

CRIME OF THE AGES.

DREYFUS CASE THE DARKEST DRAMA IN HISTORY.

A Story of Tragic Incidents, Foul Intrigue, Vile Treachery, Suffering Innocence and Triumphant Villainy.

The story of Alfred Dreyfus, a captain in the French artillery, who was reconvicted on the charge of selling state secrets to the German Government, is one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. It is a story full of dramatic and tragic incidents, of foul intrigue and vile treachery, of forgery, assassination, suicide and almost every species of crime and wickedness known to desperate and degenerate men. That dreadful drama that has so dishonorably affected a nation has overthrown five French cabinets, has driven three men to suicide, others to exile and many to undying shame and infamy. Nor is the end yet. Truth, justice, the sympathy and moral support of the unprejudiced in every land are on the side of Dreyfus, and the day will eventually come when the French nation will declare the innocence of the man whom it has twice condemned.

Dreyfus' Career.

Alfred Dreyfus is an Alsatian Jew. He received a military training at the Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, and in 1878 was appointed to a sub-lieutenancy. He made a specialty of the artillery service and his rise was rapid. In 1889 he was a captain in the army; in 1893 he was attached to the general staff—the first Hebrew to hold that position. He was married, the father of two children, and the future seemed rosy.

But Dreyfus was a Jew—a crime in France. Hounding Jews in that opera bouffe of a republic is a pastime and

ord that only one incriminating document was laid before the judges, and that document was a forgery. The principal witnesses against the prisoner were Colonels Henry, Esterhazy and Paty de Clam. Dreyfus was convicted. His conviction was necessary to shield others just as his second conviction was decreed upon for reasons of state. Jan. 5, 1895, Dreyfus was publicly degraded, his sword being broken and his uniform defaced. The Parisian mob shouted "Down with the Jews!" and "Live the army!" and a little later the prisoner was taken to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, to suffer imprisonment for life.

Working for the Prisoner.

The case of Dreyfus apparently was closed. The conspirators who had condemned him were strong and powerful. It was unpopular and unsafe to speak a word in favor of the prisoner or of the proscribed race to which he belonged.

But the case was not closed. The heroic wife of the prisoner, Mme. Lucile Dreyfus, remained, to fight for the honor of her husband, in whom she believed, and well and loyally did she wage her battle against entrenched wrong and injustice and hate. Friends rallied around her, and in the press and legislative halls the case of Dreyfus was kept ever to the front.

In June, 1895, Col. George Picquart became head of the secret intelligence of the war office. Documents came into his hands that convinced him that Esterhazy had written the bordereau and that Dreyfus was innocent. He communicated this belief to Generals Boisdeffre and Gonse. But Esterhazy stood high in their regard, and Picquart was sent on a perilous mission to Africa in the hope that he would never return. This was in the fall of 1896.

Others, however, followed along the lines of Picquart in his investigation. Scheurer-Kestner asserted the innocence of Dreyfus, and Mathieu Drey-

fus succeeded him, and he soon resigned because he was opposed to a revision of the Dreyfus case. A month later still another War Minister, Gen. Chanoine, went down and out for the same reason, and after him the whole cabinet. Francois de Pressense was expelled from the Legion of Honor because he raised his voice for Dreyfus, and others suffered social ostracism and political death for like offenses. There were accusations and recriminations, threats of riot and rebellion, and other resignations from high offices, all because of the exile away off on the coast of Guiana.

New Trial Ordered.

This was the situation at the opening of the present year. Then the testimony of Dreyfus, taken on Devil's Island, was presented before the Court of Cassation, which was considering the granting of a new trial to Dreyfus. Events then crowded on one another. Paty de Clam was arrested in Paris and imprisoned. Esterhazy, who had fled to London, confessed that he was the author of the bordereau. In June the Court of Cassation ordered a new trial for Dreyfus and referred the case to the Rennes court-martial. July 1 Capt. Dreyfus arrived at Rennes, and Aug. 7 the second court-martial began.

