

GOSSIP FROM LONDON

Widow of Millionaire Confesses Bigamy During Lawsuit.

AUTHOR RUN OUT OF THEATER

Ancient Architecture Fast Disappearing—Queen Alexandra Visits Historic Hardwicke Hall Recently in Her Motor Car.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Rival claims are being made to the million left by the late James Poole Wagstaff, whose widow is now awaiting trial on her confession of bigamy. The latest claimant is John Wagstaff, who claims to be heir-at-law under the will of the dead millionaire, who is described as residing at Manor Park, Putton, Granden Lodge, London Reform Club, and other addresses. Wagstaff died in September, 1903, leaving all he possessed to "my dear wife," Dorothy Josephine Wagstaff. After she had been in undisputed possession of the fortune for nearly three years a suit was entered by the eldest son of a cousin of the dead man, who claimed the estate on the ground that the beneficiary under the will was neither the wife nor the widow of the testator, and therefore could not be the person intended to enjoy the fortune. The revelations in the suit so preyed upon the mind of Mrs. Wagstaff that finally she, a refined looking woman past middle age, dramatically entered Kensington police station and announced that she had committed bigamy by marrying James Poole Wagstaff in 1893 while her lawful husband, Alfred Gibson Sabland, was still alive. Another heir-at-law, Hennesa Shelley Wagstaff, has also filed a claim as being the eldest surviving son of his cousin, the late John Wagstaff, and the fact that the testator had two first cousins both named John promises to be an interesting feature of the fight for a fortune, which is set down for trial the latter part of January. Sympathy is felt for the accused Mrs. Wagstaff, who told the police authorities that the importunities of the relatives of her husband, in their fight for possession of his estate, had driven her to distraction, and that she felt like confessing her error and renouncing her rights under her husband's will rather than longer endure the ordeal she had been subjected to.

duced the first time was the unique experience of Lawrence Houseman, author of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Manager Curzon, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, where the late incident occurred, explains that his secretary complained of a gentleman in one of the boxes who had "laughed derisively" at something in the piece in the first act. Ascertaining that the box in question was occupied by Mr. Houseman, the manager made his way there forthwith. Now Mr. Houseman had disowned the opera because, as he says, of the interpolation of dialogue and lyrics not written or sanctioned by him. It was when an interpolated lyric was reached that Mr. Houseman had laughed loudly and derisively. Manager Curzon told the composer to leave the theatre. Mr. Houseman replied warmly that he intended to sit it out. "I'll give you a minute to get out," hissed the manager, adding some thing most uncomplimentary. Mr. Houseman rose to his feet threatening, when Mr. Curzon, to show he was a earnest, whirled Mr. Houseman around and with a push and a kick propelled him through the door. Taking this as the cue for his exit, Mr. Houseman left the theatre without further ado. The discomfited author avers that David Bishap, the American tenor, made many of the objectionable alterations in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and is mainly to blame for the strange controversy over the opera.

The sky-scraper style of architecture, utterly commonplace in conception and execution as it is, is rapidly replacing much of the beautiful and varied work of bygone architects of taste and talent. In central London the work of pulling down and rebuilding has attained the proportions of a craze, and many interesting links with the past are swept away by the ruthless hands of the architects in steel and iron. One of these modern adaptations of architecture is going on in Lawrence-Poutney Hill, the double gateway to which was an object of great architectural interest. The hill was within the area of the Great Wall, and probably the only relic remaining of the buildings that occupied it before that date it to be found in the cellar of the house with the carved gateway, where are traces are to be seen of the arches or crypt of the famous Manor of the Rose. The gateway was an only example of the taste of the "Pillar and Post" period of English architecture. In later days this style was marked by an extraordinary pseudo-classic revival, when the manufacture of temples became a new industry. Another relic greatly missed in the doorway of Whittington House, on College Hill, which served to preserve the memory of the famous lord mayor of London. The name of the Hill is all that survives of the college he founded there. The Brower trail,

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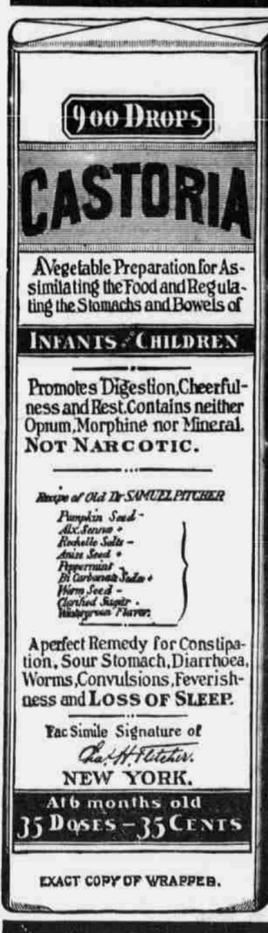
WORKING WOMEN, WHAT THEY SHOULD KNOW



