

ON THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER

Spying on Either Side Is an Extremely Dangerous Undertaking.

Not a month passes but some spy is taken, French or German, on the Franco-German frontier. The case of the latest unfortunate man is typical. Alfred Pinchon, 26 years old, left the French army with the grade of adjutant. Well to do, he had no need to go spying. Love of adventure and a patriotic ardor led him to it. His father being in the leather business, Pinchon made his special knowledge of the trade his traveling excuse. Making Nancy where his father set him up a branch establishment—his center, the young adventurer made frequent "business trips" into Alsace-Lorraine and Germany. Indeed, he was even on the point of concluding a contract with the German army when his mistress, a girl of German sympathies, betrayed him. It is true nowadays that spies are not shot in time of peace, and Pinchon is not likely to get more than five years' imprisonment. But even this is a dear price to pay for patriotic effort. The French president has just pardoned General Garletta, condemned for the same offense. Such clemency, however, is exceptional. Spies—patriotic or merely mercenary—take their own risks.

to be used in cashing postal orders and satisfying hotel-keepers. The moment the police demands his papers he must burn his passport. Nowadays, when passports are demanded so seldom of mere tourists, the spy will content himself with a few letters that have come through the mail to him. He will have had these letters sent on to a prearranged German address a few months before. A life insurance policy taken out under the assumed name is also valuable. The spy reaches Germany and he stops in the large town nearest to his field of operations. There his first care is to consult the doctors as to a good air cure, or a bath, or springs. Suppose his business is to report on the roads, bridges and resources of a mountainous district. He will need the air cure. Eliminating one by one the uninteresting districts, he at last causes the physician to indicate the spot he has chosen. The good physician, always anxious for his commission, gladly recommends him to a proper pension. There, wandering about the hills, his story is: "I came to X— in search of a tranquil mountain village for the air cure. Dr. Y— recommended me to come here. If the climate suits me I shall stay a month."

From the first moment the spy begins to make acquaintance with the people whose trade causes them to go upon the roads—mule drivers, carters, country doctors, priests and forest keepers. Under the pretext of needing exercise, he walks with them and talks with them and treats them to good beer and cheese, as every tourist does. Seen in such company he is less likely to be looked on with suspicion. For note

then remember. A crooked line and a few words traced hastily on a cigarette paper must reveal the outline of an earthwork. Hills, footpaths, springs, rich-looking farmhouses, bridges, must be seen at a glance and indicated on the little piece of flimsy paper. He must indicate the crops of the neighborhood, the characteristics of small villages, the lodging capacity of churches and other public buildings; the number of bakers, butchers and grain dealers; the situation of blacksmith shops and the condition of roads. It is easy to understand, for instance, the interest attaching to a bridge. The enemy in retreating would not hesitate to blow it up. The spy must indicate how long a time it would take to repair it. His day finished, the spy must



FRENCH SPIES TAKEN BY PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

secretly, in his bedroom, write his report and post it to one of the seemingly interesting addresses furnished him by the Etat Major—"Mlle. Lucie Vasseur, 45 Rue Breda," it may be his lady love; or "Schmidt & Heckerl, wine merchants, Bercy," this may be a business letter; or "Dr. George Pinchon, 67 Rue Lafitte," this may be to his family physician. The letter mailed and every scrap of paper burned, the spy may sleep in peace—one night. If he imagines he is followed or suspected, he must stop work instantly and even leave the country. In such case he returns to Paris, where he finds at the Etat Major, carefully gathered together, all the letters he has addressed to his fictitious correspondents. Aided by maps and the work of his predecessors in the field, it is his business to compose an up-to-date report on the region he has visited. Each little counts. Each month the minister of war is just a little better informed on details that when the great scientific European war breaks out—may win or lose a battle a campaign, a people's destiny.

