

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE

A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER V.

They, egged on to a fierce war of words by the disappointment he had inflicted upon them by not being dead, returned his abuse with interest, and showed that a man who kept himself shut in like that day and night ought to be looked up and taken care of, for it was clear he was incapable of taking care of himself. The policeman gave his opinion. "I don't know so much about locking him up," he commenced, and was indignantly interrupted by Thomas Dexter. "I advise yer not to try," cried that individual. "And I'd advise you," retorted the policeman, "to keep your share to yourself. For a respectable shopkeeper to behave as you've behaved ain't fair to the neighborhood. That's all."

It was dilapidated, disreputable and dissipated; it bulged out in the middle and leaned over at the top; it was notoriously unsafe; it was infested with rats and black beetles; half its windows were broken and were patched with paper and stuffed with rags. It possessed a yard, four feet by six, a horror to behold; it afforded a shelter to at least forty persons, and it belonged to a person of high moral attainments, who entertained lofty views concerning what he chose to call "the social regeneration of the 'lower classes,'" a darling theme which he aired in the papers whenever he could get the opportunity. In an apartment in the cellars of this house lived Little Make-Believe and Suranne. There were two apartments in the cellar, that next to Little Make-Believe's being occupied by a cobbler. This gentleman it was, who popping his head out of his door at the sound of footsteps on the rickety stairs, astonished Thomas Dexter by seizing him suddenly by the collar of his coat and pulling him into the room. Thomas Dexter was about to remonstrate energetically against this violence, when the cobbler clasped his mouth, upon the curiosity dealer's mouth. "Hush!" he said, in a sepulchral tone. "Don't raise yer voice. Speak in a whisper. Well, if this 'ere ain't a game! Why everybody believed yer dead, and dead yer ought to be out o' respect to public opinion. The little cusses! Don't yer 'ear 'em?" By a motion of his hand he directed Thomas Dexter's attention to the wall which separated his apartment from Little Make-Believe's, and Thomas Dexter, placing his ear to it, in imitation of the action of the cobbler, heard a sound of children's voices, one of which, more distinct than the others, was reciting a parody on the burial service for the dead. The significance of the words, strange and extravagant as they were; the dismal appearance of the miserable apartment which was lit by one thin tallow candle; the unearthly feeling which stole upon him, were appalling. "Are they burying anybody?" he asked, in a whisper. "That's jest what the little cusses are a-doin' on, They're a-burin' of you."

