situated for saving people, and at that point twenty persons have been taken from the flood.

THE COURSE OF THE TORRENT.

The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnstown is almost eighteen miles, and, with the exception of one point, the water passed through a narrow V-shaped valley. Four miles below the dam lay the town of South Fork, where the South Fork itself empties into the Conemaugh River. The town contained about 2,000 inhabitants. It has not been heard from, but it is said that four-fifths of it has been swept away. Four miles further down on the Conemaugh River, which runs parallel with the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the town of Mineral Point. It had 800 inhabitants, 90 per cent. of the houses being on a flat and close to the river. It seems vain to hope that any of them have escaped. Six miles further down was the town of Conemaugh, and here alone there was a topographical possibility—the spreading of the flood and the breaking of its force. It contained 2,500 inhabitants, and must be almost wholly devastated. Woodvale, with 2,000 people, lay a mile below Conemaugh, in the flat, and one mile further down were Johnstown and its suburbs—Cambria City and Conemaugh borough, with a population of 30,000. On made ground, and stretched along right at the river's verge, were the immense iron works of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, who have $5,000,000 invested in their plant. Besides this there are many other large industrial establishments on the bank of the river.

The stream of human beings that was swept before the angry floods was something most pitiful to behold. Men, women, and children were carried along frantically shrieking for help, but their cries availed them nothing. Rescue was impossible. Husbands were swept past their wives, and children were borne rapidly along at a terrible speed to certain death before the eyes of their terrified and helpless parents. Houses, outbuildings, trees, and barns were carried on the angry flood of waters as so much chaff. Cattle standing in the fields were overwhelmed, and their carcasses strewed the site. The railroad tracks converging on Johnstown were washed out, and wires in all directions were prostrated.

Down through the Packsaddle came the rushing waters. Clinging to improvised rafts, constructed in the death battle from floating houses and timbers, were agonized men, women, and children, their heart-rending shrieks for help striking horror to the breasts of the onlookers. Their cries were of no avail. Carried along at a railway speed on the breast of this rushing torrent, no human ingenuity could devise a means of rescue.

AFFLICTING SUDDENNESS OF THE DISASTER.

It is impossible to describe briefly the suddenness with which the disaster came. A warning sound was heard a few minutes before the rush of water came, but it was attributed to some meteorological disturbance, and no trouble was borrowed because of the thing unseen. As the low, rumbling noise increased in volume, however, and came nearer, a suspicion of danger began to force itself even upon the bravest, which was increased to a certainty a few minutes later, when, with a rush, the mighty stream spread out in width, and when there was no time to do anything to save the unsuspecting. The unsuspecting were whirled into the middle of the stream before they could turn around; men, women, and children were struggling in the streets, and it is thought that many of them never reached Johnstown, but only a mile or two below.

At Johnstown a parallel to the disaster occurred, only on a much larger scale. The population is greater, and the sweeping whirlpool rushed into a denser mass of humanity. The imagination of the reader can better depict the spectacle than the pen of the writer can give it. It was a twilight of terror, and the gathering shades of evening closed in on a panorama of horrors that has few parallels in the history of casualties. The thought of rescue was madness, and the agony of the struggling, drowning victims found its response in the bosoms of those who stood wringing their hands in helpless horror in view of their friends. Now and then the waters would wash against one side of the mountain and fling to the other side, carrying with them their human freight. And this diversion enabled those on the banks to rescue many. It but delayed the end. All who were thus saved will be returned to their homes and friends who are now accounted lost. The list of dead is, therefore, a matter of conjecture, and will not be definitely known before to-morrow. Searchers are out everywhere from Johnstown to Blairville.

THRILLING STORY OF A RESCUED MAN.

At Lockport, about eighteen miles from Johnstown, Ethel Benson, an old man, Mrs. Boyle, Paddy Madden, and two Hungarians were rescued. Mr. Benson said:

"I live in Cambria City. I think not less than 1,500 people were lost. In the house with me on Chestnut street were ten persons besides myself, and I think they were all lost. At 4 o'clock the water, which was about seven feet deep in the streets, remained stationary. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the great rush came. In fifteen minutes the water rose fully ten feet, and in five minutes more I ran upstairs as the fifty houses came into the streets. There were people in every one of them, and God only knows how many were lost. As they were carried off the houses were jammed together and against the houses still standing, and in a very few minutes all listened to pieces before they had been carried very far. The house I was in was soon smashed to pieces, and I managed to jump on to a cellar door. In a few minutes I was pushed off into the flood, and when I looked back where I had been but a few moments there was nothing but a great lake of water. It looked to me as if every house had been razed or covered over. The vast sheet of water was full of floating timbers, roofs of houses, rafts, and other articles. The scene was indescribable. The cries of the men, women, and children were fearful. I passed Paddy Madden's wife, my son's wife, and a man clinging to the roof of a house. I sailed to them and made them good-by. In a short time I was caught by the water and carried under. I went once in a while I got into a whirlpool, and almost losing my grip on the cellar door, I saw people in the water ahead of me and all around me. Many of them were struck by the crashing timbers and killed outright. They were so badly hurt that they fell in the water and drowned at once."

