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NO END TO IT.

The Story of Johnstown not Half Told

The Mind of Man Cannot Conceive the Horrors of It.

The Press Acknowledges Its Own Weakness in Telling It.

Heartrending, Sickening Sights Appear Like Horrid Dreams.

Dead Bodies Found in Every Imaginable Attitude,

And Like Ghastly Specters Fright the Souls of Men.

The Vain and Hopeless Search for Dear Ones Continues.

Every Water-Soaked and Roasted Corpse is Closely Scanned.

The Exact Number of Lives Lost Will Never Be Learned,

But in the Opinion of Conservative Old Citizens

Thirty Per Cent. of a Population of 55,000 Are Drowned.

The Arrival of Provision Trains Keeps the People From Starving—But They Are Almost Without Clothing—The Call for Funds Responded to Nobly by Many Cities.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 3.—The dark disaster of the day, with its attendant terrors, thrills the universe and draws two continents closer together in the bonds of sympathy that bind humanity to man. The midnight terrors of Ashtabula and Chatsworth evoked tears of pity from every fireside in Christendom, but the true story of Johnstown, when all is known, will stand solitary and alone as the acme of man's annihilation by the potent forces to which humanity is ever subject. The menacing clouds hover darkly over the valley of death, and the muttering thunder that ever and anon reverberates faintly in the distance seems the sardonic chuckle of the demon of destruction as he pursues his way to other lands and other homes. But the modern deluge has done its worst for Johnstown. The waters are rapidly subsiding, but the angry torrents still eddy around, and the winged messenger of peace has not yet appeared to tell the pathetic tale of those who escaped the devastation of Black Friday. It is not a hackneyed utterance to say that no pen can adequately depict the horrors of this twin disaster, holocaust and deluge; the deep emotions that well from the heart of every spectator find most eloquent expression in silence—the silence that bespeaks man's recognition of his subserviency to the elements and impotence to avert catastrophe. The insignificance of human life is only fully realized by those who witness such scenes as Johnstown and Chatsworth and Ashtabula, and to those whose memory

RETAINS THE PICTURE OF HORROR

the dread experience cannot fail to be a fitting lesson. This morning opens up dark and dreary. Great drops of rain fall occasionally and another storm seems imminent. Every one feels thankful, though, that the weather still remains cool and that the gradual putrifaction of the hundreds of bodies that still lie in the streams under the miles of driftwood and debris is not unduly hastened. This morning the peculiar stench of decaying human flesh is plainly perceptible to the sense as one ascends the bank of Stony Creek for a half mile along the smouldering ruins of the wreck, and the most skeptical now conceive the worst and realize that hundreds—aye, perhaps thousands of bodies lie charred and blackened beneath this great funeral pyre. Searchers wander wearily over this smoking mass, and as occasionally a sudden shout comes over the waters, the patient watchers on the hill realize that another ghastly discovery has been added to that long list of revelations that chill every heart and draw tears to the eyes of pessimists. From the banks many charred remains of victims of flames and flood are plainly visible to the naked eye as the receding waters reluctantly give up their dead. Beneath almost every log or blackened beam a glistening skull or the blanched remnants of ribs or limbs mark all that remains of life's hopes and dreams. Since 10 o'clock last night the fire engines have been busy. Water has been constantly playing on the burning ruins. At times the fire seems almost extinguished, but fitful

FLAMES SUDDENLY BREAK OUT AFRESH,

in some new quarter and again the water and flames wage fierce combat. The chief sensation of the morning has been the united remonstrance of the physicians against the extinguishment of the burning wreck. They maintain, with a philosophy that to anxious searchers seems heartless, that hundreds, if not thousands, of lifeless and decaying bodies lie beneath this mass of burning ruins. "It would be better," they say, "to permit nature's greatest scavenger, the flames, to pursue their work unmolested than to expose to further decay the horde of putrefying bodies that lie beneath this debris. There can be but one result. Days will elapse before the rubbish can be sufficiently removed to permit the recovery of these bodies, and long ere that every corpse will be a putrid mass, yielding forth those frightful emanations of decaying human flesh that in a crowded community like this can give but one result—the dreadful typhus. Every battlefield has demonstrated the necessity of the hasty interment of decaying bodies and the stench that already arises is a forerunner of impending danger. Burn the wreck; burn the wreck.

A LOUD CRY OF INDIGNATION

arose from the lips of the vast multitude, and the warnings of science were lost in the eager demands of those who sought the remains of the near and dear. The hose was again turned upon the hissing mass, and rapidly the flames yielded to the supremacy of water. It is almost impossible to conceive the extent of these smoking ruins. An area of eight or ten acres above the dam is covered to a depth of forty feet with shattered houses borne from the resident center of Johnstown. In each of these houses, it is estimated, there were from one to twenty or twenty-five people. This is accepted as data upon which to estimate the number that perished on this spot, and if the data be correct, the bodies that lie beneath these ruins must run well up into the hundreds if not thousands.

