

shiniest on the road. You might think that a very easy question to answer, but it was not so with me: I had run her a great many years, and she had never played me a trick yet, and I am sure I loved her a great deal better than many men did their wives. Before I had time to make up my mind on the subject, Jim Armstrong came up to ask me if I would not run his camel engine to Cedar Point that afternoon, as his child was very sick, and he was afraid to go, lest it might die in his absence.

I was idle for a few days, as my engine was laid up for repairs, so I promised him I would, and he went home with a lightened heart.

You know I almost always had a passenger train, but this was a freight train, and a very heavy one it was too, of about seventy coal hoppers. I tell you this, that you may understand what followed.

We started about two o'clock, and went along at a right good speed. This part of the road was new to me, and Tom was pointing out different places, and telling me about them.

"That's where Charlie Shafer lived," he said, pointing to a pretty house surrounded by a garden, and opening out on the railroad by a little bridge. "You remember him, don't you? He was killed about two years ago on the —— Road."

I leaned out of the window to examine the place more thoroughly, and was going to turn to Tom to enquire if Mrs. Shafer lived there still, when I happened to glance ahead, and I declare to the Lord, Will, my heart almost jumped into my mouth, for there, just about forty yards in front of the engine, was a little child. I looked at it horror-stricken for about two seconds before it occurred to me what to do, and then I sprang to the whistle and blowed "down breaks" so loud and shrill that I wonder it did not put them down by its own vehemence. I tried to stop the engine as well as I could, but it was difficult work, for it was down grade, and it would not do to pitch such a train as that off the track, down a steep embankment ten miles from any assistance.

Tom saw what was the matter, and waived his hands with desperate energy for him to step off the track, while I fairly shrieked in my dreadful anxiety, as the engine each second rolled so much nearer the devoted child, but all without avail, for the poor little innocent seemed fairly possessed with the admiration he felt for the ponderous machine, and clapped his hands and laughed with glee as the sunlight flashed from the bright reflector into his face. We were now so near to him that we could see his bright blue eyes and pretty yellow hair waving in the wind, and just when it was almost too late, he seemed to be frightened at his danger, and turned to run. He had scarcely run ten steps when he stumbled and fell, and the engine passed over him.

For one minute everything swam before my sight, and then I sprang to the ground, giving my ankle a painful wrench as I struck. I crawled to the side of the track expecting to see his poor little body ground to a sickening mass of blood and bones, when what was my astonishment, indeed I may almost say fright, to hear him say as he lifted up his head, "Me tomming."

I had scarcely time to gasp out, "keep your head down, darling," before another car swept over him. Fortunately for the child, they had been repairing the road a few days before, and had not filled in yet, and when he stumbled he rolled over in between two of the sleepers.