

Captain George & Boynton

URING the Franco-Prussian war, which ended in the capitulation of the French at Sedan, September 1, 1870, I had three ships busy with honest cargoes, but I did not get a chance to do any contraband running until just before its close. Under fire of the guns at Trieste I ran out

a cargo of guns, which I delivered to the committee of safety at Bordeaux only a few days before the battle of Sedan. Shortly after this I placed the Leckwith and my other ships in the hands of Nickell & Co. for charter and sailed for New York.

The first word that reached me on my arrival was that my wife, who had sailed ahead of me, was seriously ill at her old home in Illinois. I went to her at once and remained at her side until the end, three weeks later. When I returned to New York after the fu-

neral I was greatly depressed and was in a mood for anything that offered excitement. A few days later I met Frank (Francis Lay) Norton. Knowing each other by reputation, we soon became friends. Later we became partners in some of the most gloriously exciting exploits in which I have been fortunate enough to participate. Norton was a natural born pirate, and he looked the part.

When I first met him he was wild about the China sea, where he had spent several thrilling years and made several fortunes, but I heard so much of Venezuela and of Guzman Blanco that my heart was set on going there before I undertook to explore any other strange lands. The upshot of our many discussions was that I sent Norton to London to take command of the Leckwith until I was ready to join him, when it was agreed we should go out in the yacht to his beloved China sea.

After Norton's departure I bought the small fore-and-aft schooner-yacht Juliette, fitted her out at New London, Conn., for a six months' cruise and started for Bermuda to test her seaworthiness, with Lars Lorensen as sailing master, formerly of the Leckwith, and a brave and loval Norseman. Guzman Blanco was not at St. Thomas, so we went on to Curacao, always a revolutionary rendezvous, and there, in the latter part of December, I met Guzman and General Pulgar, his chief of staff. Guzman, after many exciting political and military ups and downs, was planning an invasion of Venezuela against the Monagas faction, then in power.

After he had studied me, asked all sorts of questions and apparently satisfied himself that I could be relied on, Guzman told me, in

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE B. BOYNTON At sunrise we went to see Pulgar. When asked for my decision I inquired what the result would be if his revolution failed.

"Then I am sorry, my dear captain, but you will lose your cargo, while I will lose my life. which is of infinitely more importance to me. But the revolution will not fail!" he vehemently declared

As though impressed by his confidence, I announced that I would accept his offer, with a mental reservation to escape at the first opportunity, for I did not propose to fight against Guzman.

"That is excellent," he said, with the suggestion of a bow. After coffee I went with him to inspect his troops. I was formally given command of a battalion of 300 men, and an Indian servant, who, I afterward found, had orders to shoot me if I attempted to escape, was assigned to me. I accompanied Pulgar back to his headquarters, where I was given an old sword and the tarnished shoulder straps of a colonel, these constituting my uniform.

"Now that you have allied yourself with my forces," he then said, "you will have no use for your ship. You will therefore write a note to the officer in charge, directing him to proceed to Curacao and await orders. She will be safe there and," with a quizzical smile, "you will be safe here."

As there was nothing else for me to do, I complied with it at once.

I had been trying for about a week to whip my lazy, ignorant troops into some sort of shape, when word was brought in one morning that "the enemy" was approaching.

Instead of allowing me to lead my battalion, Pulgar ordered me to remain with him on a lfttle knoll in the rear, from which he made a pretense of directing his forces.

I will say for them, though, that they fought hard and stubbornly, but they were gradually driven back, and Pulgar, who had a terrible temper, was furious. All at once the opposing troops were largely reinforced and came with a rush which quickly converted our orderly retreat into a rout. Pulgar, cursing like a madman, dashed into the disorganized mass of his liberty-loving louts, with Ortega and the rest of his staff at his heels.

I was left alone and was hesitating as to what I should do, when my Indian servant tugged at my trousers-leg.

'Follow me, colonel!" he said. "I know where there is a boat."

