

timber, and though it kept turning and turning round in the angry waves I looked my arms around it and held fast. The wind blew the floating timbers all about and many pieces struck me. I was stunned and almost dead, but I clung to the timber and tore my clothes off as best I could. They weighed me down and made me heavy. I felt better when I got all my clothes off.

"Maybe it was ten minutes, maybe it was an hour—how could one in such a plight measure time? I saw the top of the pilot house drifting by me. I tried to reach it, but it went past me at too great a distance, and I dared not loose my hold on the timber because I was too weak to swim; very far. I had been hit in the chest and had a couple of teeth knocked out by the flying timbers. I saw dead bodies floating all about me. The body of a woman floated past me. I put my hand on it. It was stiff and cold as ice.

"I guess it was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I managed to reach a big piece of the hurricane deck. I climbed up on it and looked around me, and could see nothing at all. I thought I was the only one saved from the wreck.

"By and by others came floating by—and some of them clinging to spar and small pieces of timber, were alive. Finally there were Tom Freese, Richardson, Ramos, Loliz and Cedro, all aboard this raft. I don't know how they got on board. By this time I was so weak that I could give them no assistance. I think I could have fainted for a time, because there is a blank space in my memory of the time spent on the hurricane deck raft.

"Oh, yes, I remember the rescue. No one on that raft will ever forget it. First we saw some smoke on the horizon far to the south. We were not quite sure it was smoke. It might have been a small black cloud that portended another squall. But when it grew plainer we saw that it was truly a streak of black smoke, but we could only hope that it would come near enough to us to see our signal. Most of us were naked. I had found a piece of cloth hanging to a drifting spar and had fished it up, dried it and put it over my shoulders. This I took off, and we tied it fast to a thin piece of timber and hoisted it for a signal. It was a heavy piece of timber to hold straight up, and we were all so weak that it took our combined strength to keep it aloft. When the steamer came in sight she answered our signal.

"I can't tell you how joyful we were then. We had all about made up our minds to die on the water. Of course we had nothing to eat or drink for nearly twenty-four hours. We were almost delirious with joy when it was certain that we were going to be saved. I could have danced and shouted like a small boy if I had had the strength to do that. But we could only look our joy and mutter a few 'Thank Gods' to each other.

"The steamer ran up alongside us. The captain stood on the bridge and called out, 'What ship? a schooner?'

"The Colima! the Colima!' we all shouted at the top of our voices. Then a boat was lowered and we were taken aboard. They did not treat us so badly on board the San Juan. They gave us clothes and cigars, and when we were strong enough to go about we enjoyed ourselves on the way up. But of course we lost our kits—everything we had in the world. The clothes I have on belonged to one of the sailors on board."

BLINDING HAILSTONES.

Sheets of Ice That Prevented the Rescue of a Young Woman.

Almost at the same instant that Merle leaped into the sea from the sinking ship his companions and countrymen, Juan Antonio Ramos and Bruno Cedro, also sprang from the steamer deck. Jose Antonio Goliz was also on deck with the other three. He, too, would have made the same leap had not some of the timbers that were flying about struck him in the chest and rendered him helpless, almost unconscious for an instant. His escape from death was marvelous indeed. A piece of flying timber struck him with such force as to throw him into the waves just as the ship sank. The cold water gave him back his wits long enough to enable him to grasp some piece of floating wood, to which he clung, more nearly dead than alive, till he floated by the hurricane deck and was hauled aboard it by his companions.

Ramos was the second of the quartet of Spanish sailors to tell his story through the interpretation of Attorney de las Casas yesterday.

"I saw the danger the ship was in," he said. "I was below deck at the time. Although I can swim well, I knew that swimming alone would save nobody in such a sea as was raging.

"From the way the ship rolled we could all see that she was top-heavy, and when she began to list and not right again, then the water began to pour into her. At this time the water did not come into the steerage, but we could hear it washing down into the hold. Well, when I got the life-preserver I fastened it about me the best I could, and started for the deck. Before I got to the companion-way the watch came up and demanded that I should take off the life-preserver. He said there was no danger. He swore and cursed at me fearfully, and tried to snatch the life-preserver from me. I got away from him. If I had not I would have gone down to the bottom with him. How strange it was he could not see the ship was going to sink in a minute more! I reached the companion-way and was going up on deck, when the baker ran out and tried to hold me. He got in front of the door, and said I should not go up.

