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RUNNING "PILOT."

"Who is standing pilot this evening ?" said the Superintendent, or "boss" as he was called. "Seth Martin," was the foreman's

"Tell him to come here, will you? and hurry up."

The foreman hastened away, and both he and Seth Martin must have "spread themselves," as the former said, for in a few minutes the engine driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a comprehensive look at the engineer, who flinched not a muscle. His clear steady eyes were as blue as the sky; a handsome brown beard ornamented his face, which, albeit rather dirty, was full of character and determination. To use the popular expression, "he was pure gold down to bedrock,"

The Superintendent, satisfied with his scrutiny, nodded to the engine driver and said:

"There's a specie train up out of Collinsville to-night, Seth." "I know that," was the curt re-

"And it will require close watch-

ing," continued the chief. "I s'pose so-I know that," re-

peated Seth. "You are mighty knowin' this

evening," said the Superintendent, smiling, "but there is one thing you don't know, sonny. You don't know that you are going to run pilot to that train.' "Yes, I do," replied the engine

driver. "Who in thunder told you, then? I didn't know it myself till ten minutes ago."

"You told me this minute, then I "I'm ready, boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a peradoes hanging about up Dartford | catch me teipping. No, sir !" They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately, the passengers was handy with their shootin'-irons, and bullets was rainin' pretty thick, else there would have been something unpleasant." "Wa'al." said the engine driver,

"go ahead."

"Now, you must run pilot to the specie train and see that the line's clear up as far as Dartford City. Ye can't shunt at the trestle bridge siding, and wait to pull the wagons up the Bunker incline through the cuttings. Once safe there, ye can rattle along, and mind ye keep a good lookout."

"You bet!" was Seth's reply. "I'd better take my six-shooter, I suppose. We'll have to fight, may-

"Most likely," replied the Superintendent, coolly. "Keep this quiet. I've got men on the lo kout along the line. Who's your mate?" "English Tom Atkins," was the reply. "He's grit !"

"All right, then," said the chief. "Now don't drink ; keep a full head of steam; bring back the specie safe, and --- "

"Wa'al ?" drawled the other,

you're hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you."

"Is that all, then ? Well, goodnight, boss, and thank ye." "Good luck," was the reply; "I'll not forget you."

Seth Martin turned away with a nod of acknowledgment and directed his steps to the shed where his engine was "standing pilot." This means the engine had steam up (or was "in steam," to speak technically), and was ready for any sudden emergency. The driver was just as sistance. well pleased to run a couple of hundred miles on a dark night, even with the chance of being shot, as to have an invitation to the "White

"Tom !" "Hallo ?" came back in an unmistakable English voice.

House" itself.

"Fire up a bit; we're bound west; specie pilot; 10 o'clock. Keep it quiet."

A man unseen by the driver put | what he had done-

up his head to listen. tin can; filled a similar can with specie yet. Hurry down to the sigsome old Bourbon whiskey at a sa- nal box while I get out the engine." loon close by, whither they were followed by the man who had been but soon came back with the intelliwho noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplices, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his

stood some distance down the line. As soon as the engine driver and his mate were recognized, they were warmly welcomed, for they were favorites. Many drinks were tendered for their acceptance, and declined on various pleas, till at length one man declared the Britisher wanted to fix an insult on a free-born citizen. He offered Seth and Tom a glass apiece, saying:

"What's up, mate? Twore off,

"For this evening," replied Seth, "but as I'd rather drink than fight just now, I'll take your treat. So the men each took the proffered glass, but scarcely tasted it; and soon afterward Seth, fearing that inkling of his intended mission might leak out, beckoned to his fireman to follow as soon as possible, and then left the saloon. He lit a cigar, climbed up into the "cab" of are protected and closed in), and be-

gan to smoke. He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt 'queer." "These is stronger cigars than usual," he muttered, and he threw it from him. But the oppres sion on his brain became heavier :

he felt very sleepy now. "I think I'll have a nap ; it's only about 9 o'clock. I must; there's an hour yet. I wonder where Tom is. It's my opinion Tom will drink too much or---"

His train of thoughts was suddenly interrupted. All at once it flashed upon him that he himself had been "drugged" in the saloon !

"That's it; what a thundering idiot I am !" He essayed to rise, but felt quite bewildered. He made hopeless attempts to stand upright, out could do nothing. He was as useless as a child, but, worse than all, he was conscious of his inability to do his duty. Ten o'clock rang out. He struggles to his feet. His head was spinning around, his feet past. were heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding door, but ere he could descend a blow from behind sent him flying into space-a splash, and down to sank into a large pond containing a quantity of surplus

water for the locomotive tanks. At the same moment three men knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and climbed up on the engine and, with disclosing his white, even teeth a low but hearty chuckle, started it out from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said indge ; your talents are thrown away | the shortest of the party. "I didn't on this line. But listen; we've no listen to the boss for nothin' this time to spit straws in chaff. time. The specie train will run af-There's a very festive gang of des- ter all, you see. Oh! they couldn't

suppose," said another. "He's to his revolver. work on the up line, isn't he?"

