

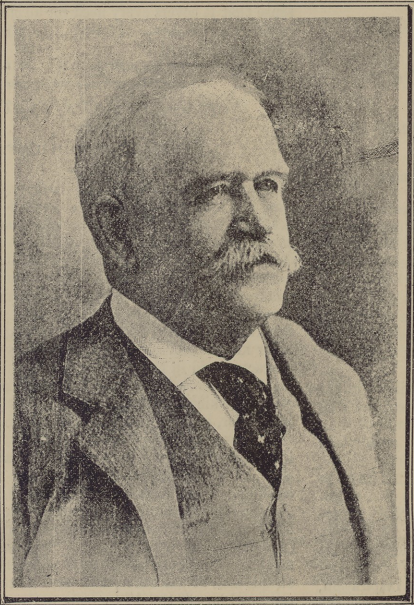
THE CHILIAN TIMES

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

N.º 1514

VALPARAISO, May 7, 1898

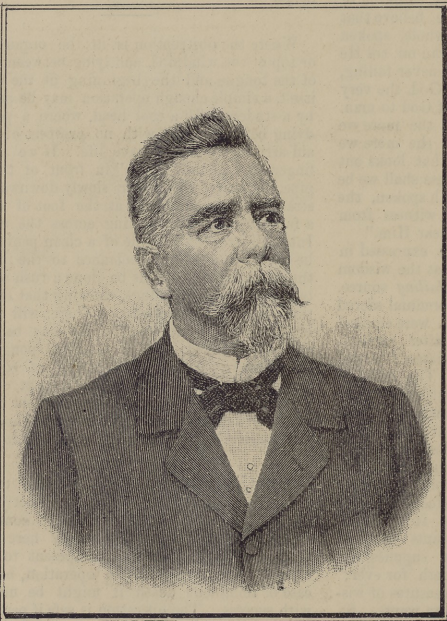
N.º 1514



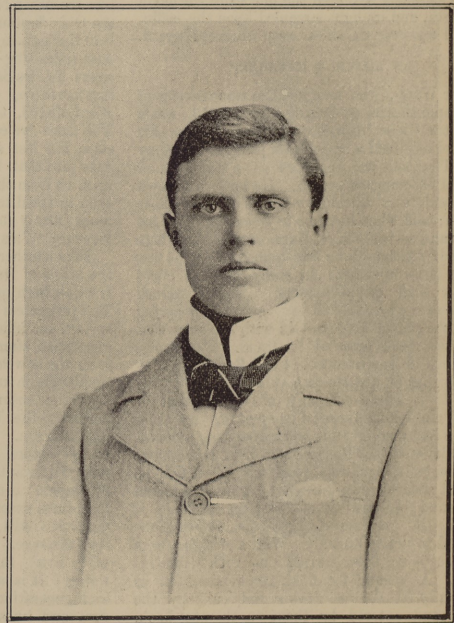
Mr. JOHN D. LONG,
U. S. Secretary of the Navy.



Mr. WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,
Admiral of the U. S. Squadron at Havana.



Mr. MANOEL FERRAZ DE CAMPOS SALLES
President elect of Brazil.



ERNEST CLINTON LACEY,
died at Concepcion on April 24, 1898.

Photo by Spencer & Co.

CALENDAR.

MAY, 1898.

8. SUNDAY.—The *School for Scandal* produced at Drury Lane, 1777.
9. MONDAY.—Friedrich Schiller died, 1805
10. TUESDAY.—Trial of Walter Watts, 1830.
11. WEDNESDAY.—The Assassination of Mr. Percival, 1812.
12. THURSDAY.—Passage of the Douro, 1809.
13. FRIDAY.—St. Thomas's New Hospital opened, 1858.
14. SATURDAY.—The Albert Medal First Awarded, 1856.

A FAMOUS GERMAN POET.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, born at Marbach, Würtemberg, on Nov. 11, 1759, was early intended for the Church, but through an advantageous offer from his father's patron, the Duke of Würtemberg, to educate the boy free of expense, he entered the military school at Solitude. After an unsuccessful attempt at law he passed as a military surgeon in 1780, but with no liking for such a career. Meanwhile his leisure had been given to the study of the poets and dramatists of England and Germany, and in secret he composed his memorable drama *The Robbers*, which was produced at Mannheim in 1782. It was a great success; but the author, having ventured to go to the theatre without leave, was placed under arrest. Soon afterwards he fled from the harsh service of the duke, and obtained employment as dramatist to the Mannheim theatre, where he produced two tragedies—*Fiesco* and *Intrigue and Love*—followed by a translation of Shakspeare's *Macbeth*. After visiting Leipsic and Dresden he settled at Jena, where he wrote his *History of the Thirty Years War*. From 1791 Schiller worked occasionally at a play dealing with the fate of Wallenstein, but did not publish it till 1798, when he divided it into three parts. All three being given at the Weimar theatre were received with so much favour that he removed to Weimar and devoted the remainder of his life to the drama. His health failing in the summer of 1804, work was often rendered impossible by serious illness. On April 29, 1805, he returned from the theatre in a state of high fever, and from this attack he never rallied. He died on May 9, 1805, and was buried in the night of the 11th. Twelve young men of good family bore the coffin; the heavens were clouded, but the nightingales sang loud and full. As the bier was lowered the wind suddenly scattered the mists and the moon broke forth, and its light streamed upon the coffin. When all was over the skies were obscured again.

AN AMATEUR MANAGER.

