pulling out of upper yard. to stop her. What's the matter?"

Callahan struck-the table with his clinched fist, looked wildly about him, then sprang from the chair, ran to the window and threw up the sash. The moon shone a bit through the storm of sand, but there was not a soul in sight. There were lights in the roundhouse a hundred yards across the track. He pulled a revolver—every railroad man out there carried one those days—and, covering one of the roundhouse windows began firing. It was a risk. There was one chance maybe, to a thousand there were a thousand chances to one that a whole train load of men and women would be killed in minutes if he couldn't get machinists' section, where he knew no one usually went at night. He poured bullets into the unlucky casement as fast as powder could send them. Reloading rapidly, he watched the roundhouse door; and, sure enough, almost at once, it was cau-tiously opened. Then he fired into the air-one, two, three, four, five, station on the dead run. He knew. too, by the tremendous sweep of his that it was Ole Anderson, night foreman, the man of all others

'Ole," cried the despatcher, way ing his arms frantically as the giant Swede leaned across the track and looked up from the platform below, go get Bucks. I've got a runaway train going against 59. For your life, Ole, run!"

The big fellow was into the wind with the word. Bucks boarded four blocks away. Callahan, slamming down the window, took the key and began calling Rowe. Rowe is the first station east of Jackson; it is now the first point at which the runaway cars could be headed.

"R-o, R-o," he rattled. The oper he told Rowe the story and gave him orders to get the night agent (who he knew must be down to sell tickets for 59) and pile all the ties they could gather across the track to deeast of Rowe, and the second ahead of the runaways. He pounded and he pounded, and when the man at sworn he had been asleep—just from the way be talked. Does it seem There are many strange things about a despatcher's senses. Send your night man to west passing siding and open it for runaway cars. Set brakes hard on empties in there, so as to ditch runaways if pos-Do anything and everything to keep them from getting by you.

Behind Kolar's O. K. came a frantic call from Rowe. "Runaways passed here like a streak. Knocked the ties into toothpicks. Couldn't stop them -impossible.'

Callahan didn't wait to hear any more. He only wiped the sweat from his face. It seemed forever, before Kolar spoke again. Then it was only to say: "Runaways went by here be-fore night man could get to switch

Would Bucks never come? And if he did come, what on earth could stop the runaway cars now? They West End. It averages one per cent. from Kolar to Griffin, and there we get down off the Cheyenne hills with the canon of the Blackwood with a three per cent. grade. Callahan, althree per cent. grade. Grade grade. grade. Grade grade grade grade. grade gr a long reverse curve, and drop into most beside himself, threw open a north window to look for Bucks. Two men were flying down Main street toward the station. He knew them: it was Ole and Bucks.

Bat Bucks! Never before nor since was seen on a street of Mc-Cloud such a figure as Bucks, in his trousers and slippers, with his nightshirt free as he sailed down the wind. In another instant he was bounding up the stairs, three steps at a jump "What have you done?" he pant

ed, throwing himself into the chair. Callahan told him. Bucks held his head in his hands while the boy talked. He turned to the sheet asked quick for 59.
"She's out of Callendar. I tried

hard to stop her. I didn't lose a second ; she was gone !'

Barely an instant Bucks studied the sheet. Roused out of a sound sleep after an eight-hour trick, and on such a night, by such a message—the marvel was he could think at all, much less set a trap that would saw him with a determined lurch the time Bucks took the key the two

han, listening, heard Griffin answer. away train was passed—gone! Bucks rattled a question. How the heart hangs on the faint, uncertain tick of a sounder when human lives

Where are your section men?"

asked Bucks. 'In bed at the section house."

boy prisoners waiting to take 59.

track, open and set it. Smash in section tool house, get tools. Go to point of house-track curve, cut the rails, and point them to send runa-track curve.

And Callendar answered: "59 just | way cars from Ogalalla over the bluff to the river.

