

FAME WON BY BLACKMAIL

AND INCIDENTALLY THE WINNER GATHERED SOME MONEY.

He Was a Barber, and Took \$150,000 From a Wealthy German Lawyer.

One of the most astounding blackmailing cases ever brought before a European tribunal has just been disposed of in the criminal court at Munich. The victim, a wealthy German aristocrat and lawyer, parted with \$150,000 or more, before he finally screwed up his courage and went to the police. His persecutors, a one time barber and his wife, who had been living like princes on their ill-gotten gains have been sentenced to five years' hard labor.

The most prominent character of the story was August Woelfl, who, beginning life as a working barber, developed into one of the gayest members of the world of pleasure in the Bavarian capital. He owned a number of barber shops, then went into the amusement business, bought up cafes and tea rooms and concert halls, meanwhile spending money like water. He launched into all kinds of ambitious projects, the last being a scheme for the advancement of modern music, by a tour through the leading capitals of Europe with Franz Lehár, Oscar Straus and other great lights of the musical world. The principal music hall in Munich, with the famous orchestra known as the Oberlandkapelle was Woelfl's latest acquisition. He was one of the best dressed men in the city, owned motor cars and horses and gave gorgeous champagne entertainments.

BUT FINALLY THE CRASH CAME. Recklessly driving a big motor car through Augsburg, Woelfl ran into a street railway car and as a result of the smash was arrested and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Before it was over the police found he was wanted for a much more serious affair, which went back some fifteen years.

There lived in Munich at that time a young and wealthy lawyer, belonging to one of the most aristocratic families in the city, August Buerkl, who had formed an indiscreet acquaintance with an idle disreputable young loafer named Goetz. The precise nature of their intimacy is not clear, but Buerkl maintains that it was perfectly innocent. The lawyer seems to have been a weak, good-natured young man and frequently gave small sums of money to Goetz. The latter was well known to Woelfl as they lived in the same house, and in some way Woelfl soon found out that his friend was getting money from Buerkl. After some years Goetz died, in May 1893, and shortly afterwards Woelfl began a steady course of blackmailing the unfortunate Buerkl which continued until a few weeks ago. It began with Woelfl asserting that he had received from Goetz some compromising letters written by Buerkl. At first his demands were small, a couple of dollars or so, going on up to \$40. Then they began to increase rapidly until they

MOUNTED INTO THOUSANDS. Buerkl, who seems to have been very much afraid of his family hearing of the affair, was an easy mark, and in the beginning parted with money without much protest. Woelfl finally reached a point where even his audacity wasn't great enough to support him in demanding more money for himself and so he hit upon the idea of inventing other blackmailers. He told Buerkl that another man who knew Goetz had suddenly appeared on the scene and had been to him to ask for hush money. The first of these imaginary persons was a Karl Meier for whom Woelfl procured nearly \$3,000. Then came another, Ludwig Seidl, who claimed to have in his possession letters written by Buerkl to Goetz, and he had to be bought off. Next came a woman, Marie Sarvi, a former sweetheart of Goetz, who stated, according to Woelfl's story, that the police were inquiring of her as to the old associates of Goetz. Marie proved very expensive, the unhappy Buerkl putting up over \$30,000 to get her off to America.

This was always part of Woelfl's little game to pretend that he was sending these other claimants out of the country. In fact, he made two trips to the United States himself at Buerkl's expense. Ludwig Seidelmayer and Johann Grueber were another two of the mysterious parties who had to be paid, the first costing Buerkl \$17,000. Woelfl's wife, a young and attractive woman, backed up her husband's imposture and spent a not inconsiderable part of the spoil upon herself. The unfortunate Buerkl went on paying out money, to procure which he was gradually rea-

lizing on all his property until he found himself poorer by MORE THAN \$150,000.

Then he thought it was time to stop before he was completely ruined and so he told the whole story to the police. Before a court packed to the last seat, the trial lasted two days. Woelfl and his wife put up a bold front. The former insisted that the imaginary persons for whom he had received money actually existed, and had duly received all the sums stated. Pressed for their present addresses he finally said that it was so long ago that he had entirely forgotten them. After Buerkl had told the whole story, other witnesses related instances of the extravagances of the Woelfl couple. The man had paid \$6,000 for an automobile and \$5,000 for a second one. His tailor's bill was \$1,000 in one year besides several hundreds more for shoes and haberdashery. The jury were not long in finding both prisoners guilty. Woelfl was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, a fine of \$750 and ten years' loss of civil rights and his wife received the same term and fine, and five years' loss of civil rights. It is stated that shortly before the trial Woelfl attempted to commit suicide, but the prison warders frustrated his efforts.

