

THE MORGAN CITY DISASTER.

SACRAMENTO'S DESCRIPTION OF THE WRECK.

Interesting Letter From Edmund T. Spillman, Now Located in Manila.

Manila (P. I.), Oct. 14, 1899. Alden W. Campbell, Watchman, P. O. Building, Sacramento, Cal. — Dear Friend Alden: I received your most welcome letter of September 6th day before yesterday morning. I wrote you some time ago, in answer to the first letter I received from you. I am very grateful to you for the clippings you sent me, and, Alden, you have no idea how I appreciate your kindness. I was anxious to get all the news, and I shall try and repay you some way for your trouble. Say, the Gill Edges are "the people," are they not? I guess they will have no trouble in winning out. Of course, by the time this reaches you the season will be about over. Be sure and send me all the clippings about the game. I will be a thousand times obliged to you.

Well, what is all the news around Sacramento, especially around the Postoffice? How do they work the shifts these days? Suppose Rivett has my old shift. I received a letter from my brother Harry, and he said the Sacramento Postoffice was flooded with catalogues. Well, I know what that is. How is Walter H? Who is the new clerk? Remember me to all the boys in the office, and tell them I have a "good thing" over here, and that I am going to stay with it until I get quite a sack saved up. Remember me personally to Mr. Van Denburgh, and tell him that I appreciate his kindness very much indeed in remembering my folks by sending them the Record-Union. I shall make it my special effort to repay him for his acts of kindness when I return. I know my mother is thankful to him, for she likes the "Record-Union" better than the other Sacramento papers, and is always anxious to get it.

In my first letter to you I said I would write you a long letter about my trip by the transport that was to follow, but it just seemed as if I could not get the time to write then, so I will try and redeem myself and tell you all in this letter. Well, my voyage on the Morgan City up to the time she was wrecked on the rocks, far up the Inland Sea, on that dark and stormy morning of September 24, was a most enjoyable one. I did not get the least bit seasick. I was well all the way over, and had a fine time. The weather was beautiful, and we only struck one or two stormy days, and I enjoyed them. The ship had been sailing along on almost schedule time. We were able to see land, for the first time since leaving San Francisco, on the morning of August 31st at 6:20, off the southeast coast of Japan. The ship was then about forty miles from shore. At 9 a. m. the same day we were opposite and close to the King's Head Light-house, in longitude 140 east. It was a beautiful country along the coast that morning. Everything was green and nice, and the native villages are so numerous that one merges into the other. It is this way along the entire coast. There are thousands of islands off the main one, which makes it dangerous navigating among them.

The next day, September 1st, at 5 p. m., we arrived at Kobe, Japan. All day long the ship steamed in a zig-zag course up the Inland Sea, dodging the numerous islands and passing village after village, and often large cities, their population running into the hundreds thousands. At Kobe we met the transport Valencia, bound for home, and it was on this boat that I returned my letters to Sacramento via San Francisco. Remained in Kobe about one-half hour, took on an experienced pilot and left at 5:30 on the dangerous night voyage through the worst and narrowest part of the Inland Sea route. Little did I think, as the good ship steamed along, that in less than ten hours she would be a wreck at the bottom of the sea.

It was a beautiful sight to see the sun go down back of the green hills of the land of the Mikado. By 6 o'clock darkness was on and a storm threatening the ship. Scores on scores of lights were burning in all directions, but by 8 o'clock it became so dark and the rain was coming down so heavy that their lights could hardly be seen. We all retired early on account of the storm that was with us. Our sleep came near being longer than we had anticipated, but our Creator was with us, and we all came out safe and sound and gainier in more ways than one. My terrible experience and narrow escape, also that awful crashing of the sides of the ship at that moment, I shall never forget.