"But I went up; or how could I be telling you this now? He never got up. But I had to fight my way up. He tried to force me, and I kicked him. What else could I do? Yes; I kicked him on the hand and on the arm. I had to. Then I got up. If I had staid down half a minute longer it would have been all over.

"When I got up the waves were washing all over the ship. She careened over still deeper. Just then the captain blew his whistle. At the same instant a great wave came. I sprang overboard. When I came up to the surface the Colima had disappeared. It was like the sea opening up and she disappearing in the vortex; she sank so suddenly. Things were flying in the air, and the waves were covered with floating timbers and wreckage. I don't know how it was, but I remember of clinging to something big that floated. When did I catch it? I don't know that. Things happened faster than I could think. I said a prayer when I went down and never expected to live to tell about it. Then I found myself clinging fast to this big thing. I wondered what it was. My face was just above its surface. It was flat and the waves tossed it about so that I did not know how I should hold fast. I looked across it and saw seven other men hanging on, just like I was. If they could hang fast, so could I. I thought to myself, 'One minute we were way down in a valley between two waves and could see nothing but huge walls of water all around us. Then up we went, up, up, till we were on the crest of a high wave, and I shut my eyes to hide the sight that met them.

Floating bodies all around! Oh, how terrible it is to see so many dead and drowning men and women all around you.

"By and by one of the men who had hold of the big thing—it proved to be the hurricane deck—was washed off. A big wave caught him and fairly forced him loose and tossed him far away. Then another wave washed off. I tried to scramble up on top. I knew I could not hold on much longer. Some of the others got on top first. Then a big wave came and fairly lifted me on top. That same wave washed off two more of the men on the other side of the raft. Then another wave came and washed off the fifth man.

"By and by there were only the three of us on the raft—all on top of it and safe for the present. These were Hansen, Raymon and myself. We were tired out and cold and could hardly breathe. We lay down and would not have struggled very much more to save ourselves—we were so tired. I saw the roof of the pilot-house drifting by and the storekeeper was on top of it, almost naked.

"Then a young woman came by. She was naked and alive. She had fast hold of a piece of wood, and Hansen and I tried to save her. We might have done it, too, for just then the sea was quite tranquil. But just as she got abreast of us a terrible hailstorm came on. The wind blew a hurricane again and washed the poor girl far away from us.

"I suppose she could swim and had disrobed, as the men did, to save her life. 'I never saw such a terrific hailstorm, and the most of us naked. We hid our faces in our hands to protect ourselves from the stones. They were quite large, and were hurled at us almost horizontally. They cut and stung like so much shot. They came against us in great sheets of ice, and the wind was so fierce that we expected it would blow us off into the sea. 'If we could have saved the young woman we would have done so. She looked at us imploringly. I can see her eyes looking up at us now. She said not a word, but the last glimpse we caught of her when the wind swept her past was pitiful. We forgot our own misery for the moment.

"And when the hailstorm went away and the waves quieted down we looked in all directions for her, but she was gone. She could not have lived through the storm.

"Presently another woman came floating by. She was almost naked but was not clinging to anything, and her face was turned straight up. We could see that one of her arms was broken. Then another woman came floating past the raft. Her face was turned upward also, and we knew she was past all help.

"You don't tell me the horror of it all, and I can't tell you. No one can tell it all. And the long night. How did we live through it? If there had not been so many dead floating all around us it would not have been so horrible. Oh, it was cold—so cold.

"Hansen was dressed in all his clothes when I saw him clinging to the raft. It was a miracle that saved him in that way. Oh, it was a miracle that any were saved."

CAUGHT BY THE HEEL.

A Man Tried to Save Himself by Clinging to Bruno Cedro.

"I did not jump till the ship turned clear over," said Cedro, through the interpreter, when it came his turn to tell about the wreck.

"I tried to get a life-preserver, but the watchman, or whoever it was, would not let me have one. He said there was no danger. I fought my way up on deck. A man put a stick of wood in front of the doorway and would let no one go up on the deck. I fought and fought, knowing that the ship could not live when she was turned over on her side like that. I hardly know how it was that I got on deck, but somehow I got there. I didn't wait for the life-preserver.

