

## LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE

OR

### A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

#### CHAPTER III.

Continued.  
"Get up," said he; "you're wanted." This was so judicial a summons that Little Make-Believe looked around for the policeman who had come to seize her for some unknown crime. Seeing no officer of the law, her head sank upon her breast again.

"Don't yer hear?" cried Dot-and-carry-one. "You're wanted."  
"What for?" asked Little Make-Believe, in a listless tone.  
"We're going to play one of your games," replied Dot-and-carry-one. "We're going to pretend."

Little Make-Believe shook her head. She had no heart for games, not even for the game which had become almost a second nature to her.  
"Let me alone," she said.  
Some unaccustomed note of suffering in her voice caused Dot-and-carry-one to stoop and lower his face to the level with hers.

"What's the matter with yer?" he inquired, less from compassion than from curiosity.  
"I'm almost starving," she said, "and Saranne's waiting at home for grub and I ain't got none to give her. I can't play no games, 'cause I ain't got strength to crawl."

"If yer'll play this game," said Dot-and-carry-one, "yer'll git lots of grub for the pair on yer. I ain't gammoning."  
"What sort of grub?" asked Little Make-Believe, incredulously.  
"Pies."

With a glad cry Little Make-Believe jumped to her feet.  
The mention of pies and the prospect of possessing them were like Heaven to her.  
A pie was the very thing Saranne expected her to bring home.

For a moment or two she throbbled with ecstasy; then came a revulsion. Had not Dot-and-carry-one said they were only going to pretend? He saw the doubt in her face.

"Don't be a little fool," he said. "We are going to pretend to fight the savages. The chief one of 'em is Mike the Pieman, and we'll tackle him first. He's waiting for us to play the game, and the Government's going to pay him for the pies."

This last statement was perhaps the most daring and original declaration Dot-and-carry-one had ever made. In his way, the lad was a genius, and quick in device when a questionable transaction was in view.

Little Make-Believe did not pause to consider; she thought only of Saranne and, accepting the flag handed her by Dot-and-carry-one, took her allotted place at the head of the ragged regiment.

The children sat up a cheer when they saw her there. Little Make-Believe was a great favorite with them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

What occurred to the Expedition Commanded by Little Make-Believe Against Mike the Pieman.  
Mike the Pieman was a little shriveled-up old man, who had been in the pie business for more years than anyone in the neighborhood could remember.

His stand was on the curb outside the principal entrance of The Maiden's Blush, and he drove a roaring trade, seldom going home without his entire stock being cleared out.

He made only one sort of pie. What sort of pie that pie was no man knew except himself, and no one inquired.  
The only thing of which a buyer could be sure of was, that the pies were very hot in temperature and seasoning.

There was a legend that Mike the Pieman was very rich. That is scarcely probable, for a fortune is not to be made out of one pie can; it is likely, however, that he was well-to-do, for he was a close-fisted old fellow, who was never known to give away a pie or to sell one under price.

"Halt!" cried Dot-and-carry-one, and his ragged regiment came to a standstill within a few yards of The Maiden's Blush.  
"There he is," said the young scamp. "There's the chief of the savages. He's got a extra hot lot of pies running over with gravy, which we can eat especially for us. I can taste 'em afore-hand, can't you?"

"The sight of all those hungry mouths working would have been a sight to remember."  
"He knows we're here," continued Dot-and-carry-one, "but he musn't take no notice of us till we goes up to him, or the Government wouldn't pay him for the pies he's made for us. If yer knew the juicy stuff he's put in them pies yer mouth'd water to that extent that yer wouldn't be able to speak. Now, this is what you've got to do. When I saw forward—which I shan't cry loud, in case he should hear us—you'll all on yer follow Little Make-Believe straight to old Mike. Then—let me see; who's the strongest boy in this here crowd?"

