

The Engineers Story.

Yes, sir. I do believe in ghosts. Why? Well, sir, because I saw one once. Tell you about it? Well, sir, I will, if you'll set down an' listen. 'Taint very much to tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can just bet your life, an' I never go by the place where I see it without feelin' kind o' sear.

Lem me see. 'Twas in '60. I was just beginnin' my work on this road that year. I'd been on a road out West, but a friend got me the position here that I've kep' ever since. It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair I'm goin' to tell you about happened. Jest one o' them days that makes a feller feel blue in spite of himself, an' he can't tell why, neither, 'less he lays it all to the weather.

I don't know what made me feel so, but it seemed as if there was danger ahead ever after we left Wood's Station. An' what made it seem so curious was that the feelin' o' danger come on me all to once. It was jest about 4 o'clock, as near as I can tell. Any way jest about the time when the down express must have got safely by the place where I'm goin' to tell you about happened, I was a-standin' with one hand on a lever, a-lookin' ahead through the drizzlin' rain, feelin' chillin' an' kinder downhearted, as I've said, though I didn't know why, when, all of a sudden, the idea come to me that somethin' was wrong somewhere. It took hold o' me an' I couldn't git red of it, nohow. I knew that all was right about the engine. But that feelin' that there was danger ahead never let up on me after it got into my head. 'Queer, wasn't it? But 'twas so. I couldn't account for it after I'd found out there was danger, jest as I'd felt, an' I haint never been able to account for it since.

It got dark quite early, an' account o' the fog an' the rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook, which was the last station we passed afore we come to the place where I see the ghost.

"I never felt so queer in my life afore," said Jimmy, the fireman, to me all of a sudden.

"As I was feelin' queer myself, he kinder startled me, a sayin' 'what he did."

"Why! What d'ye mean?" said I without lettin' on that I felt uneasy myself.

"Don't know," answered Jimmy; "can't tell how I do feel, on'y as if suthin' was goin' to happen."

"That was just it! I felt the same thing, an' I told him so, an' we talked about it, 'til we both got real fidgety."

There's a purty sharp curve about twenty miles from Holbrook. The road makes a turn 'round a mountain, an' the river runs below ye, 'bout forty foot or sech a matter. It's a pokish lookin' place when you happen to be goin' over it, an' think what 'ud be if the train should pitch over the bluff inter the river.

The train stopped. An' then, sir, what d'ye think happened? Well, sir, that thing just grew thinner an' thinner, 'til it seemed to bend right in with the fog that was all around it, and the fast we knew 'twas gone!

"It was a ghost!" said Jimmy, in a whisper. "I knew somethin' was a goin' to happen, 'cause I felt so uer lika."

They come a crewdin' up to find why I'd stopped the train, an' I swear I never felt so kind o' queer an' foolish as I did when I told 'em what I'd seen 'cause I knew they didn't believe in ghosts, most likely, an' they'd think I was drunk or crazy.

"He see it, too," sez I, a pointin' to Jimmy.

"Yes, 'fore God, I did," sez Jimmy, as solemn as if he was a witness on the stand.

"This is a pretty how-d'ya-do," sez the conductor, who didn't b'lieve we'd seed anything. "I'm surprised at you, Connelly; I thought you was a man o' sense."

"I thought so, too," sez I, "but I can't help what I see. If I was a dyin' this mornin' I'd swear I see a man on the track, or leastwise the ghost was one. I thought 'twas a real man when I whistled."

"An' so would I," sez Jimmy. The conductor couldn't help seein' that we was in earnest, an' b'lieved what we said.

"Take a lantern an' go along the track," sez he, to some o' the men. An' they did."

An' what d'ye s'pose they found? Well, sir, they found the rails all tore up jest at the spot where the train would have shot over the bluff into the river if it had a gone on!

"Yes, sir; they found that, an' I tell you there was some pretty solemn lookin' faces when it got among the passengers how near we'd been to death."

"I never b'lieved in ghosts," sez the conductor; "but I b'lieved you saw somethin'." Connelly, an' you've saved a precious lot o' lives. That's a sure thing."

Well, sir, they went to huntin' 'round an' they found a lot o' tools an' things that the men who'd tore up the rails had left in a hurry, when they found the train wasn't goin' over the bluff as they'd expected.

An' they found, too, when it come light, the body o' the man whose business it was to see to the curve, where it had been his away after bein' murdered. An' that man was the man whose ghost we had seen.

Yes, sir. He'd come to warn us o' the danger ahead after the men had killed him, an' was a waitin' for us to go over the rocks to destruction. An' he'd saved us.

I found out afterward that there was a lot o' money on board, an' I s'pose the men who tore up the track knew it.

The house was built with three boards, by which a vacant space was made in the siding, creating an air-chamber, and it is supposed that the snakes had taken possession of this for a home. The tramps who endeavored to stay in the ice house on Sunday night probably discovered some of the snakes and attempted to smoke them out, but the effort resulted in the destruction of the entire building.

A Woman's Conscientiousness.

