SPORTING EXTRA.

The Evening World.

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EXTRA

DEATH IN IT.

Ruin Wrought by Falling Walls in Brooklyn This Morning.

TWO LIVES CRUSHED OUT.

A Household of Seven Buried in Heaps of Debris.

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

VIEW FROM HART STREET.

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 tade 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.

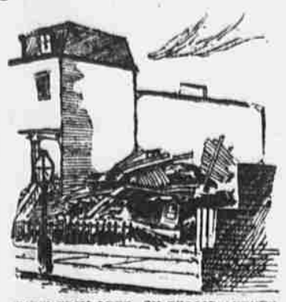
Once Mrs. Mott suggested flight, but the others looked at her in helpless perplexity, and only asked where they should fly to at that early hour of the morning.

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



VIEW FROM LEFT, ON THROOP AVENUE.

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.

[illegible] were removed to the residence of Richard Cottrell, at 835 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 sweep down any wall situated as this one was."

The church walls are sixty feet long 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."

Samuel B. Adler, whose house was hit by the falling walls, and who is a coal dealer at 1 Broadway, New York, said:

"I took several looks at the building of the church, and one day I said to Contractor T. F. Lamb that it didn't look safe to build a 35-foot brick wall up to a gable peak on a foundation which went only four feet down into the ground. But he laughed at me. The scaffolds were not put up so as to afford the slightest support to the wall.

"When the excitement had quieted down, after all the injured had been removed from my home, I discovered that the wall of my house towards the church had been broken through by the falling bricks and a hole four feet square had been made. My house was twenty-five feet from Mrs. Mott's cottage, and about sixty feet from the church wall."

Capt. Stephen Martin and Sergt. Hamilton, of the Thirteenth Precinct, turned out with the reserve of ten officers at the first call, and the police did yeoman service in getting the buried unfortunates out of the ruins.

Coroner Lindsay has impanelled a jury, and the inquest will be held next week.

ALMOST ANOTHER HORROR.

Walls of Brooklyn's New Casino Crush In a Hotel Roof.

The hurricane of this morning blew down, at 3.30 o'clock, the rear portion of the wall of the new Casino Theatre, at Fulton and Columbia avenues.

The mass of brick and mortor crushed in the roof of the Union Hotel and restaurant, No. 11 Alabama avenue, kept by Edward Johnson, and severely injured his eight-year-old son Charles about the head and face.

A servant girl sleeping in the same room as the lad had a narrow escape.

The hotel building was damaged to the extent of about $1,000.

The dwelling and saloon of Charles Victory, 13 Alabama avenue, was also damaged to the extent of $200.

The theatre is being constructed by John Riley & Son for J. D. and W. J. Bennett.

About thirty feet of the wing of the structure is still standing, and is considered dangerous to surrounding buildings.

THEY ARE KEEPING SHADY.

Detectives Can't Find Stevenson, Johnson or Wakely.

William Muldoon, William E. Harding, sporting editor of the *Police Gazette*; Mike Cleary and Prof. Mike Donovan spent most of to-day in answering the sympathetic condolences of friends over the damage done to these four by the arrival of the legal bombshell yesterday in the shape of a requisition signed by Gov. Lowery, of Mississippi, charging them with aiding and abetting in the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain.

They are under $500 bail each to appear for examination at the Jefferson Market Police Court a week from Saturday.

The Mississippi authorities are also after Soloon-Keepers Frank Stevenson, Charlie Johnson and James Wakely, and to that end detectives from Police Headquarters were searching for them all day, but their efforts were not crowned with success in a single instance.

All three gentlemen will remain on the dark side of the city until they see what is done with the four men who are under arrest.

If the latter are taken to Mississippi for trial it is probable all three will give themselves up and stand trial.

THE GALLIA'S ROUGH TRIP.

Four Days Overdue on Her Trip from Liverpool.

The steamship Gallia, Capt. Murphy, of the Cunard line, from Liverpool, arrived at her dock this morning after a very stormy voyage lasting nearly thirteen days. She usually makes the trip in a trifle over seven days, so that in the present instance she was more than four days overdue.

The Gallia left Liverpool on Dec. 28, and on Dec. 30 the vessel ran through a moderately strong head wind.

On New Year's Day the wind varied from a fresh to a strong gale, and on the following day there was a howling gale, accompanied by a heavy cross sea, which swept over the decks, driving the passengers to the cabins.

On the 4th inst. there was a strong gale, very high cross sea and frequent squalls. After that the vessel faced nothing harder than light gales and rather high seas.

