GORDON IS DEAD

Last of Famous Confederate Generals.

DEEP MOURNING IN GEORGIA

Warrior Had Served It as Senator and Governor.

ALSO WON FAME AS ORATOR

Extracts From His Personal Memoirs Telling of the Struggle of the South, and His Part Therein.

CAREER OF THE MAN.

Born in Georgia, 1832.
Graduated by State University.
Admitted to the bar.
Entered Confederate service as Captain, 1861.
Rose to rank of Lieutenant-General.
Presidential Elector, 1868, 1872.
United States Senator, 1873-1880.
Governor of Georgia, 1886-1890.
United States Senator, 1890, 1891-97.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 9.—Lieutenant-General John Brown Gordon died at his Winter home near Miami, Fla., at 10:05 tonight. His fatal illness, which overtook him last Wednesday, was congestion of the stomach and liver, following an acute attack of indigestion to which he was subject.

The famous Confederate leader, General John Brown Gordon, was born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832, graduated at the State University, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, practicing at Atlanta. In September, 1854, he married Miss Fanny Haralson, the third daughter of General Hugh A. Haralson, of La Grange, Ga. The wedding took place on her 17th birthday and when he was 22 years old. In 1861, he entered the Confederate service as captain of infantry and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. At Appomattox Courthouse, he commanded one wing of Lee's army, and was wounded in battle eight times during the war, being severely wounded at Antietam. In 1868 General Gordon was the Democratic candidate for Governor of his native state, and as he believed, was elected by a large majority, but his opponent, Rufus B. Bullock, was awarded the office. General Gordon was a member of the National Democratic conventions at New York, 1868, and at Baltimore, 1872, and was presidential elector for the state-at-large at the elections in 1868 and 1872. In January, 1873, he was elected to the United States Senate for six years, and took his seat there March 4, 1873, where he was recognized as leading member of the Democratic party, and one of its best orators. He resigned May 20, 1880, was nominated for Governor of Georgia by the Democratic convention July 28, 1886, elected October, 1886, re-elected two years later, and was elected United States Senator, 1890, and served a full term. He was also commander of the Confederate Veterans.

In his personal reminiscences, published a short time ago by the Scribners, General Gordon wrote:

"The outbreak of war found me in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama, engaged in the development of coal mines. This does not mean that I was a citizen of three states; but it does mean that I lived so near the lines, that my mines were in Georgia, my house in Alabama and my postoffice in Tennessee. The first company of soldiers, therefore, with which I entered the service was composed of stalwart mountaineers from the three states. The struggle between devotion to my family on the one hand and duty to my country on the other, was most trying to my sensibilities. My spirit had been caught up by the flaming enthusiasm that swept like a prairie-fire through the land, and I hastened to unite with the brave men of the mountains in organizing a company of volunteers. But what was I to do with the girl-wife and the two little boys? The wife and mother was no less taxed in her effort to settle this momentous question. But finally yielding to the promptings of her own heart and to her unerring sense of duty, she ended doubt as to what disposition was to be made of her by announcing that she intended to accompany me to the war, leaving her children with my mother and faithful 'Mammy Mary.' I rejoiced at her decision then, and had still greater reasons for rejoicing at it afterward.

"The mountaineers did me the honor to elect me their captain. It was the first office I had ever held, and I verily believed it would be the last; for I expected to fight with these men till the war ended or until I should be killed. Our first decision was to mount and go as cavalry. We had not then learned, as we did later, the full meaning of that war song: 'If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry;' but like most Southerners we were inured to horseback, and all preferred that great arm of the service.

"This company of mounted men was organized as soon as a conflict seemed probable and prior to any call for volunteers. They were doomed to a disappointment. 'No cavalry now needed' was the laconic and stunning reply to the offer of our services. What was to be done was the perplexing question. The proposition to wait until mounted men were needed was promptly negatived by the suggestion that we were so far from any point where a battle was likely to occur, and so hidden from view by the surrounding mountains, that we might be forgotten and the war might end before we had a chance.

"'Let us dismount and go at once as infantry.' This proposition was carried with a shout. My own vote and whatever influence I possessed were given in favor of the suggestion, although my desire for cavalry service had grown to a passion. I had been accustomed to horseback on my father's plantation since early childhood, and it was a sad descent from dashing cavalry to a commonplace company of slow, plodding foot soldiers. It was with great reluctance we abandoned our horses. Not a man in the company had the slightest military training, and the Captain himself knew little of military tactics.

