

Countess Castellane Must Give Up Millions to Retain Her Children

Has Choice of Paying Count's Debts or Allowing Him to Keep the Boys—Tragic Ending of Sordid International Marriage

Paris.—Anna Gould, the countess of Castellane, probably will pay \$5,000,000 for her three sons.

Count Boni de Castellane, father of the children, demands possession of the first great American millionaire her choice between paying his debts and giving up her children. Unless she pays the debts the French court probably will hold that she cannot take them from France without the consent of the spendthrift nobleman who, since March 4, 1895, when he married her, has squandered over \$9,000,000 of Jay Gould's fortune and now seeks to make it \$14,000,000 before he will release her.

That the Goulds will pay the \$5,000,000, settle the debts of Boni de Castellane, even those of the usurers who

world. It is the mother of three manly boys. She is older, sadder, and wiser—as well as poorer.

Story Is Tragic.

The story best can be told by years; the story of the little girl overburdened with the wealth that Jay Gould had won by fair and foul means in the railroad world and the stock jobbing market, who married a French near-nobleman, noble in name and ignoble in almost everything else except his ability to fight with others of his type.

On March 4, 1895, Boni de Castellane, alleged nobleman of France, married Anna Gould. She had met the pink and white, dapper Frenchman by special arrangement of his own—of which she knew nothing—and perhaps she dreamed he was her Prince Charming. The Frenchman came to America. He lived in a back room over a dressmaker's establishment. He had come to America to marry money. He said it himself. And before he married he asked for a marriage portion of \$5,000,000 and got \$3,000,000. He hadn't even met Miss Gould when he privately announced that he would marry her. He had little money, but he was determined to wed. He went to a hotelkeeper and explained. Then he moved to one of the greatest hotels in the world and gave a little dinner, and a "friend" asked Miss Gould to attend. Within a month the wedding was arranged. A month later the engagement was announced. The day of the announcement Castellane moved to the Waldorf-Astoria and began buying on credit.

The day after the wedding the bills began to pour in.

They went to Paris and Boni de Castellane began spending Jay Gould's millions. His first great exploit was

openly in the chamber of deputies, and at the end of the year, when he came to the United States to get more money, he was charged with fleeing from creditors.

The countess came with him, bringing her two sons, the only solace she had, and they had an argument on the ship—neither of them knowing the American flag when they saw it.

Millions to Save Name.

In 1900 financial troubles were at a climax. Castellane had openly slurred the Goulds, especially Helen Gould. His family openly charged that Anna Gould was "bourgeoise." Boni was as reckless as ever. Petit Trianon was incomplete. Boni came to America again to get money and failed. The countess' chateau at Dumarais was ordered sold for debt and only an appeal to her family saved it. Tradesmen openly insulted the Castellanes and dunned them in public. George and Edwin Gould gave \$1,000,000 to save the family pride. Boni had spent \$3,000,000, besides his wife's income, and owed over \$4,000,000.

In 1901 the courts took a hand to save the fortune of the little American. A receiver was appointed in the person of her brother George. The family paid \$4,700,000 of Boni's debts and held the countess' fortune to protect her and themselves. By order of the court the income of the Castellanes was reduced from \$900,000 to \$200,000, but they fought in court and got the entire income.

In that year Boni fought Henri de Roday and shot him in the leg. Also he gave a bear hunt that cost \$100,000 for the Grand Duke Boris. He entertained the king of Portugal.

Early in 1903, when Jay, the youngest baby, was a few months old, the countess suddenly left the count. It was reported that they were estranged, but Boni came to America and denied this report. Also he was charged with refusing to pay debts of honor.

Debts were piling up again and the Goulds were stubborn, refusing to hand out more millions to be thrown away.

With her three children to comfort her and keep her busy, the countess did not care. But in 1904 the real trouble began, the trouble that changed the countess and made her a woman and a mother, instead of the reckless follower of a more reckless husband.

Boni Unfaithful.

