SHIP NEWS EXTRA.

The World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

EVENING EDITION

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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1895. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

SUNDAY---4.30 P. M.

THE UMBRIA ARRIVES.

She Brings In the Crew of a French Bark She Found Sinking.

AND THREE ELBE SURVIVORS.

The Red Star Liner Rhynland Arrives, Heavily Coated with Ice and with Cargo Shifted.

AURANIA JAMMED IN AN ICE PACK.

A Barge with Eight Men Adrift Off Fire Island--The Patria Floated---Manitoba in Port.

The steamship Umbria arrived at Quarantine at 11.45 o'clock to-day.

She brings no tidings of the French liner. No trace of La Gascogne was found at any point of the voyage, nor had any of the vessels spoken heard anything of her.

Last Tuesday the Umbria picked up the crew of fourteen men of the French bark Jean Baptiste, which runs between Halifax and Cork. The bark was lumber-laden and was of 628 tons burden.

She was sinking and the men were in a pitiable condition.

The cook of the bark died a moment or so before the Umbria came in sight.

One side of the Cunarder contains scarcely a pound of ice, but the other side presents a perfect picture. She is coated with ice on that side clear up to the davits.

The voyage is reported as being the roughest in the Umbria's history, and the passengers are more than thankful at the many narrow escapes which they believe they had from watery graves.

All on board are reported as doing well.

Most of the passengers belong to Brooklyn or New York. They were anxious to know the termination of the trolley strike in Brooklyn.

The Umbria was due here yesterday. Her was held back by the rough weather and heavy snowstorms.

Captain, crew and passengers were amazed to learn that La Gascogne had not been reported.

The Umbria has on board three of the survivors of the ill-fated Elbe.

The deck forehouses and bridge of the Umbria were sheathed in ice to the depth of from two to four inches, and as she approached her dock it became evident that it would take the two tugs a couple of hours at least to warp her into position alongside her pier.

So when she was at right angles to the dock the captain ordered the gangplank to be shipped, so that the passengers might land on the end of the pier.

Elbe Survivors Arrive.

Among those waiting on the pier was Herman Winter, a representative of the North German Lloyd line, who was there to receive Eugene Schlegel, Hoffman and Vevera, the three survivors of the Elbe disaster.

He had a cablegram which he had received this morning from the company's agent at Bremen, which read:

"Hoffman's declaration that Neusse was taken on board instead of Hoffman's son is untrue. Four persons went in the boat after Hoffman's son.

"Then Miss Boecker was taken in."

He also has a telegram from a friend at Grand Island, Mich., authorizing him to draw for Hoffman to any amount up to $100.

As soon as the gangplank was in position a dozen passengers, while in hand, came rushing down to the pier.

Among the first were the three Elbe survivors, Hoffman, Vevera and Schlegel. Hoffman, who has been accused of abandoning his wife and son in the lifeboat, the sinking Elbe, and jumped into a boat, is a tall, lean-looking Calvinist, one man, with a bright red beard, more than one man, who has been accused of having deserted his wife and child in the wreck. He was dressed in a long black coat, with a black felt hat, and he was continually washing each hand of them.

As soon as he had stepped on the pier he was taken in tow by Mr. Winter, who told him to say nothing to any one.

Questioned by Anxious Friends.

But they had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a short, stout man in an ulster rushed up and pulling a photograph of a young man wearing a dark mustache out of his pocket, asked:

"Do you know him?"

"Did you see him?"

"Is that him?"

Hoffman nodded his head in the affirmative, and then both men burst into tears.

"Come on," said Winter, pulling Hoffman by the sleeve of his big coat and he took him off to the customs officers.

In the mean time a half dozen of his friends from Brooklyn had gathered about Schlegel, and, after rushing him past the customs officers, put him in a cab and sent him over to Brooklyn, where he has friends.

Hoffman wanted to go to the St. Nicholas Hotel, Hoboken, but Vevera and Winter persuaded him to go to the Broadway Central Hotel, for a while at least.

All the way down the pier an excited crowd hovered about the two men asking them all sorts of questions and gazing at them curiously.

