#### ONLY A BABY'S HAND.

"Big time, to-night," the drummers said, As to supper they sat them down; To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance To illuminate the town."

"Good !" cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest-The favorite of all; "Yes, let's forget our troubles now And hold high carnival '

The suppor done, the mail arrives; Each man his letters scanning With fresh quotations-up or down-His busy brain is cramming

But Bill- "why, what's come over him-Why turned so quick about! He says-just as his pards start forth: "I guess I won't go out."

His letter here no written word. No prayer from vice to flee; Only a tracing of a hand-A baby's hand-of three

T

W

What picture comes before his mind-What does his memory paint? A baby at her mother's knee-His little white robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule Who wins a victory grand? Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed By a shadowy little hand

Nought like the weak things of this world The power of sin withstand No shield between man's soul and wrong Like a little baby hand

-Chicago Journal

## THE PILOT'S TOWER.

On the 18th of November, 1662, the good city of Dunkirk was in that pecuhar state of agitation which pervades a bee hive when its tenants are about to swarm. News had that day been received that Louis XVL who was then king of France, had purchased the city from the English, to whose share it had fallen by the treaty of 1658; and as the sun was sinking behind the horizon, the French squadron came into the harbor with a light wind, and anchored off the citadel A hundred years previous the French army, commanded by the Duke of Guise, had ravaged the town with fire and sword, but time wears away all resentments, and the Dunkirkers were now ready to swear allegiance to the haughty monarch who sought to make Paris the dominant city of Christendom.

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. Merchants, notaries and priests, each wearing their peculiar costumes, were also attracted to the water side, every one taking a great interest in the coming change of rule, save those who (and they were few in number) were on intimate terms with the English garrison. The officers of this force, too, were exceedingly vexed, as most of them were comfortably located, and buildy did they censure their young King Charles. In so doing, indeed, they but echoed the public sentiment in England, for it was evident that the inexperienced monarch, fond of pleasure and in need of ready cash, had been entired into the sale of a flourishing portion of his kingdom for a tithe of its value. All of his ministers had opposed the transfer, and when they found their exertions useless, they set to work to so hamper the sale with conditions as to diminish the value of Dunkirk to the

French The news soon reached the environs.

creat white whale, Dunkirk fisheries, hough worth millions now, will not other edflice in Dunkirk, and the city then be worth that morsel of barley crust."

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

"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 to venture out-no coaster will dare venture in to purchase -in 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?"

"Not I do not feel like sleeping now and will take a smoke; but you need not wait for me. Let us repeat our evening materials as you can conceal under your And all kneeling, repeated Draver." together a beautiful canticle, for in those days the French were a religious people. The lads were soon between their coarse 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 stealthy 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 geny behind him and set out for Dunkirk. He had not gone more than two-thirds of the way when he heard rapid footsteps | clapping his hands joyfully. "And as if coming behind him. Was he pursued? Did he not know that step? Was it the | undiscovered by the English, Providence echo of his own? No. Another instant has so ordered matters that all the offisolved his doubts, for his wife approach-

ed 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.

soft voice; and Jean Bart, the youngest clusters of fire arms, highly polished, the development of beef and horseflesh, and faithfully observe the curious reson, came from behind a fish flake. He chandeliers and mirrors, gave a fairy like it is of inestimable worth to the people of ligious rites which he established. had followed his mother, but feared his appearance to the scene. Below were Council Bluffs as a swift destroyer and 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 en-tered the priest's garden, where they of them, like Bart, accompanied by their families. All were in groups, discussing the oldest of the party, was the veneral ble priest. When all who were expected had arrived he stood upon a wheel bar-row and requested silence. Every head was uncovered, every head was uncovered, every head was uncovered, every head was uncovered, every head had arrived west silence. Every head was uncovered, every head was uncovered were was uncovered, every head was uncovered, every h "My children," said the priest, "you 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?"

tower. It will then-dwelling house as it is and will be-be higher than any will be saved!"

A burst of appinuse, hushed by a gesture of the press, hailed this bright "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, myboy, 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 sea jackets. Master Perron here will act has given place to the dark, rich foliage as foreman, and tell each one what to and fragrant perpetually blooming sweet bring. And now let us implore a blessing clover. upon our deliberations, and ask a continuance of Divine favor for to-morrow might's work. The next day the priest, accompanied

by Cornille Bart, called upon Mousieur Westyn, one of the richest merchants and ship owners of the city. They found him sad and thoughtful, for the destruction of the beacon tower would be the and ghostly plant, that loved the frienddownfall of his fortune. But his countenance brightened up as he heard of the project of little Jean Bart.

Dunkirk is saved!" he exclaimed, to aid you in accomplishing your task of the trees and goes out boldly in the cers will pass the night on board the As a foliage plant it is perhapsone of the French squadron As for the soldiers a most remarkable in existence for its luxfew jugs of Dutch gin will quiet them. "How?" asked the priest.

