THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Selig Polyscope Company

SYNOPSIS.

Lyon Helen Holmes, daughter of Garrison Holmes, president of the Great Western railroad, becomes a favorite with the road by George Hurdy, a brakeman known as "Slippery Hurdy," and Jack Ward, a fireman, and Roger Sprague, a telegrapher from a threatened collision. Helen's father, Garrison Holmes, and Alfred Stanhope, former friend of the road, are for the Thousand Island scenery. Stanhope is employed by Helen's father, but has been discharged by the latter's son, Garrison Holmes, Jr., for having taken Sprague bribes for Helen Holmes. Stanhope is employed by Helen's father, and Helen's father, Garrison Holmes and Stanhope receive notice from the Great Western railroad that they will protect Stanhope and Holmes and Helen against Sprague from doing in the meeting of the Great Western railroad at Fairfax city. This was to prevent

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

A FIGHT FOR A FORTUNE

A bright morning sun beat down in the valley of Mineral Springs, Nevada.

Helen Holmes, accompanied by Ward, met stood Anne Rhinelander, now sole owner of the property, giving orders to his foreman. At the loading platform not far away Garrison Burns was hammering 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 Burns, her companion, stalwart and young, was delighted with Helen for the possession of a pocket piece that she had fished from under his bag, when Rhinelander appeared, and an island I ask do drop down, and dried, looking from one to the other.

Helen's brows arched in feigned astonishment. "What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

He looked with a shade of suspicion at her and at Burns. "I feared this might be an intrusion. He threw the slightest bit more accent to the words. "You two," he added, "seemed so deeply engaged."

Helen flushed the least bit. "Why, not at all to me. I should be very sorry indeed to be the cause of those harsh lines in your face."

"And you found it easier to wait together, evidently," Rhinelander absorbed. "However," he went on, apparently the absolute monarch of the premises, "the something to say to each other."

They looked at him questioningly. "Why, I thought you had," Helen said. "Nothing," he continued, "I have completed, I think, pretty thoroughly, my visit to the mine. I never expect to get any stronger claim on a property. I never expect to have any more to do. Unless," he added, questionably, "you have a claim to enter." I accept it gracefully. "Then," he continued with a smile—"I looked under yesterday as if I couldn't find the right word for that even. I certainly thought, however, I saw a claim to enter." While we were trapped in the tunnel, I was thinking of that claim to enter, and how pressing your claim to enter was rebounding that big vein." He looked at them with a smile, and then at a minute the help necessary to bring us out of it."

"That is one reason," he went on, deliberately and with a slight tremor of sight to convey to you, little girl, with my compliments, the deed to the certificate for one-third the capital stock of this Mineral Springs Company, her a paper. Here it is."

Helen looked with astonishment. She took from the paper because he had had thrown it into her hand and he was one who was able to speak or to move from sheer astonishment or surprise.

"But that is not the only reason I'm doing it," Rhinelander continued. "Your father, Helen, was my best friend. When I first left here I had the barking I ever had in life. But I was a stranger, a child of the way you have aimed by me in all the trouble I've had since then. And I think you must have been raised up to take his place. If I gave you the whole mine, it wouldn't be too much for what I owe you over and over again."

Helen could only protest that it was not much and that he owed her nothing. To all her appeals, not to do so much, Rhinelander only shook his head. "No, no," he protested, "I owe what you are entitled to. I know my debt."

"George"—he turned to his assistant—"you've been a good friend to me, and every turn of the road since I went into this out-of-fight. You long-time job with the Tidewater line through stinking to me. Instead of that you remained—you know that, of course, as well as I do. But there was a lit the settlement, I admit, in my not doing so. I left you to take care of here and to see on the front, and my assistant, Anne Rhinelander, I left to look after the property."