Boni set up a bachelor establishment and the countess began to hear of "ces dames" the count entertained, actresses, models, midnights—the women he could not invite to his home. The countess could do nothing. Paris would laugh if she paid any attention to them. They were beneath her. But at last the American woman was cropping out. Her renewed devotion to the children and her more



THE PREMIER SPENDTHRIFT

the purchase of a site in the famous Avenue Malakoff and to order workmen to reproduce Le Petit Trainon, the retreat of Louis XIV., home of the famous Mme. de Maintenon, to copy the most infamous, licentious court of history. Millions poured into the building. One bed alone cost almost a million dollars. Art treasures were purchased.

One fete given by Boni de Castellane swept away a ninth of the yearly income of his wife, which was \$900,000. Millions were spent before they were earned. The girl with an income of nearly a million dollars a year was in debt.

Finds Comfort in Baby.

The countess was not happy—but then Boni was born and came to comfort her. Her husband continued his wild extravagances until even Paris marveled. Millions seemed to have turned his head. The nursery for his heir in Petit Trianon was furnished at the expense of more than the ordinary man makes in a lifetime.

In June of 1897 the income for the year was spent. Boni still was buying. He bought from Asher Wertheim, of London, curios for which he could not pay. This bill later proved one of the direct means of his downfall. Among other things that he wanted was an Italian palace. He bought one at Verona at a stupendous price. In it were 11 ceilings by Tiepolo, and the count wanted them transferred to Paris. It was done and then—they were sold at enormous loss.

The year 1898 was marked by Castellane's duel with Henri Turot and his blackballing in the Jockey club.

But still, with her two sons, the little countess was busy and found solace in them, even when the extravagances of her husband and his wild actions caused doubt as to his sanity. His eccentricities and his half insane desire for notoriety amazed even Paris. He planned a riot directed against the president of France at the races at Auteuil, and he and his wife were among the chief actors in the comedy-drama which cost them a fortune.

Boni was becoming ridiculous. He proved himself skillful at fencing, wounding one adversary. Even his title was attacked; he was ridiculed



CEs DAMES

impressive appearance revealed a change.

Still the money went furiously. The king of Portugal was their guest and nearly a quarter of a million dollars was spent on him during his visit.

The countess had stood much. But finally, in 1905, the break came. "Ces dames" were one thing—but a woman of her own class was another. The name of the Duchess d'Uzes was coupled with that of Castellane. The duchess, in her way, is as eccentric as Castellane. The countess suffered in silence no longer. She separated from her husband and then brought suit for divorce.

The suit was the signal for the creditors to pounce down upon Boni. In France the wife is responsible for certain debts jointly with her husband and the creditors feared the Gould millions would escape. The Goulds, having lavished nearly \$10,000,000 on the count, refused to pay more. Boni, the man who had refused to pay debts of honor, calmly offered to make terms.

And now—unless the creditors are satisfied, he will use the children as his last weapon and force a settlement.

GOLD HID IN GUATAVITA'S

TREASURE THAT LIES DEEP IN MUD OF VOLCANIC LAKE.

Story of the Efforts to Recover Fabulous Riches Which Were Cast Into the Lake Centuries Ago.

The story of the hunt which the Contractors' Company, Limited, of London has made for golden treasure at Lake Guatavita, in Colombia, where it is supposed that the native Chibchas centuries ago cast millions of gold and precious stones in carrying out the peculiar rites of their religion is an interesting one.

The company has spent thousands of dollars in draining the lake that they might get at the treasure supposed to be buried there, and now they are praying for rain to fill it again, for when the water had all been drained off, it was found that the mud at the bottom was 25 feet deep and would have to be washed away to get at the treasure supposed to lie at the bottom. But with the water drained out and the clouds withholding their accustomed moisture, the equatorial sun soon baked the surface of the bottom as hard as a rock. This put a stop to the effort to get at the treasure and for two years now the company has been waiting for rain.

Gold Idol Recovered from Lake.

