

RIO'S HODOOD AT LAST SENDS HER TO DESTRUCTION

PILES HER ON FATAL LEDGE

Unusually Long Voyage of Mail Boat Ends at the Bottom of Ocean Near Harbor Entrance

THE cause that led to the sinking of the Pacific Mail Company's steamship Rio de Janeiro are enveloped in a cloud of doubt and uncertainty that only a court of inquiry can clear away. Not one of the rescued passengers or crew can tell where the vessel struck. Pilot Jordan says she went on the ledge of rocks that runs out a half-mile in a northeasterly direction from Fort Point. In that event there is no possible chance of saving any of the cargo, as there is over twenty fathoms of water just off the end of the ledge, and there the tide runs like a millrace.

For some time after she struck the Rio hung on a pinnacle of the rock, with only her smokestack, ventilators and a portion of the pilot-house showing. Then she disappeared and there is now not even a ripple on the water to show where she lies.

The City of Rio de Janeiro left San Francisco for Hawaii, Japan and China on December 14, 1900. She met with heavy weather and it took nine days to make the run to Honolulu. From the islands she went to Hilo and Yokohama in Japan, and on January 19 sailed for Hongkong. At the latter port she took on a very valuable cargo of rice (the new crop), silks, matting, tea and other Oriental goods, besides a large amount of specie. She sailed for San Francisco on January 22, and on arriving at Yokohama homeward bound took on a lot more silk, tea and matting and more treasure. She sailed from Yokohama for Honolulu on February 1 and reached the latter port about the 12th inst., sailing again the next day for San Francisco.

Leaving Honolulu the Rio de Janeiro's cargo was valued at over \$500,000, and there was \$500,000 in treasure in the specie tank. The steamship herself was valued at from \$500,000 to \$700,000.

RIO MAKES SLOW RUN HERE FROM HONOLULU

Nearly Three Days Overdue When She Drops Anchor Off Shore Thursday Night.

The run from Honolulu was very slow and the Rio was nearly three days overdue when Pilot Jordan hoisted her off the Cliff House about 4:30 p. m. Thursday. At 7 p. m. the vessel was anchored some distance outside of Mile Rock, and at 8 p. m. all hands took the watch turned in. The ship's bell was ringing all night and the "riding light" burned brightly and clear. It was a raw, cold night, and the fog was so thick that the officer on the bridge could only see the men on the deck below when they entered the glare of a light.

About 4 o'clock yesterday morning it cleared up a little, the crew was called to get the anchor in. Enough was got on the steamship to enable the crew to get the heavy mudhook up quickly, and then the signal to go ahead at half-speed was given. An abridge was running and the vessel was slow in gathering way. Before she had gone a dozen or her own lengths the fog settled down again thicker than ever. Then the fog whistle began its mournful blasts.

John Hylop, the Merchants' Exchange lookout at Point Lobos, heard a last long blast of the whistle as the steamship disappeared around the point and then notified the Merchants' Exchange and Meigs wharf that a steamer which he made out to be the Rio de Janeiro had passed in. The Customs Officer, Immigration Officer and Quarantine Officer waited and waited, but no Rio showed up. Hylop was rung up and he said the vessel had passed in two hours before.

FEDERAL AUTHORITIES HAVE LONG WEARY WAIT

Expected Rio at 6 a. m. and Knew Nothing of Wreck Until Hours Later.

While the Federal authorities were trying to find out what had become of the steamer, a boatload of shipwrecked people from her were making their way against the tide to Meigs wharf. They landed there about 8 a. m. and gave the first news of the wreck of the Rio de Janeiro. Those in the boat were Lieutenant Commander Hecht of the German navy, Mrs. K. West, Miss Ripley, Miss Lehman, J. K. Carpenter, an Oakland capitalist; Chief Engineer Peter H. Herlich, Freight Clerk C. Engelhardt, Second Officer Graham Coghill in charge of the boat, Carpenter Frank Tramp, Watchman J. Russell, Storekeeper E. Boggs, and Quartermaster R. Mathison.

