

LIFE ON A LONELY ISLAND.

How Victims of Wrecked Steamship Corona Fared.

DR. T. S. COLLINS' EXPERIENCES

Bread was a luxury, and comfort of any kind a rare thing—severe losses of some of the passengers—how the men stood about the fires and shivered all night—joy of party when Al-Ki came.

Lewis Island, in the North Pacific, where the Corona's passengers found an uncomfortable home after the wreck on January 23, is about two miles in length by a half mile wide. Its shores are of granite, rough and rugged. Above the high water the timber grows densely upon a soil of brown mossy loam. It was upon this soggy soil that the refugees pitched their tents upon the memorable day to them when they were cast upon the shore.

Among the first camps to receive a name was Post-Intelligence camp. Its site was a commanding one high up on the rocky point. It was composed of well-known Seattle men, nearly all on their way to Alaska. Dave Coisky, John Wood, J. B. Fowles and E. W. Pollock, the Post-Intelligence correspondent, all of Seattle, and J. Jacobs, of San Francisco. The eight men had to sleep and eat in a tent 2x10, with the sides dripping wet, with blankets thrown on a few wet cedar boughs. The five guests, including themselves very fortunate indeed compared to many others. The last three occupied the same state room on the ill-fated Corona and were the guests of the five first named men.

Another camp was named the "O. I. Camp." Its members were former employees of the company. William O'Brien, J. N. Hicks, W. H. Fritz, C. E. Gilluly and W. A. Smith. In this camp were also M. Blum, S. Blum, M. H. Wagnheim and M. Hookheimer, all of San Francisco, and J. R. Diamond, of Portland. Mr. Blum and his associates were on their way to Juneau to take possession of the Klondike claims there, which they had just purchased. The five guests, in return for the favor shown them by the O. I. Co. boys, made up a purse of \$125, and presented it to them upon breaking up camp.

One camp, sheltered in a tent made of steamer blankets, consisted of the Levins family, and after he got his ankle sprained, of Kid Egan. They also had a crippled boy along who walked with crutches. The party was composed of B. W. Levins and wife, of Baker City, Or., W. S. Levins and wife, of San Francisco, and E. B. Levins. Mr. Levins, the elder, says that his loss on the Corona is at least \$500. He had a large outfit on board and intended to start a hotel at Dyea and take a large outfit to Dawson. To carry the outfit to the lakes he had twenty-five horses in charge of two sons coming up on the Huemul.

Water Comes In.

H. Miller, first assistant engineer, was on duty at the time of the accident. The concussion threw him down but he stopped the engines and reversed them at once. Twenty minutes after the shock the water commenced to show through the coal and the three pumps were unable to check it. The sluice gates were unable to stop the water compartments aft but it was no use. The fire was hauled out to save an explosion and the donkey engine was kept at work hauling out horses until the water drove the men out to sea. They had to leave the ship.

Camp "Elcampo" was the name given by the engineer's crew to the tent they were spreading a tarpaulin over a pole. One man from the east lost a \$1.20 outfit and had \$20 left in cash with which to go north. A dozen or more of the losers by the accident visited the office of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company yesterday in order to find out if they could be reimbursed for their freight or baggage, or secure new tickets for Alaska. They say that they did not get an encouragement and some of them declare that they will sue the company for the value of their property, believing that they have a case on account of the alleged incompetency of the pilot.

Dr. Collins Makes a Statement.

Dr. T. Shields Collins, one of the passengers who came down on the Al-Ki, lost heavily by the accident. Yesterday he said: "Our party left Globe, Ariz., a few weeks since, bound for the gold regions of the upper Yukon. We have all been living in a mining camp for the past ten years or more, and concluded to try our luck in the golden gravel of the north. We looked over Los Angeles and San Francisco and did not find either place equipped for the Klondike trade, and then left for Seattle, where we found a city thoroughly prepared and ready to outfit any number at a day's notice. We received courteous treatment from the merchants and got all our outfit in a few days, and secured passage on the Corona for Skagway, expecting to leave the day after tomorrow. We suddenly awakened by the heavy jolting and straining of the vessel striking something. We realized at once that the vessel had struck a rock and dressed hurriedly and went on deck and found that the vessel was about two lengths from the rocky point of some island, which we later found out was Lewis Island. The vessel at this time was still pointing directly at the island, and one of our party, Joe Barton, was standing near the bow of the vessel, and forwards said he could see the island quite distinctly and wondered what the vessel intended doing, when suddenly the shock occurred.

