

DREYFUS CASE AGAIN.

REMARKABLE FRENCH MILITARY TRIAL TO BE REOPENED.

Expected That the Third Hearing Will Result in Clearing the Officer of Charges of Selling Army Secrets.

Facts unknown at the last military trial of Capt. Albert Dreyfus have been brought to the attention of the supreme court of appeals of France and caused that tribunal to reopen the case which gained such world-wide notoriety, and has dragged through the military courts of France twice already. And thus at last the truth regarding the famous case may be made public, and the name of the victim of the most remarkable military conspiracy in the annals of history cleared.

In the summer of 1894, when Gen. Mercier was minister of war, a member of the French "Contre-Espionage" was caught near the German frontier and released by the minister's order. Mercier thereby incurred the strong opposition of the liberal press, and in order to stop the further cries that he was in the habit of freeing traitors he seized upon the opportunity which presented itself when a bordereau or list enumerating articles that had been transmitted to a foreign power was intercepted and brought to him. The character of the contents showed that the writer was a treasonable member of the French general staff.

Mercier called to his aid one Du Paty de Clam and ordered him to find the author of the bordereau among the officers of the various bureaus. The handwriting of an Alsatian Jew, Capt. Dreyfus, resembled that in the bordereau, and after a sensational trial, in which prejudice and perjury had almost complete sway, Dreyfus was convicted and sentenced to death—a sentence later changed to imprisonment on Devil's Island for life.

All this occurred in December, 1894, and January, 1895. In 1898-99 the supreme court of appeals decided that Capt. Dreyfus might be sent before the Rennes court martial and tried on the charge of having transmitted to a foreign power certain documents mentioned in the overwhelming evidence had shown had been written by another man, now known as the notorious Esterhazy.

Again the Rennes court-martial found Dreyfus guilty of high treason, but "with extenuating circumstances," and later, in spite of many of Dreyfus' defenders, who wanted to make his case a national issue, this man,

who had already suffered untold mental and physical agonies, accepted the government pardon offered.

And now after seven years of weary waiting, the name of Capt. Dreyfus is to be cleared. Certain new facts have been presented to the supreme court of appeal bearing on his case, as follows:

(1) The "petit bleu" (city tube telegram) sent by Col. Panizzardi to Col. von Schwarzkoppen about the transport of troops on the Eastern railway in the event of mobilization was not written in 1894, as was believed when Dreyfus was tried at Rennes, but in the year following, when he was at Devil's Island; (2) At Rennes Dreyfus was thought to have communicated a



CAPT. ALBERT DREYFUS.

note on the different artillery regiments to the German government, as it was supposed to have disappeared from the bureau where he was working. Now this very note has been since found at the war office. (3) The fact that the initial "D" occurred in another "petit bleu" exchanged between the German and Italian military attaches was regarded as proof against Dreyfus. It has since been ascertained that the original initial was scratched out and replaced by the letter "D." (4) It has also been found that several documents in favor of Dreyfus were not submitted to the officers who tried him at Rennes. (5) Since 1899 a document has been discovered which shows that Dreyfus never made an avowal of guilt. (6) It is alleged that there is evidence of one false witness at the Rennes trial. The supreme court will therefore officially proclaim ex-Capt. Dreyfus to be innocent, and will restore to him his civil rights. It will remain for an assize court to fix the damages.

FARMER'S FRIENDS.

BIRDS WHICH AID IN DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.

Occasional Instances Where Owls or Hawks Gain Appetite for Barnyard Fowls Should Not Condemn the Species.

That there is individual variation in animals is becoming much more commonly recognized than it used to be. President Roosevelt has called emphatic notice to this tendency to individual variation of habit among the wild things—the big game—that he has taken most interest in shooting. It is a variation which seems to be independent of circumstances, and to be determined by the character of the individual. A little reflection will show that there would be some such variation that there would not. We all recognize a difference of disposition in men and in women; we recognize a difference in character in our dogs, horses and other domestic animals. There is reason to think that in the natural state these differences would be apt to be greater rather than less; yet the writers of books on natural history and on sport, and those who have received in simple faith what they have written, have been very prone to an over-hasty generalization, to argue from a single instance, or from too few instances, as to the general habits of a species, and on this inadequate evidence to convict or to condemn, as the case may be, the whole class.



