

EXTRA ALL THE LATEST NEWS THE WILL IS VOID.

Millionaire Williamson, of Philadelphia, Passes Away Without Signing It.

The Training School He Endowed Will Lose \$1,500,000.

The Philanthropist's Dearest Wishes Are Thus Thwarted.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 7.—Janah V. Williamson, the millionaire philanthropist, died at 4 o'clock this morning.

It is reported that he did not rally sufficiently at any time to affix his signature to his last will and testament.

This is considered particularly unfortunate for the School of Mechanical Training which Mr. Williamson endowed some time ago, and for which a site had not yet been selected.

The will, which could not be considered legal, had set aside \$1,500,000 for the advancement of this school.

One of the men to whom Mr. Williamson confided his plans for this school was William C. Ludwig, who had been his friend for more than half a century.

During his illness Mr. Ludwig repeatedly urged Mr. Williamson to legalize the documents with his signature, but the latter who had no fear of immediate decline, invariably replied:

"Oh, let us settle on a site first. I would rather do one thing at a time."

Yesterday Mr. Williamson lay unconscious most of the time, and the last hope of recovery was given up by his physicians.

It was earnestly prayed, though, that the venerable man would rally sufficiently to sign his name, and thus accomplish what his friends say was the dearest wish of his life.

His conscious moments were few, though, and he was in a comatose state for two hours previous to his death.

Leading lawyers say the will is utterly void. If this be so Mr. Williamson's property will be disposed of under the terms of a will made twenty years ago.

Said a prominent counsellor this morning regarding the matter: "If any there be, in the failure to carry out the ultimate intentions of Mr. Williamson regarding his school must rest with the lawyer who had his will in charge."

He should have had Mr. Williamson sign the draft of his will when he first drew it up or was presented to him.

A \$26,000 MASCOT.

The Biggest Price Ever Brought by a Two-Year-Old Colt.

Good Figures Prevail at the Sale of California Stock.

Fine Blooded Young Equines Before a Crowd of Eager Buyers.

Whinnies, neighs, sounds of iron-shod feet, the murmurs of conversation and the smoke of tobacco issued from the American Institute Building this morning an hour before the much-talked-of sale of the California trotting stock consigned to Peter C. Kellogg & Co. had begun.

The sale began with No. 1 of L. J. Rose's stock, Nehusta, a bay filly, four years old, with a 2:30 record, and probably the jewel of the Rose stock. She is one of the best bred trotting mares in the country.

The first bid was \$1,000, and this was jumped at a thousand a trip until \$4,000 was reached. From that point the bidding was by hundreds, and at \$5,500 the mare was sold to J. H. Shultz.

The next sale was that of a sister of Nehusta, as yet unnamed. After some spirited bidding the mare was knocked down to J. S. Ferguson for \$4,000.

No. 8 on the list, a brown colt of last Spring, was also bid in by J. S. Ferguson for \$2,500.

No. 4, a bay filly, one year old, granddaughter of the Moor, brought \$1,000. Dr. F. C. Fowler was the purchaser.

No. 5, a bay filly, a granddaughter of Minnehaha and sired by Alcazar, was next sold for \$775 to F. C. Fowler.

No. 6, a bay colt just a year old, with Alcazar dam Young Joe, was sold to W. H. Times for \$1,225.

No. 7, a two-year old bay filly with no record catalogued, was expected to bring a sure \$1,500 in the sale owing to her sire, Kinnet, who made a record of 2:35 as a three-year-old and then died. C. Campbell bought in the filly for \$900.

No. 8, a brown colt, two years old, sired by Stamboul, dam Edna, by Indianapolis, was brought out, as were all the two-year-olds, in harness and wagon. The bidding was rapid, but with small raises. C. M. Mix captured him at \$2,300.

No. 9, a bay colt, sired by Stamboul, dam Choice, by Dictator, was the subject of much talk and sharp bidding. A. J. Welch was determined buyer at \$2,500.

No. 10, a yearling colt, by Stamboul, brought \$1,100 from J. J. Bowen, the well-known Boston horseman.

No. 11, a brown colt one year old, by Alcazar, brought \$2,850.

No. 12 was the sensational sale of the day. The following notice was given to buyers:

The following two colts, out of Minnehaha, were brought out together at the time of sale, and the choice of the two will be sold.

After the highest bidder has made his choice the other will be sold at \$1,000.

The colt No. 12 was a two-year-old, Mascot, sired by Stamboul, 2:14 1/2, and boasts Minnehaha as his mother. Minnehaha is the dam of Beautiful Belle, and she is also the dam of Bell Boy, who has recently won \$20,000.

The second colt was a full brother to Mascot.

Mr. Hopper started the bidding with \$200. Opposed to him were J. H. Schultz and Scott Quinton, the driver.