Majestic Ranges.

HOTEL AND STEAMER SIZES. A CARLOAD OF HOTEL AND STEAMBOAT RANGES JUST RECEIVED.

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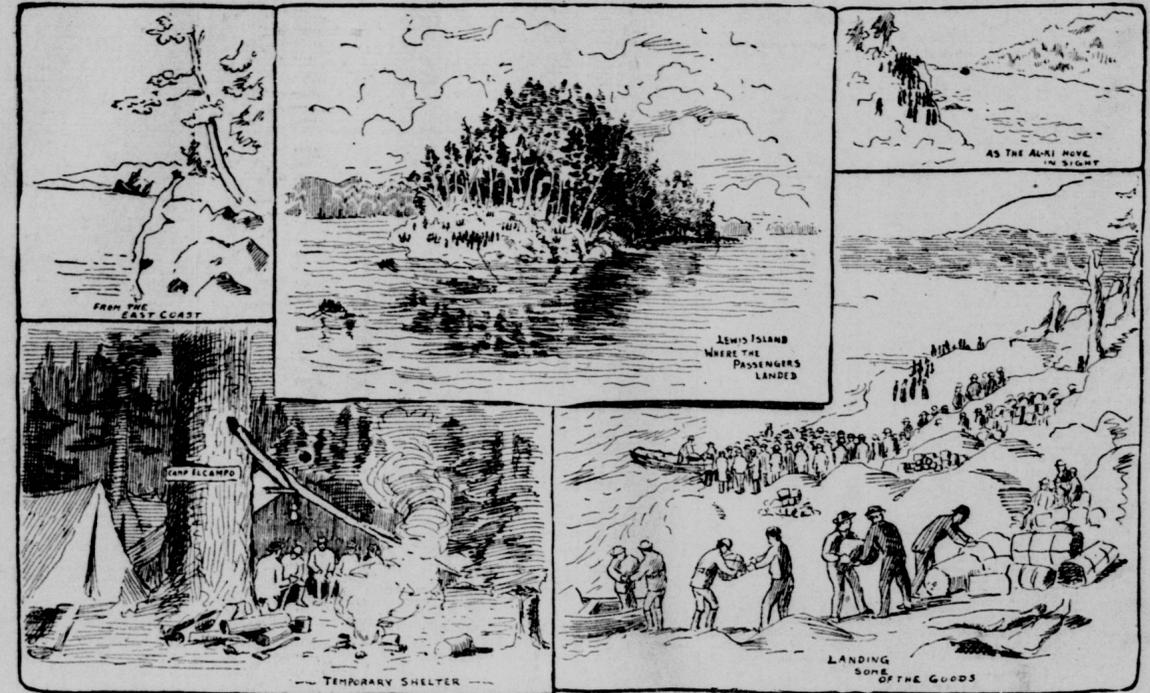
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corded them by Capt. Pierce and other officers; that while some of the crew deserve nothing but the highest praise for their behavior, a large number of them acted in a way to bring the blush of shame to the face of loyal women or brave men.

"The culpability of the pilot in bringing about the accident seems so self-apparent that, making all allowances, one cannot conscientiously excuse him on any ground. Had he not run the vessel on the reef he must almost certainly have run her on the island, and the result would have been the same—loss of a fine vessel and the most cruel hardship on many who had saved for years and had their all swallowed up in a moment by the action of an incompetent man."

Others Have Their Say.

A. R. Diamond, of Portland, was a passenger on the Corona. He was most indignant, both at the cause of the accident and at the way he was treated on board and ashore afterward. To a Post-Intelligence reporter he said: "From the moment the ship struck there was no head and no authority. Everything was in confusion, everybody was for himself, and much suffering, both from cold and hunger, that was experienced could have been avoided had there been a show of order or authority. When provisions came ashore in boats manned by the crew the ship's men grabbed most of them. Many passengers landed absolutely destitute, and there was no way for them to get food or shelter. I insisted a ship's officer to speak to him. There were six of us who had been taken in by six former Oregon Improvement Company boys who had saved some of their Klondike outfits. I am afraid we would have nearly frozen and starved had it not been for their generous treatment. We never were able to get one meal from the ship's stores during the whole time we were there, though there were tons of it brought ashore. I asked the second mate for a cup of coffee, seeing that he had a supply as told me to go to—h-I and rustle it for myself, like he did. This was but a sample of the treatment that was accorded the passengers by the steamer officers. I never saw people treated so badly, and it is a wonder that some did not perish from exposure and hunger."