THE OWL NO EVIL DOER.

This is a risk that is specially apt to happen with the animals that have recently, and with some difficulty, been rescued from the black list. The time has gone by, in the more enlightened places, when every hawk and every owl are shot down. That which used to be the rare exception has become the rule, and owl and hawk are spared. It is excellently well that it should be so. Not only are these two birds beautiful and harmless, but both species, generally speaking, are actively useful, doing much good to the farmer by eating insects and small rodents, and some little good to the game-preserver by the destruction of immature rats. But though this is the rule of these species, and their general habit, there are individual exceptions which are very apt to lead to a mischievous misjudgment if it is not clearly understood that such cases are the exceptional ones. Now and then an owl, forsaking the usual harmless and valuable habits of its kind, will sometimes form a personal habit, all its own, of visiting not only coops, but also dovecotes, and preying on any unprotected young thing which it may find not sufficiently far grown to protect itself. It is perhaps difficult to say whether a bird ever breaks a habit so formed, or whether the habit endures for a season only; but it seems more likely that such a habit, once formed, would become permanent. We may perhaps even say that there is a reasonable risk of its being transmitted, by example and by the taste for a delicacy once acquired, to the young of a bird thus individually differing from the type of its kind. There is virtually no doubt of the truth of the fact that these birds do learn to prey in this way on the young of other birds. The writer is not able to speak of his personal experience to its truth, but has been informed of its truth by those who have first-hand experience of it, and whose testimony is not to be doubted.

The great trouble is that the person who falls in with an exceptional case of the kind can hardly, by the most artful persuasion, be convinced that it is really exceptional, and not the common habit of the species. Perhaps the best way to convince him would be to insist upon his making a note of the contents of the crop of every bird of the verminous kind which he kills. If this were done all over the country, we should very quickly have a great addition to our knowledge, and we should find local variations of habit probably much more important than we suppose.

SURGEON MAKES NEW HEAD.

Cuts Part of Man's Brain Away and Patches Up Fractured Skull.

Paris.—Dr. Bequaenot of Neuilly has performed a remarkable operation, with results that seem almost miraculous. A motor car ran into a cyclist, who was pitched to a distance of 100 feet. The unfortunate man was found literally planted head foremost in the earth. His head had penetrated several inches into the ground and was "rightfully" crushed. The bones of the skull were broken into bits and the cerebral matter had escaped in several places.

The man was not dead, but seemed done for. However, he was put under surgical care at once and an apparently impossible operation was attempted. The brain was forced back into the skull, except the wounded portions, which were cut away, and the multiple fractures of the bone were

set. Now the man is perfectly well, physically and mentally.

The doctor says that the patient's brain has apparently not in the least suffered from the strange vicissitudes through which it passed or from the loss of the portions which were cut away. At first, after his recovery, the man had a few lapses of memory, and for a time could not remember his name. Now his mental powers have become entirely normal again. Presumably, the diminished brain has adapted itself to altered circumstances by a redistribution of labor among the cells. Anyhow, the cyclist has had sufficient mental grasp to bring a vigorous action for damages against the motorist.

Notes and Beams.
Knicker—People who live in glass houses—
Becker—Seldom have a mirror in their eyes.—N. Y. Sun.

BY AID OF MORPHEUS

By MARVIN DANA

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Sitting over their coffee in the evening, the various members of the coaching party were detailing impressions from the day's trip.

By common consent the others paused when Madam la Baronne de Vaux began to speak. The dainty Frenchwoman was a favorite with all, and she was usually sure of listeners to whatever she chose to say.

"Ah, that little village all of wood, with its wooden church! But in France it had been all of brick and stone. Yet it was like—oh, so very like—a tiny place quite near our chateau. And it was there that something happened once, something droll, and sweet."

Madam la Baronne paused and smiled, and the sweetness in her face deepened, and the drollness flashed in her black eyes.

