Daily St. Paul Globe.

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RUIN AND DESOLATION REIGN.

Fifteen Hundred Houses Swept From the Face of the Earth in the Ill-Fated City of Johnstown.

MAIN STREET PILED HIGH WITH DEBRIS.

Not a Stick of Timber or One Brick on Top of Another Left to Tell the Story in Places.

THE LOSS OF LIFE SIMPLY DREADFUL.

Most Conservative Calculators Place the Number of Dead Somewhere in the Neighborhood of Five Thousand.

THE AIR FILLED WITH SOBS AND SIGHS.

An Infuriated Crowd Hangs Two Men Who Cut Jewelry From the Fingers and Ears of Corpses.

FOUR OTHERS DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER.

Pitiful Story of a Woman Who Lost Her Husband, Seven Children and Their Little Home.

AN EVENT OF UNPARALLELED HORROR.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.—When Supt. Pitcairn telegraphed to Pittsburg Friday night that Johnstown was annihilated, he came very close to the facts of the case, although he had not seen the ill-fated city. To say that Johnstown is a wreck is but stating the facts of the case. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. Where long rows of dwelling houses and business blocks stood forty-eight hours ago, ruin and desolation now reign supreme. Probably 1,500 houses have been swept from the face of the earth as completely as if they had never been erected. Main street from end to end is piled fifteen and twenty feet high with debris, and in some instances it is as high as the roofs of the houses. This great mass of wreckage fills the streets

FROM CURB TO CURB

and frequently has crushed the fronts of buildings in and filled the space with reminders of the terrible calamity. There is probably not a man in the place who can give any reliable estimate of the number of houses that had been swept away. City Solicitor Kuhn, who should be very good authority in this matter, places the number at 1,500. From the woolen mill above the island to the bridge, a distance of probably two miles, a strip of territory nearly a half mile in width has been swept clean, not a stick of timber or one brick on top of another being left to tell the story. It is the most complete wreck that imagination could conceive. All day long men, women and children were plodding about the desolate waste trying in vain to locate the boundaries of their former homes. Nothing but a wide expanse of mud, ornamented here and there with heaps of drittwood, remained, however, for their contemplation. It is perfectly safe to say that every house in the city that was not located well up on the hillsides was either

SWEPT COMPLETELY AWAY

or wrecked so badly that rebuilding will be absolutely necessary. These losses, however, are nothing compared to the frightful sacrifices of precious human lives to be seen on every hand. During all this solemn Sunday, Johnstown has been drenched with the tears of stricken mortals, and the air is filled with sobs and sighs that came from breaking hearts. There are scenes enacted here every hour and every minute that affect all beholders profoundly. When brave men die in battle for country or for principle their loss can be reconciled to the stern destinies of life. When homes are torn asunder in an instant, and the loved ones hurled from the arms of loving and devoted mothers, then is an element of sadness connected with the tragedy which touches every heart. An utterly wretched woman named Mrs. Fenn stood by a muddy pool of water, trying to find some trace of a once happy home. She was half-crazed with grief, and her eyes were red and swollen. As the writer stepped to her side she raised her pale and haggard face and remarked: "They are all gone. Oh, God, be merciful to them. My husband and my seven

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN

have been swept down with the flood, and I am left alone. We were driven by the raging flood into the garret, but the water followed us there. Inch by inch it kept rising until our heads were crushing against the roof. It was death to remain, so I raised a window, and one by one placed my darlings on some driftwood, trusting to the great Creator. As I liberated the last one, my sweet little boy, he looked at me and said: 'Mamma, you always told me that the Lord would care for me; will He look after me now?' I saw him drift away with his loving face turned toward me, and with a prayer on my lips for his deliverance he passed from sight forever. The next moment the roof crashed in, and I floated outside, to be rescued fifteen hours later from the roof of a house in Kernville. If I could only find one of my darlings, I could bow to the will of God. But they are all gone. I have lost everything on earth but my life, and I will return to my old Virginia home and lay me down for my last great sleep."

A HANDSOME WOMAN,

with hair as black as a raven's wing, walked through the depot where a dozen or more bodies were awaiting burial. Passing from one to another, she finally lifted the paper covering from the face of a woman, young and with traces of beauty showing through the stains of muddy water. With a cry of anguish she reeled backward, to be caught by a rugged man who chanced to be passing. In a moment or so she had calmed herself sufficiently to take one more look at the features of her dead. She stood gazing at the unfortunate as if dumb. Finally turning away with another wild burst of grief, she said: "And her beautiful hair all matted and her sweet face so bruised and stained with mud and water." The dead woman was the sister of the mourner. The body was placed in a coffin and sent away to its narrow house. These incidents are but fair samples of the scenes familiar at every turn in this stricken city. The loss of life is simply dreadful. The most conservative people declare that the number will reach 5,000.

