

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE
OR
A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.
BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER VII.
Continued.
To comfort Saranne, Little Make-Believe, oblivious of her own need, was pretending that she saw, about three-quarters of a mile away, a kind gentleman coming toward them with the express intention of giving them a three-penny bit, which would supply the firm with three small tin mugs of stewed eels.
She went so far as to describe his dress and his appearance; he was an old gentleman with white hair, and he had a stick with a gold knob to it, and he had children of his own at home who had sent him out for the express purpose of giving a silver hansom to Saranne.
To these extravagances Mr. Deepdale and Walter, standing in the shade, listened unobserved.
"Wally," the father whispered to the son, "have you got a three-penny piece in your pocket?"
"Yes," replied Walter, producing it. "Throw it into that pretty little girl's lap, and then let us run."
It was done; like a silver-winged messenger from the skies, the three-penny piece fell into Saranne's lap, and away scampered Mr. Deepdale and Walter, laughing gleefully at the trick.
They ran till they arrived at Thomas Dexter's shop, into which they dashed almost out of breath, for all the world like boys who had been up to a rare piece of mischief, which, enjoyable as it was, might bring some dreadful penalty upon them.
The Old Derby was inspected and purchased, and then Mr. Deepdale related the incident to Thomas Dexter.
"I think," he said, "I never saw a more beautiful child's face, though clouded with sorrow, than the face of the girl who was sitting by the gutter; and the ugly one with her stories—told with a wonderful faith and belief, poor thing!—it was really as if she were reading a tale out of a fairy book."
"The child you admire is called Saranne," said Thomas Dexter, "and she and the ugly one are sisters. The story-teller's name is Little Make-Believe."
"That is exactly what she was doing, making believe. It isn't often that her dreams come true, I should say. And is that the reason of your calling her Little Make-Believe?"
Thomas Dexter replied that it was, and seeing that his best customer was interested in the children, told much that he knew about them.
He even related his dream, and the singular episode that followed of his being a witness of his own funeral.
They were more than amused; many of the incidents narrated by Thomas Dexter stirred both their hearts with pity and admiration, and when they took their leave of the old curiosity dealer, which was not until past 10 o'clock, they were animated by a desire which did not find expression in Thomas Dexter's shop.
They had their own peculiar ways, in the similarity of which was an underlying tenderness; they were more like brothers than father and son.
"Well, Wally," said Mr. Deepdale, stopping at the end of the street in which Dexter lived, "is it to be home?"
"What do you think, dad?"
"What do you think, Wally?"
"Dad, I am thinking of the gutter."
"So am I, Wally; we will go and have another look at it."
They were soon on the spot, but the scene was changed from that which they had seen when they had first seen the gutter.
The gutter was there, shorn of its brightness; long before they arrived the candle had spluttered itself out and the sisters were sitting by the side of the gutter, the third partner having left them in disgust.
The night was fine and the stars were shining, but there was something exceedingly touching in the attitude of these children, the prettier of whom was lying in her sister's arms.
"What are you sitting here for, children?" inquired Mr. Deepdale. Having had your eel pie supper, you should be home and a-bed."
"We're going, sir," said Little Make-Believe, and she assisted Saranne to rise. "But we ain't had no supper."
"Why, what became of the three-penny piece?"
"Oh, did you know about it, sir?" said Little Make-Believe, wearily. "We thought it was our'n, but a boy come up and snatched it away. It was his'n, and he only threw it at us out of a joke, cause I was pretending about it. It was a mean trick to serve us, wasn't it, sir?"
"A very mean trick," said Mr. Deepdale. "I should not have supposed any boy would have been guilty of it."
"It was Dot-and-carry-one, sir. He's always up to mischief."
"So that was the end of your dream, then?"
"Yes, sir, and now we're going home. Come along, Saranne."
"Wait a minute, children. Well, Wally, what do you think?"
"I think it would be a capital thing, dad."
"So it would. Your dream shall come true, after all, Make-Believe."
"Oh, sir!"
"Wouldn't you like something better than stewed eels?"
"Couldn't we have nothink better, sir?" Saranne's set her heart on 'em—haven't

