The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning court house. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue salts it and sells it to Rhinelander.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

BURIED ALIVE

Seagrue's sale to Rhinelander of the Superstition mine did not go through as smoothly as he had expected. Meeting Rhinelander at the office of an attorney in Las Vegas, the details of the transfer were arranged without much difficulty. Rhinelander's only care was to be sure that the conveyance should give him a clear title to the valuable property, and having satisfied himself on this point, the minor details were easily arranged.

While the attorney was embodying these items in a supplementary agreement, Rhinelander wrote out a telegram to Helen telling her that he was completing the transfer of the mine and would come up on No. 8. When the final draft of the contract had been made in duplicate, and signed by the two parties, in due form, Rhinelander handed over a second check to Seagrue, and putting the agreement in his pocket, left the office.

Seagrue watched him go with something of relief and a great deal of satisfaction. The whole scheme he had so successfully compassed looked to him almost too good to be true, and he had a hearty laugh with the attorney before they left the office together.

But, unexpectedly enough, opposition developed in an unlooked-for quarter, namely, among minority stockholders of the mine itself. Rumors flew thick and fast, and at Oceanside Seagrue was openly accused of underhanded work in parting with the property. To afford a clear understanding of his position, a meeting of the stockholders of the mine was called, and Seagrue, when the time came, addressed the gathering in explanation of the sale.

"I have understood," he began, "there has been some criticism of my action in disposing of the Superstition mine to the Copper Range and Tidewater people. Some of our stockholders have been unkind enough to hint

Helen Told of the Disaster.

that there was treachery in my part of the proceedings. I have called this meeting to explain without any mincing of words why I was forced to act as I did on my own responsibility and to act quickly."

He related in detail the story of the sudden word received from the mine foreman announcing the petering out of the vein. In more veiled language, but still making himself plain enough to be understood, he disclosed the thought that had come to him of getting the mine ready for sale by salting it, and of his subsequent success in unloading the property on Rhinelander without serious loss to any of the shareholders.

In spite of his explanation, protest was heard almost at once against his summary action in selling out without authority from the directors. Seagrue met the criticisms firmly. "If I had stopped to ask the directors for authority as to what to do, the news of the failure of our principal vein would have been all over Nevada. It would have been too late to sell the property at any price to anybody."

"If the vein could be recovered, what difference would that make?" asked one of the disaffected shareholders.

"It would make the difference that you would be holding the sack instead of the other fellow," retorted Seagrue, bluntly.

The chairman, one of the larger minority stockholders, proved one of the least tractable of the dissatisfied. He rose to reply to Seagrue's address. "You are telling us," he said coldly, "that you disposed of one of the best quartz properties in the Superstition mountains for a song because your foreman told you the vein had pinched out. And you say your expert corroborated his statement. By what right did you go ahead in this fashion without calling us together to decide whether we did not want further expert advice on the possibility of locating the vein?"

"That part of the matter has been threshed out already," said Seagrue angrily.

"No, it hasn't," retorted the chairman. "Not to our satisfaction. Where the investment is so large, our interests should have been given the most careful consideration before you disposed of them."

"You wouldn't have got ten cents out of your interests," exclaimed Seagrue, "if you had tried what you now propose."

"Even that wouldn't have been a serious matter," persisted the chairman, "as compared to what you have done. None of us here are dependent on dividends from the Superstition mines for our bread and butter. We feel, as business men, that we are entitled to consideration. You haven't given us that. By your own confession, you have disposed of this property under false pretenses. You have, by your conduct toward your competitors, justified the suspicion that has arisen among your own associates, Mr. Seagrue."

"I don't wish to make any unfair insinuations or to assert what I cannot prove, but," interposed a second shareholder from the foot of the table, "I want to call forth your attention and the attention of every man in this meeting to the fact that the moment it is discovered by the Tidewater people that this mine was salted, we shall be called on to refund every dollar of the money paid to us."

"If that is the case," sneered Seagrue, "I should say you fellows had better stop talking. Your greatest safety," he added, without much display of sympathy for the uneasy ones, "lies in keeping your mouths shut."

"It is a matter of no moment whatever," declared the stubborn chairman, "how much the thing is discussed. You know the men in this room, Mr. Seagrue, well enough to know that we should all take the same position concerning what you confess you, yourself, have done in this matter. No matter what happened, we should never approve such proceedings."

