

RESCUE COMES TO DEATH TO ANOTHER

CHARLES HILL CARRIED BY TIDE AS FAR AS GATE, THEN RESCUED

After Four Hours in the Water He Is Saved by a Fisherman Who Hears His Cries.

BATTLING for four hours against a strong tide and finally picked up more dead than alive by a fisherman, who has been attracted by the cries of the wrecked man, was the thrilling experience of Charles Hill, a metal bed-maker, living at 744 Post street, who went down with the ill-fated San Rafael Saturday night.

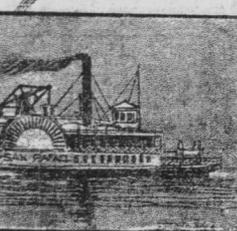
Hill is suffering severely from the effects of submersion and exposure. He is being cared for by friends, and they, with the assistance of a physician, are hopeful of averting evil results in his case. It is doubtful if any of the survivors of the disaster had so thrilling an experience



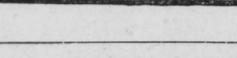
ANGELO BRIZZOLARA PHOTO BY TACE



JAMES McADIE



CHIEF ENGINEER JOSEPH JONES



THE SAN RAFAEL

as that which fell to the lot of Hill. That he was heard from again is little short of miraculous.

"I was on the upper deck of the San Rafael when the crash came," said he last night. "I could see the Sausalito looming up in the fog and when I heard the shouts of men and screaming of women and children I realized that the situation was one of extreme peril. My first thought was of the little children who came crowding upon the deck. The men ran for life-preservers, and when a number had been secured, I began to strap them upon the children and women.

"Springs Into the Bay.

"In ten minutes most of those I had assisted in this way were safe aboard the Sausalito. By this time I found myself practically alone on the deck of the San Rafael. She had sunk considerably, with the bow down. I felt a sickening lurch and, believing she was about to make her

last plunge, I sprang into the water from the port rail, crying loudly for help.

"There were several people swimming about, but in my endeavor to reach the boats of the Sausalito I lost track of the swimmers. I do not recall if any of them sank in my vicinity, although that was quite possible. I found myself in the grip of a strong tide, which was bearing me away from my rescuers. I felt that if I could make out a light near me and I grew hopeful, but it was a prank of my imagination. I began to give up hope after an hour or so, and despair, except into my soul. Then my fancy took me back to the scenes of my childhood, filled with the romance of childish joys and the recollection of a devoted mother's love. Then my fancies would change and I thought myself lying upon a slab in the Morgue.

"Last Cry of Despair Is Heard.

"This sort of thing filled me with a terror I hope never to experience again. The chill of approaching death gripped me, and despairingly I shouted once more. It was this cry which was heard and to which I owe my rescue from death.

"In answer to my cries came a call near me in the fog. I felt as if I were dreaming, but when I shouted again, the answering hail struck my ear like the strains of divine music. I thought I was dreaming, when I felt myself clutched by the collar and dragged into a boat. Completely exhausted I lay on my back conscious of only one fact, that the necessity for struggling to keep my head above water no longer existed. A man leaned over me and gave me whisky to drink.

After a time my rescuer told me his name was Cuneo and that he was returning from his fishing grounds when he heard my shouts and came to my assistance. I was then in the gate making double-quick time for the Farallones. Cuneo took me to his house on Lombard street and this morning I was taken to my residence. I learned that I was in water four hours, it seemed as if I were dead to me. I have had adventures in my time, but none is comparable to this. I hope I will never experience a similar one.

Hill is a bright young man and much respected by all who know him. He received the congratulations of his friends yesterday, to all of whom he was compelled to repeat the story narrated here.

months, but did not appear to have gone back in his game.

There will be a meeting of the board of directors of the California Tennis Club this evening, when many important matters will be settled.

A tournament was held on the park courts yesterday, but many players were in attendance throughout the day.

TENNIS PLAYERS MEET IN DOUBLES

Weihe and Grant Smith Defeat Collier and Crowell.

Harry Weihe and Grant Smith carried off the honors in the scratch doubles tournament held yesterday on the courts of the California Tennis Club. Eight teams entered and some high-class tennis was brought out.

In the preliminary round four matches were played. The first was between Fred Brown and Homer Parker and Carl Gardner and Will Allen. The former team won in straight sets, 6-3, 6-3. Harry Weihe and Grant Smith beat James Code and Chet Smith, 6-2, 6-2. The winners had little difficulty in disposing of the losers. In a one-sided contest Harold Crowley and W. B. Collier defeated Al Kenyon and Archie Duncan, 6-0, 6-1. The Wood brothers, Ben and Leonard, surprised everybody by beating Charles Kuehn and John Gibson, 4-6, 6-4.