"My company, dismounted and ready for infantry service, did not wait for orders to move, but, hastily bidding adieu to home and kindred, were off for Milledgeville, then capital of Georgia. At Atlanta a telegram from the Governor met us, telling us to go back home and stay there until our services were needed. Our discomfiture can be better imagined than described. In fact, there broke out at once in my ranks a new rebellion. These rugged mountaineers resolved that they would not go home; that they had a right to go to the war, had started to the war, and were not going to be trifled with by the Governor or anyone else. Finally, after much persuasion and by the cautious exercise of the authority vested in me by my office of Captain, I prevailed on them to get on board the home-bound train. As the engine bell rang and the whistle blew for the train to start, the rebellion broke loose again with double fury. The men rushed to the front of the train, uncoupled the cars from the engine and gravely informed me that they had reconsidered and were not going back; that they intended to go to the war, and that if Governor Brown would not accept them, some other Governor would. Prophetic of future dash as this wild impetuosity might be, it did not give much promise of soldierly discipline; but I knew my men and did not despair. I was satisfied that the metal in them was the best of steel and only needed careful tempering.

"They disembarked and left the empty cars on the track with the trainmen looking on in utter amazement. There was no course left me but to march them through the streets of Atlanta to a camp on the outskirts. The march, or rather straggle, through that city was a sight marvelous to behold and never to be forgotten. Totally undisciplined and undrilled, no two of these men marched abreast; no two kept the same step; no two wore the same colored coats or trousers. The only pretense at uniformity was the rough fur caps made of raccoon skins, with long, bushy, streaked raccoon tails hanging from behind them. The streets were packed with men, women and children, eager to catch a glimpse of this grotesque company. Naturally, we were the observed of all observers. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and from the crowded sidewalks there came to me the inquiry, 'Are you the captain of that company, sir?' With a pride which I trust was pardonable, I indicated that I was. In a moment there came to me the second inquiry, 'What company is that, sir?' Up to this time no name had been chosen—at least, none had been announced to the men. I had myself, however, selected a name, which I considered both poetic and appropriate, and I replied to the question, 'This company is the Mountain Rifles.' Instantly a tall mountaineer said in a tone not intended for his captain, but easily overheard by his companions and the bystanders: 'Mountain h—l! We are no Mountain Rifles; we are the Raccoon Roughs.' It is scarcely necessary to say that my selected name was never heard of again.

"We traveled to Montgomery, where we met Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who afterward became the Confederate Secretary of State, and he was there to help organize the new government. We found the city a hub-bub over the arrival of enthusiastic, shouting volunteers. The hotels and homes were crowded with visiting statesmen and private citizens gathered by a common impulse around the cradle of the new-born Confederacy. There was a determined look on every face, a fervid prayer on every lip and a bounding hope in every heart. There was a rumbling of wagons distributing arms and amunition at every camp, and a tramping of freshly-enlisted men on every street. There was a roar of cannon on the hills and around the Capitol, booming welcome to the incoming patriots, and all nature seemed palpitating in sympathy with the intensity of popular excitement. It fell to the lot of the Raccoon Roughs to be assigned to the Sixth Alabama Regiment, and, contrary to my wishes and most unexpectedly to me, I was unanimously elected Major.

Slavery was far from being the sole cause of the prolonged conflict. Neither its destruction on the one hand nor its defense on the other, was the energizing force that held the contending armies to four years of bloody work. I apprehend that if all living Union soldiers were summoned to the witness-stand, every one of them would testify that it was the preservation of the American Union and not the destruction of Southern slavery that induced him to volunteer at the call of his country. As for the South it is enough to say that perhaps 80 per cent of her armies were neither slave-holders, nor had the remotest interest in that institution. No other proof, however, is needed than the undeniable fact that at any period of the war from its beginning to near its close the South could have saved slavery by simply laying down its arms and returning to the Union.

SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

Tugboats Cruising About the Scene of the Wreck.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Jan. 9.—The tug Magic returned this evening after a fruitless search for bodies. Captain Meyers, of the Magic, sighted the texas and pilot-house of the Clallam shortly after daylight this morning. They were still intact, having been torn from the lower house when the steamer sank. The texas floated about one foot above water and the pilot-house about three feet above the surface. Captain Harris cut holes in the roofs and searched for bodies. About the same time the tug Bahada was searching the wreckage of the lower house, which was drifting about a mile from the texas and pilot-house. The Bahada recovered one body from the wreckage. Four additional bodies were found floating in the vicinity of the lower house. All the bodies recovered were those of male passengers. The bodies were recovered a short distance south of Smith's Island, about 25 miles east of the position in which all the women and children were lost by the capsizing of the boats. All wore cork life-preservers. The tugs Sea Lion and Richard Holyoke are searching for bodies off San Juan Island.

The exact number of children lost in the wreck may never be known. So far the list of children reaches five, namely: The three children of Thomas Sullins, Westholm, B. C., and two children of William LaPlant, of Friday Harbor, Wash.

S. E. Boulton and his wife were on their bridal tour and resided at Leduc Alberta. Mr. Boulton was rescued by the tug Sea Lion, but his wife was lost by the capsizing of one of the boats.

Spokane Girl Missing.

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 9.—Miss Louise Harris, daughter of William J. Harris, a wealthy mining man of this city, is one of those reported lost in the wreck of the steamer Clallam. She was to have visited friends in Crofton, and took the Clallam from Seattle to that place.

ARMENIANS CREATE TERROR.

People of Souson Expect a Repetition of Terrible Massacres.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 9.—Advices from Erzeroum say the people of Souson are in a state of semipanic, fearing a repetition of the events of 1894. The local governor and other officials have fled. Tewfik Pasha, with several battalions of troops and six guns, has arrived at Mush, where the feeling of anxiety is intense.

Detachments of Kurdish cavalry have been stationed at all the villages along the Russian frontier to prevent the passage of Armenian bands.

A thousand armed Armenians are in the district of Souson. They are commanded by a chief named Antranik.

Transportation Commission Meets.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 9.—John Bertram, Robert Redford and E. C. Fry, the commissioners appointed by the government to inquire into the transportation facilities of Canada and American competition held their first session today.

The inquiry will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and will occupy probably two years.

STEAMER LOST IN STRAITS

(Continued from First Page.)

terrific southwest gale. Within sight of her destination a huge sea overwhelmed the little steamer, smashing in her dead lights, flooding her hold with water, extinguishing the fires beneath her boilers and placing her at the mercy of a howling gale.

Hours of Agony.

All this happened yesterday afternoon. The culmination of the tragedy was postponed for several agonizing hours. Bravely officers and crew of the helpless hulk worked to save the vessel and the 80 souls aboard of her, but in vain. Staunch as she was, the Clallam could not stand the terrific onslaught of the seas that raced in mountain high from the ocean and just before darkness began to fall, it was resolved to make an attempt to save the passengers at least by the boats.

Two boats were launched and in these some of the passengers were entrusted to the angry waters. The first boat contained only women and children—three deck hands from the Clallam and Captain Lawrence, of Victoria, going off in her. The boat was overwhelmed 600 feet from the Clallam and its occupants shrieked in vain for aid from those aboard the steamer. Not a hand could be raised to aid them.

The second boat rowed away into the darkness. On board the Clallam men were seen as the waves tore them from the boat, but later she was still afloat.

The third boat, containing only men, swamped in launching.

Trying to Save the Ship.

From that time, the members of the crew and the few passengers who had volunteered to remain aboard, devoted themselves to the task of trying to save the vessel. The pumps were impotent and three gangs of bailers were set to work. In spite of their efforts, the water gained on them and they were about to resign themselves to their fate when the Richard Holyoke, one of the six tugs which had been sent to the rescue of the Clallam from Port Townsend, hove in sight.

Captain George Roberts.

A line was thrown aboard the tug and with her tow she started for Port Townsend. She made fair progress, and it seemed for a time that the Clallam, with the remainder of her passengers and crew, was to be saved. But the hungry seas were not to be cheated of their prey and still more lives were to be sacrificed to the god of the aters. The hull of the Clallam began to give way before the terrific assaults of the waves and the strain of the tow line completed the work the seas had begun.

Another Tug to the Rescue.

