

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 trousers 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 scattered 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 moustache 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 sons. Thus every evening, in mounting to his home in Acadia street—the sixth story of the house—he must show twenty sons 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 pantalon pockets. In a feeble, thin, but sweet and melancholy voice he cried:

"The cuirassier, the fine, brave cuirassier, for twenty sons!" 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 sons!" 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 sons sank deep in his pocket, why did 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 was named Gaston Lembely, 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 Acadia 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 mowing the heads and piercing the breasts of an invisible host.

children are fraternal with each other before they are spoiled by conventionality. "Has some one hurt you?" He sighed, but could not answer. The little invalid insisted.

"Charles, 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 all there 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 eye.

"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, and said, "Here, take mine! I give it to you, and you can keep the twenty sons, 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 Acadia 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 steed vender was now merry, and his voice, though still feeble, was no longer sad when he cried:

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

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

One evening he heard his father say: "Gaston Lembely, 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 Lembely, 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 out 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 odoriferous wreaths—a fitting grave for hero and steed. In leaving the cemetery he continued to turn and throw kisses until the new made

PROMOTION OF THE CAP.

THE ENGLISH SERVING MAID CALLED IT A BADGE OF SLAVERY.

Her Mistress, However, Thinks It Pretty and Has Adopted It Herself—The Queer Way in Which Customs and Costumes Are Taken Up or Abandoned.

One of the signs of the times is the revolt of the English serving girls against the wearing of caps, which they declare to be badges of slavery. And they are sustained in their course by a legal decision. The other day a suit for wages came before a London justice. The plaintiff claimed that she had been discharged summarily by her mistress, and had received neither

Smiles Better Than Scepters. It was just at the beginning of the busy hour in the evening and the car was crowded. People were packed like herrings inside and on the platform there was the usual crush and struggle for four square inches of space. It was just at the beginning of a rain and the gripman had no waterproof along. It seemed that at every second door some one had to get on. The car was constantly stopping. It was filled to the last limit long ago, but still people were waving their arms from the pavement and clambering up and in some way. Nobody knows how many persons can get into a Chicago street car. At one corner three women with babies in their arms stopped the car and got in.

The gripman swore a little at them. At the next a man looked at the clouds, signaled the gripman and got in out of the wet. The rain began to come down a little more decisively. The gripman started up and threw the lever far forward. He wanted to shoot straight to the stables without stopping. There was another man. The car had not run forty feet.

The gripman swore very roundly as he loosed the lever and pulled back on the brake.

Then he started, bent the talons of the grip about the cable and plunged ahead again. There was another woman. The car had run just half a block. The passengers looked up as they saw the waving arms of the waiter. They expected to hear a very voluble of oaths at this second stop. The gripman's face was a study. First it was black as night. Then he looked closely at the woman. He hated her and wanted to blast her with a frown. Then his brow softened. A twinkle came into his eyes. His lips parted and his great wooden face broke into a kindly laugh.

What had she done? Who was she? Did he know her? Nothing—nothing at all. He knew nothing about her. She was only a handsome girl, and she laughed a caress right into his lips as he frowned at her. Smiles are better than scepters any day.—Chicago Herald.

Wherein Bananas Surpass Wheat. The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which by ages of cultivation the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit for which it was cultivated greatly expanded. In relation to the bearing qualities of this fruit Humboldt, who early saw the wonders of the plant, said that the ground that would grow ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would also grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, but that the same ground would grow 4,000 pounds of bananas, consequently to that of wheat is 133 to 1 and to that of potatoes 44 to 1.

The banana possesses all of the essentials to the sustenance of life. The savage of the sea islands and the jungle owes what he has of physical strength to this food. Wheat alone, potatoes alone, will not do this. When taken as a steady diet it is cooked—baked dry in the green state, pulped and boiled in water as soup, or cut in slices and fried. I do not know whose beauty I admire the most, the majestic cocoa palm, with its heavy crown of great fringed leaves, or the graceful banana, with its great leaves, which are six feet long and two feet wide.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

White Dresses No Longer Worn. "Speaking retrospectively," said a fashionable widow, "when I was a girl in society the white dress was considered one of the sweetest things a young lady could wear. Now one never sees them except at a commencement or a wedding. Prints, prints, prints! Even the sweet girl graduate in a white dress is a rarity. As for Broadway, the sight of a white dress on anybody but an infant is a thing of general feminine comment.

"I know it is rather daring to venture an opinion in this era of colors, but I think now that a young and pretty woman in pure white is the loveliest vision in the world of beauty. She need not be so very young, either, if reasonably pretty. I've seen women who could be called without offense neither young nor pretty who looked better in white than anything they could have put on."

And what man of forty upward, pray, will not agree with her?

The man with a handpainted moustache or beard went out with the white dress.—New York Herald.

The Bane of the Unruly Student. The dean's office at Harvard is, from the nature of affairs, a purgatory. A "summons" to the dean means that there is trouble for the man who is summoned. The high court of justice sits in the dean's office. That is, it does so far as the undergraduates know, for here are delivered all the court's decisions. At one time in the history of Harvard college there hung in the room of every undergraduate a cartoon. It was a picture of "U 5"—the dean's office.

