FORTUNES CAN BE MADE Through the SWOPPERS' COLUMN. IN THE EVENING WORLD.

The EVENING EDITION World.

A WORLD "WANT" ADVT. WHAT DO YOU WANT? WILL GET IT FOR YOU.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT!

The Route of Nellie Bly on the Homestretch of the Great Around-the-World Race Against Time.

SAN FRANCISCO.	MOJAVE.	THE NEEDLES.	WINSLOW.	ALBUQUERQUE.	LAS VEGAS.	LA JUNTA.	FLORENCE.	KANSAS CITY.	CHICAGO.	PITTSBURG.	(Jersey City.) (Erie RR. Sta.)	NEW YORK.
9.10 A. M.,	7.45 P. M., JAN. 21,	4 A. M. JAN. 21.	2 P. M. JAN. 22.	9.35 P. M. JAN. 22.		JAN. 23.	JAN. 23.		JAN. 24.		JAN. 25.	
Southern Pacific RR.			Atlantic and Pacific RR.				Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé RR.				Pennsylvania RR.	
68th DAY.		69th DAY.		70th DAY.			71st DAY.		72d DAY.		73d DAY.	

COMES A-HUMMING.

Nellie Bly Half Way Home from the Golden Gate.

Her Own Graphic Tale of the Ride Over the Sierras.

Unconscious of Her Narrow Escape from a Terrible Death.

Bowling Swiftly Over the Prairies of Kansas To-Day.

The Fair Traveller's Progress Bulletined from Way Stations.

Half a million people will draw long breaths of relief when they have read the following despatch to-day, detailing the narrow escape of Nellie Bly from a horrible death, and many a devout thanksgiving will ascend that the Providence which has watched over her adventurous journey thus far has averted what might have been a terrible catastrophe. Here is the story:

GALLUP, N. M., Jan. 22.—Nellie Bly will only know how narrowly she escaped death to-day when she reads this:

She passed here on a train running at the rate of over fifty miles an hour. Three miles east of this place the track repairers were replacing the stringers on the bridge over a deep canyon.

The rails were in place, but only held up by jackscrews. The workmen heard the special coming and tried to flag it, but they were too late.

The engine and car went thundering over the ravine and passed over safely.

The escape is a miraculous one, and section-men who witnessed the train flash past on its straw-like structure regard the escape as one of the most marvellous in railway history.

The train bearing Nellie Bly over the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad dashed into Albuquerque, New Mexico, at 9.35 o'clock last night, thirty-six and a half hours from San Francisco. The distance is about 1,500 miles, or nearly half the way across the continent. From this point her journey lies over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system, through the southeastern corner of Colorado, thence crossing the State of Kansas to Kansas City, Mo., diagonally across Missouri, cutting off a corner of Iowa and humming over the Illinois prairies to Chicago, where it is hoped she will arrive in season to connect with the famous "Pennsylvania limited" to-morrow night.

The fair traveller, on the seventieth day of her journey, is reported to be in good health and spirits. The following despatches chronicling her progress have been received at THE WORLD office:

WALLACE, N. M., Jan. 22—11 P. M.—The train with Nellie Bly on board reached this point at 10.30 P. M. Several ladies and gentlemen who boarded the train at Albuquerque failed to get off in time and were brought to this point. A big crowd was at the station.

EAST LAS VEGAS, N. M., Jan. 23—1.30 A. M.—The train bearing Nellie Bly and her escort has just arrived here. The distance from Wallace, the last stop, is ninety-six miles.

TRINIDAD, Col., Jan. 23, 5 A. M.—The train on which Miss Nellie Bly is a passenger passed this station at 4.46 this morning. The occupants of her car were all asleep.

CADO, Col., Jan. 23—7.30 A. M.—The train conveying Miss Nellie Bly homeward passed this station at 7.27, on time and all well. This is thirty-three miles east of La Junta.

COOLIDGE, Kan., Jan. 23—9.30 A. M.—Miss Bly passed here at 9.27, Chicago time. She is due at Dodge City at noon.

NELLIE HER OWN ENGINEER.