THE STREETS

have been full of men carrying bodies to various places, where they await identification, since morning, and the work has only just begun. Every hour or so the forces of men working on the various heaps of debris find numbers of bodies buried in the mud and wreckage. It is believed that when the flames are extinguished in the wreckage at the bridge, and the same is removed, hundreds and hundreds of victims will be discovered. In fact, this seems certain, as dozens of bodies have already been found on the outskirts of the huge mass of broken timbers. The reports from outside points are also appalling. Up to 9 o'clock to-night 180 bodies had been embalmed at Nineveh, and there is a report that 200 more have been discovered half-buried in the mud on an island between New Florence and the place named. At the Fourth ward school house over 100 victims have been laid out for identification. In many cases they have been recognized, while in many more the slabs bear the word "unknown." Shocking sights have become so common that they have lost their terrors, and the finding of a body here and there attracts little or no attention from the great crowds that constantly line the river banks and crowd all other accessible places. As this is being written hundreds and hundreds of homeless men, women and children are

SLEEPING ON THE HILLSIDES

under tents that were sent on from Pittsburg and other places about the country. The Pennsylvania railroad has succeeded in getting a track through to this city, and provisions enough to meet all immediate wants have arrived. Adjutant General Hastings is in charge of the police and the various relief corps, and he is doing good work for the sufferers. Those people who were not swept away or disabled are working earnestly for the revival of the stricken city, but it will take months of work to come anywhere near repairing the fearful damage, while it is about certain that the list of the lost will never be made complete. The supply of coffins sent in from Pittsburg and other points is so great that the relief committee telegraphed last evening not to send any more until ordered. No funds have yet been received from Philadelphia, but the authorities are confident that when telegraphic communications are restored they will get liberal contributions from that city. Dozens of smaller places have already sent in generous sums of money, and the people are encouraged to believe that all of their more pressing wants will be provided for. It will require several days yet to ascertain anything like a definite idea of the loss of life, but it will certainly reach up into the thousands. Every hour brings fresh evidence of the fact that the disaster eclipses anything of the kind in the history of the country, and no one can say what the final results will be.

NO EXAGGERATION.

The Story of the Disaster Not at All Overstated.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.—The situation here has not changed, and yesterday's estimates of the loss of life do not seem to be exaggerated. Six hundred bodies are now lying in Johnstown, and a large number have already been buried. Four immense relief trains arrived last night, and the survivors are being well cared for. A portion of the police force of Pittsburg and Allegheny are on duty, and better order is maintained than prevailed yesterday. Communication has been restored between Cambria City and Johnstown by a foot-bridge. The work of repairing the tracks between Sang Hollow and Johnstown is going on rapidly, and trains will possibly be running to-morrow morning. Not less than 15,000 strangers are here. The handsome brick high school building is damaged to such an extent that it will have to be rebuilt. The water attained the height of the window sills of the second floor. Its upper stories formed a refuge for many persons. All Saturday afternoon two little girls could be seen at the windows frantically calling for aid. They had spent all night and the day in the building,

CUT OFF FROM ALL AID,

without food and drinking water. Their condition was lamentable. Late in the evening the children were removed to higher ground and properly cared for. A number of persons had been taken from this building earlier in the day, but in the excitement the children were forgotten. Their names could not be obtained. Morrell institute was a beautiful building, and the old homestead of the Morrell family is totally ruined. The water has weakened the walls and foundations to such an extent that there is danger of its collapsing. Many families took refuge in this building and were saved. Now that the waters have receded, there is great danger from falling walls. All day long the crashing of walls could be heard across the river. Before daybreak this morning the sounds could not but make one shudder at the very thoughts of the horrible deaths that awaited many who had escaped the devastating flood. Library hall was another of the fine buildings of the many in the city that are destroyed. Of the Episcopal church not a vestige remains. Where it once stood there is now a placid lake. The parsonage is swept away, and the rector of the church, Rev. Dillon, was drowned. The church was one of the first buildings to fall. It carried with it several of the surrounding houses, many of them occupied. The victims were swept into the comparatively still waters at the bridge and there met death, either

BY FIRE OR WATER.