"As things stand, I don't know what else you can do," said Seagrue, sullenly. "You talk here as if you owned this mine. I want you to understand that I hold the control of it, and you will do as I say."

"No," declared one stockholder, jumping up, "I won't do any such thing."

"Then you may do as you wish," replied Seagrue, loftily, "but I am through with the Superstition mine."

The heated discussion continued. Almost everyone in the room took sides against Seagrue. Finally, at bay himself, and realizing the trouble the minority stockholders could put him to, he made a further conciliatory proposal. "As we cannot agree," he said, "I am willing to buy your shares in the mine at their par value."

This seemed to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters. After some further wrangling, details were actually arranged then and there for the transfer of the minority shares, and the meeting closed in a better feeling than it had opened.

At the mine, Helen and George Storm were talking together when the foreman joined them. Helen asked him about the work.

"If you'll come this way," he suggested, "I'll show you exactly where we're going to drill today."

A messenger handed Helen a dispatch. It was from Rhinelander announcing the completion of the transfer and advising her he would arrive on No. 8.

"First, we'll go down and meet Mr. Rhinelander," said Storm to the foreman. "When we come back we'll see where you're working."

Rhinelander returned well pleased with the result of his trip.

They walked over to the mine together and entered it. While they were talking, a man came to Mr. Rhinelander, saying that the foreman had asked to see him. Accompanied by Helen and Storm, Rhinelander walked down the tunnel to where the men were working.

The foreman turned from his work. "How are things looking?" demanded Rhinelander.

"Why, to tell the truth," answered the man reluctantly, "they are not looking as good this morning as they were yesterday."

"What do you mean?"

"We had trouble with this vein once or twice before," began the foreman, guardedly, "but it didn't turn out very serious. This time it looks as if the vein had pinched out on us. Just come over this way."

Rhinelander stood as if rooted to the ground, looking significantly the while from Helen to Storm. "Helen," he said quizzically, "what does that sound like to you?"

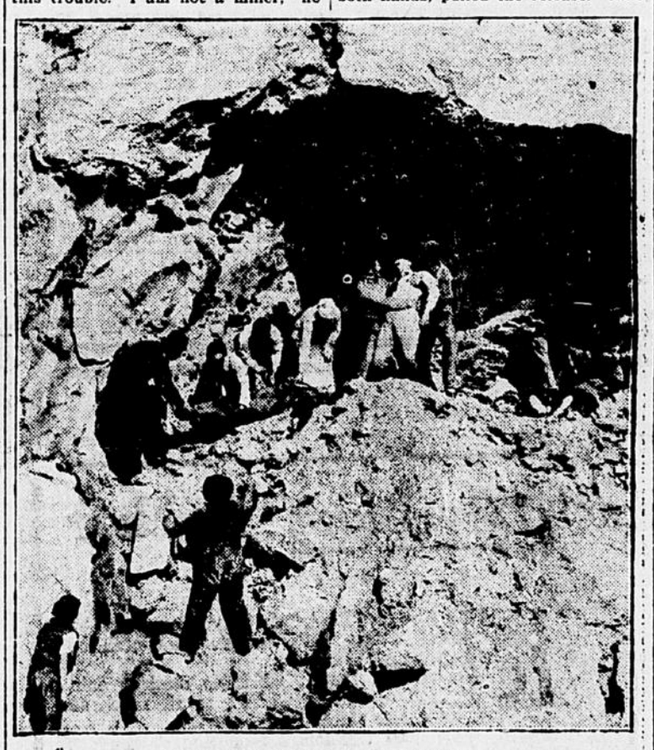
Helen looked at him evenly. "It sounds," she replied, "very much like Mr. Earl Seagrue."

Followed by his companions, Rhinelander joined the foreman. They examined the rock in turn and held a long discussion. The foreman suggested calling in an expert.

"No," said Rhinelander, stubbornly; "I just bought this mine on the recommendation of an expert; all I want is a little hard-headed, common sense here, and I am going to have it. The best authorities in the mining world told General Holmes he had a property here that would last as long as these mountains lasted."

"But Seagrue must have known all this," interposed Helen.