The details of the trial, famous and infamous alike, and the outrageous conviction of the prisoner are familiar to all. The fight made for their client by M. Labori and M. Demange and the prejudiced and unfair rulings of the court-martial's president, Col. Jouaust, will live, the one a record of honor, the other a record of shame. It was not Dreyfus so much as France that was on trial at Rennes, and France convicted herself of an infamy as deep, an injustice as black and a dishonor as great as ever stained the life of a nation. But one thought can come to a person considering the present result of the drama: "A government that cannot do justice to the humblest of its citizens has no justification to exist."

HE GOT WELL.

And the Despised Little German Band Saved His Life.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers, and forcing back the tears to greet his wondering look with a smile. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, wan face.

"Jennie, dear, I am going."

"Oh, no, John—not yet—not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes; "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear; that isn't angels; that's the brass band at the corner."

"What?" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come here when they know I'm dying? Give me my bootjack. I'll let 'em see."

And, in a towering rage, the old man jumped from his bed, and, before his wife could think, he had opened the window and slid the bootjack at the band.

"I've hit that fat leader in the neck!" And he went back to bed and got well.

He Sized Up His Customer.

A rather loudly dressed "gentleman" stepped into the necktie department of a big shop the other afternoon, and in a supercilious tone that would have nettled a graven image into anger uttered the single mandatory word:

"Neckties!"

Then he threw back his head as if the assistant was entirely beneath his notice. This top-lofty air aggravated the assistant, but he quietly displayed a number of late patterns with a deferential air.

"These," he said obsequiously, "are the very newest things and are excellent quality at a shilling."

"A shilling!" haughtily snapped the customer; "a shilling! Do I look like a man who would wear a shilling necktie. Is there anything about me to indicate that I—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," meekly interposed the assistant; "the sixpenny counter is at the other end of the shop."—London Tid-Bits.

Ancient New Mexican Idols.

Agents of the bureau of ethnology at Washington have taken photographs of the unique collection of stone idols owned by ex-Gov. L. Bradford Prince, of Santa Fe, N.M. He has over 1,000 of them, and they were all dug up on the sites of ancient Pueblo villages. Some are over six feet in height; some are light enough to float in water; it is difficult to tell the age of the idols; it is only known that they were used by the ancestors of the present Pueblo Indians before the Spanish conquest.

Least Interesting Country.

An English traveler declares that the least interesting country in the world to visit is Corea.

If a woman makes a second mistake at playing cards, other women begin to wonder how such a church member can be such a cheat.

It is much easier to run up a bill than it is to foot it.

GEN. P. J. JOUBERT.

Boer Commander the Most Celebrated Fighter in South Africa.

While Oom Paul Kruger is the head of the Boer republic, the military chief is General P. J. Joubert, the man who carries out what Kruger plans. Joubert is the most celebrated fighter in South Africa. He is the commander-

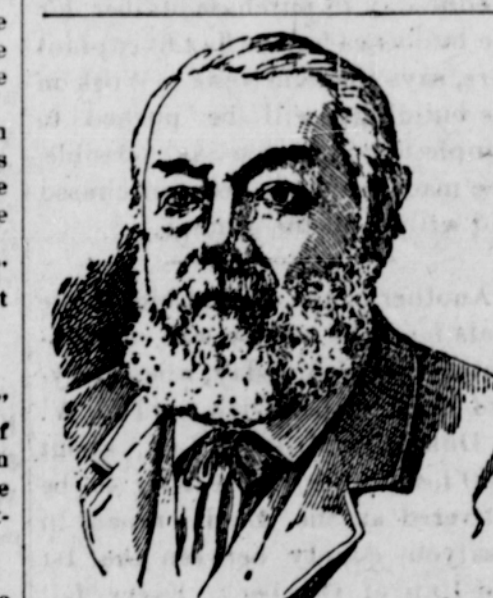


in-chief of the Boer army, and is looked on as the country's savior in the event of war being declared by the English. The General is 68 years old now, and scarred by many a wound from English bullet and native assegai. Yet he is sturdy of frame and keen of eye, and withal crafty as a North American Indian. He led the Boers at Majuba Hill, where 280 English gave up their lives, General Joubert losing but five men. He beat the English at Laings Nek, commanded the forces at Bronkhorst and Spruit, and finally caught Jameson like a rat in a trap through quick mobilization of troops and superior marksmanship.

