

titled An Act, changing the boundaries of Tooele City, in Tooele County, and approved January 11, 1865, is a true and correct copy, as appears from the records of the office of the Secretary of said Territory.

Attest my hand and the great seal of the Territory of Utah, this nineteenth day of May, A. D. 1879.

ARTHUR L. THOMAS,
Secretary of Utah Territory.

RUNNING PILOT.

I.—FOUL PLAY.

"Who is standing pilot this evening?" said the superintendent, or "boss," as we called him.

"Seth Martin," was the foreman's reply.

"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 bed-rock."

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 response.

"And it will require close watching," continued the chief.

"I s'pose so—I know that," repeated Seth.

"You are mighty knowin' this evening," said the superintendent, smiling, "but there's 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 knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and disclosing his white, even teeth. "I'm ready, boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a judge; your talents are thrown away on this line. But listen; we've no time to split straws in chaff. There's a very festive gang of desperadoes hanging about Dartmouth way. They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately the passengers were handy with their shooting-irons, and bullets were rainin' pretty thick, else there would have been something unpleasant."

"Wa'l," 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 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 look-out."

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

"Most likely," replied the superintendent, coolly. "Keep this quiet. I've got men on the look-out along the line. Who's your mate?"

"English Tom Atkins," was the reply. "He's gril!"

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

"Wa'l!" drawled the engine-driver, coolly.

"I will provide for your family if you are hurt or shot; if not, I will reward you."

"Is that all, then? Well, good-night, boss, and thank ye."

"Good-luck," was the answer; "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 that the engine had steam up (or was "in steam," to speak technically) and was ready for any sudden emergency. The driver was just as 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 House" itself.

"Tom!"

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

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

A man unseen by the driver put up his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so was his mate, Tom Atkins. They looked to the engine and their revolvers, put a dozen cartridges in a tin can, filled a similar can with some old Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by, whither they were followed by the man who had been listening to their conversation, and who noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplice, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his way towards the signal-box, which 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 that 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? Swore off, eh?"

"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 afterwards, Seth, fearing that some 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 his engine (all American locomotives are protected and closed in), and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt "queer." "These are stronger cigars than usual," he muttered as he threw it from him. But the oppression 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 thought 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, but 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 struggled to his feet. His head was spinning round, his feet were heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding-door, but ere he could descend, a blow sent him flying into space—a splash, and down he sank into a large quantity of surplus water for the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men climbed up on the engine, and, with a low but hearty chuckle, started it out from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said the shot-test of the party. "I didn't listen to the boss for nothin' this time. The specie train will run after all, you see. O, they couldn't catch me tripping. No, sir!"

"The Savage will do the bridge, I suppose," said another. "He's to 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 on 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 lifted.

"Only the points. We're out now. We can run easy, I s'pose. She won't burst, I hope. Here goes."

The speaker, who knew 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 whiskey, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a moment's sickness. Creeping along the ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these men, so he held the points

open and sent the "bravoes" away into the night on the up line. He proposed to give the alarm and follow on (on the down metals) with a superior force. But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. The up line was cut at the bridge.

II.—NECK AND NECK.

"Lend me a hand, mate, I'm drownin'!" This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek assistance.

"Seth—Seth Martin; what's happened to you?"

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

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent all the assistance he could and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clothes, said, when his mate had told him what had been done:

"Don't breathe a syllable to mortal man. I know Bob Franklyn's engine is in steam by now for the cross traffic. We'll fire her up and run them down. We may save the specie yet. Hurry down to the signal-box while I get out the engine."

Tom hastened away as desired, but soon came back with the intelligence that the box was empty and the wire out.

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

All the preparations were made almost as quickly as they are here 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 you 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 be off."

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, "If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hounded with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough."

A whistle! The foreman opened the points and the engine sped away on the down line in full pursuit of the desperadoes, to save the specie train if possible.

"We've no head-light!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly.

"So much the better. We don't want to advertise ourselves to-night. There's a flash of something; guess we'll have a storm."

The remark was not uncalled 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 "cab" in which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track. 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 flashes of the fire furnace on the road.

"It's past 11," said the driver. "We ought to have pulled them up. We've run this 30 miles in half an hour. There's Buffalo Creek," he added as they skimmed past.

"Well, then, Dartford is only another 30, and the Trestle Siding on the top of the cutting is only 25."

"We must pass them at the curve below. Hallo! look out; mind that hand-lamp."

Tom turned the slide and looked ahead; Seth shut off 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, mate!"

The engine came silently to a standstill. The gentle hiss of the steam, which was just raising the valves, was the only audible sound. Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit up the heavy masses of cloud, but no thunder followed. Seth looked to his revolver; Tom fed the fire, and they waited; it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite 20 minutes the men

waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At last Seth said, "Now, Tom, is our time! I'll run them a race down to Dartford City, and if I get there first, there'll be scalp to sell to-morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you ready?"

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—if you reach Dartford City and give the alarm!

"Press on, Seth; it's near 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 scream of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly, and, pistol in hand, watched the foe.

"He's goin' 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 to explain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie! Now Seth was gaining, now the others 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 regulator.

"Bully!" exclaimed the delighted Seth. "Now for another log." The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engine flew along; but no 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 flew 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 hale of unearthly appearance. It shimmered and moved about 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 excited. "What is it?"

"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 rails in the bridge, and, you bet they are cutting the track for the specie train!"

"Gracious heavens, and that engine!"

"Will be in the river in two minutes," said Seth.

"O! hurry up and save them, if we can," said 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 Bridge sank 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 noise into the cañon below.

The lights were suddenly extinguished, and the piercing screams of the 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 'em right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry, too."

"Let us help them," cried Tom.

"Help! yes; let us run on to Dartford, and stop the traffic; the 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?"

"Yes," 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 that I died at my post like a man."

The driver and fireman clasped hands in silence, and Seth turning on the full pressure of steam, the engine gathered itself up for its final race.

Not a sound escaped either of them. Side by side they stood. As 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 sight—some 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 flame. As a flash of lightning 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 undermined.

As they slackened speed, a long deep 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 then see if we can't help the unfortunate loafers under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak!"

It was indeed. The specie train was saved though, and the filibusters taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terribly injured that they died soon after from the effects. Seth and Tom were rewarded, and the former was subsequently made inspector; but he and Tom often talk of that summer night when they were so nearly killed while running pilot.

The Back Hair.

THE GRAVE, THE GUTTER AND THE KITCHEN FURNISHES THE SUPPLY.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to know how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot," to use the technical term of the trade, constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in the market, as there are few who wish to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer and fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant maids of Auvergne and Brittany. The present demand, however, greatly exceeds the supply, and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great centre of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, the Orient, and the two Sicilies, for 40 tons a year of dark hair, of which she makes upwards of 65,000 chignons annually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combs" which thrifty servant girls save up and sell, the clippings of barber shops, faded curls, worn out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a snarl of combings, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are afterwards washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs and chignons that abound in market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grade of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair, gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, during which year 18,800 pounds were exported to Europe. In 1875 the exports of the refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over \$25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an increasing commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the servant girl's comb. — *Scientific American*.

The Prince of Orange is dangerously ill at Paris of pleurisy.