The tug Sea Lion sighted the Holyoke and her tow about midnight and stood by to assist. At 12:30 the Clallam went on her beams end and began sinking rapidly. At 1:07 she settled and the tow lines were cut. A few minutes later she lurched and disappeared beneath the waves. Only her top works and floating wreckage remained to show that she had ever been.

By heroic efforts, the crews of the two tugs saved the lives of nearly all who had remained aboard the Clallam. A few were swept away and perished in the blackness of the storm, with none to heed their shouts and cries.

The closing scene in this, the most terrible marine tragedy ever known in these waters, was eight miles north of Protection Island, only a short distance north of Port Townsend and approximately 30 miles from Victoria. The Holyoke picked the Clallam up off Smith's Island. The survivors of the wreck were brought to Seattle at 5 o'clock tonight on the steamer Dirigo.

List of Survivors.

The officers, crew and passengers who were saved were:

Deck department—Captain George Roberts, First Officer G. W. Downey, H. Arnold, F. Myers, R. Griffith, J. Jeffery, H. Johnson, J. Anderson, A. McKeen.

Engineers' department—Scott de Lauey, chief engineer; James Mattock, fireman; John Atkins, oiler; Edward Parker, oiler.

Steward's department—J. R. Watson, steward; James Caldwell, Archie King, Archie Davis, William Jones, Ah Lock, Juu Lang.

Purser F. C. Freer.

Passengers—J. Norris, William King, H. D. Bailey, Jack Sweeney, Charles W. David, John Davis, W. H. Grimes, William Le Plant, Edward Laumer, Thomas Sullins and T. Larson.

MANY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED

But for Misunderstanding, Tug Holyoke Could Have Rendered Service.

SEATTLE, Jan. 9.—Charles G. Bennett, of 2711 Twenty-fourth street, San Francisco, a passenger, was on board the Clallam until she sank, and witnessed all the principal scenes, both before she foundered and sank and immediately afterward, when the last liferaft was launched. Bennett had not recovered from the effects of the exposure and scenes incident to the wreck when he arrived on the Dirigo tonight, and seemed to be in a half-dazed condition. He collected his thoughts, however, sufficiently to recall what was probably one of the most thrilling and pathetic incidents of the wreck. This was the action of a man unknown to Bennett, who, after his wife and two children were drowned before his eyes, became frantic and plunged headlong into the sea. He was undoubtedly lost, as neither Bennett nor any of the crew saw him come to the surface, and no lifeboats were near him at the time.

In Bennett's opinion there was some misunderstanding between the officers of the ill-fated vessel and the crew in charge of the tug Holyoke over signals at the critical moment, and this fact, Bennett believes, resulted in the loss of many lives among those who stayed with the doomed ship who might otherwise have been saved. Bennett speaks in the highest praise of the action of the crew on the tug Sea Lion who, he says, rendered every assistance possible from the moment they arrived on the scene.

Bennett also witnessed a lifeboat capsize with its load of women and children and was a spectator to the fearful struggle and cries of the helpless inmates of the boat as she was swallowed up in the trough of the sea as if a mere feather.

Bennett is an old man and has traveled extensively, but the harrowing spectacles which took place before the Clallam finally went down unstrung him completely. It was with effort that he could bring himself to recount the things which he witnessed and the experiences of himself and other survivors who clung to the liferaft from which they were finally rescued.

"When the vessel became disabled all the male passengers worked heroically to launch the lifeboats," said Bennett, "and the first was reserved for the women and children. It was loaded with difficulty. An angry sea was rolling, but this boat cleared the ship and rode the waves for about 10 minutes. Of a sudden it got into the trough of the sea and before the passengers on deck could realize, they saw its load of humanity engulfed in a sea which was running 18 feet high.

Helpless to Render Aid.

"The sight was a terrible one and we could plainly hear the screams of the helpless women and children, and they foundered about for a few moments before they sank. The wind screamed about us and wafted their dying cries on deck where stood two score of brave men, who gazed at their death struggles powerless to lend a hand.

"The second boat to be launched lived but a short time longer than did the first. It contained a mixed load of men and women, mostly the former. The boat was tossed about by the waves as if it were a cork, and went down in the trough of a swell with all its occupants. Some may have afterward got on rafts, but if they did I am not aware of it. So far as I know, not a woman nor a child survived.

