

A BOOK, A PIPE, A FIRE.
 Frank L. Stanton.
 Let all the Northland breezes blow;
 I've all that I desire
 Here sheltered from the storm and
 snow—
 A book, a pipe, a fire.
 Old songs of sages—songs of lovers—
 Old friends beneath its friendly covers.
 This little room a world shall seem
 With many a merry party;
 Before a fire a man may dream,
 And toast his friends right hearty;
 Friends that wear out their welcome
 never,
 But, friends for once, are friends for
 ever!

Five Dollars.

BY ALFRED TURNER YATES.
 (Copyright, 1900, Dally Story Pub. Co.)
 When Walter McDowell had lost his
 last bet on the faro table, he pulled
 himself away from the chair. He felt
 dizzy. A sickening nausea swept over
 him; his eyes danced in his head. He
 lay down upon one of the sofas and
 asked the waiter to bring him a drink
 of brandy. He knew he could get
 that even if he had no money. He
 drank the spirits and settled his head
 back on the leather. Presently he felt
 better. Then his eyes wandered aim-
 lessly about the room; took in the ex-
 cited players, the shifting of feet;
 heard the muttered oaths of losers,
 the exclamations from winners, the
 hoarse, mechanical voices of the call-
 ers at the roulette wheels.

In this room McDowell had spent
 the best of his youthful days. He had
 forgotten duty, friends, reputation, so-
 ciety, honor. He had gambled away
 a vast estate; he had borrowed until
 there were none to lend. Now he was
 at his row's end. He had no relatives
 whom he could call upon in this hour
 of his direst want. The last penny
 was gone! The men who came in and
 went out, passed him, looked coldly
 at his prostrate form, but never said
 a word. Many of them were as help-
 less as he. The lights glared; the
 wheels of red and blue turned swiftly
 upon their axes; the clink of ivory
 rattled away. The room was filled
 with smoke; the air was foul. Pres-
 ently McDowell, overcome with fa-
 tigue, dropped asleep. At midnight
 he awoke with a start. He stared at
 the clock. Then he jumped to his feet
 and asked the waiter for another
 drink. Swallowing this, he thanked
 the servant and walked down the
 steps.

Outside the snow was falling. The
 wind blew in fitful gusts. The tink-
 ling of bells told him the electric
 cars had stopped and their places
 taken by horse, or "owl," cars. The
 cool air of the street somewhat
 braced him. He shook his head to
 drive away the clinging dizziness.
 Soon he felt revived. He walked
 onward, not knowing, nor caring,
 where. Vaguely he had in his
 mind a saloon some blocks away.
 The barkeeper had known him in
 his palmer days, and he had never
 asked him for a favor. Perhaps he
 could get enough for him to pay for
 a night's lodging. If that were de-
 nied—well, there was the river. He
 turned into a street running at right
 angles with the one he had been tra-
 versing. Almost at the corner, and
 quite hidden in a doorway, was a little
 girl, a waif, who eeked out a precarious
 existence by selling gum and matches.
 She was asleep. Her wares were scat-
 tered about her feet. The snow had
 made little mounds near her. Some-
 times a flake would fall on her face.
 But the poor child felt them not. Mc-
 Dowell halted and looked at the peace-
 ful face. A smile was on her lips.
 Around the shoulders was a thin
 shawl. She did not look cold. "Ah,"
 he thought, "if I was as contented,"
 he moved away, but before he had
 made three steps his eyes became riv-
 eted to the sidewalk. Something which
 threw back the rays of the corner
 light lay near the sleeping figure.
 Stooping down and picking up the ob-
 ject McDowell's hand trembled. It
 was a \$5 gold piece. Evidently some
 kind soul, seeing the child, had placed
 it in her lap—some of the wandering
 aim-givers whose names never get in-
 print. He, this blessed giver, had in-
 tended the money as a surprise to the
 waif. He would not awaken her, but
 when she opened her eyes to stare at
 a cold world again, the gift would be
 in her lap. For these—well, there is
 the kingdom of God.

McDowell could scarcely contain
 himself. Vague emotions went through
 his mind with the swiftness of elec-
 tricity. Would he take the money?
 The child would never know. No,
 he was not a thief—not yet. And
 when he became one, if ever, he
 would spare children and the help-
 less. He stood. He drank the spirits,
 hesitatingly. The child did not move.
 The street was perfectly still. Far away
 came voices of a drunken crowd. No one
 was watching him. He and the child
 and the money were alone in that part
 of the big city. "Yes, yes."