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent the night in Alma hall, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut street. He says he was in the house with his family when the waters struck it. All were carried away. Mr. Waiters' family drifted on a roof in another direction. He passed down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His dwelling struck that edifice and he was thrown into his own office. About 200 persons had taken refuge in the hall and were on the second, third and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew up some rules which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen president, Rev. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, Dr. Mathews of the fourth floor. No lights were allowed, and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for. The weaker women and children had the best accommodations that could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing. Heartrending shrieks, sobs and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children mingled with the

SUPPRESSED SOBS

of the women. Under the guardianship of the men all took more hope. No one slept during all the long, dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingling with the roar of the waters and shrieks of the dying in surrounding houses. In all this misery, two women gave premature birth to children. Dr. Matthews is a hero. Several of his ribs were crushed by falling timber and his pains were most severe, yet through all he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street shouted for help, he, with two brave young men, climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Rose Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs. Young had a leg broken. All of Mr. Walters' family were saved. This afternoon a spring wagon came slowly from the ruins in what was once Cambria. In it, on a board and covered by a muddy cloth, were the remains of Editor C. T. Schubert, of the Johnstown Free Press, a German. Behind the wagon walked his friend Benjamin Gribble. Editor Schubert was one of the most popular and well-known Germans in the city. Thursday he had sent his three sons to Conemaugh borough, and Friday afternoon he and his wife and six other children called at Mr. Gribble's residence. They noticed the rise of the water, but not until the flood from the burst dam washed the city did they anticipate danger. All fled from the first to the second floor; then, as the water rose, they went to the attic, and Mr. Schubert hastily

PREPARED A RAFT,

upon which all embarked. Just as the raft reached the bridge a heavy piece of timber raised from the water and swept the editor beneath the surface. The raft then glided through and all the rest were rescued. Mr. Schubert's remains were found this afternoon beneath a pile of broken timbers. This evening his coffin was carried to his widow and children at the house of a friend in Morrellville. A tour of the west bank of the river for a distance of two miles leaves the mind confused. There are not over a hundred bodies to be seen, but while a mass of people walked back and forth they were strangers. Not one person in ten that one meets was a resident of this vicinity. It leads to the belief that hundreds, perhaps thousands, are still buried in the mud and debris, burned in the awful furnace at the stone bridge, or lodged further down than the searchers have yet gone. That many are buried yet is also indicated by a fresh find every few hours, though no thorough search in the mud and debris is made. The work of getting the bodies together for easy identification began this afternoon. The central point was Morrellville. On Fairfield avenue is a large vacant lot belonging to Frank Lecky. At 5 o'clock this was almost entirely covered with coffins, while between them, and stooping over them, were

WEEPING MEN AND WOMEN.

Although the number was short of 100 at 5 o'clock, others will come in, and there is no telling what the total will be. In one rough box was a piece of paper with the words "Three children." To-night they were lifted out and all three placed in one coffin. The little bodies were almost naked and their faces bruised and cut. St. Marie's German Catholic church stands a quarter of a mile below the bridge. Its walls are standing, but inside it is filled with mixed broken benches and ruined images. In it were found the mangled body of P. Eldridge and the remains of several negroes. The distance to St. Columbia's Catholic church is half a mile. The streets to it are filled with broken houses, and people in those that were left standing were busy shoveling mud from the first floors. The scene at St. Columbia church was awful. Forty of fifty bodies had been carried into it and laid on the muddy seats. Lying in a row in this church were five children from two to six years old. No one had identified them this afternoon. Their little curls were matted with mud. Their nostrils were filled with sand, and their eyes often completely covered. No one had come to wash away the dirt from their tiny faces, nor blood stains from the awful cuts and bruises.

WHERE ARE THEIR PARENTS?

Across the aisle lay the massive frame of a Hungarian laborer. Strong men, as well as children, were the torrent's victims. The following identified dead are lying in the Fourth ward school house: F. Butler, James G. Cox, George Raudolf, Harry Barbour, James Murtha, Mrs. W. Jones, Robert Miller, Eller Brinky, S. D. Edridge, Mrs. Barbour, Jacob Wald, wife and child, Kate Lindhait, Robert Baldwin, C. McNally, Frank Dimond, William Penrod, P. McAuley, John Streiner, M. L. Davis, Mrs. Defrance, the two Misses Richards, Ella Harrington, Charles A. Marshall, John Reems, John Anderson, C. H. Wilson, M. Little, A. M. Jones, Misses Halton (three), C. R. Butler, Charles Wilson, John Andrews, John Burns, Mr. McCoy, Mrs. O'Connell. A number of other bodies are lying in the school house, but they are unidentified. There were many at work in the Lower Yoder Catholic cemetery and Grand View Protestant cemetery this afternoon digging trenches. The bodies that were exposed when the water began falling are in bad condition. Some have already been interred. In the haste and excitement no definite arrangements seem to have been made for funeral services. The only suggestion that could be obtained at Morrellville was that all the bodies would be buried and general memorial services held after the present suffering is alleviated.

