The Whig's Serial

A Story of Mountain Railroad

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

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of Genral Holmes, railroad man, is rescued 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 eagrue, promoter, from a threatened col-Safebreakers employed by Seagrue the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally eagrue, and though they are taken from er, finds an accidentally made proof of he survey blueprint. Storm is employed Rhinelander, Spike, befriended by felon, in his turn saves her and the rightof-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps elen and Storm win for Rhinelandrace against Seagrue for right-of-Helen, Storm and Rhinelander res-Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike teals records to protect Rhinelander, and torm and Helen save Spike from death the burning court house, Vein in uperstition mine pinches out. Seagrue alts it and sells it to Rhinelander. The ine is relocated. Rhinelander gives Helen and George each one-third of the Supertition mine stock. Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spoiled.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

HELEN'S RACE AGAINST TIME

A fortnight spent at the Hotel Holly wood went very rapidly for Helen Holmes. The princely munificence of her foster uncle, Amos Rhinelander, in making her again through his gift of a substantial interest in the Superstition mine, a young woman of large means, had restored her to social responsibilities. These were hers by right of birth and inferitance but she had been deprived of them by the untimely death of her father.

Nor was her benefactor a man to do things by halves. During the time that Helen was his guest in the city. he seemed an unusually busy man. Always fully occupied, his time now was hardly his own, so frequent were his "" dashes in and out of town, and so many his engagements. And during this time something of an air of mystery surrounded his movements despite all he could do to make them appear as of ordinary routine imposed on him by his railroad interests. To Helen's frequent queries as to what he was doing day after day. Rhinelander returned answers which no doubt seemed to him to satisfy her. But Helen perceived these were mere evasions calculated to put her off and kept her in

ignorance of what he really was doing. What ostensibly was most on his mind was that Helen should make all preparations for resuming a social for some strenuous time a stranger.

He had already restored to her service, after diligent inquiry, the faithful maid with whom Helen had parted when she left her father's house.

On the morning that Helen walked with her maid out of the hotel and go to her room." stepped into Rhinelander's car, the sun was shining in a clear sky. Helen was driven from the city rapidly north along the Santa Barbara boulevard by to Rhinelander, threw her arms until the party entered the country



"Can You Forgive Me?"

canyons and foothills of the San Pablo

valley. "Why, Uncle Amos,' she said sud-We are getting close to Signal?"

denly, "where are you taking me? "We are going to Signal," he replied quietly.

"What, pray, are you going to do at Signal?" demanded Helen.

"I've a number of things to there," returned Rhinelander unper-"But I can't do them until we get there, so why worry about it? Rhinelander only looked straight

ahead and preserved an unruffled si- Helen." lence: a silence that Helen, herself, was not unwilling to break as the car sped on toward the iron gates that guarded the entrance to her father's | a telegram for Helen. She opened it former estate. Would it turn in there, and read: she asked herself, or continue on up the bay road?

The great gates were wide open and & lodgekeeper busied himself close to one of them. Helen was not left long in suspense. Apparently, Rhinelander's

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVE ING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORA-

TION. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

driver had had his orders, for his employer gave none, but the heavy car, swept past. Something in his salute awoke old memories-could he be the one. And for this reason-and to

"He ought to," returned Rhineland

"Why 80?"

"Because he is the same man." The car drew up before the house and stopped: . "What are you going to do?" asked Helen in an undertone, "make a call here?"

"Yes," answered Rhinelander preparing to get out while a footman, running down the steps, opened the tonneau door for him, "And," he added, "I want you to come in with me."

Helen's brow furrowed a little in perplexity. "But I don't know these people," she murmured under her

side of the open tonneau door for Helen, held out his hand: "You'll find you're mistaken," he said to Helen convincingly. "You know almost everyone here. And even from those you ly a moment afterward, a man apdon't know, I can promise you a genu-

"Uncle Amos," demanded Helen, hurrying with him up the flight of steps that led to the familiar vestibule, and toward which Rhinelander seemed hastening with unusual energy, "what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what, Helen, the moment you cross the threshold."

Her mald was at her elbow and excitement of the little Frenchman, in her sparkling eyes and compressed lips-Helen read more of the great secret. She drew a deep breath and standing in the big hall, looked around: "Why," she faltered, "everything seems just as I left it. Am dreaming?" She drew her hand faintly across her eyes. "What does this These furnishings - everything! Uncle Amos," she cried under her breath, "who lives here? What is it? What has happened?"

