

WIPED OUT BY WATER.

Johnstown, the Pretty Mountain City, Swept From the Surface of the Earth.

3,000 TO 10,000 PEOPLE ARE MISSING.

The First Terrible News Far More Than Verified by the Latest Reports.

FIRE FINISHES ALL LEFT BY THE FLOOD.

Hundreds of Bodies Recovered, and the Receding Waters Disclose Many More.

The Whole Horror an Awful Reality--Not a Hideous Dream--An Awful Stench From the Valley of the Conemaugh--Aid for the Sufferers as Far as Received--Many Prominent and Wealthy Men Among the Drowned--John Falton, the Father of the Attempted Prohibition, One of the Victims--Fire Breaks Out and Adds a Climax to the Work of the Flood--A Hotel Filled With Guests, of Whom but Seven Were Saved--The Police Force Increased to Keep Off Thieves, Who Are Growing Bolder--Some of the Scenes Beyond the Power of Imagination.

FROM OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENTS.

HOOVERSVILLE, PA., June 1. -- A stench arises throughout the whole valley of the Conemaugh. It is more awful, more fetid, as the hours go by. With each receding ripple of the sullen river, a score of additional corpses are revealed, with ghastly faces upturned to an unfriendly sky of clouds.

Death stares you in the eyes at every turn. You cannot escape it, nor can you stay away from the dark, haunting waters. Some strange fascination attracts you back, and there you see what was not there before, another fresh body.

Not a Hideous Dream. Almighty God, in the majesty of His omniscience, thrust His arm across the mountain tops and transformed the rugged scenery of the Chestnut Ridge, "Pack-saddle" and the sylvan glories of Laurel Hill into a monstrous valley of the shadow of death. Push your way



A CORNER OF THE CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY'S MILL NEXT TO THE BRIDGE.

cautiously up the tortuous gorge and you suddenly come to a halt in a living hell. This hell is Johnstown.

I reached Johnstown at 12:30 this afternoon, by horse, across the mountain from New Florence, a distance of 12 miles. Just at the borders of the ruined city I met your chief staff correspondent, who drove overland from Somerset.

The Pioneer of the Newspapers. Thus THE DISPATCH was the first newspaper in the United States to penetrate this hole in the Allegheny Mountains which was more completely shut off from the world than Charleston was when an earthquake shook her silent.

The nation wants the news. Well, here it is. Fifteen thousand people within a radius of two miles of the public square in Johnstown are absolutely suffering for food and clothing. Many are starving. Couriers have been sent in every direction on horseback to beg farmers to send in stores of provisions. The Governor of the State has been telegraphed for to aid.

Rescuing Blooded Stock Free. A. J. Moxham, President of the Johnston Company, has generously telegraphed a New York firm for a train load of provisions. The Cambria Iron Company has sent a corps of butchers to its farms, two miles back in the country, to slaughter all its blooded cattle for the supply of everyone.

A formal appeal was sent out to city of the Union, asking for food and quickly.

be conjectured. It is variously estimated by some as "away up in the hundreds" and by others

From 5,000 to 10,000. It begins to look as though the first estimate of 1,000 will not fall far short of the mark. The most discouraging feature is that no Johnstown people are found who can bring themselves to hope that the total casualties will be under 500. Nobody puts it less than that. The majority of the people say from 3,000 to 10,000, but in this, as in all other great catastrophes, intense excitement is liable to interfere with accuracy.

As to the actual number of bodies being taken from the water and debris, THE DISPATCH telegrams from points below Johnstown will supply figures, ranging all the way from the reported finding of over 100 bodies at Nineveh down to the sad discovery of one little girl's remains at Bolivar.

Fire Adds Another Awful Horror. We also found large fires raging in Johnstown, and the unaccessibility of the interior of the city prevented thorough investigation of a report that many persons have been burned to death. A detailed account of these fires follows below.

It is true, as rumored, that nothing is left of Johnstown proper. Large churches, big hotels, substantial brick business houses, and even the beautiful public library building have been torn more com-

pletely asunder than though an earthquake had occurred. In the old city of Johnstown only one-third of the buildings are left standing. Several suburban boroughs, really composing parts of Johnstown, are utterly annihilated.

