

CAPTAIN DREYFUS

SAVED FROM LONGER EXILE BY THE ROTHSCHILDS.

No Matter How the Retrial Terminates He Will Remain Popular Among the Ultra Republicans—Belief That Confessions Were Paid For.

After nearly five years of exile spent in prison on Devil's Island, just off the coast of French Guiana, it begins to look as if Dreyfus was destined to be vindicated of the foul charge of treason which rested upon him. He has just returned in honor to France. His enemies have been powerful, but his friends have also been powerful, and through the persistent efforts of the latter the tide of public sentiment in France has been turned in his favor, while Count Esterhazy has been driven to confess his guilt of forging the document upon which Dreyfus was con-



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

demned to exile. One of the staunchest of the friends of Dreyfus is Lieutenant George Picquart, who ran the gamut of the general staff to establish the innocence of the Hebrew officer, and who is now languishing in prison. Godefroy Cavaignac, minister of war, is another. He stood firmly by Colonel Picquart, and when he discovered the perfidy of the army, resigned at once. Then there is M. Zola, whose magnificent espousal of the cause of Dreyfus has filled the entire world with wonder, and whose triumph over the enemies of Dreyfus is now complete. Other friends of the Hebrew officer who have been conspicuous of late are Ballot de Beaupre, vice president of the civil section of the Supreme Court, and Messieurs Demange and Laborie. Then, as a whole, the judges of the Court of Cassation have tried to give Dreyfus his deserts, so much so that Quessny de Beaupre resigned his judicial office on the plea that the court was prejudiced in Dreyfus favor. Lastly may be mentioned the eminent Schurer-Kastnor, vice president of the senate, who two years ago made a desperate attempt to force a retrial of the exile on Devil's Island. All these men and their highly courageous work for Dreyfus should be balanced, in justice to the French nation, against the alleged infamy of the army. These considerations will nullify whatever bitterness the Jewish people may feel against France in view of the Dreyfus persecution.

The banking house of Rothschilds has furnished all the money for Dreyfus' defense. No matter how the retrial ends there will always be a large section who believe that the Hebrew was guilty of treason to the French nation, and that the "confessions" are paid for with money.

THE WESTERN BARBARIAN.

His Bad Manners Have Barred Him the Selamluk.

For once in a way his imperial majesty the sultan has cause to complain of an atrocity not of his own manufacture or of that of his subjects, says the London Telegraph. The tourist has been too much for him. As everybody familiar with Constantinople knows, the Selamluk—the weekly visit of the sultan to the little mosque outside the Yildiz, where he performs what might be called the statutory devotions—affords a very attractive spectacle. The site itself is one of rare beauty, commanding as it does a superb view over the city and the golden horn right away to Mount Olympus. Thousands of troops, in their picturesque costumes, line the sides of the square in which the mosque is situated. His majesty is driven down in a state coach, accompanied by his officers of state, and having said his prayers, usually drives himself back in a victoria, followed by panting pashas on foot, who have to keep pace with the carriage. Facing the mosque is a small pavilion reserved for members of the diplomatic body and their friends, who are the guests of the sultan, received in person by the aids-de-camp, and entertained by the simple oriental refreshments of coffee and cigarettes. In the olden days, when the tripper rarely took his walks abroad, those who assisted—as the French would say—at the Selamluk were either persons of distinction or friends of the different ambassadors. Recently, however, it has been the custom of tourists of all nationalities to obtain a card from the embassies—granted as a matter of course—and to present themselves at the pavilion. The results, as our Constantinople correspondent points out, have hardly been edifying. "Few of the tourists," he writes, "appear to realize that such a ceremony (as the Selamluk) in their own country would be one at which they would behave as well as possible. But here they do not even take the trouble to dress in a style becoming the guests of a sovereign. Some arrive in traveling suits, some in bicyclist suits, straw hats,

knickerbockers, anything that comes handy. There they talk and laugh and make remarks that are understood by only one standing near. Some call for cigarettes or coffee, as if they were in a restaurant, and generally go on in a way they would be ashamed of at home." The not unnatural consequence is that the sultan has, as it were, suspended the free list and asked the ambassadors to restrict their introductions to people of distinction or to their personal friends.