He started off at a run and covered ground so fast that I had to gallop my horse to keep up with him. He led the way to the beach near where my cargo had been landed and pushed a native boat from under a clump of mangrove trees. We jumped in and shoved off in a hurry, for Ortega and several of his men had just appeared on the bluff above and were making for us.

We drifted around for three days and nights without so much as a glimpse of a distant sail and without an ounce of food or a mouthful of water, save only such as we were able to suck out of our clothes after a providential rain the second night. On the morning of the fourth day a fog lifted, and close to



within me the germ of his China sea insanity that it was taking root.

We stopped at St. Thomas, that haven of thieves, blacklegs and revolutionists, and there I met General Baez, brother and minister of war to Buenaventura Baez, the president of Santo Domingo, and one of the most interesting characters the romantic West Indies have produced.

He knew of my association with Guzman Blanco and at once approached me with a proposition that I go to Santo Domingo to ald his brother in the troubles he foresaw. I told him that, if I could get an extension of leave from Guzman I would consider any practical plan that promised excitement.

We went on to London, where I learned that Norton was in the Mediterranean with the Leckwith, impatiently carrying general cargoes. I left word for him with Nickell & Son that I expected soon to be ready to go out east with him, took on a cargo of arms and headed for Costa Rica, where I had information that a revolution was hatching against General Tomaso Guardia,

We ran into bad weather in the Caribbean and were forced to put in at Kingston, after all, leaking badly.

When the repairs were completed the governor of the island refused to allow us to reload our cargo, as he had an intimation that she ship was not what she pretended to be. This hint, it developed later, came from Jimmy Donovan, a "sea lawyer," whom I had shipped at the last minute in the hurry of getting away from London. He made what is known on the sea as a "pier-head jump." On the fourth day I prevailed on the governor to allow us to take our cargo, but he insisted that the ship must be held, with both anchors down, until further orders. I decided that we would go out that night. Knowing me as well as he did, Lorensen laughed incredulously, thinking I was joking, for the channel through the harbor was shaped like the letter S and commanded by a fort which could, as he said, blow us out of the water without half trying.

spirit seemingly having subsided with the improvement in the army, I took the Juliette to Halifax, N. S., in the summer of 1875, to have her decks strengthened and mounted with rapid-fire guns. We returned early in the fall to find that the smoldering revolution had burst into flame and that a large force was marching on Santo Domingo City. The president and his brother were vehemently but vainly advising each other to be brave when I reached the palace.

'What shall we do? What shall we do?' demanded the president as I entered the door. "It strikes me that it might be a good scheme to fight," I replied, with no attempt to conceal my disgust at their attitude.

They told me there were about 3,000 .men in the attacking force. We had more than 4,000 men under arms. The city had no defenses worthy the name, and I insisted that the thing to do was to go outside and fight it out in the open. The president, who had apparently regained a little of his nerve, agreed with me and, against the continued objections of his brother, we went out to meet the attacking army.

General Baez commanded our center and right, while I commanded our left flank. With the firing of the first gun he began to give way before a force that was inferior in both numbers and discipline, and fell back so repidly that before I realized it my command was flanked and almost cut off, with the sea on one side of us and the enemy on two otters and rapidly closing up the fourth.

In a few minutes I was captured, along with about a hundred men who were so nurthed by fear that they could neither run nor fight and had not enough discretion to join the enemy. I was furious over the cowardi e of Baez and put up the hardest fight I was capable of, with the satisfaction of putting six or eight blacks on a permanent peace basis, but, with my revolver empty and my swort broken, I was overwhelmed by the inky cloud. General Baez galloped back to the cety, and he and his bewildered brother, the president,

LITTLE GIRL LOSES DISDAIN FOR THE BOYS.

Conversion Comes Through Disaster to Her Doll When She Undertakes to Throw a Brick at Marauding Dogs.

