THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG.

RUTHSCHILD HEIR

DIED FOR A GIRL

World's Richest Banker Planne

to Break Up Love Affair and

Tragedy Resulted

GOLDEN BARON COMMITS SUICIDE

Father's Plans to Make Him Forget

His Pretty Peasant Sweetheart

Went Awry-Fate of the Young

Vienna, Austria.-With all of the

great wealth that has bulwarked the

Rothschild family against hurt and

sting of evil circumstances, there has

crept into the domestic circle of Baron

Albert de Rothschild, head of the

Austrian branch of the famous bank-

ing house, grief and sorrow that

The Baron Oscar de Rothschild.

youngest of the six sons of this branch

So stricken was the father when he

was summoned from his bank to his

home and found there his son dead

with a bullet hole in his head that

he sought to cover the case with a re-

port that his boy, the young baron,

had died of apoplexy. It did not re-

The authorities were compelled to

examine the body before granting the

burial certificate and the story of

With the knowledge that the young

Baron had killed himself, came the

rest of the story, a story of an at-

tempt to play wealth against the nat-

The young Baron, who reached his

majority only a few months ago, fell

desperately in love with a comely girl

of poor parentage. Her beauty en-

thralled him, and he vowed that he

would marry her. To the Rothschilds,

who have finally reached into the

highest aristocratic circles of Europe,

the idea of the young man marrying

a woman of humble parentage was

The father argued with the son,

ural instincts of young humanity.

main long hidden.

repulsive.

apoplexy fell to pieces.

of the family noted for its wealth and

money can never wipe nway.

benelicence, is dead, a suicide.

Man a Terrible Retribution.

The Boy Who Ran

The boy was running at a steady pace. The pace was not a fast oneit might have been called a jog trot. The boy trotted easily, his clenched hands against his breast, and his chin up. He might have been twenty, but he had a boyish look that was em phasized by his smooth cheeks, his curly hair and his blg blue eyes.

His trot carried him by an elderly woman in a phaeton drawn by a fat and slow paced horse. He did not look around as he moved ahead. He was interested in his task, and more especially in the road ahead of him.

The elderly woman looked after him enviously. Then her look suddenly changed.

"One of those invalids from the sanitarium, I 'spose," she murmured half aloud. "They do set 'em the most outlandish tasks. Poor boy, He's thin chough now without getting any thinner. An' ne looked like quite a worthy young man, too."

She touched up the fat horse with the whip lash, but the sagacious animal merely shivered slightly and steadily plodded along.

Presently she came in sight of the boy. He was walking now, walking with a firm stride, his arms dangling and his head well up.

The old lady conxed the fat horse into a trot.

"Now, Billy," she said, "you've been having things made easy for you all the way. Let's see how grateful you are. Gitap."

The fat horse, as if acknowledging the possession of a conscience, quickened his pace, and after a little steady effort caught up with the stranger whose pace had again slackened.

The woman drew the fat horse down to a walk.

"Good mornin', young man," she said in her brisk and yet pleasant voice. "How do you find yourself this morning? Better, I hope?"

The boy looked up at her. She noticed that he had high cheek bones and many freckles. And there were two red spots on his freckled cheeks. "Yes, ma'am, better," he answered

and there was a queer twinkle in his blue eyes.

"I'm glad c' that," she said. "It seemed to me that the treatment looked a little severe."

"It's the treatment I need, ma'am." "But you can't gain any flesh runming about the country in that way."

The blue eyes twinkled again. "No, ma'am, but 1 can lose some." She stared at him.

"Is it recommended to you by a doctor-a regular physician?"

"No, ma'am. It's recommended all right, but not just to me. But I know it's what I need. I shat rich enough to have a doctor, so I'm lookin' after myself."

The gray eyes were dimmed by pity.

"Poor boy," she said. The tone touched the stranger.

"I don't mind it," he laughed. "I'm

pretty comfortable." The motherl" face was still cloud-

Jd. "I guess those doctorin' folks in your case." he village mean well," she said, "but cometimes their ways of helpin' peosle seem a little severe. I'm goin' to he village. Won't you get in the juggy an' finish out your treatment a little more comfortably?