JAMES B. EUSTIS.

The Former United States Ambassador to France.

James Bidwell Eustis, former ambassador to France, who died at Newport recently, came of an old Massachusetts family, but was born in New Orleans in 1834, his father having gone thither from Boston and become famous as a lawyer. James Eustis was educated at Harvard and began the practice of law in New Orleans shortly before the civil war. By virtue of his native gifts, which were of a high order, and his family wealth, he soon occupied a distinguished position in the public life of the city. With the firing on Fort Sumter Eustis joined the Con-



JAMES B. EUSTIS.

federate army, as a staff officer of Magruder. After the war he became a member of the Louisiana Legislature and achieved fame as a lawyer. He was elected United States Senator in 1877 and sat until 1891. In 1893 President Cleveland sent him to France as ambassador. Upon his return to this country in 1897 he located in New York. He was one of the most polished speakers that ever sat in the Senate.

Paying a Debt.

Some years ago an affray among the miners of the West resulted in murder, and Senator Thurston, believing the accused to have been innocent in intention, took up his case and greatly mitigated the lad's punishment. Six months afterward a man, armed to the teeth, appeared in Thurston's office.

"Be you Squire Thurston?"

"Yes."

"Be you the man that defended Jack Bailey at court?"

The Senator, thinking his last hour was come, again answered, "Yes."

"Well, I'm Jack Bailey's pardner, and I've come to pay you. I haven't got any money, but I'm a man of honor. Anybody in town you don't like?"

As the Senator smilingly disclaimed, any thirst for booty or blood, the caller insisted incredulously, "Put on your hat, squire, and just walk down the street. See anybody you don't like, throw up your thumb and I'll pop him."

The first five minutes after an accident, a man is grateful that he escaped with his life; after that, he begins to complain because his pants were torn.

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for a reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Left in the March of Progress.

There are few quieter, more secluded villages in England than the Meons, east and west, lying among the Hampshire Downes. Old Winchester Hill presiding over the scene seems to tell of some old British city thereabouts, the forerunner of the more famous city of the plains. And the Romans were busy about the hills with camps and summer settlements long syne. But nothing much has happened there since. Sturdy Cobbett passed that way in his "Rural Rides," and marveled at the huge church of East Meon in its mighty solitude. Built to hold thousands, and now, in Cobbett's time, a few shepherds and graziers, sparsely scattered, form the whole population of the parish. And still the process of depopulation goes on, as census tables tell. But the Meons are to have a railway at last, and we read that the Meon valley railway from Alton to Fareham, a distance of about 26 miles, will run through country hitherto quite untouched by any railway, and will afford a rapid and direct means of communication between Aldershot and the southern ports and defenses of Portsmouth, Southampton and Gosport.—Household Words.

HOW TO TRAVEL.

Information for the Public.

In selecting your route to the East you cannot afford to overlook the advantages and comforts offered by the Rio Grande Western Railway in connection with the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland railroads. It is the only transcontinental line passing directly through Salt Lake City, and in addition to the glimpse it affords of the Temple city, the Great Salt Lake, the salt palace, and the picturesque Utah valley, it offers choice of six distinct routes to the East and the most magnificent scenery in the world. A double daily train service and through Pullman palace and ordinary sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars and a perfect dining car service are now in operation via these lines.

For pamphlets descriptive of the "Great Salt Lake Route," apply to J. D. Mansfield, general agent, 253 Washington street, Portland, Or.

