

STORY OF A LOST WILL.

DISAPPEARANCE AND RECOVERY OF JACOB BEESON'S WILL.

The Lawyer Who Drew it was the Fiancee of the Heiress—The Son and Natural Heir was a Convict—Where and How the Paper was Found.

At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st day of January, 187-, old Jacob Beeson entered the law office of Henry Platt, in the town of Little Falls and said to the lawyer:

"See here, Henry, we'd better fix up that will this afternoon. You got all ready, and I'll be back in half an hour."

Jacob Beeson was a farmer and worth about \$70,000, while I was studying law with Mr. Platt. Twice during the last six months he had dropped in to talk about a will, and his visits were of peculiar interest to me. The old man was a widower, and Mary Thompson, his niece, had lived with him for several years and was likely to be handsomely remembered in the will. I was 20 years old and Mary was a year younger, and we were engaged, though the old man knew nothing about it. One of his sisters was his housekeeper, and his only child had grown to manhood and left home long ago. Bill Beeson, as this son was familiarly called, had made the father no end of trouble and was even then serving out a sentence in State prison. A draft of a will was ready against the old man's return, and as he removed his overcoat, comforter, and yarn mittens he said:

Bill has been a drollish bad boy, as you know, Henry, but I can't forget that he is my own flesh and blood. Nobody would blame me if I cut him off with a shillin', but I've made up my mind to leave him 'nuff to start on when he comes out of prison. I want it fixed about this way: Say \$30,000 to my niece Mary; \$20,000 to my sister Polly; \$10,000 to Bill; \$5,000 to build a Baptist meeting house, and the rest, if that should be any, to fix up the town graveyard and building a free bridge across Cedar Creek. I calculate I'm worth between \$70,000 and \$75,000, but we can tell how much of a shrinkage that may be."

The will was drawn as he dictated, and I went out and got witnesses to sign it. Mr. Platt had been the old man's lawyer for years and had kept all his papers in the office safe. This will, when duly signed, was placed in a strong box by my own hands, and I felt like shouting when I realized how generously May had been remembered. When all was over the old man, the lawyer, and the witnesses went out to have a drink together, while I remained to care for the office. They had not been gone two minutes when I got a call from a tramp. He had an unusually pathetic story to tell, and as I had no change I stepped out to get a bill broken. He was not left alone over three or four minutes, and I knew that the money drawer of the safe was locked. He went away blessing me, and the incident soon passed out of mind.

On the 18th day of March, almost two months later, Jacob Beeson was killed by his team running away as he was driving into town. Within an hour of the calamity his son, Bill, arrived home, having served his time. The funeral was to be held on the 21st, and the will was to be read after the ceremonies. Mr. Platt asked me to go out with him, and it was noon of the 21st before he went to the safe for the will. We had half a dozen wills in a certain pigeon hole, and Jacob Beeson's had been placed on top of the pile. We were not at all upset when we failed to find it there, but fifteen minutes later, when every piece of paper had been overhauled and the will was still missing, we were in despair. Burglars had never touched the safe, nor was any other paper missing. The lawyer remembered seeing me deposit the will, and when I ran out and brought in the witnesses they also remembered the fact. Mr. Beeson had not been in the office since, and there had been no occasion to look at the will. We hunted high and low, but it could not be found. We couldn't believe that it had been abstracted from the safe, for no opportunity had offered, and no one outside the four of us knew that a will had been made. Beeson had not said a word to his sister or niece, and Mr. Platt, who knew of my love affair with the latter, had cautioned me to drop no hint. We concluded that the paper had somehow been mislaid, and this was the explanation made after the funeral.