'spose they are very often like that--tinct cries arose from the Harris so sure they are going to get well home. This was followed by the again. An' maybe, it's just as well sudden reappearance of the boy. He was in full retreat followed closely

The boy ran a little ways and then something remarkable happened. The opened the gate and came up the lad suddenly turned and attacked the big pursuer with tremendous vigor. He rained blow after blow upon the wife beater. The brutal husband tried to ward off the attack, but hadn't the skill. He was forced backward, shouting and cursing. The boy, closely following, with lightning strokes, hammered down the big man's defense and finally forced him to the "It's the young man who runs," ground. As he fell he struck his head

The boy was over the prostrate form in a flash and catching up the rufflan's head by the ears, banged it he said and balanced himself on the rudely against the side of the house. At this the woman in the phaeton suddenly tur ed away.

Presently the banging stopped and the voice of the boy was heard. The woman could not Lear the man's reply, but the banging at once recom-"It will be buttermilk, ma'am," he menced. Then it suddenly stopped

When the woman looked around he waa climbing the fence and the man er and he drank two glasses with a had disappeared. The boy took his enp and coat.

"He won't beat his wife again," he anid. "He promised me, If he breaks his word I'll give him what I

The woman looked at him with something like admiring awe. "Did-did you hurt him much?" she

"I hurt him enough to make him

go slow when he thinks of hurting his wife. It's lucky I didn't hurt him a

His tone suddenly grew bitter,

"I-I made a fool of myself." "I don't inderstand," said the wom-

an. "I lost my temper. That's the trouble with me. He made me mad. I should have laughed. Instead of that I got wild. I'll never succeed until I can keep a tight grip on my temper."

He seemed so discouraged that the woman put out her hand and laid it gently on his arm.

"Why," she cried, "you are hurt!" "My knuckles are bleeding, that's all," he answered. "It doesn't matter.'

"Get into the buggy," said the womhim," said the lady. "I feel sure his an. "I'm going to take you home and tie up your hands. It's a small with no home, and nowhere to go in enough return to the man who has taught that dreadful Harris a lesson." He took the seat meekly and she drove home and put a soothing liniment on his torn hands and tied them up and gave him food and drink. And presently he was resting in one of the easy rockers on the shaded porch. "Are you quite comfortable?" the

woman asked. "I'm all right," he smilingly an-

swered. "And your unaccustomed exercise hasn't hurt you any?"

"Not a bit, ma'am."

She looked at him admiringly. "You are cuite wonderful," she said. "You come here, an invalid,

and soundly whip Bob Harris, who is considered a great fighter, and make him beg for mercy, and then ment," she said. "I wish to call in you say the exercise hasn't hurt you old Dr. Phipps. I will gladly assume any." The face of the boy grew grave. He the expenses. Come and make my

house your home while he studies hesitated a moment.

"Lady," he said, "I hate to tell you She spoke gently yet earnestly and what I'm going to tell, but I must. You're all wrong about me-and I've let you go on making the mistake. "You're very good, ma'am," he said. I'm not an invalid. I'm not sick. I'm "Better to me than anyone ever was thin, perhaps, but I'm as hard as nails before. You don't know who or what and strong as a horse. I came to the I am, an' yet you offer me a home, village because it's a quiet place and I ain't worth it, ma'am. I'm a bad I've a friend there. And I've been lot. You're all mistaken about me. running these roads to improve my Listen, ma'am, an' I'll tell you the wind and to get my weight down a few pounds lower. When I said I But before he could say more a was alraid of being ourt it was true.



Throws Park Nurse Girls Into Panic. But is Ingeniously Trapped with

Duck Eggs in a Box. Bayonne, N. J .-- A hungry boa constrictor, fifteen feet long and as thick as the leg of a longshoreman, caused a panie in City Park here. It threw habitual drunkards into a frenzy of fright, chased nurse girls and their little charges out of the park and caused six women who were caring for children in the playground to faint when the nurses spread the alarm that the blg serpent was at large.