The Young Lady's Own Story of Her Thrilling Ride Over the Mountains.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD will recognize in the following despatch, written by the fair tourist herself to the rhythm of a swaying coach, the indomitable spirit and surpassing pluck of THE WORLD'S chosen standard-bearer in the four quarters of the earth. Here is her own story:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Jan. 22.—We are doing pretty well, I think. Thirty-six hours in America and I have travelled over fifteen hundred miles in that time. There is only one place this can be done and it's just here in America. If the success of my trip depended on the "English train," I would doubtless be able to sell have a bird's-eye view of San Francisco wrapped in a rug and my feet on a foot-warmer. If my round-the-world tour could have been made at the same speed I am now making, it would have taken me less than twenty-four days to girdle the earth. I hope to be in New York early Saturday night. How glad I shall be to see the grand old city again, and the sooner I reach there the happier I will be. It is strange, but time has never passed slower to me than it has since I set foot upon American soil—I am so anxious to be home again. We travel so fast that it is almost impossible to write in the car. The Pullman drawing-room car San Lorenzo is coupled to the engine, and this constitutes our train. I have every confidence in American railroads. They are a thousand per cent. ahead of the European roads. They are cleaner, better managed and run with greater speed. Why on this very road, Atlantic and Pacific, on which I am now journeying, some surprisingly quick time has been made. Supt. Andrew Smith, who is on the train with us, told me that a special train was run from Albuquerque, N. M., to Holbrook, Ari., 253 miles, in 280 minutes for E. J. Simpson, of the Aztec Land and Coal Company, whose child was sick. The father brought a doctor that distance at a cost of $300 to save the little one, but unfortunately the child died.

When we stop at stations a crowd is gathered who call for me, and will not be satisfied until I appear on the rear platform to receive their greetings, and sometimes the ladies come into the car and ask me questions and say all kinds of pretty things—mostly undeserved—about myself and my trip. I feel a little like a Presidential candidate. I am surprised at the large number of my own sex out in these almost desert places who know my name and have heard something of my newspaper doing. My first greeting upon getting up this morning was the following telegram:

"WILLIAMS, Ari., Jan. 22.—To MISS NELLIE BLY: Brave young American, rough but honest Arizona greets you with a rousing Western cheer. ARIZONIAN."

The ladies who come into the car take a look at its contents, and seem specially interested in a red and brass temple chair, presented to me in China. It is a large, awkward contrivance, in which nothing but a broken-backed joss could sit with any comfort. The monkey which I got in Singapore also interests them. He is an intelligent monkey, but very bad tempered. He bit several persons on the steamer Oceanic. I keep him caged, with his bars towards the window, so he can see the country as we skim along.

My visitors ask one question very earnestly, "Miss Bly," they say, "Will you win? Will you make it in seventy-five days?" When I tell them I expect to be in New York within seventy-three days from the time I left there, they seem pleased. The sex manifestly rejoice in the fact that a woman is going to beat the record of an imaginary man who, in M. Jules Verne's mind, once made the tour of the world in eighty days. The discomfiture of Phileas Fogg delights them. Such is woman's love for woman. I entered Arizona about daylight this morning. We were at "The Needles" at 4.30 A. M. Arizona is not thickly settled. There are few communities of more than two or three hundred souls. Most of the stations are section-houses. The ride through the San Francisco range has been quite exciting. I sat in the engine coming over the Arizona divide and Engineer Charles Wood rashly gave me charge of the lever. Every now and then I pulled the throttle wide open, and you should see us spin along. When we had a straight piece of track I let the great machine go for all it was worth, and I am sure nothing ever went over the Atlantic and Pacific track in quicker time. Master Mechanic John Fuller was on the engine and he says that he never saw quicker running. We were up 8,000 feet above sea level. I got on the engine at Williams and rode to Flagstaff Mountain, one of the highest of the San Francisco range. We could see Flagstaff's snow-covered peak for thirty miles. It has snow on it eleven months in the year, I am told. First it was on one side of the engine and then on the other, the windings of the track making it appear to change its position. I kept one eye on the track and the other on Flagstaff Peak and watched myself approach it. When Engineer Wood wasn't looking I'd give the lever a little pull, get on a little more steam and revel in the greedy manner in which engine 93, a splendid eight-wheeler, swallowed up the track.

Perhaps the engine didn't roll! Fireman Sid Armstrong had all he could do keep his feet and once or twice seemed trying to follow his shovel and coal into the furnace. A man away ahead on the track would one moment look the size of a pin. I'd blow the whistle and he would no sooner step to one side than we would be whizzing past him. I saw one man hold his hat on as we went by. The telegraph poles came and went like flashes of lightning. For a new engineer, the Master Mechanic said I was a rushing success. We crossed the divide a little after noon, and then, pushing the lever and closing the throttle, I was given charge of the air-brake, which I managed under Mr. Wood's direction. There is an incline from the summit to the town of Flagstaff of 3,000 feet, and no steam is used in going down. At Chalender, before reaching the summit, I saw the former battlefield of the Supai and Navajo Indians. It is a large opening in the timber, smooth and level, and was to-day covered with several inches of snow. In fact, we have snow all through these mountains. Near the summit I saw the great sheep-shearing ranch of the Daggs Brothers, who have, I am told, three million sheep.

