thing can prevent terrible collision now!"

"Can't you stop 101 at Flatonia?" asked Jim, although he knew the probable reply.

"No operator there! Perkins took suddenly sick to-day."

Jim hung out the red light for 71, rushed down to the end of the platform where he lived, awakened his wife and little boy and quickly explained the situation.

"You may be a help somehow, May," he said. "Get up and dress. John you run and awake up the doctors! I'll be ready for 71."

As the boy started train 71 came rattling down the hill and stopped at the tank one hundred yards below the station. Of the brakeman who climbed down from a box car, Jim asked: "Who's pulling you to-night, Alf?"

"Riley."

"Dan Riley? What's he doing pulling you? I thought it was strange the way that train dashed in and stopped."

"Why, there was a lot of rush-perishable stuff, and all the big engines were out. Dan was hanging round, and they nabbed him with his high-wheeler."

Jim rushed down to the engine and shouted: "Riley, come to the office quick! Have your fireman get ready to pull out, and I'll have her uncoupled while we get orders!"

Riley told his fireman to get things ready and then run the engine to the office. He himself raced after Jim on foot.

To the wondering crew who gathered at the office, Jim explained matters. Just as he had finished, a doctor came in half dressed carrying his surgical case.

"Riley, there's no time to lose!" said Jim. "You must be off at once! Here are the other doctors—away now! Somehow I feel as if we were going to find a way out of this."

In reply, Riley turned to his fireman:

"Ned, I'm going to catch and stop 101 before she gets to White's switch! You needn't go unless you want to. I can fire and run her, too, if I have to. You doctors who ain't afraid to die must be prepared for the most terrible trip you ever took! There are two hundred people on those trains. The only way to save them is for me to catch that Limited—and she is almost flying to-night!"

As he talked he was running to his engine, the others instinctively following. Dan, Ned and the three doctors silently got into the cab. Riley placed the doctors where they could hold on and not be in the way—one just behind him, one standing on the apron between the tender and engine and holding on to the corner at the right-hand side, and the other in the same position on the left. In the next moment the great machine started down the track, and Jim's fingers were ticking the news to headquarters.

The steam-gauge marked 160 pounds, and Ned began feeding in more coal. Riley slowly pulled his throttle open and threw his lever forward, and the engine fairly flew forward, throwing sparks over the telegraph wires as she seemed to gather herself for a swifter plunge into the night.

As the drivers began to spin, Riley gently pulled on his throttle and lifted his lever a notch, gradually giving her steam as the pistons began going in and out faster and faster. He stood, an incarnate force for a grim specter in silhouette against the faint light thrown back from the headlight. As the doctors stared at that silent figure they felt an awe creep over them.

The bell kept ringing except when Ned was shoveling coal into the red-hot throat of the iron racer, and every few seconds the shriek of the whistle warned all creatures of flesh and blood to stand aside. Before they had reached the first switch at the bridge, a little more than a half mile down the track, the engine was almost jumping along the rails in mighty throbs, so rapidly was she gaining speed under the steady, regular pull at that throttle.

Riley kept his eyes steadily on the rails. The headlight sent forward a gleam of white that seemed to part the mist into walls of dripping gray on each side of the track, and the rails appeared like two cracks in the darkness through which came streaks of light from unknown depths.

He pulled his lever up to the three-quarter notch, drew his throttle nearly to the last cog, and looked at the gage. It showed one hundred and eighty pounds, and the pop-valve was roaring.

The time was not yet 10 o'clock. Many farm houses showed dim lamps in their windows, and doors flew open as people heard the clanging bell, the shrieking whistle and the blast of the pop-valve, and remembered that the Limited has just gone past.

By the time the engine reached Big Sandy bridge, the side-rods were going so fast that they looked as if moving only up and down, and the drivers appeared like gigantic black wheels of solid iron.

To keep upright the doctors clung with all their strength, and Ned reeled and lurched every time he shoveled coal. Then over the glare from the opened mouth, the great mantle of black that was streaming back would serve as a reflector to illumine the faces and forms of the men who were venturing against many chances of sudden death.

Suddenly Ned pointed, jumped down and began shoveling coal in furiously. Riley pulled his throttle out another cog, and the machine made another appalling leap. Ned had pointed at the two red end lights on the Limited sleeper, but they were barely visible, and the Limited was going at the rate of more than fifty miles an hour. The Southern Pacific has one of the best ballasted and smoothest tracks in the country, but it was to be tested that night.

The pursuers had already covered fifty miles, and must catch and stop that flying train before she reached White's switch, which was now hardly fourteen miles ahead of Riley's engine.