The boa constrictor even tried to get its coils about a large deer which was captured in Newark Bay a year ago. It was only be leaping a woven-wire fence, six feet high, and taking

refuge in a shed that the animal esraped. The snake next turned its attention to Philip Leddy and John Mullin. They were paddling in the bay near the lower end of the park. They waded out until only their heads could be seen and yelled so loudly for help that the snake did not my to go out to them.

The cries of the boys resulted in the capture of the boa. William Lautorwich, a caretaker in the park, ran down toward the bay to ascertain what the trouble was. When he saw the snake colled on the beach he turned and van away. In a few minatos Lanterwich returned. He carrled a large box with a lid on it. Inalde on straw, were ten duck eggs, Knowing the fondness of anakes for eggs he had prepared a trap for the fifteen-footer.

Putting the box down, the caretaker raised the lid, fastened one end of a long cord to it and then hurried with the other end of the cord to a nearby tool house. Soon the boa worked its way up to the box on a tour of investigation. It raised its head, looked in the box, saw the eggs and crawled inside to eat them at its leisure. Lauterwich immediately pulled the cord and thus closed the lid. Then he ran out and sat on the box until policemen arrived in a patrol wagon. In the box the snake was taken to Police Headquarters. The lid was nailed down, holes were bored in the box to give the snake a supply of air, and then the snake and the box were locked up in a cell. The police are endeavoring to discover the owner of the snake. It is thought it belongs to a showman.

"THE BOY AERONAUT."

New York City.-Frank W. Goodale, the original boy skypilot-using the term in its newest sense-arose out of the quiet of Palisade Park in Jersey to take a flier around the uptown of "little old New York." He crossed the river, sailed around Harlem for a spell, but finding it too slow up there decided to cut a few rings around Forty-second street and Broadway, and he did. He was certainly going some for a while around the famous old district, which has seen a good



Of Interest to Women +++

A Late Social Grafter Story-Many Hostesson May Have Had Mrs. Elask's Experience -- Increased Demand For Candle Shades-How to Make Them Inexpensively,

Apropos of the social grafter, Lilian Bell tells this incident in the Smart Set.

We had been invited to dinner and the table was neatly and daintily net for four, when the telephone rang. This is what we heard:

"Yes, this is Mrs. Blank. Oh. how do you do, Mr. Soper! Yes. Well, I'm aimid I couldn't thin evening. I have unde other plans. Why, yes, we are diaing at home, but we have other guests already invited, and well, you are very kind to suggest coming. but I am really afraid at this late hour that I could scarcely make ready for another. 1-yes, it is very good of you, of course, but really I am afraid Why, yes, there is ton in the house Yes, oven brend! Well, of course, If on put it that way, we shall be most appy to have you. We dine to terminutes | Yes, I could wait twenty, Yes, do try. Good-by!"

The two men said something which began with "Well, I'll be something or othered." In half an hour Mr. Soper arrived. The first thing be

"I do believe that you Blanks are the only people dlaing at home tolight in this whole blooming town!" "Is that so?" said Mr. Blank. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, I just stepped into Mrs. Hyphon's apartment-they are always away for the week-end, so I use their telephone-they never have told me not to-and I called up nearly everybody I knew to ask them if they didn't want good company for dinner, and until I struck your wife they were all either out or engaged."

We dined, and after several cigars Mr. Soper said:

"I say, Blank, old boy, just go to the telephone and call me East Carlinsville 36, will you?"

When East Carlinsville answered, Mr. Soper went to the telephone and said:

"That you, dearie? Well, I won't be home to-night. I am dining with the Blanks in their jolly little apartment, and we are having such a good time that I won't try to come out tonight. I may stay here if they ask me"-here a jovial wink came from Mr. Soper to the somewhat unresponsive Mr. Blank-"if not I'll get a bunk somewhere. Don't worry about me. I'm always all right. Good-by!"

Now, the tariff to East Carlinsville was eight cents, but Mr. Soper airlly avoided mentioning the matter of settilng, and when we left, Soper whi explaining that he would find himself perfectly comfortable on the library tofa and urging Mrs. Blank not to go to a bit of extra trouble for him for breakfast.

Making Candle Shades.

