

WHAT IS THE HIDDEN SECRET?

Mystery of Writing on Yellow Slip of Paper That Ended Contest for \$50,000,000.

Something in Written Memorandum in the Fine Hand of William Weightman Humbled the Pride of Mrs. Jones Wister and Drove Lawyers Out of Court—Neither Side Will Talk.

Philadelphia.—One little slip of yellow paper, covered with fine, closely written lines, but it humbled the pride of a woman high in society in Philadelphia; it drove three skillful lawyers out of court in confusion and assured to another woman the undisputed control and possession of the \$50,000,000 left by old William Weightman.

Dramatic scenes are common in the courts of the land, strong situations are not infrequent, but the oldest lawyers say they cannot recall a scene quite so strong or a situation quite so cleverly worked up as the one in which Mrs. Jones Wister and her counsel confessed utter defeat at the hands of Mrs. Ann Weightman Walker and her lawyers.

In the Orphans' Court, presided over by Judge Ashmun, the clerk, rattling over the calendar of hearings, comes to the case of "Charles d'Inville, as guardian, etc., vs. Ann Weightman Walker, executrix and others," and stops as from two tables simultaneously come measured voices announcing "Trial!"

At the first of the counsel tables sit



Mrs. Weightman Walker.

the attorneys for the contestant. They are three and each of them well known at the bar—Alexander Simpson, Jr., an advocate quick in speech, fertile in resource; Samuel Dickson, advocate and counsel, hero of years of legal warfare; V. Gilpin Robinson, deep in the law, skilled in every trick and technicality. Just across the aisle is the table reserved for the defense. Attorney General Hapton Carson sits in the front. His reputation is more that state wide; behind him is Henry P. Brown and to the rear are the broad shoulders, strong face and keen eyes of John G. Johnson.

The Women in the Case.

To the rear of the counsel table, their chairs resting against the bar railing, is the line of women, five of them. Seated so closely that the



hems of their gowns touch, three might be on the other side of the world so far as the other two are concerned. The three chat quietly at times and the two do likewise, but their glances are never to the side except when the lognetto is employed very much as when a woman goes slumming. Just behind her counsel or the counsel for the defendant sits Mrs. Jones Wister, past 60, gray-haired, cold looking but determined. At her side sits her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rodman Wister, similarly aged and similarly aristocratic looking, and at her side sits a pale slip of a girl, the nominal plaintiff or contestant in the case, looking as if she would fancy any other place in the world than this court room and any other time than this.

The case opens and the first witness is called. He is A. W. Hoopes, for years credit manager for the drug firm of Powers & Weightman, which was owned by William Weightman alone. The testimony of Hoopes is of no consequence except to himself, because he tells of the gift of \$100,000 made to him by Mrs. Walker after the death of her father. This causes a mild sensation, but that dies down as the plans of the contestants begins to unfold. It is obvious that they expect to show that to the will of 1895 made by Weightman a codicil was added which distributed to the six daughters of Mrs. Jones Wister, once Mrs. William Weightman, Jr., a proportionate share of the estate. It develops soon after that they know a paper was drawn up and it is now in the possession of Mrs. Walker.

Old Man's Grim Prophecy.

What induced the belief that it was a codicil is a letter treasured by Mrs. Wister in the aged man's fine copper plate writing received a few years before his death. It is written on the Fourth of July.

"I have been much annoyed by the fireworks all day around the house, but I have just signed and attested a paper which will some day make more noise than three such holidays."

Couched as it was in the friendliest terms, addressed to the woman now contesting, in reality, there was every reason for her and her lawyers to think it is a codicil or a direction at least in aid of his grandchildren. That it might be revenge or a grim joke never entered their heads.

The will is produced and read, and after the aged Hoopes has left the stand a stout, red mustached man of about 50, answering to the name of Edward T. Davis, is sworn in and begins his testimony. He was William Weightman's private secretary and real estate agent for about 23 years. He was a witness to his will.

The examination had now reached a point that threw a hush over everybody but the two. It appears that upon Davis the contestants relied to prove there had been a codicil. Mr. Simpson took up that phase.

"Do you remember a paper afterward written by Mr. Weightman and locked in his desk?" began the lawyer suavely.

The witness hesitates as if reluctant to answer, but he finally answers, quietly: "Yes, I remember it."

Mr. Robinson draws himself up importantly. "Mr. Carson," he exclaims, impressively, "I am afraid we shall have to call upon you to produce that paper."

