HOW FITZSIMMONS CONQUERED CORBETT.

incident mentioned hereafter, lacked earnestness and sincerity and left the impression of a duel on the stage.

The convention was called to order by the National Chairman, who announced the names of the referee, timekeepers and other officials, and presented them to the audience, which received them with applause.

Corbett's countenance was dark and drawn, lined deeply with the furrows of care and concern. He posed obviously and smiled complacently.

Fitzsimmons had the visage of a freak, with a silly, open-mouthed grin, and an uncouth, awkward, shambling gait, like a clown.

The appearance of the two men when their robes were thrown off and they were stripped for the ring, was grotesque, for, with the exception of a small breech cloth, they were naked to their ankles, where their stockings were rolled loosely down over the tops of their thin, flat-soled shoes. Laced to their wrists were stuffed gloves, that prevented cutting or mutilation.

According to the precedent of Queenberry, three minutes for sparring and one for rest was a round. The blows fell muffled and the contestants seemed to be on good terms and frequently united, even in the most violent encounter. When the gong was struck by the timekeeper, they promptly retired to their respective corners, sat down in their chairs, and were diligently fanned, rubbed, sponged and wiped by the men in red sweaters, as grooms care for a horse. The men seemed to be fatigued early, perspired profusely and breathed with their mouths open.

During some of the rounds Corbett hit Fitzsimmons on the face, making him look like a great schoolboy, and gazed around with a smile like Banquo at the banquet of Macbeth. And so it went on for nearly an hour, the audience sitting quietly as at a theatre or in a circus or at a ball game, with occasional cries of applause at some agile movement or some resounding blow.

And then, without warning, the most surprising, unexpected and inexplicable event occurred—the first, the last and the only dramatic incident of the occasion, like the catastrophe of a tragedy that falls before the climax has been reached.

The auditors had grown a trifle listless. Bets were still offered at 100 to 75 on Corbett. He was not marked by the attacks of his adversary, whom he seemed to touch almost at will. But it was observed that his blows had little effect upon the tough, obdurate trunk of Fitz. They lacked steam and force. The early predictions of a short, sharp and decisive battle, by the partisans of both men, had already been disproved. The tension was relaxed among the spectators, who had apparently concluded that the struggle might be indefinitely prolonged without decisive results.

Corbett advanced rapidly from his corner, with agile step and confident smile. There was the customary display of gymnastics, feinting and prancing forward and backward, ducking and dodging, followed by a repetition of the apparently harmless exchange of futile blows that had become fatiguing by their previous monotony.

Suddenly Fitzsimmons was seen to deliver a savage body blow near the pit of Corbett's stomach. He then sprang away, and Corbett did not follow him. Fitzsimmons was the only man beside his antagonist who recognized the awful character of the blow.

He knew the fight was over, as his conduct showed.

The pugilists had separated near the western side of the platform and Fitzsimmons turned with buffoon gesture and bloody grin to the audience. When Corbett, who was still erect, suddenly tottered, a swift spasm shuddered through his limbs, he sank slowly upon his left knee, his head fell forward upon his knotted chest, a deadly pallor overspread his features, he leaned for an instant upon his right hand in a precise attitude of the dying gladiator in the familiar statue described by Byron when his manly brow "consents to death, but conquers agony."

Then he clutched the rope with his gloved hand and pulled himself with tremendous effort to his knees. Meanwhile the fatal bell was tolling his knell—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—and before he had fully regained his feet it struck ten, and the battle was over.

For an instant the audience seemed quite as much dazed as the defeated pugilist, and was uncertain what had happened or how it was done. There was tremendous tumult, hubbub and confusion, and a wild rush for the platform, with cheers for Fitzsimmons.

Corbett meantime, having recovered from the effects of the concussion of his heart, exasperated by defeat, sought to renew the conflict, and for a moment a general fracas seemed imminent.

The platform was a furious hurly-burly of struggling attendants, officers, detectives and spectators, which the referee was powerless to calm. But it soon subsided.

