

# 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 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. Homing Jews in that opera bouffe of a republic is a pastime and

off the coast of French Guiana, to suffer imprisonment for life.

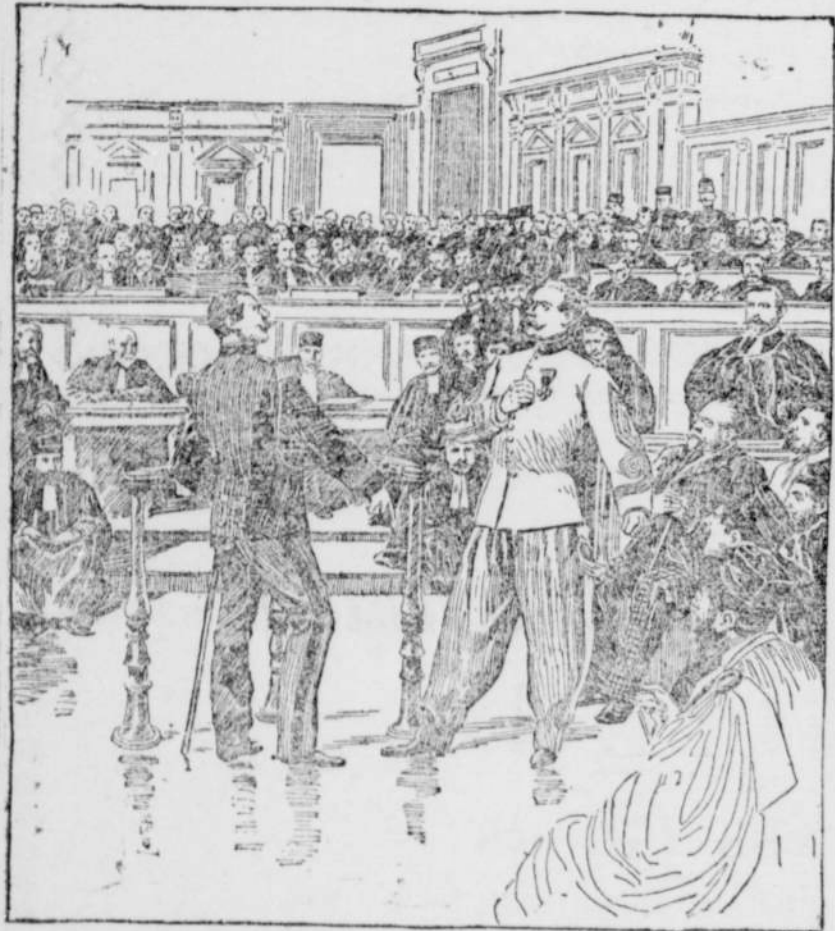
### Working for the Prisoner.

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. Lucie 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 Dreyfus, 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.



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?

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 record 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,

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. Meunier 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 Cavagnac 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, Lormier, Col. Henry's former clerk, followed suit.

After the Henry fiasco Cavagnac resigned as Minister of War. Gen. Zurlinden 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. Chanolle, 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 Despaired 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 sidled the bootjack at the band.

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

Pianos and Literary Reform. A funny story about Miss Marie Correll comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novelist has been living opposite a young ladies' school. It appears that in this school are many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils has been excessively damaging to Miss Correll's nerves. Driven to desperation, she wrote to the principal of the school, asking that when piano-forte practice was going forward the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interfered with the progress of literary composition. To which the schoolmistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like the "Sorrows of Satan" she would order half a dozen more pianos.—New York Tribune.

### LADY YARDE-BULLER INSANE.

Famous California Beauty Is Placed Under Care of a Guardian.

