Cha-Girland the GAME A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by Gerge Storm, a newsboy, Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, Inancier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helea while stealing General Holmes survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape, Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagrue where they are cached. Her father's estate fladly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue helps Spike to break jail and uses him to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

CHAPTER IV. When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive innocent men Two rival lines, maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were ennaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off- and a considerable one. Despite all the help Lyons, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her day about all that her strength would compass. There were little moments of respite. The railroad men were, every one, considerate of her

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagrue, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unshated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries-in reality steal a few minutes with Helen blmes, whom he found busy but alone. Seagrue apoke blandly: "I hear you're clever at the key, Lyons says," Helen, entering waybills, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Scagrue, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam

She looked toward the window-the local (reight train had just pulled in. "It may struction. be out there now, on No. 85,"

Seagrue seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope "We'll look over the work near here of any diversion in that direction when fir. t." he announced, ripping open a box the office door opened and George Storm of cigars.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but want you, first, right there where you his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled are, at your desk. Hold it!" when he saw Seagrue, Storm nodded curtly, toward him and was greeted in ised to Seagrue within an hour, and the his attention to Helen and Seagrue was out an anesthetic.

And the best of it at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned tonight ceived Rhinelander's anxiety reflected in to the Limited." Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise:

Seagrue took the chance to join sar- am on my way to Oceanside," he added, "Some run they're giving you!" Seagrue took the chance to join sar-when she had read Bowers' note. "The castically in: "Right in line for chief of directors meet tonight. Someone is try-

motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He only succeed in changing their views or not, regarded Seagrue calmly for a moment. I'm going to fight if I have to fight all Then he turned good naturedly to thank night." Helen, While soldiering agreeably at this Helen was too upset to speak for a ask, his fireman intruded on the scene minute. For her, so much depended on eng enough to remind him they were the success of her own road in reaching waiting for him to get out. Storm with the mountains with a cut-off first an expression of diagust at the interrup- Rhinelander, worried though he was, tion, nodded gruffly to the fireman, con- tried to cheer her up. cluded his talk with Helen and walked listening, gathered that Rhinelander was out. Helen rose to go out on the plat- on his way to the city. He hung around form also. Seagrue intervened to distract the platform till the local passenger her attention. It was useless. She must pulled in, watched Rhinelander board it, deliver a message, she said, to the con- and, mingling with Seagrue's ductor, and Seagrue, peeved, was left to walked unobserved, over to the latter's stay with himself or unwillingly to follow, camp. He found his boss with the jour-He followed; but even then it was only nalists. to find himself watching Storm's goodbys waved to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention

Seagrue followed her with his eyes as she walked into the office. The more she showed her indifference to him-indifference sometimes bordering on contempt-the more she piqued his interest. of the photo he had taken of Seagrife He turned with better luck to look for the overdue steam shovel. The equip- the greatest pleasure. "Fine!" he exment had come and a gang of his men claimed. "Good picture!" were preparing to set it up.

Rhinelander, in charge of the Tidewater a word or two across the back of the ine camp, was pushing Seagrue closely print and recalled Spike. "Take this in the construction race and as the head over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her of a big grew of men imbued with his with my compliments." So saying he own spirit was laughing at obstacles turned to the photographer. that made Seagrue's head ache; and with | Spike's reception at the station equipment actually somewhat inferior always a chilly one. This time Helen was forging daily ahead of his rival. But | took his message and dismissed him be-The mail now brought him a note from fore she opened the envelope. the chairman of the executive committee | she saw what Seagrue had sent she was of his board that almost paralyzed his angry. Her first impulse was to tear activities:

lens.

"Dear Rhinelander: Our survey party near at hand. A moment later, removing advise that they cannot re-locate the pass over the Superstition range. Unless you can furnish a survey of the cut-off pass before the first, our people will withdraw their financial support.

"BOWERS." Amos Rhinelander, sitting at his dusty and littered desk, stared at the abrupt communication. Bowers was his friend; the executive committee of the board were with him-this he felt assured of that But somewhere influences must be at With the aid of the ordinary glass work against him. He suspected Capelle, still a board member, and a continual been stolen from her father's library. intriguer. Capelle was a master worker in underground effects and hesides being It was there even now, and if she could Seagrue's own attorney was himself heavily interested in opposing enterprises late to save her own interests as well of the Coast line. To throttle Rhine- as those of her good friend, Amos Rhinelander in the construction effort begun lander. by Helen's own father before his death this opposition was prompt.

ing his clothes for a trip.

Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagrie was reading his own mall. Pollowing up what Spike-an unconit contained this note:

How could she recover it? With fast was to advance his own interests as well kindling hatred of its dishenest possesas those of his client Rainelander's de- sor, a dozen projects for regaining her cision as to what must be done to meet own flashed across her mind. The more she thought the more impossible for He consulted a timetable, called his seemed to devise any scheme that could oreman, asked for a man to carry his be carried out in time to help Rhinehandbags to the station and began chang- lander's fight that night at Oceanside. But what Helen couls not devise

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass reception of the picture. Scagrue re-

name. While it was warming up she the big train pulled into Oceanside Just cab. She could only regard him breatncut the hawser. Seagrue easily suspected after Helen stepped from the deck of the she meant to get to Rhinelander at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city shead of her. Ex- drove hard for the Tidewater building enough to discharg him. But I've a asperated and out of breath he hastened back to camp, routed out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a minute was left to him and his hope of reaching a point where lie could flag the through train vanished when he heard its whistle and saw the gleam of its headlight coming down the Signal grade. But he would not give up. Urging his man to speed, he gained the highway paralleling the railroad track, and as the Limited shot by, Seagrue, with all becoming quite a railroad expert." She submitted. Persuaded backers to withmade no effort to reply. "Getting really draw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhinelander's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey

> 1-The Two Glared at Each Other. 2-"Rhinelander Has Just Gone to Oceanside!" 3-Helen and Seagrue Were Alone.

going was good to forward himself with

She was studing the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, look form, She felt frightened. Could he posto demand the return of the picture. Her wits rapidly cleared. She snatched

kind. Then the staiwart engineman turned party started out. Had he left his but door, caught her, picture in hand, He pened to be a bronze match tray and walked forward pleased. It was not hard struck Seagrue across the forehead. two minutes earlier he might have seen soon made to feel the pangs of being Amos Rhinelander, followed by Sea- for Helen to counterfelt an embarrassdistinctly third in the situation and with- grue's own Spike with Rhinelander's ment; nor was it in the least unbecoming horror-stricken at what sie had done. bags, entering the waiting room door of to her. To Seagrue her look came like She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Signal station. Helen, looking up from her table, per- storms. "What do you think of my construction headquarters?" he laughed. his manner.

"CAPELLE."

In Scagrue's hut a party of newspaper men from Oceanside were waiting to be

taken on an inspection trip over the con-

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Sea-

"Hold it, Mr. Seagrue," cried a camera

The picture was taken, a copy prom

at once into the unpleasant subject.

"What is it?" demanded Seagrue,

"Rhinelander has just gone to Ocean-

Seagrue smiled. "Did he get a lette:

Their confab was broken in on by one

the hateful print into two. Instead, she

contemptuously impaled it on a steel file

the print to file her message, she looked

at the picture again. Her attention was

attracted to a paper lying on Seagrue's

deak. It had been caught by the camera

carefully her eyes fixed on this object

revealed in the photograph. Very curi-

ous now. Helen opened a drawer, took

from it a reading glass and studied the

contents of Seagrue's desk. Her heart

almost stopped beating, as she realized

could plainly see the survey that had

Helen looked toward Seagrue's camp.

recover the previous find it was not too

self was being already devised for her

The longer she looked the more

her suspicious must be correct.

scenting news in Spike's appearance.

this morning?"

"He did."

man, fodushing on the manager.

grue, in high spirits, to the journalists.

Helen's gaze rested modestly on her "Bad news, Helen." he said, plunging table. She seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagrue. "This doesn't show very much of the camp,"-she drawled the words the very least biting to undermine us. But whether I 'you are awfully busy over there, I

> "Never too busy to welcome our friends, over sometime,"

"What to a construction camp?" asked Helen, feigning just enough amazement "Why not? Talk about Rhinelander's steam shovels! I'll show you shovels that can do everything but vote. Come on Spike outside along.