In spite of the unpleasant weather there were no mishaps, and the passengers disembarked in good health after their extreme rough voyage.

THE NEW IREX.

A Strengthening Belief That She's Meant for a Cup Racer.

JAMESON IS NON-COMMITTAL.

The Yacht Rather a Big One for English Local Racing Alone.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The Boston *Herald* prints to-day the following continuation of its London story concerning the new English yacht which may sail for the America Cup, the coming season:

Now that the *Herald* has published the particulars of Jameson's new centre-board yacht, building at Southampton, inspired paragraphs begin to appear here, as they did in the Valkyrie year and the Thistle year.

The *Times* comes out with a statement that at present there is no intention of sending the new yacht to America. However, the same thing was said when the Thistle was building, and Lord Dunraven's representative told me the same thing about the Valkyrie a year ago.

But now that the cat is out of the bag the feeling here is one of certainty that the new Irex is being built as a challenger for the America Cup.

Moreover, Englishmen are scarcely likely to build large and costly centre-board yachts to race the conventional keel cutters of their own countrymen.

Jameson has sold the Irex. His new yacht is in process of construction, and there is every reason short of an absolute declaration to that effect in the shape of a challenge to the New York Yacht Club, to assume that the new yacht has been designed by Richardson, of Liverpool, for Jameson, of Dublin, with the express purpose of bringing back to England the trophy carried away by the America so many years ago.

Indeed, a yachtsman who claims positive knowledge of the subject, and who certainly is in a position to be exceptionally well informed, telegraphed me last night from the country:

"I don't believe the reports to the contrary. I assure you, Jameson's new yacht is going to the States."

Jameson himself telegraphs me from Wales in reply to my inquiries:

"I cannot say what my intentions are at present."

That is non-committal enough for all purposes, and certainly not a denial that Jameson has actually determined to become a British yachting champion in foreign waters.

Perhaps the air of mystery which latterly enwrapped Fay's yard, Southampton, is due to the influence cast over the place last year by the wary Watson, and perhaps the Messrs. Fay have not been able to shake it off; but, if Richardson and Jameson are well advised, they will shun the peculiar tactics of Beavor-Webb and Watson, and Bell and Dunraven, and evince a spirit as manly, straightforward, captivating and sportsmanlike as that which won for Sutton and Henn so large a measure of American esteem even in their hour of defeat.

ENDED HIS LUCKLESS LIFE.

A Reduced Russian Nobleman Bleeds Himself to Death.

Joseph Kosco, a Russian, who was once wealthy and held a high official position in the province of Lithuania and a descendant of a noble family, committed suicide yesterday morning at his home, 197 Second street.

With a razor he severed the arteries in both wrists, and bled to death before medical aid could be procured.

His desperate act was discovered by his daughter, who went to call him and found him dying in his room.

Kosco was forty-five years of age and leaves a widow and five children. He was a man of education and refinement. Twenty-five years ago he was the possessor of rich family estates in the Province of Lithuania, Russian Poland. He was a nobleman, and he and his family were much respected.

In 1863, when there was an uprising in Russia to overthrow the Government, Kosco was suspected of being in league with the conspirators. He was arrested, and although his family claims he proved his innocence, he was exiled to Siberia for ten years. His estates were confiscated by the Government.

He was released from Siberia in 1875. Going back to Lithuania he found his wife and children waiting for him. What little his wife had saved of their fortune they made use of.

Five years ago the family came to America. They had $10,000, all that was left of their once large fortune. They went to Phoenixville, Pa., where Kosco went into the grocery business and also purchased a farm. He struggled along for a few years with the odds against him.

Business was bad and he lost almost everything he had. Then he sold out about a year ago and came to this city. He seemed to meet with ill-success in everything he attempted. He was unable to get into any business, and when he sought work he could not get any.

For weeks he has been despondent. His family have tried to cheer him up, but their efforts were in vain. He became desperate from continued ill-success, and, believing his life to have been a failure, he ended his existence.

ROBBED OF WIFE AND LIFE.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LIBERTY, MO., Jan. 9.—Later developments in the shooting of John Luyton by ex-Prosecuting Attorney Schoetz show that during Luyton's absence in California Schoetz became intimate with Luyton's eighteen-year-old wife, whom he had married but a few months before.

The latter became notorious that Luyton returned from California and, going to Schoetz's office unarmed, was by him cruelly murdered, one shot being fired into his brain after he was dead.

Feeling is so high here that lynching is liable to occur, threats being freely made.

HER DRESS CAUGHT FIRE.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 9.—Mamie Hill, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Postmaster Hill, of Haddonfield, was fatally burned this morning by her dress catching fire from the stove.