The words flew off his fingers like

sparks, and another message crowded the wire behind it:

To Agt.: Go to east switch and set

for passing track. Flag 59, and run her on siding. If can't get 59 into the clear, ditch the runaways. Bucks.
They look old now. The ink is faded, and the paper is smoked with

the fire of many winters and bleached with the sun of many summers. But to this day the original orders, just as Bucks scratched them off, hang there in the despatcher's office in the new station. But in their present swell surroundings Bucks wouldn't know them. It was Harvey Reynolds that took them off the other end of the wire—a boy in a thousand for that night and that minute. The instant the words flashed into the room he instructed the agent, grabbed an axe, and dashed out into the waitingroom, where the sheriff, Ed Banks. sat with his prisoners, the cowboys. 'Ed," cried Harvey, 'there are run-

away cars from Ogalalla coming down trap 'em here they'll knock 59 into kindling wood. Turn the boys loose, Ed, and save the passenger train. Boys, show the man and square yourselves right now. I don't know what you're there for: but I believe it's to save 59.

The three men sprang to their feet: Ed Banks slipped the bandcuffs off in a trice. "Never mind the rest of it! Save the passenger train first!" he

Which way? How cried the cow-

boys all excitement. Harvey Reynolds, beckoning as he ran, rushed out the door and up the track, his posse at his heels. "Smash in the tool-house door,"

hands and took command.
"Pick up that tie and ram the door,"

he cried. wire, for he answered instantly. As fast as Callahan's fingers could talk, he told Rowe the story and were talk, Harvey and the cowboys splintered an opening. The cowboys, jumping together, ran in and began fishing for tools in the dark. One got hold of a wrench; the other a pick. Harvey caught up a clawbar, and grabbed a spikemaul. In a rail the runaways. Then he began | they ran for the point of the curve on

the house-track.

But it is one thing to order a contact opened, and another and very different thing to open it, at two in Kolar answered, Callahan could have sworn he had been asleep—just from men know no more about track cutting than about logarithms. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder the man of the law and the men out of the law, the rough-riders, and the railroad boy, pried and wrenched and clawed and struggled with the steel. the nuts on the bolts of the fish. plates. It was a baffle. The nuts wouldn't twist, the spixes stuck like piles, sweat covered the assailants, Harvey went into a frenzy. "Boys, we must work faster," he cried; but flesh and blood could do no more.

'There they come-there are the runaway cars—do you hear 'em? I'm going to open the switch, any-Harvey shouted, starting up

he track. "Save yourselves!"

Heedless of the warning, Banks struggled with the plate-bolts in silentfury. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Give me the maul!" he

cried. Raising the heavy tool like a tackhammer he landed heavily on the bolt nuts: once, and again; and they flew like bullets over the bluff. The taller cowboy, bending close on his kness, raised a yell. The plates gorga shove them. driven under the loosened steel, and a yell that reached Harvey, trembling at the switch, they tore a way the stubborn contact and pointed the

rails over the precipice. The shriek of a locomotive whistle cut the wind. Looking east, Harvey had been watching 59 s headlight. She was pulling in on the siding. He still held the switch open to send the run aways into the trap Bucks had set, if the passenger train failed to get into the clear : a minute yet—a bare sixty seconds and Harvey had no idea of dumping ten thousand dollars' worth of equipment into the river unless he had to

Suddenly, Harvey got the all right signal from the east end. The 101 was coughing noisily up the passing track-the line was clear. Ranks and the cowboys, waiting breathless,

throw the switch for the main track. In the next breath the coalers, with trains would be together—could he the sweep of the gale in their fright save the passenger? Callahan didn't ful velocity, smashed over the switch hlieve it.
A sharp, quick call brought Griffin. We had one of the brightest lads on the whole division at Griffia. Callasee what was against them, the run-

> "I wasn't going to stop here tonight," muttered the engineer, as he stood with the conductor at the operator's desk a minute later and wiped the chill from his forehead with a piece of waste. "We'd have met them in the canon."

Who's with you?"

Night agent. Sheriff with two Callahan heard it coming: "Rails "Rails

stant later, 250's engine was cut loose and started after them like a scared collie. Three miles east of Davis they were overhauled by the light engine. The fireman, Donahue. crawled out of the cab door along the ootboard, and down on the pilot, caught the ladder of the last car, and, running up, crept along to the ader and began setting brakes.

