VISIT TO THE ABBEY.

One of the Curious Reminders of the Past That Brooklyn Holds.

The Mansion in Which the Macombers Lived a Century Ago.

Now It Is a Popular Chop House and Teems with Relics.

In the very heart of Brooklyn's shopping district, where Flatbush avenue bears off from Fulton street and the din of two elevated railroads fills the air and exemplifies in its most demonstrative form the advance of modern improvement, nestles "The Abbey."

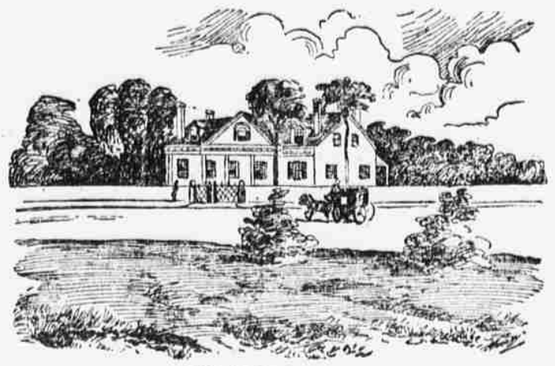
Surrounded on every side by tall and massive business buildings, teeming with the traffic of a city of nearly a million people, probably the Macomber dining-room a hundred years ago.

Approaching "The Abbey" from Fulton street one sees a long, low-browed house with high-peaked gambrel roof. The gable runs parallel with the street, and the entrance, originally in the middle of a board veranda that extended along the front and clear around the house, is about 50 feet from Fulton street. It used to lead the visitor into a broad hall that ran clear through the house, but the left wall of the stately hall was removed many years ago, and the door from the old veranda lets abruptly into Sherlock's bar, where white-coated tap-masters are kept busy all day long drawing foaming beer and sparkling liquors for thirsty patrons.

To the right, the mahogany framed door that used to let one into the stately parlor in the old Macomber days now opens into the office, where there are tables, a desk, and an obliging clerk.

Back of the bar, the remnant of the broad hall and the office, is a dining-room that extends from end to end of the house, about 40 feet. The dining-room is 20 feet wide, and its four broad old-fashioned windows look out upon the "farm yard," the accommodations for beasts and the nineteenth century hens.

Up rickety old stairs Mr. Sherlock leads the curious visitor to the chambers. They are all ample, but the steep roof cuts off great



THE ABBEY IN 1821.

The Abbey is a monument of the civilization of a past and gone age.

"The Abbey" was the mansion of the Macombers a century and more ago. To-day and for the past seventy years it has been famous as a chop-house.

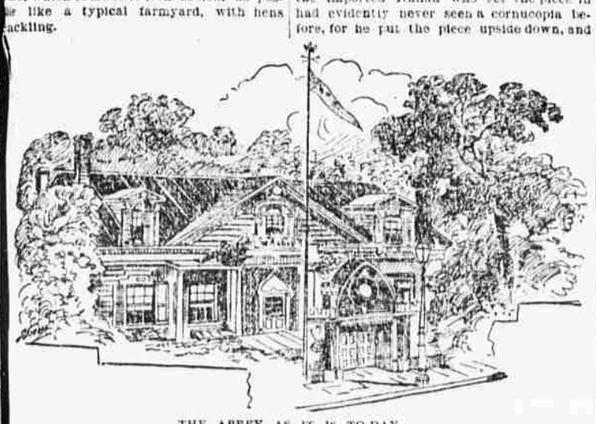
It was built in 1770 on the Macomber farm, a mile out of the village of Brooklyn on the Fulton street road. To-day it is in the centre of the district bounded by Fulton street, Hudson and De Kalb avenues, with Macomber Square at the point.

Its neighbors are The Brooklyn Furniture Company, Page Brothers, Browning, King & Company and other commercial firms.

Ed. G. Sherlock holds sway in "The Abbey" these days, and he is an ideal chop-house keeper in appearance. He is a florid-faced, mild, blue-eyed man, with full beard of soft brown, a cheery laugh and a well-filled waistcoat.