Mr. Winter replied to all the questions and told every one that neither of his charges would talk.

But in the crowd before the carriage he became separated from the two men, and then an "Evening World" reporter asked Hoffman:

"It is true that the officers of the Elbe became panic stricken when the collision occurred?"

"My God, I don't know," he exclaimed, as he began to cry again.

"Don't ask me any questions. Haven't I had trouble enough?"

"How did you become separated from your wife and son?"

"I haven't been to bed for four nights. Let me alone until I get a rest."

Separated from Wife and Child.

He finally said that when the crash occurred he, as well as the others, was confused. He got his wife and son up on the deck, but he did not know how he became separated from them.

Then he was bundled into the cab and driven away.

Capt. T. Dutton, of the Umbria, said his ship had had a fair and very ordinary Winter passage, and that the ice in which she was clad when she came into the harbor was a purely American product, and had been taken aboard just off this coast.

The Umbria left Daunt's Rock at 1.20 Feb. 3, and reached Sandy Hook at 9.59 o'clock this morning. She did not, however, take on a pilot until 10.30 o'clock, and then proceeded, reaching Quarantine at 11.45.

Her daily runs are as follows:

Feb. 4, 456 miles; 5th, 462; 6th, 452; 7th, 445; 8th, 428; 9th, 339, 10th, 259.

On Feb. 3, while in latitude 47.23, longitude 26.33, she passed a White Star line steamship bound west.

The event of the trip occurred on the 6th inst., at fifteen minutes after midnight, while she was in latitude 49.20, longitude 36.32.

At that hour her lookout sighted a waterlogged bark flying signals of distress.

The Umbria answered the signals and hove to. Then she steamed as close as possible and when about a quarter of a mile distant, two boats, containing twelve men, put off from the wreck.

The Umbria lowered a boat and took two more from the vessel.

The bark was the Jean Batiste, of Bayon, from Halifax to Cork, laden with lumber.

The captain was Prosper Labot and the crew were: First mate, Joseph Largout; second mate, Olivia Perrun; able seamen, Chris. Payen, A. L. Flock, Fermont Lumicusstus, Julian Thomas, Francis Cardic, Jean Marie Le Bozue, Jules Le Meur, Hugens Rouch Rouchurer, Alex. Dayre, Louis L. Calvez and Joachim Le Bot.

The Umbria's Passenger List.

Mr. George Anderson.
Mr. Jose de Armas.
Mr. L. V. Bachaud.
Mr. H. Barnard.
Mr. E. B. Barnes.
Mr. Brand.
Mrs. Brand and two children.
Mr. Charles Bramwell.
Mr. C. V. Cartwright.
Mr. A. H. Cooke.
Mrs. Cooke.
Mrs. Cooke.
Mr. H. Cowperthwait.
Mr. J. D. Cradock.
Mr. E. H. J. Culmann.
Mrs. Culmann.
Mr. W. Farnsworth.
Mr. L. G. Flitz.
Mr. D. Furrer.
Mr. Theodore Geisenheimer.
Miss Mabel Greenwald.
Mr. A. Habis.
Mr. J. B. Hanna.
Mr. B. H. Henderson.
Mr. Arthur Herbert.
Mr. Charles Herrmann
Mr. Hoffmann.
Mr. Charles Hunt.
Mr. E. L. Judkins.
Mr. William P. Kirby.
Miss Kirby.
Mr. H. B. Shaen.
Mr. Charles A. Matcham.
Mrs. Matcham and child.
Mr. H. McGee.
Mr. Henry McMaster.
Capt. McMullan.
Mr. J. D. Murray.
Mrs. Murray.
Mr. R. Neumann.
Mr. Francis P. O'Connor.
Mr. P. A. O'Farrell.
Mrs. O'Farrell, child and maid.
Mr. J. A. Ondrak.
Mrs. George Ormond.
Mr. Henry Pearson.
Mr. James Pedlow.
Mr. E. N. Perkins.
Mr. H. L. Pings.
Mr. G. T. Poole.
Mrs. Poole.
Mr. Joseph Powell.
Mr. O. N. Purdy.
Mr. Eugen Schlegel.
Mr. Philip F. Robin.
Mrs. Robinson.
Mr. W. Rogerson.
Mr. John Roy.
Mr. Shinkwin.
Mr. H. Slochem.
Mr. J. W. Small.
Mrs. Small, 2
Mr. F. P. Smith.
Mr. W. G. Smith
Mr. St. Jean.
Mr. Henry Taylor.
Mr. James Taylor.
Dr. M. H. Ten Eyck.
Mr. Sidney Thompson.
Mr. Vevera.
Mr. T. D. Weir.
Miss Whittaker.
Mr. Samuel Woodiwiss.
Mr. E. Sydney Woodiwiss.
Mrs. Carson.
Mr. A. Merton.
Mr. T. Norman.
Mr. F. Snelgrove.
Mr. A. W. Aldis.
Mr. W. C. Green.
Mr. E. W. Sutphen.
Mr. W. Hunter.
Mr. F. Burckoris.

