

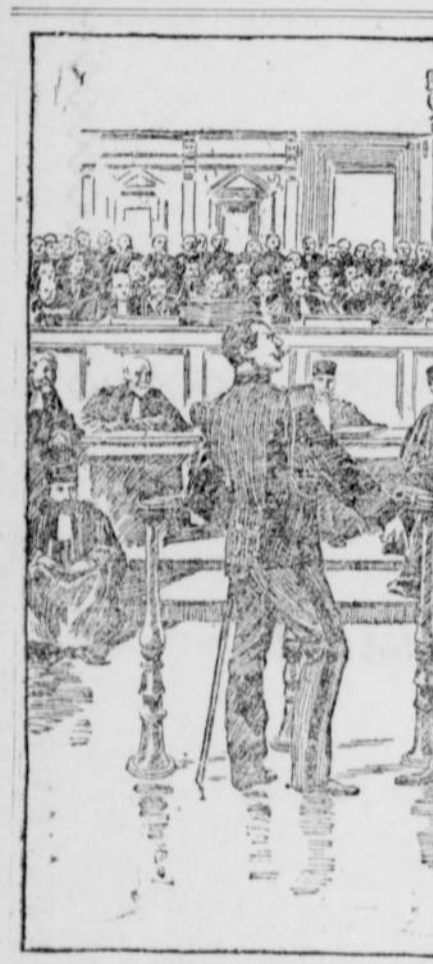
CRIME OF THE AGES.

DREYFUS CASE THE DARKEST DRAMA IN HISTORY.

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

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.

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.



HISTORICAL CONFRONTATION OF HENRY AND PICQUART.

A passion. Schemers carry 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 malevolent lives, what more natural than to select the despised and envied Jew—Dreyfus?

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. Luella 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.

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.

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 Court of Cassation ordered a new trial for Dreyfus and referred the case to the Rennes court-martial, July 1, 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.

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.

"Jennie, dear, I am going." "Oh, no, John—not yet—not yet." "Yes, dear wife," he closed his eyes; "the end is near. 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."

Pianos and Literary Reform.

A funny story about Miss Marie Correll comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novel, "The Millstone", 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.

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.



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.

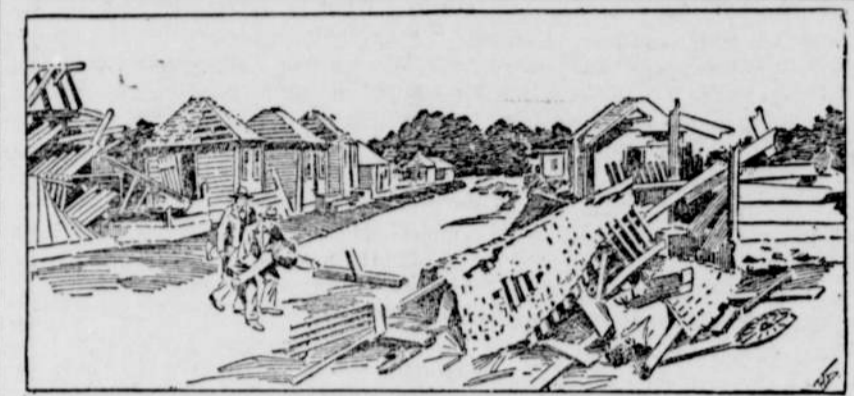
To agree with everybody is as bad as not to agree with anybody.

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.



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.

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.



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—had the chief food of the peons—and had torn and beaten down the coffee trees and the sugar cane.

At dusk the storm 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.

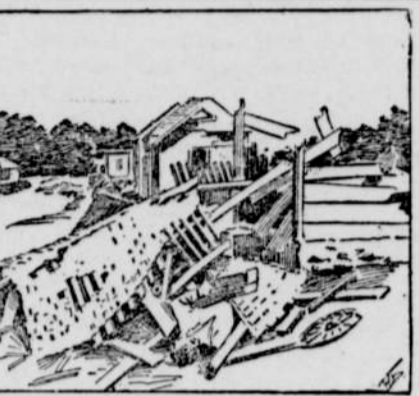
At one place in the street where the drift was checked, twenty-four bodies were picked up, most of them peons. Some of them, however, gave evidence of refinement and one was thought to be an American, but so quickly does decomposition set in in that hot climate that it was impossible to recognize him.

night and the scenes along the rivers were heartrending. House after house floated past toward the ocean, carrying its three, four, and even more, wretched passengers, who uttered pitiable cries for help. The night was lighted by incessant flashes of lightning, though with little thunder.

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.



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.

Native estimates place the dead at 3,000 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 lonely 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!"

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

A Family Burtel Piece.

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 Tebury, 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.

The Average Englishman.

A writer in an English magazine declares that the real average Englishman is a workman earning \$5 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.

Stim 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.

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 who relates 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.

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 great procession, at the head of which was the great wagon of D. L. Wing, made entirely of four barrels. Sixteen four 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 by 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 24x25x30 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 impenetrable against any form of attack now known and are coming into vogue 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 into a safe would be worse than useless.

Imbibing Wisdom.

The man with a fad, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discussing 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.