Mrs. Boyle was rescued at Lockport. The poor woman was moaning and crying and would not be comforted. Her nine children and husband are supposed to be drowned.

ONE HUNDRED BODIES RESCUED AT NINEVEH.

R. B. Rogers, Justice of the Peace at Nineveh, has wired the Coroner at Greensburg that 100 dead bodies have been found at that place, and he asks what to do with them. From this one can estimate that the loss of life will reach 1,500, perhaps more. No one knows. No one can guess the sickening sight that is expected to be met by the correspondents when they arrive at the scene above. A report has just been received that twenty persons are on an island near Nineveh, and that a number of men and women are on a partly submerged tree. Another report says that at least 100 persons were burned in the flames at Johnstown last night. The air is filled with thrilling and most incredible stories, but none of them can be yet confirmed. It is certain, however, that the worst cannot be imagined.

The Pennsylvania Railroad people have succeeded in getting a temporary wire through from Sang Hollow to the western end of the railroad bridge, which is west of Johnstown. The bridge lodged against the bridge, and piled up to a distance of probably forty feet, and is said to be still burning. Until the flames die out, so as to admit of passage across the bridge, nothing can be done toward repairing the heavy washout between the bridge and Johnstown station. The Cambria Iron Company's plant on the north side of the Conemaugh River at Johnstown is a complete wreck. Until this news was received it was not thought that this portion of the plant had been seriously injured. It was known that the plant located on the greenbank side of the river was washed away, and this was thought to be the extent of the damage to the property of that immense corporation. The plant is said to be valued at $5,000,000.

SAD JOURNEY TOWARD THE SCENE OF DEATH.

At 9½ the first train passed New Florence bound east. It was crowded with people from Pittsburgh and places along the line, who were going to the scene of the disaster with but little hope of finding their loved ones alive. It was a heartrending sight. Not a dry eye was in the train. Mothers moaned for their children. Husbands paced the aisles and wrung their hands in mute agony. Fathers pressed their faces against the windows and endeavored to see something, they knew not what, that would tell them in a measure of the dreadful fate that their loved ones had met with. All along the regime Conemaugh the train stopped, and bodies were taken on the express car, being carried by the villagers who were out along the banks. Oh, the horror and infinite pity of it all! What a journey has been that of the last half hour! Swollen corpses lay here and there in piles of cross-ties or on the river banks along the tangled greenery.

It was about 9 o'clock when the first passenger train since Friday came to the New Florence depot with its load of eager passengers. They were no idle travellers, but each had a mission. Here and there men were staring out the windows with red eyes. Among them were tough-looking Hungarians and Italians who had lost friends near Nineveh, while many were weeping on all sides. Two of the passengers on the train were man and wife from Johnstown. The wife was quite dignified and seemingly of great self-possession. She was anxious, and tried hard to control her feelings. From every newcomer and possible source of information she sought news.

"Ours is a big new brick house," said she with a brave effort, but with her brown eyes moist and red from her trembling. "It is a three-story house, and I don't think there is any trouble, do you?" said she to me, and without waiting for my answer, she continued with a sob, "There are my four children in the house and the nurse, and I guess father and mother will go over to the house, don't you?"

In a few moments all those in the car knew the story of the pair, and many a pitying glance was cast at them. Their house was one of the first to go.

