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## LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE

OR

### A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

## CHAPTER IX.

Continued.

They went to a second-hand wardrobe shop, where the woman who kept it—satisfying herself first that the sovereign which Little Make-Believe showed her was a good one—gave her the benefit of her experience in the selection of frocks and hats.

The choosing of colors and materials occupied them for a considerable time; Little Make-Believe was soon suited—a brown stuff frock and a plain straw hat, which the woman declared almost with tears in her eyes, were dirt cheap for four shillings and sixpence, were purchased for her.

Far more difficult was the selection of a frock and hat for Saranne, who at length was made happy by becoming the possessor of a blue frock of soft cashmere and a hat trimmed with ribbons and little bunches of forget-me-nots.

These could not be obtained for less than eleven shillings, and the balance of the sovereign was expended in stockings and some pieces of colored ribbons for the further adornment of the beauty of the family.

The purchase of boots and sundry other small requirements was left for the next day. Loaded with their purchases, Little Make-Believe and Saranne returned home as happy, nay, perhaps happier than any two human beings within a dozen miles of them.

There was much to do at home that night; the frocks, being second-hand, did not exactly fit; alterations were required in them, which, of course, it fell to the lot of Little Make-Believe to make.

She was quite clever with her needle and the way she set to work, snipping and cutting and altering would have been a lesson for many a dressmaker.

Long before she was done Saranne was abed and asleep, dreaming fairy dreams, with smiles on her lips and joy in her heart.

Not less happy was Little Make-Believe, who sat till nearly two in the morning engaged in her labor of love.

As she cut and stitched there was a smile also on her lips and in her heart a song.

The common room was glorified, the gleam of the one thin candle a very blaze of light.

The faded and torn paper on the walls, the black ceiling, the hard bed, the scanty furniture—these were the unreal surroundings of this patient, sweet, unselfish young soul.

What was the reality? Why, what a question to ask? Did it not shine around her in flowers and stars and sunlight and shining water?

Forests in which the loveliest trees were growing to the skies, the bees singing their songs of fruitful flavor, birds chirping on the branches and flying to and fro from their nests, sheep browsing, cows being milked, fragrant winds blowing, a myriad graceful shapes floating in the air, lakes in which the fish were gleaming, visions of Aladdin's cave sparkling with jewels which were theirs for the gathering, a marble castle with white steps leading to flowered terraces over which ladies and gentlemen were wandering, sounds of invisible music—earth, air and heaven yielding their sweetest fancies to fill with ineffable gratitude and happiness the heart of our Little Make-Believe whilst she pined her needle in that common room in Clare Market.

And from all these imaginings, as though he was the subtle essence which gave them birth and invested them with their wondrous beauty, the figure of Walter Deedpale with his handsome face and gentle voice was never absent.

Dream on, Little Make-Believe. Even to you, bending over the second-hand frock you are altering for Saranne—even to you in that small dimly-lighted room has come a forest of heaven.

## CHAPTER X.

Little Make-Believe Receives an Offer of Marriage.

The following day after purchasing their boots, Little Make-Believe and Saranne went to Thomas Dexter and thanked him.

He expressed his satisfaction and asked Little Make-Believe what she thought of his pretending.

"It was just class," she replied. "I wish I could pretend like that."

"You'd pretend a lot of things into reality if you could."

"That I could. We shouldn't want for much."

"I ought to have told you that the two sovereigns were sent by Mr. Deedpale. They didn't come from me."

"We thought so, sir."

"Will you have money enough?"

"Yes, Mr. Dexter, plenty."

"You've bought frocks, hats and boots?"

"And some other things we wanted as well. Why, we never had so much money to spend in our lives."

"But there's something you haven't bought that you might want. A cap to go over your frocks on rainy days."

"Oh, I hope it won't rain!" said Saranne.

"It might, and then you'd get wet through, and spoil your frocks. Now, I've got a present for you."