At Flagstaff I left the engine and resumed my place in the coach. We crossed the famous Canyon Diablo, which yawned 300 feet beneath, at the speed of forty miles an hour. It was here, years ago, four cowboys robbed an Atlantic and Pacific train and got the contents of the Wells-Fargo strong box. Mr. C. F. Holton, one of the posse who followed the robbers 500 miles on horseback, and after three battles with them captured the quartet, is now a special officer of the Atlantic and Pacific Company, and forms part of my escort from Mojave to Albuquerque.

We crossed the line into New Mexico at 4 P. M. exactly. From the car windows I have seen many Navajo Indians jogging along on their ponies. Their reservation is about twenty miles north of the Atlantic and Pacific track. In a cottonwood grove which we passed, near Holbrook, Gen. Crook had one of his famous battles with the Navajos.

I have a buffet-car and we therefore do not stop for meals. Our only stops are occasional stations where we change engines. We had a warm dinner, ordered by Mr. Donaldson, of the Southern Pacific, which was sent in at Winslow. It was a fine dinner, but we were obliged to give so much attention to keeping it on the table, owing to the speed of the train, that our appetites hadn't exactly a fair chance. At Winslow Mr. R. M. Bachellor, Assistant General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Atlantic and Pacific, and Dr. Jeremiah Sullivan, the road surgeon, joined us on the train. Supt. Smith, of the Atlantic and Pacific, leaves us at Albuquerque and Mr. Bachellor will form part of my escort to Chicago. Mr. Donaldson also remains with us to Chicago.

We came from Winslow to Coolidge, N. M., this afternoon, 150 miles, in exactly three hours. A little while later we crossed the Continental Divide, the highest point of the Rocky Mountains. The elevation where the Atlantic and Pacific road crosses is 7,200 feet above the sea level.

At Coolidge I received the following telegram:

"WINSLOW, Ari., Jan. 22.—To NELLIE BLY: It is pardonable in us as Americans to say that your indomitable will and pluck are but characteristic of model young America. Get there, Nellie Bly, and God bless you.

"WINSLOW, ARIZONA."

At 7.15 P. M. we passed Laguna, an Indian village in which the houses are doorless and windowless and the tenants go in and out through the roof. It is 300 years old, and has two bells brought from Spain that bear date of 1520. There are 1,200 Indians, and three white men who have married Indian girls and who have been each in turn elected governor of the village. It was growing dark when we passed Laguna and I didn't see much of it. I wish I could have seen the place in daylight; it would have been so interesting, I think. At Albuquerque, which we reached at 9.35 P. M. there was a great surprise for me. It is the largest town we passed to-day. It is merged into the old or Spanish town and the modern settlement. There are about 10,000 inhabitants. When we pulled into the depot there was a great crowd. A large delegation of citizens and Councilmen with ladies, headed by Mayor G. W. Meylert, came into the car and greeted me. They wanted to hear my story and said all kinds of complimentary things about my trip. The ladies and gentlemen spent some time in the car, and when we parted they wished me all kinds of good luck. They were glad to hear that I would be in New York within seventy-three days of my departure from here. I have just heard of McGinty. Isn't it sad?

NELLIE BLY.

COUNTING NOSES IN THE G.O.P.

Re-Enumeration of Eighth District Republicans To-Night.

Chieftain John J. O'Brien and his able lieutenants—John E. Brodsky, "Silver Dollar" Smith and ex-Alderman Goetz—are overhead and ears in business today, for to-night the re-enrolment of the Republicans in the Eighth District will begin.

More than ten thousand circulars have been sent out to the voters in the district and a lively time is expected. It is confidently asserted that Chieftain O'Brien is now carrying around in his vest pocket more Republican votes of the Eighth District than ever before, despite the fact that up to a week ago he and his followers have been for many moons under the ban of excommunication from the party.

Now that they have got back in the fold Mr. O'Brien has announced his intention of making a strong effort to purify and reform the local Republican contingent. His missionary work will begin at once, and will take the form of assisting in the organization of branches of the Business Men's Republican Association all over the city.