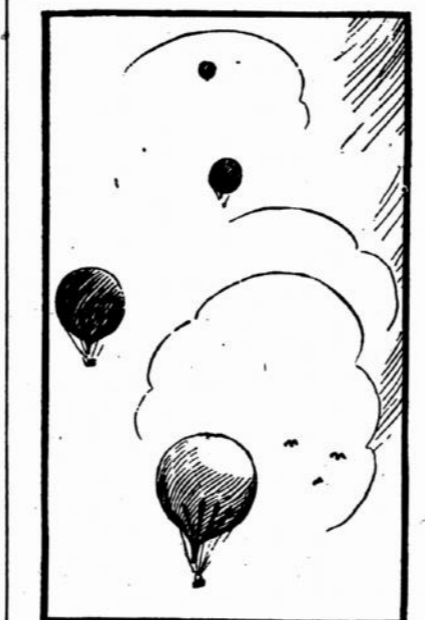
The reason for the belief that this lake holds untold treasure is due to a religious ceremony which the Chibchas observed. These natives regarded the Lake of Guatavita, a little pool in the crater of an extinct volcano, some 9,000 feet above the sea level, as sacred. They believed their protecting deity lived in it. This deity was known as El Dorado, which means, not as is generally believed, the golden city, but "The Golden One." To this "Golden One" the Chibchas offered up every six months a sacrifice which would make even the mouth of a South African millionaire water.

They threw into the lake at each of these ceremonies an enormous amount of gold and precious stones.

The following account of one of these offerings, given by one of the descendants of the Chibchas, reads more like a gorgeous romance than reality, but it must be remembered

MY FIRST BALLOON ASCENT

Everything was ready and at the psychological moment Mr. Percival Spencer, the aeronaut, tilted a whole bag of ballast overboard, and the next moment we were above the elm trees. By that time the neophyte had sufficiently recovered a sense of his whereabouts to look over the side. The crowd on the lawn was a procession of specks streaming over the bridge towards another part of the grounds,



Snap Shots of the Balloon Taken from the Ground During Ascent.

and the polo players on the over side of the elm trees looked for all the world like little soldiers just taken from a child's box of toys and set out on a green tablecloth. The height was between 1,800 and 2,000 feet. The vast expanse of London lay like a huge map beneath me, every detail down to the infinitesimal specks of white that stood for the tea tables in one corner of the ground of the earl's court exhibition. You could even see tiny specks crawling over a sort of match across a little ring of water to a miniature merry-go-round in the center. That was the Maxim "flying machine." The completeness of detail in the picture suddenly unrolled was perhaps the most amazing impression.

For at first, at any rate, it was difficult to realize that the scene was real. As the scenic effect of the ascent has often been described before, the earth seemed to be dropping away from you. It was certainly not as if

Domestic Science.

"I may be old fashioned," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "but I'm durned if I can see any economy in buyin' a 25 cent chunk of ice to keep six cents' worth of blue milk from spollin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Doesn't Always Work.

"Money has wings and flies away. I've heard," said the man with a scar; "but I've put lots of dough in a flying machine. Yet it never has flown very far."—Yonkers Statesman.

that the discoveries since made by Europeans to some extent at least confirm the truth of this strange legend.

"All the people," says the narrator, "marching in solemn procession, with music and banners flying, assembled from the various towns and villages round the shores of the lake. Presently, after a silence, they made a great outcry, for there, in a litter on the top of one of the surrounding hills, they saw a golden man glittering in the sunlight. This was their king, who had first been bathed in a kind of turpentine and then covered with powdered gold. He came slowly



Houses of Engineers Who Are Waiting for Rain.

down the hill, and embarked on a great barge. At his feet was a pile of gold and another of emeralds. He was slowly rowed to the center of the lake, four barges bearing priests surrounding the king's vessel. Then braziers were lighted on the barges, and a great bonfire on the shore. The assembled people cried out to their deity, while drums and pipes sounded, and the priests raised their hands to heaven.

