



October 13, 1893

The guests were whispering.

The air in the parlor of Wilton Manor was heavy with the scent of the wedding flowers adorning each row of seats. The quartet continued to play music softly. But all eyes were on young Rose Wilton, the long train of her wedding gown flowing down the steps, her back to the guests as she stood at the altar, alone, silently looking at the floor, face covered by her veil.

Something was wrong.

The Danford-Wilton Wedding

It was to be the most elaborate wedding the dusty little town of Centerville had ever seen. No expense had been spared. The guest list included the upper crust of west coast society.

Railroad royalty. Industrialists. Politicians. Some has traveled all the way from San Francisco, Stockton, Sacramento.

Rose Ellen Wilton would be wed to Edward Clarence Danford, Jr. at the sprawling Wilton Manor on the afternoon of October 13th. The wealthy young socialite and her charming groom were the envy of Northern California high society. They had it all, and together, they would have even more.

Wedding Day



Rose was silent. Her four bridesmaids had attempted to guide her from the altar, as it was clear that Edward was not going to show. Rose refused to move. She continued to wait.

As the minutes became an hour, the first few guests quietly stood and left the room. Soon, the bridesmaids instructed the quartet to pack up their instruments. Guests filed out in silence as the fall sky turned a deep orange in the setting sun. One by one, the candles became pools of wax, dripping like tears from their ornate stands.

Rose stood motionless, bouquet in her hands, her veiled face looking down. She continued to wait.

The Mystery of Edward Danford, Jr.



Edward Danford, Jr. was never heard from again. Some say that on the morning of the wedding, he had a fateful encounter over a large gambling debt with a group of men at his hotel in Niles Canyon. Others say the dashing young millionaire fell for another woman, and they left for a new life on the east coast, or possibly Europe. These rumors were never confirmed.

But what is known is that on the night of October 13, 1893, a young bride, her sorrow now turning to rage, stood alone at an altar. Waiting. Petals from her bouquet fell to the floor. The ticking of the large clock marked the passing hours. A fall breeze extinguished the last of the candles. The clock struck midnight.

You are Cordially Invited...



Over the years, life moved on in Centerville. The Wilton Manor's once beautiful gardens became entangled in tall weeds, the dry fountains cracking in the sun of many summers. The tall gates were locked with heavy chains. The huge house became weathered. And in the parlor, the chairs, still in neat rows, are now covered with dust, decorated with brittle, long-decayed bouquets.

There have been many tales of passersby seeing a young bride, glaring through the windows, searching for her missing groom in the night. Just a ghost story? Perhaps.

But the doors have been unlocked. And now you will explore the estate yourself to discover if these ghost stories are true.