Soon after a second boat loaded with white men and Chinese was towed in by a gasoline launch and half an hour later a third boat with nineteen Chinese came along. Then the steam schooner Sequoia, with twenty Chinese aboard, went around to the Mail dock and during the afternoon the Russian ship Harbin came in, bringing Dr. A. A. O'Neill and nine Chinese. Then a fishing launch came in, bringing Quartermaster Lundstrom, R. H. Lacy, William Casper, an unknown cabin passenger and nineteen Chinese, while a whaleboat brought in Phil Nussenblatt of Honolulu.

While these boats were bringing in the living fishing boats and tugs were bringing in the dead one by one, until at 5 p. m. the remains of twelve of the victims had been accounted for.

WHAT LOOKOUT HYSLOP SAW OF THE DISASTER

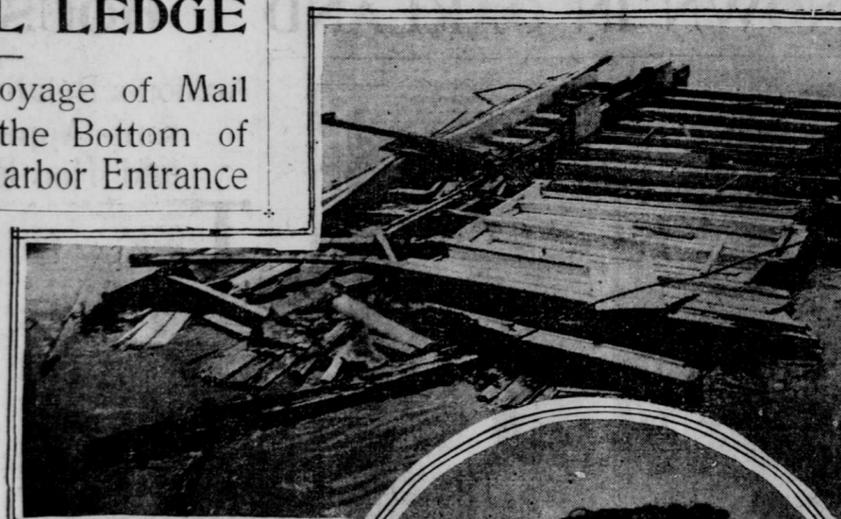
Heard the Last Despairing Shriek on the Siren as the Rio Went Down.

"A steamer which I now know to be the Rio de Janeiro anchored off shore about 7 o'clock Thursday evening," said John Hyslop of the Merchants' Exchange yesterday. "It was a calm night, but the fog was thick enough to cut. At intervals throughout the night I would awake and hear the bell on the steamer ringing, while I could just discern her riding light through the fog. At 5 o'clock yesterday morning the fog lifted and I could make out the outline of the anchor chain as the anchor was hove up. Then she got under way and I heard her fog whistle at regular intervals until she disappeared with a long-drawn out shriek. I thought she had rounded Fort Point and notified the exchange that I thought the Rio had passed in. It was three hours later before I heard of the disaster."

FRANK TRAMP GIVES A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

Describes How Lifeboat Was Smashed by Felling Mast and Many Passengers Drowned.

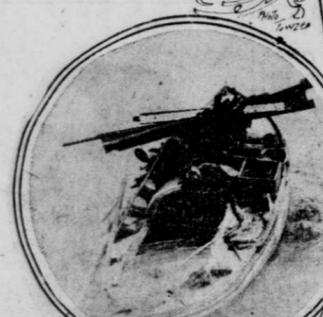
Frank Tramp, the ship's carpenter, who came ashore in the first boat, gives a straightforward account of the disaster.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE UPPER CABIN



