

THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

TESTIMONY OF BERTULUS AND PICQUART AIDS PRISONER.

Explodes the Theory That Victim of Army Plots is Guilty of Treason.

Remmes.—(Special.)—With the usual attendance and without any noteworthy incident the second trial by court-martial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus of the artillery, charged with treason, was resumed in the Lycee.

Previous to the opening of the proceedings it became known that Maitre Labori, leading counsel for Dreyfus, who was shot in the back from ambush Monday, was slightly worse. His physicians have not yet extracted the bullet; his fever continues to increase and it is not believed he will be able to attend court Monday.

Friends prevented Maitre Albert Clemenceau from coming to the assistance of Dreyfus as planned immediately after the attempted assassination of M. Labori.

However, in spite of the difficulties encountered by the defense, the session of the court opened with brighter prospects for the prisoner, as M. Demange of counsel for the defense evidently came primed with questions to be put to General Roget. The latter resumed his deposition on the opening of the court, dealing with the theft of Esterhazy's letters from Mlle. Pays.

Unfortunately, M. Demange is not yet in a position to go thoroughly over the whole ground of this witness' deposition.

ROGET SHOWS ANGER.

General Roget was unable to conceal his annoyance and anger when M. Demange scored. The witness' fingers twitched nervously and he frequently turned for consolation toward Generals Billot and Zurlinden, former ministers of war, who occupied the witness' seats behind him.

Finally General Roget became quite red in the face and answered M. Demange in a hollow voice contrasting strangely with his confident tone of the day previous.

Then came a witness who proved to be a splendid reinforcement for Dreyfus. It was M. Bertulus, the examining magistrate, who received the late Lieutenant Colonel Henry's confession of forgery. In almost inaudible tones, owing to hoarseness, M. Bertulus gave his testimony, which was a veritable address for the defense.

The earnestness with which M. Bertulus insisted upon the innocence of the accused created a profound impression upon his hearers.

"You have been told," he said, "that Dreyfus is guilty. For myself, I believe and believe profoundly, in his innocence. If I come here to tell you so, you will understand that it is because my conscience tells me that in so doing I am performing a duty, an absolute duty. The court of cassation has declared the entire absence of a motive which has been the work of Esterhazy."

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Out of this he had to pay all his hands and all expenses. He claimed that he made \$9 a week and that the operatives got from 70 to 90 cents a day. I must say, however, that a knowing youth, grown up in that community, whispered to my ear, "This is a mistake; no such amount ever reaches the hands of the workman."

The old rookery consists of four floors and fourteen shops.

Next we entered a shop in Heater street. "Hold your breath, brethren," I cried to those behind me. New and unnamable stenches greeted us in the corridors. Up winding and unlighted stairs, past cluttered landings we picked our laborious way.

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"How was it you knew," counsel asked the witness, "that 500,000 francs were offered Esterhazy if he would confess to being the author of the bordereau?"

This assertion evoked murmurs, but the general shouted:

"Why does he fire even the most obvious things?"

M. Demange shrugged his shoulders and ejaculated, "Ah!"

The prisoner, however, rose and emphatically denied point blank some of the general's evidence. He said he had never traced on a map any plan of concentration of mobilization, nor ever had any knowledge of the details of those movements, nor of the details of the distribution of the various units throughout the departments.

"Let us," added Dreyfus, "understand one another in regard to what is meant. I assert that I did not know in its details of the plan of concentration. In regard to the circumstances I dwelt upon before you yesterday there was nothing precise stated. There was nothing but argument."

The audience here gave expressions of assent and dissent.

M. Bertulus, the examining magistrate, described how Major Ravary had asked his assistance in examining the secret dossier at the Cherche Midi prison, and how, after he had learned the contents of the documents, he declared to Major Ravary that there was a flaw in the dossier which would occasion the collapse of the whole case.

The witness explained that he meant the petit bleu. It must be proved, he told the major, that the petit bleu was a forgery and the work of Colonel Picquart, and that as long as that was not proved the case could not hold.

Continuing, M. Bertulus recapitulated the evidence he had given before the court of cassation.