yer, Saranne?" Saranne's eyes glittered. "But your only making game of us, sir. Come along, Saranne."
"God forbid that I should make game of misery! We will all sup together." And to the amazement and joy of the sisters they found themselves presently sitting in a compartment of the best eating house in the neighborhood, with large plates of stewed eels before them.
It was a night and a feast to be remembered, for they had found two friends who from that time never lost sight of them.
Mr. Deepdale, indeed, after a while informed Little Make-Believe that they might depend upon him to the extent of half a crown a week, and her gratitude knew no bounds.
She never tired speaking of them to Saranne, who for the most part listened in silence and endorsed every word of praise that fell from her sister's lips.
They were so noble, so tender, so kind; there was nobody, there never had been anybody in the world half so good as these gentlemen who stopped to relieve and comfort, and were exalted by so doing.
They were princes, they were angels, and they were prayed for and blessed—for being human.
"I was thinking, dad—" said Walter many months afterward.
"Yes, Wally, you were thinking—"
"That Little Make-Believe and Saranne being so ignorant—they don't even know how to read—what fun it would be if I were to turn school-master."
"And teach them?"
"Yes, dad—say for an hour once a week. It would be a good thing for them when they grew up."
"A capital thing, Wally."
"Shall I, dad?"
"Shall you, Wally? When did you run one way and I another? Do you know, my boy, that this is a very sweet and beautiful world?"
"It is very sweet and beautiful, dad—with you in it."
"I was thinking of you, my boy."
"And I of you, father."
Mr. Deepdale gazed at the portrait of his wife, which hung upon the wall, and a prayer of thankfulness trembled on his lips.
So it came about that Walter turned schoolmaster and on the Saturday night of every week began to teach Saranne and Little Make-Believe to read and write.
They progressed very slowly, and lessons being given them to learn during the week, they were seldom, if ever, perfect in them.
But Walter was patient, and they were in heaven.
Yes, in the wretched home provided for them by their father—of whom some slight mention is necessary, although he has but little to do with this history—in that miserable, dimly-lighted cellar, unseen stars were shining in human hearts and heavenly hours were spent.
A word about this father.
More often in prison than out of it, at liberty on an average for about four months out of the twelve.
He was not a thief, and cannot, therefore, be called a criminal, but he was incorrigible, an irreclaimable drunkard.
It actually became a kind of boast with him that, in the records of the local police court, no person had been charged with being drunk and disorderly more frequently than himself.
To first and pre-eminent in any of the ways of life confers a certain distinction, and this distinction Little Make-Believe's father enjoyed.
Regularly as he came out of prison he favored his children with a visit and expected to be waited on.
Without a murmur did Little Make-Believe perform a daughter's duties to a worthless parent, never sorrowing when he left her, never rejoicing when he returned.
As a matter of course he became acquainted with his children's new friends and in a small way traded upon them. Their interest in Little Make-Believe and Saranne increasing as time progressed, they would have been glad to remove them to a more comfortable home, but to this their father demurred unless he formed one of the family group—to which, naturally, they could not consent.
Of necessity, then, they remained in the lodgment he provided for them; there was unhappily no law to strip him of his authority.
Sometimes on a Saturday night the cellar was honored with visitors.
The cobbler who lived in the adjoining room, for one; Thomas Dexter, for another; Walter's father, very frequently.
With these, after the lessons, could Walter converse and argue, and he was so like his father in his modesty and gentleness and tenderness that his views on most of the subjects which happened to crop up could not fail to leave an enduring impression.
He read stories to them, and the children wandered in a new fairyland. But he was not the only teacher and entertainer.
On rare occasions Little Make-Believe's fantastic fancies found expression. Walter's fairy stories bore fruit.

It was her habit, as she grew in years, to close her eyes when fancy required. "What do you see, Make-Believe?" "I see Saranne walking in the park. There's fountains, and soldiers, and balloons, and flowers. There's water, too, and boats, and lots of people singing in 'em."
"What are you doing?" "Selling matches. Everybody's buying them—I can't take the money fast enough. Here's a woman with a box of dresses, and I buy a shining silver gown for Saranne, and a feather bed, and a white horse, and four pounds of beefsteak."
At which strange mixture they all break out laughing. Little Make-Believe opens her eyes and smiles.
"All for Saranne, eh, Make-Believe?" asks the cobbler.
"In course—all for her. And she's going to marry a prince."
At which Saranne claps her hands in ecstasy.
There are higher and more solemn lessons in that dimly-lighted cellar. The children learn "Our Father," and trembling repeat it until they know it by heart.
The cobbler is somewhat of a stumbling block when this prayer is introduced, for he is a terrible materialist. But, after some reviling, he is silent upon these occasions, though nothing on earth can make him a believer.
In this better way, the springtime of life, with its bright clouds and sunny glades, comes to Saranne and Little Make-Believe.