Her father tore off the blazing garments and was himself badly burned.

Great strips of skin and flesh peeled off the burned girl and her agony was heartrending.

BOTH IN JAIL.

Dr. Kniffin and Miss Purcell Under Arrest for Murder.

EVIDENCE AT THE INQUEST.

By Advice of Counsel Prisoners Refuse to Answer 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 crape 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 common place duties of everyday 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.

The prisoners passed a quiet night in their respective cells in the county jail, which is in the basement of the court-house. Mrs. Dr. Palmer asked permission to remain over night with Miss Purcell. She has been a close friend of the latter during her trouble.

After submitting to a very careful search for any contraband articles she was permitted to sit in the corridor outside the door of Miss Purcell's cell.

It is evident that the prosecution fear an attempt at suicide on the part of their prisoners, and they are taking every precaution to prevent it.

Mrs. Palmer sat there until 11 o'clock. From time to time the two women chatted together. At 11 o'clock Mrs. Palmer got tired and went away. The prisoner got what rest she could, but this morning she looked wan and haggard. She is in solitary confinement. No one visited her this morning.

Dr. Kniffin is in a cell with another prisoner. He got little rest during the night and looked utterly worn out and dejected this morning.

There are no new developments. Public opinion has been satisfied by the arrests, and the people have ceased clamoring against Chief McCheaney.

Lawyers Beasley and Parton will renew their efforts to-day to get a writ of habeas corpus from some of the Supreme Court Justices for the release of Dr. Kniffin and Miss Purcell on bail.

Chief Justice Beasley's action last night in denying the application for the writ of habeas corpus is commented upon very favorably by all. Lawyer Chauncey Beasley is the Chief Justice's son, and had he granted the writ last night, his doings would have been subject to an uncomplimentary construction.

The inquest was resumed this morning at 10 o'clock. The court-house was crowded, if possible, even more than yesterday.

Dr. Cornelius Shephard was the first witness called. He is the physician called in by Dr. Shannon the morning that the dead body of Mrs. Myra Kniffin was found.

He told of the disordered state of the house. He said he found Mrs. Kniffin stiff and dead. Her arms were extended outside of the bed clothing. There were no evidences of any struggle.

He said that her face was swollen and she was purple about the lips. This is usually considered an evidence of chloroform having been administered. He said he could detect no evidence of any chloroform or ether, but it was possible the effects might have passed away. He found Miss Purcell in a good normal condition, as he examined her at the time.

The office boy, the young drug clerk and the stable boy, who heard a noise in the barn on the morning of the murder, were the other witnesses examined, and their testimony was unimportant, save the fact that they corroborated former witnesses.

The Coroner called for Druggist Patterson to come back to the stand to give additional testimony as to the footprints in the frost found on the roof the morning of the murder. But he was not in court.

The Coroner then announced that he had heard from Prof. Cornwall at Princeton College, concerning the stomach which had been sent to him for analysis. His work would not be completed until Tuesday.

He then adjourned the inquest until Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

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

NOW MR. DIOGENES, PLEASE HURRY AND FIND THAT HONEST STREET COMMISSIONER.

JOHNNY WARD IN COURT.

Hearing Begun in the League's Suit, But Adjourned Till Next Week.

Johnny Ward is not yet off the legal tenterhooks. The suit by which the League magnates seek to retain his services with the Giants came up before Judge O'Brien, in Supreme Court Chambers, at 11 o'clock this forenoon, and after various legal manœuvres it went over to Thursday of next week.

There was a large attendance of the baseball fraternity in court. There were President John B. Day, of the New York League Club; Directors Chas. F. Dillingham and Walter Appleton; Manager James Mutrie, Messrs. Keefe and Becannon, Editor O. P. Caylor, Chas. H. Byrne, of the Brooklyn League Club; Nick Engel, mascot to the New York Brotherhood Club, and many well-known "cranks."

The New York Club was legally represented by Lawyers Dwyeres, Choate and Beaman, while ex-Judges Howland and Bacon looked after Ward and the Brotherhood's interests.

Mr. Beaman read the New York League Club's complaint against Ward, which has already been printed. Much laughter was caused by the incidental recital of the short-stop's virtues.

Counsel then explained at length the subject of baseball contracts in general, that with Ward in particular, and detailed the National agreement in force among the principal leagues of the country.

Judge Howland then rose to read the affidavit on his side, but was interrupted by Mr. Choate, who asked that the hearing be adjourned that the League's lawyer might have time to peruse the documents.

BROTHERHOOD SUITS COMING.

