The Girl Who Stole an Engine.

WITH his good-bye ringing in her ears Drucle 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 from its great iron lungs on the track near her window could 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

"Number ten switch at Colby till number six passes. Six just starting!" "Six just starting! My God! they will meet!" cried the beautiful operator. "What can I do to save him-them?"

And with her eyes staring at the clock she stood in the middle 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 the girl's cheeks, was appalling.

The order for the train which had just left Fletcher to switch at Colby could not be obeyed now. The telegraph could not even stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual thing for No. 6 to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of No. 10, but as the latter train was twelve minutes behind on that particular night, No. 6, 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 completed to Fort Wayne would obviate the trouble.

When Drucie Miller 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, thinking of the girl he had so lately kissed adieu. He knew that It was known at Fort Wayne that he was unavoidably behind time, and supposed that according to custom the express waiting there would not move out until he arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Mille 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 room with her hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"That you, Miss Drucle?" 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 does not switch at Colby everybody will be killed. We must catch him!"

The boy, with a cry of horror, left the engine and in 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 wheels.

"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 is Dick's anger to the precious lives of 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 chuck full. We must catch Tom on this side of the new track's terminus or-

The girl paused and looked at the 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 chuck full! Golly-whiz! how we are going !!

Drucie smiled 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 plerce 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 before the lever wishing that she could urge the engine to a greater speed. She imagined that the two engines 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

The train, 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 the boy poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

" 'Pears to me I hear 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 opened 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

"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 countenance 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. O heaven, let mesave 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 Drucle looked at Jim again she found him staring at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim ?" sheasked. He came forward with his 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 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 throbless 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 girl fancied she heard No. 6 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 shricks 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'll go back; but the girl's got her spunk up and would run on forever."

Drucle Miller returned to the window with a heart filled with thankfulness, for Tom had heard, and already was running on the switch at Colby.

After a while the Belle was got under control and backed with lessened fires. " Listen !" suddenly cried Jim.

"Yes, No. 6 is coming; but we don't fear her now!" said Drucle, with a smile. " Tom and his passengers are safe on the

The next moment No. 6 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 sald 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 toughed the rails mor'n 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 Drucle 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 saved their lives, and Tom said he wouldn't get jealous when the mustached passengers bent over Drucie, blushing like a rose.

The story of Drucle'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 Lambart 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 sounder any more. Every night at eight she holds a little boy up to the window, he cries "papa!" and clasps his hands as an engine dashes by.

The Atheist and the Flower.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was emperor of France he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned and profound man; and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars, which he ordained, and yet exclaimed," All things come by chance."

One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion of his thoughts. No other green thing was within its enclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it there?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stalk, neither too near another nor too much on one side."

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher, and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose colored, with a fine silvery fringe.

Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed him to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him on the wall just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproof, as it whispered: "There is One who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and He it is who keeps me alive,' shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that " He who made all things is God."

But God had a greater blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard, whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The little girl was much pleased with Charney's love for the flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailer. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The Empress said, "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man;" so she persuaded the emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.

A Very Short Courtship.

TACOB STRAWN, of Jacksonville, U Ill., was during his lifetime the largest farmer in that State, and a very eccentric man. The circumstances of his marriage are as follows:

Outside of Jacksonville, a couple of miles, perhaps, there lived quite a respectable family. This family employed a servant girl. Graceful and neat in the extreme, and possessing a very fair share of intelligence, this girl was a match for whomsoever might take her unto himself. Jacob saw this flower and determined to possess it. One day he rode up to the door of the residence of the fair maid, alighted from his horse, and knocked with the butt end of his whip. The lady of the house answered his summons, and immediately upon her making her appearance, Jacob asked for the

The servant girl came. Jacob said : "I want a wife, and I've picked you out as the most proper person for that position I can possibly find. I've never spoken to you before, but it makes no difference. I'll give you one week to decide."

