THE FLAG OF PIERRE

On the northeastern shore of Lake Champlain is a long sandy beach. Inland from this stretches the dreary expanse of a tamarack swamp. One afternoon early in October the only living things plainly in sight along this beach were several small sandpipers that daintily picked up the sand and a tall blue heron waiting in shallow water. But when one looked closely, so did Pierre Pierre, who sunned a beach of bolder rock into the sand so as to form what contractors call a "blind." The blue heron, keeping a wary eye on the sandpipers, may have thought it was either because only sightless creatures would dig a place so conspicuous looking the roll of tide.

But Pierre Pierre scanned the beach as thoroughly as though he had discovered a man lying behind the lines of the blind. This man was a civilian, bronzed fellow, perhaps thirty years old; he had on the blue uniform of the United States army and wore long rubber boots, and as he lay stretched on his side a shotgun rested in the hollow of his arm. Just now the bronzed man revealed. The man who was a stupidly good sport all things were quiet and stay—too much so to please the young chap. He longed for a flock of plover to flutter by and relieve the monotony.

"Dozing down there, you pretty soon," he thought. "I'll stalk my friend, the horse—though I believe the old horse keeps an eye on me, for all his sunning along to such an enormous and dignified measure. He's the only lot bigger than my thumb that I've seen for an hour. Why, so far as sport goes, I might better be at the barracks drilling recruits. But, hello! there's a your lord."

He had seen Plover Pierre. Pierre emerged from the shadow of the overhanging and stood upon the sand. The lad did not see many strangers, so he stood upon the beach to breathless to do so. As he passed by the Boots sandpipers tipped as if nothing too serious to a friend, and the blue heron lolled at him with his boundlessness that a moody scowled. Perhaps the bird felt that Pierre came to destroy the sweet stillness with a blast.

But he saw the heron was mistaken. Pierre did not disturb the blind, but crouched behind it to chat with the soldier. At first the boy was half afraid of this long fellow in blue clothes and boots, though his face was kind and friendly. Pierre had once been in a low court at Quebec, where the high official was addressed as monseigneur. The boy decided to use the title in the present case.

"Monseigneur, are you a Yankee?"

The soldier nodded, and Pierre resumed:

"So am I. We have moved, and now we live one mile south of the line between Canada and Vermont. You see, I am a Yankee by a whole mile."

"So you are," replied the other. "And in your case to one can say a mile's not better than a mile. You wouldn't like to miss being a Yankee, would you?"

"No, indeed, monseigneur. I am proud to be a Yankee. The French and the Yankees were always friends, and it is good to belong to the United States. Since we are both Yankees, we should be friends. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is." The soldier laughed, got up, and made room for Pierre. "Come, what's you have? Here's some pie, and here's a cigar."

Plover Pierre shook his head. "Jules says liquor is only good to put out a signal. I want neither."

"Why, this Jules must be a perfect saint."

"Oh, no, Jules is my friend, and he lives quite near us. He too has moved to Vermont."

"And I imagine you're great playfellows," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well, not quite that, monseigneur. He teaches me and knows many things. You see he is old. He was my father's clerk, and he has white hair coming up all over his head. My father," said Pierre proudly, "was a notary and knew all things. Jules says my father was quite old when he married the mother. Then he died and she married John Bourdin. He is strong and can work on the farm, but he likes better to idle." The boy was rattling on, when he remembered that Jules said people should not talk too much of their own affairs. A dusky red crept into his swarthy face. "But it tires you to hear all this. Do you come from the barracks across the lake, where they teach new soldiers?"

His new acquaintance smiled assent.

"Jules says it is a shame for United States people to fight each other, but I like wars. I should go if it were not for Mamzelle."

As Pierre said "that," he looked at something which should have smashed the sandy leg curled up beneath him, but was only a piece of wood fastened to a very short stump of leg. Besides the wooden leg, Pierre carried two yellow crutches. Perhaps it was these slender substitutes for legs which gave him the name of Plover Pierre. The soldier's eyes searched the lesson of the lake as though much interested in watching a flock of plover.

Pierre's face brightened as he continued: "Although I can't walk well, I am better than most boys. I might be a home soldier, and so fight just as hard for my country as can other people. Will you drill me to be a soldier?"

The man in line shifted his eyes from the imaginary flock of plover and looked at Pierre. "Why, you're too young. You can't be more than ten years old."

"But no! I am twelve and know well how to shoot."

The officer seemed to be pondering Pierre's military advantages. He muttered to himself, "I wish those fellows I'm drilling had this boy's spirit."

But now the quiet boy was startled into new life. A dense branch rounded one of the points and puffed toward the young officer's block. The blue heron gave a cry of surprise, and then recovering its dignity, swept away with graceful curves of its exclusive wings. The soldier got up and smoothed the sand from his clothes.

