DONE TO DEATH.

(Continued from First Page.)

night dress, with white and black stockings upon the lower limbs. It was wrapped in an old quilt, identified as the one in which the girl's body was encased when brought by Dr. McGonigal to Undertaker Merritt's shop.

The discoloration of the face was in every respect that familiar to medical men as resulting from septicæmia, or blood-poisoning, resulting from the criminal operation which ended in her death.

At 4 o'clock Coroner Messemer and Deputy Coroner Jenkins arrived, and with Dr. Conway began the autopsy. They telephoned at once to Police Headquarters to have Dr. McGonigal, Sadie Traphagen and Mrs. Shaw sent over to identify the body.

Dr. Henry G. McGonigal, and his repulsive, disease-scarred accomplice and helper, Mrs. Fannie Shaw, who are accused of killing poor Annie Goodwin, the cigarette girl, in the latter's rooms, by performing a criminal operation on her, are still behind stout iron bars in the prison attached to the Harlem Court.

There is no likelihood of their getting out, either, for Justice Power will accept no bail for the accused physician, and there is no probability that any one will offer to give a bond for the loathsome creature who assisted him.

"Gus" Harrison, the cause of all pretty Annie Goodwin's trouble, is out on $2,500 bail, and is sauntering about the streets of Harlem as though he rather enjoyed the notoriety he has attained.

Cornelius Merritt, the undertaker who saw nothing suspicious in receiving the body of a dead girl wrapped in a blanket and thrown under the seat of Dr. McGonegal's gig, at 2 o'clock in the morning, was arraigned before Justice Power in the Harlem Court this morning.

DR. M'GONIGAL.

He is a medium-sized man, about forty-five years old, with black mustache and side whiskers, slightly tinged with gray.

He apparently keenly realized the position his cupidity has placed him in, and he is willing to do almost anything to make amends.

MERRITT'S GRIEF COMES TOO LATE.

"I would not have had it happen for $1,000," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning, his face flushing with mortification. "What I did was done in a purely business way, and I now see the terrible mistake I have made.

"Dr. McGonigal called on me Saturday afternoon, July 12, and asked me how much I would charge to bury a poor woman. I told him $25, and he then left, saying he would send the body to me.

"I slept in the shop that night, and was awakened by the bell about 1.30 in the morning.

"I opened the door, and was surprised to see the doctor with a colored man close behind him.

"Neither said a word, but silently

SADIE TRAPHAGEN.

slipped inside the door. The colored man carried a bundle which I subsequently found contained the body.

"I naturally objected to such an unusual proceeding, but the doctor said it was 'all right,' and handed me a death certificate, which appeared to be all regular.

THE SACRILEGIOUS BURIAL.

"The body was placed in a 'moving coffin' without disturbing the blanket which it was wrapped in. I asked the doctor if any one would call and see the body, and he answered in the negative. He handed me $25 and he drove off, and Sunday afternoon I buried the body in St. Michael's Cemetery, where I paid $12 for a grave.

Here is the receipt I got:

ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY, NEWTOWN, L. I.,
ASTORIA, July 13, 1890.

Received $12 from Mr. Merritt for burial of Jane Wilbur. Grave 51, range No. 15, plot 1. Permit No. 23,052, issued from the New York Board of Health.

"I have often done business for Dr. McGonigal," resumed the undertaker, "but I am done with him now."

HAD NO SUSPICION.

"Didn't your suspicions arise when the body was brought to you in such an unusual manner?" asked the reporter.

"No," answered Merritt.

"Are you in the habit of receiving bodies from doctors who wrap them in blankets and convey them in their own vehicles?"

"No, I am not."

"And your suspicions were not aroused?"

"They were not, until after I was arrested. Then I saw what I had been a party to."

"How did you come to sleep in the shop that night? Are you in the habit of doing that?"

"Yes, I often do it when I am working late. I don't remember just why I remained there that night."

Mr. Merritt repeated the above story to Judge Power, who held him in $1,000 bail to appear as a witness.

HELD AS AN ACCESSORY.

William Davidson, the colored man, who assisted Dr. McGonigal in conveying the body to Merritt's establishment, was

DR. M'GONIGAL'S HOUSE AND OFFICE.
No. 217 West 123d street.

also arraigned and held as an accessory after the fact. His bail was fixed at $2,500.