For an effective moment she hesitated, I couldn't possibly," she declared with decision, but she allowed a note of regret to linger an instant in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off? asked Seagrue feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet." His hopes were burgeoning fast. "Sec of the newspaper men who had a print at his desk. Seagrue inspected this with indecision to invite a renewal. For the A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote moment Helen was a heartless angler, suspectingly playing fish. Before he leftsecured. Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

> The night was warm, and the moon. rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagrue in his but to wear her mask of languid interest auccessfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intriguer, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagrue's guest. Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a carefree air, his food choked her. His wines she persistently declined, but that did not dismay Seagrue, who drank quite enough for two. Where could the survey be now? was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner Seagrue, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Chartreuse. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it.

a minute with him now; things were get- gunwale. ting too complicated. But could she in Shaking herself like a duck, and withsome way get into the desk?

table a little. Taking hold of the flask the motor lock and turned the launch and the conductor ordered the fireman scionable liar-had declared a flattering he had just taken from the desk and engine over. She knew the motor well; holding out her hand with a smile she it was a powerful Losw Victor, and after folded arms, refusing to lend further as

no position to refuse so intimate a re- motor, actually held for a time abreast handed them over and Helen pushed back last car pulling gradually past and, the cover of the desk. But as she did so furious at being balked, he stood up on out. Seagrue was coming up the plat- Seagrue threw his arms around her. She the seat and as the car drew past him, struggled indignantly, but could not get he jumped over the rail and landed on sibly have realized his blunder and come away. For a moment there was a fierce, the observation platform. struggle. Then with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first the photograph. Seagrue, opening the thing she could lay her hand on-it hap-

He went completely over, leaving Helen a burst of sunshine after many chilling Seizing the blue print that lay under her had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly side. She waved a signal flag fran-Rhinelander:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

platform. She slammed the office door whistle. The signaling continued and but she must get away at once. There Helen caught up her signal flag again. was a window in the freight house and In a flash he recognized her," and calling she ran into the freight room. Seagrue his fireman over, they listened to her had snatched up a stone. He reached the appeal. operator's window only to see Helen, who | "Give me paper, pencil," shouted Storm, had sprung through the freight house as he shut off the throttle and listened window, running up the track. He fol- to the long and short toots that relowed her at top speed. Intent on escap- echoed in jeerky succession from the suring, she gave no thought to where she face of the sea against the towering cliffs was running; it was only to get away and through the flying cab. On a leaf, from her hated enemy and save what she torn from a pad, Storm scratched out the had so hardly regained. Helterskelter signals: through a grove of scattered oaks that fringed the hills above the sea, on and on Delay so I can reach Oceanside first. she ran, until breath and strength were deserting her, but at every turn her dehere. Helen: come over and take a camp tested purauer was fast upon her heels. dinner with me. Come, do. I'll show you Between his lunging footfalls she could what can be done without preparation." hear his panting threats, and the clear-ready." She regarded him with an expression ness of the night gave her little chance that indicated how completely such a to clude his savage pursuit. She realized Storm, tried to persuade him, whatever nor Johnny will offend again, Worry is proposal shocked her. She struggled an she was running across what had been happened, not to delay the train. It a habit for which you will pay in instant with the thought of it. Then she her own father's great estate. The ocean would cost Storm, he urged, his job. rejected the invitation; yet with enough spread suddenly below her. She had reached Signal bay and the precipitous Storm, applying the air and bringing up be happy cliffs that frowned high above it. Like the train with a folt. and Seagrue deluded by vanity was un- a frightened fawn she ran up the rocks and down only to hear Seagrue breathing coach. He summoned the conductor, and Don't imitate. It is a great thing to in the highest spirits he had known for maledictions close behind and with the being known, was accorded every realize one's limitations, but a greater many a day-he had, to his astonish- distance steadily lessening between her courtesy. But the race was now first on to abide by them.

"Give me that blue print!" he shouted with an oath,

you. I'll die first. Den't you dare come down here. I'll drag you over the cliff if I have to go over myself."

Nothing daunted, he came on. when he thought he had her in his power. she sprang from where she stood on the edge of the precipice far out over the ocean below. He stood spellbound. She struck with a great aplanh.