The bidding jumped quickly to \$15,000, and there Mr. Hopper quit.

After a hot contest the choice of the two colts was made down to Quinton, who paid \$25,000 and took Mascot.

J. H. Schultz pocketed his disappointment and paid \$5,500 for Mascot's brother.

No. 13, a brown colt, two years old, is the largest ever given for a two-year-old.

No. 14, a brown colt, two years old, by Alcazar, brought \$2,400. J. C. Hamilton was the purchaser.

No. 15, a bay filly, with splendid blood but a poor body, sold for \$725 to W. H. Lines, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

WHAT A GARDENER

Can Pittsburg's Count di Monterooli Be a Count-er-fait?

A Buffalo Girl Says that Such He Is and His Name's Carus.

And the Turreted Castle on the Mediterranean and Everything.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) PITTSBURG, March 7.—Pittsburg's best society is agitated. The one topic of conversation is whether Countess Knox-di Monterooli has or has not obtained a divorce.

That the divorce has been applied for is a settled fact. But the result of the suit is an uncertainty. Hence the agitation.

The ambiguous statement made yesterday by a relative of the lady about the Countess Peanuti di Monterooli having sworn falsely when he averred that he had never been married before, and which gave rise to the impression that there might be another countess in the turreted castle on the blue shores of the Mediterranean, has been explained.

There was such a countess once, but her remains are reposing in Monterooli graveyard.

The exact whereabouts of the Countess Knox-di Monterooli is also puzzling Pittsburg's "Best." Some say she is in Berlin and others that she is in Paris. A friend of the family says:

"Ten days ago a letter was received here, saying that the Count would arrive in America in a few days, and that he had sailed for the purpose of reviving the scandal and to make the Knox family come to terms. When Virginia Knox arrived in Italy she found her husband was a penniless impostor who had not a cent in the world. He derived his title from a deceased wife, but had no estate, and the castle he told about here was similar to the one described by Claude Malnotte to Pauline de Lyons."

"Virginia lived with her husband for several weeks, when he left her such indignities that she had to leave him. Her uncle, E. Mathews, of Philadelphia, was at the time in Paris with his family. The Countess sent for him and they immediately proceeded to ask for a legal separation, which request was either granted or is now pending."

"The Count is an impostor, and that as soon as the friends of the Countess heard of his arrival they threatened with arrest. Miss Knox then accompanied her uncle to Paris, where she is staying at the present time."

"He first threatened to sue me for slander," the letter observes, with affecting pathos, "and then to kill me. Pleasant, isn't it?"

It is now admitted by the Knox family that they have long been aware that the Countess is an impostor, and that as soon as Virginia learned his real character she left him.

The Count is extremely anxious for an interview with Mrs. Knox. On his arrival in New York he sent her a telegram to Virginia demanding that she come on at once that he might have an interview with her. She paid no attention to it, and he sent two more.

The family insists that he is here after money.

A letter received by Mayor McCollin says that the Count is an impostor and that a rich friend of his had recently paid \$20,000 for his ill-treatment.

The Countess Knox-di Monterooli is expected home in a fortnight.

In a letter from Italy just received in this city, Mrs. Knox says that she is in the real Count di Monterooli owns fine estates in Italy and that the man who married Miss Knox is named Carus and was formerly head gardener to the actual Count. He was discharged from service for good reasons.

A late despatch says: Virginia has beat his clear out of court in Italy.

BROWN'S VICTIM IS DYING.

Mrs. Mamie Martin, who was murderously assaulted with a flatiron last night, is still unconscious and lying in a dying condition in the Presbyterian Hospital. The doctors say she cannot live.

Her assailant, Louis Bertram Brown, occupies a cell in the Yorkville prison, having been committed at the Yorkville Court today to await the result of his victim's injuries.

Mrs. Martin is the wife of Michael Martin, a coachman. The couple lived at 297 Third Avenue, and until two months ago Brown boarded with them.

It is believed Brown has been sick for some time and was lying in bed last evening when Brown, who seems to have had a liking for her, came in.

Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Martin's cousin, who was in the room, said that as soon as she struck Mrs. Martin three times with a flatiron, crushing her skull in a horrible manner.

"I'm the man; Brown said, in a cold tone of voice, when Policeman Dolan was called in. He was still intoxicated.

A TERRIBLY FATAL FIRE.

MEN AND LIVE STOCK PERISH IN A KANSAS CITY CAR-STABLE FIRE.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) KANSAS CITY, March 7.—The Metropolitan street car stables were burned here last night, and a dozen men are believed to have perished in the flames.

MRS. FRIEND HERE.

The Electric Sugar Swindlers Brought Back from Milan.

They Were Caught by a Very Clever Detective Russ.

They Sent for Counsel and are Arraigned in the General Sessions.

A travel-stained train rolled softly into the Grand Central Depot about 7 o'clock this morning.

