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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. S. J. SETLEY, N. G. D. W. CLARK, Sec'y. TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. P. M. CLARK, C. H. A. VARNER, R. S. W. E. LATHY. J. E. AGNEW. LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 18-4

TWO MINUTES TOO LATE.

With his good-bye ringing in her ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the little telegraph office and dropped into the chair before the clicking instrument. Glancing at the clock above her head, she noticed that it was almost time for her to close the office for the night, and seek her humble home at the foot of one of the darkened streets of the village. The rumbling of the train which had just left the station was growing fainter and fainter, and the girl listened to it as though it was the voice of a friend who was leaving her for a long time.

She did not expect any more messages that night; the engine breathing heavily into its great iron lungs on the track near her window would not move until the night express had passed up, and the engineer, knowing this, had sought his sweetheart, who lived in the village. Tom Gray, the engineer of the train just departing, was Drucie's lover, and his intimate friends knew when the wedding was to take place. He had not known her long, but that did not matter, since he was a true fellow, who loved her with all his heart, and with all hers she loved Tom.

The rumble of the train at length died away, and Drucie was about to shut off the current and leave the office when a message began to fall upon her ears. She started, for the first word drove the color from her cheeks, and standing over the instrument she heard this message: "Number ten switch at Colby till number six passes. Six just starting!"

"Six just starting! My God! They will meet!" cried the beautiful operator, starting from the table. "What can I do to save him—them?" And with her eyes staring at the clock, she stood in the center of the room, thinking of the two trains approaching each other through the mist that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch a young girl's cheeks, was met appalling. The order for the train which had but just left Fletcher to switch at Colby could not be obeyed now. The telegraph, even, could not stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual matter for number six to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of number ten; but as the latter train was some minutes behind time on that particular night, six, anxious to leave on time, to save its connections, telegraphed to Fletcher the message which had so startled Drucie Miller. From Fletcher to a point four miles below Colby the Company had completed a double track, which, when finished to Fort Wayne, would obviate the trouble of switching and prevent trouble.

When Drucie recovered her self-possession she started from the office with the message in her hand. It had arrived just two minutes too late, and Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence was driving his engine ahead and thinking of the girl he had lately kissed adieu. He knew that it was known in Fort Wayne that he was unavoidably behind time, and thought that according to custom the express, waiting there, would not move out until he arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Miller. She saw the freight engine standing on the new track already mentioned and caught a glimpse of the young fireman asleep on his box. A determined resolution entered her head, and the next moment she was in the engine cab with her hand on the boy's shoulder. "That you, Miss Drucie?" said the boy, rousing himself with a yawn. "Laws a mercy—"

"Get out and uncouple the freight!" she cried. "Tom's moved out, and if he doesn't switch at Colby everybody will be killed. We must catch him!" The boy with a cry of horror left the engine, and a minute later the freight cars were standing idly on the track while the engine and its tender were moving out, gaining momentum at each revolution of the wheel.

"What'll Dick say when he comes back and finds his engine gone?" said the boy, looking up into Drucie's face. "What do we care what he says? What is Dick to the precious lives on the two trains? Jim, how fast can your engine travel?"

"About two miles a minute!" the boy answered with a smile. "She's the swiftest bird on the road. But I don't think we can catch No. 10; we might if we had Dick with us. He knows how to manage the Belle."

"And so do I, Wood up, Jim. Fill the furnace check full. We must catch Tom this side of the new track's terminus, or—"

The girl paused and looked at the pale boy. "Or what, Miss Drucie?" "Or blow up!" "That's what's the matter!" said Jim

catching her spirit. "And we'll catch him, too! Wood! Wood! There! the furnace is chock full. Golly—whiz! how we are going!"

Drucie smiled faintly at the boy and noted the hand of the gauge. The engine had received new momentum, which momentarily increased, and all at once Jim, who had been trying to pierce the haze, said: "Two miles a minute, I'll bet, Miss Drucie! If it was daylight the telegraph poles would resemble a fine tooth comb."

