BEGIN IT IN THE EVENING WORLD TO-DAY.

"GULAB SINGH."

A THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE.

The Evening World.

World "Wants" printed during '89 702,849

WHAT DOES THIS PROVE?

121,906,360 Copies Printed During '89.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

LA GRIPPE'S DEATH-BLOWS.

List of Victims of the Epidemic Increasing Every Day.

The Highest Mortality Record Ever Seen in This City.

Never before in the history of the city has the death rate reached so high a figure in midwinter as now.

A list of 250 deaths within twenty-four hours is a thing to alarm. There have been but two days in eighteen years when so many New Yorkers were called to their last account.

On July 2, 1872, when the mercury stood at 97 degrees, sixty-eight persons died of sunstroke out of a total mortality of 351.

July 9, 1876, there were 291 deaths, due to the intense heat and the diseases bred thereby.

The mortality record for the year 1889 has just been compiled by the Vital Statistician, and it shows an increase of deaths during December, 1889, over the same month in 1888 of 51, and for the year there was an increase of 186 deaths from respiratory diseases.

There have been reported so far this week 839 deaths, which indicates a probable larger mortality for the week than was ever known before. The black-letter week in the history of the Health Department was the first week of July, 1872, when there were 1,591 deaths in the city.

And yet the Health Board reiterate that they are powerless to stay the ravages of the epidemic of Russian influenza, which is the direct or indirect cause of the alarming increase.

The grip's victims numbered only four yesterday, but sixty-one died of pneumonia; forty-four of consumption; twenty-seven of bronchitis, and twelve of complications clearly arising out of influenza.

All physicians agree that the unseasonable weather for the past six weeks is responsible for the fearful havoc raised by bronchial and pulmonary affections.

Dr. Tracy, of the Health Department, hopes that the cold snap which has set in will remain with us for a few days, for he thinks it will check the onward march of the grip and its attendant followers.

But, meantime, every hospital in the city is over-full of patients, the increase in every case being in grip cases or complications of that disease, while the Morgue is full of bodies and the undertakers have more work than they can attend to.

The druggists are unable to meet the demand for anti-pyretics and quinine is becoming a scarce commodity. For the first time in many years, the wholesale drug houses downtown are open in the the evenings, for the grip has shown itself in every city, town and hamlet, and the demand for medicines wherewith to combat it is simply marvellous.

A William street wholesale druggist displayed to an EVENING WORLD reporter an order for 5,000 pills by an uptown druggist, whose last order, before the epidemic, was for one gross.

There are still 390 policemen on the sick list, and Chief Bonner, of the Fire Department, has asked that ten eligible men be placed on the active list, as his forces are much reduced by the grip.

The influenza still avoids the children, though one child was among its victims last night.

John Brennan, of 533 West Twenty-eighth street, had a severe attack of the malady, became delirious and is now a raving maniac in Bellevue Hospital.

Profs. O'Connor and Newberry, of Columbia College have been unable to meet their classes since the holidays, both being down with the Grip.

The 1,800 boys employed as messengers by the American and Mutual District companies have not been exempted, fully one-half of them having been laid up at one time or another by the Grip.

Brooklyn feels the grip of La Grippe, too, and there were forty-four deaths from pneumonia and bronchitis in the City of Churches within the past twenty-four hours. There are ninety-nine policemen on the sick list, and the death rate in the city for the week was 28.83 to the 1,000, as against the normal death rate of 22.17 at this season of the year.

The mortality from influenza and kindred troubles is not so great in New Jersey, but at New Haven, Conn., there were forty-seven deaths during the last six days, a doubling up of the usual rate of mortality.

Bridgeport has had four fatal cases of the grip, the last being Miss Bertha Hagley, only twenty years old, who had been ill since Jan. 1.

General Master Workman Terence V. Powderly was to have addressed the National Trades' annual meeting at Cooper Hall, Jersey City, last evening, but he was obliged to wire the Committee his inability to fill the engagement, as he was down with the grip.

Boston has the influenza mildly, and there is no alarming increase in the death rate.

Chicago and all Illinois, Indiana and Iowa are having the malady, but not seriously.

Carbondale, Pa., has had two fatal cases, and Wilmington, Del., has had one.

Rochester, in this State, has had four deaths from the grip, and Troy is literally prostrated with the epidemic.

No Funds for Gymnastics.

The Board of Education for 1890 held its first meeting yesterday afternoon. The new members, Messrs. James W. Gerard, Charles B. Hubbell, Eugene Kelly, William Lummis, Samuel M. Purdy and Mrs. Clara M. Williams, were all present. J. Edward Simmons was re-elected President, Arthur McMullen Clerk, and George T. Balch Auditor. The by-laws of last year were adopted with the exception of the rule relating to the teaching of gymnastics, which was suspended because of the lack of funds. The resolution of Commissioner Hunt providing for the acceptance of flags from the patriotic Order of the Sons of America was laid over for future action. Commissioner Devoe said that it would cost $100,000 to erect poles on all of the school buildings on which to display the flags and the Board had no funds for such a purpose. Lieut. F. S. Carter was appointed senior instructor on the schoolship St. Marys.

