## LTTLE . MAKE-BELEEVE

A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

## E

 Fields.
The persons thus fastidiousis in.
clined and who tuus, metaphorically,
torn up their noses at at

 Park, to the contusion of the simple
minded cabmen (if any such exist) and



Andel tor him, and his.ambition, in a residen
tial way, did not extend beyonn it.
Thirty-trree years had passed ove Thirty-three years had passed over
bis head since, with his painted on his shop windows the
ords, "Detart, General Dealer," there
oot being room for "Thomas.
Time and dust had eaten into this Time and dust hat eaten into this
ign and quite obliterated it, as in due Dexter and quite obliterate him. him
When the painted letters of the send on his shop windows were fres
and bright Thomas Dexter, also fres nd bright, commenced business with
vactly
114
in gold, which he found, on p in an old nightcap, in a hard lum He had come home sad of face an
Heart trom the churchyard in whic biss old friend and relative lay buried.
He was not given to sentiment, but te and his father had been comrade
for many a long year, and it was naa
oral that he should feel melancholy i There was another reason for sad
berrtedness ; he had spent his last shil ing on his father's funeral.
"Tom," his father had seid to him in
his dying moments, "there's something weighing on my mind.",
"out with it father," said Thomas
"uter wit stll ease yer Dexter, "If stll ease yer." as you, my bor. Lord, don't I r



 :ill with a squall which you salooted mp $n$ and ofir, for a matter of three month,
should say. You and the old woma was laying on this very bed, in thin
Nery room. It's rum to think on, ain'
it? It was sharp work, but you




 "No, no, no! Afore that! Give a en
h leg up. What was I saying fust "That you whes born in this her
neighborbood."
"That's itthat's what's weighing o my mind! 1 was born in Clare Mar
ket., and there ain't a man, woman
child hereabouts as don't know me, an as won't know presently that 1 Mm
dead un. TTom? I shouldत' like to
taken out of the workshop in a shabb in style, old pal, and bury me wit
Yeather!"
The thing was done. The old ma
was buried with feathers, and Thoma
Dis. tion as he gared.d at the sable plumes,
emblems of trumphant woe. which nodded at him in approval of his duti
ful regarar to his fathers last wish.
In the evening he looked over the old

 mined mas sitetem. con



| MMOR EVENTSOF THEWEEK <br> WASHINGTON. <br> In the Senate the bill for the gover: ment of the Panama Canal zone, abut ishing the present commission, was passed. <br> President New York getting the sinews of wat for the revolt against Yenezueia's <br> It is alleged that Government officials lave evidence to prove that the West. ern railroads entered into a conspir: acy with the Beef Trust to shnt out |
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