The victor and the vanquished had an amicable interview in the conqueror's corner, and Fitzsimmons departed for glory, fame and fortune.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

EVENTS OF THE DAY AND RINGSIDE VIEWS.

The Weather, the Crowds, the Betting, Choosing a Timekeeper, and Incidents of the Contest.

By T. T. Williams.

Carson, Nev., March 17.—Hereafter a fine day will be known as "Dan Stuart's weather" around Carson. Surely there never was a lovelier day than this.

Carson was early astir. By 6 o'clock most of the occupants of the sleeping cars at the depot were getting ready for breakfast, and there were not so many of them that it required an army to feed them. The expected crowd of Pullman residents, for whom the Virginia & Truckee Railroad had prepared several miles of sidetrack, had not materialized. There was a car from Marysville, a car from Los Angeles, a dozen cars from San Francisco, and two cars from east of the Rocky Mountains. Though every one felt sorry the crowd had not come, all were glad for their own and Dan Stuart's sake that it was a fine day, and there would be no hitch in the proceedings.

Mr. Friend, the weather forecaster, was up early and by 7 o'clock had sent into the Journal headquarters a triumphant bulletin decorated with red, white and blue paint in which he gave vent to feelings of satisfaction. The special weather forecast he had prepared for the Journal, "Cool, clear and sunshiny," had been verified.

Pugilists of all degrees were in great demand. Each had his little crowd of followers as he strolled around, offering sage reflections on the probability of the fight. Sharkey was naturally the most sought after, as he had tried both men. Billy Madden had a small following of his own.

Very little attention was paid to the ex-champion, Sullivan, whose arrival was heralded by an aggressive brass band, that played more out of tune than any band that has ever come to Carson City.

Timekeeper Chosen.

There was another roar made about the timekeeper. Dan Stuart asked the Journal if there was any objection to Mr. Muldoon serving in that capacity, and was informed that the only possible objection would come from correspondents of other papers, who are very jealous at the position that the Journal has occupied, securing the services of the people connected with this fight. Stuart quickly disposed of that, and asked Muldoon to act. Muldoon agreed to serve, provided that he might be permitted to act as timekeeper and perform all of the duties of the office, not relegating to the referee the task of counting seconds when a man was knocked down. But Muldoon is too high-spirited to serve in any capacity unless it is perfectly agreeable to both the contestants, and that matter was left temporarily in abeyance.

From the Golden Gate.

The arrival of the early morning train bringing a crowd from San Francisco gave the fight the appearance of a big boom. The Bay City sports came in with a rush, and their presence was instantly felt in the pool rooms. Uhlmann started the ball rolling with a bet of $1,000 to $600 on Corbett, and $10,000 of San Francisco money went into the box at 10 to 6 inside of half an hour. This may not seem big betting for a championship event, but it was the liveliest that had been done in Carson so far.

The betting remained unchanged during the day, the odds being on Corbett at 10 to 6½. The arrival of several car loads from the East and the coast, with plenty of money was expected to change it, but it had no effect. Several bets were made at 10 to 7, and the talent was almost unanimous in placing the odds at those figures. The color of Corbett money was always in sight.

The early morning betting was not brisk, and no big wagers were recorded. The pencillers of odds therefore made no change from the night before. Paris mutuels sold a little faster, 414 tickets being disposed of on the following combinations:

Corbett, Green, Flaherty	110
Corbett, Green, Hawkins	85
Corbett, Smith, Flaherty	62
Fitzsimmons, Green, Flaherty	48
Fitzsimmons, Smith, Flaherty	32
Fitzsimmons, Green, Hawkins	28
Corbett, Smith, Hawkins	26
Fitzsimmons, Smith, Hawkins	23

Ready for a Cold Wave.

As the sun grew higher, preparations that the visitors had made for a cold day became embarrassing. Huge rolls of rugs, fur coats and other devices for keeping warm blocked the aisles and soon made their owners wish that they had brought sunshades instead. The tip was out that the men were ordered to be ready soon after 10 o'clock, and Stuart decided to have the men in the ring by 11. It was a rush for the arena, though the fine weather tempted the sports to walk and disappointed the hackmen, who had expected a golden harvest.

