

THE CAPTAIN OF THE COLIMA LOST HIS HEAD

Story of Sailor James Aikman of the Sunk Steamship.

THE VESSEL OVERLOADED

An Order to Stow the Deckload of Lumber in the Saloon.

THE MAIL COMPANY CENSURED.

Great Damage Done on the Coast by the Storm Which Wrecked the Steamer.

The Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney, Captain Frank Johnston, arrived in port yesterday morning with three of the survivors of the lost Colima and eight of the crew of the schooner Hays, wrecked by the same storm which sent the Pacific Mail liner with 188 souls to the bottom.

The passengers on the Sydney who escaped from the ill-starred Colima were three of the crew. Their names are J. Pegueros, A. Santamaria and James Aikman. Before the City of Sydney reached the Mail dock Vice-President R. P. Schwerin of the Mail Company had boarded her and cautioned the men to preserve silence regarding the causes which led to the most awful marine disaster ever known on the Pacific Coast.

The simple story of the experience of the men makes a thrilling narrative as has been published in connection with the loss of the Colima. Aikman was in the after saloon when the houses were carried away by the forces of water which broke over the stern of the unfortunate vessel and was washed into the sea with the wreckage. He saw the long black line of the steamer's side for a moment, and then the old Colima threw her bow up into the air and slid down into the black depths of water stern first. The sailor describes the scenes which have been pictured by the survivors who were brought here on the San Juan, and which are now familiar to the public.

He swam to a lifeboat through high-topped lumber and was nearly made the craft, his person torn and bleeding. In the little boat were a couple of passengers and the two sailors, Pegueros and Santamaria. The two latter pulled him in and shortly after two women were swept down by the flood. The women were grasped as they were going by and pulled into the boat. A little later a lifeboat with several passengers on it passed close to the frail craft and the three sailors jumped into the ocean and swam for the shore. Three times that day the raft turned completely over and every time there was one passenger less to bear witness to the terrible experience of that wretched storm.

From Monday morning until Thursday night the castaways clinging to the little raft, weakened, exhausted, for want of sleep, food and water, and with the wind whistling through the tattered rags which were left on their backs, and in despair following the wreck the little company saw the steamer San Juan, which had gone out to pick up survivors. They made frantic signals to the rescuing steamer, but the signals were unheeded and in despair they watched the black hull disappear beyond the horizon. No pen can describe the sufferings of that parched and famished group during the time they were



T. J. FORD EMPTYING THE SACK CONTAINING THE MAIL FROM THE LOST COLIMA.

June 1 to June 10 were found at San Blas. Those on the Sydney, however, deny the stories of outrages on the dead bodies which were washed ashore all along the Mexican coast. On the trip down the captain and officers of the steamer were entertained by Governor Santa Cruz and staff of San Blas. The Sydney arrived at the latter place on Monday and all Mexico was celebrating the anniversary of the victory over the French. The Governor and his party dined on board the steamer that evening, and the best of feeling and good-fellowship prevailed. As soon as the news of the loss of the Colima reached San Blas Governor Santa Cruz ordered his soldiers, infantry and cavalry, to patrol the beach for miles to the north and south of the port, and did everything that could be done to send succor to the sufferers. Some doubt has been expressed as to the terrific force of the storm, but the Sydney's report leaves no doubt as to the nature of

but well-directed kick in the ribs roused him to action and saved his life. Passengers on the City of Sydney were loud in their complaints against the Pacific Mail service. The time, they say, is slow, and the people along the Central American coast are completely at the mercy of the company. The accommodations, it is claimed, are bad; there is a dearth of berthroom, the food is not of the best quality, and the supply of ice is always inadequate to the needs of the passengers. One man tells of the loading of the San Juan with lumber in the passengers' quarters, making the walking room cramped and compelling the passengers who had engaged first-class fare to sleep on chairs and on the floor of the cabin. The Sydney herself was crowded with passengers and the latter have similar complaints to urge against the company. Taken all in all the arrival of the last Pacific Mail steamer will afford an admirable opportunity for the United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers to make a more thorough investigation into the manner in which the company observes the steamship laws and into the foundering of the Colima, which left

Mr. Engelhardt Makes Some Severe Criticisms of Steamship Employes.