SCENES THAT ARE FAMILIAR TO THE CORONA'S PASSENGERS. FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

in a very unseaman-like manner. The personal baggage and mail were next brought ashore and then the food.

They Played the Guitar.

"Our party saved all personal baggage and also tents and bedding, so we fared better than others who had but poor shelter from boards and blankets. All seemed in good spirits on landing, expecting hourly to be taken off by some passing steamer, but when night came and with it a hard wind and rain, the smiles gave away to a worried and the damp, bedded appearance of the majority on Monday contrasted markedly with the Sunday appearance of the party. The men, some living like lords, while others lived on very primitive fare, poorly cooked meat and camp pilot bread. The extreme dampness of all fuel made fire building hard, and had it not been for all coming ashore, keeping up or making fire would have been almost impossible in the more or less constant rain and wind. Mr. and Mrs. Rowell, an English couple, joined our little party and we tried by singing and playing the violin and guitar to keep up our spirits, but the fact that every blanket and all our clothing got soaked with rain made our attempt at cheerfulness rather funeral in actual appearance.

"Our party devoted Monday to pitching tents and making all arrangements. Also in skinning for food, of which we found plenty of some sorts, especially meat and turkey powder, of which last article we had enough to run a small store. We missed flour and salt, also cooking utensils and camp pilot bread. We had a tin bucket, in which we made coffee. By a piece of good luck, our party ran across a box of frozen oysters, about two miles down the beach. So we really lived like first table tents on board the poor old Corona, and had it not been for the wet and soaked condition of our bedding we would have been as comfortable as in a hotel. When night would come on and with it an ever-lasting rain, we would all settle down to sleep in our tents, but when the morning came, we were only possible when thoroughly exhausted. We considered ourselves very fortunate, however, when we looked about us and saw poor devils standing against wet trees, poorly clad, trying to keep dry, with nothing to shelter them, and at their heavier clothing in the bottom of the Corona, deep under the sea. It was certainly far from cheerful sight. Wreckage of all kinds was seen drifting in the water, and also washed up on the beach in the little cove. The Alaskan Indian lost no time in securing his share of the plunder, as his little canoe could be seen drifting around in all directions. Wreckage was this true when the night came on, for then he could elude the eyes of the ship's officers and sneak away with what he pleased of the stuff drifting ashore. Keeping up fires and trying to keep dry was our chief occupation, with an occasional meal of mutton and oysters, and finally on the next to the last day of January, we having secured some flour from the Alki, made bread.

The Al-Ki in Sight.

"When the lookouts reported the Al-Ki in sight there was great rejoicing, and we hurriedly struck tent and prepared to depart, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Rowell, who decided to remain when they learned the Al-Ki would not take them on their way north. "Our party all got on board the Al-Ki, and when we met the Oregon, north-bound, transferred to her with the exception of myself. They will all go on and out; in Juneau, and if not successful will send back to Seattle and will get the outfit and start North again. None of our party is discouraged about the trip, although the weather is very unfavorable. I will return to Seattle and send for my wife and get my supplies, and once again try my luck, bearing in mind the old adage that 'a bad beginning makes a good ending.' In conclusion I desire to state that all our party expressed themselves as being especially pleased with the treatment ac-

INSPECTION OF DALTON TRAIL.

Shirley Onderdonk Returns, Presumably From a Railroad Mission. VICTORIA, Jan. 21.—Shirley Onderdonk arrived in the city today from Nanaimo. He has been in the summit of the Dalton trail, coming down the coast on the steamer George W. Eider, which reached Nanaimo yesterday. Mr. Onderdonk had nothing much to say about his own business, he having gone up on a private affair. The name of Onderdonk being connected with any trip, however, has suggestion of a railway project, the gentleman now in the city being the son of Andrew Onderdonk, of Canadian Pacific railway fame. A member of the Humbert expedition, Mr. Onderdonk says, is still camped at Pyramid harbor.

