



PARAMOUNT
PICTURES *Presents*
**UNION
PACIFIC**

STARRING
★BARBARA
STANWYCK
and
★JOEL
McCREA

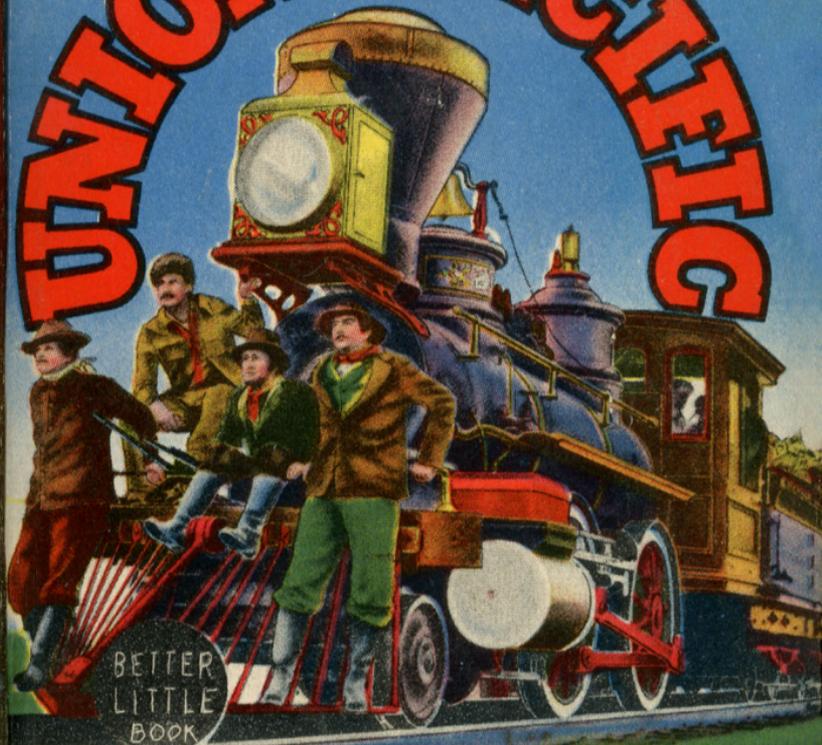


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PARAMOUNT
PICTURES
Present

A CECIL B. DeMILLE
Production

UNION PACIFIC



BETTER
LITTLE
BOOK

★ READ THE BOOK — SEE THE PICTURE

A CECIL B. DeMILLE
Production

STARRING ★BARBARA STANWYCK and ★JOEL McCREA

UNION PACIFIC

Retold by Eleanor Packer
from the PARAMOUNT Motion Picture

Starring
BARBARA STANWYCK
and
JOEL McCREA

with
AKIM TAMIROFF ROBERT PRESTON
LYNNE OVERMAN BRIAN DONLEVY
ANTHONY QUINN EVELYN KEYES
STANLEY RIDGES

A CECIL B. DeMILLE PRODUCTION

Read the Book — See the Picture

WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

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UNION PACIFIC

THROUGH the dark night a heavy train rolled across the wilderness of the western plains. Its engine coughed black smoke. Its clumsy cars swayed on the single track. The lights in its windows were dimmed by thick blinds to protect the passengers from the

arrows of lurking, savage Indians.

It was a Union Pacific train moving slowly westward toward Cheyenne, Wyoming.

For three valiant years the railroad had been pushing its slow, painful way toward the California state line, where it was to meet the eastward-moving tracks of the new Central Pacific Railroad, forming a steel band across the country.

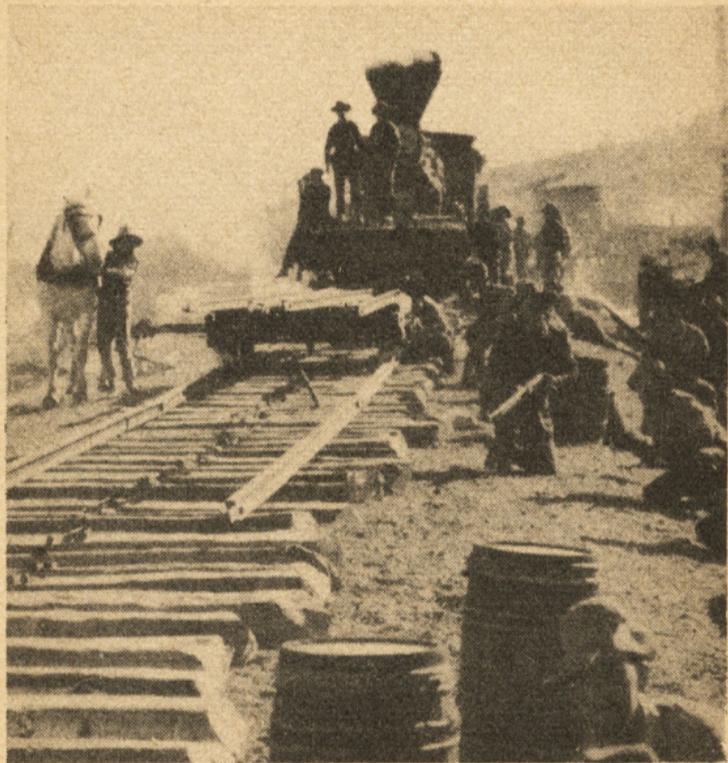
The Union Pacific's battle for life had been long and bitter. During the dark days of the Civil War,



A Union Pacific Engine

a few wise, far-seeing men had fought for a transcontinental railroad, carrying their battle into the senate of the United States.

“This country, crippled by four years of war, needs a railroad to join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans,” they argued. “It will be a great artery through which the gold and silver of the West may flow into the empty treasuries of the East. Thousands of men, released from both armies, want it for the work and wages it will bring. Merchants want it. The mil-



The Railroad Was Moving Westward

lions of people who will build cities and claim farms along its rails, want it."

President Abraham Lincoln, whose wise eyes saw the golden future of the vast, wild western country, signed the railroad bill finally passed by Congress and the Union Pacific was born.

Then began the battle with the bankers for the financing of the building of the railroad. In the midst of this battle Abraham Lincoln died and the Union Pacific lost one of its best friends and



"This Country Needs a Railroad."

strongest supporters.

Again and again General Dodge, the chief engineer of the railroad, explained his plans to the skeptical bankers, outlining on a map the route the Union Pacific would follow to the California state line, where it was to meet the tracks of the Central Pacific.

“But suppose the Central Pacific crosses the state line and moves on to Ogden, Utah, keeping the Union Pacific out of the rich Salt Lake Valley,” suggested Asa Barrows, one of the bankers.

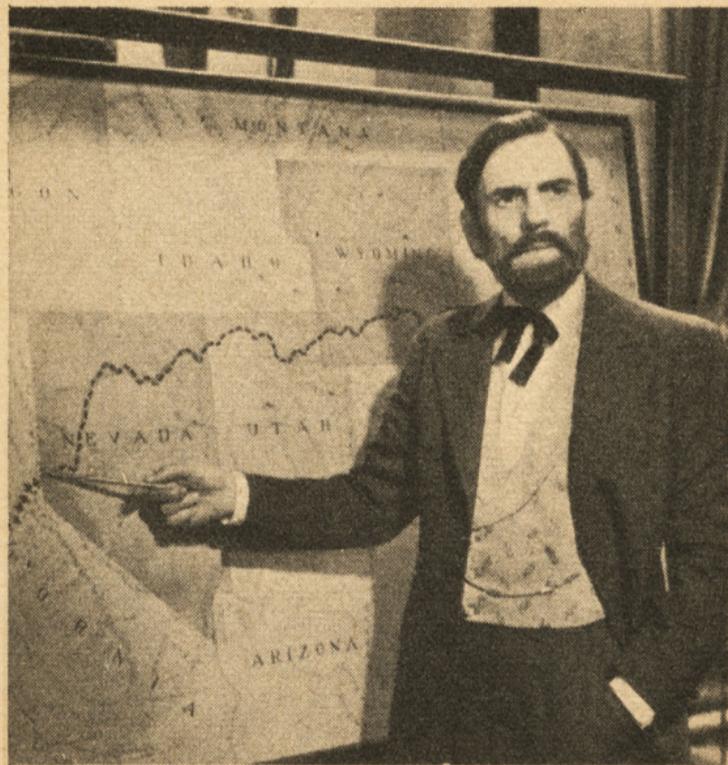


The Battle With the Bankers

“President Lincoln wisely arranged that the Central will build only to the state line,” General Dodge answered quietly.

“But are you sure that it will be possible to build a railroad across two mountain ranges, two trackless deserts and four hundred miles of windswept prairie, inhabited by hostile Indians?” Barrows asked.

“I’m sure it’s possible, if you gentlemen will give us the money to lay the tracks,” the General replied.

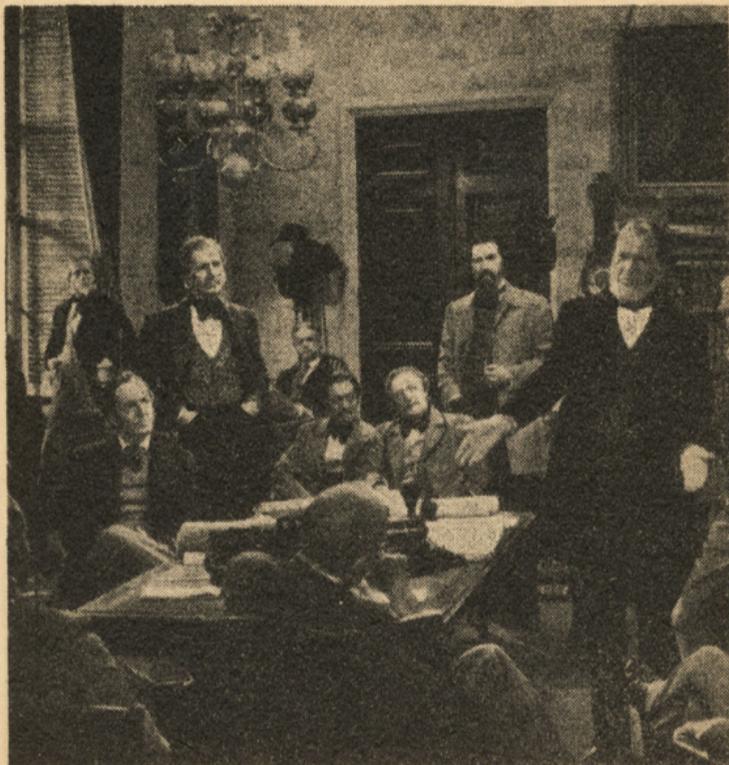


General Dodge Outlined the Route

Finally the bankers, including the sleek Asa Barrows, agreed to provide the money for the building of the railroad.

"I can't understand your decision to invest your money in that hair-brained scheme, Mr. Barrows," his secretary said as they walked away from the meeting.

"A railroad must have a terminal at each end, Whipple," Barrows replied in a low voice. "What do you think would happen if the Central Pacific should build all the way to the town of Ogden, Utah,



The Railroad Asked for Money

in the Salt Lake Valley?"

"It would break the Union Pacific," Whipple answered. "But General Dodge said that Lincoln had arranged for the Central to stop at the California state line."

"Lincoln is dead and there are people in Washington who do not wish the Union Pacific well," Barrows said crisply.

"Can't both lines have terminals in Ogden?" Whipple asked.

"No," Barrows told him. "The Union Pacific has authority to build only to where it meets the



The Building of the Railroad

Central. If the Central passes through Ogden first and meets the Union in the wilds of the Wasatch Mountains, the Union will have a thousand miles of track and a gopher hole for its western terminal."

"Splendid!" Whipple exclaimed excitedly. "We'll sell Union stock short and buy Central. We'll make millions, Mr. Barrows!" He paused a moment and added doubtfully, "But suppose the Union Pacific reaches Ogden first."

"I can assure you that it won't,

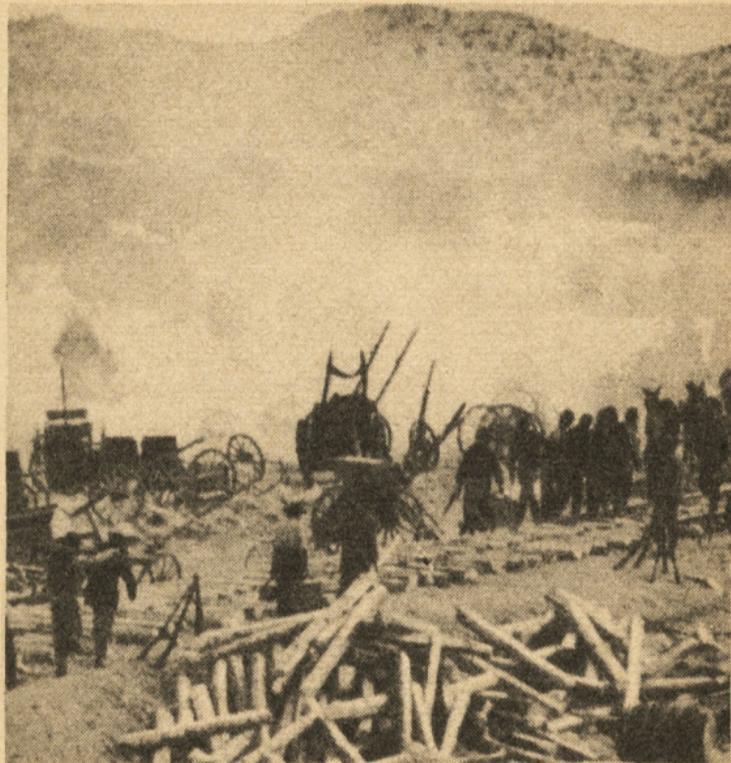


Moving Toward the California State Line

Whipple," Barrows smiled slyly.