"Do you see that little girl?" asked the old bachelor, as he leaned upon his gate and halted me in my morning walk. "Yesterday she was all for woman's rights, but today her views are of a different complexion."

He nodded toward a four-year-old who was wandering with lonely and disconsolate air along the edge of the sidewalk.

"She lives in that little shack over there, and she hasn't much to play with, but she's well brought up and her mother has taught her to flock by herself and not chum with street boys and girls. Some one gave her a doll and doll buggy, and she's been out with it every fine day as proud and happy as a queen. She's scared to death, though, of two small dogs that live across the street and come sniffing around her and her baby. The boys, too, tease her sometimes, but they throw stones at the dogs and chase them avay.

"Yesterday she was pushing her buggy along and singing to herself when the dogs ran out. She halted and watched them approaching. Then she made up her mind she'd chase them herself instead of squealing for the boys.

"So she stood in front of the buggy and picked up a piece of brick. It was pretty heavy for her, but she threw her arm back the way she'd seen the boys do and hurled it with all her might. She shut her eyes tight as she threw, so as not to witness the annihilation of the dogs, I guess, and probably she thought the crash that followed was the breaking of their bones, but when she opened her eyes the enemy was unhurt and coming right on. Then she turned to fly, but when she looked into her buggy the yell that arose brought people to the windows for a block around. "She had thrown the brick behind her and smashed her doll to flinders.

"Her mother came and bore her off. wailing at every step, and today she is quiet, as you see, but it is plain her heart as well as her doll is broken.

"Yesterday I thought I would teach her how to throw stones, but today I've changed my mind. I'm going to get her a new doll. I think she'll leave the dogs to the boys in future."

Walls That Don't Transmit Sounds. Experiments have recently been car-

ried out in Germany with the object of discovering methods and means for rendering walls and ceilings capable of effective resistance to sound transmission. One of the more recently devised methods involves the use under the celling, or parallel to the wall. as the case may be, of a network of wire stretched tightly by means of pulnot touching at any point the surface



Order House Does to the Towns.

Great cities give much in alms, but little in justice. Only as we know each other well can we treat each othor justly; and the city is a wilderness of careless strangers whose instincts of humanity are daily becoming more and more blunted to suffering, because in the anture of things sufferinging in cities must be impersonal. It is not the suffering of friends and neighbors and kith and kin as it is in the smaller towns. So the mail order house crushing out our towns is drying up the milk of human kindness in our hearts.

And that brings us back to first principles; if we who live in these small towns in America cannot see that our duty to our county lies first of all in our duty to our neighbors, then we are blind indeed to the basis of real patriotism, for after all patriotism is only neighborly kindness. Patriotism is not in cheering for the flag; it is not in feeling our eyes filled with emotional tears at hearing. "The Star Spangled Banner," patroitism is just old-fashioned human duty.

To sacrifice our neighbor-the man who helps the town with its taxes, with its public business, with its myriad activities for neighborly righteousness-to sacrifice that man and his business for the mere sake of saving a dollar on the purchase of a hundred dollars' worth of goods is just as unpatriotic as it is to spit at the flag.

For the flag if it means anything means the golden rule; the flag means friendly burden bearing; it means mutual help in trouble: it means standing together against common foes.

The motto of the mail order house is every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost-and you bet the devil will.

That spirit never fails to work; and the weak man, the unprotected man, the man alone-the man on the farm. at the end of the fact, when his farm market is gone, when his town is gone, when the spirit of selfishness and greed has left this country cold and hard and mean and neighborless-the liam Allen White.

PARIS PRESERVES ITS TREES

## To Kill or Even Maim One Is a Serious Offense in the French Capital.

To kill a tree is a serious offense. In the strict enforcement of this prinleys secured into adjacent walls and ciple is the chief secret of the beanty of Paris. Its trees are the city's crowning glory. To maim, much more

where expert care and attention are

given young trees. The forestry de-

partment of the city government is

as well organized as the public health

or the street cleaning department, and

the men employed in it are carefully

From the time it is set out in a pub-

lic street or square each tree bears

a distinct identity of its own, and is

regular routes like lamplighters or po-

a general way, of his plans and asked me to secure for him 3.000 old Remington rifles and 500,000 cartridges and deliver them as quickly as possible at Curacao.