He and his lieutenants will go out personally to assist Secretary Charles D. Sweeney in his work. He says that the "Diamond-backs" and "Silk Stocking" gentry of the uptown districts are running the party, and that some active missionary work must be done to bring the G. O. P. back to its former high standard of righteousness and political morality.

The boys have the utmost confidence in their leader's ability to do all that he promises, and some lively times are expected when the band of missionaries gets fairly down to work.

The resignation of Cornelius N. Bliss from the presidency of the Business Men's Organization because it took in the O'Brienites, has, apparently had no effect in checking the advancing prosperity and influence of the lately deposed leader of the Eighth.

At a big meeting of the Republican business men in the Nineteenth District they expressed their unanimous sentiments in this resolution:

Resolved, That we consider the occasion of the organization of the Eighth Assembly District as an augmentation to be proud of, together with the ability of their true and tried chairman, John J. O'Brien.

The friends of Mr. O'Brien hail him as the coming Messiah of the party, and now that he has got up on top of the breastworks again, they intend to keep him well out of range of the ditches and pitfalls on the further side.

Rats Overrun Lincolnshire.

[DUNLAY CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The farmers of Lincolnshire are suffering from a plague of rats, 1,000 of the destructive rodents having been killed on one farm inside of two days.

The rats have already done much damage to the wheat and potato crops.

SMOKE "BETWEEN THE ACTS"—all tobacco—cigarettes. Always uniform and always the best. *,*

WEEKLY PAY A BLESSING.

Express Companies' Workmen Prefer It to a Ten Per Cent. Raise.

Specious Plea of Increasd Expenses by Corporation Officials.

Among the big corporations which will be affected by the passage of THE WORLD'S Weekly Payment bill, are the four large express companies which have headquarters in this city.

These are the United States, Adams, Wells, Fargo & Co. and American companies. Altogether they employ many thousand men, and monthly or semi-monthly payments are the rule.

How the companies stand on the question of the weekly payments is shown by the statements of their executive officers:

President Thomas C. Platt, of the United States Company, said:

"I do not care to express any opinion about it. Our hands are paid off twice a month and they appear to be perfectly satisfied."

President John Hoey, of the Adams Express Company, wouldn't say anything at all, except that it was the custom of the Company to pay its men twice a month.

General Manager Parsons, of Wells, Fargo & Co., said: "Weekly payments might benefit the mass of laborers, but I do not see how ours would be any better off. Such a system would involve an increased expense to the Company."

An officer of the American Express Company said:

"I do not see any strong objection to such a law, but in the case of our own men a law enforcing weekly payments is not necessary to enable them to derive the full benefit of their wages."

John H. Starin, who employs several thousand men and pays them on the monthly and semi-monthly system, was indifferent to the bill and reticent when asked his opinion of it.

Officers of other large corporations, employing large forces of workmen, manifested the same reticence, which makes it evident that if there is any organized opposition to its enactment it will come from this source.

They take the ground that a change to the weekly payment system would compel employers to increase their clerical force, and thus add to their expenses, which is a thing most corporations would oppose very bitterly.

The fight against the law in Massachusetts was based upon these grounds, but the result there has shown that the predictions of the opponents of the law, so far from being realized, were utterly miscalculated, and the law has proved, in almost every case, of material benefit to employers as well as to employees.

One of the employees of the United States Company, whose men, according to Mr. Platt, are "perfectly satisfied" with semi-monthly payments, said:

"We are all in favor of weekly payments, and are by no means satisfied with the present system. Men in our business need their pay every week just as badly as miners and mechanics do. Credit is awfully expensive, and we all want our money weekly, especially stablemen and helpers, many of whom have families to support, who only get $25 to $45 a month.

"Drivers, too, who get as high as $75 a month, are just as anxious for a change. I know some men employed here who are never out of debt, and who never have a cent in their pockets after pay day, and all because they have to live on credit."

An employee of the American Express Company said that the majority of the men were in favor of making an appeal to the Company right away for weekly payments.

Secretary Ernest Bohm, of the Central Labor Union, says:

"Every wage-worker ought to heartily support THE WORLD'S bill, for if it becomes a law it means an increase of 10 to 20 per cent. in the purchasing power of the man's wages. By keeping back wages from four to six weeks employers are trading on what rightfully belongs to the men."

VICIOUS COCKING-MAIN.

New York's Birds Win a Signal Victory in New Jersey.

An unusually vicious cocking main was fought early this morning near Hackensack.

The main was between New York and New Jersey birds. Out of fifteen pairs shown thirteen were weighed in.