Just at that moment Mr. Carson is very busily engaged in trying to make his thumbs go around in opposite directions.

Mr. Robinson grows rather impatient. "Come, Mr. Carson, we are asking for that paper!" The attorney general looks up as in surprise.

Yellow Slip Produced.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," he exclaimed

ing, and the witness turns it over to the eager hands of Mr. Robinson. The lawyers eyes fall upon the writing while his associates look at him. Suddenly Mr. Robinson sits down. His eyes open wide and the color flows from his face. As in a trance he reads and rereads the fateful words. Mr. Robinson received it without a word. He hands it over to Mr. Simpson without a word and he turns pale, too. Mr. Dickson reads it, but that grim old warrior of the bar makes no sign. Only he does not smile any more.

That was all. There were a few half-hearted questions further, and then the attorneys for the contestant arise and ask a continuance. They do not say an indefinite continuance. But they do not ask for a further date. They would not say if they will ever open the case again.

Neither Side Will Talk.

What did that yellow slip contain? For all questions there has been but one official answer:—"Nothing to say." Mrs. Walker's lawyers have only said grimly:—"Let them tell."

"We will say nothing," declare Mrs. Wister's attorneys.

"My lawyers tell me to say nothing," is the sole reply of the woman in the case.

Jones Wister, gentleman of the old school, proud of his family, a millionaire himself, hesitates, for he is sorely tried, but he answers:—"I am requested not to say a word."

This is the supposed contents of the yellow slip: It refers to the personal relations existing at one time between Mrs. Wister and Mr. Weightman. She has said before that he wanted her to marry him at the time she was engaged to be married to Jones Wister. There is the testimony of Edward T. Davis that Mr. Weightman once said that she wanted him to marry her.

Those who recall the history of the Weightman millions smiled when they heard of the contest. Although the amount involved was large they asserted that it was not altogether money that inspired the action. Two women diametrically opposite in disposition, character and ambitions were only continuing a fight that meant more to them than mere money.

William Weightman, whose strange humor or hope for revenge inspired the contest at the same time he killed the hope of success, an Englishman by birth, was a chemist. He was one of the founders of the great firm of Powers & Weightman. That firm had a monopoly on the preparation of quinine for the market and during the civil war made a great fortune.

Weightman Family History.

William Weightman had two sons and a daughter. John Farr Weightman, the eldest son, was educated as a physician at home and abroad, but his father's business called him and he went into it, remaining until his death, in 1886.

William Weightman, Jr., married Sabatine d'Inville, a daughter of a French family that left France in time to escape the guillotine of the Reign of Terror. The family settled in Philadelphia and speedily took a commanding position in society.

Then came Ann, the daughter. More like the shrewd father than the sons, she was a business woman from the day she knew anything about the world. She became the wife of R. J. C. Walker, of Williamsport, and lived in that little Pennsylvania city for years, but she always took an interest in the business of her father, and she was regarded as having a man's shrewdness.

Mrs. William Weightman, Jr., cared nothing for business or the acquisition of money. Her tastes ran to entertainments and society. In the absence of the daughter she soon became the favorite in the big marble mansion fronting in Rittenhouse Square and Raven Hill, a magnificent country estate. As her six daughters were born they became the pets of the aged man and when William Weightman died in 1889, Mrs. Weightman, his widow, and her daughters went to live in the old mansion entirely.

Mrs. Walker did not like this arrangement and the real trouble started then. After her husband had served a term at Washington, they moved to Philadelphia and he went into the office of Powers & Weightman. Mrs. Walker was made a partner, and they attended to the business end. Mrs. Weightman remained at the home of her father-in-law until about 1895, and one day Philadelphia was surprised to hear that she had become the wife of Jones Wister.

The marriage of Mrs. William Weightman was the severing of the relations between the daughter-in-law and her children and the aged man Mrs. Walker and her husband at once came into the ascendant.

William Weightman, Sr., died in August, 1904, and the following week his will, written by himself, showed he had left every penny of his fortune to his daughter without condition. He had made her executrix without bonds and spared her the necessity of filing an appraisal of the estate. Not a grandchild was mentioned in the will and not a penny left to charity.

The suit was brought when Mrs. Wister and her attorneys thought they had collected sufficient evidence to prove a codicil or testamentary intention to add other members of the family. The almost forgotten Fourth of July letter was one of the foundations of the case, and men who knew William Weightman now say only an unsuspected streak of grim humor and dramatic feeling could have made him write that which arranged for the scene in court, with its strange outcome.