Mr. Barrows' next step was to visit Sid Campeau, the owner of a large gambling house.

After a long talk with the oily Campeau and his young partner, Dick Allen, Barrows made an agreement with the two gamblers. They were to move their saloon and gambling house to follow the building of the Union Pacific, supplying the railroad workmen with liquor, stirring up trouble, doing everything possible to delay the progress of the railroad.



Building to Meet the Central Pacific

So the Union Pacific had to fight Sid Campeau's trouble-making crowd, as well as mountains and deserts, storms and heat, snows and floods—and hostile Indians.

Finally, after three years of heartbreaking struggle, the railroad entered Wyoming and the sturdy old engine, nicknamed the General McPherson, was plowing across the plains toward the raw little town of Cheyenne, which marked the new western terminal of the Union Pacific. In the coach-



Brian Donlevy as Campeau

es behind the engine were General Dodge and his crew of engineers, a few hardy passengers and Sid Campeau's crowd, moving westward with the railroad.

Also on the train were Mollie Monahan, the daughter of the Irish engineer, and her two good friends, Fiesta and Leach Overmile. Fiesta, a grizzled Mexican bull-whacker, and the tall, lean Leach were railroad guards.

As the train rolled onward, the three—Mollie, Fiesta and Leach—walked through the coaches, talk-



Cheyenne Was the Western Terminal

ing to the passengers and the crew. Finally they reached the car occupied by Sid Campeau and his crowd of gamblers and dance-hall girls.

“Rattlesnakes!” Fiesta hissed as they entered the coach.

“Mollie!” young Dick Allen cried, his handsome face beaming, when he saw the girl who was walking quickly down the aisle of the coach.

“Dick!” Mollie exclaimed, her eyes shining. “They told me you’d not be back this year. I didn’t



Mollie, Fiesta and Leach

expect you. My father said—”

“Your father doesn’t like gamblers,” Dick smiled, pulling her down into the seat beside him. “But they couldn’t keep me away from you, Mollie darling. Marry me and I’ll reform. I promise I will.”

“You’re not in love with me,” Mollie said quietly. “You’re in love with the cards. I’d better be going along.”

“Wait a minute,” Dick insisted when she started to rise. “Look what I’ve brought you to keep your



They Entered Campeau's Car

heart warm for our wedding day.”

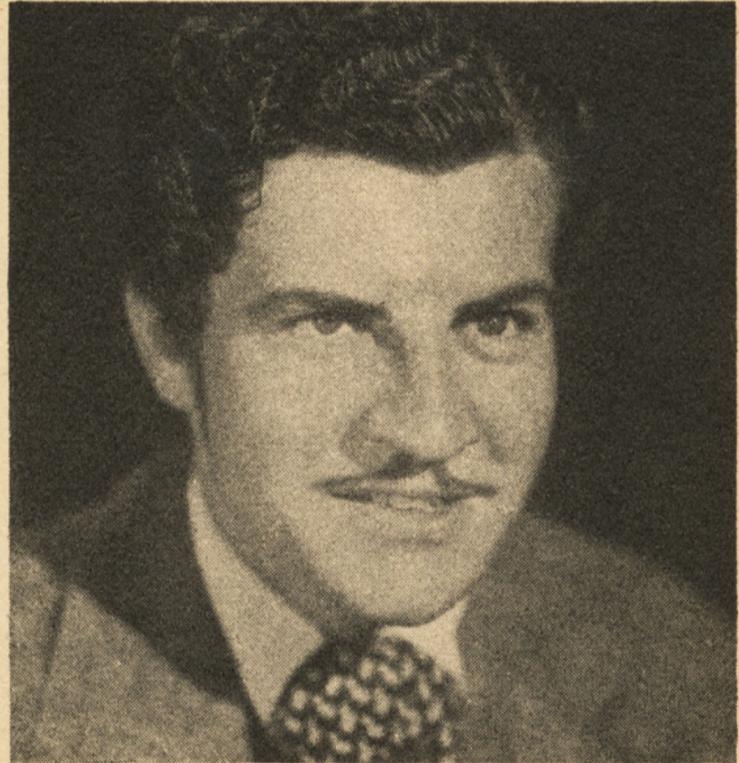
Quickly he opened a box, drew forth a rich fur coat and gave it to Mollie.

“Oh, Dick, it’s beautiful!” the surprised girl exclaimed. “But I can’t keep it.”

“Of course you can,” Dick insisted. “It’s your first wedding present.”

The eyes of Fiesta and Leach were grim as they left Mollie with Dick and walked through the coach toward General Dodge’s car.

At that same time three horse-



Robert Preston as Dick Allen

men were galloping swiftly across the plain toward the moving train. When they reached the caboose, one of the men swung from his saddle to the steps and pulled himself up to safety on the platform. The others waved good-bye, grabbed the reins of the riderless horse and loped away into the darkness.

The newcomer on the platform was brushing the dust from his clothes when the conductor appeared in the door of the caboose.

“Is General Dodge aboard?” the



Dick Gave Mollie a Fur Coat

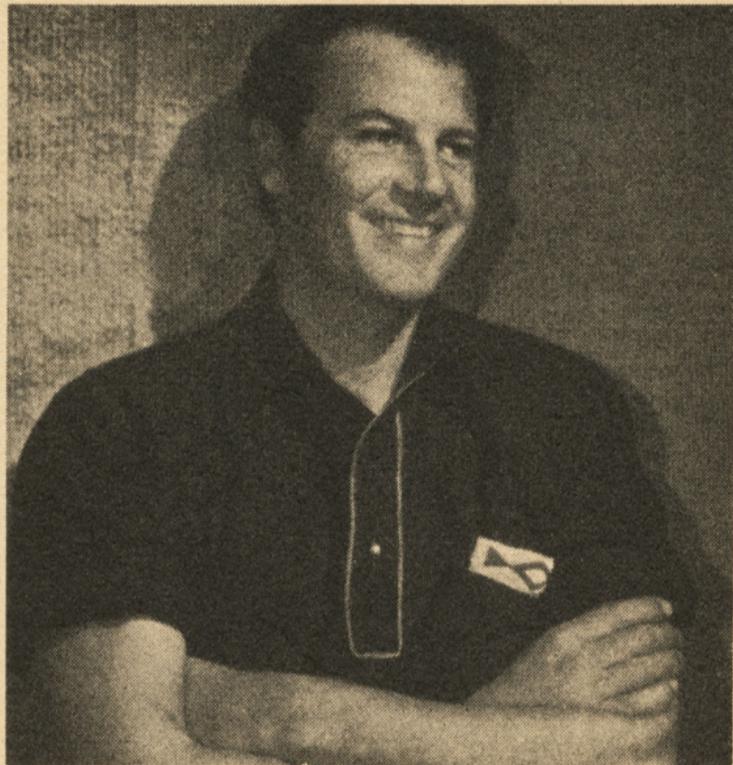
young man asked quickly.

“Yep. And if you’re Jeff Butler, he’s lookin’ for you,” the conductor answered.

“I’m Butler,” Jeff smiled and followed the older man into the car.

General Dodge and his associates were waiting for Jeff in the General’s car.

“Captain Butler served with me in the war,” the General introduced Jeff to the others. “He has just signed on with us. His job will be to establish and maintain order



Joel McCrea as Jeff Butler

along the right of way."

"I'm what you call a trouble shooter, is that right, General?" Jeff asked quietly.

"Yes," the General nodded. "And there'll be plenty of trouble, Jeff. Our worst problem is Sid Campeau. His outfit, with liquor and gambling, follows the End o'Track like a flock of vultures."

"Campeau and his gang have cost us a life a day, with men drugged, robbed and murdered," one of the others added. "They've disrupted our crews with hired



General Dodge Was Waiting for Jeff

agitators and gamblers.”

“We might as well face the other facts, too,” General Dodge said quietly. “Someone has turned Washington against us. The Central Pacific has not stopped at the California state line as agreed. They’re over the Sierras and they have surveyed through to Salt Lake and Ogden. We’ve got to reach Ogden first, or the people who backed us with their savings will lose everything.”

“The Central will reach Ogden in ten months,” one of the others



In Front of Campeau's Gambling Place

told the company.

“Then we’ll have to be there in nine,” the General spoke firmly.

“That’s impossible,” another protested. “We’ve built only five hundred and sixteen miles in three years and we’re still five hundred miles from Ogden. How are we going to build over the Rockies and the Wasatch Mountains with the Indians claiming the food supply?”

“We had a council with the Indians at Broken Bow,” Jeff spoke in the sudden silence. “Red Cloud

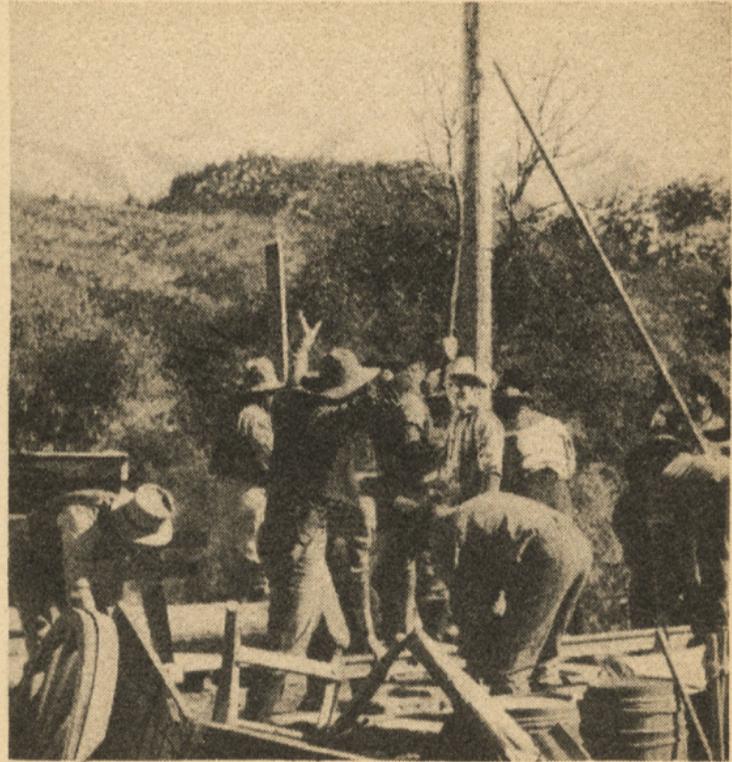


“We’ve Got to Reach Ogden First.”

says the Indians will lay off the railroad if the white men will lay off the Indians."

"If we can keep peace with the Indians and stop the disorder which Campeau is causing among our men, we can reach Ogden before the Central," General Dodge said firmly. "That's your job, Jeff, maintaining law and order. Leach Overmile and Fiesta have been assigned to you. They can tell you how Campeau operates."

He called the waiting Leach and Fiesta into the room and intro-



They Were Five Hundred Miles From Ogden

duced them to Jeff.

“There is no civil law out here, because our town is on wheels,” the General went on. “You’re the law, Jeff, and it’s up to you to smash anything that threatens to delay us.”

Early the next morning Jeff, followed by Leach and Fiesta, walked through the train. Cookie, one of Campeau’s henchmen, noticed their approach and hurried to warn his chief that the new trouble shooter was coming toward the gambler’s car. Campeau mut-



Fiesta and Leach Overmile

tered orders to his men, who silently loosened their guns in their belt holsters.

Campeau's coach was tense and silent as Jeff entered the door and walked slowly down the aisle. He paused for a moment as he passed Dick Allen, who was sitting opposite Campeau, toying with a small revolver.

With an exclamation of surprise Dick jumped to his feet and grabbed Jeff's hand.

"Jeff Butler!" he cried excitedly. "Where in the world did you



Cookie Warned Campeau

come from this time?"

"Dick Allen!" Jeff grinned. "The last time I saw you was in Philadelphia, while we were waiting for our discharge from the army."

While Campeau and the others stared in open-mouthed amazement, Jeff and Dick shook hands and talked of the old days when they had fought side by side in the army.

Then Dick introduced Jeff to Campeau and the others.

"I was figuring on having a lit-



Jeff Paused Beside Dick

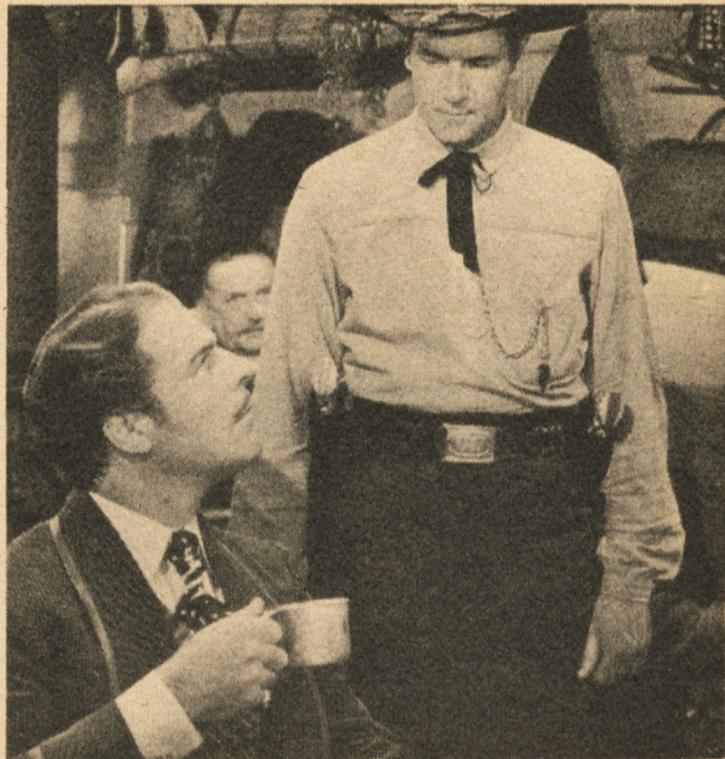
tle talk with you, Campeau," Jeff said.

