DELEGATES EN ROUTE.

Men With Votes Stop Over in Chicago and Talk a Bit.

A Kentucky Harrison Man Tries to Knock Out a Chicagoan.

Buckeye Delegation About Evenly Divided Between the Candidates.

An Indianapolis Man Says Elaine Cannot Carry Indiana.

CHICAGO, June 5.—Large crowds of Republicans continue to arrive on their way to the Minneapolis convention. The hotel rotundas and corridors are filled with politicians of all grades, the sole topic of conversation being the Blaine resignation and its effect upon the convention. Speculation is as varied as the opinions are different. Notwithstanding that it is generally conceded that his resignation places Blaine to the fore, the Harrisan men hold tenaciously to their candidate. An exciting incident occurred in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific this afternoon. It was when white-haired Col. Horace Scott, a Kentucky delegate from Louisville, made a lunge at a local politician, and was only saved by his friends from a personal encounter in which he must certainly have come off the worse for the wear. The colonel and the politician began a discussion of the worth of the two leading Republican lights, Col. Scott arguing for Harrison. The debate grew exceedingly warm, the Southerner entering into it with remarkable fervor even for a Kentuckian.

"Oh, you'll think differently when you get sober. You'll be for Blaine then," suddenly exclaimed the Chicagoan.

"By the gods, sir, I'll fix you," said the colonel, and his right arm shot out for the face of his opponent in debate. The fist fell short, and by that time half a dozen spectators had hold of the fiery Kentuckian. He could not strike, but he could talk, and he did with considerable emphasis for some minutes. The Chicagoan walked away, but returned some time later, after the colonel had cooled off, and begged the latter's pardon. The apology was gracefully received, but Col. Scott added:

"I want you to understand I am for Harrison, though I'll vote for the nominee of my party."

Early in the afternoon a few members of the Cincinnati Blaine club created considerable excitement by appearing with their hands filled with waving pampas plumes and wheat heads. "American wheat and protection," "The Plumed Knight" was the cry, and the crowd took it up. After that plumes and wheat heads were plenty, and in an hour many a finely-dressed gentleman looked like a farmer or a feather renovator.

Alger had a little boom early in the day on the arrival of a delegation of prominent lumbermen from Saginaw. The Cincinnati Blaine Glee club were at the Grand Pacific, and made the corridors ring with their songs. One of them, "Blaine Is the Man," took exceedingly well until some one looked over the shoulder of one of the singers and saw that the words were written, "Harrison Is the Man." He announced the result of his peep, and the yell that went up drowned the singers' voices.

"I don't think Blaine's resignation affects Harrison's chances in the least," said James R. Henry, of Indianapolis, who at the last state convention made the race for the nomination as state treasurer. "I think Blaine's chances in Indiana, if he be nominated, will be fully as good as they were the last time he ran. Cleveland then beat him by 7,000 in the state. His chances will be no better this time."

"What do you consider the prospects of a dark horse?"

"Good; exceedingly good, and if Harrison cannot get it I hope the dark horse will. Our delegates would swing to McKinley, of course."

"I shall vote for Harrison," said R. B. Hawley, of Galveston, Tex., at the Grand Pacific. "Furthermore, I shall not countenance any dark horse. If Mr. Harrison is not to be a candidate, I shall vote for Mr. Blaine."

"How does your delegation stand?"

"The delegation, in my judgment, will be largely for Harrison."

J. B. Smith, editor of the Toledo Commercial, is a Harrison man.

"Our state delegation," he said, "is divided as follows: Blaine 20, Harrison 36. I believe Harrison can carry the pivotal states, particularly New York and Indiana. Ohio, I believe, will vote for either Harrison or Blaine."

The Connecticut delegation, consisting of the twelve delegates, twelve alternates and about as many others, arrived in the city about 4 o'clock over the Michigan Central, and stayed over only a few hours. A majority of the delegates, according to Thomas Wallace, of Ansonia, are for Blaine. Gov. Bulkley is at the head of the delegation, and is for Blaine.

One of the strongest Harrison men in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific today was B. Wilson Smith, postmaster of Lafayette, Ind. Mr. Smith thinks the only salvation of the party is Harrison.

"It is astonishing," he said, "how many Harrison votes have been made in Lafayette since 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the news of Blaine's resignation reached there."

VIEWED BY A PAIR.

Mr. Platt and Mr. Depew Each Indite a Letter.