Our New York Letter

Interesting Gossip from Gotham Town—Prize-Winning Horses Are Guests at Millionaire's Dinner—Free Magazine for Blind to Be Published.



with electric nails between the

Near the curve of the table on either side were the box stalls of wicker wood, garlanded with roses and bedecked with the blue ribbons won by the occupants. The stalls were close enough to the table for the horses there to poke out their velvety noses for caresses.

The table equipment, all made to order, was symbolical of the occasion. The silver salt cellars were miniature feed boxes. The golden celery holders were replicas of the hayracks and all the glassware was engraved with delicate little scenes of the field, the road and the course.

ZIEGLER RICHES TO HELP THE BLIND.

A monthly magazine for the blind, the first to be published in America, the second periodical of its kind in the world, is the benefaction for which Mrs. William Ziegler, widow of the late baking powder king, has supplied funds.

The limited number of books that have been printed with raised characters are so expensive as to be beyond the reach of thousands of poor folk, whose poverty is made the more unbearable by lack of sight.

"Ben Hur," for instance, which sells in department stores for one dollar or less, in type for the blind sells for \$10.50. Other books that have been put into raised type are proportionately as expensive. The blind, shut out from the thousands of pleasures that come through the sense of sight, enjoy intensely the reading of books. So far little has been done to provide literature for the 70,000 blind persons of this country.

The magazine will contain news of the day, short stories reprinted by permission from leading periodicals and contributions from blind readers themselves. Letters from inmates of state blind schools all over the country, telling of the work being done by them, will be one of the features.

It is not known what will be the annual cost of this magazine until it can be learned how many of the blind persons of the United States can read. The first estimate secured from a printing house on 10,000 copies a month was \$60,000 a year, but this figure can be considerably reduced.

It is hoped that some other wealthy person may soon become interested in printing for the blind, and undertake a circulating library. Two hundred thousand dollars would start such a library in every state in the union, giving books to each state to the value of about \$4,000.

BELIEVE OIL MEN CONTROL MILK TRUST.

Employees of the milk trust have learned, although no official announcement has been made, that on the 1st of November, the price of milk and cream will be advanced by the \$25,000,000 corporation which has the supply of New York city firmly in its grasp.

The price probably will be nine cents a quart for milk and 12 cents a half pint for cream, an increase for the year of some \$7,000,000 in milk bills for the city.

The Borden company's competitors found it necessary last month to advance the price of cream and of certified milk. Some of them declare, however, that the price of ordinary milk will remain at eight cents. The trust meantime held off, and although it was intimated in various quarters that conditions have been brought to a point where the screws could be put down tighter on the consumer, no move was made, and many customers of the independents were induced to transfer their patronage.

It is asserted with a marked degree of confidence by some of the independents that the \$25,000,000 Borden company is virtually in possession of the interests which "the street" calls the Standard Oil crowd.

It is believed that the board of directors of the trust represents capitalists higher up, whose methods in building a milk monopoly savor so strongly of Standard Oil procedure that, one man said, a milk trust bottle smelled like a kerosene can.

TENANTS' UNION ORGANIZED TO SEEK REFORM.

The Tenants' Union of New York has been organized. To get legislative relief for the rent payers of the city is the purpose of the organization, and to this end letters have been sent out to the candidates for the state legislature calling upon them for support.

Treasurer George Graydon and President Cornelius Donovan alone are bearing the expenses of the organization, which they now claim has a membership of over 5,000.

"We don't intend to endorse any candidate for office," said Mr. Donovan, "but we do expect to be endorsed by some of the candidates for public office. The Tenants' Union is nonpolitical in character, working for a relief which can come from either party and be equally welcome. There are two questions, however, that I would like to have answered by the judges now running for office. They are:

"Would it be constitutional to limit the landlords in the same manner as the pawnbrokers and money lenders are limited under the law?"

"Is the landlord's demand 'more money or your home' a free contract?"

"Our organization is directed at downing the dishonest landlord, whom we purpose to drive out of the city. These sharks hunt out a group of tenants whose rent has not been raised in a year and buy the building over their heads for the sole purpose of hoisting the rent. This practice should be stopped by legislation, and we expect to develop some definite plan of action at the coming mass meeting."

WOMAN CHEF FOR WOMAN'S CLUB THE LATEST.