Walter Watts, who assumed the management of the Olympic theatre on Boxing night, 1849, was a clerk in the Globe Insurance company, where his father had also held a responsible position for many years. The son was regarded as a singular and somewhat extravagant person. He kept his town house, and also a country establishment near Brighton; and when he came to town he had his carriage and servants in readiness to take him where he wished. Although he had a good salary it was a matter of astonishment to many how he could keep up such establishments. The theatrical ventures soon proved disastrous, and in the spring of 1850 the public were startled with the story that Watts had been arrested for fraud. The charge upon which he was tried at the Old Bailey on May 10th was that he had stolen a valuable security belonging to the Globe company, of the amount of 1,400l. In reality it was a cheque for that sum which he had paid into his private banking account. It was admitted that the prisoner held two shares in the company, and the plea was urged that he could not steal his own property. The jury, however, found him guilty of "stealing a piece of paper." It was stated that his defalcations amounted to nearly 80,000l. Watt's designs were shown to have been carried out with great ingenuity. A cheque for 554l. 10s. represented as for annuity No. 6, was drawn and paid by the bankers and entered by them in the pass book. When the book came into Watt's hands he erased the 55, thus making the payment appear 4l. 10s., and in order to mystify the matter further he

altered the number of the annuity to 64. But the difference of 550l. being left between the payment, as it appeared by the falsified entry in the pass book and the actual amount paid, Watts had to find some means of covering the discrepancy in order to avoid detection. For this purpose he selected a trifling fire loss of 7l. 10s., which had been paid some time before, but which had not then been passed, and falsified that entry in the pass book, adding to it the 550l., and making it appear that 557l. 10s. was the sum which had been paid; and, thus making the total in the book correct, the fraud was not detected. While in gaol Watts suffered from the delirium tremens, on the night of his being sentenced to ten years' transportation hanged himself in his cell at Newgate.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE TRUE ORACLES OF GOD.

BY CANON G. S. STREETFELD.

"The Oracles of God."—Romans iii. 2.

In using the word "oracles" would not St. Paul make his readers *think*—was it not his intention to do so? Was it not his intention that they and we should see that the underlying principles expressed in the oracle at Delphi and the underlying principles connected with the same? Let me explain what I mean. It seems to me that there were three great underlying principles connected with the Delphic oracle which I find reproduced in the living Word of the living God.

There was, first, a deep-rooted belief in the minds and hearts of those who consulted the Delphic oracle that the will of God, the mind of God, could be and was communicated to man: "God speaks there"—such was their conviction. *There*, man, perplexed; baffled, ignorant, might find the guidance he so much needed; and in his own ignorant, superstitious way he could say, "I will hearken what God the Lord shall say." When St. Paul speaks of the oracles of God he declares that God has *spoken*, that God speaks. Without formulating or promulgating any *theory* of inspiration, he insists upon the *fact* of inspiration. It was the claim of prophet after prophet, "Thus saith the Lord;" "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Such was the belief of the Jew, such is the belief of the Christian. St. Paul was like the other New Testament writers, thinking of the Old Testament Scriptures. We believe that God has spoken in the Bible as a whole, spoken with increasing clearness as the ages ran on, till He spake in His Son, who Himself is the never failing, inexhaustible, infallible oracle of God, the very *Word* of God, the articulate *speech* of God to man. The more we company with Christ, the more we sit at His feet and hear His word, the more we gaze into that Divine-human face that looks out upon us from the Gospel story, the less shall we be even tempted to doubt that God hath spoken, the more firmly shall we believe the witness from Heaven: "This is My beloved Son; hear Him."

Take another underlying principle expressed in the oracle of Delphi. It was this: that the wisdom from on high proceeded from an *unfailing* source. The prophetess drank water from a perennial sacred spring; she inhaled the fumes that were emitted generation after generation, century after century, from the bowels of the earth. Prophetess followed prophetess in unending succession. The belief in mysterious means of communication with the higher powers of the unseen world was handed on from father to son. With the Bible in our hand, have we not a store, a well-spring of wisdom which supplies the wants of every succeeding age? The nineteenth century may not interpret the Holy Scriptures exactly as the third or sixteenth century did; but God's message is the same it is unfailing message. It supplied the wants of those who lived in bygone centuries; it supplies our wants. It is a "Word that endureth for ever;" each generation finding in it fresh treasures of wisdom and knowledge to meet its own wants. St. Augustine, Martin Luther, Richard Baxter, Joseph Butler, Philip Doddridge, Charles Kingsley, Bishop Lightfoot write, each one of them, for the men of

their own age, and the difference in their style of writing is not more marked than the difference of their matter; but, manifestly, the *source* from which they draw is one and the same. They have all drunk from the same sacred spring; they are all animated and fired by the same Spirit. When we think what is the growth of thought, the change of opinion and sentiment, and the way of looking at things; when we compare the spirit of the present age with that of preceding ages, when we think how far asunder the centuries are from one another, whether in intellectual knowledge, in material surroundings, in social customs or manner of life, the most convincing proof of the inspiration of the Bible is that it speaks with authority, and, as it were, with Divine right, to every succeeding age. The Word of the Lord is "exceeding broad," in the sense that it covers every need for all time; nothing is hid from the heat, the light, the power thereof.

The Canon's address will be continued in our next.

CHOKING AND SUFFOCATION.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Continuing our remarks on *choking* and *suffocation*, we may now consider a case of the former accident, which is of a more serious character than can be relieved by the simple means described in our last article. It may happen that, instead of the food or other object being held at the top of the windpipe, or base of the tongue, as I noted, it may pass into the windpipe itself, or may even escape downwards into the air passage leading to one or other lung. Such a case is obviously of a grave character, and in the absence of a medical man the ambulance worker may have to undertake some duty or other which has for its aim the saving of life itself. For, in such a case, death may be imminent, and unless relief is given, the patient may perish in a minute or two. I should first of all advise, in such an emergency, that the patient from whose windpipe it has been found impossible to extract the obstruction should be placed in the position in which he finds it easiest to breathe—that is, assuming that he can breathe at all. Suppose he cannot breathe while lying on his back and face, place him on one side or the other, and see if that position relieves him till the doctor can arrive. If the obstruction be of small size, the changing of the patient's position will have the effect of causing it to fall to one side of the windpipe, and of thus allowing a certain amount of air to pass to and from the lungs.

Where the obstruction is in the organ of voice or top of the windpipe, and lying between the root of the tongue and the beginning of the windpipe itself, a simple enough operation may be performed by a student with a cool head, where a patient is dying before his eyes with no prospect of medical aid arriving in time to save life. If we place our finger on "Adam's apple" in front of the windpipe, and carry the finger slowly downwards in a straight line, we may feel at the foot of the voice a fairly deep groove running across the windpipe. Into this groove the blade of a clean penknife may be passed so as to gain entrance to the interior of the windpipe, and if this be done a rush of air will take place from the lungs, showing that the operation has been successful. There will be little bleeding, and what blood there may be must be carefully sponged away, while a hot sponge may be placed over the opening. A tube of some kind must be put into the opening, and kept clear with a feather; while the patient must be kept in a room which is warm, and into which steam-vapour from a bronchitis-kettle on the fire is allowed to pass.