One of the most unfortunate of the cabin passengers on the City of Sydney was Theodore Engelhardt, a Guatemala planter, who bears a standing commission from President Barrios to purchase firearms and ammunition for the Guatemalan Government, and enjoys the intimate confidence of the Jefe de Politico of San Marcos. Mr. Engelhardt is a native of New Orleans, educated in Europe, and about a year ago he secured three plantations in Tumbador. He is now on his way to London to purchase machinery for a "beneficio," as a sugar-house is called in Guatemala, of 1,000,000 pounds capacity, and, incidentally, he makes a few bargains for the Government's war department with the English and German manufacturers. As General Manager Nanne of the Guatemala Central Railroad had sent to Acapulco a special request to the officers of the steamer to take good care of his cargo, he came aboard, and as he has shipped about 1500 quintals out of his first coffee crop, with prospects of being able to ship a crop of 5000 quintals in a year or two, Mr. Engelhardt naturally expected to be treated with some consideration. But he was doomed to a severe disappointment, as will be seen from his own statement in the following:

I was put down below in a little room (about six feet by six feet) which was not fitted to occupy, and where we had no ventilation to speak of notwithstanding the sweltering heat. Had there been any other room there is no telling what would have become of us. There were not enough life-preservers. There were only four of them in our room, and being away from the lowest berth they would have been practically inaccessible. When I inquired of an officer whether he had received Mr. Nanne's request, he bluntly said he had not. I must say that he was a very uncivil officer and his behavior was not to be commended.

THREE DAYS ON A RAFT.

James Aikman was one of the crew of the Colima, and was engaged on the deck of the vessel during that dreadful day of the disaster, and after drifting around with three companions on the life-raft for three and one-half days landed on the beach. Aikman is a very intelligent man, and what the Pacific Mail officials permit him to do is interesting in connection with the remarks of consignor notice here and there. At Manzanillo after the disaster he stated that the Colima was overloaded, topheavy and badly managed, and when she was wrecked he was struggling to be in substance the same admission. "When the Colima was in her last struggle," said he, "I was on deck passing down lumber to the saloon."

"Why were you passing down lumber?" he was quickly asked. "We were trying to nail up the house that was broken by the seas," he answered. This statement, in view of the fact that the house and saloon are in different localities, and that the vessel was in extreme and well-known to all except the commander who held on to his fatal lumberyard, and the steward, who cursed the passengers for putting on life-preservers, is somewhat peculiar. However, the gentleman would fail to set sail, fail to try the virtues of a storm anchor, fail to get rid of his dangerous load of tons of loose lumber, might attempt to make repairs in the ruined cabin when the vessel was even then settling to her long home.

"The steamer would fall off every sea, roll on her beamends, and the great waves would tear away some of the deckboards and the heaviest swells rolled in which were ever witnessed in that port. The sea dropped clear off in the trough of the sea, and an awful wave swept down on us. Everybody on deck was dashed into the water, as was also the lumber and everything that could be torn from the hull. "Oh, the horror of this moment! The water swirled and roared around me, and the floating things crashed and ground against each other. I first clutched one thing and then another. "It was impossible to hold on to anything long. If a small object the waves would dash it out of your hand, and if a large one the wind would assist the sea in getting it away from you. I could see men and some women struggling around me. They would make frantic grabs at the wreckage all around them, but they would make no noise. I never heard a single cry, and I was grit teeth and hold on, and nobody had any breath for voice. I would see several persons floating together and a big pile of lumber or wreckage would be near down upon them and they would be gone."

"I soon saw if I escaped I would have to keep clear of the stuff dashing around, so when I saw anything on the wave above me and coming my way I would dive. When I got hit, but I escaped several blows. "The wind seemed to die down somewhat for a while and I saw a boat near me. Climbing in I found it almost full of water and containing Professor Whiting and a woman dressed in black. His clothing was torn almost off and he was bleeding from deep cuts on his body. He sat in one end of the boat with his head hanging down and seemed to have lost his mind. "The woman was lying in the water in the boat almost lifeless. She moved occasionally, but Whiting never paid any attention to her. Two or three other persons

climbed into the boat with us and saw a floating figure, and knowing that it was safer, we all, except Whiting and the woman, left the boat. From the raft we saw Whiting and his companion sitting in the boat, and they soon disappeared. "There were about ten of us on the life-raft, but every time a sea struck us we would be turned completely over, and when we came up again one would be missing. We kept losing men till only Santa

AN UNCIVIL OFFICER.