THE BIGGEST BATH YET.

Adolph Suiro's Splendid Gift to San Francisco.

The finest public bath in the world is—no, not in New York. It is the Suiro Bath of San Francisco, a monument to the memory of a public-spirited mayor of the city. The Suiro Bath is almost as big as Madison Square Garden. It is 500 feet long and 254 feet wide; 100,000 square feet of glass disposed in its roof admit the light of day to its interior. A great swimming-tank stretches nearly the whole length of the building, 350 feet long and 159 feet wide. It is amply long enough for spirited swimming races. Numerous smaller tanks are stowed about; altogether, they hold nearly two million gallons of water. The great house is built on a solid rock foundation, hollowed out to sea level. Pure salt water is admitted in vast quantities, permitted to "aerolate" in settling reservoirs, and then passed through the tanks. There are 517 private dressing rooms and clubrooms, with capacity for nine bathers each. Nearly two thousand lockers are provided. Above the tanks are seven toboggan-slides, nine spring boards, three trapezes, one high dive and thirty swing-rings. For non-bathers there are seats provided at one end, and a museum to while away their time in. The seats will accommodate 7,450 spectators and the restaurant will feed 1,000 people at once. From any place in the building you can hear the waves of the open sea breaking upon two massive tone rip-rap breakwaters outside, which contain 750,000 cubic feet of rock. The engines which pump the water in and out are of enormous size. They supply 6,000 gallons every minute, fresh, clean and of the true sea temperature, at low tide. At high tide the tanks are flooded without pumping.

HIS IDEA OF LUXURY.

It Was to Have All of the Canned Food He Wanted.

A story is told of an old Arizona prospector who, after 30 years of hard luck, hardship, and privation, finally struck it rich a few weeks ago in the vicinity of Flagstaff and sold a half-interest in his prospect hole for \$12,000 cash. When the money was paid over to him at the bank the cashier, who had known him for a long time, remarked casually: "Well, Bill, what are you going to do with that money?" "I got plenty of money?" Bill thought a minute in silence, and then, as a pleased expression brightened on his rugged face, he answered: "I reckon I won't eat nothin' but canned stuff hereafter." That was his idea of luxury. He had lived so long on salt pork and heavy biscuits of his own manufacture that canned corn beef and tomatoes and salmon represented to him the highest luxuries that life could afford.—New York Tribune.

HEAD OF IOWA UNIVERSITY.

George Edwin MacLean, the newly chosen president of the Iowa State University, is himself a graduate of Williams College, with the class of 1871, from which he won the highest honors. He then took up theology, and after he secured his bachelorship he was called to the pulpit of Union Church, at Lebanon, N. Y. In 1881 Dr. MacLean went abroad, and before his return he had successfully tried for the degrees of Ph. D. and A. M., and enlarged his store of knowledge by study in the big universities of England, Leipzig and Berlin. In 1884 he assumed the duties of professor of English at the University of Minnesota, but left there in 1894 for a year's study in the British Museum and in the library of Oxford University. Or



GEORGE EDWIN MACLEAN.

his return Prof. MacLean was called to his post of chancellor of the university of Nebraska. His private fortune has enabled him to pursue his profession. He is a native of Connecticut and is 49 years old.

Beyond Him.

"It passes my comprehension," he said, "why men should want to kidnap babies." "Why?" she responded, inquiringly. "For instance, who'd want to carry off that kid of ours, which has such marked ability for crying?"—Philadelphia North American.

Miss Anna Murphy, a Topeka school teacher, is to become a Congregational preacher.

LIKE ALL GREAT MEN

PHILANTHROPIST FINDS HIMSELF IN NEED OF MONEY.

Gave Away a Million Dollars, All He Had, for the Benefit of His Fellow Men and Is Now in Abject Want—His Home Sold for \$67,000.

Oakwood, the beautiful Probasco home in Clifton, near Cincinnati, on which over \$500,000 was expended, was recently knocked down at auction to Louis B. Reakirt for \$67,000, and thus passes from his possession the last asset of Henry Probasco, art connoisseur, bibliophile and philanthropist, who retired from business over a quarter of a century ago, worth easily \$1,000,000.



HENRY PROBASCO.