Such work may seem easier than it is in fact. Along the country roads, alone, with not a man in sight, the fear of being watched makes the most innocent note-taking a courageous exploit. Not to speak of country

police, gamekeepers, foresters and patrol—whose chance appearance may cause him to destroy a morning's work—each simple passer-by becomes an

Unless the Chicago Tribune is guilty of creating Dr. Fourthly out of whole cloth—not ministerial—he is the only absent-minded gentleman who has ever been able to suggest a remedy for his own ailment. "You are so preoccupied sometimes," said Mrs. Fourthly, "that I don't feel safe in letting you go out alone." "That is to say, my dear," replied the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, with a benevolent smile, "when my mind wanders, as it does occasionally, somebody ought to go along with it."

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subject of suspicion. The surveillance around all fortified places is so severe as to render going about a safe impossibility. Men have been shot on a suspicion of being spies, and an opportunity to say what they were doing. No legend is more popular in Europe than that of the aristocratic German French officer, who, in disguise, obtains work as a mason or a carpenter inside the fort he wishes to observe. Yet few think of the practical impossibility of such a feat. How shall such men know the trades, the slang, the social customs and prejudices of foreign artisans? How can they talk of their relatives, their home village, and the place they worked last? Most of this talk is romance, pure and simple. For such intimate description every European government depends on money! The spy makes acquaintance with some non-commissioned officer who seems to be going wrong. He tempts the latter to make drawings of

the fort wherein he has his duty. He makes cunning arguments. He does not ask the fellow to betray his country. "What difference will one small drawing make? Besides, here is the money."

Houses in the Philippines. The typical Philippine house is a very simple affair, and in some respects a very comfortable one. The floor, says the Washington Star, is raised five or ten feet in the air, and the house must be entered by means of a ladder. There is not a nail or peg in the whole building. The frame is of bamboo tied together with rattan, the sides and roof being of nipa-palm. If nipa is very scarce, however, bamboo can be used to serve for the sides also. The air in a Philippine house never gets close, for the ventilation is perfect. The floor is made of bamboo strips with the convex sides up, and they are tied together in such a way that wide cracks are left between them. The windows are provided with swinging shades which can be propped open during the day. Another advantage of the Philippine dwelling is the safety afforded by the lightness of the material. If the house is shaken down by an earthquake, or blown down by a typhoon, no one gets hurt. In some respects such houses are too primitive, however. Often the dwelling boasts of but one room for cooking, eating and sleeping. The cooking is done over an open fire built on a heap of earth in one corner, and the house becomes almost uninhabitable by means of the smoke. In better dwellings a place is partitioned off for the cooking, while the body of the house is divided into two or more rooms.

A Queer War Incident. Spending of these short rushes forward a queer thing happened at Guiguito, where perhaps half of the soldiers in one regiment found hens. Before there was time to kill the fowl orders came to go forward. A little farther out the regiment lay down under fire for some minutes. Then the order came to charge. Up and forward with a yell rushed the soldiers, but over the cheering rose another sound. Three or four hundred hens, objecting to being carried head down with feet tied to the strap of a haversack, set up a frantic squawking such as was probably never heard along a line of charging military before.—Leslie's Weekly.

Why They Are Nervous. A correspondent says that those who dine with the queen are usually painfully nervous. Perhaps they are tortured with doubt of the propriety of praising the pie, not knowing whether her majesty or the cook made it.—Denver Post.

Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees and kill themselves in stinging others.