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He was extremely uncivil to some of the ladies. Worse still, he had the impudence to use a revolver in the saloon, and to show of hospitality in treating them to champagne as an excuse, and when he was politely refused or received the cold shoulder he endeavored to revenge by making serious accusations. He went to Captain Johnston and tried to scandalize the second officer and chief engineer because he had been seen looking at the apparatus in the engineer's room one night while under the escort of the second officer.

The fact that I had a berth at all might be taken as a fortunate circumstance, because a number of native planters, Salvadorans and Guatemalans, had some about 1000 in Libertad, Acapulco and San Jose de Guatemala. There were ninety cabin passengers aboard and I do not think that the conditions of accommodations for over half that number. In consequence we had to have a first and second table set and those in the second table were very poorly indeed.

The food was wretched, invariably cold and nauseous, and the water was so brackish and unpalatable. One day we had fresh fish, but usually it was canned lobster or canned oysters. Had there been any other food mentioned, if there had been oranges at the first table, the second got none. A cold water--all the help was colored, including the steward himself--would put his hand on your shoulder or back in a patronizing way and with affected solicitude inquire what you wanted. This was only the beginning of an ingenious suggestion upon his part that a tip would insure good attendance, but he would never take a tip of no more than a cent. I gave one a watchman or porter, I think he was a \$5 piece to get changed for me so that I could get the new money and had to wait almost two days for the change to come back. I never saw anything like it, yet I have traveled on twenty different steamship lines. The roughness and lack of even civility displayed by the colored help is simply incomparable.

"What can one do? I am entirely at the mercy of the company. The only way I can ship my coffee or sugar is by water, and even if I had a monopoly of the trade, I could not get the largest stockholder in the railroad. Some times considerable coffee of Central America is thrown overboard, and I have seen arbitrary officers or the help employed on the company's steamers. As a result when such coffee is subsequently taken out of the water and dried, it is sold to our San Francisco agents and buyers do not find it to be of the quality expected. If the trade is good, the money is good, and in consideration of that one might be willing to suffer a little unpleasant treatment by the fact that the monopoly of the trade is in the hands of a few men. If the company were more considerate and its employees more courteous it would be good business policy upon its part. As it is, only those people who are compelled by their necessity to travel up and down the coast will do so, and San Francisco is consequently made to suffer, for thousands of people in the East and in Europe would gladly take a trip around via Panama could they be assured that they would get the quality of the goods they are compelled to buy. Mr. Engelhardt still retains his American citizenship, which he finds to be good policy in a republic that is more or less revolutionary. It cost him \$50 to do so, and he is now in Guatemala any man who refuses an offer of citizenship by the Government must pay a fine. As his partner, Francisco Aguilar, is pretty well connected with the powers that be, he has hosts of friends, and there was an effort to make him a Senator, but he declined the honor and paid a fine of \$50 for doing so. Had he done otherwise he would have become a Guatemalan citizen and the next successful revolutionary party could have promptly confiscated all his property by forced contributions. He has the power of a little czar on his plantation, and can arrest and throw into jail any man at any time the Indians and other employes, but he is not a tyrant--he is a man--happily indebted to him--and he manages to keep them in peonage. Should one of them leave a plantation owned by him he can promptly call upon the jefe and compel the fugitive's arrest and return. This system of peonage Mr. Engelhardt deprecates, but the natives would not work for him, he says, were it not for that. Therefore he finds some satisfaction, or rather reason, for it. It costs Mr. Engelhardt about \$8 per quintal to produce coffee, and he can sell it for \$12. Mr. Engelhardt was told that young J. L. Barillas, a nephew of ex-President Barillas, had expressed satisfaction with his treatment aboard the vessel. His explanation was that he had a few dollars on him, and that these Spanish-Americans do not know any better than to make a man's pocket as full as they can. They live in adobe and subsist upon tortillas, so it is no wonder they are so easily bribed. Anent the treatment of M. Francis, the French Consul at San Jose de Guatemala, who is taking his wife to Europe to improve her health, Mr. Engelhardt said: "It was shameful. The ticket allows passengers aboard the steamer on the date of her arrival, but if any man, woman or child and his wife, who is in a delicate condition,

were compelled to stop in a miserable hotel at San Jose for two days before they were permitted to board the vessel. I went aboard the first day, being one of the more favored passengers who were permitted to do so. When Mr. Francis told an officer he was a Consul of the French Government he replied that he did not care who or what he was, French Consul or not.