He gave Cincinnati the beautiful Tyler-Davidson fountain, an art treasure which has added to the fame of the Queen City the wide world over; he made public and private donations to every kind of cause until it is estimated that his gifts and benefactions aggregated over \$700,000 and now, in his old age he finds himself a hopeless bankrupt, homeless and practically penniless in the city which he so lastingly enriched by his munificence. He is credited with having been a remarkably good business man and every transaction down to the present time exhibits the man of most careful and methodical habits, for his accounts are models of bookkeeping, accuracy and precision, but giving grew to be a passion with him, and he literally gave his all away.

CACTUS PRICKS A PROPOSAL.

Young Man Struggled Desperately Against Fate, but Had to Give Up.

From the Washington Post: The man in the case has been studying law here, but on Saturday he went to Omaha to share the practice of a kinsman. The girl lives here, and the man thinks the climate of Nebraska would agree with her wonderfully. He has been meaning to tell her so for a long time, but he has put the matter off again and again, awaiting a favorable opportunity, till last week, the summons to Omaha coming unexpectedly, he determined to risk all at once. There was a party to Great Falls, a party so properly chaperoned that most of the day passed before he had a chance to speak to the girl alone. Then, by connivance of the chaperon, he had her off to look for wild flowers. They climbed the rocks, and there they found cactus, or, at least, something that looked exactly like cactus of the western plains. It was so curious and so enticing that the girl picked a great bunch of it. Little white hair-like objects which grew in patches on the leaves stuck to her fingers. They looked innocent enough, but when the young man undertook to squeeze her hand she discovered, and he, as well, that the

tiny white hairs were so many almost invisible needles. They sat themselves down on a rock, and he went to work gently, with his handkerchief, to rid her dainty hands of the torturing white "sticklers." You can't urge the advantages of the Omaha climate on a girl who says "Ouch!" every time you take her hand, you know. The young man bided his time, and when the little hands were free of needles, he took his handkerchief and quite absently blew his nose. If you have ever blown your nose on a handkerchief loaded with cactus spines you know what happened. An overdose of snuff and an acute attack of hay fever are mere bagatelles compared with what happened to him. He was gasping and sneezing and cursing his luck when the chaperon came in search of the two of them, and he hadn't said a word about the Omaha climate. You can't say things like that between sneezes to a girl who is giggling, you know. Mournfully he left for the west on Saturday. He may be foolish and bring up the climate matter in a letter to her. He may be wise and wait to tell it to her in person when he comes to Washington again next winter. If he is foolish, she may reject him. If he is wisely waits, somebody else may carry her off. Either way you look at it, it is a melancholy state of affairs, and he blames it all on the cactus.

STALKING A PEACOCK IN INDIA.

"The gods made nine gems, but only one peacock," says a proverb of India, the native ancient home of the beautiful bird. The proverb, however, is not strictly in keeping with facts. There are two peacocks—the bird of India and Ceylon, and a second species, the peacock of the Far East, of Java, Burmah and Slam. It is a legend of the Indian jungles that leopards and tigers can fascinate peacocks, and a writer in the London Spectator refers to the experience of Col. Tyler to show how strong is the faith of the natives in the story.

Col. Tyler, while stalking a peacock, was surprised to see how near it allowed him to approach. The bird paid no attention to him, but was gazing intently, as if fascinated, at a little patch of jungle just in front.

Looking in the same direction, he saw a leopard stealing on its belly toward the bird. He was surprised, but his astonishment was greater when, on raising his gun, one barrel of which was loaded with ball, and covering the animal, the leopard threw up its paws, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with terror, "No, Sahib, no, don't fire!" Col. Tyler for a moment thought he must be going mad. The next moment he saw a man disguised in a leopard-skin, with a well-stuffed head and a bow and arrow in one paw, standing before him. The man so dressed was a professional fowler, who said that in that disguise he could always approach near enough to shoot the birds, and sometimes catch them in his hand.

New Kind of Matches.

The French match factories are now turning out friction matches which will ignite on any surface, but which are free from the objections raised against white sulphur. No smoke or odor is perceptible in the factories. The inflammable ingredients of the paste are sesquioxide of phosphorus and chlorate of potash.

She Was Fortunate.