Following the initiative just taken by the Marlborough, the exclusive woman's club of London, employing a woman to preside over its culinary affairs, the Colony club, New York's most fashionable woman's club, just building at the corner of Madison and Thirtieth streets, has decided to do likewise.

Announcement has been made that among the 30 employees it will require to conduct this club properly the principal consideration—namely, the chef—is a woman. Mrs. Naylor, for several years the celebrated chef of W. C. Whitney and later with one of London's most prominent families, has been engaged by the Colony club to fill this important place.

Mrs. Naylor's advent in New York club life will be a decided innovation when it is remembered that the Martha Washington hotel, which is decidedly prejudiced in favor of women employees, even to bellgirls, employs a man chef, as well as all women's clubs and luncheons which women patronize exclusively.

EDUCATING THE AFRICAN PIGMY.

Otto Benga, the African pigmy, has changed very much since he was transferred from the monkey cage at the Bronx Zoological gardens to the Howard Colored Orphan asylum, though little more than a month has passed since he was rescued from the companionship of a chimpanzee by a delegation of negro ministers. Attired in all the trappings of civilization, even to a watch, he takes his seat in the classroom every morning. He can spell his name now, and write it with the assistance of his teacher, although he tries to drink the ink between lessons. He howls with glee whenever he writes his name or flashes repeating three letters of the alphabet, and once the task is over struts around the room, to the delight of his playmates, with whom he is very popular. Since his release from the monkey cage at the zoo his rescuers have been paying quite a little attention to his spiritual welfare. But Otto is a heathen, pure and simple, and the superintendent says it is very hard to hold his attention long enough to teach him anything. The only complaint the pigmy has made about his new surroundings is that he has not been provided with a wife.

WOMEN'S WOES



Thousands of women suffer daily backache, headache, dizzy spells, languor, nervousness and a dozen other symptoms of kidney trouble, but lay it to other causes. Make no mistake. Keep the kidneys well, and these aches and troubles will disappear.

Mrs. Anthony Cadrette, 77 Mechanic street, Leominster, Mass., says: "My sight failed, I had sharp pain in my back and bearing-down pains through the hips. I was nervous, fretful and miserable. The urine was greatly disordered and I began to have the swellings of dropsy. I was running down fast, when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. A wonderful change came and after using them faithfully for a short time I was well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bird's Unbroken Flight.

In one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern blue throat has been proved to travel from central Africa to the German ocean, a distance of 1,690 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

The Ideal Family Laxative.

Is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pills your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

Seek to Abolish Opium Evil.

Three separate societies in England are agitating for the abolition of the opium trade in India.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Old Time Labor Law.

As early as 1847 a law was passed in New Hampshire making ten hours a legal day's work.

THEY CURE RHEUMATISM

A Particularly Painful Form of This Disease Yields to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Of the many forms which rheumatism takes, that which is popularly known as sciatic rheumatism probably tortures its victim more than any other. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured this stubborn as well as painful trouble is a fact proven by the following statement, and no sufferer who reads this can afford to let prejudice stand in the way of trying these blood-making pills.

Rheumatism is now generally recognized as a disease of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make—actually—make—pure blood. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism. Mrs. Thomas Brosnan, of 54 Mill street, Watertown, N. Y., says:

"My trouble began with a severe cold which I took about a week before Christmas in 1904. I began to have rheumatic pains in my back and limbs and after a time I couldn't straighten up. I suffered the most awful pain for months and much of the time was unable to leave the house and I had to take hold of a chair in order to walk and sometimes I could not stand up at all. The disease was pronounced sciatic rheumatism and although I had a good physician and took his medicine faithfully, I did not get any better. After some six weeks of this terrible pain and suffering I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and that is the medicine that cured me. After a few boxes the pain was less intense and I could see decided improvement. I continued to take the pills until I was entirely cured and I have never had any return of the trouble."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or the remedy will be mailed postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL.

TELEGRAPHERS A YOUNG MEN WANTED A R To learn telegraphy, write J. Z. TIGHE, care of Santa Fe Ry. Arkansas City, Kan. \$5.00 TO \$10.00 PER MONTH

SEVENTH TERM JONES' NATIONAL SCHOOL OF AUCTIONEERING AND ORATORY, opens Nov. 15, 1906, at Chicago, Ill. The school now gives its students the advantages of the greatest auction and live stock markets of the world at no added expense. Six weeks instruction in all branches of auctioneering. Graduates now selling in sixteen States and Canada. FURN CATALOGUE. CAMEY M. JONES, President.

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