LETTER FROM AN AFRICAN KING

It is not every day that a king of Africa favors the civilized world with a letter, and extraordinary interest attaches to the communication here presented in translation. It is from Bakaria Kizito, King of Uganda, and was sent to Sir Henry M. Stanley. The language in which Bakaria wrote is Kiswahili, and the original is an unscratched appearance of the word. "Nen king" is facile with his pen. "Two years ago Bakaria was twenty pages of the court of Mwanza, one of the 'ada. A few years later he was a pupil of an English missionary. In the month of Mwanza died, and Mwanza, one of his many sons, succeeded to the reign. Mwanza was a cruel king and persecutor of missionaries and converts, ordered the murder of a bishop and finally expelled the missionaries. Eventually a combination of Protestants and Mohammedans turned Mwanza out. The alliance didn't last, and Mwanza, professing repentance, sought to return. Stanley was in that region at that time, and aided in the establishment of Mwanza. When that gifted African got back his job he retained it only two years, when he fled and waged war against the British. Meanwhile the people of Uganda put Mwanza's infant son on the throne, and installed as regents three of the principal chiefs, of whom Zakaria was one. Last March the English defeated and captured Mwanza. This is the letter the regent sent to Stanley: "To my much-beloved of great honor, and sir, my father in much love, Chief Stanley, who has honor, thanks for my letter which you wrote to me on Dec. 17, 1898, as you had just got off your bed. Sir, that to rise from your bed on two occasions to write to me—makes your love to me apparent. "Well, sir, thanks for telling me the many works which you do. Sirs, well done, because it is the trouble taken by the parent that makes the child fat. Because it is the care taken by England which delivers us Baganda and the other lands guarded by England. Well, then, we pray much to God, because he is in the midst of your deliberations as you take counsel in much love to guard us who are in Buganda. "Well done to understand the words I wrote to you about the Soudanese, and you replied and understood the whole matter well. I understood well what you told me about the English who called the Soudanese faithful, and I understood about your love, which is warm to me and to all Buganda. And, sir, although you are unable really to see me with your eyes, I know you are with me in spirit, and with all the Baganda and Buganda. In our conversation we speak very much of you to this effect: 'Master Stanley loves us very much, because he told our friends, who teach, to send us people to preach to us the name of Christ our Saviour.' "Well, then, sir, you have told me these things, viz: 'To hold fast to God'

ly ratify her decision and wish her infinite happiness, despite her elder sister's melancholy experience purchased under like circumstances. From all accounts Prince Cantacuzene is above the average young nobleman in good deserts and bids fair to redeem the promises of felicity which he holds out to his bride. He comes of one of the oldest families of Russia, possesses fine educational advantages as well as unusual personal attractions; holds high rank in the military systems of the empire, and otherwise commands general respect. He is 25 years of age, which makes him one year the senior of Miss Grant. Last year he spent much of his time in this country, presumably engaged upon some military commission, but actually engaged in courting Miss Grant. Rumor states that the affair was consummated in Paris several months ago. From present indications the marriage will be one of the most brilliant international social events which this country has ever known.

HONOR CONFEDERATE DEAD. Nearly one-tenth of the entire number of confederate soldiers who died in Northern prisons during the civil war lie buried at old Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, unmarked even by wooden headstones; 2,500 graves there tell of the heroism with which confederate soldiers perished on Northern soil. Since the late war these graves have been neglected, but plans are now on foot for erecting at Camp Chase an appropriate memorial to which confederate veterans in Ohio and other states. Under the laws of Ohio the association in charge of the movement has been incorporated and several large subscriptions have been received. The monument will be of granite and will be modeled on the same lines as the "These Are My Jewels" monument. Ohio's tribute to her famous sons, which, since the world's fair, has been standing in the capitol grounds. Around the shaft will be grouped six figures—three general officers and three enlisted men—one of each representing the three grand divisions of the Southern army—the Army of Virginia, the Army of Tennessee and the Army of the Trans-Mississippi. Southern camps of Confederate Veterans will be asked to aid the Columbus and Nashville camps by contributing funds



