

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XIII.

Continued. "No more than a brother ought to love a sister. Yes, he loves me as much as that, I think, but not a bit more, as I'm a living woman!" "And you don't love him?" "No," she replied firmly; she knew that if she allowed her voice to falter blood would be shed in the house that night. "Swear it," he said. "Say 'May God strike me dead if I love him!'" She repeated his words. "God strike me dead if I love him!" "I see as was the oath, Divine forgiveness was registered in its utterance."

gave me a promise that he'd live a honest life—" "And broke it." "And kept it, sir, as true as true can be! Yes, though he was that hard up sometimes that he had nothink but bread to eat, he kept his promise, and from that day to this hasn't done nothink wrong." "Make-Believe! Make-Believe!" "It's gospel truth, sir. A man as'll do that only wants a chance of doing better. You'll give yer son that chance, won't yer, sir?" "As sure as you're the best woman that treads the earth, Make-Believe, I'll give it him if he'll take it."

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

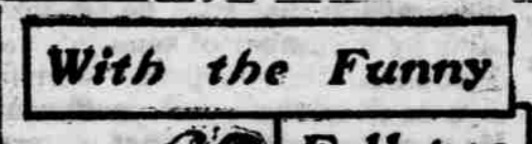
Some strange stories in the Annals of Crime. Some of the strangest stories in the annals of crime are those which tell of the part dreams have played in the discovery of criminals. One spring day in 1830 a farm laborer, when passing a lonely mountain lake in Sutherlandshire, saw in the waters a dead body, which, when rescued, proved to be that of a well-known peddler who had mysteriously vanished about a month earlier. The body bore marks of violence, the pockets were empty, and it was clear that the poor fellow had been brutally murdered and robbed—but by whom? That was a mystery which for many a week completely defied elucidation.



Trees Along the Roadways. The wise arrangement of tree growth along the lines of streets, roads and avenues is more nearly fruitful in producing financial benefit, pleasing and attractive surroundings than any other investment that can be made in the way of public improvements. On macadamizing country roads a proper location of trees protects the road from the direct rays of the sun, which dry out the plastic cushion forming the covering coat.

LIVING MONTHS IN A SECOND

How a Dream Lasting But a Few Seconds Seemed Like Months. The duration of a dream is so seldom accurately measured that a story published in the St. Louis Medical Record is worth repeating. The writer, a doctor whose name is withheld, was seized with an uncontrollable drowsiness during a call, and was struggling to keep awake when he was asked by his companion, "How long may you stay in B—?" His answer, which came promptly enough, was, "That depends on the Western Union," and catching himself, he explained that he was expecting a telegram. In fact, however, his answer related to the facts of a dream which had been sandwiched between the two parts of the sentence.



Mother Goose Modernized. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a "fresh-fruit" pie. Though his ma had read it was most ill-bred, Still he stuck in his thumb, and triumphantly said, "One can't be too careful on what one is fed; What a lucky lad am I." "Quite Different." "I thought they didn't allow babies in this apartment house." "Sh! That's the janitor's baby!" Chicago Tribune.



Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Esquimaux, who breathed the pure air of the Arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust; the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke. Professor Simon Newcomb, in his opening address before the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, dwelt upon the debt of the world to the original scientific investigators who have opened the way. They are the primary agents in the movement which has elevated man to the masterful position which he now occupies.