Hotel Arrivals.

Clarendon—G. de Weckherlin, Minister for the Netherlands at Washington. *Fifth Avenue*—Senator J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira. *Gilsey*—Gen. Austin Lathrop, of Corning, N. Y., and ex-Congressman Carlos French, of Connecticut. *Grand Union*—Speaker James W. Husted. *Normandie*—State Comptroller Edward Wemple, of Fultonville, N. Y. *Windsor*—Matthew Hale, of Albany.

Backache, Lame Back, Rheumatism. Use Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Plasters. *,*

EVERY KIND OF WEATHER.

New York Runs the Meteorological Gamut in Twenty-four Hours.

Havoc Wrought by High Winds in New York and Jersey City.

Observing citizens assert that during the twenty-four hours ending at noon today Gotham has experienced a more varied assortment of weather than has ever been known before for the same interval even in this favored locality.

At the beginning of the period mentioned there was a June-like balminess in the air, and overcoats became a burden to perspiring wayfarers.

Inhabitants of New Jersey, Westchester and Long Island came to town, bringing with them sprigs of snowy cherry blossoms plucked from the trees in full bloom, or bouquets of yellow dandelions, which have already begun to brighten the country pastures.

During the afternoon the thermometer ranged through all the varying degrees of temperature, representing May, April and March, and at dusk the city was favored with a miniature blizzard and snow squall that would have done credit to an ordinary February, winding up with a blow that indicated the approach of the long-expected, high-rolling cold wave from Manitoba.

To-day there is a crispiness and bracing vigor about the atmosphere that is peculiarly grateful to grip-stricken Gothamites, and which every one is praying will continue for at least a day or two longer, if its effect will be in any measure to renovate and purify this microbe-infested neighborhood.

The highest velocity attained by the wind during the cyclone was forty miles an hour on land, but this was sufficient to work considerable havoc.

The Ninth avenue horse-car company was one of the most serious sufferers. A sudden squall tore off the top of one of its cars at Ninetieth street, and as the roof went skimming along over the housetops on Tenth avenue, residents of that neighborhood began to wish that they had a few convenient cyclone cellars.

In Brooklyn, the wall of the New Casino building, at Fulton street and Alabama avenue, was laid low. It was 75 feet high and 100 feet long. Fortunately no one but the night watchman was around at the time, and he was on the weather side of the structure.

The story of the Throop avenue disaster is told in another column.

Out at sea the velocity of the gale reached a maximum of forty-seven miles an hour, and cautionary signals were ordered up from Cape Hatteras north.

Although no disasters at sea have yet been reported it is believed that many vessels have not escaped damage by the storm.

One death caused by the high wind is reported. An earthen flue on the roof of the house 45 Henderson street, Jersey City, was blown down, and in falling it struck the head of seven-year-old Jimmy Barry, who lived at No. 453, killing him instantly.

The cold weather west of the Mississippi Valley has now fairly started on a trip across the continent, and in all probability will arrive in this section of the country intact. In Nevada a temperature of 50 degrees below zero is reported.

Sergeant Dunn said this morning that the centre of the cold wave was now over Canada and moving eastward.

The temperature in that region varied from 10 to 12 degrees below zero. There was no other cold wave in sight east of the Rocky Mountains. The outlook is for continued fair weather and a rise in temperature to-morrow.

The wind is still blowing a stiff gale off the New England coast, the velocity at Block Island this morning being 48 miles an hour. In New York it was 22 miles.

WHOSE HUSBAND WAS ME?

A Sensation Grows Out of the Widow George's Third Marriage.

Almost everybody in Mount Vernon knows Mrs. Andrew George. She was, up to a recent date, a fascinating widow. Mrs. George has never considered marriage a failure, and having buried her husband she at once set about securing a third. The lucky man proved to be J. H. Powers. With a fascinating net of blond hair and a sweet little bait of blue eyes Mrs. George nailed him to the cross, so to speak, and a few weeks ago the news went abroad throughout Mount Vernon society that Mrs. George had been bound in holy wedlock to Mr. Powers. As this was Mrs. George's third venture nobody was startled. Monday night the newly wedded pair gave a reception, to which the cream of Mount Vernon society was invited. In the midst of these festivities there came a ring at the door-bell, and in walked a veiled female, like Lady Macbeth in the chamber of Duncan.

"This perfidious man is my husband," she exclaimed, pointing towards the unhappy Powers; "I have left the bedside of our sick child to find him."