THE RHYNLAND IN PORT.

The Red Star Liner Heavily Listed and Coated with Ice.

(Special to The Evening World.)

QUARANTINE, S. I., Feb. 10.—The Red Star line steamship Rhynland, sixteen days out from Antwerp, arrived at Quarantine at 8.15 o'clock this morning.

She has a heavy list to starboard, caused by the shifting of her cargo in the tremendous seas encountered on her tempestuous passage, and she is a mass of ice, alow and aloft, from stem to stern.

The Rhynland, according to the official log of her captain, sailed from Antwerp Jan. 26.

During the entire passage she encountered a series of heavy gales, veering from northwest to northeast.

She was hove to for twenty-six hours, beginning at 10 A. M., Feb. 5.

The lowest number of miles run in one day is a fraction over 23 1-2. This she made on Feb. 6. The day before the log shows that but 99 1-2 miles were covered.

While in the Channel on Jan. 27, and until the Lizard was passed, the Rhynland was forced to run at reduced speed owing to heavy snowstorms. For the two following days variable winds were encountered and the sea was quite smooth for this time of year.

On Jan. 30 the weather became heavy and the sea rough; the wind blowing mostly from southwest, veering to southeast.

Feb. 1st and 2d high seas were met, and on the following day Capt. Mills recorded "contused seas" in his log.

Encountered Gale After Gale.

From that time on and until her arrival off the bar at 7 o'clock this morning, the Rhynland passed through a series of heavy gales, which often blew with hurricane violence.

On the 5th the seas were so tremendous that it was found necessary to heave the vessel to for fourteen hours. This condition of affairs continued until noon of the 6th.

During all that time, while the Rhynland was battling against the mountainous seas which swept her decks from the forecastle to stern, the Belgian steamship labored heavily; so much so that she received a decided list to starboard which increased inch by inch until the vessel passed in by Sandy Hook.

The voyage was resumed under greatly reduced speed on the afternoon of the 6th.

The sea continued to run at great height, and the cold weather that had set in caused the water to freeze about the vessel's deck and rigging and the heavy spray that dashed over her weather bows reached far above the bridge.

Many waves that boarded the steamship threw spray clean over the foreyard, where it remained as solid masses of ice.

Even up to her arrival off Sandy Hook lightship, shortly after daylight this morning, the Rhynland was tossed wildly about by the gales and the seas that boarded her, as though she was a football.

Badly Iced and Heavily Listed.

It is certain that there never before has entered into this harbor an ocean steamship that presented so picturesque a sight as did the Rhynland as she made her way through the pack ice below and above the Narrows.

The manner in which the vessel was listed to starboard made it appear as though she had suddenly and unexpectedly been struck by a hurricane which had caused the stanch craft to be thrown over nearly on her beam ends. The Rhynland did not look like a ship that had just completed the voyage across the Atlantic, but had more the appearance of a big Arctic whaler that had been in the ice for months and held as captive securely lashed amid endless ice fields.

Hundreds of tons of glistening ice hung from her rigging, yards and masts and there was formed around the forward part of both the upper and lower bridges a solid wall of ice that must have been fully three feet in thickness, and that extended from one side of the ship to the other.

