

# DREYFUS WILL GET A SHOW OF MERCY PENDING THE REVISION.

## This Was His Good Fortune Early in His Confinement, But Later the Screws Were Applied How He Lives.

Alfred Dreyfus, in his prison on the Ile du Diable, is at last to "benefit by a regime of favor" pending the investigation of his case. This news comes to the French public at the same time with the first truthful details of what the old regime has been. And these details present an ensemble as mysterious as any other part of the mysterious affair. Since the beginning of 1897 Dreyfus has been in solitary confinement, without a view of either land or sea. He has even been in irons. The government has furnished him only with rations of goat's milk and bread. And, though the Dreyfus family is allowed to send him stipulated monthly sums for extra food and other comforts in a tropical climate, the great mass of this money has accumulated—unused—to the amount of \$1,400.

One of the most curious documents that has come to light is a page from the account book of the firm at Cayenne from whom all the monthly purchases of Dreyfus are effected. When it is remembered that his only rations are goat's milk and bread, this meagre list of thirty days' provisions is eloquent of an economy that can scarcely be voluntary; and it presents vividly the dilemma of a refined man forced to make choice between health, cleanliness, comfort—and nourishment.

One litre of wood alcohol, for cooking; two bottles of orange flower water, three pots of preserved butter, two pounds of chocolate, two boxes of cheese, six bottles of soda water, two bottles of mineral water, six pairs of socks, two pounds of tobacco, fifty cigars, one wooden pipe, two large boxes of matches, one large package of writing paper, two packages of candles, one bottle of granulated kola, ten pounds of soap, two pairs of white cotton trousers and six white handkerchiefs.

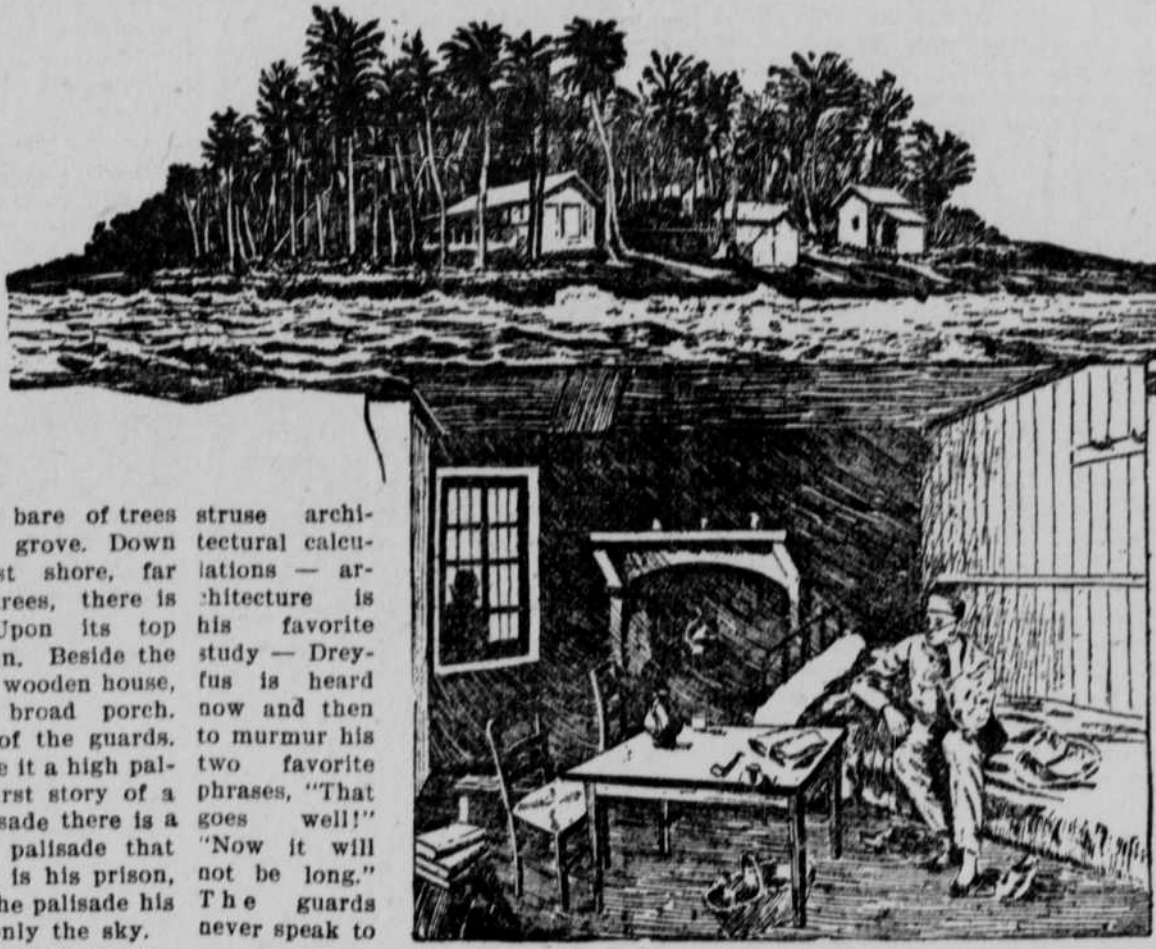
Other months showed orders for canned meats and vegetables. Excepting always the goat's milk and bread, the prisoner has lived on these canned goods since early in 1897, when his mysterious close confinement was begun. He might buy fresh meat and vegetables; but it is said he will not cook them. Between Dreyfus and the directeur of the administration pen-