"He thought it time to unload, beyond a doubt," answered Rhinelander. "Helen," he exclaimed, "I know Seagrue better than you do. I know how full his head is of schemes and all that. But I want to tell you it is a fact that Earl Seagrue is a quitter. He gives up too quick and starts a new scheme. Now, I am not going to quit on the Superstition mine until I've made a thorough investigation of this trouble. I am not a miner," he



The Imprisoned Men Were Passed Out.

said, speaking to the foreman; "I'm just a plain, everyday railroad man. But I've heard that things can be done even when a vein pinches out. Now, you get busy," he said to the listening foreman, "and tell me, now and here, what's the first thing to do to try to pick this vein up again."

"You might pick it up," responded the foreman, "for a song, if you're lucky. It all depends. You might spend a million dollars and never pick it up."

"Well, we don't have to spend the million all at once, do we?"

The foreman admitted they did not.

"Very well," continued Rhinelander, sharply. "How's the first part of that money to be spent?"

The foreman scratched his head and looked up and down the wall. He selected a place that looked to him like a possibility. Pointing, he said: "Cross-cut through there and we might pick up the vein."

Rhinelander asked further questions; the hard-headed miner seemed to have, he thought, some good ideas. "All right," said Rhinelander, at length, "cross-cut right there, just as you say. We'll see how we come out. If we get beat, we'll try something else."

Under the impetus of new hope, the work went rapidly forward. Every man in the mine took courage. So long as there was a possibility of doing anything they were glad to work to save their own jobs. The crew at hand went vigorously to work under the foreman's directions. In a short time a hole had been primed for a blast, the fuse lighted and the men rushed out. The explosion followed and they went back.

Work was proceeding in this fashion when something occurred that drew Helen's attention. She was looking into the tunnel when she noticed that one wall near the roof seemed to be weakening. A large piece of rock had dropped from it. The men were called out and Helen, with Rhinelander, Storm and the foreman, went over to examine the break. All waited on the old miner for a verdict as to the condition of the roof. He made a pretty careful examination and seemed satisfied there was no danger. "That roof," he declared, "will never cave in."

"If that is so," said Rhinelander, "—and you ought to know, if anybody knows—send the men back to work."

Blasting their way into the wall where the foreman had indicated, the men, busied with their work, failed to notice a gradual weakening of the tunnel roof. Helen, outside the mine and occupied with other matters, heard the blasting within, but gave the subject no further thought. It was not until a moment following one of the heavy explosions that she heard a great crash behind her, and, looking back, was horrified to see a mass of rock crashing through the roof of the tunnel. She ran forward in dismay. The disaster was complete. Where the tunnel had opened, a great cave-in now raised a solid barrier. Men on the outside ran up, white-faced, to where she stood. Questions flew back and forth. A round-up was hastily made to determine who had been caught on the inside. Rhinelander and Storm were nowhere to be found—they had almost certainly been caught with the crew in the tunnel.

Spasmodic efforts were made to clear the opening. Men, losing their heads, rushed hither and thither, accomplishing nothing and adding to the panic that possessed everyone at the thought of the tragedy within the closed tunnel. Bidding a man to stop his useless efforts to tear away the fallen rock, she gave him directions as to what to do. "Telephone for doctors," she said hurriedly, "while I go over to the Neighbor mine for help."

Both hastened away. Helen reaching the edge of the cliff, where the aerial railway ran from the mountainside down to the valley below, stopped. It would take her fifteen precious minutes to run down the trail. Could she, by any possibility, ride down the aerial cable?

She grasped the hook of the frail aerial carriage and clinging to it with both hands, pulled the release. Like a bird on wing, Helen shot far out from the mountainside and dropping at a sharp angle down the line, sped suspended between heaven and earth.

At a distance on the desert, the Shay engine of the Neighbor mine was toiling slowly along when the engineer saw the figure of a woman clinging to the aerial carriage of the Superstition mine as it shot through the air down to the valley. Breathless, he watched the wild flight, expecting every instant to see the slender creature let go, to fall, crushed, to the rock below her.