The contemplation of this exquisite figure had drawn Thomas Dexter's attention from the other children for a few moments, and when, presently, he turned toward them he saw them seated in a row on a bench, and saw also, to his amazement, that their faces were blackened. "They're playing nigger minstrel!" exclaimed the cobbler. "It's a favorite game with the little cusses." The band was complete in all its details—bones, banjos, the imaginary instruments being illustrated with amazing vigor by the performers—tenor and falsetto voices, and middle man. The songs were for the most reminiscences, the airs being faithfully enough rendered, and the words such as happened to come to them. Jokes and witticisms were freely bandied, and hugely enjoyed by the performers and their audience of one—the pretty Suranne. The entertainment, indeed, appeared to be devised chiefly for her amusement, and the little queen thoroughly appreciated it. "And now, colored brethren," said Dot-and-carry-one, "I'll give yer 'Pnt Him in His Little Bed,' for de special benefit of ole Tommy Dexter. You'll all on yer strike in with 'Alleyloojah' and 'Mother, Dear Mother.'" After which prelude he delivered himself of the following extraordinary composition, with great spirit: Put him in his little bed, Mother, dear mother, Stingy Tommy Dexter's dead, Alleyloojah! He's gone ober de golden shore. We'll nebbber, nebbber see him more, (And don't want to) Mother, dear mother, No more, no more, nebbber no more, Mother, dear mother, Then Dot-and-carry-one rose from his seat and executed a savage and exultant dance over the imaginary grave with such surprising vigor that it brought down the house; and the one it delighted most was Suranne. "Thank yer," whispered Thomas Dexter to the cobbler, "I think I've had enough." And he crept out of the cellar and up the rickety stairs, and out of Paradise Buildings with a sickening feeling in his heart, unconsciously murmuring the lines: He's gone ober de golden shore, We'll nebbber, nebbber see him more, (And don't want to) Mother, dear mother, No more, no more, nebbber no more, Mother, dear mother, Arriving at his dwelling place, another adventure befell him. He saw a woman looking at the shutters, and he confronted her. It was his wife, Polly. They gazed at each other in silence for a little while. Polly first broke the silence. "I came to see," she said, "I heard you was dead, but you're pretty lively for a dead un. Don't be scared—I ain't going to worry yer. It won't be for my own sake I come, but for—she broke off suddenly and burst into a loud laugh—"well, what do it matter worse for, eh? I say, old man, I've heard you'd got lots o' tin." "I'm not in want," he said, shortly. "Could spare a matter of five pound if I was to ask you for it?" "I could if I dared to," "Will yer?" "No." "You old skindint," she said, "do you think I want it for myself?" "If it's not for you, who do yer want the money for?" asked Thomas Dexter. "If I was to tell yer," she answered, tapping him roughly on the breast, "yer'd know as much as I know, wouldn't yer? If I'm alive when yer would yer if yer dead, send for me, old man, and I'll tell yer something as will make yer sorry you didn't fork out the five I asked yer for. Good-night, Tommy." He made no effort to stop her, and he saw, as he looked after her, what he had half suspected, that she had been drinking. He attached no significance to what she had said, and, strangely enough, startling and unexpected as was her appearance, he soon forgot her. He stood at the shop door for a long time thinking of it, and then, urged by an impulse, the reason of which he could not have explained, he directed his steps in the direction of Paradise Buildings. When he reached it he walked straight to the part of the cellar inhabited by Little Make-Believe and her sister. They were alone; the rougher children were gone. Suranne was asleep and Little Make-Believe was sitting on the floor beside her sister, nursing her knee. She looked up at his entrance and would have risen, but he kept her in her position by laying his hand lightly on her shoulder. It was a kindly touch and any alarm Little Make-Believe may have felt was dispelled. He knelt and looked at the fair head pillowed in sleep on the hard boards. He had seen such a face in idealized pictures of children and angels, but never, until now, in real life. "Was it for her you took the pie?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Did you have no money?" "Not a copper." "Have you any now?" "No, sir." He took three bright shillings from his pocket, one after another, and put them in Little Make-Believe's hand. All the muscles of her face twitched convulsively. "Some little birds sent them to you," said Thomas Dexter, "and I am their messenger." When he was in the cold streets again his hands were wet with tears which had welled from her grateful heart. To be continued.



DRESSING FOR THE FAMILY.

It is a fine tribute to a woman when a man can say of his wife what one man was heard to say: "I always think of my wife as a morning glory; she looks so bright and pretty at the breakfast table." It pays wives and mothers and sons and daughters to be careful of the morning toilet. The first impression is likely to be lasting; so greet every one in the morning looking fresh, sweet and attractive; the pillow that is ruffled on one side, and the many other little things about the house that need attention. If the daughter is the kind that needs constant supervision; if she does a thing one day and neglects it the next and is not willing to do things pleasantly, the mother is probably better off without her attempted assistance. There is a definite day and a definite time and a definite place for all things. Immediately after breakfast is the time to begin the day's work and an excellent time to stop is when the day's tasks are completed. But when you sit down for "just a minute" to do this and "two seconds" to do the other thing, the morning slides away and the descending sun sinks to rest and leaves your work undone.—New York Press.

COATS AND WRAPS.

A long loose coat on the ulster order has lately come into favor, and it is made up in cloth or cheviot; while loose fitting, the lines of the figure are more indicated than in the absolutely shapeless styles that have been fashionable, and consequently the garment looks decidedly smarter. It has much more fullness around the skirts than had the old time ulster, a most necessary style when the present width of skirt is taken into consideration. There are many light-grey, tan, blue, and red coats built on these lines, and there are also several smart shapes in black, while in the medium length garment that is a combination of coat and wrap are several most attractive models. While wraps and coats are worn in the evening, and are made, as a rule, of white cloth, either on rather severe lines or elaborately trimmed with heavy lace, the long coat is smarter than the sort for the moment, but there is a rather long medium length shape that is exceedingly smart and has good lines.—Harper's Bazar.