"Here comes government boat come to take me back to Plattsburg barracks."

A small staff pulsous from the launch to bring him on board. He threw a few items little into the staff, stepped in himself and was rowed away.

The government boat flew two flags—a large one at the bow and a smaller at the stern. When the lieutenant got on board he pulled down the one from the stern and setting free the staff again was towed back to the shore. Pierre was still standing on the sand.

The officer gravely bowed the salute to the boy. "Uncle Sam presents thee to a valued citizen. Never forget that you are a Yankee."

Pierre, being such a new citizen, did not quite understand the reference to Uncle Sam. But he knew gave a touch of pride, and he reverently took the offered silk into his grimy hands.

As he hopped back through the sandy road leading to the fields beyond, he thought: "Now I am really a Yankee. The tall man would not give me the flag if he had any doubt about it."

When he reached the log house it was growing dark. The fat twins, his half sisters, were yelling over the fire, and Mam. Bourdin leaned herself in gaunt anger. The short Canadian woman still showed some traces of her comely girlhood. Jean Bourdin's heavy figure stooped by the fire to a gross caricature of her twin wife and the trembling twins.

"Jean Bourdin," said Pierre, "would you not like to be a soldier?"

"A good question! And if I went to the war, who would sow bread for you to eat?"

"Jules says that if my fathers money had been well managed it would supply all."

Jean turned angrily. "Jules (curse) And as for your father, Pierre Bourdin, he did somewhat better using his old books than he had use to your the land or skillet from beneath the shovel."

The women stopped time. "The notary made a good husband though he was old enough to be my father. He too time I lived like a lady."

Pierre had hidden the flag under the jacket, and now he climbed the ladder to the loft and put the well beneath his pillow. He returned to the lower room, the family had supper and done, lighting his pipe, said:

"Pierre, go out to bed. I have company tonight, and tomorrow you must go early to help the thresher."

Plover Pierre kept nearly as early hours as the Bourdin themselves. Tonight, however, he was willing to be alone, for he had plenty to think about. He pulled himself up the ladder as quietly as could most boys who had two legs. After admiring the bright flag he carefully laid it never among his few belongings and soon was in bed.

Visions of war and soldiers filled his enabled brain. The friendly officer seemed to be an ever inspiring accompaniment to his wars merely a good comrade, and they were fighting for the same beloved country. Pierre himself, mounted a gallant white charger and holding aloft the enchanted flag, led bands of Americans to victory.

The soldiers kept, based by such forces, must have lost awake for a long time, when he was roused to himself by hearing a door open and some one enter the room below. Again and again visitors arrived, until there must have been ten men assembled in the lonely cabin.

So many visitors were unusual, and Pierre, at first without meaning to turn eavesdropper, heard enough of their talk to rouse his suspicions. Getting quietly out of bed to put his eye to a crack in the floor and listened.

The men had arranged their business and were about to leave. When they had all risen, one of them spoke to Jean Bourdin:

"Remember, Bourdin, how it is settled. We are to meet here tomorrow afternoon at 3—twenty men, armed and on good horses. You, in what disguise you please, are to ride with us, guide us to St. Albans by the shortest road and point out the village banks. We will do the rest. For doing this you are to receive $100. If there seems danger of your being implicated, you can cross the line into Canada, and we will make good all your losses."

Bourdin was satisfied and the men went out.

Plover Pierre, listening overhead, trembled with excitement. He felt sure this was a plot against his own Yankee home—a plot which he could compel him to return to Canada. He comprehended that there was trouble ahead for St. Albans, and that the people must be warned. Indeed, he had heard the conspiring of those desperate and irresponsible men, who in 1864, under no authority from Richmond or any government, planned to sweep down from Canada, surprise the village of St. Albans, Vt., and rob its banks.

The boy crept somehow back to bed, but it was long before he slept. When he did, the flag, the officer, the conspirators and the fated banks packed their beings and hatefull influences into his dreams.

All the next morning Pierre was busy helping the Canadians. Jean would have kept him at work during the afternoon as well, but at 4 o'clock the boy contrived to escape from the farm. Slipping away by the woods he got his flag from the loft where he had left it.

He tried to think of some way of warning St. Albans before the men who were to leave at 3 could reach there. Leave as he was, it would be impossible to walk the fifteen miles in time. Bourdin, he knew, would take the young brown mare, their only horse. Even now he was preparing her in the stable. Pierre was allowed to depart, when he learned that old Jules, their neighbor, had a horse. To be sure it was old and somewhat stiff, but it was better than nothing. He would go now to Jules and ask for the horse. Minutes were precious, but there was no time for explanations. He knew where the animal was pastured and must take it without asking. Here he had caught the old gray, slipped a bridle over its head, and mounting a bare back was soon on the road.

