

YOUNG WIDOW WILL FIGHT FOR MILLIONS OF HER FATHER-IN-LAW

Disposition of Estate of Samuel S. Brown, Pittsburg Magnate, Reveals Scandal.

LEFT MUCH MONEY TO HIS LATEST PET

Girl at the Last Supplanted Wife of Dead Son in the Old Man's Affections—Will Was Made as He Lay on His Death Bed.

"Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave," runs the old saying.

Probably Martha E. Lewis will concur, but Mrs. Grace McGowan Brown, daughter-in-law of the late Samuel S. Brown, Smoky City magnate and multi-millionaire, can hardly be expected to.

Idolized and petted by her father-in-law for 15 years, taught to consider herself his heiress, and introduced everywhere as his daughter, she finds herself left a paltry \$30,000, while her supplanter, Martha E. Lewis, has been given a sum exceeding \$250,000.

And a contest in the courts which will enrich lawyers and furnish sensations to satisfy the most scandal-hungry dame is promised.

For Mrs. Brown and all the relatives of the dead millionaire assert that his latest will, executed on his death bed, was made under undue influence and is unjust and unfair.

Worth Over \$20,000,000.

Samuel S. Brown died last December. He left an estate scattered all the way between Pittsburg, New York and New Orleans which is conservatively estimated at \$20,000,000. He also left a will which is the bone of contention.

Mrs. Brown, young widow of the dead magnate's only son, had been told that she was to be his beneficiary. A goodly portion of the estate was to have been hers. Yet, when the will was read, she found herself cut off with a paltry batch of brewery bonds, and these to go should she remarry.

But Miss Lewis, bitter enemy of the millionaire's daughter-in-law, benefited to the extent of a quarter of a million and more. She had already supplanted the beautiful Kentucky belle as the head of the old man's household before his death. That was the last straw; then came the open breach.

It is a strange story—how these two young women came into the life of the millionaire. There were a son and a daughter whom the old man

loved as still fond of his son's widow. She spent a part of the season with Mr. Brown last year and as the Christmas holidays were approaching she received a hurried call to come to the old man's bedside.

He was dying. The young widow caught the first train. But as she sped through the darkness another will was being made in Pittsburg in the old Brown mansion. With a few strokes of the pen all she had believed was to be hers was blotted out. But no one told her this when she reached Pittsburg the next morning.

Young Mrs. Brown was received with open arms. Twenty days later Samuel S. Brown died. During those 20 days the deathbed did not come to light. Mrs. Brown's friends say that it was purposely hidden so that she would know nothing about it until it should be too late. The millionaire died, surrounded by his family, while Mrs. Brown knelt at the bedside.

Will Kept Secret. Never were greater efforts made to keep a will from becoming public. It was filed secretly. The authorities

Old Man's Daughter Dead. So the girl stayed along with the old man, and year after year made herself better loved by him. Then came another blow—his only living child, his daughter Nellie, died in Italy.

"I am afraid my poor old heart will break," said the old man, bowed under this added weight of woe.

There was no one to take his daughter-in-law now. He called her to him one day soon after the funeral, and said:

"Stay here with me, for I am left alone. Be the head of my household, and when I die you will be the same in my will as if you were my own daughter. And why not? Are you not the wife of my dead son, my only boy?"

But the girl did not need this promise. She loved the old man as the father of her boy husband. Her sister came to live with them and she took her place at the head of the Brown household. The servants were instructed to obey her in everything, and wherever she went she was introduced by the millionaire as "my daughter Grace, my son's widow, dear to me as my own."

Everywhere it was understood that the young widow was to be his heiress. Folks were told that Mr. Brown's life was insured for \$100,000 in her favor.

Martha Lewis Appears. Mrs. Brown's sister married and she went back to Kentucky with her for a visit. That was the beginning of the end. When she returned she found that Miss Lewis had been asked to live at the Browns'.

"Grace," said the old millionaire, by way of making clear how things stood, "just take Mary and buy her some things, and show her how to wear them."

"Marty" was what Mr. Brown liked to call the pretty girl he had in-

persons hereinafter provided for in the case of my residuary estate, and I authorize and empower said trustee, to sell said bonds, and to reinvest the proceeds of sale at his discretion.