These precautions are taken in order to prevent cold air from entering the lungs directly, and to obviate any risk of lung troubles in consequence. Of course, I do not mean to imply here that any student at large would feel competent to perform even this relatively simple operation, but in the case of imminent death it might be undertaken with success. The operation is safe if performed as I have indicated above, but bear in mind it is only adapted for cases in which the obstruction is above the groove, and practically lodged within the organ

of voice. In the case of a small child showing symptoms of choking from swallowing a coin, which, as a loose object, will be liable to roll about in the mouth, there can be no objection to holding it up by the heels for a second and to slapping the back gently. A loose object will tend in this way to roll out of the mouth, when it might be really pushed into the windpipe if the finger were used, as would be quite proper in the case of, say, a piece of meat lodging in the upper part of the windpipe.

Suffocation may be brought about in other ways than that we have just considered. Thus a man may attempt suicide by hanging: men may be suffocated by poisonous gases in wells and mines; children may be overlain; and, lastly, there is the case of the half-drowned person whom death threatens to overtake in this particular form. These cases we may take in due order, since they all represent accidents and emergencies of every-day nature and occurrence. I may begin by noting what should be done in cases in which there is danger from swelling of the throat induced by such accidents as the swallowing of boiling water, or by the sting of a wasp or bee in the mouth. Also we are liable to get this throat-swelling with difficulty of breathing in cases of inflammation of the larynx or voice-box. Where we meet with symptoms of the kind to which I allude—difficulty of breathing, hoarseness and loss of voice, and pain—we should, first of all, place a sponge wrung out of hot water over the larynx; or hot cloths similarly treated may be used, or even poultices, frequently renewed. The room should be at least of the heat of seventy degrees of Fahrenheit, and inhalations of steam may be given. Boiling water may be placed in a jug (if no inhaler is at hand), and the steam is to be inhaled for, say, four or five minutes, the inhalations being repeated at short intervals. It is also recommended in such cases that every hour the patient should swallow five drops of ipecacuanha wine in a little water. In this way the pain and suffocating symptoms may be relieved pending the arrival of the doctor. If swallowing is possible, a little white of egg, or olive oil, or even milk, may be given by way of soothing the irritated parts.

In a case of hanging, the first thing to be done is to cut the rope and to lower the body gently to the ground. It is a strange thing to chronicle, but in many cases unfortunate people have been left hanging after their discovery, while the persons who find them rush off for help, forgetting that every moment they are allowed to remain suspended the chances of their recovery are imperilled. When the body is placed on the ground, at once follow out the golden rule for dealing with all cases of insensibility—remove everything from the neck and chest, and see that there is no obstruction to breathing in the mouth. Open the doors and windows to ensure plenty of fresh air; draw the tongue forwards from the mouth, and dash cold water on the head and chest, so as to excite the movements of breathing.

If these means fail to revive the patient, you must at once resort to *artificial respiration*. This means that you must imitate the movements of the chest in breathing by manipulating the body or the arms after the fashion described as Sylvester's, Howard's, or Marshall Hall's method. Now, as I shall give a full account of artificial respiration and the various ways in which it may be performed when I come to deal with drowning, I shall defer saying anything concerning this subject at present. It will be, however, of importance for the ambulance student to keep in mind that in *all* cases in which breathing has apparently ceased it is to artificial respiration we must look as the chief or only sure means of reviving the patient.

ISABEL DACRE'S BOOTS.

By FLORENCE LANE-FOX.

'If you wish to make an enemy one of the surest methods of accomplishing that desirable end is to give unsolicited advice.'

Harry Tresidder threw down the letter he had been reading, muttered something about the con-

signment of the writer to a place supposed, by the superstitious, to be more warm than is consistent with comfort, and snatched up his pipe from the mantelpiece.

The hasty action, and the expression of his face, as he filled his beloved 'briar-wood' with choice 'honey-dew,' bespoke a frame of mind the reverse of amiable.

He threw himself into his chair, and after a few refreshing, vigorous puffs of the ever-soothing tobacco, he thus delivered himself—

'Of all the meddling, pettifogging fools that ever stalked about this earth, with his head crammed full of motheaten exploded fallacies, that person is my brother Aminadab.'

'His name is against him,' said Percy Franklin, drily. 'Glad I wasn't registered as Aminadab. If his opinions coincide with his name I should think you did not always agree.'

'Agree!' echoed Tresidder, in a tone of marked disgust. 'We simply quarrel like demons whenever we meet. Happily, our encounters are limited to the family dinner at Christmas and similar occasions, such as weddings and funerals.'

'I suppose the obsequies of your uncle Edgar witnessed the last tournament?'

'Just so. This letter—(tearing the epistle into pieces and throwing it into the grate)—is a long preamble, advising me to stand for Yapton.'

'Why not?'

'Hear him, ye gods! Do you know, Percival Franklin, bachelor, that I, Harry Tresidder, widower, do not consider myself fitted to represent my country in Parliament? I have got a conscience.'

'Happily you might do some good.'

'Not a bit of it. I should be a deadly failure. What should I say to the constituents—'

'Dearly beloved brethren, I do not think with you on the temperance question. We make a fortune by brewing beer, and you ruin yourselves by drinking it. I cannot promise to give you all your own way; which, if you got, would ruin you and the country. I cannot swear that I love you, and that it will be the work of my life to put your interest before my own?'

Percival Franklin smiled at this tirade, but he answered quietly—

'You would be the right man in the right place; for you always hit the nail on the head whenever you do take a fit into your head of speechifying. We must try to solidify the country somehow, for it is in a diabolical state now.'

'Yes; but I cannot do any good—everything has been muddled for twenty years. Unless we can revise the method of administration, and protect life and property more carefully, there is nothing for it but to stand on one side and make room for the foreign invader.'

Percy Franklin started up.

'Never! I will take care we don't come to that.'

'Too late for you to try to undo other people's bad management.'

'Well, you will soon have to make up your mind one way or the other. I cannot potter about much longer earning nothing. If your only grievance against Aminadab is simply his ambition on your account, it is absurd of you to stick to your own opinions in the face of reason! If you do not represent the place a worse man will.'