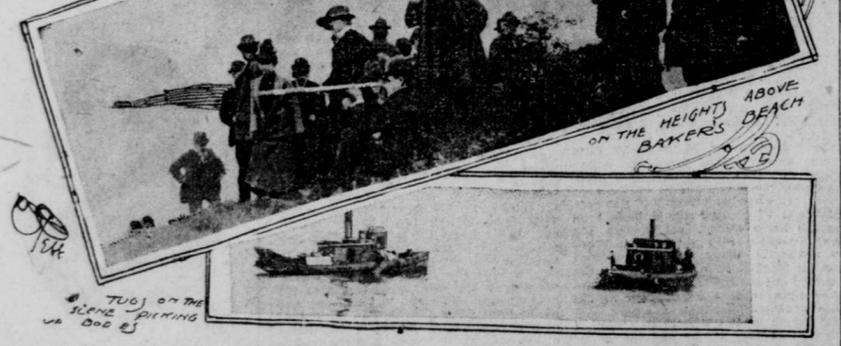
FISHERMEN PICKING UP WRECKAGE



MRS. WILDMAN AND HER CHILD



ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BAKER'S BEACH



SCENE OF THE WRECK

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN AND WIFE AND SCENES NEAR WRECK.

"We lay at anchor all night," said he, "and I turned in early because I knew I would have to get up when the vessel was ready to get under way. It is part of my duty to help get the anchor in. It was 4 a. m. yesterday when I was called, and I don't know anything about it. There was certainly an awful lot of small wreckage about. I would like you to state for me that whoever said Captain Ward locked himself in his room after the accident is a liar. Before leaving the bridge he called out 'Women first, boys,' and then went downstairs to awaken the other passengers."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RIO DE JANEIRO

Since the Year 1890 a Hoodoo Seems to Have Hung Over the Craft.

The Rio de Janeiro was built by John Roach & Son of Chester, Pa., in 1878. She was 354 tons gross and 275 tons net burden. She was 94 feet long, 38 feet 6 inches beam and 28 feet 9 inches deep. For the first few years of her life the Rio was a success, but commencing with the year 1890 there seemed to be a "hoodoo" on her.

COLLIER CZARINA WAS ALONGSIDE THE RIO

Crowd of Wreckers Out in Boats and Tugs After Flotsam and Jetsam.

The collier Czarina, from Seattle, made port Thursday night, but anchored off the Presidio for the night. "I ran past the Golden Gate in the fog," said Captain Seaman yesterday, "and when I got down near the City of Rio de Janeiro I mistook her lights for those on the south shore. Then I heard the ship's bell and saw the riding light and made her out to be a mail boat. I then made out my position and managed to get inside. This was about 7:30 p. m. and the fog was so thick that I couldn't see ten feet in any direction."

There were swarms of wreckers out as soon as news of the disaster spread. The tugs Milton and Millie did a land office business, and Whitehall and fishing boats were picking up bales of matting, steamer chairs and wreckage all day.

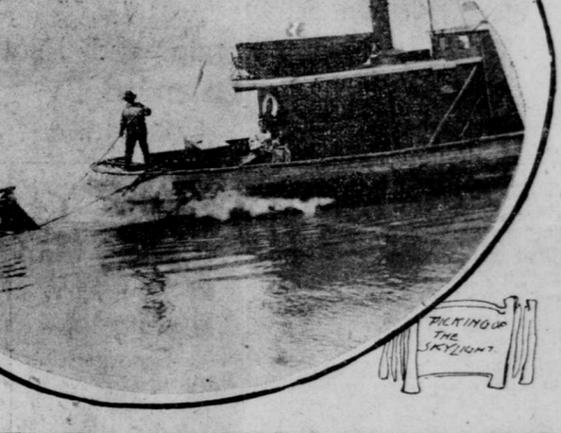
The bark J. D. Peters that came in during the afternoon reported a body drifting out with the tide near the lightship. A lifeboat that had all the appearance of never having been launched was seen off the Southampton shoal and near to it was half of one of the ship's deck houses. The chances are that by this time there is not much of the Rio de Janeiro left.