In striking contrast with this are the clauses in which Miss Lewis benefits in the following sections of the same will:

Ninth.—"I give and bequeath to Miss Martha E. Lewis, of the city of Pittsburg, one-half of the residue of my library wherever the same may be situated at the appraised value thereof, she to have the right to select books to the amount of one-half. I also give and bequeath to the said Martha E. Lewis my Astoria States Racing trophy and the box of silverware which I recently purchased from Heron Bros. & Co."

Tenth.—"I also give and bequeath to Miss Martha E. Lewis aforesaid, first mortgage bonds of the Pittsburg Brewing company to the aggregate par value of \$20,000, which I direct shall be delivered to her by my executors within 30 days after my death; and if for any reason the said bonds are not delivered within the period aforesaid, I direct my executors to pay her on the first day of the month following my death the sum of \$25 and a like sum monthly thereafter until said bonds are delivered to her."

The library from which Miss Lewis was empowered by the will to select one-half of the books is worth \$50,000, and one of the most complete libraries in the city. The Astoria racing plate, which also went to Miss Lewis, was



MRS. GRACE M. BROWN

THE OLD MAN LAUGHED PRESENTS TO HIS PRETTY MISS LEWIS

YOU MUST STAY HERE AND BE MY DAUGHTER

MRS. BROWN WANTS TO TAKE MARY AND BUY HER SOME THINGS, AND SHOW HER HOW TO WEAR THEM

MRS. LEWIS HAS ACTIVELY INTERESTED HERSELF IN THE LIFE OF THE MILLIONAIRE

HE LOVED AS STILL FOND OF HIS SON'S WIDOW

HE LEFT AN ESTATE SCATTERED ALL THE WAY BETWEEN PITTSBURG, NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS WHICH IS CONSERVATIVELY ESTIMATED AT \$20,000,000

HE ALSO LEFT A WILL WHICH IS THE BONE OF CONTENTION

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SHE HAD ALREADY SUPPLANTED THE BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKY BELLE AS THE HEAD OF THE OLD MAN'S HOUSEHOLD BEFORE HIS DEATH

THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW; THEN CAME THE OPEN BREACH

IT IS A STRANGE STORY—HOW THESE TWO YOUNG WOMEN CAME INTO THE LIFE OF THE MILLIONAIRE

THERE WERE A SON AND A DAUGHTER WHOM THE OLD MAN

LOVED AS STILL FOND OF HIS SON'S WIDOW

SHE SPENT A PART OF THE SEASON WITH MR. BROWN LAST YEAR

AS THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS WERE APPROACHING SHE RECEIVED A HURRIED CALL TO COME TO THE OLD MAN'S BEDSIDE

HE WAS DYING

THE YOUNG WIDOW CAUGHT THE FIRST TRAIN

BUT AS SHE SPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS ANOTHER WILL WAS BEING MADE

IN PITTSBURG IN THE OLD BROWN MANSION

WITH A FEW STROKES OF THE PEN ALL SHE HAD BELIEVED WAS TO BE HERS WAS BLOTTED OUT

BUT NO ONE TOLD HER THIS WHEN SHE REACHED PITTSBURG THE NEXT MORNING

YOUNG MRS. BROWN WAS RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS

TWENTY DAYS LATER SAMUEL S. BROWN DIED

DURING THOSE 20 DAYS THE DEATHBED DID NOT COME TO LIGHT

MRS. BROWN'S FRIENDS SAY THAT IT WAS PURPOSELY HIDDEN SO THAT SHE WOULD KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT UNTIL IT SHOULD BE TOO LATE

THE MILLIONAIRE DIED, SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY, WHILE MRS. BROWN KNELT AT THE BEDSIDE

NEVER WERE GREATER EFFORTS MADE TO KEEP A WILL FROM BECOMING PUBLIC

IT WAS FILED SECRETLY

THE AUTHORITIES

OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER DEAD

SO THE GIRL STAYED ALONG WITH THE OLD MAN

AND YEAR AFTER YEAR MADE HERSELF BETTER LOVED BY HIM

THEN CAME ANOTHER BLOW—HIS ONLY LIVING CHILD, HIS DAUGHTER NELLIE, DIED IN ITALY

"I AM AFRAID MY POOR OLD HEART WILL BREAK," SAID THE OLD MAN, BOWED UNDER THIS ADDED WEIGHT OF WOE

THERE WAS NO ONE TO TAKE HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW NOW