"Why, some strange fancy as I thought, thriftier, and of much more rapid prompted the Count d'Estrades to offer a ball to our late enemies, and they will thus be all out of our way.'

After mutual congratulations, the priest repaired to the church, and Cornille Bart to his cottage, which Catherine was preparing to leave. The family were gladly received by the neighboring fishermen dark green, very much resembling the shoemaker. They went from Castle Garand before night the cabin was entirely demolished, and conveyed, concealed under loads of brush wood, into the priest's garden, which adjoined the church.

of the admiral's frigate. The upper deck, covered by thick awnings, was converted into a magnificent ball room. Flags of to the stockmen and farmers. "That's what I think, mother," said a all nations decorated the sides, while

### 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 breathed intruder has come into the city to dispute with the fordly 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 vellow 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 un

disputed dominion over every other green thing Over hundreds of vacant lots in the new additions the tiresome yellow

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 prodivities are the most wonderful features of its nature. The old fashioned sweet clover was a frail ly 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 fields and meets and conquers the sun loving sunflower in his chosen grounds uriance. In many respects it resembles the alalfa clover, but it is stronger, growth than that remarkable plant that furnishes three crops of hay a year in

western territories It grows to the height of four or five feet, with a dense leafy foliage and a red clover. It is so new and its habits den to Baltimore.

so little understood that it is not known

#### A Trophy of the Bloosty Angle.

One of the happiest men who returned from the Getty-sharg memorial encampment is C W Bishing, of Harvey's Lake, this county. He was a private in Capt Rice's company, Fifty-third Capt Rice's company, Fifty-third permsylvatia volunteers. Bishing was shot twice at Getty-barg, his wounds being ugly ones, a built 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.
Ambitions Wingy - Wiggy - I hear Wiggy is a store to scoop out enough dirt at the base. Pennsylvania voluntarias. Bishing was aged 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 66 would ever see it again.

Bishing accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment, the Fiftythird Pennsylvania volunteers, to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there Bishing. accompanied by several old comrades, started out to look for the musket he had buried twenty-six years before. The doody 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 was still in a good state of preservation. The larrel was bound about with a thick soat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition. But Bishing 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. Bishing brought the musket to Wilke-barre this afternoon. He says he is poor, but no money will buy the York Sun.

#### A Queer Sect of Turks.

Among the last batch of Syrians arrivperfect brush of sweet scented blossoms | ing at Castle Garden were three Druses. The leaf is small and juicy, of a rich Two were farmers and the third was a

These three men are the only Druses. what its value may be as a forage plant who have ever come to this country. An for stock. In its present rank character isolated and peculiar race, the Druses Meanwhile, all was in motion on board stock will not eat it, but, tamed by re- have lived for generations near Mount peated clipping and cultivation, it may Lebanon. Their total number is about become one of the most valuable plants 40,000. Haken, the third Fatimite caliph, is claimed by them as their found-

But whether it has any value or not in er. They honor him as a divine being,

They are divided into two classes-the father's anger, and hid himself until he long supper tables, spread with every fragrant substitute for the ubiquitous elect and the ignorant. The elect are delicacy, and a full band of martial music prompted the inspiring dance. The other vessels of the squadron were brilliantly illuminated, and, as may well be im-agined, there was not a British officer in agined, there was not a British officer in meek yellow crowned weed by painting the mysteries of their faith zealously,

#### THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS.

Of many a night, made doubly long by its pro-tracted agony, the meumatic sufferer tosses to and ico on his sleepless couch, value praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hos-

stock actor now. of educated plas

# '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 moments to dig the earth up, when, to worn out, and that I would have to is joy, he struck the old musket and cease cating solid food for a time at quickly resurrected it. It had the ap- least. I was so weak that I could pearance of hip Van Winkle's fowling not work. Finally on the recompiece. The stock had fallen apart, but mendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out with beneficial results, I procured a Stomach. 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 musket.-Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Cor. New 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.



BIC PRIZES. In underwear have one line of grey

and nowhere did it produce a greater excitement than in the collection of miserable cabins, which dotted a plain, covered with frames of brushwood, upon which the fishermen cured their spoil Leaving their nets half spread out, the men had gone to the quay the moment that the French squadron anchored, and by sunset most of their families had followed them In the cabin of Cornille Bart, however, a light twinkled as night came on, and a faint wreath of smoke curled upward from the low chimney Bart had gone to the quay, taking his two sons, Gasper and Jean, with him; but his good wife Catherine, like a good housewife, remained at home to prepare supper-

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"- Here a rapid cannonading interrupted, but she soon continued: "Saluting at last-bang, bang-and I do not know what it's all about, Well, when the powder is burnt I may look for my stragglers. That is, if there are no fireworks. But here comes a man and two boys-is it them?"