Consternation seized upon the guests, and the bridegroom, with a hasty remark relative to squaring the matter, left the house with the strange woman. Just where they went no one seems able to say. Powers returned to the house the same night, and yesterday morning came to this city in company with the former Mrs. George. The name of "J. Powers and wife" appears on the register of the Grand Union Hotel. When a WORLD reporter sent up his card the bell boy returned with the strange announcement that "Mr. Powers was not in, and begged leave to say that he was out."

Alice Jackman's Confession.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8.—Alice Jackman, the fourteen-year-old heiress, who has figured in two sensational abduction cases, and who claimed to have been abducted last Sunday night by three men, one of whom she named as Charley Brouthers, has confessed that her story was untrue and made out of whole cloth. From the outset little credence has been given the yarn as narrated by Miss Alice, but her friends could not understand why she should be out in such weather unless detained by force. At a late hour last night she "owned up" and said: "Sunday night I went after a stein of beer for Cousin Hollie (Miss C. C. Spink) and I concluded I would go over and see Mrs. Brouthers, my former guardian. I got as far as Lafayette Park when I lost courage, loosened my shoes and started back across the city to Mr. Al Spink's. I don't know why I told the story I did, but I wanted an excuse. That's all there is to it."

Church and State in Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO, Jan. 8.—An official decree just promulgated proclaims the separation of Church and State, guarantees religious liberty and equality, and continues the life stipends granted under the monarchy.

BOTH BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Dr. Kniffin and Miss Purcell Under Arrest in Trenton Jail.

The Pretty Typewriter Refused to Answer the Coroner's Questions.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 9.—Dentist Kniffin and his dead wife's pretty cousin, Miss Emma Purcell, are occupants of cells in Trenton jail. They were placed under arrest last evening by Detective Leahey, by order of Justice Matheson, and were at once locked up. Excitement runs high, as this move was unexpected at this stage of the proceedings.

Coroner Bower resumed the inquest on the death of of Mrs. Kniffin at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Every foot of space in the court-room was occupied by eager and interested spectators.

Dr. Shannon was first called to the witness stand. He said he had known Kniffin for eight years, and became his partner in July last. He told the story of his discovery of the tragedy. The office-boy came to his house for the key Friday morning. He went to the Kniffin house, and found all things in disorder in the office.

He then called Gus Reid, and together they went to the third-story front room. There they found Miss Purcell lying on the floor in her night-dress, with all the doors wide open. She struggled violently when raised. There was no smell of drugs in the room

Dr. Shannon then went to see what had become of Mrs. Kniffin. He found her on the bed in her room dead, with the coverlet over her face. The bed was in great disorder. He detected no smell of chloroform.

This was about 8 o'clock. Miss Purcell said nothing about being robbed. There were no marks on her person of violence, so far as he could see.

Dr. Shannon knew nothing, he said, of any unpleasant relations between Kniffin and his wife, or of any undue intimacy with Miss Purcell.

Dr. Shannon summoned the police at once upon discovery of the murder. He denied having in any way interfered with their investigation, or that he placed any obstacles in their way.

The witness was on the stand two hours. He bore the ordeal very well, but gave the impression that he was keeping back something.

Mrs. Miller, the charwoman, was the next witness, but her testimony, while corroborating that taken before, developed nothing new.

Then came the sensational feature of the day's proceedings.

After a long wait, during which the spectators held their breaths in expectation, Miss Purcell, dressed from head to foot in black, her face concealed by a heavy crepe veil, slowly advanced from the stairway. By her side and supporting her walked Mrs. Dr. Palmer, Dr. Kniffin's sister. Following them came Dr. Palmer and Detective Leahey. Miss Purcell seated herself in the witness chair, facing the jury, and removed her veil.

This she did with a hand that betrayed no sign of nervousness or fear. Although not as rosy-cheeked as a week ago, she had a good deal of color in her face. She looked calmly at the jury and glanced with perfect self-possession about the room as if seeking some familiar face.

A finer exhibition of nerve was never seen in a court-room. Not a tremor, not a sign of shrinking, embarrassment or fear. She was as cool and apparently self-reliant as if engaged in the most commonplace duties of every-day life. "If this woman ever comes to the gallows, she will meet her fate unflinchingly," was the whispered comment that went through the audience.

Coroner Bower administered the oath, and asked the simple question, "What is your full name?"

Calmly, in an ordinary conversational tone, Miss Purcell replied:

"By advice of my counsel, I decline to answer any questions whatever."

Before anything else could be said Lawyer Chauncey H. Beasley arose and, addressing the Coroner, said:

"As counsel for Miss Purcell, I have instructed her not to answer any questions. I think the law upholds me in this course. While she has not been arrested, ever since the terrible murder she has been under surveillance. She has had an officer with her at every turn, and she has not been allowed to leave the house or communicate with her friends. She has been a prisoner of the county to all intents and purposes, and I repeat my instructions to her not to answer."

