

... (last page.)  
 ... accident was ...  
 ... did not try to ...  
 ... but acknowledged that it was ...  
 ... probably due wholly to his mistake in ...  
 ... not understanding the operator, and ...  
 ... made no attempt at excuse.

He was at once dismissed from the company's service, and it was only out of compassion for him on account of his youth, the double duty he was doing, and the bitter severity of the night, that he was not committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

So in one day Sam found himself dismissed from an honorable position in disgrace, and branded by the newspapers as a criminal who ought to be sent to prison. Almost all of us, his old mates, went to see him when he came home, after the investigation and his dismissal. He was the same Sam as ever, telling us frankly about the accident with every little detail of truth, either for or against himself. He seemed to think that he had escaped with a less punishment than he deserved. Only when he spoke of the poor fellows who had been killed and injured, his eyes filled with tears and his lip trembled.

It would be a mistake to call such a man a "criminal." There was not the slightest trace or taint of crime in Sam Homan! He said several times that he wished he had not jumped from his engine. No doubt by jumping he had saved his life, but if he was ever placed on another engine, he should not again forsake his post.

"It looks better for an engineer, to stick to his machine and take what comes!" he said.

To the writer such a resolve seems to indicate a purely Quixotic devotion.

Seven or eight months later, Sam went West, and I heard that he had secured the situation of fireman on the C. B. H. & R. Railway. He had begun at the bottom again and was working up. For while railways do not make a practice of hiring as employees men who have been dismissed for cause from other lines, they sometimes do so. In the two years that followed, I learned incidentally that he had been promoted on the same railroad to the place of engineer.

Ten years of busy life, succeeded, and I had almost forgotten Sam and many other of my old school acquaintances when the press despatch I have spoken of at the beginning of my narrative recalled him and his history to mind. A feeling of sadness came over me at the thought of his death; and I sent for the papers published near the place of the accident in order to gather additional particulars respecting it.

From these I learned that he had run an engine nearly ten years on that line without an accident; and the collision that caused his death was in no way due to carelessness on his part. He had so far retrieved the mistake of former years that the company deemed him its safest driver, and had entrusted to him its most important passenger train. Twice he had been publicly complimented by the directors, as an engineer by whom they had never suffered loss, and who had never had an accident to his train.

Some part of this immunity was no doubt due to good fortune, but most of it to his extreme carefulness. That sad lesson of his youth had evidently never been forgotten.

On the afternoon of the collision, he was taking his train—the "down" passenger express—over the line as usual. When they reached D—, at 4.30 P. M., the train conductor, named Hadley, received an order from the telegraphic operator at that place to "cross" an "up" freight train at the next station, called "Sanford's."

The passenger express immediately went on at the usual rate of speed—thirty-eight miles an hour. But the operator at Sanford's failed to deliver to the conductor of the freight the order to wait there for the express to pass him. It was a single-track line; and the two heavy trains were thus put in motion, to meet each other between the two stations.

As the express dashed through a track of pine woodland, and turned a reversed curve along an embankment, at the foot of which ran a small river, the long freight train was suddenly discovered coming down the gradient at full speed.

The name of Homan's fireman was Frank Galbraith. He seems to have seen the freight an instant before it was seen by Sam. The latter at the moment was trying some of the steam cocks, or noting the gauge.

"Good God!" the fireman cried out—"Here's No. 23 right into us!"

With the swiftness of a long practised arm, Sam shut off steam, applied the vacuum brake, then reversed and opened the sand-spouts upon the rails. The fireman whistled for the hand-brakes at the same instant.

With these powerful appliances promptly put in operation, a train going at the speed of Sam's can now be stopped on a little less than five hundred feet of level track. Had the engineer of the freight been equally well provided, the collision might have been prevented, or at least have been reduced to a trifling concussion.

But he seems not even to have seen the express till it was nearly upon him; and he had a heavy load of factory machinery and only hand-brakes to stop his train. With scarcely diminished speed he rushed headlong to his fate.