A BOY'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The huge wave struck Bolivar just after dark, and in five minutes the Conemaugh rose from 6 to 40 feet, and the waters spread out over the whole country. Soon houses began floating down, and clinging to the debris were men, women, and children, shrieking for aid. A large number of citizens gathered at the county bridge, and they were reinforced by a number from Garfield, a town on the opposite side of the river. They brought ropes, and these were thrown over into the boiling waters as persons drifted by, in efforts to save them. For half an hour all efforts were fruitless, until at last, when the rescuers were about giving up all hope, a little boy astride a shingle roof managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his left arm and was thrown violently against an abutment, but managed to keep hold and was pulled on to the bridge amid the cheers of the onlookers. The lad was at once taken to Garfield and cared for. The boy is about 16 years old and his name is Hessler. His story of the calamity is as follows:

"With my father I was spending the day at my grandfather's house in Cambria city. In the house at the time were Theodore, Edward, and John Kintz, John Kintz, Jr., Miss Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, wife of John Kintz, Jr.; Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. Mina Smith, John Hirsch and four children, my father, and myself. Shortly after 5 o'clock there was a noise of roaring waters and screams of people. We looked out the door and saw persons running. My father told us to never mind, as the waters would not use families. But soon we saw houses swept by, and then we ran up to the floor above. The house was three stories, and we were at last forced to the top one. In my fright I jumped on the bed. It was an old-fashioned one, with posts and tester. The water kept rising, and my bed was soon afloat. Gradually it was lifted up. The air in the room grew close, and the house was moving. Still the bed kept rising and pressed the ceiling. At last the posts pushed the plaster, yielded, and a section of the roof gave way. The bed went out and I found myself on the roof and was being carried down stream. After a little this roof commenced to part and I was afraid I was going to be drowned, but just then another house with a shingle roof floated by, and I managed to crawl on it and floated down until nearly dead with cold, when I was saved. After I was freed from the house I did not see my father. My grandfather was on a tree, but he must have been drowned, as the waters were rising fast. John Kintz, Jr., was also on a tree. Miss Mary Kintz and Mrs. Mary Kintz I saw drown. Miss Smith was also drowned. John Hirsch was in a tree, but the four children were drowned. The scenes were terrible. Live bodies and corpses were floating down with them and away from us. I would see a person shriek and then disappear. All along the line were people who were trying to save us, but they could do nothing, and only a few were caught."

HEROISM AND DEATH.

An eyewitness at Bolivar Block station tells a story of heroism which occurred at the lower bridge which crosses the Conemaugh at that point. A young man, with two women, was seen coming down the river on part of a floor. At the upper bridge a rope was thrown down to them. This they all failed to catch. Between the two bridges he was noticed to point toward the elder woman, who, it is supposed, was his mother. He was then seen to instruct the women how to catch the rope which was being lowered from the other bridge. Down came the raft with a rush. The brave man stood with his arms around the two women. As they swept under the bridge he reached up and seized the rope. He was yerked violently away from the two women, who failed to get a hold on the rope. Seeing that they would not be rescued he dropped the rope and fell back on the raft, which floated on down the river. The current washed their raft in toward the bank. The young man was enabled to seize hold of a branch of a tree. He aided the two women to get up into the tree. He held on with his hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood. A piece of floating debris struck the drift, sweeping it away. The man hung with his body immersed in the water. A pile of drift soon collected, and he was enabled to get another insecure footing. In the river there was a sudden crash, and a section of the bridge was swept away and floated down the stream, striking the tree and washing it away. All three were thrown into the water. The women disappeared before the eyes of the horrified spectators, just opposite the town of Bolivar.

PITEOUS SIGHTS FROM A SIGNAL TOWER.

Just before reaching Sang Hollow, the end of the mail line on the Pennsylvania Railroad is "S. O." signal tower, and the men in it told piteous stories of what they saw.

A beautiful girl came down on the roof of a building which was seen from near the tower. She screamed to the operators to save her, and one big, brawny brave fellow walked as far into the river as he could and shouted to her to guide herself into shore with a bit of plank. She was a plucky girl, full of nerve and energy, and she paddled in her frail support in strict obedience to the command of the operator. She made two or three bold strokes, and actually stopped the course of the raft for an instant. Then it swerved and went out from under her. She tried to swim ashore, but in a few seconds she was lost in the whirling water. Scores saw her hit her, for she lay quietly on her back with face pallid and expressionless.

Men and women in dozens in pairs and singly; children, boys, big and little, and wee babies, were there among the awful manifestation of water, screaming, shrieking, struggling, and fighting desperately for life. Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They crouched stoidly, looking at the shores, while between them, dressed in white and kneeling with her face turned heavenward, was a girl six or seven years old. She seemed stricken with paralysis until she came opposite the tower, and then she turned her face to the operator. She was so close they could see big tears on her cheeks, and her voice was as sweet as a bell. The helpless men on shore shouted to her to keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude and disappeared under the trees of a projecting point a short distance below. "We couldn't see her come out again," said the operator, "and that was all of it."