Sherlock is a Dublin man. He has kept "Ye Abbey: Ye Olde Choppe House," these eight years past, and proudly boasts that he still maintains the old custom of keeping accommodations for man and beast.

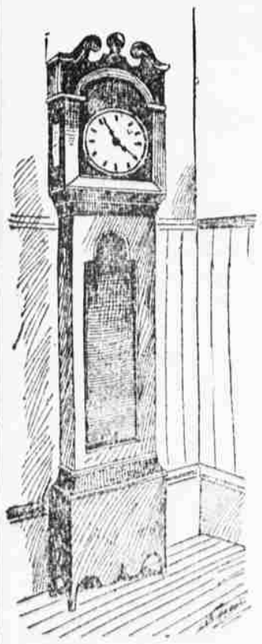
Man may eat and drink in the Macomber homestead, and beast may lodge and sleep to a limited extent in the somewhat circumscribed "stable" in the backyard of the old house, which is made to look as near as possible like a typical farmyard, with hens cackling.



THE ABBEY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The Abbey originally consisted of two stories, with a basement that stood almost wholly above ground, and under which was a musty and dark cellar. But when the good city of Brooklyn grew out and around the old place Fulton street was "graded up" so that the lot was filled in to a level with the sills of the first floor.

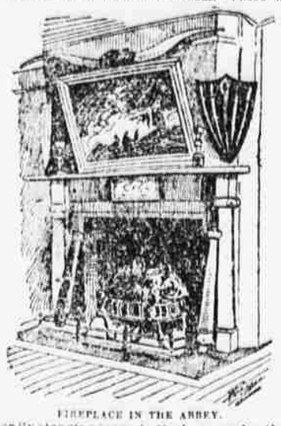
The old basement is practically dismantled, though great caverns in the walls show where capacious and hospitable fireplaces once were.



THE OLD DUTCH CLOCK.

Only one clock is occupied now, and it is to the same clock for which it was built. The first of the Macombers, it is the clock in the chophouse, but a new-fangled affair is locked up against the old Dutch timepiece and tells the old potato cellar of traditionary days for a beer vault, and keeps his liquors and wines in what was on Gardiner Island from 1740 to 1884, when Harry C. Brown gave it to Sherlock as a Christmas present.

Every room is a curio museum. There is



FIREPLACE IN THE ABBEY.

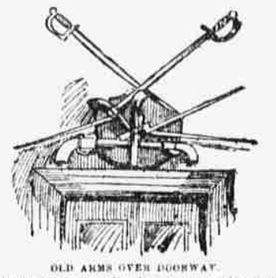
hardly standing room in the barroom for the accumulation of odd things and relics.

Here is a frame filled with quaint specimens of Continental currency. There a case containing among other things a twelve-pound padlock from Newgate Prison and a mummified cat from Egypt. Here is a picture of "The Abbey" in 1821, with the Fleet mansion far away to the left. There were weeping willows in the front yard then.

A warming-pan hangs over the broad mirror that covers the wide chimney above the mantel, and the heavy mahogany arch over the hall behind the bar is hung with battered pewter mugs and litterns of all ages, resplendent in bright polish to contrast with the cathedral glass in the windows over the arch.

Upstairs there is a pool-table in what was once my Lady Disdain's boudoir. Over the mantel is a giant coat of arms, two lions ready to defend a crowned eagle on a shield, over which is another crown and above that a cross. The motto in French is, "Dieu Ma Patre et Mon Epee."

Over the wide window is suspended the staff of office of Sheriff Remsen, of Kings County, of finely polished maple wood with a liberty cap at its top, and on the wall in a frame is a remarkable verdict given by a Coroner's jury on July 3, 1780, before Coroner Matthias Van Dyke, esq. It says that "upon the view of the body then and there lying dead, the same body came to his death, and we do say upon oath, that the aforesaid body, to the best of our knowledge, was axadently drownded and no odderwise, and so we all say, signed," &c.



OLD ARMS OVER DOORWAY.

In the entry to the bar are specimens of ancient papers. There is the "New York *Morning Post*, published every Tuesday and Friday, in 1783, at 7 Water street, between the Coffee House and Old Slip," and other odd newspapers.