A grinning Mephistopheles stood at the door welcoming a long line of condemned wretches. Over the door was this legend, "Who enters here leaves all hope behind." Nearly every man who in recent years has left Harvard college in disgrace has left hope behind when he last entered the door of "U 5."—New York Tribune.

Few Murderers Repent. There is a popular notion to the effect that a murderer is necessarily pursued by the furies of regret and repentance; but the truth seems to be that such feelings are rarely entertained by the offender. Surgeon Bruce Thomson, of the general prison of Scotland, says that of the 500 murderers he has known only three could be ascertained to have exhibited any remorseful symptoms. The true criminal is unrestrained by moral perception from crime and the same lack of sensibility forbids contrition.—Washington Star.

Do not be angry if the roosters awaken you at daybreak. Remember that if

THE SERVANT'S CAP IN SOCIETY. The month's pay nor the month's notice which all English domestics are entitled to. The defendant replied that the girl had refused to wear a servant's cap on the ground that its use was degrading, and she was therefore dismissed. No complaint was made of her inability or reluctance to discharge the duties she had been hired to perform.

The justice who wore a wig, time honored insignia of his office, decided in the girl's favor, remarking that he knew of no reason why she should be compelled to don an article of apparel distasteful to her. Immediately London was in an uproar. Other domestics flung aside their caps and thought they had issued a new declaration of independence and asserted their rights as free born Englishwomen. But, much to their astonishment, the employers made little if any protest. "One of them, a woman of rank and wealth, remarked:

"Oh, very well; take them off if you like. I think them rather nice; and now there's no danger of my being mistaken for a chambermaid I shall wear one myself."

Within a week the revolution had been accomplished. The British matron and her daughters now use the pretty and becoming house cap, while Mary Jane,

THE JUDGE WORE A WIG. although freed from the servile badge, has lots more trouble than formerly in keeping her hair done up.

It is of interest to note in this connection how frequently the customs or garments of one class are imitated or appropriated by another. In good society the use of the word "lady" is now rare. It connotes with "gents" on the signs of cheap restaurants, and is uttered offensively in the police courts or the stews, where one may hear tales of "me ladfriend" or "de lady round de corner wet washes for some women on de avenue." If a policeman drags a drunken hardi on to prison her protestations are sure to include the assertion, "I'm a lady, and don't you forget it." The grand old Anglo-Saxon "woman" is preferred elsewhere.

The dress coat, which chances just at present to be the attire of the servant and served alike, is destined for some sort of fate yet undiscovered. Years ago the ulster and the skirt overcoat were in prime favor with the wealthy. Creased trousers have

also had their ups and downs. The crutch cane has gone the pace in like manner. First it flourished along the avenue, then it dazzled the tenement districts, and now it is an unredempted and unmarketable commodity adorning the pawn shop windows. So the world goes round and nearly every action proves that man is an imitative animal. Now and again Hodge and

HER MISTRESS, HOWEVER, THINKS IT PRETTY AND HAS ADOPTED IT HERSELF—THE QUEER WAY IN WHICH CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES ARE TAKEN UP OR ABANDONED.

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VERY QUEER INDIANS.

A REMARKABLE TRIBE SURROUNDED BY A NATURAL WALL.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE NAVA-SUPAIS—THEY LIVE IN A STUPENDOUS CANYON IN NEW MEXICO—IN MANY RESPECTS THEY ARE CIVILIZED.

BEN WITTICK, A WELL KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER OF ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., HAS BEEN VISITING FRIENDS IN MINNEAPOLIS, AND TO HIM THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL IS INDEBTED FOR A MOST INTERESTING AND ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE NAVA-SUPAIS OF THE SUPAI CANYON. SOME TIME AGO HE WENT TO NEW MEXICO, SETTLING AT ALBUQUERQUE. BEING A MAN OF ADVENTUROUS TURN OF MIND HE TOOK A TRIP UP THE CANYON AND LOCATED THE TRIBE IN THE NARROW, VALLEY LIKE INCLOSURE BETWEEN THE MIGHTY WALLS OF THE SUPAI CANYON. SUPAI IS A NAME WHICH MR. SUPAI GAVE THE CANYON HIMSELF AFTER HAVING MADE A TRIP TO THE REGION.

ON REACHING THE CANYON HE FOUND THE INDIANS IN THE MIDDLE OF A MARVELOUSLY FERTILE VALLEY, DIMINUTIVE AS IT IS, WHERE ALL SORTS OF GRAINS AND FRUITS GROW IN RANK profusion, where there are splendid climatic influences nearly the twelve-month through, and where all that tends to build up physical powers is at hand. He made investigations, too, into their language, their rites and ceremonies, their legends, and into all the phases of their present and past history possible, and he is confirmed in the belief that he has in no way allied to the Aztecs. He says, on the contrary, that as far as can be ascertained they are allied to the Wallapai.