I notice in the dispatches in the San Francisco papers that they all said it happened on September 1st. It was no doubt September 1st to the people in the United States, but by time, date and longitude in Japan it was September 24 at 3:40 a. m. It must have been about 8 p. m. on September 1st to you people. I was sleeping as sound as a log when it all happened, and maybe you think I was not startled when that awful crash awoke me from my slumber. I was almost dazed for a few moments. My berth was on the same side of the ship that struck the rock, and well toward the bow at that. I got out of my bed in a hurry and ran to the port-hole. All that I could see was the darkness of the night and the flickering of the lighthouse lights. On our right was the danger signal, in the shape of an intermittent lighthouse, with its red flashing lights. Right here is where our pilot lost his bearings. He should have been to the

right of this signal, instead of the left. He had run the ship about 300 yards past the signal and a half-mile to the left, when he realized his mistake. He then attempted to get the ship on its proper course by turning to the right. He would have made it safely, but in the darkness of the night he failed to notice a large island of solid rock that was directly ahead of the ship. The lookout shouted, "Land ahead!" The signal was flashed to the engine-room, and the engines were reversed, but it was too late. The forward motion of the boat and the current carried her against that island of rock.

If she had struck with the force of the engines there is no telling what would have been the result. Most likely we would all have gone down, there and then, for there was no place to land, as the island was straight up and down. The engines whistled the signals of distress for fully half an hour, but no boats came to the relief of the disabled vessel. You can wager that I lost very little time in getting out of my berth. While dressing I expected my moment to hear the water come rushing into my sleeping apartment, but the boat had not begun to fill yet. Well, when I got on the main deck there I saw the ship fastened high and dry on the rock, with her bow fully twenty-five feet higher than the aft. The tide arose about 5 o'clock, and the troops were sent to the rear to bear the boat down, so that she would leave the rock. This plan was successful, for at a little past 5 she backed off, but when she did that part of the rock to which she was fastened pulled a large hole in the bow end just below the water-line. Then it was that she began to fill, so the Captain had her steam with all speed for the beach of Inoshima Island, about six miles away.

In twenty minutes' time the boat took ten feet of water, and it was telling on her pretty fast. Within one-half hour after she backed away from the rock she was stranded on the sands of the island mentioned above, lying at an angle of about 50 degrees. As there was no immediate danger of her sinking right then, we all ate breakfast while the troops were being taken ashore. I had to put three slices of bread under my dishes to get them level so that the food would not slide off, and let me assure you I ate my breakfast in a hurry that morning, all right, for the boat was settling slowly but surely. At 8 o'clock I was safe on the sands of the beach.

I did not lose a thing, but got quite a lot of souvenirs of the ship before I left it. The tide went out at 9 o'clock, so the boat was high and dry. A great deal was taken off, but most of the ship was entirely ruined and was left behind. At 2 p. m. I returned with the rest of the first-class passengers and ate lunch. By the time we finished and got on shore the tide was rising. In less than fifteen minutes the boat began to settle once more. Suddenly she gave lunge, followed by the noise of the suction, and all was over with the Morgan City, for she was at the bottom of the Inland Sea, with nothing visible but the tip of her forward mast and a space of about three feet square at the bow. There were about twenty-five people on the boat when she went to the bottom. They all rushed for the bow end and jumped for their lives. It was a thrilling scene to see them jump from the bow as it arose high in the air. Those that could not swim were picked up by the life-boats. They had been warned to keep their seats, whence they curiously would take them there, and they came near paying for it with their lives.

It would be bad enough to have this disaster occur in American waters, but to have it happen 3,200 miles from home, on Oriental shores, makes it such a beautiful scene in this part of the world. They may talk about the beauties of Honolulu and the Islands of Hawaii, but I must see that country before I can believe that it excels or surpasses Japan. I cannot describe it and do justice to Japan, but perhaps by the time I return I may be able to describe it better in language not written here. At 10:40 that night we arrived at Tokuyama, Japan. Here we left the train and took passage on a Japanese steamship. This boat was to carry us from the north side of the Inland Sea to the south side, not directly across, but far up the sea to the little town of Nagasaki. Our journey on the train consumed seven hours. We now had a journey on the boat of six hours, which would bring us up and across the sea to Mojia, 100 miles from the railroad station of Tokuyama, where we got on the Japanese ship. We arrived at 4:30 a. m. and boarded the train again at 5:55 a. m., bound for Nagasaki direct.

For fifty miles the train dashed along at the rate of forty miles an hour. This fifty miles is a double-track system of railroad, and we met no less than five trains going just as fast as we were in the opposite direction. We had first-class passage all the way through, and it cost us but \$3.50 each in United States money for the entire twenty-six hours' journey from Onomichi to Nagasaki. The first half of the journey we had the entire coach to ourselves, and on the last half there were no one but us and two Japanese women in the first-class coach. We passed through several very large cities of two and three hundred thousand people, all quite metropolitan and up to date.