Up to this morning people living here who lost whole families and parts of families hardly seemed to realize what a dreadful calamity had befallen them. However, this morning people are getting to understand the situation, and agony is stamped on the face of every one, and it is truly a city of mourning. Ten bodies were taken out of the debris at 9:20 o'clock this morning. There was nothing by which to identify them, as they were burned almost to a crisp. It is thought, however, that seven of them belong to one family, as they were all found under the roof of a house partly burned.

NO TELLING HOW MANY ARE LOST.

There is no telling how many bodies have been lost. Adjutant-General Hastings, who has charge of everything, stated this morning that he supposed there was at least 2,000 people under the burning debris, but the only way to find out how many lives were lost was to take a census of the people now living and subtract that from the census before the flood. Said he: "In my opinion there are from 4,000 to 8,000 souls lost." Battery B, of Pittsburg, arrived in the city this morning, under command of Lieut. Sheppard, who went to the headquarters of Adjutant-General Hastings, in the tower. The General had just gotten up, and as the officer approached the General said, "Who sent you here?" "I was sent here by the Chamber of Commerce," replied the Lieutenant. "Well, I want to state that there are only four people who can order you out, viz., the Governor, Adjutant-General, Major-General and the commander of the Second Brigade. You have committed a serious breach of discipline and my advice to you is to get back to Pittsburg as soon as possible, or you may be mustered out of service. I am surprised that you should attempt such an act without any authority whatever."

This seemed to settle the matter, and the battery started back to Pittsburg. In justice to Lieut. Sheppard it might be stated that he was told that an order was issued by the Governor. Gen. Hastings stated afterward that the sending down of the soldiers was like waving a red flag, and it would only tend to create trouble. He said everything was quiet here, and it was an insult to the citizens of Johnstown to send soldiers here at present. The Washington Infantry came in over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and when Capt. Shannon reported to Adjt.-Gen. Hastings, that gentleman said that there was no need for soldiers' aid; if any were needed he would order out the State guards. He said he had nothing to do with independent organizations, consequently he would not advise them to go further, and to say there was no need of any soldiers. A train of five cars came in from Cumberland, Md., this morning

LOADED WITH PROVISIONS

and thirty men to clean up the debris. The general undertaking rooms are at work, and about sixty coffins containing bodies of unknown people were piled up on the station platform. Quite a pathetic sight was seen this morning on the bridge. Up to today Gen. Hastings had his headquarters on the east side of the river, but this morning he came over to the burning debris followed by about 125 men carrying coffins. He started to work immediately, and has ordered men from Philadelphia and Harrisburg and all Eastern towns to do labor work.

The condition of affairs here is illustrated by the circumstances under which these dispatches are being sent. It has been necessary to establish the headquarters of the Associated Press in the building which is being used as one of the morgues and its telepraph operators are sending the distressing news to the world while surrounded by the bodies of the dead. The Western Union Telegraph Company are furnishing every possible facility for the transmission of news.

The stealing by Hungarians at Cambria City and points along the railroad has almost ceased. The report of several lynchings and the drowning of two Italians, while being pursued by citizens yesterday, put a damper on the soulless pillering for a time. Deputy Sheriff Ross was patrolling the river bank. He found two Hungarians

ATTEMPTING TO ROB SEVERAL BODIES

and at once gave chase. He found the two making to the woods and pulled out a pistol and shot twice, wounding both men badly. From latest reports the men are still living, but are in a critical condition. The Sheriff has taken charge of Johnstown, and armed men are this morning patrolling the city. The people who have property in the limits are permitted to enter the city, if they are known, but otherwise it is impossible to get into town. This regulation seems harsh, but it is a necessity. The relief committee from Ohio are pitching their canvas tents on the hillside. They have 900 of these canvas tents and they are being eagerly utilized as fast as erected. For the first time since the flood men have been put to work on the debris at the bridge and are hunting for the bodies that have not been burned beyond recognition. This morning a man, woman and child were taken from the ruins. The child was clasped in the arms of the woman, and the trio were evidently husband, wife and child. It is a most distressing sight to see the relatives of people who are supposed to be lost standing around watching every body as it is pulled out and acting more like maniacs than sensible people.

THE RELIEF TRAIN FROM PITTSBURG

over the Baltimore & Ohio road reached here at 2 o'clock this morning after an exciting ride up the mountain. All along the road at each town contributions were made to the already well filled cars of provisions. McKeesport added two cars to the three taken from Pittsburg, two more were added at Braddock, three at West Newton and so on all the way to Johnstown, until when the latter place was reached the train had ten loaded cars. When Johnstown was reached every one was anxious to get to work to assist in the work of rescue. A party was made up and started for the lower part of the town. The path was covered with trees, rocks, fences, parts of houses and every imaginable thing. Bureaus, beds, sideboards and furniture of all kinds were strewn from hill to hill. The whole bottom of Stony Creek for miles up from Johnstown is filled with debris of all kinds. One side of the Baltimore & Ohio has been cleared of debris and it is piled upon each side as high as the top of the cars. When the lower part of the town was reached the scene presented was beyond description.

HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD,

nor never will be, as to the extent of the awful wreck. From the Pennsylvania Railroad to Main street there is nothing standing but the stone church and the large brick schoolhouse. The Mansion House is gone, and over 100 people were lost there. From the Baltimore & Ohio depot you can see for blocks in every direction, and between the depot and the point there is standing only a part of the Morrell block and two small brick offices that were protected by the Morrell building. The town was at rest early in the morning. Everyone was thoroughly exhausted with the terrible strain and the work of the last two days and nights. The town is under martial law, and every one who goes about the place is challenged and required to give an account of himself. The water has subsided to a great extent, and the streets in the main part of the town are free from water. The falling water has laid bare the terrible work of the flood, and the full extent of the disaster is only being ascertained now. The streets are one sickening, foul smelling mass of wood and debris, and the work of searching for bodies has only fairly begun.

The latest estimates puts the

LOSS OF LIFE AT FROM 10,000 TO 12,000.

It is impossible to get any account of the number lost. Every one is so thoroughly tired out and overcome by the weight of the disaster as to be utterly unable to give any accurate details or figures.

The work of identifing the dead goes on very slowly and comparatively few so far have been identified. Among those identified today were Muns Wolf and wife; Mr. Goldbert, a merchant on Main street, whose body was sent to Baltimore, accompanied by his daughter; Mrs. J. Katerstein and son, who were visiting Mr. Bohn, the father of Mrs. Katerstein. They were standing in Mr. Bohm's store, on Main street, and were washed away in front of his eyes.

The Hotel Holbert has been entirely washed away and seventy-two persons perished in the wreck. Behind the Morrell property lies a locomotive, which was carried over the bridge and swept up by the flood.

Frank McDonald, a conductor on the Somerset branch of the Baltimore & Ohio, was in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot when the flood came. He said when he first saw the flood it was thirty feet high and gradually rose to at least forty feet.

"There is no doubt that the South Fork dam broke," said Mr. McDonald. "Fifteen minutes before the flood came Decker, the Pennsylvania Railroad agent, read me a telegram he had just received saying the South Fork dam had broken. As soon as he heard this the people in the station, numbering 200, made a rush for a hill. I certainly think

I SAW 1,000 BODIES GO OVER THE BRIDGE.

The first house that came down struck the bridge and at once took fire and as fast as the others came down they were consumed. I believe a am safe in saying I saw a thousand bodies burn. It reminded me of a lot of flies on fly paper, struggling to get away, with no hope and no chance to save them. I have no idea that had the bridge been blown up the loss of life would have been many less. They would have floated a little further with the same certain death. Then, again, it was impossible for any one to have reached the bridge in order to blow it out, for the waters came so fast that no one could have done it. I saw ten to eighteen bodies go over the bridge at the same time. I offered a man $20 to row me across the river, but could get no one to go, and we finally had to build a boat and get across that way."

From under the large brick schoolhouse 124 bodies were taken last night and today. From every corner and place the bodies are being found and buried as fast as possible. The necessity for speedy burial is becoming manifest and the stench arising from the bodies is sickening. A number of bodies have been found with bullet-holes in them, showing conclusively that in their maddening fright suicide was resorted to by many.

A NAMELESS PAUL REVERE

lies somewhere among the nameless dead. Who he is may never be known, but his ride will be famous in local history. Mounted on a grand, big bay horse, he came riding down the pike, which passed through Conemaugh to Johnstown, like some angel of wrath of old, shouting his portentious warning: "Run for your lives to the hills," "run to the hills." The people crowded out of their houses along the thickly settled streets awe-struck and wondering. No body knew the man, and some thought he was a maniac and laughed. On, at a deadly pace he rode, and shrilly rang out his awful cry. In a few moments, however, there came a cloud of ruin down the broad streets, down the narrow alleys, grinding, twisting, hurling, overturning, crashing, annihilating the weak and the strong. It was the charge of the flood wearing its coronet of ruin and devastation, which grew at every instant of its progress. Forty feet high, some say, thirty—according to others, was this sea, and it travelled with a swiftness like that which laid hidden in the heels of Mercury. On and on raced the rider, and on and on rushed the wave. Dozens of people took heed of the warning and ran up to the hills. Poor faithful rider, it was an unequal contest. Just as he turned across the railroad bridge the mighty wave fell upon him, and horse, rider and bridge and all went out into chaos together. A few feet further on several cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad train from Pittsburg were caught up and hurried into the caldron, and the heart of the town reached the hero who turned neither to right nor left for safety for himself, but rode on to death for his townsmen.