"Tell us, please tell us, madam," the others clamored.

"Surely," the baroness replied. "There was a dear old boy lived in the village, and, too, a dear old lady. He was an old bachelor, and she was an old maid. Once, years and years and years ago, she and he had been sweethearts. Somehow they could not, or would not, marry. He went away for years, while she remained in the village always. Then at last he came back, and they were good friends. They were too old to marry, or so they thought. But every evening he called on her, and they sat and chatted on the veranda when the season was right, and at other times they sat in two great chairs before the little fire in the little parlor of her cottage."

"One winter's night, when the air was most biting and their old blood chilled by the frost of it, they sat cozily in the parlor, as always, and the old gentleman, I suppose, was very busy to heap the tiny fire high and to keep the blaze brisk, so that they sat snugly in their huge chairs and basked in the warm glow, and chatted lazily and drowsily of the past days, when love was hot in their young hearts."

Madam la Baronne broke off and ran her merry eyes over the group about her.

"Have none of you read the tale?" she questioned. "No? Well, there is little more. Indeed, I have only to finish now. In the morning, when the bonne entered the parlor to dust it and put things straight, she found the dear old gentleman and the dear old lady in their great chairs before the dying fire in the tiny grate, and they were—sound asleep!"

The baroness smiled, and laughter ran in the circle around her.

"They were married as quickly as the law would allow. Otherwise there must have been a whisper of scandal. And, oh, I am sure that they lived happy ever after; yes, even as happy as before!"

The group chattered merrily over the narrative and thanked the raconteuse with enthusiasm.

"And now let us have some music," the baroness suggested, and turned to a patriotic American. "Of course, that means you, Mr. Blennen."

Blennen's dark, thin face lighted with a pleasant smile, and he nodded an assent to the general demand, but before he rose from his chair his eyes wandered toward a woman at a little distance from him and there they rested with a suggestion of expectation in their gaze. Almost instantly the woman turned to meet his look, and she spoke eagerly:

"Oh, please, Mr. Blennen."

"A: the words a glow of pleasure shone from the musician's face, and he hastened toward the piano.

The early summer night of the Hudson valley was soft, languorous, silent, save for the restful droning of the insects. Through the open windows of the great drawing-room came the luxurious mingles, perfumes of many blossoms. It was a night and a company for music. For Blennen, though the inheritor of a princely fortune, was a master of music.

When he had finished, and the crowd of enthusiasts at last allowed him to break from their compliments, he went to her.

She made place beside her, and flashed a glance of fond pride upon him.

"It was wonderful, wonderful!" she tried, softly. "Your genius, Vance, is so true—so splendidly true! Ah, when I listened to you, my soul went floating in a magic land of harmony. I—" She broke off abruptly. Then, with hardly a second's pause, she continued, saying:

"I should never mind my insomnia, if I could lie and hear you playing."

"Poor child! you don't show any sign of it. You are so fresh and dainty, as lovely and superb as ever—more beautiful in my eyes, Grace."

The woman blushed and dropped her gaze in confusion at the passion in his voice. Her silence emboldened him, and he continued in an eager whisper:

"Tell me, Grace, is not my happiness coming to me soon—soon?"

But the woman raised her hand appealingly, whilst she avoided the longing eyes:

"Don't, Vance. No, no, not yet. I am afraid."

The emotion in her voice checked him from another plea, and the anguish of despair gripped his heart.

Blennen, alone in his room that night, reviewed the situation. He was confronted by the vital fact that he loved Mrs. Morse with all his love, but that the happy issue of this love was of the utmost uncertainty. For fate made him the scapegoat of another man's sin.

Mr. Morse had been a suave villain, of exceptional personal charm when he so willed, a hypocrite, a debauchee, a brute. He had treated his wife with exquisite courtesy in the presence of others; but, alone with her, he had outraged her every instinct, had beaten and bruised her flesh and scourged her soul. His death had come as a blessed release from the tortures her gaze in confusion at the passion in his voice. Her silence emboldened him, and he continued in an eager whisper:

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husband had been, so any other might be.