The main was for $200 a side, with $40 wagered on the issue of each battle. About fifty people prominent in business and financial circles were present.

The first four battles resulted in rather easy victories for New York. In the fifth battle the Jerseymen were jubilant, their rooster winning a telling victory over Gotham's chanticleer by striking him out with his gaff.

This had the effect of putting a little spirit into the betting.

The Jerseymen backed their choice, a black hen-nie, in the sixth contest, to the utmost limit. The hennie was badly handled and counted out in twenty-four minutes.

Battles seven, eight and nine were easily won by the New York cocks, which gave her the main by a score of 8 to 1.

The fact that the Empire State birds were superior to those from New Jersey was freely commented upon by the regular frequenters of the cockpits, who were there in their usual force.

It was also a matter of general comment that New Jersey had the misfortune to have a bad handler, while New York had the services of the best one in the business.

Young & Smythe's "Acme" Liquorice Pellets pronounced invaluable by users. Try them. *,*

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

FOREPAUGH DEAD.

The Great Showman a Victim to Grip and Pneumonia.

Barnum's Greatest Rival in the Circus Business.

He Rose from a Butcher Boy to Be More Than a Millionaire.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23.—Adam Forepaugh, the veteran circus manager, died late last night at his residence here.

Mr. Forepaugh was attacked a week or two ago with the prevailing influenza, which developed into pneumonia and finally proved fatal.

Adam Forepaugh was born in Philadelphia Feb. 28, 1831, and began life's actual work as a butcher boy, at the magnificent stipend of $4 per month, with board.

Becoming dissatisfied with this rate of remuneration, young Forepaugh ran away to Cincinnati and entered the employ of John Butcher, who was a butcher in fact as well as in name.

He stayed there a year and then, walking over to Dayton, went to work for John Gray, horse trader and butcher.

While still in his youth Adam went back to Philadelphia, and after a time passed from butchering to the operation of stage lines, at which he kept busy till 1851.

When the war made horses scarce, Forepaugh got several contracts to furnish squines to several street-car companies, and tradition says he put himself in easy circumstances by buying up the castaway car horses, rejuvenating them through a temporary sojourn and careful treatment on an island in the Schuylkill and then selling them back to the companies.

In 1861 Forepaugh sold sixty-two horses to John O'Brien, the circus manager, for $9,000, and in 1865 he took a notion to visit the circus.

O'Brien had been in bad luck and had failed to entirely square himself in the horse deal.

Forepaugh conceived a fancy for the show and bought it. Later, he also bought Jerry Mabie's menagerie in Chicago for $42,000, the collection including two elephants and eight other animals.

This was the beginning of the career as circus manager and proprietor which subsequently made Forepaugh more than a millionaire and placed his name second only to that of P. T. Barnum as a showman, and second to nobody's in its familiarity to juvenile Americans.

Forepaugh engaged Dan Rice for clown, paying him $1,000 per week and allowing him extraordinary privileges. He kept Dan for three years, beginning in '65.

In his almost a quarter century of circus business Forepaugh brought his show to enormous proportions, and never once were the predictions of his ill fortune made by other managers verified.

Several times he seemed on the verge of financial disaster, but each time his luck turned, and he came out $100,000 ahead on one season when he had been compelled to flee from his New England circuit.

He gave his personal attention to everything about his show, from the engagement of his lieutenants and his star performers, down to the selection of the lowliest animal specimen, or truck horse.

He accumulated a vast amount of real estate in Brooklyn, and in Philadelphia his assessment on houses built a investments, besides his magnificent residence, rose above $700,000.

He was a confirmed theatre-goer, an every-day humorist, imperative in his orders for business, persevering and shrewd as any Yankee.

He leaves a wife and son, Adam Forepaugh, jr., the elephant trainer, and an adopted son, John A. Forepaugh, who is really a nephew of the great showman.

FIVE WEDDINGS IN ONE.

A Novel Nuptial Event Celebrated in Old Kentucky.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 23.—The little St. Alphonso's Church in Daviess County, has just been the scene of a novel nuptial event, in which five couples were at one and the same time joined in matrimony.

People came from miles around to witness the ceremonials and the church edifice was packed to overflowing.

The young people who were married were all intimate friends living on neighboring farms in the county and two of the brides were sisters.

The couples were: W. B. Hall and Miss Sarah Robinson, G. T. McDonald and Miss Mattie Brogan, Ben V. Thompson and Miss Dora Blandford, Thomas C. Asher and Miss Fledgie Blandford, D. M. Coombs and Miss Etta Clark.