Davidson is Dr. McGonigal's coachman and apparently had nothing more to do with the case than to help Dr. McGonigal dispose of his ghastly burden.

The negro knew nothing of the details of the case, but the simple fact of his carrying the body to the undertaker makes him an accessory.

Detectives Price and Mott, after disposing of their latest prisoners, hurried away to the Coroner's office, to consult with Coroner Messemer about exhuming the body.

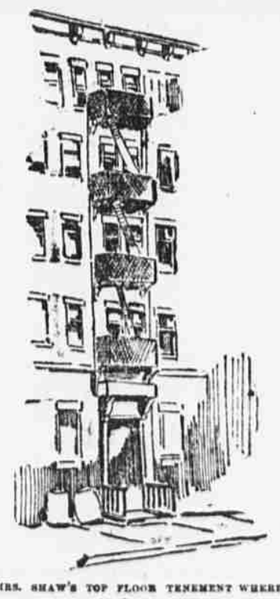
HER BODY TO BE EXHUMED.

The Coroner assured them that all possible haste would be made in the case, and if there be no conflict of authority between the officials of this city and Astoria, the exhumation will be made this afternoon.

Dr. Conway will make an autopsy in the vault attached to the cemetery. The body will be conveyed there for that purpose.

HARRISON'S GUILTY KNOWLEDGE.

Another link in the chain of evidence



MRS. SHAW'S TOP FLOOR TENEMENT WHERE ANNIE DIED.
No. 117 East 105th street.

that binds Dr. McGonigal and young "Gus" Harrison closely together in this most distressing case was unearthed by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning.

When Annie Goodwin left her home at 227 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, where she was boarding with the Traphagens, she went direct to Mrs. Lewis Collins who keeps a respectable furnished-room house at 152 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

She was sick and pale then, and when she announced her intention of leaving Mrs. Traphagen the latter asked what the trouble was.

"Oh, nothing much with me," was Annie's reply. "It's father who is sick. He has been hurt in the factory, and I think I shall go down to his house and remain with him for a couple of days."

Then she kissed Mrs. Traphagen affectionately and left. She waited on the corner and Sadie Traphagen soon joined her.

These two girls then went to Mrs. Collins's house and asked for a room.

Mrs. Collins asked no questions, and assigned the girl to a room on the second story, off the bath-room.

This was July 2. Annie remained in the house all day, appearing regularly at meal times. Towards evening she left the house to go to the dispensary near the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh street and Lexington avenue, to get some medicine.

SHE SWALLOWED OPIUM'S MEDICINE.

Her tonsils pained her, she told Mrs. Collins. She returned in a few moments with a white powder, which she put into a glass of water which Mrs. Collins procured for her, and then drank it.

She then retired to her room and did not leave it again during the night.

It is evident from what followed that all preparations had been made to have the operation performed there in the afternoon of July 4. Annie dressed and went down to the front door.

A messenger boy was passing at the time and she handed him the note. Then she returned to her room. Mrs. Collins heard her sobbing some minutes later, and entered the room to find out what the trouble was. Annie said she had a headache, and said she had sent for her family physician.

"She groaned and moaned so terribly that I grew suspicious that all was not right," said Mrs. Collins this morning. Then when she would grasp her abdomen at intervals, I was sure something was wrong."

"'Who is your family physician?' I asked her.

"'Dr. Smith,' she replied.

"'Where does he live?'

"'Right around on Lexington avenue,' she replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'if he don't come here pretty soon I will send for my doctor.'

HARRISON VISITED HER.

"About 6 o'clock," continued Mrs. Collins, "in walks this young Gus Harrison. He let himself in with a latchkey, and I confronted him in the hall.

"'How dare you come into my house?' I said. 'How did you get that key?'

"'My name is Drew,' he said, 'and I am a friend of Annie Goodwin. I want to see her.'

"I didn't like the looks of him at all. He would not look me in the eyes, and he appeared to act in a very guilty way.

WARNED OUT BY MRS. COLLINS.

"'Now,' I said, 'if there is anything wrong about that girl I want you to take her out of my house. I won't have her

MRS. SHAW.

here a minute, even if I have to send for an ambulance to take her away.'