Mr. Beasley presented a number of affidavits to substantiate his claim.

The Coroner again repeated his question, but the young woman again refused to answer.

It appeared that this plan had been decided upon by Miss Purcell's friends, and it is definitely known that they induced the Coroner to call her to the witness stand at that time to carry out their programme.

As soon as Lawyer Beasley took his seat Prosecutor Stockton conversed with him a moment and then made a sign to Justice Matheson. The latter spoke briefly to Detective Leahey, who at once stepped forward and placed Miss Purcell under arrest.

Then Detective Pilger rushed from the room, down the stairs to the witness-room, where he found Kniffin, and, touching his shoulder, made him also a prisoner.

The dentist and the typewriter were taken then into the Grand Jury room, when the complaints were read to them in which Detective Charles Pilger swears that "he has reason to and does suspect that Miss Emma Purcell caused the death of Mrs. Myra Kniffin, and that Arthur S. Kniffin was an accessory to the crime."

This complaint was sworn out last Sunday. This was done so that the suspects could not have their objections sustained if they made any against the officers accompanying them at the funeral. During the reading of the complaint Miss Purcell looked the Justice straight in the eye. She sat all the while with her left hand in that of Mrs. Ella Palmer, Dr. Kniffin's sister, who occupied a seat on her left.

On her right sat Dr. Kniffin. He was dressed in a black Prince Albert coat, and about his neck he wore a handkerchief, presumably to hide the wounds on his throat. In his white shirt bosom he still wore the large diamond, of which he is passionately fond. But once did his gaze turn to Miss Purcell, and then her eyes met his, her lips twitched and for a moment it looked as though she would burst into tears.

Lawyer Barton took a copy of the complaint, which charges but "suspicion" against the prisoners, and waived the usual preliminary hearing.

"Then I will have to commit them to the County Jail without bail," said Justice Matheson.

"Oh, can't I go with her?" cried Mrs. Palmer, as the prisoners were escorted to a cell, while their lawyers jumped into a cab and started out to secure a writ of habeas corpus and have the prisoners released on bail.

From the Court-House Lawyer Barton drove to the residence of Judge Scudder, but he refused them the writ of habeas corpus.

They then tried Judge Van Sickle, and here again were refused. As a last resort they called on Chief Justice Beasley and stated their case. It was after 10 o'clock when they left the Chief Justice, but they did not have the writ. The Chief Justice said the charge was a serious one and that he would not interfere in the case in the absence of the prosecutor and while the Coroner's inquest was going on.

He promised, however, that they could renew their applications after the adjournment of the inquest. If the jury does not fasten the crime on the prisoners, he will read the testimony, and consider their application for a writ.

Miss Purcell is comfortably cared for in the juvenile department of the old Court-House, and Dr. Kniffin is in cell "B," on corridor No. 2.

COMING HOME TO ROOST.

Last Election's "Deal" Now Plagues Union League Club Satraps.

The true inwardness of the contest in the Union League Club comes out this morning in an interview with an old and prominent member.

This gentleman makes no bones of stating the real cause of the controversy to be the dissatisfaction and disgust of a large number of the members with the partisan uses to which the Club has been put by Republican leaders, and instances the deal with the County Democracy in the last campaign whereby Judge Gildersleeve was defeated as the particular incident which culminated the rebellious feeling.

The action of the Committee on Admissions in refusing to pass any man who is not a tried and true Republican is very offensive to the three hundred members who are Democrats. If this move is successful the Club will be restored to its original standing, and the political heelers will be sent across the avenue to the Republican Club, where they can carry out their partisan schemes.

The election takes place this evening, polls being kept open from 6.30 to 9.30. There are 1,600 members. Dr. Chauncey M. Depew heads both tickets as candidate for re-election as President. Following are the opposing nominees:

REGULAR.	MEMBERS'.
For Secretary.	*For Secretary.*
Sigourney W. Fay.	J. Seaver Page.
For Executive Committee.	*For Executive Committee.*
Joseph E. Gay.	Marvelle W. Cooper.
William Q. Riddle.	James Otis.
H. G. Armour.	W. Hull Wickham.
Charles H. Isham.	Albert H. Brown.
George H. Sargent.	George R. Sheldon.
Committee on Admission.	*Committee on Admission.*
Joseph W. Howe.	William L. Pomeroy.
Alfred R. Whitney.	Francis H. Leggett.
William H. Rowe.	Joseph S. Decker.
Mortimer C. Addoms.	William H. Hurlburt.
Thomas J. Davis.	Charles F. Smillie.