Half way up the iron foremast the "crow's-nest," where the lookout man takes his station, was nearly hidden from view by the solid tower of ice that surrounded it.

Life Lines in Every Direction.

Icicles, some two feet in thickness and several yards long, hung as though they had been grouped by an artist's hand. Below the little "crow's-nest" and even the davits, stanchions and railing along the sides were a solid mass of white.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the sailors aboard the Red Star liner managed to get along the decks to do their work. Numerous life lines had been stretched fore and aft and from side to side, and along these the sailors made their way from one end of the ship to the other.

Aft of the mizzen mast and in a small space that had been carefully roped off by these life lines there were huddled together about fifty men, women and children, steerage passengers. They watched with eager interest the men aboard "The Evening World" tug who had come out to inquire after the long overdue French liner La Gascogne.

Forward on the bridge there stood Capt. Mills and the Sandy Hook pilot, who had brought the vessel safely into port. They looked a very picture of misery and distress. The storms and cold weather they had met had left marks on their faces.

Saw Nothing of La Gascogne.

In answer to a hail shouted across the water from "The Evening World" tug Capt. Mills reported that he had neither seen nor heard of the missing French line during the entire voyage. They had met no wrecks, no boats and no other signs of human life.

The only vessel they had seen was the British steamship Manitoba, which they met two days ago while on the way to this port and had been in company with her ever since.

The Manitoba crossed the bar just ahead of the Rhynland and in the same order they reached the upper bay and Quarantine station where they were boarded by health officers.

The nine cabin and one hundred and sixteen storage passengers who had made this eventful trip aboard the Belgian boat were all well. The health officer allowed the vessel to continue her journey to this city and after the little tug that had taken the doctor aboard had cleared the Rhynland's side, she slowly continued on her way towards her pier.

MANITOBA TEMPEST TOSSED.

She Passed Safely Through a Succession of Hurricanes.

The British steamship Manitoba, from London, Jan 25, with four cabin passengers and merchandise to the New York Shipping Company, arrived at the bar at 2.05 o'clock this morning.

Capt. Griffiths reports that from the Channel to longitude 60 he experienced variable winds and very unsettled weather, but no gales worthy of mention.

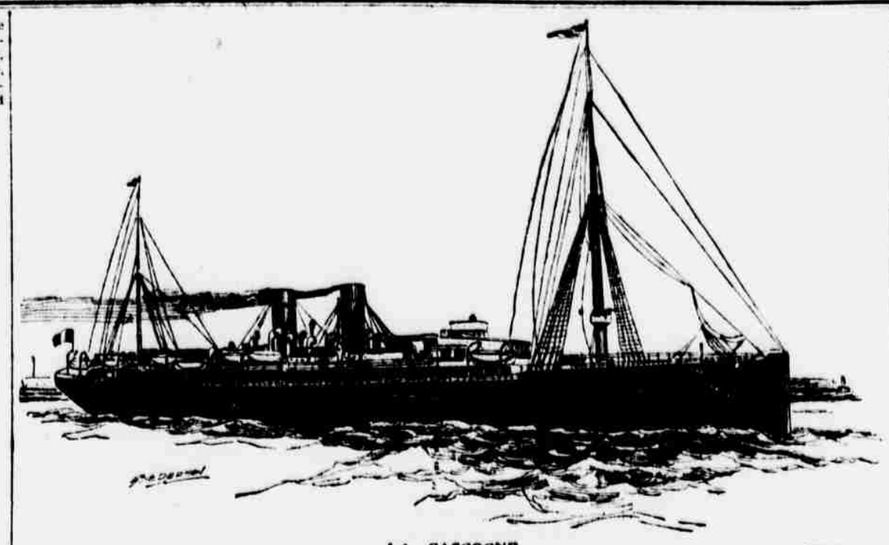
On Feb. 4, off Sable Island, she ran into a terrific hurricane, from the southeast and blowing with terrific fury for two hours; then the wind died out to a calm, only to come on again from south southwest, blowing with cyclonic fury for six hours.