Seeing that a collision was inevitable, and that the passenger cars were likely to be tumbled down the embankment into the river, this is what Sam Homan did:

"Jump, Frank!" he said to his fireman. "You'd better save yourself!"

Then he reversed again and pulled the throttle of the locomotive wide open. The steam was at full pressure, and the engine, springing violently ahead, fortunately snapped the coupling back of the tender, then shot forward alone, and like a wild beast springs for its prey, seemed almost to leap at the approaching freight! When the two engines met, it bore almost all the brunt of the collision itself.

The heavy freight, thus violently checked, shoved the disabled express locomotive backward a few yards, when it left the rails, toppled over and rolled into the river-bed fifty feet below. And there, twenty minutes later, they found my old school-mate mangled and dead

beneath it. As white a soul had gone out as ever struggled in honest but unconscious heroism, through this rough, troubled life.

The passengers in the cars behind could scarcely believe that a fatal accident had happened—so slight was the shock to them. But for the self-sacrificing act of their generous guardian in the locomotive, they might at that moment have been maimed and in agony, or dead, in the river below. His quick glance had seen that it was his life or theirs, and he had unhesitatingly given them his.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES!**  
**DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY**

*Fancy Goods,*  
**SPECTACLES, CLOCKS,**  
**JEWELRY, ETC.**

**Geo. V. Rand.**

Wolfville, opt. 8th 1883.

**W. & A. Railway**  
**Time Table**

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
Annapolis Leve		A. M. 6 15	A. M. 1 15
14 Bridgetown "		7 10	2 03
28 Middleton "		8 10	2 48
42 Aylesford "		9 15	3 30
47 Berwick "		9 35	3 48
50 Waterville "		9 50	3 57
59 Kentville Opt	6 00	11 15	4 35
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 35	4 51
68 Wolfville "	6 30	11 44	5 00
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 57	5 11
72 Avonport "	6 55	12 10	5 23
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 30	5 38
84 Windsor "	8 00	1 20	6 00
116 Windsor June "	10 15	4 00	7 20
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	8 00

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. daily.
Halifax—leave	A. M. 7 15	A. M. 7 00	P. M. 2 30
14 Windsor Jun—	7 35	7 22	3 30
46 Hantsport "	9 15	10 15	5 33
53 Avonport "	9 40	10 44	6 01
58 Grand Pre "	9 56	11 02	6 19
61 Wolfville "	10 06	11 15	6 33
64 Port Williams "	10 17	11 30	6 46
68 Wolfville "	10 25	11 40	6 53
71 Kentville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
80 Waterville "	11 27	1 05	
83 Berwick "	11 36	1 20	
88 Aylesford "	11 50	1 40	
102 Middleton "	12 30	2 50	
116 Bridgetown "	1 15	3 50	
130 Annapolis Arrive	2 00	4 45	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, 45 minutes added will give Halifax time.

The 1.15 p.m. Train from Annapolis will not be detained when Steamers happen to be late.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
 General Manager.

Ken... 1883

**THE ACADIAN**

Has a large local circulation, thus rendering it as an

**ADVERTISING MEDIUM**

Of rare excellence to all classes of the business public.

**OUR JOB ROOM**

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

From the best Foundries.

**PRINTING**

—OF—

**Every Description**

DONE WITH

**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

ADDRESS—

**"Acadian" Office,**  
 Wolfville, N. S.

**A. C. REDDEN,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Pianos & Organs**

**AMERICAN & CANADIAN.**

From the Medium Priced

To the Highest Grades.

"The best is the cheapest" but the cheapest is seldom best.

A. C. Redden is actually giving much better bargains than you can get direct from the makers themselves.

He is selling the MASON & HAMLIN Organ direct from factory to his customers \$5 to \$50 less than they could do at the factory.

Compare his prices with theirs and you will see that this is true.

Address:—**A. C. REDDEN,**  
 Wolfville,

General Agent for Nova Scotia for the Beautiful "BOSTON" Sewing Machine.

Be sure and write for prices and terms before buying elsewhere.

Wolfville, Nov. 3rd. 1883.