"Any time suits me," the gambler spoke calmly, waving a coffee-filled tin cup.

Before Jeff could answer, Dick led him toward Mollie, who had quietly entered the coach. With a smile Dick introduced Jeff to the girl.

"How good a friend of yours is Campeau, Dick?" Jeff asked after a few minutes.

"He's my partner," Dick answered in a quiet voice.



Jeff Was Introduced to Campeau

For a moment Jeff stared at Dick, unbelieving surprise in his eyes.

“You’d better get yourself another partner, Dick,” he said finally. “Part of my job is to clear him and his outfit off the line.”

“You can’t do it, Jeff,” Dick protested, suddenly serious. “If I were you, I wouldn’t try.”

“We’ve been through plenty of storms together, Dick,” Jeff said slowly. “We’ve slept under the same blanket and eaten off the same plate. Join up with me again



Barbara Stanwyck as Mollie Monahan

now. We need help.”

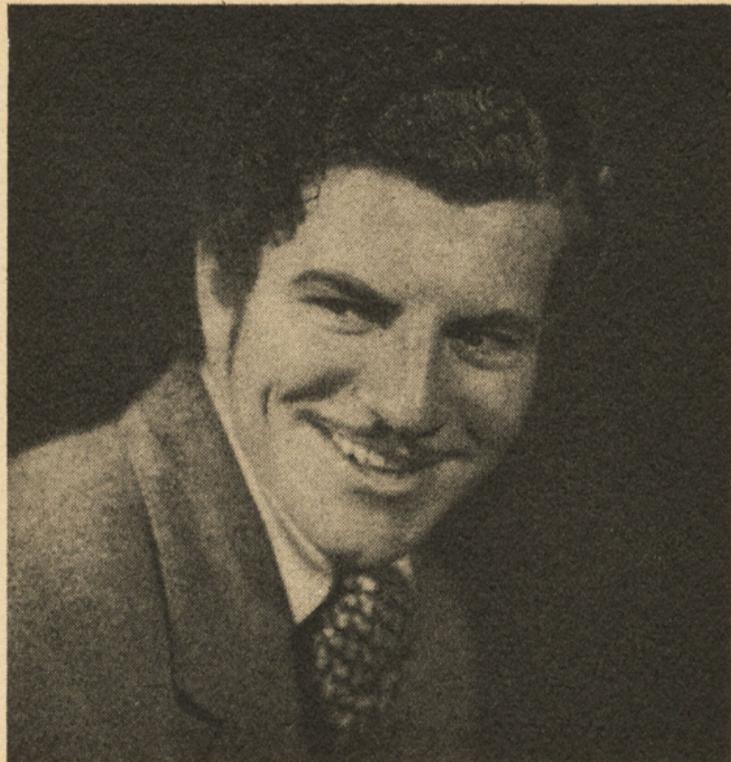
“I’m standing pat and liking it,” Dick replied, forcing a laugh.

“Then I’m afraid we’re in different armies this time,” Jeff said.

At that moment a young Indian boy, riding his pony, raced by the train windows, waving his hand to the passengers.

Cordray and Brett, two of Campeau’s henchmen, who were sitting together, looked through the window at the laughing Indian.

Suddenly Brett raised his rifle, sighted along the barrel and fired.



Dick Forced a Laugh

The Indian boy toppled off his horse to the ground and lay still.

The passengers, startled by the shot, turned toward Brett. Jeff leaped across the aisle, grabbed Brett's arm, pulled him up from his seat and swung a smashing blow against his jaw, sending the gambler crashing into the car door.

Instantly Cordray reached for his gun. But as his fingers touched the trigger Jeff jerked the movable back of the seat, reversing it and pinning Cordray between the



Brett Raised His Rifle

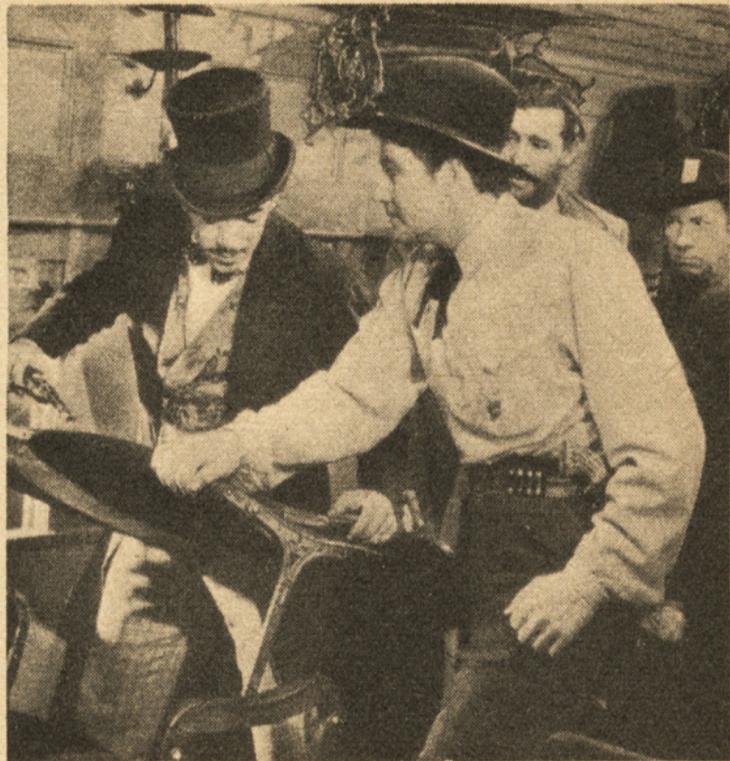
backs of the two seats. Then Jeff jumped toward Brett who was reaching for his gun as he scrambled to his feet.

Dick reached for his gun but Mollie, who was sitting beside him, grabbed his arm.

At that moment Leach and Fiesta stepped into the aisle.

"Everybody stay in seat," Fiesta ordered, brandishing his bull whip.

The excited passengers obeyed, staring toward the end of the car where Jeff and Brett were fighting



Jeff Jerked the Back of the Seat

a desperate battle.

Finally Brett landed a hard blow on Jeff's head. Jeff reeled back against the door, shattering the glass window in the upper half. Swiftly Brett drew his gun. As the gambler moved toward him, Jeff flung open the door, slamming it against Brett. The gambler's gun exploded, the bullet crashing through the car floor. Then, before he could recover from the blow of the door, Jeff clutched Brett's body in strong arms and the two men struggled onto the platform be-



Mollie Grabbed Dick's Arm

tween the moving cars.

While the breathless passengers watched, covered by Leach's revolver and Fiesta's menacing bull whip, Jeff and Brett battled furiously on the swaying platform. Finally Jeff landed a hard blow on Brett's jaw. The gambler staggered backward. His foot slipped and, with a loud yell, he fell from the platform to the ground.

As Brett fell, the conductor rushed into the coach.

"Stop the train!" Campeau cried. "One of my men was



Brett Moved Toward Jeff

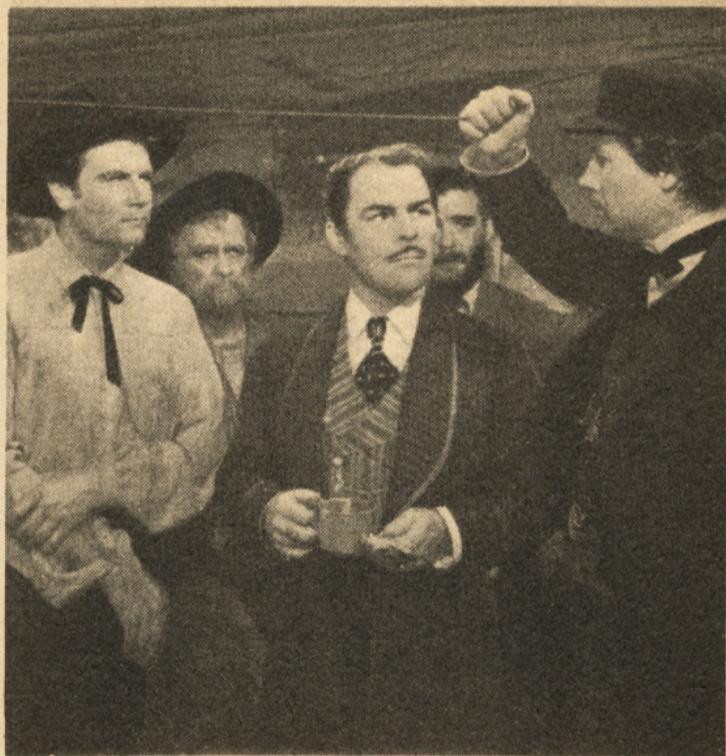
knocked off the platform.”

As the surprised conductor reached for the bell rope, Jeff hurried into the car.

“Don’t pull that cord, Conductor!” Jeff shouted. “This train doesn’t stop now for anyone.”

For a moment the conductor hesitated. Then he took his hand off the rope.

“That shot didn’t just kill an Indian,” Jeff cried angrily, turning to Campeau. “It killed a dozen white men. It scalped and tortured women and children. You



Jeff Hurried into the Car

and your men knew what you were doing when they shot that Indian boy. You knew that the shooting will stir up his tribe and turn them against the railroad and the men who are building it.”

Then he turned on his heel and strode from the coach.

A few hours later the train rolled into the little frontier town of Cheyenne, with its flimsy frame building, tents and muddy roads, crowded with people eager to reap a golden harvest from the railroad.



Jeff Turned to Campeau

Quickly Sid Campeau's men erected a huge tent shelter to house his saloon and gambling hall. As soon as the doors were opened, the place was crowded with railroad workers, waiting in Cheyenne between trips on the flat cars to the End o'Track, where the railroad was slowly pushing its way toward the west.

Mollie opened her post office on a siding near the railroad station. She transformed an empty box car into a home and office with curtained windows and flower box-

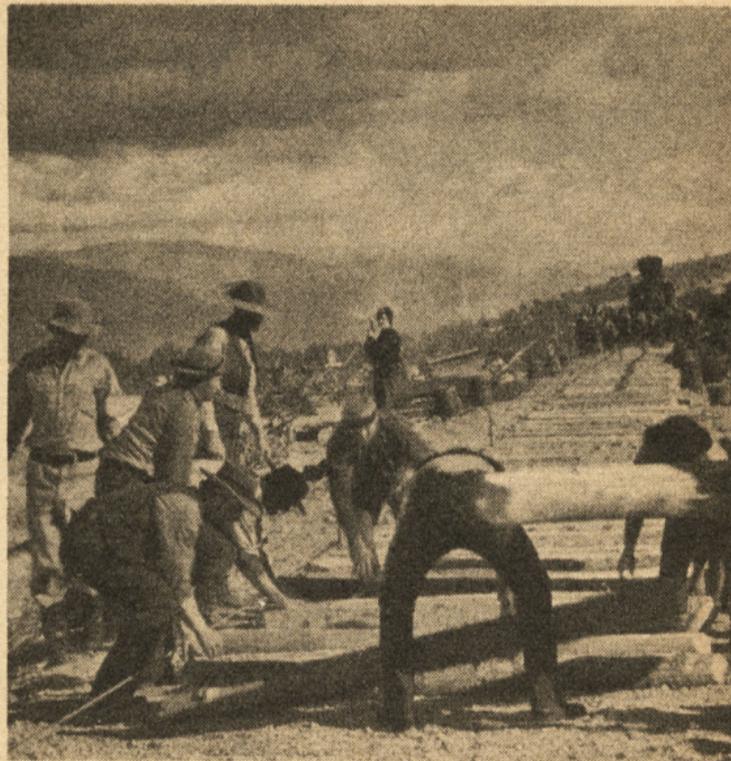


The Train Rolled into Cheyenne

es. Inside the car she arranged a small post office counter at one end. At the other end were her living quarters. In the center was a rough counter with stools, where Mollie sold tea and potato cakes to the workmen. The pretty daughter of Engineer Monahan lived and worked for the railroad she loved.

One morning as Mollie sorted the newly arrived mail, a young Irishman, named Paddy O'Rourke, entered the car and asked for letters.

"I'm sorry, Paddy, but I've no



The End o'Track

letter for you," Mollie told him, looking sympathetically at the disappointed young man. "Why don't you send for your wife and bring her out to this glorious country?"

"That's me plan," Paddy confessed shyly. "I've saved all but twenty dollars of the passage money and I'm on me way now to the Big Tent to win that."

Mollie tried to persuade Paddy not to risk his money in Campeau's gambling place.

"I can't lose," the young man insisted. "Only this morning I



Paddy Asked for Letters

found a shamrock in a prayer book my wife sent me. It will bring me luck and the twenty dollars I need."

