

Walter Hanson and Chas. Hart boarded the little red velocipede belonging to the construction department and went to Binford last Sunday presumably to attend church. On the return trip Walter was doing the push business in front with the lever while Charley held on with both hands. They were going at a 40 mile an hour clip when Walter suggested that the air brakes be put on. Whoop-ee! Let her go fast yelled Charley and faster flew the little red velocipede until one of those patent crossings was reached when whir-r-r! biff! kerplunk! The car jumped the track and went up into the air and came down again and lodged on Charley Hart's neck, while Hanson made a flying leap over a heavy embankment and spread himself out like tadpole in a rain barrel. Both boys were badly shaken up and it was fully twenty minutes before they knew what had struck them. They finally picked themselves up and came to town and for the rest of the way ran about the same rate of speed as the regular train—which is very careful time.