He brought forward two silk capes for fine days and two warm cloaks for rainy days.

"They were exactly alike."

"I don't know," said Little Make-Believe, "what should make everybody so good to us. We ought to be the happiest of the happy—and we are, Mr. Dexter. Why, Saranne, we shall be regular ladies!"

"Only," said Thomas Dexter, gayly, "don't grow proud, as other ladies do."

"That could never happen, Mr. Dexter. What I want, sir, is for some way to show our gratitude. I'd work my fingers to the bone for them as has been so kind to us."

"No occasion to tell me that, Make-Believe. I wish I could come into the country with you."

Now, who should be watching them through the window as they stood talking to Thomas Dexter but Foxey, and presently he saw a wonderful thing.

"After you'd done your pretending and went away," said Saranne, "and we looked up and saw the two sovereigns on the table, I said to Make-Believe I'd like to kiss you—for I thought at first they came from you."

"And now that you know they didn't come from me," said Thomas Dexter, "you wouldn't like to kiss me, I suppose."

What Foxey saw at this moment was this:

He saw Little Make-Believe go up to Thomas Dexter and kiss him.

It was such a kiss as a child might have given to her father, but through Foxey's heart shot a jealous pang.

Presently the girls left the shop, and Foxey followed them unobserved.

Good news sometimes flies as fast as bad, but it was not to be expected that the circumstance of Little Make-Believe exchanging two golden sovereigns in the purchase of clothes should pass unnoticed, and Thomas Dexter himself had, for reasons of his own, made it known that the sisters had been invited to spend a few days in the country.

Into these reasons it will be as well, in the cause of charitable feeling, not to enter; sufficient to say that any evil construction which might have been placed upon Little Make-Believe's and Saranne's possession of so much money was by these means nipped in the bud.

Foxey was one of those who had heard of the treat in store for the sisters.

All day long he watched them with-out his knowledge; he wanted to speak to Little Make-Believe quietly, with no one by, but he could not obtain an opportunity.

Night came on, and he had not been able to exchange a word with her; with what was in his mind he could rest no longer.

He knocked at the door of the house in which she lived, and asked the woman to tell Little Make-Believe that a friend wanted to speak to her. She came at once.

"Oh, it's you, Foxey," she said, not at all displeased to see him. "What do you want?"

"I want to speak to you," he answered, "if you don't mind coming out for a minute or two."

Without any suspicion or fear she accompanied him to a part of the street where there was the least chance of their conversation being interrupted.

"You ain't in any trouble are you?" she asked.

"No, Make-Believe," he replied, "I ain't in no trouble. I heered as you was going into the country."

"Yes," she said; "it's the first time we've ever been. Why, whoever told you?"

"It's all over the shop," he said, gloomily; "you've been buying new dresses and boots."

"Yes."

"And you've been kissing Tommy Dexter?"

She was silent; there was that in his voice which suddenly made her tremble.

"How do you know that?" she asked, presently.

"I seed you this morning as I happened to pass his shop."

"There was no harm in it," said Little Make-Believe, after another pause; "he's been a real good friend to Saranne and me. He knows we're going to have a holiday—it's the first we've ever had, Foxey—and he give us this morning two nice capes and two warm cloaks."

And then suddenly she exclaimed, rather fiercely:

"What makes you speak of it as if I was doing something wrong? Do you want me to hate you?"

"No, Make-Believe, no!" he cried, eagerly. "If you say there was no harm in it, of course there was no harm in it."

"He's old enough to be my grandfather," said Little Make-Believe.

"The situation was so extremely novel to her that she was swayed by opposing moods, which at one moment led her into exaltation of her actions, and in the next fired her with indignation at Foxey's interference with them."

"What do you mean," she cried, "by talking to me like that? You've no right to watch me, as I'm aware on

Look here, Foxey; you're a bad lot, I know, but I never thought you was sneak enough to be a spy."

