SKIRTED COURT SPIES

WHO WORM STATE SECRETS OUT OF WEAK DUPES.

Captain Dreyfu's Sly Marquise—How General Deflissy Was Ruined — Demi-Monde, Too, Serve Europe's Courts.

Of all the cases of treachery that have taken place in the French army since the war of 1870 there has been none of a more aggravated, flagrant and altogether inexcusable character than that charged against Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the Headquarters' staff, who has hitherto occupied a confidential position in the intelligence bureau of the War Department.

He stands accused of having availed himself of his position to communicate to the Italian Government and through it to the German and Austrian governments, not only all sorts of plans, drawings and specifications, the secrets concerning the manufacture of the smokeless powder in use by the French army, the mechanism of the new rifle and of the improved ordinance ; but also of having betrayed the entire project of mobilization of the French army in the event of a declaration of war This document is of a most voluminous character and arranges for the assignment of the various regiments, brigades and divisions to their respective posts, for the provision of the troops, for the means of conveyance of the latter, even going so far as to state the hours at which the various railroad trains conveying the forces and the war material are to start and to arrive at their destination.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

As usual; there is a woman in the case. There always is in such instances as these —a lady who plays the role of Delilah to that of Samson filled by the weak and treacherous officer. In Captain Dreyfus' case it seems to have been a beautiful and captivating Italian Marquise, now beyond the reach of the French police. She got the captain completely infatuated by her charms, and after having wheedled a secret of minor importance out of him terrorized him to such an extent by her threats of exposing his indiscretion to his superiors that she was able to obtain from him all the subsequent information that she required.

This Marquise seems to have played the same role as that of the infamous Baroness de Kalla during the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon. In that instance the dupe was not a mere captain of the staff, but the Minister of War himself, General de Cissy. Baroness de Kaulla, a very beautiful woman, was the daughter of an Austrian Government official, and had married the French General Jung, the well-known military historian, and until recently Governor of the port of Dunkirk. Her morals were so disgraceful that the couple soon separated, and the lady, being left to her own devices, resumed her maiden name of Baroness de Kaulla and resorted to spying for a living.

She managed to make the acquaintance of the Minister of War by asking an audience of him, for the purpose of securing his intervention with her former husband, whose signature she pretended to require for some purpose or other. The Minister became completely subjugated by her charms, and soon got to be a frequent visitor to her house. The latter was situated within a stone's throw of the Elysee, and on the days when the Cabinet councils were held at the Presidential Palace, the susceptible old General would regularly stroll across after the meeting was over, to her residence to share her noonday breakfast.

HOW THE BARONESS WORKED HIM.

On these occasions the Baroness and the General always remained pretty long attable —the cuisine was as excellent as the wines were generous—and during that time a couple of Prussian officers belonging to the Headquarters' Staff at Berlin, and who were attached to Mme. de Kaulla's household in the guise of footmen, were in the habit of carefully perusing the contents of the General's ministerial portfolio, which, with almost criminal insouciance, he would invaribly leave in the salon during the repast. Stenographic notes were rapidly made of the documents contained in the portfolio, and that same afternoon the German authorities at Berlin were in possession of a detailed report of everything that had taken place at the Cabinet council held at the Elysee under the Presidency of Marshal Mac Mahon, just three or four hours previously.

Of course, a moment arrived when all this became known, and it resulted in the General's removal from the office of War Minister and his retirement from the army with a cloud of such heavy popular opprobrium hanging over his head that it was not long before he succumbed to a malady which, if it cannot be called broken heart, was certainly broken spirit.

There was very little excuse for General de Cissy, since he should have known who the woman was, as only a couple of years previously she had been literally driven out of London by a more reputable female diplomatist, Mme. de Novikoff. The latter, on arriving in London after a stay in Russia, found Mme. de Kaulla enjoying a considerable amount of social prestige and currency. She had a beautiful house in Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, and was a welcome guest in all the diplomatic and official salons of the British metropolis, the brilliancy of her conversation, her beauty and her perfect taste in dress rendering her particularly conspicuous.

Mme. de Novikoff at once informed her friends of the antecedents of the lady, as well as the fact that she had been expelled by the Russian police from St. Petersburg as a German spy, and also as a blackmailer.

Lord Granville was made acquainted with this during a reception at the Foreign Office, at which not only the Baroness, but also the entire royal family save the Queen were present. Although the most courteous and suave of men, he determined upon immediate action, and excusing himself to the Princess of Wales, he walked up to the spot where the Baroness stood, as usual surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and offered her his arm, as if to lead her around the salon. He then conducted her downstairs himself, ordered her carriage and waited with her until it came to the door.