INFERIOR SERVICE.

Mr. Laflin Contrasts That on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Early in the spring H. H. Laflin of St. Louis, who is at the head of the branch in that city of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company of New York, contracted with the Pacific Mail Company for a sea trip from New York to San Francisco by way of the isthmus. He had made the same trip twenty-four years ago, when he was in the heyday of youth, and enjoyed it, so he anticipated a pleasant voyage for his wife and family of seven at a cost of \$10 net.

The moon of February had not waned before Mr. Laflin wrote for his ticket, which he received in the latter part of March. This gave him a chance to secure good rooms, which he did, selecting four of them on the main deck of the City of Sydney. It was all planned nicely that he should go to Colon from New York on the steamer Newport, and from Panama to San Francisco on the Sydney, and the plans did not miscarry, yet Mr. Laflin discovered much reason for complaint. He told a story very similar to that of Mr. Engelhardt concerning the poor fare and general bad treatment of the passengers. Said he: "It was all right on the Newport--could not have been finer--but on the Sydney it was quite different. I never saw anything like it before. The steamer was actually filthy. The towels were not changed more than once in four days--some of the passengers say theirs was not changed at all--and there were not enough bedclothes. And such bedclothes! What there were of them were not fit to be slept in by persons accustomed to anything like decency and cleanliness. Now, I thought when I put \$810 into this trip I would surely receive first-class treatment, and I did not expect to get something good to eat. It cost me \$25 more for tips on the trip up from Panama and yet we did not get any like proper treatment. If we had not tipped porters, waiters and almost everybody who was supposed to do anything in the way of attendance I do not know how miserably we might have fared. Why, there was an English artist aboard, named Chesire, who was dying of consumption, yet there was nothing done for him until the passengers finally insisted upon it. I paid for four bottles of boiled milk for him. One bottle he never received, the second was spoiled by being allowed to be kept in the cabin, and the others never appeared. We could not get a drop of ice water for the ladies on the entire trip, and the heat was excessive. If there was any ice aboard, I do not know what they did with it. You would suppose the cabins would be carpeted, but all there was to some cabins was a miserable little strip. The purser and some of the other officers seemed to have a particular penchant for trying to flirt with the ladies. One fellow leapt even trying to flirt with my 13-year-old daughter. I would have liked an opportunity to put a bullet into him. Evidently the champagne on board was for the especial benefit of this officer, who tried his best to have my daughter drink with him. Now, if there is any champagne to be bought here, I am afraid I am a little out of the way myself--I can buy all they want of it. If there had been more Americans or English-speaking passengers on the steamer we would have formulated a vigorous complaint and signed it, but as it was the Central American natives were in the majority and what could we do? I heard that the steamer was purposely delayed. She left Panama on time and was supposed to be due in San Francisco in five days, yet we were kept twenty-four days at sea. She stopped two days at Libertad, two days at Acapulco, and two days at San Jose de Guatemala. These delays were just killing poor Chesire. The fact of the matter is that the company was trying to get all the passengers and freight it could, and did not care who suffered. Twenty-four days from Panama to San Francisco is a shame."

Mr. Laflin is enjoying a vacation for a year or two and proposes to spend considerable of it in Southern California. He will look around San Diego for a good ranch to purchase. His paternal grandfather commenced the powder firm now known as the Laflin & Rand Company in New York in 1805. Mr. Laflin succeeded his father in the management of the St. Louis house a few years ago.

THREE MAIL BAGS.

They Went Down With the Colima, but Were Washed Ashore.