"Aye, only on that side. Ye did that Britisher pretty, I must say. He and Seth was kinder cautious too."

"I mixed it strong," said the other, with a savage laugh. "Did you settle the signals, abe ?"

"Aye; telegraphed ourselves special, and then cut the wires and smashed the instruments. We're clear now to Dartford City. What's that? he added, hastily, as the engine lurched for a second and then lifted.

now. We can run easy, I s'pose, and give the alarm. She won't bust, I hope. Here goes." The speaker, who knows very little about engine driving, turned on the steam and away they went. He turned his head for a moment. "There's something moving yonder;

they've found Seth, likely,"

But this portion of the gang of desperadoes had met their match in English Tom Atkins. For a moment or two he had been overcome by the drugged whisky, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a few moments' sickness. Creeping along the "I'll provide for your family if ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these and sent the "bravoes" away into the night on the up line. He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down metals) with a superior force. But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. The up line was cut at the bridge.

"Lend a helping hand, mate, I'm drowndin' !" This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek as-

"Seth-Seth Martin; what's happened to you !"

"Them varmints tossed me iu here when I was half stupid, but the water has done me good. Help me out, Tom, and we'll fix them yet."

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent all the assistance he could; and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clethes said, when his mate had told him

i "Don't breathe a syllable to mor-Seth was a man of action, and so tal man. I know Bob Franklin's was his mate, Tom Atkins. They engine is in steam by now for the looked to the engine and their revol- cross traffic. We'll fire her up and vers; put a dozen cartridges in a run them down. We may save the

Tom hastened away as desired, rails in the bridge, and, you bet listening to their conversation, and gence that the box was empty and they're cutting the track for the the wire cut. specie train!"

.. We darsen't say a word now," said Seth. "What fools we were to take them drinks! Now, Tom, shove way toward the signal box which in some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll leave word for the foreman; we must trust him."

All these preparations were made almost as quickly as they are described. In ten minutes the engine was ready, and as noiseless as possible the great locomotive was brought out of the shed, but tender first.

"Never mind," said Seth, when Tom objected. "We can run about as quick. Now, are ye ready !"

The foreman came up at that moment. "If ye do succeed," he 'said, 'your fortunes are made. If you fail I wouldn't answer for your lives. Take my revolver," he added, "and

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, "If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hocused

with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough." A whistle! The foreman opened the po ints and the engine sped away on the down line in full pursuit of his engine (all American locomotives the desperadoes, to save the specie train, if possible.

"We've no head-lamp ?" exclaimed Tom, suddenly. "So much the better : we don't wan't to advertise ourselves to-night. There is a flash of something; guess

we'll have a storm." The remark was not called for. The gleam of lightning every now and then appeared to rest upon the steel handles and glint along the rails. There was a moaning sound in the air, a feeling of oppression, while occasionally a heavy plash of

rain would drop upon the roof of the 'cab" in which the men journeyed. They absolutely flew along the Over the apparently boundless prairie the line was laid. Not a station for miles. A few watering places at intervals alone broke the level character of the prospect when the fitful lightning lit up the surroundings. Pitch dark overhead except when the flashes came; and the only light below the rapidly moving glare of the furnace fire on

"It's past 11," said the driver. "We ought to have pulled them We've run this thirty miles in half-hour. There's Buffalo Creek, he added, as they skimmed

"Well. then, Dartford is only another thirty, and the trestle siding on the top of the cutting is only twenty-five." "We must pass them at the curve,

Halloo! look out, mind that hand-lamp." Tom turned the slide and looked ahead. Seth shut off the steam. "There they are! lucky we are

running tender foremost, or they would have seen our fire. We'll wait on them gently till they get on to the trestle curve. Then we'll 'wire in' and drop them. Steady, Then engine came silently to a stand-still. The gentle hiss of the from the effects.

valves, was the only audible sound. subsequently made Inspector; but Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit he and Tom often talked of the sum up the heavy masses of cloud by The Savage will do the bridge, I thunder followed. Seth looked to killed while running pilot. Tom fed the fire and they waited;

it was their only chance-a surprise. For quite twenty minutes the men waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At last Seth sait, "Yow, Fom, is our time! I'll run them a race to Dartford City, and if I get there first there'll be scalps to sell to morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you

Tom signified his consent, and away darted the ponderous engine across the boundless prairie at top speed. On! on! never mind the rough track; it's death if you leave it; it's death most likely, if you remain. There is one chance, and on-"Only the points. We're out ly one-if you reach Dartford City

"Press on, Seth, it's nigh midnight." So whispered Tom, as the engine swung round the sharp curve. There, seemingly motionless, was the other engine. Faster and faster rattled the pursuer. They were seen at last. The men were visible through the glass for an instant.