In the first round Smith and Weihe beat Brown and Parker, 6-3, 6-3. The winners were strong at the net and by fast volleying won out. In the other match of this round Collier and Crowell were opposed to the Wood brothers. The former were much too strong for the latter and won in straight sets, 6-1, 6-2. Leonard Wood played an exceptionally good game in this match.

This brought Collier and Crowell and Smith and Weihe together in the finals and the best match of the day resulted. After losing the first game Smith and Weihe played some brilliant tennis at the net and won the next six games, the set going to them, 6-1.

In the second set Collier and Crowell took kindly to the short lobs of Smith and Weihe and won handsily, 6-2. The last set was close and, although the winners led all the way, they were hard pressed by Collier and Crowell, who made a game fight. The last set went to Smith and Weihe. Their complete score was 6-1, 3-6, 7-5. Weihe had not played for several

FIGHTERS TURN ON PEACEMAKER

Stab the Proprietor of a Saloon in San Jose.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

SAN JOSE, Dec. 1.—Frank Mabury, proprietor of the Maine saloon, on North Market street, was stabbed in the neck at 4:30 o'clock this morning, while acting as peacemaker in a row between drunken employees of the Norris and Rowe Trained Animal Show. Frank Woods and two others were in the saloon when "Slim" Aldrich, Herbert Romley and C. W. Race, all attaches of the show, entered. The last three had had trouble with Woods and they renewed the quarrel. Aldrich and Race drew razors and attacked Woods, who was fighting the three men. Woods was cut on the side of the head and neck, but not seriously. Mabury went to the wounded man's aid and tried to restrain the fight, but he was seized before reaching him and he received a bad cut about four inches long in the neck. It just grazed the great artery and required six stitches.

Race, Aldrich and Romley have been arrested. Mabury's wound is painful, but not serious.

THIEVES KNOCK DOWN AND ROB HENRY LORENZ

Two Men Captured and Held on Suspicion of Having Committed the Crime.

Henry Lorenz, 733 Green street, was knocked down and robbed on Powell street while crossing O'Farrell about 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Policeman Craig heard him groan and saw three men running across Powell street. He gave chase and followed one of them down Stockton. The fugitive ran into the arms of Policeman Robl. The man gave the name of John Murphy. Policeman Sylvester about the same time stopped a man who was running along O'Farrell street, who gave the name of J. McConley.

The officers with their prisoners returned to the O'Farrell-street crossing and found Lorenz lying on the ground. He soon recovered consciousness and said he had been struck from behind. He had been drinking and was on his way home. His gold chain and locket and about \$2 which he had in his pocket had been stolen, but his silver watch was in his vest pocket. He was sent to the Receiving Hospital, where a contusion on his chin was dressed. Murphy and McConley were locked up in the "tanks" pending an investigation.

Nothing was found on McConley when searched at the City Prison, but Murphy had \$10 and a room key in his pockets.

Wanted in Vallejo.

Joseph Vernetti, a saloon-keeper, was arrested on Pacific street yesterday afternoon by Policeman J. B. Collins and locked up in the City Prison. He was wanted in Vallejo on the felony charge of obtaining money by false pretenses, the complaining witness being Francisco Logomarsino.

American Library in Rome.

ROME, Dec. 1.—The establishment in Rome of an American library has been ordered by royal decree. The library will contain all publications relating to the new world since its discovery.

Had Variety of Eatables in Pockets.

An unknown woman apparently between 50 and 55 years of age, was found in a dying condition last night at the corner of Ellis and Jones streets, and was started for the Receiving Hospital. She died before reaching there and her body was sent to the Morgue. When her clothing was searched a queer collection of eatables was found in several deep pockets on the inside of her dress. In one was part of a cooked chicken, in another a dozen eggs, in a third a loaf of bread and in the fourth the cover of a milk can. Her death is supposed to have been due to natural causes.

McADIE EXPLAINS

THICK FOG Unique Vapors Appear All Over Pacific Coast.

Hang Like a Blanket Over the Sea and Land.

Mariners Should Take Warning of the Danger.

THE unusual density of the fog of Saturday evening, in which the San Rafael was sent to the bottom of the bay, was the subject of considerable speculation yesterday. Old residents declared that the like of the fog had never been seen by them in California before, and in some respects this was true. The fog was what is known as a tule, or ground fog, and while it is purely local, meteorological phenomenon it often reaches a thickness of from 100 to 500 feet and extends over a vast territory.