He quivered at this and replied:

"I'm no spy. I watched you to-day because I wanted to speak to you alone. As to being a bad lot—well, I know I am; but I ain't got nothink to say agin that. But I ain't a sneak, Make-Believe; I never went back on a pal and never showed a white liver."

Ordinarily his voice was harsh and defiant, but it was now so mild, and his manner altogether was so humble, that Little Make-Believe reproached herself for being hard to him.

"I'll take back about the sneak," she said, "but it is strange that you should have been watching me all day. What for?"

"That's what I'm coming to, but I must settle about Tommy Dexter first. It made my blood boil to see you kiss him. Do you do it often?"

"I never did it afore, though you've no right to ask."

"Perhaps not, yet—"

and he looked at her with such eager eyes that she began to tremble again. "But I may have. Bad lot as I am, Make-Believe, old Tommy Dexter is a thousand times worse."

She was not one to hear her friends traduced without defending them, and she said, with flashing eyes:

"He ain't bad. He's done me many a good turn. If that's what you come to say to me you might have saved yourself the trouble."

"It's not what I come to say."

And then he paused; something seemed to stick in his throat.

"Out with it, then," said Little Make-Believe, "if you're not ashamed of it. I've got a lot to do, and I can't stop talking here all night."

"You know that promise you got out of me," he said, with the mightiest effort. "What promise?"

"About me getting a honest living."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Have you kept it?"

"I have, Make-Believe."

"There, now, Foxey, you've made me downright glad. Forgive anything unkind I said to you. Here's my hand."

He took it and did not let it go.

"I made the promise for your sake, Make-Believe."

"I know; you're better than I thought you was, Foxey."

"It's you as has made me better—and you can make me better still. You understand me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I understand you, Foxey."

It was a great pleasure to her to know that she had a good influence over him, and she gave him a kind look.

"Well, then," he said, "when shall it be?"

Her kind look changed to one of bewilderment.

"When shall what be?"

"The wedding. I've got a room, and some bits of furniture; I'll get more afore another month's over my head, and I promise to be good to you. You know how I can keep a promise, and I'll keep this one. When shall it be, Make-Believe?"

"Why?" she cried. "Do you mean to say you want to marry me?"

"That's it, exactly, Make-Believe; there ain't a gal in Clare Market that can hold a candle to you, and that's why I have been following you about this blessed day. What are you shaking your head for? Why can't you speak?"

"'Cause you've taken away my breath. I never heerd such a thing in all my born days. You're never in earnest, Foxey?"

"I am, Make-Believe. Strike me down dead if I ain't."

It need not thus to convince her. Mustering sufficient courage to look him straight in the face, as he stood before her blocking the way, she saw that he was, indeed, terribly in earnest.

"Come," he said, somewhat roughly, "say 'I'll have you, Foxey,' and make an end of it."

"I can't make an end of it that way."

"Why?"

"'Cause I don't care for you."

He took her two hands and held them as in a vise.

"Say that again," he demanded.

She steeled her voice and repeated: "I don't care for you."

"And you want have me?"

"No, I won't."

"What! After fooling me in the way you've done?"

"Who's been fooling you?" she asked indignantly. "You're telling lies, you know yer all here—jest let go my hands, or I'll scream for help!"

"You've got no call to," he said in a gloomy voice, releasing her hands. "You don't think I'd hurt you, do you? But I wouldn't give much for the man as'd stand atween you and me. Ah, but yer playing with me, Make-Believe, you've only been speaking in fun. You want me to wait a bit. All right; I'll wait, I will, if it's six months."

"It's no use of yer going on like that," said Little Make-Believe, recognizing the necessity of firmness; "if you waited for six years, or sixty, or six hundred, I wouldn't wait."

On his part, now, he recognized that she was as much in earnest as he.

"Is that yer last word?"

"It is."

He laid his two hands on her shoulders with a violent grasp, and the pain he caused her forced a scream from her lips.

Then he left her suddenly, and as suddenly returned.