'You consider it my duty to stand for the place?'

'Of course I do. It is my avocation in life to act as your agent, and I should prefer your paying me to do your work rather than loafing about here smoking your tobacco, eating your dinner, and fancying I had done a hard day's work when I had docketed a pound or two off some poor devil's bill, or caught your valet strutting down Piccadilly in your last new suit.'

'Ha! ha! ha! I wish everyone was as starchy and disagreeable as you are,' laughed Harry Tresidder. 'But I really don't care about the matter.'

He crossed over to the window and looked out. 'By jove, here she is at last,' he cried. 'Come here, quick. That's the girl with the boots.'

'Without them, you mean. What a slipshod female! Why they will remain on the pavement with the next step she takes. She must be pretty strong-minded or very badly off to walk down Grosvenor-street at twelve o'clock in the day in

those. Why, good heavens!—raising his eyes to the lady's face as she passed the window—it is Isabel Dacre.'

'That—Isabel Dacre!' cried Tresidder, almost dropping his pipe in amazement. 'Why I have been watching that girl every day for weeks, and weaving no end of romances about her—'

'Prior to scraping up an acquaintance and inviting her to become Mrs. Henry Tresidder number two. Well, you cannot do worse than you did at first. Isabel neither drinks nor gambles. But she has one great failing—'

'Evidently,' said Tresidder. 'A lack of taste in dress. She is not lavish in her expenditure. She must be badly off to wear such a vile pair of boots as that.'

Harry Tresidder, although almost a millionaire, was very kind-hearted, and could not bear the idea of anyone suffering. He often had felt impelled to rush out of his comfortable study and ask the young lady a question—if he could help her; but, in spite of her somewhat threadbare aspect there was a certain dignity about her that forbade impertinent curiosity.

'Well, what is her failing?' inquired Tresidder.

'She works hard for her living and is quixotically generous. I daresay she has given away her last new pair, and is compelled to wear these till she has earned some more money.'

'What does she do?'

'Paints pictures.'

'Oh, yes; I saw one in the Academy—' Dives and Lazarus.'

'I will introduce you to her. Depend upon it there is some history attached to those boots. She is a curiosity in her way.'

'So I should imagine. She cannot be really poor though.'

'Oh! but she is. She had to borrow the money for her education, and she has a spendthrift relation who is always in hot water. But, come along. We will go and call now.'

'Not if I know it,' said Tresidder, sagely. 'What is the use of calling when we know she is out?'

'My dear fellow, I know her better than you do. You have plenty of money. You must go to have your portrait painted by the celebrated artist Miss Isabel Dacre. You know nothing of the shabbily-dressed, out-at-elbows, poverty-stricken young lady with holes in her boots.'

'A splendid idea! Just the very thing! Now I should have made some hideous blunder, and ruined my chances for ever, if I had been left to myself.'

'True.'

Tresidder was highly elated at his friend's astuteness. From how many disastrous scrapes had not this cool, clear-headed, phlegmatic young barrister delivered him? Patient, kindly, and sympathetic, Percy Franklin endeared himself to all who knew him by his unobtrusive method of carrying out their unexpressed wishes. His own life had been full of sorrow and disappointment; consequently he was able to sympathise with every one.

In a short space of time they both called at Miss Dacre's studio.

She had one large room at the top of the house, with a skylight and two large windows in it, which she used as a studio and reception room combined. She had another apartment at the back fitted as a sitting-room in the daytime, and the furniture reversed became suitable for bed-room purposes at night.

The porter's daughter attended to all her wants, and showed the two gentlemen straight up to her studio, saying: 'Miss Dacre will return in five minutes, if you will wait. You can see her and make your own appointment.'

While they were waiting the pair investigated the room.

'How anyone can live in this smell I cannot imagine. Oil paints, aniseed, and turpentine!' said Harry Tresidder, rearing up his somewhat fastidious nose.

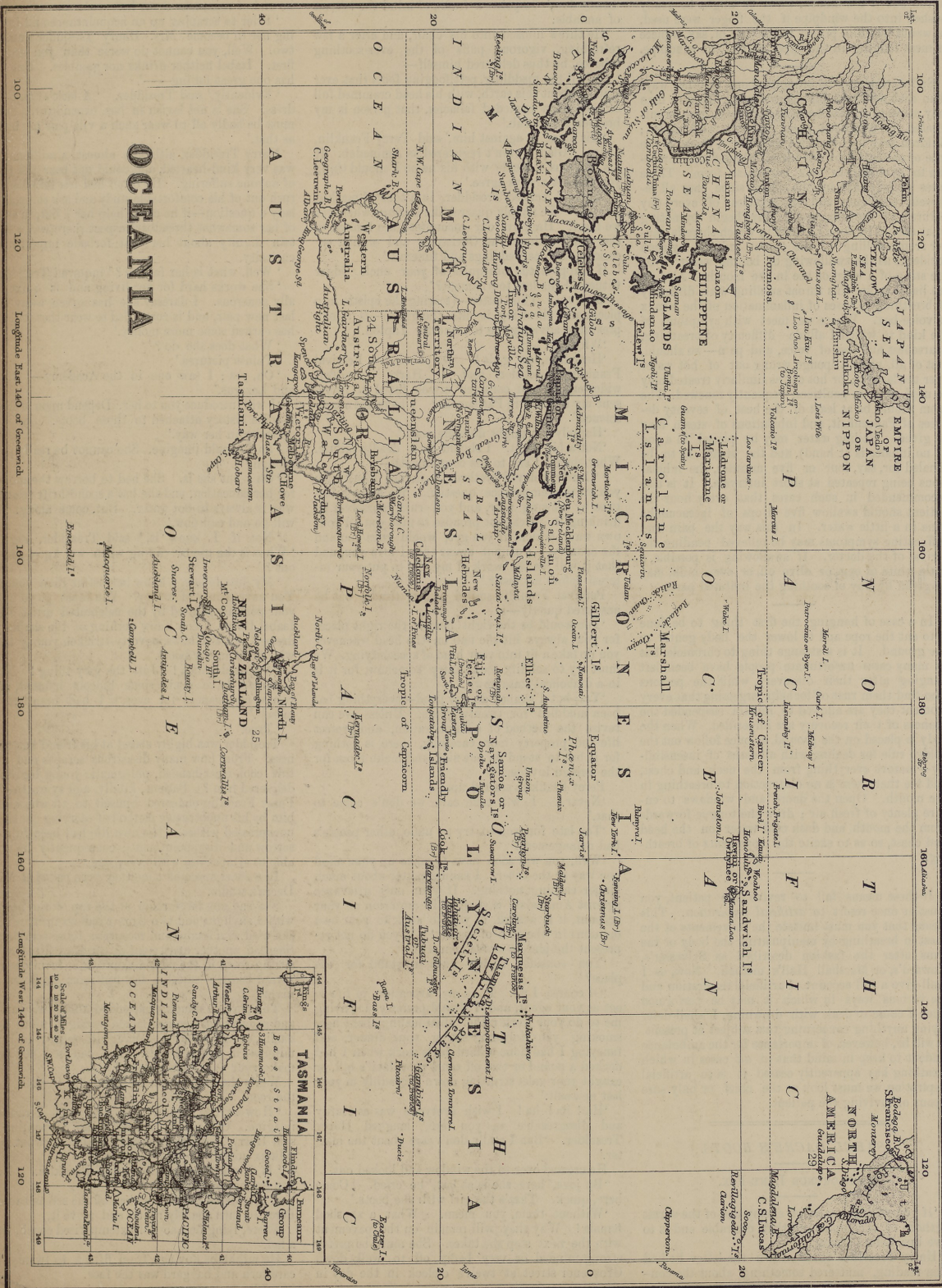
'It is rather nasty,' assented Franklin. 'But you get accustomed to it.'