tentiaire there has been a silent struggle going on, a struggle in which Dreyfus always gets the worst of it.

Seven miles out in the ocean, twenty-seven miles north-west of Cayenne, lie the three Salvation islands, side by side, and separated only by two narrow channels. The Ile Royale, almost a mile long, contains a little colony of convicts. The Ile Saint Joseph contains some stores and a small station. Between them lies the Ile du Diable, inhabited by only Dreyfus and his guards. It is a sun-blasted little island, bare of trees except for one small grove. Down on its lowest, barest shore, far from the grove of trees, there is a wooden tower. Upon its top there is a Hotchkiss gun. Beside the wooden tower there is a wooden house, surrounded by a high, broad porch. This is the habitation of the guards. Then there is seen beside it a high palisade, as high as the first story of a house. Within the palisade there is a hut. It is within the palisade that Dreyfus lives. The hut is his prison, and the ground within the palisade his prison yard. He sees only the sky.

The palisade, the hut, the house, the porch and tower have all been photographed; and a traveler, who got his information at the Ile Royale itself, has told the daily life that Dreyfus leads. At 6 a. m. one of the guards unlocks the m. door, and the prisoner may walk into his yard. He takes the air. He looks up at the sky. And then he walks. From 11 a. m. till noon he is locked up again. It is his lunch hour. From noon till 5 p. m. he may walk in his yard again. He takes the air. He looks up at the sky. And then he walks. And then he is locked up in the hut again till next morning. Within the hut he has his room to clean, his

bed to make, his dishes to keep clean, his daily cooking to be done, his books to read, his writing paper and his pencils. Occupied hour after hour in ab-



DEVIL'S ISLAND, WHERE DREYFUS IS IMPRISONED. (The structure to the left is a guardhouse, the one in the center a storehouse, and the one on the right is occupied by the famous prisoner. The interior scene shows Dreyfus watched by a sentry.)

him. He never speaks to them. He has refused to have any word with the penitentiary administrator. Nor would he reply to the governor of Guiana when he came to see him.

It was not always thus. During the first two years of his life on the sun-baked little island, Dreyfus enjoyed what M. Roberdeau, the governor, has called a bien-etre relatif—"a relative well-being." He then inhabited a cabin, in which he had kept a herd of goats, a little cabin on a bluff, beside the only grove of trees. His guards lived in a larger building that had been a barn. At night they locked him in. By day he roamed about, collecting bugs and seaweed in the cool hours, reading and writing in his grove when it was hot. He had his food from the canteen of the Ile Royale. "During these first two years," the governor himself is credited with having said, in a moment of indiscretion, "the prisoner was permitted liberties so difficult to explain that they might well authorize certain suppositions. It would be curious to seek along this line—as a psychologist." Guarded by men of experience, owing no allegiance to the authorities at Cayenne and acting under direct instructions from Paris, Dreyfus, nevertheless, was allowed to roam about the island as he pleased, continually tempted to engage in plans for an escape. At low tide the rocky shore of the Ile du Diable is separated from that of the Ile Royale by less than one hundred yards of channel. Across it Dreyfus often talked with individuals from Cayenne. He consistently refused their offers of assistance. Did he fear a trap? Did Dreyfus fear he would be shot escaping? Or, conscious of his innocence, had he resolved to wait in patience? It is the common talk at Cayenne, among a pop-



SCENE WHEN DREYFUS WAS AT LIBERTY TO ROAM ABOUT ISLAND.