NEW YORK, June 5.—The World prints these two interesting letters from Minneapolis:

The resignation of Mr. Blaine from the cabinet practically disposes of the general question involved in this convention. The only serious embarrassment there has been in the case was the doubt or fear that Mr. Blaine would accept if nominated. No one now can doubt for a minute that Mr. Blaine will heed the voice of the Republicans of the great nation and become their standard bearer. With this fact settled, the result of the next week's convention is easy. Mr. Blaine is not a candidate and his resignation does not change his status in that respect. However, I have never doubted that Mr. Blaine would accept if nominated. He is too good a Republican, and too much of a patriot to refuse to head the almost universal demand of his party that he should lead them to victory this year. No accusation of bad faith or double-dealing can be made against Mr. Blaine. His letter of withdrawal was written before the election of any of the delegates to this convention. The president had a clear field, and the majority of the delegates elected to Minneapolis were opposed to the nomination of Mr. Harrison on the ground of unavailability. Mr. Blaine is simply yielding to the overwhelming sentiment of the Republican party. T. C. PLATT.

As Viewed by Depew.

Mr. Blaine's resignation puts the Republican party in a crisis on the eve of battle. The gentlemen who are now pressing Mr. Blaine say that it means that he enters the field as an active contestant for the presidential nomination. Of course the country will at first accept it. The majority of the lifelong friends of Mr. Blaine accepted his letter to Clarkson, and decided that it was best for the party to renominate President Harrison; that the coming fight must be fought on the record of the present administration, and, with Mr. Blaine out, the chief of that administration should be the Republican standard bearer. We believe that if Ben Harrison is nominated he will carry all the states he carried before and some others. Gen. Garfield carried New York in 1880. It was never carried for our party again at any other election, except that of 1887, until Benjamin Harrison won it in 1888, and we believe he is able to carry it again in 1892. An administration which has been unusually successful in its home and foreign policy, makes our chief stronger than he was four years ago. The more the delegates, whose judgment led them to declare for Mr. Harrison after Mr. Blaine's retirement as a candidate, study the situation, the firmer is the conviction of his strength before the country.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

McKinley Says It's Ben or Jim on the First.

NEW YORK, June 5.—A Columbus dispatch says: Gov. McKinley was seen last evening just before he started for Minneapolis. He was asked what effect Mr. Blaine's resignation would have on the presidential situation.

"Oh, there can now no longer be any doubt about Blaine's position. His resignation makes him a candidate, I take it. The public, as well as the convention, will certainly so construe it."

"Who will be nominated, governor?"

"Well, in my opinion this matter will soon be settled. At this distance from the convention it is hard to say. But as there will only be two candidates presented, Harrison and Blaine, one of these two will certainly be nominated on the first ballot. It could not be otherwise."

"But, governor, the newspapers say that Alger will be placed in nomination."

"I had not heard of that," said McKinley. "I am for Harrison and have been all along. All the newspapers have quoted me correctly in that."

"How does the Ohio delegation stand?"

"A majority for the president. I am unable to give the figures, but when the first ballot is taken I believe it will be harmonious at Minneapolis, and the nominee will be elected."

THE OREGON ELECTION.

Minneapolis Delegates Will Whoop Over This.

PORTLAND, Or., June 5.—An election will be held in this state tomorrow for two congressmen, a judge of the supreme court, an attorney general and members of the legislature. A canvass of the congressional candidates has been made chiefly on the tariff issue. The coinage question has been left in the background, save in Baker county, where it is thought that the free silver vote will go to the People's party candidate, as there is no material difference between the platforms of the Republicans and Democrats on the point. In 1890 the Republican plurality for congressman was 10,000, but these figures are likely to be reduced materially, owing to the large vote which it is expected will be cast by the People's party. Chairman Boise, of the Republican state central committee, claims that the Republican plurality in the state will be 7,500. It is estimated the People's party will poll 12,000 votes. Conservative Democrats claim nothing except the attorney general.

BOLTS BLAINE.

A Republican Ex-Supreme Judge Announces His Purpose to This Effect.

Special to the Globe.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., June 5.—Hon. R. L. Berkshire, ex-judge of the supreme court, the original Harrison delegate of 1888 and the law partner of United States District Attorney Sturgiss, publicly told a number of Republicans last night he would not vote for Blaine in case of his nomination. Judge Berkshire is truthful and popular.

Enthusiastic Iowans.

DES MOINES, Io., June 5.—The Iowa Republican club, with 250 men and a band of fifty pieces, left here tonight for Minneapolis. A large number of the alternate delegates accompanied the club. Ten thousand people were at the depot to witness the start and great enthusiasm prevailed in spite of Sunday.

Northern Pacific Railroad

Offers Republican convention rates, June 7 to 13 inclusive, to points east of Montana. Tickets on sale at 162 East Third street, St. Paul, and 19 Nicollet house block, Minneapolis.

DANGER IN MEAT DIET.

Lime Water or the Alkalines Should Be Used With the Flesh Pots.

