

# Reconciled by a Voice from the Grave

## Eloping Banker, Chased from Tropics to Arctic, Forgiven by His Forsaken Wife.

H. Herbert Piggott, the Eloping Banker and Lawyer, just forgiven by his wife

Mrs. H. Herbert Piggott, the Forgiving Wife.

Mrs. Frank Fox, nee Byram, with Whom Piggott Eloped.

"O please tell papa to come. If I could see him before I go! At least you must notify him when it is over." From the lips on which death's cold finger had already been pressed for the little girl had been given up by the physician, and her mother and sisters were gathered for a last adieu—the words came in a plaintive whisper, broken by gasps.

Unaware that his child was dying in her Denver home, Henry H. Piggott was absent in Boston. There seemed no reason why the screaming mother should send word to the man who had so cruelly blighted her life.

But in this grim emergency, in the throes of that sorrow which obliterated all other pain, all reason, all sense of injustice fled. Mrs. Piggott heeded only the satisfaction that that darling soul desired. Perhaps, too, despite her wrong, she still retained a spark of love for the man who had left her—a spark which needed only his repentance to fan again the flame.

A telegram, flashed across the country, informed Piggott of his daughter's critical condition and her dying wish. Necessarily, the few words could not tell all, but the father's instant supplies of the rest.

The first thing he did was to wire money—for he knew his family were not well supplied—and then he rushed to Denver.

"If papa only comes," faltered the dying girl, about the same minute that the train left Boston. Then, with a last faint rally—"If he doesn't get here—in time—do hope he will come—"

All was over but the funeral when Piggott arrived.

Long and silently the father looked down into the face upturned to him from the little white coffin, but he said nothing to his former wife then.

Tears that sprang from both parents' eyes over the open grave of their offspring brought about the reunion. Afterwards Piggott returned home with the family, and before he left again for Boston a complete understanding had been reached.

The former Charlotte Whiskey-Byram, the "poison of passion," was not consulted. Since leaving Piggott she had become the wife of Frank Fox, a resident of British Columbia.

Similar in some respects to the story of William "Rilla" Corby, the Pittsburg steel magnate, who was accused of allowing the charms of another woman to lure him from his wife, is the one of Henry Piggott.

At one time he was secretary of one of the biggest trusts companies in America, the Fidelity Insurance Trust and Safety Deposit company of Philadelphia.

At Beverly, N.J., in a pretty home, apparently as happy as the traditional doves, lived the banker and his family, consisting of his attractive, cultured, sweet-natured wife and four children—three daughters and a son.

From a clerkship at \$200 a year he had advanced in the banking institution to a position of responsibility which paid him \$5,000, then he was elected secretary.

In time the passion for money making ran riot in Piggott's blood. He studied law in order that he might

There is more Cataract in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a remedy, many doctors recommended a local disease and resorbency local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it to be a constitutional disease and therefore require constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only remedy that cures the disease. It is taken internally in the form of drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and removes the cause of the disease. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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bring a legal knowledge to help him attain his ambition more rapidly.

For sixteen years he served the corporation well; then he resigned.

No breath of suspicion, no hint of the unconventional love affair between Piggott and his wife's niece had reached the public at that time. So far as even his most intimate associates knew, his domestic life was ideal.

Turning to newspaper, Piggott largely increased his fortune through Mexican and Colorado mining ventures, and real estate speculations in the west. He made a million, it is said, and then started to make another.

Charlotte Byram was scarcely more than a school-girl when her charms first captivated the husband of her aunt, who was old enough to be her father. Tall, sober-eyed, earnest, she possessed physical as well as mental attractions.

Since childhood she had been of a poetic bent. Her father, J. Emory Byram, select councilman in Philadelphia, able to educate her well, was proud of his daughter's talents.

Not only was Miss Byram well versed in literature, but she was a fine pianist and an expert photographer, as well. Some of her poems she sold to the higher class magazines.

The fact that Piggott was her uncle by marriage made it easy for her to see him almost every day. The "dear little girl"—so Mrs. Piggott used to call her—was always a welcome visitor at the banker's home.