### THE DOWNWARD MOVE.

Latin Race Is Utterly Incapable of Good Self-Government.

The Latin race, if it could live without politics, might be the happiest and most prosperous in Europe, says the National Review. It occupies the most fertile of European territories. It is blessed with the largest share of sunshine and can raise the most remunerative crops; the people are born cultivators, hard-working, frugal and provident. The fundamental flaw in their character is their incapacity for self-government. They can neither govern wisely, systematically nor economically. Whatever their private gifts may be—and they have many—the public service derives little benefit from them. As soon as they touch politics their best qualities appear to desert them and the worst come to the surface. Not only do they govern themselves badly, but they pay the highest price for the poorest article. Bad finance is an invariable accompaniment of bad administration. Good budgets are almost unknown in Latin states. In contrast to Anglo-Saxon states, they distinguish themselves by chronic deficits, abnormally large public debts and heavy taxation. Spain was so weighed down by the financial burdens which had been accumulating on her head for generations that she collapsed at the first shock of a solvent, well-equipped state. In return for years of military expenditure and national sacrifice she got nothing but hopeless failure and inevitable defeat. Her preparations for war were almost as miserable a farce as the painted monsters with which the Chinese thought to frighten the despised Japanese. Spanish politicians and generals never real-

ized how indispensable honest finance is to the well-being of a state, and, above all, to its military strength. At the supreme moment it was entirely wanting—it had disappeared years before—and, failing it, nothing could avert the subsequent tragedy.

### An Old Family Relic.

Mr. William Lehr, of Hanwell settlement, York county, N. B., has in his possession a very valuable family relic. It is a sword used by his grandfather, Maj. Peter Lehr, and presented to him for bravery by Gen. Washington after one of the great battles in the war of independence. Lehr enlisted as a private, and during the fight referred to was badly wounded in the head. The general came along and told him to go to the rear, where he could get medical attendance. He replied: "No, sir, not as long as I can handle this musket." This act pleased the commander so much that when the troops were drawn up after the fray he presented him with a major's commission and this sword. The major was a German by birth, and landed in America about the year 1774. After the close of the war he settled at Waldboro, Me.

### Russian Ice-Rams.

Experiments last winter proved that the ice-bound harbor of Vladivostok can be kept open by means of a powerful steam ram. The port of Hango in Finland was kept open in the same manner, and Admiral Makarof, of the Russian navy, believes that similar rams could maintain an open channel all winter between the port of St. Petersburg and the Baltic sea.

### RATS MAKE EXCHANGES.

The Little Fellows Leave Something When They Remove an Article.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer: Of all curious animals which man has come across and studied, probably none can compare with a kind of rat found in the Rocky Mountains. Though for a long time well known to trappers and lumbermen, it is only lately that any naturalist has studied these peculiar little beasts. Although called a rat, this little animal is larger than an ordinary rat, with a body eight inches long. It is a very pretty creature, with soft gray fur and a squirrel-like tail, easily tamed and a delightful pet. The trappers long ago gave it the name of the "trading rat," from its curious habit of never stealing anything without putting something in its place. Two young women camping in the highlands of Wyoming left the lid of their cracker box off one night. In the morning all the biscuits were gone and the box filled with an indescribable mixture of chips, scraps of leather, sticks, bones, dried beans, in fact, everything movable near at hand. The trading rat builds a very beautiful nest, sometimes two feet in height, and is very clever at storing food. It has a violent fancy for anything of a bright red hue.