"That night you found me bleeding in the road. You don't forget it."

"No."

"You knelt alongside me, and brought me to life again. Yes, I might have died if you hadn't come. You don't forget that?"

"No."

To be continued.



## Feminine Press Agent.

The only woman in the world who travels as press agent for a circus, it is said, is Lillian Calvert Van Osten, who left the stage to devote the merits of a Wild West show. Though called "Miss" and looking little more than a girl, she is a Mrs., and her husband, who is advertising manager of the show, travels with her. Miss Van Osten's business is to call upon the newspapers to induce them to print good notices concerning the show, and she has secured concessions that men could not. Miss Van Osten finds her life many-sided and far from prosaic, and declares she gets a world of happiness in the experiences of her Bohemian life living in an advertising car—"The Pilgrim."

## Fad For Scent.

The old prejudice against perfumes has died out with the passing of musk and patchouli. Those crude odors which make a room sickening after an hour or so were considered vulgar, but the delicate sachets and refined distillations which have taken their places are more popular than ever were the musk and patchouli. The woman of taste chooses one favorite odor and sees to it that her soaps, her powders, her creams, her gowns, her gloves, her curtains and her bath are all scented with it. The odor of a single flower, so popular a few seasons past, has given place to Paris concoctions or mixtures called bouquets. The most fashionable women have an exclusive bouquet made to order, the secret of which is kept from all others.

## Successful Women Drummers.

"There are numbers of them in Philadelphia," said a well known traveling man, speaking of women drummers, "and they are most successful—more successful than the men."

"One of the most successful drummers I know is an old lady who lives here. She is a grandmother, and through reverses of fortune was obliged to take to the road, carrying on her husband's business. She's old and comparatively feeble, but she can sell more goods than any man."

"I understand that to-day she has bought a fine house, and sends a granddaughter through college by her work. There are lots of women on the road who make a business of selling, and though it does not seem to be a strictly feminine field, they succeed in the work."—Philadelphia Record.

## Glittering Fans.

The medium-sized fan, measuring eight or nine inches, will be the popular ones this year, dealers say. Larger fans, those decorated with real lace and ostrich feathers, will also be fashionable, and as for the smallest fans of all, those perhaps five inches long, this season will see their glorification.

It is the exceptional fan that is not partially or entirely covered with spangles.

The queer thing about it, though, is that it may be as dignified as it is mischievous. The smallest fans, as well as the medium sized ones used for dances and dinners, are practically all made on the same order, though of course the former do not admit of the elaboration of design found on the larger size.

The gauze foundation prevails and is treated with adornment in spangles, hand painting or applied lace or silk in charming designs. Spangles come in different shapes. The round or sharply pointed oval shapes are the most popular, the latter being largely used for flower petals in spangle's design.

A great bachelor button done up in silver spangles of the oval shape on a white fan is very attractive. On a black fan is seen an iridescent bird perched on a gold branch that bears silver fruit.

Green fans are new and well liked, as are also those in the modish raspberry hue. The latter spangled in a design of gold are especially effective.

Hand painted flowers, like roses and poppies, sprinkled with a little spangle dew, make a delightfully airy, dainty finish.

Applications of white lace on black grounds or black lace on white grounds are much sought after. Fans of white gauze on one side and of black on the other give a cloudy background which spangles of lace show effectively.—New York Sun.

## Chinese Mother.

The Chinese mother is very fond of her children, says Paul Hunter in the Pilgrim. She is happy in their company and spends much time caring for them. In a Chinese family the birth of a child is a greater event than with other Orientals. Long before the child is born the mother performs the rites and ceremonies to propitiate the gods that her child may be a boy.

After birth, the little fellow is wrapped in old rags, and in winter is sometimes put in a bag of sand sewed close around its neck to keep the little one warm. Great rejoicing follows the birth of a boy; otherwise, there is an air of chastened disappointment.