Bill Beeson had come home to tell his father that he had reformed and was resolved to be a better man. The father might have believed in him, but no one else would. He was regarded by the public as a thorough-paced scoundrel, and no one was deceived by his hypocritical demeanor at the funeral. He was no doubt secretly glad at the death of his father. He was probably hoping that no will had been made, for a look of surprise and disappointment was noticed when the announcement was made. Later on he wanted to know how the property had been left, but, of course, we gave him no satisfaction. We returned straight to the office and began a search which lasted the night through. Everything was investigated and inspected, but when daylight came the will had not been found. We were certain then that it had been abstracted from the safe. But by whom, and at what time? Bill Beeson was in prison at the time, and could not have known of the making of the will.

We sat down to recall the past day by day, and neither of us could remember of any stranger visiting the office since the will was made. Three men were positive of seeing me take the paper from the lawyer's hands and step over to the safe with it. I was positive that I placed it on top of the other wills in a pigeonhole. It had disappeared. Figure and theorize as we might, and as we did, we could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I was sent to the prison where Bill Beeson was serving his sentence, but no letter from his father had been received for a year previous to his discharge. Therefore he could not have known of the will. Had he suspected its existence and conspired with some convict about to be discharged to steal it? Only three men left the prison during the two months, and none of those had come in contact with Beeson.

Bill Beeson waited a month for us to find that will, and he then naturally concluded that it could not be found. Then he ordered his aunt and cousin off the place, and took the necessary legal steps to be placed in possession. There was no getting around the fact that he was the legal heir,

and after a time the law declared him such. He was told of the provisions of the will, of course, but he refused to make any sort of division, and settled down to the enjoyment of the entire estate. The lawyer realized that his reputation had suffered, and, aside from feeling cut up that Mary had been done out of her fortune, I felt in a sense responsible for the disappearance of that valuable document. I spent hours and hours in trying to figure out the mystery, and one night as I sat thinking over it I got the first glimpse of light. For the first time I remembered the visit at a tramp. He had been left alone in the office for three or four minutes.

The idea that he would go to the safe and select that one paper from all others was far fetched, but in spite of Mr. Platt's arguments to the contrary I felt certain that he did it. He would go to the safe in search of money. Not finding any he would snatch at a paper, hoping it would be valuable enough to bring a reward. Standing by itself the theory was all right, but when I asked myself why, it was the will, he hadn't communicated with us, I could make no answer. If he got it, he would be just as likely to negotiate with Bill Beeson, as with us, even more so. I began an inquiry, however, and soon discovered several people who remembered my caller. He had been hanging around town for a couple of days before I saw him, and after a bit I settled the fact that he left the day after. No one knew which way he went, and my investigation had to cease there.

July has come, and Bill Beeson was in full swing, and we had given up the will as lost for ever when I happened in the Mayor's office one day. He was looking through his mail, and as he opened a cheap and badly soiled envelope containing a half sheet of note paper written over in pencil, he laughingly observed that he had a large correspondence with tramps. He glanced at the letter, uttered a "humph!" and was about to throw it away when I reached for it and remarked that I would take the trouble to answer it in his name. It had been written with a hard pencil, and the chirography was scrawly and the spelling a regular puzzle. I took it to the office and went over it word by word, and when I had finished I started Mr. Platt by uttering a cheer. The Mayor's name was William Benson. The letter was directed to Wm. Beeson. The superscription was so poor, however, that no blame could be attached to the distributing clerk. When translated into decent English, it read: "Was Jacob Beeson your father? Did he make a will? Is the will worth anything to you? How much?" The writer was in the St. Claire county jail and anxious for a trade.

Now we had a clue for sure, and that night I started for the county seat of the county mentioned, which was 100 miles away. The date of the letter was ten days' old, and it had probably been given to some prisoner to post when discharged. I made sure of getting possession of the will, but was doomed to disappointment. The letter had been signed "J. White." A prisoner of that name, and no doubt the writer of the epistle, had died the day before of consumption, and the body was in the coffin and ready for burial when I arrived. I could not identify it as the face of my tramp, but believing that it was he I exhibited the letter and asked for a search of his effects. He had been sent up about the middle of May on a three month's sentence, and arrived at the jail without a coat. The search was brief and fruitless. It was about a month after this episode when I set out on what the lawyer called a wild goose chase. It was a conversation with Mary Thompson which caused me to make the trip.