A smothered groan from behind the screen caused Percy to turn sharply round and move it.

There, lying on a sort of extemporised couch, was a lad.

He might be any age, from fifteen to twenty, so careworn and haggard was the face.

LIBRARY, Passen Coast port Hobart, Austr in connec via the S The Pa been grea TO MB From On gues In case Inside C Outside C From VA TT sec



MAP OF OCEANIA.

HELD. IMP. DEL. UNIVERSO

PARTE DE LAS ISLAS BABUZANES

Lalupire



PROVINCIAS Y DISTRITOS DE LA ISLA DE LUZON

Calificacion	Años en qe formaron	Pueblos	Rancherías	Cabeceras
I	Manila	1571	28	Manila
II	Bulacan, el Norte	1578	24	Bulacan
III	A ^a Ecija	1848	19	Sibidó
IV	Isabela	1856	9	Tinayuan
V	A ^a Vicksaya	1841	8	Bayambon
VI	Cagayan	1583	19	Tuguegarao
VII	Ylocos Norte	1818	15	Laonoy
VIII	Ylocos Sur	1818	20	Vigan
IX	Union	1854	15	S. Fernando
X	Abra	1846	9	Banguelet
XI	Pangasinan	1671	50	Lingayen
XII	Zambales	1572	21	Yba
XIII	Bataan	1754	12	Batanga
XIV	Panganga	1571	20	Bacolor
XV	Cavite, al Sur	1674	18	Cavite
XVI	Laguna	1735	26	Sta Cruz
XVII	Batangas	1581	21	Batanga
XVIII	Tayabas	1578	17	Tayabas
XIX	Camarines Norte	1572	9	Daet
XX	Camarines Sur	1829	33	Naga
XXI	Albay	1569	38	Albay
XXII	Marang, al Sur	1855	12	Mar. 7
XXIII	Prinsep, al Norte		4	Baler
XXIV	Lepanto	1852		86 Cayan
XXV	Bontoc	1857		31 Bontoc
XXVI	Benguet	1860	2	Benguet
XXVII	Sultan	1859		19 Sultan
XXVIII	Parac	1860	2	Parac
XXIX	Tarlac		7	Tarlac
XXX	Ynfanta, al Sur	1858	2	Binangonan
Total		438	136	

(PHILIPPINE ISLES.)

Map of the provinces and districts of Luzon Island.

HELIO. IMP. DEL UNIVVERSO

He opened his eyes and looked pathetically up at the strangers.'

'Oh, please put the screen back quick, before Miss Dacre returns.'

'Not before you tell me what is wrong with you,' said Percy, promptly.

'Oh, nothing'—with half a smile—'I'm hiding. Miss Dacre is a brick; she is preventing my step-mother from locking me up in a lunatic asylum. My people have got all my money; but it is better to be alive and at liberty, so I let them keep the cash and I hide here. I have no one to defend me—only Miss Dacre. Shut up the screen.' The tone of authority and the delicate, high-bred face told both the men that the lad was a person of some importance.

Percy Franklin had just replaced the screen and seated himself in the nearest chair—with the aspect of a naughty child, who has been caught helping itself to forbidden sweetmeats—when the door opened and the artist entered.

'Miss Dacre,' commenced Percy, at once, 'I have brought a friend of mine to you. He wants a good portrait of himself, and I thought he could not do better than trust it to you. Mr. Henry Tresidder—Miss Isabel Dacre.'

'I am a neighbour of yours,' said Tresidder.

'Yes, I know. I often see your horses. You have one that I should like to paint some day.'

'Why didn't you ask me before?' began Tresidder, eagerly. 'But you must paint me first. When can you undertake to do it?'

'To-morrow, if you like.'

The hour was fixed, terms decided on, and the two friends took their departure.

At the time appointed on the following day Mr. Tresidder arrived.

Miss Dacre was waiting for him.

The screen was in a different place, and evidently there was no couch behind it.

Miss Dacre intercepted the look of astonishment which passed over her new client's face as he glanced from the screen to her easel.

'Ah! you are looking for the boy?' she said, coolly. 'He told me that you and Mr. Franklin had discovered him.'

Tresidder was rather abashed at her straightforwardness.

'Carrie!' calling rather loudly; 'come here.'

A lanky girl entered the room.

'I have dressed him up in some of my old clothes. Lady Verion would not think of looking for him here.'

'Why, you don't mean to say this boy is Lord Verion—that all the fuss was about?'

'I do; and he is as sane—as you are—at least, I am not in a position to judge of your mental capacity, so I will say—as I am.'

'They put him into a private asylum, and I got him out. I bribed the doctor to give him up. He cannot defend himself against his relatives; the step-mother and the elder sister are against him.'