Some two months later I arrived at Curacao, where, instead of Guzman Blanco, I found General Ortega, who was with Guzman when I first met him and seemed to be fully in his confidence. Ortega handed me a note, bearing what purported to be the signature of Guzman, which directed me to deliver the cargo at a place to be indicated by Ortega, and stated that payment for it would be made on my cabin table. I showed the signature to two men who knew Guzman well, and both pronounced it genuine. I had no suspicion that anything was wrong and took this precaution simply as a matter of ordinary business sense.

Ortega directed me to deliver the cargo at Tucacas point, about one hundred miles west of La Guayra, and, on arriving, Ortega went ashore and returned with a request that I order off the hatches and start the unloading of the cargo in my boats and then go ashore with him and get my money. This was not in accord with my contract with Guzman or with the note Ortega had handed me, but I had great confidence in Guzman and did not wish to offend him. As soon as the unloading was well under way I went ashore with Ortega. We climbed the bluff and walked half a mile inland to a mud-thatched hut before which a sentry was pacing. Ortega gave the countersign and we stepped inside, to find General Pulgar, who was chief of staff for Guzman when I was introduced to him, wrapped in a chinchora and smoking in a hammock. He explained evasively that he was there instead of Guzman, but when I asked him for my money he smiled and straightened up.

'I told Ortega to deliver that message to you," he said, "but there is no use mincing words and I may as well tell you that you are my prisoner. Your cargo is being taken care of and will be put to a very different purpose from that which you expected. As I have said, you are my prisoner, but I have an offer to make you. It can't make much difference to you whether you serve Guzman or me. If you will join my forces I will make you a colonel and give you command of a battalion, and when the revolution is over I will pay you for your rifles, just as Guzman agreed to do."

I again inquired where Guzman was, but a shrug of the shoulders was the only answer I could get to questioning along that line. Not knowing so much about Venezuelan revolutions then as I did later, I could not fathom this strange situation to my entire satisfaction, but it was my guess that in some way Pulgar had become arrayed against Guzman, and it turned out that I was right.

I told Pulgar that I would give him an answer in the morning, and spent the night with Ortega, under guard. I tried to draw him out, but, evidently according to orders, he would not even talk about the weather.

us was a fleet of fishermen from the Island of Oruba, twenty miles to the westward of Curacao. They took us to their island, and after we had rested and eaten for two days a fishing

boat took us to Curacao. There I learned from Consul Faxon what had happened in Venezuela. Guzman's plans had worked out more rapidly than he anticipated, and he landed in Venezuela early in February at the head of a small force, but with a large army waiting for him. With only slight resistance he entered Caracas and proclaimed himself dictator. His victory was so easily achieved and was so largely a personal one that he did not give to Pulgar the reward to which he considered himself entitled, and Pulgar immediately started a new revolution. When I told Faxon how I had been im-

posed on and impressed into Pulgar's service he advised me to tell Guzman the whole story. I went on the next steamer, which also carried a letter from Faxon, in which he told Guzman the precautions I had taken to verify the signature to the order Ortega had given

I called on Guzman after I knew he had received Faxon's letter and was welcomed with marked cordiality. "Tell me your whole story." he said, "but let me assure you it is believed before it is told." His face took on an ugly look when I told him how Ortega had tricked me with the forged order, and he interrupted me to say that he had sent an officer to Curacao to await the Juliette and direct me to deliver the arms at La Guayra. This officer's failure to get to me in advance of Ortega had not been satisfactorily explained and had, Guzman said, been severely punished. It was evident that he suspected collusion between his agent and Ortega.