TWO MEN LYNCHED

For Cutting Jewelry From Fingers and Ears of Corpses.

JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—At 8:30 o'clock this morning an old railroader, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platforms of stations at Curranville, and said: "Gentlemen, had I had a shotgun with me, half an hour ago, I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks, stealing the jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they held dear on earth." He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men, with looks of terrible determination written on their faces, were on their way to the scene of plunder, one with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In twenty minutes, so it is stated, they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears and fingers from the hands of two dead women. With a revolver leveled at the scoundrels, the leader of the posse shouted: "Throw up your hands, or I'll blow your heads off." With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were searched, and as their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds the indignation of the crowd intensified, and when a bloody finger of an infant, encircled with two tiny gold rings, was found among the plunder in the leader's pocket, a cry went up, "Lynch them, lynch them." Without a moment's delay, ropes were thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree, in the branches of which, an hour before, were entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the expiration of half an hour the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent actors in this tragedy of justifiable homicide.

A second case of attempted lynching was witnessed this evening near Kernville. The man was observed stealing baluable articles from the houses. He was seized by a mob. A rope was placed around his neck, and he was jerked up into the air. The rope was tied to a tree, and his would-be lynchers left him. Bystanders cut him down before he was dead. The other men did not interfere, and he was allowed to go. The man was so badly scared that he could not give his name if he wanted to. He hurried away as soon as he recovered his breath. He was not known by any one in the crowd. Ex-Mayor Chalmer Dick, of Johnstown, shot a man in Johnstown to-day for robbing a dead woman's body. The story related of Mr. Dick is that he saw the man go to the deod body of a woman and take off several rings she had on. He pulled out his revolver and fired. The bullet struck the man. He fell forward into the water, and his body was washed away by the current.

DRIVEN TO DEATH.

Awful Fate of Four Men Who Robbed the Dead.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.—The way of the transgressor in the desolated valley of the Conemaugh is hard indeed. Each hour reveals some new and horrible story of suffering and outrage, and every succeeding hour brings news of swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who have dared to desecrate the stiff and mangled corpses in the city of the dead and torture the already half-crazed victims of the cruelest of modern catastrophes. As the roads to the lands round about are opened, tales of almost indescribile horror come to light and deeds of the vilest, nature, perpetrated in the darkness of the night, are brought to light. Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth last evening, a party of thirteen Hungarians were noticed stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh toward Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose, several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit. Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their eagerness to secure the plunder, the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the finger upon which were the rings and started on a run with his fearful prize. The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were close at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed fight, but, being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river and to their death. The inhuman monster whose attrocious act has been described was among the number of the involuntary suicides.

DROWNED FROM A TRAIN.

Two Cars Swept Away by the Resistless Flood.

JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—In a talk with Conductor Bell, of the first section of the day express laid up at Conemaugh on the night of the disaster, he said:

"The first and second sections stopped side by side at Conemaugh Friday afternoon on account of the washout at Lilly's. The second was next to the hill; the first on the outside. Suddenly I saw what looked like a wall of water. It was thirty feet high. We barely had time to notify the passengers, and they nearly all fled up the hillside. One old man, who with his son returned for some reason, was drowned. Two cars went down in the current. I do not know how many were drowned. We saw two on top of the cars. The water set fire to a lot of lime and the fire caught two Pullman cars, which were destroyed, but no person was burned, all the passengers having left the train before the cars caught. There were about 100 persons on my section, which was made up of day coaches. After the mad rush the passengers went back to the cars, and later were cared for by the people of Conemaugh. Afterwards they were taken to Ebensburg. They expected to go East to Altoona this afternoon. Friends of those in the Chicago limited need feel no anxiety, as it was not in the flood at all."