GOLDEN ANKLETS FOR SOCIETY.

Anklets! Is there any limit to the conceits of society girls? Apparently not, for—whisper it in the shades of the sheltering palm—the newest in hidden ornaments is a band of gold, beaten to the thinness of writing paper, about the ankle, and it is said hundreds of young women already have adopted the fad. Gladys Vanderbilt is a pioneer of the cult—for out it is, of a kind. It appears the anklet is supposed to ward off the state of spinsterhood and many other things. Women of fashion in London say the yellow hoop is a sovereign charm against no less prosaic an ailment than gout—as if any bright Yankee lass, born to the purple, though she be, need worry her fair head on that score! Undoubtedly, if an enterprising jeweler got out a tallman against jungle fever, New York girls would wear it. Miss Vanderbilt's, it is reported, bears a mysterious hieroglyph copied from a tomb of the Pharaohs. The anklet, of course, is concealed by the stocking, and it is so thin that only an experienced boulevardier could be expected to detect it at monacle range. Will the golden collar of the Saxon thrall be society's next plaything?

WELL GROOMED WOMEN.

Care of your clothes will stamp your innate neatness. Half the garments that look shabby are not worn out, but are merely never properly cared for. If you hang it up when not in use or fold it you probably do it badly. To learn how to suspend garments to the best advantage observe the way shopkeepers handle them. A supply of coat hangers may be had cheap, but remember that hanging does only for heavy fabrics. Light garments should be folded in order to avoid stringiness. Skirt bags are a luxury, but may be made easily of great square sacks of white cotton, longer than the skirts and slipped over without crushing. If one would supply fragrance and freshness to the skirt suspend a sachet in the centre, says an exchange. When taken off the skirt should be brushed and the silk lining well wiped with a dry cloth. Clothes should not be hung around on chairs, but should be disposed of immediately. Shoes are preserved in shape and crash and break far less if they have boot trees for their protection. It is a matter of economy to keep several pairs of shoes in use at once. When worn intermittently they do not have a chance to dry out, and consequently become rotten, and it is at the same time better for the feet to experience a change of shoe. Oil should be employed to remove soil and water should never be used. Slippers should be stuffed with paper.—Rochester Post-Express.

BE A HELPFUL DAUGHTER.

The daughter at home may make sunshine in the house if she is willing to work for the pleasure of others. Most girls, if they are not entirely selfish, are anxious to lift some of the burden from their mother's shoulders, and if they are the right kind of girls they will be ever watchful for the

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

What the Young Farmer May Do.

There are many opportunities for educated agriculturists in the South. There is a chance in almost every town, or city for the development of the dairy industry. The cow is one of the most profitable machines on the farm. Milk can be sold for twenty-five to thirty-five cents per gallon; butter from twenty to thirty-five cents per pound. A cow yielding 5000 pounds per annum, would produce 588 gallons of milk, which at thirty cents per gallon would be \$176. A cow can be kept for from \$35 to \$50. If this proposition were made to a man by a "get rich quick" concern he would lose no time in making the investment. Then there is a chance to produce the seeds of corn and wheat in great quantity through the adoption of the simple principles of selection and plant breeding. Thousands of dollars annually go out of the State for the purchase of seeds of these cereals at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, whereas, corn ordinarily brings 40 cents and wheat 75 cents. Why not produce more grass and clover seed? Why not produce seed of the vetch which does well here as a winter cover crop, and of the soy bean, etc.?

These are but three or four of the many money making industries that are open to the progressive agriculturist of the South to-day. There never was a time when there was a better chance to make money from the intelligent application of business principles to the production of dairy and beef products, to the growing of horses and mules, to the development of the poultry industry, which is still in its infancy, and to the breeding of high quality for use by Southern farmers. Who will be the first to see these good things and to reap the rich harvest which awaits the industrious farmer?

