

started the machine moving. This we did slowly at first, until the switch had been crossed, and then on hearing the shouts of the section boss to "come back, you young villains!" we increased our speed until we had Parker's train surpassed by far.

On getting out of this danger the crowd settled down to have a good time and were soon joking and laughing. Going up the grades was something analagous to work, but the crowd wasn't after "grades" so there was no "dragging" done by the fellows.

At last we reached the point where a good long coast was in order. Every one had voted to keep the brakes off, and to say we flew is putting it mild. As we neared a place called Waddles some one, pointing ahead, said, "There's Waddles." We shot by and a voice in answer yelled out, "No, there is Waddles, 'way back there." We kept on our course, intending to go to a town some miles farther on, but at a point about four miles below Waddles we noticed a light on the track ahead. Some were in favor of going on but the majority were not, so we stopped to investigate.

A great discussion arose as to what it meant. Several in the party were in favor of turning back. These were overruled and four of us left the car and walked down the track to see what was the trouble. As we proceeded many lanterns could be seen flashing about and voices were heard, but we could not distinguish what was on the track. Finally we were able to make out that the object was really another handcar with a force of men. The operator at the station we had passed must have telegraphed ahead to have us captured and this force was for that purpose. They must have seen us also, for they immediately started their car in motion and it was up to us to retreat. It was a good long stretch to run but you know that when a fellow is chased he can sprint a little.

Our crowd heard us coming and had the car at a pretty