There are flint-lock muskets and queer old pistols. There are oddities everywhere.

Capt. Ebenezer Macomber was born in this house a century ago. It was a grand farmhouse in its day, but the town moved out to its neighborhood and it has been a chop-house since 1821.

Tom Faulkner once kept it, and old Humphrey Hartshorn, who cooked his beef before an open fire, made it famous. Joe Dent was here four years, John Burke for fifteen, Cauldwell two years and Sherlock has been its host for eight years.

The property now belongs to the Powers brothers, one of whom is married to a grand daughter of old Sheriff Remsen and all of whom are descended from the original "Macomber of the Abbey."

Daniel B. Cummins Dead.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—Daniel B. Cummins, President of the Girard National Bank since 1858, died suddenly last evening at his residence, 2112 Walnut street. Mr. Cummins was born at Smyrna, Del., in 1810.

Mr. Cummins was sole executor of the great estate of the late I. V. Williamson, amounting to $11,000,000. He leaves a large fortune.

IN BROOKLYN PLAYHOUSES.

After a run of 300 nights in New York, Manager John Russell returns to Brooklyn Monday night for a week's stay at the Columbia Theatre with his company of comedians in the "New City Directory." A great deal of new talent will be seen. The company includes Amelia Glover, Bessie Cleveland, Kate Tart, of Casino fame; Mayme Keiso, Marion Weller, Dan Daly, Luke Schoolcraft, Willis Sweatman, Burt Haverly and others.

Magician Herrmann, aided by Mme. Herrmann, will be seen at Colbshin's Park Theatre next week. The programme this season includes, besides his wonderful sleight-of-hand work, the illusions "Strobilus," "Florine, Child of the Air," "A Slave Girl's Dream," and "Les Cosques." Mme. Herrmann also appears in "New Black Art," aided by Abdul Kahn, an East Indian necromancer, who is said to do some very startling things and who is a feature of this combination of mystic sensations.

E. H. Sothern will move across town to the Amphion, where he will begin a week's engagement on Monday evening. He has selected "The Dancing Girl" as an opening attraction, which will be played Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Saturday Matinee. "The Highest Bidder" will be given on Thursday evening, and "Lord Chumley" the remainder of the week.

At the Bedford Avenue Theatre next week Bobby Gaylor will appear in "Sport McAllister." Among those in the company are George Parker, a clever dancer; May Gaylor, the Olympia Quartet, Jennie St. Clair, C. W. Young and others. The company also includes a crowd of pretty girls who will appear in specialties.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" will be next week's attraction at the Novelty Theatre. A big ballet, special scenery and costumes and good company are promised.

Among the attractions at Huber & Gebhardt's casino will be Stirk and Zeno, trapeze performers; Mlle. Carrie, who plays on several musical instruments; C. W. Williams, ventriloquist; William McMahon, Irish comedian, and several others.

Coming Events.

Frank W. Smith will give an entertainment this evening in Grand Opera-House Hall.

Spring concert, Columbia College Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club, Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, this evening.

The Associate Alumnæ of the New York Normal College will hold a reunion in the college chapel May 14.

The seventh annual ladies' social session of the Independent Order of Bufflers will be held to-morrow evening in the Corral, at 19 East Fourth street.

The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, 117 West Twenty-eighth street, will hold a meeting next Tuesday evening at Sherlock's Lecture by Prof. Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia College, entitled "Photo-Mechanical Processes," illustrated by interesting experiments.

The fair in aid of St. Benedict's Home for Destitute Colored Children at Rye, N. Y., which has been in progress for the past two weeks at the Lenox Lyceum, Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street, will close this evening.

MURDERED A BABY.

Two Grown Men Strangle a Three-Months-Old Boy.

Both Are Arrested, and Each Confesses the Crime.

The Child's Body Buried in the Mud—Its Mother's Story.

The prisoners locked in cells at the Bushwick avenue and Stagg street station, Brooklyn, charged with the murder of an innocent babe, startle and shock passersby with ribald songs and coarse laughter to-day, while the tragedy in which they were the chief actors is one of the most horrifying in the annals of crime.