Mme. de Kaulla's expostulations were less violent than might have been expected under the circumstances. For, having seen her enemy, Mme. de Novikoff, in conversation with Lord Granville just a moment before, she must have known without any explanation on his part the reasons that led him to practically expel her from his entertainment.

WRECKED AN AMBASSADOR.

Another Baroness of the same kind, who has achieved similar, though not altogether as great notoriety, is the so-called Baroness de Kurth, who almost succeeded in wrecking the career of the Marquis de Reversaux, now French Ambassador at Madrid, but formerly Minister at Cairo. She spent two winters in the Egyptian capital, and her association with the Marquis was the talk of that scandal-loving place. She enjoyed the reputation of influencing the policy of the French envoy in behalf of the German Government, and is generally believed to have been one of the prime movers of the abortive coup d' etat of the Khedive in connection with the dismissal from the Premiership of Mustapha Fehmi Pacha, and which constituted such a defeat for France's diplomacy. On her return to Paris she established herself in luxurious apartments in the Rue de la Tremoille, where her salon was quite as much frequented by newspaper men, diplomats and members of the French Foreign Office and Government as that of the celebrated Marquise de Paiva previous to the war.

And yet the lesson taught by the latter should have had the effect of arousing them to observe more discretion. Mme. de Paiva was the daughter of a Moscow cobbler named Lachmann, who after making her way to Paris and figuring for a time on the police registers as a member of the demi-monde, finally succeeded in obtaining along with wealth a certain amount of prestige. More specially after she had induced an unfortunate Portuguese nobleman of ancient name, but of impoverished purse, the Marquis de Paiva, to marry her.

HE BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

As soon as he had done this he realized the ignonimy of his conduct and blew his brains out in her presence. Her magnificent house on the Ronde Point of the Champs Elysees has just been converted into a resturant, but during the latter days of the Empire, the "Hotel de Pavia" was thronged with all the leading men of the day, who were wont to discuss even affairs of state in her presence. It was only after the war broke out that they discovered that she was in the pay of Bismarck and

DE PALVA BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS.

that everything that she heard was reported at Berlin, the information thus secured proving most valuable in 1870.

After the war she married the wealthiest of all German nobles, Count Henokel Donnersmarck, and having gratified her spite against the Empress Eugenie by buying most of her jewels, withdrew to Germany, where she withdrew a few years afterward.

Others whose names deserve to be mentioned in this category are the Italian Duchess of Litta and the Comtesse de Castiglione-both celebrated for their beauty, and who played so prominent a role at the court of the Tuilleries during the reign of Napoleon III as to cause much misery to Empress Eugenie. The latter may be said to have obtained her revenge on one of them ; for she took advantage of the power conferred upon her as regent after the departure of Napoleon for the seat of war in 1870, to imprison the beautiful Duchess of Litta at Vincennes on the well-founded charge of being a German spy, and there the Duchess remained until the battle of Sedan had been fought and the Empress forced to fly from Paris. There are many well-known European statesmen now living who attribute to the intrigues of these two ladies the secret cause of the inexplicable Franco-German war, which led to the overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire and the consequent withdrawal of the French army of occupation from Rome. The kepi of the last French soldier had no sooner vanished from the Eternal City than Victor Emmanuel, with his besieging army made his appearance before the gates of Rome and took forcible possession of the capital.

A FAIR RUSSIAN INTRIGUANTE.

Another petticoated diplomatist is the Russian Princess who acts as lady in waiting to the mother of the Khedive of Egypt. Her record is such as to render it preferable for her Government to utilize her services, not in Europe, but on the banks of the Nile, where so many damaged reputations have found a home. Through her the imperial chancellerie at St. Petersburg obtains an early report of every fresh state secret which the English Government finds its necessary to communicate to the Khedive.

It would scarcely be fair to include in this list such eminently respectable and respected ladies as Princess Lise Troubeskoi and Mme. de Novikoff. Yet they, too, form part of that highly-paid corps of female diplomatic agents who are remunerated out of the secret service fund at the disposal of every continental government. It is a corps which owing to the persuasive powers, the intuition and the talent for intrigue of its members, is of infinitely greater value to the governments employing them than the regular staff of ambassadors, envoys and attaches.