Soon a familiar knock at the door dissipated the good woman's doubts, and she hastened to admit her husband.

"Well, dame," said the burly fisherman, "you are waiting supper for us, are you not?

"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."

"Never mind, Catherine: serve supper, for these inds are half starved, and as they eat I will give you all the details."

"And you, Cornille, have you left your appetite on the quay?" "Yes, indeed! The news weighs heav-

ily on my heart, and I do not feel like cating a morsel!"

"Our Lady preserve us, what is to happen!" cried the good woman as her anxious glance shot from husband to children.

"I will tell you," replied Cornille. "You have heard that the king of France," and as he spoke the fisherman loyally raised his woolen cap, "has repurchased Dunkirk for five million of francs"-

"Certainly: but that is good news for us all."

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

"What are they? Why, every public building is to be razed to the height of the highest dwelling house. By the

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 city-then they called out the old priest. would have drawn the wrath of both nations upon the city.

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

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 may flourish. Your idea is hopeless." There was a murmur of discontent English commissioner, through the crowd, and one of the oldest fishermen, elbowing his way up to the priest, and with a countenance purple of cards, chess or dominoes." 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 boastful tone: not wish to throw cold water upon any thus far are wholly impracticable. Neimyself, and if heaven does not aid us. down today." 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 flakes?"

"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 in Boston Globe. morning upon the top of the church

squadron. Nor did they cease until the Bee. cottage was entirely rebuilt, a fire burned

in its kitchen, and Catherine had her coffee kettle on - It was sunrise, and when the ropes and accessories were taken down and the cottage stood there-the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, and higher than any other building in the and the assemblage, falling on their knees, sang the "matin hymn."

On board the flagship, meanwhile, all was hilarity and gayety, though, unlike at the lunch counter followed him. One "Supposing, reverend father, that we every one else. M. Wostyn appeared uneasy. Occasionally he would steal out into the stern gallery (which all frigates then had), and cast an anxious glance towards the church tower. The Count England seeks to ruin our port that hers d'Estrades noticed he did not dance, and after supper he introduced him to the "Neither of you dance, messieurs,

said the count: "and you may like a game

Both bowed assent.

"What shall it be? Chess?" said the Englishman Wostyn said yes, though it was with difficulty that he could bring his mind to bear upon the game, and he consequently lost several times. His antagonist became elated with success, and just as daylight shone in through the flags, he made a bold move and exclaimed in a

"Ha, ha! your castle is in danger, and reasonable project, but those suggestions I fear that it will fare no better than your old church tower. "Tis a pity, by the ther, my children, can I suggest anything way, that I must have that tower pulled

> At that moment the almost despairing merchant heard the hymn of praise and he knew that all was safe. Rising from the table he went out into the stern gallery, and requested his opponent to follow him. They found Count d'Estrades already there, and the poop of the vessel of the furnace, the right of occupying a was already lined with curious observers shelf in the "columbarium" for five -French and English. Plainty visible, years, the charge is not in any way exin the glowing rays of the rising sun, was cessive. Of course, the urn required to Bart's cottage, and through the open door contain the ashes of a cremated person all could see the honest fisherman and constitutes an extra, as likewise the his family quietly eating breakfast. Fron. pomp to be displayed in cremation, for the chimney waved the French flag.

"Check to your move!" said Wostyn to the English commissioner, significantly pointing to the cottage "Behold the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, nor shelf in the "columbarium" the price of is there even a weather vane above its a couple of pounds is really low .- Lonlevel!"

"I give up the game!" said the Englishman, good naturedly. Then turning towards the count, he continued: "We may contend with you upon the battle field, but when wit and invention are at stake, we surrender. Gentlemen, we will evacuate the city today!"-Ben Perley Poore

was uncovered, every tongue was silent on his knees before the altar, and the of white flowers fills the air, and after a York Herald. women kept watch and ward round midsummer shower the peculiar and asked me to permit you to assemble here about. To cheer them in their toil came delicate fragrance is indescribable, and the enlivening strains of music from the as sweet as the breath of peris,-Omaha

#### A Live Rattlesnake in a Depot.

and ran. Two men who had been eating 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 treed. The snake was crawling toward the door, 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

ment.-New York Sun.

#### Cremation in Paris.

The cremation furnaces in Pere la-Chaise cometery 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 which latter item the sum of from twelve france to 200 france may be asked. For the simple burning process, however, and for a five years' right to a don Standard.

Rumors are rife in London as to the health of the Prince of Wales, which is said to be much impaired. It is also said that he seeks to keep the real truth of his condition from the newspaper reading public.



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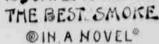
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