turn around or even wave a hand to those whom perhaps they might never see again.

On their departure we pulled off to our yacht and were soon standing on deck gazing at the village while the anchor was being weighed. We stood for some time thinking of that long-to-be-remembered visit, as we steamed out of the harbor until a bend of the shore hid from our sight the Indian village of Betshiamits.

Life.

We live to learn, and learn to live;
Advancing years advancing knowledge bring;
The work of head and hand we give
To sneak around and find out some new thing.

New truths dawn on us day by day,
And older truths appear in novel form;
Dame Fortune brings us oft to bay
By showing up some ancient fact new-born.

Thus onward through life’s paths we tread,
Our guide, this maxim, and the truth it brings:
“If black comes up you can’t win red,
And three small aces beat the same of kings.”

The Engineer’s Experience.

It was a cold, dark night, and the hail and sleet beat against the windows of the little station of F—— on the C—— Railroad.

The up express had just arrived, and had received orders to meet the mail train, which had been delayed an hour, at this station. The wind howled drearily, and the trainmen were huddled around the stove in the little waiting-room trying to keep warm.

“It was just such a night as this,” said engineer Martin, “that I had one of the strangest, and, at the same time, most startling experiences of my lifetime. It happened about ten years ago, when I was running the night express from Littleton, a small station on the B—— Railroad, to H——, the end of the route. On the night of the 15th of December, 187——, I started as usual to walk to the station, a distance of about half a mile. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and as I left the door of my house a peculiar feeling came over me. I cannot exactly describe it, except that I had an almost uncontrollable desire to remain at home and shirk my duty. I laughed at my foolishness, however, and by the time that I had reached the station I had overcome the feeling, and stepped into the cab of the engine in good spirits. As I said before, the night was dark and it was snowing hard. The wind blew the snow into the cab, but my fireman had a good fire and the steam pressure was high, so we did not mind the snow. We started ‘on time,’ and sped away through the storm and darkness. Four hours passed, and we were nearing the station of Ludlow, about one hundred and twenty miles from Littleton. Just beyond Ludlow the country became rugged and hilly, the rivers and ravines being spanned by trestles or iron bridges. We reached Ludlow all right, and left after a wait of about five minutes.

“About ten miles beyond Ludlow the road began to ascend gradually, there being several very steep grades at this point. At the top of one of these grades a Frankenstein trestle spanned a ravine of over one hundred feet in depth.

“We were approaching this trestle at a rate of about thirty miles an hour; the grade was very steep, and I was in the habit of ‘giving her more steam’ just before we reached the steepest part of the grade. I had just put my hand on the throttle to open it, when I thought I heard a voice in my ear. I said to myself it is only my imagination, and was about to give the throttle a pull when it sounded again in my ear. There was no mistake this time; it was my wife’s voice, and said, ‘Not that, John, for Heaven’s sake—the brakes!’ Impulsively I pushed in the throttle and applied the brakes, thinking after I had done so that I had been the victim of a delusion, and upbraiding myself for my foolishness.

“The engine came to a standstill within about three hundred yards of the trestle. I