

sible and often take unusual risks in doing so. When the semaphore dropped giving him a clear track, Donnelly put the lever "down in the corner" and pulled out the throttle a few notches and No. 907 was soon eating up the track at a rate that would put them into Kimaina in time to clear the freight, the regulation ten minutes. They had just struck the Kink Hill grade when one of the boxes on the tender began to throw out fire. Donnelly cursed but that did not relieve the axle; he only slackened his speed when the journal was in danger of being melted off. It was 3:35 P. M. when they were off again and it was nearly ten miles to Kimaina but Donnelly evidently had resolved to stop at no blind siding.

In the meantime No. 55 had reached Kimaina; they were late and the conductor was chafing at the delay. 3:40 P. M. came and no light engine in sight. The conductor gave the signal and the long train started out, gaining headway as it struck the King Hill grade, which dropped down just outside the yards.

No. 907 should be on the siding at the foot of the grade; but No. 907 really was halfway up the hill, and the distance between the two engines was diminishing at a speed near 90 miles per hour. No. 55, a long line of careening box cars, headed by a monster engine, was making up time by exceeding the speed limit on the down grade. The narrow strip of roadbed and the continual procession of telegraph poles fled away to the rear with ever increasing rapidity.

The fireman was down on the deck cleaning out his fire, while the head brakeman dozed in his seat. Just as the freight headed out on a big "horse-shoe" curve, engine 907 was coming in on the opposite tangent. The engineer of the freight, being on the outside of the curve, could see ahead only a short distance, and for a moment the two engines thundered toward each other as if attempting to pass on the single track.

But Donnelly on No. 907, saw, and what he saw, lent speed to his subsequent actions. He threw over the reverse lever and jumped, his fireman following fairly on top of him. The head brakeman on No. 55, awakened by the roar of the exhaust when engine 907 reversed, glanced up the track, gave a yell of warning, and kicked himself out of the cab window. The engineer and the fireman couldn't get off, and they hit engine No. 907 before the brakes had time to reduce the speed of the train.

Engine No. 907 struck the freight engine, rearing up as if about to telescope it and then, borne down by the pressure of the heavy