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## The Woman in Black.

Travelling recently from Chicago to New York, I found one morning, upon crawling out my berth, that the train was standing stock-still. The porter told me it had been standing that way for an hour and a half, while I had been sleeping the sleep of the just.

"Freight train done wopped up on de track ahead," said the porter. "I reckon we don't get out o' here under anudder hour or two."

I dressed and peeped out, and saw we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dining car, and

then went out to stroll up and down the platform.

Presently I went to the locomotive, and stopped to admire it. There is nothing much better to look at, for that matter, than the locomotive of one of these through express trains on the great trunk lines. How it throbs as it stands, straining with pent-up power, as if impatient to leap away at fearful speed!

This one was hissing fiercely, while the measured thud of the air-pump sounded as if it might be the regular breathing of a sleeping giant.

In the cab sat the engineer alone, waiting. I stopped and gossiped with him a moment about the engine. Then I offered him a cigar, which he took with thanks, and asked me to come in. I swung myself into his cab.

The engineer—a bright, pleasant faced man about forty years old—explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polish could make them, for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housewife is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam-gages with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab.

"Is that for ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth.

The engineer smiled. "Well, partly for ornament," he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life, and that of two hundred and fifty people as well."



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