'Franklin will see into it!' said Tresidder, promptly. 'But do you support him, or has he any money?'

'Oh, poor boy, he doesn't cost much to keep,' said Miss Dacre, colouring slightly. 'I can spare the little that he costs me. I have certainly been saving for him to be able to afford a solicitor to defend himself; but if you will undertake to see him righted, why—I need not consider myself responsible any longer.'

The boy strode across the room, and held out his hand to Tresidder.

'You have no idea what a brute that Lady Verion is. I accused her of poisoning my father, and she rounded on me, and said I was mad. But now Miss Dacre has got me in hand I am fairly free of her. She considers my disappearance conclusive evidence of my insanity. I am drowned, or deceased in some way.'

'Well, you had better remain in Miss Dacre's safe custody till you are properly righted. Mr. Franklin, who is my agent, and a very clever man, will undertake your case, and I shall have the pleasure of watching you to discover evidences of your insanity.'

'Would you object to seating yourself and putting yourself into position for your portrait?' said

Miss Dacre, drily. Tresidder laughed and allowed himself to be posed.

In the course of the week the comely features of Mr. Henry Tresidder were transmitted to canvas; and he contrived to make himself so agreeable to the fair artist that she began to look forward to the sittings with as much pleasure as her client.

One morning Percy Franklin was standing at the library window while Tresidder was still scanning his voluminous correspondence.

'By Jove!' he cried. 'Here comes Isabel in a new pair of boots. I wonder what has happened?' Tresidder smirked.

'A very excellent sign. She is beginning to take an interest in her appearance.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I am very glad she has left off that vile old pair. I don't half like to do it, but I must ask her why she wore them. She will tell me. I am such an old friend.'

Accordingly, the next time they met, Franklin asked her point blank—why she had worn the ragged pair.

'I did it for fun, and to prove my friends. Do you know it was killing to see the way all my acquaintances crossed the road or turned the corner directly they saw me coming. You and Mr. Tresidder have been the only two that have ventured to come near me since I appeared in them,' explained Isabel.

'Well, we hope we have proved our sincerity,' said Tresidder.

'Quite, for I believe in both of you.'

It was not long before she had ample proof of Tresidder's good intentions, for he proposed to her, and was accepted. He relieved his brother Aminadab's mind by securing the representation of the borough of Yapton. Percy Franklin proved poor Lord Verion's sanity, and Mrs. Henry Tresidder often laughs when she reminds her husband of the fact that she owes all her best friends to an old pair of boots.

PEOPLE WITH DARK SECRETS IN THEIR LIVES.

The man with the mysterious air and the hunted look in his eyes who stalks through the pages of the cheap novel, never gets outside those pages; he doesn't exist in real life. But there are hundreds of men in real life who, though they lack the hunted look and general air of mystery of the novel hero, have some black spot in their lives.

There is nothing mysterious about them. They look and act just like ordinary human beings; they never make

BRIEF BUT UNEXPLAINED DISAPPEARANCES; they are in no dread of a scandal in the Law Courts. But for all that the black spot is there just as surely as if they had committed an undetected murder or forgery in the days of their youth.

A well-known Q.C., who died last year is a typical example of a man whose life was cursed with a black spot. He was a man of the highest reputation, and moved in some of the smartest society in London. He was good-looking, popular, and wealthy. It might truthfully be said of him that he would have made an excellent husband for any girl in the country; but he never married, or rather he *had* married. Indeed, this was the black spot which haunted him.

When he was little more than a boy at Ox ord he had fallen madly in love with an attendant in a tobacco-shop, and secretly married her. She was as good as she was pretty, and he intended to have her properly educated and to introduce her to all his friends, when she suddenly died of pneumonia. Six months after her death he learned that her father had been hanged. It was this thought—the thought that he was the

SON-IN-LAW OF A MURDERER— which hung over him all his life.

The writer knows a man whose life may be said to contain a black spot entirely due to what can only be described as a morbid sense of honour. He is a very absent-minded person, and some time ago, while travelling on the Underground Railway, he rode in a second-class carriage while he only had a third-class ticket. As luck would have it, an inspector took it into his head to follow him, and, on

his passing the barrier without offering to pay excess fare, promptly seized and questioned him.

Now if my friend had only kept his head and given his name and address, he would have saved himself the haunting dread of a lifetime. As it was, the inspector, taking his confused manner for guilt, had him summoned at the South-Western Police Court, where he was fined 40s., with the option of a month's imprisonment. He had dozens of friends who, had they known of the summons, would have been only too glad to testify that he was a man of scrupulous honour, and utterly incapable of the sordid meanness of wilfully defrauding the railway company.

But he pictured himself disgraced in his friends' eyes if they had known he was summoned, and to the present day lives in constant dread of the fact coming to their ears. And all this because in a fit of absent-mindedness he mistook a second for a third-class carriage!

This, of course, is a case of a man suffering for a case of imaginary wrong-doing; but there are other cases of

"BLACK-SPOTTED" LIVES not so innocent. There is at present in London a man whose name, if I were to mention it, every London reader of *Answers* would recognise at once as a well-known writer. He is a universally respected man at the present day, and deservedly so. But for all that, he has one dark secret spot in his life, the existence of which is only known to himself and four or five of his friends.

Eighteen years ago he was an inveterate card-player, and one evening, while playing with a few friends in his own rooms, one of the party suddenly sprang up and brought that most terrible of all charges against him—cheating. The end of the matter was that his friends consented never to let the matter leak out, on condition that he would sign a paper promising never to play a game of cards for money again. The faithful and honourable way he has kept that promise proves that his one fatal lapse from honour was a solitary instance, and not the action of a confirmed cheat. But the recollection of it

WILL HOVER ROUND HIM like a black nightmare for the rest of his life.

In my profession as a solicitor I am frequently consulted by clients who have borne the burden of a black secret perhaps for years. They are of various ages, professions, and positions; but in one respect they are all the same. Not one of them is troubled by the possession of a *criminal*, or even of a disreputable, secret.

Their black spots are mainly acts of youthful folly which, if they had made an open breast of them years ago, would have brought them little or no discredit. The difficulty, of course, is that, if the secrets were to come to light now after so many years, their friends would naturally look askance at them for such a lengthy course of deception.