"Helen," he took her two hands into his own, "this is now your home just as it used to be. And your old friends are nearly all here to greet you."

A group of servants, men and women, stood at the entrance to the dining state of life to which she had been room. They were familiar faces to the agitated girl.

Tears welled into her burning eyes as she looked into the faces smiling around her.

"Annette," said Rhinelander briskly to the maid, "Miss Holmes wishes to

Like one dazed, Helen turned toward the foot of the stairs but she did not go up. Instead, she ran impulsiveabout his neck and kissed him. The familiar to her for many years—the two stood for a moment in silence neither of them equal to speaking, then Helen turned to Annette who waited and Rhinelander, blowing his nose vigorously, walked out into the

on the lawn when Spike came hurry- to accompany him. They left the room ing up the drive carrying in his arms | together a little later and getting into two little dogs. "They're for you," he muttered gruffly to Helen when she asked about them. "I knew what Mr. | the station and was talking to the Rhinelander was doing all this time," he said, relaxing into a grin, "and I in and Storm got off, saw Spike and couldn't keep up with his pace in mak- the two left for the house. ing presents, but I wanted to bring you something."

"Why, these little dears are a royal ought never to have done such a thing. | happiness and Rhinelander, perceive They're beauties!"

"Oh, no," demurred Spike. "But they are," declared Rhinelander. "Where did you get them, Spike?"

Spike made light of the matter. "They didn't cost much," he said modestly. "I traded an old kit of burglar tools for the pair o' them. I thought." he added simply. "I might never need the tools again-they were mostly old models-and you might need the dogs. That's no joke," he insisted, when he saw how Helen and Rhinelander were laughing. "These dogs are better than all kinds of burglar alarms. And," he nodded slightly toward Rhinelander. "as I've been given the job of watch- at her evenly. Her eyes fell under his men watched them walk away with man on these grounds, I'm thinking about myself, too. They'd be a big

Everything that day seemed to come

Miss Helen Holmes, Will be on Local today. GEORGE STORM. Helen's face reflected the pleasure the news gave her; she handed the meet Storm at the station.

who had been telling Helen of his Earl Seagrue, has treated both you ger. and me. He has been about as meaa mere boy and asked mc, on her | Spike on a search for Helen. Helen regarded her friend intently. away. "Seagrue is going to pieces," Rhinelander went on. "I cannot tell you man of himself again, if he will be affection—that was Seagrue. vited are here today, to invite him to

come, also," face. "I know that you don't like to do it. It's almost an impossibility to ask you to do it; but bor my sake, Helen, I wish you would." He said no more. but left her alone. It certainly was rather a bitter thing for her. But she knew she owed more than that to her benefactor.

Rhinelander was quite right. Seagrue had been rapidly going to pieces. He was conferring that day with Wardand with Adams, his servant, concerning their unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of the Superstition Rhinelander standing on the ground | mine. The slightest mishap to Seawhile the footman waited at the other | grue's plans served now to infuriate him to a degree of anger such as he had never previously given way to. He upbraided both the men roundly and dismissed Ward with abuse. Hardpeared at the apartment door with a note. Seagrue opened it impatiently:

> My dear Mr. Seagrue: I shall, be at home today to my friends. There will be tennis and tea.

HELEN HOLMES. prise. It certainly was not overcordial. yet, it might mean an opening in a di-

know, as well as I do, how my nephew, long weeks for its place on your fin- The tennis games were finished and i "It's all right to try anything you'd

what it has cost we in more ways livered his imperative message. And, hands,

keeper lifted his cap as the party him for my sister's sake, to make a vious eyes some of their exchanges of safely on the train.

same who had served her father? she | show his associates in his prosperous | liberately to where Storm stood gazing | patcher: asked herself. "That man," she re days that his own relatives are not go- after his departing fiancee. The young. Train No. 8 will wait at Feely Juncwound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death.

Helen goes to work on the Tidewater.

When your friends whom I have inSeagrue's face, the moment the latWhen your friends whom I have inSeagrue's face, the moment the latWhen your friends whom I have inSeagrue's face, the moment the lat-He saw the grave look on Helen's Holmes," he remarked with a touch of

Storm fired instantly, "Why shouldn't "Rather ambitious," sneered Seagrue, "for a discharged locomotive en- further questions.