The Haverhill Mass., Gazette tells this story—perhaps the reader has noticed while journeying on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain but substantial neat brick-house upon the hill, only a moments walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics in our bustling city—young, handsome, whose only apparent fortune was his daily wages of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the one bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won, as soon as they could get money enough to commence housekeeping—was engaged to a charming young girl. She was conscientious to a fault, brought up in the most puritanic of Puritan families, good, pure and beautiful. One bright morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs. They halted after about an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked her how she liked it. Of course she wished it was theirs; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house had just been completed, and very nicely furnished. Judge of her surprise when he quietly informed her that the property was his, that he owned it. Why, she was completely dumfounded, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, when, did he come in possession of so much property? He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew \$20,000 in some lottery scheme and with its funds built and furnished this home for her. She turned upon him as though he were the veriest gambler, vowing then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property which he had gained by what she termed unlawful means. She scorned all efforts of his to induce her to occupy the house. They separated; parted at the door, which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same to-day as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted.

EMOTIONAL REFORMS.

After a year's experience and time for calm reflections, many church members who assisted in the Murphy temperance movement are beginning to doubt of its propriety and efficacy. The Churchman warns its readers against emotional reform movements of all kinds as dangerous. Reforms are good, but they should be carried on in the church rather than out of it. It says that in Pittsburg, where the Murphy wave rose probable to its greatest height, "the saloons are being a better business than ever, and many good people and themselves ashamed of some thing which they have been led to do." A Presbyterian clergyman writes to those who think in danger of being made temperate after the new method: "Pray the Master that the days may be shortened: keep out innovation as much as you can and be patient. Remember that the Church is a temperance society good enough for anybody, vows of membership better than the pledge, its Head better than Francis Murphy."

A Wedding Stopped at the Alter.

There was a strange scene in Cincinnati one day last week. A respectable and intelligent young lady was engaged to be married, and made the discovery that her affianced was in the habit of drinking, and told him what she had learned. He promised never to drink again, and she forgave him. The wedding day was subsequently set, and all went well until the morning appointed for the performance of the ceremony. During the interval he made his usual visits, and though he drank at times his betrothed never learned of his faithlessness until it was too late to punish him for it. They were standing side by side, and a moment more would have found them man and wife, when he turned to her and his tell-tale breath spoke of whiskey. When the minister propounded the usual question the response came faintly, "No." In surprise the question was again asked, and this time the response came clear and decisive, "No." She then turned to her lover, accused him of drinking, reminded him of his promise to her, and said that a man who would break a promise so solemnly made could not be relied upon, and she feared to trust her future to such a man. Expostulations and entreaties were all in vain, and that little "Yes" still remain unsaid.—Cincinnati Times.

BURNING OUT THE SNAKES.

The Quincy, Ill., Whig says:—On Sunday evening McDade's ice house was burned, and hundreds of snakes wiggled and crawled out and ran for the bay, creating a continuous splash as one after another of the reptiles went headlong into the water. The snakes seemed to come from every nook of the building, and writhing in agony from the intense heat, instinctively made for the bay direct, and, maimed and burned as many of them were, they plunged in promiscuously, throwing great volumes of water high in the air. The watchman at one of the other ice houses says that when he first saw the flames they enveloped nearly the entire building. It had been accidentally set on fire by tramps, several of whom were subsequently found lying near the ruins fast asleep. One of these very graphic descriptions of the rush of snakes from the building. Out of the doorway, through the roof, through dense volumes of smoke, they came by scores, large snakes and small, of almost every species known to this latitude, their eyes distended and their forked tongues darting defiance at the blaze, they actually raced through the air to a place of safety. They hissed with madness, and pounded the earth with their tales in fury, and seemed to screech in agony. The number of them seemed to be endless, until the whole structure was so far consumed that no more could escape. Great rattlesnakes, blow snakes, moccasins, garter snakes, and water snakes were huddled and hustled together as they came forth apparently born of the flames. Wild with rage and tossing venom into the fire, which seemed only to increase its volume, they coiled on the ground with arched necks ready to strike the foe that approached them. Some of them even seemed to stand on the edge of the ice house as if bidding defiance to the devouring elements, and to lick up the flames with their tongues, before giving up what had been their homes. Some of the snakes took refuge in a large pile of lumber near the ice house.

A PRACTICAL SWEETHEART.

A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office, at Kansas city, resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a two dollar pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked \$5 upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for \$5 into one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel. The girl examined the soles in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price \$3.75, and politely requested the

clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid \$5. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her \$3.50 pair of shoes, and obtained \$1.50 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for \$3.00 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.

Long Trains of Freight Cars.

The immense trains of freight cars that daily pass over the Pennsylvania railroad are objects of great curiosity. The Mologic engine will successfully draw from 70 to 80 heavily loaded eight-wheeled cars. We saw a train of coal pass eastward yesterday evening which numbered 74 cars. It was a magnificent sight as it swept around the curve at the depot, and attracted much attention. This train had scarcely passed, when a westward bound train approached, which was composed of one hundred and twenty-eight empty cars; and while it passed on westward another eastward bound train flew by, in which there were twenty-one coal oil tanks and fifty-four box cars. The old-time railroader, if he could come back to the scene of his life-labor to see these trains, would be puzzled how to understand the increased power of the locomotive.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

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