Relics of the Colima disaster have at last reached the Postoffice. Three bags of mail reached there yesterday morning, that on the 19th day of May, at 3 p. m., passed the hands of Postmaster McCoppin's assistants en route for Central American ports. The consignment was composed of letters and papers for all sorts of localities, and included many from Manzanillo to Panama. When the Colima went down the mailroom must have burst open, and the three bags that went in yesterday on the steamer City of Sydney were picked up on the beach near Manzanillo. Whether the mailbags reached the Postoffice they were at once taken to the mailroom, and an attempt was made to segregate them. In some instances they were secured, tied together in bundles, and then opened and the contents were saved. Others were very much mutilated, and all had become unsealed. On some of the letters the stamps still adhered to the envelope, but in others they had washed off and were scattered among the packages. All were so sopping with water that the clerks to spread them out on tables to dry. As soon as this is done the letters and papers will be sent out again to their destination. If it is found impossible to read the contents of the mail matter will be returned to the sender when he or she can be found. On nearly all the paper and parcel mail the addresses were obliterated, and the contents of the letters were never known. One of the letters that was saved was no difficulty in sending on its way was one from the British consulate here to "Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Panama." Another was a good state of preservation was from that firm in this City to "Mr. Sam Wong, San Jose de Guatemala," while a third was to "Sr. Don Irbio, Mayorga, Leon, Nicaragua." Superintendent of the Mails Thomas J. Ford was busily engaged in the work of sorting the mutilated packages yesterday. "All the envelopes that give a San Francisco or other address of the sender will be held until that party is heard from," said he. "Others that we can readily trace will be sent on to their destination. The canvas bags in which the mail matter is carried are stout and strong, and I expect to hear that other pouches will be washed ashore later on."

THE CREW OF THE HAYES.

The survivors of the schooner Hayes, which went ashore near Manzanillo, came up on the Sydney yesterday. They are: Captain M. Jorgenson, C. Hammond, A. Paulson, J. J. Jensen, J. Lemmy, J. Dougherty, M. Anderson and Henry C. Paulson. The vessel parted her chains and went ashore on the heavy swell. All hands were saved.

ARRESTED FOR OPENING LETTERS.

A letter containing 50 cents was recently mailed from San Rafael to Charles Plonk, care of the Mariners' Church, San Francisco. It was delivered by James Roberts, a messenger, who was found in the act of opening it. He was taken to the station and charged with stealing and opening letters which had passed through the United States mail. Both Plonk and Roberts are men about 16 years of age.

URICH RUN DOWN ON THE STREET.

William Ulrich, a contractor, had a perilous experience in the city of San Francisco yesterday. A shaft of a passing Market street trolley hit his head and threw him in the sleeve of his coat and threw him to the ground. He was taken to the hospital, but he was not seriously hurt.

WATER GAP DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO THE CULTIVATION OF CELERY.

A 200-acre farm near the Delaware Water Gap is devoted entirely to the cultivation of celery. The farmer, who is a Frenchman, has been successful in growing the vegetable in this climate.

HANDKERCHIEFS! HANDKERCHIEFS! SPECIAL SALE!

On Monday, June 24th, we will place on sale 4000 dozen EXTRA QUALITY LADIES' AND GENTS' HEMMED AND HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS at the following EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES!

- 1500 dozen LADIES' HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS - \$2.00 a dozen
750 dozen LADIES' HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS - \$2.50 a dozen
900 dozen GENTS' HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS - \$2.00 a dozen
500 dozen GENTS' HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS - \$3.00 a dozen
350 dozen GENTS' HEMMED LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS - \$2.00 a dozen

Ladies should not neglect to see these Handkerchiefs. They are the best values ever offered in San Francisco.

Country orders receive prompt attention. Goods delivered free in San Rafael, Sausalito, Blithedale, Mill Valley, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley.



111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 POST STREET.

CLIP THIS COUPON

FROM THE COLUMNS OF THE CALL and send your order to Smith's Cash Store, 414, 416 and 418 Front st., S. F., Cal., U. S. A., and receive a premium, as follows. On: Orders \$1 to \$10, exclusive of sugar, 1 Dolly Dimple Book, 100 heavy to mail. Orders \$10 to \$25, exclusive of sugar, any of the following periodicals for one year: Scattered Seeds, a child's paper; Babyland, Farm Journal of Philadelphia or Orchard and Farm of California, or any library book from our new 25-cent list. Orders of \$25 and upward, exclusive of sugar, will entitle the buyer to one year's subscription to any \$1 periodical or paper on our list. Only one coupon will be honored with each order. It must be mailed within 10 days of the date of this publication. Send to above address for complete lists of everything you need or use. We refer without permission to the mercantile and business public of this city and the Pacific Coast.