The evils of a meat diet are being appreciated by many high livers in cities, and these are being counteracted partly by the wealthy in adding more fruits and vegetables to their tables during the winter, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The cheapness of meat and a peculiar craving which the system seems to have for meat, have gradually made it common for city people to live almost entirely off meat in the winter months. Meat is eaten three times a day, and the excessive use of such a diet is that rheumatic and gout temperaments are on the increase, and they are largely due to the excessive use of meat.

Lime water counteracts the evils of this diet to a large extent. Alkaline waters of all kinds have a tendency to act as a dilutent, and hence they are beneficial to persons addicted to a heavy meat diet. Lime water has a tendency to make children grow, and in countries where the drinking water is impregnated with it, the men are apt to be tall. It is now used very extensively in the milk for children, but it should not be restricted to children, for in the meat-eating generation men need it, too. For a perfect sanitary diet, alkaline water is needed for every person who eats heavily of meat, and this means nearly everybody except the vegetarians.

Stop-Over Privileges

Allowed on the Northern Pacific Railroad, the "Dining Car Route," to visit Yellowstone National Park during the session of the supreme lodge of the A. O. U. W. at Helena. Tickets on sale June 7 to June 14 inclusive, at 162 East Third street, St. Paul, and 19 Nicollet house block, Minneapolis.

Gone to Sorrowing Homes.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The Associated Press bulletin was the first intimation that the Pennsylvania delegates, who arrived here today en route to Minneapolis, had of the terrible disaster at Oil City and Titusville, and the devastation caused by the storm in the surrounding country. P. C. Boyle, proprietor of the Oil City Derrick; Thomas Simpson, George Lewis and J. M. Perine have left the delegation here and will return home tonight.

Reduced Rates to Washington via B. & O. R. R.

Delegates to the convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy, to be held at Washington, June 13 to 17, can secure reduced rates for the transportation of themselves and families upon application to Ticket Agents of B. & O. R. R. Co. The round trip fare from Chicago will be $23.20, and correspondingly low from all other points on the line. For information in detail write to L. S. Allen, Assistant General Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R., Rookery Building, Chicago.

Drowned From a Wagon.

VASSAR, Mich., June 5.—Robert Wilson and his seven-year-old son, John Mackie and a stranger attempted to cross the Old Gass river ford north of here yesterday in a wagon. When about the center of the river, the water carried the wagon box down stream and Mr. Mackie and the boy were drowned.

BATH OF BEAUTY

Baby blemishes, pimples, red, rough hands, and falling hair prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. Only cure for pimples because only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores. Sold everywhere.

APPALLING DISASTER

Continued From First Page.

with almost as great fury as when the first tidal wave broke over the confines of the usually small streams. Brave men, with ropes tied about their waists, are breasting the terrible current, rescuing the unfortunates, who from last midnight until now have patiently awaited their turn. A little-four-year-old boy, just brought to shore from the wreck of a handsome residence, was placed in the hands of friends. When asked where his parents were, he replied with a sob: "Papa and mama 'bot' drowned." The people do not realize the enormity of the calamity. It is too full of horror to be grasped. Fully seventy-five people are yet unaccounted for. It is an impossibility, however, to give at this time accurate figures of the loss of life. Fully 2,000 people witnessed five strong men perish together. Holding to a piece of timber, they were struggling with the flood, and just as they reached the bank a neighboring oil tank exploded, the river of burning oil enveloped them, and death came almost instantly. About midnight Saturday historical Oil creek began suddenly to rise. Heavy and almost incessant rains have been prevalent throughout this entire section for the past six weeks. This, however, does not seem to have been the cause of the sudden rise in Oil creek, although at first was thought to be the cause. Late reports say that the

Huge Mill Dam

owned by Thompson & Eldred, and located at the little town of Spartansburg, seven miles above, suddenly burst. The wave was a mile and a half in length and a quarter mile wide, and many feet deep. This great body suddenly let loose, made of the valley, in the course of a few brief moments, a regular inland sea. This sudden avalanche of water, descending when most of the inhabitants were sleeping, completely and at once shut them off from the higher portions of the city. Notwithstanding this state of affairs the danger to the city was underrated, no one having the slightest idea that the flood was as dangerous as it was. All this was soon augmented by fire. At 2 o'clock this morning, immediately following the terrific explosions which shook the city to the center, a great flame went up from the Crescent foundry, owned by John Schwartz & Co. A second look showed the entire plant to be one vast sheet of solid flame, the light from which illuminated a full half-mile of surrounding blackness, and showed to the assembled and

Horrified Spectators

the full extent of the great calamity that had befallen their beautiful city. The tongues of flame shooting 200 feet and more straight into the heavens, the shrieks and agonizing cries of the helpless beings cazed in their dwellings like rats in a trap in the middle of that rushing and mighty water, and within the shadow of death by burning oil that threatened to engulf them, the shrill cry of a hundred steam whistles, the clanging of fire bells, the clattering of hose carts and hook and ladder through the streets, the roar, rush and rumble of the huge body of water and sky-piercing flames, all went to strike terror to the strongest heart. The people, in their eager haste to get to some place out of the danger, they knew not where, in many cases rushed pell mell over each other, and scores were injured by being knocked down and trampled on. Oil creek, now swollen to 500 times its natural size and reaching from one hillside to the other, presented an appalling picture. Floating swiftly by on its bosom were all sorts, manners and kinds of animate and inanimate objects, houses, barns, horses, cows, chickens, everything almost, being borne onward with a rush.