The five brides, all dressed alike, came in one carriage and the five grooms in another.

All took their station before the altar, and after an unusually long and impressive ceremony, Father McCarthy celebrated nuptial high mass and blessed the kneeling couples.

The young husbands and wives were afterwards given a reception, and then went to their respective homes.

Grip Takes a Veteran Printer.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SARATOGA, Jan. 23.—Lester L. Sharp, aged seventy-five years, a veteran printer and publisher, died this morning from pneumonia induced by influenza. He leaves a widow and six children.

ONLY SMOKING ASHES NOW.

St. Timothy's Church Destroyed by Fire Early This Morning.

Panic in a Big Apartment-House Next Door.

Nothing but blackened walls to-day mark the place where St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal church stood last night in Fifty-sixth street between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

There were services there last evening, and within a few short hours from the time when the pastor, Rev. Henry Lubeck, pronounced the benediction and dismissed the congregation, fire, which probably originated in a hot-air flue in the organ loft, had consumed the whole interior of the little edifice.

At 10 o'clock Sexton Benjamin McKeever banked the furnace fires, went through the building and departed for his home. Shortly after midnight Policeman Purcell, of the West Forty-seventh street squad, saw flames shooting out of the windows of the organ loft and turned in an alarm.

When the firemen arrived the whole interior was ablaze, and the flames shot upward, licking the walls of the Palisades apartment-house, a seven-story building towering above the church a little to the east.

There was a panic among the occupants of these flats. Most of them had retired for the night and were roused from sleep by the cries of fire and the trampling of the firemen, who ran lines of hose through the halls to points whence they could direct streams upon the burning church.

The halls were soon filled with frantic, screaming women and children and white-faced men, many of them clad only in their night-robes, all seeking to escape from an impending horrible death. They all got safely out of the threatened building, which, however, was saved from destruction by the energetic work of the Fire Department.

It was impossible though, to save the church. The fire burned up so quickly and made such an illumination that, despite the late hour and cold air, a large crowd of people gathered at the scene.

The church was built a quarter of a century ago, when there was but a sparse population in this western end of Yorkville, and was intended for a wing which was to be joined to a large and more costly structure at some later day.

The church property has a frontage of 75 feet on Fifty-seventh street, running through to Fifty-sixth street, and the main structure has a face on Fifty-seventh street. The plans had been approved, and work was to begin soon.

The burned structure was thirty-five feet wide and seventy-five deep, and had entrances on both streets, the organ loft being at the north side. It was valued at from $35,000 to $40,000, and its loss was covered by insurance. The exterior walls are said to have escaped serious injury, and the structure will be rebuilt.

CRIED FOR HELP IN VAIN.

An Unknown Man Drowned Almost Within Reach of Several People.

Unless rescued in some providential manner by little short of a miracle, a man known only as Brennan was drowned in the East River this morning under unusually pitiful circumstances.

Probably a score of people listened to his despairing cries for assistance, but either would not or could not go to his assistance.

The sad accident occurred about an hour before daybreak. A young man slightly under the influence of liquor was seen to stagger down Owen & Co.'s pier at the foot of East Forty-seventh street.

No one thought of stopping him, as it was supposed that he belonged on one of the numerous canal-boats moored at the end of the dock.

Balancing himself on the string-piece of the dock, the young man attempted to jump on one of the canal-boats, but missed his footing and plunged into the river.

The cold bath sobered him in an instant, and as the strong flood tide carried him under the pier he grasped one of the spiles and shouted for help.

Several of the boat captains were awakened by the splash, and his cries, but none of them would venture under the pier to his assistance.

"For God's sake help me!" shouted the unfortunate man. "I am chilled through and can't hold on much longer."

While the boatmen were planning some scheme to rescue him the poor man, who had previously said that his name was Brennan, gave one despairing cry and relaxed his hold.

The strong tide bore him off in the darkness and his cries ceased. It is more than probable that he was drowned.

The only clue to his identity, beyond his name, is a fine derby hat which was found floating in the water.

Lawyer Sheldon's Body Arrives.

The body of M. A. Sheldon, who died in London a few weeks ago, arrived on the Cunard steamer Servia yesterday and was taken to Glens Falls, N. Y., for burial.

