

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 30, 1898.

On Devil's Island.

How Dreyfus Passes His Time in Exile—Guards Lead Him With a Rope Tied to His Wrist.

Karl Weinbeber, cook of the Netherland steamship Andalusia, writes the following interesting account of what he saw and learned in the short time spent as cook on Devil's Island, where Dreyfus is imprisoned.

Our ship, the Netherland steamship Andalusia, was anchored off Devil's Island on April 1st after a visit to Cayenne, when we were hailed from ashore. At the same time a small boat put off, manned by soldiers. They came along to ask the captain for the loan of a cook while the Andalusia was waiting for freight.

The captain sent me to the island, and while busy in the little kitchen instructing a soldier in the mysteries of broiling lamb chops and cooking pork I had plenty of opportunity to question Captain Dreyfus' guards. The men, who had at first seemed disinclined to speak, became quite loquacious after awhile.

"What kind of books has he got?" The soldiers looked at each other. After awhile one of them said: "He is only allowed to read technical works. But he can write whatever he pleases. He is now writing an account of his life."

"Must he show you what he writes?" "No," we read only the letters he desires to have forwarded. These are sent to the commander in Cayenne.

"And does the commander send them off as received?" "No," they are copied and the originals are retained in Cayenne.

"What does he do besides reading and writing?" "Two weeks ago we received permission from the commander to play cards with the prisoner, and he has become an inveterate gambler since. After dinner—he has always soup, a roggel and dessert—about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we always play baccarat together."

"What are the stakes?" "The soldier laughed. "He has not got a sou and there are probably not three francs on the whole island. We play for shells. The prisoner gets his supper at 6 in the evening—roast, or ham and a bottle of beer. Soon afterward he goes to bed. He is not allowed to have light, you know. Only the guard at the door keeps up a wood fire. He cannot go to sleep before 10 o'clock, and the guard is not allowed to answer any question he may put. In the day time we can talk to him, but only on the most trifling subjects, the weather, his health, and the like. Our own country is not to be mentioned."

"Is he allowed to smoke?" "No; that is, I think he is not, for the commander does not furnish him tobacco."

A Budget of Don'ts.

A Long List of the Things One Should Try to Avoid.

From the London, Eng., Answers we glean the following "Don'ts," some of which are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense:

TABLE DON'TS.

Don't smoke a cigar while talking to a lady.

Don't fasten your napkin around your neck. It is now customary to wear a collar there.

Don't pick your teeth or a quarrel at the table. Both should be picked in the back yard.

Don't put your elbow on the table. If at a loss where to put it, put it in your pocket.

Don't eat your meals with your fingers at a boarding house. Try your mouth; you get the taste better.

Don't put your knife in your mouth. If there is not room on the table for it, balance it on the shoulder of the person next to you.

Don't annoy a silent editor; he may be a reformed prize-fighter.

Don't forget that it's economical to write on both sides of the paper, and editors adore economy.

Don't fail to submit a list of fifty alternative titles for your manuscript. They will please the editor and keep him out of mischief.

Don't send an article without having it cross-written, as it makes it bright and attractive. It may try the editor's eyes, but what of that? Spectacles are cheap.

Don't sit erect; it is too good for your health.

Don't take the other man's bike when leaving. It may be a better make than yours; but it's safer to take your own.

Don't use cyclometers if you want to preserve your temper and integrity. Don't come down a steep hill without a brake; you may break your head.

Don't be nervous when you meet a young lady acquaintance. Smile confidently, take off your cap with either hand, or both, and choose a soft place to fall.

Don't ride at less than 30 miles an hour if you are passing a horse and carriage. It is so refreshing to the nerves of the horse, if the animal is a little high-spirited.

Don't marry a woman who would rather nurse a pug than a baby.

Don't marry a woman who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons old.

Don't marry a woman who keeps bric-a-brac for the best room and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors.

Don't forget the bait.

Don't carry hooks in your trousers' pocket.

Don't despise a faint nibble. It may be the biggest fish.

Captain Allyn Capron, of the First Artillery, who died at Fort Myer, Va., last Sunday of typhoid fever contracted at Santiago, is the third Allyn Capron to die for his country. His father, captain of the same battery, was killed at Cherulusso in the Mexican war, and his son at Santiago. Captain Capron was born in Florida, and went to West Point in 1863. After finishing there he graduated with honors from the Artillery school. He was made a second lieutenant in 1867 and assigned to the First Artillery. He made that branch of the service his special study, and was considered an authority on artillery tactics. He was commissioned captain in 1888.

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Medical.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

This is the sequel of a terrible calamity which affected many sections of the country some years ago. A host of victims suffered disease and death. The survivors have now a new reason to rejoice.

About seven years ago the La Grippe visited various sections of the country in its deadly might scattering disease and death among its host of victims.

Most of those afflicted who escaped death among their lives, lived on in suffering, broken in health and ambition; for the after-effects of this disease are dangerous.

A large portion of the survivors have a feeling of oppression in the chest.

A little exertion causes a violent action of the heart, described as "palpitation."

There is mental anxiety, depression, blindness of the skin, indicating impaired circulation of the blood.

The sluggishness of the circulation impairs the functions of most of the organs; the stomach and intestines fail to perform their work, while the appetite and digestion become seriously affected.

This complaint has baffled eminent physicians and exhausted the results of pharmacopoeia.

Recently, however, a means for a cure has been obtained.

Among those who have been restored to health by it is Herman H. Eyer, of 811 W. Main Street, Jefferson, Mo., a resident of that city for thirty-eight years, well known as a successful contractor.

He was one of the victims of the "Grippe" seven years ago and has since been troubled with its after-effects.

"That he lives today," he says, "is due to a remarkable occurrence.

I was taken with a malady just after the "Grippe" visited this section and caused so many fatalities about seven years ago.

I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely.

I tried different doctors and carefully followed their directions, but no benefit was apparent. I used numerous remedies that were highly recommended but no satisfactory results were obtained.

I began to give up all hope of receiving relief. My condition was deplorable.

In reading a St. Louis newspaper I noticed an article extolling Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

After making inquiries regarding them I concluded to give the pills a thorough trial.

I used the first box and was wonderfully relieved.

I bought two more boxes and continued taking them.

"A marked improvement was soon noticeable; the shortness of breath, the palpitation of my heart and kindred ailments began to abate. I was restored to good health.

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Travelers Guide.

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