

# BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE

## A MACHINE THAT CLAIMS THE MIRACLE

MANY cases of suspended animation which heretofore have been considered hopeless may now, it is believed, be treated with perfect success. It is no exaggeration, in other words, to say that the dead, or at least very many cases pronounced dead, may be actually restored to life. Men who have been killed to all appearances by asphyxiation, narcotic poison or drowning come under this class, as well as those who fail to recover from the effects of anesthesia. Men who have been apparently frozen to death are also readily treated, and last, but not least, cases of utter intoxication may be quickly restored to sobriety in a few minutes. A Southern scientist has invented a very ingenious mechanical contrivance which works these wonders. In the series of actual experiments performed before a more or less skeptical audience astonishing results with all such cases have been obtained.

The inventor of the machine which is popularly acclaimed to bring back the dead to life is Professor George Poe of Norfolk, Va. Professor Poe, it should be understood, does not make too extravagant claims for the efficiency of his machine. He declared that neither his method will raise the dead nor will any other instrument after the vital tissues have actually ceased to perform their functions, but that as long as there is the faintest spark of life left in the body it may be fanned into a flame. It is believed that this method goes further than any heretofore conceived, and that a considerable portion of those who are given up as dead, no matter what the cause of death may be, may actually be restored to life.

The machine used in this extraordinary work is based upon a comparatively simple theory. It is modeled upon the human heart, and it is a complicated looking affair, which in no way resembles the organ of life, although its function is very similar. The machine consists of two cylinders which correspond exactly to the right

and left ventricles and to the right and left auricles of the heart. Each of these has an inlet and an outlet valve, so that the work it performs is, after all, very similar to that of the human heart. Each cylinder has its plunger like any ordinary engine, and these are made to work simultaneously, pumping poisonous gases or water, as the case may be, out of the lungs and again pumping oxygen into them. The present model, which Professor Poe uses with astonishing results, is of the simplest mechanism.

The patient is treated by applying to the nostrils the pipes connected with the machine. The machine is connected with a tank containing oxygen and with a glass jar filled with water, and into this is inserted in turn the tubes connected with the cylinders. Two long tubes made of galvanized tubing are also connected with the cylinders, while inlet and outlet valves are attached at the operating ends. In operating the contrivance these valves are placed in the nostrils of the subject. The subject's mouth is incidentally kept closed while the gases are pumped out and the oxygen is being forced in.

The general principle of the apparatus is comparatively simple, but the results due to this delicate adjustment are simply revolutionary. In a great many cases where the instrument has been used the effect in supplementing the heart action has appeared almost miraculously. In treating a human being the chest of a person given up for dead has been seen breathing as in actual life. In order to test the efficiency of the life restoring apparatus a series of experiments were made a few days ago before an audience specially chosen for the purpose. It included a number of people who were absolute skeptics. In the company were Dr. J. P. Jackson of South Norfolk, Va., Dr. Francis S. Morgan and a number of newspaper men. The experiment was conducted under the personal direction of Professor Poe and Dr. Jackson. A white rabbit was the first subject. First of all the rabbit was infested with two and a half grains of morphine. The injection being made in its leg. Seven ounces of ether was then administered. In a few minutes the rabbit showed absolutely no signs of life. A careful examination failed to reveal any heart action.

The test was carried so far as to place a mirror at the little animal's

mouth and nostrils, but absolutely no breathing was indicated. After fifteen minutes both of the doctors present declared that they could not detect the faintest signs of life in the rabbit. The apparatus was then set in motion. The tubes connected with cylinders were applied to the rabbit's nostrils and the cylinder pumps were started. One of these pumps was employed to pump out the poison while the other forced oxygen into the lungs, which were in an state of absolute collapse. After five minutes' vigorous action not the slightest sign of life was visible.

**Restoring Life**  
Shortly after, however, a slight breathing motion became visible. The apparatus, which has been carefully adjusted as the machinery permits, through the sides of the lungs, was kept in energetic motion. After ten minutes had elapsed the body of the rabbit was seen to visibly quiver. It wakened a step aroused him. Some one after the action had been commenced upon this "dead" rabbit when the little animal staggered to its feet. The action of the respirator was then stopped, and the rabbit continued to improve very quickly. In something less than a half hour after the injection had been made the "dead" rabbit was as lively as ever, and it was only with some difficulty that it could be held long enough to satisfy the photographers. The same or a similar test has been made with other animals. In several cases human beings have been restored in the same manner, only somewhat more quickly. A careful examination of the body is extended at full length and the tubes are inserted in exactly the same way. Human patients have



ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION WORK ON "DEAD" RABBIT.