PART III.
FLOWER.
CHAPTER VIII.
As Time Rolls On.
Eight years have passed, and Time the changeless, has wrought its change upon men.
The world is still in labor, as it hath ever been, and ever will be until the Reign of Peace shall have truly commenced—which will be only when man has changed his nature.
But among multitudes in their human shape shall never be able to welcome this better time, to each man it comes in his turn, and none shall escape the Divine transmutation.
From this history of every day events no actor who has played a prominent part therein has yet departed; upon the comedy or the tragedy of their lives the curtain has not yet fallen.
But some are withering, while others are ripening. In these suggestive aspects a comprehensive picture of the world is seen; here wrapped in darkness, there bathed in light, at one and the same moment.
Thus side by side march joy and sorrow, life and death.
During these eight years Mr. Deepdale's hair has grown gray, but his heart is as susceptible as ever to charitable and tender impressions.
Wonderfully like him is his son Walter, now a fine young fellow of three-and-twenty, who are even closer together than they were in earlier days when Walter was a child, and therefore, presumably, more easily led.
The secret of this lies as much in sympathy as in love. These inseparable companions are more like twin brothers than father and son.
Thomas Dexter's hair has grown white, and he has contracted a serious and reflective habit of mind.
This is due to a more frequent association with Mr. Deepdale and Walter, who exercise over the old curiosity dealer an unconscious influence for good.
It has led as yet to no practical results, no crisis having occurred to necessitate decided action.
His intimacy with Little Make-Believe and Saranne continues, and he is occasionally kind to them in a larger degree than the bestowal of occasional pennies.
This was especially conspicuous on the occasion of the death of their father, when he presented them with black frocks.
It was a gift they appreciated, for despite his useless and evil life they mourned their father with genuine sorrow, and they would have been shocked had any person ventured to tell them that their loss was a blessing.
So, but for three friends, in no wise related to them, and of whom circumstance or the freak of fortune might deprive them at any moment, Little Make-Believe and Saranne were alone in the world.
They still led their precarious life, beset now with peril because of drawing womanhood, crowned in Saranne's case, with beauty which made people stare after her in the streets.
The contrast between the sisters was very marked. Beautiful as is the Little Make-Believe with no grace of form or feature; she fulfilled the promise of her childhood by growing up stunted and plain.
She cared not; she lived but for the happiness of one human being, and that assured, she was herself happy.
She gloried in Saranne's beauty, and it was as proud of it and as fond of setting it out in its best light as the most devoted mother could have been.
Whatever dreams and fancies she indulged in were all for Saranne and Saranne's future.
Dangerous dreams, but indulgence in them was a sweet pastime for which neither she nor Saranne was ever disinclined.
The kernel of these dreams was that Saranne was to marry a prince. Heaven knew from what mysterious fairyland the prince was to come, but he would surely come one day and woo and win her.
There is a brief time in our lives when we see the future through a shining veil which reflects, in their most entrancing forms, our bright wishes and desires.