SCOTLAND YARD'S MEN.

Part of the Greatest Police System in the World.

Comprising the Pick of the London Force, They Have Generally Proved Equal to the Greatest Emergencies—The Finest Detective Service on Earth.

The Hawkshaws of the dime novel, as well as other counterparts in medieval and modern drama, have ever attracted admirers. What is at the bottom of the magnetism the mere suggestion of the word detective invokes? Undoubtedly the halo that surrounds the detective is chiefly supplied by the pliant fancy of his admirers. In ordinary life he is a very simple individual. Wheresoever the English tongue is spoken the public is more or less familiar with the words "Scotland Yard." Firstly, Scotland Yard is a location, and is to be found almost directly opposite the Horse Guards, Whitehall, London. People who are acquainted with that great city have passed, maybe unconsciously, the celebrated spot in walking from Trafalgar Square westward toward Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons. Well what is Scotland Yard? It is the headquarters of the greatest detective system without question in the world. Imagine for a moment what a city like London, with its upward of 5,000,000 citizens, requires; not only that, but the British Empire at large, in emergencies, calls upon the services of Scotland Yard to unravel mysteries, arrest criminals and protect its extended interests over an empire upon which the sun never sets. What a task for a body of men to perform. Yet, when one examines the component parts of the body corporate, we find in the Scotland Yard officials a highly capable, intelligent, well educated and absolutely fearless body of men, that not only compare favorably with but emphatically outstrip the records of any other secret service organization in the world.

THE CRACK A DIVISION.

Now Scotland Yard, or, to speak officially, the criminal investigation department is a distinct service in itself, and has no actual connection with the metropolitan police force. The Scotland yard officers, many of them at all events, are drafted from the regular service. Here it may be stated that the London police force is arranged divisionally and in alphabetical order; thus the A division is the foremost and principal of all. The duties of the A division police are relegated to the entire west end of London, including a close inspection of all the government buildings, the House of Lords and Commons, Westminster Abbey, and, in fact, every place of importance. It naturally follows that the members of the crack A division are exceptionally fine men, both physically and morally; as a rule in height they are six-footers, and their moral characteristics are proportionally elevated; few of them, however, in possession of some spare moments are above consulting the delicacies of the area kitchen, and their ardent admirers, the housemaids, contrive ever and anon to surretitously administer to the requirements of the force with such tidbits as the cold roast beef of England, washed down with unrivaled end unlimited Bass' pale ale. The politeness, in fact one might say gallantry, of the British policeman is proverbial. In the densest crowd he is omnipotent. Take Piccadilly circus any afternoon at the height of the season, and what chance has the ordinary pedestrian to effect a crossing? None; yet let him appeal to one of the popular A policemen, and in an instant an upraised arm causes the immediate cessation of the entire traffic and a passage as safe as that enjoyed by the children of Israel in crossing the Red Sea is at the disposal of the distracted traveler.

The value of the A division men in the House of Commons is beyond ordinary description ; especially since the attempted dynamite outrages have the energies of the A men been particularly demanded. The initiated or habitual frequenter of the lobbies of the House of Commons has little difficulty in placing the Scotland Yard men who have haunted the historic pile ever since the days of Guy Fawkes. Without any exaggeration, on an ordinary debate night fifty, at least, of these bright Hawkshaws might be counted within the House of Commons itself. An Irish night—nine or ten years ago—they might have been numbered by the hundred. Those were in the dramatic dynamite days.

PROMOTION GAINED BY MERIT ONLY.

In all of the divisions of the London police force there is a detective branch composed of the brainiest men, who reach the position of detective entirely on merit. An ordinary, everyday policeman shows his sergeant some cleverness in connection, it may be, with some exceptional case either of murder, burglary, dynamiteism, socialism, or any of the "isms" that have rendered our language famous, and that policeman is marked for promotion. He reaches in a short time the position of "plain clothes" officer. This is a distinctly hybrid or half way location between an ordinary member of the force and a "tec," as they are dubbed in London, but in time, all going well, the "plain clothes officer" is crystallized and a full-fledged detective is at your service. It is from the detective branches of the various divisions of the police force that Scotland Yard is recruited, and it may be taken for granted that all men connected with the celebrated Scotland Yard are vigilant sleuth-hounds, who slumber not nor sleep. Men who at a moment's notice are prepared to visit the uttermost parts of the earth, familiar with all languages, capable of every conceivable form of disguise fom the bishop of the highest church to a Whitechapel tough, from a provincial dude to a cockney costermonger. These various specialities are on tap and can be turned out in the twinkling of an eye.