Among those who support the regular ticket are John Jay, D. O. Mills, Jackson S. Schultz, Chas. S. Smith, Richard P. Herrick, Alfred Van Santvoord, Benjamin Brewster, Thomas Rutter, John Hall, Dr. John H. Hinton, Frederick H. Gibbens, M. C. D. Borden, Chas. A. Peabody, Walter Howe, Jacob Wendell, Nathan Seeley, Edward A. Quintard and J. D. Vermilye.

The supporters of the members' ticket include ex-Judge Noah Davis, C. C. Tiffany, George Bliss, Charles H. Blair, Henry Bedlow, George P. Rowell, J. W. Curtis, H. C. Ward, Walter C. Gibson, J. H. Dunham, David Milliken, jr., W. G. Nicholls, Henry W. Hayden, William Post, Theodore W. Stirling, Hoffman Miller and others.

The young men say their ticket will have the support of 400 of the 500 members who frequent the Club. They also claim a good many of the non-attending members.

The supporters of the regular ticket won't give any estimates of their strength. Ordinarily, less than four hundred of the 1,600 members vote, but this time the old men are expected to come out in force.

A DEFEAT FOR HUNTINGTON.

His Enemies Secure an Order in the Houston and Texas Suit.

Two orders were handed to Judge Patterson in Supreme Court, Chambers, to be signed, last Monday. One was presented by Frederic R. Coudert and ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, counsel for Michael Gernsheim and others in their suit against C. P. Huntington for the possession of the Houston and Texas Central Railway. Another order was handed up by A. H. Joline and Almon Goodwin, representing the Trust Company and Huntington. This was a very innocent-looking order, but it simply asked the court to do what had already been refused by that body. Judge Patterson will not sign this order, but yesterday he handed down a memorandum which contains a sweeping victory for Mr. Gernsheim. In substance the Court says that the order presented by the plaintiffs absolutely restraining the distribution of the stock is signed with the only condition that the plaintiffs shall be required to try the case without any delay when reached on the Special Term calendar, and should the plaintiffs unreasonably delay the trial the defendants may have leave to move to vacate the injunction on the ground of such delay.

The provisions the defendants sought to engraft on the order giving the Central Trust Company the right to vote on the stock in the mean time and to require the plaintiffs to give additional security are denied, and also the provision is denied giving the defendants leave to move on additional affidavits to dissolve the injunction. As to this Judge Patterson says the very object of continuing the injunction was to enable the plaintiffs to cross-examine the witnesses and investigate accounts, and "not for that subject to be disposed of simply on the affidavits of bookkeepers and others." The decision is looked on as a great victory for Gernsheim and his friends. Houston and Texas "old" stock is not for sale just now.

Wrote His Own Funeral Sermon.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 8.—Otis H. Brown, sr., an eccentric widower, seventy-eight years old, who lived almost a hermit in a cattle hut in the village of Osseo, this county, killed himself Monday by firing three bullets through his head. Of late Brown has kept a diary of his condition. The last of these notes bore the fact that he was about to take his life and gave directions for the disposition of his effects. The old man also wrote a funeral sermon several months ago, which he left in the hands of a neighbor with the instructions to have it preached over his remains. He was a carpenter by trade, and among the things about his hut was a coffin, which he told others had been made for himself. Mr. Brown was born in Massachusetts, and had lived thirty-six years in this State.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

DEATH'S CRASH.

Two People Killed, Four Fatally Hurt Under Fallen Walls.

A New Brooklyn Church Blown Over Upon a Dwelling.

Realizing the Apprehensions of a Night of Terror.

The Church Walls Said to Have Been Improperly Supported.

An appalling disaster occurred in Brooklyn this morning.

The south wall of the new Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, in course of erection at the corner of Throop and Willoughby avenues, was blown down by the wind and fell with a crash at 4.30 this morning on the frame building, two stories and mansard, No. 298 Throop avenue, which was twenty feet from the church, and demolished it.

The ruined building was tenanted by the Mott and Purdy families, numbering six persons.

Richard Poole, a boarder, slept there last night, making seven in the house, all told.

Two of the seven were killed.

The other five were more or less seriously injured, and two of them, at least, are expected to die.

LIST OF DEAD.

MAY EMMA PURDY, aged eighteen, crushed to death.

DAVID PURDY, aged fourteen, mangled, and throat cut by a beam.

THE INJURED.

MRS. CAROLINE MOTT, widow, aged 75, injured internally, and suffering from shock. Death expected.

MISS SARAH MOTT, aged forty-five, injured about the head and breast.

CAROLINE PURDY, aged seventeen, injured about the head and shoulders. Death expected.

MRS. ELIZABETH PURDY, slightly injured about the body and suffering from shock.

RICHARD POOLE, aged sixty-three, slightly injured about the head and lower limbs.