At no great distance from where she Helen again beheld the survey, a blue lay at anchor. Helen recognized the print beside it. Seagrue was pawky boat; it had, in truth, once been her enough to close and lock the deak after own, and she had named it The Spiderhe had taken the flask out. How, she water. It belonged now to the owners asked herself, was she to get that desk of her father's estate, but she believed she might borrow it once more. Seagrue dismissed his serving man, and grue, impotent with rage, and following this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for her down the shore, saw her reach the herself. She did not want to be left alone launch and climb resolutely up over the

out losing a minute, Helen spread the Rising she said she would clear the wet blue print out on the deck, broke The crew dragged the two men apart

solved to seize a moment while the asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in the power that could be got out of his With an air of camaraderic he of it. Helpless with rage, he saw the

> Helen was pushing the launch toward track, and her heart sank as she looked up the track and rapidly overhauling her. Instinct told her that Seagrue stitch you put in counts. would somehow board that train in an touching the earth she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed on the track shead. Then, as if by an inspiration, she seized the cord of the air whistle at her hand and in the Morse code signaled for help. Storm turned It was not too soon. Through the win- his head and looked back questioningly dow she saw Seagrue rushing down the along his train, then up at his own shut and locked it. Seagrue threw him- his attention was finally drawn to the self victously against it. The lock held, haunch, now dropping behind the train.

"Have survey. Scagrue on your train. "HELEN.

The engine whistle shricked his answer to her eager ears: "Something wrong with engine al-

The fireman, learning the truth from

Seagrue had made his way into the the "Be not's," and certain capture. Brought at last to his mind, and when he heard the brakes Do what you can and if she doesn't bay she darted down the cliffs to find a grinding, and ronning back on the plat- like it she is no loss as a friend. Hypohiding place. Not a neck or cranny of- form, saw fire screaming from the crisy and sham never deceive any one. fered a hope of concealment and a mis- wheels, he called the conductor, demand- and they make things twice as hard for step where she trod meant certain death. ing to know the cause of the step. Going every one concerned. If you have to get Panting and bewildered she heard Sea- forward together for an explanation, the grue climbing down the ledgeo on which two men found Storm under his engine she had found a narrow foothold. Her with wrench and hammer, while in the escape was cut off and Scagrue descended distance Scagrue could see the Spidertriumphantly toward her. She warned water cutting the waves like foaming glass and slipping away to where a stormy directors' meeting was in session at Oceanside, and Rhinelander was in the "Keep away from me," Helen panted, fight of his life to prevent summary You're a wretch. I'll never give to to action being taken to stop the cut-off work. In vain he showed Helen's telegram, which had come in time to rescue him from complete defeat. But Seagrue's There henchman, Capelle, consiving with the was but one chance left to get away and, disaffected element in the directorate, unhesitating, she took it. Turning, just was pushing a vote with every prospect of success the resolution to stop work.

"What have we got to go on?" he de manded, facing Rhinelander down, "You know as well as I do we are throwing hundreds of thousands into a project absolutely uncertain. You offer a telegram What good is the telegram?"

Bealde the engine of the Limited the conductor and Seagrue were volleying sharp and suspicious questions at the fireman. He told, reluctantly, of the mysterious launch and of Storm's exchange of signals. No more was needed to infuriate Seagrue, who now understood the connivance. Storm crawled out from under the engine and Seagrue met him with an abusive epithet. The stalwart engineman promptly knocked him down to take the Limited in, Storm, with

sistance. But despite his stubbornness, speed launch to the dock. She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand. by two men-Seagrue and an officer. Sea- launch back to Signal Bay for you." grue gointed to Helen: "There she is! her hand. Arrest her"

Before Helen could collect her senses, had santched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my property, stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!'

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagrue was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he

ally should appear. The sound of an listeners crowded about the table. They opening door raised his hopes. Helen inspected, objected and argued. The evi-

reading bad news in her face. had been robbed at the very foot of what action; at all events, almost before Helen were once her father's stairs.