He almost flew back to the gambler's
 den. He laid his money down—the
 child's money—on the green table.
 The cards were shuffled and he won.
 He doubled. He let the bet lay. He
 won again. His hands shook so he
 could scarcely remove his winnings.
 He put the money down restlessly.

He scarcely lost a single wager. The
 dealer looked on with amazement,
 softly adding once in a while, "Seem-
 to be coming your way after all, Mac."
 The minutes passed into an hour.
 Still he was lucky. He threw his
 chips with a gesture of certainty and
 contempt. But all during this time
 there was a red-hot iron before his
 eyes, that and the sleeping waif he
 had robbed.

He cashed his chips. The bills were
 piled high before him. He had never
 had so much at one time in three
 years. He crammed the money in his
 pockets. To the street he ran. Out-
 side his feet moved as rapidly as the
 slippery walk would permit him. He
 turned the corner. In the distance he
 saw the child. It is wonderful the
 thoughts that can come to a mind in
 a second. McDowell moved with all
 the motion of his excited faculties.
 God bless the child! He would take
 her in his arms. He would take her
 to a convent. He would see that she
 wore beautiful clothes. He would
 wait until she was grown and he
 would marry her. Then he would tell
 her the story—tell her how he had
 robbed her one night and the theft
 had been the means of his fortune.
 He would never drink again, never
 gamble again—never, never, never!
 Now he was at her side. He picked
 her up, he put the shawl closer around
 her little body. He kissed her on the
 lips. A shiver ran through him. How
 very cold the lips were! God, could
 she—

He had moved farther down the
 street. It was dark around him. A
 light was burning at the corner and
 he hastened to it. He pressed her
 closer to his breast. Ten more
 steps and he was under the glaring
 lamp. He looked down into the face
 and saw with terror that the eye-
 lids were half open and permitted the
 eyes to show fixed and glassy stares.
 "You extravagant man!"

He put his mouth quite near hers. She
 was not breathing!

Choked with an awful anguish Mc-
 Dowell awoke. There he was on the
 sofa where he had fallen asleep two
 hours before. He arose and went to
 his rooms. The next morning he en-
 listed in the army. Last week he came
 home—back to his mother and to his
 friends. His uniform is not that of a
 man in the ranks. He is a captain,
 and with the small salary attached to
 that office he supports his mother in
 splendid style. But he does not gam-
 ble. During the Christmas holidays
 he was walking along a street which
 long before had almost been deserted.
 He was with his sweetheart. Passing
 a doorway he saw a sleeping news-
 girl and he put a gold piece in her lap.
 "You extravagant man!" exclaimed
 the woman.

But then she did not know.

ZANZIBAR IVORY.

One of the Oldest of Ivory Markets—
 Higher Prices Than on West Coast.
 Zanzibar continues to send impor-
 tant quantities of ivory to Europe. It
 is one of the oldest ivory markets and
 was formerly one of the largest, but is
 now surpassed in the quantity of ivory
 collected by Matadi on the lower Con-
 go. Elephant tusks are gathered in the
 far interior and brought to the coast
 on the backs of men. Sometimes busi-
 ness is good and sometimes it is
 poor according to whether good luck
 attends the ivory collectors. Now and
 then they are so fortunate as to come
 across some native who has a large
 quantity of ivory buried in the ground;
 then again they will find a good many
 tusks in native villages, where it is
 often used to form a part of the forti-
 fications which every village must pos-
 sess. Few animals are killed to in-
 crease the present ivory supply, but
 most of the tusks are those the natives
 have been collecting for years.

The profits of the business depend
 in part upon the ignorance of enlight-
 enment of the native seller. Not a few
 of the chiefs of east Africa are still ig-
 norant of the fact that ivory is highly
 valued by the whites. If they have not
 learned this fact they will sell their
 ivory very cheap.

The quality of the east African ivory
 is for some reason or other considered
 superior to that of the Congo or west
 coast ivory. It brings a somewhat
 higher price in the market. In order
 to indicate the place of origin the cus-
 tom house at Zanzibar affixes its stamp
 to each tusk and makes a small charge
 for thus guaranteeing to purchasers of
 the commodity is east African ivory.—
 New York Sun.

Making Cheese in Flanders.

The manufacture of cheese is one of
 Holland's staple industries, and yet the
 two Belgian provinces—East and West
 Flanders—have come to the front in
 this business recently, and even export
 some of their cheese to the Nether-
 lands. Of course the Belgian cheese
 will never be able to compete with the
 famous Holland varieties—Layden,
 Gouda and Edam. As there is practi-
 cally no duty on Belgian cheeses enter-
 ing Holland, French and Swiss cheeses
 are often sent here by way of Belgium
 to escape duty.—A. F. J. Kiehl, in Chi-
 cago Record.