"He said nothing, but sneaked upstairs. I thought it better to let him see the girl, hoping he would take her away quietly.

HARRISON BROUGHT M'GONIGAL.

"He went away alone about 7 o'clock. About 9.30 o'clock the door was again opened by Harrison, and he walked in, accompanied by that nasty looking doctor (meaning McGonigal).

"I went upstairs after him, and sat down on the sofa. The doctor was trying to be very pleasant and agreeable, but he could not softsoap me.

"'Now, Gus, leave the room,' murmured the sick girl faintly, as we all entered. Gus left obediently.

"'Mrs. Collins, will you go out, please; I would like to consult my physician alone,' she then said to me.

"'What is your name, sir?' I asked of the doctor.

"'McGonigal,' said he, smiling.

"It burst upon me like a flash. The girl had said his name was Smith, and I knew that something was certainly wrong then.

"'No, I will not leave the room,' I said. 'I am a fixture on this sofa, Doctor, and I will not leave until you take that girl out of here.'

"The doctor looked abashed at my bold front, and he retired to the hall. I could hear him and Harrison talking together in the hall, and finally the doctor came back into the room.

WENT AWAY WITH THE DOCTOR.

"'Get up, Annie, and come with me,' he said.

"She dressed herself, and the three left the house together. Harrison and the doctor had a talk at the curb, and then the doctor got in his gig and drove slowly away, followed by Harrison."

This story of Mrs. Collins definitely and conclusively connects Harrison and the

THE TRAPHAGEN HOME, WHERE ANNIE LIVED.
No. 227 East 126th street.

doctor with the girl's case. It is more than likely that the arrangements had been made to have the operation performed there, but Mrs. Collins's suspicions and bold front spoiled everything.

From that house Annie went to Mrs. Shaw's, at 117 East One Hundred and Fifth street, and there the poor girl lingered until she died.

DR. M'GONIGAL TALKS.

Dr. McGonigal consented to talk to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning. Keeper Ryan allowed the old man to come out of his cell and stretch his thin legs in the corridor.

"Doctor, THE EVENING WORLD would be glad to publish any statement you may make in connection with this affair," said the reporter.

"I prefer to say nothing," replied the old man, in that slow, uncertain way of his.

"Will you say whether or not you know Gus Harrison?"

"I never saw him before we met in court yesterday morning."

This was apparently a bald falsehood, but the reporter did not correct the old man.

"Will you say what was the trouble with Annie Goodwin?"

"I do not know," he replied, craftily.

"But you treated her, didn't you?"

"I was called to attend her at Mrs. Collins's, yes," he replied. "But I did not treat her there, as Mrs. Collins refused to let the girl stay."

"Then you took the girl to Mrs. Shaw's?"

"Yes," rather hesitatingly.

"Why did you do that?"

"Purely from charitable motives. She said she had no home and no friends."

CONTRADICTS HIMSELF.

"And you treated her at Mr. Shaw's during the time she was there?"

"Yes," said the doctor, before he thought what he was saying.

"And what was her trouble? Had an abortion been performed on her?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know," he said, regaining his craftiness.

"But what was the matter with her? What did you treat her for? Were there evidences of a miscarriage?"

M'GONIGAL AT BAY.

The doctor snapped at the bait conveyed in the last question and answered that there were evidences of it.

"Isn't it usual to call in another physician in such cases as that?"

"Sometimes."

"Why didn't you do it?"

"I don't know. The girl could not afford a consultation."

"Now, will you say why it was that you gave a wrong name on the certificate, and why you dated it a day ahead of the girl's death?"

He mumbled out a long string of unintelligible words, in which the reporter could only catch "poor," "friendless," "charity," and it is inferred that he did it from these motives. When pressed for an answer he refused to say why he did it.

"Why did you remove the body at such an unseemly hour?"

"To save expense," he said.

"But couldn't it have been buried just as cheaply from the house?"

"Perhaps."

NEVER WAS PAID FOR HIS WORK.

Here the reporter gave it up. The

DETECTIVE PRICE.

doctor was becoming too wary. He declared, however, that he never received one penny for his services.

Harrison distinctly stated that he gave Annie money with which to pay the Doctor, and it is inferred that she did.