M. Bertulus then related the notable interview between himself and Lieutenant Colonel Henry, July 13, 1894, shortly after Henry committed suicide. This naturally was a painful recital for Mrs. Henry, the widow, who was much distressed and wept silently as the dramatic scene when M. Bertulus and Henry proceeded to read up the seized papers was depicted.

After recapitulating his other evidence before the court of cassation, M. Bertulus energetically affirmed his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus. He declared the bordereau was in three pieces, and not in little bits. He also said it did not reach the war office by the ordinary channels.

M. Bertulus said his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus was also based on documents in the secret dossier, which he had seen. But what, above all, confirmed the witness in his belief was the entire absence of a motive which could have tempted Dreyfus to commit such a crime.

"Without motive," emphatically declared the experienced magistrate, "there was no crime."

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A STUDY OF POVERTY.

(By Edwin Markham of California.)

"I believe in a hell. I have spent nine hours in New York's dreadful sweat shops."

This was the statement written for the St. Louis Sunday Post-Dispatch by Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," after investigating the unsightly places in which some of the clothing worn all over the country is made.

The story of the poet-reformer's visit to the East Side in New York is thus told by himself:

"Oho! This is the New York Greek colony, eh? Whew! What dirt, what disorder!" This was my cry as three of us—Sir Youthful, and Sir Grayhead and myself—began picking our way through Roosevelt street. Everywhere were little clumps of children or little groups of noisy tradesmen.

Every one seemed to be busy, but all things were confusion—no order, no beauty, no high intelligence. Was it to such that St. Paul preached on Mars Hill? Was it for such as these that Socrates drank the hemlock? No, since then there has been a thousand years of the "unspeakable Turk."

"Look out, or you will step on these boy-naked little fellows. A man's big foot would flatten one out like a fly." We stooped a moment to look at seven little tots, all crowded in the cranny of a wall. The least one of these little fellows was eating with great satisfaction a penny's worth of miserable ice cream.

This little one was a great tragedy, with its chalk-like face, pinched features and starved expression in the eyes. It was one of those terrible babes that are old at birth.

On all hands there were the indications of watered milk and adulterated food. But there were also the remains of the old and classic beauty. The Greek outline, the small Attic features, the fawnlike eyes that do not think but feel!

In the midst of all this squalor rises the imposing front of a Greek Catholic church. At the sight of it there burst upon the mind the memories of the great Constantine and the splendors of the Byzantine era.

My guide directed me to a place in Crystie street.

"This is a sweat shop," said my guide. (And at the words, with the glance that followed, I thought of the bloody sweat of Christ—the eternal martyrdom of man.)

We had to step softly through the dark, winding and slippery passages that led into this human hell. Soon we were on the third floor, looking out on the neighboring roofs, covered with refuse and garbage, broken bottles and slop pools.

Deadly odors were continually blowing through the work-shops. The work people were bowed to their work with a strained intensity in every movement. Anxiety was written on every feature. Hunger rode a-straddle, spurs on his heels, as if death came riding hard behind!

Every worker in every room was more or less mishapen; those who ran machines had great humps on their shoulders, hideous and abominable distortions of the majesty that God made. Out through all this horror would sometimes break a crackling rill of laughter. Truly it was a Dantesque circle.

In one dim corner of the room I saw a man bent over with a saffron-faced consumptive girl. His face was close to hers. Was it a word of affection he breathed to her ear? A pale, sad little smile flickered over her face.

I talked ten minutes with the contractor or middleman, who stands between the hands and the wholesaler. He seemed well-nigh as much pinched with distress as his workmen. He told how he took nine pairs of hands to make one summer shirt, and how he got 35 cents a dozen from the wholesaler.

Out of this he had to pay all his hands and all expenses. He claimed that he made \$9 a week and that the operatives got from 70 to 90 cents a day. I must say, however, that a knowing youth, grown up in that community, whispered to my ear, "This is a mistake; no such amount ever reaches the hands of the workman."

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At No. 44 is a tenement house containing twenty-four rooms. A family of three to seven lived in one room that had a large closet attached. The landlord, who has a teeming brain, has the hardihood to call this little rathole a room. Children naked and filthy, most of them gnawing a crust of bread; mothers in filth and rags—nowhere a spark of hope or a gleam of rational joy. Nearly every face was either milky or leathery.