The domand for candle shades has increased until their home manufacture has become a most fascinatium occupation. For those who do not ure to go on to the trouble of hammering brass or German silver shades, and who have not the talent to paint them with water colors, says the Boston Herald, this design for a tinted rice paper shade mounted on undboard will prove welcome. The design is first stamped with carboa paper on a sheet of gray or black cardboard, the inked set portions are then cut out with a sloyd knife or a sharp penknife held as nearly vertically as possible, and the border and rings silvered over, if in gray cardboard, and gilded if in black.

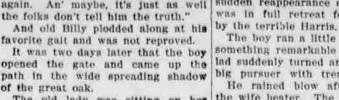
and the son with the father. The one was old and rich, and the other was young and impulsive. The Baron Albert, as keen a man in finance as lives to-day, laid out a plan of defeat for his son. He would trick him neatly into abandoning his foolish young dream of love and violation of the family wishes. He sent

the Baron Oscar on a trip around the world, gave him limitless credit, sent ahead of him messages to interesting and charming persons to take him and entertain him and make him forget this peasant sweetheart.

The young Baron went to England and to America, spent his money, was entertained freely, but always carried a heartache.

The trick that the father had planned seemed clever. While the son was away on his travels he used his vast wealth to buy off the pretty girl. He gave her a fortune for a dower when she married another man.

Then came home the Baron Oscar. weary of the entertainment given him in strange lands and eager only for



The old lady was sitting on her vine covered porch. She shaded her eyes with her hand as he approached. He took off his cap. "How do you do, ma'am?" he said.

"I hope you are well." She knew nim then.

she said. "I am glad to see you against the side of the house. again. Will you seat yourself on the porch ?"

"I'll sit here, ma'am, thank you," edge of the porch flooring.

She looked him over carefully, noting again the red spots on his freckled cheaks.

"And which shall it be?" she asked. "Water, or milk, or buttermilk?"

answered. "If not too much trou- and the boy spo'e again. ble."

She speedily brought him the pitchgreat relish.

"It's fine," he smilingly told her. "And are you still continuing the

treatment?" she asked him. "Yes, ma'am," he answered, "an' promised him." it's helpin' me a great deal. I've

lost three pounds in a week." Her compassionate look came back. "And have you no home?" she asked.

asked. "No, ma'am," he answered. "I

can't remember that I ever had a home. I'm just a boy out of the good deal more." streets. I've taken a lot o' hard knocks, but I've never seen th' day when I didn't have enough to eat an' some kind of a place to sleep. An' that's about all there is to it, ma'am." She shook her head at this somewhat grim bit of philosophy, but before she could answer it he had

drawn away from the porch. "This won't do, ma'am," he said

and his eyes kept up their twinkling. "I'm forgetting the treatment. Every moment I loiter here adds an ounce 👁 two to my weight. Goodby, ma'am, an' heaven keep you." And he loped down the walk to the highway and disappeared behind the high hedge.

"I wish old Dr. Phipps could see treatment is too severe. Poor boy, his last illness. I'll talk to Dr. Phipps about it."

Next day the good lady was urging old Billy to a faster gait when the boy, walking briskly, came along side the ancient phaeton.

"Good mornin', ma'am."

"Good morning." She looked at him closely. "Did you sleep well last night?" she asked.

"Never slept 'better," he answered. 'An' I've lost nearly another pound, ma'am. If I can get rid of two more I'll be in fine shape.' He laughed as he said this and

nodded comically. Her heart warmed to him. He was

so light hearted, so careless, so indifferent to his own condition. "I'm afraid it's not the right treat-

He shook his curly head. "That wouldn't help me any, thank

rou, ma'am. But I'll walk along side your carriage, if you'll let me."

"To be sure you may." the old lady replied. She drew up the reins and spoke to Billy.

"That's a fine fat horse you have, na'am," said the stranger as he trode along by the carriage wheel. "Billy is a pet and sadly spoiled."

aid the old lady.

"Maybe a little of my treatment vould help him, ma'am.

They both laughed at this and then he kind old face grew grave.

"Do you cough?" she solicitiously sked. "No. ma'am."

"They don't in some stages," she aurmured.

"I did cough a little." he explained. but that was before my broken rib lipped into place."

'You had a hurt then?"

