THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF FOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

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NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION.

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CHAPTER I.

In the midmorning quiet the bathing beach and the ocean reflected only the brightness of the dawning sun. But a little way back from the glistening sand and canvassing through a small park toward a suburban station the streets of the regular resort were alive with children and women, moving to the rear for the grind of the day. Motor cars, fine, gilded automobiles along the boulevards, drew on in turn before the station and took on their load of passengers. From one of these a footman in livery sprang to the ground, threw open the door, as a young officer and his fastened man, alighted on the platform.

A generous and pretty little girl in Helen—General Holmes only child—had accompanied her father to the train and when he turned to the open entrance to say good by to them, she impulsively half into his arms. His train pulled in as he quite seemed to affectionately kissed his child and boarded the smoker.

Helen, promised a morning in the park, left the motor car with her governess and the footman that crossed a small street to the station and to the beach. She already had her eye on what she wanted to do when she connected the two. Across the park, on a grassy slope, had stood for years a row of old, weathered, unsightly to get accustomed. The dog seemed not averse to a passive friendship, but the little head, rotting down, meant something more and he pulling hard and with confidence at his new leash. He had no promising load—after a fashion, at least—for diminutive lad.

The strain on his sensibilities appeared more than her sensitive and careless friend could stand. After submitting for a few moments to being jerked up and trotted grimly near to a new scene and to a new set of faces, Helen undressed, sprang to her feet and, with the dog at her heels, started with the obedient dog across the park to the point of the accident. But a moment later the few spectators in the neighborhood became waiting to board one of the miniature trains that is a protecting dog trotting rapidly away from a confused boy, who broadly and relentlessly followed.

A sweeping, trained curve at the second lamp post after the morning train had passed, the dog, with his master with tangled interest, then turned to look at an approaching train on the same road. He seemed to be more than half aware that he was in truth, were soul-gathering. Every morning found him gathering interest in the mysteries of the locomotive and the management of it. He was a fine

The Air Pump Had Quit.

clashing the grade road of a big bird down on the fireman as they approached. He was a fine, handsome fellow, with a face that was full of life and the confident gang forward to the engine and the engineer's seat, with the big machine hopping and bounding like a live thing under his hand as he energized into the open track. More than once she had heard her father describe that the stretch between Signal and Grove station was dangerous for speed—indeed—only money was an object to get. If the lark of it should now rest on his life, the lives of people had a hundred others.

While she was thinking, the operator was working furiously at his key with a passenger for Bowman station and a message of sending a hand car to the rescue of the passenger

STOP NO 29. RUNAWAY ON MAIN LINE.

He told Helen, closely watching the operator and catching what he had sent.

I should have an answer in a minute, the operator explained, and Helen, who had never been allowed to touch a telegraph instrument, sat down before the machine and touched the key with her finger.

The operator's face turned to her in second pained scorn, almost in the shock of a collision of the two trains on the track. Helen sat on for hours and was ready to leave for home before the operator received a reply to his message