The seven unfortunate people spent a night of terror even before the crash came.

When the wind rose after dark last night it shook the heavy walls of the church, and their ominous rumbling startled the tenants in the cockle-shell dwelling adjoining.

Twice, members of either family went out to take a look at the gloomy church walls, but they seemed safe to stand.

About 11 P. M. the tenants went to bed in fear and trembling.

Then the wind was shrieking and howling through the streets, at the rate of forty miles an hour.

As the hours grew, the wind rose and shook the new church walls to their very foundations.

The creaking walls and banging shutters awoke Mrs. Purdy at 3.30 o'clock this morning.

She went to a window and looked out.

The moon was shining brightly, making the streets as plain as day, and she could see that the wind was blowing a gale.

Listening, she thought she heard the church wall nearest her rocking in the blast.

Quietly arousing her three children, who were sleeping in rooms adjoining hers on the third floor, Mrs. Purdy bade them dress, and then led them down to her mother's apartments on the parlor floor.

Her widowed mother, Mrs. Mott, and the latter's unmarried daughter, Sarah, were in bed, but awake, in the back parlor.

Mr. Poole was asleep in the room over the parlor.

Mrs. Purdy and her daughter Carrie lay down in the bed with Mrs. and Miss Mott, but did not undress again.

May Emma Purdy wrapped some bedclothes about her, and sat up in a big arm-chair between the two parlors.

Young David Purdy went into the front parlor and lay down on a lounge.

The doomed people could not sleep.

They felt that something terrible was going to happen, and yet they seemed bound to the house.

Once Mrs. Mott suggested flight, but the others looked at her in helpless perplexity, and only asked where they should fly to at that early hour of the morning.

The wind seemed to increase in fury after 4 A. M. and the frightened people got up and sat huddled together, hoping and praying for daylight and the end of their night of terror.

The end came sooner than they expected, but brought with it the realization of their worst fears.

Here is the story, as it came from the lips of Mrs. Purdy, to an EVENING WORLD reporter, after she had been carried, fearfully mangled, out of the ruins, this morning:

"When the wind grew so fierce we gathered in the parlors, huddled together and praying alternately silently and aloud.

"Suddenly we heard a sharp snapping sound. Glancing about we saw a huge rent in the wall of the house nearest the church wall.

"A moment later several pictures dropped off the wall. Another snapping sound and, looking up, we saw a gaping crack in the ceiling. More pictures fell and the four walls seemed bending like rubber.

"We jumped up and rushed wildly about at haphazard, seeking a means of escape; but before we could collect our senses or see where we were going the gas went out, leaving us in total darkness.

"I dropped on my knees then and prayed for succor. A moment later and I heard a loud report like the sound of a cannon, and remembered nothing more until I recovered consciousness and found myself pinned down under a mass of bricks and a big beam that held me across the waist.

"I thought I was dying. 'Way up above me I could see glimpses of daylight and heard the sounds of picks and shovels as the firemen and police worked in search of us.

"I cried aloud to them to let them know where I was, and then screamed for my children. Carrie's voice, from a distant part of the ruins, answered me, crying: 'Oh, mother, where are you? What has happened?'

"I tried to move, but could not, because of the big stick of timber lying across me. I shouted back to Carrie that the house must have fallen in, and soon afterwards the firemen got me and then her out of the ruins."

The noise of the wall as it fell was heard for blocks about.

John R. Purdy, a neighbor, but not a relative of Mrs. Purdy, who lives at 135 Hart street, was aroused out of a sound slumber by the noise.

His back windows are within sight of the church and the ruined dwelling.

He jumped out of bed and rushed to look out.

He saw a cloud resembling smoke settling about the church, and he at first thought it was a fire.

Within a few moments it had settled through, and then he looked in vain for a sight of the old-fashioned little house that had stood near the church.

There was no trace of it, but a mass of debris had taken its place.

Hurriedly dressing he rushed out and around to the scene.

On the way he met a man who shouted: "My God! It is terrible! They are all killed!"

Shouting for help he turned in search of a policeman, and meeting a milkman he asked the latter to drive to the nearest fire-house for the engine.

The milkman heartlessly refused, saying he was in a hurry to serve his route.

Then, still shouting for help, Mr. Purdy dashed through the street until he reached 17's engine-house on DeKalb avenue and gave them the alarm.

His cries, however, had aroused others.

A policeman had turned in a fire and ambulance call, and then called out the reserves from the Ninth and Thirteenth Precincts.

When Mr. Purdy returned to the scene a large force of firemen and policemen had already begun the search for those buried in the ruins.

It was then breaking day, and the wind had abated.

The dwelling-house had been crushed and flattened down something in the shape of a pancake.

The walls spreading out had smashed the side wall of S. Adler's house, twenty-five feet away, and bulged the wall in for about six feet.