Stroll into one of the principal depots say Charing Cross. It is evening and the continental express it due. Observe among the curious conglomeration that goes to compose a London crowd, and always at the outskirt are a number of curious people, invariably with umbrella of an unmistakably new and unused appearance. These men as a rule are detectives. Another point that without fail gives the detective away beside the clumsy manner in which he carries his umbrella, is his shoes. They are ever of the policeman pattern. Glance at them, and with their classic proportions fixed in your mind's eye compare them with the shoes of the first policeman you meet; then observe the similarity. The duties of Scotland Yard are multifarious. Political and criminal detectives are always in demand. There is an annual sum of money voted by parliament to the secret service fund, and no doubt Scotland Yard absorbs a goodly share of it. Political detectives are employed to follow, watch and report at meetings of an extreme character, which are generally held in Hyde Park. Various foreigners find employment in the "Yard" and receive handsome salaries.

THE MUSEUM OF CRIME.

There is an interesting museum in connection with Scotland Yard. It is necessary to obtain an order from the Home Secretary in order to visit this unique place. Here may be found the various belongs of the "cracksman," the common burglar and assassin. On the occasion of the writer's visit he was upon entering the museum handed a pistol and a bullet to examine. "Do you know the case they belong to?" was asked. Replying negatively, the answer came: "That pistol and that bullet killed Carey, the arch informer, who at the Invincible trial in Dublin betrayed his fellow assassins and richly deserved the death he met with." Among the curios were the relics of the celebrated burglar, Charles Peace, who, after a life of daring robberies, closed it upon the gallows, he having been sentenced to death for killing a policeman. Prior to his execution Peace confessed to a murder which had occurred seventeen years previously, and for which another man had been arrested, tried and sentenced to death, and by the merest chance royal clemency had been granted. Otherwise an innocent man would most assuredly have been put to death.

Peace's burglarious implements were remarkable. He had several disguises. His favored role was that of a preacher ; he also went about frequently as a one-armed veteran ; his tools were cleverly constructed ; several pieces of wood, about half an inch thick and one foot in length fastened one to the other with screw nails, constituted his ladder, a hook on one end enabled him to catch on to a convenient cornice, and, nimble as a cat, the old man—he was nearly 60 years of age—speedily reached the principal bedroom window. Peace's burglaries were perpetrated principally during the winter months, and when the family were at dinner. Once in the bedroom, Peace immediately locked the door, and inserted a small block of wood, V shaped beneath it; he then secured the door to the jamb by a long screw nail, which had an effective hook on the end. To this a rope was attached, so that if flight was necessary, everything was in readiness. In order to enter a room when the door was locked, Peace invented an instrument somewhat like at exaggerated watch-key of the class that fits all watches. With this he caught hold of the small portion of the door key that protrudes on the outside, then his key tightened upon it, so that it became the simplest thing in the world to open a locked door from the outside.

Without belonging to the aristocracy of the detective world, which is undoubtedly Scotland Yard, "the Bow street runners" have a history of their own little less remarkable and equally full of interest.

CRITICAL DAYS OF 1895.

Forewarned Is Forearmed, and Everybody Can Watch Out.

Prof. Rudolph Falb of Leipzig, the discoverer of the "critical days," in giving the number, order, and dates for the coming year in the Deutsche Kaiser-Kalender for 1895, states that the observations begun in 1863 convince him that the attraction of the moon and sun upon the waters of the sea had a similar effect upon the ocean of the earth's atmosphere, as well as upon the liquid and volatile masses contained in the interior of our globe. He discovered that great atmospheric disturbances, shocks of earthquake, and explosions in mines were surprisingly often the coincident with the days upon which the most extensive tides and other oceanic commotions were caused by the influences of either moon or sun, or both. These periods Prof. Falb distinguishes by the name of "critical days," because they mark, on the one side, periodical "turning points" in the equilibrium of the neptunic, plutonic, and atmospheric masses above mentioned, and on the other side afford the measure and means for computing the degree and effect of lunar and solar forces upon our planet.

The individual constellations effecting each for itself an increase of these forces are: First, the perigee, that is the time when moon and earth are nearest to one another; second, the moon's equatorial position; third, the perihelion, when our globe is nearest the sun; fourth, the sun's equatorial position; fifth, the syzygies, or new moon and full moon; sixth, the lunar or solar eclipses.