I have no earthly doubt that many of the mysterious suicides in high life of which one reads in the papers are often due to a maddening desire to get rid of the burden of a black spot which a man is too cowardly to either confess or bear.

THESE WILL TAKE SOME BEATING.

While express trains, telephones, microbes, and other enemies of mankind are doing their best to reduce the average span of man's life, it is interesting to recall a few instances on the other side.

It is recorded of the great Nottingham musical family of Farmer that four generations of them once played quartets together—a remarkable instance of longevity and heredity.

In another family, four generations met for several years at the Christmas gathering, and when the line was ultimately broken it was by the death of the youngest but one.

In point of rarity the following is probably without a parallel. At a public dinner an old gentleman, while proposing the health of the chairman, made the statement, "I have known him all his life; I knew his father, and have a distinct recollection of his grandfather, and I know his son." Only the fact that the chairman's recently-acquired grandson was born and lived in India prevented the old gentleman having known five generations of one family!

OBITUARY.

ERNEST CLINTON LACEY.

Seldom has an Englishman departed this life in the city of Concepcion amid such deep and heart-felt sorrow as the late Ernest Clinton Lacey, of Birmingham, England, who quietly passed away at the German Hospital at 5 p.m. on Sunday, April 24th, after an illness of only a few days' duration. His body was interred at the Foreigners' Cemetery on the following Tuesday, in the presence of a large number of the British community and others, to whom he had become endeared in life by his upright and irreproachable character, combined with manly, gentle bearing. The last honours were rendered by the Rev. W. Henry Elkin, British Chaplain of Concepcion. The deceased gentleman spent about five years in Chili, having accepted a contract from the firm of Messrs. Matthews, Richards and Co.; at the expiration of which he entered the employ of Messrs. Grace and Co., where, after three years of steady attention to business, he had gained for himself a good position, with every prospect of a bright and successful future, and his hearty co-operation, which was always highly valued, will be greatly missed. He was only 26 years of age. His comrades recognised in him a true and valued friend, while his acquaintances—and they are many—could not but admire his unblemished name, which will be long cherished by those who knew his private worth and devotion to duty. Although his wreath-crowned grave is on the bank of the Bio-Bio, far away from country, home, and family, yet will his life of perseverance and kindness often recur to those who now with the most sincere regret, mourn the loss of a true and generous comrade. "Requiescat in pace!"

CAN OLD LOVE REVIVE?

People talk of love being dead—of the fire being burnt out and the dream broken through.

"I was over head and ears in love once, they will tell you; but that's long gone by. It's all past and gone now. My love's dead and buried, and nothing on earth can bring it to life again."

That's all very well; but sometimes people take for death what was nothing but a trance.

There is positively no knowing when love has burnt out. You may think it is nothing but white ashes, and the ashes are cold. You congratulate yourself considerably upon the fact that that old love of yours ended as it did, and that you parted before it was too late. Not a mention of her name or a thought of her has had power to make your heart beat a throb faster these last six years.

Then, all at once, a sudden meeting—a word, a look, a chance expression, which brings back the past—has power to stir the old romance into life, and to send a spark springing up again through the ashes, till they are all in one red glow.

An old love can and does revive again and again, often in the most unexpected way. How often do we hear of widows and widowers meeting again the love of their youth, from whom they parted years ago, and marrying them, to the wonder and surprise of all their friends? There is something in the memory of an old romance that can exercise a wonderful effect upon a heart that might be quite incapable of forming an altogether new attachment.

Most of us, no matter how world-dried and matter-of-fact we may be, have some secret hidden memory of a past romance put away deep down from outside eyes. We may have half-forgotten it, but it is there; and, indeed, it may be debated whether love, if it is the real, genuine article, ever does die at all, or is only in abeyance, waiting to come out again if anything should ever call it.

Perhaps we quarrelled with the girl we loved. Perhaps we were too poor to propose, and had to see her carried off by that puppy Jones, whom we longed to kick. Perhaps parents were cruel, or she thought somebody's merits greater than our own. Poor human nature is prone to err!

But, from whatever reason, our tender romance had to go to the wall, and long since passed out of the memory of every one but ourselves. Probably, when our position and prospects were assured, and we began to feel tired of a bachelor life, we fell in with Anna Maria—most estimable of her sex. Her

friends and ours all agreed in saying we were made for each other. We proposed and were accepted, and, till the day Anna Maria caused us to wear a hatband, she never gave us a moment's sorrow or an ill-cooked dinner.

But one day, when we have been widowed long enough to wear out the patience of our spinster acquaintances, we meet the object of that long-ago romance. What is it that wakes up again an interest we never expected to feel any more, and makes us young again, and anxious to hide the bald spot on the top of our head, and to blame the gout for our stiff joints? The original object is a widow—how strange a coincidence! Strange that she should still be younger and prettier than any of the girls of to-day! The glow of that old romance that hangs about her has given her a charm to you which no one else finds her to possess; and the old love revives with such alacrity that one can only believe it has been lying in ambush and waiting for its chance for years.

AN ELDERLY PAUPER'S LOVELETTER.

At a meeting of the Edmonton Board of Guardians, on 16th March the master produced the following letter written by a male inmate of the workhouse, about sixty years of age, to a female inmate much younger, which he said raised the question of discipline in the house: "Mrs.—and my pet darling, for so I must call you—I am uneasy until I write to ask if you are willing to correspond with me, as I have taken a great liking to you, although we have had no conversation with each other. (Laughter.) But I have a great passion for you, and I cannot help it, for not a time that you enter that dining hall can I keep my eyes off you. I believe you are a widow, but not knowing if you have any children or not—but, if so, so much the better. What I want to know is if you are willing to keep in communication with me. If so, when you coming into the dining-hall let this be your sign—raise your right hand on the top of your head. (Loud laughter.) I will be on the lookout when you have received this letter, or you may write to me if you like. I send you this stamp on purpose. If all is correct with you, I will see what I can do to make you comfortable; also your dear children, if any. (Laughter.) Whatever you do keep as quiet as you can. I have kept from the drak this last four months, and left off smoking on purpose to gain your affections. (Renewed laughter.) I am not so old as I look. It is the different climates I have been in that makes me look older, and I have been a married man, so we are well matched. (Laughter.) But I must say I dearly love you. I like your appearance much, and has done this long time, but I could not pluck up courage to ask you before. But the more I see of you the more I love you, so don't be anyways offended in me asking of you, and if I get the answer yes or no I shall be more content. You had better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave—(loud laughter)—so cheer up, my darling, and if you are willing to my proposals, I mean to do my best this summer. Now be sure and write but let us have no breach of promise case in it. (Laughter.) . . . Your Christian name I do not know. So now, my darling, let me know what is to be—yes or no—for I am anxious. I am thinking of you every hour in the day and night.—To conclude, from me, your anxious lover!"