RABBIT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

been treated for asphyxiation, drowning and intoxication. Professor Poe declares that it is impossible for a man to breathe freely sustaining life for an indefinite period with his mouth tightly closed so long as the points of his instrument are in the man's nostrils and the pumps are working properly. The professor has himself submitted to these tests and has demonstrated that for ten minutes and even longer he can live without a single draft of air being taken to his lungs except through the medium of the oxygen cylinder.

The professor claims remarkable efficiency for this contrivance in reviving cases of extreme intoxication. The theory of the treatment is that his machine will pump the liquor gases out of the lungs, at the same time supplying them with oxygen. The same results have been obtained in cases of asphyxiation, carbonic poisoning or drowning. Remarkable results have also been obtained in case of "infant asphyxia" occurring at childbirth. This is of course a condition which threatens the life of a considerable proportion of children. In other words, "dead" babies are brought to life.

A syndicate has been formed to restore the dead to life. While this would seem to be the last word in syndicates, it nevertheless will be seen to be a legitimate enterprise. While it may be astonishing to think of a corporation declaring dividends based upon the number of people raised from the dead, the enterprise is nevertheless legitimate. One of the most appealing phases of work is to be found in the correspondence which every day reaches the office of the life restoring syndicate. The mail of the company is filled with heart breaking appeals. The fathers and mothers of children who have been dead for weeks and months implore letters begging Professor Poe to bring back to them the souls of their little ones. Several letters have been received in which people have offered to forward at once the bodies of members of their families over which the last funeral services have been held.

While disclaiming any power other than a purely scientific one, Professor Poe is nevertheless confident, and it would seem justly so, of the efficacy of his machine. It is pointed out that a very considerable number of those who are given up as dead are really amenable to this mechanical treatment. In other words, many of the "dead" may be restored to life.

# THE VIPER OF MILAN

(Continued From Front Page)

sundered vegetables she was gathering together.

"Who art thou that thou knowest me?" she asked.

"I came from Florence," said the lad quickly, "traveling to Verona."

"To Verona? Thou art not on thy way to Verona here?"

"I know it, but the company we traveled with was bound for Milan. Three days ago we missed them and thought to find them in the city where we looked to spend the night, but now—"

He glanced at his companion and could scarce refrain from weeping.

"To Verona?" said an old peasant, turning sharply at the name. "To Verona?"

The child dropped again to his knees beside Tomaso.

"Yes," he said, over his shoulder. "My cousin—he is done to death, I fear me—and I were traveling by way of Milan to Della Scala's court."

He broke off and wrung his hands. "Oh, help me, some one; Tomaso is dying!"

With a certain dull humanity, kindness it could scarcely be called, that was so inert and full of apathy, one or two of them gave what help they could.

"Thou art from Florence?" said the old man again. "Aye, indeed, I know thou art from Florence, for thy mate here to have had such daring. Why camest thou from Florence to anywhere by way of Milan?"

For even to the dull mind of the peasant, Florence, which alone of the cities of Italy had preserved her liberty, seemed a country of the free, a republic of equality.

"Tomaso's father sent for him to come to him in Della Scala's court, and as last year my father was slain in the wars with Venice, since then I have resided with my cousin—and so accompany him—having naught else to do."

The boy looked up bewildered; he was half dazed with this sudden misfortune.

"We go to Verona!" he repeated. "We have food and a little money—if only this had not happened!"

He turned to his prostrate cousin and burst into tears.

uneasy glances around him.

"And that?" cried the boy, his tears arrested, "that man on horseback?"

"That was the Visconti, Aye! Gian Galeazzo Maria, Duke of Milan."

"Did he gaze down the road with interest and new terror?"

"The Duke of Milan! He who lately warred with Florence!" he cried breathlessly.

"And he beat her!" There was a touch of pride in the answer, for the peasant was of Milan. But the boy did not notice the remark; he was too absorbed in terrified conjecture.

"And they in the carriage?" he whispered.

A silence fell. The crowd shuffed away from him, and turned their faces to the city. Used to scenes of horror as they were, the cavaliers that had just passed seemed, even to their half hearts, to have chilled the sunlight with its terror.

A young woman suddenly snatched her child up from the ground and strained it to her in a passion of distress.