"When I realized that the third and last boat launched was about to meet a similar fate, I turned away unable to witness another such terrible end. I stayed with the doomed ship and together with the remaining passengers did all I could to bail the water out of her hold.

"The Holyoke was the first tug to come to the rescue, though, in my opinion, had the vessel been equipped with flash lights and rockets she could have summoned the whole Victoria fleet to her assistance long before the Holyoke put in an appearance. When the Holyoke took hold of us, it was with a line fully an eighth of a mile long. She towed us toward Port Townsend, instead of steering for the beach, the passengers on board meantime bailing water out of the hold. When it became apparent that the vessel was doomed, some of the crew signalled to the Holyoke to abandon the tow and come alongside. Either through a misunderstanding of the signal or failure to comply with them, I don't know which, the greatest loss of life on board the Clallam occurred. The Holyoke did not respond and the vessel began to list.

"We realized that our only chance was to take to the water and the majority jumped into the sea in their life preservers. I was in the water about five minutes before I got hold of a life raft. After clinging to this for half an hour, the Sea Lion came alongside and took me aboard. There were half a dozen passengers on the raft with me and all were got aboard the tug."

Another Passenger's Experience.

Isaac Hewett, a passenger who resides on Vancouver Island, stayed with the Clallam until she foundered and went down. He shares the opinion of Charles G. Bennett that had the Holyoke responded promptly to the signals of the crew on board the Clallam, many passengers would have been saved who had stayed with the ship in the belief that, at the critical moment, the Holyoke would abandon her tow and come alongside to rescue the passengers.

"We all believed that the Holyoke would let go her line and come alongside when it became apparent that further effort to save the ship was useless," said Hewett.

"This belief served to keep us buoyed up until a few minutes before the ship sank. We signalled the Holyoke repeatedly to come to our aid, but she continued to tow us with a line which put her out of range of the human voice. I noticed that red lamps were used by the crew on the Clallam. I don't know whether this is the proper signal in such cases, but in any event it had no visible effect upon the Holyoke's crew.

"The Sea Lion wasted no time when she arrived in rendering all the assistance possible. Every member of the crew rendered heroic assistance, and it was largely due to her efforts that any of the survivors live to tell the story of the wreck.

"The Clallam's pumps refused to work from the start and she was kept afloat only by the efforts of the passengers and crew who remained on board. Water dashed into her hold in a perfect deluge and all we could do was to stave off what everyone below deck realized would be the inevitable ending. A great deal of the water poured in through the dead lights and human effort was powerless to bail it out as fast as it accumulated. All this time we were working in the belief that if the boat began to sink we could get aboard the Holyoke and not until she failed to come to our rescue did those on board fully realize their peril. Then the rush for life preservers and life rafts began. Those who were fortunate enough to get on the rafts were rescued on short order by the Sea Lion. Too much cannot be said in praise of this tug's officers and crew for the assistance which they rendered."

LAST TO LEAVE THE SHIP.

Scramble for Life by an Oiler and the Pilot.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 9.—E. Parker, an oiler on the Clallam, fought against the flood that poured into the hold of the ill-fated vessel until the water was up to his neck, and then got away in the only boat that lived through the storm. When Captain Roberts shouted to the men below that the ship was lost and ordered them up to save themselves if they could, Parker grabbed an ax and cut loose the last remaining boat on the Clallam. The life-boat swamped, but Parker held on, and he drifted about all the rest of the night, a lone passenger in a boat that was level full of water, but still did not go down. He was picked up off Smith's Island about 5 o'clock this morning by the tug Sea Lion, while she was drifting about helplessly in plain sight of the lighthouse, but unable to attract the attention of the people on shore. He was weak from exposure and cold, but the men on the Sea Lion poured hot coffee into him, gave him dry clothing, and he arrived in Seattle on the steamer Dirigo not much the worse for his experience, except that his nerves were badly shaken by the terrible sights he had witnessed.

Parker was the last man to leave the sinking vessel except Pilot Doheny. It was a scramble for life, with all hope gone of saving the sinking vessel, when Parker came up on deck. He says he cut the boat loose with an ax and plunged into the sea, and he thinks Doheny jumped overboard and was picked up by a raft.

"The sight of those poor women and children being killed right before our eyes was a terrible one," said Parker.

Lifeboats Swamped by Great Waves.