At any rate, the Doctor admits treating her at Mrs. Shaw's, and that evidences of a miscarriage or some trouble of that sort were visible.

HOW THE CLUE WAS PICKED UP.

To Detective Campbell, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, is due considerable credit. But for his sharp ears and eyes, ever on the alert, the case would probably have been hushed up, and the wonder over Annie Goodwin's disappearance would have quickly died away.

Campbell tumbled on the case by pure good luck. He was riding in a Third avenue horse car when he heard a conversation between a man and woman just in front of him. He bent forward and caught this much:

The Young Woman—Well, I tell you Annie Goodwin is dead.

The Young Man—I can't believe it. What caused her death?

The Young Woman—Dr. McGonigal performed an operation. Sadie Traphagen told me so.

The Young Man—Where does Sadie live? I must see her.

The Young Woman—Her mother lives on One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, between Second and Third avenues. The Doctor lives on One Hundred and Twenty-third street. Perhaps you would like to see him, too (sneering)?

The Young Man—By ——, I will, and I will take Inspector Byrnes with me.

SCENTED THE TRAGEDY.

That was enough for the detective. The woman became frightened at the man's indignant outburst, and begged him not to meddle with the case.

Campbell says they took the ferry to Long Island City. He went direct to the station, and told Sergt. Linden what he had heard.

The latter thought it of enough importance to send word to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, and Detective Ross heard the story from Campbell's own lips a few minutes later. Then began the unravelling of a mystery that was baffling at every point, but the clever detectives at last got hold of the end of the string and finally pulled out a straight case.

MISS TRAPHAGEN'S IMPORTANT STORY.

Sadie Traphagen's evidence against the doctor is very strong, especially where she tells how the doctor tried to cover up evidences of his crime by endeavoring to induce her to send a forged note to Annie's relatives. She refused.

Dr. McGonigal has been a practitioner in Harlem for thirty years. He first located at 2275 Third avenue, and had Dr. J. Walley White for an assistant. White succeeded McGonigal, and the latter went over to the west side, where he has been ever since.

HIS UNSAVORY RECORD.

According to Detectives Price and Mott, he has been arrested no less than five times for criminal operations upon different women, but has escaped the clutches of the law every time.

About two years ago he performed an operation on a married woman at 17 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The woman died, and McGonigal was arrested but escaped, as no case could be made out against him.

Again, about eighteen months ago, he performed an operation on a Swedish girl whom he placed in a Mrs. Miller's, at 109 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Mrs. Miller acted then in the same capacity as Mrs. Shaw did in the Goodwin case.

Some trouble which Mrs. Miller had with her landlady led the latter to inform the police of the operation on the Swedish girl, and again McGonigal found himself behind the bars. The girl got well, however, and once more he escaped.

Next he was arrested, Feb. 16 of this year, for performing an operation on Miss Annie F. Stops, of 127 Forsyth street, who had been betrayed by William S. Rollis, an architect of 241 West Twenty-third street. The latter was arrested also and held for trial, but as the girl recovered the case never came to trial.

HIS ILL-GOTTEN FORTUNE.

Dr. McGonigal is reported to be worth from $100,000 to $150,000. He has been married twice. His second wife is still living. They have no children.

GATE OF ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY, WHERE ANNIE IS BURIED.

The doctor's practice is being cared for by Doctress Dale and Dr. Andrews. They called at the prison last night, and brought the prisoner some blankets and a roll of bills. They had not appeared at the prison this morning.

His case will come up Friday morning, when the detectives expect to present a complete chain of evidence that will at last convict him.

ANNIE'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

The location of St. Michael's Cemetery is an admirable one for such a purpose as that of Dr. McGonigal. It is situated in Astoria, nearly three miles south of the landing of the Ninety-second street ferry-boats, and is reached by the Steinway horse cars.

The cemetery is owned and controlled by the Episcopalian denomination, and is a very beautifully laid out and carefully cared-for resting-place for the dead. Its management is said to be very exclusive, and admittance to the grounds is difficult to obtain. It covers about a square mile of territory.

Annie Goodwin is buried in grave No. 51, range 15, plot 1. The price paid for the grave was $12.

An EVENING WORLD artist visited the cemetery last evening to sketch the last home of poor Annie Goodwin. The gate was closed, and no answer could be obtained to knocks on the door of the Superintendent's office. A lady in a house on the other side of the street pointed out the Superintendent, however, and the artist accosted him.