But the girl did not reply. She stood at the lever, wishing that she could urge the engine to greater speed. She had calculated that the two trains would meet in a gulch that embraced a curve about six miles below Colby. It was a terrible place for a collision, and the loss of life there would be great. The haze or mist would prevent the engineers from signalling each other, and a collision was inevitable.

The engine, which seemed to have broken loose, rushed madly on, with Jim looking at Drucie, whom he was inclined to believe mad. The cold mist, slowly turning to a drizzle, was occasionally blown against his face by the wind; it served to cool his heated temples, and to make him think calmly of his situation and the folks at home. So fast were they moving that they seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely touching them in their mad career, and when Drucie told Jim to listen for the sound of Tom's train ahead, the boy poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

"Pears to me I heard a sound," he said, without turning his head. "Mebbe I'm mistaken—so many things 'pear to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl. "listen with all your might, Jim. Oh, for the speed of a bullet!" Her face was glowing with heat, and while Jim listened she threw open the furnace door and threw in the last stick of wood they possessed.

"The wood's gone, Jim. How far yet can we go at this rate of speed?" "About fifteen miles," the boy answered—"twenty of 'em, if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby must be nine miles away yet, and the gulch is six miles further on—fifteen miles! Jim, can't you hear him yet?" "No; guess I was mistaken awhile back," the boy said, and Drucie's face fell.

"There's the sound again!" he exclaimed, a minute later. "Listen for yourself, girl!" Drucie went to the window and put her head out.

"That's Tom!" she cried. "Oh, Heaven, let me save him and all the other precious lives to-night!" With this prayer she turned to the furnace again and smiled at the red hot doors. The engine and its empty tender seemed to fly over the track, and when Drucie looked at Jim again she found him staring at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked. He came forward with hand extended toward the little instrument. "A little more fire and we'll blow up!" he gasped.

"Tom would hear the explosion and stop his train! That might prevent the collision!" was Drucie's reply. It was now evident that the sound ahead was that of Tom Gray's train, and the girl prepared to warn her lover of his danger. The tracks were quite close, and she told the fire boy to watch the machinery while she attended to that part of the warning work which she had allotted to herself.

With pallid face and almost throbbing heart, she took up her station at the window, heeding not the drizzling rain that beat into her face, and awaited the decisive moment.

The sound of the train on the other track grew momentarily more distinct, and the daring girl fancied that she heard number six coming through the valley below Colby.

"Yes, it is Tom!" she cried, to encourage the boy at the lever. "I see his light. Now!"

Then she leaned out of the window, and shouted at the top of her voice: "Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby! Colby, six! Colby, six!"

Many times she repeated her cry, and all at once she dashed by the heavy train.

Right into her lover's face as he leaned from his engine she shouted "Switch at Colby!" and heard the shrieks that told her that he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim!" she cried with joy, turning upon the breathless boy who already was checking the Belle's speed.

"Golly—whiz!" he said, laughing. "If we can ever stop the Belle, we will go back; but the girl's got her spunk up and would run us forever!"

Drucie Miller returned to the window with a heart filled with thankfulness, for Tom had heard, and already was running onto the switch at Colby. After a while the Belle was got un-

der control and backed with leashed fires. "Listen!" suddenly cried Jim. "Yes, number six is coming; but we don't fear her now!" said Drucie, with a smile. "Tom and his passengers are safe on the switch."

The next moment number six dashed by, and Drucie laughed and actually clapped her hands.

The meeting between Tom Gray and his love cannot be described. "Your head light seemed a meteor," he said to her; "and I knew your voice—I don't know why. I guess you made time coming down."

"Time," cried Jim, "I don't think the wheels touched the rails more than half the time. If it had been day, the mile stones would have looked like a rake."

There was a laugh at the boy's exaggeration, and when Tom took Drucie aside he kissed her.

It was not the only kiss she got that night, for all the women on the train kissed the girl who had saved their lives, and Tom Gray said he wouldn't get jealous when the mustached passengers bent over Drucie, blushing like a rose.