But Helen did not let go. Hanging on with a desperation born of the realization that she must save the imprisoned men, she shot across the dangerous declivity from top to bottom and without mishap, jumped in safety to the foot of the aerial and dashed away for help. She ran toward the little railroad, flagged the engine, got into the cab, and struggling for breath, apprised the crew of the accident. The engineer hurriedly started the engine back to their own mine. Forcing all the speed that he could get, and with Helen urging him to spare no effort, he made the engine bump along over the joints as it never had done before. A dozen times, before they reached their destination, it seemed as if the sturdy little machine must turn turtle.

Jumping from the cab the moment the Shay stopped, Helen told of the disaster. Men ran in from all quarters, and their foreman—an active fellow—gave directions about getting the stuff they should need to work with at the cave-in. With the least possible loss of time, these necessaries were assembled and the train loaded with men started back.

In the interval, the news telephoned to Las Vegas had stirred the town. At the hospital a motor car was placed in waiting, and doctors answering the hurry-up call jumped into the machine with their emergency bags and headed for the mine. One of the surgeons recalled that Earl Seagrue was the owner of the Superstition. Halting on the way, he dashed up into Seagrue's room and told him what had happened.

"The main tunnel of the Superstition mine has collapsed," he cried. "We're on the way out in a car. Rhinelander, Storm and a crew of the men are caught inside."

"Sorry to hear that," said Seagrue, shortly. "Go on. Don't lose any time. I'll follow." He called to his servant for his coat and hat as the doctor ran out. Putting on the coat he hesitated, changed his mind, and decided not to go. He threw his hat and coat on the table again and sat down.

In the tunnel the men had been caught like rats in a trap.

Serious as their situation was, none of them lost their heads, and Rhinelander and Storm, in particular—neither of them unused to great peril—were calm. But what to do in circumstances so strange to them, the two could not tell. A hurried examination of the cave-in showed their exit completely cut off. This misfortune, however, did not paralyze their activities.

With the two railroad men encouraging them, the men worked hard to get through the obstruction in front of them. They toiled unremittingly, knowing how every hour within their prison would lessen their chances for life. One of the men, exhausted by the labor, picked up a water canteen. It was broken. A canvass was made of the situation and it was found they had no water. Gloom settled for a time on them. Thereafter, questioning the foreman carefully, Rhinelander picked a place where the experienced miner thought they might, with a little work, get through and turned to the men. "Dynamite through this wall," he said.

The men began. The moment the blast was ready, it was set off and they were back again at their drills preparing for the next. Working thus with frenzied energy, they tore great holes into the tunnel's side, but seemingly with no hopeful result. And the work was beginning to tell on them. By the time they had gotten what they hoped might be the final shot ready, Rhinelander and the miners—all in the tunnel except Storm—were on the verge of collapse.

Nerved to a final effort by the hope of life, the shot was fired. No ray of daylight greeted their straining eyes as the smoke thinned away. The air, now foul, had so overcome them that few could crawl forward to examine the shattered wall. One grizzled fellow, sturdier than his mates, staggered to it. He looked for a moment at the rock and cried out. Animated by fresh hope, the exhausted men responded by dragging themselves to him.

The blast had not given them the hoped-for avenue of escape. But broadly lined across the jagged surface now dislodged, they saw staring at them as if in mockery of their state, the lost vein, the lead of precious quartz again before them. Untold riches confronted them.

Seagrue, in his room, had heard the distant report of the explosion, but he had been drinking of late and his nerves were on edge.

He strode up and down the room revolving in his mind the situation of the men imprisoned within the big tunnel. He knew enough of the mine to understand perfectly the peril of their position and the necessity of a quick rescue if their lives were to be saved. Further than this, he charged his mind with nothing of responsibility; indeed, he would hardly have walked across the street to save one of the imperiled men. Yet, a strangely persistent curiosity moved him to want to know more of the fate of those who were thus struggling for their lives.

A decanter stood on the buffet and he turned to it. While he poured brandy into a glass, he heard a strange noise in an adjoining room—a sound as if of a miner's doublejack. It startled him unpleasantly. He called to his servant and the man, thus abruptly summoned, came quickly, carrying an ice pick.

"What's that noise? What are you doing?" demanded Seagrue, harshly.

The man in a half-frightened way began to laugh. "Only picking a little ice, sir," he said, apologetically.