"Just as I jumped into the water I felt something on my heel. It tightened and held fast, and made me strike the water head first. It was the hand of a man. He was frantic. Evidently he could not swim, and caught hold of me to save himself. If I had let him hold fast we would both have gone down for good, for it was ten or fifteen minutes before I caught hold of a piece of the deck and clung to it.

"I kicked and struggled and wriggled my feet, while we were both under the water, so that I finally rid myself of the man. I don't know who he was. I never saw his face after we were in the water. When I got rid of him I began to tear off my clothes as fast as I could. I had taken off my shoes and coat before I jumped in. Long before I reached the raft I was naked, and could float on my back quite easily, though I was in constant terror that some one else would catch hold of me and drag me down.

"All round me were dead bodies and struggling people. Some were clinging to pieces of lumber. By and by the sea was a little more quiet. I saw ten men, one after the other, relinquish their holds on their planks and go down. All of them were wounded by the flying timbers and the water was discolored with blood around many of those that floated past me. 'I was struck in the head and neck by timbers and was bleeding a little, but the wounds were not severe enough to make me lose consciousness.

"I saw lots of life-preservers floating around in the water. One man that had

on a life-preserver was struck by a huge spar and killed. He would have been saved but for that, for the life-preserver kept his head out of the water. I saw the bodies of women and children floating. Oh, I cannot tell you all I saw. I remember we were trying to save one young woman, who was still alive, when the hailstorm came up.

"After that all the bodies we saw had their faces turned straight up. We picked up Goliz, who was clinging to a beam. He had his chest all hurt and bleeding and was scarcely conscious. He had on a life-preserver, or else he would have been drowned, for he could not have clung to the beam unless he had something to help buoy him up.

"What caused the wreck? The deck was topheavy. Everybody knew that but the captain. When the ship careened and began to roll about in the trough of the sea I heard lots of men call out to the captain to cut away the deckload. But he would not do it. She might have been saved if he had. I don't know, of course, being down in the steerage all the time."

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

A Sailor Describes His Desperate Battle With the Waves and Timbers.

The most pathetic figures in that melan-

choly scene presented on the San Juan's decks as she slowly steamed into her dock were George D. Ross, boatswain's mate of the Philadelphia, and Louis L. Zangare, seaman of the United States steamer Olympia, the survivors of the seven men sent from Mare Island to their homes in New York for discharge from the naval service.

Half-clad in torn remnants of their once clean blue uniforms, piced out with old clothes contributed by the generous crew of the San Juan, they indeed looked the worn and broken-down shipwrecked mariners they were. Zangare wore an old long coat, pair of coal-dusty overalls, the gift of some fireman, and on his sore and swollen feet were Japanese straw slippers that fell off every painful step the poor fellow took. In his hand he carried two small cigar-boxes, lashed together with a bit of string. 'I wonder if the custom-house officers will confiscate my two big Saratogas,' said the tar, with grim humor. 'I am trying to smuggle ashore a piece of soap and a spool of thread, also two needles; but don't expose me. The needles I saved from the Colima. They happened to be sticking in my trousers. The waves somehow washed the shirt off my back. Don't know where I got the soap; must have hooked it somewhere.

Ross was clothed in old garments from the scanty wardrobe of some steamer deck-hand. His stockinged feet were in a pair

afternoon and began to get some of the gale, the steamer was very crazy. I once made a trip on the old Moses Taylor—'Rolling Moons' they called her. Well, the Colima soon got to doing pretty good work in that line herself, but she went at it differently. She would begin to swing over and would suddenly go with a jerk, as though she intended to make a good start and clear around in a circle. But of course she would come up again and go the other way. The wind kept getting stronger and stronger and she labored awfully. But Captain Taylor kept her headed well up to the sea, and—and I want to say right here, before I forget it, that poor Captain Taylor staid at his post and died there like a man. I believe he did everything that mortal power could do to save his ship and all hands on board.

