

THE CUIRASSIER.

It was raining, but a scarcely visible fall, as if the drops were pressed through a fine sprinkler by a gigantic hand behind the clouds, which sailed low in the chilly air.

But in spite of the stinging slaps of the saucy wind the boulevard was full of people, two crowds, one of which moved by the force of business necessity, the other more slowly, impelled only by curiosity, but both meeting and passing in constant succession.

At the corner of a street and the boulevard was stationed a little boy scarcely 10 years old. His brown, thick, uncombed hair fell in locks almost to his eyebrows, or stood out like bristles from his temples. His jacket, vest and pantaloons were ill fitting and remade from old, worn corduroy, which had changed from a yellowish brown to a dirty gray hue. They were entirely too large for him, but then (it was reasoned) he would grow inevitably, whether economy made this desirable or not. His face and hands showed the spots of mud which were spattered on him a short time before by a luxurious carriage that, in passing, almost touched his three feet of corner territory. He had small, bright, gentle blue eyes, and was named Charles Froer.

His father, who was a street vender of toys, had placed him there some days before to sell something which he had lately invented. It was a wooden cuirassier of brave bearing, mounted on a spirited steed. When a certain spring was touched the horse would prance off on quick moving wheels, and the soldier would brandish heroically his formidable saber, rising and then falling to pierce some invisible breasts, or to mow off the heads of some imaginary host of the invading enemy. During this terrific attack the cuirassier would roll his eyes ferociously, and his savage mustache would bristle with fury. What more alluring and entrancing toy could be offered to a boy with a drop of French bravery in his young heart? The father sold many of them in walking the neighboring streets near the wonderful Church of the Madeleine. But he chose to have his son remain at the street corner, having suspended from his neck a frame in which a company of the cuirassiers were in line in the full splendor of paint and gilding.

Every morning he received twenty of them, and each one sold for twenty cents. Thus every evening, in mounting to his home in Acacia street—the sixth story of the house—he must show twenty cents for each missing cuirassier. Now he shivered in the misty air; his cheeks, nose and ears were purple, and his little chapped hands were buried to the elbows in his pantaloons pockets. In a feeble, thin, but sweet and melancholy voice he cried:

"The cuirassier, the fine, brave cuirassier, for twenty cents!" But the indifferent crowd passed on, leaving him to repeat his offers as regularly as he had heard his father do.

This good man, a glider by trade, but now out of his proper work, turned to this business to keep out of idleness, that he might the better feed his motherless children. He naturally sold many more of the toys, because in his good natured way he added to these attractions by his sparkling Parisian jokes, they compelling attention and inducing the listeners to buy. The little boy could not do this; indeed was rather sad while crying, "The cuirassiers, brave cuirassiers, for twenty cents!" Tears were in his voice, but not because of the cold; he was accustomed to that. Nor was he ill or hungry; on the contrary he was strong, and his father gave him plenty to eat.

Why, then, was he shedding tears, and why did he regard with an air of disturbance, almost of fear, the children of the wealthy who were tempted by the pretty toys to approach him? And when he sold one, and the twenty cents sank deep in his pocket, why did he sighs burst from his curved lips and his eyes follow with a jealous and desolate expression the happy child who disappeared in the crowd triumphantly bearing away the gallant soldier? That day business had been excellent, only one toy remaining—one only, and nineteen pieces of silver jingling in his purse. Near him, almost touching him, came a little boy, clinging to his mother's hand. Although of the same age he was much smaller than Charles and very thin, his face being emaciated and wan. It seemed hard for him to walk, for his right shoulder projected in a hump.

They had never spoken, but they knew each other very well by sight, having often met. The deformed boy named Gaston Lembelly, one which Charles thought almost too grand for so small a body. His mother was a rich widow, who lived in the first flat of the house in Acacia street, of which she was owner.

Gaston stopped before Charles, recognizing him with a smile and a bow. He gazed earnestly at the remaining toy, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see the splendid cuirassier!"

His dark rimmed eyes—those of one condemned to soon close them forever—opened wider, and he reached his long, thin, waxy hand to grasp the wooden soldier and touch the spring. Immediately the horse gave a fierce bound, and the rider brandished his weapon as if moving the heads and piercing the breasts of an invisible host.

"Oh, mamma, please buy him for me!" "How much for your cuirassier, my child?" asked the mother.

"Twenty sous, madame." "There is the money," and Gaston Lembelly walked off with his prize.