"Yes, ma'am. It bothered me quite You see 1 didn't know anybit. hing about it until-until it was all ver, and the bone jabbed me in ie lung."

Again the kind old face clouded. "I have an excellent sirup for oughs," she said, "but as far as I now it isn't good for anything else." A smile lighted the freckled face. "Thank you, ma'am. If I get a wigh I'd be gind to try it."

The old lady nodded.

"My name is Miss Summers," she ild, "Ellen Summers. My home is sck on the road where the big oak ands by the gate."

"I know the place, ma'am, an' a ne little place it is. An' a great sk it is, too. Sometime I'll drop in then I'm runnin' by an' have a taste rom the glass that stands on the old ell box, ma'am."

You'll be quite welcome," the old dy told him. "We think the water t very good. An' there is always lenty of cold milk in the cellar, an' ery often a plicher of buttermilk."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, I won't orget. But here's where I turn down ae side street- an' so 1 wish you a ery good day, ma'am."

She watched the slender figure as it strode away, and sighed. "Poerschoy," she murmured.

QU. 195#

the boy was much affected by her words.

truth.'

sudden interruption startled them. To get hurt foolish is a serious thing From a cabin a few hundreds of feet | in my business." from the highway, came a shrill scream.

The old lady stopped the fat horse. "That's Bob Harris beating his wife," she said. "The miserable Liquor makes him fighting mad." boy squirmed uneasily.

lady. "An' he's big and dangerous." The boy hesitated. "I-I would like to give him a wal-

lop or two that he wouldn't forget, the garden. but I'm afraid," he said. "I'm afraid of getting hurt."

old lady didn't notice him. Her gray eyes were fixed on the cabin door.

"He certainly would hurt you," she said.

The boy drew a quick breath. "The first thing I remember hear-

ing," he said, "was the scream of my father whipped her. I made up my the woman's misty gaze. mind that there would be no wife beating in any part of the town where

afraid the first time I hear a woman scream. But understand me, ma'am, I'm not afraid in my mind, but in my body. A single blow would spoil all the good work I've been doing. It's a shame, ma'am. It makes me blush." "I don't blame you," said the woman.

Harris is ugly and big and strong. I think I'll go and reason with him."

He paused and looked at the woman.

"What is your business?" she asked and her voice faltered.

"Lady," he slowly answered, "you wretch must had a glass too much. have been very good to me-kinder than any woman I have ever known. Another scream rent the air. The I hate to hurt your feelings. But I'm going to square with you. My name "He's a cowardly dog," he growled, is Danny Crane. I'm a professional "He's an ugl, brute," said the old fighter, a prize fighter. Two weeks from to-day I am to fight for the lightweight championship."

He paused and looked out across

The woman sat very still. Her Puritan instincts were outraged by He flushed as he said this, but the this confession. All her life-long moral training revolted against it. The roof of her quiet porch was sheltering a degraded creature of the shameless arena. She tooked at the boyish face and the bandaged hands. A moment later Danny Crane felt a light touch on his shoulder. He

poor mother when my brute of a looked up quickly and encountered

"I'm sorry you're a fighter," she softly said, "but if you must fight"-I happened to be-and here I am, she drew a quick breath-"I hope you'll fight to win."-W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cat Saved Life of Mistress.

Mme. Marie Rayot's cat saved her mistress' life one morning last month. 'You're weak and ill and Bob Mme. Rayot, who lives in Paris, heard the cat mew loudly, and jumped out of bed, thinking that it was after her Before she could step from the birds, which were in the next room. phaeton a half dozen cries of sharp As Mme. Rayot rushed into this room pain rent he air. The boy saw the a burglar knocked her candle from woman recoil and noted the pallor her hand and caught her by the throat that overspread her face. He flung and attempted to strangle her. He his cap on the floor of the phaeton, let her go, however, with a cry of pain, and tossed his coat after it. Then he and when Mme. Rayot's shrieks leaped the fence and ran toward the brought in the neighbors it was found cottage. When he reached the house that the cat had scratched out one of he pushed open the door and entered. his eyes. An accomplice of the burg-A mement after a babel of indis- lar was found hiding under a bed.

kiss of his peasant sweetheart the and the feel of her soft arms about him. He hurried to her home to find she had married. He asked how this had come about. He could not believe it at first, and then he found that his father had accomplished this with money from the hoard of the Rothschilds. He went home, sought his bedroom and blew out his brains. The death of the young Baron is

considered in Austria to be a terrible retribution of his father for the part he has played in life. Although the most influential man in Austria and with great power because of his enormous wealth, he is not personally liked. He is a silent man, devoted to the pilling of dollar on dollar and is considered unsympathetic.