ZAKARIA KIZITO. —Yes, because the laws of God teach the foolish and give light to the eyes and to fear God's wisdom. Were they (the laws) commenced there, when I work God will help me, and to obey the Parliament of the English Queen and those who rank near her in honor, as I do. "Well, then, thank God Almighty because the great enemies of Buganda, and of the English, and of the religions of God, God has given them into our hands. Mwanza, who was King of Buganda, and Kabarega, who was King of Bunyoro, our friends the English soldiers, who guard Buganda and Bunyoro, routed them and caught them by the hands, and princes to the number of twelve were caught in that battle. In that fight they overcame them and killed about thirty people, and on our side five Indian and two Baganda were killed. Well, we shall find much peace, because the enmity injures most which comes from the mist within the country itself. Our deeds which we performed with Captain Fowler and Colonel Coles to Bilal Amini, captain of Soudanese, you have heard before in the English letters, and Captain Fowler has returned some time ago to Europe. Well, then, my great friend and father in very much love, salute for me Mrs. Stanley, my mother and my little brother Denzil and the other children. My wife, Elizabeth Kizito, and the children of my brother and my people salute you. Salute your wife and children for us. Well may the Lord make the light of His countenance shine on you. Again, sir, farewell, I, your favorite child, "ZAKARIA KIZITO, KANGAO, "Regent, Uganda."

Had Been Shaking Long Enough. At a recent duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interposed and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking for half an hour."

LOVES THE PRINCE.

JULIA GRANT SEEMS NOT HOLY LOW TITLE. Her Preference for the Russian Prince Cantacuzene Match with Miss Grant—The Wedding to Be a Grand Affair.

Society at Newport, R. I., is fairly aglow with excitement over the nuptials of Prince Cantacuzene and Miss Julia Dent Grant. Miss Grant appears bewitchingly beautiful in the costly gown which her aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer, has selected for her, and shows plainly in many ways that her heart as well as her hand belongs to the happy young nobleman. Those who know Miss Grant say that she is genuinely in love with her prospective husband and that she cares little for the foreign titles which the marriage will confer upon her. This is in some measure reassuring to those who have looked with opposition upon the match, feeling that the grand-daughter of General Grant should have chosen to bestow her affections upon some worthy American suitor in preference to any pampered actor of royalty who might come from beyond the seas. Of course, Cupid performs strange antics; and if Miss Grant loves Prince Cantacuzene well enough to smile with favor upon his suit, every American should heart-

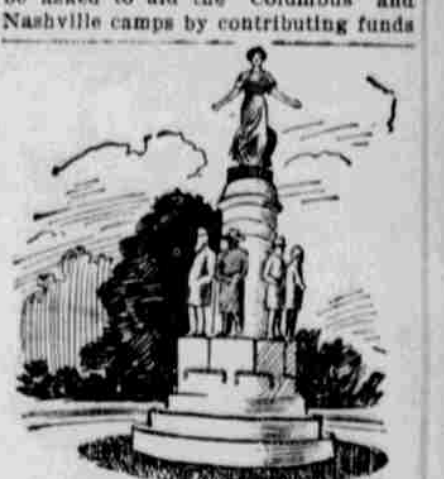


PRINCE CANTACUZENE.