"The first boats were launched about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when it was seen that the Clallam was filling despite our efforts to bail her out. The water put out our fires, so the whistle could not be used and the hazy fog made it impossible to see our signal of distress.

"Three boats were launched and they all went down right before our eyes. The first boat contained women and children; the next was a boat-load of men and the third had women and children. The first boat lived about half an hour, as near as I can recollect; the others were swamped before they hardly got clear of the ship. There was an awful sea running in the straits and it looked to me as if the waves were as high as this dock.

"The crew and the men passengers worked down below trying to bail out the water, but work as we would, it kept crowding upon us. We threw everything loose overboard, and tried to plug up the holes with bundles and boxes, but it was of no use. She floated something like ten hours from the time she sprung a leak, and lived through seas that threatened to swamp her every minute.

No Confusion on Board.

"There was no confusion on board. The women and children were put in boats and then every able-bodied man turned in and tried to save the ship. John Smith, who worked alongside of me, was drowned. We were in water up to our necks and were chilled to the bone, when Captain Roberts ordered all hands on deck to save themselves. While we were at work below we expected the Clallam to go down every minute, and how the steamer lived through some of those seas is a wonder to me.

"I rushed on deck and saw a boat swinging from the davits. I chopped it loose with an ax and she swamped in the heavy sea running. I got aboard, and though the boat was filled to the brim with water and a terrible sea was running, she did not go down. I was chilled to the bone; was hungry and thirsty, and it seemed days to me while I lay within sight of the lighthouse on Smith's Island, with the light flicking at me and me helpless to make my condition known.

"The boys on the Sea Lion deserve a lot of credit. They worked like troopers picking up survivors and they got me aboard about 5 o'clock in the morning. I was about all in, I can tell you, but they soon hooked me up with hot drinks and dry clothing."

Parker was sore and stiff when he landed off the Dirigo. He had swallowed some salt water and was pretty badly shaken up by his experiences. To his friends, however, he made light of his experiences, and when they rushed up to shake his hand and congratulate him upon his escape his one reply was: "Oh, I'm feeling all right."

Tom Morris, a young man who has not been long from his home in Durham, England, was a bit dazed when he landed on the dock in Seattle. He did not want to talk about his experiences. He wanted to wait, he said, until the cause of the accident was known, before telling his story.

Safer on the Steamer.

Mr. Morris was a passenger for Victoria, and did not know a single person on the boat. When the call for volunteers to help save the ship went forth, however, he was one of the first to respond, and he bailed water until his head swam. He says he worked below for fully 10 hours. He was in no hurry to leave the disabled ship he says, for he had it figured out that being a wooden vessel she would be hard to sink. The fact that every boat launched sank while yet in sight of those on the Clallam made it easier for those who stayed to be content, for it seemed like certain death to try to get away in any of the boats.

Morris was on the Clallam when she sank. He says he cannot swim much, so he buckled on a life preserver and waited for a favorable chance to get clear of the ship. Suddenly she took an awful lurch and Morris slid into the water. He landed in the water close to a life raft and was picked up after being in the water a short time. He says there were 12 or 13 men on the raft and they were all picked up by the Sea Lion.

Morris stayed below until Captain Roberts shouted for all hands to come on deck. He is not a seafaring man, though he has been on the water a great deal, and he did not lose his head in the time of danger.

Morris says the conduct of the passengers and crew who stayed by the ship was admirable. There was no confusion, but every man worked as hard as he knew how and did exactly as he was told. He says tons and tons of freight were thrown overboard in an attempt to lighten the vessel, but that when he left the hold the water was nearly up to his neck and he was badly chilled.

Morris did not see the boats with the women and children go down, for he was working down below when the boats were launched.

SEEN FROM VICTORIA.

No Tugs Available There to Go to Clallam's Assistance.

SEATTLE, Jan. 9.—A Times special from Victoria, B. C., says:

When the steamer Clallam broke down she was within half an hour or less of her wharf here. The hacks and hotel busses were there awaiting her, and then the news came that she had been seen to stop steaming off the point with Victoria in plain view. She had broken down and became unmanageable. None knew what had happened. At 3:30 P. M. she was seen to slew around, and drifted away toward Discovery Island, broadside to the wind. She was wallowing heavily, rolling from beam to beam in a big sea.