"I don't expect to spend all my life in this country. I did have to leave behind me, when I go East, someone to look after my interests and to guard them. The great wealth that has come to me from the mine has come 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 Anne Rhinelander to have a substantial monetary backing outside his care of my affairs. This is why, George, I have given you, in these certificate, a second interest of the capital stock of the Superstition mine. Now," he exclaimed, putting

should bring Rhinelander in German silk, returning from the east country where the down train would be flagged, then they were sent to a convenient station and having kicked back, boarded the Las Vegas passenger when it stopped.

In the observation car, Rhinelander, seated with Helen, was watching the landscape through the window when George's men coming in paid to receive not far away.

In his leg Rhinelander held a small bag, and from the pocket of his coat he retained it. Ward surmised it might contain something of supreme value. He called Adams' attention to it. It was, in fact, in this bag that Rhinelander had placed the money with which he was to make his way down to Seagrue. Stripping the bag and looking it when he left the baggage Rhinelander had been careful not to lose the key.

Ward, while he sat studying out a plan of action, had been thinking of action and at least got the bag into possession, presently spoke to Adams.

The train stops twenty minutes at Clinton Junction," he muttered to his companion. "We can get hold of the bag there something like Rhinelander."

No further words were needed to convey his meaning. The moment the train pulled into Clinton, Ward and Adams hurried off upon a search for car or goods store. Breaking precipitately in on the proprietors, they bought and hauled his stock about with small sense of responsibility. Evidently they wanted a bag, but they seemed to be looking for more than that. 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 that appeared on the luncheon table set, old Rhinelander's bag came within his ken and, unobserved by the hurrying waiters or the busy diners, Ward

Swung in on Them From the Roof.

pushed the dimmer leather bag into its place.

The waves then ousfle ordered their luncheon, ate it—somewhat hurriedly—and left the dining car.

Their station was at the next stop, where Seagrue was in the act of starting. Scrambling, they were in an instant on the platform of the last car, and Adams that was moving forward, a backcatcher with the train agent. Ward, who had been watching Rhinelander with the utmost vigilance, had noted nationality in their movements. Rhinelander and Helen entered the station and took a taxicab uptown without noticing the chance that had been planted on them.

Two city detectives on police station had come to meet the train and had been standing under inconspicuous by reading a description of two bodies and two women. Ward and Adams started down an adjacent street to look at the door of a weather beaten house standing close in the street. A man opened the door, followed by Adams, who stood inside.

Ward, said Seagrue, addressed the sewering occupant of the room, "I've got a job for you."

The man addressed as Ward, a sewing, beetle-browed adventurer, scrutinized Seagrue silently at the request.

"I know you're sure," continued Seagrue, as he saw the last job word, to be added, recalling the incident of the stealing of Rhinelander's grip.

But that wasn't your fault or mine. Rhinelander's money was stolen from him by a pickpocket. Seagrue up folded his idea in the hardened crook and the promise of ready money and enough of it—whether he succeeded in his task or not—to satisfy him.

"You and Adams here"—Seagrue nodded toward his servant—"can handle the thing without any trouble. If it doesn't do it, you'll be paid anyway. But if there's any possible chance, I want to see you separate Rhinelander from his money for twenty-four hours.

"There's no title to lose," muttered Ward, "and no one to look after it. Are you ready to go, Adams?" Adams nodded. Seagrue supplied both generously with money and the job was left together.

Seagrue, himself, remained in Ward's room toying with a drug to which he had become addicted. When he returned to his apartment he looked at the clock and threw himself on the lounge to await news from his emissaries.

Ward and Adams, proceeding to the station, boarded an outgoing passenger train from Las Vegas which

She Jumped From the Top of the Coach to the Top of the Freight Car.

already taken place. The victim of their plot, however, was not one of Seagrue's message, had arrived, and on having the suspects. Ward and Adams, paraded before him, was unable to identify Seagrue's retainers. In fact, the gentleman declared those were not the men that had eaten all his free lunch and left a ribbed him.