At one of the houses we entered the old lady thought we were looking to purchase a building. Her face suddenly brightened. She led the way through winding halls. She gave a guttural cry as she reached the back yard and a dozen young ragamuffins scampered to a dirty wool sack in the corner.

She saw nothing but virtue in the old rookery. "See this finely-lighted hall!" she cried, as we passed into one dimly-lighted by a little dirty window. "See what sunny room!" All of them were dingy and dark. Perhaps the mole, too, finds joy in his unlit chambers below ground. But the mole gets his rent for nothing; but these wretched families are forced to pay \$7.50 a month for one wretched little room. And this room, this rathole, this den of dirt, is—home!

I looked for a moment through the old tenement at the junction of Forsyth, Division and Bayard streets—the old robbers' roost of evil memory. Many a nimble thief has slipped in and out of its winding passages. This old tenement contains perhaps 400 inhabitants.

We entered Pelham street. Both sides of the street are crowded with sweat shops. As I approached them, the buildings gave forth a perpetual rumbling, a groaning, a grating. Some one said that he took it to be the sound of machinery. Perhaps so. Still one thing is certain—I heard in the jarring noise the sound of the awful jaws of Mammon—the crunching and crushing of the monstrous jaws that are devouring the children of the king.

We wound our way into Nos. 7 and 8. They were the same old story—young men growing old before their time, girls losing their health and beauty.

In these last days society is confronted by two gigantic evils—the trust and the sweat shop. These are typical of all the rest. They are the giants destroying the industrial life of the republic. One stands for congested capital; the other for emaciated poverty. They are the reductio ad absurdum of the competitive system. They spring from a failure to justly distribute the products of labor. They both show the power of co-operative principle.

They are the modern Titans, who are shaking the public safety so that everywhere the voices are beginning to cry: "Let us consider the new duties of new occasions—let us build the New Republic!"

Co-operative industry, then, is the hope of the New Time. In the ever- enlarging realization of the principle of fraternity is the hope of social progress—in this age, and in all ages.

Chestnuts as Food.

The absence of Indian corn as an article of diet among the poorer classes in France is, writes Commercial Agent Griffin at Limoges, to a certain extent replaced by the popular chestnut.

Throughout the center of this country, from the Bay of Biscay to Switzerland, there are large plantations, and almost forests, of chestnut trees. These nuts differ very much from the ordinary species indigenous to the United States; they are broad, large, and resemble the American horse-chestnut or buckeye, and are extensively eaten by human beings and animals.

Great care is taken in harvesting this nut before the severe frosts touch it, as freezing hastens fermentation.

The poor people, during the fall and winter, often make two meals daily from chestnuts. The ordinary way of cooking them is to remove the outside shell, blanch them, then a wet cloth is placed in an earthen pot, which is almost filled with raw chestnuts; they are covered with a second wet cloth, and put on the fire to steam; they are eaten with salt or milk. Hot steamed chestnuts are carried around the city streets in baskets or pails; the majority of the working people, who usually have no fire early in the morning, eat them for their first breakfast, with or without milk.

Physicians say that as an article of food, chestnuts are wholesome, hearty, nutritious and fattening. These nuts are often used as a vegetable and are exceedingly popular, being found on the table of the well-to-do and wealthy. They are served not only boiled, but roasted, steamed, pureed, and as dressings for poultry and meats.

Chestnuts are made into bread by the mountain peasantry. After the nuts have been blanched they are dried and ground. From this flour a sweet, heavy, flat cake is made. It resembles the oaten cakes so popular among the Scotch peasants. They are extensively employed for fattening animals, especially hogs. The nuts are boiled without shelling; only small, inferior fruit is thus used.

In good seasons, chestnuts sell as low as 1 cent a pound retail, and wholesale at \$1.50 per two hundred-weight.

Slate is produced in France to a very large extent and is taken from both open and closed quarries. The best of these quarries are located in the neighborhood of Anger, Department of Maine et Loire. The slate extracted is principally used for roofing tiles; from certain quarries, for large slabs, billiard tables and public toilet rooms.

CUTS OFF THEIR HEADS.

The sultan of Morocco is going to prevent his subjects from evading the payment of their taxes, even if by doing it he has to behead every tax lodger in the country.