The fury of the wind and raging sea was frightful and beyond all description. At 6 A. M. on the 5th there was another short lull, the wind hauling to west and northwest, then settling into a terrific gale, with continuous snowstorms until the evening of the 6th, when it moderated for a few hours, then coming out again at southeast and blew a fresh gale during the whole night.

At 6 A. M. of the 8th the wind flew around to the westward and blew a hard gale, with intense cold weather and furious snow squalls and sleet until 8 A. M. of the 9th when the wind gradually moderated and cleared up towards noon.

The Manitoba behaved admirably throughout. Numerous heavy and violently dangerous seas struck the vessel, but fortunately, owing to her high free board the seas did no great damage beyond a continuous flooding of the decks and smashing of cattle fittings.

The officers of the Manitoba soon after clearing the Channel discovered nine stowaways, who had stolen on board at London. They were put at work in the fire-room, and were turned over to the Commissioner of Emigration on reaching the dock.



LA GASCOGNE.

AURANIA IN AN ICE PACK.

The Big Cunarder Held Up on Her Way Out to Sea.

The Cunarder Aurania while proceeding down the lower bay early this morning, became jammed in the ice which the strong northwest wind had piled up near the Southwest Spit and was obliged to do considerbly manoeuvering to extricate herself.

She finally succeeded in doing so, and passed out by Sandy Hook at 8 A. M.

Pilots on board the incoming steamers Rhynland and Manitoba were of the opinion that the Aurania had been aground, but this was proved to be a mistake.

THE PATRIA RUN AGROUND.

It Required Five Tugs to Haul the Hamburg-American Liner.

The Hamburg-American steamship Patria, which, as told in "The World" this morning, ran aground at Palestine Shoal last evening, was floated at 8.53 o'clock this morning.

Five tugs had been at work for a couple of hours before high water and at the turn of the tide the steamship floated off easily.

The tugs that assisted her off were the Carrie A. Ramsay, E. M. Millard, Margaret J. Sanford, Louis Pulver and C. E. Evarts.

The loud sounding whistles of the five tugs announced their success. The Patria then went to see after clearing the bar and discharged her pilot. She sustained no damage.

BROUGHT TO ANCHOR BY ICE.

Schooner May's Crew Cut More than 150 Tons from Her Hull.

(Special to The Evening World.)

QUARANTINE, S. I., Feb. 10.—The three-masted schooner Jennie C. May, of Norwalk, Capt. St. John, bound from Baltimore to Boston, came to anchor off the Highlands Feb. 9, at 4 P. M., for the purpose of cutting away the ice that had formed on her. She is still anchored there.

The bow of the schooner was so weighted down by the ice that she sat two feet by the head.

Up to to-day noon more than 150 tons of ice had been removed.

Th crew of nine men are badly frostbitten.

Capt. Gully, of the tug Carrie Ramsay, volunteered to tow the May up the bay, but Capt. St. John refused the offer and said that he would proceed on his way to Boston as soon as the icy burden is removed.

EVENING WORLD TUG'S TRIP.

She Renders Timely Aid to Distressed Ships and Sailors.

(Special to The Evening World.)

QUARANTINE, S. I., Feb. 10.—All day yesterday, last night and until an early hour this morning "The Evening World's" tug, F. W. Vosburg, continued to search for the missing La Gascogne, or for any tidings that would throw the least bit of light upon the French liner's probable fate.

To such an extent was "The Evening World's" tug Vosburg kept moving from place to place that when she was compelled for want of coal to return for a brief spell at 5.30 o'clock this morning she carried along fully ten tons of ice.

The Hamburg-American Company's officials will at least regard "The Evening World's" vigilance as something more than a blessing. But for the tug and the reporters on board they might not have known until now that the Patria, one of the vessels of that line, had run ashore on Palestine Shoals shortly after leaving this port in the afternoon.

There was something unusually solemn in the appearance of the harbor when shortly after midnight the tug started from Quarantine to relieve the watch. Beyond the sighting of the Patria nothing of consequence had been discovered in the earlier cruising.