The Adler family deserted their residence in a hurry.

The rumor of the accident had spread so rapidly that before daylight had fairly dawned several thousand people had gathered, and gazed in blank horror at the gruesome spectacle.

Within the ruins cries and groans could be heard.

The police, firemen and a force of selected volunteers, with picks, shovels and hands, worked like Trojans, seeking to get at the unfortunates within the buried walls.

The first dead body found was that of May Emma Purdy.

She was found, crushed and bleeding, at about 8.40 A. M., under the arm-chair in which she sought her last sleep in the dark hours of terror this morning.

At 9 o'clock the body of David Purdy was carried out.

There was no sign of disfigurement about him, and it is believed that he died of suffocation.

When found his body was still warm, and it was hoped he might still be alive.

Ambulance Surgeon Aldrich, who was at the scene, tried to resuscitate him by means of artificial respiration, but failed. The lad was dead.

As the wounded were carried out, they were taken into the houses of neighbors, who freely rendered all the aid they could.

Mrs. Mott and her daughter Sarah were taken to Mr. Adler's house, which, it having been pronounced safe, the family occupied again.

Later they were removed to the residence of Richard Cottrell, at 335 Quincy street. He is Mrs. Mott's nephew.

Carrie Purdy was carried to the residence of Mr. Wilcox, at 193 Hart street.

Mr. Poole was removed first to Mr. Adler's and later to the residence of his cousin, Henry Leggett, at 222 Columbia Heights.

The dead bodies were temporarily placed in the residence of ex-Alderman Collins, at 301 Throop avenue.

Residents in the vicinity have had the impression for some time past that in case of a strong wind the new church walls would surely go.

According to their belief, the building was erected in pretty much the same fashion that Buddensiek's buildings used to be. William T. Lamb has the contract for building the church.

It is said that the walls are only 12 inches thick, when the law calls for 16 inches at least.

Contractor Lamb, when seen by an EVENING WORLD reporter, emphatically declared that the walls were sixteen inches.

"Such a strong wind as blew last night," he declared, "would sweet down any wall situated as this one was."

The church walls are sixty feet lang and forty feet high.

Rev. Lewis Foote is pastor of the congregation building the new church.

A constant crowd of people lingers about the scene of the disaster to-day.

Where stood the little home of the aged Mrs. Mott, her children and grandchildren, is now but a heap of brick, mortar, lath and plaster, with here and there the end of a beam or rafter sticking out, and now and then a piece of battered furniture.

There is a remnant of the church wall remaining, but it is not more than eight feet high.

In the crowd of awe-stricken onlookers a builder was heard to say: "The man who built that wall didn't know his business. That wall has but four feet depth of foundation."

UNITED EVEN IN DEATH.

Aged Henry Herman and Wife Carried Off by La Grippe.

Occupants of the big tenement-house, 552 Washington street, are to-day discussing the sad deaths of Henry Herman, the housekeeper, and his aged wife.

Herman has been a familiar character in the Spring Street Market for the past thirty years, during which time he has been housekeeper in the big tenement. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Finley, wife of the Deputy Warden of the Tombs.

Herman and his wife were nearly eighty years old. They lived on the third floor of the rear tenement.

The old man had a little stand in the Spring street market, and raised guinea pigs and rabbits for the dealers in such pets and doing chores for the other marketmen.

The two old people had brought up a family of fourteen children, and had seen them die one by one of consumption.

Yesterday a week ago the old man went home sick from the market. When he did not return in a couple of days one of his employers in the market, S. F. Lawson, went with his wife to seek him out.

They found the old couple desperately ill in their rooms. Both were suffering from a severe attack of the grip that had turned into pneumonia.

Mr. Lawson procured a physician and sent them food, and the poor neighbors in the tenement rendered such services to the poor old couple as they could.

Tuesday night an ambulance was sent for, but the surgeon found them dying, and refused to allow their removal. Before daybreak yesterday both were dead.

At the market the old man's seventy-five or eighty guinea pigs were squeaking pitifully this morning for food.

A man who sweeps about the place and who had given them such attention as he could, said they were starving and dying one by one. No one claims them, and he did not know what to do with them.

IS GEORGE A CITIZEN?

Commissioner Ridgway Takes Issue with Mr. Windom.

George Washington was born at Ward's Island two months ago while the Emigration Commissioners were pondering as to whether they would permit Mary Devereaux, his mother, to land here. She is a young immigrant who came here from Ireland to seek the man who betrayed her under promise of marriage.

The question of the baby's citizenship was referred to Secretary Windom, and he referred it to the highest law officer of the United States Treasury Department, who decided that George's birthpace made him an American citizen, entitled to all the rights and privileges of a citizen of this Republic, and that the Emigration Commissioners had no authority to banish him from the land of his nativity. As his mother is his lawful and only guardian the Emigration Commissioners could not sever the parental ties and must also allow her to remain in this country, the decision said.