"Do you see that fringe of trees?" said the operator, pointing to the place where the little girl had gone out of sight. "Well, we saw scores of children swept in there. I believe that when the time comes they will find almost a hundred bodies of children in there among those bushes."

A CHARNEL HOUSE AT NINEVEH.

Just above New Florence is the little town of Nineveh. It was here that I found the first charnel house: 109 dead were here, the larger proportion of whom were women. Here it was that the awful work of the freshet could be realized. What have been fertile farms look like worn-out brickbat yards. Great trees have been twisted and torn like weeds, and the broken household goods of hundreds of houses line the shores for miles. Thieves of the vilest sort, those who steal from the dead and the unfortunate, have been busy at work robbing the trunks, boxes, articles of furniture, and there is nothing worth taking left except lumber. Every now and then ghastly outlines could be seen in the water being swept down stream. Two miles from "S. O." lower down than the "S. O." tower of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and here it is that the greatest railroad in the world ends suddenly in the river. For more than a thousand feet the entire track is wiped out, rails, ties, and even ballast. The north track is entirely washed away.

This is the nearest telegraphic point to Johnstown, and the delay in getting off news despatches has been fairly maddening. The Associated Press expedition was the first in the field, and was ready with thousands of words of special, but no wires could be had from 11 A. M. until almost 2 P. M. No special trains could be hired, no locomotives were to be bought, and the situation can be appreciated.

BODIES FLOAT PAST PITTSBURGH.

Only One Wire to the Scene of Death, and that Used for Orders for Coffins.

PITTSBURGH, June 1.—In this city to-day there was but one topic of conversation, and that was the Johnstown deluge. Crowds of eager watchers all day long besieged newspaper bulletin boards and rendered streets impassable in their vicinity. Many of them had friends or relatives in the stricken district. The torrent which had swept away their loved ones had also carried away all means of communication, and their vigil was unrewarded.

To show the state to which the telegraph is reduced it is sufficient to say that it is not yet known whether the Western Union Telegraph operator at Johnstown is dead or alive. The nearest point to that city which can be reached to-night is New Florence, and the one wire there is used almost constantly by orders for coffins, embalming fluid, and preparing special cars to carry the received dead to their homes.

Along the banks of the now turbulent Allegheny were placed watchers for dead bodies, and all wreckage was carefully scanned for the dead. The result of this vigilance was the recovery of one body, that of a woman, floating down on a pile of debris. Seven other bodies were seen, but could not be reached owing to the swift-moving wreckage by which they were surrounded.

Measures for relief were promptly taken by thoughtful men. The Mayors of Pittsburgh and Allegheny issued calls for mass meetings, which were responded to by throngs of Pittsburgh's wealthiest men. At 1 P. M. $60,000 was in hand, and at 5 o'clock the sum was swelled to $100,000. The American Republican Club met, a committee to take charge of aid for the sufferers was elected, and $1,500 was subscribed by the club.

The Exposition Society offered its large new building to relief committees for the housing of the living sufferers. A special train was chartered by the newspapers to carry provisions, medicines, and clothing to the nearest possible point to Johnstown.

A railroad conductor, who arrived in the city this morning, said: "There is no telling how many lives are lost. We got as far as Bolivar, and I tell you it is a terrible sight. The body of a boy was picked up by some of us there, and there were eleven bodies recovered altogether. I do not think that any one got into Johnstown, and it is my opinion that they will not get in very soon. No one who is not on the grounds has any idea of the damage done. It will be at least a week before the extent of this flood is known, and then I think many bodies will never be recovered."

Assistant Superintendent Wilson of the West Pennsylvania Railroad received the following despatch from Nineveh to-day: "There appears to be a large number of people lodged in the trees and rubbish along the line. Many are alive. Rescuing parties should be advised at every station." Another telegram from Nineveh said that up to noon 175 bodies had been taken from the river at that point.

The stage of water in the Allegheny River this afternoon became so alarming that residents living in the low-lying districts began to remove their household effects to a higher grade. The tracks of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad are under water in several places, and great inconvenience is felt in moving trains. It has been a very busy day along the wharves, owing to the suddenness of the rise, and the coaling fleet are hard at work securing the tows, but as the river is on a stand at this hour at twenty-three feet no serious damage is apprehended.

AN EXPRESS CAR SWEPT AWAY.

