his grimy cap and a slow, clear eye matching his deliberate way of speaking.

"Stay here!" thundered the conductor in surprise. "Are you crazy?" He caught the fireman's other arm and with the engineer talked to the obstinate fellow. The two, who liked him, pulled the boy toward the tender. I ing senses. In almost an instant her He shook loose. The brakeman joined doubt was resolved; to her consterna-

getting away from them. The train like a film through her head. Helen crew tumbled forward, for a confer- was dashing out of the office when the ence, to the cab. The conductor, com- scream of a whiatle signal bore flown paring watches with the engineer, on her cars. Confused as she was, it looked serious-within ten minutes meant nothing to her. A chance, a they would be running on No. 20's hope, had dashed across her mind and time; they might even meet her at the her resolve had been taken-to reach bottom of the hill before they reached the passing track switch and sidetrack the fatal runaway before it The conductor acted quickly. Pick- should strike and scatter to destruc-

Rocket, without a thought other wrapped it around a wrench. Cedar than of alfulfa and undisturbed repose Grove station was hardly a mile ahead. in his drooping head, stood at hand in As the engine dashed past it, the con- the sunshine. To his amazement his ductor, in the gangway, hurled the mistress running to him, headleng message through the office window, vaulted upon his back. In her fear, she cried to him. The horse heard-it rough scrawl, the startled operator seemed as if he understood. He woke wired the tidings instantly to the next quivering, at the impact of her body Whirling with his charge, at the touch In the bouncing engine cab there of the rein, so quick he almost bolted were grave faces. 'What are you go- | from under his mistress, who was try ing to seat herself, the brute galloped with Helen down the main track for the river bridge.

> She panted at great drafts of sunny mountain air as Rocket's wiry legs stretched and bounded under her. With every stride her mind cleared. With this, her courage mounted. It was, after all, no more than a smart dash for her to attain for everyone safety. The bridge was a difficulty. but Rocket, who could thread a lava bed without bruising a fetlock, or cross a prairie-dog town at full speed and hold his mistress as steady as if she were sitting a rocking horse, was not likely to balk at galloping over mere ties-besides, she would give him his time. At the worst, any bridge, she said to herself, must be reached before it can be crossed, and her eyes were already fixed hard on the one she must cross, when she thought she saw the great jack-knife span ahead moving mysteriously on its balanced bed. Urging her horse to his best, centering all of her faculties on mastering the ticklish task ahead, Helen's eyes set in a stare on the jack-knife, to determine whether It was moving or tricking her strain-



Helen Headed Rocket Straight for the Open Draw.

in the struggle. Again the fireman ( wrenched away. "That's all rightyou fellows go ahead."

"It's suicide for you, man," protested the engineer.

"No. Dan." retorted the fireman. "It's every man for himself," he repeated, backing across the footplate. "I'll stay with the cab."

"Stay and be-hanged," shouted the conductor, with a fiery expletive. "Let him alone, boys," he cried, angrily. "He's dippy. Come!" And with his companions hustling close after, he started over the coal on the tender.

The train had attained a frightful pace. Already glimpses of its long, curving roll on the distant hill might be seen from the window of Signal station, where the disturbed operator had taken the message of the runaway from Cedar Grove and was reading it to Helen Holmes, breathless beside his table:

"AIR BRAKES BROKEN DOWN. RUNNING AWAY. SIDETRACK NO. NO. 145."

It was the import of the last sentence which for an instant froze her senses. Her father! The passenger train facing that runaway on the singie track below Signal. More than once she had heard her father declare that the stretch between Signal and the next station, Beaman, must be double-tracked - only, money was so hard to get. If the lack of it should now cost him his life, the lives of perhaps half a hundred others!

While she was thinking, the operator was working furiously at his key with a message for Beaman station. His one hope of avoiding the head-on collision was to catch the passenger train beyond Beaman.

"STOP NO. 20. RUNAWAY ON MAIN LINE."

He told Helen, closely watching the dots and dashes, what he had sent "I should have an answer in a minute." It came almost at once. Signal sta-

tion operator first tried to write it. then threw down his pen and repeated its words unsteadily to the frightened

"NO. 20 LEFT ON TIME. BE-TWEEN HERE AND THE RIVER."

With wide-open eyes she looked intently toward the mountains. At the moment, the rolling hills now hid the runaway, but the situation was charting itself, like lightning, in her mind. Between where she stood and where the passenger train was coming, the line crossed San Pablo river, a navigable tidewater stream and a waterway that fed a considerable traffic to the railroad. Her father had put across the San Pablo a huge jackknife drawbridge-the best an honest engineer and an honest railroad directorate could build. Just over the river from Signal station he had already put in, as a start towards double-tracking, a long passing track. With everything of this speeding

tion she saw the huge knife draw moving unmistakably upward. Her eyes sought the bridge tower-the bridge tender was standing at the open window. Her glance swept the stretch of river; then she remembered, then she understood, then she knew, all-a river tug was bearing rapidly downstream; she could see the pilot and the captain in the wheelhouse; the bridge was lifting for the boat's passage. She had heard its

loud whistle at the moment she rushed

from the station. The balked girl drove her little spurs into Rocket. The horse sprung. infuriated, to greater effort. If she could make the draw in time she would jump it-a slight rise-nothing should keep her back. She wildly waved her free hand at the bridgetender. He was watching the boat and the span was slowly rising; but a few strides closer and she would have risked making the jack-knife-she realized now she was too late.