HE CALLED HER TO HIM ONE DAY SOON AFTER THE FUNERAL, AND SAID:

"STAY HERE WITH ME, FOR I AM LEFT ALONE

BE THE HEAD OF MY HOUSEHOLD, AND WHEN I DIE YOU WILL BE THE SAME IN MY WILL AS IF YOU WERE MY OWN DAUGHTER

AND WHY NOT? ARE YOU NOT THE WIFE OF MY DEAD SON, MY ONLY BOY?"

BUT THE GIRL DID NOT NEED THIS PROMISE

SHE LOVED THE OLD MAN AS THE FATHER OF HER BOY HUSBAND

HER SISTER CAME TO LIVE WITH THEM AND SHE TOOK HER PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE BROWN HOUSEHOLD

THE SERVANTS WERE INSTRUCTED TO OBEY HER IN EVERYTHING, AND WHEREVER SHE WENT SHE WAS INTRODUCED BY THE MILLIONAIRE AS "MY DAUGHTER GRACE, MY SON'S WIDOW, DEAR TO ME AS MY OWN"

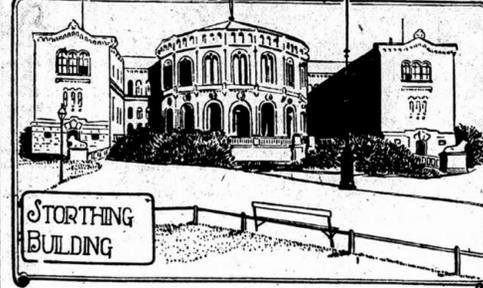
EVERYWHERE IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE YOUNG WIDOW WAS TO BE HIS HEIR

FOLKS WERE TOLD THAT MR. BROWN'S LIFE WAS INSURED FOR \$100,000 IN HER FAVOR

MRS. BROWN'S SISTER MARRIED AND SHE WENT BACK TO KENTUCKY WITH HER FOR A VISIT

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END

NORWAY'S PRESENT KING AND KINGS OF THE PAST



STORTING BUILDING

The democratic Norwegians desired a democratic king, and could have made no better choice than that of King Prince Charles of Denmark, now Haakon VII. Compared with Sweden, Denmark is very democratic, as some one phrases it, in Denmark the aristocracy has gone to seed.

The "upper classes" in King Christian's realm (now King Frederick's) are largely wealthy merchants and farmers of the "scientific" class of nobility. The few nobles remaining in Denmark, and the few remaining "noblemen" in the kingdom are not much seen at court.

It would be pleasant to believe that not all royal marriages are marriages of convenience, and it is heard on all sides that Haakon and his queen made a real love match—but this sort of story is very apt to be told even of the most boldly "arranged" affairs.

But on the supposition this really is an exception, let us give credulity to the tale of the courtship of the Danish prince and English princess. They met when the latter one time accompanied her mother on a visit to her Danish relatives. It was at the Amalienborg palace, Copenhagen, the prince and princess made acquaintance, and so the story goes, fell in love at first sight.

Three years the prince's senior, but that was no matter, the course of true love ran smoothly, the couple was married in the royal chapel at Buckingham palace. Whether or not the marriage was a political one, it is rather fortunate for Haakon, ruler of a country with a long coast line to depend on to have such a powerful ally as King Edward.

To be sure, King Haakon has other connections of due importance. You remember his grandfather, the lamented King Christian of Denmark, was called father-in-law of Europe, and Haakon is related to almost all the crowned heads; the czar is his first cousin, the king of Greece his uncle, he is a grandnephew of King Oscar of Sweden, his queen is cousin of the kaiser.