The story of Drucie's feat crept into the papers and though my story may be old to some of my readers, I have told it because I believe it will bear repetition.

Dick Lambert forgave Drucie for running away with his engine, and Jim, the fire boy, never grows weary of telling of that "run."

Tom Gray is still on the road, but Drucie does not listen to the click-click of the sander any more. Every night at eight she holds a little boy up to the window, and he cries "papa," and claps his little hands as an engine dashes by.

stead of investing it at home, something of the old-fashioned contentment might return to the land. The passion for pleasure and dissipation has gone through all classes and driven the people into wild and unwise extravagances, wherefore we should be glad to see the popular tendencies take a more wholesome direction, and earnestly recommend the rival plowing among all such young Americans as have leisure and opportunity to indulge in that noble pursuit.—N. Y. World.

How the Montenegrins Fight.

In the campaign of last year the Turks lost about ten to one against the Montenegrins. From the mountain summits overlooking Podgoritz and the approaches from Scutari, their scouts signaled the advance of the Ottoman army. From peak to peak signal fire by night announced the coming of the foe, while by day mounted troopers sped to every district to rally the people to the defense of the threatened frontier. On they came, men, women and children, every one that could carry a gun, roll rocks on the head of the enemy, or assist in the building of intrenchments. The Turks were allowed to enter for a certain distance in the passes, until they reached the narrow gorge. There they found their progress arrested by massive walls of rock and stone, stretching from side to side, completely blocking up the road, pierced with embrasures for cannon and musket holes. A halt is called. A council of war determine that retreat is impossible, and that the intrenchments must be carried. At first it was an artillery engagement. Under the smoke of the cannonade an assault is ordered. Forward dash the Turkish troops, with the blind fury that characterizes them in the field. The Montenegrin fire having lulled, supposing that it was a sign of yielding, the Turks hurry forward with cries and yells as if sure of their prey. Hardly have they got within twenty feet of the intrenchments, before from every opening in them pours a stream of incessant fire of shell, shot, minie-balls, and all kinds of deadly missiles. Suddenly the top of the rampart is crowned with sharpshooters, whose steady aim picks off the officers and mows down the heads of the columns. On the overlooking heights armed men, women and children appear. Enfilading volleys tear the shattered ranks from above, and huge boulders and rocks come rolling down the precipices, crushing into the midst of the scurried masses and laying low thousands of combatants. All this while the air is rent with the shouts of the mountaineers; the Banner of the Cross is waved defiantly from on high and on the works, priests, with the crucifix displayed on their robes, pointing to it as a sign of hope and victory. After repeated onsets, their ranks broken, their officers, for the most part, slain, the Turks begin to waver. As soon as this is perceived the enthusiasm of the Montenegrins can no longer be restrained. Over the ramparts they leap, and with indescribable fury they charge, bayonet and sword in hand, on the disordered masses before them. For a moment the Turks stand at bay, but as the deafening clamor sounds like a continuous roll of thunder, and in rear and flank they are assailed by unseen enemies that have descended by secret paths from the top of the mountain walls, and in front by the regular troops, they break and run. Then comes the hour of vengeance. For miles the pass is strewn with heaps of Turkish slain. Whoever turns to fight finds himself face to face with a squad of foes who leave him no chance of escape. No quarter is given; blood flows in torrents; it becomes a pitiless massacre; only a remnant is left to tell the tale of disaster and woe, and to carry dismay into the Albanian fastnesses. With thanksgiving to God for the triumph vouchsafed to their arms, the Montenegrins sheath their bloodied swords, and homeward turn laden with captured arms and precious spoils. This is a picture of the mode of Montenegrin fighting as described to me by a participant in one of the worst defeats the Turks ever encountered at their hands.—Constantinople Cor. Philadelphia Press.

When a boy has been off all day, contrary to the express wish of his mother, and on approaching the homestead at night, with an anxious and cautious tread, finds company at tea, the expression of confidence and rectitude which suddenly lights up his face cannot be reproduced on canvas.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterisk; but such things often come from a tender head than a tender heart."