At 1 p. m. of this day, after almost a couple of hours' rest, we had our American food we were able to get some semblance of an American meal at Tokeia, Japan. It was very poor, but relieved our hunger all the same. At 2 p. m. our course brings us close to the opening of the Inland Sea, at the west end of the bay, but the lights are burning in all the coaches and remain so the rest of the day. This is done on account of the large number of long tunnels that the train has to pass through. For almost three hours' travel, one-fifth the time the train was in immense tunnels, taking from four to six minutes to pass through them, traveling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

After a journey of twenty-six hours we arrived at Nagasaki at 5:30 p. m. on September 4th, just about tired out, but much relieved. I assure you, we stopped at a nice American hotel at Nagasaki, but did not dine in the public dining-room. Two of our clerks knew the proprietor and his wife, when they resided in Seattle, Wash., so we all lived with him at his private dining-room. My, but they set a fine table to us ship-wrecked people. All that I tell you what, we never enjoyed anything better in our lives. We remained in this Oriental city almost ten days. So you see we had ample time to see the sights of the city and surrounding country, and we did, I assure you. Nagasaki has a population of 90,000. On September 15th we boarded the transport Ohio, which was to carry us to Manila. She was due to sail in the early morning, but did not get away until 10 o'clock. This was September 14th. Land could be seen for miles and miles back over the blue sea, and it was not until 3 o'clock that the last glimpse of land was lost to the eye. By the time the sun had sunk behind the golden horizon a storm cloud

was seen approaching, and we all feared the ship was to meet one of those terrible typhoons that we hear so much about. The storm missed us, though, by a few miles. On the 15th no land could be seen at all. The ship was far out on the ocean, and the waves were dashing high above the first deck. On the 16th at 11 a. m. a very faint outline could be seen far ahead. First it appeared to be a low-lying cloud, but as the ship drew nearer and nearer we could tell that it was land—the northeast coast of the island of Formosa. All day the ship was sailing along parallel with the coast of this island. The morning of the 17th found us leaving the southeast coast behind. Formosa is a very large and mountainous island, the mountains being much higher than the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. At 11 a. m. a heavy storm struck the ship and remained with it for four hours. The ocean rolled in all its fury, and the Ohio rolled with it. By 4 o'clock the weather was pleasant again, but as the ship drew nearer and nearer we could tell that it was land—the northeast coast of the island of Luzon. All day the ship was sailing along parallel with the coast of this island. The morning of the 18th the north coast of the island of Luzon could be seen very easily. That was my first glimpse of the Philippine Islands. I must say that I was happy to know that my long journey was almost ended. All day long the ship sailed close to the coast. A person can get a magnificent view of the island from the deck of a steamer. The next morning was the 19th, so I arose at 5 o'clock. Just as the Ohio was off the "heads" of Manila Bay. The intermittent lighthouse on Corregidor Island was flashing her red lights far out over the waves. By 6 o'clock we had entered the bay, passing between Corregidor and the main land. We were still thirty miles from Manila.

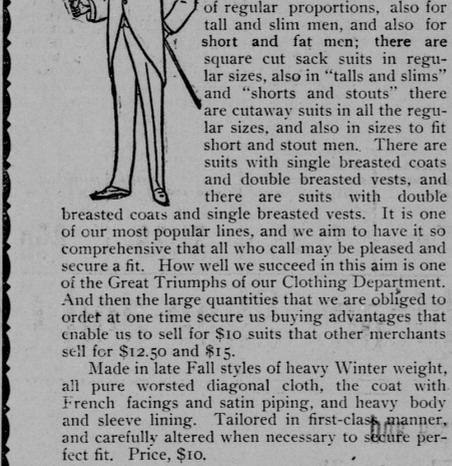
The country surrounding the bay is very beautiful. It would take me too long to describe it by letter, but will try and remember a good part of it and tell you when I return to Sacramento. At 9:30 the Ohio dropped anchor about three miles out in the bay. In a short time one of the Government launches came out to the ship, and we clerks were taken on board and were off to the city. A small typhoon struck us before the trip in was finished. Talk about rain! Well, it more than came down! The wind blew a hurricane, and the waters of the bay were tossed as if in a churn. At 10:30 a. m. we set foot on the soil of this now famous island after a journey of forty days. Well, I was glad the end had come, and I must say that I never again expect to have such an adventurous trip the rest of my days. Of course, I expect to get a taste of it when I return, but nothing to compare with this. I left the Golden State behind, I find Manila quite a metropolitan city, but very slow and much behind the times. The weather is delightful; quite cool at present, about like the San Francisco weather, but there is no wind or fog to contend with. We will have this kind of weather for the next two months and a half, then we will have about two months of very warm weather. The climate in this part of the world has been greatly slandered, especially in the United States. In our hottest months the thermometer does not go above 90. I think I will have no trouble whatever in standing the climate of