Mr. Sheldon was accounted by lawyers one of the best informed attorneys in the State on corporation laws. At the time of his death he was attorney for no less than twenty different corporations. He went to London about the middle of November last on business connected with the English syndicates. Isaac Untermyer accompanied him. He was taken ill at the Victoria Hotel, London, with the grip, which developed into acute pneumonia. His death occurred Jan. 9. He leaves a wife and two sons.

SUGAR TRUSTEES DISMAYED.

Hastily Summoned to a Conference in Boston To-Day.

Threats by the Havemeyers to Resign—Fears of Prosecution.

Consternation has fallen among the magnates of the Sugar Trust over the fear that they may be criminally prosecuted for conspiracy.

The Havemeyers have been summoned and have gone to Boston to-day to visit the co-directors of the Trust in that city. Previous to their departure the Havemeyers announced to their associates, it is said, that it was their purpose to resign from their trusteeship in the Sugar Trust, and their visit to Boston is said to have been made at the request of the magnates in that city, who fear that their resignations from the concern would have a disastrous result and would send the quotation of certificates down below 50, the lowest figure they have yet been sold for.

The Trust has been in what the traders consider hard luck for a year past. Many suits have been brought, and judgment has invariably been against it, and it has been unsuccessful in every litigation.

Injunctions have been piled upon it restraining it from carrying out any new schemes as fast as they were projected.

At present the trustees are awaiting the result of Receiver Gray's suit for an injunction restraining the companies forming the Trust from transferring their property to the Commonwealth Company in Connecticut.

There is a temporary injunction in force at present, but Receiver Gray wants it to be made permanent. Judge O'Brien still has the matter under consideration, and his decision is looked for with great interest.

The Trust lawyers are seeking to show that the receiver of the North River Sugar Refining Company has given out private information bearing on the case which has reached Wall street and had a depressing influence on the value of the Trust property.

Should the resident trustees resign from the Trust, that corporation would be in a sad plight. Nobody knows what the upshot of the Boston conference is, but despatches received here do not conceal the fears that the New York directors have that criminal proceedings may be taken against them.

Since the Supreme Court, General Term, upheld the decision of Judge Barrett that the Trust is a conspiracy, punishable by law, there is a prospect that it will be criminally prosecuted.

THE BROOKLYN BOY WINS.

Jimmy Carroll Defeats Mike Lucie in Seven Lively Rounds.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 22.—Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, knocked out Mike Lucie, of Philadelphia, in seven rounds, at the Golden Gate Athletic Club to-night. Both men were in excellent condition, but Lucie lacked sufficient strength to cope with the Brooklyn boy. The latter was nearly four pounds heavier than Lucie, but would undoubtedly have defeated the man under almost any condition. Lucie was clever, and after the second round seemed to realize that he stood a very poor chance of winning, so spent most of his time in dodging blows and waiting a chance to land one of his vicious left handers. Carroll was on the lookout, however, and took no chances. He hit hard and often, and left a mark every time.

The fight was for a purse of $1,000. Joe McAuliffe refereed it. Carroll was 160½, while Lucie was a little less than 158. In the first round Lucie displayed remarkable coolness. Carroll pushed matters from the start and succeeded in doing some pretty effectual work with his right. Lucie failed to land in this round. In the second round, without very much parley, delivered a terrific swinging hit on the side of Lucie's jaw. Lucie staggered, and Carroll followed his man, but the Philadelphian displayed remarkable cleverness in avoiding punishment at short range. In the third and fourth rounds Lucie adopted the same and made no attempt to strike his opponent. Carroll landed several terrific right-handers.

The fifth round was a hot one. Carroll went in for business and pushed his man pretty hard. He drew first blood and bets were $100 to $60 in his favor. It was then evident that Lucie could not last much longer. In the sixth round Lucie got Carroll the only time he received during the fight. It staggered the Brooklyn boy and he fell to his knees. He appeared dazed for a second or two, but his superior condition stood by him and he rallied very rapidly. Lucie tried to get in his blow again, but Carroll kept out of the way until call of time.

In the seventh round Carroll dealt some terrific blows. A body blow brought Lucie to the floor, but he was up in seven seconds. When the round was half over Carroll landed a hot right-hander on Lucie's jaw and he dropped to the floor. He was knocked out and Carroll was declared the winner.

GRASS VALLEY IN DISTRESS.

$50,000 Damage Caused by the Great Snow Blockade.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

GRASS VALLEY, Cal., Jan. 23.—The snow is four feet deep in town and from six to ten on the hills.

Many mine and mill buildings are badly damaged; also stores, houses and barns. The aggregate damage will be $50,000.