Now, Miss Byram had had a previous lover affair. Indeed, she was married when quite young. This first husband, Walter R. Garred, may be dismissed with the brief statement made by his wife after she left him: "My marriage was unhappy! Don't think shall ever marry again."

Late in January, 1901, Piggott left Philadelphia, ostensibly to visit his mines in Mexico. As a matter of fact he went to Boston, and from there telegraphed to Charlotte Byram, who was visiting at a ranch near Livermore, Cal.

"Dearest, enter—leave at once." Then he wired to the Windsor hotel, at Denver, to reserve and to prevent Miss Byram with a \$5 bouquet of roses upon her arrival. Another telegram sent to Denver, on February 2nd, ordered: "Meet tall blonde lady, with suit case, 8:30 train."

Next day Miss Byram left Livermore, went to Denver, and registered at the Windsor. Piggott met her. A marriage license was secured, and the Rev. George W. Vestburg performed the ceremony in the hotel parlor. That night Piggott distributed tips and presents with a lavish hand.

Anxious to have her friends know of her happiness, Mrs. Piggott No. 2

had the announcement of the marriage printed in the Denver papers and telegraphed east. She appeared to be satisfied that a divorce had been granted to Piggott in Boston; so did the clergyman. Later, when her companion was openly charged with bigamy, the girl believed him against all the world.

After recovering from the shock caused by the announcement of her husband's second marriage, Mrs. Piggott hastened west from New Jersey and caused the arrest of the couple, whom she found on the stock farm near Livermore, charging Piggott with bigamy.

He was convicted, sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and undergo imprisonment not exceeding two years. He did not have ready money, but Miss Byram pawned her jewels to pay his fine. The jail sentence was suspended.

Not satisfied with the sentence, which she thought inadequate, the detective with sworn out another warrant charging Piggott with perjury in representing himself to be unmarried when he obtained the license to wed Miss Byram. When Denver officers went to serve this warrant they found that Piggott and his companion had fled.

Upon leaving Denver Piggott and his companion hastened south to Mexico, traveling in the poorest manner possible, to avoid discovery. Detectives employed by the first wife followed.

Once the officers were so close upon the fleeing pair—or, at least, Piggott believed them to be—that Miss Byram put on men's clothing, and they rode for many weary miles on an open flat car.

Upon coming to a city they occupied little five-trap rooms in cheap boarding houses and hotels, often climbing down fire-escapes, to avoid any one who might be watching.

Never once did they venture into a place of amusement, so fearful were they of detection. When funds became low and it was impossible to convert bonds into money, Miss Byram parted with all her remaining jewels, retaining nothing but the clothing on her back.

The fear of the hunted was upon them. They were comparatively safe in Mexico, but the dread of justice drove them on. If they could only reach British Columbia they would be secure, it told them. So they hurried away.

Under such the same circumstances as they had fled south, they went north again. At Spokane, Wash., their presence was discovered by a former acquaintance, who notified Detective Robert Schultz, of Denver. Schultz had been commissioned to run the fleeing couple to earth.

But Mrs. Piggott's friends were not alone in their vigilance. Piggott's friends were faithful to him, too. The moment Schultz left Denver for Spokane he was aware of it.

Then Piggott and Miss Byram headed west for British Columbia. Thinking that, hampered by a woman, Piggott could not get away, the detective left sure of his quarry now, then from Spokane remembered Piggott and Miss Byram; Schultz followed the clue to Roseland, far across the Canadian line, where he learned that a man and woman had started for a mining camp away in the north. On, on, he hastened after them.

