

ONLY A BABY'S HAND.

"Big time, to-night," the drummers said, as to supper they sat them down...

THE PILOT'S TOWER.

On the 18th of November, 1662, the good city of Dunkirk was in that peculiar state of agitation which pervades a bee hive when its tenants are about to swarm.

The quays of the city were thronged with fishermen, who gazed on the French fleet with critical eyes, as they discussed the models, rigging and general appearance of the respective vessels.

The news soon reached the environs, and nowhere did it produce a greater excitement than in the collection of miserable cabins, which dotted a plain, covered with frames of brushwood.

Her domestic zeal, strong as it was, could not eclipse her curiosity though, and every time that she turned the Johnnycakes of barley meal, which were being baked before the fire, she gazed eagerly through the small and only window of the cabin.

"Well, well," she soliloquized, "here the cakes are done, and no one to eat them. Nor do I know a thing. Dear, dear, but women who keep house are unlucky!"

"That I am, Cornille; and it was not very charitable in you to stay away so long, for you know my curiosity; at any rate, you tell me often enough."

"At first sight, Catherine, it seems so. But when one learns the conditions of sale, it is anything but good news."

great white whale, Dunkirk fisheries, though worth millions now, will not then be worth that morsel of barley crust.

"But how will the cutting down of the fortress do this? Faith, I have often thought that it was more cost than profit."

"No one cares for the fortress, Catherine; but for the church steeple—the beacon by day and the directing light by night for those who enter the port. No fisherman will dare venture out—no coaster will dare venture in to purchase—in so short, Dunkirk is ruined!"

There was an interval of gloomy silence, but, at length, Cornille said: "Come, my boys, go to bed. You must get up early to-morrow."

"And you," said his wife, "will you go to bed now also?"

"No! I do not feel like sleeping now and will take a smoke; but you need not wait for me. Let us repeat our evening prayer."

And all kneeling, repeated together a beautiful canticle, for in those days the French were a religious people.

The lads were soon between their course brown sheets, and Catherine, throwing herself upon the bed, apparently went to sleep.

Cornille sat for nearly an hour silently watching the circling smoke of his pipe, and then, with a steady tread, went to the door. As he shot back the bolt there was a slight movement on Catherine's bed, which arrested his progress, but as she did not speak he opened the door, closed it gently behind him and set out for Dunkirk.

He had not gone more than two-thirds of the way when he heard rapid footsteps coming behind him. Was he pursued? Did he not know that step? Was it the echo of his own? No. Another instant solved his doubts, for his wife approached him.

"I knew," she said, "that you had concealed something from me."

"My poor Catherine, it was that you need not be alarmed. We fishermen have agreed to meet to-night in the priest's garden to see if something cannot be done to save our beacon tower. But you see that women could do nothing at such a meeting."

"Saints preserve us! but if you men care so much for the steeple, do you suppose that we women do not care for the church? There we were married, there our children were baptized, there we joined in masses for our deceased parents. O, Cornille, let the women pray that the church may be spared, if nothing more, for fervent prayer can never injure any enterprise."

"That's what I think, mother," said a soft voice; and Jean Bart, the youngest son, came from behind a fish table. He had followed his mother, but feared his father's anger, and hid himself until he could see how she was received.

"Another hand at the oar," murmured the fisherman.

"Don't send us back," entreated both mother and son.

"Well, well," said Cornille, "come along."

Half an hour afterward the trio entered the priest's garden, where they found about a hundred fishermen, some of them, like Bart, accompanied by their families. All were in groups, discussing the threatened demolition of their church. In the center, surrounded by the oldest of the party, was the venerable priest. When all who were expected had arrived he stood upon a wheel barrow and requested silence. Every head was uncovered, every tongue was silent.

"My children," said the priest, "you asked me to permit you to assemble here to-night, and I granted your request. Now, have any of you any project for saving our dear city, with our loved church, from the parting destruction of the English?"

Several propositions were made, but the priest shook his head as he heard them. Each one was more impossible than was its predecessor, and all were based upon some act of violence which would have drawn the wrath of both nations upon the city.

Catherine, profiting by a moment's silence, addressed the priest.

"Supposing, reverend father, that we women, leading our children, go in procession to see the English commissioner and implore him to spare our tower?"

"It would be useless, my daughter, for England seeks to ruin our port that hers may flourish. Your idea is hopeless."

There was a murmur of discontent through the crowd, and one of the oldest fishermen, elbowing his way up to the priest, and with a countenance purple with rage, said, or rather growled:

"Look here, father, we hoped that you would head us in saving our church and tower, but you appear disposed to throw cold water on all our projects. Indeed, everything that is suggested you object to. I didn't expect it."