AN APPALLING SIGHT.

Names of the Victims Found up to Midnight.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 5.—At midnight searchers are still finding bodies. The following bodies have been recovered and are in improvised morgues:

Wm. Atkin and his two sons, Frank and Edward, Mrs. Briggs and three daughters, John O'Leary and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hawks and daughter, Frank and William Hassenfritz, Mathew Lyons, wife and two children, Frank Plank, William Shafer, William Fergiviller, James Rogers, James Haskins, William Waite, John Roach, Daniel Sullivan, Frank Goodrich, Edward Kesting, Charles Miller, John Sieck, John Rambo, Humphrey Stewart, William Stewart, Harry Holmes, William Malone, Frank Watson, William Baker, W. L. Daugherty, Frank Watson.

There are fifteen bodies at the undertaking rooms of Britting, McCracken & Co., twenty-five at city hall, and a number were taken to their homes. There is still a number of persons missing.

The number of houses burned in all parts of the town reaches nearly 200. The list of the dead cannot be reached accurately, but will probably reach fifty or sixty. It is utterly impossible to send accurate information at this hour. Men reported dead appear on the streets, and in the hurry and confusion not much accuracy can be maintained. As soon as the immediate danger was over and the people became cooler, the work of rescue was immediately begun. Great uneasiness at this writing is felt, as there is danger from oil tanks which are burning above the town. If they do there is great fear of the fire being repeated. The militia has been called out to assist in guarding the dangerous places and will remain on duty until all danger is past. Rumor has it that some of our prominent business men have been killed.

One man lost his entire family—wife and six children. They were beyond his reach, and the house was fired by the flames. The fire department has been on duty since the beginning of the fire. They have been working like heroes and are nearly exhausted. How the benzine ignited is a mystery, and will probably remain one. Five minutes before the explosion occurred a special train containing Western New York and Philadelphia railway officials pulled away from the creek. They were in Oil City on an inspection tour when the flood occurred and were looking after the safety of the upper bridge. They are congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, for had they remained at the bridge they certainly would have been burned. Besides what the citizens are doing subscriptions have been received from many people in other cities.

BURSTING DAMS

Had Much to Do With the Great Disaster.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 5.—Scores of cases of a fearful character are reported. Among them is that of a mother with her babe clasped to her breast with one hand, while with the other she clung to a piece of plank. The piece of wood drifted with great force directly toward the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburg depot, around which the water was rushing furiously at a depth of five feet. So swift had been the current that a large hole had been washed under the platform of the station. As the mother and babe reached this point the suction was so great that it drew them in and they disappeared from view. The almost constant rains of the past month caused the earth to be so thoroughly filled that it would hold no more. Therefore the heavy downpour of Saturday and Saturday night caused more of the small streams to overflow their banks. Early in the evening Church run, in the northern part of the city, gave much trouble. About midnight Oil creek began to rapidly rise. So sudden was the inundation that the flood was in before the residents were aware of the danger, and not more than half of them managed to reach high ground.

The suddeness of the rise of this famous old stream was later explained by the intelligence that the huge mill dam of Thompson & Eldred, located at Spartansburg, about seven miles from this city, had burst. The lake made by this dam was a half-mile in length by a quarter of a mile in breadth, and waters thus suddenly let loose made of this valley, in the course of a few moments, a roaring Amazon. The firebox of the boilers at the city water and electric light works were quickly flooded, thus throwing the city into almost total darkness, and rendering the hydrants at once useless for fire purposes.

A MASS OF RUINS.

Thirty-five Dead at Titusville—Tremendous Property Losses.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 5.—Never in the history of this city, or of the oil region, has there been such a terrible disaster as the one that swept down on Titusville this morning. The horror has been brought on by both flood and fire, and at 11 a'clock a. m. fully $1,500,000 had gone up in flame and smoke, while the loss of life is conservatively estimated at thirty-five souls, with the chances greatly in favor of that being an underestimate. This loss is all in this city, while the news from tributary towns shows proportionate losses. Fully a third of the business and residence portion of this city is a mass of charred embers, over which the terrible waters still rush with unabated fury. The streets are filled with crowds of wet, hungry, hopeless and despairing men, women and children, most of whom have lost loved ones, and all their property. The water still floods the streets, and the sky is black with heavy smoke from the burning refineries, coopershops, radiator works, hotels, furniture factories, freight depots and dwellings.