In spite of all Mollie's protests, the young Irishman walked across the tracks to the crowded Big Tent. He found a chair at one of the poker tables and joined the game. Cordray was dealing the cards.

For a long time the men played in silence. Slowly Paddy's pile of money dwindled until there were only a few coins left.

Suddenly Paddy jumped to his



Inside Campeau's Big Tent

feet and pointed to a card which Cordray had just dealt to himself.

"That's not your rightful card," the young Irishman cried. "You took it off the bottom of the deck."

Cordray leaped to his feet and drew his gun.

"Say that again," he snarled.

"With me own eyes I saw ye slip it off the bottom," Paddy repeated.

Without warning Cordray fired and Paddy slid slowly to the floor.

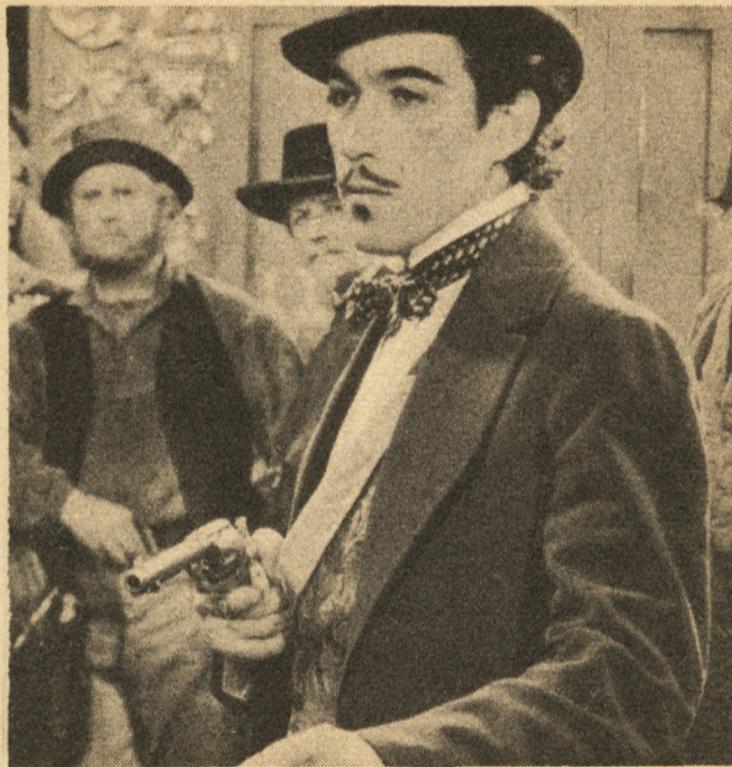
Mollie and Leach, who were standing in the post office car,



Paddy Joined the Game

heard the shot and ran across the tracks to the Big Tent. Mollie pushed her way through the now quiet crowd and stood beside the body of Paddy.

“From a far country Paddy O’Rourke came to do his little part in building the railroad, a great and good thing for us all,” Mollie cried in a clear, ringing voice as she faced the silent crowd. “What will you tell his widow, you men who run this sinful place that claims a man’s life for every day in the year?”



Cordray Drew His Gun

In the background Jeff, who had just entered the Big Tent, listened to her words, while Campeau and Dick Allen stood in the door of their office. Suddenly Dick grabbed a man's hat and tossed a bill into it.

"Here's a mite for the widow," he cried. "Who's next?"

While Dick was moving through the crowd, collecting bills in the hat, Cordray quietly reached for the money which had been on the table when Paddy was shot.

Suddenly Jeff clutched his wrist.



Mollie Faced the Crowd

“Don’t touch that money,” he ordered. “The hand wasn’t played out. I’ll take Paddy’s place. Now deal yourself one card off the top. That’s where the game stopped.”

Jeff won the pot and gave the money to Mollie, who was holding the hat filled with bills and coins which Dick had collected. Quietly Mollie thanked Jeff and walked from the room, followed by Leach.

When she was gone Jeff turned to Cordray who was sitting at the table, a black scowl on his face.

“Clear out of Cheyenne, Cor-



Jeff's Hand Clutched Cordray's Wrist

dray. And keep off the Union Pacific right of way," Jeff ordered. "I'll give you an hour to get going."

Turning away, Jeff walked to the long bar, Dick Allen beside him.

Cordray looked quickly toward Campeau, who was watching him. Campeau nodded. Cordray raised his gun, pointing it toward Jeff's back.

But, before he could pull the trigger, Jeff turned, drawing his gun as he swerved, and fired. He



Jeff Gave the Money to Mollie

had seen Cordray's movement in the gleaming mirror behind the bar.

Cordray's bullet went wild as, clutching his smoking gun, he slid slowly to the floor and lay still.

"I'm glad you keep that mirror clean," Jeff said quietly to Dick.

After the lifeless bodies of Paddy O'Rourke and Cordray had been carried from the room, Campeau and his henchmen moved quickly through the crowd, urging the people to dance and drink and gamble, while the orchestra played



Jeff Turned and Fired

loud, gay, joyous music.

Suddenly a railroad conductor walked through the room, shouting, "Train for End o'Track pulling out in five minutes. Come on, everybody. Get out of there and go to work. All aboard for End o'Track!"

But there was no rush of men in answer to the call. Instead, they clustered more thickly around the bar and gambling tables, while Campeau urged them to stay and wait for the next train. The gambler was keeping his bargain with



The People Were Excited

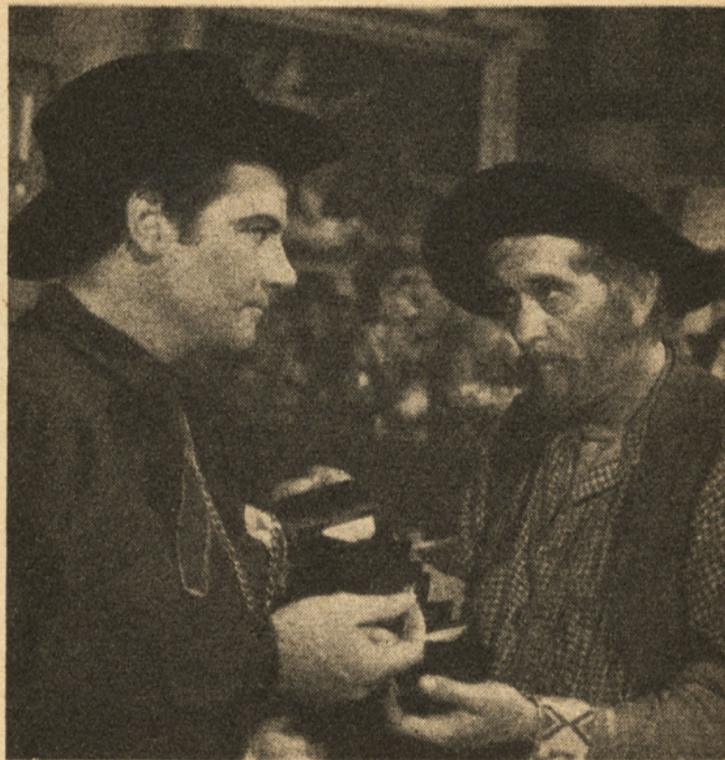
Asa Barrows, doing everything possible to delay the building of the railroad.

Jeff, anxiously watching, turned to Leach, who had reentered the room.

“Give me that gold nugget you found in California, Leach,” Jeff said quickly in a low voice.

Bewildered, the old scout pulled a nugget from his pocket and gave it to Jeff.

“Is there any old timer here who knows gold when he sees it?” Jeff called loudly, facing the room.



Jeff Turned to Leach

"I do," an old prospector said, stepping toward Jeff.

"Take a look at this," Jeff suggested and gave him the nugget.

"That's gold, all right," the old man said, squinting at the nugget, "Where'd you get it?"

"Leach picked it up a little west of the End o'Track," Jeff answered in a loud tone.

Instantly the room was filled with voices, shouting the news that gold had been found near the End o'Track. A moment later there was a rush of men toward the doors

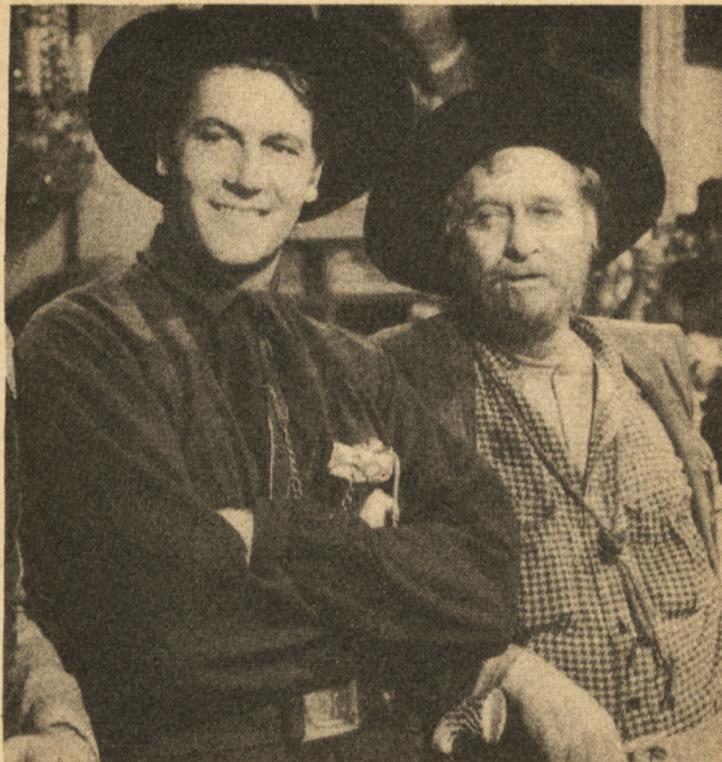


The Prospector Squinted at the Nugget

and windows of the Big Tent.

Jeff, Leach and the conductor smiled as they saw the men pushing their way toward the waiting flat cars. They had beaten Campeau at his own game. When the train left for End o'Track, the cars were filled with men, eager to find the gold which they thought lay at the track's end.

The next day as Mollie, carrying two mail bags, stepped on a hand car which stood on a siding, Jeff hurried down the tracks to join her.



Jeff and Leach Smiled

"I'm taking the mail to the men at End o'Track," Mollie explained.

"I'm going out there, too," Jeff told her. "Do you mind if I go along?"

A moment later Mollie and Jeff rolled away, pumping the hand car.

For a long time they rode in silence.

"How did you get started on a career of death and destruction like this?" Mollie asked seriously, as they paused to rest.

"I was studying to be an engi-



They Pumped the Hand Car

neer, building bridges," Jeff explained quietly. "Along came the war and they needed my guns more than my bridges. So my dreams went up in smoke."

"I see," Mollie said thoughtfully. "I've been wondering about you. You have the manners of a gentleman, the smile of a boy and the quick hand of a gunman. I guess we're a lot alike, Jeff. We're both dreaming of things we can't have."

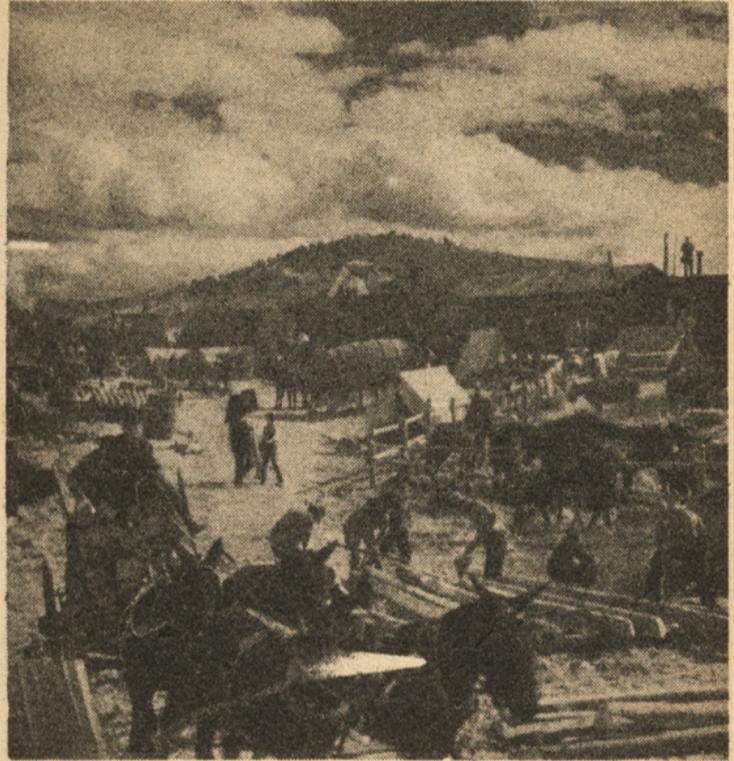
A few hours later they reached the bustling activity and noise of



They Paused to Rest

the rough settlement at End o'-Track. Cars, tents and shacks housed the workmen and their wives and children. Army sentries were posted here and there to keep a sharp lookout for hostile Indians.

Slowly and steadily the track was moving westward. First went the men who laid the ties, followed by a platform car carrying the rails. When the car reached the end of the newly laid track, the rails were loaded onto a lorry, drawn by a horse. The lorry was driven forward the length of a



They Arrived at End o'Track

rail. Then two rails were lifted by two groups of five men, standing on both sides of the lorry, and the lorry moved on another rail's length.

As the foreman shouted "Down!" the men dropped the rails into place on the ties. Another crew of men placed four spikes in each rail and other workmen, with sledges, drove the spikes into the ties.