"THE WORLD" CALLED TOO FRESH.

Making known his errand, the Superintendent, a big, gruff man of about forty years, boisterously denied that any such girl had been buried in the cemetery.

Then the Superintendent was shown a copy of THE EVENING WORLD, in which all the circumstances were detailed.

"THE WORLD is too —— fresh," said the official, crumpling the paper in his hand and thrusting it into his pocket.

"There is no such girl buried here. This is not St. Michael's Cemetery at all. It's a —— fake."

This, despite the fact that he was standing in front of the gate, over which the name of the cemetery was conspicuously painted.

The artist asked permission to go in and find the grave for himself, but was roughly refused, with the remark that the gates were closed to everybody at 6 o'clock. It was then a few minutes past 6.

"I'm going to drive to Newtown," said the Superintendent to the artist. "Get in and ride with me."

The artist declined.

"You'll have to walk then, and I'll give you plenty of walking."

He drove off then. He was apparently much excited by the artist's queries, and showed a purpose to thwart him in every possible way.

Two other men standing by invited the Superintendent and the artist to go to the saloon opposite and get a drink, but the invitation was declined, and the Superintendent drove off, reiterating rather incoherently that "that ——WORLD is too —— fresh."

SPOTLETS.

There was a great scene between the Grenadiers and the other bears yesterday.

∴

Herr Buhl, of the German Reichstag, is the stuff that cabinets are made of. Buhl cabinets.

∴

Capt. Killer, of the German Army, has been deprived of his rank. He will not be so much of a lady-killer now.

∴

This will be a racy week at Saratoga.

∴

Safe burglars—those under lock and key.

∴

Though he should all his money keep,
Remember he your spouse is
And be quite sure he is asleep
Ere you go through his trousers.
—*Judge.*

∴

There is an Ayer garden in Lowell in which they only grow Sarsaparilla.

∴

Never say die does not apply to last Summer's white straw hat.

∴

Now that young d'Orleans is coming over here with his daddy he is developing a love for America.

∴

It does seem a little captious to complain of the cold this month. But isn't it cold?

It Is the Best

"We believe Hood's is the best Sarsaparilla in the market. The sales of this preparation are ten to one of others. We know of a great many remarkable cures it has effected. Our correspondence extends all over the United States, and thousands of letters have been received by us clothed in grateful terms for having recommended it." THE CORPORATION OF HEGEMAN & CO., 203 Broadway, New York City.

"The pertinacity with which people insist upon 'Hood's' Sarsaparilla is the best evidence we can offer of its popularity." M. K. SWARTZ & CO., 506 6th ave., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

AT FAR ROCKAWAY.

A Successful Entertainment Held for the Sick Babies.

Friends of the Little Ones Turned Out in Strong Force.

The Fund Now Reaching Towards the Third Thousand.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$2,452.34
Frank Tilford	25.00
Beatrice Dismore's collection	2.00
Cash	.25
Cash	.50
C. S.	.87
L. F. W.	1.00
R. W. and J. F. B.	2.00
Found in the street	.24
E. A. Renwick	.37
M. B.	.15
H. J., Lexington avenue	1.00
Mrs. L. E. M.	1.00
A. N. K. M.	2.00
E. A. Self	1.00

Two Little Helpers.

To the Editor:

Norbert and Lew Allan send $1 to help the poor little sick babies, with best wishes for them. Mrs. L. E. M.

Every Dime Does Good.

To the Editor:

Please use this 15 cents for the sick babies. I hope it will do a little good. M. B.

Beatrice and Her Friends.

To the Editor:

The inclosed $2 was collected from friends as follows: W., 30 cents; L. Weil, 25; B. Dismore, 25; E. A. Beck, 25; H. J. Lloyd, 25; F. Back, 25; M. Staubach, 25; F. Small, 10; F. Prochaska, 10.

BEATRICE DISMORE.

FAR ROCKAWAY DID NOBLY.

The Tack-a-Pou-Sha House Entertainment a Grand Success.

Hurrah for Far Rockaway!

The little Saratoga of the South Shore holds the palm for generous well-doing in behalf of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

Last evening's entertainment at David Roche's Tack-a-pou-sha House was a brilliant success, artistically, financially and socially.

