

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

## Talk With Madame Dreyfus.

This interview with Madame Dreyfus has been obtained by Miss Mary Spencer Warren only after great difficulties. Her correspondence while she was in Paris was tampered with, and even the letters have met with similar treatment.

'I am writing this in Paris, where nearly every question of the day is relegated to the background, and the Dreyfus case is still the one absorbing topic of the hour. Furthermore, I have just returned to the city from a long and interesting chat with the much-to-be-pitied, brave and true-hearted lady who is one of the victims of this nineteenth century tragedy. It is not easy accurately to picture the situation here—the difficulty one has in gaining even the location of Madame Alfred Dreyfus! People are simply afraid to say what they know, they may be speaking to a police spy; and whatever their own opinion may be, they would rather not state it, or, in fact, be drawn into any conversation on the subject. Said a prominent French personage to me when we were discussing the matter together: 'Do not write to Madame Dreyfus and trust to the post; your letter will be opened. Go to her; or, if you have anything you wish to say by letter, send a trusty messenger, or deliver it personally.' This from a country whose boast is 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!'

For some time now Madame has resided at a quiet little village on the Seine, a few miles out of Paris. Here she can obtain greater seclusion for herself, with fresh country air and the delights of a garden for her children. The village is beautifully situated, and the house stands in a charming garden, bright with flower beds and lawn, flanked by pine, acacia and other trees. The letter which I had carefully deposited in the hands of a servant of the house two days before had prepared Madame Dreyfus for my visit, and in a few moments after I arrived we were engaged in all animated conversation.

The first thing of which I became convinced was that the lady with whom I was talking was extremely anxious to avoid all unnecessary publicity. Well aware of the great interest the countries of Europe are taking in the painful case of her husband, and compelled as she is by the force of circumstances to keep herself before the public, yet she shrinks palpably from self advertisement, and would prefer, if possible to live altogether apart from the world. 'For the children's sake' a bright, cheerful face hides the aching heart that must be the lot of her who is forcibly separated from one who is dearer to her than life itself. And for 'the children's sake' the mother has an added desire for seclusion. The bright-eyed, merry, and altogether light-hearted little ones do not understand the sad tragedy that has darkened their home; they think that their father is traveling, and talk joyfully of his return, planning in their artless way the many things to be done when 'father comes home.' It is better to keep them in ignorance as long as possible; and in response to my request for photographs, Madame Dreyfus tells me that she is sorry to have to refuse, but she does not wish either her own or her children's features to become familiar to the public. There are no photographs of either of them in existence, and she would rather that such continue to be the case. One could not press the matter—it would be both indelicate and unkind; but when I sought permission to reproduce the portrait of Captain Dreyfus, I was rather surprised to hear that the gentlemen had only been photographed once in his life—that was many years ago, when he was a young lieutenant—it was done by a friend and bore very little resemblance to the clever and energetic Captain of the Staff of more recent days. Any portrait which has appeared of either husband or wife is neither authentic nor authorized, and is, in fact, only imaginative. Madame has no photograph of her husband in the house neither has she the remotest scrap of his writing. The reason for the non-possession of the latter is obvious; the authorities were too anxious to establish the guilt of the captain to leave much in the house which might be helpful to his defender.

Much is said about the monthly letters

the unhappy prisoner: at the Ile du Diabie sends to his wife, but no one need doubt the leniency of the Government in this respect—these letters never reach their destination. They go to the Central prison and are there filtered. It is only there the

father. He is tall, well-built, and thoroughly manly, giving the impression of a more advanced age than seven years which can actually be credited to him. He has a high forehead, large dark eyes, nose of the Grecian type, and a firm but sweet tempered mouth; a very intelligent, bright boy in every respect. He still remembers his father, spite of the four years that have separated them, and he evidences the most profound love for the mother to whom he is so dear. The little Jeanne resembles her mother very closely in features, but unlike her, has very fair

brought to bear upon the authorities, startling revelations have taken place, certain documents in this place have been provided to be forgeries—why not all? A very cursory examination of the writing of French officers shows a striking family likeness; mistake as to authorship is probable and imitation would not be an impossible feat; and this is the steadfast opinion of Madame Dreyfus. A terrible mistake has been made; her husband's writing does closely resemble the famous bordereau, and this been the primary cause of all the mischief. Having once found him guilty, the

one's correspondence closely inspected, can such conclusions be wondered at?

Madame Dreyfus is not one to make a display of her grief, but it has smitten her hard, and all her natural bravery and self-command cannot keep her mouth from quivering and her tones from faltering when she tells how the blow literally stunned her, and how for a long time she could not actually realize the truth of it all. And the final interview between husband and wife! Concerning this Madame can only recall the bitter agony they both endured and her own imploring appeals to her husband to face the trouble and not sink under it; to trust to her untiring endeavors to establish his guiltlessness before the world and restore him to their midst with unshaken honor.

Madame Dreyfus cannot speak too strongly of the absolute honesty and integrity of her husband—a man, she asserts, who would not only never be capable of a mean action, but utterly abhorred underhand tactics and shifty intrigue. Neither wealth nor advancement would have won him from the path of simple duty; and it is my implicit belief in and knowledge of all this which has given me courage to continue the unequal contest, and assures me that God will eventually completely establish his innocence. In two or three months I hope to have him with me again, for I am sure that when all the papers are examined at the court the truth will come to light. The devoted wife inspires me with her faith and courage, but I can only grasp her hand in silent sympathy and presently assure her that every Englishwoman is feeling for her in her great trouble, and each and all would rejoice to see her own hopes realized and Captain Dreyfus triumphantly restored to his family.

