

men can be secured to man the life boat.

The small vessel ashore at the head of Juneau avenue is the Larena. A tug is now on its way to the scene with a life boat and men on board. She is making slow headway and is fairly hurried by the sea at times.

The tug Welcome has returned from the crib. The life savers found one man whom they rescued. He will probably die from exposure and exhaustion. As there are no signs of any of the rest it is believed that twenty-one men were either swept away or dead in the crib chamber.

The man rescued from the wrecked water works by the tug Welcome, and life saving crew, was so exhausted when taken on board the tug, that he was unable to speak. He recovered sufficiently just before being taken to the hospital, to be able to tell those about him, that the companions were all in the air chamber below the crib. It is believed they are all suffocated. Two bodies were seen floating around in the well of the crib, by life savers who reached the crib. His name is Olson, and he was badly handled by the sea, while performing his noble work, and Capt. Peterson of the life-saving crew was badly hurt about the head. It was an anxious crowd that stood on the shore and looked at the crib this morning. Some of the spectators were relatives of the men which were in peril. In the air chamber they could live for quite a while.

The sea was the most awful one anybody in the vicinity had ever seen. The waves were fully fifteen feet high and dashed over the crib with terrific force. All that is left of the crib is a couple of posts that had supported the house, and one of the pumps. The two large boilers, the engine, one or two pumps, the air compressor and the twenty thousand brick that were on the crib had been washed off.

Twenty minutes after the house was washed out of existence the entire machinery and whatever else that had been left was lifted directly into the air apparently by the combined force of the wave and wind. Everything was hurled into the raging sea several feet below the level of the crib. One of the most pitiful incidents in connection with the disaster was the spectacle of an aged father, engineer Dwyer, pacing to and fro on the beach vainly trying to see through the mist and catch a glimpse of his poor boys clinging to the crib. "Joe is home, sick; good for him," he said. "But Mickey is out there and I wish he was home, sick too." The shore from the waterworks to the government pier was strewn with the wreck of the house. Among the timbers were articles of furniture used by the men, as wash tubs, pillows, pails, cans, bed clothing and hundreds of other things, which lay washing about in the surf.

Early in the morning a small party patrolled the beach searching for possible bodies, but none were found. The huge waves beat against and over the government breakwater miserably, and literally demolished about fifty feet of the superstructure at the north end of the outer arm of the structure. The shore line from Wisconsin street north to the flushing tunnel pumping works was strewn with

wreckage, causing the impression that some lumber carrying craft had been lost outside with all hands. The scow Laurina, laden with hardwood lumber for Racine, began to drag her anchors at daybreak and went ashore alongside the shore breakwater, a short distance north of Juneau avenue. The crew had no difficulty in stepping ashore from here.

The following are known to have been in the wrecked crib:

George Gregg, lockman.
Michael Dwyer, engineer.
John McBride, engineer.
Eben Ali, cook.
James Miller, miner.
William Priestly, miner.
Joseph McCarty, miner.
George W. Holly, miner.
William Preser, miner.
Joseph Preissnold, miner.
Gustave Lacomitz, miner.
Fred Spanner, miner.

James Miller is the man that was rescued. The doctors say he will recover.

MILWAUKEE, April 20.—Five or six men can be seen clinging to the machinery and timbers of the waterworks crib, the water sweeping over them. It is thought that others may be dead in the chamber below from lack of air. The life saving crew has been unable to render any assistance as yet.

ADrift ON THE OCEAN.

Captain W. S. Drummond and Chief Officer Meldrum, of the ill-fated British ship King James, will pass through Utah next week, en route to England from San Francisco, where they arrived on Sunday. The King James was burned at sea and on March 31st, was abandoned 150 miles from Point Conception, on the California coast. The story of the wreck and of the subsequent sufferings of the survivors is related by the captain, whose home is at Tayport, near Dundee, Scotland.

"At midnight on the 30th of March," says he, "a gas explosion occurred on the King James, and when it became dangerous to remain by her longer I ordered the boats lowered. There was nothing else to do. The crew had manfully fought the fire in the hold for nearly a week and they were exhausted. I had personally seen to the provisioning of two boats which were slung from the davits, and both of these, after they were in the water, were made fast by long lines until 4 a. m. on the 31st. At that hour I gave orders to leave the ship.

"A six-knot breeze was blowing at the time. We had hardly got clear of the burning vessel when a terrible explosion took place. At 2 p. m. on the 31st the wind and sea increased. At 5:30 o'clock, just as the sun was sinking beyond the western horizon, a big roller struck us, and before anyone knew where we were the boat capsize. All but one swam to the boat; only eleven, however, including myself, were able to get a hold on the sea. About fifteen or twenty minutes later I gave orders to those on the bottom of the boat to get on one side and pull the boat over by their weight. A heavy sea was running at the time and the waves broke over all of us. The men obeyed the order promptly, and the boat righted with far less difficulty than I had anticipated. Everybody

then let go their hold. I was surprised to see the way the men got back into the boat. They scrambled into it as if nothing unusual was going on, yet they were out of sight of land. I tried several times to get in but had to be helped in, finally.

"The boat was quite full of water, the gunwales amidships being two or three inches submerged, while there was not more than a foot of free board at the stern and bow. We tried to bail the boat out, but it was a fruitless job with the waves breaking over us. One of the men struck something with his foot and on feeling in the water in the bottom of the boat the dead body of one of the sailors who was in the boat when it was overturned was found. The body was thrown overboard.

"For fourteen hours we sat in that boat with the water above our waists. We were all in a hopeless and helpless state. My son William, who was third officer with me and a great comfort, too, being a most dutiful, loving and companionable boy, and Oliver Robinson, an apprentice, sank in slumber during this time, and died peacefully. I could only mournfully watch my boy as his life went out. Four sailors at the same time had gone crazy for want of food and water. The thirtieth was the worst of all. My attention was taken away from my son somewhat, but my heart bled for him. The ravings of the insane men, their cries, curses and yells and the despair of every one of us made up a scene that bars description. I tried to encourage the men by cheering words, but these sounded like mockery under the circumstances.

"After my son and the apprentice had passed away in their death sleep I ordered their bodies thrown overboard. It nearly broke my heart to see that flue lad pass from my eyes. He had been the life of the ship and a favorite with all.

"The four insane sailors died and their bodies were also thrown into the sea. Then it was that the weather moderated and we baled out the boat. We improvised a rudder from the bottom boards of the boat. Only two of the men and myself were capable of any exertion, and we did all there was to do. I ordered everybody to take off the wet clothes; they had worn for three days. The sun was striking down on us, and we allowed the boat to drift while all hands got a little sleep. We all lay down, with our heads under the half-deck, and slept for five or six hours.

"Two of the four men with me had shown signs of insanity, but the sleep brought them around. Our thirst, however, was terrible. Our tongues had swollen in our mouths. Our feet were also swollen and our legs puffed up.

"When at the northeast end of Santa Rosa Island we landed William Ayres, one of the party, who was to search for water. He did not come back in six hours, so we sailed on to the mainland. When close to Hatteras whar the steamer *U. S. A. George* came along and picked us up on the morning of the 5th inst. Captain Leonard and Chief Steward George Hume could not have been kinder to us. We all were in such an exhausted condition that it was several days before we recovered."