SCENES AT LAKE CONEMAUGH.

11:20 a.m.—Messrs. H. Singer, George Singer, Louis Clark and R. Hussey Binns, of Pittsburg, relatives of some of the members of he South Fork Fishing Club, have just arrived from the broken dam. They all have friends or relatives at the lake at the present time, and being very anxious as to their fate, they made a daring break through the flooded district, and, after a careful examination, returned this morning.

Mr. W. Harry Singer, in speaking of the trip, said: "We left Pittsburg on the day express, and got to Sang Hollow about 12 o'clock. We walked up to Johnstown, but could not get across there. We went up Stony Creek a couple of miles and got a man to ferry us across, and took the Franstown road around the hill to the lake. It is about ten miles from Johnstown to the lake by this road. We reached the clubhouse at 6:30 o'clock, wornout by the tramp. We found that Mr. James Clark, son of Charles J. Clark, and two Shay boys and Mr. Lewis Aron had started from the lake on Saturday on horseback to South Fork Station to take the train for Altoona. They got no further than Altoona owing to washouts, and they are still there. There was no one at the lake when we arrived except the custodians of the building and some workmen. A. J. Keating and George Wilson arrived last night about 11 o'clock.

THE LAKE IS COMPLETELY DRIED OUT.

The dam broke in the center at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and at 4 o'clock it was dry. That great body of water passed out in one hour. Messrs. Park and Vanburen, who are building a new drainage system at the lake, tried to avert the disaster by digging a sluice-way on one side to ease the pressure on the dam. They had about forty men at work, and did all they could without avail. The water passed over the dam about a foot above and stopped at about 2:30 o'clock. Whatever happened in the way of a cloud-burst took place during the night. There had been but little rain up to dark. When the workmen woke in the morning the lake was very full, and was rising at the rate of a foot an hour. It kept on rising until, at 2 o'clock, it first began breaking over the dam and undermining it. Men were sent three and four times during the day to warn people below of their danger. When the final break came at 3 o'clock there was a sound like tremendous and continued peals of thunder, trees, rocks and earth were shot up into mid air in great columns, and then the wave started down the ravine."

THE WATER JUMPED.

A farmer who escaped said that the water did not come down like a wave but jumped on his house and beat it to fragments in an instant. He was safe up on the hillside but his wife and two children were killed. At the present time the lake looks like a cross between the crater of a volcano and a huge mud puddle with stumps of trees and rocks scattered over it. There is a small stream of muddy water running through the center of the lake site. The dam was about seven feet high, and the break is about 200 feet wide, and there is but a small portion of the dam left on either side. No damage was done to any of the buildings belonging to the club. The whole South Fork is swept, with not a tree standing. There are but one or two small streams showing here and there in the lake. A great many of the workmen carried off baskets full of fish which they caught in the mud. The rescuing parties who are at work on the mass of unburned wreckage in the river above the stone bridge are finding bodies and fragments of bodies at the rate of from ten to fifteen an hour. In other parts of the submerged districts many bodies are being taken out. A careful estimate at this time of the bodies recovered everywhere puts it at from 700 to 800. The total loss of life must certainly be from 6,000 to 8,000. They are being picked up in pockets like ore in all sorts of unexpected places.

HOURLY DEVELOPMENTS.

Exact Number of Lives Lost Will Never Be Known—Thirty per Cent. Lost.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 3.—The developments of every hour make it more and more apparent that the exact number of lives lost in the Johnstown horror will never be known. All estimates that have been made up to this time are conservative, and when all is known will doubtless be found to have been too small. Over 1,000 bodies have been found since sunrise today, and the most skeptical concede that the remains of thousands more rest beneath the debris above Johnstown bridge. The population of Johnstown, the surrounding towns and the portion of the valley affected by the flood is, or was, from 50,000 to 55,000. Associated Press representatives today interviewed numerous leading citizens of Johnstown who survived the flood, and the consensus of opinion was that fully 30 per cent. of the residents of Johnstown and Cambria had been victims of the continued disaster, so far, from water. If this be true, the total loss of life in the entire valley cannot be less than 7,000 or 8,000, and possibly much greater. Of the thousands who were davoured by the flames and whose ashes rest beneath the smoking debris above Johnstown bridge, no definite information can ever be obtained. As little will be learned of the hundreds who sank beneath the current and were borne swiftly down the Conemaugh, only to be deposited hundreds of miles below on the banks and the drift-wood of the raging Ohio. Probably one-third of the dead will never be recovered, and it will take a list of the missing weeks hence to enable even a close estimate to be made of the numbers of lives that were snuffed out in that brief hour. That this estimate can never be accurate is understood when it is remembered that in many instances whole families and their relatives were swept away and found a common grave.

THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION

of the city leaves no data to even demonstrate that the names of these unfortunates ever found place on the pages of eternity's history.