Many Wealthy, Well-Known Men Gone. Perhaps the day has revealed no more startling fact than that several of the wealthiest and most eminent citizens of Johnstown were drowned, with their entire families. The first is James McMillen, one of the Vice Presidents of the great Cambria Iron Works. He was about 60 years of age, and has long been a resident of the city.

A Hotel full of People Drowned. When the Hurlbur House fell in, it is said that 33 guests were within its walls. All were drowned except seven. The proprietor, Frank Benford, was saved.

Mr. John Lowman, one of the prominent doctors here, was drowned. He was one of the earliest surgeons to advocate the system of immediate amputation, and his loss is a blow to science, he having been practicing both surgery and medicine in this county for over 60 years.

Chief Harris, of the police department, saved himself and smallest child by climbing out on the roof of a neighbor's house. His wife and eight children in attempting to follow were all lost.

To-night twelve special policemen are hiring all the assistants they can find to stop Wholesale Robberies that are Going On. Thieves have grown so bold that they are now carrying chisels with them to break open safes and chests. The Cambria and

Johnstown Companies have offered to pay for all police protection for three days.

Mr. Roberts were saved except his son, who perished with him. Hon. Cyrus Elder, one of the greatest authorities on tariff in the United States, and solicitor for the Cambria Iron Company, had just returned from Chicago. He tried to reach his home in a skiff, but failed, and went to the home of his brother, Virgil, just before the deluge came down from South Fork. The house fell, but the family managed to escape to the hills.

To-day Mr. Elder learned that his daughter Genevieve and his little son had been saved, but his wife and daughter Minnie were lost.

The Saddest Scenes Ever Witnessed. Now to go from the rich to the poorer victims and sufferers. You find them everywhere. The road I traveled over the mountains this morning is at best only a trail through dense forests. I met no less than a score of crazed

women and broken-hearted men, trudging across that mountain in the hope of reaching Florence or Bolivar, to find their missing one, dead or alive. Their questions about bodies and rescued people were agonizing, but they prepared me for worse to come.

Sunshine never once dispersed the clouds in the mountain country, to-day. It was high noon when, descending the eastern slope, Morrellville was seen in the distance. That is one of the suburban wards of Johnstown. It was

Not a Pretty View. Ordinarily it would have been an arena of hills, wavy in their alternating lines of pine, fir and hemlock boughs, that wreathed all the way from the reported finding of over 100 bodies at Nineveh down to the sad discovery of one little girl's remains at Bolivar.

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Johnstown Companies have offered to pay for all police protection for three days. It is simply impossible to attempt to count up the number of the dead. People have gotten accustomed to estimating the missing by the amount of population in the districts where loss of life was heaviest. This is the way the number reaches a thousand or more. Still, many of the missing are known to have been rescued alive below.

Fighting the Flames and Flood. Fire was added to the terror of the flood last night, and many, perhaps hundreds, of persons, swept down from points above, perished within sight of the shore at the big stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their cries and groans could be heard from the shore all last night by crowds who were attempting to aid them. From East Conemaugh hundreds of houses were

washed away and lodged against the bridge. Perhaps a fire in a stove in one of the houses started the flames. As the houses dashed against the immense stone structure and were crushed like egg shells, the flames spread, and Johnstown last night was illuminated by them so that a person a mile away could see to read a newspaper. The victims of the flood were wedged in among shattered boards and timbers, and so became

Victims of the Flames. Persons who were on the Pennsylvania Railroad side of the Conemaugh this afternoon say the cries of the ill-fated people could be heard issuing from the ruins as the flames spread toward them. The bridge itself was intact, but the approaches to it on the east side were washed away by the mighty wash of water, and a boiling, roaring torrent seethed between either end of it and the shore.

This afternoon men succeeded in reaching the ruins, but they were powerless to aid. No appliances were at hand to do proper work, and the people who are wedged in among the ruins of their houses against the immense stone bridge, facing death by flood,

looked like until he has seen them. Some of them had their skulls knocked in as if some brute had hit them with a bludgeon. Fine looking women

Had Ugly Gashes. On their cheeks, and the delicate hands were scratched and torn as if they had been dragged through a briar patch. Their faces were smaller and distorted; mouths were drawn out of shape and the eyeballs were in some instances filled with mud as well as the ears. Their slender garments were bedraggled with leaves, weeds and grass, mixed with mud. The little children arranged in rows looked for all the world like large Chinese dolls with their round bloated faces and bloody skins. Many of the bodies were covered with blood, and brained horribly. They were tossed about buffeted by the currents and dashed against rocks and debris until they were scarcely recognizable by friends.