"At a sign the multitude turned their backs to the lake, for the common people might not witness the actual sacrifice. A moment later there was a great splash. Gilded king, gold and jewels, were all plunged into the sacred waters. The gilded monarch swam in the lake, leaving a glittering wake behind him, while the people, with renewed clamor, threw their personal offerings of gold over their heads into the pool. Then king and people, believing their sins for the past six months had been expiated, joined in a great festivity."

you were rising above the earth. Only, in the twinkling of an eye, you were looking down on everything, with all the familiar landmarks, all the wonted standards of comparison, blotted out. You may, for example, often have had a bird's-eye view from a comparatively considerable height—say from the top of the Great Wheel. You are then above your scene, and the splendid view is beneath you. But there always remain other points—the steeple of a church, the tower of the Imperial Institute, or the dome of St. Paul's—that adjust, as it were, the eye to a certain focus. But from a balloon there are, of course, no standards of comparison. The dome of St. Paul's is a flat circular hump in the ground plan of its roof, and the Albert hall is a molehill. Through the haze on the horizon one saw the Thames like a silver streak apparently embossed above the miniature panorama.

It is customary to describe one's first ascent as an experience of exhilaration and enjoyment. So to a certain extent it may be, but I am not altogether sure of it. I have not the smallest intention of attempting a psychological analysis of my emotions as a novice, but I think I may say that a feeling of uneasiness was in this particular case not over due to "blue funk." One thing that kept me quiet was a sense of the unreality of it all. It was as unsubstantial as a dream picture.

Trailing, for beginners at any rate, is the prime sport of ballooning. It means that a rope 250 feet long is let down and allowed to trail over the face of the country. If it diminishes the pace, it gives one an idea of the rate one is travelling, and a sense of motion absent under other conditions. For example, you may be traveling at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour, but because you are traveling at the same velocity as the wind, you seem drifting absolutely becalmed. Hence a straw hat for ballooning is not such inappropriate headgear as at first sight it may appear. But trailing gives you your direction and tells you that you are travelling. Over trees, houses, haystacks, everything, glides, twists and winds the rope. It causes consternation in the poultry yard and a sensation among grazing cattle. It is as near an approach to the joys of flying as the neophyte is likely to get in his present incarnation, unless the Aero club succeeds in its avowed ambition of bringing aeroplanes within the range of practical aeronautics.

P. H. OAKLEY WILLIAMS.

Reporter—Colonel, how do you stand on the question of the spelling reform?

Political Leader—Any system of spelling that suits the plain people of this country, sir, is good enough for me.—Chicago Tribune.

First English Work on Angling. The first English work on angling was "The Book of St. Alban's," published in the fifteenth century.

TEACHING A GIRL TO RUN AN AUTO.

Secure a good, easy-going machine, with an active and up-to-date sparker, and having placed the girl firmly by your side, where you can secure a strong hold in cases of emergency, proceed to a lonely, unfrequented road where you will be uninterrupted. If the girl display any signs of nervousness, do your best to soothe her. There are a number of ways to do this. Take her hand in yours and pat it gently. Speak to her in a low, soft tone. If absolutely necessary place her head upon your shoulder and count 100. If not effective, repeat in one minute.

Now she may take the wheel, advance the sparker and throw in the clutch. It will then be your turn to grow nervous. While the girl is clutching the machine you clutch the girl. It will then be time to rest. This should not take any longer than the rest of the afternoon.

By the time you have got so you can kiss the girl without getting nervous, she ought to be able to run the machine.—Tom Masson, in Delineator.

Side Lights on History.

"But," urged one of the tyrant's associates, "William Tell is a power in the land. Why not write to him and try to win him over to your support, instead of making an enemy of him?" Gessler broke into a discordant laugh.

"Do you think," he said, "I am going to take trouble to compose an overture to William Tell?" So he left the job to Rossini, who, upon the whole, did the work a great deal better than he could have done it.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tired Skeleton.

Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museum)—These folks make me tired.