"I am!" and "I am!" and "I am!" vociferated every one of the boys.  
"I should say," said Dot-and-carry-one, "that Jimmy Tyler is."  
"I'll fight any two on 'em," said

But his compulsorily slow gait, as he hobbled after Little Make-Believe, brought back his wind, and with it, in a weak state, his voice.  
Twice did the summons to law-abiding citizens escape him, and he was about to utter it for the third time when a violent spasm in his back doubled him up, and he was compelled to cling to a lamp-post for support.  
Casting toward him as he was in this position was the man who had addressed the children as they marched past Thomas Dexter's shop.  
In his progress this man had brushed by Little Make-Believe, and had taken notice of the pie she was lugging to her breast.  
With keen insight he saw immediately how the matter stood, and decided how to act.  
Influenced by a feeling of compassion, he addressed a policeman who had been attracted by Mike's summons.  
"Some vagabond's been stealing Mike's pies," he said, "and the old fellow's run after him."  
"Which way has he gone?"  
"That way," replied the man, pointing in an opposite direction to that taken by Little Make-Believe.  
The policeman slowly sauntered toward the indicated thoroughfare, and the man, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his maneuver, turned his back upon lumbago-stricken Mike and more swiftly pursued Little Make-Believe.  
She hearing hurried steps behind her, quickened her own, but she was no match for her pursuer, who overtook her and laid his hand upon her shoulder just as she reached the door of Thomas Dexter's shop. Then came suddenly upon her the full and true consciousness of her act.

In fancy she saw the helmet, the truncheon, the dock, the magistrate, the lockup.  
The strength with which exaltation of spirit had inspired her weak form deserted her at the touch of this hand upon her shoulder, and overpowered with terror she cowered down at Thomas Dexter's feet.  
"What's the matter?" inquired Thomas Dexter, gazing on the crouching form.  
Little Make-Believe did not stir. Quick of fancy, she was realizing the horror of her position.  
It harrowed her vicariously. What would Saranne do? How could she get food—when her sister, her child-mother, could no longer provide for her?

"There's nothing to be frightened at," said the man, raising Little Make-Believe from the ground. "I sent the policeman off on a wrong scent. So you've been despoiling the Egyptians? But do you want to be taken red-handed? Why don't you eat your pie? They couldn't cut you open to prove the larceny."  
"It's for my sister, Saranne," murmured Little Make-Believe, by no means sure whether kindness or treachery was intended.  
"For your sister Saranne?" said the man. "But yourself, little 'un—you look hungry enough to eat a brick!"  
"I am," sighed Little Make-Believe. "When did you have your last meal?"  
"I had two potatoes last night."  
"And since then?"  
"Nothing."  
"Come, come," said the man, "eat the pie. Never mind your sister Saranne."  
"Let me go—let me go!" cried Little Make-Believe, and she twisted herself from his kindly grasp. "You're a wicked, wicked beast!"  
And before the man could recover from his astonishment she had disappeared.

"What do you think of that for heroism?" asked the man of Thomas Dexter. "Could a princess show higher qualities than that ragged morsel of humanity?" She can forget her own hunger—with savory food at her very lips—can withstand the temptation—because she has a little sister at home to whom she plays the part of mother. If I had a penny to spare I'd give it her, but it's not in my power. She's off to Paradise Buildings, where she and her sister live, to complete her act of self-sacrifice. Good-night, gov'nor."  
"Good-night," said Thomas Dexter, and entered his shop, shrugging his shoulders.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### Thomas Dexter Has Strange Dreams.

On the following day Thomas Dexter attended the sale of old curiosities in an auction room, in Leicester Square, which had once been Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio.  
He had marked down half-a-dozen lots which he was anxious to buy—enamels of no particular value in themselves, but likely to suit a customer who had a craze for them.  
Having secured the enamels at a price which he knew he could double in the selling, he made his way back to Clare Market.

Never in his life had he had a day's illness, and no signs had warned him that sickness was near, but when he was within a quarter of a mile of his shop a sudden vertigo caused every thing to swim before his eyes—picture shops, costermongers' barrows, flouting women, newspaper boys, bits of pavement, gutter and sky, all jumbled up and going round together.  
He caught hold of some railings to steady himself, and presently the sky went up into its proper place, and the gutter came down, and the pavement flattened itself out, and the flouting women passed him with bold looks, and the costermongers wheeled their barrows along quite naturally.

Except that there was a strange air of newness about everything, the moving life around him had undergone no change.  
(To be Continued.)



Girl of the Day.  
She will feel old-fashioned the first time she clasps this bracelet round her glove, but she will realize in a few moments that it is the fashionable thing to wear; and she will wear a bracelet of gold or silver, or made entirely of links set with mock jewels, and the jewels will match her gown.