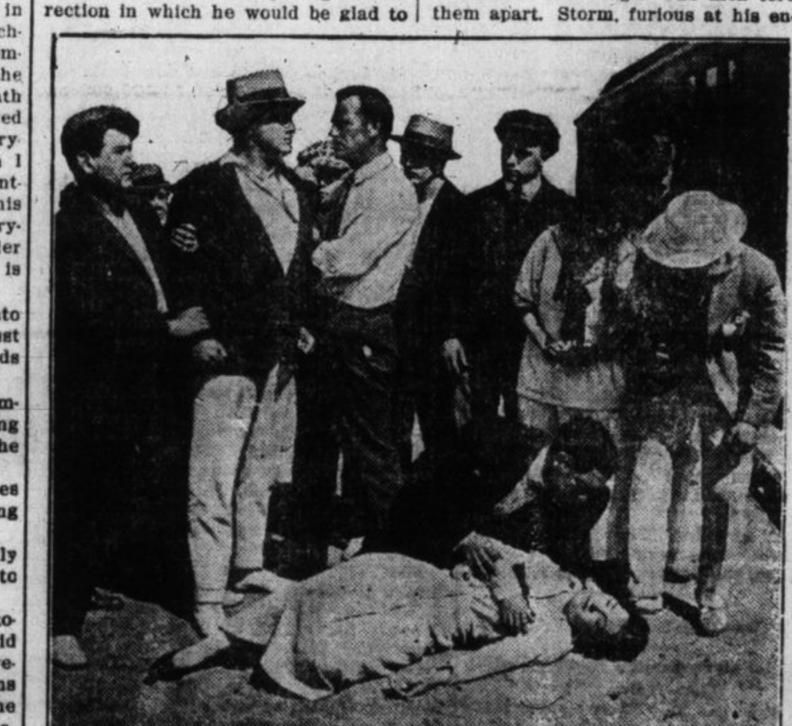
what I thought of you, you'd be glad to be a discharged locomotive engi-Well, Helen Holmes is going to be my wife, and if you say another word about her or about me," averred Storm, without casting about for fine words, "I'll knock your infernal block off." Seagrue strode toward him in fury.

mean by threatening me? Get back to your cab and keep your impertinence to yourself." Storm's arm shot out. The next moment the two men were engaged in a

"You impudent rascal! What do you

pitched battle. Spike, at a distance, saw the mix-up, ran to Helen to warn her of the disturbance and hastened away to separate the pair.

Helen, in her excitement, started af ter Spike. Rhinelander and others followed. Storm and Seagrue were at it hammer and tongs. The men tore them apart. Storm, furious at his en-



Seagrue Again Attempted to Interfere.

Some hours later he and Helen were to drive out, and told Adams he was a new roadster, started for Signal. Spike, in the meantime, had gone to agent when the local passenger pulled

It was a delightful moment when Storm greeted Helen and Rhinelander under the old caks. The young rail gift," insisted Helen. "Spike, you road man seemed bubbling over wit ing his great anxiety to segregate Helen for a little talk, summoned Spike and left the couple to themselves.

Storm led Helen to the shade of on of the big trees. "I was coming up to day, anyway, Helen," he begant "even if I had not got your note. You know what I have been doing for two weeks -about five men's work."

"I know," returned Helen happily, "but the best of it is, you are equal

went on, speaking rapidly and not altrouble has been, I've never felt in a disapprobation,

that he would accept. He gave or- lander, launched a terrific abuse at | we can reach the engineer." ders for the trip to Signal, resolving | Seagrue and did not choose nice words in denouncing him and his conduct. Indeed, his anger was so uncontrol- moving engine and taking the track lable, and to Helen's mind his lack of like a hurdle, crossed to the right side restraint before her guests so inex- of the engine. For one moment the cusable, that she upbraided Storm se- lives in the motor car hung narrowly verely for his intemperate language. in the balance; the hind wheels

handkerchief, already had himself un. of a second. Helen tried to cry out der better control. It was his oppor- her warning to the engineer. But he, tunity to take advantage of Storm's mistaking her intent as the fireman natural but extreme indignation, and had done, grew angry at what aphe made the most of the moment by peared to him a crazy joy ride. He professing to Helen to excuse Storm's refused to listen or look any longer fury, but blaming his bad temper for toward the motorists, but waved them the disturbance. Storm, himself, contemptuously off, calling them roundcooled down by Spike, now tried to ly for their idiocy and sitting down make his apologies to Helen.