But good Chinese parents make the best of their little lasses, becoming very fond and even proud of them. I have known more than one Chinese father to exhibit his toddling wee girl for approval, though always with the customary national verbal deprecation of what belongs to one. Indeed, this evidence of excessive courtesy may be found everywhere in this strange land.

It is good form to vilify what is mine and laud what is thine. "My good-for-nothing family are all still troubling the earth with their presence. How is your honorable family?"

The fact that Chinese custom has become moulded into certain set forms has misled many travelers. It is, for instance, a generally accepted custom in this country that a gentleman should remove his hat when he meets a lady with whom he is acquainted, but a Chinese visitor would fall into error if he assumed that this implied that the women, therefore, reduced men to social servitude. So in China a woman waits on her husband while he is eating, because it has been the custom from time immemorial. In the same way were they traveling he would walk beside the cart while she rode.

The education of their children is a matter of no small interest to the affectionate Chinese mothers. They watch the little one from the day he is born, to note superstitious signs. Let him cry justly, and he will live long, say the old granules. If he teeths or walks too soon he will grow up unlovable in disposition. At first the little Chinese are not very attractive objects, presenting rather a scaly appearance, due to the custom of not washing them lest they catch cold. A month after his birth, the boy's head is shaved. A great feast is prepared and celebrated, the child now receiving his "milk name." When he enters school this name is changed, as it is once more when he receives his degree.

## Latest in Gloves.

The latest thing in gloves? Hands, of course. That's easy, but it is not so easy to keep track of all the new things in the shape of gloves.

The party glove, the long kind, the kind that buttons down the back, as some one has said, will have some protection in the new overgloves that are brought out this season. These overgloves are knit of white wool and are so long and flexible that the wearer may draw them on over her long party gloves and protect them from the soil that sometimes comes on them between the house and the place of the party.

Many a young woman prefers to adjust her gloves before she goes to the party, but hesitates to do it, as the chances are that she will not arrive at the party with them in the same immaculate condition as she left home, no matter how careful she may be.

With the new overgloves all danger of soil is past and she may pull off the knit gloves and find her kid gloves in perfect condition. There is also warmth in them and instead of chilled fingers, the wearer will find herself arriving in the dressingroom with "toasty" hands.

Another glove is the slip-on, made without any buttons, and the wrist spreads into a gauntlet shape to come up over the sleeve and keep out all the wind. The slip-on gloves may be worn over party gloves, or may be worn alone.

They come in white, black, brown and tan shades. They are good for shopping gloves, and when the weather is not too cold make good driving gloves, the broad wrist effects and no buttons making them a desirable bit of hand-wear.

While many of the new costumes are in shades of purple, green and red, these colors in gloves are not satisfactory, and neither do hands look well in bright colored gloves. The hints for evening wear are an entirely different proposition. The colors are so pale and artificial light makes them even lighter than they are by day that they make an evening costume complete.

A purple, red or green glove on the hand in the day time is positively ugly. So well is this understood by glove makers that only a few of them are made to satisfy the demand of some women who think that a glove the color of the day gown should be perfectly matched.

For several seasons, white and tan gloves have been worn with colored dresses. This year it is the perfectly fitted black glove that has the lead with the bright colored gowns.

## A Woman's Consent.

Women soldiers there have been before now who won fame and honor in their day, but a woman conscript, it may be supposed, something of a novelty. She has just made an ephemeral appearance at the French village of Mazelle, in the Correze, where a young woman, named Francoise Bernard, a few days since received formal order directing her to report herself for service with the Fourteenth Infantry, stationed at Brive. Though a little surprised, Francoise consulted the village mayor, and, as he advised her to report herself, the plucky girl made no more fuss about it, but set out to do so.