Lady Yarde-Buller, concerned in many remarkable episodes in Europe and California, has been adjudged insane, and a guardian appointed for her person and estate. She has run through a fortune in fifteen years and has gained notoriety by her eccentric behavior. Those who have been thrown into contact with her during the last few months testified that Lady Yarde-Buller's addiction to alcohol had increased so much that she is incompetent to manage her affairs. She spent her money recklessly and went so far as to actually throw it away on the streets. While her actual income is only about \$400 or \$500 a month she had been spending \$600. Lady Yarde-Buller's career has been checkered. She was spoiled by her father, who was very wealthy, and when in her teens tried to elope in Japan with young Major banks, afterward Lord Tweedmouth. Then she wedded an Englishman



LADY YARDE-BULLER.

named Blair, who was killed in South Africa. Soon after his death she married Yarde-Buller, a Scotchman, who taught her how to drink. They quarreled and he sued for a divorce, alleging that she showed too much partiality for the society of Valentine Gadsden, a mining promoter.

### 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.

To agree with everybody is as bad as not to agree with anybody.

# PORTO RICO'S RUINS.

## TERRIBLE DEVASTATION OF THE GREAT HURRICANE.

Pictures of the Havoc Wrought in Our Peaceful Isle, Many Pathetic Incidents and Deeds of Heroism Followed the Passage of the Storm.

The recent West Indian hurricane, with its attendant loss of life and damage to property, was one of the worst calamities of the century. In Porto Rico alone the death list reached nearly 1,500, while the number of injured was three times larger. As to the damage and destruction of property, that is inestimable. Whole villages were swept away; growing crops were washed out by flood or leveled by the wind, shipping was dealt a costly blow, and the sea, for days and days after the terrific storm, tossed upon the



A BADLY WRECKED VILLAGE.

shores of the island a heterogeneous mass of wreckage that told of disaster to vessels, the crews of which perished. Scores of ghastly, bloated corpses came floating ashore to add their ghastliness and horror to the awful scenes already depicted there. Now and then, after the storm, a disabled and long-overdue steamer made its almost helpless way into the harbor, and from the men aboard these were gotten the stories of the storm's awful fury at sea. The entire island of Porto Rico was storm swept, but the worst destruction was wrought along the southern coast in the vicinity of Ponce and twenty miles inland. Sickening scenes abounded upon every side; half-dazed, sunken eyed, weeping men, women and children went weeping to and fro; rows of dead awaited identification; strings of dead carts, with their gruesome burdens, rattled away to the cemeteries, while everywhere there was an oppressive, heart-rending, funereal atmosphere that seemed to hang like a pall of despair over the stricken isle.

Full particulars of the terrible storm show the great destruction and accentuate the horrible condition of the peasant, or peon. Houses and roofs to shelter were as serious questions as food was before the government issued free rations and made other provisions to feed the destitute. The ruins in most cases consisted of a floor only, with a few articles left thereon. At Ponce and along the southern shore the hurricane spent its greatest fury.



RUINS OF A NATIVE ABODE.

The front of the storm reached there about daylight and the wind and rain continued to increase till about noon, when they gradually subsided. This advance guard had broken the palm trees, snapped off and stripped of their fruit the banana and plantain trees—the chief food of the peons—and had torn and beaten down the coffee trees and the sugar cane. Many houses had been unroofed; but few, if any, lives were lost, though many were injured by the flying debris.

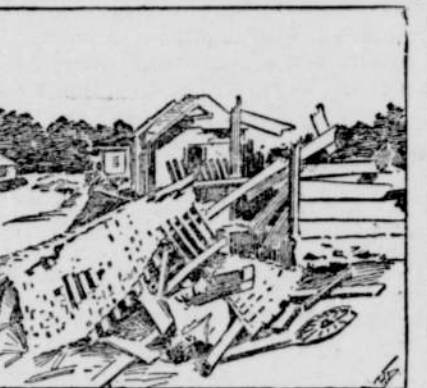
At dusk the worst seemed to be over, for the wind and rain had ceased. But between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening the storm recommenced, accompanied by torrential rain and gales. The little Portuguese River, usually a mere creek, already swollen from the morning rain, became a raging torrent. It jumped out of its banks at a curve just above Ponce, and swept down through the streets. Small houses, with whole families, were borne down in its resistless current and either lodged in some fence corner or carried out to sea. In one yard in the city were found the bodies of daughter, father, mother and grandmother.