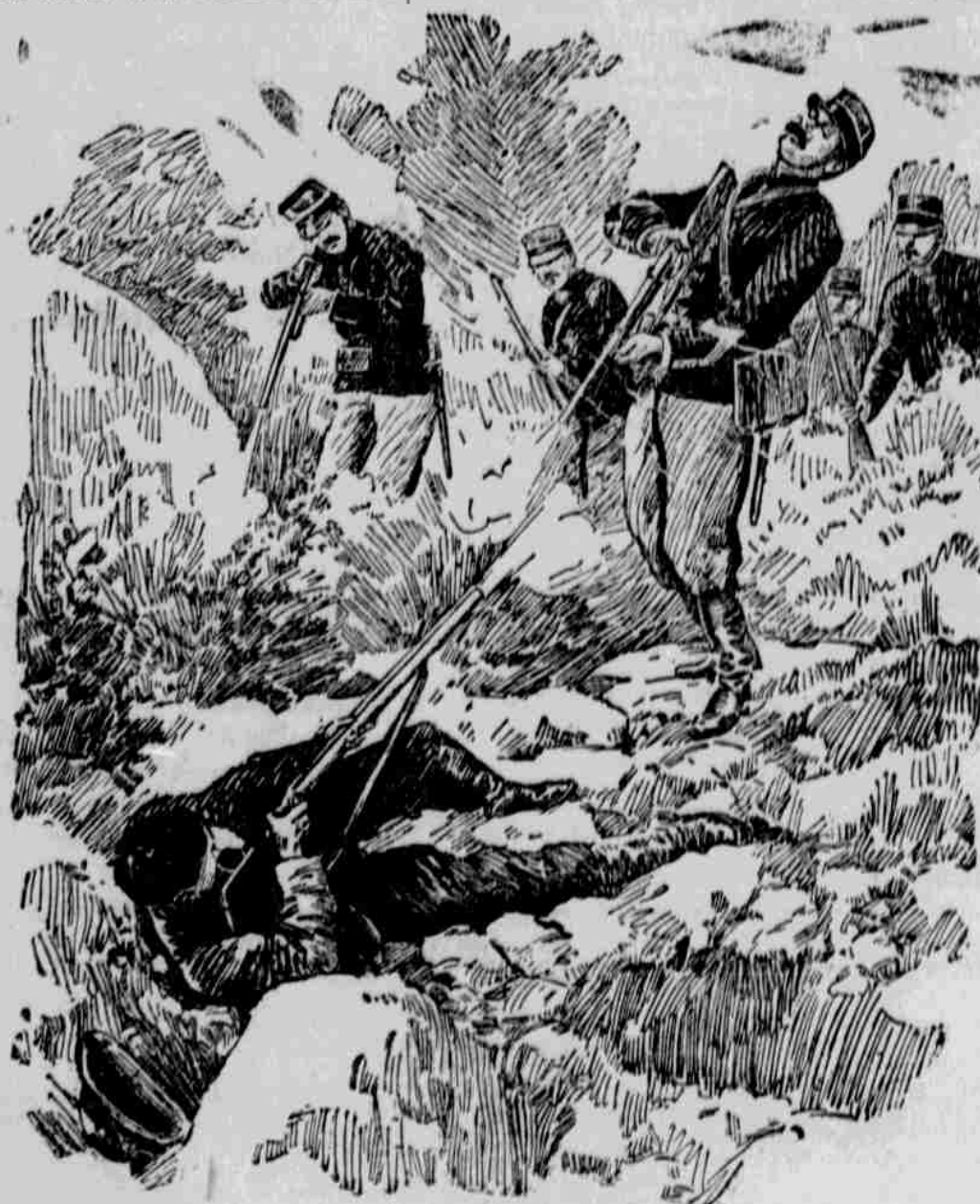
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(Handsome Monument to Be Erected at Columbus in Memory of Southerners Who Died in Northern Prisons and Who Now Lie in Unmarked Graves.) for the completion of the monument, the granite work for which has just been contracted for. The common run of literature is stenciled, not written. Christ changes the city by changing the citizen.



CAUGHT OUTSIDE A FORTRESS.

even forge his own false papers. Some time in advance he has worked up a fictitious identity, and if his government gives him a passport it is only

scrambled over each other to get out on the other side, as he seemed unable to change direction until the car conductor did it for him. At this point in the proceedings the boy seemed to recover his faculties suddenly and bawled loudly, while the car went on.—Chicago News.

The Boy with the Hose.

The other evening as an open electric car was going south on Centre avenue it passed a small youngster engaged in sprinkling grass with a hose. Just as the car came opposite with him he whirled and innocently sent the stream with full force into the crowd of passengers. The instantaneous uproar which arose caused the driver to shut off power and put on brakes instantly, while the child stood, open-mouthed and stupefied, pouring the water into the car. The passengers