Alexander G. McAdie, forecast official of the Weather Bureau, who is an expert on the subject of fogs, gave a scientific explanation of the dense one of Saturday night to a Call reporter yesterday. He said he had watched its coming with interest, and early on Saturday realized that it would be of a character unusual in this city. He said that the Bulletin was accordingly issued to that effect. Resuming, he said:

"The fog was an unusually thick one, and extended from this city to Red Bluff, Sacramento, Fresno and Santa Barbara. It was about 100 feet thick. It was a tule fog, formed by the condensation of water vapor in the lower level of the air. This moisture air, in coming in contact with a slow-moving current of cold air, was condensed, thereby producing a fog through which it was difficult if not impossible to distinguish objects twenty feet away. The primary cause of the fog was an area of high pressure over Nevada. This pressure was blocked in that section, and when it began to move it moved very slowly toward the coast. When it reached this section the fog resulted.

"Indications received to-day tend to show that the stagnation in the air circulation is breaking and that there will be no fog after to-morrow. The chances of rain within the next twenty-four hours are excellent. There was no fog at Point Reyes or on Mount Tamalpais yesterday. If any one had got into a balloon at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon he would have been suspended at 500 feet elevation over a fog blanket above which the sun was shining brilliantly. If the ferries on the bay were provided with masts seventy-five feet high the chances are that a lookout thereon would be well above the fog and well able to distinguish the proximity of vessels with equally high masts. I have seen several fogs as thick as that of Saturday night during my residence here, but fortunately nothing occurred to make them memorable. We may expect them at any time, and particularly in January, which will prove to be the most dangerous month by reason of their presence for the shipping on the bay."

EAGAN CAUSES GREAT DAMAGE

Invades Castle on Summit of Telegraph Hill.

Mortimer Eagan created quite an excitement about 11 o'clock last night in the observatory building on the crest of Telegraph Hill, which is present in charge of Emile Vincent and his wife. The building was formerly occupied as a boarding-house for men employed by a contracting firm.

Vincent was absent last night when Eagan made his appearance at the observatory. He knocked at the front door but was denied admittance. He then went around to the rear, found a window that was unfastened, and crawled in. He went into the room occupied by Mrs. Vincent and proceeded to demolish everything in sight.

Eagan carried off pictures from their frames, overturned tables, and generally destroyed the furniture. Mrs. Vincent screamed and attracted the attention of some of the neighbors, who notified the police. Eagan saw a shotgun in a corner and seizing it pointed it at Mrs. Vincent, and commanded her to keep quiet. Mrs. Vincent promptly did so by falling in a faint.

When Policemen Silver and Gould responded to the call for help they found that Eagan had shot himself in the hand, prepared to resist all intrusion. As it was impossible to get in at the front part of the building, the police went around to the rear and finding an open door, rushed in and captured Eagan before he had time to realize that his new-found stronghold had been carried by assault.

The officers secured the shotgun after a short resistance and handcuffed him. They left Mrs. Vincent, who was gradually recovering from her fright, in care of her neighbors and sent Eagan to the City Prison, where he was charged with disturbing the peace. Other charges may be preferred against him to-day.

Trapp Has Disappeared.

The disappearance of Edwin Trapp, sometimes called Tripp, a lather, was reported to the police yesterday by his wife, who is living with her friends at 323 Twenty-third street. Trapp left his home, 206 Folk street, about six weeks ago to work near Napa. Since then he has not been heard of and his wife has learned that he never reached his destination. She fears foul play, as she is sure he would have communicated with her if he were alive. He is 35 years of age.

Order Fighting Stopped.

Picadors were posted late last night throughout Chinatown by order of the Six Companies calling upon all Chinese tong members to cease fighting and advising them if they had any differences to settle to call upon them. It is thought by the police and those conversant with the feeling in Chinatown that but little attention will be paid to these notices. An additional force of officers was again sent into Chinatown last night.

Pictures and Frames.

We have all the new things in pictures and frames for the holiday trade now on exhibition and sale. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 711 Market street.

PARENTS OF CYRUS A. WALLER FEEL SURE THEIR BOY IS DEAD

Mind of Mother Is Overcome by Grief and Physicians Pronounce Her Condition Very Grave.

Mother's Mind Gives Way.