Twenty minutes later they we brought back in triumph to Davis. When the multitude of orders was out of the way, Bucks wired Ed Banks to bring his cowboys down to McCloud on 60. . Sixty was the eastbound passenger due at McCloud at 5:30 a. m. It turned out that the cowboys had been arrested for lasso ing a Norwegian homesteader, who had cut their wire. It was not a straightened out by the intervention of Bucks-who was the whole thing then-they were given jobs lassoing sugar barrels in the train service One of them, the tall fellow, is a passenger conductor on the high line

25th of December in small letters, on the West End—before they got things decently straightened out; there was so much to do-orders to make and reports to take. Bucks, still on the key in his flowing robes and tumbling hair, sent and took them all. Then he turned the seat over to Callahan, and getting up for the first time in two hours, dropped wearily into another chair.

The very first thing Callahan received was a personal from Pat Francis, at Ogalalla, conductor of 59. It was for Bucks :
"Your mother was aboard 59.

She was carried by McCloud in the Denver sleeper. Sending her back to you on 60. Merry Xmas." It came off the wire fast. Callahan

panted Harvey.

Ed Banks seized the axe from his didn't think Bucks heard; though it's probable he did. Anyway, Calla han threw the clip over toward him with a laugh.

"Look there, old man. There's your mother coming after all your kicking—carried by on 59." As the boy turned he saw the big despatcher's head sink on the table. Callahan sprang to his side; but Bucks had fainted.—Ambition.

## ABBE FLYNN

IN FRONT LINE TRENCHES FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS

The following graphic narrative is from the pen of the brave French army chaplain, Rev. Abbe Patrick Flynn, who is a member of the French government commission that is now

visiting this country.

"I have been at the front, I come While Harvey and Banks clawed at from the front, and, when I say the the spikes, the cowboys wrestled with front, I do not mean ten or fifteen miles back from the front, in large cities. I mean the first-line trenches I have been in the trenches almost from the German lines, in first-aid stations. I was at Verdun for five or six months, and five or six months at Verdun is a very long time. You can hardly imagine how long even a week is at Verdun. When we were called, I remember the staff officer told us. "Leave your horses, your baggage, behind. You cannot tay more than 21 days at the front. hard, but I am glad to have been

falling to pieces! When we walked to go to the front and through the aisles—or what once wounded and dying. were aisles-of the cathedral we were always afraid lest some huge stone would become dislodged and fall the army corps in which I was servence or body and crush us. One with a pry that bent the clawbar and can pick up frag nents of stained glass all over.

But indeed when I came to Verdun I saw much worse. Verdun was terrible, not only on account of the roaring of cannon all day long and all through the night, but on account of the terrible dangers encountered on all sides. I have helped many soldiers to die, most of whom were shot by rifles, the bullet making so small a hole it could barely be seen; byt too often the soldier has been hit by high explosive shells. Then, indeed, it is piteous. Well do I remember one day they brought in on a stretcher a man who had been wounded; they said they did not know whether he was dead or wounded, but brought him in as quickly as they could. I uncovered the body to see where the wound lay and disclosed a headless body. Another time I was trying to help one of those poor wounded men off the stretcher to carry him to the ambulance and found that he had no legs -just his uniform, but no legs.

WARS AND WARS

I have often been asked by soliers, "What is the doctrine of the Church on war? How is it that the riest blesses soldiers that are going to kill each other?" The doctrine of the Church is not of war but of peace. The Church is for peace, but the Church knows that as long as there are men, as long as there are passions in men, war will be inevitable; and so when a war is declared, when a just war is to be fought, Before the last word came, Bucks was back at him:

To Opr.: Ask sheriff release his prisoners to save passenger train. Go together to west switch-house track, open and set it. Smash in section tool house, get tools. Go to get the colors of the grade: To the colors of the grade: To your duty in war, but try to lessen, to scothe, the calamities of war." Then the Church sends in a trench, a sort of dugout, with lessen, to scothe, the calamities of war." Then the Church sends in a trench, a sort of dugout, with picts with those who are going to fight, to encourage them, and asks as on Christmas, 1916. The first Mass as on Christmas, 191 then the Church comes and says,