Seagrue, without answering, snatched the ice pick from his hand. "Give me my hat and coat," he exclaimed with anger. And as the man hurriedly produced them, he added curtly: "Get out." And serving himself, he made ready to start for the mine.

Attempt after attempt on the part of Rhinelander, Storm and the miners to open a way of freedom was failing, and overcome by the foul air, the men, one after another, had sunk down from exhaustion.

Outside, the engine and little train had brought Helen and the relief and the men were running up the slope.

The few men attacking the face of the cave-in, now greatly re-enforced, worked with desperate energy at the fallen rock. The cool-headed foreman assumed leadership and organized the men so that no energy should be wasted and slowly but steadily the willing workers ate a hole into the mass of splintered rock before them.

In the tunnel where Rhinelander and his stupefied companions lay in varying stages of distress and despair, Storm heard at length the sound of the work on the other side of the wall. He shouted feebly to his companions. "They're coming!" he cried. "Hang on, boys. Get your heads close up here. There's a little air seeping in."

Rhinelander, in spite of the fact that he was among the oldest of those caught in the horrible trap, was standing the strain better than most of them. He, in his turn, encouraged the others not to give up and was the first to hear a call coming through the cave-in. He answered it with all the strength he could summon.

Encouraged on the outside by the word that the imprisoned men were still alive, the rescuers redoubled their efforts. The battered foreman, heading the line in the narrow hole, picked through the shattered formation, sent back word he was nearly through and a shout of joy went up from the anxious hearts of those gathered outside. The doctors were already busy laying out their temporary hospital and making ready to take care of the exhausted men the moment they could reach them.

To the prisoners the sound of the pick and the dislodgment of rock was

Grasped the Hook of the Frail Aerial Carriage.

coming so close that Storm and Rhinelander almost felt they could see the work. In another instant a shaft of light, gleaming like a star, greeted the staring eyes of the two men and they cried out together to greet the man on the other side. A second and larger piece of rock fell and was dragged away and more light shot into the prison house.

"Water!", cried Rhinelander. "For God's sake, boys, push in a canteen."

Helen heard the cry. Half-dozen willing men ran for the precious fluid. A bottle of water was pushed into Storm's hand and the next moment the half-conscious men were being revived by him.

Nerved, despite exhaustion, to a final spurt of energy, the rescuers rapidly enlarged the hole until Helen, eager at the foreman's elbow, said she could get through, and against his protestations of danger crawled first through the cave-in, closely followed by the chief surgeon who, once inside, began to treat the most helpless of the suffering men.

The condition of the uncertain entrance called for the greatest care on the part of the rescuers. Great masses of rock, suspended by not more, it would seem, than a thread, hung threateningly over the ragged passage. But time was too precious to wait for further safety and the moment the men could be passed out, they were turned over to the hospital staff.

Rhinelander had refused to leave until the last of the miners had been taken out to safety. Storm followed him. Helen was the last to come through.

A great crowd had gathered about the mine and as the imprisoned men were revived, and the chief surgeon, covered with dust and debris, announced that no lives would be lost, cheers went up again.

Seagrue, elbowing his way through the bystanders up to Rhinelander, congratulated him on his escape.

Rhinelander smiled grimly. "That was a close squeak, Seagrue. Helen," he exclaimed, addressing his words to her, "we came near losing out, girl, but we didn't—quite. I'm all right and so is George Storm, here." He laid his hand on his stalwart foreman's shoulder. "The rest of the men," he added, "will be as good as ever by tomorrow. But that isn't all, Seagrue. We've relocated the vein!"

Seagrue started. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean, we have found the vein again," exclaimed Rhinelander, "and that we're going to take a million dollars in quartz out of the Superstition in the next three months."

Seagrue refused to credit his hearing. He started for the tunnel and, despite the warnings of those about him, crawled through the opening and made his way to where the final blast had disclosed the glistening vein. He picked up the ore thoughtfully and looked from it back to the rock wall. It was a vision to dazzle the sight of a prospector. Untold wealth was symbolized in that great deposit. The stormy scene with his shareholders in the directors' room rose in the semi-darkness before his eyes. He stood a moment in deep study.

At the mine entrance the men were getting on their feet and telling listening comrades their experiences.

