Heroism of an Engineer.

Brick Pomeroy's appreciative notice of Peter Wynn, serves him right. We give the greater part of it below, —a testimonial not only to the subject of the notice, but to the whole fraternity of engineers, who constantly risk their lives:

"There are heroes yet in the land besides those who march beside brave men to face death on battle-fields. Thursday morning, Peter Winn, engineer in the employ of the Erie Railway, running train No. 8 eastward bound from Elmira to New York, proved his metal and passed his name to the list of those who are truly brave. He was on his engine, drawing a heavily laden express train filled with awake and sleeping passengers.

Rushing through Wellsburg, Peter Winn saw on the track to his left, bound West, an engine and tender.

He knew at once there had been trouble. In a second he saw a wreck on the track in front of him, as he turned the curve. The Westward train, No. 3, had there met an accident. He saw the engine near the wreck, whistled "down brakes," reversed motion with a jerk that threw standing passengers on his train to their knees or faces. Right before him, across the track, was the express car. On the track stood half the passengers from the other train, looking at the wreck, or scrambling out to see what was the matter. To rush into the express car was to tempt death. To jump was to save his life. He whistled alarm, for alarms. The passengers from the other train standing like a flock of sheep, second struck dumb and motionless with fear.

The engine screamed and screamed, as with hand on the lever, the engineer rushed ahead. A few people on the track went down, struck by the engine. Just as he struck the express car, he let on a little steam—there was a crash—flying timbers—the air was filled with boxes and bundles—crashing passengers—the engineer shut off steam—and clear from the track went the engine, baggage, express and two passenger cars, two trains all in a heap in a minute of time. Not a soul hurt on No. 8 except the engineer, who crawled out of the wreck cool as if possession could be, with the remark "*I did the best I could!!*"

And so he did, and he did nobly. Like a hero he stood at his post till all was over—thinking and acting quickly—valuing his own life as much as he planned and executed, by his nerve and coolness saving life train over the lives of those in his keeping. "I did the best I could!" God himself could do no more.

And who of those who life every thing of the engineer, with his oily clothes—his keen eye—his well-trained hand—his arduous position and his responsibility? Two few to us, we fear. We chat with the conductor—we tell him stories—we say he is a good fellow, as he is, but there is another on the train in whose keeping we are when rushing over the rails, and that is the engineer.

Thank God, they are brave, sober, earnest men. They are underpaid, overworked, and underpaid—they are not noticed because they do not dress well—they are seldom thought or spoken of, because they are working men, or "greasy mechanics," but with of us all are better, braver or more deserving than the railway engineers of America?

"I did the best I could!"

And right well you did it, Peter Winn. And never will you be forgotten for it."

A pretty sort of extension table is easily made, thus: Take a wide, smooth plank, cut it so as to be as long as the dining table is wide; fasten under it two long wooden pegs, just far enough apart to slide into the ends of the opening left by the upper part of the table leaf when drawn out to extend it. This board forms an extra leaf, accommodating four persons, and should have a leg on the outer edge, hinged to swing a trifle to steady it when in use and fold back as other legs.

So the legs of leaves in the table should be made, and the table itself should be long and high, and attached by hinges to the wall, to double down and save space when not wanted.

A broom is best for regular family sweeping, and a carpet sweeper for occasional work. To clean and brighten carpets and rugs, sprinkle wet Indian meal, or snow, over them, and sweep.

Floor matting sometimes will not go down smoothly—the inside being looser than the edge of the breadth; wet the edges and it can be drawn out flat and straight.

Do not buy dark or very white kerosene—the light yellow is safest. Lamps with 'sun-burners' economize the light most. There is a patent hanging lamp fastened to the ceiling by a strong coiled brass strong, which can be pushed up or pulled down to any height at pleasure. The apparatus is simple. Such a lamp is nearly as convenient as gas, and is cheerful over a tea-table or work-table.

Whitewashed walls will not rub off

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Inveterate cases of Scrofulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unbidden tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed in fetious throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcerations on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this *Sarsaparilla* is advisable, even when no active eruptions of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this *SARSAPARILLA*—*St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears*, and other eruptions or visible forms of *Scrofulous* disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as *Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Neuralgia*, and the various *Uterine* affections of the muscular and nervous systems.

Syphilis or Venereal and *Mercurial Diseases* are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing the deep-seated malady by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. *Leucorrhea or Whites, Uterine Ulcerations*, and *Female Diseases*, are completely cured and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, accessible