When the waters subsided somewhat the bodies were left lying in the mud and grass along the shores where they are being picked up as fast as they can be found.

Bodies Under the Grass. Close observers going along in the trains can see lots of bodies partially covered with grass and driftwood. In some places the debris is piled up as high as a house, and it is supposed bodies are lying under these masses.

Everywhere on the shores of the stream the bushes and trees are all right various articles of clothing. At one point a lady's ship hat ornamented the top of a young birch, and a shawl, ragged and torn, was seen to complete any gentleman's or lady's wardrobe.

Among the bodies lying at Nineveh was that of a woman with a young babe in her arms. Her limbs had stiffened about the child, and in that position she was stretched out on the floor. Most of the victims at Nineveh are women. A big, burly mill hand with hob-nailed shoes on his feet and his hair cropped close to the head, was placed beside the dead body of a handsome looking man with a mustache and side whiskers.

How They Compared. He appeared to have been a professional man, judging from his exterior. Innocent little fellows with their discolored faces upturned and wearing a calm expression, brought tears to many an eye. Some of the bodies lacked shoes, and

badly torn up that Assistant Superintendent Trump, who has been over the ground, says that it will take two months to put the road bed in shape for laying the rails. This means that travel on the great Trunk line will be interrupted for that period.

At Bolivar yesterday the river was full of floating canned fruit, vegetables, etc. A large crowd of men and women were engaged catching the cans, and filling big buckets.

The valley of the Conemaugh was flooded with a lake of water a mile wide. The subsidence of the muddy flood leaves the marks on the trees in the meadows.

Just opposite Lacolle a man, his wife and child clung to a tree all night long. In the morning the people on the other side called to them to hang on and they would rescue them. When the water had fallen a little the man dropped down from his position. In assisting his wife and child they stepped on the same debris, which gave way beneath them, and they were rushed out to the corner of the stream, where they sank before the distracted husband's eyes.

Poor Steve Glucis, who lost his wife and five children, traveled around with the wreckers. With tears in his eyes and heart broken, he carelessly scrutinized the bloody and mangled faces of the women. Once he thought he had found his wife, but when he saw the bodies at Nineveh he got confused and couldn't tell which one, if any, belonged to him.

Damage in the Mountains. One of the trainmen came down the mountain yesterday from South Fork. He reports that this place and Mineral Point have been washed away. With the exception of a few houses on the high grounds there isn't a dwelling between Conemaugh and South Fork. The trainman says that the mountain has been cut into deep gullies by the flood.

At Lacolle a few bodies were discovered under a pile of driftwood, and some persons spent the afternoon trying to get them out. In Conemaugh the round houses and engines were moved and carried away. A mill and half of a cotton mill are all that is left of the town of Woodville, and Cambria City is entirely gone. A number of people were forced to remain in the market house and steel works all night.

It is reported that R. J. Linton, a prominent attorney of Johnstown, and his family; John Diebert, the banker, and his family; and M. C. McMillen, of the Cambria Iron Company, were drowned. The last seen of Mr. Linton, his wife and children, they were on the roof of his big brick house. Another house struck it, when the walls gave way, and the party fell between and were lost. Even the large brick Morrell mansion is said to be out of plumb.

Ex-Mayor Chalmers Dieck, in speaking of the flood said: "I was playing in the yard with my little daughter, and a neighbor's child was on the swing. All at once without any warning the water rushed down upon me. I grabbed my little girl, and was reaching out to take hold of the other child, when quick as a wink, she was carried off. I managed to get out alive with my daughter, but how it happened I do not know."