PILOT JORDAN PRAISES WARD

Gives Clear Account of the Causes Leading Up to the Disaster as Near as He Is Able to Judge



PILOT JORDAN



BOAT ON THE WATER

PILOT FREDERICK JORDAN in consultation with Vice President Schwerin of the Pacific Mail Company for more than two hours yesterday at the Mail dock. After the pilot was brought safely to land by some fishermen who had picked him up, his immediate wants were attended to at the Merchants' Exchange office on Meigs wharf, and he then proceeded to his home to assure his family of his safety. After spending a few minutes at his home, Jordan went to the Mail dock, where Vice President Schwerin was waiting for him. In speaking of his experiences Pilot Jordan said:

"I went out on Monday in one of the pilot boats and went on board the Rio de Janeiro on Thursday evening at 5 o'clock. It was very foggy outside the Head and Captain Ward decided to lay to for the night. This morning at 4:30 the fog cleared, and I went on the bridge and ordered the anchor up. Captain Ward, the first and second officers and two quartermasters were on the bridge with me. While we were heaving up the anchor and just as we got under way I could see clearly the Cliff House and North Head lights.

"As we got under way I saw the fog coming down again. I could see both points of the Heads as the fog came down and Captain Ward told me to go ahead. I could hear the fog whistles at Point Bonita and Loma Point. There was a strong ebb tide running against us and the Rio was making half speed.

"The fog was pretty thick and we could not see the land. Then all of a sudden came the crash as the ship struck on the rocks. I realized that the strong ebb tide had swung us on to Mile Rock, but I did not think for a minute that the vessel would go down. In about five minutes after we struck the lights went out, which showed that the water was in the engine rooms.

"Captain Ward and the officers and crew behaved with splendid courage and discipline was maintained. As soon as we struck the captain gave the alarm of fire and the crew responded promptly and went to their assigned quarters. Captain Ward went from post to post to see that the boats and life rafts were lowered. He ordered some of the crew to get the passengers from their staterooms. I saw a boat break from its davits and the passengers in it were thrown into the water. There was confusion as we had no lights.

"I was about to get down the rope ladder to the doctor's boat when a man rushed up to me with a woman and a little boy. He asked me for God's sake to save his wife and child. I took hold of the boy and told him to hang on to my neck and I caught the woman and was helping her down the ladder when the ship slipped off the rock sideways and went down head first. I must have been carried fifty feet down by the suction, and I never saw the woman or boy again.

"From the description given of the woman and child by the pilot, it is evident that they were Mrs. Wildman and her child. Continuing, Pilot Jordan said: "When I came to the surface I was dazed and did not know for a minute what had happened. I started to swim and caught hold of a big piece of wood which floated toward me. I threw my arms over it and drifted around until I saw part of a deck-house with a Chinaman on top of it. I got as near as I could and the Chinaman helped me on to the place where he was. We drifted around for an hour or more until some fishermen came alongside and picked us up."

When asked to what he attributed the disaster, Pilot Jordan said: "I can only attribute it to the strong tide which was running and which drifted us on to the rocks. The heavy fog which came down on us as we were under way prevented us from seeing where we were."

When asked to say that Captain Ward never went below as has been stated in an evening paper, he was on deck from the time the ship struck until she went down.

DEATH ACHIEVES A DREAD TRIUMPH AT THE GOLDEN GATE

Continued From Page Two.

ian fishermen, many of whom did splendid service in rescuing the living and protecting the dead.

Much interest is expressed in this bay horror to determine what its financial loss has been. Various estimates have been made, some of them by the officials of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and others by merchants quite as well qualified as they to speak. The safest and most accurate estimate of the loss is \$1,800,000.

The wrecked vessel carried the new crop of Chinese rice and was also heavily laden with valuable silks. There was also on board \$200,000 in treasure. Officers of the Pacific Mail, in opposing these assertions, declare that the vessel carried only a cargo of \$200,000 and no treasure and that the ship was worth \$500,000—probably the latter. There is no insurance upon the vessel, a statement of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's officials to the contrary notwithstanding. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has simply an insurance fund of its own.

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HOPES BROTHER'S FAMILY MAY YET TURN UP SAFE

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Consul General Wildman's brother, Edwin Wildman, who is now in this city, and who was formerly Vice Consul under Honorable William Aldrich in Hongkong, is still cherishing the belief that the Consul General and his family may have taken to a lifeboat, which has been blown out of the harbor, and that they may yet be heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wildman, who arrived at the Everett Hotel, commencing today with San Francisco, after news of the disaster reached this city, and spent a terribly anxious evening in vain hoping that some definite news of the missing family might arrive. Mr. Wildman was in a very despondent mood to-night.