All hope for the safety of their five-year-old son Cyrus A. Waller, has been abandoned by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waller of Ross Valley, and the mother's mind has been seriously affected. Mrs. Waller, her daughter Ruth and little son Cyrus were passengers on the San Rafael. Mrs. Waller and her daughter were saved, but little Cyrus was evidently swept overboard.

For a time there was a belief that the five-year-old boy picked up by W. A. Beedy, Miss Fannie Shoobert and Mrs. Olive Hamilton was the missing child. All night long the father and mother lived in hope that it might be Mrs. Hamilton took charge of the little one who was so strangely thrown upon her hands, and so soon as possible took him to her Sausalito home.

BRIZZOLARA RECOVERS HIS USUAL STRENGTH

Simply Overtaxes His Strength and a Night's Rest Restores Him to Normal Condition.

Angelo Brizzolara, who did such gallant rescue work in the Sausalito just after the collision, and was finally prostrated, was sufficiently recovered yesterday to visit his home in San Rafael. Dr. Sartori, who was called upon to attend him, found that the excitement had affected his heart and prescribed rest and quiet for a few days. Brizzolara was put to bed in his brother's house and after a night's rest felt but little the worse for his efforts.

Brizzolara's father was killed in an accident on the San Joaquin River on the night of November 26, 1888, the Saturday following Thanksgiving day. Brizzolara Sr. was severely scalded by the explosion of one of the boilers of the T. C. Walker, on which he was a passenger, and died two days later. Thanksgiving day of this year was the anniversary of his death.

Last Hope Dispelled.

Bright and early yesterday morning Waller started out on his search, and finally located Mrs. Hamilton. He was shown the clothing worn by the lad and at once said it was not that of his son. At last the search was abandoned and the dread news was broken to the distracted mother.

Overcome by the excitement of the previous night and distracted at the lack of news of her missing son Mrs. Waller was in a state of nervous collapse all day. But when came the dread news that no further tidings could be obtained her overwrought brain gave way and a state of delirium ensued. Medical aid was summoned, and not until powerful opiates had been administered did relief come to

Normal Condition.

her. Notwithstanding the promptness with which treatment was given her attending physicians deem her situation very grave.

Every effort is being made by the father to recover the body, and in order to stimulate the search he has offered a reward of \$25. The boy was dressed in a navy blue sailor suit, trimmed with white braid, and wore black shoes and stockings. The child was of light complexion, with light hair, trimmed short.

Charles Waller, the father, is employed as a janitor in the Hibernia Bank. Mrs. Waller is at present with her parents on Kentucky street, it not being deemed advisable to leave her alone in Ross Valley.

Overcoat or Suit--\$9

You would usually pay about \$12.50 for a suit or overcoat as good as these. You ask why is our price so low, and you wonder if we have sacrificed workmanship or trimming. Our answer can be summed in a few words. The reasonableness of the prices and the superiority of the goods are due to the privileges we enjoy in our manufacturing facilities. We buy the cloth direct from the mill and make the clothes ourselves—make them in great quantities for our two large retail stores in New York and San Francisco, and for our wholesale trade. The saving does not come in the workmanship or the materials, but in the selling to you direct, thus saving what ordinarily goes to a middleman; and there is a saving, too, in making clothes in immense quantities. Isn't it perfectly plain to you that we sell clothes at fully 25 per cent less than merchants who must buy through middlemen?

Furthermore, for your protection every suit or overcoat is guaranteed and money-backed. Here are mentioned two of our many values:

Suits

Made of serges, chevots, tweeds and worsteds in solid colors and fancy patterns; all wool; fast colored; our price, \$9.00

Overcoats

Made of black or oxford gray chevots, blue kerseys and tan coverts; swell, stylish coats; well made and fashionably cut; our price, \$9.00

Sale of Youths' Suits at \$7.10

Our boys' and youths' immense department on the second floor is worthy of the attention of every mother—she ought to know about our big stock and about the low prices at which it is sold.

The prices are reduced on these youths' suits with the intention of attracting mothers, and in fact the young men themselves. The suits are tweeds and chevots in single and double breasted styles; ages 12 to 19 years; the values are \$10 to \$15; the sale price is

\$7.10

Elegant assortment of golf and yacht caps for 25c. Boys' fedora hats in the popular colors, 90c. Shirt waists for boys, with separate belt, known as "Mothers' Friend" belt; ages 4 to 12; special for 20c. Boys' sweaters in all shades; ages 4 to 12; extra value at \$1.00.

Out-of-town orders filled—write us.

Would you like a copy of our illustrated catalogue, "What to Wear"?



S-N WOOD & CO.

718 Market Street.