(To be Continued.)
The "Nice" Girl.
"There is only one infallible way to tell when a girl is a nice girl," said a man who gives wise advice to his son at home instead of publishing it in the magazines, "and that is by finding out how she pulls things off with the people who come in contact with her every day. If her mother and father like her, if her little brothers and sisters think she is a kind of unfledged angel, if the servants in the house smile when her name is mentioned, if she is a friend of the postman's, if all the elevator boys in your office smile when 'Miss Mary' comes along and if all her girl friends think she is 'perfectly lovely' you are pretty safe in going ahead with that girl, young man." Philadelphia Record.
New Fur Neck Pieces.
The low stole effect is out of fashion and standup collars will be seen on all fur cravats and tippets of the fashionably dressed. Fur stoles have lace ends and a fringe of some other material. Every sort of fur and lace is seen combined.
The effect across the shoulders is also much narrower, just as sleeves have become smaller in size, too. There is a general tendency to long narrow effects becoming to the woman who has been broadening her shoulders to suit the modern type of feminine beauty.
An odd and pretty feature of many of the new fur coats will be elbow-length sleeves with under-sleeves of lace and velvet. The popular fur for next winter will be mink, but beaver is also coming into public favor after a retirement of some seasons. Ermine is more the vogue for trimming and in combination with darker furs, but white fox promises to be the fur for evening wear.
Plain Living and High Thinking.
It is remarked that some English hostesses, who feel that the table and what we shall eat have become of too much importance in life, are giving a series of dinners marked by primitive fare. Indeed, so enthusiastic has society become on the subject that the fewer the courses and the worse the food the more fashionable does the dinner become. At one select party recently in London there was nothing to eat but sandwiches, chicken and a little watery salad. The same exaggerated simplicity was shown at an evening reception, both in the dressing of the guests and in the floral decorations, which consisted of a few lilies and roses placed about the room in vases.
The guests moved about the room talking together as long as they wanted to, while the hostess herself made no attempt herself to lighten the gathering. A bowl of lemonade, some damp sandwiches and a few cakes were on a table in the drawing room.
In the centre of this festive board the piece de resistance was arranged, consisting of a large bowl of chopped fruit, sprinkled with sugar.
About a Shirt Waist.
Here are some points relative to fitting a shirt waist brought out at a dressmakers' convention. They are dwelt upon with terrible earnestness, wherefore it is presumed that no decent shirt waist can be made without a knowledge of them:
Make a straight collar band. A carved band will push down beneath the ribbon stock.
Don't bring the shoulder seam forward; it is better to drop it a little back to make the garment fit.
Cut the waist a half inch too big all around—in height, at neck, under arms, etc., says the Trenton Times.
It is better to have a small armhole and plenty to play in the waist underneath than to cut a large armhole for freedom of movement.
Take a small dart into the front of the armhole, if necessary, to get a good set across the chest.
If the sleeve is too tight don't let out the inside seam to remedy it.
The sleeve must be set into the waist with the seam turned into the neck and stitched flat. Otherwise the sleeve will stand up unpleasantly.
Don't use French seams in a thin waist. Turn the edges in and finish flat with two rows of stitching, as a man's shirt is finished.
Lace Used Extensively.
Lace is the thing this season, and no costume is complete until a touch of this dainty fabric is added, if nothing more than the collar and cuffs for the tailor made costumes. Every possible use is made of lace from the neck to the hem and from the bottom of the skirts when yards and yards are used to finish the evening costume. Beautiful berthas of rare old lace that has been an heirloom for many years are now in vogue.
A handsome black silk worn by a middle-aged woman at a fashionable wedding recently, had one of those rare old lace flounces, about eighteen inches deep, which had been in the family several generations. The waist was trimmed very elaborately with the same pattern in a narrower width and just a dainty touch of blue. It was one of the most attractive of gowns at the wedding.
The young woman who has a grandmother should ask if she has some piece of lace that can be used in some way, and doubtless many a choice bit will come to light that has lain in the

Woman's Realm

The "Nice" Girl.
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stole paper for years, and complete a chic costume for this season.—New Haven Register.
Wanted the Whole House.
"No, I can't take boarders," and Miss Compton looked defiantly at her old neighbor as she spoke. "I haven't got a room to spare."
"Why, Luella!" said the neighbor, feebly. "Of course, I'm never one to push in, but I can't help knowing you've got four spare rooms you don't occupy, and these folks are friends of my cousin. I'm sure if I lived in a corner house all by myself I'd be glad and thankful to have them."
"If you'd lived in a corner house all alone for fifteen years you'd feel just as I do," said Miss Compton, firmly.
"When you have boarders in your house you can't go into their rooms without knocking, and then sometimes they don't want you. I've heard Mrs. Sawyer tell, so I'm speaking with knowledge."
"Now, I'm not one to go gapping from lower story windows, but behind curtain upstairs nobody can take offense. When there's a funeral or a wedding at the Orthodox, I go in the west room and watch it. When there's anything going on at the Episcopal—and you know there's most always something—I step in the east room."
"Then most of the summer folks from up on the hill drive down to the clubhouse pleasant days, and I run in when I hear wheels and so who 'tis from any north window I can watch them quite a distance. And the south room I use when it's getting toward mail time, and band concert nights, and a good many times off and on."
"Now, I should like to know if you think I'd count any six dollars a week worth being hived up downstairs for?" demanded the mistress of the corner house, triumphantly. "And I haven't mentioned Fourth of July, Memorial day, nor the circus parade, either!"—Youth's Companion.
Photo Screens.
Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession. William Morris' theories are becoming more and more widespread, especially the one which demands a use for every thing that is about.
A plain wooden screen was called upon to create one of these uses for photographs. The wood was stained a dull brown, one of the innumerable Flemish finishes. At the top of each panel was mounted a fine photograph, all in warm brown tones that harmonized restfully with the wood.
The photographs were covered with glass, and around each ran a narrow moulding stained to match the wood exactly.
These photographs were almost square, but the same idea could be carried out with the tall, narrow photographs, using more of them, of course, and with oval ones as well, and the gray tones can be used, with the wood of the screen stained that deep gray which is so old looking and artistic.
But all sorts of possibilities suggest themselves as you look at the screen—ideas of gray prints mounted in a swirl of pyrography lines, the whole screen deftly touched with color, or of the blackest ebony effects, with pictures that have plenty of black in their makeup, set off with lines of gold.—Utica Observer.