THE BLIGHT OF ISLAM.

(By A. Banker.)

The country on which is concentrated the supremest regard of all Christendom, far surpassing in interest and fascination any other place in the whole world—the Holy Land—owing to the blighting effects of the effete rule of the Turk, in rough weather is practically shut out and isolated from the world. For the absence of any harbor, which any civilized power, even the most unimportant, would long ago have provided, renders landing altogether impracticable except in fairly moderate weather.

And even then a landing at Jaffa (formerly Joppa) is an experience frequently, though happily not always, the reverse of agreeable. The steamer anchors some distance from the town and is soon surrounded by Arab boats, one of which approaches the lowered stairgangway as near as practicable. The passenger then descends the stairway and seats himself, or herself—and woe to her if she be stout and heavy—on the small grating at foot, his feet dangling over the surging billows. His arms are then seized by two stalwart Arabs, who, as the boat rises on the crest of a wave to within a few feet of the platform, drop him into the arms of two other swarthy Arabs, who, while he is suspended in mid-air, violently clutch hold of his feet or legs. Down, down, goes the boat in the trough of the sea; and down, down, goes the passenger, who, gripped tightly by the Arabs, in a few moments is hurled, sprawling, into the bottom of the boat amidst a number of exhausted and frightened ladies and gentlemen, some of the former trembling, and almost in hysterics, and all probably more or less sore with bruises and rough handling. The Arabs then with wild gesticulations and wailer still clamor and guttural vociferations row off towards the shore, every now and then the surf breaking over the boat and drenching the occupants.

And then, the middle passage accomplished, what a thrill, almost of ecstasy, courses through the veins, as the traveller sets foot upon the shore and feels that he is on holy ground. His unpleasant experiences are forgotten; and as he journeys from place to place, hallowed by the presence, during his earth-life, of the Saviour of the world, he feels indeed that all that discomfort was as nothing compared with the pleasure of treading upon that sacred soil. Surely it is time that the Great Powers should peremptorily call upon this semi-civilized government to forthwith put an end to this disgraceful state of affairs, and construct a proper harbor. For here the Great Founder of our holy religion, having on our behalf left for a time His archangel-surrounded throne in the heaven of heavens, lived a life of penury and obloquy, and then, as our Substitute, suffered the penalties we had incurred through our manifold transgressions, thereby blotting out the record on high against all and any who will prostrate themselves before Him and plead that great atonement.

CROSS-QUESTIONED.

"Do you drink?" asked the lawyer of the witness.
"That's my business" replied the witness angrily.
"Have you any other business?" pursued the lawyer blandly.
"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter. "Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knocking there one summer!"

NEW STRENGTH FOR THE SPRING

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring your system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and nature's laws are inexorable. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia, there may be disfiguring pimples or eruptions of the skin, a tired feeling in the morning, and a variable appetite. These are some of the signs that the blood is out of order, that the long trying months of indoor winter life have told upon you. A purgative medicine, such as too many people take in spring, can't help you. Purgatives merely gallop through the system, and further weaken you. Any doctor will tell you that this is true. What people need in the spring is a tonic medicine, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new, red blood clears the skin, drives out disease and makes weak, easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Try this great blood-building medicine this spring, and see what new life and energy it will give you. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REFRESHING DRINKS FOR THE INVALID.

There are many kinds of simple drinks that are very refreshing and nutritive for sick people who desire no food, says The Designer for May. Any kind of acid fruit, as fresh grapes, cranberries, tart apples, and the like, may be crushed and boiling water poured over. Use a cupful of water to half a cupful of the fruit if small. For apples, a large juicy one should be used pared and quartered. Place in a bowl and pour over it the boiling water. For flavoring, use as preferred a few drops of lemon juice or a pinch of cinnamon or nutmeg. Strain and when cool the beverage is ready to drink after it is sweetened to taste.