"This J. White probably took the will from the safe," she said, as we talked it over. "Where he kept himself from Jan. 21 to the middle of May we do not know, but ought to find out. He probably put in the time between here and St. Claire county. You should learn the circumstances of his arrest. If he had the will, he carried it in his coat. How did it happen he had no coat when arrested? You must take a horse and buggy and drive over the highway and try to locate him." I drove to the west for two days without hearing anything of J. White. Plenty of tramps had passed over the great highway during the winter, but if he was among them he could not be identified. On the morning of the third day I crossed the line into St. Claire county. About 11 o'clock in the morning, as I came to a crossroads, a farmer hailed me and told me to drive into his yard for safety. He was the owner of a bad tempered bull which had escaped from the field into the highway and was menacing all travellers on the road to the west. Half a dozen men were then trying to drive the animal back into the field.

"I expect I'll have to shoot the critter or see him kill some one," observed the farmer as we sat on the fence and watched the movements of the furious animal.

"He'd keep the road clear of tramps if allowed his liberty," I replied.

"Sartin he would. Ha! ha! ha! I was thinkin' of suthin that happened last spring. A mile to the north over them fields that's a cross road. Heaps of tramps cut across right here, and you'll find a regular path along the edge of that clover field. I was in the orchard over that, and the bull was in the clover lot and racing around, when I suddenly heard a great yelling. A tramp was makin' the short cut, and the bull was after him. That chap was a surprise. He looked seedy and broke up, but the way he did let himself out was a caution. Fur about forty rods he went like greased lightning. D'y'e see that lone cherry tree that?"

"I do."

"See a scarecrow on a lower branch?"

"Yes, I see an old coat swinging there."

"Waal, the teller made fur that tree as he run, but the bull was so clus after him that he didn't stop to climb. He peeled off his coat and flung it down, and that's what saved him. The bull stopped to toss it, and the tramp reached the road. Jim Wheedon, our constable, happened along, and him and the tramp had some words, and Jim run him in."

"Do you know if the tramp was sent up?"

"I never thought to ask."

"But the coat was never called for?"

"No it lay on the ground till two weeks ago, and then I hung it up for a scarecrow."

"Did you examine it?"

"No, sir-e-e! I ain't handling coats tramps have lived in for two or three years."

I told him I'd like to go down and have a look at it, and he laughingly replied that he had no objections. It was old and ragged and ready to fall to pieces, and I found nothing whatever in the pockets. I

had got it on a stick ready to hang it up again. When I decided on a more thorough investigation. Stretched between the lining and the cloth in the back of his coat I found Jacob Beeson's will, much the worse for long exposure, but still in fair condition. If my surprise was great, that of the farmer when he came to hear the whole story was far greater. All he could say was:

"Waal, by gosh! Just think of a scarecrow worth \$60,000!"

Bill Beeson had to step down and out, and Mary Thompson got her \$30,000, I got Mary, and according to the best of my knowledge and belief everything turned out for the best, and everybody ought to have been happy.—N. Y. Sun.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE SECRETARY OF ST. MARY'S.

She Explains Why the Sisters and Their Pupils are so Healthy—Due to Strict Rules of Hygiene and the Medicine used in the Home—Information of Value to Everybody.

(From the Terre Haute, Ind., Express.)

Four miles to the northwest of Terre Haute, lies the beautiful and picturesque village of St. Mary's. This is a Roman Catholic institution, which has attained something more than national celebrity. Fifty years ago it was established by six sisters of Providence, who came from the shores of France to lay the foundation for this great charitable order. It now consists of the home of the Sisters of Providence, known as the Providence house; a large female seminary, one of the finest churches in the United States, and a rectory in which the priests make their home.