Harry Rose, the popular district attorney for Cambria, is among the missing, and there is scarcely a doubt that he is among the lost. Many have been reported dead who are not. Col. John Linton and his family are saved. John M. Rose is not dead as reported, nor Col James McMillin. Rev. H. Chapman, also reported dead, is alive. These facts, circulated this afternoon, caused much joy. A squad of Battery B, under command of Lieut. Brown, the forerunners of the whole battery, arrived at the improvised telegraph office at 6:30 o'clock. He went at once to Adjt. Gen. Hastings and arranged for proper protection. Another dispensary, under Drs. Wakefield, of the Cambria Medical society: Stewart, of the Allegheny society, and Milligan, of the Westmoreland society, is doing good work. Dr. Milligan states that they treated 300 patients to-day. They are at Napoleon street in Kearnsville. No surgical instruments could be procured in the city until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Among the 300 patients the doctors have many with fractured skulls, and nearly all have broken bones. One man had a heavy iron bar driven

THROUGH HIS LEG

beneath the knee, separating the two bones. A thigh amputation was made. A woman had her knee and the lower part of her limb crushed out of all shape. A thigh amputation was necessary. Dr. Milligan reported at 6 p. m. that seventy-six bodies had been taken out at Kearnsville and eighty-five above the silk works. Chief Evans, of the Pittsburg fire department, arrived this evening with Engines Nos. 2 and 15 and several hose carts with a full complement of men. A large number of Pittsburg physicians came on the same train. Mr. Crouse, proprietor of the South Fork Fishing Club hotel, came to Johnstown this afternoon. He says that when the dam of Conemaugh lake broke the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground. It bounded down the valley crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it. For a mile its front seemed like a solid wall twenty feet high. The warning given the stricken city was sent from South Fork village by Freight Agent Dechert. When the great wall that held the body of water began to crumble at the top he sent a message begging the people of Johnstown for God's sake to take to the hills. He reports no serious accidents at South Fork. Richard Davis ran to Prospect hill when the water raised. As to Mr. Dechert's message, he says just such have been sent down at each flood since the lake was made. The warning had been given so often that little attention was paid to it this time.

"I cannot describe the mad rush," he said. "At first it looked like dust. That must have been the spray. I could see houses going down before it like a child's play blocks set on edge in a row. As it came nearer I could see houses totter for a moment, then rise, and the next moment be crushed like eggshells against each other." Mrs. James Davis, her two daughters and a son can nowhere be found. At Woodvale there was a row of brick tenement houses 120 feet long, and three stories high. It stood broadside to the current. A few tenants fled, but many went to their attics to watch the flood. To-day, scarcely the foondation of the row of brick houses can be found. Supt. Kirtland, of the West Penn railroad, arrived at 6:30 with a carload of provisions from Blairsville.

WITH A RUSH AND ROAR.

The Death-Dealing Flood Described by an Eye Witness.

JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—It is impossible to describe the appearance of Main street. Whole houses have been swept down this one street and become lodged. The wreck is piled as high as the second story windows. The reporter could step from the wreck into the auditorium af the opera house. The ruins consist of parts of houses, trees, saw logs and reels from the wire factory. Many houses have their side walls and roofs torn up, and you can walk directly into what had been second-story bedrooms, or go in by way of the top. Further up town a raft of logs lodged in the street and great damage was done. The best description that can be given of the general appearance of the wrick is to imagine a number of children's blocks placed closely together and then draw your hand through them in almost every direction. At the commencement of the wreckage, which is at the opening of the valley of the Conemaugh, one can look up the valley for miles and not see a house. Nothing stands but an old woolen mill. Charles Luther is the name of the boy who stood on an adjacent elevation and saw the whole flood. He said he heard a grinding noise far up the valley, and looking up he could see a dark line moving slowly toward him. He saw that it was houses. On they came, like the hand of a giant clearing off his table. High in the air would be tossed a log or beam, which fell back with a crash. Down the valley it moved sedately and across the little mountain city. For ten minutes nothing but moving houses was seen, and then the waters came with a roar and a rush. This lasted for two hours, and then it cegan to flow more steadily. The pillaging of the houses in Johnstown is something awful to contemplate and describe. It makes one feel almost ashamed to call himself a man and know that others who bear the same name have converted themselves into human vultures, preying on the dead. Men are carrying shotguns and revolvers, and woe betide the stranger who looks even suspiciously at any article. Goods of great value were being sold in town today for a drink of whisky. A supply store has been established in the Fourth ward in Johnstown. A line of men, women and children, extending for a square, waited patiently to have their wants supplied.

KEEP THE CROWD AWAY.

A Request That the Morbidly Curious Remain Away.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.—A prominent member of the Johnstown safety committee said to a Post reporter this evening:

"For God's sake tell them at Pittsburg to stop the rush of sight-seers to this stricken locality. There is enough here to last for weeks, and the morbid curiosity of those people can just as well be gratified later as now. The crowds of curious have greatly embarrassed us to-day. The authorities must stop it."