King Haakon is popular in the best sense of the word, not because he makes a bid for popularity, plays to the galleries, but because he is naturally kindly and good-humored. When the news was flashed abroad that he was to occupy the throne of Norway, a Paris paper spoke thus of the newly crowned sovereign: "His wife adores him, but who does not?"

A most interesting and well-remembered story of his development as a former cadet in the Danish navy and a messmate of the prince's recently wrote for Munsey's Magazine a spicy article on this period in the life of the new king of Norway. The writer, Charles Wisley, says: "But the rough and ready course of training through which he had to pass on shipboard, where nobody cared a fig for his rank, and where he had to learn prompt and implicit obedience to discipline, determined his character in after life. Impressionable as the lad was, he would have shrunk to a mere princely puppet if he had been left to develop only in the atmosphere of a king's court."

It is told that the year Haakon was chosen king the birds built their nests twice, and the trees had two crops of apples!

There follow after Haakon the Good Harald Fray Fell; Haakon Jarl; Olaf Tryggvesson; Jarls Eric and Svein (quasi sovereigns); Olaf the Thicket, a true Viking, in later years became Olaf the Saint; Magnus the Good; Olaf the Tranquil; Magnus Barefoot; Sigurd the Crusader; Magnus the Blind; Harald Gylle, and now the "Fairhair" rage among themselves and become extinct. We have the rise of Swerri, who led the wretched Birchlegs in many victories and became king of Norway; founded a new dynasty which was to last as long as Norway kept her independence.

It is not of interest that the new king of newly independent Norway is a Danish prince and of close kin to the royal family of Sweden? May the Danish-Swedish-Norwegian king bind in peace and fraternal feeling the people of Scandinavia.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.

THE DECIDING VOTE

By D. J. LAYTON

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The green presented an unwonted appearance of activity. The bar at the ancient hotel near the state house was rapidly reducing the mortgage on the property.

It was the last day of the legislative session. For four years the state had been unrepresented in the United States senate. The factional quarrel in the Republican party, unimportant at first, had become a national question. The whole country was divided into Allison and anti-Allison adherents.

Allison had begun the present session with a solid array of 25 votes. He crawled slowly up to 28, and there he stopped. Arguments, threats, persuasion availed nothing. Every scheme known to political science had been tried. Dickson and deale had been met with counter deals. The Democrats and the anti-Allison men could not combine and Allison could not land another single supporter. Another deadlock seemed imminent.

Each day for over a week the clerk had announced: "For John Allison, 29; for Randolph Keener, 26; for Henry Thomas, 4. Necessary to elect, 30," and the speaker, a bitter "Anti," had drawn out, with his nasal twang and with an increasing satisfaction as the prospect for an election lessened, "and no one having a majority of the votes of those present and voting, I declare no election."

It was 11 o'clock; the final ballot would be taken at noon. Allison was sitting in the governor's private room, talking with the governor and the secretary of state.

Allison was a tall, heavy man, who dressed well, but quietly. In his lapel he wore a plain Grand Army button. His was a strong, kindly face, though careworn.

"If I thought that crowd were sincere in their principles," said he, "if their methods were cleaner than mine, I would respect them at least, and I would have stepped aside long ago. But it's not reform they're after. They want to lick me. Thomas ran up against me in a financial deal some years ago, and he's been after me ever since."

"Four men oppose our 29. Speaker Henry, owned body and soul by Thomas; Snyder and Hall, two unmitigated rascals; if there were any, and old Wood, the only member who have from the country, and the only honest one they have. Why, he really thinks Thomas never spent a dollar in this fight. I had some hopes that he might be with us, but he's as stubborn as a mule. I had a talk with him last night."

"We're stronger now than we ever were, but it seems that Thomas holds the winning card. He has powerful friends and powerful interests, and some way he has the press of the country back of him. He seems certain to defeat me now, but there's a reckoning!"

The auditor's office was the headquarters of the "Antis." It was unoccupied save for two men. They were talking together in low tones.