Within twenty minutes from the time the midnight trip had begun, however, tidings of Bloomen began to be heard. Two miles below the bar was a solitary white light was seen moving slowly through the water. It belonged to what afterwards proved to be the Standard Oil Company's oil tank Maverick. When the tug reached her side the Maverick was a mass of ice from stem to stern. Her rails were a solid mass of frozen water and the rigging was coated in a similar manner.

Eight Lives in Peril.

She looked in every way as if she had gone through some terrific weather and the story told by her captain proved it. The Maverick was from Boston, and on leaving that place she had in tow one of the Company's most valuable barges. It was only built six months ago and is of iron, supplied with lower masts and has sufficient sail power to take care of herself in ordinary fair weather.

The Maverick and the barge which was numbered 58, had parted company forty-eight hours before.

"Where the barge is now," the Captain said in answer to the reporter's hail, "It is impossible to tell. We can only hope that she has been picked up by some other tug and that the lives of the eight men on board have been saved."

"We got along splendidly until about forty-eight hours ago, when we ran into the roughest weather I have ever encountered."

"It was a blizzard, hurricane and cyclone all rolled into one.

"We were off Fire Island at the time and the snow down there fell so thick and fast that we could see nothing. The wind semed to increase every moment, and in the midst of the fury we felt the tow lines holding us to the barge giving way.

"We at once came to a dead stop on finding that we had lost the barge, but our search for the latter proved unavailing. Although it was hard work to look out for ourselves we steamed in every direction for a glimpse of the barge, and when the storm had abated somewhat she had disappeared altogether.

Fruitless Search for a Missing Barge.

"For forty-two hours we searched for her, going miles out of our course for the purpose, but we have not got her yet. We remained at Fire Island until we thought it useless to spend any more time."

With the Maverick's story in their ears and with the possibility that eight other lives had been added to the storm's death list, the reporters turned their tug towards Sandy Hook. It had been comparatively mild on starting out, but when the shelter of Staten Island's hills had been left behind a stiff wind began to buffet the tug.

As the latter proceeded progress was made more difficult by the miles of ice which had drifted down from the Narrows earlier in the day. The weather had also grown colder and ice was forming in every direction.

Away off in the distance could be seen mere specks of light which hung from the mastheads of a few coasters that had anchored for safety in the vicinity of the Scotland Lightship.

None of the overdue steamships had at that time put in an appearance, and there was small hope that the coasters had heard anything of La Gascogne. It was decided, however, to hail them, and even as the wind increased and in the face of a strong tide, the tug headed their way.

Stopped by Ice Packs

Twice and again she had to slow down on account of the quantities of packed ice.

On the way down the Patria was again passed, and, as she appeared to have listed somewhat, a stop was made to inquire if further assistance was needed. Being assured to the contrary the tug proceeded.

Three coasters were then at the bar, and each in turn was hailed for information of the French liner. They had heard nothing. It was then about 2.30 o'clock, and it was decided to attempt to land at the Hook. It proved a failure, however, as the ice was packed so solidly there as to make such a scheme impossible. The prow of the tug was then turned towards the ocean again.

Capt Cutler of the Vosburg, was inclined to think the contemplated trip a little risky, but so long as the reporters could stand it he said he would be able to do so.

An hour later the first of the missing ocean liners, the Manitoba, was sighted. The same question as to their having any tidings of the missing La Gascogne having been asked and answered in the negative, the tug headed homeward to replenish her coal bunkers.

A Run Home for Coal.

A short stop was made at Quarantine and then the tug proceeded to Communipaw, where an abundance of coal was laid in. It was impossible to obtain a supply of water there so Capt Cutler headed for the Erie Basin. The basin, however, seemed a solid mass of ice and the tug could not get in. Water was ultimately procured and at 8 o'clock the tug was in readiness to dart again down the bay, to Fire Island or further, if necessary in its errand.

WATCH THE WORLD'S TOWER.

Day or Night Signals Will Flash from the Dome When the Gascogne Is Sighted.

The World has arranged to notify the thousands of persons who are eagerly awaiting any news of the French steamer La Gascogne the moment the first authentic news is received.