Gen. Hastings' headquarters are at the Pennsylvania railroad depot. A supply depot has been established at this point, and many needy people are being relieved. Bodies that are dug out of the flat lie in the station until a coffin can be obtained. They are buried unidentified on Prospect hill. James McMillan, vice president of the Cambria Iron works, was met this afternoon. He is completely unnerved by the terrible disaster. In a conversation he said:

"I do not know what our loss is. I cannot even estimate, as I have not the faintest idea what it may be. The upper mill is a total wreck—damaged beyond all repairs. The lower mill is damaged to such an extent that all the machinery and buildings are useless. The mills will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can must report at the mill to-morrow to commence cleaning up. I do not think that the building is insured against a flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again."

Estimates of the losses of the Cambria Iron company give them from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000. But little of this can be recovered. A slide, a series of frightful tosses from side to side, a run, and you had crossed the narrow rope bridge which

SPANNED THE CHASM

dug by the waters between the stone bridge and Johnstown. Crossing the bridge was an exciting task. Yet many women accomplish it rather than remain in Johnstown. The bridge pitched like a ship in a storm. Within two inches of your feet rushed the muddy waters of the Conemaugh. There were no ropes to easily guide, and creeping was more convenient than walking. One had to cross the Conemaugh at a second point in order to reach Johnstown proper. This was accomplished by a skiff ferry. The ferryman clung to a rope and pulled the load over. After landing, one walks across a desolate sea of mud, in which there is interred the remains of many human bodies. It was once the handsomest portion of the town. The cellars are filled with mud so that a person who has never seen the city can hardly imagine that houses ever stood where they did. Four streets solidly built up with houses have been swept away. Nothing but a small two-story frame house remains. It was near the edge of the wave, and the house escaped. One side was taken up and it hangs to one side, making a picture of misery. The walk up to the wrecks of houses was interrupted in many places by small branch streams. Occasionally across the flats could be seen the remains of a victim. The stench from the mud is sickening to an extreme degree. Along the route were strewn utensils, pieces of machinery, iron pipes, and every conceivable kind of stores. In the midst of the wreck a clothing dummy with a hand in position of beckoning to a person stands erect and uninjured. The artist had succeeded in outlining a distorted grin, but it now had a smile of fiendish mockery.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURG.

The Smoky City's Streets Crowded With Anxious People.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 2.—The usually quiet streets of Pittsburg on Sunday were to-day alive with excited people eagerly seeking news from flood-destroyed Johnstown. In front of the newspaper bulletins the crowds were so dense as to almost entirely suspend travel, and each new poster was read with an interest that to many was more than mere curiosity. Telegraph offices were thronged with people trying in vain to receive some word from friends and relatives in the stricken city. When the wires started working to Johnstown this morning there were on file at the Western Union office 1,000 telegraphic inquiries from all parts of the continent for friends and relatives. Of these, how few will ever be answered! Early in the morning seven carloads of provisions left the union depot for Johnstown on a special train. Many cars loaded with provisions, bedding, etc., are arriving from points west, north and south, and are being rapidly forwarded to the scene of disaster. A scene of activity was presented at the chamber of commerce this morning. A number of gentlemen of the relief committee were present receiving telegrams, official and private from towns and cities in this and other states, receiving contributions of money from churches and individuals, and answering questions for those who came to seek information. A special train conveying two fire engines and hose carriages, with a full quota of firemen, left here about noon for Johnstown. Twenty-eight policemen of the Pittsburg force accompanied them, under the command of Inspector McAleere.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE A MORGUE

Where the Bodies Are Being Laid Out for Burial.

JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—The schoolhouse has been converted into a morgue and the dead are being buried from this place. A hospital has been opened near by and is full of patients. One of the victims, —Thompson, was removed

Continued on Fourth Page.

RAGING RIVERS.

Streams in the Atlantic States Overflow and Cause Immense Damage.

The Potomac at Washington a Seething Torrent--The Loss a Million.

Water Flows in the Capital's Streets--Potomac Flats Flooded.

The James and Appomattox Rivers Submerge Richmond and Petersburg.

Many Cities and Villages in New York Suffer From Freshets.

Citizens of Elmira Forced to Go About Their Business in Boats.