One was tall and thin, with a peculiar cast in his eye. His eyes never met you squarely; they were over you, beside you, beyond you, but never at you. He was Snyder, a member of the house and a leader of the Thomas forces. He was nervously chewing the end of a cigar, jerking his sentences out rapidly. "I tell you, Hall," he said to his companion, a dark, heavy man with a cold, indifferent passive countenance, "I tell you, it had to be done. I saw Allison have him in tow yesterday, and you know what that means. I knew something was up. I thought of those mortgages the first thing. Wood's all right, but he's cranky, and he's a shark for money. He's got a couple of mortgages on that place of his, and he'd turn a corner quick as greased lightning to save that precious farm. You bet Allison had something to say about them. I tell you it was sure now, and with Allison safe at home and not musing up things down Washington, we'll see who gets the office."

"Snyder," said Hall, rousing himself; "you've made a mistake approaching Wood about those mortgages. I know Wood, used to court one of his daughters, and he's as straight as a string. He's one man that'll stand without hitching. He'd kick the traces pretty quick if he knew some of the tricks we've been working. He may have changed, though, he went on, musingly; "people do. I did. There was a time when I would have knocked a man down if he had tried to influence my vote, and now these lobbyists come to me the first one. I'm inclined to take your judgment, for you've got a long head and a sharp eye, when there's rascality going on. Let's get up."

The rasping voice of the speaker called the assembly to order. "Some one moved in a perfunctory manner 'that the joint assembly do proceed to ballot for the election of a United States senator.' The hum in the galleries increased. Slowly the roll-call proceeded. Down the list the clerk went, and no change. The end was not to be exciting after all. Here and there a member was keeping tally as the roll-call went on.

"Jeremiah Wood," sang out the clerk. There was an instant's pause, and Wood rose slowly from his seat, his hand half raised, as if in protest. He was an old man, with a flowing white beard stained yellow around the mouth from the constant use of tobacco. From behind his heavy steel spectacles shrewd, kindly eyes looked out. His hands, trembling with age and excitement, showed wrinkled and blue-veined as he stood gripping his desk.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "before I cast my vote I'd like to say a little something, if I have permission," and he peered around over his spectacles. "I'm not taking long, couldn't speak very long if I tried; I wasn't out for a legislaterman."

"My district, as you all know, is pretty much agin Allison. Some of us thought he wasn't runnin' this little political game right, and we fit him pretty strong. Senes I've been

here, I've tried to vote an' act right, an' none of them lobby fellers have got a hold of me yit. I thought my principles was too well known for any one ter try ter bribe me, 'cause I've allus tried to fight agin bribery and corruption. But it seems that a man's principles don't make no difference. What's his price?—that's all. Mr. Allison came to see me yesterday—"

An audible titter ran around the hall, this was Allison methods with a vengeance—"an' he ask me fer my vote. I told him he couldn't have it, his ways of doin' bizness wasn't quite my way. Th't I was 'posed to bribery and corruption anyways. 'If that's all in the ways,' says he, 'you kin vote for me with a clear conscience. Our principles ain't no different.'"

"Well, he arayed long fer quite a spell, an' finally, senes I was still 'posed to him, he says: 'Well, Mr. Wood, I won't argy any further, you seem to be standin' up to your principles, even if you are mistaken in your party,' and he left me."

"No, it wasn't Allison that tried to bribe me," said he, looking around; "I 'sposed you all thought so. I was lookin' out fer that myself. Didn't 'spect no better out'en him, but I did think my own party'd know better 'n to try that on me."

"I don't know as I've done any-thing to be insulted like that, he went on, complainingly. 'I've been 'n Thomas man right long, but seems as if some of our crowd thought as I was old, 'dat I was weak'nin', an' 'dat I'd have to be spliced up. He



HIS HAND HALF RAISED AS IF IN PROTEST.

was a cute feller, too, slicked me all up with my val'ble services, an' that it'd be a pleasure to help me out'en my financial troubles if I'd stand straight thru' to-day. He never fooled me a mite. You kin generally tell a skunk if you git close enough to one. I 'spos he thought me I was considerin' the offer," said the old man with fine scorn, "but I was just a-thinkin' what Allison told me, that our principles wasn't no diff'rent after all, an' I was kinder open't my eyes. I says: 'Would you mind puttin' that in writin'?' and he kinder hesitated at first. 'Gain't you trust me?' says he. 'Yes,' I says, 'I kin, but I'm not goin' to, 'cause promises don't worry some people much after they've got what they want,' an' he wrote it out an' signed his name."