Germany and France Compared.

French census figures for 1899 report
 births at 847,827, which is 10,000 less
 than the average for the past decade.
 The excess of births over deaths was
 but 21,264. M. Bertillon, in an essay on
 these figures, says grimly that France
 is in the position of a man dying under
 the influence of chloroform. Germany
 now has 55,000,000 inhabitants and
 France but 38,000,000.

THE GREEN PERIL.

**THAT STALKS IN FRANCE
 ALARMING HER LAWMAKERS.**

In the Last Six Years the Consumption
 of Absinthe Has Doubled in the French
 Nation, Says This Writer—Introduced
 as Medicine.

At last the French lawmakers have
 awakened to the green peril of France
 —the deadly absinthe, says the New
 York Press. The consumption of this
 drug has been for years the curse of the
 French people. Its effects upon the
 nervous system are such that it is
 especially harmful to an excitable peo-
 ple like the French. That it is respon-
 sible for the increase in insanity in
 France is shown by the fact that the
 growth in its consumption goes hand
 in hand with the increase of cases of
 mental derangement. Cases of insanity
 directly traceable to the use of this
 drug seldom or never recover. In large
 quantities absinthe produces epileptic
 convulsions, as has been shown by ex-
 periment, and the continued though
 moderate use of it produces symptoms
 of an epileptic character which are not
 due to the alcohol in the decoction. In
 the last six years the consumption of
 absinthe has doubled in France, the
 absinthe drinkers of that country now
 consuming, according to M. Vaillant,
 2,200,000 gallons a year. The confirmed
 absinthe drinker is nervous, irascible,
 erratic and incapable of self-control or
 of logical reasoning. He does not get
 drunk like the whisky drinker, but is
 driven to a sort of frenzy. Absinthe
 also stimulates the lowest and most
 abnormal passions. No man can re-
 main perfectly sane and be addicted to
 absinthe. The French Academy of
 Medicine and the French members of
 the Chamber of Deputies see grave dan-
 gers ahead for France if the use of the
 drug is not checked. If the increase in
 its use goes on with the same rapidity

which it has in the last four years it
 is only a question of time when France
 will become a nation of lunatics. In
 this country little absinthe is con-
 sumed. Ten years ago there was quite
 a "fad" for absinthe drinking in the
 United States, but it was of short dura-
 tion. American common sense soon
 relegate the dangerous drink to ob-
 scurity. Later it became the custom
 to say to the bartender when ordering
 a cocktail, "Just a dash of absinthe in
 it." Now the bartenders in the best
 drinking places in New York say that
 absinthe in a cocktail is seldom called
 for. Now and then a young man who
 is just "learning the ropes" of the big
 city and wants to appear "knowing"
 will call for an "absinthe frappe," or
 some old "rounder," whose flickering
 candle is almost gone out, will order
 an absinthe as a "bracer," but as a
 general drink it is seldom used here
 now. The real "rounder," the man
 who has drunk all his life and intends
 to drink for the remainder of it, es-
 chews absinthe as he would a tem-
 perance pledge. In restaurants and
 cafes frequented by foreigners one may
 occasionally see men sitting over their
 cloudy green liquor, but as a rule the
 "drip glass" remains unused behind
 the bar, and the absinthe bottle keeps
 its company. The history of the intro-
 duction of this drink into France is en-
 ous. When the French soldiers were
 sent to the Algerian war in 1847, they
 were advised to mix absinthe with the
 water they drank as a preventive
 against fever. It was as pleasant a
 tasting medicine as any man had ever
 taken, and the result was that the
 whole French army in Algiers became
 an army of absinthe drinkers. When
 the soldiers returned to France they
 brought the absinthe habit with them
 and introduced their friends to the new
 drink. The absinthe habit spread
 throughout France with remarkable
 rapidity, and has now become a great
 national evil, calling for strict legisla-
 tion if the country would save itself
 from its green peril.