Alas! for Stuart's hopes. The arena, instead of being black with people, looked like a big bowl with a dozen strawberries in it, so small did the crowd appear beside the extensive accommodations.

The gong and the kinetoscope were almost due south, and it was understood Corbett was to have the southeast corner. Between the ring and the kinetoscope was an open space about twelve feet square, in which the principals connected with the affair disported themselves. There were Muldoon, the timekeeper; Manager W. A. Brady, the head of a San Francisco detective agency, and the people who are nearest to what is known as the "inside."

The Journal's Service.

Mr. Stuart was not in a humor to give things away when he made his arrangements. The utmost concession he would make to the press was a rebate of fifty per cent on messages, so that every message sent from the ringside cost $2.50 for the admission of a messenger. Preparations made for the Journal service did not admit of the possibility of delay. Competent messengers were secured to run from the ringside to the outside of the fair grounds, where three jockeys in racing costume were mounted on the swiftest thoroughbreds that could be obtained in the State of Nevada. The horses were called Evans, Sontagg and Sheriff, and belong to Raycraft Brothers. They had been especially trained for the work and were guaranteed to make the distance from the track to the telegraph office in 48 seconds.

Sullivan's Challenge.

The real fun began at 10:35 a. m. when Billy Jordan, the inevitable master of ceremonies clambered into the ring and was received with cheers. He had come to announce that Frank P. Dunn was prepared to challenge the winner on behalf of J. L. Sullivan to fight for $5,000, and as earnest of his intention would deposit $1,000. There was a good deal of fun at this, which broke forth into unsubdued merriment when the gray haired ex-champion attempted to clamber through the ropes in response to calls for a speech.

He succeeded in getting through without rolling over, but the effort flushed his face terribly. In his characteristically hoarse voice he shouted that he had one fight left in him and did not think the challenge called for an extensive speech. There were cheers, mostly derisive, for the one time champion, who then rolled out of the ring as gracefully as he had clambered in. It was expected that other challenges would follow.

Goddard and Sharkey's Say.

But the opportunity for display was too good to be missed. And Billy Madden got the stage by the rear staircase. He made a little speech in behalf of Goddard, who had $2,500 to deposit.

Then it was Sharkey's turn. He observed that he had met both of the men and would like to meet them again, as he did not think that either of them had got anything on him. Sharkey did not appear to be popular. People in the five dollar seats interpolated remarks of "Foul blow!" and "Wrong decision!" but Sharkey handed over his check for $2,500 to W. W. Naughton, sporting editor of the Journal, and repeated his announcement for the benefit of the other side of the ring, adding that he had deposited $2,500 to bind a match with Goddard at any time within a year. Despite the unpopularity of Sharkey's win considered it an omen of good future. Fitzsimmons was in fine spirits, and when Riley Grannan came around to tell him that he was still betting heavily on the Australian, Bob shook his hand and said:

"I am glad you haven't lost heart, Riley, for I feel just as confident as ever."

At 11:20 Fitz walked up the aisle from his dressing room and took a look at the audience.

"Small crowd," he said, returning with his hands in his pockets. He again lay down.

At 11:30 Dan Stuart appeared at the door and inquired how Fitz felt.

"First rate, Dan. Never better," replied the fighter, getting up on his elbow and extending his hand.

At this junction word came from the ringside that Bob was expected to be in the ropes at 11:50.

The Hour Had Come.

"Get to work, boys," said Martin Julian to the trainers. "There is not much time, and we want to be on hand."

The next instant Mrs. Fitzsimmons flew into Bob's arms and smothered him with kisses. The embrace was returned with fervor, and Bob whispered to her as they separated:

"I'll win, Rose. Don't get nervous. Good by, dearest," and the wife of the man who was to fight the battle of his life was escorted to her seat in a private box beside Senator Ingalls, the Journal's special representative at the ringside.