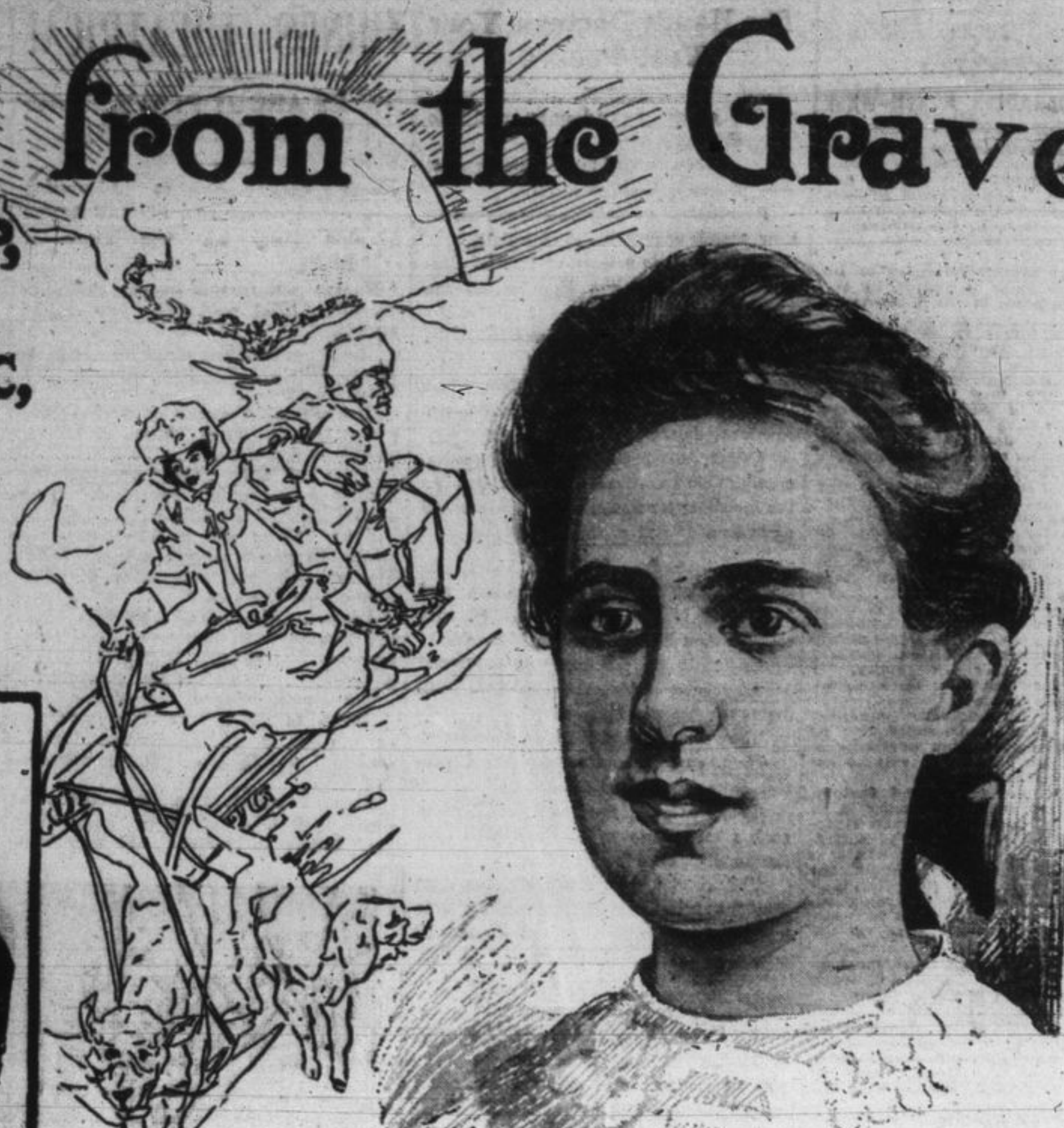
Tropical fruits and foliage had surrounded Piggott and his companion in Mexico. Here the snow was feet deep upon the ground. Travel was only possible by dog sled. Schultz and his party occupied three such vehicles with two half breeds as guides. Through a raging blizzard that obliterated all trails and piled the snowbanks high, dashed the pursuers and pursued.

Shutting his eyes, the detective sat buried in the snow, fearing that he would be lost in the storm. When he could no longer see, he resigned to death, a mining camp was reached.

Piggott and his companion had been there the day before; they had a good twenty-four hours' start. Miss Byram had suffered severely from the cold, the miners told him, but she had made no complaint.

Next day the trail was taken up anew. Here and there the party could see where Piggott's sled, with its double load, had broken through the crust.

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### A NEAT SOVEREIGN.

Where King Keeps Variety of Clothes.