"Oh, Luigi, Luigi, my little child, it was his father and mother, his father and mother!"

She grasped the old man's arm. "Mario! you how she looked at me!" she cried.

The peasant checked her outbreak, but looked down the road with gloomy eyes.

"They will never return from Brescia," he said; "they must be near, and—old for such an end. However, hush thee, woman, 'tis no affair of ours!" Several anxious voices echoed him.

"Why should we care?" said one, "tis a Visconti the less to crush us."

And Vittore saw the whole band turning off, pushing, driving, and urging their beasts along. He dragged at his still senseless companion in a sudden moment of despair.

"Help me!" he said. "We would not dare not stay alone."

The old man laughed harshly.

his misfortunes, too much used to scenes like this.

"We risk our necks by staying by these," growled one dark-browed man. "As for thy companion, it is his own mad doing. He is dead, and we may be dead this time tomorrow, and kicked into the ditch like him."

Even the women listened blankly to the men's stridings, and the throng sullenly departed on its way.

"Any moment a soldier of the Visconti may come by, or the Visconti himself may return, then any one found tending one of his victims will be in a sorry plight!" This, mumbled out with curses at the delay, was their only answer.

The peasants of Lombardy lived in the shadow of an awful name. Gian Galeazzo Maria Visconti knew neither fear of God nor man, neither pity nor remorse.

The young Florentine sank down upon the grass, and looked after the retreating train in mute distress. To look for help, upon men to leave his cousin, and he could not move him. Tomaso lay in a deep swoon, for the blow had driven him back upon a stone. Terribly wounded about the face, Tomaso added to his young cousin's distress, and his ghastly appearance, his head bound in rough bandages, torn from Vittore's clothing, and now darkly stained with blood. The boy wrung his hands and looked up and down the road—no one in sight.

It was just after the victory in the long-standing wars between the cities; Verona had fallen into the Visconti's hands; interchange of traffic was for the time laid low; the road was likely to be deserted, and for hours none passed.

The boy dragged Tomaso's head and shoulders as far into the shade as he could manage, remonstrated the bandages about his head, and tried to force down his throat some of the food and drink they carried. But the youth muttered between clenched teeth, and lay with wide-staring eyes, inert and unresponsive. His consciousness had returned, but he was delirious in fever.

As the day wore on, new and sickening terror seized on Vittore. The Visconti would return to Milan! Hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud. Since the bright dawn of the morning what a change in prospect! Della Scala's court a ruin—and Tomaso's father—his uncle, the only parent he had ever known—what of him! And Tomaso too! He must sit there and see him die beside him. As the noontide waned, he had fallen again into stupor, and the boy looked at his changed face distractedly.

"He is dead!" he cried. "I know he is dead! But he dared not leave him; besides, Milan held a terror, and he would scarcely dare to enter it. Perhaps when the peasants returned they might have pity on them; if not—again his soba filled up the lonely outlook. The long hours dragged by; a horse-man passed, a mercenary laden with

some plunder from Verona; he did not even turn in his saddle. A few peasants came back from Milan, seeking their turn around the neighboring villages. But they were as deaf to his cries as before; he could come with them if he liked; but the other—he was dead and killed by the Visconti; let him lie there. And now Vittore was in despair; the sun was beginning to drop behind the trees, the delicate stems of the poplars stretched in long blue shadows, the faint golden light lay across the primroses, making them fairlike. Suddenly a step aroused him. Some one along the road. He started to his feet, and there, still in the distance, but rapidly approaching, was the figure of a traveler, his shadow thrown before him, his face set toward Milan.

### CHAPTER TWO

"Francisco"

A gleam of hope sent Vittore forward. Here was some one who, alone and on foot, must know the perils of travel, and might be kind hearted; though, with Tomaso dead, what even pity could do for him he scarcely knew. Then again the boy's heart failed him. Perhaps this was no more than some wandering robber. He paused, drew back, and the traveler came on not noticing him, his gaze fixed keenly on the distant city.

By the roadside some boulders, half hidden in violets and golden with moss, offered a seat, and half stumbling over them the stranger abruptly withdrew his eyes from Milan and saw for the first time the boy, who from a few paces off was timorously observing him.

He was a powerful man of gigantic size, clothed in coarse leather, undressed, patched, slashed and travel-worn. His legs were bound with straw and thongs of skin, the feet incased in rough wooden shoes stuffed with grass.