A Fable in Stocks.

Once upon a time an operator in stocks was sold short, and ruin stared him in the face unless the market should break. In his desperation he remembered having heard that honesty is the best policy. He tried to dismiss the foolish thought, but in vain. Finally, like the drowning man catching at the straw, he resolved to try being honest. The very next day he put his design into execution, and he hadn't been honest more than 15 minutes when 17 of the leading bulls fell dead, they were so surprised at him. Hereupon the market naturally broke, and the operator could get all the stocks he wanted at his own figure. It is claimed that some, if not all, of these bulls had taken radishes and ham for breakfast, but that, it is submitted, does not destroy the moral of this fable.—Detroit Journal.

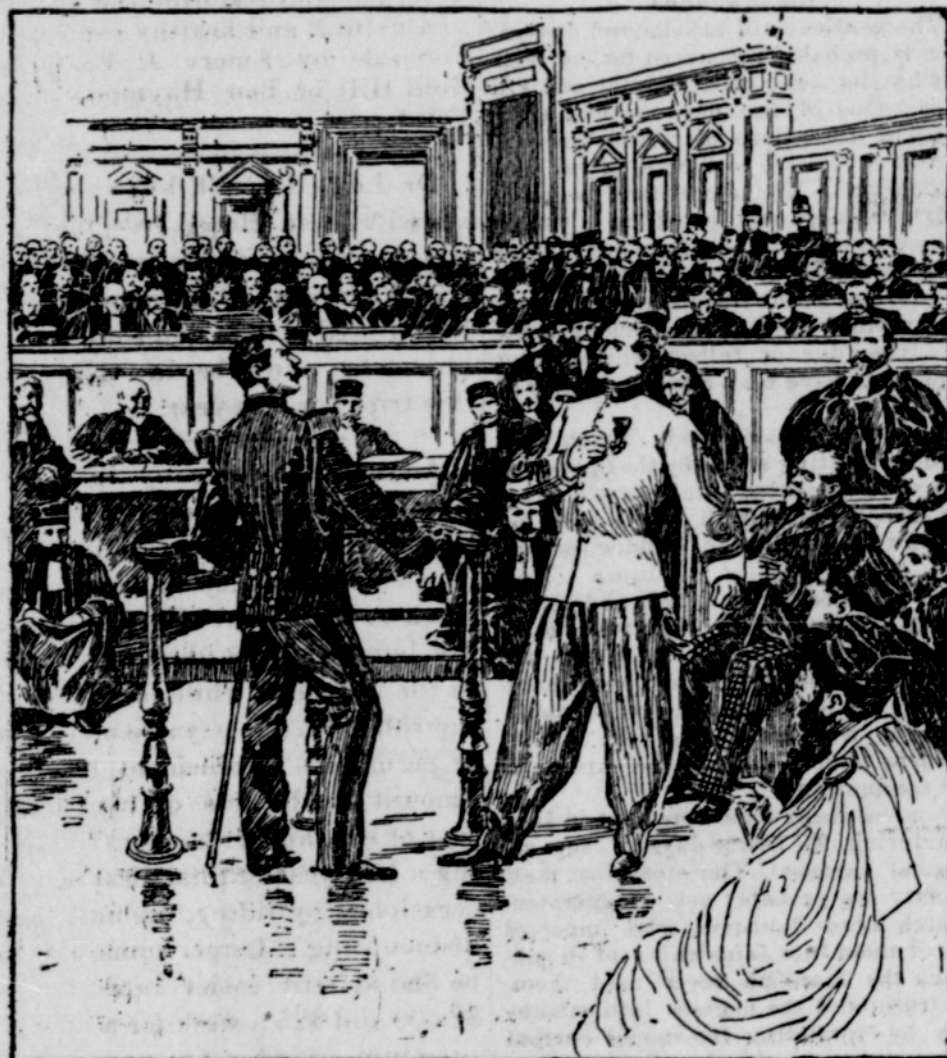
Setting a Quizzier.