When I had finished Guzman told me he was surrounded by men whom he either suspected or hesitated to trust. He wanted a man whom he could rely on implicitly to watch for evidences of treachery among those around him, and he was kind enough to say he thought I was the man he had been looking for. He asked me to remain in Caracas for an indefinite time, to mix freely with his followers and ascertain who could be trusted. I had been with Guzman Blanco for about a year after he proclaimed himself dictator of Venezuela, February 14, 1871, when I began to grow restless again. This was in no sense due to any fault I had to find with Guzman. He had treated me with every mark of friendship and had proved, time and again, that I possessed his entire confidence. But under his strong hand things were settling down to a humdrum, and with my whole nature clamoring for a change to more strenuous scenes I put the situation up to Guzman and secured his permission to go away, on the promise that I would return within six months. I summoned the Juliette from Curacao and set sail for England, for the double purpose of securing a cargo of arms with which to add to the joy of living in Central America, and of looking up Frank Norton, who had so well planted

bank

"Just the same," I said, 'we are going to sea or to hell tonight."

During the evening he greased all of the blocks so we could start on our problematical journey withcut any noise. The moon went down at midaight, and before it was out of sight we had one anchor up, with a muffled capstan. We were getting up the other when the harbor policeman came along. A few Bank of Fogland notes blinded him and we got under way, with two of the ship's boats towing us and the tide helping us along. Evidently the fort had orders to look out for us. but we caught them napping, apparently, for we were almost past it when we were hailed and ordered to stop.

The next instant, without giving us a decent chance to heave to, even had we been so inclined, they whanged away at us. The second shot went clear through us, just below the waterway, and Lorensen, who was with me at the wheel, exclaimed grimly, "Here we go, captain!"

But he was mistaken, for in the darkness their gunnery was not up to the standard of British marksmanship,

We were soon under cover of the Myrtle Bank hotel and after that two ships protected us until we were far enough away so that only a chance shot could reach us.

The arms we carried were sold to the revo lutionists in Costa Rica, being paid for partly in cash and partly in coffee, which I sold at Curacao. From there I returned to Venezuela and reported to Guzman Blanco, after having been away only about four months.

After Guzman's successful campaign against the rebel, Pulldo, in which I served on the staff, I received another letter from Baez, urging me to come to Santo Domingo. The same mail brought a letter from Baez to Guzman, asking him to grant me leave of absence for a few months to enter his service. Guzman was flattered by this request and with his permission I went to Santo Domingo City in the spring of 1873, on the Juliette.

President Baez of Santo Domingo was short and thin and had a washed-out look, as though his skin had been faded by chemicals instead of by a three-quarters admixture of white blood. I had heard of him only as a good fighter, but that reputation I became convinced, soon after my first visit to the "palace," had been earned for him by his former friends and supporters and was in no sense the work of his own sword, at least so far as recent years were concerned.

The "army" was, in reality, not much more than an unorganized body of densely ignorant natives, who, as practically the only compensation for their supposed loyalty, were allowed to carry guns which they did not know how to use. I taught them how to march without getting in each other's way, how to handle their arms without shooting themselves, and as much discipline as they were amenable to, but I fear my efforts did not go much beyond that, even though they did effect a decided improvement. The revolutionary

seither stove nor light. To keep warm of money in lucky speculations. He

when he was not at business Spitz- was interested in public affairs, but

galleries and to save the expense of half past six o'clock every morning

For many years he lived in a small any sugar.

had barely time to board a small schooner and sail for Curacao before the capital was in the hands of the rebels. General Ganier d'Aton, a tool of Pimental and Cabral, was at once proclaimed president and hailed by the popu-

Instead of being killed at once, as I had ex pected, I was taken to a small port on a hill near the town, where, on the altogether false charge that I had fomented trouble and brought on civil war, I was tried by drumhead court martial and sentenced to be shot at sunrise. The verdict was, of course, dictated by revenge, and execution of it was delayed because they wished to gloat over me for a while.

lace with the customary acclaim.

