

on Sunday, what it was never known to have done before, and concluded that some emergency had arisen which made it necessary. As the rumbling increased he kept looking beyond the trestle, at the eastern end of which he expected to see the engine emerge from the woods. But neither train nor engine was to be seen, and as the noise was momentarily growing louder, he suddenly became aware that the cause of it was behind him, and turning around he saw the dim outline of a train coming from the south-east, and heading for him at full speed. It had come so close to him that he could barely get out of its way, as it rushed ahead, steam hissing, wheels and springs clanking and thumping as it sped along the rails. After passing him, it slowed up and came to a stop, as he judged, about a quarter of a mile north of where he stood, on the western shore of Muggah's creek.

He told this to a number of his acquaintances the following day and even showed some of them where the phantom train had passed him, expressing his conviction that some day a railroad would run here. At the time there seemed to be little or no prospect of Sydney getting rail-