One of these prisoners is the mother of the babe, a half-nourished, undeveloped, undersized girl of between sixteen and seventeen years old, and she is apparently quite indifferent regarding the murder of her child—the offspring of vice—and she joins with the actual perpetrators of the murder in wild, loud songs, coarse jests and boisterous laughter.

The three prisoners are Peter Schultz, Adam Haas and Mary Werthelmer. Their victim, a three-months-old baby boy, is buried in the sand somewhere in the artificial range of hills made by the workmen who are excavating for the basins along the Newtown Canal, now in course of construction near the boundary line between Brooklyn and Queens County, and just beyond the Bushwick Depot of the Long Island Railroad.

No more fitting spot could be imagined for a midnight murder. There is a broad valley between Bushwick avenue and the Queens County hills in Newtown. The railroad crosses it, and in the valley the canal is being excavated in swampy, marshy land.

At 9.30 o'clock last night a citizen entered the Bushwick avenue police station and told Sergt. Edmund Brown that Peter Schultz and Adam Haas had related to him a little while previously, while in their cups at a neighboring saloon, that they had strangled Mary Werthelmer's baby and buried it in the sand mounds. The citizen then repeated his story to Detectives Campbell and Lyons.

The police knew all three of these people. Haas, who is twenty-five years old, has served four years in the Penitentiary for larceny and burglary, and Schultz, who is eighteen, was for eighteen months an inmate of a reform school, while the girl, Mary Werthelmer, has consorted with the lowest classes of men for a year or more.

Haas had lived with his parents at 56 Morrell street off and on, and Schultz had lived at 100 Bushwick avenue, 56 Morrell street, 14 Bremen street and other places. Neither, in fact, and a fixed habitation nor any lawful occupation.

The detectives, with lanterns, visited the scene of the supposed crime, but found no traces of the body of the murdered babe. They did find a very much soiled baby's apron, which proved to be a clue.

At midnight Detectives Lyons and Campbell located the self-boasted murderers in the tenement-house at 14 Bremen street, where they lived in common with Mary Werthelmer. They found all three soundly sleeping and placed them under arrest.

Mary Werthelmer, dark-haired, sallow-faced and small, said she was seventeen years old, though she looks less; that she had a baby three months old, but it was a bother. She had been living with Peter Schultz about two months, but she denied that he was the father of her child.

She repeated the baby was a bother, and Peter Schultz told her he would place it in an asylum.

Monday night, while she was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Haas and Annie Haas, at 56 Morrell street, Peter said he would take the baby to a home, and at 11 o'clock he and Adam Haas went out, taking the infant with them.

"I went to bed and to sleep," said this young mother. "When I woke up Pete had come to bed. He said the baby was all right, and when I told him I wanted to know where it was so I could go and see it he said I could see it Sunday."

Schultz and Haas were eager to confess, but each in his statement said the other had done the killing. Each related his story with a free tongue and in the language of the class of which he is a type.

Schultz is 5 feet 7 inches in height and very slim. He is a cigarette fiend; his skin is yellow and hair light brown. He seems intelligent, but is entirely uneducated. He seldom does a day's work, the police say, and was dressed as shabbily as a tramp.

Haas is a little taller than Schultz, and is thickset. Both are described by the police as bad men.

Upon Schultz's person, when he was searched at the station, was found an old envelope with the following written upon its back:

I, Mary Werthelmer, give my child, which is a boy, to Aney Haas as her own child, which I never want to claim again as my own.

April 19, 1892. her
MARY X WERTHEIMER.
mark.

Coroner Lindsy held an examination this morning of the prisoners. Schultz made a statement as follows:

"I have lived with Mary Werthelmer at 14 Bremen street since May 2 last. She had a child. Monday I was at 56 Morrell street with the woman after 10 o'clock at night. At this time I took the child away, intending to put it in a home.

"Adam Haas said I could not put it in a home, and the best thing to do was to take it out somewhere and drown it.

"We took the child, intending to kill it when we got out to the railroad track near the new bridge.

"When we got away from the house I gave the child to Haas. He got it by the throat and pressed his fingers into its neck. I did the same thing, and this killed the child in a few minutes.