"All indications point to the fact that the death list will reach over 5,000 names, and in my opinion the missing will reach 8,000 in number," declared Gen. D. H. Hastings tonight.

At present there are said to be 2,200 recovered bodies. The great difficulties experienced in getting a correct list is the great number of morgues. There is no central bureau of information and to communicate with the different deadhouses is the work of hours. The journey from the Pennsylvania Railroad morgue to the one in the Fourth Ward schoolhouse, in Johnstown, occupies at least one hour. This renders it impossible to reach all of them in one day, particularly as some of the morgues are situated at points inaccessible from Johnstown.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the 613th body had been received at the Cambria City depository for corpses. The names of the lately identified are Burgess O'Niel, wife and children; John Smith, Joseph K. Ramer, Mrs. George Alt, — Lauther, James Schlick, Julius Bishop, John Cleuole, Kate McEnery. There are ten there at present unknown. At Millville was the the body of a girl fifteen years of age, making their forty-sixth corpse received there. The angry mark on the wrist looked as if a bracelet had been torn from the arm.

AT THE MORGUE OF THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT

in Johnstown the bodies of Mrs. and Miss Shad Jones, colored, Charles Renkow, — Brown, of Woodvale, and a son of Richard Fitz Harris were identified. Seventy bodies have been received at the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Those identified are:

— Schelhelm,
Fanny Prosser,
John Myers,
Thomas Thoburn,
David Sunday,
Mrs. Mollie Burkhardt,
Frank Davis,
Mrs. Maggie Stophel,
— Williams, 15 years old,
Catherine Myers,
Charles Dean,
Samuel Hite,
Charles Murr,
Bessie Prosse,
Mrs. Mary Downey,
Wm. H. Overbeck,
Ore Lewis,
Richard Jones,
George Geddes,
Mrs. D. J. Wildman,
Mrs. E. M. Parsons,
James Jones,
Mrs. Lucy Livermore,
Mrs. Margaret Frank,
Miss Mollie James,
Miss Alice K. Christie,
Mrs. Maria Lucas, col'd,
Dr. R. P. Wilson,
John Murphy,
Mary Callahan,
Samuel Blough,
Mrs. John W. James,
Blankman Feld,
Paul Geddes,
Anne Owens,
Mary Anne Jones,
Gotlelb Schutzendeick,
George Hezel.

Mrs. Leach, mother of County Superintendent of Schools.

The family of Patrick Eagan, husband, wife and two grown daughters.

John S. Buchanan, Superintendent of Cambria Iron Works warehouse.

H. G. Rose, District Attorney.

AT THE FOURTH WARD SCHOOLHOUSE

a great number of victims are being prepared for interment. Yesterday 200 were disposed of and today as many more received attention. Those identified are:

Charles A. Marshall,
Son of Dr. Poland,
Mrs. Katzenstein,
Mr. Long,
Frank Wheat,
Mrs. Ella Layton,
Jacob Wild,
Mrs. W. W. Jones,
William Layton,
Mr. McKay,
Patrick McSally,
Mrs. N. C. Jones,
F. W. McAlley,
James Murtha,
Sam B. Kildridge,
Elmer Brinkley,
Charles H. Wilson,
Miss Jennie Nelis,
Frank H. Harris,
Carra S. Barbour,
James G. Cox,
Amelia Robb,
James W. Murphy,
Miss Holier,
A. J. Steum,
Peter Brown,
Charles Richarris,
Thomas Matthews,
Mrs. B. F. Hoffman,
Freda Hoffman,
Joe Hoffman,
A. Lytle,
Mrs. John H. Hornlek,
August Derris.
Mrs. D. H. Rose,
Daughter of Dr. Poland,
Son of Mrs. Katzenstein,
Moses Strauss,
Sadie Gageby,
Miss Mary Leyden,
Mrs. Jacob Wild,
George H. Baldwin,
Mrs. O'Connell,
John O. Richards,
Charles F. Butler,
Jessie Hamilton,
Mrs. Harrigan,
William L. Davis,
Miss Laura Hamilton,
A. L. Little,
John Burns,
John Andrews,
Arthur Smith,
George Randolph,
Mrs. James I. Proubesser,
William Feared,
Rose Murphy,
M. L. Davis,
Mary Davis,
Minnie Linnon,
Charles Rooke,
Bertha Hoffman,
Florence Hoffman,
Marion Hoffman,
Dr. W. C. Beam,
Laura Hamilton,
Conrad Weese,

Hurlbut House porter, supposed to be William Henry.

Howell Powell's two sons—one two years old, the other but a few days old.

Mrs. Knorr, whose body has been robbed of valuables.

A female resembling Miss Ella Layton and Nellie Williams.

Annie Falson, a lady supposed to be Mrs. Geis.

A young lady with initials "W. H." on ring.