London Tit-Bits.

Wherever he goes and whatever he does, his majesty, King Edward is followed by the eyes of all his people, who like to know everything he does, everything he says, everything he eats, and who would like, no doubt, to be able to include everything he thinks. But although they carefully read the accounts of his various public appearances in England or in other countries, and admire his photograph in various costumes, from the Highland kilt to that of an honorary officer in the regiment of some continental country, it hardly ever occurs to anyone to wonder where and how the enormous quantity of clothes is kept which must necessarily be ready to hand for whatever purpose may be demanded by unforeseen circumstances.

If his majesty pays a visit, for instance, to France, he may not know of all the functions that he will be called upon to grace with his presence, yet when the occasion arises he is there in the particular dress which is required, whether it is that of a general or of a naval officer when he visits the fleet. Literally there are some hundreds of different uniforms, in quantity of wearing apparel, which the king may have occasion to don at some time or another, and in order to make certain that none in England or in other countries at a moment's notice, the most careful organization and arrangement is necessary.

The headquarters of the royal wardrobe are at Buckingham Palace, where a large room is devoted entirely to the storage of articles of wearing apparel, which are carefully tended and cared for by a special staff of valets. Each side of the room is devoted to a different country, the sections being in turn subdivided into shelves and drawers, each devoted to some special regiment, etc., in which his majesty holds rank. Almost every country in the world has its own special section, which is so arranged that if the king is about to visit that country the head valet can instantly lay his fingers on the particular uniforms that are likely to be required. Thus, in the section devoted to Germany, there will be a special division, in the shape of a drawer or shelf, devoted to every regiment whose uniform his majesty has a right to wear.

In addition to these official sections there are others where items of everyday dress are stored under different headings. There is a section for each of the four seasons, the clothes varying in texture and thickness, according to the weather associated with the period of the year. The section for each season, again, is divided into spaces for overcoats, frock coats, lounge suits, morning coats and so on, and each garment bears a distinctive mark which enables the valets to replace it in correct section.

As head of the kingdom his majesty has, of course, to be the best-dressed man in it, and consequently the sections where his ordinary wearing apparel is stored have to be constantly stocked for among such a mass of different suits some are worn but once or twice before they get out of fashion. There is, therefore, plenty of work to be done to keep the clothes in order, for every garment in the wardrobe is brushed and pressed regularly once a week in order that it may be ready for use at a moment's notice, the same care being shown towards those uniforms which are but seldom used as towards the things that are more likely to be needed.

Many of the uniforms in the royal wardrobe are occasionally renewed before they have been worn at all, for, of course, his majesty must be strictly up-to-date, and if some foreign regiment makes a change in its uniform, however slight, it means that a new set of garments embodying that change must be prepared for the king. His majesty, however, has none of the

### MILLIONAIRE SOCIALIST.

Sequel to Yankee's Marriage With Girl Cigar-maker.

Phelps Stokes, the young millionaire, whose marriage with Miss Rose Pastor, a former cigar-maker, created widespread interest last year, has caused a sensation by announcing himself a convert to socialism.

He wrote recently to the secretary of the Independent League, with which he has hitherto associated himself, announcing that he had decided to sever his connection with that organization because its objects were not sufficiently radical, and stating that he intended offering his services to the socialist party.

In the letter he denounces the present capitalist system, the unjust treatment of men and women workers, and the monopolization of land and the whole machinery of production for the purpose of private gain and the maintenance of the idle and luxurious.

Socialism, he asserts, is the only remedy for existing evils.

Although he is a millionaire several times over, and has large business interests, Mr. Stokes, since his marriage, has lived in one of the slums of New York, working among the poor, conducting extensive charities, and devoting his entire wealth to the benefit of the masses. In this he has the enthusiastic support of his wife, who is entirely self-educated, and was before her marriage a well-known writer on topics connected with the betterment of the poor.

### A Judge's Joke.

London Tribune.

"The Christian name is Handel," explained a witness at West Ham, "but she didn't like it, and took up Annie instead." "Most people," observed the magistrate, "prefer handle to their names." Which, considered judiciously, would appear a brilliant

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