A little while later, a party of nine weary-looking people alighted from a front sleeper, and hurrying out got into carriages in front of the depot.

Four of the party were Inspector Byrnes's detectives, Creed, Ruland, McNaught and Hurd.

The others were their prisoners, Mrs. Olive E. Friend, Mrs. Emily Howard, William E. Howard, Gus and George Halstead, the celebrated electric sugar swindlers.

The party, in two coaches, were driven directly to Police Headquarters. There they reported the successful result of their mission to Inspector Byrnes.

Six weeks ago warrants were obtained for the arrest of the swindlers and the extradition papers necessary to bring them from Michigan, where they had fled to on the eve of the exposure of their gigantic swindling operations. Inspector Byrnes was requested to serve the papers.

Then he sent the four detectives West for the swindlers. The latter fled over the border into Canada. They were safe there. The detectives were baffled. They wired their chief for instructions and by a simple little ruse he bagged the whole party.

He sent the report broadcast that he had given up the chase in disgust.

He instructed his men to leave Milan, Mich., where they were, and start for home. They did so. They only came a few miles, however, when they got off and returned secretly to Milan.

The ruse worked perfectly.

The sharpers hurried back to Milan to look after their affairs and to conclude and send a letter to their friends and relatives, who turned up as coolly as if they had never expressed an intention of leaving Milan.

The friends, however, and Halstead were furious. A writ of habeas corpus was procured immediately by their lawyers, and that delayed their being brought East for some time. Their plea was that their arrest was not legal, being simply made to force Mrs. Friend the secret process for refining sugar, which she still says she has.

Gov. Lucas heard the case pro and con on Monday, and on Tuesday he decided that the charges against them were serious, and too well substantiated for him to interfere.

Fearing further impediment, the detective hurried the five sharp ones on board a train which arrived at this morning.

The prisoners seemed quite cheerful. Mrs. Friend especially so. She ordered a fine breakfast for herself and friends, and sent a messenger to the residence of Lawyer Abel Hummel. He went at once to see them, and had a long interview with them, the result being that they agreed to accept a writ of habeas corpus, and that as soon as Hummel has undertaken their defense.

Mr. Hummel said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:

"My clients have a strong defense. Mrs. Friend has got a secret for refining sugar by an electric process. Those people who had her arrested are merely trying to wrest it from her by force of law. They will not succeed. My clients will be formally arraigned at noon before Recorder Smyth in the Court of General Sessions, but the case will not be tried until the next day."

At the hour named the prisoners were brought to the District-Attorney's office, where they sat while Howe & Hummel went before Recorder Smyth to see how soon they could get their clients out.

The letter said he could not hear the case today, and adjourned it until 1:30 o'clock tomorrow.

The prisoners were sent back to Police Headquarters.

BLAINE'S DIPLOMACY.

Blaine's Diplomacy. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7.—Secretary Blaine will not pull the Hon's tail over that kidnapped baby affair.

He received the despatch sent by W. O. Hackett, of the Humane Society, last night which stated that the eighteen-month-old child of Daisy Spellman had been taken from Kansas City by George Henney and wife, British subjects. A reply has been sent to Mr. Hackett stating that it was a matter for the police to look after.

They have ample authority, it stated, to search outgoing vessels without a warrant from any foreign representative.

The British representatives, Mr. Hackett was informed, had no jurisdiction in the matter.

No New Bridge to Long Island Just Yet. The application of the Long Island Bridge Company for the appointment of Commissioners to appraise lands on Blackwell's Island and elsewhere, which are needed for piers and the approach to the proposed cantilever bridge from Sixty-fourth street, East River, to Long Island, was today denied by Presiding Justice Van Brunt, of the Supreme Court.

BLOODY WORK HERE

Druggist's Clerk Wetzung Murderously Assaulted by an Unknown.

The Assailant Then Added Robbery to His Other Deed.

It Was Daylight When the Double Crime Was Committed.

A startling crime was committed in this city today.

Gunther Wetzung, a clerk in a drug store at 37 Third Avenue, was brutally chopped with an axe.

His skull was split open, one of his arms was nearly severed from his body and he was hacked on other parts of his body.

Who his assailant is no one knows.

Eleven dollars were taken from the till in the drug store, but the police do not think that robbery caused the crime.

They say that it was done by some enemy, and that the money was taken in order to throw the police off the scent.

Wetzung was twenty-nine years old, and had been for three years in the employ of Otto Dappner, who runs the drug store.

The assaulter took place in a little room in the rear of the store, used as a reception room. Wetzung slept in an adjoining room.

H. McCreary, who occupies the basement, discovered the clerk lying on the floor covered with blood at shortly after 7 o'clock this morning, when he called at the drug store for a prescription.

Wetzung, although in a dying condition, was able to speak.