"I and the rest of my shipmates were in and out of our berths during the night, but being accustomed to the sea we had no thought of possible danger. Morning found us with the southwester pouring into the plunging boat harder than ever. Very few if any passengers showed themselves on deck, and I don't believe a single lady or child turned out of their berths. In fact, they were all seasick. That accounts in a measure for their total loss—those who happened to be on the upper deck when she went on her beam ends were swept with the wrecked houses into the sea, and those below were drowned like rats.

"As the day wore on the seas got higher,

boat, unless finely handled, could live in that tumble of water.

"I now saw that it was with difficulty she could keep up to the wind, and I knew if she broached to we were gone, as nothing could live in the trough of those seas. Then she needed canvas. A close-reefed foresail, or maintop, or even a storm staysail amidships, would have helped her up, and there is where the sailless vessels are at a disadvantage. The Colima began to tremble, and when the sea struck her she would shake all over. That wobbling began to scare me. I looked at the boats securely stowed along the weather rail, and wondered if we could ever manage to get them in the water. I could feel a sort of movement when she trembled down on her side, and I now know that the cargo was moving every swing. The gale would scoop up tons of water and fling it through the air. When the steamer rolled to leeward the sea would strike her exposed side and pitch over on deck, slapping at the houses on the upper deck with a sound like thunder. The wind seemed to fairly boom over the ocean with a noise that was deafening. I saw the captain and First Officer Griffiths together during all that day, and the other officers at their places around the decks, proving that they were doing all they could to save the ship.

"Presently she fell fairly off and the end soon came. A monster sea came down

given that order sooner and also heaved that lumber and shingles overboard she would have ridden out the gale.

Every seaman knows that so good a vessel as the Colima need not have been lost. After she went down and these planks were dashing around in the sea, killing and drowning the people trying to swim in the mad, whirling waters, none of the helpless women and little children could be saved.

"And then the Pacific Mail officers gave us to understand that it was best for us to keep our mouths shut. They are more anxious to hush matters up than they are to let the truth be known apparently.

"Captain Pitts of the San Juan cruised a few hours around in the floating wreckage and then hurried away on his course, fearful of losing time on his trip and being reprimanded for loitering along.

"Well, I guess Ross and I will have to try it again, and I wonder whereabouts between here and New York we will get cast away next time. It's hard to serve three years at sea in a foreign station and then be lost while homeward bound on a passenger steamer, like our five poor shipmates."

AMONG THE MISSING.

Mrs. McDonald Has Now Given Up All Hopes of Her Husband's Rescue.

Among the anxious ones who waited yesterday for the San Juan to dock was Mrs. Frances McDonald, wife of Fireman McDonald, who is supposed to have gone down on the Colima. McDonald resided with his wife at 530 Howard street, and was making his first trip on the Colima. "He had been after the place for six months or more," said Mrs. McDonald yesterday, "and about three months since succeeded in getting the promise of a place with the Pacific Mail Company. He was put on for the first time when the Colima sailed on her last trip from this port. I have given up hope now. They tell me that he went down with the others, though I cannot even yet realize it. Somehow I thought that the San Juan would bring him home, though his name was not given in the dispatches as among the saved. Mr. McDonald was a steady hard-working man who provided well for his family."

Mrs. McDonald was accompanied by a woman who resides at 264 Brannan street, and with whom coal-passer Archie Dow, and among the lost roomed. Dow had lived at 264 Brannan street for some months past, and was favorably known in the neighborhood.

Both women expected to see them step off the San Juan, and when told that they had not been numbered among the saved, they gave free expression to their grief.

TIED HIS TONGUE.

Pacific Mail Officials Afraid That Second Officer Hansen Will Talk.

The Pacific Mail officials were so anxious to get Third Officer Hansen off the San Juan and into the office where he would have opportunity of conversing with people that they sent a special tug out to meet the steamer and took him off before she docked. A. F. Richardson was also taken off the steamer by the tug. Upon reaching shore Hansen was whisked into a hack and taken to the Market-street office of the Pacific Mail Company, where he was kept at work upon a statement until 8:30 o'clock, when he was allowed to go home to his wife, who had anxiously watched in the doorway of the house at 18½ West Mission street all the afternoon.