Then the platform car was pushed forward and other spikes were driven into the rails and ties



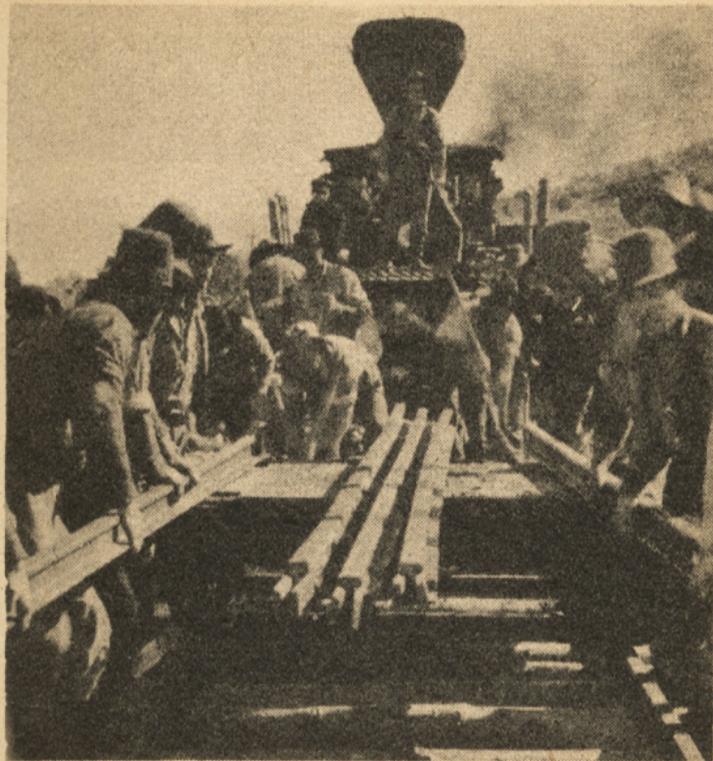
The Men Laid the Ties

after the car had passed over the newly laid track. The "gandy dancers" followed the platform car, tamping down the earth between the ties.

While Mollie moved among the men and women, distributing the mail, Jeff hurried to the side of the foreman, who was directing the laying of the rails.

"Any trouble, Dusky?" he asked.

"Say, what was the matter with those crazy muckers you sent out here yesterday?" Dusky smiled. "They started diggin' for gold all



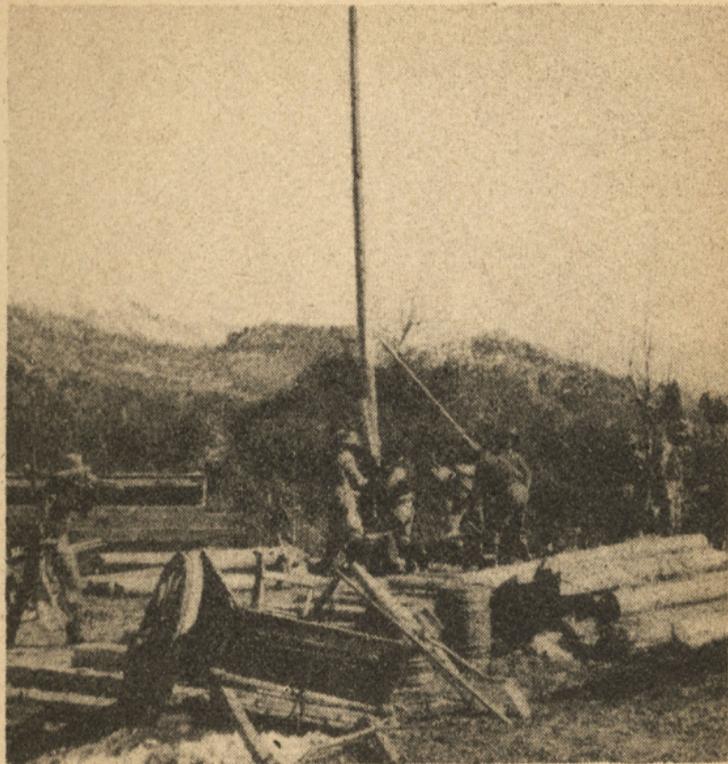
The Platform Car Moved Forward

over the place. But we're layin' three miles of track a day, even if the men aren't gettin' their pay. Say, Jeff, is it true that the head men of the railroad are comin' out here?"

"Yes, on an inspection tour," Jeff answered. "General Grant's with them."

"I sure wish they'd bring our pay along," Dusky sighed. "The men are gettin' plenty uneasy with only promises instead of money."

"They'll bring it," Jeff assured the worried young foreman.



They Laid Three Miles of Track a Day

Suddenly Leach and Fiesta rode up to the car where Jeff and Dusky were standing.

"We got plenty of trouble thees time, Captain," Fiesta cried breathlessly. "Nobody's workin' at Graders' Camp."

"A fella named Duke Ring killed Andy Callahan, the foreman," Leach added. "Duke's got the men all yowlin' about no pay. They've quit workin'."

"They've got to work," Jeff said grimly and jumped to the ground. "We can't lay track if there's no



Leach and Fiesta Talked to Jeff

grade. I'll go and see this Ring."

Swiftly Jeff strode to a buckboard in which Mollie was standing, ready to drive the mail to the Graders' Camp.

"Sorry, Mollie," he said as he lifted her in his arms and set her on the ground. Jumping into the driver's seat, Jeff picked up the reins and galloped away.

Mollie, her eyes flashing, grabbed the end of the buckboard as it passed her, ran a few steps with it and swung herself on board.

When Jeff and Mollie reached



Mollie Stood in the Buckboard

the Graders' Camp they found a scene of wild confusion. Duke Ring, ax in hand, was smashing wheelbarrows while he shouted to the listening men, urging them to stop work.

Jeff pushed his way forward and faced the glaring Duke.

"Hello, Mr. Ring. Hello, boys," Jeff said calmly. "Your foreman was a fine fellow. Is Duke Ring taking his place now?"

Mollie, sitting in the buckboard, watched and listened.

"What you goin' to do about it?"



Jeff Faced Duke Ring

Duke swaggered, stepping toward Jeff. "I'm just tellin' the boys that the railroad's broke, that there ain't no use their workin' for money because they won't get none. They're all goin' back to Cheyenne with me."

"I don't believe these men are fools enough to believe a lying wind-bag like you," Jeff said coolly. "I know all you men have wages due you. So have I. And we'll all get every dime the railroad owes us. So let's go to work, boys."

One of the men picked up his



Mollie Watched and Listened

shovel. Duke Ring knocked him down.

"I'll kill the first man who throws a shovel of dirt on that grade," he yelled, brandishing his ax.

Quickly Jeff picked up a shovel, filled it with dirt and looked at the threatening Duke Ring.

"You'll go outa here feet first," Duke snarled, moving toward Jeff.

Suddenly Jeff threw the shovelful of loose dirt into Duke's face. The surprised Duke bellowed with rage, clawing the dirt from his



Jeff Picked up a Shovel

smarting, reddened eyes.

Swiftly Jeff stepped forward and spanked Duke smartly with the shovel, while the onlookers roared with laughter.

The enraged Duke rushed at Jeff, but Jeff side-stepped and spanked Duke again, knocking him forward on his hands and knees.

Duke scrambled to his feet and lunged toward Jeff, who was standing near the watering trough. Again Jeff side-stepped, thrusting the handle of his shovel between the legs of the onrushing Duke,



Jeff Spanked Duke Again

who tripped and sprawled across the water-filled trough. Quickly Jeff pushed the yelling man into the trough.

When Duke's head appeared above the surface of the water, Jeff grabbed his hair and turned to the shouting, laughing men.

"Well, boys, here's your bully," he said and his face was grim.

Then he looked down at the choking, sputtering Duke.

"Hit the ties, Ring, and don't stop to say good-bye," he ordered.

Slowly Duke crawled out of the



Jeff Grabbed Duke's Hair

trough and walked away from the camp.

“Nobody can make you work, boys,” Jeff said quietly, when Duke had disappeared. “But, if you’re through with the job, get out of camp and make room for men who do want to work.”

With friendly shouts the men picked up their shovels and returned to their work of grading the right-of-way for the onward march of the Union Pacific.

A few days later General Grant arrived at the near-by army post



Duke Crawled out of the Trough

and held a conference with General Dodge, Asa Barrows and the other engineering and financial heads of the railroad. After the men had discussed the dwindling finances of the Union Pacific and the activities of the lawless Sid Campeau, Asa Barrows slyly suggested that they change the course of the railroad and make a new survey.

Instantly General Dodge arose.

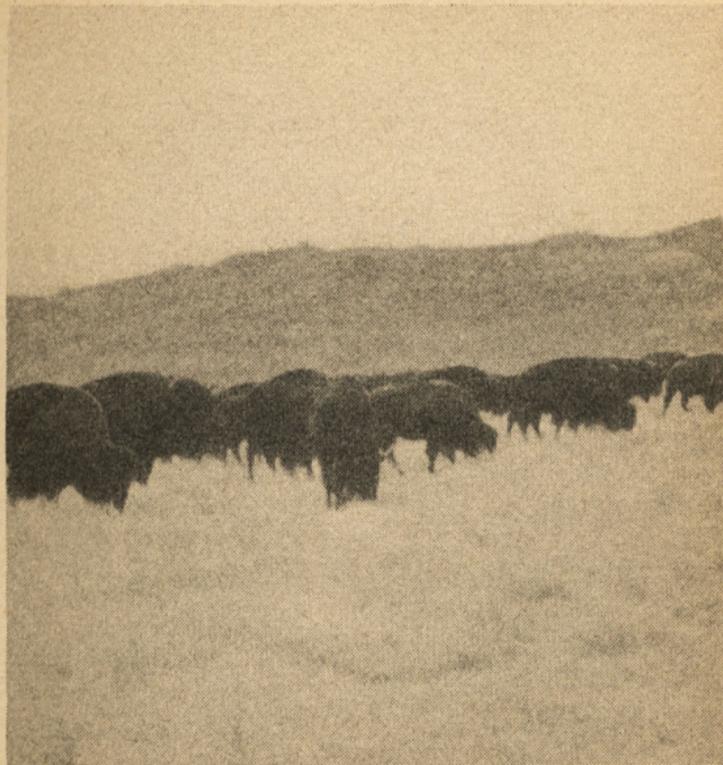
“We can’t change the route and reach Ogden before the Central does,” he said firmly. “Our present



General Grant Arrived

course is the only practical one. We are building on the old buffalo trail and those animals are practical travelers. If you listen to Mr. Barrows' plan, which means ninety miles of additional track, I must resign as chief engineer of the railroad."

The conference lasted for long hours, with General Grant standing firmly on the side of General Dodge. Finally Asa Barrows, seeing the defeat of his scheme for delaying the building of the railroad, agreed with General Dodge.

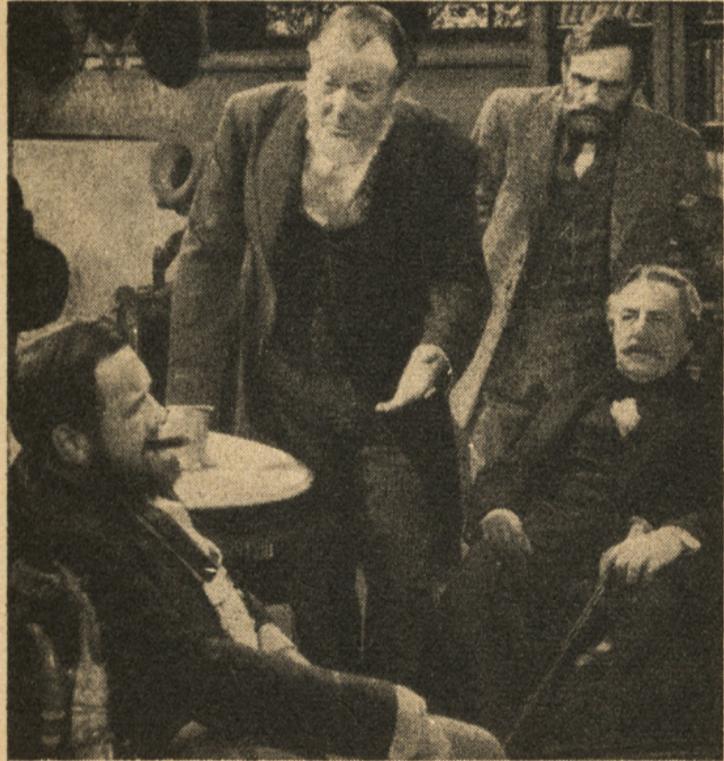


They Followed the Buffalo Trail

At the urgent request of General Grant, Barrows promised to advance more money to the Union Pacific.

"I consider it a privilege to serve the railroad and the next President of the United States," Barrows said smoothly, hiding his disappointment under an oily smile. "The first shipment of cash will be sent before the week is over."

A short time later Asa Barrows met Sid Campeau on a Cheyenne street. Under pretense of asking for a match he whispered rapid



Barrows' Scheme Was Defeated

words to the listening gambler.

“A shipment of money for the railroad payroll is coming in on a special train Tuesday night,” Barrows told Campeau. “I prefer that it never arrives. There will be two hundred thousand dollars and I want most of it back.”

“We’ll get it,” Campeau promised.

“Thanks for the light, stranger,” Barrows said in a loud voice and sauntered down the street.