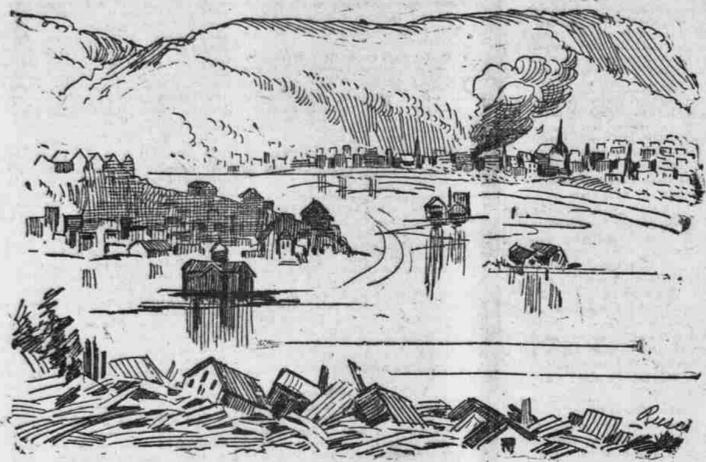
West Down Like Flies. "The water must have come down 30 feet deep. I saw people drive like flies all around me."

At 11 o'clock last night the wrecked houses were still burning. The fire was not violent, but steady and intensely hot. A number of bodies were seen burning up, but the people have been dead for some time. It looks as if the fire will continue to burn for a couple of days.

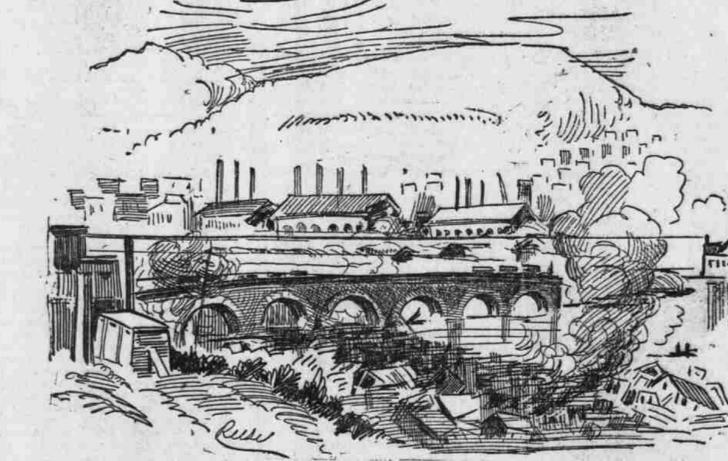
At New Florence last evening the bodies of 11 women and a large child had been recovered. One body was identified as Mrs. Boersche.

T. W. Kirland, a jeweler, whose place of business was opposite the Cambria Library, was seen at Sang Hollow. He says he was rescued from the flood, but his wife and three children were drowned. His store was carried off, and he has lost everything he has in the world. Mr. Kirland was very much dejected, and

His Heart Saddened. More than once he wished he had gone down with his family. He recovered the bodies of two of his children.



VIEW OF FLOOD IN JOHNSTOWN--THE OPEN SPACE WAS KNOWN AS IRON STEER.



DRIFTWOOD ABOVE THE BRIDGE, SHOWING VIEWS OF THE CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY.

by fire, by hunger and by exposure, are in all human probability beyond hope. How many of them are in this awful plight may never be fully known. [The only operator here completely failed.]

STOPIED AND SIMPSON.

THE MORGUE AT NINEVEH.

Over 125 Dead Bodies Collected There--Messrs. Linton, McMillan and Diebert Carried Away and Drowned.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

NINEVEH June 1.--MIDNIGHT.--The scene in Theodore Numanaker's planing mill at Nineveh, where 73 bodies are lying stretched out cold in death, is simply appalling. One can get no idea of the fearful work of the waters until he has seen these poor, mangled, bespattered bodies. On the Indiana side of the river at this place about 75 more bodies are laid out. In the low Nineveh flats a number of other bodies can be seen, but so far they have not been recovered. Arms are protruding above the water and sand, but the bodies are in such dangerous places that they can't be secured without great peril. The water has subsided somewhat, but the current in the stream is still strong and violent.

Two sleepers of the day express lying at Conemaugh were burned some time during yesterday. One of the coaches of the delayed train, full of people.

Was Carried Off. It is reported that only nine of the passengers were saved.