Hansen could not understand why his husband did not come home, or at least send word of his safe arrival in port, and when it began to grow dark she sent out her two brothers to look him up. While they were away Hansen made his appearance, having been released ten minutes before from the Pacific Mail kindergarten for the suppression of news.

"I have no statement to make," said Hansen in reply to a request for some explanation relative to the disaster. "It would not do for me to talk. I have just finished a report to Mr. Schwerin and tomorrow I shall make another to the Government inspectors. Mr. Schwerin will use his own judgment as to giving this out for publication. If he chooses to do so, that is his business, not mine, but not a word from me. That is strictly prohibited."

WERE MUM AT FIRST.

General Reluctance of the Rescued Men to Talk of the Wreck.

At first when the representatives of the CALL boarded the San Juan from the revenue cutter Hartley the rescued men were very reluctant to talk. Albert Carpenter stated bluntly that he didn't want to talk until the official investigation was made, and he somewhat candidly conveyed the information that he had been told by the officers of the ship to stay aboard the San Juan until further orders. He was a fair indication of how the others of the crew of the Colima felt. Mate Hansen and Storekeeper Richardson disembarked as fast as they could, as if to avoid interviews.

The three steerage passengers, however—T. J. Oriol, a Stockton electrician; Gustav Rowan of Ghent, Belgium, a violinist of Scheel's orchestra, who was going to New York when the accident occurred, and Henry William Boyd of Birmingham, England, jeweler, who had been on his way home from Tahiti—became a little more communicative after a while.

They first excused their unwillingness to say anything on the ground that they expected the Pacific Mail Company would give them more money to compensate them for their sufferings and loss of clothing and valises if they kept their tongues still. Mr. Oriol was the first to break the ice, and when he once got started he proved communicative enough.

He made some startling statements about Captain Pitts and informed his inquirers that all the firemen and crew of the ship and the sailors of the Colima had been gathered in a kind of meeting by the officers of the San Juan and carefully instructed to say nothing to anybody about the disaster, its possible cause, or the circumstances attending the picking up of the waifs.

ORIEL'S STATEMENT.

He Says Captain Pitts Left the Scene of the Wreck Altogether Too Soon.

Mr. Oriol told his story in an intelligent, straightforward manner, with great deliberation, and with proper regard for the sequence of events from the time the Colima left Manzanillo. He said: "It was about 4 p. m. Sunday, May 26, when we left Manzanillo. We hadn't been out more than two hours when I was on the hurricane deck and heard them give orders to take in all the awnings, and the wind began to blow pretty fresh. I was going to Tapachuli, Mexico.

"The sea arose to a heavy swell. It wasn't long during the night, although the ship rolled and pitched considerably. At 8 a. m. Monday it began to get worse,

and the storm became more and more furious until the Colima went down.

"Before she sank she listed to the starboard side, and every time she would list a little more, never coming back to her right position.

"I went below about 9 a. m. and went into the storeroom, being pretty seasick. While sitting there I noticed that the water would come up to the starboard scuppers and strike the deck on the inside. I asked what it meant. I was told, 'Oh, it will run off as fast as it will come in,' and so it did.

"While I was sitting there the quarter-master came and said somewhat excitedly that he wanted to see the engineer. The chief engineer passed me while going to him and came back in three or four minutes.

"When I saw him—well, I guess he knew what was up—he looked like a dead man. I guess I was the last man who saw the chief engineer. The ship listed terribly after that.

"I went to the steerage quarters and most everybody had gone below by that time. The crew of the Colima and the steward and the seven men-of-war's-men from the Philadelphia were endeavoring to calm the passengers.

"The yeoman—a petty officer—of the Philadelphia came to me and said, 'It's all up with us, old man.'

"Do you think so?' I asked. 'He said 'Yes,' and held out his hand and said 'Good-by!' Then he went on ahead and when I saw him again he was on a sack of flour, kneeling and praying.

"I went up the companion ladder on to the deck. She listed so badly that all I could do was to get to the deck on the port side.

"I am pretty sure that the third officer had cut the lashings and let the lumber slide off the deck.

"When I got up the side and made for a boat with one of the seamen I looked down and the ship was lying right on her beam end and a great smokesack was shipping water. Her decks were all bulging out. I thought the boat was no good and jumped overboard into the water.