After her departure Bob quickly disrobed and stretched himself out for the rub down. Stelzner and Hickey went at his arms and Roeber worked on the legs. Bob assisted by kneading his fingers and hands.

Fitzsimmons assured his trainers that he never felt better, and was ready to meet any man that walked. "Something tells me I will win in three rounds," he remarked to the Journal representative. "I don't know why, but I feel pretty confident that it will be all over then."

Nevada's Governor There.

Governor Reinhold Sadler, who was attending the fight as special correspondent of the Journal, modestly took a seat in the rear, where the kinetoscope secured him from the vulgar gaze. He looked intensely happy—happy that Nevada had produced the loveliest day imaginable for the fighters, happy at the orderly and high class attendance, and happy that he felt justified for the action he had taken making such a contest permissable. I think it would have broken the Governor's heart if there had been a tough crowd present, a disorderly mob, or if the weather had brought discredit on his State. Western Governors have peculiarities of being proud of their surroundings, proud of their people, and Governor Sadler is no exception. He said all along that the fight should be brought off under the pleasantest possible conditions, and it is only natural that he should seem pleased that his predictions were verified.

The Referee Comes.

Eleven o'clock brought Referee Siler into prominent notice. Also an expectant silence developed. The kinetoscope man emerged from his doll house and proceeded to make sighting sheets through a camera. There was not a cloud in the sky, in fact, the sun was a bit too bright for the best kind of photographic work, and it was a moral certainty that Dan Stuart was going to be repaid for the $100,000 he had advanced in the promotion of pugilism by securing through the kinetoscope all the pictures he wanted. The most curious members of the spectators were a few women who braved public opinion for the new sensation.

The Fight as a Whole.

I saw the fight as a whole and not in its details. I happened to see the smash in the stomach that ended it, and a few other critical blows, but the grand mixture of attack and defence was lost. I saw a face that will haunt me until time has defaced it from my memory. It was a mixture of pathos and tragedy. There was no savagery in it, and some intelligence. There was a leer and a grin and a look of patient suffering and dogged courage. It was the face of a brave man fighting an uphill fight with lip torn and bleeding, nostrils plugged with coagulated blood, ears torn and swollen, eyes half closed and blinking in the sunlight, with every line and muscle drawn to the angle of suffering, but withal watchful, intent and set.

Fitzsimmons's face was not cruel nor passionate. It was clear and never once did he lose his hope of success; his watchfulness over his opponent, his waiting for an opening. It was one face from the time that first blood was claimed and allowed, in the fifth round, till the victory was in his hands. You can't compare it with anything, for there is not any human countenance like Fitzsimmons's when fighting against odds.

The Crowd with Corbett.

Corbett had the crowd. It was plain from the start that on St. Patrick's Day an Irish-American had the sympathies of the people against the Englishman, who came here by way of the Antipodes.

In the fourth round it looked like a fight, and all around I could hear the enthusiastic sports saying "Oh!" and "Ah!" and smacking their lips over the stiff punches that Corbett sent into Fitz's face and body. They were not knockout blows, but blows at about half strength delivered with the arm stiff, and meant to hurt and not to kill. Fitz soon showed the effects of them. His face began to swell, and he would lay on Corbett's shoulder as though in hope of obtaining some respite from the punching, which was annoying. Corbett grew confident as this round progressed, and went to his corner as happy as a boy. It was "Good boy, Jim!" and "Punch his head off!" and "Knock the Australian's head off!" and only one man said "Take your time, Fitz!"

Corbett Looked a Winner.

Corbett looked like a winner then, and he looked like a winner all through the fifth round, when he drew first blood from Fitz's lip, and Siler allowed the claim which Billy Delaney promptly made. I began to feel sorry for Mrs. Fitzsimmons then and wished she were not there. She was anxious and Fitz was distressed, and Martin Julian's face bore all kinds of woe; little Roeber was thoughtful for the first time this year, and Dan Hickey suffered as much as his chief. In Corbett's corner how different! Delaney calm and confident, Donaldson a trifle jubilant, Billy Woods and Kid Eagan all smiling and occasionally turning around to some spectator.