How and When to Seed Alfalfa.

R. A. W. Parnassus, writes: When is the best time of the year to sow alfalfa? Will alfalfa grow in stiff red clay? Answer: Alfalfa should be sown now as soon as it is possible to get the ground in condition. The land should be broken to a depth of about eight inches, provided of course that you have broken it at least six inches before. It would not be well to take a soil that has been worked shallow for a number of years and break it up deeply all at once. Then, it would be well to subsoil the land. Alfalfa is a heavy rooter; if of a sandy nature subsoiling it is not necessary. Apply sixteen per cent. acid phosphate at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre together with fifty to 100 pounds of muriate of potash. If the land is deficient in vegetable matter, make an application of about seventy-five pounds of nitrate of soda to the alfalfa after it has come up and a similar application next spring. You might also top-dress the alfalfa with a good coating of well rotted farmyard manure. Alfalfa is a delicate plant when first seeded. Fall seeding is an advantage because it gives it a chance to establish itself before the weeds choke it out as they often do from spring sowing. Alfalfa should be frequently clipped if it turns yellow and not allowed to go into the winter with too much top or it might smother out. Sow at least twenty pounds of good, clean seed and it is often advisable to inoculate. This may be accomplished through the use of artificial culture or through the use of soil from an old field. At least 100 pounds of soil should be mixed with the seed to be sown on each acre of land. Alfalfa may be put in the grain drills or sown broadcast and cover with a harrow. You cannot prepare the land too carefully and heavy fertilization is necessary on most of your soils. Alfalfa is a vigorous feeding plant and must be well supplied with the various forms of plant food or it will not give satisfactory results. It may seem rather a serious undertaking to obtain a stand of it. If it is successful, when you will find it one of the most valuable crops you have ever grown on your farm and you will be well repaid for the labor, effort and money expended in securing it. It makes excellent hay and can be cut two to four times a year under favorable conditions. Alfalfa as a rule does not do well on very stony heavy red clay land as it is so tenacious that the roots cannot easily establish themselves in the soil, and its power to establish itself in the soil being based on the vigorous development of its roots, it frequently withers away and dies in the course of two or three years in such land. However, if these lands were well subsoiled and underdrained, it would no doubt frequently grow with success in the future where it has failed in the past.

Lime Brant Tobacco as Fertilizer.

R. C. Danville, Va., writes: Please advise me if lime should be applied on the land before I follow in the plow or if it can be put in as well with the plow? I would also like to know the manurial value of burnt tobacco. It is not so badly burnt but is wet. Answer: Lime should never be plowed under, as it sinks rapidly into the soil under the most favorable conditions. Plow under your pea vines and get the land ready for seeding and then scatter the lime over the surface by means of a manure spreader. To keep it from running out too rapidly you can put some straw or other rough material in the bottom of the spreader. Then harrow it lightly. It is best as a rule to apply lime in the fall, but of course it is also well to have a crop follow it as it may derive as much benefit from it as possible and fix the plant food in the soil which the lime may free and prevent its being leached out by the violent winter rains. You might put a light seeding of oats or barley or wheat on the land this fall and seed to grass in the spring and cut whatever cereal you sow for hay in the early dough stage so it will not draw all the water out of the soil and leave it dry and at harvest time. Many stands of grass are destroyed because the rip-

Perplexity of Isaac.

Newton had just discovered why the apple fell. "But," we persisted, "can you tell us what makes a person's face fall in a novel?" Herewith science had to confess itself beaten by literature.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A girl's skirts will always stay down much more easily if she is awful thin. There would be a lot of money for everybody if it was like colds or typhoid fever. A man can have friends almost as long as his money lasts unless he lends it to them.

Sparklers.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well-er-yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers." Philadelphia Press. When you ask a girl for her photograph it is a sign she is going to have a new one taken that will not look like her if she is proud of it.