The little wooden frame was now empty, but with contracted lips Charles bent his head. He tried hard not to weep, but it was too much for him, and his forehead almost touching his little shelf, his hands thrust into his pockets, he burst into a shower of tears and sobs. Gaston Lembelly heard him and turned about, pulling his mother toward the little vender of toys.

"Why are you weeping?" he inquired, in a familiar and kindly manner; for children are fraternal with each other before they are spoiled by conventionalality. "Has some one hurt you?"

He sighed, but could not answer. The little invalid insisted.

"Come, now, tell me why you are weeping?" Charles wiped his eyes with his sleeve, but his tears wetting the mud remaining on it from his former efforts it left a

gray scar on his troubled visage, extending from his right eye to his left ear.

Between his sighs, in broken sentences, he tried to explain: "I am—not crying—how—how! No—one—has—hurt—me. No—I am—not—crying—only—my—cuirassiers, my fine cuirassiers!"

"Very well. Have you not been paid for them?"

"Yes, but I love them so much. They are so handsome, when I have them with me before me. I look at them with so much pleasure! But I dare not touch them because papa has forbidden it. Then when they are all gone I weep, for I would like so much to have one all to myself!"

"And have you not asked your father for one?"

"Yes, but papa is poor and cannot afford it. He needs all the money for us."

The little invalid looked at him with gentle but astonished eyes.

"Then one would make you very happy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" sobbed Charles, with a new flow of tears.

Then Gaston reached him his toy.

"Here, take mine! I give it to you, and you can keep the twenty sous, too!"

Charles Froer feared he did not hear aright—dared not believe his ears. Nevertheless he half reached out his hands with curled fingers, wide open, sparkling eyes, half smiling while hesitating to believe in his happiness.

"May I not give it to him, mamma? Are you not willing?"

"Surely, my darling!" said the mother in deep emotion, putting her hand in her pocket, but suddenly withdrawing it she murmured:

"Perhaps his self denial will win him more of heaven!" and she disappeared in the crowd with her physically deformed but noble minded child.

Charles Froer returned to Acacia street. His account was correct. For his twenty cuirassiers he returned twenty francs.

He hid his toy in his pocket. In the evening he played with it; in the morning also before starting out. He even took it with him to the boulevard, fearing if he had it at home that his father might find it and make him resell it.

This continued through all the cold month of December, but the little street vender was now merry, and his voice, though still feeble, was no longer sad when he cried:

"The cuirassiers, fine cuirassiers, for twenty cents!"

Two months passed, in which Charles had not seen the little invalid, but his gift was a daily joy and reminder of the giver.

One evening he heard his father say: "Gaston Lembelly, the son of our house owner, is very ill."

Charles felt a sharp pain in his heart, and large tears filled his eyes. Two days after his father again said:

"Gaston Lembelly, the son of the proprietor, is dead."

Charles shut himself into the closet where he slept. In bed he drew the sheet over his head and wept, hardly knowing why. He dozed, but continued to weep in his dreams.

Two days more he saw the large door of the house hung with black drapery, bearing in silver the initials G. L.

On a table at the entrance, beneath the wreaths of flowers, and lighted by wax candles, was a little casket, not larger than would have been required for a child of 5 years. When it passed out under the hangings many friends followed it. But far behind the procession, more unkempt than usual, his hands still deep in the pockets of his corduroys, Charles Froer followed. The sky was covered with a pall of dark gray, and at times flakes of half melted snow were beaten by strong gusts of wind into the face and eyes.

Truly living in such a time was not cheerful; it was a happy thing for little Gaston to go away to a country where the children of the rich who had been good to those of the poor here below would meet and play and love each other, and never know cold or want.

Charles did not dare enter the church, but lingered in the vicinity until he could join the procession in its slow movement toward the cemetery of Montmartre. He kept far away from every one while the remains of his little benefactor were being hid away forever. He felt almost ashamed to be there, as if it were a bad action, not having been invited by any one. And he trembled for the safety of his company of cuirassiers which he dared to leave in charge of a friendly comrade, unknown to his father, that he might follow, even afar in the mourners' line, weeping for his little friend. He also avoided the keepers, fearing they might chase him away.

Men, women and the little children, friends of the dead boy, passed back through the gate, and Gaston was left forever under the cold of the wet earth. It was then that Charles timidly approached, looking behind him to see if he was watched. No, he was entirely alone. With care and tenderness he drew from his deep pocket the wooden cuirassier.