Against Signers of the Agreement, as Well as Double Contracts.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 9.—There is now no doubt that the Players' League's promised bomb is in the shape of wholesale suits against not only double contract signers but the players who signed the original Brotherhood contract and who have since signed with the League.

Al Johnson says every Cleveland deserter will be sued.

"I talked with a lawyer to-day," said Mr. Johnson, "and he made a careful examination of the regular three-year contract and of the original agreement.

"He tells me that that agreement is as good a contract as was ever made, and no man who signed it has the slightest chance of getting away."

REYNOLDS HAS RESIGNED.

Policeman James T. Reynolds, a full account of whose actions will be found on the third page, resigned from the force this afternoon.

He was placed under arrest for perjury by Supt. Murray for his peculiar affidavit before Recorder Smyth yesterday.

TWO FIREBUG SISTERS.

Both in Jail Now for Attempts to Burn a Reform School.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 9.—A second attempt has been made to burn the Dormitory Reform School at Morgan, Pa., this time by Mellie Burck, sister of the girl who made the first attempt.

The only reason given was that she wanted to be with her sister in jail.

The flames were discovered just in time to avert the destruction of the building and probable loss of life.

THE INDIANA FLOODS.

Rivers Rising and Overflowing at an Alarming Rate.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

JASPER, Ind., Jan. 9.—The Patoka River has risen at an alarming rate during the last twenty-four hours.

A track twenty miles long and four miles wide is inundated.

The Jasper branch of the Air Line is overflowed.

Planing mills, iron mills, stone mills and spoke factories, the railroad depot, two hotels and a large number of dwelling houses are surrounded by water.

FOSTER—FRICK.

William K. Vanderbilt's Secretary Married in Baltimore.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, Jan. 9.—The wedding of Miss Lizzie Frick to Frank Foster, Secretary to William K. Vanderbilt, took place this afternoon at the home of William F. Frick, the bride's father.

The wedding was very quiet, only immediate relatives being present.

NINETY FEET INTO THE RIVER.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 9.—An unknown man jumped from the Central Avenue Bridge here this morning into the river and was carried over the upper falls, ninety feet high, and perished.

EXTRA

WON BY HE.

The First Guttenburg Race, Where Neptunus Was the Favorite.

CALDWELL ON DECK AGAIN.

The Garrison-McMahon Trouble Settled Out of Court.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HUDSON COUNTY DRIVING PARK, N. J., Jan. 9.—The fine and crisp weather enticed a good crowd to the Guttenburg track to-day.

Mr. Caldwell, the prince of starters, was on deck again, though not yet in the best of health.

All the fifteen horses entered in the first race went to the post.

Neptunus, with Bergen up, was favorite with He second choice, and the latter beat the favorite two lengths.

Folsom, who is a full brother to the speedy Fordham, was favorite for the second race and won easily.

He is a very large colt and with care will make a good three-year old.

Another batch of fifteen horses faced the starter in the third race.

After some skirmishing in the ring, the talent decided to play Count Luna and in a short time he reigned favorite and went to the post at 13 to 5 against him.

He made all running and won a good race by a neck.

The Garrison-McMahon trouble has been amicably settled out of court and McMahon will take the stable as it stands.

Ed Corrigan has offered Judge Burke the position of presiding judge for the West Side Park meeting, to be held at Chicago next Summer.

FIRST RACE.

Purse $250, of which $50 to second; for horses that have run and not won at this meeting; winner to be sold at auction; if entered to be sold for $300 to carry full weight, then 3 lb. added for each $100 up; six furlongs.

Starters.	Wgts.	Jockeys.	Betting. Straight.	Betting. Place.	Finish.
1 He	117	Whyburn	4 to 1	even	
2 Neptunus	121	Bergen	7 to 5	2 to 5	
3 Miller	119	R. Lewis	20 to 1	4 to 1	
0 Valve	125	Hussten	20 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Joe Heineman	118	S. Mrr	100 to 1	40 to 1	
0 Ray Archer	113	Sloane	40 to 1	20 to 1	
0 Slasher	115	Dorsey	30 to 1	12 to 1	
0 Dizzy Brunette	113	Quantrill	20 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Jim Irwin	118	Tom'ns	20 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Sizzle Hall	113	Kelly	20 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Big Brown Jug	113	Fitzp'ck	8 to 1	3 to 1	
0 Gold Bond	113	Warwick	10 to 1	4 to 1	
0 Bay Ridge	113	Graham	30 to 1	12 to 1	
0 Nattot	113	Brennan	20 to 1	6 to 1	
0 Full Sail	111	Taral	12 to 1	5 to 1	

The Race.—It was a good start for all but Bay Ridge, he getting left at the post. Velvet and Mamie Hay went to front for the first furlong, after which He went to the front and, making all the running, won by two lengths from Neptunus, who was three before Miller. Time—1.17¼.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $7.50; for a place, $2.95. Neptunus paid $2.60.