To-night, as Blennen reviewed the words she had spoken to him, he felt a swift indignation that she must still suffer physically, as her insomnia testified she did.

"No wonder she broods, if she can't sleep nights," he muttered angrily.

"What chance can I have?"

"After a long silence, he spoke again, and now very tenderly:

"If I could only play to her, for her rest the night through!"

He went to the window and stood looking out at the glory of the river and the night. The spirit of the scene crept to his ear and whispered her name, and the memory of her and the desire of her filled his soul.

One day the whole party sailed up the river, and made a mountaineering expedition into the Catskills. They did not return until nightfall; and they were hungry and weary. After dinner the company was listless and drowsy; very early, one after another, they began to struggle off to bed.

Blennen came to Mrs. Morse.

"I'm not the least bit sleepy," he said to her, so low that no one could overhear. "And I'm not tired. Of course, you're not sleepy yet; and, even if you were, I suppose you wouldn't dare to risk a night's sleeplessness by going to bed so early. So come into the library with me, and I'll play you Chopin for a while. Will you? Do!"

"It will rest me and soothe me," she said. "I am so glad you thought of it!"

The great drawing-room was almost deserted as the two passed out into



SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP.

the hall, and on to the library, which stood somewhat apart in a wing. This room was sacred to the master of the house; guests rarely intruded unless by particular invitation. When he had established her comfortably, Blennen turned away without a word and seated himself at the piano.

A few dying notes, then silence. The shaded light of the electric bulb still shone softly, but the moonlight had long danced from the waves. In its stead, the mist over the river was purpling warm with the summer dawn.

Blennen moved softly to the window and stood looking down on the woman. She gave no heed to his presence. The dark lashes swept her cheek, her breath rhythmed gently, she was nestled luxuriously amid the cushions—she was fast asleep!

Suddenly, she opened her eyes and stared into his face with the bewilderment of a drowsy child.

"Why, good heavens, there must be a fire," she exclaimed. "See how light it is!"

Blennen looked obediently.

"So it is," he agreed.

"It isn't light," she cried, "not daylight! It can't be!"

"I rather suspect it is, though," Blennen said, quietly.

"And do you mean to say that I've been right here in this chair since eleven o'clock last night? Sound asleep for hours?" she asked, with amazement that was almost awe.

"I'm afraid you have been," Blennen affirmed, apologetically.

But the widow was far from indignation at this moment.

"Bless me," she exclaimed, rapturously, "it's a miracle! I—asleep for hours! I can't believe it. You are a magician, Vance."

Blennen seized his opportunity, boldly:

"Marry me, and I'll play you to sleep any night you wish."

Instantly, the woman of the world awoke to her knowledge of conventions. Her eyes dilated a little, and for a minute there was silence. Then she turned to him with a face that was glowing:

"Yes, I will marry you now. Something, the fear has passed!"

"Aye, her nerves are the better for just these few hours of real sleep," Blennen thought; but he had the wisdom not to speak aloud.

"But such a scandal!" the widow whispered as she drew her lips from Blennen's.

"Pooh! no one can know! And if they do—"

"And if they do—they will laugh!" "Yes, they will laugh, as they did at madame's story."

EARNING HIS MONEY.

Pocket—So your sister keeps you in pocket-money?

Boy—Yes.

Man—What do you do for it?

Boy—Oh, I have to yawn when some one comes she don't want to see (Yawns).—Ally Sloper.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills, Not a Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and all the time I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells and my worst sufferings were from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a pea. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman's idea of a stingy man is one who never pays her compliments.

The competitive system may cause a great deal of waste, but it develops many fine human qualities.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Thin. Boarding House Keeper—Will you have soup to-night?

Lodger—No, thanks. I'm off the water wagon.—Smart Set.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Up to Her. "I hear you are contemplating matrimony, old man," said Green. "How about it?"

"It's a fact," replied Brown, "but the outcome of my contemplation depends on the widow's might."

"How's that?" queried Green.

"She might decide to marry me, and then on the other hand she might not," answered Brown.—Chicago Daily News.