At one place in the street where the drift was checked, twenty-four bodies were picked up, most of them peons. Some of them, however, gave evidence of refinement and one was thought to be an American, but so quickly does decomposition set in that hot climate that it was impossible to recognize him. Dr. Sidley, an American physician, had a narrow escape from death. He had recently purchased and fitted up a handsome home, preparatory to receiving the bride he expected soon to bring from Chicago. He remained in his house as long as was possible. Tying his money to his arm, and in his underclothes only, he struggled through water up to his neck and at times over his head. Fortunately some one grasped him by the hair as he swept past a house and he was saved. The flood was at its height near mid-

night and the scenes along the river were heartrending. House after house floated past toward the ocean, carrying its three, four, and even more, wretched passengers, who uttered piteous cries for help. The night was lighted by incessant flashes of lightning, though with little thunder. Many persons held lamps at their windows and balconies to aid the struggling and their rescuers.

It was a wonderful but horrible sight. A city of 30,000 people was entirely under water, a foaming torrent pouring through the streets; lightning flashing; men, women and especially children struggling with the current, and then drowning; the rain ceaselessly coming down in sheets.

Many Heroic Incidents. There were many instances of heroism displayed. The Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., led by their adjutant, saved at least 100 lives, by rescuing people from the water. The adjutant personally saved fifteen from drowning. With a life line tied to his waist, he dashed



IN WAKE OF HURRICANE.

bravely into the torrent again and again, depending upon his men to draw his body out. The firemen of Ponce also worked bravely, and one noble fellow lost his life.

A flat valley, usually ten or twelve feet above the water level, extends along Del Rio Portugues, stretching from half a mile to a mile on either side. On this plain the plantations are situated. Around the planter's house, and often near the river bank, cluster the huts of the peons, or laborers, from twenty to fifty on each plantation. Emilia Quinones, a prosperous planter

living near the river a few miles above the city, and his whole household of thirty souls, were carried away and not one saved.

Native estimates place the dead at 3,600 for the Ponce district alone, but the real number will never be known. All were buried in haste. Who they were, what they were, will never be found out.

### 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 manda ory 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 Tit-Bits.

### A Family Burial Place.

A clerical correspondent of the London Spectator says that the following inscription is to be found on a marble slab in the parish church of Tetbury, Gloucestershire. "In a vault underneath lie several of the Saunderses, late of this parish. Particulars the last day will disclose. Amen."

### Cause of His Conceit.

"The Lynx is putting on insufferable airs these days," said the Lion to the Bear.  
"What has he to base his conceit on?" asked the latter.  
"Well, he says he's the only animal in the jungle that has the remotest connection with golfing."—Harper's Bazar.

### The Average Englishman.

A writer in an English magazine declares that the real average Englishman is a workman earning \$3 a week, wearing no collar, knowing nothing of tooth-brushes and handkerchiefs, and getting shaved only on Sunday. He does not buy books, and reads nothing but sporting papers.

### Slum a Millionaire.

The King of Siam is one of the richest of the monarchs, his annual income being about \$20,000,000, and he knows how to enjoy the good things that lie within his reach. His palace is like a city, as nearly 5,000 persons live in it.

### Consumption of Beer.

It is estimated that the consumption of beer in the entire world amounts to \$1,080,000,000 per annum.  
It's much easier to run up a bill than it is to foot it.