Mrs. Gadabout—That Mrs. Hardhead next door doesn't seem to have many friends. Hostess (wearily)—N-no. I wonder how she manages it.—New York Weekly.

MINISTER BELLAMY STORER.



Bellamy Storer, the new minister to Spain, who was lost sight of for a week or two, is a son of the late Judge Bellamy Storer of Cincinnati, and a personal friend of President McKinley. He is a second edition of his father, and in the opinion of many who knew the elder Storer and also know the son he is even more brilliant than his sire. He came out of Harvard in 1867, and two years later was assistant United States district attorney for southern Ohio. In 1890 Mr. Storer was elected to congress and was returned for a

second term. The head of the Spanish mission is admirably fitted for the delicate and important post which he will soon assume. A profoundly read jurist, he is well informed on international law. Then, too, he is an American clear through. The Storers were among the earliest settlers of the state of Maine. His mother was Elizabeth Drinker of Philadelphia, and she herself was descended directly from the copioneers of William Penn. Mr. Storer is a suave, polished, keen, far-seeing man, and can be firm as iron when occasion calls him.

STORY OF STRAUSS.

THE GREAT COMPOSER WHO RECENTLY PASSED AWAY.

He Had Been Cut Out for a Business Career, but Managed to Learn Music in Secret—How He Won the Admiration of the Musical World.

Johann Strauss, the famous Austrian composer, whose death has recently been announced, was born in Vienna, October 25, 1825. He was the eldest and most distinguished of three sons, who followed more or less successfully in their father's footsteps. Johann, the younger, was destined for a business career. He was, however, enabled to study music secretly by the aid of his mother. When only six years old he composed his first waltz ("First Thought"). Carefully instructed in harmony and thorough bass, he was, even as a youngster, a clever violinist.

But until he was 18 the secret was kept from his father. There was a



THE LATE JOHANN STRAUSS.

curious vein of artistic jealousy in Johann, the elder. As a father he loved his heir apparent, but as a musician he would tolerate no rival and no successor. When, on October 15, 1844, young Johann threw aside all concealment and boldly accepted the position of conductor at Dommayer's, at Hvlsting, near Vienna, the storm broke. The old gentleman left his home and refused for a while to have anything further to do with his recalcitrant family. But the nineteen-year-old conductor sprang into immediate success. Vienna admired his audacity. The young heir apparent had a party as enthusiastic as his royal father. He showed his appreciation of the latter by conducting his famous "Lorelei" waltzes and followed those by a number of his own compositions. Johann I died in 1849. Then Johann II joined together his father's orchestra and his own and made a successful tour in Austria, Poland and Germany. For ten years he undertook the direction of the summer concerts in the Petropaulowski park at St. Petersburg. Meanwhile, in 1853, he had been the first to introduce fragments of "Lohengrin" in Vienna, and later it was he who first played portions of the "Meistersinger" in the same city. While thus showing appreciation and foresight, he did not neglect his own original talents. He wrote in all some five hundred waltzes, of which "The Beautiful Blue Danube," the "Thousand and One Nights," the "Roses from the South" and "Wine, Woman and Song" were among the most successful. He also produced a number of light operettas. The best known are "Indigo" and "The Forty Thieves" (1871), "The Carnival in Rome" (1873), "Die Fledermaus" (1874), "Cagliostro," "Prince Methusalem," "The Merry War," and "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." His single effort in the line of regular opera, "Ritter Pazmann," achieved only a success of a lifetime, when produced at the imperial opera house, in Vienna, in 1892. From 1863 to 1870 Johann had held the much coveted position of court ball musical director to the emperor of Austria. This he resigned in the latter year to his brother, Eduard, in order to devote himself to composition. He had also made public appearances in London and in Paris. During the great Gilmore jubilee he came to the United States, but without his orchestra, which was first heard in this country in 1893, under the direction of his brother Eduard. In October, 1894, the corporation and citizens of Vienna joined in a monster celebration of the golden jubilee of her most popular musical composer. A new operetta by Strauss himself, entitled "The Apple Feast," was produced for the first time in the Vienna theater, and during the week which marked the duration of the festival every theater and opera house in Vienna performed selections from his dance music or produced some one of his operettas. The occasion wound up with a grand banquet, congratulations and presentations of addresses and floral tributes. Strauss was thrice married, but he leaves no children of his own.