The year 1895 will be especially notable for the fact of its three most critical days being accompanied by eclipses. In mentioning the dates in their different orders and grades of individual effectiveness, Prof. Falb takes care to state that the results of the strongest attractions often precede their "critical days," as theoretically computed, by one or two days, while those of lesser import may be from two to three days later than periodically fixed. The latter may also be the case at the time of critical days of the first order whenever long continuing and extensive atmospheric pressure or eastern winds prevailed previous to those dates. The following are the "critical days" for 1895:

Of the first order: Sept. 18, March 11, Aug. 20, Feb. 9, Oct. 18, April 9, July 22, and Jan. 11.

Of the second order: May 9, Nov. 16, March 26, April 25, Dec. 31, Oct. 14, Feb. 24, June 22, Sept. 4, and Nov. 2.

Of the third order: May 24, Dec. 2, Dec. 16, June 7, Aug. 5, Jan. 25, and July 7.

DR. EVANS' OPEN LETTER

Carefully Investigated by The Canada Farmers' Sun.

Miss Koester and Her Parents Endorse the Statements Contained in the Open Letter—The Doctor's Action in Making the Facts Public Fully Justified.

From The Farmers' Sun.

In an open letter published in The Canada Farmers' Sun of Sept. 19 over the signature of Dr. Evans, of Elmwood, attention was called to the remarkable case of Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was attended by the doctor in March, 1892, when suffering from inflammation of the left lung, which subsequently developed all the signs of consumption. In June of the same year she wasted to a skeleton, and was suffering from an intense cough with profuse expectoration of putrid matter, accompanied by hectic fever. Her recovery was despaired of until Dr. Evans, at a stage when other remedies had proved valueless, administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the symptoms had abated, and a month after the change of medicine Miss Koester was able to drive to Elmwood, a distance of six miles, and was in good health, except for the weakness occasioned by so long an illness.

The publication of the doctor's statement, of which the above is a condensation, created considerable interest, especially when it was rumored that Dr. Evans was likely to be disciplined by the Medical Council for his action in certifying to the efficacy of an advertised remedy. A representative of the Canada Farmers' Sun was commissioned to carefully investigate the matter and ascertain how far the doctor's statements were corroborated by the patient's family.

An interview with Christina Koester, her father and mother, was held at the homestead in the Township of North Brant. Miss Koester is a well developed, healthy looking girl of eighteen years of age. She stated that she was now in the enjoyment of perfect health and able to do her part in the labors of the farm, and had not since her cure had any recurrence of her former trouble.

Tado Koester, father of Christina, said that the statement, as published in Dr. Evans' open letter as to his daughter's recovery, was correct. She was first taken sick about the 15th of March, 1893, of inflammation of the left lung, and after treatment by Dr. Evans seemed to recover after about two weeks, but again relapsed with the apparently hopeless conditions described in the letter. She was terribly wasted. Every night she coughed up a large bowlful of fetid matter. The family had completely given up all hopes of her recovery, and for two nights sat up with her expecting that she would die. After beginning the Pink Pills a change for the better was speedily noticeable. The cough began to discontinue and in one month had entirely ceased, when, as stated in the doctor's letter she was sufficiently recovered to drive to Elmwood. She continued taking the pills until October. Christina had been quite well since and this fall had been pitching sheaves and helping in the harvest field.

Mrs. Koester concurred with her husband's statements throughout, and was emphatic in testifying to Christina's reduced and weakly condition at the crisis of the disease and the completeness of her recovery.

In view of the corroboration by Miss Koester and her parents of the statements made in Dr. Evans' letter, all doubts in the matter must be set at rest, and the doctor's action in giving the facts of this remarkable case to the public is fully justified.

Making an Impression.

Jimmie the newsboy (in a hoarse whisper to the waiter)—"Sh ! Wot have yer got dat tastes good, and looks tony, fer nineteen cents ?"

Don't Sound Well in English.

The translation of the names of Continental celebrities sometimes involves a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. For example, Calderon de la Barca, is a true grandee name, yet rendered literally it means "kettle of a barque." Torquato Tasso in English is "chained terrier," Dante "a deer skin," Giovanni Boccaccio is equivalent to "Jack the Braggart," Bramante (the famous architect), as far as his name goes, was nothing more than a "whining pup," and Max Piccolomini, the hero of Schiller's "Wallenstein," is synonymous with "Max, the Dwarf."

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.