It netted more than $350 for the Free Doctors' Fund.

At 8 o'clock there were many of the 250 guests of the house lingering over their dinner in the broad and airy dining-room. At 8.30 a complete transformation had taken place. It had been done in a style and with a speed that would do credit to a Kiralfy.

Everybody worked, and worked with a will. Albinos C. Feeley, who is the handiest man alive, filling in any lacking part on the stage or turning stage carpenter, manager, scene-painter or property man, "hustled" the village carpenter, the hotel employes, THE EVENING WORLD reporter and any other poor unfortunate who chanced to come within the influence of his hypnotic powers.

Result: A stage twelve by thirty feet across the northern end of the handsome cherry-fitted dining-room, hung with the glorious Stars and Stripes at the rear and twenty fine Bagdad curtains from Macy's, with improvised footlights of candles hidden behind sheets of tin.

Meantime handsome James C. White and his corps of twenty waiters had cleared the polished floor of the dining tables and arranged the chairs, all the other chairs in the house, the lawn settees and as many seats as the Ocean House and the United States Hotel could spare in rows upon the floor, and at 8.40 the doors were opened to an eager throng of good people who had put their dollars in the slot and were getting supreme happiness for them.

Among them was School Commissioner Miles O'Brien, who, having purchased ten tickets of the committee and torn them up, had been about the neighborhood and gathered up a party of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen to partake of his hospitality in the distribution of twenty-five other tickets.

Then there was John Jacobs, next to the youngest and much the handsomest of the six little Jacobs Brothers, and the only bachelor in the well known family of tailors. Mr. Jacobs arrived at the Tack-a-pou-sha House at 7.30, got enthused in behalf of the suffering babes of poverty and in half an hour had found among the cottagers and hotel guests eighteen ladies and gentlemen, his friends. He demanded a box and backed his call with $25.

There was no box and he said he'd take it anywhere on the floor. Nineteen chairs were kitty-cornered at the left of the stage and Mr. Jacobs and the following friends occupied them:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hilborn, and Miss Josie Hilborn, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Haas and Miss Emily Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Fox, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wiener, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wiener, Michael Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. A. Aarons and Miss Aarons, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shoninger.

William E. Penny, Dr. Constantine McGuire, Dr. John G. Moore, of New York, and Register John C. McGuire, of Brooklyn, formed one happy party.

Police Justices White and Murray took a bird's-eye view of the lobby, the families of each occupying seats within. Mrs. Murray, wife of Supt. Murray, and family were present; Public Works Commissioner Gilroy was represented similarly, and there was Mrs. J. B. F. Herreshoff chaperoning nine pretty Summer girls: George Campbell and family, Martin B. Brown and family, Mrs. Dr. Weston, Mrs. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bourne, John Dollard and a bevy of ladies, W. P. Dickson, William McKenna, J. M. Cosgrove, James Cassidy, Farley Clark, John Cowden, S. J. Horton, Harry Rosenbaum, David Spiro, John Carney, Dr. Curtis J. Duane, John B. Hendrickson, Robert McCafferty, William Towel, Thomas Kavanagh, I. F. B. Smyth, Theodore Bartol, each accompanied with ladies and children; Mrs. A. McCreery, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Lord, Misses Balcock and Appleton, Mrs. Lesinsky, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Moffett, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Jackson and—then the crowd got so dense in the room that the reporter concluded that the only way to say accurately who was there was to include all the cottagers at Wave Crest, Nameoki, Ocean Crest, Lawrence and Cedarhurst.

There was Francis Macnaughton, too, come over from Arverne-by-the-Sea, chock-full of enthusiasm and a disposito work, and he, Andy McTigue, the real estate man of Far Rockaway, and Miss Nellie Roche did their best to seat the gathering.

At 8.50 the orchestra, which had come over from Zipp's Brooklyn Casino as volunteers, played an overture under the leadership of Adolph Kirchner, and then the entertainment began before an audience brilliant in the social aspect and representing wealth, business and charity.

Mrs. Emily Rayner, whose benevolence is marked in every lineament of her good face and intoned in every utterance, recited "My Husband and I," and to an encore the pathetic story of "Golden Hair."