"I received only a short time ago a letter from him saying he and his family were going to sail on January 22," he said. "It is a remarkable coincidence that this steamer was my brother's pet, and he always made it a point to sail on her when crossing the Pacific. When I was last in Hongkong he wanted me to sail on her, too—he was so fond of her. I sailed, however, the last November on the Copple. The Rio last November was the oldest and smallest vessel on the line and I preferred to sail on a large and modern ship. My brother would take trouble to miss a steamer in order to go on that ship."

"Captain William Ward, commander of the ship, was reputed to be the most popular officer in the employ of the line. The fact that he was in charge induced a good many to sail on that particular vessel. My brother was a great friend of Captain Ward."

"On this trip he took his entire family, consisting of his wife, who was Miss Letitia Aldrich, a niece of United States Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada, his two children, Robert, 10 years old, and Dorothy, 2 years old. They also had with them the children's nurse, whom they took out from San Francisco several years ago. My brother has worked very hard and he and his family have been under strain since these troublous times in China began."

"He was much in need of a leave of absence, and thought that the health of the children would be benefited by a change. I understand he was to have returned to Hongkong in about three months. I expected to get a telegram from him upon the arrival of the vessel telling me whether he would come on to New York or whether I should go to Washington, which was his real destination, to meet him."

Mr. Wildman said that his brother had left Vice Consul William Aldrich, his brother-in-law, in charge of affairs when he sailed for this country. I asked him whether he entertained any strong hope of his brother's escape.

"There is a chance that the family may be saved. There are very heavy north winds prevalent on the California coast. It is quite possible that they may have taken to a lifeboat which was blown several miles down the beach. My brother was a fine swimmer, but that would not avail much with his wife and two children to rescue."

Two days before the Rio de Janeiro reached port, Mrs. Robert T. MacCoun had a strange presentiment that she would never see the ship again. Mrs. MacCoun is the wife of First Assistant Engineer MacCoun, who is among the

missing officers of the wrecked steamer. They had been married less than two years, both coming from Baltimore. Their devoted regard for the other was so marked that the young widow is completely prostrated and almost inconsolable in her grief.

Engineer MacCoun had been connected with the Pacific Mail for two years. This was his second trip on the Rio de Janeiro. The remaining months of his service were spent on the City of Peking. He was 28 years of age and a cousin of Vice President and General Manager R. P. Schwerin of the Pacific Mail. The MacCouns had apartments at the Browning, Sutter and Hyde streets, where Mr. MacCoun received the dread news that her dream only too tragically foretold.

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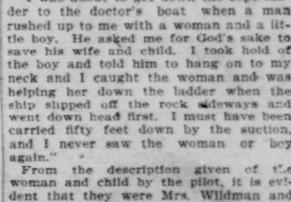
THE OUTLOOK

For a woman's happiness in the married state depends less, as a rule, upon the man she is to marry than upon her own health. The woman who enters upon marriage, suffering from womanly weakness, is "heaping up trouble against the day of trouble."

Weak women are made strong and sick women are made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the one reliable regulator. It dries encumbering drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and invigorates the entire womanly organism. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives strength to nursing mothers.

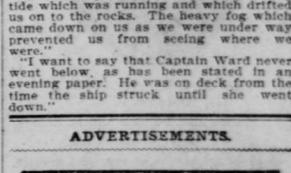
"I suffered for twelve years with female trouble," writes Mrs. Milton Grimes of Adair, Adair Co., Iowa, "which brought on other diseases—heart trouble, Bright's Disease, nervousness and at times would be nearly paralyzed. Had no weight of stomach. I can freely say your medicine (nine bottles in all) of Favorite Prescription, four of Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, have cured me. I can work with comfort now, but before I would be tired all the time and have a dizzy headache, and my nerves would be all unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can sleep and do a big day's work, something I had not done for over eleven years before."

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