"After I came to the surface I got hold of a box and subsequently was washed from one thing to another until the weather moderated. There was a fearful squall after the Colima went down. G. Rowan was washed and knocked about pretty much as I was, and three of the men were badly burned with some kind of acid which had escaped during the breaking of the ship's timbers and the rush of water into her. We were battered, bruised and cut pretty badly by the pieces of lumber which beat around in the waves."

Here several of the men opened up their coats and showed some ugly cuts and gashes on their bodies which the floating lumber had made. Mr. Oriol continued: "We finally got on to raft—five of us, Juan A. Ramos, Bruno Cedro, A. L. Carpenter, Thomas Friese and myself. Captain James H. Long, who had left his ship, the Willamette, at Panama, came out from the San Juan in a boat and picked us up.

"Our raft was part of the bridge, so Friese and Carpenter, the seamen, said. We found the coat of Captain Taylor tied to it by a sleeve. The chief steward was killed by the flying lumber in the waves. Zangare had tried to get him out of the messroom.

"The time the Colima sunk was about 10:45 a. m. Monday, May 27. We were in the water and on the raft until about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning following. G. Rowan was the last man to be picked up. He was rescued about 1 p. m. The San Juan was the scene of the wreck about 1:30 p. m. that day. Captain Long picked up Rowan too.

"I'll swear that when the San Juan left there was a man on a raft, Jack Hannon, a fireman, whose home was in this City. He has recently been married and leaves a wife here. I know he was on a raft, because I had hold of his hand. I wanted him to jump on to our raft, but he was afraid. He thought he would be cut in two if he tried.

"Raymond Aviles saw several men and women not far from his raft and two babies. If Captain Pitt had cruised around there for several miles he might have saved many more."

This George D. Ross corroborated, saying, "That's what he would." Mr. Oriol explained the prominent part taken in the rescue by Captain Long, who was formerly captain of the Colima himself. He said:

"The first mate and boatswain of the San Juan and Captain Long and a volunteer crew from the Aztec, a new vessel, who were on their way up here, did most of the saving of the shipwrecked men.

"Mate Hansen told Captain Pitts he saw four men on a raft. I know the San Juan must have left about the time I said it did, because I woke up about 2:30 or 3 p. m. and the San Juan was well on her way to Manzanillo.

"The story I got from the sailors of the

Others Failed Hood's Cured

Mr. C. S. Groby is a well-known resident of Dayton, Ohio, and a prominent member of the K. of P. He says: "I had two severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. I tried three of our home physicians, but realized scarcely any relief. I took medicines faithfully, but was unable to see any improvement. I then visited a specialist, paid him \$50, but he did me no good. I was then advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and before I stopped I had taken fifteen bottles, a bottle just lasting me one month, as I took it very regularly, three times a day at meal times. Ever since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I have been entirely free from rheumatism."