Mr. Cole: I move that this be referred to the Chairman of the Board to interview to couple. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Pollard said the woman gave the letter to the matron.

The master was instructed to see that the discipline of the house was maintained.

PRINCES WHO MARRY BENEATH THEM.

The records of the Austrian imperial family are especially rich in stories of romantic marriages.

The Archduke John Salvador, an eccentric though remarkably capable prince, held rank and convention in such contempt that he voluntarily

stripped himself of his titles, assumed the name of Johann Orth, and married a Berlin soubrette. He then sailed away in a small trading vessel which he purchased, and nothing has since been heard of him.

Another marriage of even greater romance was that of the Archduke John, brother of Francis II. While posting one day, his suspicious were aroused as to the sex of the postillion who was driving him. On questioning her, the fair postillion admitted her sex, with blushes and confusion, which deepened the impression already made on the prince's heart. The end of such a romance was inevitable with a lover of Archduke John's susceptibility. He married his postillion, who was post Fraulein Anna Ploeh, daughter of a Styrian postmaster, and who was taking the duties of the proper postillion during his absences.

The Archduke Henry, who died not many years ago, married an actress called Leopoldine Hoffmann, who was afterwards raised to the rank of counts.

These traditions of romance in the Hapsburg family are continued in the latest generation by Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, whose clandestine marriage with the young lieutenant, Baron Seefried, is still fresh in popular memory.

Contemporary records are full of similar royal indiscretions, which possibly compensate in happiness for any loss of dignity or prestige. Perhaps the most notable cases in recent years are the marriage of the Swedish prince to Miss Ebba Munck, a beautiful girl of undistinguished parentage, who was attached to the suite of the Queen of Sweden; the elopement of a daughter of Don Carlos, the heir presumptive to both the French and Spanish thrones, with an obscure artist; the marriage of the Grand Duke Michael with Countess Torbey; and the idyllic affection of Prince George of Greece for a peasant girl, which was ripening fast for marriage when Mars put Venus to at least a temporary fight, and the princely lover was called away to lead his fleet against the Turks.

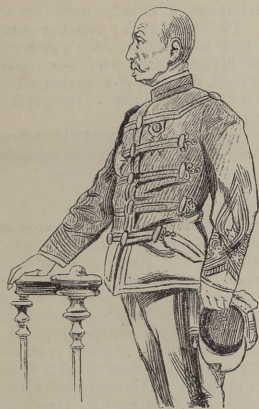
A £100 NOTE IN AN OFFERTORY BAG.

Not long ago a £40 note was found in an offertory bag in Ripon Cathedral during a collection in aid of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. In this connection Mr. Frank Hall, of Beverley, writes to the *Eastern Morning News* recalling an incident which occurred at the opening services at St. Nicholas in that town eighteen years ago. He says: It was part of my duty, as one of the church wardens, to count the offertory, and I during a conversation in the afternoon at the vicarage I was asked by one of the officiating clergy (now a bishop) what amount had been collected in the morning. I told him, and he said it must be more, as he knew a £100 note had been given by a lady. I naturally felt anxious on the matter, and before the evening service I devoted myself to clearing it up. On searching the offertory bags (which had been presented to the church) I found the £100 note padded down at the bottom of one of them, the coins put in subsequently having so wedged it in that it did not shake out when the bag was turned upside down. But for the incidental allusion to it as described, the note might have been lost.

A FORTUNE IN A GRAVE.

It matters very little whether the digger gets his gold in dust or nuggets, so long as he gets plenty of it. As a matter of fact, however, big nuggets are extremely rare. The biggest on record was found in Australia in 1852, weighed upwards of 223lb, and was worth £11,000. There was a pathetic interest attaching to the largest and finest nugget ever found in California. Two men, Oliver Martin and Flower, had prospected among the hills till starvation from exposure and hunger came to them, and Flower died. Martin, painfully and with great labour, dug a grave for his mate, and it was while he was so engaged that he struck the precious chunk of 151lb. 6oz. larger round than a man's body, and almost all pure gold. When it was converted into bullion, after having been on exhibition a long time, the gold in it sold for £7,254

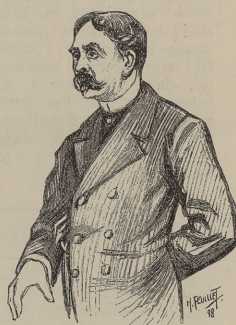
THE ZOLA TRIAL.



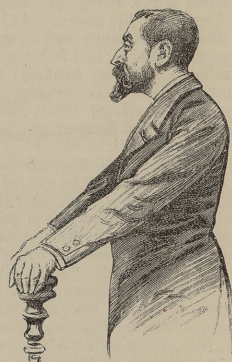
General de Boisdeffre.



Commandant Navary.



Trarieux, Ex-Minister of Justice.



Vertillon, Handwriting Expert.



Casimir Perier.



Major Henry.



Major Esterhazy.



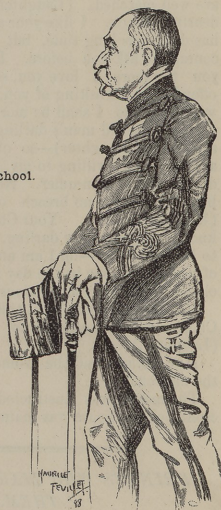
First Lieutenant Picquart.



First Lieutenant Paty de Clam.



Paul Meyer, Director of the Hydrographic School.



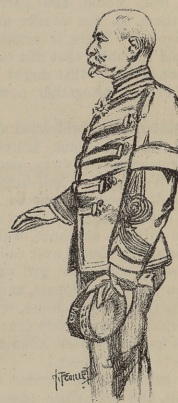
General de Pellieux.



Mrs. Dreyfus.



Leblois.



General Gonse.