At first sight it would seem that the war has been the ruin of Catholicity in France and Belgium. Some who think that France before the outbreak of hostilities was atheistic and incredulous will say and believe that no religion will be felt after the war. This is a great error. At first hundreds—I cannot tell how many have been killed in the war already, but one knows that between twenty and thirty thousand priests of different orders are at war at present— one could understand such a point

REVIVAL OF FAITH IN FRANCE

But such a viewpoint is entirely perioneous and false as judged by ex-perionee in the war. Before the war the Catholic religion had been growing in France. There had been for the last ten, twelve, fifteen years or even more, a Catholic revival in France. And this war has increased this revival and brought out the true religious feeling of the nation, so that after the war religion will have a new strength and a new spirit. For war has certainly increased religion and devotion in France. I remember the beginning of the

war. At that time I was on a short holiday in a little village in Brittany, a most interesting spot and restful for all those who live in busy cities. At that time I did not dream for a moment that war would break out in a few weeks, and I was like countless others, for nobody in France be-lieved it. One day while sailing near Brest—one of the great harbors that could protect a whole fleet if necessary—with a member of the French foreign office, a man who ought to know something about foreign matters, I remember him pointing to a man of war in the harbor. (The man of war in the harbor. (The man of war was La France, which later carried M. Poincare on a visit to Petrograd.) Said my friend, "What is the use of such a waste of money for men in building ships for a nation that would never dream of declaring war?" And this only s few days before war was declared. We were not preparing for war, because we never thought war would be declared on us. However, when I knew from advance information from a private source that Austria-Hungary would declare war, I hurried home. A few days later came the posting of bills, and we knew

that a general mobilization had been

decreed. Then all of a sudden crowds came into my little church, not nervous but quiet and decided, full of faith and prayer. They came at all hours and all day long and some churches could not be closed for several nights so many people were there. In the morning on Sunday, at High Mass, I went up into the pulpit as was my custom every morning. I told my parishioners that I considered it my duty to leave; their husbands, their brothers, fathers, their children were going to war; some were destined to fall in battle, and I considered that I father in fact as well as in name of those who had left their home to go and fight, and I am sure that my beloved flock understood my feelings.

So I went to war, thinking I would So come just as you are." We came be sent to the front at once, but it just as we were, and we stayed five was several months before I finally or six months. And it was certainly reached there. The number of priests who volunteered as chaplains was so Before going to Verdun I was stationed at Arras six or seven months

—Arras with its beautiful cathedral falling to pieces! When we walked to go to the front and help serve the great that they could not all be ad-

ing was not considered one of the best in France, far from it. When I light rise up in darkness, and thy was about to leave Paris, my friends you to go there. The French govern-ment was very wise to send a chap-lain to that army corps; they certainly need one badly." Yet in that army corps I have helped hundreds and thousands to die, and not one. I say not one, has ever refused the sacraments I was offering. Some of them were unconscious—I cannot say for them—but all who were constant but all the sale and the same and the same all the sale and the sale scious accepted all that I offered as a priest and thanked me for it.

MASS WITH AIRPLANE OVERHEAD

We have Mass in the trenches, and Mass in the trenches is one of the most devotional things I know of in the world. We dig a little hole, and erect a little shelter overhead to pro-The priest's robe, the altar cover, the chalice, the book, the candles and candle-sticks, the cross, etc., all are fitted into a wooden box 18x12 inches. The officers and soldiers will line up against the walls of the trench, hideing as much as they can, and if an enemy airplane is sighted, everyone has to disappear for a few minutes while the airplane hovers above then Mass recommences. What faith. what piety, in hearing Mass under such conditions!

MASS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I have said Christmas Mass often in my life, but never have I said such a devotional Christmas Mass as on Christmas, 1916. The first Mass was When I turned, at the gospel, to speak to them, it reminded me of the Grotto at Bathlehem. Never had we celebrated Christmas so well as on —Bacon.

covered with branches for fear of being seen by army airplaines. It was very cold, so cold indeed that sight, indeed, seeing the churches my fingers became numb, but the bombarded, seeing priests killed by soldiers stood through the Mass without moving, as if quite comfort. able. The third Mass I said between two big guns. One had injured many. The wind was so high that many. The wind was so highly had to keep my fingers on the Host I had to keep my fingers on the Host for fear it would blow away. Still

one felt that it was Christm After Mass I went up with one of officers and ate my Christmas dinner with him out of a tin box. He spoke of his mother, he spoke of his sister, and he said that Christmas was not Christmas so far from home. I did my best to cheer him that lonely Christmas Day.

