
❧ SNOW ON THE HEADLIGHT ❧

Blackwings shot right over the top of the yard engine, turned end for end, and lay with her pilot under the mail car, which was telescoped into the express car. The balance of the train, surging, straining, and trembling, came to a stop, with all wheels on the rail, thanks to the faithful driver, and the open sand-pipes. The train had scarcely stopped when the conductor and the two dead-heads were at the engine, searching, amid the roar of escaping steam, for the engine crew. A moment later Benjie came limping in from a neighboring field where he had been wallowing in a snow-drift. The operator, rushing from the station, stumbled over the body of a man. It was Guerin. When the engine turned over he had been hurled from the cab and slammed up against the depot, fifty feet away. The rescuers, searching about the wreck, shouted and called to the occupants of the mail car, but the wail of the wounded engine drowned their voices. In a