Bad For the Complexion.  
The use of rouge and powder is very injurious to the complexion, clogging the pores of the skin, causing black-heads and a dull, sallow look that is far from pleasing. Many of the face powders contain bismuth, which injures the nerve centres when constantly employed, and has been known to cause serious results.

Ivy Screen of a Duchess.  
So attractive is the novel natural screen the Duchess of Westminster has in her morning room in Grosvenor House, London, that all the women who see it are delighted, except those who are artistically blind. It is of ivy—a mass of beautiful leaves, richly green—and it stands across the great room almost like a wall. Such a screen requires space, and is not designed for flat dwellers.—New York Press.

Engene's Sad Pleasure.  
When Empress Engene visits Paris she almost invariably occupies a suite of rooms facing the Tuilleries gardens. Much surprise has been expressed that she should take up her abode in such close proximity to the scene of her triumph long ago, thereby invoking memories which could not be other than bitter. The subject was delicately broached in her presence recently, whereupon the old lady said: "It is perhaps the greatest happiness of my life to look upon the garden where my son played in his childhood—a sad pleasure, if you will, but one I would not forego willingly."

The Sunday Dress.  
There is one section of the dress reform which pleases many, and that is the new fashion of dressing plainly for church. The Sunday dress has really gone out of fashion. It is no longer considered proper to wear one's best clothes to church. The best clothes must be laid away for worldly pleasures—for the theatre or circus—and the plainest gown, or, in fact, the everyday outfit, is to be worn on Sundays. Women of the East have leaned gradually toward this, and for some time it has been noticed by strangers they look exceedingly plain when attending church.—Chicago News.

College Outfits.  
As for the underclothing, it should be new and of the best quality, but plain. A girl with all the novelty of college life upon her will have little time to mend, and her underclothing should be new and strong enough to resist severe laundry treatment. It should be plain, as in most college laundries an extra charge is made for elaborate pieces. "I shall never forget," said one girl recently, "my experience with some ruffled white skirts. They were so much more simple than anything I had ever worn before, that I was filled with indignation when they were subjected to an 'extra' charge at the laundry. I went down and remonstrated and finally refused to pay. A day or two afterwards I was sent for to go to the president's office. Imagine my feelings when, on entering, I found that severe and reverend gentleman engaged in contemplating my unlucky petticoats. Needless to add I agreed at once that they were elaborate, and sent home for some others."—Harper's Bazar.

Far Coats in All Lengths.  
All fur coats are not short, however. There are half-length coats. There are three-quarter-length coats. There are coats of full length. A redingote of broadtail is an edition de luxe in the three-quarter length. It is double-breasted in the slightly diagonal fashion from the left side of the square neck to the centre front at the lower edge of the garment. Both fronts are cut in the same fashion which makes a full length, graduated lapel on each side, should the coat ever be worn open and turned back. It is not likely it will, however, as it looks too well buttoned down from the left of its square neck, with white rid buttons rimmed with black jet. These buttons are gems of beauty and smartness. Three of a smaller size adorn each of the cuffs, which in this case finish sleeves that just fall short of reaching the wrist.

To harmonize with the buttons there's the lining of white silk and the band, over an inch in width, that outlines the square neck—portion of the front, that is—and a portion of the square-built cuffs. These bands are made of white kid, embroidered in black silk, in the Greek key pattern. At intervals the embroidering is adorned with a cable made of the tiniest black jet beads.  
And so it goes.  
Apparently there's no limit. The gilet of one coat is embroidered in wee rosebuds delicate enough to adorn lingerie, while that of another shows leather strappings upon a cloth foundation.—Philadelphia Record.

The Menace of Low Shoes.  
Perhaps girls are more prone to resent interference when presented on the score of health than on any other

#### FAKING ANIMAL HORNS.

Methods Adopted by Dealers to Fool the Unwary.