SHOT AT MASS

I remember one day a colonal and a captain, attending Mass in a trench were shot by the same shell. Do you know what was left of the colonel, one of the best and the bravest of men? We found just a piece of his arm, not larger than my hand, and of the captain just a leg. We put the relics together very carefully a small coffin no larger than a child's

coffia, and buried them.

Not only in the trenches but behind the trenches we have Mass for the soldiers, and when we can gather them into a church they come in crowds, for anything even for the recital of the rosary. I managed to have the rosary said every day for six months, for I knew the soldiers would be there, and knew that if I failed to get there the soldiers would say it without me.

And I am only one of hundreds and thousands of chaplains in the French army. Their example of charity, kindness, and heroism has been of great help in making soldiers come back to their faith .- Catholic Transcript.

## WHAT ISAIAS SUGGESTS

What shall the New Year's resolations be this time? Perhaps the old ones are still quite serviceable and need but to be taken down from the shelf where they have been resting since last February or March. With a little furbishing no doubt they can be made as good as new. For last year most of our readers probably determined to take practical means to become prayerful, kind, cheerful and busy during the coming twelve month, and the happiness and peace they enjoyed through the year now closing can be quite accurately gaged they will own, by the measure their success in keeping those resolutions. Wisely determining to re-resolve once more along similar lines, let those who are thus facing courage. ously the year 1919, turn to the Pro phet Isaias in search of fresh grounds could be more useful there at the front: I felt that I must be the calls out, for example, from his fiftyfor steadfastness and confidence and eighth chapter:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and harborless into thy house: when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not one of thy own flesh. thy light break forth as the morning and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall hear: thou shalt cry and He shall say, Here I am. if thou wilt take away the chain out of After a few months I was allowed out thy floger, and to speak that the midst of thee, and cease to stretch darkness shall be as the noon said: "Indeed, it is a good thing for day. And the Lord will give thee you to go there. The French governest continuelly, and will fill thy soul with brightness, and deliver thy s; they cer-Yet in that ed garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail. And the places that have been desolate for ages shall be built in thee

turning the paths into rest. In this striking passage is enjoined the practice of virtues that will do much to make the year 1919 a serene and prosperous one. For the many deeds of charity we do those in need will render our prayers so strong that abundant grace will be given us to avoid unkind and unprofitable words; tect the altar. We carry with us from fervent prayer, too, will come everything necessary to say Mass. the gift of being to others a source of joy and comfort, and persistent of joy and comfort o prayer will likewise win the virtue of cheerful diligence which so wonderfully strengthens and beautifies the character. It would be wise, therefore, to let the Prophet Isaias suggest some of our New Year's resolutions.—America.

> An important event in the annals of the Church and civilization should. if the times allowed, be celebrated this year. For it was in 1868 that Cardinal Lavigerie laid the foundations of his Congregation of Our Lady of Africa for the conversion of the Mohammendans and the eman cipation of their slaves. Although no celebration of the golden jubilee can take place, 1918 will be marked in the history of the congregation by the inception of an undertaking of

Discretion in speech is more than

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he runs away. He has many experiences in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to 81 Nicholas?

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year. 10 the boy who Izves the romance which broods over ocean pathways as well as the myster ious lure of tropical forest, a journey "In Quesi of the Colden Chest" will fire his ambition it many deeds.

In any deeds

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worked out with dramatic skill.

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to life, love and happiness. Injumates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of welve, is lying at death's door, without hope of welve, is lying at death's door, without hope of wellef, in close, unwholesoms city quarters. A hack on the coast is rented, and there the family ake up their quarters. How the excursions in is little boat, which brings back the roses to provide the property of the coast of the coast

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