### A Drawback.

"My boy," said the man of ideal temperament, "if you want to become a master of your profession you must study; study day and night." "Yes," replied the energetic youth, "and while I'm away off in a corner studying, some other man will be hustling around getting all the business."—Washington Star.

ulation more in sympathy with the convicts than their jailers that he might easily have been rescued any time within the first two years. "If he only would!" is the continued phrase which travelers hear in wine-shop conversations, now that the revision has unsealed men's lips. "If he had given a mullon, he could have been rescued at any time!" The million and the rescue are synonymous.

Earning Man's Wages.

The fact that others shirk is a poor reason for neglect to earn one's wages. The Young People's Weekly prints the

### AUTUMN THE MORAL SEASON.

What Ella Wheeler Wilcox Has to Say About It.

Of the four seasons of the year the autumn seems the distinctly moral one, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York Evening World. Spring is amorous and frolicsome; summer sensuous and selfish; the winter wild and wicked. But the autumn is grave and introspective. It is like some serious saint, who looks with sad, reproving eyes on the conduct of two siren sisters and a reckless brother. But for the autumn the year might blush for the influence of his children on the human family, but that good sister of charity brings us all to our sober senses and compels us to confess our sins to our own souls. The autumnal season is calculated to sadden the thoughts of the gayest being and to give a serious tinge to the most frivolous mind. It is the season of partings and of changes; of retreating bloom and beauty and advancing frosts and snows. The ephemeral nature of pleasure forces itself upon us whether we will or no, as we hang away our summer clothing redolent with the memories of vanished August afternoons and moon-washed nights. We recall the anticipations which were packed into our trunks with those garments when they were new, and the long, golden summer days which stretched before us. Now the summer is over, and its experiences, sweet or sad, are hung away in time's corridors. Seen in perspective, the summer seemed long; but from the retrospective view it has been brief indeed. To the very young, life is like a long, golden summer, but those who have passed its noon mark realize its brevity. Always at this time of the year there are certain facts which must force themselves upon the most phlegmatic mind and penetrate the dullest perception. Foremost of these facts is the consciousness of the utter folly of pursuing pleasure through selfish paths. The man or woman who obtained a summer's amusement at the cost of another's comfort or happiness and at the sacrifice of his or her own duty must hear the voice of conscience in the wall of the autumn wind and find a symbol of dead gayeties in the dried leaves under foot. People who have ridden roughshod over the rights of others and pushed principles aside like straws in their pursuit of pleasure must be asking their own hearts at this time of year the sad question: "Was it worth while?" There are certain old platitudes which we may ridicule as time-worn and out of date at every other season of the year, but which come home to us as eternal truths in the autumn twilight. We realize that nothing pays in life which takes us outside of the direct path of duty, and that any word or act of ours which harms or hurts another human being is an injury to our own highest interests. It is on the first chilly autumn nights, when in the small hours we draw an extra cover over the couch, that we lie awake with sorrow in our hearts for all earth's suffering poor, and resolve that we will do more for others and less for self in days to come. And in the autumn more than during any other season of the year do we appreciate the real blessing of life, home and human love and tender ties. Yes, surely autumn is the moral season.

### DIPLOMATIC REPARTEE.

How a Former French Ambassador in Berlin Retaliated.

When the Duc de Guynes represented France at the court of Frederick the Great in Prussia he made a thorough study of the Prussian army against the wishes of the Prussian officers. Their hints to that effect did not dissuade the French ambassador, so they got a little satisfaction by having his letters opened and copied in the Prussian post-office. The Duc de Guynes soon discovered these tactics and posted his next letter twelve hours before the time the mail for Paris closed. Accompanying it was the following memorandum: "I am sending the annexed dispatch to the post at 7 o'clock in the morning, instead of waiting until the usual time of departure, 7 o'clock in the evening, so as to give the director of the Berlin postoffice time to copy it and still send it on this evening. I take this course because the dispatch is very urgent and important, and I would consequently be much annoyed if it were kept over until the following mail, as has been done on several previous occasions." His departure from Berlin, which occurred shortly after that, was not mourned deeply.

### A Curious Ballot Law.

In the northwest territories there is a curious ballot law. There is only one space for marking, and the character of the vote is determined by the color of the X, each candidate having his own color. Colored pencils are supplied to the voter. It does not work very well in practice. In one constituency, at the recent election, a candidate who was reported elected by a large majority lost his seat on a recount, when it appeared that, by lamplight, the returning officer had not been able to distinguish between green and blue marks, and had thus "counted in" the minority candidate.