"After this Haas placed a stone, tied with one of my suspenders, around the child's neck and threw it into a hole near by, filled with water. The stone slipped out of the suspender and tied by coated. It would not sink, and we waded in and got it and buried it in the sand near by.

"Haas said it would be necessary to come out again and put more dirt over the body.

"When we took the child from 56 Morrell street Mr. Haas, Mrs. Haas—the father and mother of Adam Haas), and the girl daughter and Mary Werthelmer were present."

Adam Haas also signed a statement taken from his lips by Coroner Lindsy. Haas said:

"I lived at 56 Morrell street and now live with my parents at 14 Bremen street. Mary Werthelmer lived with my mother since Monday, May 2. Monday night at 12 o'clock Schultz and I left home. Schultz carried the child under his arm with his coat over it.

"We went across the railroad track. He removed the coat. The child began to cry and he placed his hand over its mouth, and this not stopping it he place his hand on its throat and choked it to death, as he supposed.

"It was not quite dead at this time, and he placed it on the ground in a low place where there was some water.

"As it was dead at this time he took his handkerchief. It was not strong enough, and he took his suspenders and tied this about the baby's neck or its body, and attached a big stone to it and threw it overboard.

"The stone slipped off, and he raised the body up and placed it in a hole in the ground and covered it up, and we left it there. This was about 2.30 in the morning of May 3, 1892."

Then the two returned to their usual haunts. The denizens of the tenement where Schultz lived missed the baby and were talking about its disappearance. They suspected foul play and the police had been notified, but it was not till Schultz and Haas, while blockicated, told their secret to a saloon that the police received a tangible clue.

Mary Werthelmer told the coroner in addition to what is stated above:

"The apron now shown to the detectives is the one I placed on my child before Schultz left the house with it. Schultz and Haas would never tell me what they had done with the baby."

Early this morning Haas accompanied the two detectives to look for the body, but their search proved futile. At 9.30 this forenoon another attempt was made. Schultz volunteered to point out the place where it was buried.

At noon, the searchers having gone all over the ground indicated in the stories of Haas and Schultz as the scene of the crime, and dug in the heaps of sand and earth in a hundred places without discovering the body of their victim gave up the search.

The police think that Schultz or Haas visited the place before their arrest, dug up the body and hid it in some other place, but they will resume the search to-morrow.

Schultz and Haas were each remanded without bail to wait developments, and Mary Werthelmer was held as a witness.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter Schultz said:

"One night some days ago—I don't remember the night—I took the baby away to put it in a home somewhere. I carried the baby over to New York and took it to a place in Sixty-eighth street. But they wouldn't take it there because they said it was too sickly.

"Then I brought it back home. Monday night when I took the baby out I was going to leave it on some doorstep. I was drunk, and so was Haas, and we said the easiest way to get rid of the kid was to kill it."

Schultz said that the father of the baby was a driver for the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

Mrs. Mary Werthelmer, the murdered baby's grandmother, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter who saw her at her home, 63 Moore street, that her daughter had left her about two months ago, taking with her the baby, then a month old. The old lady did not know who the child's father was.

GILROY AND THE PAVERS' STRIKE

He Will Tell Contractors There Must Be No Delay on City Work.

James Grant, of the National Pavers' Union, and William MacNair, of District Assembly 49, K. of L., who also represents the pavers, called on Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy, this morning, and asked for his moral support in the big strike ordered for Monday in which 1,500 local pavers, rammers and longshoremen will join with their fellow-laborers in other cities throughout the country against the contractors' combine.

"The Commissioner Gilroy assured us," said Mr. MacNair, "that he was in full sympathy with the pavers; that he considered their cause just and their demands fair.

"He also told us that he would inform the contractors on the city paving that there must be no delay in the work and that unless their differences with the pavers were speedily settled he would order their stone off the streets and procure other stone elsewhere.

"He sent for John Pierce and Booth Brothers and announced his intention of sending for other contractors to notify them exactly how the case stands."

SAYS BLAINE IS IMBECILE.

Russell Harrison's Reputed Views of the Secretary's Health.