At the village station she had no difficulty in getting her ticket at one-fourth the usual fare, but on reaching Brive nothing less than production of her mobilization order saved her from being arrested for fraudulent traveling. Her difficulties culminated on presenting herself at the barracks. The sergeant of the guard obstinately refused to allow her to pass inside, but having gone so far she had no mind to be balked of her uniform, and it required a long parley to persuade her to take steps with the police for having her "civil status" placed on a more accurate footing.—London Globe.

## A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

Hindu Children and Their Peculiarity of Speech.

Hindu children are not like those of the Western world. They have a singular maturity of speech, caught from their elders, and tinged by imaginative charm, and they are as quick-witted, as subtle in their judgment of character as those elders themselves. Pagal is a little boy described in Cornelia Sorabji's "Sun Babies," a book made up of delightful studies of the child life of India. The child is first introduced to the reader in the ante-chamber of the man who he hopes will become his employer, and who is magnificently referred to as the "Presence."

Pagal made a low obeisance, and then, asked to tell what he had come for, responded: "Presence, I am a man child. While my years were yet few my mother turned me adrift to earn my living. I have never gone foodless, but the work I did was the work of a child. Now that my years are many, I would do the work of a man."

His many years seemed to number about seven.

"The Presence wonders about that child work," he explained. "Two years, maybe three, have I sat at the sahib's door, being the hand to bear the note things to and fro, and much knowledge of the world have I thus gained. Now that I am come to man's estate, 'his higher work should be my portion.'"

Pagal was gently persistent, he was shrewdly diplomatic, and he got forth with a chance to pull the punka—the swinging fan—in the chambers of the potentate. He expressed his joy, and then prudence impelled him to bargain about his pay.

"Let my wages come to me," said he, "in daily coppers. It is not good for a man child to get into the claws of the money lender."

His employer hoped to make it easier for him by arranging that he should eat with the gardener, who was of the same caste, and sleep in the servants' quarters. But he would not consent.

"A man gets settled," he said, "even in his ways of eating." He could cook for himself. In the day parched rice and earthnuts would be enough to kill hunger, "and when my work is done, the evening meal is well flavored at my poor idle hands."

So he arranged a kitchen out of doors, and diplomatically asserted that he knew his employer would understand. "The Presence will say, 'Let him have as much license in these matters as the birds yonder, who live in my trees and feed all over my garden, and sleep in the boughs at night time.'"

What "Presence" could deny him?

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The true man is greater than anything he can make.

When each does his own work the work of all is done.

If you eat leaks it's hard to keep the fact from leaking out.

Some men would forget there was a God if they never had any trouble.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.—Cecil.

What is it that love does to a woman? Without it she only sleeps; with it, alone, she lives.—Ouida (Louise de la Ramee).

## Salaried Daughters.

Where there is need of her work in the home, and often help has to be hired to take her place, the daughter should be given a regular salary, approximately the equivalent of what she could earn outside after paying allowance for board, room rent and the maintenance of her wardrobe.

The salary should be at least what would have to be paid for the same work if a stranger were called in to do it, and the duties should be as distinctly defined and as promptly and efficiently performed. This is a very different thing from an allowance without definite duties.

We know of several families where this plan has worked successfully. In one instance the daughter, while unmarried, became a capable housekeeper and manager, buying all supplies and relieving both parents of care and annoyance, for which she received a housekeeper's wages at the end of every month. Another, whose mother is an invalid, gets a weekly envelope containing the same amount that would have been paid a nurse. Both these salaried daughters were happy, contented and efficient, and each had a feeling of independence and self-reliance never to be attained under the "allowance" system or the usual haphazard appeal to father for money to gratify needs or whims.—Independent.

## Fear Each New Governor.

Every time Kansas installs a new Governor about fifty convicts in the penitentiary at Lansing tremble with fear. They are men being held in prison awaiting the Governor's order to be hanged. In Kansas the Governor must sign a death warrant before a murderer can be hanged. Many years ago hanging was virtually abolished in the State by the refusal of the Governor to sign the death warrant. Life imprisonment is the extreme penalty applied, although the murderer is sentenced to