THE DEAD AT KERNSVILLE.

Mrs. Walter Dawes.
Mrs. Beam.
Mrs. Jacob Swank.
Jessie Hamilton.
Otto Cooper.
Windsor Rees.
Maggie White.
Mrs. Ed Brennan.
Sallie Layer.
Child of John Murl.
Mrs. Dyer.
Mrs. J. Craig.
Mrs. Rachel Forkes.
Margaret Fisher.
John Fisher.
Mrs. John Howker.
Mrs. Wesley Stuart.
L. Bowman's child.
Mrs. L. W. DeLaney.
Annie Rees.
Ella White.
Charles Musser.
Mrs. Knolley.
Mrs. Kinney.
Mrs. Robert Nixon.
James Howard.
J. J. Craig.
David Fisher.
George Fisher.
Fisher's servant.
Three children of N. Shanks.
Daughter of Pernard Cunse.
Mrs. Kinney and five unknown bodies.

AT OTHER POINTS.

Mr. A. W. Lockhart, of McKeesport; Mrs. Lockhart's father, a servant girl, Mr. Umberhoff and son, Peter Brown, Minnie Linton, Charles Fitzharris, Charles Ronke and three unknown.

Kernville is in a deplorable condition. The living are unable to take care of the dead. The majority of the inhabitants were drowned.

A lean-to of boards has been erected on the only street remaining in the town. This is the headquarters for the committee that controls the dead. As quickly as the dead are brought to this point they are placed in boxes and then taken to the cemetery and buried.

A supply store has opened in the town. A milkman who was overcharging for milk this morning, narrowly escaped lynching. The infuriated men appropriated all his milk and distributed it among the poor, and then drove him out of town. The body of the "Hun," who was lynched in an orchard last night, was removed by his friends during the night. The inhuman monster had cut off his victim's four fingers of the right hand. He was noticed before he escaped and dropped the fingers into his pocket, where they were found when he was captured. The act maddened the men, and they took him to an orchard on the hillside and hung him. There is but one street left in the town. About 155 houses are standing where once there stood 1,000. None of the large buildings in what was once a thriving little burough have escaped. One thousand people is a low estimate of the number of lives lost from this town. But few of the bodies have been recovered. It is directly above the ruins, and the bodies have floated down into them where they burned. A walk through the town revealed a desolate sight.

A MOTHER'S WOE.

One of the Most Pathetic Stories of the Great Tragedy.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 3.—A pretty, pale little woman told part of her story today as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands, and cried in a quiet, heartbreaking way. Years ago, in the Virginia Valley, somewhere near Winchester, this sad little soul met and loved a hard-working engineer named Fenn. They were married and came to Johnstown, where they had a neat, comfortable home. Fenn made good wages, their several children were all well clad and their mother fived with her life concentrated upon them. On the afternoon of the flood Fenn went to the butcher's and passed out of this short history in the waters. When the flood came into the the Fenn house the mother gathered her chicks in the parlor and told them not to be afraid, as God was there and would guard them. Up came the torrent, and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother talked of hopes, bade them to be of good cheer, for papa—heaven rest him—would soon come in a boat and take them away. Up, up and up rose the water, and now the family were forced to the top story. The rooms were very low, and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating against the ceiling. "Mamma," said the eldest child, a girl, "would it not be better to go outside and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "we'll make a raft and all go down together." She fought her own and her children's ways to the window and opened it. She caught a piece of plank and on it put the eldest child, with a hearty kiss and a "God bless you." Then she let it float away in the darkness and the roar of the waves. Six times were those frail barks freighted with precious cargoes and argosies of pious trust. The children were frightened, but obedience was part of their creed, and they made but little protest. Now came the turn of the last child, Bessie, the four year old. One can fancy what it meant. The last and dearest. There was scarce a breathing space in the room now, and if haste was not used death would come there at once. To a broad plank Bessie was fastened securely and was blessed as had been the others. "I loved them all, oh! I loved them all," said the mother, "but I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was the favorite and was such a good child. She put her arms about my neck and said: 'You know you said God would take care of me always, mamma, will He take care of me now?' I told her he would and she need not fear, and then she was carried away. 'I'm not afraid, mamma,' she call d out, and I heard her, although I could not see her, and that's all; except that the roof was torn off and I floated off on it, and some Italians saved me at Kernsville, sixteen miles from here."

"And the children, Mrs. Fenn. I hope they all escaped?" "We have found two of them dead, Bessie and George, and there is not a mark on Bessie's face, and, oh! I am so tired. They are all gone, every one, eight of them, and I am going home to Virginia after all these years to rest and try to think." Only one mother of the hundreds, only one of the multitude.

