



Mrs. Frances M. Anderson

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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 saws 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 aimlessly about the room; took in the excited players, the shifting of feet; heard the muttered oaths of losers, the exclamations from winners, the hoarse, mechanical voices of the callers at the roulette wheels.
 In this room McDowell had spent the best of his youthful days. He had forgotten duty, friends, reputation, society, 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 helpless 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. Presently McDowell, overcome with fatigue, 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 tinkling 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 palmier 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 denied—well, there was the river. He turned into a street running at right angles with the one he had been traversing. Almost at the corner, and quite hidden in a doorway, was a little girl, a waif, who eked out a precarious existence by selling gum and matches. She was asleep. Her wares were scattered about her feet. The snow had made little mounds near her. Sometimes a flake would fall on her face. But the poor child felt them not. McDowell halted and looked at the peaceful 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 riveted to the sidewalk. Something which threw back the rays of the corner light lay near the sleeping figure. Stopping down and picking up the object 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 alms-givers whose names never get in print. He, this blessed giver, had intended 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 electricity. 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 helpless. 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 gamblers' 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 recklessly.

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. Outside 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's 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 eyelids were half open and permitted the eyes to show fixed and glassy stares. He put his mouth quite near hers. She was not breathing!

Choked with an awful anguish McDowell 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 enlisted 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 gamble. 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 newsgirl and he put a gold piece in her lap. "You extravagant man!" exclaimed the woman.

ZANZIBAR IVORY.

One of the Oldest of Ivory Markets—Higher Prices Than on West Coast.
 Zanzibar continues to send important 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 Congo. Elephant tusks are gathered in the far interior and brought to the coast on the backs of men. Sometimes business 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 fortifications which every village must possess. Few animals are killed to increase 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 enlightenment of the native seller. Not a few of the chiefs of east Africa are still ignorant 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 custom 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 Netherlands. Of course the Belgian cheese will never be able to compete with the famous Holland varieties—Leyden Gouda and Edam. As there is practically no duty on Belgian cheeses entering Holland, French and Swiss cheeses are often sent here by way of Belgium to escape duty.—A. F. J. Kiehl, in Chicago Record.

Germany and France Compared.
 French census figures for 1899 report births as 347,627, which is 10,000 less than the average for the past decade. The excess of births over deaths was but 31,394. M. Bertillon, in an essay of these figures, says grimly that France is in the position of a man dying under the influence of chloroform. German now has 55,000,000 inhabitants and France but 38,000,000.

Imitated His Mother.
 As the child is so the man is a statement that has proved its truth, and as the man is so is the child, is just as true. This was amply proved yesterday when a little tacker followed his mother in Grand avenue and in other ways. He was just at that size when he is really too small to wear trousers, but just the same has them on, a real cute little fellow as the girls say cute. And he wore over his tiny trousers a long cloak that brushed his shoe tops. Now, the weather, as may be remembered, was sloppy, so his mother, after the manner of her kind, gathered her skirts up at the two sides with her two hands, and what must the diminutive specimen at her side do but gather his cloak up at the two sides with his two hands and step along over the sloppy walk, "just like mamma." And the crowd smiled.—Milwaukee Journal.

One of the things that appear to have been settled by the Boer war is the disappearance from the British army of the organization known as the army corps. It is stated authoritatively that the division is the largest tactical unit that can be conveniently employed in the field. The army corps sent to South Africa went to pieces immediately after it landed, and all subsequent reinforcements went out as divisions, and Lord Roberts worked with the divisional unit throughout.

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