AN ISOLATED TRIBE. The tribe is a most singular one. Their valley home has on either side great ledges of rocks running up in benches thousands of feet. In the valley are groves of cottonwood trees, and a luxuriant vegetation is seen on all sides. There are about 245 or 250 in the tribe of the Supai. They live absolutely alone. They do not intermarry with other tribes, neither do they mix with the scattering white people of the regions round about. When they are in need of forage or food outside of that which they can get in their own rich valley they sally out, make their trades or purchases and return home. They are monogamists, every man having one wife and no more.

THEY DO NOT LIVE IN A COMMUNAL FORM either, but preserve the family in its integrity. The men are a little above the average height, they are strong and active, and they are noted for their skill in climbing the mountains and in bringing down the game they need. They are very shy and suspicious of Indians from other tribes, and it is only by the most careful and adroit means that a white man can approach them and gain any information as to their life. The women are smaller in stature, very fond of adornment and given to fantastic decorations of their faces.

THE SUPAI INDIANS APPEAR TO BE FAR ABOVE MANY OTHER TRIBES IN MORALS. They look with scorn upon any one who asks them questions as to their married relations, holding that this is no one's business but their own, and the fact that the woman of the tribe who is wrong is subjected to the most pronounced neglect, and generally is put out of the way, is pretty good proof that they are possessed of a sort of simple, heroic virtue.

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MR. WITTICK FOUND ELEVEN OF THE MEN totally blind. He believes this to be due to the splitting of the arrows when the bows were stretched too tight. Some of the women who would be seen sitting barefooted in front of their thatched roof houses have the most peculiar big toes that ever were seen on a human being. The toes were not so very large, but they were of abnormal width at the ends. In some cases the big toe would be an inch and a half broad at the end and very flat and thin. When Mr. Wittick and his party entered the canyon they found the Supai very gentle and hospitable in their aboriginal way, but very reticent at the same time.

PROCEEDING DOWN THE CANYON THROUGH the fertile valley, along which was a slender stream of never failing water, the present and sweetest in the land, they reached a magnificent waterfall, where the silver stream plunges over a precipice 257 feet in height, and falling in a stream of the rarest beauty down to the pool below. Cottonwood trees were felled, lashed together and a ladder made in sections, the whole seventy-six feet long, and down this the explorers climbed in their exit from the home of these strangely interesting semi-savage folk. The beautiful stream has been utilized by the Indians in irrigating those portions of the valley that were sterile, and it appears that for centuries they have known of this method of aiding nature.

POSTMASTER GENERAL RAIKES' CAREER. The Right Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes, M. P., postmaster general of Great Britain, who recently died, was born in Flintshire in 1838 and was educated at Cambridge. He was called to the bar in 1865, and from 1868 to 1888 sat in parliament as the Conservative (Chorley) member for Chorley. He next represented Preston, and in 1892 was chosen one of the members for Cambridge, which he continued to represent till his death. It is a feature of the British system that a member may represent any district, no matter where he lives, and the cabinet officials continue to be members of parliament. From 1874 to 1889 Mr. Raikes was chairman of the ways and means committee and deputy speaker of the house. In 1880 he became a member of the privy council, and in 1896 Lord Salisbury named him for postmaster general. A singular fact in his case was that he had almost re-

THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives—the outward seeming fair and full of smiles that on the surface lie; the other spent in many a silent prayer, with thoughts and feelings hidden from the eyes.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain, Unspoken yearnings for the dear one gone, The wishes that defied, yet crushed again, Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions may never show, Gild all the silent life with sweet romance; That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know, Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life—we little rock its power To strengthen us for all our good or ill, Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar, Or let them wander whereso'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share, Though day by day we strive to draw them close; Our secret chamber—none may enter there, Save that one eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that eye we do not gaze, Though all the world may turn from us aside, We own a secret power that shall prevail, When every motive of our life is tried.

—Somerville Journal.

CUPID'S ARROWS.

Once upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge. She was a good girl, but could not help knowing her power and using it. Her mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good mammas should be.

When a man is a commissioner and a bachelor, and has the right of wearing open work jam tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a member of council, a lieutenant governor or a vicar, he is worth marrying. At least that is what ladies say. There was a commissioner in Simla in those days who was and wore and did all I have said. He was a plain man—an ugly man—the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about, and try to carve on a pipe head afterward. His name was Saggott—Barr-Saggott—Anthony Barr-Saggott and six letters to follow. Departmentally he was one of the best men the government of India owned; socially he was like a blinding goria.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton I believe that Mrs. Beighton went with delight at the outward Providence had sent her in her old age.

Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy going man.

Now a commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice—is so enormous that he can afford to save and scrape in a way that would almost discredit a member of council. Most commissioners are mean, but Barr-Saggott was an exception. He entertained royally, he horsed himself well, he gave dances, he was a power in the land, and he behaved as such.

Consider that everything I am writing of took place in an almost pre-historic era in the history of British India. Some folk may remember the years before lawn tennis was born, when we all played croquet at the outward Providence had sent her in her old age.

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