Without swerving for an instant from her purpose; without shrinking from her single alternative, and only praying for time still to make good her endeavor, Helen headed Rocket straight for the open draw. His feet struck the pier. She gave the horse his head. The wiry beast saw what vawned shead. He heard his mistress' quick word. As his feet touched the brink of the abutment the horse coiled like a spring, and for an in stant quivered. His mistress with a sharp cry of command rose in her stirrups; then launching himself and his burden, like an arrow far out, the and the parted water closed over their | ing over him. heads.

A pilot, captain and bridgetender stood as men dazed, looking on. The river captain, yelling the crew to quarlines as soon as the tug should come within reach of the imperiled girl. The bridgetender, in the window, glued to the scene, watched the cipcling bubbles where horse and rider to reappear. For an interminable instant the onlookers waited. It seemed as if the two would never come up. Then a girlish head of soaked curls rose among the ripples, a young face emerged from the troubled pool, and Helen, throwing herself free from Rocket, shook the water from her certain puff and struck out for shore. Rocket was not far away. With a few his mane and recovered him. The tide, running heavily through the channel, carried the two together below the pier on the opposite bank. from the water, bore his charge un- their memories. hurt up the steep bank, and under her urging ran up the track to the taking his eyes from hers. Unequal

ronted her. The dripping girt, sented on her quivering horse, told the astonished man in a few hurried words what had happened, and as he hurried into the tower agape to lower the draw Helen urged Rocket at a run down the track. It seemed as if her ears bubbled and rang with the rumble of the two approaching trains. but her brain had ceased to take note of anything beyond her one stubborn resolve to reach the passingtrack switch-she could see it plainly ahead. The bridgetender was hastily lowering the knife for the freight. Determined, while in the river, to leave the bridge open and wreck the freight, Helen believed she could avoid even that, and had given the tender his orders accordingly. The tug, which had been whistling wildly, now heeled violently toward the wharf, where the captain, a game sport, had resolved to make fast and see the excitement out. With the boat crew ashore and dashing across the wharf to watch Helen, she crouched like a jockey over Rocket as he crushed and scat tered the cinders under his flying feet. and in what seemed another moment -so fast had she flown-checking the horse cruelly, she threw her lines and slid from his back beside the passing-track switch.

The bridgetender, at the door, con-

Running to it, she grasped the lever only to find the switch locked. She had feared, almost expected, as much -but now, how to open it! She looked ahead. A shrill engine whistle startled her, and her cup filled-the passenger train, bearing down the long tangent at full speed, was whistling for her home crossing, hardly two miles distant. She could see smoke streaming from

the stack of the engine. Behind, she had no need to look, the rumble of the head-end of the runaway was thundering on the bridge. Desperation cleared her head. She caught up a heavy stone from the right of way and pounded fiercely at the switch lock. She struck at the stout bow and hammered in a fury at the resisting cover.

No mechanism could stand such an assault for long. The ground under her feet was vibrating with the fearful pound of the great freight engine as it dashed with its heavy drag over the close-by rail joints. She knew the reeling machine must be almost on her and the thought spurred her to unnatural strength. The staple gave way. The excited girl jerked the twisted bow clear and threw the switch, half fainting beside it as the monster points. Then, with a shock that tore the heavy roadbed and the roar aland train lurched heavily into the siding. Car after car jumped and pounded at the stubborn rails. On and on they came, shaking the solld earth under Helen as she panted and gasped. But the thundering, jumping wheels continued to catch the switch in safety and the poir's held. The long train made the siding to the very end and Helen, almost stunned saw, in some like a vision, the passenger train, its brakes throwing streams of fire from the grinding wheels, race past her down the main track toward the bridge. The sight meant little to her now-her senses were too numbed to realize what it meant—that the passenger train at last was quite safe.

