

a goal is won under the Gaelic rules only by kicking the ball between the goal posts and under the cross-bar. A point is counted when the ball is driven over the cross-bar or over the goal line between the

and being captain of the only unbeaten club in Ireland. In general athletic sport he was the winner of no fewer than fifteen medals. In May of last year he won the all-around championship of County Cork. James Coster is one of the most brilliant members of the team. He is a Limerick

Joseph McMahon, 32 years old, of Ninety-fifth street and Lexington avenue, was arrested Monday night on a charge of being a confederate of John McNamara in his assault on William Ryan on Saturday night. The prisoner was committed for examination.

giving Day from 9 A.M. until 10 P.M. Prof. Bickmore has prepared an illustrated lecture on "Our American Forests" which will be delivered at 3 P.M. in the museum building at Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue.

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## STORIES OF THE NEWS.

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# A CONSUMPTIVE'S DEATH.

How Poor Jane Lee Yielded Yesterday Morning to the Great White Plague.

THE GERMAN DOCTOR'S REMEDY TOO LATE FOR HER.

Pathetic Details of the Last Hours and the Death of a Charity Patient in the Consumptives' Ward on Blackwell's Island.

Jane Lee died of consumption in the Charity Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, yesterday.

For the majority of readers this brief statement will have little interest. The dead woman was comparatively unknown in New York; the hard-working life she led left her no time to make friends, or even many acquaintances.

She had children, but they turned against her, and have even refused to give their address or bury their mother's remains.

She was poor, she was only a servant, and, when she fell sick this Summer, it seemed quite in the natural order of things that she should be sent to the Island and cared for at the expense of the State.

But there are friends away off in Ireland to whom the death of Jane Lee no doubt means a great deal. It means the folding forever of a pair of hands that were never too tired to work for those "at home;" the silencing of a voice that was very sweet to their ears, whatever we may have thought of it, and the eternal stillness of a heart that was always "true to them," as they would say, even in the strange, new country, where its possessor might have found so many things to drown affection.

THE NEW REMEDY TOO LATE FOR JANE LEE. If those friends were asked their opinion of the greatest medical discovery of the age, they would probably tell you that it had been made in vain since it was not used in time to save Jane Lee.

This would be their way of looking at it, and under the circumstances one can hardly

blame them. By them the thousands of other lives to be saved will be weighed in the balance with the dear one lost, and will be found wanting.

They can only remember that here is a life, ended years too soon by a disease, which crept upon it silently and finished it with relentless swiftness.

They know that less than six months ago the victim was in perfect health, and that even in September her plans and hopes for the future were going merrily forward with no thought of interruption to cloud them.

What they do not know is the story of the sudden approach of disease last August, the loss of strength, the inability to work, the lack of money and friends, the removal to the Charity Hospital, and the end of it all yesterday morning.

This story can only be told by the nurses and physicians of the hospital and by the representative of THE WORLD, who was at Jane Lee's bedside when death came and for six hours preceding that time.

A FAITHFUL PICTURE OF THE WHITE PLAGUE.

It was with no morbid curiosity, no thought of sensationalism, that the reporter stood by the dying woman and watched the battle between life and death.

It was to give to readers a faithful picture of the final stages of what has been heretofore the most fatal disease known to medical science, and against which that science is now battling.

The story will not be pleasant in the reading, but it cannot fail to bring out vividly the horror of the disease and the necessity

of giving at least a respectful hearing to any and all remedies suggested.

And if there is anything which will convince one of such a necessity it is to spend a night in the consumption wards of a great hospital, surrounded by patients in all stages and watching the last struggle of one of them.

IN THE CONSUMPTION WARD.

Jane Lee died at twenty minutes after midnight. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the writer saw her for the first time, stretched on her narrow cot in the northeast corner of Ward L.

Beside her, before her, and all around her lay thirty of her fellow-patients, ghastly and emaciated. As the woman reporter and the nurse neared the entrance a chorus of coughs, gasps and stifled moans filled the room.



GOING THE ROUNDS.

In the Consumptives' Ward on Blackwell's Island, where Jane Lee died yesterday.

Many of the patients were sitting up in their cots struggling for breath; others lay back on the pillows looking as if their breath had already left them.

To the writer's untrained eye every sufferer seemed to be passing away, but the nurse and patients knew better.

The little cot in the corner was the centre of interest, for in some way it had become known that "Jane" could not last through the night.

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The woman upon whom the shadow of death rested was at that time the calmest, most quiet there. She had passed beyond the stage when her body was racked by the cough, which tortured the others, and there was a brief respite before the suffering of the end.

The face on the pillow looked like a death-mask, its livid color being accentuated by the heavy eyebrows, and the great, glassy gray eyes, which were stretched to their widest extent, and which now gazed into the face of the nurse with an expression of dumb

appeal. The cheeks had fallen in against the teeth, and the lips of the nostrils was sharply defined in the effort of breathing.

As the nurse approached the lips parted convulsively and the stiff, thick tongue vainly tried to articulate.

The attendant leaned over her and waited patiently.

"What do you want, Jane? Would you like to be moved? Do you want me to lift you up?" she suggested.

