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LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

If the roads had been rough and uneven when Walter walked over them with Saranne in his arms, they were a thousand times more rough and uneven now they were in the cart, bumping along.

For the driver was anxious to get to his own cottage, and he urged the horse to make as much haste as was in the power of an animal that was by constitution a slow goer and plodder—and, consequently a philosopher.

He sitting in front on the shaft, and bumping up and down as though that were his natural way of life, did not see his passengers, but he heard them cry out to him merrily to "Stop, stop, stop."

By that time Saranne was pressed close to Walter's side—for no other reason, of course, than that if he moved away from her the billiard part of an inch something dreadful might occur.

"You really," said Walter, "for the sake of our bones, must go a little slower."

Thereafter they jogged along at a more sober pace (the driver being soothed by the promise of an extra shilling), but notwithstanding this improved mode of progression, which required to zero the chance of falling out of the cart, Saranne was still pressed close to Walter, and his arm was around her waist.

Perhaps experience had taught Walter that it was well for a man to be prepared for sudden shocks when he is riding in a rough cart over rough country roads with a pretty girl by his side.

It was a glorious sunset, and at Little Make-Believe's request the driver pulled up so that they could ascend a hill and look at it.

It was the light which had aroused Little Make-Believe. "Saranne!" said Little Make-Believe, and slightly raising herself as she spoke she saw in Saranne's hand a portrait of Walter.

"Oh, Make-Believe!" cried Saranne, quickly blowing out the candle; "how you startled me!"

"I thought there was something the matter," said Little Make-Believe presently; she spoke very quietly, "when I woke up and saw the light."

"No, there is nothing the matter. I am restless and can't sleep. What a happy day we had—what a happy, happy day!"

"Yes, dear, a happy day indeed. It is hard to remember all that occurred, it was so long and full of pleasure."

"I can remember everything—everything! I shall never, never forget it. Don't you think it was the happiest, the very happiest day you ever spent?"

"Do you think so, Saranne?" "Yes, Make-Believe."

"Then so do I. You know, Saranne, that to see you happy makes me happy, too."

bit of room in my heart for any other love than what fills it now, for you and Walter. Go to sleep, my dear, and dream of him—and of me just a little. Go to sleep, my dearest dear, go to sleep."

In the midst of her tears she softly sang an old song with which she used to lull Saranne to sleep in the days of her infancy; and before a dozen broken words were sung Saranne had sunk to slumber, with smiles on her lips and joy in her heart.

And the whole night through, while Saranne was calmly sleeping, Little Make-Believe lay awake wrestling with her agony—wrestling with it and striving to conquer it.

"They mustn't know, they mustn't know, as much as suspect,"—this was the refrain of her thoughts—"I mustn't let 'em see as I'm not the happiest of the happy. It'd spoil everything if I showed 'em what a weight there was on my heart. Serve yer right, yer little fool, for daring to think of him as anything but a friend! With your ugly face and common ways to go and love him as you've been doing, but mustn't go on doing, mind! If yer do, yer false to Saranne, and to be false to her means that you're the wickedest wretch as crawls—to think of him as you've been doing for ever so long—why, you must be stark-staring mad! It's all over now, that's one good job, and you're wide awake, and know what's afore you. Oh, my poor heart—oh, my poor heart!"

And so she mourned and grieved and reproached herself till daylight came and it was time to rise.

Saranne still slept. Very softly Little Make-Believe drew away the pillow upon which her head had been lying; it was wet with her tears; if Saranne discovered that she had been crying all the night she might think that Little Make-Believe was envious of her, or something worse, perhaps.

Not with tears, but with smiles, must she meet Saranne when she awoke.

She sat in her night dress by the side of her beautiful sister, and gazed at her.

"Wouldn't it be the best thing that could happen if I was to die?"



TALES OF ADVENTURE

THIS strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports.

The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the cod-fishers of Hammerfest and Tromsø.

And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger, and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed, but still living, shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four galloway-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hangs a pulley-block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened.

A plentiful supply of ground-bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait, that sometimes each one of these galloway-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life, all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle.

When the beans and sugar were exhausted, the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all our old garments for shelled corn and barley, until finally we had six or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon.

Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars; and a mouth-organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine," and brought splendid returns.

