

# WHAT IS THE HIDDEN SECRET?

## Mystery of Writing on Yellow Slip of Paper That Ended Contest for \$60,000,000.

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 \$60,000,000 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 Ashman, the clerk, rattling over the calendar of hearings, comes to the case of "Charles d'Inville, as guardian, etc., of Margaret Weightman, a minor, etc., vs. Ann Weightman Walker, executrix and others," and stops at two tables simultaneously come measured voices announcing "Trial!"

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 backs of their gowns touch, three might be on the other side of the world so far as the other two are concerned. The three that quietly at times and the two do likewise, but their glances are never to the side except when the lognette 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.

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 begin 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 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

safton-colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing close to another band, Flion's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it and rounding with their own nearly twenty head which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mess following after Flion the spring before.

Quick to know the wiffling and un-biddable members of a flock, the fine collie is not sparing of bites, and following after a stubborn stray will often throw it and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding range sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Pet's dog Boardolose, that at the Stockton landing, with no assistance, put 300 wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes by running along the beach of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites set them

school, proud of his family, a millionaire himself, hesitates, for he is so very tried, but he answers:—"I am so tired that I can't 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.

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 1884.

William Weightman, Jr., married Sabatina 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 was regarded as having a man's shrewdness.

happily; "pardon me." He seizes a green bag and begins to sort the papers therein hurriedly. He goes over them once or twice and at last finds what he seeks.

It is a single sheet of yellow paper, about five inches wide and six inches long, close ruled across and lengthwise. It is seen that it is written full on both sides and holds a notarial seal. A hasty glance and Mr. Carson passed it over to Simpson. Without glancing at it Mr. Simpson passed it up to Mr. Davis on the stand.

"Is that the paper?" he demands. Davis studies it carefully. "Yes, sir," is his answer, "but I did not know it had been acknowledged before a notary."

"We'll take the paper for a moment," continues Mr. Simpson, smiling, 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 flees 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," declares 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

forward, himself treading the backs of the racing sock like the premier equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see.

Jap Merchants in New York. Osuke Hibi and Hirouchi Shigto, two Japanese merchants, are in New York city looking over the ground with a view to establishing a Japanese department store. Mr. Hibi is the head of the Mitsugoshi store in Tokyo, in comparison with which New York stores are but mushroom enterprises. For the Mitsugoshi was established more than 200 years ago in the city of Tokyo.

British Soldier's Biography. Sir Evelyn Wood, the British field marshal, is about to bring out his fourth book. This is his autobiography—a work which he has not found it hard to prepare, as he has kept a diary for 40 years. He has, moreover, been accustomed to write a daily letter to his mother, and these epistles have provided additional material.

# FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Barman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter. Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-activity and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffles physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—(First Letter) "I am but fifteen years of age, am depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and backache."

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—(Second Letter) "I have had a very bad case of rheumatism 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."

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes BEST IN THE WORLD

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

CLARK'S RIVET



Mrs. Weightman Walker.

Knowledge of Herd Dogs. Strange and interesting instances of Their Intelligence and Memory.

What a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of 200 or 300 sheep and to know them both by sight and smell, says Harper's Magazine.

Deer are reported to be unusually plentiful in the Maine woods this year. Unfortunately, however, a good many of the people who go to hunt in the Maine woods are unable to tell the difference between a deer and a guide at 30 paces.

It is said that the sultan of Turkey's illness was due to a shot fired by one of his jealous wives. The sultan should make his wives take a civil service examination on the subject of jealousy before marrying them.



Ed. T. Davis.

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

Of the many forms which rheumatism takes, the one which is popularly known as sciatic rheumatism probably afflicts more victims more than any other.

Cures Constipation. It is just about impossible to be sick when the bowels are right and not possible to be well when they are wrong.

Lane's Family Medicine. Cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging place for disease.

Spalding's Athletic Library. The Standard of the World. Each book is a masterpiece of the art of the writer.