A system of day and night signals will be given from the top of the Pulitzer Building, and can be seen in clear weather from the Orange Mountains, Newark, Jersey City, Brooklyn and almost any part of New York.

In the day time as soon as the news flashes into The World office that the unfortunate steamer has been heard from the French flag will be hoisted on the flagpole. After dark and up till about 2 o'clock in the morning the dome of the building will be illuminated with red electric lights.

These signals will serve to disseminate the news among anxious thousands in a quicker and more extensive way than any other.

EXTRA

SUNDAY---4.30 P. M.

LA GASCOGNE NOT SEEN.

A Rumor from Halifax That She Was Reported Off Sable Island.

GOVERNMENT TO INVESTIGATE.

Many Ocean Steamships Have Arrived To-Day, but They Bring No News of Her.

SHE IS NOW SEVEN DAYS OVERDUE.

A Theory Advanced That the French Liner's Coal Bunkers are Exhausted.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 10.—A report is in circulation here to-day that something had been heard of the missing French line steamship La Gascogne in the vicinity of Sable Island.

It is stated that it is intended to send a tug down at once to investigate the story.

This cannot be verified at this hour, however, the Government officials saying that they have as yet no positive information in the matter.

La Gascogne left Havre on Saturday, Jan. 26. With an ordinarily speedy passage she should have tied up at Pier No. 42, North River, last Sunday morning. She is seven days overdue, and these last seven days on the Atlantic have been marked by the most violent storms, gales and hurricanes, by snow and hail, zero temperature and winds that shifted their direction frequently, but seldom lessened their speed.

Not one of the ships which have put into port here or have touched at any foreign port has seen La Gascogne. From Bermuda and the Azores, from Queenstown and from Havre the story is the same.

At first the theory entertained by the agents was that La Gascogne had become temporarily disabled through a break in the machinery and was making for the Azores, or perhaps one of her own ports, under greatly reduced speed. Yesterday a brand-new element was introduced into the mass of conjecture and speculation concerning her movements or her fate. Is La Gascogne out of coal?

Observer Dunn Gives Hope.

E. B. Dunn, the Signal Service observer, got out all his charts yesterday morning, looked over the storm record for the last three weeks and discovered that since Jan. 26, the day La Gascogne sailed from France, there has been a succession of big storms which blew off the Atlantic coast with a terrific parting kick and roared out to sea with increased violence to become blizzards in the very path taken by the French ships. He took his data down to No. 3 Bowling Green and discussed the meteorology of the Atlantic Ocean with Agent Forget and General Manager Schoot for an hour.

The suggestion that perhaps all this time La Gascogne had been fighting ahead right in the teeth of terrific gales that other ships avoided by choosing a path twenty or thirty miles south brought some comfort to the French line managers.

Speed of La Gascogne.

Mr Dunn said he was of the opinion that La Gascogne had drawn so deeply on her coal supply that when she finally gave up the contest with the blizzards and headed for the Azores her speed had to be kept down to perhaps half a dozen knots an hour.

Observer Dunn based his opinion about the shortage of coal on the general rule of the big transatlantic liners. They carry enough coal for the voyage and for emergencies, but not more than one big emergency—that is, a big gale—is experienced during a trip.

He said that very possibly Capt Baudelon, when he ran into the first big gale crowded on all the steam he could and burned several hundred tons of coal. When he met another gale and another he may have tried to force his ship through them, and so brought his coal supply down very low.

Forced to Go Slowly.

At last, when he realized that the Atlantic was given over to blizzards and sixty-mile-an-hour winds, he may have decided to put back to Havre or south to the Azores, and been forced by his diminished coal supply to crawl along instead of steaming at an ordinary rate of speed. This would account for the delay and for the fact that no other ship has met the Gascogne.

Think She Is Out of Coal.

Mr. Dunn's theory that La Gascogne had exhausted her coal supply in a vain struggle to make headway against the constant gales was shared by agent Forget and Manager Schott. These two gentlemen called on the weather observer in the Equitable Building in the afternoon, and went over the charts and the figures a second time. They told him that La Touraine, which sailed for the Mediterranean last Wednesday, was ordered to make a search for her sister ship La Gascogne, and to go far to the southward of the regular course on the chance of meeting the missing ship, disabled perhaps and limping her way to the Azores.