Thirteen Persons Drowned at Corning--Railways Suffer Seriously.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The rise of the Potomac river and the flooding of the city have attracted attention, locally, from the Johnstown horror. When morning broke the water had formed a big branch running through Pennsylvania avenue, and the high ground on which the Smithsonian institute, the agricultural department building and the bureau of engraving and printing are situated. It was reported that a colored man had been drowned in the deep water near the Baltimore & Potomac station on Sixth street. He was heard calling for assistance at 3 o'clock, and those who set out to rescue him could not find him. It was believed he was intoxicated and that he had fallen into the deep water and drowned. At daybreak the water had flooded Pennsylvanic avenue in several places and it was still rising. The cellars of all the stores on both sides of the lower part of the avenue and the streets were flooded, and a great deal of damage was done to personal property. The first street car that started across from the south to the north side of the city plowed its way through several feet of water, and the passengers were obliged to stand on the backs of the seats to protect their feet and legs. The cars running up and down the avenue continued to plow through the water all day. Highwater mark was reached about noon. From that time the water receded gradually. The point reached by the flood was three feet six inches higher than the highest recorded flood mark. All Washington was driving up and down the river this afternoon. The president came out for a time in the White house carriage, accompanied by Mr. McKee and "Baby" McKee, and drove around the circle behind the White house where the water was not very deep.

Boats plied along the avenue near the Pennsylvania railroad station and through the streets of South Washington all day. A carp two feet long was caught in the ladies' room at the Baltimore & Potomac station, and several others were caught in the streets by boys. These fish came from the government fish pond, the waters of the Potomac having covered the pond and allowed them to escape. Along the river front the usually calm, peaceful Potomac was a wide, roaring turbulent stream of dirty water, rushing madly onward, and bearing on its swift-moving surface all kinds of debris. The stream was nearly twice its normal width and flowed six feet and more deep through the streets along the river front, submerging wharves, manufacturing establishments and lapping the second stories of mills, boat houses and fertilizing works in Georgetown. Further down stream it completely flooded the Potomac flats, which the goverment had raised at great expense to a height at most parts of four and five feet, and inundated the abodes of the poor negro squatters who had built their frame shanties along the river's edge. The rising of the waters has eclipsed the high water mark of 1877. The loss will be enormous. Some place it at a million of dollars, but no reliable figures can be given until the water subsides and allows property owners to examine their buildings. The city has been shut off from communication with the West and South for two days, and there will be a scarcity of milk and other supplies until the roads are repaired sufficiently to allow railroad trains and wagons to enter the city. On Louisiana avenue the produce and commission houses are located. Saturday night the water soon invaded the center market, and late buyers were compelled to utilize boats to secure their Sunday dinners. At Point of Rocks the Potomac overflowed into the Chesapeake & Ohio canal, and the two became one. It broke open the canal in many places, and, lifting barges up, shot them down stream at a rapid gait. Trunks of trees, immense rafters, small houses and other debris were torn from their places and swept onward. Below the aqueduct bridge as far as Rock creek the river bank is lined with business places of all descriptions, including coal dumps, warehouses, fertilizing manufacturies, cement works, boat houses and mills. Owners of these places worked hard to save their property, and succeeded to a considerable extent, but the waters gained on them so rapidly they were forced to desist before they had accomplished all that they desired.

At 3 o'clock the water began falling. This will continue, as the reports received by the signal office say that both the Shenandoah and Potomac were falling rapidly. A large quantity of mail has stacked up in the city postoffice awaiting the starting of trains. At a late hour to-night it was reported that two of the long bridges had given away, but the rumor lacks verification.

VIOLENT IN VIRGINIA.

The James and Appomattox on a Big Rampage.

RICHMOND, Va., June 2.—James river is on a big rampage, and Richmond is almost as completely isolated from the outside world as she was during some portions of the war. Apprehensions of a freshet equal to that of 1870 and 1887 proved to be well founded. On all railroads there have been serious washouts and damage. The lower portion of the city is completely submerged. Boatmen have been doing a thriving business for two days traversing the streets.

PETERSBURG, Va., June 2.—It is nearly forty years since Petersburg had its last big flood. It occurred on March 9, 1851, but it was nothing in comparison with what has been experienced yesterday and to-day. The violent rains sent the Appomattox on a boom. The earliest damage was from the bursting of the receiving reservoir at the water works. The whole lower part of the city is under water. Every bridge but one spanning the river, including the Atlantic Coast line trestle, is swept away, and all railroad communication North and south is suspended, and probably will remain so for a day or two. No accurate statement of the loss by the flood can be made, but it is not exaggerated if placed at $100,000.

CHARLOTTSVILLE, Va., June 2.—The streams have overflowed, and the railroads leading into the city are greatly damaged. The first train since Thursday came through on the Chesapeake & Ohio to-day.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., June 2.—The floods have damaged the canal very seriously, and many bridges have been swept away.

ROUGH ON RAILROADS.