Only one mine has been working for the last twelve days, causing a loss of $20,000 per day.

There has been no gas, electricity, or public water for a week. Provisions are scarce and none are being received.

SHOT BY HER CRAZY SISTER.

Mary Potter's Almost Miraculous Escape from Instant Death.

A Bullet Fired at Close Range Flattened on Her Head.

Mary Potter, a dressmaker, was shot by her sister Ellen this morning at 163 East Thirty-second street. The bullet struck her squarely in the head without harming her. Ellen is crazy. She intended to murder her other sister, Elizabeth, who slept with Mary.

The three sisters live together on the third floor of the house in which the shooting was done. They are dressmakers.

Since their father died, fifteen years ago, the sisters have struggled along earning their living by the hardest kind of work.

Mary, the youngest, is twenty-four. Ellen and Elizabeth are thirty-two and twenty-eight years old respectively. Ellen and Elizabeth were devotedly attached to each other.

Six months ago Ellen broke down from overwork and suffered from nervous prostration.

The other two sisters paid for her treatment at a sanitarium in Geneva, N. Y. She improved, but did not recover.

Five weeks ago she came here to her sisters. Her dementia had taken a new new form and had turned her old affection for her sister Elizabeth into suspicion and hatred.

She believed she had been bewitched by two silver quarters she had taken from her sister's pocketbook, and that indirectly the sister had brought the trouble upon her.

She brooded secretly over this fancied wrong, but little attention was paid to her mumblings.

Ellen asked her sister Mary for $5 yesterday, to buy a bonnet. With the money she bought an American bull-dog revolver, 32-calibre, every chamber loaded, and ready for use. She said nothing of this to her sisters.

All three slept in one room, the two same ones on the floor, Ellen on a lounge.

In the gray dawn Ellen arose stealthily, locked the doors and went to the bedside of her sisters. Elizabeth, the fancied cause of her troubles, slept nearest the wall, but Ellen did not know it.

There was just light enough for the sisters, who had awakened, to see her raise the pistol and fire straight before her. The report was followed by their wild and frightened screams.

The powder flash had set the bottom of the crazy woman's skirt on fire. She stamped it out and called reassuringly, even coaxingly: "Elizabeth, where are you?"

The sister did not answer. She had leaped from the bed and crept behind the sewing-machine, finding the door locked.

As the second shot rang out, Mary, weak and covered with blood, but desperate with fear for her life, sprang from the bed and wrested the weapon from her.

Policeman James Kivlen and Roundsman Moran heard the shot and ran to the scene.

When they got in they found the elder sister with a bullet wound in the top of her head.

Ellen looked on with idiotic indifference.

"It was an accident," she kept saying. "She will forgive me and take me back."

The policeman took the wounded woman to the stat on in Thirty-fifth street and summoned an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital. The surgeon, after a careful examination to the utter astonishment of the police officials, dug out the bullet, flattened to the size of a five-cent nickel against the skull.

It had, to all appearance, broken no bone, though it had been fired at such short range that the powder blackened the arm which she drew up to shield herself. The bullet weighs nearly an ounce, and Mary Potter's escape is little short of a miracle.

She was taken to Bellevue Hospital, however, as a measure of precaution.

Ellen was locked up. She paced the floor of the station-house, mumbling to herself with a vacant stare, but to all questions returned: "Will she forgive me? It was an accident."

MRS. BEARD GOT NO DAMAGES.

The Jury Disagreed in Her Suit Against Bandmaster Innes.

The jury in the suit brought in the City Court by Mrs. Jennie Beard against Bandmaster Frederick N. Innes, of the Thirteenth Regiment, for $2,000 for an alleged assault on June 22, 1888, disagreed and were discharged by Judge McGown this morning. The case will be tried again.

On the date of the alleged assault Innes and his wife boarded with Mrs. Beard at 313 East Twelfth street. Mr. Beard was a musician in Innes's band.

On the night of the day mentioned Mr. Innes resented the insinuation that the woman he called his wife had legal claim to the title, and Mrs. Beard alleged that while Innes was pounding her husband he also struck her, and she considered that it would take $2,000 to satisfy her for the injuries which she received.

A RUMORED SMASH-UP.

Several Passengers Said to Have Been Killed on the C., B. & Q.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—It is rumored that there has been a terrible accident on the C., B. & Q. road, near Stanton, Ia.

Several passengers are said to have been killed and many wounded.

Women Easily Startled or Alarmed, grieved or vexed, should use Carter's Iron Pills. *,*