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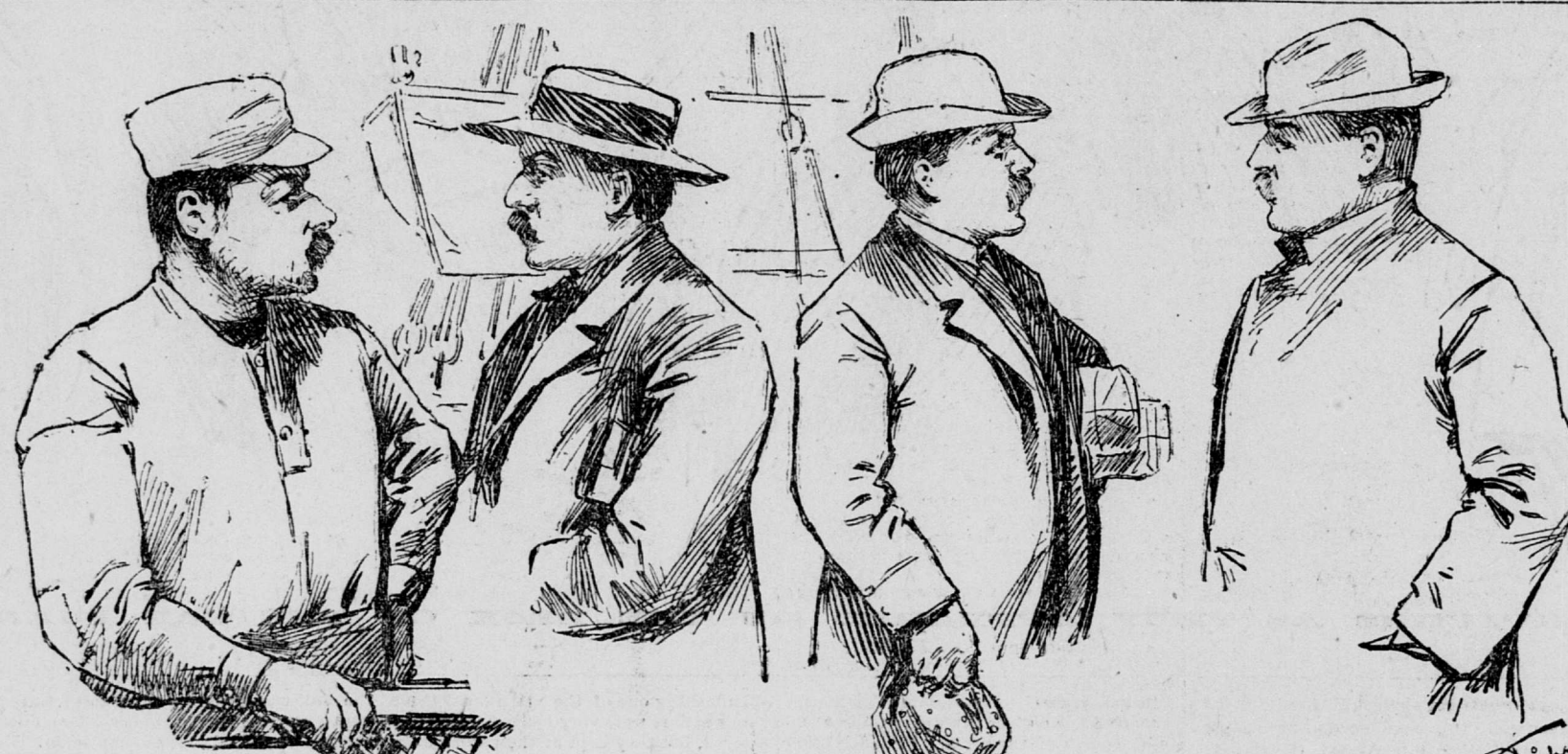
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FOUR MEN WHO SAW THE WATERS CLOSE OVER THE LOST COLIMA.

[Sketchd by a "Call" artist.]

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"I tried to get a life-preserver, but the watchman, or whoever it was, would not let me have one. He said there was no danger. I fought my way up on deck. A man put a stick of wood in front of the doorway and would let no one go up on the deck. I fought and fought, knowing that the ship could not live when she was turned over on her side like that. I hardly know how it was that I got on deck, but somehow I got there. I didn't wait for the life-preserver.

"Just as I jumped into the water I felt something on my heel. It tightened and held fast, and made me strike the water head first. It was the hand of a man. He was frantic. Evidently he could not swim, and caught hold of me to save himself. If I had let him hold fast we would both have gone down for good, for it was ten or fifteen minutes before I caught hold of a piece of the deck and clung to it.

"I kicked and struggled and wriggled my feet, while we were both under the water, so that I finally rid myself of the man. I don't know who he was. I never saw his face after we were in the water. When I got rid of him I began to tear off my clothes as fast as I could. I had taken off my shoes and coat before I jumped in. Long before I reached the raft I was naked, and could float on my back quite easily, though I was in constant terror that some one else would catch hold of me and drag me down.

"All round me were dead bodies and struggling people. Some were clinging to pieces of lumber. By and by the sea was a little more quiet. I saw ten men, one after the other, relinquish their holds on their planks and go down. All of them were wounded by the flying timbers and the water was discolored with blood around many of those that floated past me. 'I was struck in the head and neck by timbers and was bleeding a little, but the wounds were not severe enough to make me lose consciousness.

"I saw lots of life-preservers floating around in the water. One man