"His mother did not buy him another, and there won't be any up there perhaps," he softly whispered to himself.

He considered the toy a minute, touched the spring, and for the last time the steed galloped, the saber cut and pierced and put in flight the terrible but invisible enemy.

Then he kissed the brave man on each cheek, pressed him on his breast, kissed him again and gently placed him beneath the lovely and odorless wreaths—a fitting grave for hero and steed. In leaving the cemetery he continued to turn and throw kisses until the new made grave had faded from his sight.—Varied from the French of Jules Mary by Bally Blake for Boston Budget.

A curious fact is developed by the arrest of the men in Washington who had made preparations to steal the telegraph reports of sporting events from the Western Union wires, and that is that there is no law there against the tapping of wires. The parties were arraigned as suspicious characters.

There has never been such a peculiar season as this in the Arctic, only one whole being killed by the natives of either the west or east coasts. The winter being so mild, the only heavy ice in the ocean was from Icy Cape, and this in no way has impeded the navigation.

Save \$1.50 on a Hat. Millen, Blunt & Co. offer a light colored Stetson soft hat for \$3.50. They are worth \$5.00, but these are broken sizes.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constipated or bilious. For sale in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

ROUGH ON COUGHS. For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, 25c. ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE. Instant Relief. The CURE.

ROUGH ON CORNS. Liquid, 15c. Salve, 10c.

Early Autumn. The country lanes are bright with bloom. And gentle airs come stealing through. Laden with native wild perfume.

Of balm and mint and honey dew, And o'er the summer's rapturous flush Lies early autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam, And frost flowers dance about the sod, While, lapsing by, the silent stream Reflects the hue of golden rod, That flower which lights a dusky day With something of the sun god's ray.

The grapevine clammers o'er the hedge In golden festoons; sumacs burn Like torches on the distant ledge, Or light the lane at every turn, And 'ry riots everywhere In blood red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint Borders the fences, drifting out Of foistering corners, and it is, As half of cheer and half of doubt, Like the dear delightful haze Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And straggle 'til growths are newly met; Odd things but little prized of yore, Like some old jewel well reset, Take on a worth unseen before, As corks, in spring a graceless weed, Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid Pipe low their sad prophetic tune, Though air pulse warm the leaves amid, As played from the heart of June; So minor strains break up the heart, Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year Is spinning onward to its close, Yet sounds as welcome on the ear As in the time of opening rose. May life for all as sweetly come, As comes the autumn time again! —Dart Fairthorne in Harper's Bazar.

A Shotgun Toll Gate. A bold highwayman appears to have established a shotgun toll gate in the Pipestone pass, about twelve miles south of Butte, Mont., and is demanding his tolls with a regularity that smacks of the good old days.

About a month since a slender, soft voiced young man, wearing a piece of overalls for a mask, commenced asking for contributions from people passing this point, and all were made tributary, not even the wood haulers being exempt, and he made up in numbers what was lacking in individual amounts. This was kept up for a few days, then the Pipestone was deserted, and the Champion stage was brought under the persuasive influence.

Today word comes to this city that this modern Claude Duval has returned to Pipestone, and that five new victims have been added to the list. The amounts taken in each instance have been small, but the frequency of the demand has made it burdensome, and the people living in that section are organizing to endeavor to discourage his efforts in that line.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

A Clock You Need Never Wind. T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, O., has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the Nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing and the dial. Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding.

The hands are of tin and are hollow, and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says that they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, and it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6.30. All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.—New York Journal.

A Rattlesnake's Skin for a Belt. Capt. Wright, the raisin superintendent for Logan & Adams, had a close call the other day. He was running a hand basket along under the vines, and throwing Muscatis in it as he picked them. Suddenly he heard a click or snapping sound, as though some part of the basket had broken. Lifting it up he was surprised to find an ugly, wriggling rattlesnake follow. It had struck Capt. Wright's hand and buried its fangs in the wicker handle of the basket an inch from the captain's forefinger. No time was lost in killing the deadly reptile, and its skin is now being fashioned in a belt for a Phoenix journalist's sweet-heart.—Phoenix (Cal.) Herald.