LECTURE THIS EVENING BY REV. H. H. GOWEN AT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ON "DANTE."

DR. J. R. LOUGHARY, Bailey building, Special attention given diseases of brain and nervous system.

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W. H. Henry, of Lexington, Ky., is going to breed jack rabbits for coursing purposes.

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ALMOST FREEZES TO DEATH.

Jesse Cochran Has an Exciting Journey in the North.

ENCOUNTERED A BLIZZARD.

Cochran is 74 Years of Age, and Served the City Under Ronald-Nash, Seattle Man Arrested for Setting Fire to Dawson, Released—Dawson to Have a Telephone Company—Story of Miles' Death.

D. E. Campbell, one of the Post-Intelligence Alaska News Syndicate correspondents at Dawson, writing under date of December 24, has sent down a fund of information, that is of considerable local interest, cleaning up the news to the time of the departure of his letter, which reached Seattle by the steamer Al-Ki Sunday night. The letter contains the stories of the discharge of Nash, who was arrested on a charge of arson; the proposed telephone system; the adventures of Jesse Cochran in his journey from Circle City to Dawson; the purchase of valuable claims by ex-Collector of Customs Andrew Wasson, and the death of J. J. Miles, bookkeeper

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creek of this district. Recent rich strikes fully justify this statement. On all the claims from discovery down to number seventy below discovery, the owners and others have made wonderfully rich strikes. There is undoubtedly one of the richest streaks of pay dirt on this creek of any yet discovered. It seems to run from four to eight feet deep and on most claims will average two hundred feet wide. All the pans washed out as yet will average from \$2.50 to \$19 to the pan; from three pans washed out of the pay dirt on claim number twelve below, which is owned by Andy Nass and Humboldt Gates, two California men, Mr. Nass got \$64.75. They have five feet of this class of dirt, which is 200 feet wide, and it is

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Almost immediately on his arrival here he was engaged as bookkeeper for the Alaska Commercial Company, and continued in that capacity until the day of his death. It was thought for a time that Mr. Miles had frozen to death, but the physicians have decided that death was caused by aneurism of the spine. The funeral services were held today, and a large number of people attended. Thomas Nash, who was arrested on a charge of the crime of arson, in connection with the recent large fire which destroyed three of the largest buildings in Dawson, was discharged from custody this morning. Nash was arrested on the night of the fire, on a warrant issued by one of the officers of the mounted police, but was discharged the following day on account of a lack of evidence. Later he was again arrested on a complaint sworn out by Pete McDonald, the owner of the building in which the fire started. He was not allowed to give bonds the time of his arrest, but was again released on \$2,000 cash bail. The case came on for hearing this morning. Mr. Harry Fairchild, late of Whitcomb, Wash., appearing as queen's counsel, and Mr. Joslin, of Seattle, appearing for the defense. The courtroom was crowded with spectators, as a sensational trial was expected. The latest Bell telephones will be used, and will be a great benefit to the business men and others of this community; at present, if one wishes to see a mine promoter there is no other way but to walk from three to twenty miles to his mines in order to have a few words with him, and as time is the essence of success in this community, the telephone will be hailed with delight. December 12 Mr. J. J. Miles, the bookkeeper for the Alaska Commercial Company, of this place, started in company with a few friends for his claim on Moose Hide creek. The trail from Dawson to Moose Hide runs along the Yukon for a distance of about three miles; Mr. Miles being unused to the cold weather and traveling over the icy trails was unable to keep up with his companions, and insisted that they go on ahead and he would follow at his own pace. His friends thereupon left him and hurried along, but after an hour had passed and he did not appear they became anxious for his safety, and started in search of him. On their return on the trail, they were horrified to come upon the body of Mr. Miles cold and stiff in death. He had apparently turned back towards Dawson, but had been suddenly stricken down. His body was in a sitting posture and his hands were slightly raised as if in supplication for help, but without a human soul in sight, and lying on the icy trail in the center of the Yukon river, he was found by his Maker. Mr. Miles was a well-known young man of Seattle, who had fallen contractor for the Klondike fever, with so many others of the Queen City, and although he had been married only a month, he and his young bride started in search of their fortune.

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