The track of the Pennsylvania road is so

it has been learned since that these people worked at night and slept during the day. A cripple was noticed among the ladies, the one limb having been shorter than the other, had the thick sole and high, narrow French heel were prominent. But it was the horrible mangle of the bodies that made the picture in the sawmill so frightful and disagreeable.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon Under-towns, Samson and Devore arrived from Pittsburg with a boxcar load of rough caskets, and as soon as the bodies could be prepared they were placed in the boxes. The citizens kindly furnished sheets and garments to cover the nude persons.

Late last night people about Derry were willing to wager that the loss of life would not be

Less Than 10,000. But undoubtedly these figures are too high by a half. Certain it is that the actual loss of life will never be known. The bodies in the fire can be seen burning up, and some will be carried into the Ohio and never recovered.

At Johnstown last night the survivors of the flood were suffering for the necessities of life. It is almost impossible to get provisions into the town. Bread and other eatables are taken to Sang Hollow, and carried in baskets four miles across the country. Nine people were in the tower at Johnstown when the flood came. Chief Linsman, E. A. Jackson, of Derry, happened to be one of the number. Only one of the nine escaped. Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Ogil, the operator, and her daughter were carried away and drowned yesterday morning. The bodies were recovered and identified last evening.

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AS THIS CITY SEES IT.

Graphic Narratives of Those Who Have Returned, and the Scenes at Home.

A CHILLING VIEW OF 400 BODIES.

The Awful Impossibility of Recognizing Them When All Were Laid Out in Rows.

PITTSBURG READY WITH \$100,000 RELIEF.

The Frightful Facts Beginning to be Vaguely Realized, Even From This Distance.

A Magnificent Movement of Relief Fairly Under Way--A Few Flosters Caught Here--Incidents of Thrilling Interest at Home--Old Things Found Afloat, and Some Things Valuable--Doctors Subscribe and Are Ready to Go at Once--Questions as to Possible Responsibility.

Here is just how it looks to one just returned, after viewing 400 of the recovered bodies:

A torrent which was almost as tumultuous as the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara river; yellow as the Upper Missouri, and defiantly threatening as the cross-seas of Lake Michigan, surged and roared yesterday through a large part of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown. The Conemaugh river after sweeping before it nearly every house from the South Fork station of the Pennsylvania Railroad to the great railroad bridge at Johnstown, carrying away almost one-half of Johnstown itself, and every village between the two points, had cut for itself a new channel.

On Friday morning Johnstown had seven bridges. On Friday evening it had none. On Friday morning the Conemaugh river made an abrupt turn at the point where Stony creek emptied into it.

The Transformation. On Friday evening there was no channel except that which the high hills made, for all between was one raging, angry, wrathful lake of waters, which remorselessly engulfed life and property. On Saturday the waters had much receded, and then it was found that the usually placid river had found a new channel. The railroad bridge no longer spanned the river, because the embankment on the north shore had been swept away, and tossing, fretting and surging the yellow tide flowed in its new found avenue. The six other bridges which had cost time and money need never again be erected on the bases of their former piers, because the piers may now become the base of other structures.

Above the railroad bridge there rose the smoke and flame of a conflagration which meant the total extinction of vast amounts of property and the cremation of many human bodies.

Fortunately Already Dead. The swirl of the gigantic current had piled against and above the bridge the debris, in which even entire houses were to be seen, and in which human lives were sacrificed. This debris had taken fire and burned with a fury that was almost unaccountable, above the waters in which it was imbedded.

At Cambria City, in Johnstown itself, at Nineveh, New Florence, Bolivar and other places below there was already gathered yesterday an appalling number of corpses, and the number continued to increase as rapidly as the waters receded.

What the total number of lives lost may be it will take many days yet to determine. That it is enormous is already known. By last evening over 400 bodies had been recovered, and the lowest estimate placed the loss of life at 1,200 to 1,500, while it may even reach 3,000 to 4,000.

Many Never Known. It is probable that an accurate count will never be made, as in many instances entire families and groups of families met death of whose memories their fellow beings know nothing.

That such a disaster, unparalleled upon the American continent, could occur staggers comprehension. Yet there is an explainable cause. Extraordinarily heavy rains caused a pressure upon the Conemaugh dam, which it could not withstand, and a volume of water greater than was ever before gathered in one reservoir was hurled down a narrow valley, bearing upon the crest of its gigantic wave instant and awful death and widespread destruction.