But is was too late. Helen would not listen to him, and, turning away

Reaching the tennis courts, some of the guests took up the play, while others, looking back toward the scene of excitement, saw Helen coming over know it has been the hardest two | with Seagrue and Rhinelander. Reachweeks' work I have ever done in my | ing the courts, Helen, instead of stoplife to keep away from you." He looked | ping, passed on with Seagrue. Two gaze. "I think you realize, Helen," he | particular interest: Spike, who seemed deeply concerned with the awkward help to me as well as a guard for Miss | ways connectedly, "how I've felt to- situation, and George Storm, who now ward you for a long, long time. The began to feel the full force of Helen's

know I love you; I think you under- guests, accompanied a good part of the nothing, it seemed to me, to offer you. I it was not wholly by her own desire. But Mr. Rhinefander has put me in a As her indignation cooled she began afraid or obliged to keep silence. I grounds for his ungovernable outbreak She could not speak. It seemed to her friends all manner of harm re ing.

pated the moment, they could not have however, that Storm should have made | told nim her plan. He protested, say-When Spike had gone, Rhinelander, anticipated the happiness now upon a further effort to tell her, privately, ing she must not attempt what she them. He drew her, unresisting, into he was sorry for having so rudely proposed. "You will only get killed," plans for the future, resumed his sub- his arms and placed upon her finger broken in on the festivities of the day he insisted, "and do nobody any good." ject. "And Helen," he said, at length, his engagement ring. "This isn't the and since he did not, she was suffi- "No," she replied, "I can do it and "I'm going to make a request of you conventional way of doing it. Helen, ciently piqued to profess an interest I'm going to. I know that train can now that may seem very peculiar. You | but this ring has been waiting for two in Seagrue she was far from feeling. | be saved and I'm going to save it."

the guests making ready to go. Helen have any chance of succeeding in, They wandered some distance from was about to start from the courts her- but you'd only be going to your death, as a man could be, in spite of our ef- | the house. But unfortunately for their self when Storm, coming up, spoke I tell you," he persisted. forts to treat him fair. But the fight i. | tete-a-tete the guests were arriving, abruptly to her. But he was too proud over and we have won. He is my only Rhinelander, meeting these as well as and Helen was too disdainful. He tried to open the car door to get out. sister's child. She died when he was he could, was compelled to dispatch could not bring himself to speak furth- Seagrue caught her arm: "You shan't er about the unfortunate incident and. go!" he declared. death bed, to look after Earl and bodo | Spike, who had lost none of his apti- incensed by his attitude, Helen, when him what she would have been, had tude for situations, found her with she extended her hand as he said she lived. You know whether I've tried | Storm among the oaks, and in spite good-by, slipped his ring from her fin- jumped out of the car and running to carry out her injunction; you know of Storm's disgusted expression he deger and gave it to him in shaking swiftly to the edge of the bridge

than one; you know as well as anyone | conscience-stricken at having neglect- Flushed with humiliation, he turned that I have been patient with him." ed her duties as hostess, Helen hurried away. This was not quite what she had expected; but it was too late now Storm, in an exuberance of happi- to recall her precipitateness, and, prenes , watched her go. But another tending not to care-although she did scarcely slackening speed, swerved all I know; but I know enough to dis- than Spike had seen the happy pair care a great deal-she started for the through the open gates and the lodge- tress me very much. I want to help from a distance and watched with en- station with Seagrue to see her guests

> At Signal station Perkins, the agent, Smoking a cigarette, he walked de- was taking an order from the dis-

when your friends whom I have in- Seagrue's face, the moment the lat- Helen's guests were arriving to take ter greeted him: "You appear to be the local. The agent tossed the mesbecoming very friendly with Miss sage to one side and resumed his work. A bevy of-pretty girls appeared at his window. One of them tapped on the pane and asked what time it was. Per-I?" he demanded with equal assurance. kins, always gallant, told them and walked out on the platform to answer