A battered leathern cap covered his head, and from his shoulder hung a ragged scarlet cloak. A dagger and a sword were stuck in his belt, a leather pouch hung at his side. The man's face and bearing belied his dress. He was not handsome, and a peculiar effect was given to the expression by the half-shut brown eyes, but he had a rough dialect of Lombardy, which he and Tomaso could only badly comprehend.

"Sir," cried the lad advancing, "I am in great distress. My cousin lies there dead, or dying. Help me to get him to some shelter."

"I am a stranger here," replied the traveler, "and have no shelter for myself tonight."

His accent like his bearing, again belied his dress. He spoke in the refined Tuscan tongue, the language of the better classes, and to Vittore, who was gently nurtured, more familiar than the rough dialect of Lombardy, which he and Tomaso could only badly comprehend.

"But what I can find for myself," he added, "thou art welcome to share. Where is thy cousin?"

Vittore pointed to the recumbent figure half-hidden in the bank; the man glanced across, then around him. The sun was almost set, a whole flock of delicate little pink clouds lay trembling over Milan, its noble outline already half in shadow.

"It will be dark soon," he said, "and perchance—" he broke off abruptly. "Thy cousin, didst thou say?—what has happened to him? Wounded in some roadside fray?"

He rose as he spoke and crossed over to the fallen boy. "And what are you two doing, traveling alone?" he demanded sternly.

"Alas, messer, we are going to Verona."

"To Verona, by way of Milan?"

"We had no choice. The company we traveled with were bound hither, but three days ago we missed them, and came on here alone, lest perhaps they had preceded us. But for this accident we thought to pass the night in Milan—but now, what shall we do? and we hear that Verona has been taken!"

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him that Verona had been taken.

The stranger was bending over Tomaso, and Vittore did not see his face.

feebly. "George! Ligost!" Leaning against the stranger, indeed half-carried by him, Tomaso felt him start.

"Thou knowest him, messer?"

"He was put high in favor at Della Scala's court, and sent for us to share his fortune," put in Vittore eagerly.

"Ah," said Francisco. "Della Scala's court has perished. I am from Verona. I saw it burned."

Tomaso's head sunk dizzily upon his helper's shoulder. Vittore's young heart swelled, then seemed to break within him. He choked back his sobs.

"And Della Scala—and my uncle; did they perish, too?"

"Who can tell?" replied the stranger sternly. "Who shall say who perished or who not on such a night as that on which Verona fell?"

"But Della Scala's wife, the Duchess, is yonder, prisoner in Milan."

"And that proves, thou thinkest, Della Scala must be dead! Maybe; who knows! All the same, thou art a brave lad, and a gallant for the thought."

He paused to rest Tomaso on the boulders that had been his seat. "And for that speech of time I'll tell thee something, boy. I am the Visconti's foe. For the sake of Della Scala, whom I knew, for the sake of Verona, where I lived, for the sake of something dearer to a man than life, I am sworn to hunt him down—and now, no more. We will seek shelter."

Raising Tomaso's head against his knee, Francisco turned a trained and searching gaze about him.

"To the right, on some thickly wooded, slightly rising ground, could be discerned the unmistakable outline of a great wall, built to a monstrous height, no doubt the boundary of a villa of unusual size and magnificence. Beneath the wall, half-hidden by groves of chestnuts, was the usual cluster of huts; the dwellings of the hinds and vassals of the villa's noble owner. But no smoke trailed upward, nor did any sign of life strike upon the ear."

"We will try those huts yonder," said Francisco. "They are far enough from the road for security, yet not too far to hamper any return hither. They seem deserted, but even if inhabited, they are scarcely likely to refuse me shelter for a wounded boy."

And Vittore, looking at his size and stern appearance, thankfully agreed with him. Almost carrying Tomaso, Francisco led the way, and quickly reached a footpath which, after many twistings, brought them out into a turf-grown opening around three sides of which the cottages were built. The fourth was the wall inclosing the grounds, and along it, bordering a ditch, ran a pleasant path which, as they subsequently discovered, led to a small stream, artificially extended, where it passed the villa, to a lake of some not inconsiderable size.

But, as Francisco had surmised, the whole place stood empty and deserted, though it could not have been long since the fogots had blazed on the open hearths. Signs of occupation were too recent.

The wayfarers gazed about them wonderingly. It was a place of charm. The fast-grown grass was thick with flowers; and a wooden bucket hung idly from the chain above the wooden

runnel.

(To Be Continued)