A reporter of the Express while being shown through the establishment recently asked Sister Mary Ambrose if there was any apparent reason for the good health with which the sisters and their pupils are blessed.

The answer was that particular attention is paid by the sisters in charge to the health and happiness of the students. "Bodily ailment," she said, "cannot help but have its effect on the mind. In order to keep the mind bright and active and perfectly clear at all times, the student's condition must be as nearly perfect as possible. Some time ago there was more or less ailment noticeable among the students, which was probably due to atmospheric causes, though of course I do not know just what its origin really was. Shortly after this became noticeable a friend highly recommended a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and so urged upon me to give them a trial that I ordered some of them and they have been used in the institution ever since. A few days ago the manufacturers wrote me for an opinion of Pink Pills and my reply was as follows:

"RESPECTED SIRS—In answer to your kind request for our opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we are pleased to say that these pills were so highly recommended to us that we were induced to try them, and we think our repeated orders for them are sufficient evidence that we find them all they are represented, a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic.

Yours very respectfully,

SISTER M. AMBROSE.

Secretary for Sisters of Providence.

Medical scientists concede that weak blood and shattered nerves are the fruitful cause of nearly every disease to which human flesh is heir, and if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is, as Sister Ambrose says they have found it, "a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic," the source of good health at St. Mary's is easily traced.

Sister Ambrose says they are never without Pink Pills, and that now they order a gross at a time.

This is certainly a very high recommendation for the medicine, for there is probably no class of people that gives more attention to the physical health and welfare of its members than the Sisters of Providence, and they would not use anything in which they did not have unbounded faith.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are truly one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. They are the beginning of a more healthful era. Every day brings reports of remarkable cures that have resulted from the use of this wonderful medicine. In many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) of the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

His Cherished Cockade.

A memorable instance of presence of mind was the adventure of a certain Desaugiers at the time of a popular uprising in Paris, when the people took possession of the Tuileries. The hero of the incident sagely acted upon the theory that a poor excuse is better than none, and sometimes better than a better one would be.

He was an inquisitive person, and regardless of danger he hastened to the Tuileries at midnight to see what was going on. At the gate he was stopped by two revolutionaries of ominous appearance.

"Why do you not wear a cockade, citizen? Where is your cockade?" they asked.

A mob gathered about him and demand-

ed fiercely, "Citizen, where is your cockade?"

Desaugiers took off his hat, turned it round and round, looked at it on all sides, and then said, in a tone of mild surprise: "Citizens, it is strange, very strange! I must have left it on my nightcap."

THINGS OF VALUE.

The last census shows that there are no fewer than 3,000,000 men over thirty years of age in America who have never been married.

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS

I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

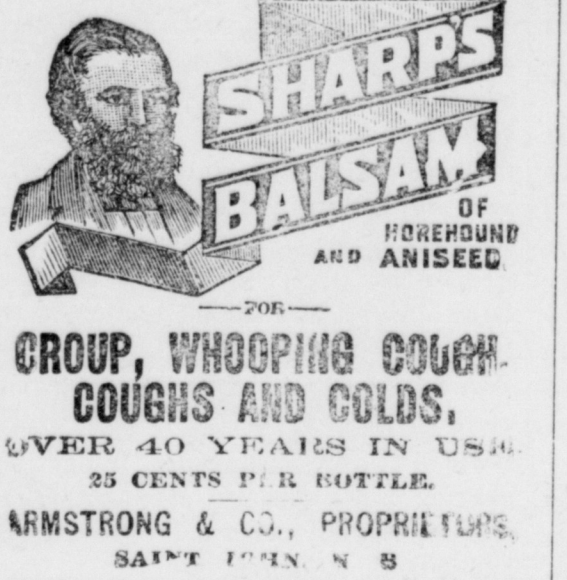
I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

It is claimed there is a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast in England, to every thirty-four miles in Ireland, and to every thirty-nine miles in Scotland.

