

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me I found out to be a locomotive engineer; and in the course of our conversation he made the remark he hoped he had run his last trip upon a locomotive. Upon making bold to ask him his reasons, he gave the following story, and since then I have found it out to be strictly true:—

“Five years since I was running upon the New York Central Railroad. My run was from B— to R—. It was the Lightning Express Train, and it was what its name denotes, for it was fast—a very fast run, if I do say it, the old Tornado could go. I have seen her throw her six foot driver so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men; their lives are hard, it is true, but I do claim to have as fine feelings, and a heart that can sympathize with the unfortunate, as any man that breathes. But to my story.

“About half a mile from the village of B—, there is a nice little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about four years old—a bright, blue-eyed, curly-headed little chap as ever you saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

“One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B—, and I was to make up one hour before reaching R—. We came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eye following the track, not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran off the track. Quicker than the lightning that blasts the tall pine upon the mountain top, I whistled ‘down brakes,’ and reversed the engine, but knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did the old engine try to save him. The awful straining and writhing of its iron

drivers told but too plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the cab window and down on the cow-catcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still. I motioned him off and shouted; his little blue eyes opened wide with astonishment, and a merry laugh was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him; I made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed; and as his little body passed I heard the feeble cry of ‘Mother,’ and the forward trucks crushed him to death.

“Oh! that moment! I may live, sir; to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped in a few moments, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once. She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget the look she gave me as she beheld her first-born, a mangled corpse. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment!

“I have seen death in all its forms upon railroads. I have seen men, women and children mangled and killed—I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy, as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms, it unnerved me; and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

“That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour her boy was killed reason had left its throne.”

He stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said,—

“You may think it weak in me to shed tears, but I cannot help it.”

“No,” I replied, “but think it noble; and, sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours.”

I have often thought, since, how few are those who give one passing thought to the man of strong nerve and stout arm, who guides them through darkness and storms, with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end. They do not, for a moment, turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them forward with fearful velocity to meet once more their friends or relatives: They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster holds all their precious lives at his command, and that the least negli-

gence upon his part would cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are now waiting the return of the absent loved ones.

## THE YEAR OF NINES.

The present year, 1863, contains some curious combinations in regard to the figure 9.

If you add the first two figures together, thus, 1 8—they equal 9.

If you add the last two, 6 3—they equal 9.

If you set the first two figures, 18, under 63—and then add them together, the result is 81, the figures of which, added together, 8 1—9.

If you subtract the first two from 63—the remainder is 45, the figures of which, if added together, 4 5—9.

If you divide the 63 by 18, the quotient is 3, with 9 remainder.

If you multiply all the figures together, thus, 1x8x6x3, the result is 144, the figures of which, 1 4 4—9.

If you add all the figures of the year together, the sum is 18, and the sum, 1 8—9.

If you divide 1863 by 3, the quotient is 621, and 6 2 1—9.

If you divide 1863 by 9, the quotient is 207, and 2 0 7—9.

If you divide 1863 by 23, the quotient is 81, and 8 1—9.

If you divide 1863 by 59, the quotient is 27, and 2 7—9.

There are other similar results. The year 1881 will prove a large variety of similar combinations.

## HINTS ON WASHING HANDS.

Some philosophy is useful even in so simple a matter as washing the hands. If any lady will examine with a microscope the surface to be cleansed by water, she will be interested by the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting when unwashed a dingy appearance, there will be seen a corrugated surface, with deep, irregular furrows, in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lie loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste-pipes of the body, are continually discharging into those open drains perspiration and oil, which by