The girl blushed and was dumfounded,

Jacob mounted his horse and rode away. The girl inquired into Strawn's character and standing, and was advised by those with whom she lived to accept the offer of his hand. Punctually a week later, Jacob knocked again with his whip and asked:

" Is it no or yes?"

Blushing, the girl answered in a low tone but quite distinctly.

"Well," said Jacob, "let's see; we'll get married the day after to-morrow, (Wednesday). Here's some money to buy a wedding outfit," and he threw her

a purse containing a thousand dollars. The couple did get married on Wednesday-and no happier pair, during their lifetime, was to be met with in the State of Illinois.

Docks of Liverpool.

THE docks on the Mersey are, perhaps the most magnificent series in the world. They extend over a water area of 255† acres, and possess 18‡ miles of quays. Facing the river they present an unbroken line of more than 6 miles. On the Birkenhead side, the water area, including the Great Float, is 165 acres, the quays are more than 9 miles in length, making in the whole 421 acres of water area and 28 miles of quay space, a set of statistics which will probably afford a clearer idea of what has been done than the most elaborate attempt at word painting.

The Corn Dock is of comparative recent construction, and boasts a splendid range of warehouses and elevators. Into this dock the largest ships engaged in the grain market can be brought with perfect ease, and here they can lie against a range of magnificent warehouses ten stories in height, and with a cellar story below the level of the water. The corn is discharged from the vessels which bring it in bulk by very simple yet effective machinery worked by hydraulie power. From the ships it passes into the cellar floor, which is perfectly ratproof and water-tight, and thence is raised in a species of hopper worked by the same power to the topmost floor. Each of these hoppers, of which there are ten in all, carries exactly one ton, and it can be filled, raised, and discharged in something over a minute. On reaching the topmost floor a valve opens and the grain pours out in a steady stream upon an endless band of India rubber about 15 inches wide, which is kept in constant and rapid motion over a series of rollers. The effect of this motion is very curious. The corn keeps its place exactly on the band; not a grain falls to the ground on either side until, on arriving at the point of discharge, a guiding shoot sends the stream into the section of the particular floor marked out for it. By a simple system of registration the keepers of this vast granary-which is believed to be the largest in the world-can point out with unfalling accuracy the whereabouts of each consignment in store. The precautions against fire are elaborate in the extreme-a fact which need surprise no one who remembers how cruelly Liverpool has suffered from its ravages in the past. In addition to the usual order about lights, no steam engine is allowed in the place, and fire hose - ready for use are fixed on every landing of every stair.

Breach of Promise—The Quickest Suit on Record.

A rather laughable incident occurred in Justice De Wolf's court, in Chicago, the other afternoon. A tug-boatman named Bowers was before the court on complaint of Anna Inglesby, who had preferred a grave charge against him. John did not attempt to controvert the statement of the lady, but like a loving father agreed to marry Anna. The judge was willing to have the matter thus happily settled, but a cloud appeared in the horizon when John announced the fact that he had not the ducats requisite to purchase the marriage license. Anna, glad of an opportunity to demonstrate the degree of love she possessed for John, volunteered to get the money from friends hard by.

She left the court-room; but had not been gone long when a lawyer gave John the wink, and he gracefully descended the steps, and has not been seen since. Anna returned with the money, but found there was no immediate use for it. Investigation developed the fact that at 2 o'clock the responsibility of any one for John's presence had expired, and this coming to his knowledge he decamped. Anna was almost heart-broken at the turn affairs had taken, but was soothed with a warrant for John's arrest on charge of breach of promise. . If an officer succeeds in apprehending thegentleman, Justice De Wolf will be the principal witness in the case, as before him John made his promise of marriage.

An inclination towards still sitting comfort nestles in a man; like a great dog he lets himself be pricked and teased a thousand times rather than take the trouble to jump up instead of growling.

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more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption as the Pulmonie Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the Liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the Liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

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