"Master Perron, you have the fire of youth under the debilitated envelope of age; but you do not possess the wisdom that belongs to your gray beard. I do not wish to throw cold water upon any reasonable project, but those suggestions thus far are wholly impracticable. Neither, my children, can I suggest anything myself, and if heaven does not aid us, why?"

"Our tower must be demolished," murmured several voices.

"Not at all," cried a shrill, childish voice.

"Who spoke? What boy is that?" said Cornille Bart, in a severe tone.

"Your son, Jean, father; and I think I have the idea which you all seek. Do you care much for our cabin at the flake?"

"Jean," cried Cornille, "I will thrash you if you say another word."

"For pity's sake," said the priest, "let the lad speak. Remember that God has often chosen a child to deliver those whom he loves, and Jean's thoughts may be like the pebbles in David's sling."

"Well then, Jean, as the priest wishes it, go on, but speak quickly. As for our cottage, it is all we have to shelter us; but I will cheerfully sacrifice it, if it will do any good at the present critical moment."

"Then, father, tear down our cottage to-morrow night and rebuild it before morning upon the top of the church tower. It will then—dwelling house as it is and will be—be higher than any other edifice in Dunkirk, and the city will be saved!"

A burst of applause, hushed by a gesture of the priest, hailed this bright thought.

"Silence, my children," said he. "You see now that Providence protects us. And as for you, my lad, you will be spoken of hereafter."

"It's not to be praised that I made the plan," murmured Jean. "But I love Dunkirk and I hate the English. There it is."

"But you will become famous, my boy, and your mother will be proud of you. Now, friends, shall we execute the child's plan?"

"Yes, yes. Once get Bart's cottage on the top of the tower, and we are safe."

"Well, then, meet here to-morrow night at sunset, with such tools and building materials as you can conceal under your sea jackets. Master Perron here will act as foreman, and tell each one what to bring. And now let us implore a blessing upon our deliberations, and ask a continuance of Divine favor for to-morrow night's work."

It grows to the height of four or five feet, with a dense leafy foliage and a perfect brush of sweet scented blossoms.

The leaf is small and juicy, of a rich dark green, very much resembling the red clover. It is so new and its habits so little understood that it is not known what its value may be as a forage plant for stock.

In its present rank character stock will not eat it, but, tamed by repeated clipping and cultivation, it may become one of the most valuable plants to the stockman and farmer.

But whether it has any value or not in the development of beef and horse-flesh, it is of inestimable worth to the people of Council Bluffs as a swift destroyer and fragrant substitute for the ubiquitous sunflower, that has furnished provocation for so many sad reflections upon the city, notwithstanding enthusiastic assertions have sought to popularize the neck yellow crowned weed by painting it on panels and wearing it on their bosoms. It is a lovely and lovable plant, so sociable that it will come right up to your doors and crowd its white head into your windows, and so determined upon having the company of its fellows that it makes a covenant with the soil that where one plant grows this year thousands more will grow next.

A year ago there was perhaps not enough of the plant in the entire city to cover half an acre; now there are hundreds of acres densely covered with it. The odor from the acres of white flowers fills the air, and after a midsummer shower the peculiar and delicate fragrance is indescribable, and as sweet as the breath of peris.—Omaha Bee.

A colored waiter in the new Central Railroad depot restaurant in Jersey City saw a rattlesnake crawling along the floor near a party of ladies. He yelled "Snakes!" and the ladies ran out into the car shed screaming. The waiter had an armful of dishes. As the snake was heading for him he dropped the dishes and ran. Two men who had been eating at the lunch counter followed him. One of the ladies who had run out told John Van Pelt, a conductor, about the snake. Van Pelt got a stick and a friend of his got another, and they went into the restaurant. Half a dozen waiters, a cook and three passengers were sitting on the lunch counter. They were tazed. The snake was crawling toward the door, shaking its rattle savagely. Van Pelt and his friend made a combined attack. Van Pelt's stick was pointed, and he speared the snake through the neck, pinning it to the floor. The other man beat the reptile to death. Then the waiters and cook and passengers came down from the counter. The snake was about two feet long. It had four rattles. How it got into the depot is a mystery. Possibly it had been shipped as freight, and had in some way escaped from confinement.—New York Sun.

The cremation furnaces in Pere la Chaise cemetery at Paris are now in complete working order; and the municipal council of the city has, after due deliberation, reached a decision as to the scale of charges for the incineration of the dead in cases where this system may be preferred to burial. Fifty francs is the tariff, and as the payment of this small sum gives, in addition to the use of the furnace, the right of occupying a shelf in the "columbarium" for five years, the charge is not in any way excessive. Of course, the urn required to contain the ashes of a cremated person constitutes an extra, as likewise the pomp to be displayed in cremation, for which latter item the sum of from twelve francs to 200 francs may be asked. For the simple burning process, however, and for a five years' right to a shelf in the "columbarium" the price of a couple of pounds is really low.—London Standard.