Hale and hearty. The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Putnam's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

Louden letter carriers find a good many empty purses in letter boxes. Pickpockets think it safer to drop them there than on the pavements.



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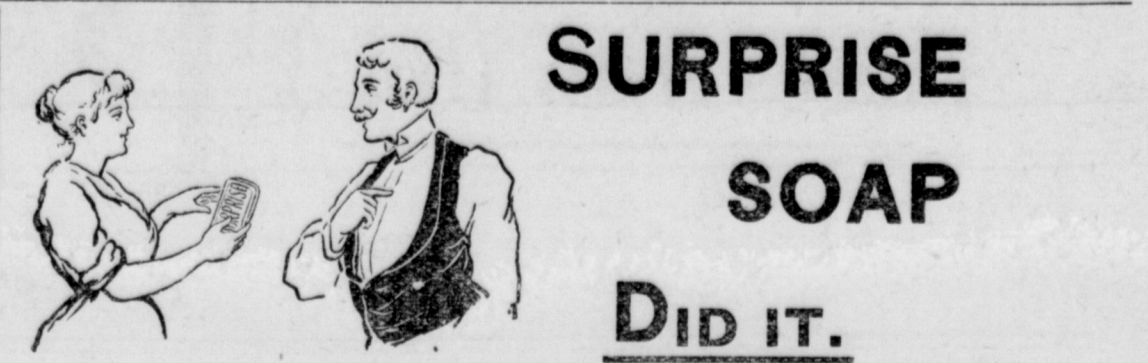
THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Botsford, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in said Decree of Court mentioned and described as

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called).

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 6 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further reference to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgiana Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of Messrs. Short and Estey, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1893.

J. TWINING HARTY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.
CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity.



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Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....	293,831 17	GEO. H. BURBICK, Secretary.	
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,815,903 88	CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.	
NET SURPLUS.....	1,617,079 68	CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.	
TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$5,624,814 73	GERALD E. HART, General Manager.	
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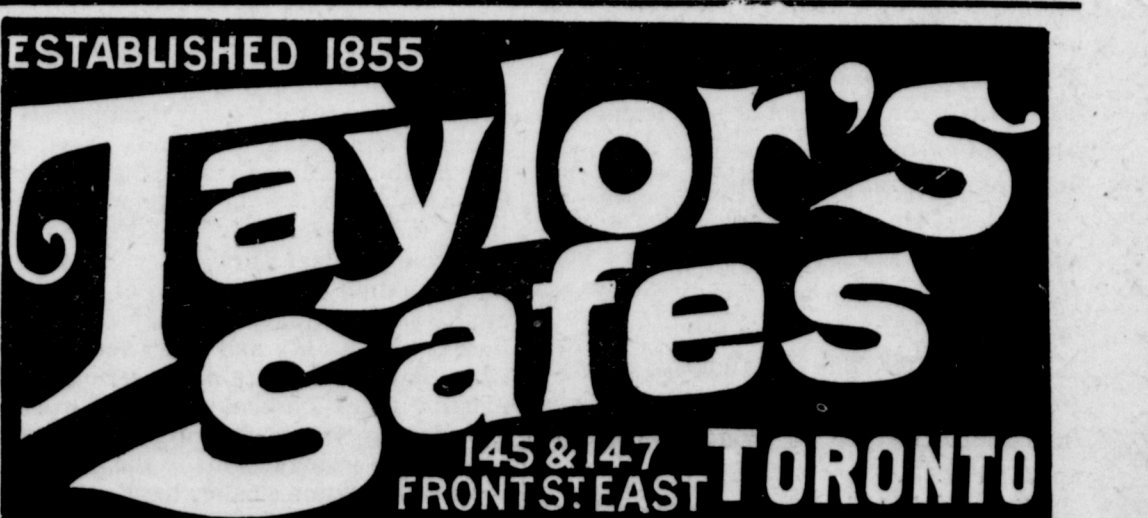
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