SECOND RACE.

Purse $250, of which $50 to second; for maiden three-year-olds; five furlongs.

Starters.	Wgts.	Jockeys.	Betting. Straight.	Betting. Place.	Finish.
1 Folsom	118	Bergen	4 to 5	out	
2 Hemet	108	Fenton	2 to 1	4 to 5	
3 Millerton	108	J. Bergen	6 to 1	2 to 1	
0 Alida gelding	105	J. Barrett	50 to 1	20 to 1	
0 Woodlawn	105	Warwick	30 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Pocahontas	108	Finnegan	50 to 1	20 to 1	
0 Blas	105	Oesler	30 to 1	8 to 1	
0 Tappahannock	100	Jones	20 to 1	5 to 1	
0 Wissahickon	118	Kelly	7 to 1	2 to 1	

The Race.—Folsom and Hemet made all the running in close order until well in the stretch, where Folsom drew away and won by three lengths from Hemet, who was the same distance before Millerton. Time—1.03¼.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $3.45; for a place, $2.45. Hemet paid $3.35.

THIRD RACE.

Purse $300; selling allowances; seven furlongs.

Starters.	Wgts.	Jockeys.	Betting. Straight.	Betting. Place.	Finish.
1 Count Luna	115	Taral	13 to 5	3 to 5	
2 Festus	107	Warwick	7 to 1	3 to 5	
3 King Idle	115	J. Daly	6 to 1	2 to 1	
0 Arizona	102	Finnegan	40 to 1	15 to 1	
0 George Argus	100	Hustons	40 to 1	15 to 1	
0 Jim Gates	107	Freeman	8 to 1	3 to 1	
0 Topeka	107	Oesler	40 to 1	15 to 1	
0 Pierpont	111	H. Lewis	10 to 1	4 to 1	
0 Volatile	107	Keefe	30 to 1	12 to 1	
0 Crebin	107	J. Bergen	12 to 1	5 to 1	
0 Dynamite	112	Taylor	50 to 1	12 to 1	
0 Beatick	117	Jones	12 to 1	4 to 1	
0 Cheve	107	Doane	10 to 1	3 to 1	
0 J. J. Healy	107	Bergen	6 to 1	2 to 1	

The Race.—There was some delay at the post, and when the flag fell J. J. Healy was left. Arizona was the first to show, but Count Luna soon took the lead and won by a neck from Festus, who was a head before King Idle. Time—1.30¼.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $7.25; for place, $4.40. Festus paid $14.30.

FOURTH RACE.

Purse $400; selling; mile and a sixteenth.

Starters.	Wgts.	Jockeys.	Betting. Straight.	Betting. Place.	Finish.
1 Hanover	102	Warwick	3 to 1	6 to 5	
2 Can't Tell	107	Clayton	5 to 1	8 to 5	
3 Glendale	110	H. Lewis	5 to 1	8 to 5	

Gendarme, Larchmont, Frederick, Wynwood, Fannie Lee, and Fatal R. also ran.

The Race.—Can't Tell ran into the lead as soon as the flag fell, and he led to the far turn of the backstretch.

Wynwood then closed up and led to the last furlong, where there was a general closing up and Hanover won by a length and a half.

Can't Tell was second, a length before Glendale. Time—1.50¾.

Mutuels paid: Straight, $10.45; for a place, $6.20. Can't Tell paid $6.20.

Clifton Entries For To-Morrow.

CLIFTON RACE TRACK, N. J., Jan. 9.—The following are the entries for to-morrow:

First Race.—Mile and a furlong; selling. Gallop Dan, 109; Sorento, Ernest, 104 each; Keystone, Pilot, Claiden, Traveller, Fountain, Schultzera, Jenny Bassett, 102 each; Darling, Queen Bess, 99 lb. each.

Second Race.—Five-eighths of a mile.—Boodle, Lemax, Red Rio, Tipstaff, Bantam, Freedom, Dowlas, 118 each; Persuader, 106; Quietus, 106; Zulu, Samaris, 104 each; Wheeler, Lady Pastor, 100 each; Lady Arabur, 101 lb.

Third Race.—Mile; selling allowances.—Tom Bright, 112; Marshall Lake, 109; Victoria, 106; Jennie McFarland, 106 lb.

Fourth Race.—Hand