

Conductor Harvey Lamb, running trains Three and Twelve between Port Jervis and Elmira, has a reputation as a first-class engineer as well as conductor. Harvey has hosts of friends, and like all the Erie conductors is a tip-top, whole-souled, genial gentleman. Here is a reminiscence of his early railroad days as told by himself: "I was flagging for John Sampson, and we were bound west with an extra to No. 18. While going down the hill between the Summit and Susquehanna, and when near Windsor Crossing, a pair of wheels under a car in the middle of the train ran off the track. We stopped and I went back with flag to stop the day express then nearly due. I ran back nearly a mile and then waited for the train to come. Well, I waited and waited, and finally I heard my train go on, and on the curve below could see them and knew they had the wheels on the track all right. After this I waited an hour or more until I was satisfied my train was safely at Susquehanna, still the express did not come." They were delayed by a wreck down near Basket, but of this I was not aware at the time. Starting down the track for Susquehanna I presently saw a very light "grampus" car standing near the track, and knew it belonged to a livery man at Susquehanna, as I had seen him bringing hay on it from his farm near the Summit. Well, I thought it

would be fine fun to put this on the track and ride to Susquehanna, the grade being full 60 feet to the mile all the way, the only trouble would be to stop it. This, I thought, could be accomplished by a stick that I had rigged to act as a brake upon one wheel. So I put it on the track and started. At first, and while on the upper end of the long straight line west of Windsor Crossing, I was fearful the express might overtake me before I could stop and get the car out of the way, but before reaching the lower end of the straight line, I wished something would overtake me, for the stick I expected to act as a brake broke at the first trial, and I was left to get along as best I could, and wished that I had waited to flag the express train. Lord! how it did go though. I lost my hat, and with hair streaming in the breeze, with eyes bulging almost out of my head, and at times fairly gasping for breath, I hung on for dear life, seeming to go faster and faster. The Windsor curve was made all right, we fairly flew over the Cascade bridge, the light car seeming to bound along the rails until where the road skirts the hill on the Germantown curve, the car gave a final bound, a thump or two, my eyes closed involuntarily and—all was dark.

It was about four o'clock of a long summer afternoon when all this happened, and when I again opened my eyes, the sun was just going down behind the western hills. I was weak and dizzy and felt as if forty-seven niggers with clubs had been pounding me for a week, but after a while struggled to my feet and viewed the wreck. After leaving the track the car went down the embankment, which at this point was nearly a hundred feet high, and crashing through a board fence, taking out a panel as it went, had finally brought up against a walnut tree and was broken to flinders, two of the wheels being in a thousand pieces. Whether I came down with the car or on my own hook I could not determine. One eye was blackened, my shoulder and head cut to the bone, and bruised generally from head to foot. Climbing the track, I slowly wended my way to Susquehanna in a manner 'far from gay,' and kept my bed for a week, being interviewed by the doctor daily."

A painful although not a serious accident happened to Conductor Aaron Cortright of the Delaware Division Monday morning while assisting in "making up" a train in the west end of the yard at this station. While coupling cars his right hand was caught in some unexplained manner and badly crushed and bruised. The doctor thinks no bones are broken, but it will be days before Aaron will again attempt to couple cars.

After delivering a despatch at Pond Eddy station on Saturday night, Dennis Conners started to return to his home upon the opposite side of the river, and while walking upon the railroad crossed over from the westward to the eastward track to avoid a coal train then passing. The noise made by this train prevented him from hearing a "wild cat" freight train, M. Blake, Conductor, approaching upon the eastward track and he was struck and ran over by the whole train, severing the left leg and arm from his body and otherwise injuring him, from the effects of which he died in about one hour. He was aged sixty years, and had been for many years employed by the D. & H. Canal Company as watchman.

A. P. Mabin, for many years employed on the Erie as track foreman at Hankins, on the Delaware Division, was found in his bed Saturday morning dead from heart disease. The funeral at Callicoon on Monday was largely attended, a delegation of forty from Hancock Lodge F & A. M., of which the deceased was a member, conducting the services in their impressive manner. Mr. Mabin was a bachelor of about 50 years of age.