A policeman was called in. He and McCreary gave the wounded man brandy.

Wetzung told them that he was struck from behind about ten minutes before he was found.

He was at the time stooping over to lace his shoes and he did not hear or see anybody enter the room.

The drug store is midway between Fifty-first and Fifty-sixth streets. It is about 16 by 35 feet.

In the rear of the main store is the usual partition behind which prescriptions are compounded.

Back of this is a small anteroom, with the lounge in it, near which the assaulter took place. Opening on it is the small room used as a bedchamber by Wetzung.

Plumber H. McCreary tells the following story:

"I entered the store at 7:30 this morning to get something used in my business. There was no one visible, and I called to Wetzung, whom I knew well.

"No sir," was the smiling reply, "that is not true."

"When will you assume your official duties with the Avenue (U) road?"

"I don't know that I ever mentioned that road," replied the urbanite Dan with another smile.

"You are to be connected with some street-car line, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, or so, after taking a rest. I shall be connected with a railroad company."

"What plans have Mrs. Cleveland and her mother-in-law for the day?"

"None at all. They will remain quietly at the hotel."

The Colonel professed entire ignorance of Mrs. Cleveland's plans, but he said he would visit his office to-day and prepare to begin work in earnest on Monday.

AT HIS NEW OFFICE.

Ex-President Cleveland's First Appearance in William Street.

Partner Stetson Took Him Quietly Down in His Carriage.

Many Bunches but No Visitors for the Distinguished Guests at the Victoria.

Messenger boys and expressmen were frequent visitors at the Victoria Hotel this morning, laden with packages and letters, the majority of which bore the inscription: "Hon. Grover Cleveland."

The clerk methodically placed the bundles behind his desk, where, before the morning had been without any trouble.



LAWYER CLEVELAND AT HIS DESK. (A sketch made this morning at his office, 45 William Street.)

They were not sent directly to the rooms of the ex-President, as Mr. Cleveland and his wife were late risers, being fatigued from the excitement of the past few days and the discomforts of travelling.

No visitors called upon the Cleverlands this morning, it being tacitly understood that they desired to remain in privacy for the day.

Col. Dan Lamont, looking the picture of health, received the reporters with his usual pleasant manner in his cozy reception-room, No. 430, on the fourth floor.

The room presented a pretty domestic picture. Mrs. Lamont, seated in a large easy chair by the grate fire, was instructing her little daughter Ellis in the rudiments of writing, using as a text the statement (but correct in its facts) that a mine in the earth, which interesting fact the child was laboriously committing to paper.

A vase on the centre-table was filled with large American Gladiolus roses, and white hydrangeas, the gift of friends who had anticipated the arrival of the Colonel and his wife.

"Mr. Cleveland," said the Colonel, "will visit his office to-day and prepare to begin work in earnest on Monday."

"It is rumored that you are to become the head of a city newspaper," said the reporter.

"Is that true?"

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An object of admiration to the guests in the room was Col. Lamont's baby carriage, which remained in a corner of the corridor.

The carriage is a marvel of blue plush and gilt, being made of wicker work in the shape of a horse-drawn carriage, and is fastened to the side. On the blades of the carriage are hand-painted pictures, representing scenes of childhood.

At 11 o'clock a closed carriage containing Mr. Stetson drove up to the hotel. Mr. Cleveland entered and the carriage proceeded downtown to 45 William street, where the ex-President will have his office, furnished by Bangs, Stetson, Tracy and MacVeagh.

On arriving at the building in William street, Mr. Cleveland was escorted to his new office on the seventh floor, where he took a seat at his desk, and several gentlemen, who called to welcome him in his advent among the city's legal lights.

EXTRA ALL THE LATEST NEWS

FAVORITES' DAY.

On a Fairly Good Track at Guttenburg To-Day.

Kelly Was Reinstated After Receiving a Warning.

The Attendance Was Extra Large and the Bookies Kept Busy.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) NORTH HUDSON DRIVING PARK, N. J., March 7.—The fine weather drew an extra large crowd to the races at Guttenburg to-day.

Thirty-four bookmakers did business and the crowd kept them busy.

The track was fairly dry, except on the upper turn, and the racing was good.

Kelly, who was suspended last week for using his whip too freely on other jockeys during a race, was reinstated to-day. The presiding judge, however, warned him that if it ever occurred again that he (Kelly) would be ruled off.

Vevay was the good thing for the first time, and he fulfilled the late prophet's prophecy by entering home an easy winner.

John Alexander was a slight favorite over Prospect for the second race, but the latter was the winner, the favorite coming in second.

St. Elmo was a big favorite and won the third race without any trouble.

Purse \$200; maidens; six furlongs. (Penney) 1 Vevay, 105; Prospect, 117; John Alexander, 117; Spring Breeze, 111. Time—1:49.

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