This was a little the most serious predicament I had ever been in and, with the idea of taking every chance that was open to me. rather than with any distinct hope that it would be answered, I gave the grand hailing sign of a powerful secret order which I had joined while in Caracas. I thought I saw a sergeant raise his eyes, but, as he gave no further sign, I concluded that if there had been any movement it had been one of surprise and not of recognition.

I was placed in a large sala with windows opening on the courtyard, and blank walls on the three other sides.

Along about three o'clock, just as I had about made up my mind that in a couple of hours I should be due to start on an indefinite exploration, I heard a short scuffle at each end of the path the sentries were patrolling, and a gurgling noise as though a man were choking. The next moment Lorensen's voice came softly through the door: "Are you in there, captain?"

I assured him that I was.

"Stand away from the door!" he said, and I obeyed the order with pleasurable alacrity.

Three blows with a log of crutch mahogany, taken from a pile in the courtyard. smashed in the door. Lorensen seized my arm and, led by the sergeant who had, after recognized the sign I had made, we all, climbed down a declivity back of the fort and made our way to the shore, where two boats were waiting for us.

As soon as it was day I sailed close in and bombarded the fort where my execution was to have taken place.

At Caracas I found Guzman had been elected president. He was inaugurating public improvements, and induced me to go upon a wonderful journey of exploration up the Orinoco through the unmapped interior of Venezuela, After a six months' river journey of 2,000 miles, we reached Manaos, Brazil, on the Amazon, that great river and the Orinoco having a common source. From Manaos we sailed to Rio Janeiro and from there to England on the Elbe, commanded by Captain Moir, commander of the Trent when Mason and Slidell were taken off. On the way I wrote a full report to Guzman, promising to return within a few years. At London I joined Frank Norton to start for the China sea.

to be protected against sound.

to kill a thriving tree, is a serious of-Upon the wire network is plastered fense. Nor is this indulgent treatment composition formed of strong glue, of plants merely negative. It is not plaster of paris and granulated cork. enough that they should be guarded so as to make a flat slab, between when they begin to make a contribuwhich and the wall or ceiling is a tion to the city's beauty. The city ancushion of confined air. The method ticipates the service each is to operdescribed is said to be good in two reform. It sees to its planting; it nurspects: first, the absence of contact tures it in its infancy and through all between the protective and protected the stages of its development. surfaces, and, secondly, the colloid nature of the composition recommended A municipal nursery is maintained for the plaster.

Keeping the Children Amused.

A delightful way to amuse children, and incidentally their parents, is by illustrating a fairy story, the title of which is guessed by those watching the performance. Select a well-known story and di-

ride it into short parts, or acts. Then let the children act the various parts the special charge of an expert garin dumb show, using gestures without dener. Men who tend the trees have speech, which are not hard to teach very small children.

If possible, dress the litle actors in

costume and let the performance be

given to the accompaniment of sug-

gestive music that will help them

make the right gestures at the proper

time. Without having to think of

lines to recite, children learn posl-

Why the Boy Waited.

maculate suit of black, was seated on

a bench in the park enjoying the

A small boy lay on the grass not far

"Why don't you go and play with

away and stared intently at the man.

the other children?" he asked at last.

"I don't want to," the boy replied.

"But it isn't natural for a boy of

"I'm just waltin'," answered the

A

boy, "I want to see you get up.

fellow painted that bench about fif-

teen minutes ago."-Harper's Maga-

Used Fraud to Gain for Charity.

non is disclosed in the case of Sister

Candide, a French nun who was re-

cently convicted of swindling Parisian

iewelers in order to raise money for

charity. She systematically secured

lewels of great value and then pawned

them, using the money thus raised-

over \$1,000,000 in all-to carry on va-

rious charitable enterprises. She ap-

parently did not realize the gravity

of her offense, and seutence was sus-

Picture by Telegraph.

performed the other day in Berlin by

Professor Glatzel, who transmitted a

picture in fifteen miautes from Berlin

to Monte Carlo, where it was received

at the long-distance photography sta-

tion by Professor Korn. The photo-

graph, which was one of the Prince

of Monaco, was so good that it was ex-

A miracle of modern science was

pended by the court.