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THE SWEET CLOVER.

A Remarkable Growth That Is the Delight of Council Bluffs.

No one knows just how or where it came from or why it came, but a snowy and sweet breasted intruder has come into the city to dispute with the lordly sunflower his long and undisputed title of squatter sovereignty to all the vacant lots and blocks in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

And the meek little blossoms on the summits of the sweet clover plants are looking upon the swift and certain destruction of the pioneer sunflower. Over one-third of the bottoms, where a year ago nothing but the gigantic resinous weed turned its black and yellow face to the sun, and where it grew in such luxury that even the noxious cockle burr was choked out of existence, the fragrant sweet clover has appeared and holds an undisputed dominion over every other green thing. Over hundreds of vacant lots in the new additions the tiresome yellow has given place to the dark, rich foliage and fragrant perpetually blooming sweet clover.

Local botanists who have examined the new plant with a good deal of interest and care say that it is positively a new species, produced by some unknown and accidental cross, and that its vigor and spreading proclivities are the most wonderful features of its nature. The old-fashioned sweet clover was a frail and ghostly plant, that loved the friendly shade of the groves and the longest moonlight summer nights, a characteristic which made it a proper love emblem, but this new and thrifty product of Council Bluffs spurns the protection of the trees and goes out boldly in the fields and meads and conquers the sun loving sunflower in his chosen grounds.

As a foliage plant it is perhaps one of the most remarkable in existence for its luxuriance. In many respects it resembles the alfalfa clover, but it is stronger, thriftier, and of much more rapid growth than that remarkable plant that furnishes three crops of hay a year in western territories.

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A Live Rattlesnake in a Depot.

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A Trophy of the Bloody Angle.

One of the happiest men who returned from the Gettysburg memorial encampment is C. W. Bishong, of Harvey's Lake, this county. He was a private in Capt. Rice's company, Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers. Bishong was shot twice at Gettysburg, his wounds being ugly ones, a bullet shattering an arm and another entering near his right thigh. This occurred near the bloody angle and not far from the spot on which the regimental monument stands. As soon as he received the wounds he set to work to bury his musket. He fell near a big rock, and, though suffering great pain and bleeding profusely, he managed to scoop out enough dirt at the base of the bowlder to slip his musket into the excavation. Afterward he carefully covered it and wondered whether he would ever see it again.

Bishong accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there Bishong, accompanied by several old comrades, started out to look for the musket he had buried twenty-six years before. The bloody angle was easily found, and he soon distinguished the huge bowlder at whose base he had fallen and where he had hidden the gun. It took but a few moments to dig the earth up, when, to his joy, he struck the old musket and quickly resuscitated it. It had the appearance of Rip Van Winkle's fowling piece. The stock had fallen apart, but was still in a good state of preservation. The barrel was bound about with a thick coat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition. But Bishong lifted the old musket tenderly, and, as the recollections of the past filled his mind, he kissed it with the enthusiasm of a father who has found a long lost child. Bishong brought the musket to Wilkesbarre this afternoon. He says he is poor, but no money will buy the musket.—Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

A Queer Sect of Turks.

Among the last batch of Syrians arriving at Castle Garden were three Druses. Two were farmers and the third was a shoemaker. They went from Castle Garden to Baltimore.

These three men are the only Druses who have ever come to this country. An isolated and peculiar race, the Druses have lived for generations near Mount Lebanon. Their total number is about 40,000. Hakeem, the third Fatimite caliph, is claimed by them as their founder. They honor him as a divine being, and faithfully observe the curious religious rites which he established.

They are divided into two classes—the elect and the ignorant. The elect are the high priests, and the ignorant are those who are too young and inexperienced to be initiated into the mysteries of their religion. The high priests guard the mysteries of their faith zealously, and tolerate neither Hebrews nor Christians. The ignorant are far less conservative, and frequently mingle socially with believers in their creeds.

The elect Druses believe that Jesus Christ was merely an ordinary prophet, and that Hakeem was really God, manifested in the flesh. They are confident, too, that the number of orthodox Druses can never decrease or increase.

The three Druses in this country are fine looking men, and are evidently possessed of unusual intelligence.—New York Herald.

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THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS.

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the pneumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleeping couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicine is too often fails to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurative, Hostetter's stomach Bitters, affords the pneumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory signs come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active ingredient of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all string remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

Amibition Wiggis.—Wiggis—I hear Wiggis is a stock actor now. Guess yes; he exhibits a drove of colored pigs.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out stomach. I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

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