The local that day carried half a "Seagrue," exclaimed Storm, his dozen box cars, with two coaches neck swelling in anger, "if you knew hooked on the hind end for the Signal passengers. When the train pulled in, Storm, with Spike and the tennis neer. So you're jealous, are you? guests, boarded it. Seagrue, having driven up by machine, remained, greatly pleased with the situation. The train drew away from the station and the agent returned to the office. Seagrue and Helen walked down the

> The moment Perkins reached his desk his eyes rested on the flimsy he had forgotten to give the meeting order for No. 8. He dashed out of doors, shouting vainly after the disappearing train. Seagrue stopped him. "What's the matter?"

> Perkins was hardly able to speak: "I overlooked an order. 'Unless we stop the local, she will crash into Number Eight at the Junction."

> Helen, who understood the emergency better than Seagrue, caught her companion's arm: "We must catch; that train," she cried, "or there'll be a terrible accident."

"What do you mean-catch it?" demanded Seagrue. "I'm no sprinter." "In the machine-the machine," cried Helen. "Don't lose an instant. We may be too late."

Seagrue, whose mind did not work as quickly, lost a precious moment in asking questions. Then agreeing to Seagrue's car and started rapidly down ing in pursuit of its severed head. the highway after the local.

saw the fireman on the other side of on the ground as the passengers French Dry Cleaning, into the gangway. A motor car occupled by a man and women and driven rapidly along the road, was overtaking the engine. The fireman surrace-not an unusual thing along that particular tangent. But these racers waved frantically at him. Thinking they were jesting, the fireman waved back in turn.

Helen. "That man thinks we're fooling. You must run ahead of the train, gain advantage and he decided at once | emy but held back by Spike and Rhine and get over on the other side where

With a terrific burst of speed, the motor car pulled ahead of the fast Seagrue, dusting his hands with his missed the pilot by only the fraction

again to his throttle. Seagrue were now speeding, the rail- themselves 'were hustled away by with her guests, left Storm with no. road and the highway part company Spike to give privacy to the little body to sympathize with him but abruptly and all hope of making the scene being enacted between Helen engineer stop came to an end. As the and Storm in the foreground. train pulled away from the road, the motor car was halted and Seagrue and Helen got out. Helen felt keenly distressed, but of a sudden she remembered Burnet Bridge. She whirled on Seagrue: "We can beat them to Burnet bridge, this side of the Junction!"

"Come on," cried Seagrue. "If we're to do that, there's no time to waste. Into the car!" He sprang in-after her forgive me?" and away they went on the new hope.

talking with others in the coach and sorrowfully. I'm awfully bruised up." stand why I've held my peace-I had time by Seagrue. To tell the truth, so absorbed that he caught no sight of Helen on the vanishing highway. But by pressing their car to the utmost | into the pocket of his waistcoat and position where I need no longer be to consider that her lover had some speed, she and Seagrue reached Bur- drew out her ring. "Before we start, net bridge ahead of the train. From want to ask you, Helen, to be my and the exploits in which Seagrue had where they stopped they could see the it belongs." Taking ner unresisting

dispatch to Epike and asked him to noth that though they had long antici- curred to her memory. She did feel, meant to do. She had decided and

Unwilling to waste more time, Helen

"I will go," she cried. Before he could restrain her, she caught hold, of it. The next moment



Helen Dropped to the Top of the

the local dashed through below and Helen jumped to the top of the box car underfoot.

Scrambling up from the deck she ran to the end, hurried down the side ladder and getting between the two cars, she cut off the air and pulled the

The train, torn abruptly in two, separated, the head end jerking on toward the Junction crossing, just ahead, white the hind end slowed down. Number Eight had already whistled for the junction and as the front end of the parted local dashed over the frogs, the heavy passenger train swept swiftly across almost at right angles to it. Fast as it went, its observation car what she declared must be done, the barely, cleared the hind end of the two hurried to the house, boarded local as this followed over the cross-

The local engineer, looking back, After crossing the hill north of the saw what had happened and applied village of Signal, the highway parallels | the air. As he slowed down, the pasthe railroad for some distance. The sengers now awoke to what had haplocal engineman, intent only on main- pened, turned out of the coaches and taining his schedule, was lumbering | ran forward. Helen fell fainting from along at fairly good speed, when he | the side ladder; she lay unconscious crowded up.