Plover Pierre did not know the country well, but he was sure of the general direction in which St. Albans lay. As he galloped along, Pierre grew exciting and was filled with joyous enthusiasm. The small figure on the giant gray horse was perhaps a travesty on his vision of the cavalry officer dashing at the head of his troops, but the boy was satisfied. His mission was a serious one, and he was working for the cause to which he turned to distinguish himself.

He had pushed the flag under his jacket. How he took it out, and took it about him like an officer's sash. The people at the few farmhouses along the road stared at this apparition. After he had traveled what seemed to him a long distance, he got into a country where there were no farmhouses. The land was hilly, rough and used for pasturage alone.

Pierre had no watch, but he thought it must be nearly 6 o'clock. This could not be the main road to St. Albans. He climbed high hills and looked about, but no sign of a village spire. While he stopping from one of those hills to see far in the westward a body of horsemen entering along a remote road.

Pierre's heart sank within him. These were the conspirators, and he was late. His opportunity had passed, and he had failed. Discouraged and limp in body, he rode sadly down to the highway where he had seen the horsemen, and followed in back against his home.

As the riders dashed through the outskirts of St. Albans the people stared in astonishment at the cavalcade of well looking men carrying carbines, and with pistols stuck in their belts. Jean Bourdin, dressed in his Indian cloak, all the drill were interposed by excitement, led these on.

They rode into the midst of the town. The villagers, unconscious of danger, did not notice them. Bourdin pointed out the first national bank, and stood for the day to the public, but the bankers were still at their desks. The raiders overpowered them, broke open the safes, and took what money they could readily gather.

In half an hour they were galloping away, firing their pistols as they went. One citizen was supposed to be dead; others were shot and killed. But most of the bankers were dead, alive in the dust. They soon passed the last house, and rapidly moved northward over the same road which Pierre had taken on his return home.

Jules old home was growing more and more tense. It was unusual, and the long journey had made its feet tired. Pierre did not like to trip to his friends, and so had to be satisfied with a slow trot. The night was dark, and Pierre quite dazed and not a great deal used to uncertain light on the brown fields and fingered about the bright silk which lay pocketed on a tall, gray horse.

Dark patches of troubled hovered the roads and when Pierre was passing one of these, a lick he thought not far from home, he heard a shuffling of hoofs behind him. He did not expect any visitors, and so he rode on. But the hoofs it must be they. The boy forced to let Boots go his.

A wood road led into the bushes, and Pierre, riding into this dark recess, hoped unnoticed to pass the road to let the horsemen pass. The horse was broken by shadows, but the Bible sound still came between the overgrowth and up the gray colors of the flag.

The raiders came on, evidently elated and charming. They were talking with manner. Two young fellows hanging up the rear of the galloping column. A startled cry flapped over their heads, and one of the fellows as the surely sporing left.

"Jim, it we'll to colors and to fire I'll bring down that fellow."

"If I wanted to shoot," returned Jim, "I'd take aches from on him. Behind look to the gaine. Don't that look like the thing Guy call a flag up here?" He stopped his horse, raised a rifle and fired.

The two resumed their gallop and caught up with the main body. The opposite looked back anxiously, but did not stop to remonstrate. Already the sharp ear of Jean Bourdin had caught the sound of pursuing horses. They were only two miles from the Canadian line, when a troop of horsemen appeared on the brow of a hill a short distance behind them.

The riders put spur to their horses, the latter seemed responsive, but some could not, and their riders were overtaken, made prisoners and part of the money recovered. The better mounted men escaped into Canada. They, too, were finally captured, and most of the booty returned to the banks.

Jean Bourdin left the raiders before they were overtaken, and he was suspected his connection with the "St. Albans raid."

The next morning Jules was surprised to find his gray horse, more lame than usual, waiting at the stable door. The boy could not tell the Bourdins how he was Pierre if he knew anything about it. The boy was sorrowing. Jules thought he should never see the brown mare. Two of the horse were in some way connected. He returned to the stable, and with pulled only followed back the horse to the farmhouse.

Slowly he traced the horse's path till he was led to the swamp beyond the road. He was thinking of the boy, sadly enough, and both passed by a wide beach.

In the evening a friend strolled into the lieutenant's quarters at the recruiting station at Plattsburg, and he was surprised. "Results from Canada have sailed the St. Albans banks. One villainy was killed, and the wounded boy brought in wrapped in a flag, and, although his heart was found near the road by which the raiders returned to Canada."

"A crippled boy with a flag!" cried the officer. "He threw away his crutches that day to wave loyally and look up to interest in his drilling."

The sergeant before stuck into the stand of the boy near the unmarked grave, and said aloud, the regular mounted artillery, as they circled over the deserted beach, and the lieutenant, walking along with disquiet wings, Pierce the Plover Pierce was gone.

Plover Pierce had left them.—Frances E. Palmer in Harper's Weekly.