FRILLS FASHION

POPULAR SCIENCE

Prof. Chantemisse, head of the Pasteur Institute, lecturing at the Academy of Medicine, said that flies were the greatest disseminators of cholera and that his experiments had proved this fact.
Prof. Albert M. Reese, of the Syracuse University, has gone to Florida, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to collect eggs of the alligator which will work out its embryology; subsequently he will spend some time at the biological laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of the Dry Tortugas, developing his find of this crocodylian species.
A curious fact regarding diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way. By way of safeguard, some dealers imbued large diamonds in a raw potato for safe transport from South Africa.
The resistance of tantalum increases strongly with a rise in temperature, as opposed to carbon, which diminishes in resistance as it becomes heated. This fact has been made use of in the construction of a new form of incandescent lamp. Tantalum, originally brittle, has by treatment been made sufficiently ductile to be drawn into wire, which has been used with success as a filament for the tantalum lamp. It has a life of about 1000 hours, and burns at once on being connected, without any previous heating.—Philadelphia Ledger.
A luminous push-button for the front door is being introduced. It consists of a brass case having a crystal lens in the front and an opaque glass disc in the rear, the whole being about three inches in diameter. It is intended to be used in hall doors and is so fixed that the light from within shines through, making the fixture very conspicuous after dark. The use of a frosted glass for the back lens secures privacy within the hall without detracting from the luminous effect. The device is being put on the market in England, and is one of the two novelties shown at the recent electrical exhibition in London.
All birds of the crow tribe, rooks especially, exhibit a tendency toward winter—like squirrels and some other animals—to lay up a store of provisions for their sustenance against a season of scarcity. While jackdaws select holes of trees and old buildings to store away such provisions, rooks convey them away to their rookeries. There in last season's nests they deposited them. Toward springtime, when they begin thinking about setting their houses in order, they visit their rookeries and, when rebuilding their nests, throw out the unused store. Thus it is we often find an accumulation of acorns, potatoes and what not on the ground under their nests.—Nature Notes.

Pork and Pans in Colorado.
The cultivation of the lowly field pea in San Luis Valley is said to have solved the problem of profitable pork production in Colorado. It is deemed that a drove of more than 4500 hogs can be fattened in the district, and if this proves true it will add to the agricultural wealth of the State a sum exceeding \$8,000,000 annually. Already large shipments into the valley have been made from the northern part of the State and the Arkansas Valley. The animals will be turned into the pea fields and will live practically wild until spring, when they will be ready for the market. Scarcely any attention will be required for them beyond seeing that they have sufficient water. This introduction of the hog industry on such a large scale will stimulate the raising of pork all over the State. In conjunction with the field pea, the sugar beet has been found to be a wonderfully fattening food. Besides making the flesh firm and putting the animal in first-class shape for the market, Alfalfa also is discovered to be an exceptionally good food, but it is not all sufficient.—Denver Republican.