Corbett's Temper Roused.

"Six rounds." The blood seemed to arouse Corbett's temper, and he went at Fitz with more determination than he had shown before. He hit him time and again, and I could see Mrs. Fitzsimmons wince right across the ring. There were words of sympathy, too, for her in the sixth round, when, after the clinch, Corbett landed a tremendous smash that brought Fitz to his knees, sent the blood spurting from his nose and distorted his face almost beyond recognition. Everybody wondered whether Fitz would recover, but the ninth second found him on his feet and fighting.

Corbett's Wily Adversary.

Again and again Corbett hit him till his own gloves were covered with blood from Fitz's face, and his own body was smeared a glaring crimson from the same source. Smiling, confident and erect, Corbett pointed at his now crouching adversary. Some one in his corner said, "Look out, Jim, he is kidding; don't go near him, he is foxy."

Who knows but that remark gave Fitz the championship? There was no deception in that poor, bruised face, no foxiness in the eyes that were drawn down to tiny points, showing nothing but patience and determination. The services of the seconds at the end of the round made Fitz presentable, and the minute was a grateful rest to him. When he came up he immediately began hard hitting, and the spectators thought he had determined to finish the fight right there or go on the floor.

Fitz Changes His Tactics.

But no, when he found his punches did not reach the clever man in front of him he changed his tactics and waited, taking the punishment that came to him as gamely and as doggedly as a bulldog would take a beating, and still there was nothing savage about him. He would punch, and Corbett let him land once to feel his blow. It was feeble, and all looked for a finish then. We all looked to see Corbett dash in and knock his head back, as the crowd advised. A right-hand swing from Fitz which missed him made him change his mind and keep away, at least that is what it seemed to me.

A Sickening Sight.

The eighth round was sickening. Face smashes and body blows, punches in the neck and punches under the heart were Fitz's portion. It was all over but for his gameness. The betting men almost got ready to cash their Corbett tickets. So, too, in the ninth round, he was hit and hit and hit again. Fitz would put his face over Corbett's shoulder and hang for respite. "Why doesn't that game fellow quit?" was asked, but the game fellow hit when he could and he lagged a little, and when his portion became too much to bear he would swing his right, even though out of distance, to keep his large opponent away.

Corbett Confident in the Ninth.

At the end of the ninth round Corbett laughed and his seconds were happy. It was all over but the finishing, and the finishing was to be done right away. But somehow Fitz didn't look quite so bad when his face was washed and sponged and his wind was cleared, and Corbett wondered at the change that came over him.

The cries of "Good boy, Jim!" were heard whenever Corbett made a hit. Fitz answered these with a leer that said, "Wait and see whether you want to yell for Corbett after the finish!" The leer was not due to intention. Fitz's purpose evidently being to smile, but when one's lips are an inch away from the teeth and one's mouth reduced to a pulp, the finish of a smile is hard to guess.

A Character Study of the Champion.
(DRAWN BY HOMER DAVENPORT.)

from Fitz, the justice for his demand for a first meeting with the winner of this fight was recognized, and the more level-headed ring goers present showed their disapproval of the cries of "foul" and the hisses.

All Wind from Sullivan.

Of course, no one believes the ex-champion has any intention of fighting anybody. His enormous girth, flabby face and rolling walk settled that. The general impression seemed to be that Goddard had done nothing to justify his meeting a champion, that Sharkey would not be accommodated, and that we were going to see the last championship fight that would take place for many a year.

Fitz's Future Intentions.

Fitzsimmons confided to me before the fight that if he won he would never fight again—that it was his wife's wish. If he lost, he might be forced to go back to the middle-weight class, and I think he had this saving clause in his mind all along. Of course, men change their minds, but he and his wife seem quite determined in this respect.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons longs for a quiet home for herself and her children, and yearns for seclusion after a life spent in the show business. Fitzsimmons realizes, at thirty-four years of age, it is time to think of something else besides fighting, as a man has rarely held championship honors after thirty.