The reinsurance rates jumped up to a high figure yesterday. La Gascogne has now become what brokers term "a fancy risk."

La Gascogne's Passenger List.

The following is a list of the passengers on La Gascogne:

FIRST AND SECOND CABIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Crater and servant.
Mr. and Mrs. Guttman.
Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Langhan.
Mrs. Brunard.
Mrs. Colelet.
Mrs. Dumas.
Mrs. Fab.
Mrs. Howes.
Mrs. Hendgarort.
Mrs. Meyer.
Mr. Aberlell.
Mr. Adolf.
Mr. Blanc.
Mr. Cairo.
Mr. Derron.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Jaquin.
Mr. Jacquet.
Mr. Konigstern.
Mr. Lea.
Mr. Lichtenstein.
Mr. Edgar Mix.
Mr. Matagria.
Mr. Pallins.
Mr. Ravier.
Mr. Ribon.
Mr. Sanchez.
Mr. Schwartz.
Mr. Harris.
Miss Aurel.
Miss Borek.
Miss Riche and [illegible]
Miss Sumofska.
Miss Treichler.

STEERAGE.

Mr. Anfreiano.
Mr. Berrardin.
Mr. Bertolotti and brother.
Mr. Burchelet.
Mr. Biladeau.
Mr. Blast.
Mr. Biagi.
Mr. Bianchi.
Mr. Curio.
Mr. Caporale.
Mr. Croce.
Mr. Cresio.
Mr. Comalli.
Mr. Cugino.
Mr. Dalmovich.
Mr. Dantoni.
Mr. Dali.
Mr. Denesi.
Mr. Erstello.
Mr. Fleuder.
Mr. Florio.
Mr. Franceseoni and brother.
Mr. Gamerato.
Mr. Guidez.
Mr. Kosei.
Mr. Schnebien.
Mr. Scholer.
Mr. Soffel.
Mr. Schill.
Mr. Strolo.
Mrs. Stobmeitr and child.
Mr. Viagne.
Mrs. Vighi.
Mr. Valle.
Mr. Weigen
Mr. Zaiss
Mr. Zavarini.
Mr. and Mrs. Bonaffetal.
Mr. and Mrs. Bianchi and two children.
Mr. and Mrs. Chasellar.
Mr. and Mrs. Ross.
Mr. and Mrs. Goestiger.
Mr. and Mrs. Lesebvre.
Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzoni.
Mr. and Mrs. Migliaria and two children.
Mr. Grather
Mr. Gulliani.
Mr. Cabrielli.
Mr. Haller.
Mr. Hourcht.
Mr. Imbriano.
Mr. Kaufmann.
Mr. Lovrovich.
Mr. Lanciera.
Mr. Lowrance.
Mr. Langlaise.
Mr. Linderer.
Mr. Leva.
Mr. Nanzione.
Mr. Merlini.
Mr. Magnan.
Mr. Oreo.
Mr. Ohlemuts.
Mr. Paima.
Mr. Tolli.
Mr. Tessagne and brother.
Mr. Parenti.
Mr. Paoli and child.
Mr. Ilecia.
Mr. and Mrs. Paiama.
Mr. and Mrs. Perolini.
Mr. and Mrs. Razzanigo.
Mrs. Bagatto.
Mrs. Berotto.
Mrs. Pellin.
Mrs. Scudellari.
Mrs. Zuber and four children.
Miss Bernadon and child
Miss Bolla.
Miss Bondi.
Miss Plumento.
Miss Griffouliere.
Miss Herter.
Miss Micheletti.
Miss Masters.
Miss Piamei.
Miss Piller.
Miss Palma.
Miss Holler.
Miss Scudellari.
Miss Wallner.

THE WEATHER TO-MORROW.

It Will Be a Very Little Colder and the Sun Will Shine.

At the office of the Weather Bureau this afternoon the official on duty reported that the weather to-morrow would be slightly colder and would continue fair.

The high wind increasing to-night will diminish during the day.