Pour boiling water over the pulp of a juicy baked apple in a bowl, strain off the liquid and when cool flavor and sweeten. This apple has a flavor superior to that of the uncooked apple. If milk is beneficial for the person, but cannot be retained on the stomach, try a teaspoonful of lime-water in a glass of ice-cold milk. Add a piece of quinine the size of an egg to one quart of scalding water, let stand until clear, skim and draw off, with a rubber or bent glass tube, the clear water; bottle, and it is ready for use as lime-water, or you can purchase it already prepared at the druggist's. If the patient would like a bunch of fresh grapes and they are not available make a substitute by using cream of tartar. Dissolve a level tablespoonful of this in a glass of cold water, sweeten to taste, add a few pieces of cracked ice and serve. This drink has quite a grape flavor about it that is very acceptable.

GOOD RULES FOR EMPLOYEES.

Be on time at your post of duty.
Be respectful to your employers.
Be mum about all matters passing through your hands.
Be silent about all office business; let others do the telling.
Be sure and attend strictly to your own work; let others do theirs.
Be kind to those around you.
Be agreeable and accommodating at all times.
Be at your post during business hours.
Be sensible and keep away from the desks of others.
Be neat about your work.
Be ambitious to improve.
Be humble rather than arrogant.
Be studious, that you may learn the intricacies of the business in which you are engaged.
Be prompt in getting out your work.
"Procrastination is the thief of time."
Be orderly about your desk.
Be neat about your dress.
Be of good principle; never gain favor with your superiors by practising treachery towards your fellow-clerks.
Be dignified; never suffer yourself to indulge in frivolity.
Be sure and show no favoritism in office; leave that for other business hours.
Be of such life in your business surroundings that while with them you will be loved and when gone you will be regretted as a faithful friend and conscientious employe.

Steam does for \$5 what would cost \$500 to do by hand.

No man is so prosperous that he can afford to dispense with the rest of mankind.

Church—"They say the human voice is stronger in the morning than it is at night." Street—"I can't see the difference in my baby's!"

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

During a run with the East Kent Hunt the fox was chased through one of the Dover streets and killed in a garden.

The loss in rates to the Woolwich borough council on empty houses and "irrecoverables" is estimated at upwards of \$50,000.

A well-dressed man of thirty was found shot on Hampstead Heath. In his cigarette case was a card bearing the name of C. H. Hibbert.

A man who has not been identified dropped dead at the corner of Battersea Park road and Queens road while apparently waiting for a tramcar.

A man named Jack Price of Pontypridd, fell 300 feet from the Clifton Rocks (Bristol) and was afterwards picked up alive, though terribly injured.

While a number of miners were playing cards at Tamworth a quarrel arose over fivepence, and a man named Alfred Faulkner received a fatal kick.

George Wells, a Crimean and Indian Mutiny veteran, who recently sold boot-laces and matches, was buried with military honours at Southchurch, Essex.

"It was going home to steal some knives, forks and spoons to get married with," said a man, who at West London was committed for trial on a charge of burglary.

Sick from influenza, Walter Swain, a barman of Battersea, left his bed to get a locket containing a picture of his sweetheart, and suffered a fatal relapse.

A Charterhouse schoolboy who stole six \$250 butterflies from the school museum for his own collection has been expelled and the lost treasures restored.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have cut my throat," said a road sweeper on entering Acton Police Station. He was remanded, charged with attempted suicide.

Mr. Lloyd-George stated in the British House of Commons that the number of foreign sailors in British ships had increased from 33,000 in 1897 to 38,000 in 1907.

In the last twelve months the London Gas Light and Coke Company collected 155 millions of pennies, weighing 1,336 tons, from their penny-in-the-slot gas meters.

After eating tinned lobster and tinned-pears, Jessie Watson, a young Sunderland domestic servant, became ill and died. A post-mortem examination revealed acute ptomaine poison.

The latest form of hoodlumism in Leeds is throwing spirit varnish upon ladies' dresses, and a number of cases have recently been reported to have taken place in good-class thoroughfares.