**Gas Belt Being
 Exhausted.....**

**RAPID DWINDLING OF
 THE SUPPLY IN INDIANA
 CHARGED TO RECKLESS
 WASTE.**

So great have been the demands
 arising from the extensive use of nat-
 ural gas in factories, public buildings
 and dwellings of Indiana, Michigan,
 and Ohio, that the supply is rapidly
 being overdrawn and it is estimated
 that the gas belt of Indiana, where the
 product is obtained, will in two years
 at the furthest be practically exhaust-
 ed. Attention to this matter has been
 called by the statement of the Indian-
 apolis Gas company that it is unable
 to declare dividends owing to the fact
 that three-fourths of the citizens of
 Indianapolis are guilty of recklessly
 wasting and stealing gas from the com-
 pany and the answer of citizens to the
 effect that they have to resort to
 seemingly sharp practices because the
 quality of the gas is so poor that they
 cannot get light without so doing. The
 directors of the gas company allege
 that the violations of the law are not
 confined to the poor or vicious, but in-

clude city and county buildings, city
 officials, lawyers, churches, ministers
 of the gospel, physicians, architects,
 and some of the most prominent resi-
 dents and business houses in the city
 of Indianapolis.
 As described by the company, the
 method of stealing is to cut additional
 small holes in the feed pipe, without
 paying the extra charge due for the
 increased supply. Everybody, appar-
 ently, according to the company, does
 this; or, at least, it was found that out
 of 18,000 consumers, three-quarters
 were using more gas than they paid
 for. As a result, the company's earn-
 ings decreased \$110,000 a year, and the
 dividends had to be deferred.
 No gas meters have been used in In-
 dianapolis, despite the efforts of the
 company to secure their adoption, and
 there is no means of definitely deter-
 mining the amount of the product
 used by each consumer.

Spread of the Coffee Plant.

Some interesting facts regarding the
 coffee tree have been printed recently.
 The native home of this plant is said
 to be Kaffra, in southern Abyssinia. It
 was not until it had been in use for
 centuries by the Arabians that the
 plant was carried to Java. In 1706 a
 tree from Java was sent to Amster-
 dam, and when it flowered and ripened
 seeds a young seedling was present-
 ed to Louis XIV. From this plant
 seedlings were sent to Martinique, and

from these plants again seedlings were
 sent to Jamaica, Cayenne and San Do-
 mingo; while from Amsterdam plants
 were sent to Surinam. In fact, it was
 from the one plant, sent from Java in
 the beginning of the 18th century by
 Governor General Van Horn, that
 everything in the French possessions
 and West Indies sprang. In this way
 has traveled the progeny of the origi-
 nal coffee plant, introduced from Ara-
 bia at the end of the seventeenth cen-
 tury.

ABOUT EAST AFRICA.

Two Notable Facts to Which Dr. Smith
 Calls Attention.

Dr. Donaldson Smith was the first
 white man in the wide district be-
 tween Lake Rudolf in East Africa and
 the Nile. Among the most important
 of his remarks before the Royal Geo-
 graphical society were those relating to
 the meteorology of the country. He
 said there is no doubt that the desert
 conditions of the lands inland from
 the Indian ocean is the result of the
 fact that the north winds blowing over
 the mountains of Abyssinia are wrung
 perfectly dry of their moisture in cross-
 ing the mountains and then descend
 the southern slopes as dry winds.
 These breezes are the northern trade
 winds and as they cross the lofty
 mountain ranges of the Abyssinian
 highlands practically all the moisture
 in them is condensed and precipitated
 and only a pitiful drop or so is per-
 mitted to reach the more southern
 lands. So Somaliland and the low-
 lands to the south of Abyssinia are
 very dry. All the rivers and lakes
 which came under his observation this
 year were half dried up. The other
 striking fact which he mentioned is
 that the whole fauna, both birds and
 mammals, appears to change as soon
 as Lake Rudolf is passed. In other
 words of the fauna between the Indian
 ocean and Lake Rudolf and the Nile,
 Gasseltes and heartbeats were seen on
 both sides of the lake, but the varia-
 tions were different. Waller's gazelle,
 which had been a constant companion,
 was nowhere to be seen, but the oribi
 and redbuck took his place. More
 than one hundred species of birds
 were seen to the west of the lake and

were found to belong principally to
 West African types.—New York Sun.

A Musician's Pretty Compliment.

M. Bemberg, the celebrated com-
 poser, gave this week a tea party
 which was honored by the presence of
 the Grand Duke and Duchess Valdi-
 mir, of Russia. It was a great suc-
 cess and the toilets were splendid. The
 close of the evening was a tour de force
 by M. Bemberg himself. He handed a
 sheet of music paper and a hat pin to
 the grand duchess, saying: "Will
 Madame la Duchesse prick holes on
 the scale, just where and how she
 likes? I allow her four lines." The
 duchess, greatly puzzled, did as she
 was asked. Then M. Bemberg begged
 to be excused for a quarter of an hour,
 at the end of which time he came back
 and sat down before his piano. He
 had given the right values and music-
 ical punctuation to the grand duchess'
 pin-holes, and had composed an air out
 of them, which he played, and which
 proved to be well worth hearing. The
 lady at once claimed a partnership in
 the work and took the quaint score
 away with her.—London Onlooker.

