

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 song.

Probably Martha E. Lewis will concur, but Mrs. Grace McGoodwin 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

menter when he went to New York on matters social.

Martha E. Lewis was the daughter of a boat caulker employed by Mr. Brown. When only a child in short dresses the millionaire had taken to her because she reminded him of his dead daughter when she was a tiny girl. When she grew older he made her his almoner in his many charities, and when she was out of her teens he had her made secretary of the Sunday school which he had endowed.

Gifts were showered upon her just as the were upon Miss Grace Brown. For awhile things went along smoothly enough on the surface, but Mrs. Brown gradually discovered that she was being undermined. Miss Lewis finally got control of the establishment and ran it with an iron hand.

Family Makes Objections.

The other Browns—brothers, cousins and nephews—didn't like this at all. They demanded that Miss Lewis be at least sent to live elsewhere and that Mrs. Grace Brown be brought back from Kentucky, where she had gone, to give tone to the household.

"Not for a minute," retorted the old man. "Grace has chosen to live away

had long been in love. In fact, they loved each other before he was taken ill.

Here were the provisions of the will concerning the young women in the case:

Bequests to Martha Lewis.

Second—"I give and bequeath to the Union Trust company of Pittsburg first mortgage bonds of the Pittsburg Brewing company to the aggregate value of \$20,000, in trust nevertheless, to pay the net interest and income therefrom to my daughter-in-law Grace M. Brown for and during the term of her natural life, if she so long remain a widow and from and after her marriage or death, in further trust to divide or distribute the principal of said trust fund to the 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 its 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 Bacing trophy and the box of silverware which I re-

cently, purchased from Heren 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 \$30,000, 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 to 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 of gold, valued at \$10,000. It was won by Sue Smith.

Received Many Presents.

By the will Miss Lewis got in all \$60,000. This was only a small portion of her benefits. When she was 23—her last birthday—Mr. Brown handed the delighted girl \$20,000 in new bills. Only a few months before he had given her a beautiful big house on Greenfield avenue, worth \$20,000. This is where the bride will live when she returns from her honeymoon. She got \$20,000 worth of diamonds, too, and in all \$125,000 in cash, say Mrs. Brown's friends, before the old man's death.

The Browns have taken the daughter-in-law to their hearts. She is again mistress of the old Brown mansion, there to stay as long as she pleases. W. Harry Brown, the brother, even wealthier than S. S. Brown, who inherits the bulk of the estate, is understood to be against Miss Lewis' claim.

There was a tragic scene when the will was read. Mrs. Elizabeth Willard, sister of the dead man, knew nothing of it. When she heard it gave the young widow but \$30,000 in beer bonds she burst out weeping and ran from the room crying: "Oh, Samuel, how could you have done this thing?"

A strange feature of this strange case is that the millionaire provided better for the young widow after her death than during her life. A niche by his direction has been reserved for her in the rich marble mausoleum out at the cemetery. There she will rest with the others of the family's dead.

And whether an old man's fickleness changed at the last or a designing girl succeeded in a plot to secure wealth at the expense of reputation and standing in society, is the question.

Probably it will be answered in the courts.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

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continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

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PERSONAL PARTICULARS.

George R. Patterson, the Pennsylvanian, who died recently, was the only "traveling man" in congress. Mr. Patterson was proud of the fact that he was a flour salesman, and had put it in his official biography.

After a period of 53 years spent in the service of the Jews' free school, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, England, L. B. Abrahams, the head master, will shortly retire. He is 67 years old. Israel Zangwill was one of his pupils. The Jews' free school is said to be the largest elementary school in the world, having 3,500 pupils.

There is nothing doubtful about the record of the descent from revolutionary stock of Mrs. Annie Knight Gregory of Selingsgrove, Pa. She is the daughter and thirteenth child of Richard Knight, who was a drummer boy 'n the continental army. Mrs. Gregory was the daughter of his third wife and was born when he was 83 years old.

One can hardly imagine that dignified and zealous temperance advocate, Lady Henry Somerset, as a practical joker, and yet it is a fact that she and her cousin, Lady Dudley, once dressed up as a pair of French tourists and in this guise and heavily veiled visited her place at Eastnor castle and went all over it. But apparently she was not sufficiently impressed by the beauties of her own residence, for afterward her housekeeper confided to her that "that duchess de Montmorenci"—the name which Lady Henry had given herself—"was a disagreeable creature."

Her Legal Status.

The Dominine—Are you your mother's little darling?

Baby Ethel—Only half the time. You see the court decided that papa was to have me for six months every year.—The Wasp.

Bum Restaurant.

"Paw, what's that orchestra playing here for?"

"Money, Tommy. They couldn't possibly be playing for the kind of meal they would get here."—Chicago Tribune.

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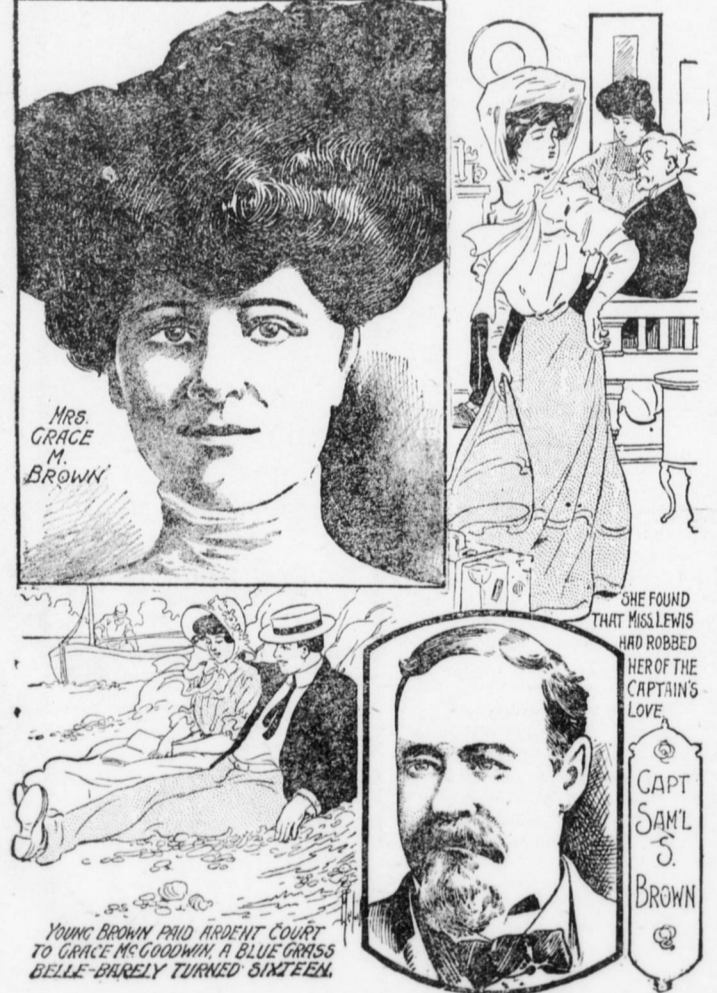
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idolized. When they grew up nothing was too good for them.

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 McGoodwin, barely turned 16.

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

Princeton, Ky.
I am going to be married to the dearest girl in the world. WILL.

That same day this wire went back to Kentucky:

Princeton, Ky.
I am coming down that way this week. S. S. BROWN.

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 home. FATHER.

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 father-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 will break," said the old man, bowed under this added weight of woe.

There was no one to turn to save 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