The big refinery and wax plant owned by F. L. Wood & Co. caught fire exactly at noon, and the black smoke blowing directly over the city turned midday almost into the blackness of night. It was indescribably woeful, and the rain continued to come down in bucketfulls. The waters of Oil creek were rushing through the streets in the lower part of the city with seeming resistless force, while from house to house windows and driftwood piles located, directly in the midst of the torrent came wails and screams of anguish and distress from the helpless victims, all imploring aid.

Brave men with boats and ropes battled manfully against the terrible current, and hundreds of the captives were brought safely to land. It is simply impossible to give the reader an idea of the horrible scenes enacted in our midst. People do not as yet realize through what they are passing. Fully fifty people are as yet unaccounted for, and in the present crush, excitement and confusion it is out of the question to correctly state the number actually drowned and burned to death.

SET EVERYTHING ON FIRE.

An Indescribable Scene Along Oil Creek.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 5.—Col. Burns, the chief of police, of Buffalo, N. Y., and now in the secret service of that city, left here last night for Buffalo. He was unable to pass Oil City and returned to Pittsburg this evening. In an interview Col. Burns says the scenes in the devastated district are simply indescribable. Oil creek is higher than ever before known in its history. All bridges have been swept away and all railroads are tied up completely north of the high water. The flood was started, said Col. Burns, by the cloud burst, which overflowed the streams to an inconceivable extent. It is supposed that the oil tanks above Oil City were struck by lightening. The explosion which followed scattered the burning petroleum in all directions, and as it floated down the creeks, which had become rivers, it set on fire all in its path. Wherever the water touched, there the fire was, and before such an all uncompassing calamity the people were powerless.

It was thought that between Oil City and Titusville, a distance of eighteen miles, all property in the narrow valley had been totally destroyed or greatly damaged. At the time of Col. Burns' departure from the stricken city the number of dead in Oil City alone was placed at forty persons.

Maj. T. C. Cronin, a resident of Massachusetts, was in Oil City when the disaster came. He says that in the Third ward, on the west side of Oil creek, the dead number 100 persons. The people there had no means of escape, but in other parts of the city the situation is not so bad. He saw floating down the stream the bodies of a woman and a baby, supposed to have come from Titusville. Maj. Cronin makes the statement that there is no doubt that many of the drowned became entangled in the floating debris, which sooner or later caught fire. These bodies were burned, and for this reason he believes that a complete and accurate list of the dead can never be obtained.

Within two hours after the first news of the disaster was received in this city, a call was issued by the president of the council, in the absence of the mayor, who is out of the city, asking for relief for the sufferers. With Pittsburg's characteristic generosity, the call was responded to, and several thousand dollars has already been subscribed. Mayor Courly will arrived home in the morning, and will issue a call for a public meeting at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The rivers are rising here, and from twenty-two to twenty-six feet of water is expected within the next twelve hours. This will flood the lowlands, but will do no serious damage. Of the devastated cities, Titusville has a population of 10,000 and Oil City 12,000.

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED.

The Death List Will Probably Reach Three Figures.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 5.—It is impossible at this hour (midnight) to give anything like an accurate idea of the loss of life and property, as chaos reigns throughout the devastated region, and a terrible conflagration still rages in Oil City. It is safe to say that not less than 150 lives have been lost. Nearly 100 bodies have already been recovered, and many people are still missing. The number may exceed 150, but this is regarded as a conservative estimate.

The property loss will reach far into into the millions. At Titusville the loss is estimated at $1,500,000; Oil City, $1,500,000; Corry, $60,000; Meadville, $150,000, and surrounding country probably a million more.

For nearly a month it has been raining throughout Western and Northern Pennsylvania almost incessantly, and for the past three or four days the downpour in the devastated regions had been very heavy. The constant rains had converted all the small streams into raging torrents so that when the cloudburst came this morning the streams were soon beyond their boundaries and the great body of water came sweeping down Oil creek to Titusville, which is eighteen miles south of its source.

CLOUD-BURST AT CORRY.

Big Loss of Property, but the People Escape.

CORRY, Pa., June 5.—The most destructive rain storm that has ever visited this locality began yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was a heavy cloud-burst, and by 9 o'clock the business and eastern portion of the town was under water, with the rain still falling in perfect torrents. The worst was reached at 11 o'clock, when First avenue, Main street, the railroad yards and Center street were like a roaring river, the water being from one to three feet deep and all emptying into the flats in the eastern portion of the city. There many people were being rescued from their homes in the best way possible. The police force was stationed a greater part of the time at the union depot, where the water had surrounded the building, was two feet deep, and running at a rapid rate.