Deer Slaughtered by a Locomotive. The Eastern Minnesota railway's limited train left Mansfield north bound twenty-seven minutes late. Five miles this side of the station, while the train was running nearly sixty miles an hour, an immense herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance of a cut. It was too late to stop, and the train struck into the herd, killing a great number. The train passed through the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived here a magnificent specimen buck deer was found dead on top of the engine pilot. The engineer estimates the herd at over 100.—Duluth Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Raising Turtles. A Dexter youth has recently been engaged in a novel enterprise. By hook or crook he captured a pair of dignified mud turtles and confined them in an old tub. One morning when he went to examine his treasures he discovered that the turtle had industriously laid a nice batch of eggs. The boy kindly remembered his friends with ovate souvenirs of the occasion, and contemplates an extensive system of hatching, as far as the remainder of the litter is concerned.—Dexter Gazette.

The slight market for fancy waistcoats is to be accounted for in the fact that the vest openings are so much larger than used to be the case, and the neckwear is so much more voluminous that there is really no necessity for the display.

In Bloomfield, N. J., a few days ago was buried Adam Metz, a well known citizen. In accordance with his dying wish his funeral procession was headed by a brass band, and fourteen societies and about one hundred coaches followed.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constipated or bilious. For sale in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

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Big Connecticut Pumpkins. Some farmers go away from Connecticut and settle in the west, saying that the old state is played out in an agricultural way, but the Nutmeg state is still somewhat on pumpkins, or else Walter Crissey, of Southington, is mistaken. Crissey set out to raise pumpkins this year and succeeded. He planted eight acres with field corn and in every other hill dropped a pumpkin seed. He has just harvested the pumpkin crop, and there are 5,000 of them, as big and round and yellow and mellow as the full harvest moon looked to be a week ago.

Having gathered the 5,000 pumpkins Crissey hardly knows what to do with them, unless he builds them into a yellow pyramid like Cheops. The village arithmetic man of Southington has done some figuring, and computes that each one of Walter Crissey's pumpkins will make five ordinary pumpkin pies, and five pies multiplied by 5,000 pumpkins ought to yield pies enough to pave the whole main street of Southington. If the pies were strung along the country in single file, tin touching tin, there ought to be more than four miles of pumpkin pies, so the mathematician calculates.—Cor. New York Sun.

Expensive Cable Messages. The present rate for telegraph messages to Australia is about \$3 a word. Mr. Heaton thinks that can be reduced to \$1 a word. Frequent messages are sent, he says, costing \$1,000, and one was sent a short time ago by a Londoner that cost \$16,000.—Chicago Times.

A grocer of Keene, N. H., sold powder by lamplight twenty years, and some people think that the explosion which killed him the other night was the natural kind of death he could have had.

How Severe Colds are Broken Up in Montana. From the Virginia City (Mont.) Madisonian.

When we find a medicine we know to possess genuine merit, we consider it a duty, and we take pleasure in telling the public what it is. Such a medicine we found Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, last winter, when la grippe was prevailing. We are satisfied that we ward off several attacks that were threatening by the use of this syrup, and we have since relieved, in a few hours, and severe colds, and in the course of two or three days, entirely broken them up by its use, as we have several of our friends to whom we have recommended it. It is all that it is represented to be by the manufacturers. If you have a cough and want to stop it, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will do the work. For sale by C. F. Heinzeman, 222 N. Main street; John A. Off, Fourth and Spring, and all leading druggists.

\$10—Overcoats—\$10. Great beauties, and desirable, too. A better assortment of overcoats than displayed by Mullin, Blunt & Co. cannot be found.

Highland unsweetened Condensed Milk diluted with either fresh dairy milk or water according to directions makes an excellent and inexpensive cream.

Housekeepers know that if the coffee is not rich, the breakfast is well nigh spoiled. Try the Seal Brand of Seymour & Johnson Co.

Don't buy stale roasted coffees, when you can always find it fresh from the roaster at H. Jevne's, 130 and 138 North Spring street.

HEATH & MILLIGAN Prepared Paint at Scraper & Quinn, 146 S. Main street.

Mignots, Stilton, Swiss, Edam, Cream and Roquefort cheese, at Seymour & Johnson Co.

Tents and wagon umbrellas at Foy's saddlery house, 315 N. Los Angeles street.

Granola, the great health food, for sale by all grocers.

Dr. Liebig & Co. Now Here

DR. LIEBIG & CO., (OF SAN FRANCISCO.) Will be in Los Angeles From November 5th to 10th, at 123 SOUTH MAIN STREET. to nov10

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