TRADE AND TRAFFIC. The trade of Chili is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans.

France imported \$300,000 worth of apples from Canada last summer and fall.

In 1904 Denmark sent to England over \$5,000,000 of butter, valued at \$45,000,000.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of steel rails for 1907 delivery are under negotiation, and that fully half that tonnage has already been placed.

It is said that the hides of American live cattle sent to England to be killed and eaten are by prearrangement all sent back across the Atlantic, there to be tanned, and, mayhap, reshipped to England as leather or in boots and shoes.

Shipments of anthracite coal during May amounted to 3,254,220 tons, against 6,005,155 tons in May last year. For the year, to date, the shipments aggregate 19,709,783 tons, contrasted with 24,872,354 tons in the corresponding period last year.

PASSING PERSONALS. Mrs. Bellamy Storer, whose husband recently retired from his position as ambassador to Austria, is the originator of the famous Rookwood pottery.

John W. Foster, formerly secretary of state, has been designated by the Chinese government as its representative at the approaching Hague conference.

Prof. Rinaldo Lothrop Perkins, one of the most scholarly men of Boston, at the age of 80 lives a simple life in a small attic room surrounded by his books.

Rev. J. R. Mauer, of Monessen, Pa., has seven sons, all of them clergymen, in five different denominations. They have one sister, who is married to a minister.

John Redmond, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, makes a practice of being within the precincts of the house of commons from the moment the speaker takes the chair until the proceedings terminate at night.

Thomas Nelson Page, who recently returned from abroad, says he visited the pope, the king of Italy, and the king of Portugal; saw two incipient revolutions and learned that Europeans generally look upon Americans as a nation of grafters.

CLEVER DOCTOR. Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time.

"Finally a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the state told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee.

"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee' why, 'What will I drink?' 'Try Postum,' said the doctor. 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'

"Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it two years ago and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

NEW HOMES IN THE NORTHWEST.

Shoshone Reservation to Be Opened to Settlement—Chicago & North-Western R'y Announces Round Trip Excursion Rates from All Points July 12 to 29.

Less than one fare for the round trip to Shoshoni, Wyoming, the reservation border.

The only all rail route to the reservation border.

Dates of registration July 16th to 31st at Shoshoni and Lander. Reached only by this line.

Write for pamphlets, telling how to take up one of these attractive homesteads.

Information, maps and pamphlets free on request to S. F. Miller, A. G. F. & P. A., Omaha, Neb.

TWICE TOLD TALES. In an English court, recently, a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a £ note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change," was the reply; "I'll take it out in contempt."

A Frenchwoman was complaining to her husband that he was too much of a bookworm, that he retired too often to his study, leaving her to spend many evenings alone. "I wish," she ended, plaintively, "that I were a book. Then I might always have your company." "In that case, my dear," the Frenchman answered, "I'd wish you were an almanac. Then I could change you once a year."

BRIGHT BITS BY THE WITS. Will & Must hold a mortgage on success.

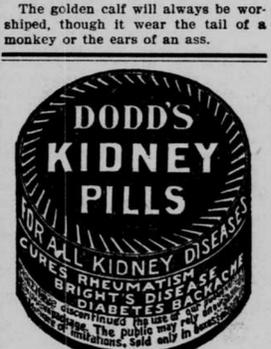
The busybody butts in without any ifs or buts.

Charity begins at home, but if it is the real brand it soon outgrows its native place.

It is hard to work much confidence in a man who wears a ring on his middle finger.

A man's knowledge cannot be judged by the fool things he says when in love.

The golden calf will always be worshipped, though it wear the tail of a monkey or the ears of an ass.



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LOW RATES TO COLORADO VIA GRAND ISLAND ROUTE.

Account Annual Meeting, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, at Denver, the St. Joseph & Grand Island Railway will sell on July 16th, inclusive, round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo at exceedingly low rates. Tickets good to return until August 31st. For further information call on nearest agent or address:

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WINTER WHEAT, 60 bushels per acre. Catalogue and samples free. Walter Seed Co., Box W. L., La Crosse, Wis.

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