Coal was bouncing all over the cab floor; the pick and the shovel could not be kept in place. Riley had to stand up and hold to his lever and throttle ready to put on brakes. Ned had almost to crawl when he shoveled coal, and half of each shovelful would spill. The big oil can had jumped from its rack and was dancing over the floor. The monkey-wrench jolted out of the place beside the boiler, dropped hard on the the of a doctor, and went tumbling out upon the roadbed.

The roar of the escaping steam, the thunder of the wheels and the clanging of the bell made it impossible for anyone to speak audibly except in a shout.

"By the way those lights went sailing round that curve 101 must be making fifty miles!" roared Ned.

"Yes," replied Riley, "and we've got to beat that a good deal! She'll have to slow up some going through Flatonia! It'll be mighty risky, but we'll have to strike those switches just the way we're going now—or faster!"

"Well, I'm not afraid, except for that dump that changes so quickly into a cut and then to a curve just beyond the depot!" said Ned. "We're doing considerably over fifty miles, I guess!"

"I just counted seventy-three joints we rolled over in twenty seconds by my watch!" shouted Riley. "That gives us nearly seventy-two miles! I'm going to make her spread herself when we strike the next level and down-grade piece of track!"

Smooth as was the track, with its rock ballast and heavy new steel rails, the flying engine was swaying from side by side and plunging up and down furiously.

"When we catch them, Ned," said Riley, "you hold the throttle and I'll get down in front and couple on the sleeper. step on it and pull the air; then you reverse her and jam on our wind for all it is worth!"

"No, Dan!" replied Ned, "it's going to be a ticklish thing to get out there and do that. I'll attend to that part of it. No one can handle this engine the way you can. I'd make her slide, most likely; but you can put on all her holding back force and not strain a watch spring."

Over bridges, across valleys, through fields, by hamlets whose gaping people stared with wonder and fright, by section houses that passed like great silent birds, swiftly flying away from them, the engine clanged on, racking the five men who thought continually on the terrible possibilities before them. The slightest mishap may prove fatal.

But the risk must be taken to save the unconscious passengers on the trains that were rushing toward collision.

The plan was arranged. Ned was to get on the cowcatcher and have the great draw bar ready to put into the jaw of the sleeper coupler. Then, unless he failed, he was to jump on the platform of the sleeper, while Riley kept the bar in place until Ned could pin it in. Then Ned was to pull the air cord on the rear of the sleeper and Riley was to shut off steam and put on his jam brakes and blow four quick blasts as signals of distress.

Never did the inhabitants of quiet Flatonia see such a sight as that great engine tearing through the town and across streets, never slacking, with whistle screaming and bell clanging, the engine rocking and reeling over switch frogs and street intersections. People went out on the streets and collected in groups and spoke in hushed voices of wonder and fear, for they knew the Sunset Limited had passed through not more than a minute before slowing up on its way through the town.

The speed of Riley's engine grew more and more terrific as it reached the straight peoce of track, down grade, beyond the town. His plan was to make lightning speed down this to the level stretch four miles beyond, at the end of which he expected to catch 101 just before she reached White's switch.

Ned knew what was coming. He renewed the fire, crawled out on the footboard, grasped the hand rods and went on his hands and knees along the side of the leaping engine. There were the two red lights down the track. Now came the trial! All that had been done before seemed child's play to what lay before them now.

Ned pulled his cap down over his ears and slowly drew himself along until he reached the boiler-head. As the engine was steadying itself after a struggle and heavy plunge, he dropped on his stomach to the platform of the cowcatcher. Firmly planting his feet between the timbers of the pilot he waited.

They were just behind 101 now, and gradually creeping up on her. Riley strained his eyes to catch Ned's every movement. The pursuing engine seemed to spurt right up to the sleeper. Ned lifted the heavy bar. The sleeper lurched, the engine pitched and rocked, and the train seemed to be trying to get away. It crept ahead and out of reach. Ned had dropped the bar. He seemed agonized. The doctors clung and stared; it seemed to them terrible—that failure!

But Riley still hoped. He did not increase his speed, feeling that 101 had simply taken one of those unaccountable spurts made by trains at times, and that Ned needed a moment to become cool and calm. Two seconds passed. Again the engine began to creep up on the flying train, and soon the cowcatcher was under the sleeper.

Now! Ned painfully raised the great bar higher and placed it in the jaws of the coupler. Riley saw it fall, and was on the point of putting on a a little more steam to keep it in place when he noticed that Ned seemed faint and suffering. In the glare of the headlight his face was as pale as death.