Seagrue, who had followed to the Junction in his car, ran toward Helen, but as he approached, an arm shot out before him as a barrier. George mised they were giving the train a Storm whirled him half way around and himself kneeling, lifted Helen from the ground.

Dazed by her fall and opening her eyes slowly on her surroundings. Helen-while Storm anxiously asked "We never can stop them!" cried if she was hurt and reproached her for leaving him-gradually pulled her senses together.

> "Take me away, George," she murmured faintly. "Who are all these people? What has happened?"

At Storm's elbow, while he tenderly cared for and redoubled his efforts to revive Helen, stood Spike, like a watchdog. He kept the circle of passengers from crowding in and when Seagrue again attempted to interfere, Spike escorted him over to his machine and invited him in such unmistakable terms to continue his journey that Seagrue thought best not to rouse Spike's anger further.

Returning hurriedly to the focus of interest about Helen, Spike continued to push the passengers back. When Helen spoke to Storm again, as she soon did, she was able to rise to her feet and those passengers who re-Half mile beyond where Helen and fused to leave the young couple to

"I am desperately sorry, Helen, I forgot myself this morning." George was saying to his offended sweetheast "I know i ought not to have given way, but when that fellow spoke to me as he did-after all his meanness -I felt as if nothing but a good beating-up would do him justice. I forgot you in it, Heien-that's all. Can you

She looked up into his eyes. Wheth-Aboard the train, no one had any | er he found forgiveness there or not, idea of the excitement outside. Storm, he could detect nothing of anger: just right. While the three were to- position to speak until now. You For an hour she moved among her upset by the outcome of the day, was "Take me home, Goorge," she said

"You've nothing on me at that," laughed Storm. He slipped his hand Helen, I'd better put this back where figured in the endeavor to do her and smoke of the local, now fast approach- finger into his own, he slipped the engagement ring over it again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took # "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. Lam grateful to "Fruit-atives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well".

ALBERT VARNER. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa,

Oh!

Come on over to Cooke's and have a Good Photo taken. His studio is 159 Wellington street, near Brock, right next to Carnovsky's Fruit Store.

\$1,000.00 REWARD

For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or pers as suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge St., Toronto, Correspondence invited

Montgomery Dye Works

For the Best in Dyeing and Pressing. J. B. HARRIS, Prop., 225 Princess St.

DATES OF FALL FAIRS.

Dates of fall fairs in Easter tario as announced by the Agricultural societies branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture Toronto, are as follows:

Alexandria Sept. 12 and 1
Almonte Sept. 19 and 2
Arden Oct.
Arden Oct. Oct. 5 and
Belleville Sept 14 and 1
Bowmanville Sept. 19 and 1
Centreville Sept. 1
Cobden Sept. 26-
Cobourg Aug. 23-
Colborne Sont 18-1
Delta Sept. 18-1
Demorestville Oct. 1
Frankford Oct. 21-2
Frankville Sept. 28-2
Frankville Sept. 28-2
Kemptville Sept. 23-2
Kingston Sept. 26-2
Lansdowne Sept. 21-2
Maberly Sept. 26-2
Maderly Sept. 26-2 Mader Oct. 3-
Marmora Sept. 25-2
Maynocth Sept. 2
McDonald's Corners Sept. 2
McDonald's Corners Sept. 2 Merrickville Sept. 14-1
Napanee Sort 12-1
Odorsa Oct. Oshawa Sept. 11-1
Oshawa Sept 11-1
Ottawa Sept. 8-1
LATURE SODI 19-2
Perth f Sept. 1-2 and
reterboro Sont 14.1
Picton Sept 19-2
Port Hope Oct 10-1
Picton Sept. 19-2 Port Hope Oct. 10-1 Renfrew Sept. 20-2
working married
Shannonville Sept. 1
Stella Sent 2
Suring Sept. 28-2
Tamworth Sept 1
Tamworth Sept. 1 Foront Aug. 26-Sept. 1
weed Oct '.
Wolfe Island Sent 19-20
Some dates such as that of the
farrowsmith, Lyndhurst and other
airs have not yet been set. These
vill be added as soon as announced.
the state of the s

Even the man who admits that he caught only one fish may lie about

its weight.