When we were done the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful.

At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been valueless to its white owner, and vice versa.

To the child a jumping-jack is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child.

TRANSFERRING THE FLAG. In the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, when Commodore Perry defeated the British and captured their entire fleet, the flag which Lawrence was shattered by the guns of the English, and Commodore Perry was obliged to transfer his flag to the Niagara.

From the masthead of the helpless Lawrence the big blue burgee, the white-lettered bugle-call upon an azure field, had come fluttering down. The pennant followed, but the Stars and Stripes remained. It was not then a surrender, as the enemy had thought.

What was it? The next moment furnished a reply, for out from under the lee of the battered hull darted a small boat, propelled by oars in the hands of brawny seamen, straight for the passing Niagara.

Erect in the stern stood a splendid, stalwart figure, the folds of the big blue burgee and the pennant draped over the broad shoulders, the face still calmly impassive, the eyes smoldering.



For the Younger Children...

THE WISE MAN. A man who was extremely wise said, "To-morrow the sun will rise." He said the same thing every night. And every day proved he was right.

THE SHRIKE OR BUTCHER BIRD. There is a strange little bird, about as big as a robin, which nearly every winter brings us. He is generally alone, like a tiny black and gray hawk in many of his ways, but related truly to the gentle vireos and waxwings.

"HONEST ABE." It is a significant fact that in a community where crime was virtually unknown, where plain, straightforward dealing was assumed as a matter of course, and credit was fearlessly asked and given, Lincoln won an enviable reputation for integrity and honor.

A HOME-MADE ZOO. Most small girls enjoy nothing better than a visit to the zoo. The tigers pacing restlessly back and forth with their veiled footsteps and the monkeys playing all sorts of fantastic tricks, the kangaroos and the rest, are unceasing objects of delight.

OLD-FASHIONED BEAR HUNT. The other day information was brought to the Traffic Superintendent of the Mear State Railway that bears were destroying the cocoanut trees near the fourth mile on the railway at a kampong called Parit Bakar.

FAIR EXCHANGE. Indian nature was about the same in 1876 as it was in 1804, says the author of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." In illustration of this he tells of a time when Lewis and Clark, on their journey of exploration toward the Northwest, found that their stock of merchantable property was exhausted.

BOY SAVES BANK. After fastening the doors of nearby houses by setting heavy ere-craws in the door frames and fastening the door knobs to them with ropes, eight robbers attacked the front door of the Traders' Bank of Bridgeport, a village on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, with a battering ram, early on a recent morning.

Now-and-Ready. Rhoda's father used to call her little "Now-and-Ready," because she was so fond of having up of doing things "right this very minute."

were, and shook out little Great-aunt Amy's short-sleeved sprigged muslin. Then over in a dark corner Rhoda spied a basket with a handle going over the middle like a high bridge, and a cover which opened on each side.

"It's hen eggs," said Rhoda. "No, it isn't hen eggs; it's quilt pieces. They belonged to my sister—"

"That's my Aunt Rhoda. I know her. She lives in the country, and brings sausage and apples when she comes to see us."

"Yes," said mother. "And once, a long time ago, there was to be a great fair in the town that was nearest to us. Our mother thought it would be a very nice thing for Rhoda to piece a quilt to put in the fair, while I was to bake some bread. Your poor Aunt Rhoda worked and worked; but there were so many butterflies to chase that summer, and the plum thicket was so lovely to crawl through, that somehow September came round and found the quilt just half-done. So when you were a little baby, and we began to call you Rhoda, your aunt sent you the quilt pieces, and hoped that some day you would finish the big quilt."

"To send Aunt Rhoda for a Christmas present—right now, to-day?" asked Rhoda, her fingers fairly itching to pull out all the stacks of gay colored pieces and begin at once.

But mother shook her head. "Not yet, little daughter, not yet a while," she said.

After dinner Rhoda disappeared, and mother was too busy to notice until Rhoda's father came home. Nobody knew where she was, so he started out to hunt for her.

Father was troubled, and as soon as he was troubled mother began to worry, and when mother worried Lawrence got scared, and the baby stopped laughing, and cried instead.

"I'll get the lantern," said father, and started to the attic three steps at a time, with a lighted candle in his hand.