# HE DAZED ENGLAND.

Original Progenitor of Liberal Advertising Still Living in New York. Some of the nabobs of the present day advertising world who think they are "the only pebbles on the beach" ought to take a trip down to Poughkeepsie and listen to the advertising narratives of an old man there may relate to them. And the old man can substantiate his narratives with facts and proofs, and is not a mere yarn spinner like many of his degenerate successors. His name is De Linton Wing, and years ago he won for himself the title of "progenitor of liberal advertising" by his extensive advertising of a famous brand of flour of which he was the proprietor—the Julian mills flour.

It is said that at one time he was worth \$50,000,000, but lost his fortune partly by speculation in buying newspapers.

One of Mr. Wing's greatest advertising feats, according to the Albany Press-Kickerbocker, was the insertion in the London Times, much to the surprise of the slow-going Britons, of a full-page advertisement of his famous brand of flour. It was claimed as a joke that Mr. Wing, who alone had the secret and the patent for the manufacture of the Julian mills flour, introduced in the ingredients a moistening of alcohol and hops that gave a pungency upon which many a family was mildly exhilarated every morning at breakfast, and he had as a part of his business accounts a letter from Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, in which the latter expresses the thanks of Queen Victoria and her ministry for bags of his flour, because, as the minister said, of its elevating effects at each meal.

In the advertisement in the London Times Mr. Wing had such striking lines as these: "Julian Mills sees the Queen;" "Palmerston gets his Julian cakes early and saves England's honor by reason of the daring spirit they infuse into him." In the middle of the page was a wood cut—a most terrible innovation for the London Times—of Mr. Wing seated between the Queen and Lord Palmerston, who are both begging him to come to England and live at Windsor. To this Mr. Wing responds: "I am an American sovereign, greater than the British crown."

One of Mr. Wing's greatest enterprises was during the great celebration of 1858, over the Atlantic cable. Albany turned out in full procession, at the head of which was the great wagon of D. L. Wing, made entirely of flour barrels. Sixteen flour barrels served as wheels and thousands of barrel staves formed an awning over the body of the wagon, on which fifty young ladies in bakers' dress were conducting a mimic bakery of the Julian cakes. Thousands of Albanians were gratuitously served with bread that day from the Julian mill flour, and at the home of nearly every poor family in the ward in which Mr. Wing lived were left that night a barrel of flour and a photograph of Wing and Queen Victoria.

### Will Be Absolutely Safe.

A Baltimore trust company has contracted with Pittsburg parties for the construction of the largest steel vault in the world. It will be of Harveyized armor plate exclusively, except for a reinforcement of cast steel in front. It will be 24x25x9 feet in the clear, inside, and will require 150 tons of armor plate. The vault will have four-inch plates on all sides, except the front, which will be six inches, and a reinforcement of a cast steel plate six inches in thickness and a six-inch door. The plates will be joined continuously by the dovetail mortise method, which will give them a solidity, when the mortises are complete, which could not be secured in any other way. The vault will be absolutely proof against burglary, at least against the appliances usually operated in that profession. It is impossible to attack the Harveyized plates with a drill, which precludes the use of explosives, and the plates are also proof against an attack by electrolysis. Every plate is tested by drills and other mechanical means of breaking into a vault and the highest electric power is as harmless as a drill, which would be shattered into fragments against the face of the hardened material. The vault of a trust company of Pittsburg has six inches of plate on all sides except the front, which is eight inches. The new vaults are impregnable against any form of attack now known and are coming into use rapidly for that reason. The destruction of the largest building in which they are located would not affect them in the slightest degree, and any mechanical force which a few men could have available for breaking in on a safe would be worse than useless.

### Imbibing Wisdom.

The man with a fad, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discoursing to his friend, says the New York World, on the influence of food upon character.  
"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is."  
His friend, although fatigued, was evidently interested.  
"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.  
"Ask it," replied the discourses, magnanimously, with an air that said very clearly, "Give me a hard one while you are at it, and I'll show you how smart I am."  
"It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"  
No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

One great trouble with the self-made man is that he is continually talking shop.

The average man never knows when he's got enough until he gets too much.