There was a struggle, a convulsive twitching of the muscles of the mouth, a hoarse, inarticulate gurgle. Then came a few broken, disjointed syllables, which the nurse bent her ear almost to the patient's lips to catch.

THE INTERPRETER OF THE DYING.

"She says a drink would be good," translated a woman in the next cot, and the eyes of Jane closed in acquiescence.

The nurse flew off for a glass of wine, and the interpreter in the adjoining bed continued: "I'm used to her, so I can understand most everything she says; she's getting worse every hour, though. She'll go to-night sure"—and a violent fit of coughing shook the speaker from head to foot.

At this Jane's glossy eyes unclosed, and she gurgled something which the interpreter promptly rendered as "I ought to die," and to which she replied soothingly, "Oh, no, you hadn't; you'll never die, Jane."

"I ought to, I want to," gasped Jane once more—and here her mind seemed to wander slightly and she continued to mutter to herself.

She revived at sight of the wine which was brought to her and placed to her lips. Even at that time, almost nine hours before death, swallowing was a difficult matter. She swallowed slowly and with a great effort, holding the nurse's arm with her bony hand to signify that she wanted more.

She drank almost half a wine-glassful, and then began another struggle for swiftness. This time the nurse understood her, although the writer could not.

WE ARE ALL CHILDREN IN SICKNESS.

"Put your arms round my neck and I'll lift you up and turn you over on your side, and then you'll go to sleep like a good dear, won't you?" said the attendant, just as she would speak to a sick child.

Then her strong, young arms lifted the poor, emaciated form and turned it over. Tenderly as it was done the operation was agony to Jane Lee. Her entire body was sore, and her moans as some especially sensitive spot was touched filled the room and silenced the coughs of her fellow patients.

Her cold, clammy face was wiped off, the pillows shaken up, the clothing tucked carefully around her, and she was left to rest, while the nurse visited other cots and the writer went away to prepare for the night watch.

At 7 station ward was lighted the nurse now stood the dying

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For the quiet, position noon had milk.

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Toward irritable The night

effect of the whole is very attractive. The prevailing style in cane and umbrella handles is ivory or wood partially covered with silver. Watches are still set in them, not in the top, as formerly, but in the stick, about six or eight inches from the end. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have

in against nostrils was breathing. The line parted from the tongue

and waited

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At 7 o'clock the reporter took up her station and awaited the end. The great ward was in alm at total darkness, the only light coming from a small lantern which the nurse carried in her rounds and which now stood on a table behind a screen near the dying woman's couch.

#### A CHORUS OF CROAKING.

All the patients were nervous and restless and pandemonium reigned. The attacks of coughing seemed to come on periodically and simultaneously. Some one would begin, another would join, and in two minutes the coughing, choking and gasping of thirty people would swell the chorus. Each had a distinctive cough, which the writer soon learned to recognize. There was the half-cough, half-cry of the woman, who had not the strength to relieve her chest of the oppression which weighed upon it. Her neighbor's form was racked with the incessant long, hollow, loose cough, which is a death knell from the first. And further down the aisle was a woman who choked and gasped for breath at near intervals all night long.



#### A DRINK OF WINE.

For the first half hour Jane lay very quiet. She had been placed in as easy a position as possible, and during the afternoon had swallowed a little more wine and milk.

Even in three hours her appearance had changed greatly for the worse. Her mouth was half open now, and her heavy breathing could be heard in the middle of the room. Her long, thin arms rested on the cover of her bed and she restlessly crossed and uncrossed her hands. Her eyes were closed, but at intervals she opened them and fastened them with an unseeing stare on the stranger sitting beside her.

#### THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

Towards 8 o'clock she grew nervous and irritable and began to moan and call out. The night nurse, Miss Allen, had charge of

Divver in his complaint claimed that he had been swindled out of \$2,500, having paid \$8,000 for 100 shares of stock of the Standard Gaslight Company, and only receiving 50 shares. The defense was that in receiving 50 shares Mr. Divver got exactly what he bargained for.

three wails, and no one but the night nurse could suit poor Jane.

She called for her constantly, muttered to herself and her breathing grew louder and more labored. Her fellow-sufferers endured it in patience for half an hour and then there occurred a scene very characteristic of a charity hospital.

"For God's sake, Jane, shut up and give us a rest," remarked some one across the room, as the dying woman continued to moan and call for the nurse.

"Let the poor woman alone, will you?" commented her neighbor, who had acted as translator earlier in the day. "Don't you know she's climbing?"

"I know she's makin' us all worse," declared a third, and a fourth took up the defense vigorously. They were all irritable and ready to quarrel, but Jane was entirely indifferent to what was passing. She had quieted again and seemed unconscious of the commotion about her. The dispute, which began so earnestly, ended very abruptly as the sound of Miss Allen's light footsteps coming down the hall. Silence reigned supreme as she entered and made her rounds, lantern in hand.

#### SHE HAD LOST HER SPEECH.

Jane had heard her and the big gray eyes immediately opened. She had lost the power of speech entirely by this time, but it was very evident what she wanted.

The nurse raised her again, arranged the pillows and asked if she wanted a drink.