Trees That Live on Birds.

On the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico a tree was recently discovered which catches and eats birds. The tree was long, slender limbs, which droop like the familiar weeping willow, but the moment a bird alights on the tree the branches curl upward and silently encircle the bird and crush it to death.

A botanist who discovered this remarkable tree touched one of the limbs with his hands. The branch closed upon his fingers so firmly that it tore the skin when he wrenched it away.

A Montclair (N. J.) clergyman publicly gave a boy a whipping in church, the other day, for cutting his initials on the back of a pew.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

How Gen. Ward Beecher Tried to Drive a Four-in-Hand.

"Henry Ward Beecher once told me this good one on himself," continued the doctor. "He was going up among the White mountains on a stage coach drawn by four horses. After a while it stopped before an inn. The driver, a stalwart fellow, threw the reins to Mr. Beecher and asked him to hold the horses while he went into the inn for a few moments. Mr. Beecher felt very proud when he held the four-in-hand. It is a dangerous thing, you know, for a minister to take the reins in his hands. He is liable then to want to have everything his own way. Mr. Beecher was no exception to the rule. He drew the reins very tight. 'What a bright idea,' he thought, 'to take a spin around the inn in the absence of the driver and show his friends on the piazza what he could do with a four-in-hand.' He popped the whip and the horses started. He pulled on the reins, wrong, of course, and the horses went zigzag, the leaders trying to turn around and come back, while the wheel horses forged forward. In some unaccountable way the horses managed to fall over against each other and wiggled around the building. The wheels of the coach barked a big tree. The horses whirled right on, turning in all the time, the hind wheel cut off a slice of the back yard fence, the coach went right up on the side wheels, but fortunately settled back as the horses pranced gayly in mixed-up fashion to the front of the inn, and the front wheel tore away the post of the veranda, and at last the team drew up in the front yard with the heads of the wheel horses facing the south and those of the leaders poking into the parlor window. 'Reef in the sail of the off horse!' shouted the driver from the attic window, but Mr. Beecher sat in that box as ignorant of what to do next as an Egyptian mummy. Things were not straightened out until the driver rushed down, mounted the seat and took hold of the reins. That driver was the king. He did in a trice what Mr. Beecher could not do with all his learning, wisdom, and eloquence. The driver had 'noticed' how to manage horses, but Mr. Beecher knew no more about them than an unborn babe. It was not his line, you see."—Atlanta Journal.

YOU WALK VERY FAST.

85,939 Miles an Hour About Your Casual Gait.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out for an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles an hour, but that does not represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. In round figures call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and you must have traveled during your hour's stroll a thousand miles in the axial turn of the earth. But this is not all. The earth makes a journey round the sun every year. Put the distance of our planet from the sun at 92,000,000 miles. The diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference described by the earth 578,000,000 miles. In other words, the earth travels around the sun each day 1,584,000 miles, and every hour—for instance, the hour during which you took your walk—the earth moved through 66,000 miles. So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you will find you have traveled within the hour 85,939 miles.

PRESIDENT DR. W. W. KEEN.

Dr. W. W. Keen, the new president of the American Medical Association, is known from one end of the country to the other, among his confreres, as one of the finest surgeons alive. His reputation even extends to Europe, where he numbers many eminent men of his line as his friends. In Philadelphia, the city of medicine and surgery par excellence, Dr. Keen wields a tremendous influence in the profession. He occupies the chair of surgery in Jefferson Medical College, and is, of course, an expert with the knife. He was appointed by the president a member of the war inquiry commission, and he has held numerous important offices of trust in his own city. He has been lecturer in Jefferson Medical College, professor of surgery in the Woman's Medical College, and professor of artistic anatomy in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He is a member of several American scientific societies and a corresponding member of the Societe de Chirurgie of Paris. He



DR. W. W. KEEN.

published a work on the sequel of typhoid fever and his books on surgery are standard.

A Warm Patzios

"Excuse me, but I thought you were one of those fellows who is for his country whether it be right or wrong." "I would be, if she ever could be wrong."—Indianapolis Journal.