The runaway freight was less for tunate. At the farther end of the passing track three box cars stood patiently waiting for orders. They had been standing there unmolested for days; they had tarried one moment too long. The runaway engine with its still obstinate fireman, at times on the running board and at times in the cab, was heading viciously for them. But the fireman saw the game was clearly up. He chose his moment and jumped, landing violently in the cinder ballast. Bruised and cut, he lay breathless, almost insensible, He heard confusedly the terrific crash into the idle box cars. The huge engine scattered them in dust and kindling high in the air. He tried to roll farther from the threatening wreck-for the head-end of the train had been derailed by the impact and the famming string of cars was zigzagging wildly across the right of way. The first realization that came to the stunned boy was of someone struggling to help him get away from the wreck-some puny strength exerted to drag his heavy body to greater safety. With a breath, the first hunter sprang with Helen cleanly into he had been able to draw, he opened the river. There was a great splash his eyes. A young woman was bend-

He was a forbidding sight. Blood, dust and gravel hung in half a dozen cuts on his forehead-hardly a feature of his face, except his eyes, had esters, hurried forward to throw out caped the smash of the cinders. Someone with a very little and very wet handkerchief wiped his eyes and he could see more clearly when he opened them again. He could see the face bent over him and two eyes fixed had plunged down, waiting for them anxiously on his-a girl's face, strange and yet-what could it be of recollection that struggled through his whirling senses?

Nor had Helen, as she knelt and worked over the injured man, dreamed of seeing any face she had ever looked into before. Even had it been uninjured she would hardly have reeyes and nose with a swimmer's quick called it under ordinary conditions. But two people, a young man, now, and a young woman, were meeting powerful strokes his mistress caught under extraordinary circumstances and their eyes were very close together. The man caught at her hand as it passed his forehead, stopped it, and looked keenly into Helen's eyes. But Rocket, scrambling in a moment With that look, a vision swept across

"I surely know you," he said, not

to releasing her gaze, she stared at him without speaking. "I'm sure I know you," he exclaimed, perployed, He rose of a sudden to his feet-so easily it surprised her. "It was the beach," he went on, slowly. "You were hurt-the miniature railroad!"

She regarded him a moment in silence. Then she spoke: "Is it possible?" she murmured. "You are-?"

"I'm the little boy," he smiled grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the little girl since."

A sense of confusion assailed her: she wanted to escape his look. "You are hurt," she said, dismissing with an effort all consciousness of their strange meeting.

He hesitated; then he saw, and he thought he understood. "No." he said brusquely, almost rudely, "only a few scratches."

A cry of recognition and amazement cut off their words. The passenger train had backed down on the



"You Are Hurt," She Said.

scene. Her father, his friend Rhinelander, young Seagrue, the Signal station operator, the tug captain and the train passengers crowded the observation platform looking at her and the shaken-up fireman.

The flagman could hardly raise the step cover quick enough to release Holmes so that he might get down to his daughter. He knew all-the operator had told the story. He caught his daughter in his arms with a shower of misty reproaches. "What!" he engine struck mafily at the switch cried. "Have you lost your mind? Are you mad?" Helen's eyes fell before her father's anger. She was a most of an earthquake, engine, tender dutiful girl. "Don't you know what danger is? Have you no sense of fear?" he stormed. She raised her eyes and paused an instant; then she asked, shyly: "Where was I to get it, father"-she looked queerly up at him -"from you?"

"Gammon!" he blustered, edging away from the subject, beaten. "Who's this boy?" he demanded, pointing to the grimed and disfigured fireman.

What's your name?" "Storm, General Holmes-George Storm, fireman," responded the boy,

"What were you sticking like & leech to a runaway engine for-why didn't you go back with the rest of the crew?" demanded the head of the road severely.

Storm met the assault calmly. "I thought I might be able to get the

air pump going," he countered. "Did you do it?" asked Holmes, with sarcasm.

"I'd have done it if I'd had time," persisted the somewhat dismantled fireman. "I guess," he added calmly, looking back at the mess of cars, "I needed a couple of days more."

"No matter, Storm," declared Holmes, secretly pleased, "you're all right." "I should think as much," cried

Helen, breaking through her reserve. "If you had many men like that!" Amos Rhinelander took the scene in with an abundance of satisfied humor. He was a big, wholesome fel-

low. Beside him stood Seagrue, silent and observant. Both before and after her father introduced him, he scrutipized Helen a long time. With his introduction, he ventured something of compliment-tried, as it were, for a moment, to take the stage and seemed to await confidently an appreciation of his remark. But Helen, whether confused by her

much-wilted plight, or engrossed by the recollection of her adventure, could hardly notice his effort to be agreeable. Storm had started back to his engine. Her father was helping his daughter back to the observation platform. From it Helen looked steadily back at Storm, now standing down the track in the midst of the wreckage. The passenger engine sounded four sharp blasts to call in the flagman. Storm looked around: the pas senger train was moving ahead. He saw in the group on the rear platform one figure—that of a slender girl, in a wet jockey costume, a smile lighting her face as she looked toward him. She was lifting her hand in a good-by. He started, touched his hand to his bruised forehead and waved back her greeting. Beside Helen stood Seagrue. He did not seem pleased with her attitude and dropped an ironical. remark in her ear. This one she quite plainly heard and understood: "Very gratifying," he smiled, "to find a president's daughter so very clever. And," he added softly, "she seems totake a real interest in engine men!"

Helen looked deliberately around at him-but whatever may have been her

thought, she made no reply. (TO BE CONTINUED.)