Rhinlander put his arm around the de-We'll get it yet." Capelle, laughing furtively, left the

ing to comfort Helen, took her to her train, taxicab and they drove back to the Helen, with Rhinelander and Storm, was launch together. Dazed, furious at her again aboard the launch. They at the pier, Storm, awaiting her return

there, belped her to alight from the taxilessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: "It's really L" be said to her, offering his hand. "I'm discharged-but I told the to where she could catch a taxicab and sperintendent I might yet live long There she alighted only to be confronted marine license and I'm going to run your

His robust humor was infectious. With There are the documents she stole-in Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the offing in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the the officer had zeized her and Seagrue night when Helen's eyes fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her incle's arm, pointed and explained Rhinelander, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvass from the and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed Upstairs the directors were closing their into their room. Rhinelander, Helan and protracted session. Rhinelander vainly Storm told their story and shewed their trying to hold them together until his find. Excited in spite of themselves, the rushed into the room and hastened to his dence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked "The survey-where is it?" he cried, its sense. Sympathy for the plucky daughter of their old president was per-She told him of her battle-of how she haps not wanting in influencing their could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not spairing girl. "No matter. We know be withdrawn, was put and carried. Bowers, the chalrman, now who has our property, gentlemen. feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Sengrue-pleased with what he believed room to report to Seagrue. The chairman rapped for order, Rhinelander, try- was bound for his camp on a returning

misfortune, Helen met another surprise speeding contentedly back to Signal Bay. (To Be Continued.)

The Woman Who Does Her Own Work

By PEGGY SCOTT.

hardest part in the world, although it's for what you are not. pretty bad sometimes. It's much worse, really, to go out and seek your living. Every day is a struggle; even if you've got the work you must be one better are a few, and it is safe to say that they than someone else in order to keep it. don't know what they are doing. And there are women who have work to-Oceanside. The ocean below the bay day, but can't be sure of it tomorrow, and makes it twice as hard. The only laps almost the edge of the railroad And they are not charwoman. More- way to enjoy work is to do it willingly. over, you have the satisfaction of know- If once you begin to think what a lot back and saw the night train tearing ing that you are of use in the world; you are doing, and what a little someone every stroke of work you do, every else in doing, beware! The day of your

effort to get to the city first. As the say to yourself, and truly. The girl out not for a moment-thinking of your ills, engine drew nearer, she picked up a pair in the world wonders sometimes what and none at all in talking of them. Here just as Seagrue regained his feet. She discovered Green Sterm on the cab she is for. It is not quite satisfactory and now! Go to work right then, If discovered George Storm on the right to be told that you are building your carrying up the coal is too much for build someone else's. That you can do, there be no false pride in the matter You are autocrat in your own home, the "Mary" and the "Martha" too.

number of women who are not.

as strict with yourself. A little method That's not the point. goes a long way. Map out your work and stick to it. Likewise, dress for the part. A short skirt, a neat blouse and a big apron are necessities.

Now, facing the day with a stout heart and a workable plan, be patient. Things are certain to go wrong some

times or other. Children will be children, and tradesmen are bound to live up to their reputation. And, remember, work never killed anyone; but worry is responsible for heartaches and head aches, brain fever, innacy and suicide, Another thing-it won't matter tomorrow that Johnny forgot to wipe his feet, or that Simpson didn't send the potatoes.

Take care to sell Simpson what you think of him, and spend a little time teaching Johnny how to repair the dam age; in all probability neither Simpson wrinkles, wretchedness and rows. Banish "What's the job to me?" demanded it from your workshop, and home will

That's enough of the "be's." Now for

come home early; friends who are worth First be cheerful. Yours is not the having value you for what you are, not

Is it necessary to say "don't grumble?" Not very many women who do their own work are guilty of this. But there

Grumbling robs your work of its value, misery draweth nigh.

"They couldn't do without me," you If you would escape it, spend no timeown soul; a woman somehow wants to you, ask "John" to do it for you. Let "If he doesn't offer" etc., etc.

There are some people who never would Then be practical. It is surprising the offer, but it is surprising how usefully they become when commanded. It is all If you've got to do your own work you a matter of habit, and it is your duty must suit yourself to the necessities of as a woman who does her own work to the case. You wouldn't have a servant train other people to help you. "Yeu who did her work any way, therefore he would rather do it yourself?" Very likely.



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