Russell Harrison, the President's son, is in a fair way of getting himself more disliked than ever by the friends of Mr. Blaine. "The Prince" is alleged to be circulating a story in which he is quoted as saying:

"He (Blaine) is completely broken down both mentally and physically. He cannot remember the simplest things, and all the work of the State Department has been on my father's shoulders for over two years.

"It is simply absurd to talk of nominating Mr. Blaine. He can scarcely more than sign his name to documents requiring his signature, and rarely, if ever, reads any of them. He is almost as helpless as a child and it is downright cruelty to be continually bringing him to the front as a Presidential candidate."

Mr. Blaine's friends say that, even if the statement were true, Prince Russell's course in trying to make capital out of it for his father, is only injuring the latter's chances for renomination.

VETERAN CAPT. BENNETT DEAD.

He Gained Fame as a Police Commander in Quelling Riots.

Ex-Police Capt. Theron R. Bennett died this morning at his home, 217 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was retired on a pension several years ago.

Capt. Bennett was first appointed on the force in 1849, as assistant captain of the Eighteenth Ward, by Mayor Woodhull. He was made captain in 1857. He distinguished himself in the draft riots of 1863 and the Ward's Island riots in 1869. In his first year as captain he dispersed, with only eighty officers, an immense mob which was bent on destroying the Academy of Music, where Fernando Wood's adherents were holding a political meeting.

Capt. Bennett commanded the Morrisania Precinct at the time of his retirement. He was said to be quite wealthy.

When Supt. Byrnes heard of Capt. Bennett's death he called the captains to Headquarters. They passed eulogistic and sympathetic resolutions.

CRACKSMEN IN A POST-OFFICE.

The White Plains Office Safe Blown Open and Cleaned Out.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WHITE PLAINS, May 7.—It was discovered this morning that burglars had broken into the Post-office, blown up the safe and stolen a large amount in money, money orders and stamps.

They left their tools and a dark lantern on the floor.

Postmaster Maynor said this morning that the loss was heavy. He has notified the New York Post-Office authorities, and some of the officers of the Secret Service are expected here.

A sledge hammer used by the burglars has been identified as belonging to Village Blacksmith Hamlett. The latter says that the sledge was in his shop when he closed up last night. He does not know, he says, who took it from his premises.

DEAD ON HIS DOORSTEP.

Alfred H. Crummey Found Lying in Front of His Home.

Alfred H. Crummey, of 500 Second street, Brooklyn, was found dead this morning in front of his home.

Mrs. Louise Denham, who lives in the same house, came home at 12.15 o'clock this morning and discovered Crummey lying on the doorstep.

Heart failure is supposed to have caused death.

Car Shops Burned—Loss $200,000.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

MINNEAPOLIS, May 7.—The Northern car shops at Robbinsdale, four miles north of Minneapolis were totally destroyed by fire this morning. The loss will amount to at least $200,000.

DEATHS IN BROOKLYN

The following is the official list containing the name of every person in Brooklyn over ten years old whose death was reported to the Department of Health yesterday:

JAMES J. BATEMAN, 32, No. 33 Wyckoff st.
MARGARETHA BAYER, 54, No. 185 Hopkins st.
ALFRED C. BOND, 35, No. 239a Graham ave., storekeeper.
THOMAS CUNNINGHAM, 81, No. 136 North Portland ave.
JOHN DOLAN, 64, No. 378 Ninth st.
CATHARINE FAULKNER, 81, No. 197 Jefferson ave.
LIZZIE FITZPATRICK, 18, St. Peter's Hospital.
MARY FITZGERALD, 34, No. 453 Smith st.
ELIZABETH FREEL, 45, No. 402 Irving ave.
JACOB GARTNER, 44, Prospect place and Howard ave., brush manufacturer.
ANNA MAY GOTTBURGH, 6 m., No. 23 Graham ave.
MARGARET GOLDING, 83, No. 16 Bedford ave.
JOHANN HARDT, 67, No. 233 Johnson ave., talent.
LYDIA HARRIS, 53, No. 136 7th ave.
EVA FLORENCE HOLLY, 18, No. 359 South 4th st.
MARY HUGHES, 68, No. 69 Hudson ave.
CHARLOTTE JORDAN, 70, No. 262 Keap st.
MARY JOYCE, 22, No. 161 Grand st.
JAMES JOYCE, 6 m., St. Peter's Hospital, laborer.
HANNIS KIDDIE, 35, No. 195 Lawrence st.
EDWARD KIRKPATRICK, 40, No. 426 Bedford ave., painter.
ALBERT E. LIPPOLD, 14, No. 1208 Bushwick ave., entomologist.
JOHN LOUGHLIN, 24, No. 66 Columbia st.
HERBERT MALLORY, 2, No. 213 Marcy ave.
MARY MANELL, 1, No. 22 Congress st.
JEROME MESSINGER, 50, No. 24 Prospect place.
JOHN McMANUSKEY, 40, No. 81 Sands st., painter.
MICHAEL J. O'CONNELL, 70, No. 164 President st., attendant.
ELLEN O'KEEFE, 47, St. Mary's Hospital, seamstress.
ASHBY O'NEIL, 34, Myrtle and Gates aves., grocer.
JOHN THEODORE WILSON, 68, Brooklyn Hospital, storekeeper.
ANNIE MITCHELL WOOD, 40, No. 58 4th place.