A. C. Feeley, who had half an hour before been a hewer of wood and drawer of water, recited the German version of "Sheridan's Ride" in his own inimitable way, convulsing the audience later with happy stories and songs.

Thomas J. Rayner, the unique humorist, gave illustrations of pulpit oratory, showing the style of a half dozen eminent and well-known divines, and capping the climax by showing how the sermon looked and sounded to a deaf man.

The beautiful Jessie Ollivier Feeley, mezzo soprano in the "Little Puck" company, and who was with the Bostonians last year and at one time supported Dan Daley in "Upside-Down," and again was soubrette of the Oakland Theatre, Boston, in the course of the evening sang "Marguerite," "Kitty Tyrrell" and Foster's "Good-By."

"Man Proposes," the next number on the programme, was put on in admirable style. Miss Marguerite St. John, whose rare beauty and winning ways make friends of all who come within their influence, was the Belle Huntington, and the audience were delighted with her.

So much has been said of late in praise of this talented young Englishwoman that the public are pretty well acquainted with her. Miss St. John is the original of the maid in the famous painting, "The Maid with the Milking Pail," and for the picture "The Waning of the Honeymoon."

She has a graceful stage presence, a voice like music and the charm of youth and beauty, while her style is of the natural order—the style which makes Mrs. Kendal so delightful.

Walter J. Brooks was Capt. Huntington, the diffident lover. Mr. Brooks is an accomplished comedian, playing French parts most admirably. He is the French Captain in "A Fair Rebel," under the management of the brothers Mawson.

Helen Mowat, the ever vivacious, sprightly, audacious soubrette, was the mischievous "Dinah."

Next came Dot Clarendon and a rapturous audience. Dot arrived very late from the city, and explained her tardy appearance to the reporter with anxious eyes and motherly voice:

"My baby has got the measles! Poor little Blanchette! She hasn't cared a bit for mud pies since Saturday."

Dot, by the unanimous wish of the house, repeated her Arverne performance, doing "Lady Macbeth" in the sleep-walking scene; the "Death of Robin Redbreast" and "Lady Gay Spanker," and, as a matter of course, making every heart in the little theatre throb and swell with love for her baby self.

Miss Clarendon will create a new part next Winter in which she will sing and dance the Hungarian dance with Hubert Wilkie in "The Vagabond."

Fred Cecil Brooks, the clever young Englishman who made an American reputation in a little less than no time, sang his famous topical song, "When I'll Prove False to Thee," famous because, though he has sung it a thousand times it was never twice alike. In response to persistent recalls Mr. Brooks played solos on the piccolo and mandolin.

Frank Lawton, who has a host of admirers as a farce and burlesque character, and who has turned his talent into legitimate comedy as Mr. Lightweight Boxer in Sol Smith Russell's new play, "A Tale of a Coat," once more good-humoredly tickled a Sick Babies audience clear through with his whistling, banjo and bones playing.

The programmes, pretty specimens of the painters' art, were furnished by Cassidy's London Toilet Bazar, of 20 East Seventeenth street and 38 West Twenty-third street, proprietors of Planta Beatrice and other toilet requisites.

During the entertainment George M. Wood, the genial and energetic actor who, by his management, brought this as well as the Averne entertainment to a successful issue, stepped upon the stage and made an announcement that brought a storm of applause.

After speaking generally of the Sick Babies' Fund, the hard work done by THE EVENING WORLD each Summer in maintaining the corps of free physicians to the puny babies of the tenements, and the generous work of the actors, actresses and specialists who contributed from their vacation time their evenings to these entertainments, he announced that W. D. Downey had come forward with an offer of $150 in hard cash to be devoted to defraying the expenses of an outing at Far Rockaway for 100 sick children to be selected by THE EVENING WORLD Free Physicians from among their thousands of little patients.

Dr. Constantine McGuire was selected on the spot to form a committee who will collect money enough to make the number of little excursionists to Far Rockaway double that suggested by Mr. Downey.

In short, the Far Rockaway affair was a beautiful thing throughout, every citizen, cottager or hotel dweller down by the sea having a full heart and open purse.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

One Dollar Weekly

RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, EMBLEM PINS AND CHARMS ON EASY WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS BY CALLING ON OR ADDRESSING

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
203 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FROM JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS

A VERY INTERESTING STORY TOLD BY MR. JOHN KERN.