He has ever been stern in his stand for the further honor and glory of the name of Rothschild and has carried this to an extreme.

So clannish was he in this regard that he married his double-first cousin, keeping the name and the prestige of the family within the family. His wife was Bettina, daughter Baron Alphonse de Roths-Of. child, head of the Paris branch of the family. The first son, Baron George, went mad. The only daughter, Naomi, is a deaf mute. The mother died four years after the birth of the ill-fated Oscar, a victim of cancer.

The Baron Oscar was regarded by his father as the strongest of his children, a young man that gave promise of being powerful in finance as his ancestors had been before him.

He would have been one of the richest men in Europe.

Youthful Kansas Financiers. Alma, Kan .- Some young boys near Alma have been practising high finance by gathering crow 'eggs and putting them in a hen's nest to be hatched. In Kansas a bounty of one cent is allowed for crow eggs, but there is a bounty of five cents on crows; and a sitting hen charges no

Wasp Sting Leads to Death. NAPOLEONVILLE, La. -- Clovis Stansbury, aged thirteen years, accompanied by his grandfather, was driving a mule here when the animal feit the sting of a wasp and upset the vehicle. The lad's skull was crushed, but the grandfather escaped uninjured.

Frank W. Goodale, Who Sailed Down Broadway, New York, in an Airship the Other Day.

many highfliers, but Frank made even the oldest rounder look up and take notice. Frank had a good reason for being up the air, though; his reason was an airship, hardly bigger than a loy compared with some others, but big enough to carry its young builder 'n circles a thousand feet above Long Acre Square and get him back to his fersey anchorage in twenty minutes. Frank says himself that he is "only a kid," but his success in aeronautics has made the old wise men in the science come out of their sheds and pay attention.

LIVED AND DIED TOGETHER.

Inseparable from Childhood, Brothers Wished to Go That Way.

Benton Harbor, Mich.-Ernest Peo and John Peo, brothers, whose lives had been linked together from early childhood, are dead after having spent half a century or more in Berrien County.

Ernest recently became ill and a few days ago died. His brother John was so affected that before Ernest was buried he too had passed away and a double funeral was held. The brothers had been inseparable since coming to Michigan and had often expressed the wish they might live and die together.

Colt 17 Inches High.

St. Louis, Mo .- The smallest equine in St. Louis is Babe, which arrived at the stable of A. E. Geitz, 4706 Easton avenue, in a package brought by the equine stork. Babe weighed thirteen pounds when he was born and was one inch less than a foot and a half high, although he had grown some since he was born. The little pony is about the size of a buildog. He is of a house gray color and perfectly formed.

A lining of rice paper is now fitted to the shades, after having first been tinted a deep rose or red with your water colors. The effect is most pleasing.

In stamping the design it would be well first to trace off two copies of the newspaper design, then lay the



three-thirds together so as to make a semi-circle before tracing them of on the cardboard. Trace on the wrong side of the cardboard if you use the black.

There is yet another way of using the design. That is, to transfer it as directed to white water-color paper of the heaviest weight and then line it in and fill the dark parts with fist washes of color. The lines, if made in black India ink and rather heavy, will form an interesting border round the color which fills in the different figures forming the pattern.

The exact measurement of the shade you will want has some bearing upon the height of your candlestick. but it hanges definitely upon the size of the mica protectors; a regulation size is 3 3-4 inches in depth. The material may be a water color paper or a tough parchment, either one bough with a view to its taking the paint. The shade is, in shape, a cosment of a circle, and after the paint is dry the two ends of the circular paper are joined with three or four tiny brass rivets hought for the parpose.

commission.