A strange psychological phenome-

your age to be quiet. Why don't you

For awhile the man said nothing.

An elderly man, clad in an im-

tions and gestures very quickly.

several rehearsals.

lovely spring day.

want to?"

zine

licemen. When a tree becomes so The idea is a good one for bazaar large that it interferes with the or school entertainments, where a pubgrowth of a neighbor, it is translic performance can be the climax of planted.

selected.

## FRUIT TREES AS ORNAMENTS

They May Well Displace the Useless Kinds for Nothing is More Beautiful.

There is a tendency among the "gar. den maniacs" to plant fruit trees instead of shade trees and "ornamental" shrubs. It is a very good tendency. And as for ornamental trees and shrubs, there is nothing really more ornamental than the trees and bushes which bear good fruit.

An apple tree in pink bloom, fo instance, is more gloriously beautiful than any forsythia, or flowering almond, or weigelia, or spirea, that ever grew out of the ground; and a good old-fashioned goseberry bush can give points in beauty and picturesqueness to the berberis vulgaris or thunbergil, or the aralia spinosa, or any other thorny shrub whatsoever. What could be more nobly beautiful than the round dome of a cherry tree in its white bloom, in its red fruit, or just in its lustrous green leafage? Or what can be more picturesque than a good old-fashioned pear tree? No tree, large or small, can outshine with its splendor the masses of rosy bloom of the Siberian crab-and crab apples are excellent in preserves when the winter comes.

## Gardening Made an Art.

The city of Paris, France, spends annually large sums of money for landscape gardening, and owns a large number of nurseries near-Paris where shrubs, trees and flowers are raised for the adornment of municipal parks and gardens. A host of men are employed as city gardeners, and they are trained in special schools devoted to gardening as an art,

Of the celebrated chateau gardens, those of Vaux, Pinon, Voisins and Courances are the most beautiful, although one may fairly say that there are any number of other chateau gardens which rival those named, though less celebrated.

Miser'e Hoard To Charity

Left to a Children's Hospital.

Vienna's charitable institutions are concern in Austria. He seems to have to be increased by a new children's been born thrifty, for at a very early

Fortune Won by Great Privation is lated by a life of hard work, accompanied by the severest self-privation. Spitzberger was for many years head cashier of a large flour milling berger visited the museums and art never hought a newspaper, going at

hospital, to be erected at a cost of age he gave up taking sugar in his 2,500,000 crowns, bequenthed for the coffee, and persuaded his parents to purpose by Josef Spitzberger, who give him the few pennies saved in this light he went to bed when it grew to read the sheets pasted outside the died recently at the age of eighty- way to put in the savings bank. And dark. He mended his own clothes offices of the journals. eight years. This fortune was accume as he began, so he continued through and his whole wardrobe consisted only To all the remonstrances of his

out his long life, contenting himself of one suit and one shirt. During his friends he replied: "Your pleasure is with the barest necessities. Every last years he lived literally on dry to spend-mine to save. Leave me my penny he could save went into the bread and tea made fresh only once a week. He drank this decoction without

## A Secret of the Profession.

"Your output of stories is not large." "No, I produce only two a year." very difficult?"

"No, it's the work of selling them."

pleasure; it is all for a good purpose. Spitzberger never married and with the exception of some small legacies

to relatives, has left his whole fortune for the children's hospital,

"Is the work of writing them so

hibitetd at the Casino the same evening.

miserable room in a poor street in the Spitzberger was a frequent visitor auburbs of Vienna. The room had on the Brouse, and made a good deal