Fitz Leaving His Quarters for the Ring.

Bob Fitzsimmons, wrapped in a thick overcoat and accompanied by his wife, stepped into his carriage at training quarters at exactly 10:15, and followed Martin Julian, Roeber and the Journal correspondent, who drove on ahead with the paraphernalia, through the ranch gate for the ringside. Jack Steizner and Dan Hickey brought up the rear, and the party jogged leisurely along the roadway, arriving at the ringside at 10:45. Bob wrapped himself in a dressing gown, which garment, added to his overcoat, kept him warm.

His Wife Was There.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was at his elbow and complained of the chill in the room. The pine boards were damp with sap and it was none too comfortable. Mrs. Fitzsimmons, slightly pale, but composed, leaned over her husband, who had closed his eyes and was resting nicely. Slowly she bent over and kissed him on the lips. Bob opened his eyes, clutched her hand and smiled as he nodded at her.

"It's all right, be calm; that is needed more than anything else," said the big fellow, shutting his eyes again.

At 11 o'clock Bob rouse, from his couch and stepped out into the light to get a little natural warmth. His wife accompanied him and hung to his arm lightly.

A Happy Omen.

While they were strolling along in the balmy air a messenger handed Mrs. Fitzsimmons an anonymous letter that contained the information that the writer knew Mrs. Bob when she was the beautiful Rose Julian, of San Francisco. Bob's wife was greatly cheered by the epistle, which wished her and hers good luck. She said she

SEVENTY-SIX LOST.

Continued from First Page.

Half the oars had been broken or swept away already, and it was like trying to guide a boat with straws to get the remaining oars into such an ocean.

The survivors cannot yet give a detailed account of the passengers that died on particular days. Several, as has been said, were drowned within the first two hours. More died during the night that followed. The horror of that night might well have left nobody alive to tell the hideous story. The sea was black as pitch, there was not a star to be seen and the cold was intense. The boat was half full of water and its wretched freight was numb with cold. They thought the night would never end. They only knew that somebody had gone overboard when man or woman felt a vacant space beside him or her, where a moment before a fellow sufferer had clung.

They could feel others rolling in the bottom of the boat about their feet. Whether these were dead or alive they could not tell in the darkness. Nobody could extend help to anybody else. To let go the frantic grip was suicide.

The morning dawned at last, but it brought them little relief. Those left alive saw that the men who were rolling with the tumbling of the boat in the bottom were no longer living. Just where they went or how they drifted they had no means of telling.

The Horror of Starvation.

When the sea moderated and a little light on the horizon gave them their direction, the men got their oars out and headed for the west. There was little for them to eat. What provisions had not been swept overboard were soaked with salt water, and they saw that the drinking water that remained with them was not more than enough to last a day or so. Had the elements given them a respite, then there was still hope that most of the people in the boat could be saved.

But the wind rose again with the coming day, and beat them back, out of the paths of vessels and further away from the shore, which it was their last desperate hope to reach. As soon as they could they performed the last service to the dead in the boat and for themselves.

It may be imagined how the woman passenger covered her children's eyes and hid her own face when the crushed and drowned bodies were thrown over the side.

This grewsome jettisoning completed they bailed out the boat as best they could. Freed from so much weight she rode lighter, and they did not again feel the force of the tempest to such an extent.

There were six days and nights of this ahead of them. The days were a repetition of horrors. If they were not buffeted by the ocean and stung by the spray, they still had to sit in that boat alone on the waste of water and feel the pangs of hunger and thirst until they died. One after another they succumbed, and one after another the lessening survivors threw the bodies into the sea. The provisions were all gone, not even a salt-soaked crumb of bread could be scraped from the planking. The water was gone. The people in the boat were coated with salt, and the skin was blistered from their hands and faces by the soaking. The little children died early, clinging to their mother, who it is to be hoped was so nearly insensible that she did not feel the full horror of it all.