Campeau hurried to the Big Tent and called Dick Allen into his



Barrows Met Campeau

private office. In a low voice he explained his plans for a hold-up of the train carrying the payroll money.

"It's up to you to get it, Dick," Campeau concluded.

"I'll get it," Dick promised.

Tuesday night Jeff swung off a freight train as it passed Mollie's "postoffice-house" and ran up the steps to join Mollie, who was sitting in a camp chair, sewing.

"Hello, Jeff," Mollie smiled happily. "Where'd you come from?"

"Laramie," Jeff told her, sitting



Campeau Explained His Plans to Dick

on the steps beside her. "There's nothing there now, but tomorrow it will be a town. We're moving on west."

"I know," Mollie nodded. "They are packing up Cheyenne now and loading it on the flat cars. Will you have a cup of tea, Jeff?"

"No, thanks," Jeff answered. "If you don't mind, I'll just sit here with you until the special train gets in. It's bringing the payroll, you know. That will mean a lot to the men."

They sat, talking quietly and



Jeff Sat on the Steps

listening to the noises from the town, where Cheyenne was being loaded onto flat cars to be moved westward to Laramie, the new western terminal of the Union Pacific. Loud music drifted from Campeau's Big Tent across the tracks.

Suddenly Leach and Fiesta walked out of the shadows. When he saw them, Jeff stood up to greet them.

"I don't know what it means, Captain," Leach said in a low voice. "But there's eight of Cam-



They Loaded Cheyenne on Flat Cars

peau's top gunfighters missin' from the Big Tent and Dick Allen's missin' with them. A Mexican boy said they rode east."

"The pay train!" Jeff exclaimed. "Mollie, run to the telegraph office and tell Calvin to stop the train at Pine Bluffs or Egbert Siding. Leach, you get an engine and flat car. Fiesta, you put our horses on the flat car and round up a few men."

Leach and Fiesta hurried away, while Jeff and Mollie ran to the telegraph office. But they were too



Lynne Overman as Leach Overmile

late: The train had left Pine Bluffs and they could get no answer from the closed office at Egbert Siding.

Jeff rushed from the room to the flat car where Leach, Fiesta, three other men and six horses were waiting. At Jeff's signal the engineer started the engine in front of the flat car and they rolled away in the darkness toward the east.

At a lonely siding far out on the empty plain Dick Allen and his masked henchmen had stopped the pay train Jeff and his men were



In the Telegraph Office

speeding to meet. With leveled guns the bandits boarded the train, bound and gagged the guards and crew, opened the strong boxes and mail bags and filled an empty mail bag with the packages of bills which were meant for the railroad payroll.

Suddenly a lookout yelled the excited warning that a train was approaching from the west.

As Jeff's train jerked to a stop, facing the pay train, the masked bandits leaped into their saddles and galloped away.



Masked Men Held up the Train

Quickly Jeff and his men jumped their horses to the ground and sped in pursuit of the fleeing bandits, firing as they rode. Several of Campeau's men returned the fire. But Dick Allen, clutching the money-filled mail bag, crouched low in his saddle and raced toward Cheyenne, while the bullets of his pursuers whined past his head.

On and on Dick galloped, with Jeff close behind him. One of Jeff's bullets struck the mail bag which Dick had slung across his shoulders.



The Bandits Galloped Away

Reaching the outskirts of Cheyenne, Dick dodged between the freight cars and stopped beside Mollie's car. Quickly he flung the mail bag through the window of the car and leaped from his saddle. Then he hailed a passing small boy and gave him a silver coin.

"Go over to the Big Tent and tell Sid Campeau to send a couple of men over to this car," he directed.

"Sure," the boy answered, fingering the coin as he ran away.

As Dick slapped his horse's



Dick Gave a Coin to the Boy

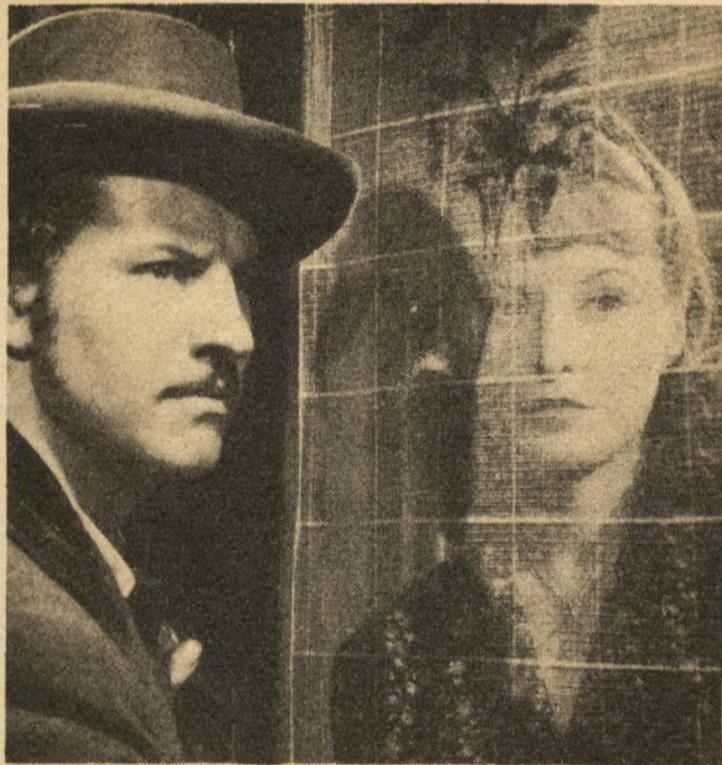
flanks and sent the animal racing down the tracks, the surprised Mollie appeared in the car door.

“Why do you throw mail through the window?” the girl demanded, glancing toward the smashed window pane.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a horse’s hoofbeats.

“Hide that mail bag or you’ll have a killing on your front porch,” Dick cried quickly.

The bewildered girl disappeared inside the car and Dick was leaning carelessly against the door



Mollie Appeared in the Car Door

frame when Jeff rode up to the steps.

“Did a man gallop past here just now?” Jeff asked, suspicion in his eyes as he looked at Dick.

“Yes. You can still see his dust,” Dick answered, pointing down the tracks. “You can get him with a little hard riding. I just happened to be here, waiting for a cup of tea.”

Then Jeff saw the broken window and slid slowly from his saddle.

“I’ll have a cup of tea with you,”



Jeff Rode up to the Steps

he said quietly to Dick.

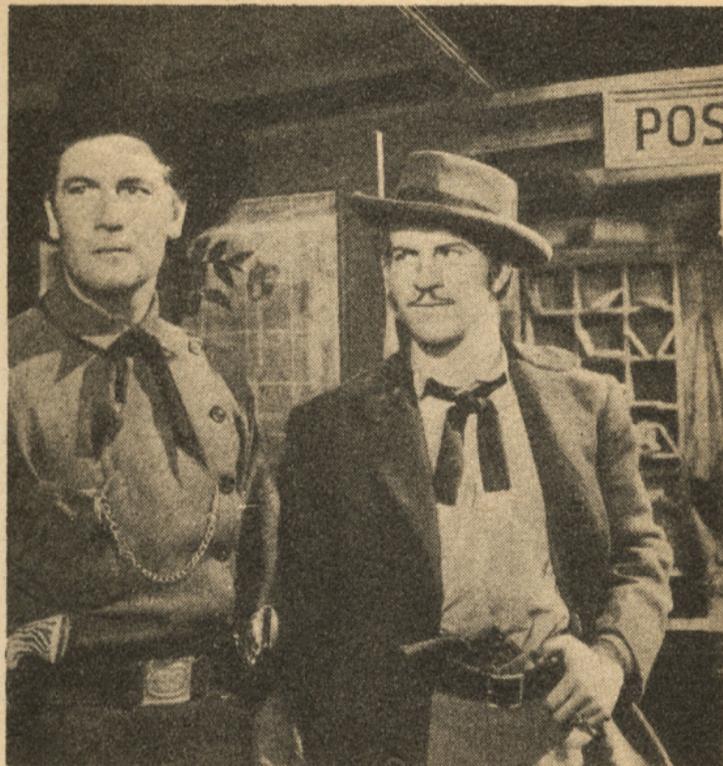
Mollie looked up in amazement when the two men entered the car.

"Can we give Jeff some tea, Mollie?" Dick asked, forcing a smile.

"Of course," the girl answered nervously. "Did you get to the pay train in time, Jeff?"

"No," Jeff told her. "Who broke your window, Mollie?"

"One of the workmen, coming from the Big Tent and throwing bottles at the moon," Mollie stammered after a moment's hesitation.



The Men Entered the Car

“Much of a crowd in the Big Tent tonight?” Jeff asked, turning to Dick.

“I don’t know. I was out at the End o’Track,” Dick answered calmly.

“The dirt at the End o’Track is white gypsum,” Jeff said slowly, looking down at Dick’s boots. “You have got the same dust on your boots that I have. It’s red, like the dirt where the pay train was held up.”

“Don’t tell me the pay train was robbed!” Dick cried in pretended



Jeff Turned to Dick

surprise, acting his part well.

“Yes,” Jeff told him. “The robbers got away with a mail sack filled with payroll money.”

Mollie gasped. Now she knew what was in the mail sack which Dick had asked her to hide. For a moment she stared at the two men. Then she forced a little laugh and set the teacups on the counter before them.

“Well, drink your tea,” she said, filling the cups.

At that moment the door opened. Jeff and Mollie stared in surprise



Mollie Filled the Cups

at the two men who entered the car. Brett and Cookie, two of Campeau's best gunmen, had arrived in answer to Dick's message, sent by the boy.

"Captain Butler's a little upset over a pay train hold-up," Dick told the newcomers.

"You've had your tea, Jeff. Now you'll want to be going after the robbers, won't you?" Mollie asked quickly, her eyes dark with worry.

"Maybe," Jeff answered. He stood up and looked slowly around the car.



They Stared in Surprise

“Lost something?” Dick asked.

“Thought I might find the bottle that broke the window,” Jeff answered with cool calmness.

“Curiosity killed a cat once, Jeff,” Dick said meaningly and touched his gun in its holster. “You had better get goin’.”

Mollie trembled with fear for Jeff. At any moment the three gamblers might draw their guns and Jeff would have no chance against them. At that moment Mollie realized that she loved Jeff. She must save him at any cost.



Dick Touched His Gun

"Dick's right, Jeff," she said quietly. "There's nothing here except six dollars in the cash drawer and my father's savings. Dick's been here with me all evening. We're planning our wedding."

For a long moment Jeff stared at the white-faced, trembling girl.

"Will you swear to that, Mollie?" he asked finally.

"Yes," Mollie answered steadily. "Now please go, Jeff. I want to be alone with Dick."

Without speaking Jeff left the car, climbed into his saddle and



Mollie Asked Jeff to Go

rode away from the car.

Sobbing, Mollie sank down on the wooden box in which she had hidden the mail sack.

“Clear out, both of you,” Dick ordered Brett and Cookie. “Tell Campeau I’ll be over in a few minutes with the money.”

When the men had gone, Dick turned, smiling, to the girl.

“Mollie, my darling, you were glorious,” he cried. “We’ll take our share of the money and go far away together.”

“We’ll do no such thing,” Mollie



Dick Turned to Mollie

interrupted firmly. "We'll take every penny of that money back to the railroad. Use your wits, Dick. Jeff suspects you. You'd never get away with the money. The only chance of saving your neck is to return it, yourself. And there'll be no talk of a wedding till you do as I say."

Thus Mollie persuaded Dick to return the money. They carried the heavy mail sack across the tracks to the car of General Casement, the financial chief of the railroad.



She Asked Him to Return the Money

When they entered the car, Jeff was there, describing the robbery to the General and Sam Reed. The three men stared in surprise when Mollie and Dick put the mail sack on the General's desk.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, General," Mollie smiled. "But this belongs to you."

In answer to the General's questions Mollie explained that she and Dick had been taking a walk when they found the mail sack on the track, where the bandits had dropped it.

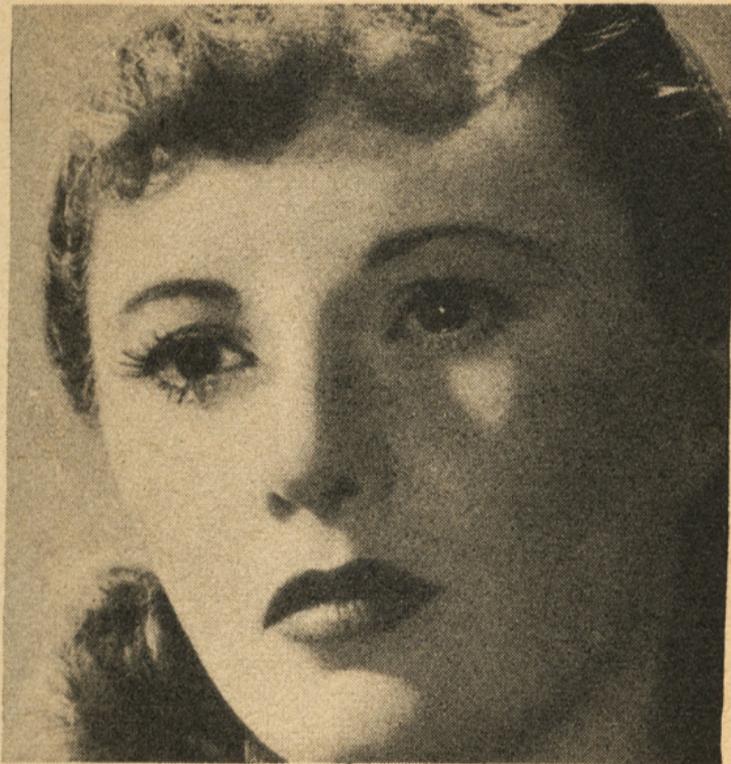


They Put the Mail Sack on the Desk

“We were on our way to talk to Father Ryan about getting married in the morning,” Dick added, smiling.