It is not strange that the desire for the horns and heads of great game animals should at times be catered to by the American fakir, whom, like the poor of holy writ, we have with us always. But, fortunately, for honest people, the "faking" of horns is in most cases impossible. It is decidedly risky to the party of the first part, and almost certain to be found out. Two young taxidermists of my acquaintance once came to grief by a clumsy and foolish attempt at grafting one pair of elk antlers upon another to secure great length of beam. Faked "death-lock" antlers are becoming so common that no collector need be without a pair. Whenever a pair is offered you for inspection, note whether or not the opposing antlers have rubbed each other at their points of contact. If they have not, then the antlers were interlocked by the interposition of hot water and wooden wedges.

It is becoming rather common for Ovis poli horns from Tibet to be mounted by using "scapels" of the white sheep of Alaska. This is so cheap a fraud it is a wonder that any man will, through it, deliberately throw away his reputation. And yet, one case of that kind occurred in Chicago, and quite recently another broke out in Colorado.

The drollest of all faked horns, however, appeared in a New York magazine about four years ago. An enterprising assisting sub-editor, having more ink than experience, decided he would make up an article about "Big Game Hunting with a Camera." So he obtained a nom de plume, a lot of animal photographs taken in the New York and Washington zoological parks, some ink, pens and paper, mixed them thoroughly and made an article. It was an unqualified thriller, and the climax came to his adventures borne on the horns of a female white-tailed deer! He related that after several daily pettings of the fawn of the aforesaid doe—while she was gadding about making calls—she suddenly returned to her flat, caught him unawares, charged him repeatedly, smashed his (imaginary) camera, and in her final charge missed him and buried her horns in a tree!—"Heads and Horns," by W. T. Hornaday, in Scribner's.

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Worry gives the doctor half his work. Sin's foothold depends on our affinity for it.

You cannot draw men to truth by clubbing them with it.

Before the great "I AM" our "I will be" looks insignificant.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—Burke.

Ridicule is the first and last argument of fools.—C. Simmons.

Scruples too rigid are nothing else but concealed pride.—Goethe.

It is easier to analyze one another's burdens than to bear them.

It is easy to preach contentment after your salary has been raised.

It is worth while going through a lot of dust to get one diamond.

There are too many men praying for peace with their fists clenched.

Men who shine for their own glory generally throw gloomy shadows.

Violence in the voice is often only the death rattle of reason in the throat.—Boyes.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—Pocock Richard.

It is a good deal easier to criticize the Bible than it is to crystallize it into conduct.

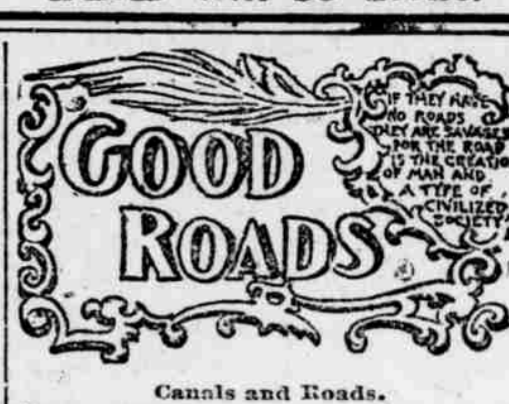
He that reigns within himself, and rules his passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

The soul is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and will really exist in the unseen world, taking nothing with it but the discipline gained here.—Socrates.

Real Matinee Luncheon.  
It was only a little after 1 o'clock yet when the new boarder came in for luncheon he found the table cleared and the remains of the meal stone cold.  
"How is this?" he said to the butler. "It isn't late. Why are you in such a rush to-day?"  
"It is matinee day," replied the butler.  
"What of that?" asked the boarder. "The cook isn't giving a theatre party, is she?"  
The butler grinned. "No, sir," he said, "but we have luncheon half an hour earlier on Wednesdays and Saturdays. One o'clock is the regular hour, but as soon as the theatrical season begins it is moved forward, on matinee days, to 12.30. That is the custom in all boarding houses that are popular with women. It gives them a chance to eat and get down town in time for the first act."—New York Press.

#### Too Well.

Uncle Absalom Millsap went to the office of the village newspaper with a grievance. "I want to tell you," he said, "that there's a good deal of humbug in advertising."  
"I am sorry to hear that," responded the editor. "In what way?"  
"Do you remember that you had three advertisements of 'fine milk cow for sale' last week, in three different parts of the country?"  
"Yes, and I've heard from all three of those ads, too. They resulted in selling the cows. I tell you, it pays to advertise in the Banner."  
"It didn't pay me!" snapped Uncle Absalom. "I wanted a fine milk cow, and I went to all three of those places, one after another, but somebody had got there ahead of me every time!"