It is just as well to make the best of everything, when you can't help it, but you can try to give a little sweetness at first.

Sure to make it look like rich dark satin.
THE SUPERIORITY OF MASTIFF PLUG SHOULD STIMULATE YOU TO TRY THEIR OUR CANVAS POUCHES.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have got used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, soothing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask any cures. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hoarseness, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP

A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY

DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP.

HEALTHFUL, AGREEABLE, CLEANSING.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Sts. Eczema and Chronic Sunburn.

SAPONIFIER

SAPONIFIER, and take no other. Peck's Saponifier Co., Philadelphia.

10 YEARS IN SALT LAKE

DR. C. W. HIGGINS,

Microscopic and Analytical Physician,

HAS PRACTICED IN SALT LAKE CITY 10 YEARS. Diseases heart, lungs, kidneys and urinary organs a specialty. Consultation free. Patients treated at a distance by mail. Medicines sent everywhere. Office hours, 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m. Sundays, 10 to 12 a.m. Consultation free. Office, 66 Eliza Block, Salt Lake City.

ANOTHER CHANCE

In Prices at

TEASDEL'S.

50c. Carpets now 40c.

75c. Carpets for - 60c.

GLOVES.

$1 Black Kids for 50c.

$1.50 White Kids, 75c.

LADIES' FINE PERCALE WAISTS.

$1.25 Grade now - $1.

$1 Waists for - 75c.

MEN'S SUITS.

$6.00 Reduced to $4.00.

$8.00 Suits to - $3.00.

Men's Stiff Hats.

NEW AND SORRY.

$2.00, price now $1.50.

$1.00 Felt Hats for 60c.

BONA FIDE REDUCTIONS

—AT—

TEASDEL'S.

WOLFE BROS. & CO.

Manufacturers and Importers of BRUSHES

204 Wood Street, - PITTSBURG, PA.

Star Horse Nails

Polished or Blued.

Have been sold by E. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guarantee to give the best of satisfaction. Will take a Nickel no longer than any other.

MADE BY THE

UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY E. C. M. I. AND HARDWARE DEALERS.

G. D. TAYLOR, President. G. E. ROMNEY, Secretary and Treasurer.

TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO.,

LUMBER!

Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc.

Planing Mill and Yard, One Block East of U. P. Depot, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GEO. TAYLOR, Manager. G. D. ROMNEY, Sales Manager.

Telephone 1537. Sash Manager 1537. Address all correspondence to 261, 263 & 265 W. South Temple Street.

CHURCH BLANKS

Printed and for Sale at

THE DESERET NEWS OFFICE,

SALT LAKE CITY.

GRANITE IRONWARE is more than a luxury—it is a necessity. It is clean, healthy, handy and neat; there is as much difference between it and tinware, as between a china and a tin cup. It is cheap, because it lasts, and it is always clean. Every good housewife should use it, and those who once try it won't have anything else. It is the best ware made for the kitchen. Cook Book and Price List Free on application. *Be sure to mention this paper.* Manufactured only by the ST. LOUIS STAMPING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

For Boiling, Baking, Boiling, Preserving.

GRANITE IRON WARE

WHITE LABEL LARD!

PURE LEAF LARD.

USE NO OTHER.

See that your Lard Cans and Cases bear our

"HELMET" TRADE MARK.

DO YOU WEAR HOSIERY?

We have Just Received an Agent's Line of Samples, comprising upwards of 1000 styles Ladies', Misses', Children's and Gentlemen's HOSE. Some will be placed on sale at about HALF REGULAR PRICE. Have complete stock of SHOES—all styles, prices, etc. Can save you money on Straw Goods, Boys' Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Prices Low as the Lowest. Our Terms: Spot Cash. Mail orders reflected

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 Main St.

NEW EDITION OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' HYMN BOOK.

Revised and Corrected Throughout, and with many New and Excellent Hymns added. Just published at the DESERET NEWS OFFICE. For sale, retail, at 35c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, according to quality of binding. Call upon or address THE DESERET NEWS CO., Salt Lake City.

A Charter Oak feast I'm having today
Such a jolly crowd ne'er came before;
The sisters, cousins, and aunts are here,
The grand-sires, and uncles too appear
And all shout for "That wire gauze door."

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I. Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

BEING IN A POSITION

To supply the wants of every gardener, or any one who may be engaged in gardening just now, and nearly everybody is—attention is called to our stock of

GARDEN TOOLS, GARDEN AND LAWN HOSE, LAWN MOWERS AND LAWN SPRINKLERS,

All of the Most Improved Make and Standard Grades. We are prepared to offer a small line of

Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Gasoline Stoves

And Stock of CUTLERY at Prices much under the market.

BIG INDUCEMENTS TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE COMPANY,

PROGRESS BUILDING.