Again there was the pitiful effort to articulate, and an entire failure. The mouth was half open and one could see the stiff tongue vainly trying to move.

"Do you want some wine?" asked Miss Allen.

An almost imperceptible motion of the head was taken by the nurse for assent.

When she returned with the glass it was necessary to pour the liquid into the open mouth, a very little at a time.

The power to swallow had gone.

There was a slight twitching of the muscles of the mouth, which opened somewhat wider when the glass had been removed from the lips.

#### THE LAST CONSCIOUS ACT.

Then, slowly and with difficulty the dying woman raised her hand to her face and wiped away the cold perspiration which was standing upon it.

This was her last conscious act, performed about 9 o'clock.

She sank into a stupor, in which she remained until 10. At that time the night physician and nurse made their rounds again. They came directly to Jane's bed, but there was no recognition even of her presence in the wide-open eyes which stared at them.

The doctor looked down at her in silence, holding in his hand her thin wrist, with its

months' leave of absence.

The captain of the steamer Normannia made complaint to the Board that on reaching the bar on Nov. 20 he was obliged to wait for upward of half an hour for pilot-boat No. 2. The matter was laid over till the vessel again reaches this side.

slender thread of pulse. There was hardly any motion, but the breathing had become louder and more difficult, and the lower jaw had dropped almost on the breast.

"She can't live much longer," he said quietly: "only an hour or two. There is almost no pulse here."

He laid the hand down carefully and went away.

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Then came two hours—two endless hours—of waiting. The lantern had been taken away and the only light in the ward was furnished by a small lamp set off in a distant corner.

Jane's cot, however, was near the window, and the moonlight without was almost as bright as day.

The face lying on the pillow was distinct—painfully distinct, with its dropped jaw and the wide-staring eyes, which looked so fixedly into—what?

Was she conscious? The writer could not tell. If she was, what thoughts were passing through that mind?



#### "THE END HAS COME."

The room was almost quiet. Jane's heavy breathing was the only sound, broken in upon occasionally by the loud talking of an insane woman, who lay in the ward just above, and whose heavy voice sounded plainly through the corridors.

Suddenly the sick woman's eyes closed, then slowly reopened and closed again.

#### THE DEATH BATTLE.

For almost fifteen minutes she lay as if asleep, but now there was another element in her breathing—the death rattle was there. Slowly and more slowly her breath rose and fell, growing fainter each time, but with that ghastly rattle deep down in the throat.

The eyes had opened wide again, and remained fixed on one spot—a distant, dark corner of the room. Over their glassy surface came a gray film.

The arms lay heavy and apparently nerveless in the bed. They could be lifted up as a dead weight and dropped again.

Phillip Farrell, of College Point, came to Harlem on the ferry-boat last evening and on the trip amused himself by firing a revolver. On the arrival of the boat Farrell was arrested, and yesterday morning was sentenced to the island for a month.

But when the writer took the cold hand to feel the pulse, the clammy fingers closed on her arm with a grip of death, and held them fast. When she had unloosened the clinging fingers, she drew out a handkerchief and wiped her own, finding them as cold and wet as if they had been bathed in dew.

An hour and a half passed slowly by without perceptible change. The other patients became uneasy and restless. Paroxysms of coughing filled the room but there was no sound, no movement of the quiet figure in the little corner cot.

At 11.45 Miss Allen and Dr. Malotte entered the ward, the latter glancing in out of courtesy to the visitor as his patients were on an upper floor. His face was very grave as he looked down at the cot.

"The end is near," he remarked to the nurse: "do you want to call any one?"

Miss Allen brought a huge light screen from the corner and placed it around the cot, shutting off the death scene from the other patients, many of whom were awake now and lay looking at the little group gathered around the bedside.

Physician, nurse and reporter stepped inside and the tiny night lamp was placed in position. All three took their stations at the head of the dying woman and awaited the end.

For a moment it seemed as if death was already there.

#### AND SO SHE DIED.

Deep lines marked the corners of the mouth and nose. The nostrils were sunken and the lips drawn sharply back, showing the upper teeth. The jaws had dropped still lower, and over the eyes, which had lost their reflex action, the film was deepening.

Even the death rattle had stopped and nothing told of life save the almost imperceptible breath.

There was a faint motion of the heart, growing weaker at each thro.

While the writer's hand rested upon it it stopped.

Then came a stiffening of the entire figure, a faint movement of the lips, a smile, a twitching of the muscles—whatever you choose to call it—a gradual settling down.

The body lay before us, there was no change of expression, the eyes had the same stare as in life, but the spirit had gone.

We did not realize it for a moment. It seemed as if that tongue must move again, as if those lips must, once more to shape the words they had been attempting all night.

Then the nurse unrolled a wide linen band, inside of which she placed a roll of cotton batting.

She closed the mouth and eyes, smothered out the feature, and passed the bandage under the chin, tying it firmly at the back of the head.

The pillows were removed, the sheets rolled slightly about the dead body, the screen drawn a little more closely.

Then the nurse turned towards us. She had lost some of her bright color and her eyes looked dim.

"Come away," she said softly. "This is the end."