Tracks Torn Up for Miles by the Flood.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 2.—Not a train has passed over the Western division of the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad to-day. From Wellsville to Almond, a distance of twenty-three miles, the road winds along the banks of the Genesee river. Big washouts have occurred at Elm Valley, Tiptop, Alfred and Almond. The big iron bridge at Belvidere is reported to have collapsed. About thirty culverts and small bridges have also gone out. No train will pass over the road until Monday or Tuesday. On the Bradford division three miles of track between Irving's mills and Carrollton is under two feet of water, and the big iron bridge spanning the Allegheny is weakened and may give out. Not in twenty-one years has the Allegheny river run so high. The towns of Limestone, Tuna and Carrollton are submerged. The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg, the Philadelphia & Erie, and the New York, Lake Erie & Western suffered heavy washouts and lost miles of track at Clarion Junction and Johnsonburg. No trains are running on the Rochester division of the Western New York & Pennsylvania. Nearly all the trains out of Bradford have been abandoned. About 2,000,000 feet of logs went out at Weston's mills on the Allegheny this morning, and other big booms also broke loose. At Portage the flood is unprecedented. At Friendship a large brick house toppled over into the flood.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 2.—The maximum height attained by the Susquehanna river was 27 feet 1 inch above low water mark, 26 inches above the point reached by the biggest flood on record before. Five hundred families were compelled to vacate their houses in this city and Steelton. At the latter place Mrs. Holstein and child, William Strange and another man were drowned.

STILL RISING.

Dangerous Stage of Water in Many Localities.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 2.—The Susquehanna at Columbia is still slowly rising. An enormous quantity of boom logs have gone down the river and are now gorged at Turkey Hill, below Columbia. The Pennsylvania railroad bridge, it is believed, however, is in no immediate peril. At Marietta all of Front street is under water, and the Pennsylvania railroad bridge at Chickies is under four feet of water. The Pennsylvania canal, above Columbia, is greatly damaged, and all the rolling mills and planing mills are submerged. Serious danger is threatened at Washington borough. Two men passed Columbia on a raft this morning and were carried over the dam, and are believed to have been drowned. The lumber yards at Marietta are all swept away. The latest advices are to the effect that a big flood and much higher water may be expected to-night.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 2.—The lumber yards at Marietta have all been swept away. The Susquehanna is still rising. Marietta's streets are flooded, and all the rolling and all the planing mills are partly submerged. Two men on a raft were carried over the dam at Columbia to-day and drowned. The Pennsylvania canal at Columbia is badly damaged. The Pennsylvania railroad bridge is still intact. A great quantity of logs has passed the bridge and are gorged at Turkey hill, below the town.

THIRTEEN LIVES LOST.

Awful Results at Elmira and Corning, N. Y.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 2.—The water here last night was from a foot to a foot and a half higher than ever before known. This afternoon two bodies floated down the river. A roof upon which three persons were clinging is said to have passed by the city last night. The body of a female baby was washed ashore in the lower portion of the city this afternoon. Last night the Erie railway bridge was anchored in its place by two trains of loaded freight cars. The water rose to the cars, which with the bridge acted as a dam and forced the water back through the city on the north side of the Chemung river, where the principal business houses are located. The water covered the streets to a depth of two or three feet, and the basements of the stores were quickly flooded, causing thousands of dollars damage. The only possible way of entering the Rathbone house, the principal hotel of the city, was by boats, which were rowed directly into the hotel office. On the south side of the river the waters were held in check for several hours by the ten-foot railroad embankment, but hundreds of families were driven into the upper stories of their houses. Late in the evening 2,000 feet of the embankment was forced away, and the water carried the railroad tracks and everything else before it. An extensive lumber yard in the path of the rushing water was swept away. Many horses were drowned, and the people living on the flats were rescued with great difficulty by the police and firemen. The Erie passenger train, which had been here since yesterday morning, went West to Buffalo late this afternoon over the Lackawanna road. On the Big Flats, twelve miles west of here, three miles of track were washed away, and at Corning the big iron bridge across the river is gone. The Erie Express No. 1, that arrived here yesterday afternoon, is held here by the flood. Part of the Delaware, Lackawana & Western road bridge across the river at Waverly is gone and the road uses the Erie track from here to Binghampton. On the Northern Central branch of the Pennsylvania system, the West bound express train that left here Friday night is stalled between Mennequa and Canton. There are great washouts each side of the track, and railroad men say the road will not be open for a week. The damage to property in this city and vicinity is estimated at half a million dollars. The crops throughout the Chemung valley are almost totally destroyed. The Conesque valley is also reported to have suffered terribly. The

Continued on Eighth Page.