Caught a Crown Prince.
It would really seem as though the recent marriage of the German Crown Prince and Duchess Cecile was a love match. The young man is credited with having made a decidedly original proposal. He and his future wife were stopping at Schwerin Castle and, both being enthusiastic anglers, conducted their courtship through the aid of rods and reel. One afternoon the Prince, being unsuccessful in the sport, dropped the rod for a small camera which he carried, and among other pictures taken was one of the Duchess just as she was about to land her fish. That evening she received a finished copy of a picture beneath which her royal lover had written "Gefangen—und Ich auch" ("Caught—and I also").—Philadelphia Record.

Modern Burglary.
The Cleveland burglar who played Handel's "Messiah" on the piano as a prelude to robbing the house, received the gift of a suit of clothes and \$20 from his intended victims as a start on a new life. In the present advanced state of the science and art of burglary it seems likely that ability to play the piano will soon become an indispensable requisite to admittance to the profession.

GOOD ROADS

Three Reasons.
In the first place, bad roads are an extravagance, and the second place they contribute much to the isolation of farm life. A third consideration may be added—the wholesome effect of good highways on the farmer himself. Any one of these reasons is sufficient to warrant a considerable expenditure of money, and time on improvements. Together they make an invincible argument.
The modern farmer keeps in touch with the market either by telephone or by his daily newspaper. Frequently he can take advantage of a temporary rise in the market—provided the roads are good. If they are bad his precautions go for nothing.
The waste of time involved in hauling through mud is apt to be overlooked. The farmer is too inclined to think that it makes no difference—maybe he wouldn't be working that day, anyway. But it is just in this neglect to make the most of their time that other farmers fail. It is important that all hands keep busy all the time on a farm as it is that they be kept constantly at work in a manufacturing plant. Another element of waste in using bad roads is the wear and tear on the horses, wagons and harness. All appliances have to be renewed much more frequently when they are subjected to the strain of hauling through mud than they would if used only on macadam.
The side of this question which affects the matter of taste also has a practical bearing. Dirt and shiftlessness tend to get together. The farmer whose wagon is covered with clay doesn't feel the pride in keeping up his place that he would if his vehicles came back clean from a drive to town. Manufacturers and business men of all sorts are finding that it pays to keep their places shipshape. The most successful farmers have learned the same lesson. Muddy roads are enemies to the good order that helps make a farm successful. It is hardly necessary to dwell on their relation to that isolation which Mr. Morton rightly said is the chief objection to farm life. In part this is inevitable. But it can be greatly relieved by the improvement of roads. There is no reason why a farmer's family should suffer solitary confinement during many weeks of the year.
The remedy is in the farmer's own hands. With unanimity of action they could enlist help that would bring widespread relief within a few years.

Some Pertinent Questions For Farmers.
How much do you suppose it costs you a year to repair your wagons and harness on account of bad roads? How much does it cost you a year for shoes and clothing that are ruined by your children wading through the mud to school? How much does it cost you a year for medicine to cure your children's colds contracted in wading through the mud to school and church? How much of a damage a year to you is the mud that prevents your children from attending school, or damage done to them, rather, in the loss of an education? How much damage to you is our bad roads in preventing your reaching market with your produce? You are perfectly willing to spend plenty of money in the buying of reapers and mowers and other farm machinery. You are willing to purchase fine carriages and harness. At the price potatoes are to-day one load would be the average farmer's tax for ten years for good roads, at the end of that time the roads would be good and you could vote to rescind the law if you wanted to, and you would have good roads and no tax for thirty or forty years, the balance of your life.

State Aid.
New Hampshire has taken a most remarkable step in the direction of a better system of public highways. A measure has been enacted into law appropriating no less a sum than three-quarters of a million dollars for the permanent improvement of the main highways of the State. The money is to be raised at the rate of \$125,000 a year for six years.
This amount will build a great many miles of macadam road, and will no doubt lead to still further construction in years to come.
It is what will all have to come to some day later. The State must do the general road-making. The cities and villages and even counties are too small units for so large a work. But State and towns in combination can accomplish a great deal and the burden will be lighter. New Hampshire, in reality, has only taken a place in the march of progress.
Care With Model Roads.
Considering the importance of good lessons in their moment should be well taught. For this reason one of the most skillful engineers and the most conscientious contractors should be employed in building model roads. If the improvement proves good and permanent, it will soon convince the taxpayers that more such road is desirable, and development in that line will follow. Should the model road prove defective, it would be a serious setback to the cause.
Submarine signaling has been tried successfully in the Morozov.