But he had lifted the bar, and slowly he put it in place, crawled up on the platform a pin into the bar. Then he staggered up to the air-cord and pulled.

Instantly he was flattened out against the end of the car by the suddenness with which the train checked its speed. Riley had shut off steam as he saw Ned pull the cord, and had put on the jam-brakes.

The sudden pulling back of the train, followed by those four shrieks of the whistle told the amazed engineer of 101 that something awful, and never befare known in his experience, was happening! So he, too, shut off steam and put on his breaks.

In a few moments the train was at a standstill, both engines puffing impatiently, with their pop valves blowing off until one could hardly hear any other noise. The crew of 101 rushed back and stood in speechless astonishment!

"Don't ask questions! Back quickly, and let's get on White's switch!" exclaimed Riley, for they had run by the switch.

They were not slow in backing up into it, but the train had barely cleared the main track and the brakeman had hardly time to throw the switch when 83 flashed in sight around the curve, and dashed by with its three baggage and mail cars, and five coaches and sleepers.

Then Riley sprung up to the rear platform of 101 and lifted the head of his fallen fireman. In a dead faint! That strong man! But his boot! For the heavy draw bar had had fallen on the foot, jamming it between the timbers of the cowcatcher and breaking the bones. Yet he had held himself to the rescue till it was done!

"That's all right,' said Ned, when he came to and they praised him; but the foot kept him in the hospital for five months.

As for Riley, the newspapers greatly disgusted him by dubbing him hero.

"Shucks!" he said. "Makes me sick! Done my duty and done no more! But Ned was dead game sure!"

Still, from New Orleans to San Fransisco, that race after the Sunset Limited is talked of by railway men and travelers.—Youth's Companion.

A MARTYR OF THE PENAL DAYS.

In no time during the penal days did the fire of persecution burn more fiercely than in the reign of Queen Anne and the beginning of the reign of George I. No weapon that bigotry could invent was then left untried. The Baptists, as they were termed, were subjected to every kind of civil disability; but it was on the heads of the clergy, in an especial manner, that the full vials of heretic wrath were mercilessly poured. Nero did not gloat with more inhuman pleasure over the agonies of the early Christians converted into living torches to light the darkness of Rome than did our English rulers over the hanging, drawing, and quartering of the Catholic Bishops and priests both in this country and in England. The laws passed at that period and preserved in the statute book published by the government itself, bear ample testimony to the horrors of the time. Even the eloquences of Burke failed to designate these enactments properly, for they seemed to be the product, not of "the perverted ingenuity of man," as he mildly termed them, but the fierce onslaught of fiends upon the Church of God. As a sample of these laws we may take that passed in 1703, entitled "An act to Prevent the Further Growth of Popery," and followed immediately by another, called, "An act for Registering the Popish Clergy."

The priest regarded this law of registration as a kind of toleration, if not of protection, and believed that by complying with it they would secure peace to follow their sacred calling and to minister to the spiritual necessities of their flocks. Little they dreamed it was a deep-laid plan to affect their ruin by giving them the choice of death or apostasy. Yet this was the dilemma in which an act passed in 1700 placed them.

In obedience to the government edict, most, if not all, of the parish priests got themselves registered. Among the number we find the name of Father Hegarty, or O'Hegarty, the subject of this sketch.

Fortunately, tradition in the case of Father Hegarty has been both clear and abundant, owing to the fact that many of his collateral relatives still reside in the locality, and have treasured up every item of information regarding him. Some of these, now far advanced in years, learned from their grandparents, who were almost contemporaries of Father Hegarty, all the particulars of his birthplace, life, and cruel death. These traditions, given by persons in widely separated parts of the locality, agree most wonderfully, even in minute details. From these we learn that Father Hegarty was born in the very townland in which he was afterwards murdered; that he had a sister named Mary, to whom, on the occasion of her marriage with Thomas Doherty (the subsequent betrayer of the priest), her father gave a portion of his own farm as a dowry, and that of this marriage there were three sons born.

The family resided on this small farm until they got a larger one from Colonel Vaughan as a reward for betraying the priest. This Vaughan came to Buncrana in command of the troops in 1707. No sooner had he taken up his residence than he began the work of priest-hunting, and of endeavoring to Protestantize the inhabitants of the locality. Owing to a variety of circumstances, but especially owing to the fact that the peninsula had never recovered from the desolation spread over it in the preceding years by Chichester and his agents, poverty something akin to famine prevailed in Inishowen, and materially assisted Vaughan in his missionary campaign. Like modern zealots, he believed the way to the soul of the people was to be found through their empty stomachs; he at once had recourse to the method of establishing soup kitchens for the starving poor, not by any means as an act of charity for the famishing people, but as a means of perverting them from their faith.