Women for the most part spend their lives at home, and it is these women who are willing and ambitious that their homes shall be kept neat and pretty, their children well dressed and tidy, who do their own cooking, sweeping, dusting and often washing, ironing and sewing for the entire family, who call for our sympathy. Truly the work of such a woman is "never done" and is it any wonder that she breaks down at the end of a few years, the back begins to ache, there is a displacement, inflammation or ulceration of the abdominal organs, a female weakness is brought on, and the struggle of that wife and mother to continue her duties is pitiful. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, is the exact medicine a woman needs whose strength is overtaxed. It keeps the feminine organs in a strong and healthy condition. In preparing for childbirth and recuperating therefrom it is most efficient. It carries a woman safely through the change of life and in making her strong and well assists her to be a good wife and mother. Mrs. Sadie Abbott, of Jeannette, Pa., writes: "I suffered severely with pain every month and also a pain in my left side. My doctor prescribed for me but did me no good; a friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I wrote you in regard to my condition. I followed your advice and am a perfectly well woman. The pains have all disappeared and I cannot recommend your medicine too highly." Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

not far from Cheapside, was another great hall which was swept away by the great fire. It was rebuilt with a fine gateway opening onto Adde street which also has been marked for destruction. Great Ormond street, which once had houses of a dignified domestic character, with fine porticos and ornamental gateways, is rapidly being transformed into a street of hospitals and institutions, and to old residences has lost its identity entirely. Here Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the Earl of Hardwicke, and other figures great in English history lived. There are many more doorways of interest still to be seen in central London, but they will not long survive the destructive advance of the modern builder. Oddly enough, a street which until now has been spared the general fate is given to architects' offices—to the very men who have decreed the degradation of the adjoining district. It is Queen Anne's Gate. The wall lines Gate back to the reign from which the street takes its name. The doorways and porticos in Queen Anne's Gate bear the architectural style of the houses, and recall the time when the street was the home of statesmen like Lord Grey and Lord North and of beauties like Peg Woffington. While King Edward is having great sport in the game preserve of the Duke of Devonshire, his royal consort, Queen Alexandra is making daily motor trips accompanied by the duchess from Barlow to points of interest in the picturesque Peake country. One of these excursions took the Queen to Hardwicke Hall, her host's beautiful Elizabethan mansion, a few miles from Chesterfield. This house was built by the very masterful "Beas of Ha'1 wicke," the famous Countess of Shreshbury, who was also an architect (feminine gender) of herself. Her initials, surmounted by a coronet, are carved high by her own hand on the stonework of every tower of Hardwicke and are even outlined in the flower beds and boxwood borders in the forecourt. Before returning to London it is announced that Queen Alexandra will visit Newstead

Abbey, the old monastery which the Byrons made their home. Here Byron fitted up a corner of the house for himself, and his bedroom remains almost as he left it. The cloisters of the monastery were the poet's favorite spot, and of these he wrote: "Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd. Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint, Strange faces like to men in masquerade. And here perhaps a monster, than a saint." The British peerage has just been graced and enriched by another fair American girl and her millions. The new peeress is Miss Hermoine Schenley, of Pittsburg, a ward of Andrew Carnegie, and her matrimonial prize is Lord Ellenborough, a retired commander in the royal navy, who is all of sixty-five and had long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. Lady Ellenborough is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Schenley, whose husband possessed an enormous fortune in Jittsburgh and presented a splendid park and several buildings to that city. He was a close friend of Mr. Carnegie, and at his death he appointed the steel magnate guardian to his daughters. Mr. Carnegie sent the bride some magnificent jewels, and J. Pierpont Morgan was also among the millionaire donors of wedding presents. Lord Ellenborough has taken his bride for a two-week honeymoon tour. Their ultimate destination is Albania, and as both are keen shots they are looking forward to some good sport. A sister of the new peeress is the wife of Col. Gore, and they live in London. Mrs. Schenley rarely visits America now, preferring to live in her country home in County Hants. It appears probable therefore, that the family will permanently reside in England, though Pittsburg remains the source of their wealth. Are you tired, fagged out, nervous, sleepless, feel mean? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea strengthens your nerves, aids digestion, brings refreshing sleep. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by Frank Hart.



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