He Tells a Reporter How Drs. McCoy and Wildman Relieved Him of Catarrh That He Had Suffered with for Five Years.

Mr. John Kern, a lithographer and a brother of ex-Commissioner Kern, of Hudson County, N. J., lives on the top of Jersey City Heights, at 303 Sherman ave. He has a wife and two little children and a pretty home. He said to a reporter in an interview:

MR. JOHN KERN, 303 SHERMAN AVE., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

"I suffered with catarrh for five years. I had pains in my chest, and my head and throat were clogged up all the time. Mucus was constantly dropping from my head into my throat. In the morning I used to be hawking and spitting for two hours to get the mucus out of my throat. My nose was stopped up, and sometimes I had headache. In the mornings my throat was always filled with mucus, and I had a tired feeling.

"About three months ago I went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman, and now I feel much better. I can sit outside now. I used to never be able to go into a draught because I would catch cold. Drs. McCoy and Wildman have done me a great deal of good. I don't go to them any more.

"I'm all right now."

Mr. Kern told the reporter that Drs. McCoy and Wildman have done her husband a wonderful lot of good.

Drs. McCoy and Wildman furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so reasonable that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS McCOY and WILDMAN.

Offices:

5 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY,
Near Grand Central Depot.
BROADWAY, Cor. 14TH ST., N.Y. CITY,
Domestic Sewing-Machine Building:
187 MONTAGUE ST., BROOKLYN,
Opposite Academy of Music,
where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties—Catarrh, all throat and chest diseases, all nervous diseases, chronic diseases.
If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank.
Address all mail to 5 East 42d st.
Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. daily. Sundays, 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

LIGHTNING BARBERS

As well as all other kinds of first-class Help respond immediately to WORLD "Wants."

Last week THE WORLD contained **12,959** advertisements, an increase of 21 per cent. over the corresponding week of last year. The total was 5,031 in excess of the total advertising of any other New York newspaper. Of "Help" and "Situations" Wanted THE WORLD had **5,903**, as against 2,350 in the only newspaper which now makes pretensions as a popular advertising medium.

The Difference Pointed Out.

(From Puck.)

"Good sir," said the humorist as he entered the clothing store, "you sell goods for cash only, do you not?"

"One price, C. O. D.," answered the merchant, who was a man of few words.

"Then," replied the humorist, "I shall go over to Hooray's, for he will give me time."

"Nay," replied the merchant; "Hooray's is a cash establishment, alas."

"Yes," answered the humorist, smiling, for all had gone well, and now was the time for his joke; "I know it is; but he gives away a stem-winding watch with every suit. Do you not see that I can get time there?"

"You err," said the merchant; "you mistake the watch. Tick you get, but dered little time; and the humorist derar ed ill-pleased, while the merchant gazed into space as before.

A Law-Abiding Citizen.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Drowning Man—Help! I am drowning!

Stranger (on bank hastily divesting himself of his clothes)—Horrible! Can't you swim?

Drowning Man (rising to the surface, and the occasion for the last time)—Of course! But don't you see that notice on the bridge: "Swimming strictly forbidden here!"—*Fr. Dusseldorf Zeitung.*

Undoubtedly the Last.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Jones—Who is that striking-looking man over there? Seems like a popular sort of chap.

Brown—Mistake! He's the last man we fellows will have anything to do with.

Jones—Extraordinary!

Brown (easily)—Not at all; he's the undertaker.

When Negroes Were Freed.

[From the Epoch.]

Snodgrass—Isn't the Republican party inconsistent in opposing free wool?

Snively—Not why?

Snodgrass—Why, it favored free wool during the war.

The Height of Economy.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Is Scribuler stingy?"

"Awfully! Why, when he writes a novel he does it with a pencil, so that if his book is rejected he can rub it out and use the sheets again."

Business.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Jones (father of seven girls)—Maria, put a decanter of that heavy port wine on the table to-day.

Mrs. Jones—Why do you want that wine on the table?

Jones—Old Goldbug is going to dine with me to-day. He can't drink port without getting tight, and he may propose to one of the girls.

ALL uneasiness and wakefulness in children relieved by MOTHER'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.