Australian Dislike Bachelor Governors.

Lord Beauchamp's failure as gov-
 ernor of New South Wales is declared to
 have been due mainly to the fact that
 he was unmarried. Australians do not
 like bachelor governors, and have in
 the past so emphatically manifested
 this dislike that candidates for the po-
 sition have been known to qualify by
 getting married in a hurry. The so-
 ciety women of the colony want more
 "doings" at the capital than are easily
 obtainable with a bachelor executive;
 hence Lord Beauchamp's failure.

A CRY FOR HELP.

**Result of a Prompt Reply.—Two
 Letters from Mrs. Watson, Pub-
 lished by Special Permission.—
 For Women's Eyes Only.**

March 15, 1899.

TO MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:

"DEAR MADAM:—I am suffering from inflammation of the
 ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a
 continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free
 from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When
 I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I be-
 lieve my troubles were caused by over work and lifting some years
 ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever
 being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about
 everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they
 did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended
 to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a
 fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard
 to my case."—Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.



November 27, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to
 you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
 Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could
 walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower
 part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine
 for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times
 the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than
 two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
 Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer."
 —Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to
 advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you
 nothing.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000,
 which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters
 are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special per-
 mission.
 LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

The Bliss of Ignorance.

Among the good stories in circula-
 tion about the late Joseph Harris, the
 well known master of the city of Lon-
 don school, is one in connection with
 Lord Mayor Ouden. That worthy
 gentleman was not a Greek scholar,
 and the Greek oration or speech one
 day in Christ's hospital, to which on
 a memorable occasion, he listened,
 was not intelligible to him, save one
 word. That was "Ouden"—so pro-
 nounced—and Mr. Harris used to tell
 his friends privately how, each time it
 occurred in the Greek oration, Sir
 Thomas, fondly supposing that compli-
 ment was being paid to himself, rose
 and solemnly bowed.

Left-Handed Parties.

Left-handed parties are amusing
 some of the Chicago stay-at-homes this
 cold weather. The invitations are writ-
 ten with the left hand and the host
 greets you with the left hand instead
 of the right hand. The guests must
 draw pictures or write with their left
 hands and prizes are given for the
 best and worst efforts.

Grand Duke Does Embroidery.

The Grand Duke Hesse has a curious
 taste for a man. His royal high-
 ness is most skillful with his needle,
 and his embroidery is exceedingly
 beautiful. He takes the greatest in-
 terest in his work, and is particularly
 clever in the arrangement of colors.
 He has a very artistic nature, as he is
 devoted to music, dancing and acting,
 while he does not care much about
 more active pursuits, though he both
 shoots and rides.

A Winning Tory Argument.

The Primrose Dames of England re-
 sorted to an artful dodge on behalf of
 the Tories at the recent election. They
 flooded many constituencies with cir-
 culars that under the four years of
 Salisbury's administration there had
 been 33,836 more marriages than under
 the previous year under the liberal
 party. It is believed that the circulars
 had no inconsiderable effect on the
 campaign.

W. N. U.—OMAHA No. 4—1901



**ABSOLUTE
 SECURITY.**
 Genuine
**Carter's
 Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

W. C. Carter
 See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy
 to take as sugar.
**CARTER'S
 LITTLE
 LIVER
 PILLS.**
 FOR HEADACHE.
 FOR DIZZINESS.
 FOR BILIOUSNESS.
 FOR TORPID LIVER.
 FOR CONSTIPATION.
 FOR SALLOW SKIN.
 FOR THE COMPLEXION
 OF THE FACE.
 GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE.
 PREPARED BY
 W. C. CARTER, SMALLWOOD, N. C.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PATENTS WITHOUT FEE
 WITHOUT DELAY
 WITHOUT RISK
 DR. S. H. STEVENS & CO.,
 511-113 Street, Wash. D. C.,
 Branch office: Chicago, Cor. LaSalle and North.

**A TOUR OF THE WORLD
 BY YOUR OWN FIRESIDE**

The Stoddard Illus-
 trated Lectures A Tour
 Superb Volumes A
 5,000 Vistas.

This work has had an enormous sale;
 sold on easy payments.

Geo. L. Shuman & Co.
 313 Dearborn Street, Chicago