THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

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

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SYNOPSIS

Lyle Hilton, Manager of Engineering Department of the Rocky Mountain Railroad, is engaged to Ethel Gaylord, daughter of Arthur Gaylord, Superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Division. Hilton is a graduate engineer of Boston, and a member of the Boston Athletic Club. Ethel is a graduate of Wellesley. Hilton's assistant, Bob Fenwick, is a Harvard man. Fenwick is in love with Ethel, but is engaged to Rosaline, and Rosaline, in turn, is engaged to Hilton. Rosaline is a graduate of Vassar. Hilton has just received the contract for the Tidewater Valley Railroad, which will parallel the Rocky Mountain. Hilton and Fenwick are engaged in making the preliminary surveys. Rosaline, Ethel and Fenwick are spending a vacation at Hilton's camp.

THIRD INSTALMENT

CHAPTER III.

The death of Helen's father did almost as much to change the condition of his monetary affairs. He had developed his valuable railroad properties without capital of his own and came to Denver then. He was the nominal head of great transportation projects, he had been, in truth, the brain and energy of these, but he refused nothing to his eastern backers who had supplied the funds to put them through. And with General Hilmore dead, his daughter was in no position to face him with this fact.

In the library of her home the situation for the estate were explained. She acted in the discuss its affairs. Aside from the property in Denver, which Hilton had developed, the estate consisted chiefly of the general's many associates that constituted the strictest economy. Such was the fate of his unfortunate daughter—as she pressed that morning. With him, however, as if to offset the benefit of his poverty, was his almost criminal folly in compromised nowhere. Senator.

Helen, who had been sent into the library, walked down from her room to join the family conference.

To Senator, who in apprehension, had advocated silence after the night of the tragedy, she never had looked on pleasantly as she now did.

Much was in Senator's mind and much he had to say to Helen and to her lover. A score of times his impassioned recklessness had led him close to criminal liability, now it had cost him from a simple suspension of the law, now it had involved in the robbery and to murder—the murder of General Hilmore himself by Senator's own hand. He was as yet too new to his path of crime to feel indifference to the fearful consequences.

Where he stood, undeserved by the others, he took out of a wallet drawn from his pocket a cuff cut from a shirt and reveal a reverse written on it by Spike, the convict accomplice, advising him that the stolen money was hidden in the cabin of Hendricks's father.

With some trivial excuse for absence he himself Senator left the house and engaged the jailer's interest. It was then that Spike, beating down the guard, undetected, to pass the door around the key in the outside lock of his own cell; in an instant he had the key in possession.

A bell warned the jailer that the visitor's time was up. In parting, the confederates shook hands. As they did so, Spike slipped the dough, unobserved, into Senator's palm and succeeded in conveying to him by signs the intimation of what he had given him.

Cigarette, who had arrived on Senator's peremptory summons, at the appointed place, some distance from the jail, awaited Senator there with a horse. "Some expedition you've embarked on!"

Senator was in no mood for joking. "Are you shoved my letter," he asked.

He hardly had his question when from his overcoat pocket Spike's handful of dough, shaved it in the cell and explained what it was. "Have a key made tonight from this impression, meet me here tomorrow with it."

The following afternoon Senator was again at the jail—this time on friendly to visit Spike.

Spike's cell, a dust coat hanging somewhat substantially from his arm, then gave passed to greet him. In doing this he took occasion to rub his fingers on one of the bars of the cell window. Senator saw that they had been dropped from his hand and that they left a white mark at once explained to Senator, on finger of the hand from his arm—one of the two dust coats that he was in reality carrying. Spike, dropping like a cat on his knee, whipped the fallen garment swiftly in between the bars, and while Senator and the jailer remained with Hyde, Spike made a rapid change of clothing.

Slipping into the coat, he buttoned on one of the pockets a cap and a pair of goggles thoughtfully loaned, and watching his chance for the corridor to be empty, he nonchalantly walked his cell door, passed out and swung

Gave Her a Note to the Agent at Signal Station.

the door noiselessly open. Hardly a minute after the jailer and Senator had left Hyde's cell. Spike walked into the corridor with his evening's purchase was open.

In Hilton's home two days practically completed the rapid tragedy of the general's assassination. Her father must be on to what I am going to do, and he must be on to what I am going to do, and he must be on to what I am going to do, and he