The money loss will be enormous, but no one stops now to count or think of that. Greed stands in awe at the spectacle of hundreds and thousands of lost lives. It will be days before the material valley of the Conemaugh will recover from the shock; it will be years before the people of the nation will forget the disaster which has been so great as to benumb understanding, much less description. DAWSON.

MRS. HALFORD'S ESCAPE.

The President's Secretary's Wife and Daughters Caught in the Flood. The wife and two daughters of E. W. Halford, President Harrison's Secretary, were nearly victims of the flood. They were in a train which was caught in the torrent, and one car, containing 13 persons,

was swept away. Mrs. Halford and daughters were rescued by the trainmen and taken to Wheeling, whence they will be sent to Elizabeth.

A DAY EVENTFUL HERE.

About \$100,000 in Cash or Checks Raised on the Spot by the Menomoni-Sympathy Unexampled Beginning to Show Itself Most Worthily--The River Banks and Boulders.

Such a day as Pittsburg passed, from a sympathetic standpoint, she has seldom if ever known before. Think of such milk of human kindness as carries in cream upon its surface, with scarcely time for the cream to form, \$100,000 in cash and checks as the result of one day's united effort for the relief of neighboring sufferers.

But Pittsburg only just began her noble work of relief yesterday. It is fair, from such a splendid start, to presume that much more in the same line is to follow forthwith, and that not one of those in distress from the pang of death at their hearstings shall be left also to suffer of privation and physical pain for one moment longer than is absolutely necessary.

These manifestations of sorrowing sympathy will doubtless not wait upon the passage of a Sabbath day, for the Lord of the Sabbath laid down a higher rule than that for all who would do good and relieve distress upon His day.

While there is sorrow and sympathy in Pittsburg on every hand, there is something decidedly more dreadful in Johnstown. This city began nobly to show appreciation of the fact yesterday; now let the good work go on.

At River Banks and Boulders. All day long the crowds, upon whom a sort of stupor seemed to have fallen when they realized that even imagination failed to take in the reported horrors of the catastrophe, drifted to and from the river banks. The throngs of appalled and excited people who gathered on the sidewalks and blockaded the way in front of the bulletins on THE DISPATCH and other Fifth avenue newspaper offices only melted away to be replaced by other throngs as eager; and then these again joined in the general drift toward the fatal river. And this kept up from early morning till late at night.

Never in this panic was late of June so cool without rain. The chill which the mountain deluge had put upon the air was felt in the bones. The treacherous waters gliding in ever-growing volume between the wharves glistened brightly without being warmed by the sun; and thousands all day hung over the bridge-rails, scanning with a fascination which held them even in the foam and jetsam--the clumps of wreckage that came thick and fast from the scene of the disaster near 100 miles away. This was the spectacle along the river at 9 o'clock; it continued till mid-day; and as the afternoon wore on the crowds tending thither from all parts of the city and gathered on the bridges grew only more eager, more immense.

Comparisons Failed. Greater floods had been seen in the Allegheny, but never one with history so tragic--with thousands of lives destroyed for a swift record. The spring freshets of years past, which came with the melting of the mountain snows and the breaking up of the great ice gorges had swept larger areas and inundated Pittsburg and the sister city for blocks of every side as in '84; but this murderous flood, which now rolled in snake-like swirls under its freight of broken houses, with one in a while the ghastly face of some human victim, or the body of a domestic animal telling the story of death, had a fatal and horrible record beyond previous thought or precedent. It was with apparent difficulty that many of the spectators draw away from silent contemplation of the spectacle, filled as it was, every few moments, by some new suggestion of the horrible.

But the humane, urgent impulse to help the suffering, and to help them to see, was the motive influence of the day everywhere through the city. Before the ink was yet dry upon the morning papers, telling of trifling disaster, active, earnest men were about in every quarter organizing means of relief. The arrangements for trains to carry provisions; the quick call for citizens' meetings; the generous and untold money contributions tendered from all sides, told nobly, spontaneously, of the feeling which was universal. As the announcements of large contributions were bulletined on THE DISPATCH