

The Boy Who Ran

The boy was running at a steady pace. The pace was not a fast one—it 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 emphasized by his smooth cheeks, his curly hair and his big 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 curiously. Then her look suddenly changed.

"One of those invalids from the sanitarium, I s'pose," she murmured half aloud. "They do set 'em the most outlandish tasks. Poor boy. He's thin enough now without getting any thinner. An' he 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 condescended 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 mornin'?" 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 o' 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 running about the country in that way." The blue eyes twinkled again.

"No, ma'am, but I 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 ain't 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 motherly face was still clouded.

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

He shook his curly head. "That wouldn't help me any, thank you, 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, ma'am," said the stranger as he trotted along by the carriage wheel.

"Billy is a pet and sadly spoiled," said the old lady.

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

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

"Do you cough?" she solicitously asked.

"No, ma'am."

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

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

"You had a hurt then?"

"Yes, ma'am. It bothered me quite a bit. You see I didn't know anything about it until—until it was all over, and the bone jabbed me in my lung."

Again the kind old face clouded.

"I have an excellent sliver for you," she said, "but as far as I know it isn't good for anything else."

A smile lighted the freckled face.

"Thank you, ma'am. If I get a cough I'd be glad to try it."

The old lady nodded.

"My name is Miss Summers," she said, "Ellen Summers. My home is on the road where the big oak stands by the gate."

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

"You'll be quite welcome," the old lady told him. "We think the water is very good. An' there is always plenty of cold milk in the cellar, an' very often a pitcher of buttermilk."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. I won't forget. But here's where I turn down the side street—an' so I wish you a very good day, ma'am."

She watched the slender figure as it strode away, and sighed.

"Poor boy," she murmured. "I s'pose they are very often like that—so sure they are going to get well again. An' maybe, it's just as well the folks don't tell him the truth."

And old Billy plodded along at his favorite gait and was not reproved. It was two days later that the boy opened the gate and came up the path in the wide spreading shadow of the great oak.

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 him then.

"It's the young man who runs," she said. "I am glad to see you again. Will you seat yourself on the porch?"

"I'll sit here, ma'am, thank you," he said and balanced himself on the edge of the porch flooring.

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

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

"It will be buttermilk, ma'am," he answered. "If got too much trouble."

She speedily brought him the pitcher and he drank two glasses with a great relish.

"It's fine," he smilingly told her. "And are you still continuing the treatment?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, "an' 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.

"No, ma'am," he answered. "I can't remember that I ever had a home. I'm just a boy out of the streets. I've taken a lot of 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 mornin' I loiter here adds an ounce o' 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.

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ROTHSCHILD HEIR DIED FOR A GIRL

World's Richest Banker Planned 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 Man a Terrible Retribution.

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 banking house, grief and sorrow that money can never wipe away.

The Baron Oscar de Rothschild, youngest of the six sons of this branch of the family noted for its wealth and beneficence, is dead, a suicide.

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 report that his boy, the young baron, had died of apoplexy. It did not remain long hidden.

The authorities were compelled to examine the body before granting the burial certificate and the story of apoplexy fell to pieces.

With the knowledge that the young Baron had killed himself, came the rest of the story, a story of an attempt to play wealth against the natural instincts of young humanity.

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 enthralled 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 repulsive.

The father argued with the son, 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 dowry 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 kiss of his peasant sweetheart 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 piling 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 cliannish 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 of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, 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 practicing 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 commission.

Wasp Sting Leads to Death.

NAPOLÉONVILLE, La.—Clovis Stansbury, aged thirteen years, accompanied by his grandfather, was driving a mule here when the animal felt the sting of a wasp and upset the vehicle. The lad's skull was crushed, but the grandfather escaped uninjured.

Cat Saved Life of Mistress.

Mme. Marie Rayot's cat saved her mistress' life one morning last month. Mme. Rayot, who lives in Paris, heard the cat mew loudly, and jumped out of bed, thinking that it was after her birds, which were in the next room. As Mme. Rayot rushed into this room a burglar knocked her candle from her hand and caught her by the throat and attempted to strangle her. He let her go, however, with a cry of pain, and when Mme. Rayot's shrieks brought in the neighbors it was found that the cat had scratched out one of his eyes. An accomplice of the burglar was found hiding under a bed.

LARGE SNAKE AMONG BABIES

Throws Park Nurse Girls Into Panic. But is Ingeniously Trapped with Duck Eggs in a Box.

Rayonhe, N. J.—A hungry boa constrictor, fifteen feet long and as thick as the leg of a longshoreman, caused a panic 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 big 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 by rearing a woven-wire fence, six feet high, and taking refuge in a shed that the animal escaped. 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 try to go out to them.

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

Patting 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.

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