Storm was dismissing the men for the day and, released from further toil, they slowly filed away. Turning from them, he joined Helen and Rhinelander. Together the three discussed their great new fortune.

Within the gloom of the tunnel stood Seagrue. He had taken out his contract and was looking intently at it. Something it suggested seemed to appeal to him; some hopeful idea, perhaps, occurred to his mind, for he smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KENWOOD ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Carl autoed to Charter Oak Monday.

Miss Lillian Doherty spent Tuesday evening with B. Mahoney and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Henderson and little folks were Dow City business callers Saturday.

On account of the bad weather Sunday the program at the Paradise Sunday school was postponed until Sunday, May 21st. All are cordially invited to be present.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Continued Page Eight.)

Moved by Tamm, seconded by Pautsch, that all bills as O. K.'d be allowed and warrants be drawn for same. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes, Pautsch. Motion carried.

A. C. Weeks	$ 60.00
A. C. Greene	15.00
Review Pub. Co., publishing and blanks	41.73
J. H. Mayne, engineer on paving	54.20
Clarence Ransom, grading on Prospect street	268.50
Guy Romans, assisting engineer on paving, $40.50; grades $7.20; total	47.70
Gus Carlson, sharpening tools	6.25
Frank Woolston, engineer on paving, $117; grades, $28.50; stamps, $1.00; total	146.50
Bulletin, publishing	28.55
Stewart Lumber Co., material	41.03
J. G. Wygant	3.60
J. C. Kott, three signs	3.50
Illinois Central, freight	2.33
Gus Koch, work on water mains	103.76
M. J. Burke, salary	65.00
Frank Woolston, engineer on water mains	15.00
Guy Romans, assistant engineer on water mains	3.30

Moved by Moeller, seconded by Nielsen, that council adjourn until Monday evening, May 8, 1916, at 7:30 p. m. Upon roll call the following councilmen voted yea: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes, Pautsch. Nay: None. Motion carried.

Attest: W. H. LAUB,
E. F. Tucker, Mayor.
Clerk.

Meeting of City Council, May 8, 1916.

Council met in adjourned session on date above with Mayor Laub presiding. Members present were as follows: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Absent: Pautsch.

Moved by Tamm, seconded by Moeller, that the plat of sub-division of west 5 acres of S½ NW NW Section 12, Township 83, Range 39, to be known as Tucker's First addition, be accepted and approved; said approval to take effect when said plat is fully signed. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Nay: None. Motion carried.

Proposed ordinance No. 262 was introduced by Councilman Nielsen, who moved that it pass to its first reading, and same being seconded by Councilman Moeller, and vote being taken, the following members voted aye: Tamm, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Moved by Tamm, seconded by Hayes, that rules be suspended and proposed ordinance No. 262 be passed to its second reading. On roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Moved by Moeller, seconded by Hayes, that rules be suspended and proposed ordinance No. 262 be passed to its third reading. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Moved by Hayes, seconded by Nielsen, that proposed ordinance No. 262 do now finally pass, be numbered 262 and published according to law. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Moved by Tamm, seconded by Moeller, that bill of W. R. Temple company in the sum of $24.86 for lumber, and bill of Geo. H. Lyon, in the sum of $1.50 for repairing hose cart, be allowed. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Moves by Hayes, seconded by Tamm, that council adjourn until Monday, May 15th, at 7:30 p. m. Upon roll call the following members voted aye: Tamm, Nielsen, Moeller, Hayes. Motion carried.

Attest: W. H. LAUB,
E. F. Tucker, Mayor.
Clerk.

DAVENPORT WOMAN ESCAPED KNIFE

Mrs. S. T. Oliver of 1226 East High Street, Davenport, Ia., was so ill that her physicians told her she must go to a hospital.

An operation appeared necessary. Her case had been diagnosed, she says, as gall stones.

She was able to move about but little—to go any distance was torture.

She sent for Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Then she wrote:

"I am greatly obliged to you for your wonderful remedy. I had been very bad with gall stones and the doctors said I would have to go to the hospital. Last February I sent to you for a treatment, and when I received it I could not walk a block.

"I never have had a pain since I took the first dose. I fell off fifty pounds, but have gained it back."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.

For sale by Rudolph Knaul and all other reliable druggists.