The chief, refusing to be satisfied by answers to ask questions. His insistent conquering criminals seemed to be the only ones in the room at that time, 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 Rhinelander, unheard, with the complaining watch man, into the booking room. Helen demanded the use of the telephone, and the station agent charged. Indeed against her something in her manner, or the sweetness of her voice, or the sentiment of the moment, or the pleasure of the occasion, told him he would give his personal check for the amount.

Seagrue shook his head. "No, Rhinelander," he said slowly. "That won't do. I must have legal tender. I don't have to lobby, or our contract doesn't go."

Ward, with Spike as her escort, returned to the back 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 Ward. Spike, at the chief's law too long to be balked now in the accomplishment of her plans, and she had been a marksman with the law when she was a child. Taking a revolver with the chief's assistance, she fired a fusillade with the steel against the door. Ward, who had been behind the bars.

Rushing into the police station, Helen and Rhinelander—Spike the latter were confronting as to who should be done in the awkward emergency. Before they could reply, however, the door burst open from Seagrue's eager clutches! They moved away together slowly. Just as Ward and Adams had landed in the station from the sergeant, walked out of the back door, and, with a nonchalant air and not perplexed trip, Rhinelander's roving eye fell on the bag at Seagrue's feet. He dropped with such a pale as would fit their search. The detectives noted Ward and Adams getting slowly out of the coach. While the pair did not quite grasp the drastic the, the officers, on general principles, crossed over to meet them and stopped them for examination. A few curt questions and equally curt answers did not satisfy the plain clothes men who, after some debate, soon insisted that the suspects should accompany them to the station.

Ward's mouth fell as he heard the order. Rhinelander, at the side of the coach, Helen, frightened to death, followed Spike through an open window. Ward and Adams, hesitating momentarily to the waist, and Helen, with her face somewhat blanched and her hair somewhat disarranged, followed. Spike, who had been the first to reach the ground, was already running toward the rear of the train pulled into Clinton Junction," he muttered to his

Helen, in the interval, had taken the opportunity to tell Spike of the plot against Rhinelander's money. Spike, the watchman, down on them. Helen, desperate over the situation, upbraided the watchman.

"I told you I must get out to see my father," she exclaimed angrily. "And you refused to let me. I have taken nothing away but what I put in it two hours ago and this man was only here to help me."

A worthy discussion followed. But Helen and Spike were started for the station, where more developments had

The KITCHEN CABINET

Ordinary meat like among marinade and fast cooking calls for long, tiring rubbing. An independent meat, which requires no rubbing, is Libby's Veal Loaf. Ready to slice and serve cold, how tidal to what we also might be hot. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

HOT BREADS.

A half cupful of cooked cereal, rice or hominy and two cupfuls of sour cream or muffin recipe, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg and a variety also.

Nut Muffins.—Add a cupful of grated crumbs, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; beat in a tablespoonful of softened butter and fold in the stiffly beaten white of the last thing. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven. Makes a dozen muffins.

Graham Muffins.—Beat an egg light, add a cupful of milk and a cupful of each of Graham flour and a half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt and a fourth of a cupful of milk. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Makes about twenty minutes.

Corn Cake.—Take a cupful of whole-wheat flour and a half cupful of cornmeal, add a cupful of sifted fruits, currants and raisins or dates. Beat one egg light and add with a cupful and a half of milk, lastly fold in a tablespoonful of melted butter, molasses or more.

Hominy Muffins.—Take a cupful of boiled hominy, a half cupful of sorghum molasses, a cupful of milk, a spoonful of salt, well mixed white but, one egg beaten light, two cupfuls of flour and a tablespoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour. Bake in a thin sheet in a very quick oven.

Breakfast Muffins.—Take a pint of flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour, add a beaten egg, and a cupful of milk and a tablespoonful of softened butter; beat well and bake in muffin pans in hot oven.

Popovers.—Take a pint each of flour and milk, two eggs, a half teaspoonful of salt. Heat the eggs until very thick, add the salt, then the milk gradually until it is as smooth as cream. Bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. Do not open the oven for the first half hour. If you take deep granite cups it will also.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is in use for over 30 years.

Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

When Grass Meets Green.

VARIOUS SAUCES.

Tomato Sauce.—Sauces are delicious served with fish. Grate a large onion and fry in butter, add a pint to drain while chopping a large tomato, add to the onion, a spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a tablespoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of soda and a very little strong vinegar.

Cucumber Sauce No. 2.—Cook two cucumbers in boiling salt water, drain, mash and season with salt, pepper, vinegar, a teaspoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of cayenne and a large cucumber grated.

Cornmeal Tomato Sauce.—Mix a tablespoonful of cornmeal with a little water and cook five minutes. Add a pint of tomatoes, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of paprika, a teaspoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter. Finish with other seasonings as desired. Strain and serve hot.

Egg Sauce.—Boil an egg tight, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a little vinegar and a cupful of milk. Heat to boiling point and pour over the egg.

Mustard Sauce.—Mix together two teaspoonfuls of dry mustard, a teaspoonful each of flour and salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add a cupful of boiling water and stir over the fire until thickened. Serve hot or cold.

Nellie Maxwell

Work and Leisure.

There is time enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass "so fast without a time"—what we place with the company of those who—we may with ease fill libraries, or single them with the choicest works of the best authors. Some sparkling with the sort of ore that is found in the richest mines. Some detailed, Seagrue."

"The police are looking for the pair now," explained Rhinelander, putting in, "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 to pay for your interest."

Briefly recasting Rhinelander had got on the table, thrown the bag [illegible] and was tossing the package of currency out. "There's your money, Seagrue—twenty-five thousand dollars, Count H. Seagrue, and give me a receipt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Summer Luncheons in a jiffy

For Libby's splendid chipped beef of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry with

Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

Libby, McNeil & Libby, Chicago

Situations for White or Colored Men

DAISY FLY KILLER

A Jay Table.

Mother made a "jay table" for her baby by sawing off the legs of a kitchen table more than half way up, leaving the top and enough of the legs to make it steady. The top was then painted green, was nailed to a piece of wood to make a support, and is quite four inches deep, and table and baby like to have meals with one. Baby's white sand was now distributed evenly over the table, and the children eagerly enjoyed a game of "being at the seashore," bringing their spades and pails and making hillocks and waterways. The sand was easily shaken off, and the table was ready for use.

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Cornwallis Is Desperate.

Such courage was too much for the British. Cornwallis was desperate and threw their arms.

The French fleet had driven off the British reinforcements. Cornwallis was cut off from the sea and his retreat was blocked. Then the British replied. Clinton had sent a strong party of British troops made a sortie. They fought bravely but were overpowered and the next morning came had been driven back into their works.

The British general next tried to escape across the river and to make Washington on the flank. Winds and high water forced him to abandon this project.

On the 16th Cornwallis had been driven from the bombproofs. Governor Nelson demanded the surrender of the army of Washington.

The terms were granted. General Washington sent for Governor Nelson and Cornwallis called a council of war.

Cornwallis now became desperate. He tried every means to get his army across to Washington to withdraw. Only about 1,000 were ferried over. The rest surrendered.

The British general next tried to escape by land. He began a retreat toward the Carolinas. He was always followed by the militia, Parties of sappers would steal into the British camps at night and kill or hold new parapets nearer the British lines. It was risky duty, but volunteers in plenty were found for them.

All Was Not Well.

All was not well in the British Fleet. Admiral Graves, who had surveyed the ground, had refused to attempt to relieve Cornwallis. They stole quietly to within a quarter of a mile of the British lines. Then they opened a terrific fire on the British works. No one was allowed to talk to the British fleet. The cannonade was so hot that the slightest sound could be heard. Then the men knew that the call of the British sentries was [illegible] and that the British fleet was close enough to the men of the American lines to hear the sentries.

The next morning the brave governor of Virginia and the French admiral were astounded to see the fort that had been during the night. Major Fenwick had done his work well. His forts were [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and