Jeff gasped and Mollie’s face paled, but she said nothing. She had promised to marry Dick, if he returned the money. She must keep that promise.

“You deserve a medal for this, Mollie, as well as congratulations,” the General said. “But the wedding will have to take place tonight. We’re moving on to Laramie, you know, and Father Ryan’s



Mollie’s Face Turned Pale

church will be on the flat cars in two hours.”

Then the General turned to Jeff.

“I want the men who robbed the train, Captain,” he said quietly.

“Yes, sir,” Jeff replied and left the car.

“The General and I will drive you to the church, Mollie,” Sam Reed said. “It’s little enough we can do for you. You’ve saved the railroad.”

Mollie could only smile with tears in her eyes. She had lied to save Jeff from the guns of Dick



The General Spoke to Jeff

and the other gamblers. She had lied to save Dick from hanging and to save the payroll for the railroad. Now, to make her lies complete, she must marry Dick, although she loved Jeff.

While Mollie was preparing for her wedding, a small, grim army of workmen, armed with sharp axes and led by Jeff, Fiesta and Leach, marched down the street to the Big Tent. The men surged through the doors and faced the surprised, terrified Campeau.

While Leach took command of



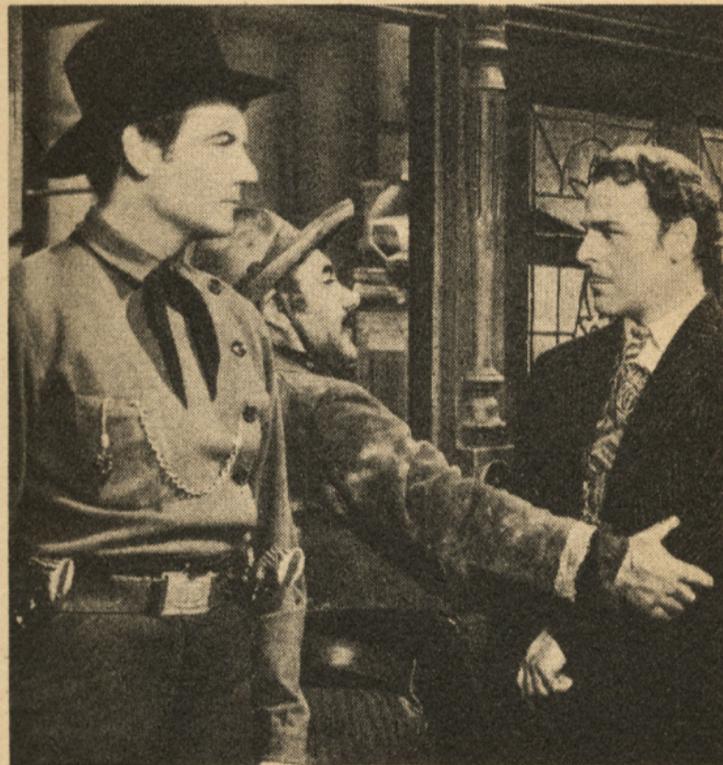
A Grim Army Marched Down the Street

the grim-faced army and the frightened customers of the Big Tent, Fiesta pushed Campeau into his office. Jeff followed and closed the door.

“Who held up the train, Campeau?” Jeff demanded, facing the gambler.

“How should I know?” Campeau answered with blustering insolence.

Again and again Jeff asked the question. Again and again the white-faced Campeau protested his ignorance. Finally Fiesta uncurled



Fiesta Pushed Campeau into His Office

his bull whip and slashed it viciously through the air.

As the whip whistled past his head, Campeau winced and grew paler.

“Dick Allen sold you out to the railroad tonight, Campeau,” Jeff said finally. “He gave back the money.”

“You’d better talk,” Fiesta muttered, swinging the whip dangerously close to Campeau’s head.

“All right,” Campeau stammered, his teeth chattering. “I’ll talk. Sure, Dick stuck up the



Fiesta Swung the Whip

train. He stuck it up!"

"That's all I wanted to know," Jeff said, opening the door and pushing Campeau out into the main room of the Big Tent.

The huge room was tensely silent. The ax-armed workmen stood quietly, waiting for orders from Jeff. Campeau's crowd and customers were waiting, too.

Jeff spoke in a loud, firm voice. Instantly the room was filled with shouting voices and the crash of breaking glass and wood. While some of Jeff's men vigorously



They Waited for Orders

smashed the Big Tent to bits, others hurried Campeau and his crowd into the street, put them on horses and mules and drove them out of town. At last Campeau's work against the railroad was ended and the Union Pacific was free of him and his crowd.

After he had sent the snarling Campeau on his way, Jeff hurried down the street to the little church. As he entered the doors, Father Ryan was reading the marriage service for the kneeling Mollie and Dick.



Mollie and Dick Were Married

A moment later they rose to their feet and walked down the aisle. Jeff stopped them near the door.

“I’ve come for you, Dick,” he said quietly. “Campeau talked. He told us that you held up the train.”

Mollie and the others gasped. Low, angry murmurs filled the church.

Suddenly Dick dashed for the open window, leaped through it and disappeared in the darkness outside.

“Don’t shoot into the crowd in



Leach Had Followed Jeff

the street," Jeff shouted to the men who were drawing their guns.

Then he turned to Leach who, with drawn gun, had followed him.

"Get a couple of horses," he told the old scout. "We'll follow Allen."

"No, Jeff," General Casement interrupted. "You go on to Laramie with the train. They'll be needing you there. Leach and Fiesta will stay here and give Dick his medicine."

With one last look at the weeping Mollie, Jeff left the church.



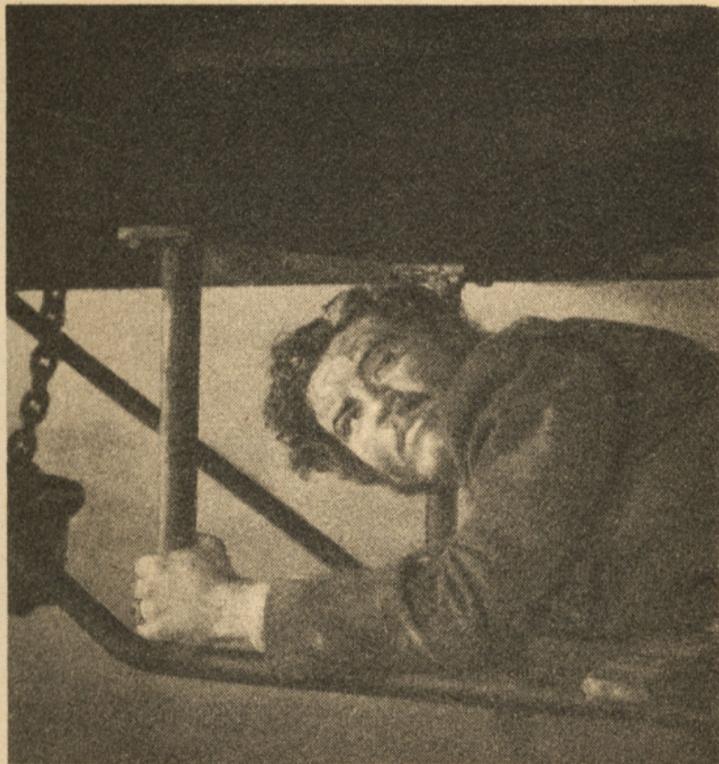
Dick Staggered into the Car

Hours later, as dawn spread over the country, Mollie stood in the open doorway of her car as the train sped from Cheyenne to Laramie.

Suddenly Dick Allen staggered up from the rods into the car.

Mollie stared at him, too surprised to speak, while he explained that he had escaped from his pursuers in Cheyenne and had hidden under her car, riding on the rods until the train had reached the open plains.

“There’s danger for you on this



Dick Rode the Rods

train, Dick," Mollie said finally, as Dick washed the dirt and cinders from his face. "Jeff Butler's on board, riding in the caboose."

Suddenly a bullet crashed through the car window and smashed a lamp. At the same moment Mollie and Dick heard the thunder of hoofbeats and wild warwhoops.

A war party of painted Indians was galloping beside the train, shooting, yelling and waving tomahawks.

Instantly shots blazed from the



An Indian War Party

caboose, where Jeff, the brakeman and the conductor were standing by the window, firing at the racing redskins. The morning air was filled with the yells of the savages, the roar of guns, the shattering of window glass and the rumble of the speeding, heavy train.

Mollie's car swayed and creaked as she and Dick fired again and again through the broken windows.

A short distance down the tracks other Indians were chop-



The Indians and the Water Tower

ping down the supports of a huge water tower which stood beside the rails. When the supports were loosened, the Indians tied rawhide ropes to the beams, mounted their horses and rode away from the tower, pulling the ropes with all their strength.

The engineer grabbed the brake lever but, before he could stop the onrushing train, the water tower toppled down across the tracks and the engine crashed into it. With a smashing of metal and splintering of wood, the engine rolled over and



Inside the Wrecked Car

its boiler exploded with a deafening roar.

The first three cars piled on top of each other in a tangled mass. Mollie's car careened off the track, crashed into a telegraph pole and finally came to a stop with a mass of wires dangling over it. The other coach and caboose swayed crazily as they jumped the track, but they did not overturn.

With bloodcurdling whoops the Indians surged around the wrecked train, firing into the debris.

Mollie and Dick staggered to

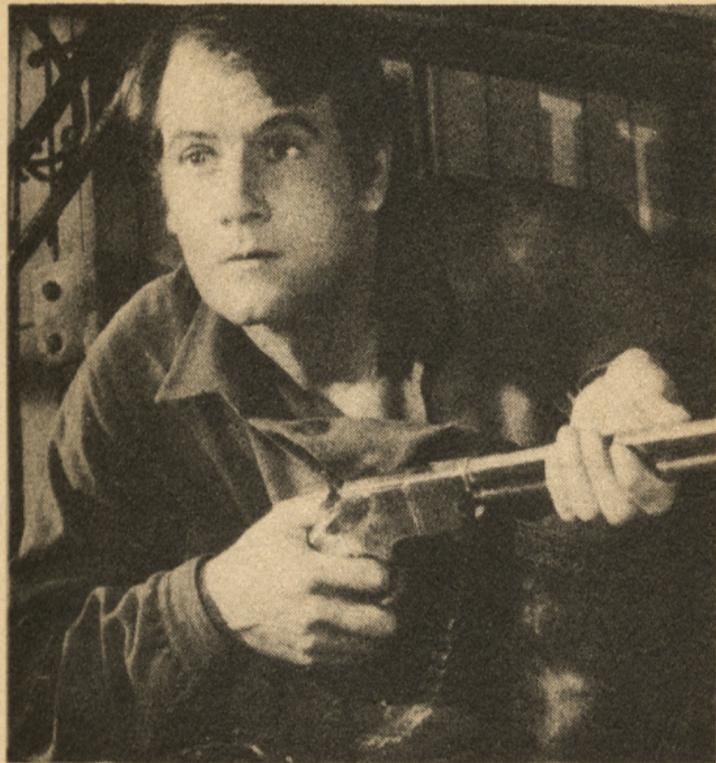


The Indians Looted the Cars

their feet in the wreckage of their car, but they did not fire their guns, knowing that the shots would attract the attention of the Indians.

While the redskins looted the three crushed cars in the front of the train, Jeff started in search of Mollie. Rifle in hand, he moved warily toward Mollie's car, crouching in the wreckage to escape the eyes of the marauding Indians.

Finally he reached the broken door of Mollie's car and slid inside. Mollie and Dick looked up



Jeff Crouched in the Wreckage

with terrified surprise, which turned to smiles of relief when they saw that it was Jeff and not an Indian.

“We’re the only ones left alive,” Jeff whispered. “The Indians are so busy up front that they’ve forgotten this car. How’s your ammunition?”

“About twenty cartridges left,” Mollie sighed.

“Our only chance of getting help is to send a message to Cheyenne, but there’s no way of doing it,” Jeff said, facing the other two.

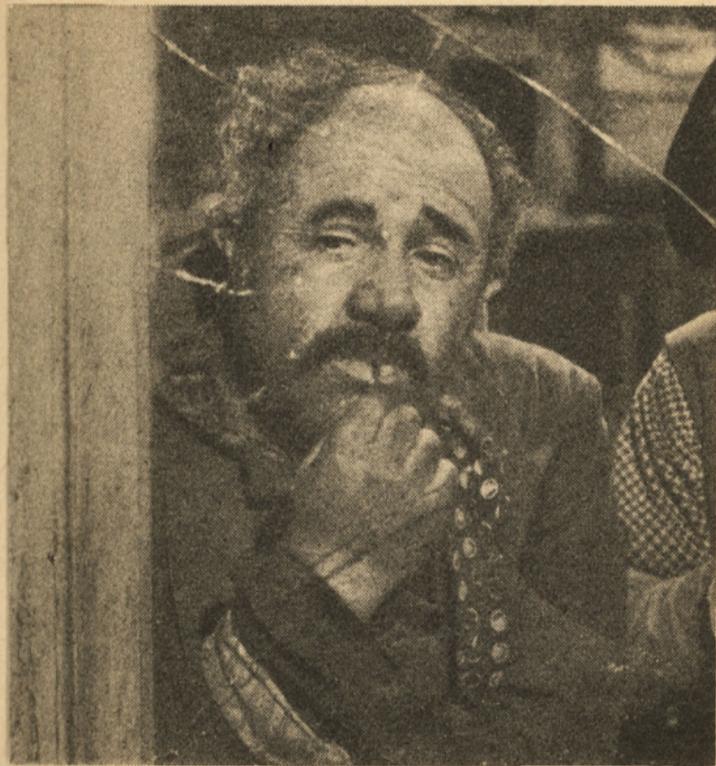


Jeff Faced Mollie and Dick

“The telegraph operator in Cheyenne taught me how to send messages without a key,” Mollie cried and pointed to the broken telegraph wires hanging over the car door. “Cut one wire, Jeff, and give me a gun.”