Joseph Jefferson, some 10 years ago, spent a week with a Scotch peer. Among the guests was a haughty and brilliant lady who made a dead set at quizzing him. He did not detect it at first and answered some of her absurd questions about America quite innocently. At last he saw her purpose and decided to get even. His opportunity came when, emboldened by her success, she said: "By the by, have you met the queen lately?" "No, Madam," Jefferson replied with perfect seriousness, "I was out when her majesty called upon me." She colored slightly and then turned away and never spoke to him again.—Detroit Free Press.

The average duration of life in Chicago has been more than doubled in the last 30 years, resulting in the saving of 42,050 lives.

It is said that some of the sheep farms in Australia are as large as the whole of England.

Schilling's
Best
tea
sold only in
Packages



HISTORICAL CONFRONTATION OF HENRY AND PICQUART.

a passion. Schemers curry favor by it in the estimation of the baser elements, and France has a superabundance of the former. Then Dreyfus was brilliant and studious. These qualities generated envy, and so, in 1894, when certain high-born and accomplished rascals wanted a victim upon whom to cast the odium of their malodorous lives, what more natural than to select the despised and envied Jew—Dreyfus?

elling State Secrets.

In that year—1894—spies of the French secret service department recovered a letter from the office of the German embassy in Paris, which seemed to indicate that some Frenchman was carrying secret information to that office. The letter contained the sentence: "This dog of a D— is really getting too greedy." In September, 1894, the spies brought to light another document known as the bordereau. It was in the nature of a memorandum naming five military secrets which the writer offered to convey to the unnamed person he was addressing. It was turned over to the miserable Mercier, French Minister of War, and he summoned experts who pronounced it to be the work of Dreyfus. Major du Paty de Clam, one of the most execrable scoundrels who have figured in the whole national drama, was given the bordereau for further investigation. He summoned Dreyfus before him. The investigation was secret, and the infamous Paty de Clam pronounced Dreyfus guilty, and added that the latter had made a full confession. Dreyfus was arrested and incarcerated in the Cherche Midi military prison.

The First Conviction.

In December, 1894, Dreyfus was put on trial before a court-martial. The trial was a farce. It is now known that not a particle of credible proof was adduced against him. Casimir-Perier, then President of France, left it on rec-

fus, brother of the prisoner, openly accused Esterhazy as the author of the bordereau. The agitation was so strong that in January, 1898, the war office ordered a whitewash court-martial for Esterhazy. Picquart was recalled to testify. Esterhazy was acquitted according to program, and then Picquart was arrested on a trumped-up charge of forgery and sent to prison. The war office was still in the ascendant, while the lonely prisoner on Devil's Island was eating out his heart in suffering and shame.

The Zola Episode.

Then came the novelist, Emile Zola, who in an open letter charged Esterhazy, Henry and the chiefs of the war office with conspiracy to ruin Dreyfus. This brought upon his head the wrath of the army chiefs and he was tried for slander and found guilty. He appealed, was again convicted and fled from France. M. Labori was his counsel.

France at this time was in a state of the utmost disorder. There were frequent riots. The cabinet of M. Melne fell, to be succeeded by that of M. Brisson, and the general political fabric seemed on the verge of breaking up.

At this juncture—July, 1898—War Minister Cavaignac asserted his belief in Dreyfus' guilt, and his speech to this effect in the Chamber of Deputies was ordered posted throughout France. He produced a document at the time that he said had convinced him of Dreyfus' guilt.

It was retorted that the document was a forgery, and was committed by Col. Henry. The latter soon afterward admitted his guilt and then committed suicide. Previous to this Lemercler-Picard, who figured in the scandal, committed suicide, and last spring, Lorimier, Col. Henry's former clerk, followed suit.

After the Henry fiasco Cavaignac resigned as Minister of War. Gen. Zur-