

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 swiftness, 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.

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 Sadder 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.

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 breathed life from the reported finding of over 100 bodies at Nineveh down to the sad discovery of one little girl's remains at Bolivar.

Arrived at Last on the Scene. In Morrellville at last. "You want news, do you?" remarked a pale-faced young woman. "Go there to Young's lively stable and look upstairs." I did so. There, in a long barn of a hall, were grouped some 80 people--men, women and children. They were wounded from battles with the debris, or sick from exposure.

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.

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.

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

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

Less Than 10,000. It has been learned since that these people worked at night, 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.

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.

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.

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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.]

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.

West Down Like Flies. "The water must have come down 30 feet deep. I saw people draw 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.

MISS BEAM. Two Girls Missing. Miss Beam, sister of the new Allegheny pinner, and Miss Goldie, both of Latrobe, were visiting in Johnstown. They are missing, and their parents and friends are afraid they have been drowned.

People are already beginning to speculate as to whether the town will be built up again or not. Many are inclined to believe [Continued on Seventh Page.]

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 Floaters 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.

FROM OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

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.

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.

THE MONEY LOSS WILL BE ENORMOUS, but no one stops now to count or think of that. Green 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.