The father lived through it. One by one he saw his little ones grow weaker and weaker, until they slid into the bottom of the boat and lay quiet there. One by one he saw their bodies thrown into the ocean. And then the woman sank.

Nobody spoke during the last days and nights in the boat. Their lips were too blistered and their throats too parched even for prayer. The husband and father tried to throw himself into the sea, when they took what had been his wife and cast her over the stern. The others prevented him. How even they do not know, but he sank into the bottom of the boat and lay there. He was alive, but his sufferings were over. He was lying there when they were picked up, still alive.

Dead Like the Living.

None of the survivors can give a detailed account of the occurrences of the last few days and nights, although Captain Berry's account is the most exhaustive. They simply knew that they starved and thirsted and died, and were thrown overboard one after the other. On the fifth day there remained in the boat eight men. It is doubtful if they were all living even then. But living and dead were past rowing or even sitting upright, and lay huddled together in the boat's bottom and the dead were hardly more conscious than the living.

On the sixth of this month, the same day that the St. Nazaire left New York for Porto Rico and Martinique, the schooner Hilda of Perth Amboy left Savannah for her home port.

On the morning of the lookout distinguished something floating far to leeward. The glasses showed that it was a boat, and the course of the schooner was altered so as to bring her near. The schooner was then about lat. 37:48 and lon. 74:05. The sea was calm and the wind was favorable and the schooner had no trouble in sailing close to the derelict.

The Hilda's Discovery.

The ship's glasses showed something in the bottom of the boat. The schooner hailed her, but got no answer, the men in that boat being past even asking for help. Pretty soon the glasses showed that the bundles in the bottom of the boat were bodies of men, and the Hilda lost no time in getting the long boat alongside.

In the shortest possible time the Hilda's men weer in the boat, turning over each body to see if life remained.

Half were living, half were head.

Captain Berry was the stringest, and when a mouthful of spirits and water was given him he was able to drink and talk. Dr. Maire, the engineer of the St. Sauts, and passenger Senor Tajeda could not even do that until they were revived on board the Hilda.

The four dead men were consigned to the sea, that had swallowed up so many of their fellows.

Everything that humanity could dictate, and the resources of the vessel afford, was done for the four survivors on board the Hilda.

At Sandy Hook the tug Idlewild picked up the Hilda and brought her to Perth Amboy. There the four men of the St. Nazaire were taken on board the tug and brought to this city. They arrived last night.

Captain Berry went to the house of the agent of the French Line, Augustin Forget. The other three survivors are at the Hotel Martin, and the story that is old above is the story that came from their lips, not in sequence, but in broken gasps and disconnected sentences.

For men who have seen and felt what these men have seen and felt are in no condition to tell thir awful story.

Captain Berry could not stand the relief of rescue. Shortly after arriving at Forget's house he became insane. He was removed to the Hotel Martin, and he is there now, lying on his bed attended by doctors and nurses, and his ravings are word pictures of those gideous nights and days he spent in the open boat while his companions were dying, one by one, and his mates were consigning them to ocean graves.

The Ville De St. Nazaire.

The Ville de St. Nazaire is a French steamship of the old type. She was built of iron, in Bordeaux, in 1870, and her gross tonnage was 2,640. She registered 1,049 net tons. Her dimensions were 284 feet over all, 40 feet 10 inches breadth of beam and 27 feet 4 inches depth of hold. The hull was subdivided by transverse iron bulkheads, or walls, but there were no bulkheads running longitudinally, or lengthwise of the ship.

None of the old type steamers had them. The engine rooms amidships were thus unprotected and a collision at that point must inevitably sink the steamer. The engines of 650 horse-power were of the old-fashioned, compound cylinder sort. The utmost speed of the Ville de St. Nazaire in fine weather never exceded fifteen knots. The steamer had three masts, bark rigged, but she did not spread enough canvas to give her a speed of more than three knots under favorable conditions.

The vessel had a comfortable though not luxurious saloon, and she could carry at least thirty cabin passengers. The last survey held on the old craft was in 1887.