"Lie down !" roared Seth. Only just in time. Two bullets came crashing overhead; another hit the handle of the steam whistle and sent out a scraem of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly, and, pistol in hand, watched the foe, "He's going to race us, but he don't know the trick of firin' 'No.

200,' Tom. We'll pass him, and then-Seth's face, as he spoke, and clutched his revolver, was sufficient men; so he held the points open to explain his meaning without

words. On, on, speeding across the prairie Now, Seth was gaining, now the other shot ahead. "More wood into the furnace; pile it in, Tom," cried Seth-" that's it-now."

A bullet from Seth's steady hand passed through the glass of the other engine, and shattered the driving arm of the man who held the regu-

"Bully !" exclaimed the delighted Seth. "Now for another log. The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engines flew along; but no more shots were exchanged, for as they were running neck and neck for one instant Seth perceived a light on the line ahead, and before his companion was aware of his intention shut off the steam, The other engine fled away into the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far behind.

"What did you shut off for ?" cried Tom in amazement. "Look ahead and you'll know,

was the grim reply. Tom looked ahead. A weird light was playing on the track, a halo of unearthly appearance. It shimmered and moved like a will-o'-the-wisp. It was a ghastly white mist-a ghostly warning. "What can it be? said Tom, his

superstitious terrors being now ex-"What is 't!" "It's a light, that's all," said Seth with a fiendish grin. "I know it though; I've seen it before. There's somebody underneath the

"Gracious heaven, and that en-

"That engine will be in the river in two minutes," said Seth Martin. "Oh! hurry up and save them if we can," euclaimed Tom. Go ahead. "Gently, mate, gently; let them get on a bit." He turned on steam, but ere they had passed half the distance in the direction of the light a loud crash was heard, and amid screams of human agony the trestle oridge sank down-down-gently, slowly, but surely to the stream below. The ponderous engine dipped forward, gave one heavy roll, righted again, and then turning completely over, fell with a thundering to any in Central Pennsylvania.

noise into the canyon below. The lights were suddenly extin-guished, and the piercing screams of wounded and scalded men arose. mingled with the hissing steam and the dull roar of thunder. The storm had burst.

"Caught in their own trap," exclaimed Seth. Serves them right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry, too.' "Let us help them," cried Tom.

"Help! yes; let us run on to Dartford, and stap the traffic ; the made on short notice. specie is due in ten minutes.' "Cross that bridge !" exclaimed

the fireman. "Yes, sir, across that bridge, I'm a-goin' to try it," replied Seth. "Will you chance it ?"

"i'es," was the brave answer; 'it's kill or cure !" "Here goes, then; shake hands, God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet again, tell them I died at my

post like a man," The driver and fireman clasped hards in silence, and Seth, turning on the full pressure of steam, Tthe engine gathered itself up for a final

Not a sound escaped either of the men. Side by side they stood. As Shops, east of Bridge they approached they could see a red glare. The bridge had caught fire. As they shot past, a form or two hurried quickly out of sightsome of the desperate band now cowed and crushed. In a moment more the bridge was in full view. The crackling timbers of the up line were all burning around the mighty monster engine, which still emitted smoke and flames. As a flash of ightning will in one brief second reveal all surrounding objects distinctly, so the glare of the engine furnace lit up the scene below. The engine dashed along-a roar, a creaking noise, the flame leaped up beneath-and the danger was over. The down line had not been under-

As they slackened speed a long, ieep whistle was heard, and a dim speck was seen like a pin's head on the line in front.

"There's the specie, Tom. We've done our duty. Run down easy and see if we can't help the unfortunate loafer under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak."

It was, indeed. The specie train was saved, though, and the filibustering taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terrible injured that they died soon after Seth and Tom steam, which was just raising the were rewarded, and the former was mer night when they were so nearly

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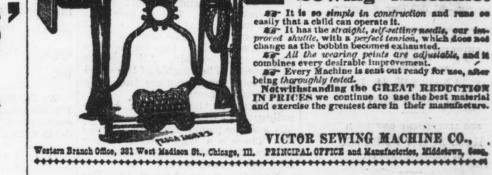
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