AWAITING LA BOURGOGNE.

The French Steamship Has Wm. Astor's Body on Board.

Arrangements Already Made for the Funeral from Trinity Chapel.

The steamship La Bourgogne, of the French line, with the body of William Astor on board, and also bringing Mrs. Astor and her daughter, Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, was expected to arrive this morning.

Up to 2 p. m. the steamship had not been sighted at Fire Island.

Mr. Astor died suddenly of heart failure on April 20 in the Hotel Liverpool, Paris, where he and Mrs. Astor had been living during the final developments of the Drayton-Borrowe scandal, in which the name of their favorite daughter was dragged through the mire. The scandal is thought to have hastened his death.

Much interest is being shown in the details of the funeral to be held here. The preference of the family is for an interment devoid of display, but there are so many anxious to assist at the obsequies that it will be impossible to limit the funeral to ordinary proportions.

John Jacob Astor, J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and Philip Kissam, who has charge of Mr. William Astor's estate, are waiting to meet Mrs. Astor upon the arrival of La Bourgogne at the French line dock, foot of Morton street, and they will consult with her regarding her wishes as to the funeral arrangements.

The funeral will be held probably at 10 o'clock Thursday morning from Trinity Chapel, 15 West Twenty-fifth street. Burial will be made in the magnificent family vault, which stands upon the hill overlooking the Hudson River in Trinity Cemetery, between West One Hundred and Fifty-third, West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth streets, Amsterdam avenue and the river.

The pall-bearers were selected by Mrs. Astor before she left Paris. They will be Vice-President Levi P. Morton, William Schermerhorn, Edward S. Willing, Richard T. Wilson, Henry Day, James P. Kernochan, Edward Bell, Richard M. Hunt, Johnston Livingston and Philip Kissam.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, will conduct the services, assisted by Rev. Dr. W. H. Vibbert, rector of Trinity Chapel. Mr. Astor was a member of Trinity's congregation.

The question of the temporary disposition of Mr. Astor's body will not be settled until the arrival of La Bourgogne. Mrs. William Astor's home, 350 Fifth avenue, has been closed since Mr. and Mrs. Astor went abroad. It has been in charge of servants, however, and could quickly be thrown open. Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton's home, 374 Fifth avenue, which is now occupied by John Jacob Astor, could be used, if necessary, for the funeral.

Sexton Meurer will be at the pier with an undertaker's wagon when the steamship arrives, and he will take the body to the mortuary chapel in Trinity Chapel in West Twenty-fifth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, where it will remain until the day of the funeral.

Mrs. Astor and Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton will probably be driven from the steamship to John Jacob Astor's house on Fifth avenue, and remain there at least until the funeral.

Sexton Albert Meurer, of Trinity chapel, will have charge of the funeral, he having buried Mr. Astor's brother, John Jacob, a few years ago.

The services prescribed by the ritual of the Episcopal Church will be performed at Trinity chapel. There is a full choir of boy choristers at the chapel. John and Ralph Edwards are the choir-leaders and Dr. Walter R. Gilbert the musical director.