The Emigration Commissioners have detained the mother and child at Ward's Island, and yesterday President Ridgway sent a letter to Secretary Windom, formally taking issue with him on the citizenship of George Washington, and challenging the right of either chief or mother. After reciting the facts in the case, Mr. Ridgway, in his letter, says:

Is the child a citizen of the United States any more than if the birth occurred on board a foreign ship lying at a wharf in New York harbor? And if it is a citizen under such circumstances, where does the limiting line of citizenship begin? Twenty, twenty-ten miles or any other distance from the port of New York, or does it begin when the steamer is made fast to the dock, or after the passenger goes on board the transport, or at Castle Garden or Ward's Island? The Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York, in the exercise of their best judgment, believe that great injustice can be done the country whose interests they are bound to protect by permitting dangerous precedents to be established through any mock sentimentality. It is an open question whether paper mothers have various methods of the sort to claim and compel the right to be taken care of in the charitable institutions of this country because of such births occurring shortly after their arrival on our shores, and while still in the custody of this Board.

After an enforced detention of over six months the Commissioners yesterday reconsidered their decision to return the Gardner family, lately the subject of controversy between the Collector and the Board, and, on motion of Commissioner Weyler, the family were released from Ward's Island and given their liberty. Edward Kemp, Gardner's benefactor, sent the Commissioners a letter promising to give the family employment, and also inclosed for their temporary needs a check for $40.

The Supreme Test.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Benbine (just awakened)—George, my dear, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?

Mr. Benbine—Why, certainly, my darling.

"Well then, hustle out and start a fire in the kitchen."

NEWS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

England Massing a Big Fleet at Zanzibar.

Spain's Baby King Dying—Queen Victoria's Illness—General News.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Twelve British men-of-war arrived at Zanzibar and others are expected.

There is great excitement there over the presence of this large fleet.

Surmises are rife as to its object, but the prevailing opinion is that it is destined for the coast of Mozambique, to put a stop to Portuguese aggression and protect British interests in the interior.

The fleet is under sealed orders and awaits final despatches from London.

It is generally believed that in the absence of satisfactory assurances from Lisbon it will be ordered to proceed to occupy Delagoa Bay.

Queen Victoria's Rheumatism.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Queen Victoria continues to suffer severely from her rheumatism, which shows no abatement, and she will, therefore, visit Homburg shortly for the benefit of the baths.

To Count the Foreigners in Russia.

[DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 9.—The Imperial Government has ordered a census to be taken of all foreigners resident in the Empire, their professions and their resources.

It is believed that this measure is aimed primarily at the Germans, against whom a newspaper warfare is now being waged with great asperity.

The *Novosti* demands expulsion, while *Nedjelja* leads a crusade of virulent invective. The best papers are only a degree less bitter, being restrained by the rigors of the censorship.

A New Anglo-Egyptian Campaign.

[DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

PARIS, Jan. 9.—Recent advices from Cairo indicate that preparations are now well advanced for the early inauguration of a new Anglo-Egyptian campaign in the Soudan.

Cleopatra's Tomb Discovered.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Jan. 9.—A despatch from the Curator of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Boulak announces that the tomb in which Cleopatra was buried has been discovered.

Spain's Baby King Dying.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Madrid despatches say the baby King Alphonso is dying. He had a restless night, with convulsions and high fever.

West End Scandal—A Confession.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, Jan. 9.—In the trial of Arthur Newton and others, which was continued to-day in the Bow Street Police Court, the boy Wright, one of the inmates of the Cleveland street club-house, confessed to the truth of all the charges made against that establishment.

A MURDEROUS LOVER.

He Shoots His Girl in a Quarrel and Then Kills Himself.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.—Samuel Torrans, of 2051 Wood street, was found dead in an outhouse at Thirty-ninth and Chestnut streets by a policeman this morning.

Torrans had been visiting a servant girl named Bella Carter at the above address.

He got into a quarrel with her and shot her once in the hand and once in the body.

He then went out and committed suicide.

The girl is still alive, but it is probable that she will not recover.

Johnnie Ryan in Minneapolis.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 8.—Little Johnnie Ryan, whose story was printed in Monday's WORLD, arrived here this evening, and Thomas Lowry, the street-car magnate, had him sent at once to his palatial mansion on Lowry Hill. The little fellow is still suffering from his illness, and could not be seen. Mr. Lowry said: "I haven't adopted the boy, but he is going to be given every opportunity. The first thing I propose to do is to get him well, then to find out if he is trustworthy, and if he is I propose to educate him musically or otherwise if he will take an education. It all depends on himself. He has his