Here's Another Question.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 23.—The Masonic fraternity met this morning and received reports from committees sent to Johnstown. The chief point was the terrible sanitary condition. A committee was appointed to ask the United States Government to take action at once. This committee telegraphed to President Harrison, asking him to send out a sanitary commission immediately and warning him that unless prompt action was taken to remove dead bodies and animals from any stream in which the Conemaugh empties the water would be polluted and carry plague germs to the people. This would affect the country from Pittsburg to New Orleans. Like messages were sent to the Pensylvania Senators.

The London News on It.

LONDON, June 3.—The *Daily News*, discussing the danger of artificial lakes, says: "America, where everything is on a scale of vastness which we cannot experience, seems destined to suffer calamities of civilization, as it exhibits its triumphs, on the most colossal scale. The sympathy of the whole civilized world will be with the people of Pennsylvania in the saddest, most striking and most overwhelming misfortune that ever befell a people of the English race."

The other morning dailies refer to the disaster in a similar strain.

LIBERAL RESPONSES.

Many Cities Hold Public Meetings and Subscribe Handsome Sums.

Telegrams to THE APPEAL from various cities show the call for financial assistance for the flood sufferers is being nobly responded to:

Indianapolis sends $3,500; Kansas City, $1,500; Postmaster-General Wanamaker, $1,100; Postoffice Department, $1,000; Massachusetts Legislature, $10,000; Connecticut Legislature, $25,000; Philadelphia, $148,000; Bethlehem Iron Company, $5,000; New York Fourth National Bank, $1,000; Charleston, S. C., $500; Cincinnati, $10,000.

A CURIOUS STORY.

A Man Who Claims He Was Whipped by White Caps in Arkansas.

Special Dispatch to The Appeal.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 3.—Farmer J. H. Fryer, of Cypress Ridge, Monroe County, came to Little Rock today and tells a pitiful story of how he was treated recently by Arkansas regulators. His story is as follows: "I live in what is known as Cypress Ridge Township in Monroe County, about twelve miles from Brinkley. Last Monday night a mob called at my house and called me out. I did not respond as quick as they desired, and finally they broke open the door and said: 'Fryer, we want you.' My wife and little child were frightened almost to death. I remonstrated with the mob, but to no purpose, and they dragged me over my baby out of the house and took me a short distance. There I was stripped of my night clothes, tied to a tree and whipped until I was almost blind with pain. After they had severely whipped me I was cut loose and told to go home, but not until I was threatened with death if I breathed a word of being whipped."

Fryer says he recognized some of the men in the mob; one in particular, a negro. Fryer offered to strip and show how he had been lashed, but his crippled appearance removed all doubt that he was telling the truth about being whipped. He had an interview with the Governor, who has guaranted him protection.

"Was the first work of the regulators near your home?" asked the reporter.

"No; there was a negro taken out and whipped just as they did me about a month ago."

"How long have you been in Cypress Ridge?"

"About twelve years. I was born in Alabama and raised in Phillips County, Ark."

"Ain't you afraid to return home?"

"I am not going home. I am only going as far as Brinkley, and there I can communicate with my family. The distance home from there is only twelve miles. I will go to Brinkley tonight."

Alex. Whalen Released.

Special Dispatch to The Appeal.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 3.—Alexander Whaleys, who was sentenced to imprisonment in the Columbus (O.) penitentiary for five years for swindling the Government in a pension case, and who was released through the efforts of Gen. W. W. Dudley, of Indiana, his counsel, and was afterward rearrested by order of Judge Key, has at last been given his liberty. Judge Jackson held that Whaley could not be sent to prison for a longer term than three years. Judge Key subsequently ordered Whaley's arrest and released him on his own recognizance to appear July 6. The Judge afterward heard a motion to discharge Whaley and has sustained it. Whaley is therefore free once more.

A Victim of Unrequited Love.

Special Dispatch to The Appeal.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 3.—Rufus Davis, a well known young farmer of this county, committed suicide today by blowing his brains out with a double-barrelled shotgun. An unfortunate love affair is said to be the cause.

A Brakeman Killed.

Special Dispatch to The Appeal.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 3.—John Charleston, of Dresden, a brakeman on the Illinois Central Railroad, fell from a train near Sharon today and was killed. His mutilated remains were scattered along the track for a distance of 200 yards. The body was taken to Jackson for interment.

PARTISAN JURIES

For the Trial of the Election Cases

In the United States District Court at Little Rock, Ark.

Names of the Jurors Carefully Collated and Classified

By an Undoubted Authority, Who Makes the Discovery

That the Conviction of the Men Arrested Was a Foregone Conclusion With the Men Who Follow Powell Clayton.

From the Arkansas City Journal.