MONDAY, 9:30 A. M. SPECIAL OFFERING OF Fine Black Crepon Suits and Figured Black Goods. Beautiful Crepons at Special Prices. Recently we made a large window display of our best quality English crepons, which caused much favorable comment. These suits, being cut lengths, were laid aside, and we have decided to offer them on Monday-morning at a reduced price. These rich crepons are perfect in every respect and our only reason for making Monday's price is to keep up a lively interest in what everyone considers the best and handsomest stock of imported crepons to be found in Sacramento.

MONDAY'S PRICES, \$8.50 to \$12.50 each Lot 2. We have withdrawn a small but desirable line of bright finished black dress goods in neat figures, which we desire to close out quickly. To do this we know of no better plan than to make a low price on these fabrics, which measure 37 to 40 inches wide.

MONDAY'S PRICE, 25c yd Big Arrival of Men's Black Clay Suits, \$10.00 We chronicle here the arrival of the new Fall and Winter stock of men's black clay dress suits at \$10. It is big in quantity, big in value, and big in variety—there are round cut sack suits for men of regular proportions, also for tall and slim men, and also for short and fat men; there are square cut sack suits in regular sizes, also in "talls and slims" and "shorts and stouts" there are cutaway suits in all the regular sizes, and also in sizes fit short and stout men. There are suits with single breasted coats and double breasted vests, and there are suits with double breasted coats and single breasted vests. It is one of our most popular lines, and we aim to have it so comprehensive that all who call may be pleased and secure a fit. How well we succeed in this aim is one of the Great Triumphs of our Clothing Department. And then the large quantities that we are obliged to order at one time secure us buying advantages that enable us to sell for \$10 suits that other merchants sell for \$12.50 and \$15.

Made in late Fall styles of heavy Winter weight, all pure worsted diagonal cloth, the coat with French facings and satin piping, and heavy body and sleeve lining. Tailored in first-class manner, and carefully altered when necessary to secure perfect fit. Price, \$10.



Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400 and 412 K Street, Sacramento

Great Success! The Doll Fete. The Doll Fete that opened Saturday in the space formerly occupied by the Tea Garden scored a great success on its first day. Young people and old flocked there all day long and enjoyed the many attractions offered. There is a Doll Circus, Doll Theater, Doll Model Dwelling, with furnished rooms; Doll Tea Party, naval parade, soldiers departing for Manila, etc. There are also the first Christmas trees of the season, beautifully illuminated; also, a full size Santa Claus. "Punch and Judy" performances take place every half hour in the theater in the Doll Fete, 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5:30 p. m. daily. Bring the children. Come yourself. Both will enjoy it.

Charming Lace All Overs for Dress Trimmings. Spangled Brussels net all overs in exquisite designs, \$4 and \$4.50 yard. Point Venice all overs in new cut out figure designs—black or butter color, \$3 and \$2.50 yard. Other designs at \$2 yard and quite a pretty pattern, in butter color only, at \$1 yard. We are also showing a beautiful black net which is absolutely all silk and with a luster of much brilliancy, width 45 inches. Price, \$1.25 yard. All of the above are the latest designs and shown now for the first time. Only Six Left at \$14.95. Last week we reduced our finest quality colored silk and mohair crepons in green, royal and brown on black grounds. Many have been sold, but there are still six beautiful designs on hand at the reduced price.