None, however, were permitted to partake of this soup till they had publicly attended the Protestant Church for three Sundays, and then they must take broth or soup publicly on Friday—the one day it was ladled out to them. Those who consented to these terms were rewarded with money or lands or both. Among the first to avail themselves of this offer was the brother-in-law of Father Hegarty—Thomas Doherty, and his friends, and ever after they and their descendants were known as the "Friday Doherties." From their readiness in giving up the faith Doherty and his sons became favorites of Colonel Vaughan, and as the sons were stout, burly fellows, they became a kind of bodyguard to him when he went into possession of the Castle of Buncrana, which, according to some, was built in 1713, or, according to others, a few years later. The result of this unhallowed friendship we shall see later on. When Colonel Vaughan made it known that, in addition to the government reward, he himself would give both lands and money to anyone who would betray Father Hegarty to him, the offer was too tempting to be resisted by Thoman Doherty and his sons. On their return home to Ballynary they talked freely over the matter; said as the reward was now so great there would be plenty to look for it, and the priest could not escape. Such being the case, they said they might as well have it as some other, and they determined to secure it. The poor wife and mother, having heard of their conspiracy, fell on her knees, and with streaming eyes begged them not to imbrue their hands in innocent blood—in the blood of their own relative and God's anointed—but all in vain. She succeeded, however, in having word conveyed to her brother, who at once changed his hiding place, and betook himself to that cave where he was afterwards betrayed, and where he met his doom.

We said above that the act of registration of the parish priest had an object in view that the priests never anticipated. This became manifest in 1709, when the period of registration expired.

We come to see clearly the object of the registration of the clergy. It was not for the purpose of protecting them, or giving them freedom in the exercise of their ministry, but of knowing for certain their whereabouts that they might at any moment be seized and obliged to deny their faith, or go to exile or death. It seemed a certain means of getting the country cleared of priests of every rank, for as parish priests were forbidden to have curates or assistants of any kind, when they would go there would be no successors to take up their work, and the faith would then die out out of sheer inanition. The seeming protection given by the Registration Act was merely the "protection that vultures give to lambs"—covering and devouring them. All the priests who had been registered in 1704 were now called upon to take the oath of abjuration, or abide the penalties. That oath was similar in its tenor to the Accession Oath still taken by the sovereign of these realms on coming to the throne.

In this same year had been passed an Act offering a bribe of £50 to anyone who discovered and betrayed an Archbishop, Bishop, Vicar-General, or other person exercising foreign ecclesiastical authority in this kingdom; and what rendered this law particularly odious was that the bribe or reward thus offered was to be levied off the Catholic people alone. Now, since the Commons had declared that "the prosecuting and informing against Papists was an honorable service," it is not strange that spies, informers, and priest-hunters became at once numerous.

The priest hunter had an infamous corps under his command, says Dean Cogan, designated priest hounds, whose duty was to track with the untiring and unrelenting scent of the bloodhound, the fissures of the rock and the caverns of the earth, where the poor, humble priest took refuge. Religion was now in a lamentable condition. The wretched mud-wall, thatched chapels of which the Irish Catholics were then glad to have the use, were levelled or closed over the kingdom. In cities and towns the Catholic clergy were concealed in garrets or cellars, and in the country districts they were hid in the unfrequented caves, in the lonely woods, and in the ever-welcome homes of the poor Irish peasants. During these storms of persecution the sacraments were dispensed in the dead of night, and during the week-days word would be sent round to the people where to meet their pastor on the following Sunday morning.

It is not easy at this date to know whether there was any specific charge preferred against Father Hegarty, but it was enough that he had declined to take the oath of abjuration, as happily the other priest had also done, and this made him liable as we have seen, to transportation in the first instance, and to death if he dared return again to the country. Besides he was a dignitary, being dean of the diocese, and we know that £50 was the reward for apprehending such as he. We are also to take into account that £50 at that period represented a much larger sum than at present.