The ceremonies in the chapel will be public, and the body will then be taken to Trinity Cemetery, followed only by the immediate family of Mr. Astor and the pall-bearers. Dr. Dix will read a short prayer at the family vault, after which the body will be placed in the niche arranged for its reception.

ASSIGNMENT SET ASIDE.

Fraud Alleged in the Schuyler Failure and a New Receiver Appointed.

Judge Ingraham to-day gave a decision holding that the assignment made by Samuel Schuyler about a year ago must be set aside. J. J. Adams, on behalf of the Garfield National Bank, which filed a claim for $16,000, alleging that the assignment to George W. Kilcheey was fraudulent and that certain property was withheld.

Judge Ingraham appointed Samuel Goldberg receiver of the property.

Reception at Grace Chapel.

The last large confirmation class of Grace Chapel, Brooklyn, had a reception last evening in the chapel school-rooms. There were recitations and singing, in which the chapel choir took part. Miss Martie Mosher's recitations were loudly applauded.

Feht Charged with Theft.

Martin Feht, of 209 Montrose avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested this morning on complaint of William Hoffman, of 365 Central avenue, who charges him with stealing his watch and chain.

Fifteen-Year-Old Boy Lost.

Fifteen-year-old Gustave Johnson has been missing from his home, 233 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, since early yesterday morning. He has light hair, gray eyes, full round face, rosy cheeks. He was dressed in a dark velvet suit.

Events Ahead in Brooklyn.

Regimental "at home," armory, Fourteenth Regiment, South Portland avenue and Auburn place.

Dr. Daniel K. Dodge will lecture on "Norwegian Painting" at 502 Fulton street to-night.

Dr. Talmage will lecture on "The People We Meet" at the Tabernacle next Tuesday evening.

The members of the Union Democratic Club will open their new club-house at 173 Clinton street Monday evening.

The new Ocean Hill Democratic Club-house, 2124 Fulton street, will be opened with appropriate ceremonies Tuesday evening.

This evening the annual picnic of the John F. Carey Association will be held at Washington Park, Broadway and Chauncey street.

The sixth annual afternoon and evening picnic of the Schnirrer Club will be held to-morrow at Jacob Behrens's Bedford Park.

A reading for the benefit of the Royal Arcanum Hospital Bed Fund will be given at the Grand Opera-House on Monday evening, June 6.

The Bijou Dramatic Association will hold a reception at the Bijou Hall, Bushwick avenue and Willoughby avenue, Tuesday evening.

The Rittenother family will give a sacred concert or praise meeting Sunday evening in the Bedford Avenue Tabernacle, corner of South Third street.

The anniversary of the consecration of St. Paul's R. C. church, Court and Congress streets, will be celebrated with appropriate services to-morrow.

John A. Taylor will lecture before the Brooklyn Ethical Association in the Second Unitarian Church, Pierrepont and Clinton streets, to-morrow evening, on "The Independent in Politics."

Sarsfield Circle, No. 148, Companions of the Forest, will give an apron and necktie party at Pioneer Club Rooms, 128 Court street, Monday evening.

The Lexington Dramatic Society will bring its twenty-second season to a close Monday evening, May 16, at the Bedford Avenue Theatre. The play selected for present talents is "John Franklin, Ba Ker."

The Brooklyn Centennial, A. Louis Chassaing, Director, will give a concert Monday evening, at the Academy of Music. Many well-known artists will take part and a number of new features will be included in the programme.

A Decisive Blow for Freedom

From the tyrannical yoke of those despotic aches, dyspepsia, constipation and their companions, is struck when this medicine, which of their ruling supremacy has taken a control. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Then they cannot be subdued, and long in readers its supreme sway. Since its universal experience of those who use the ruling a tyrannic yoke rid of these associate ones. Anti-dyspeptics, anti-aches, anti-constipation, anti-biliousness, anti-nervous, anti-malarial, anti-rheumatic, anti-kidney, anti-urinary, anti-nervous, anti-sleeplessness, anti-appetite, anti-fever, anti-ague, anti-nervous, anti-nervous, anti-nervous