Many in attempting to cross were thrown into the water and carried some distance before they could be rescued by the officers. There was no loss of life and few injured. The southern side of the town presents a sad appearance, but the eastern portion is still worse. Sidewalks are carried away, and the roads in places gullied from four to six feet. Nearly every basement in the business portion of the city was flooded, and also many of the stores. The loss on stock to our merchants is very heavy. It is safe to say that the loss throughout the city will reach $50,000. The storm was general throughout this locality, and in the country districts the loss can hardly be estimated. The roads are impossable besides, and everything in the path of the flood was swept away. But two of the five passenger trains left the city last evening, and they are still here, with prospects of their staying until morning. Bridges and culverts on all roads centering here have been carried away. The companies have employed all available help, and are fast repairing the damage. The great stone culvert at the west end of the city was carried away, and will be a heavy loss to the Erie company. It is thought that by morning passenger service will again be resumed. The storm lasted nine hours, and was the most destructive ever known here.

BUILDINGS SWEPT AWAY.

Tremendous Loss by Floods Around Meadville.

MEADVILLE, Pa., June 5.—This entire section was swept by the worst flood in its history last night. A midday rain of great volume swelled every stream bankfull, and the storm which followed in the evening brought the flood. In this city Mill Run overflowed its banks and swept the whole business portion of the city, demolishing a dozen or more buildings, and entailing a total loss of $150,000, of which $50,000 are to the streets. The loss throughout the country cannot be estimated. Bridges were washed away in every direction, leaving scarcely a passable road to the country. The damage to growing crops is heavy. No casualties are reported in this city. The loss of the N. Y. P. & O. railway on their eastern division is heavy in bridges and track destroyed. One of their passenger engines lies buried in fifteen feet of water, with a broken bridge, near Sagerstown.

COLORADO TOWN BURNED.

Almost Total Destruction of the Village of Jimtown.

DENVER, Col., June 5.—The bustling camp of Jimtown, which is separated from the famous mining town of Creede by a mile and a half, was almost totally destroyed by fire, which started at 5:30 o'clock this morning. The flames were started by an explosion of coal oil, with which a family living in the Kinneavey block were starting a fire to prepare breakfast. As there was no fire department, the flames had it all their own way, and in a short time they burned through the row of buildings for a distance of a mile in the narrow gulch in which the town is situated. Many houses were blown up with giant powder in an attempt to stop the fire, but this had no effect, for the flames leaped from one vacant spot to another, and only stopped for want of materials. Little, if any, of the contents were saved, and there are hundreds of families homeless, but they will be provided for by the people of Creede.

For a distance of a mile in the narrow gulch in which the town is situated, many houses were blown up with giant powder in order to stop the fire, but this had no effect, for the flames leaped from one vacant space to another, and only stopped for want of material. Little, if any, of the contents were saved, and there are hundreds of families homeless, but they will be provided for by the people of Creede. While the fire was in progress the numerous saloons were thrown open to the crowd and liquor was free to all who might desire it. The result was that many drunken men were on the streets, but they did not damage anything. One hundred deputy sheriffs have been sworn in, and they will protect the town against attemps of thieving by persons who on occasions of this kind take advantage of the great distress. The total loss is estimated at a million dollars. The heaviest losses are: Alexander Heitter & Co., saloon, building and stock, $22,000; Shackelford & Foster, Albany hotel block, $4,000; Shimer & Morse, $7,500; Tompkins Hardware company, $20,000; Willoughby & Coller, $7,000; Levy & Benedict block, $5,000; the Hard Terrace row composed of twenty buildings, $8,000; Larry Byrne, $7,000.

These are the most prominent losses, but there are hundreds of others which are smaller and will bring the aggregate loss up to $1,000,000, with an insurance of about $250,000. The insurance is distributed among twenty or more companies, among which are the Phoenix of Brooklyn, $25,000; Cobb, Wilson and Benedict, of Denver, $4,000; Traders of Chicago, $4,300; the Providence-Washington of Providence, $2,600; the North American, $10,000; the Imperial of London, $10,000; the Springfield Fire Insurance company, $8,500; the Liverpool, London and Globe, $6,000; the Security of New Haven, $7,500.

FOUR NEGROES KILLED.

Excursionists Meet Death on a Southern Railway.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 5.—Near South Carrollton today the regular north-bound passenger train on the Nashville & Owensboro collided with an excursion train filled with negroes going South. Four were killed outright and twenty were injured, seven dangerously. The dead are:

HUGH BARCLAY, of Russellville, fireman of the excursion train.
HENRY ESTY, colored, Owensboro.
BUDGE GREENWOOD, colored, Owensboro.
HENRY FIELD, colored, of Owensboro.