#### Canals and Roads.

HERE and there one hears the question asked, Why should the cities contribute to the building of roads for the country districts? and it is instantly answered by asking, Why should the country districts contribute to the payment of the cost of the canal system when it only benefits the cities? In neither case has the person asking the question comprehended the fact that the development of the canals and the development of roads are both questions of developing transportation, and that the State that is able to have the cheapest transportation is the State that controls the commercial supremacy of the Union, and that both canal and road development go hand in hand in enabling New York State to maintain its commercial supremacy.

Roughly speaking, of the \$100,000,000 to be expended upon the Erie Canal, \$85,000,000 is paid by the cities and \$15,000,000 by the rural districts. Roughly speaking, of the \$50,000,000 to be expended for the development of the highways, fifty per cent., or \$25,000,000, is to be paid by the State at large, \$17,500,000 is to be paid by the counties according to the mileage improved in each county, and \$7,500,000 is to be paid by the towns according to the mileage improved in each town.

Now, of the \$25,000,000 to be paid by the State at large, eighty-five per cent., or \$22,250,000, will be paid by the cities and the remainder will be paid by the rural districts, so that one sees readily that the rural districts contribute \$15,000,000 for the canals for the cities, while the cities contribute \$22,250,000 for the roads for the country; that is, the cities are contributing \$7,250,000 more for the roads than the country districts are contributing to the cities for the canals. This is not an unfair proportion, considering the greatness of the canal system on this continent. There has never been an intention on the part of the highway conventions, composed of the Supervisors and the Highway Commissioners of the State, to formulate a plan for road development which would be in any way burdensome to the cities by increasing their taxation. The cities inadvertently will benefit largely from road improvement, because the price of farm produce will be reduced to the consumer, because the farmer can bring double the load in half the time to the present market centres on improved roads over what he can at the present time. The indirect benefits to the cities in the purchase of cheaper farm produce are fully equal to the indirect benefits to the farm by having cheap transportation on the waterways of the State for the benefit of cities.—Tribune Farmer.

Wide or Narrow Tires?  
On smooth, hard roads the difference is not so great, but on sandy or muddy roads or in plowed fields narrow tires are so much better than narrow ones that we wonder that farmers do not insist on having them. The Metropolitan and Rural Homes publishes the following:

The Missouri experiment station has made a series of tests extending from January to September of last year in order to ascertain the value of wide tires as compared with narrow ones. Conclusions follow.

In conducting the experiments two ordinary farm wagons were used, one with six-inch tires, the other with standard one and one-half-inch tires, both wagons of the same weight, and each loaded with 2000 pounds. It was found that the power needed to draw the narrow-tired wagon, with 2000-pound load, on a gravel road, would have pulled a load of 2472 pounds on the wide-tired wagon. The same power required to draw narrow tires over dirt and gravel roads, when these were dry and hard, was found sufficient to draw a 2530-pound load on the wide-tired wagon under the same conditions. It was shown that where these roads were deep with mud, but partially dried at the surface with a few hours' sun, the same power required to draw the 2000-pound load over them on the narrow tires would pull a load of 3200 pounds on the wide tires.

The director of the station states that the conditions under which the narrow tires offer an advantage over the wide ones are "unusual and of short duration," and further, that "throughout a majority of days in the year, and at times when the dirt roads are most used, and when their use is most imperative, the broad-tired wagon will pull materially lighter than the narrow-tired wagon." Also that "a large number of tests on meadows, pastures, stubble land, corn ground, and plowed ground in every condition, from dry, hard and firm to very wet and soft, shows without a single exception a large difference in draft in favor of the broad tires. The difference ranged from seventeen to 120 per cent."

As a result of all experiments conducted he says: "It appears that six inches is the best width of the for combination farm and road wagon, and that both axes should be the same length, so that the front and hind wheels will run in the same track."

London Land Comes High.  
While the record was made in New York by the sale of a piece of ground at Broadway and Wall street for \$4 a square inch, the sale is recorded of a lot on the Strand, London, for \$31 a square inch.