### He Ought to Know.

"In our passenger traffic," observed the railway magnate, "it has been my observation that only the middle class actually pays." "How do you figure that out?" asked the interviewer. "It's simple enough," was the reply. "When a man's very poor he can't afford to buy a ticket and when he's very rich he travels on a pass."

There are now 20,000 Indians in school outside the five civilized tribes.

Prof. Gassl's discovery that the Roman malaria is spread by a particular species of gnats has been verified in a curious manner at the Santo Spirito hospital in Rome. All attempts to communicate the disease to animals had failed when a patient in the hospital volunteered to have the experiment tried on himself. He was exposed to the gnats, developed the fever, his blood showing malaria bacilli, and was then treated with quinine. The doctors think that they are now in a way to discover a serum that will render people immune to the malaria.

### More Equipment for Baltimore & Ohio.

The improvements that have been made on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad during the past two years have rendered it possible to operate cars of a heavier capacity than have been in use in the past and the receivers have just ordered from the Schoen Pressed Steel Company of Pittsburgh 1,000 steel coal cars of a capacity of 100,000 pounds each. These cars will be used for the seaboard trade and are expected to be in service during the early part of 1899. In addition to these cars the receivers have also ordered from the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works 50 more of the consolidated locomotives with 22x28 inch cylinders.

A hypocrite makes more trouble in the world than a fool.—Aitchison Globe.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Traub, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinnes & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Why does inconstant man accuse woman of inconstancy?

### Revising the Patent Law.

The commissioners appointed to revise the laws relating to patents, trademarks and commercial names had a final meeting November 22. Prominent members of the Patent Law association (among them ex-Commissioner Doolittle and ex-Chief Clerk Rogers) expressed themselves in favor of abolishing the Caveat system. We have advised our clients for 20 years to file incomplete applications in lieu of Caveats, and were the pioneers of such practice, and upon appeal won a decision in favor of the practice.

In the list of United States Patents issued this week are the following for which we prepared the applications: To S. H. Plumberg of Leland, Iowa, for an adjustable wagon and hay rack. To W. Z. Marsh of Brooks, Iowa, for vehicle axle, lubricator and sand band combined. To B. C. Armstrong of Burlington for the simplest and most practical wagon tongue support known to us. To J. F. Hand of Des Moines for an apparatus for purifying water. Consultation and advice free to inventors.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO., Solicitors of Patents. Des Moines, Dec. 17, 1898.

Don't rush out of single blisters into double blisters.

### MANITOBA'S CAPACITY.

Enough Wheat to Supply Britain All She Requires from Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 10.—The "World" comments on the report of the United Empire trade league on the capacity of Canada as a granary for Britain. The report refers to Manitoba as follows: Manitoba has an area of forty-seven millions acres. Deducting ten million for lakes, rivers, town sites and waste land, 37,000,000 acres are left for farm cultivation, or homes for 116,000 families on 320 acres each, and as up to now there are only 27,000 farmers there altogether, that leaves room in one province for 89,000 more wheat growers. Supposing, then, we got them there and each one of them out of his 320 acres grow on an average 100 acres at 20 bushels to the acre; if you figure it up you will find it is quite possible for Manitoba alone to supply us with all the wheat we require from abroad. It is only a question of money and comparatively speaking not money either. The cost of one first-class battleship (about £750,000) would put 5,000 families onto farms in the Northwest, allowing £150 to each to find them in implements, seeds, horses, etc., and would keep them until their first crop was harvested. Five thousand farmers, averaging 100 acres of wheat each at 20 bushels to the acre, means an extra 10,000,000 bushels, for if that scheme is not liked Britain would put a duty on foreign wheat. In addition to the wheat lands of Manitoba there are the millions of acres in Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Don't expect too much of the man who is wearing his first home made shirt.

## The Good

It will do you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla beyond estimation. It will give you warm, rich, nourishing blood, strengthen your nerves, tone your stomach, create an appetite, and make you feel better in every way. It is a wonderful invigorator of the system and wards off colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip. The best winter medicine is

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