In their blind defense of the action of the Federal Court at Little Rock the Little Rock dailies have asserted, time and time again, that the charge that the juries were made up largely of Republicans was not true. They have satisfied themselves, however, by simply making the assertion, and have never, that we are aware of, given the public the names of those who composed the two juries. At any rate they have never given the politics of the different members of those juries. The records show the following gentlemen to have composed the Grand Jury, and investigation—careful investigation—shows their politics to be as indicated: Democrats: W. M. Watkins, of Desha County; Col. Wm. Stillwell, of Arkansas County; James T. Henderson, of Jackson County, and Thomas Fitzpatrick, of Desha County—four. Republicans: E. C. Kinney, foreman; R. W. Kannada, D. D. Cole, R. J. Rodgers, of White County; R. F. Taylor, of Searcy County; James Rodgers, O. N. Evans and James D. Statbaugh, of Van Buren County; A. G. Critchmer, of Woodruff County; M. Cook, J. Sneed, A. C. Heuff, of Lincoln County; Emanuel Jones, A. Valrath, J. C. Bliss, of Pulaski County, and E. B. McDonald, of Independence County—sixteen; politics unknown, E. B. Wigener, of Garland County. The first panel of Petit Jurors stood as follows: Democrats, G. B. Sykes, of Calhoun; J. E. Jordan, of Baxter; Lawrence Cook, of Desha; D. H. Womack, of Saline; W. G. Hardage, of Garland; J. Sharp, of Izard; E. P. Marks, of Cleveland; W. A. Mitchell, of Baxter; G. B. Fakes, of Woodruff, and W. J. Poe, of Grant—ten. Republicans—W. E. Clarke, of White; J. Carroll, Thos. Williams, J. J. Stobali and H. Mueller, of Van Buren; Artur Démand and F. W. Tucker, of Lawrence; M. A. Sanders and W. J. Smith, of Searcy; A. Perdew, of Union; C. K. Byrne and U. A. Jackson, of Chicot; W. B. Howard, of Clark; A. H. Sell, H. W. Wyls, B. D. Mussey and T. R. Kirsh, of Lincoln; W. L. D. Irving, G. C. Winn, W. W. Brashears, J. H. Battenfield, of Pope; W. L. Leonard, of Sharp; T. F. Harris, of Independence; C. R. Crouch and Lewis Welcher, of Desha; Geo. Ingram, W. C. Paine, S. K. Rowells, of Jefferson; R. O. Henderson, of Jackson; F. K. Feemster and J. R. Kelsey, of Faulkner, and James Brady, of Garland, thirty-two, eight of whom were negroes. The second list of Petit Jurors stood as follows: Democrats—T. J. Young, J. A. Martin, of Lonoke; J. N. Pierce, R. J. Edenington, of Bradley; A. Whittington and A. H. Gaines, of Garland; John Powers, of Pulaski; S. T. Morgan, of Cleveland; W. J. Westmoreland, R. M. Davis and Isaac Owens, of Jackson; J. P. Murphy, of Jefferson; J. D. Dean, of Ashley, and G. W. Smith, of Hot Springs—fourteen. Republicans, J. P. Jones, of Independence; W. T. Maddre, of Hot Springs; C. R. Johnson, of Cleveland; A. W. Smith, of Fulton; Leander West, of Van Buren; J. L. John, of Lincoln; Walker Crandall, of Arkansas; W. W. Hughey, of Bradley; W. R. Glouster, of Dallas, and A. S. Duke, of Drew—ten. This last panel upon its face looks fair enough, but when we take into consideration that nearly all of the Democrats who were summoned were business men and could not afford to leave home at a busy season of the year and thus failed to qualify, the trick is apparent. Of the fifteen Democrats only seven appeared and served as jurors, and of the ten Republicans eight appeared and served. It will be seen then that the Petit Jury as made up of the two panels stood forty Republicans and seventeen Democrats. The Republicans, for the most part, were rabid politicians—men whose principal occupation is chasing office, and who would rather send a Democrat to the penitentiary than to be guaranteed a home in the New Jerusalem. The work that was done by those juries was no more than could have been expected by juries so constituted. The miserable political prosecutions that they took such a prominent part in are a part of the history of Arkansas, and every citizen of the State ought to be ashamed that they are a part of it.

MERIDIAN BOARD OF TRADE.

The Annual Meeting Held—Gratifying Results.

Special Dispatch to The Appeal.

MERIDIAN, Miss., June 3.—The Meridian Board of Trade held its annual meeting today. The treasurer's report shows a flattering financial condition, and more than usual enthusiasm was manifested by the members. Trade for the past season, excepting in the produce line, has been satisfactory, but a recent cut in rates and a fair prospect of rates still lower gives a hopeful outlook for the coming season. By a change in the by-laws the president this year was chosen by the members instead of by the board of directors. Their choice was Mr. George T. Coleman, formerly of West Point, Miss., but now the popular President of the Melton Hardware Company. The choice gives most general satisfaction, and the coming year under his administration, it is believed, will be a prosperous one for the Exchange. The first vice-president is A. M. Threefoot, of Threefoot, Sons & Co., and the second vice-president is Henry Brooke, of Brooke & Co. The Board of Directors are J. S.