In memory of his late wife, Mr. A. Leslie Wright, of Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, has offered to build and equip a ward for children in the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary at a cost of between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

King's Lynn magistrates have referred five more licenses for compensation, and when the formalities are completed, no fewer than twenty-three licenses will have been extinguished in three years.

Five Portuguese coins and fourteen George II. guineas were found by William McConnell a carpenter while working at the Stag Inn, All Saints' street, Hastings. The coins were found to be treasure trove.

Sheffield is suffering from an epidemic of whooping cough in all classes of homes. Last week there were nineteen deaths from this cause alone, the six other principal zymotic diseases being responsible for two only.

Father Berry, who saw a man tampering with an offertory box in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Preston, sprang out from a confessional box. The man fled, was chased by the priest on a bicycle, and arrested.

MONARCHS AS BALLOT DANCERS.

King Edward Graceful and Nimble Footed—Henry VIII's Pride.

One is not surprised to learn that Prince Edward of Wales is one of the most promising of all the dancing pupils at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, for skill in dancing seems to run in the royal blood of England, says the Westminster Gazette.

King Edward in his younger days was as graceful and nimble footed as you would find in England, as many of his partners, now stately dowagers, love to recall; and so, with scarcely an exception, are all members of his family.

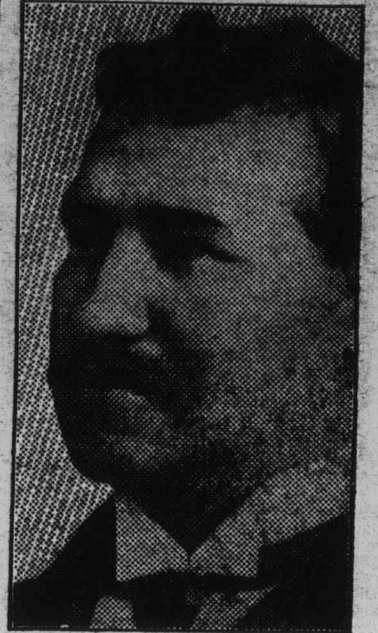
Henry VIII's dancing, from the paven to "contrato high," was the envy and despair of his courtiers, but he was prouder of his performance in the ballet.

Queen Elizabeth had no rival in the stately paven unless it was her favorite partner, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Queen Mary's grace and agility in the ballet sent more than one poet into rhymed raptures.

Charles II., however, seems to have been the king of royal dancers. He never knew when to stop, for when every one of his courtiers was dropping from fatigue he would call for a round of country dances. "Indeed," says Pepys, "he dances rarely."

A CHOIR LEADER

Tells How Per-ru-na Rid Him of All Catarrhal Troubles.



PE-RU-NA SCORES Another Triumph in Canada.

"A Relief to Breathe Freely Once More."

Mr. G. W. MARTIN, Hartford, Ont., choir leader at St. Paul's Episcopal church, writes:

"Peruna is a wonderful remedy for catarrhal troubles.

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years, and always trying something for it, but was able only to secure temporary relief until I used Peruna.

"Only five bottles rid my system of all traces of catarrh, and I have not noticed the slightest trouble for several months.

"My head was stopped up, my breath offensive, and it is a relief to be able to breathe freely once more."

A HEAVY THUMB.

The method of reasoning pursued by some children may be simple enough, but the results are often disastrous. A book of reminiscences by the teacher of the infant class would undoubtedly prove fatal.

A certain young lady, religiously inclined, applied for a class in Sunday-school a few weeks ago, and the superintendent promptly placed her in charge of that doubtful honour—the infant class.

The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on the thin ice known as "general questioning."

"Now, children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is peculiarly supposed to fascinate young children, "what did Moses do?"

The infant mind worked on the problem for a few moments in silence.

"Come, dears," said the young teacher, "someone tell me what Moses did."

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, Willie?" urged the teacher, encouragingly.

"His thumb weighed a pound."

"What?" asked the astonished teacher. "Mamma says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts his thumb on the scales it weigh a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He's our butcher, miss."

OPTIMISTIC BROWN.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore, when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say, "It's all for the best. I was blest with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house was burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded, "The house never suited us, anyway; so it is all for the best!"

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened. The climax came when he was in a railway accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"You are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured someone. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said, "They were always cold anyway!"

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?"

"Precisely! It is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive."

The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.