The collision was caused by a misunderstanding of a change in the time table. The excursion train conductor and engineer supposed a change but limned had gone into effect at 7 o'clock this morning, when it was to go into effect tonight. They ran beyond a point where they were to meet the passenger. The passenger engineer saw the excursion train in time to put on breaks and for the crowd to jump. The passengers were badly shaken up, but nobody was killed and only one or two badly hurt. Both engines were completely wrecked and the front cars on both trains telescoped. The property loss will be $30,000. A relief train was immediately sent from Russellville, and the dead and wounded taken there and properly cared for.

EDITORS IN A WRECK.

A Passenger Train on the "Q" Leaves the Track.

HASTINGS, Neb., June 5.—The eastbound passenger on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was wrecked by a broken rail near Indianola, Neb., this morning. The passengers miraculously escaped with a bad shaking up, only one person, L. Eldridge, of Denver, Col., having his shoulder dislocated. Five Pullman sleepers were turned over. The passengers were transferred and the train proceeded to Omaha. Among the passengers was a party of about sixty editors, with their families, returning from the meeting of the National Editorial association at San Francisco.

RAGING CANADIAN RIVER.

The Thames Rises Eight Feet in a Night.

CHATHAM, Ont., June 5.—The River Thames at this point has risen eight feet since midnight, and is still rising. The entire stock of logs in the river belonging to the Wagon Works company have been swept away. Along the dock the lumber dealers are hard at work securing their stuff. There is a bad washout on the Erie & Huron railway near Turnerville. The Raleigh plains are covered to the depth of two feet. Many acres of grain are entirely sub merged and the crops destroyed.

IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

The National Editorial Delegates Jaunt Through Sunny California.

Royal Entertainment Furnished the Visitors by Patriotic Citizens.

San Francisco, However, Shows Up Badly in Its Reception.

A Journey Field of Pleasure for the Privileged Participants.

Special Letter to the Globe.

SAN FRANCISCO, May. 27, 1892.

WHEN the National Editorial association reached Los Angeles, on the 17th inst., it was dark and chill, and the editors and their wives were fagged and the town looked much like a maze of floating cobwebs, so befuddled and dust-bedraggled were the visiting excursionists. Cars, with mule accompaniments greeted us at the "deppo"—as they say here.

Los Angeles is a beehive at night, when all humanity of the 60,000 legal subjects of thrift and thraldom seemed to be upon the street. She is the metropolis of Southern California "shoah nuff," and the statistics declare her to be the second city in the state. At all events she received us as the first city in the state, for San Francisco, her sister superioress, did but very, very little as a city to entertain—even acknowledge—the existence of such a proud and ponderous institution as the National Editorial association.

Wednesday morning dawned with a bad taste in the mouth of us, for, be it understood, the water of Los Angeles is poisonous for drinking purposes. I only noticed this the morning following our arrival, and, to be hon est, after the association had taken, or was presumed to have taken, a bath. But for all the water and worse beer, when the good people of that long-to-be-remembered city rubbed the sea weeds from their eyes in the morning, and when they once seized the objects of the day, it went most merrily with the visiting editors. Tallyhos by the cavalcade, buggies, wagons, carriages and palovers, in fact, every form of vehicle, decorated and polished—all were enlisted in the service which followed over hill and dale, through wonderously pretty avenues, past triumph upon triumph of magnificent architecture, along beautiful water ways, through extensive and flowery parks, beyond the din and hum of a mid-week day to Bunker Hill, Angeleno Heights and Mount Lookout, from where the eye may range for a hundred miles and never rest on a desolate spot. The N. E. A. badge was acknowledged carte blanche everywhere; except before the hotel clerk who in the zealous interest of his management squeezed the literary wallet for all there was in it. But then, hotelkeepers are discovered—not born.

Cast your eagle eye back six years and fancy a little, emaciated, tanned and tottering Los Angeles, with 12,000 people and eighty dissipated, calf-eyed dogs, conceive the picture of sand, hot suns, hope and municipal indebtedness, bad laws, bad sewage, bad bays and naught but

Mouse-Colored Mules.

for a crabbed transit system and then ope both your eagle orbs and stretch wide your auricular drum and behold the Los Angeles of today, with 60,000 permanent residents and a visiting transit concourse of 30,000 more, constantly passing through this dividing lock of Northern and Southern California—sections destined to become separate states, I believe. And here, where one still views with reverence and admiration the Old Mission church opposite the plaza, you will learn of the nursery of the sweetest children and most noble mammas in all this land. Nowhere, from Portland, Maine, to the main Portland, away out in hustling Oregon, will you see the sweet, rosy-cheeked, fine-featured boys and girls you may see in chatting, romping groups in the clean and fragrant city of Los Angeles, and I recall that "where children are, there is the golden age."