Sympathetic Visitor—In what way? Here I am earning \$500 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in and day out, one old woman after another stops at my chins and chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat.—N. Y. Week-ly.

Obliging.

The young man with dandruff on his coat collar and a roll of paper in his hand approached the editor.

"I have some verses here which I would be pleased to have you go over," he said.

"Very well," replied the editor. "Just lay them on the floor and I will go over them when I go out."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Of Course Not.

"Stella says she has remained single for choice."

"I don't doubt it. But she doesn't say whose choice it was."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

By Deduction.

Wiseman—Primitive men plowed the earth with a sharpened stick.

Slocumbe—You don't mean to say gold dated so far back?—Cassell's Journal.

THE INVITATION DECLINED.



"Come and dine with me to-night, dear boy?"

"No, thanks, old chap. That would mean I should have to wire to my wife and it isn't worth it."—London Tatler.

The Bright Side.

The boy stood on the burning deck And smiled serenely, too; He said: "There's no one here to ask: 'Is it hot enough for you?'"—Houston Post.

It Is.

"While fishing at Seabrook the other day a man caught a five-pound catfish that had a beautifully engraved solitaire engagement ring in its stomach."

"That's a most original place to wear an engagement ring, isn't it?"—Houston Post.

Reform.

"What is reform?" asked the argumentative man.

"Reform," answered the worldly-weary one, "usually consists in merely compelling a man to stop doing things his way and making him do them yours."—Washington Star.

One Kind.

"Pa, what's an artist?" "A man who has a 75-cent appetite and gets along with a 50-cent meal, so that he may have a quarter left for the waiter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hunting for Utopia.

Knicker—Do you believe the office should seek the man? Bocker—I'd go still further and have the fleet seek the janitor.—N. Y. Sun.



RED ALTERNATIVE

have preyed off him for years, is believed by their friends and by counsel in the case. If the Goulds remain firm, Count Boni will ask the court to forbid the mother to take her children beyond the jurisdiction of the French courts. He will plead that if the children are given into the custody of the mother they may be taken beyond the reach of the courts, and if the court upholds his contention, as the lawyers believe it will, the count may win.

The children for whom the countess may pay \$1,666,666 each are:

Boni de Castellane, aged ten years. George Gould de Castellane, aged nine.

Jay de Castellane, aged four years and six months.

Perhaps every mother in the world has said she would not take a million dollars for her baby, and now the American girl who became the best known, if not the most famous, noblewoman in Europe through the lavish misuse of money, has the opportunity of buying her children at a price little in excess of what she paid, only a few years ago, for a bed.

If the final payment of \$5,000,000 is made, Anna Gould will have paid \$2,689,19 a day for her husband and her title—and her children—which even now she may lose.

Children May Prefer Father.

The attitude of the children themselves toward the warring parents is rather inclined toward the father. They are more French than American, having been raised in France and in such luxury and extravagance that they scarcely know the meaning of money, the thing that has caused all—or almost all—the woes of the American girl who allied her millions to a doubtful French title.

Their loyalty to their mother is undoubted, but between America and France they choose France, because the older ones have been trained in French schools, and, deeper than that, because they have been reared in the religion of their father. If the choice lies with them it will be France and the Roman Catholic church on one side, and the love of their mother—and money—on the other. The countess herself has become almost French.

The \$5,000,000 children are handsome and clever youngsters, and the youngest, who bears the name of the great and piratical pioneer millionaire, is declared to be the handsomest child in Paris. His portrait has been painted by the most famous artists of France, and as a baby his beauty attracted attention everywhere. The physical perfection of the children is marveled at by sociologists because the mother is undersized, sallow and irregular of feature, while the father is small, effeminate, and yet handsome in his way. He might be called pretty rather than handsome.

It isn't the Anna Gould of 11 years ago who is fighting for freedom and her children and willing, perhaps, to pay the remainder of her magnificent fortune for the privilege of returning to America with her children. It is not the Countess de Castellane, leader of the royalists in Paris, the proudest of the proudest society set in the