

train which had left Euston half an hour before it, stopping at Willesden, Rugby, and Stafford *en route*, somewhere near Whitmore, a wayside station about halfway between Stafford and Crewe. As soon as the Scotch express with its two engines had thundered through Stafford he began to look out of the window. The superb quadruple road of the North-Western stretched away in front in large sweeping curves. Almost immediately he saw a wisp of steam through some distant trees, and soon he caught sight of the tail of the North Wales train. He timed the speed by the mile-posts; they were travelling at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour. Gradually, with infinite slowness, the big Scotch express drew nearer to the much lighter, single-engined train, which was now only a few hundred yards ahead. In four minutes the two trains were practically level, running side by side down the gentle slope into Crewe at something like sixty-five miles an hour. It was a magnificent, a thrilling sight—these two tremendous powers vying with each other in a Titanic contest.* As his

* These express races, if I may so call them, do or did actually occur on the London and North-Western line between Stafford and Crewe.