Cautiously Jeff leaned from the door and pulled in a wire, cutting it in two pieces. Mollie fastened one end of the wire to a poker and placed the other end between the hammer and firing pin of a gun.

“Leach and Fiesta are still in Cheyenne, looking for Dick,” Jeff



Akim Tamiroff as Fiesta

said in a low voice. "If only we can reach them, they'll bring help to us."

Wearing a buckskin glove, Mollie ticked out a call for help by touching the poker to the gun barrel, an electric spark flashing with each contact.

Again and again Mollie ticked out the message while the savage yells of the Indians filled the car.

Far away in Cheyenne, the telegraph operator heard the faint call. With a low cry of alarm he ran to find Leach and Fiesta.



They Clutched Their Guns

Tensely Jeff and Dick waited and listened as Mollie tapped out the message. Suddenly the three looked at each other in white-faced terror as they smelled smoke and heard the crackling of flames. Clutching their guns, they moved toward the windows.

"They've set fire to the cars and they're coming this way," Jeff muttered.

As he spoke, the painted body of an Indian appeared in the doorway. In his hand he held a clubbed rifle.



The Indian Held a Clubbed Rifle

Jeff fired and the Indian fell. "Now they'll know we're here," Jeff sighed. "Load up and get ready."

Quickly they loaded their guns and barricaded the door.

For a moment there was silence outside, as the surprised Indians heard the shot. Then there was a loud whoop as the redskins rushed toward Mollie's car.

The Indians surrounded the car, yelling and firing at windows and door. The guns of Jeff and Dick blazed in a steady answering fire,



They Crouched in a Corner

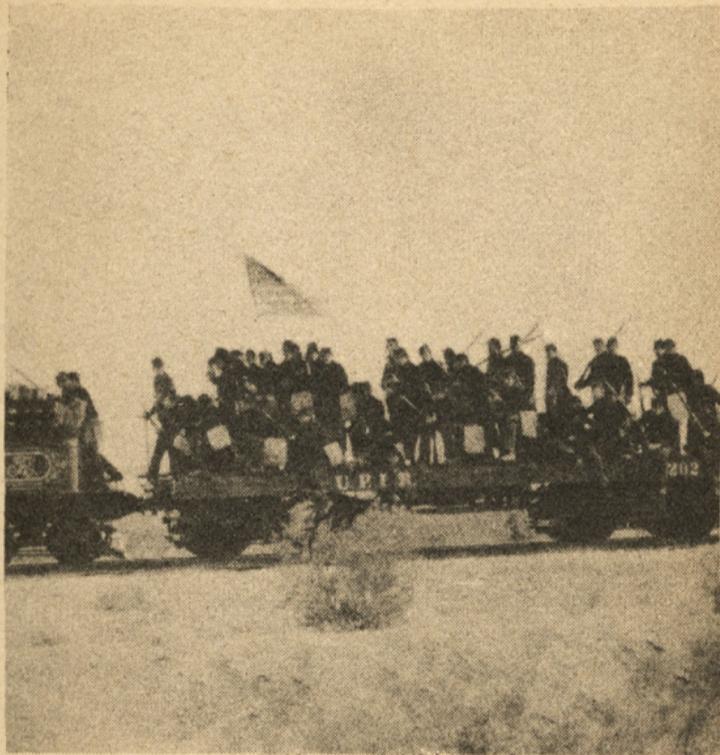
while Mollie reloaded the guns.

Suddenly Mollie gasped. Only three cartridges were left.

"We'll save them till the last," Jeff murmured as the three crouched in a corner. "It's better to end it, ourselves, than to let those Sioux take us prisoner."

Then, suddenly, the shrill toot of a train whistle sounded above the noise of gunfire and the shouting of the savages.

"It's Dad and his engine," Mollie cried, her eyes glowing. "I'd know that whistle anywhere."



The Rescue Train

Far down the track the old engine, with Mollie's father, Leach and Fiesta in the cab and two flat cars filled with soldiers, was racing toward the burning train.

The Indians heard the whistle, too, and saw the train rushing toward them. With guttural shouts they leaped onto their horses and fled in wild disorder across the plain, firing a few last shots as they galloped away.

One of those last bullets struck Mollie and she fell to the floor of the car. Quickly Dick lifted her in



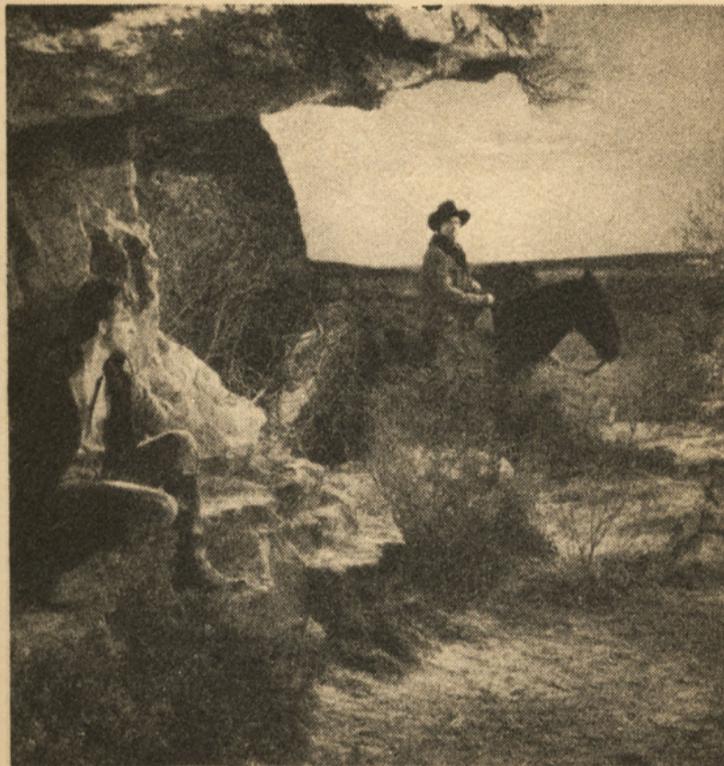
Jeff Knelt Beside Them

his arms and Jeff knelt beside them.

“You’d better go, Dick,” Jeff said quickly. “I’ll take care of Mollie. When the soldiers get here, you’ll be a dead man. Go up to Skull Rocks. I’ll bring you word there tonight.”

For a moment Dick looked down at Mollie’s still, white face. Then he gave her to Jeff and quietly slipped away from the car.

A few minutes later the rescue train arrived and the car was filled with anxious soldiers and



Jeff Found Dick

deeply troubled men.

Late that night Jeff found Dick, hidden among the boulders of Skull Rocks.

“The doctor says Mollie will get well,” Jeff told Dick. “Now you’ll have to go, Dick. We’ve fought side by side many times, but you’re on the other side now. I’ve brought you a horse, a gun, blankets and grub. I’m doing it for Mollie.”

“All right,” Dick said quietly. “I’ll go to your enemy, the Central Pacific, and help it the way I helped the Union Pacific. When the



Jeff Gave Dick a Gun

Union meets the Central, I'll be there, Jeff, to claim my wife. There's just one thing more. You are wasting time on Campeau. The man behind him is Asa Barrows."

Silently the men shook hands and Dick rode slowly away.

As the weeks passed, the Union Pacific struggled onward, desperately trying to beat the Central to Ogden. The Union crossed the Wasatch Mountains in the dead of winter when the snow lay deep upon the ground. Once, when they found the earth frozen too hard to



General Dodge Agreed to Jeff's Plan

tunnel, Jeff suggested that they lay the tracks on the hard-packed snow and go around the mountain, instead of through it. In his frantic desire to avoid a long delay, General Dodge agreed to Jeff's plans and the tracks were laid on the snow.

Mollie's father was chosen to pilot the first engine across the snow-bedded tracks. Bravely he set out on his dangerous journey, with Jeff as his fireman. But the snow would not hold the weight of the engine. The tracks collapsed



Jeff Was the Fireman

and the engine plunged down the mountain-side.

Jeff fell clear of the wreckage, but Mollie's father was pinned under the engine. The valiant old engineer died in Jeff's arms.

Jeff insisted that they try again, rather than lose thirty days dynamiting a tunnel through the frozen mountain. Finally General Dodge agreed. New tracks were laid on the snow. Then, with Jeff at the throttle, an engine made the trip safely around the mountain, while the onlookers cheered with joy.



The Onlookers Cheered

Fighting snow and storms, the Union Pacific plunged onward across the remaining sixty miles to Ogden, beating the Central Pacific in the great race.

President Grant selected Promontory Point, a few miles west of Ogden, as the place where the two Pacific railroads should meet and join their rails in one track.

The town was filled with excited, cheering people on the gala day when the two trains met, engine facing engine, completing the long rib of rails across the country.



The Two Trains Met

While the crowd applauded, Leland Stanford, Governor of California and President of the Central Pacific, struck the first blow on the gold spike, uniting the two tracks.

The second blow was struck by Vice-President Durant of the Union Pacific. The third blow was struck by Asa Barrows whose financial aid, in spite of his own wishes, had made possible the victory of the Union Pacific.

Jeff, standing on the cowcatcher of the Union Pacific engine, sud-



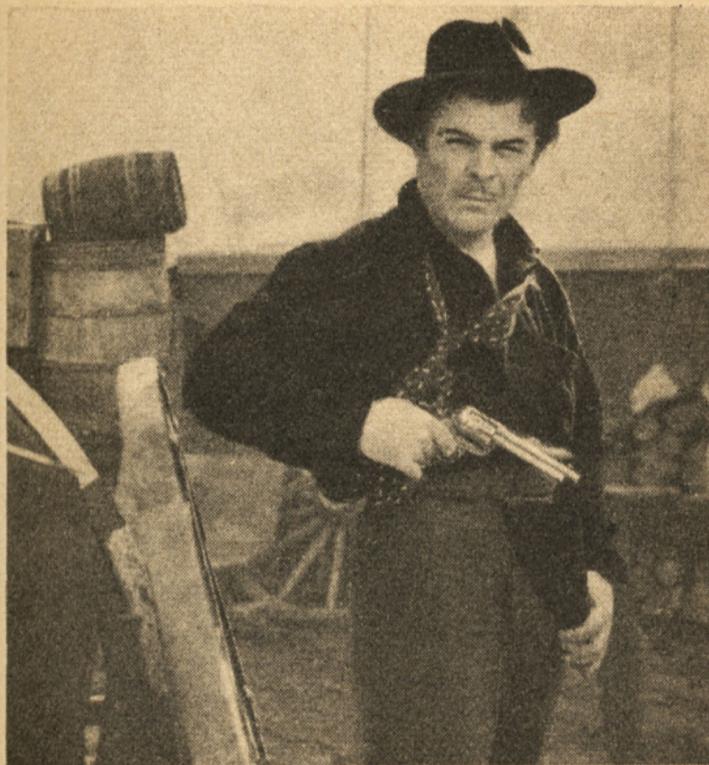
Jeff Leaned on the Cowcatcher

denly saw Dick Allen near the Central engine. As Jeff watched, Dick saw Mollie and rushed through the crowd to join her. Quietly, his face unsmiling, Jeff walked away.

A few minutes later a workman hurried toward Mollie and Dick.

"I can't find Captain Jeff anywhere," the man panted. "I want to tell him that Campeau's in town, layin' for to shoot him."

"And Jeff's not wearing his guns," Mollie gasped in sudden fear.



Campeau Watched for Jeff

"Stay here, Mollie," Dick said, his face grim. "I'll find Jeff."

Jeff walked down the street toward General Casement's office. Campeau, who had been watching for him, saw him and slunk behind the corner of a building, waiting.

Jeff entered the General's office before he passed Campeau's hiding place. A moment later Dick walked quickly down the street, looking for Jeff. He passed the office and drew near to Campeau. Campeau, hearing the footsteps and believ-



Campeau Stepped From Hiding

ing it was Jeff, fired.

The bullet struck Dick and he slid to the ground, firing as he fell. But his bullet went wild.

As Campeau stepped from his hiding place, Jeff appeared in the office door. Quickly Campeau slid out of sight and Jeff ran to Dick, kneeling beside him. Silently Campeau slipped out of hiding and pointed his gun toward Jeff's back.

But, before he could fire, a gun roared and Campeau toppled forward on his face. A few paces down the street stood the faithful



Campeau Pointed His Gun Toward Jeff

Leach, a smoking revolver in his hand.

An hour later Jeff found Mollie.

"Where's Dick?" the girl asked.

"He'll be waiting for us at the End o'Track, Mollie," Jeff whispered.

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