FOUND BOUND AND GAGGED

The Watchman for Newmam & Levinson Placed in a Predicament. They Seize Nagel, and, at the Point of a Pistol, Silence Him. An attempt at wholesale robbery of the dry-goods store of Newmam & Levinson, 129 Kearny street, was made last night, but the thieves did not accomplish their purpose. E. Nagel, the night watchman, who has been employed in the store for five years and was in the front part of the building near the Kearny-street entrance bound hand and foot and gagged so securely that he could not utter a sound. He was discovered by E. W. Seymour, the buyer of the silk department, who was passing the store and noticed that the curtains were drawn. He peered through an opening and saw the watchman sitting on the fourth stool from the door. He sent a friend to the Sutter-street door and called the police. Special Officer Linnville, Sergeant Gillin and Policeman Crisham responded. Linnville kicked in the glass of the door, and when they entered the store the watchman was sitting on the stool nearest the door, having moved himself forward. Nagel told his story in the presence of the police and others, saying that he entered the store at his usual time, 6 p. m., and twenty minutes after the proprietors and employes had gone he closed and locked the doors and proceeded about his work. His first duty was in the basement. He then went into the north wing of the gallery in the rear of the store, and after dusting there went to the south wing of the gallery, where he was attacked by two men wearing black cloth masks. One of them held a pistol at the watchman's head and said, "If you make a noise I'll shoot you." They tied him with pieces of heavy twine and gagged him with two pieces of thick wool.

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

Hurrah for the 4th of July! FIREWORKS! CRACKERS and SKYROCKETS! FOR EVERYBODY. Largest Selection! Best Quality! Lowest Prices!

Torpedoes, Firecrackers, Pistols, Caps, Balloons, Cartridges, Cannon, Paper Caps, Guns, Pinwheels, Roman Candles, Skyrockets, Lanterns, Bunting.

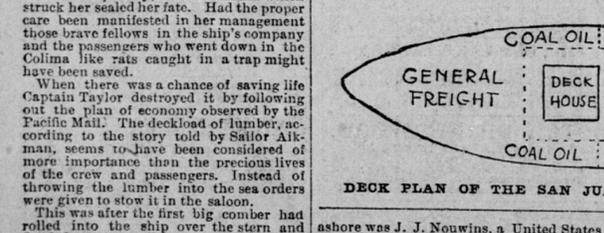
DAVIS BROTHERS

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN. 427 KEARNEY ST. THE VERY BEST EYE EXAMINATION. Eyes and all their accessories examined with instruments of his own invention, whose superiority has not been equalled. My success has been due to the merits of my work. Office Hours--12 to 4 p. m.



SOME OF THE RECOVERED MAIL FROM THE WRECKED COLIMA. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

on the ocean at the mercy of the wind and treacherous currents. On Thursday afternoon they were sighted by the steamer Mazatlan, and a crew of five men put out to their assistance. Hope was once more raised in the breasts of the emaciated survivors, but when help was just at hand the boat of the Mazatlan overturned, and the raft drifted on and on to where they knew not. Hours after that the castaways were caught in the swirling surf, and their fragile raft was washed up on the beach fifty miles below San Blas. But this was not all that Aikman had to tell of the wreck of the Colima. Since reaching port his tongue has been silenced, but at Manzanillo his words were full of censure for the Pacific Mail Company. The wreck was due, he said, to the overloading of the vessel, and to the subsequent action of Captain Taylor, who, he said, lost his head when all his faculties were needed for the preservation of human life. When the Colima left Manzanillo she was overloaded to such an extent as to make her topheavy, and the first sea which struck her sealed her fate. Had the proper care been manifested in her management those brave fellows in the ship's company and the passengers who went down in the Colima like rats caught in a trap might have been saved. There was a chance of saving life when the ship over the stern and flooded the fantail and after cabin. A number of men, Aikman among the number, were ordered into the saloon to receive the lumber as it was passed down, but it soon became apparent that the work could not be done, as it was an awkward job at best. The second wave which pooped the ship completely filled the saloon and forced the deckchairs high into the air and carried everything and everybody in the cabin out into the boiling sea. Captain Taylor remained in the pilot-



DECK PLAN OF THE SAN JUAN ON HER FEBRUARY TRIP.

ashore was J. J. Nouwens, a United States marine, who was on his way home to New York. When he recovered from his experience he was the "bravest tar that ever sailed the water." He told how he had worked among the passengers and encouraged them to heroic exertions, cheered up the women, and in fact performed miracles of valor. Aikman gives him the palm for being the greatest coward on earth. He says that the marine tumbled into the scupperns and moaned for the maternal apron strings, and that only a judicious

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