

## DOWN EMBANKMENT IN CAR.

Forty Passengers in a Wreck on the Raritan River Railroad—Only One Seriously Hurt.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 3.—There was a bad wreck on the Raritan River Railroad this evening. Forty persons rolled down a twenty-foot embankment in a car. No one was killed, and only one person was seriously injured. The railroad runs from Perth Amboy to this place.

The train to which the accident happened left Perth Amboy shortly before 6 o'clock. It consisted of an engine and two cars. The forward car was the passenger coach. The other contained express matter and baggage. Three miles from Perth Amboy the road makes a sharp bend while on an embankment. At the curve is a switch, and at this point the engine left the rails without any apparent cause. It rolled down the embankment and rested in the swamp below.

Both cars left the track and the passenger coach followed the engine. It landed on its side with one end upon the tender of the engine and the other upon the ground. The passengers were thrown about and bruised by the overturning of the coach. Fortunately, the coach did not make a second turn, as it was caught by the tender and held.

When the engine left the rails Engineer W. W. Mulford and Fireman John Sullivan jumped, and both escaped injury. They ran to the aid of the passengers in the overturned coach. Conductor Richard Sullivan was one of the first taken out, and, although badly bruised and shaken up, he aided in taking out the passengers. James Porton was the most severely injured. Besides being bruised he received a broken ankle.

Judge C. E. Cowenhoven of this city was also badly shaken up. Mrs. E. Furnin of Sayreville was cut by broken glass and bruised. Three girls, Mary and Jennie Archer and Clara Morris, climbed through a broken window after the accident and were cut by the glass. All of the passengers went to their homes.

## A REMARKABLE MIRAGE.

Coney Island Mirrored in the Sky for a Full Half Hour Yesterday.

Those who went down to the lower bay in excursion boats about the middle of yesterday had an opportunity to see a beautiful natural phenomenon, not at all uncommon in the neighborhood of New York, yet not often seen by the land-loving inhabitants of the city. Two distinct winds were blowing, which, as all yachtsmen know, is not an infrequent occurrence. Half a mile west of Sandy Hook and along a line running thence to the northward there was a mild and intensely warm westerly wind. East of the Hook the wind was from the southeast, and was blowing briskly and with a most refreshing coolness. Now, a southeast wind is a most active breeder of fogs, and this one was no exception to the rule. About a mile or a mile and a half to the eastward of the Hook there was a distinct line of fog. Just east of the Hook it could be seen running in low clouds, like the smoke of a locomotive, along the surface of the sea. It cut under the horizon line and split the sea off the point of the Hook into two parts, one of which seemed to run upward into the clouds and there lose itself in a thin and wavering line of bluish gray.

A short distance north of the end of this line there were two schooners heading toward the Hook on the port tack and heeling far over to the breeze. Immediately over the two schooners were their images, produced in perfectly clear and distinct mirage. People on the steamboats, who were not too unobservant to note what was going on around them, saw and marveled at the strange sight. Then they swept the horizon till their eyes fell on the toy minarets and airy cupolas of Coney Island. And lo! these, too, were plainly visible in the upper stratum of the fog upside down, even as Coney Island is wont to be on the eve of a holiday. It was a vast and airy city in the clouds, a city standing on its head gravely and silently, as if that were the customary attitude of cities under the rule of Tammany Hall.

And there was a veil of fog to the westward, too, over the sunlit heights of Staten Island. So they were elevated into weird and long-faced acclivities, like the Palisades of the Hudson. For fully half an hour this beautiful mirage was visible, and then as the fog swept in from the sea it became an unsubstantial pageant, faded, and only the memory of it remained for the returned travelers to recall.