Do you want to know something of Madame's appearance? Picture to your self, then a lady, tall, majestic, yet graceful, with a wreath of dark hair beautifully arranged, a clear complexion, large, expressive eyes, and a sweet though sad smile. A face that shows marks of suffering, but on which the predominant expressions are straightforwardness and kindness. Emphatically, Lucie Dreyfus is a lady of great beauty.—Cassell's Magazine.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He (desperately): Will you marry me? I've asked you to marry me twice.

She (languidly): No; I wouldn't even marry you once.

Maiden: Geraldine is writing a book. She calls it 'How to Win a Man.'

Matron: 'That would not do any good in the world. The mystery is how to hold on to him after you have won him.'

'I have heard that she walks in her sleep,' said the gossip.

'Indeed!' returned Mrs. Parvenue, scornfully. 'So common, isn't it? I should have thought she would have ridden.'

Visitor: 'Mr. Greatman was charmed with this place! In his book he calls it a quaint and sleepy old town.'

Native (indignantly): 'Well, it may be quaint, but I don't see nothing sleepy about a place where everybody's up at four in the morning.'

'What is the matter?' asked a lawyer of his coachman.

'The horses are running away, sir.'

'Can't you pull them up?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Then' said the lawyer, after judicial delay, 'run into something cheap.'

'What are you making so much fuss about, Aguilardo?' inquired the elder native. 'What's worrying you?'

'Am I not the rebel chief of Manila?' was the haughty answer.

'Well, that's nothing new.'

'But they have confused things so that I don't know whom I am rebelling against.'



LOOKING AT HIS PICTURE.

authorities are pleased to allow which ultimately reaches Madame Dreyfus. Even then the contents are sad beyond all expression, and though the captain declares his trust in God, and believes his innocence will be ultimately established before the world, yet he cannot prevent the ring of despair at his lot and the occasional expression of acute suffering becoming paramount. His devoted love for his wife runs through every epistle, and one cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate soldier in his gloomy exile when he writes such words as the following: 'How all my love for you comes home to me at this moment! It is solely the thought of you, my poor darling, that enables me to struggle on. . . . To think that I am accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit! Even to-day it seems to me that I am the sport of a horrible nightmare; . . . but rest assured that if I am successful in treading this Calvary to the end it will be for your sake, my poor darling; it will be to avoid for you a fresh sorrow in addition to all those you have already supported. . . . Your courage, your devotion are sublime. . . . you are assuredly one of the noblest women in the world; my admiration for you is such that if I succeed in drinking my cup of the dregs it will be in order to be worthy of your heroism. I wring my hands in grief for you and for our children! . . . All around me is profound silence, broken only by the moaning of the sea. Do not weep dearest: I will struggle to the last minute for your sake and for that of our children. Embrace them tenderly for me.'

Words cannot describe the love of poor Alfred Dreyfus for his children, and they are children to be proud of. Pierre his mother tells me, is the living image of his

hair and big blue eyes. 'Great as is your trouble,' said I to Madame Dreyfus, 'it would be far greater were it not for the children.' And the mother's answer was one of almost unutterable thankfulness that so much comfort was accorded her.

Need I say that it is extremely painful to Madame Dreyfus to recall the past? Her marriage, unlike many in France, was one of pure affection, and over the first few years of wedded existence no cloud came. The husband was absorbed in his profession and his home, and the wife in her husband and household. When not at his duties, Captain Dreyfus was invariably with his wife; in her own words, 'We were all in all to each other.' What it must have been to such a couple when they were suddenly and forcibly torn from each other no pen can describe. Without a sign or a word to warn them of the impending catastrophe, Captain Dreyfus was arrested at the instigation of the secret police, and charged with selling army secrets to a foreign government. Held guilty by the army and the country before he was tried, a secret court-martial professed to prove him so, and the unhappy man was sentenced to be degraded from his army rank and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. It was said at the time that the country to whom the secrets were sold was Germany, an additional cause for the howl of hatred which was directed against the so-called traitor. But there are not wanting many in the country now—and I have conversed with numbers this week—who believe that Russia, and not Germany was the country, and that in the face of recent events the French simply dare not make the papers public—or, at any rate, would resist doing so until the last possible moment. Strong pressure has now been

War Officer has persistently refused to entertain the remotest idea of his innocence, but has gone on wilfully to deepen his apparent guilt and shield themselves—at his expense—from the initial blunder. Madame Dreyfus is absolutely certain that a thorough reaction has set in, and that thousands of honest French hearts are sharing her faith in her husband's integrity and honesty to his profession and country; but she perfectly agreed with me that it was not safe for friends to give expression to such sentiments. When one's movements and visitors are watched, and

## THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because—

'There's nothing succeeds like success.' There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had 'helped him wonderfully.' It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving 'almost instant relief.' But read his letter:

'About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I kept on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on posses-

sing the formula for such a very valuable remedy.'—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.