Telephone messages were sent to her agent, E. E. Blackwood, who made great efforts to secure a tug to assist her. Failing, owing to the absence of available tugs and the fact that all steamers in port were unable to get up steam in less than five hours, he wired to Port Townsend, and the Holyoke and Sea Lion were dispatched.

The steamer Iroquois went from Sidney and searched for hours without seeing anything of her, and in the dark none knew what had befallen the steamer. Then came the news of the disaster, and Victoria is sorrow-stricken. Flags are at half-mast, and crowds are thronging newspaper and telegraph offices.

Victorians Among the Lost.

Many Victorians are among the lost. N. P. Shaw is a son-in-law of C. H. Lugrin, well known in Seattle. He owned the steamer Ventura, and was head of a big meat business in British Columbia and Dawson.

Captain Livingstone Thompson was Lloyd's surveyor and a prominent Victorian. He was an old military man.

Captain Tom Lawrence was formerly in the Canadian Pacific steamship service, and last year in command of the Yukon steamer Scotia.

Mrs. Galletly and Miss Galletly were wife and daughter of the manager of the Bank of Montreal.

Miss Annie Murray was a sister of Mrs. E. Burns, agent of the Northern Pacific in Seattle, whom she had been visiting.

Miss Diprose was a sister-in-law of W. L. Challoner, the well-known jeweler. She was a Tacoma nurse.

Captain Roberts Well Known.

Captain George Roberts, master of the Clallam, is well and favorably known throughout the Pacific Northwest, having served on various vessels in Pacific waters since 1871. He first came to this Coast in that year, arriving at Victoria in the bark Prince of Wales. Leaving this vessel and associating himself in marine business ventures he has since been highly successful. In 1873 he began with the steamer North Pacific, and in 1875 was mate on the propeller California. He served on this and various other vessels as mate and pilot until 1883 when he became a partner in the company which built the Bob Irving. He was master of this vessel as long as he retained ownership in it. In 1884 he commanded the George E. Starr and later on the North Pacific and the Olympian. When the City of Kingston was purchased by the Puget Sound & Alaska Steamship Company, Captain Roberts was placed in command of her which post he retained until he purchased the steamer Willapa, which he operated between Puget Sound and Alaska.

C. E. Johnson Known in Portland.

C. E. Johnson, who lost his life on the ill-fated steamer Clallam, wrecked in the Straits of Fuca yesterday morning, was returning to Victoria, B. C., from Portland, having come to this city a short time ago to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Frank Harrington, of this city. On his trip to this city he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, Mrs. Gordon Hunter, wife of Chief Justice Hunter, of British Columbia. Mr. Johnson left here on Thursday for his home in Victoria, where he resides with his daughter, Mrs. Hunter, who with her mother decided to remain in Portland for several weeks with Mrs. Harrington.

Went Down With the Wreck.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 9.—Charles V. Brown, chairman of last year's regatta committee, this morning received a telegram from Seattle stating that his aunt, Mrs. Sullins, and three children, of Crofton, B. C., had perished in the wreck of the steamer Clallam. Mr. Sullins was also aboard, but was rescued. Vernon Creed, of Port Townsend, a passenger on the steamer Alliance, for Coos Bay, received word that his mother, Mrs. Lenora Richards, had gone down with the ill-fated vessel.

Kansas City Victims.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 9.—Albert Kimmons Prince and Guy Daniels, who were lost in the wreck of the steamer Clallam, were Kansas City musicians who were making a concert tour of the world. Prince was a brother of Lulu Prince Kennedy, who shot and killed her husband, Phillip Kennedy, in this city three years ago. Prince, himself, was indicted, charged with complicity in the murder, but the charge against him was dismissed, and he was never tried.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove what SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince any one—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

Gentlemen—I attribute my present good health to Swamp-Root. I suffered many years with kidney trouble and had an almost constant pain in my back. Your great remedy, Swamp-Root, cured my trouble, and I have since been perfectly well. Yours truly,
B. H. Chalker, Chief of Police,
Ozark, Ala.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy for any derangement of the kidney, liver and bladder.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Portland Sunday Oregonian.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery CURES Weak Lungs.

$3,000 FORFEIT

Will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without pains in my chest. *The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble, and that I would never be well again.* At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and five vials of 'Pellets.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can *run* with more ease than I could formerly *walk*."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse and regulate the bowels.