In his majesty's domain tax dodging by the rich is well nigh universal, and well informed students and travelers, knowing how corrupt and rapacious the sultan's government is, do not doubt that much of it is justifiable. But the sultan looks at the matter in a different light. He declares that there is no excuse for tax dodging, that it is criminal, and, moreover, that he has hit upon a punishment to fit the crime.

Frank E. Jackson, a globe trotter of thirty years' experience, has recently made a tour of North Africa, including the accessible parts of Morocco, and in a personal letter to Frank L. Dingley, of Lewiston, Me., a brother of the well known representative of that name, he gives a graphic account of the sultan's bloody and desperate method of procedure.

While in Tangier, Mr. Jackson learned that the sultan at the head of a large body of troops was marching through the country collecting taxes, and that at Laroché he had decapitated a large number of tax dodgers and spiked their heads above the city gates to serve as a warning to others who might not be disposed to pay their dues promptly.

"A company of five was formed," writes Mr. Jackson, "to visit Laroché and see if the ghastly report was true. The party consisted of an Englishman, who spoke Arabic; a German and three Americans."

We reached Laroché about noon. It is impossible to describe the sickening sight which met our gaze as we rode up to the main entrance of the city. There above us, in a ghastly row, were fifteen human heads, shriveling in the boiling sun. We rode around to the other gates, only to find the same gruesome display. In all we counted forty-five heads spiked to the board arches over the city gates. Our curiosity was fully satisfied and all of us regretted that we had traveled so far to learn that there was at the close of the nineteenth century so barbarous a country on the face of the earth as Morocco."

Some Queer Appetites.

The novel operation mentioned recently of the removal of over six inches of hatpin from the neck of a kitten is not altogether without precedent.

Kittens and puppies, and cats and dogs, it was stated, are frequent sufferers from a lack of discrimination in swallowing things never intended for consumption. Hatpins, meat skewers, knitting needles, and ordinary needles and pins are among the articles they have been known to swallow. Only recently a tiny fox terrier was submitted for professional examination on what was supposed to be an abscess on the side. The surgeon, however, decided that a foreign body was present, and nothing could of course be done without the merciful aid of chloroform, for it is both interesting and gratifying to know that even the least painful operation is never attempted until the animal to be operated upon is placed temporarily beyond the reach of pain.

The results of this operation disclosed the presence of a wooden meat skewer in the terrier's stomach, with the point projecting between its ribs. The obstacle was successfully removed, and today the tiny pet is as frisky as it ever was.

Another small spaniel paid the penalty of its avariciousness with its life, mainly owing to the fact that its owner was a comparatively poor man. One morning the dog entered the bedroom, and bounding upon the dressing table, lapped up a diamond stud worth \$25 or \$30. Ordinary emetics had no effect, and unfortunately under chloroform on the operating table the surgeon was unsuccessful in dislodging the stud.

At the wish of the owner a further supply of the drug was given and a post-mortem revealed the missing gem.

It is attributed to some cats that they show an intemperate inclination for wine corks, and frequently swallow them. Others swallow needles, which gradually work out through their skin, and there is a case on record of an omnivorous goat that swallowed a packet of small needles, and for some months afterward, owing to its voracious exterior, was a terror to the small boys who attempted to take a seat on its back.

Three Very Queer Mines.

The so-called soap mine at Ashcroft, British Columbia, is really a lake containing water strongly impregnated with borax and soda. These have solidified on the bottom and sides, where blocks of it are cut as if it were ice.

All of the emery used in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

As it is one of the hardest substances known, ordinary quarrying tools can't be used to cut it out. The 300 men engaged in the trade get the stuff out by building big fires about it until it cracks, and then prying it off with levers. It is shipped in big lumps as if it were furnace coal.

The emerald mines along the Tokova river, in the Russian province of Ekaterinoblav, are owned by the government.

A peasant named Kojevnikoff found the first one in 1829 in the roots of a tree that had been blown down.

The government mined on its own account until 1863, then leased the mines to contractors, who have lost money on them, because the best emeralds lie near the surface. Those dug up from a depth are inferior. Good emeralds, in view of their growing scarcity, ought to hold their value well.