Venetian Cloths, Five Inches Wide, \$1. These are our \$1.25 quality Venetians reduced to \$1, in this season's best colors. It's needless for us to dwell on the merits of this cloth, because it is now in use by all cloak makers and large dealers throughout America. It wears well and looks well. Comforters and Blankets. Our business in these Winter necessities has grown so large that we have found it necessary to have a special room for their proper display. Better values cannot be found than we are giving to-day, and every day, in sanitary comforters and sterling wearing blankets. You can supply your wants here safely and satisfactorily. We have nothing that is not good.

MONDAY, 9:30 A. M. SALE OF Colored Underskirts and Golf Capes. Lot I. We have just received from an Eastern manufacturer one large case of women's cotton moire underskirts in new blue, green and cerise or bright red. Made with flowing flounce, neatly corded and were made to sell at a higher price. To close them at once Monday's price will be SALE PRICE, 75c Lot II. A line of good, dark, serviceable golf capes for women and misses, with fringed hood, and fancy plaids. Medium length. An excellent everyday cape. MONDAY'S PRICE, \$3.95 Lot III. An odd lot of 15 black cloth jackets of heavy beaver, and fronts braided. Last year our price for these jackets was \$6.25, but as we have only size 34 our price will be MONDAY'S PRICE, \$1.98 Lot IV. A specially good lot of desirable golf capes of navy blue cheviot with bright plaid hoods and fringe trimming. Tailor stitched and deep storm collar. Excellent value at MONDAY'S PRICE, \$4.75 Lot V. Only a small lot of very fine golf capes just received from the East. All beautiful combinations of reversible plaid back cloth. With the present demand for choice golf capes we could easily sell this lot at \$15 each, but as a special inducement we shall name MONDAY'S PRICE, \$10.50 These capes will not last long, so don't expect to find them later on at this price. Two Great Kid Gloves. Either Kind, \$1.50 Pair. The first is the Centemeri. We are always pleased to tell of the Centemeri because of its many good points. It is strictly a dress-up glove—light in weight and so soft and pliable that it appears when on as if molded to the hand. Hundreds, yes thousands, of pairs leave our counter every season, and all we hear from them are words of praise. The Alexandre is intended more for street purposes, being a trifle heavier in weight than the Centemeri. It is made with the lap over or pique seams; has gussets between the fingers, and the silk embroidery comes in that stylish cashmere effect to match the popular plaids in dress goods. We show a complete line of colors in either the Alexandre or Centemeri at \$1.50 pair.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400 and 412 K Street, Sacramento

Nothing lasts except merit. The medicine which has lived for years—is worthy to live. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is half a century old. It carries behind it a record of absolute success. In all cases of stomach trouble, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness, Liver and Kidney Trouble, it has cured invariably. It goes to the root of these troubles, cleansing the blood and strengthening the stomach. All druggists and dealers sell it. See that a Private Revenue Stamp covers the top of the bottle.



AMUSEMENTS. At the Clunie Opera-house this evening Nance O'Neil appears on more returning by special request from an interior engagement, to again present, as she did a year ago on the same stage, her splendidly horrifying and pitifully touching personation of Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist," with McKee Frankin as her foil in the role of Bill Sykes, a part in which he is simply repulsively lifelike and brutally successful. We know and have heard of no modern actress who is a stronger Nancy Sykes than Miss O'Neil. Some of the old school geniuses who were famous Nancyes could they look upon the work of "The New Girl" in that role, would applaud her to the echo. Unquestionably the Opera-house will be crowded to-night by people to sympathize with starved Oliver, to despise Fagin and to restrain themselves by violent effort from rising to curse the brutal Bill. People will pour out their heart's pity for poor degraded, abused, beaten and murdered Nancy, who, despite the pitiful level to which she sank, was good at heart, tender and merciful and loving, even to the fiend who beat out her brains and dragged her hurled lightly to the dark cold, whence she crawled in her dying moments in vain endeavor to kiss the hand that sent her darkened soul to judgment. There was a fair audience at the Clunie Opera-house last night. The new comedy "The Fifth" was produced by the company headed by Maud Granger. She is as clever in comedy as she was in society and emotional dramas years ago. She has the good taste and courage to now adopt such roles as comport with more mature years, and the result is that her Mrs. Stafford, the mother-in-law, in last night's play, was altogether excellent, and a fine example of what good construction a clever artist can make out of indifferent material. For the merit of the play is wholly in its laugh effects; there is not even literary smartness in it, or genuine wit. But it is a snappy, audacious and somewhat suggestive laugh provoker. Once and again there is suggested broadness, and some of the lines are bluish promoters. The plot is decidedly original and is more than clever. In the original French it was probably a very discreet play—exceedingly raw. But its adapters for the American stage have been wise in their day, and have toned it down pretty nearly all it will bear without losing its crispness and point. It was well played and well staged, and it kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The vitagraph pictures supplementing the comedy were quite good. We have had equally as meritorious shown here before. The subjects were new and on the whole pleasing.

