



Captain George B. Boynton

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

BEING SOME REAL STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF A MASTER ADVENTURER

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 little 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 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 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 imposed 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 me.

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 who 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

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 aid 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 Juliette, 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 Tomas Guardia.

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

"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 without any noise. The moon went down at midnight, and before it was out of sight we had one anchor up, with a muffled captain. We were getting up the other when the harbor policeman came along. A few Bank of England 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 Lorenson, 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 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 revolutionists 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, Pulido, 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 and, after a few days, 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

NOT SUFFRAGETTE NOW

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 away."

"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. The dog 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 splinters. Her mother came and bore her off, walling 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."

HOME TOWN HELPS

EVIL OF THE PARCELS POST

William Allen White Tells What Mail 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 other 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 nature of things suffering 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," patriotism is just old-fashioned human duty.

To sacrifice our neighbor—the man who helps the town with his taxes, with his public business, with his 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 un-patriotic 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 hindmost—and you bet the devil will.

That spirit never falls 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 farmer will be the hindmost.—William 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 principle is the chief secret of the beauty of Paris. Its trees are the city's crowning glory. To maim, much more to kill a thriving tree, is a serious offense. Nor is this indulgent treatment of plants merely negative. It is not enough that they should be guarded when they begin to make a contribution to the city's beauty. The city anticipates the service each is to perform. It sees to its planting; it nurtures it in its infancy and through all the stages of its development.

A municipal nursery is maintained where expert care and attention are given young trees. The forestry department 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 selected.

From the time it is set out in a public street or square each tree bears a distinct identity of its own, and is the special charge of an expert gardener. Men who tend the trees have regular routes like lamp-lighters or policemen. When a tree becomes so large that it interferes with the growth of a neighbor, it is transplanted.

FRUIT TREES AS ORNAMENTS

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

There is a tendency among the "garden 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, for instance, is more gloriously beautiful than any forsythia, or flowering almond, or weigela, or spirea, that ever grew out of the ground; and a good old-fashioned gooseberry bush can give points in beauty and picturesqueness to the berberis vulgaris or thunbergii, 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, Volvins and Courances are the most beautiful, although one may fairly say that there are any number of other chateau gardens which rival those named, although less celebrated.

Miser's Hoard To Charity

Fortune Won by Great Privation Is Left to a Children's Hospital.

Vienna's charitable institutions are to be increased by a new children's hospital, to be erected at a cost of 2,500,000 crowns, bequeathed for the purpose by Josef Spitzberger, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight years. This fortune was accumulated

by a life of hard work, accompanied by the severest self-privation. Spitzberger was for many years head cashier of a large flour mill in Austria. He seems to have been born thrifty, for at a very early age he gave up taking sugar in his coffee, and persuaded his parents to give him the few pennies saved in this way to put in the savings bank. And as he began, so he continued through-

out his long life, contenting himself with the barest necessities. Every penny he could save went into the bank.

For many years he lived in a small miserable room in a poor street in the suburbs of Vienna. The room had neither stove nor light. To keep warm when he was not at business Spitzberger visited the museums and art galleries and to save the expense of light he went to bed when it grew dark. He mended his own clothes and his whole wardrobe consisted only of one suit and one shirt. During his last years he lived literally on dry bread and tea made fresh only once a week. He drank this decoction without any sugar.

Spitzberger was a frequent visitor on the Bourse, and made a good deal of money in lucky speculations. He was interested in public affairs, but never bought a newspaper, going at half past six o'clock every morning to read the sheets posted outside the offices of the journals.

To all the remonstrances of his friends he replied: "Your pleasure is to spend—mine to save. Leave me my 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.

A Secret of the Profession.

"Your output of stories is not large."

"No, I produce only two a year."

"Is the work of writing them very difficult?"

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