"I've got mortgages on my place," went on the old man. "Put 'em there to send my two boys 'way to school, an' I'm not ashamed of it. They're fine boys, too, an' both of 'em doin' well, an' they'll take care of any mortgages I got."

"Now, I'll likely as not upset somebody's calculations by th' way I vote, an' I hadn't 'tended to vote this way till this mornin'. But I've kinder had my eyes opened, an' I've cum to th' conclusion that if they're any different 'tween our crowd an' Allison's it's just 'bout th' same, an' 'dat bein' so we might jest as well let 'em jorly rule agin. Now, I don't want nobody chargin' me with sellin' out, an' I don't want no newspapers such as you an' I know of, to be a-jumpin' on me, neither. I got most of my information from them papers, an' it seems they lied. I didn't want to come to this legislatur, but two year from now, if I'm alive, I'll want to be a candy-doggin agin, and I'm 'clined to think I'll be lected too."

"Mr. Speaker, my vote is fer John Allison. He may be rotten, but there's others that's wuss."

Amid the pandemonium broken loose, Hall sat with a sarcastic smile on his face.

Good Digestion.

Be careful of what you eat and how you eat. Don't eat too fast. The digestive organs are something like a stove, which if choked up and out of order burns slowly, and if you keep piling in fuel grows more and more choked. The wiser course is to let it burn down and put in fuel only when needed. It is a foolish notion that food always keeps up the strength. Only what we digest helps us; all beyond that is a tax on the system and exhausts the strength instead of increasing it. Use good palatable food, not highly seasoned; vary in quantity and quality. Avoid drinking tea or coffee. Hot soft bread digests slowly, and should not be eaten by anyone who has not a good digestion. Cultivate happy thoughts, be out of doors as much as possible, and I am confident in a very short time you will be one of the admirable "new women."

Blind Inventor.

A blind man named Noack, of Wintenberg, has invented an automatic disconnecter for electric currents which can be made to break the connection according to will at any time from one to fifteen minutes and can be fitted to any apparatus. The cost of the invention is 60 cents. Noack is 47 and has been blind since the day following his birth.

Playing Sharp.

Sandy—Can ye play "Within a Mile of Edinborough Town?"
Andy—How, mon; I've even dared to do it within city limits.—Boston Transcript.



ONE FOUND THAT MISS LEWIS HAD PROBBED HER OF THE CAPTAIN'S LOVE.

CAPT. SAM'L S. BROWN

YOUNG BROWN AND MRS. GRACE M. BROWN

TO GRACE MCGOWAN BROWN

BELLE BARELY TURNED SIXTEEN

idolized. When they grew up nothing was too good for them.

Inception of Romance.

Fifteen years ago William Brown, the millionaire's only son, was sent to Kentucky to superintend the building of a railroad in which his father was interested. There he met a blue grass belle—beautiful Grace McGowan, barely turned 16.

The boy's head was turned. It was plainly love at first sight. There was an ardent courtship, and the youthful sutor won. That day there came to the old man in Pittsburg this dispatch:

Princeton, Ky.
S. S. Brown, Pittsburg, Pa.:
I am going to be married to the dearest girl in the world.

That same day this wire went back to Kentucky:

Pittsburg, Pa.
William Brown, Princeton, Ky.:
Wait. I am coming down that way this week.

For an answer this came back:

Can't wait. WILL.

And this was the reply:

All right. Go ahead. God bless you both. Bring her with you.

But it was not so fated. Will Brown, undisputed heir to the larger share of his father's millions, did not bring his bride home. She brought him home—in a coffin. Almost the next day he fell ill and was dead within a week. The bride-widow, almost ill with her grief, met her fa-

ther-in-law and went straight to his heart.

"You must stay here with us, my dear," said the millionaire, "and be my daughter, too. I know Will would have wished it so."

Old Man's Daughter Dead.

So the girl stayed along with the old man, and year after year made herself better loved by him.

Then came another blow—his only living child, his daughter Nellie, died in Italy.

"I am afraid my poor old heart