But withal, this juvenile freshness is tempered somewhat by the present dormancy of the real estate market. Like all such impulsive bolts at booming with which the city was invested a few years ago, the bottom o' things is gone clean out on 'em, and now the mending process is steadily going on. Said a mule-driver to me and my clerical companion, Rev. Dr. Conway, of St. Paul: "You see that 'ere park? Well, that's Sixth Street park, and the poor sucker what guv it to the city, clean and clear of no charges, actually starved to death a few years ago—died a genuwhine pauper. Git up thar;" swish! and the mule got it most unkindly.

You will laugh when 'tis said that the ice in California is not as cold as our Minnesota ice. But that is the case, and my attention was first directed when Mrs. Col. Wheaton, an accomplished lady of wealth and culture and the keenest observational faculties, asserted that the "ice was really insipidly stale and not at all cold." Straightway went I to an art dealer across the hotel rotunda, and as he mixed the "cloud frappe la mint" I teased him gently as to the frigidity of the manufactured ice used in the Golden state. He admitted that after several tests there was found to be a slight difference in solidity, frigidity and several other "idities" of this most precious article of general consumption. The newspapers are also less frigid than some of our own Minnesota brand. They are enterprising journals all of them, and the Times building is a monument to the solid, substantial base of Western journalism.

Redondo Beach and Santa Monica were visited by some of our party, and many took their first dip in the incoming tide. From Los Angeles we visited Fresno, the raisin ranch of the world. Inhabitants 1,200, saloons 85 in number, each paying $85 per quarter. Wine and flowers, pretty girls and silvery-tongued post-prandial speakers, kind words and heartiest attention were but a few of the features of our midday meal in the opera house at Fresno. As usual, your correspondent embraced the interesting entertainment of one of the city leaders, Maurice Rorphuro, a gentleman by whose tact and talent we saw and observed a

Book of Knowledge

on the greatness of California, and the part the fertile lands about Fresno play in our domestic economy. When I heard the story of that great game of poker between Col. Forsythe and Col. Woodworth, and saw the million-dollar ranch won on that memorable night, ten years ago, and how the gallant colonel prospers today and how he sold his '91 crop of grapes for $20,000 without picking a grape—the buyer taking them "standing," I felt qualified to give our readers, at some near day, a revised version of that famous game.

The wineries hereabout are among the interesting resting places of a fifteen-mile drive in a sun guaged and beating down at about 103 in a standing collar. We tapped several wineries, notably the Egger's place, where the vintage of '84 was served ad libitem for the "thank you" and the "hic."

When we steamed into Stockton we were surrounded by 1,500 inhabitants, with a relief of 100 robust saloons, which pay the city only $100 a year each. Against this moral corrosion eight churches spread their subduing elements. The natural gas, which is served from wells and not from the throat of the ranch agent, saves the consumer in the proportion as $12 is to $55. Spanish senioritas stay out late at night, and a measly China town is a quaint and squalid corner of the city. The wheat in this district keeps the state in bread. The mayor and citizens turned out handsomely, lunched us at their great pavilion, and then D. A. Guernsey, one of the city fathers, and a gentlemen of extensive estates and most generous disposition, toasted a party of us in a manner herein acknowledged to have been but another substantiation of the proverbial hospitality of California people.

Dreamy old Sacramento bestirred herself not a little when the 700 scribes cast themselves upon her rookey streets. Dining at the capital, a John L. Sullivan, a genteel wag of head-steer waiter, pointed out a crack in the dining room wall, and, says he: "An' there be tha rint av the urruthquake, racintly held at Vacca valley, a heard an' a seen away-a oop here n tnish place." The old town—one of the oldest in the state—was mightily shaken some three weeks before our visit, and the wonder is the town withstood the shock. The capitol building and grounds are magnificent. The building is of white marble of imposing design and elegant finish. I met Gov. Markham and his lieutenants. They were gracious, interesting, generous in every act. In the evening the 35,000 Sacramentons congregated at the capitol, where a public reception in the senate chambers was punctuated with speech and good fellowship and ambitious talk about the world-known "glorious climate of California"—the prayer the little tots are taught when they begin to realize that of them is expected a perpetuation of the same old gag, "the glorious climate of California, etc."

At Napa the natives had prepared a lunch in the grove. The graveyard was just beyond. It has taken until now to appreciate the grimness of this Napa humor. It take only about twelve minutes to appreciate a draught of the Napa soda water fresh from the Napa springs.

But Santa Rosa!—the rose garden of the world—for from its prolific rose culture has it derived its name. The humblest cot is but a nest of sweet-scented rose vines and bushes, and the streets and gutters are literally alive with the rampant growth of this flora queen. Six thousand inhabitants thrive here, and the winery of T. De Turk is without doubt the greatest establishment of its kind in the States. The supper given by the citizens was

A Sumptuous Treat.

The people, in their anxiety to please all and assail the scruples of none, had two great halls appointed for the service of the richest foods in the larders of the city. In one wines were served to the connoisseur in that sort of beverage, while Mrs. T