In an interesting little book, compiled by the late Michael Harkin, of Cardonaugh, published in Derry in 1897, and entitled "Inishowen: Its History, Traditions, and Antiquities," an account is given of the scene and circumstances of the murder, which we have reason to believe is accurate, and which, therefore, we have pleasure in transcribing:

In the village of Ballynary, about two miles northwest of Concrana, on the banks of the Swilly, is a sea cave which served as a hiding place for a humble and zealous priest of the name of O'Hegarty. From this wild seclusion he was accustomed to steal, under the shadow of night, to carry the ministrations of his religion to the hearts of the faithful fishermen around the coast and the hardy mountaineer further inland. His retreat was unknown to all save his sister, who lived with her husband and family in the above-named village. None of the family ever questioned her on the object of her journey when she departed from her cottage in the grey dawn of each morning to carry him the provisions for the day. At last her husband, suspecting her mission, was led by curiosity to watch her unseen, and so became acquainted with the hiding place of her fugitive brother. This, once known, he had not the fidelity to keep secret, for, tempted by the reward held out for such a discovery, he led a guard of soldiers from the garrison of Buncrana to apprehend the priest, his own brother-in-law, in that lonely dwelling. Often did the poor woman return at morning from the entrance of the rude domicile charging her brother to be wary and endeavoring to cheer him with the hope that these ruthless times would pass away and be succeeded by others, when he could live in the habitations of men and go abroad in daylight in the service of his Divine Master. But the dawn was brightening; she might if she remained longer, be discovered, and her object at last suspected. She received the usual parting benediction and commenced her toilsome ascent, when horror of horrors, there full before her, were the soldiers, descending by the same path to terminate that life she had so long and so anxiously labored to preserve. She called frantically to her brother that the guard was upon him. He rushed from the cave; above him were the soldiers, beneath the whole breadth of the deep flowing Swilly, and deeming it the friendlier of the two, and putting his trust in God, he plunged into its depths with the bold, almost reckless, resolve of swimming to the opposite shore. The guard, seeing they were in danger of losing the object of their pursuit, or fearing that if they fired and killed him in the water they would have no evidence of the fact, called him to return and they would spare his life, but no sooner had he gained the top of the precipice than they seized him, cut off his head, and buried his body on the spot where they had committed the deed. His poor sister, the informer's wife, seeing all that had been done, became a raving maniac. Though fear of the soldiers' vengeance, prevented the peasantry from marking his grave, yet was the memory of the place so engraven on their hearts and carefully transmitted from father to son, that the villagers' children could at any time point out to the curious stranger that sad memento of the horrors of bygone days under the name of Hegarty's Rock. Long afterward, when civilization had made a proper impression on the governing classes, and when the disabilities imposed on the professors of the Catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and, with a view of testing the accuracy of the account, dug up the clay and brought a portion of it for analyzation to the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, where Mr. O'Donnell was then studying. They afterwards raised a green mound on the spot, which now marks the place where the priest was interredi

We may add that the result of the analysis proved that human remains had been buried in the spot.

One statement in the foregoing narrative seems incorrect, viz, that the priest's sister, when she beheld the murder of her brother, became a raving maniac. All the traditions in the locality testify the contrary. When she beheld the atrocious murder committed before her eyes, and saw that the band of soldiers was led by her own degenerate husband, she is said to have fallen on her bare knees and prayed to God that she might not die until she had seen vengeance fall upon that husband and his sons. That prayer and imprecation, coming as it did from her broken heart, did not go unheard, for all three perpetrators of the crime met with a violent death.

A hundred years before this fair and romantic region had been overrun by the sleuth hounds of Chichester, who lacerated the entire peasantry, but now the bloodhounds of Anne sprang at the throats of the priests in particular. They were to be exterminated, and the method adopted for their extermination seemed, according to human calculation, absolutely certain of success. No curates were permitted, nor assistants of any kind, therefore there would be no successors to the present parish priests. The parish priests had been registered, and were consequently known, and by the Act of 1709 they were called on to take the oath of abjuration—in other words, to deny their faith, or else go into exile or suffer death. Under all these fiendish devices of our legislators nothing but a special mercy of God could have preserved the faith, and with St. John we may say: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Between the Scylla and Charybdis was Father Hegarty placed. Had he taken the oath of abjuration, had he been recreant to his God and sworn that to be blasphemous and idolatrous which he knew to be sacred and divine, then he might have lived at ease and enjoyed the pension wrung from the poverty of his downtrodden fellow-Catholics. But he nobly spurned the bribe, preferring to be ranked among the white robed band described by St. John.

That Father Hegarty died for his faith and for his fidelity to the duties of his sacred calling there is not the shadow of a doubt, and it was the death of martyrs such as he that strengthened the faith of the people and encouraged them to cling closer to the Rock of Ages.—Bishop J. K. Doherty, in Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

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