And So Did the Twenty-Dollar Piece He Was to Change. On Friday last George Griffiths was released from the County Jail, where he served twenty days for disturbing the peace. George was at the El Dorado saloon at Ninth and J streets yesterday, and seeming to have nothing in particular to do, was intrusted with a \$20 piece by the proprietor, who requested him to step outside and get it changed. George went, but he never came back, and now the police are looking for him.

PERSONAL MENTION. A. C. Presley of Gridley, Butte County, is in the city. Miss Foster of Auburn is a guest at the Golden Eagle. State Gardner M. H. Dunn is on a visit to San Jose. Edward Carter, the Cottonwood (Shasta) merchant, is visiting the city. C. H. Gilman has returned from a three days' business stay in San Francisco.

Another Slot Campaign? King Silva, who conducts a saloon at Second and L streets, was yesterday arrested by Acting Chief of Police Ash and charged with violating the ordinance which is alleged to prohibit gaming. A nickel-in-the-slot machine caused all the trouble. Silva deposited \$100 to insure his appearance in court to-morrow.

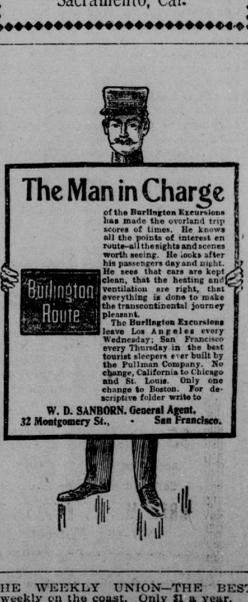
Alleged Threats Against Life. Frank Johnson, who conducts a horse-shoeing shop on L street, between Fourth and Fifth, was yesterday arrested by Officers Bagley and Maley, on complaint of Nathan Ray (colored). Ray charges Johnson with having made threats against his life. Johnson, it is understood, intends to cause Ray's arrest for disturbing his peace. Johnson was released on \$200 bail.

WE WILL TRUST YOU HERE. You can't do it without warm bed clothing. Our white cotton filled comforters—a full line of them—only warm \$1.50 CHARLES M. CAMPBELL, Furniture, Carpets, Ranges, 411-413 K St.

Silk Fibre IS THE NAME OF THE NEWEST NOTE PAPER. LIKE RIPPLES ON THE SANDS OF THE SEA. VIOLET, AZURE, GREEN AND GRAY. H. S. CROCKER COMPANY, Sacramento, Cal.

The Man in Charge of the Burlington Excursions has made the overland trip scores of times. He knows all the points of interest in route—all the thrills and adventures worth seeing. He looks after his passengers ever and anon. He sees that cars are kept clean, that the bedding and ventilation are right, that everything is done to make the transcontinental journey pleasant. The Burlington Excursions leave Los Angeles every Wednesday, San Francisco every Thursday in the best tourist sleepers ever built by the Pullman Company. No charge, California to Chicago and St. Louis. Only one change to Boston. For descriptive folder write to W. D. SANBORN, General Agent, 32 Montgomery St.

A Rainy Season Assured. Prepared for it by having a top put on your buggy or wagon. A GOOD BUGGY TOP for \$12. Storm aprons at \$1.50. Side curtains at \$1.50 per pair. A. MEISTER & SONS, 908, 910, 912 and 914 Ninth St., SACRAMENTO, CAL.



THE WEEKLY UNION—THE BEST weekly on the coast. Only 1¢ a year.