A special from Greensburg, says: "The first section of the day express which passed here at 9 o'clock this morning was flying between Sang Hollow and Johnstown yesterday afternoon when the waters came down. The flood cut one of the cars containing about fifty or sixty passengers loose and it was carried away, and it is supposed the passengers have perished. Two of the cars didn't go with the other cars. It is thought, escaped, but it is doubtful. S. M. Bell or Latrobe was the conductor, and escaped by assistance rendered him."

A special from Freeport says: "The water is receding here now, having reached twenty-one feet in the streets, but is running full of logs of all dimensions from the Clarion River. Half a million have passed here to-day, and a man just arrived from Red Bank says a million will pass here to-night. That stream is swept clear of logs, all saw mills are down, and the saw mills. The reporting the river was full of everything from Johnstown and vicinity—pianos, organs, trunks, chests, bedding, beer, lard, oil, ale, soda fountains, &c. No dead bodies have been found here, but at Leechburg six have been taken out. The loss along the Kiskiminetas River is inestimable. Burgess Turner called a meeting to-night in aid of the Johnstown sufferers, and over two hundred dollars have been already collected and the work just begun.

A BRAVE ACT—THE IDENTIFIED DEAD.

C. W. Bergenstall of Lincoln avenue, East End, Pittsburgh, distinguished himself by his heavy rescues yesterday afternoon. He was a passenger on the mail train, which had to turn back at Sang Hollow. As the train passed a point where the water was full of struggling persons a woman and child floated in near shore. The train was stopped, and Bergenstall unbrakeman, jumped off the car, and in two trips saved both mother and child.

Among the identified dead are: James McMillan, superintendent of the Cambria Iron Company, wife, four children and daughter-in-law; John S. Linton, leading lawyer, wife and five children; Thomas Kirpatrick and two children; Mr. Nolan and seven of family; Mrs. Wissinger, Mrs. Sarah Palmer, Dr. George Wagner, wife and three children; Frank P. Bonman, wife and two children; Mrs. Richard Worthington and seven children; William Howells, Mrs. Ann Howells, Mrs. John Reese and Cora, Lizzie, and Alva Reese; Rachel Reese, mother of John Reese; Pearson Eisher, wife and six children; Mrs. Eckstein.

A special from Greensburg says Alexander Kilgore, formerly of this place and who has a great many relatives in this section, was lost in the flood. The Rev. Mr. Wagner and wife and three daughters, who were at Johnstown, perished, and a son and daughter of Jesse Paden of this place were drowned. A. J. Jackson, a Western Union lineman stationed at Derry, was found drowned this evening.

JOHNSTOWN WAS LIKE THIS.

A City of Wooden Shells, Beside a River Fork, Under a Lake.

Johnstown was in the southwest part of Cambria county, at the forks where Stony Creek and Conemaugh Creek form the Conemaugh River. It was on the Pennsylvania Railroad, thirty-nine miles southwest of Altoona and seventy-eight miles east of Pittsburgh. The people of the town were the employees of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, their families, and small storekeepers. There was not one rich man in the town. Three-quarters of the 28,600 people lived in small frame tenement houses on the flats by the river around the works of the Cambria Company. The Cambria Company owns almost all the land, and the business and professional men and the superintendents of the company live on the hills away up from the creeks. The creeks become the Conemaugh River right at the end of the town, near where the big stone Pennsylvania Railroad bridge crosses the river.

The borough of Johnstown was on the south bank of Conemaugh Creek and the east bank of Stony Creek, right in the fork. It had only about a third of the population of the place. It had never been incorporated with the surrounding villages, as the Cambria Company, which owned most of the villages and only part of Johnstown, did not wish to have them consolidated into a city. These villages lay in a string along Conemaugh Creek, which flows from the reservoir, or Conemaugh Lake.

The first of the villages which the flood struck was one miles above Johnstown borough and on the flats made by the junction of a small creek with Conemaugh Creek. This village was occupied entirely by workingmen who lived on the flats in tenements. It was known as South Fork. It had a population of about 1,400. Three miles below South Fork was Mineral Point, a cluster of workingmen's houses about half the size. Neither of these towns was part of Johnstown.

Conemaugh was the largest village on the creek between the reservoir and Johnstown. It is often spoken of as part of Johnstown, though its railroad station is two or three miles up the creek from the Johnstown station. The streets of the two towns run into each other, and the space between the two stations is well built up along the creek. Part of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company's works are at Conemaugh, and five or six thousand of the workingmen and their families lived there. The business was done in Johnstown borough, where almost all the stores of Johnstown city were.

The works of the Cambria Company were strung along from here down into Johnstown proper. They were slightly isolated to prevent a fire in one spreading to the others, and because there was not much flat land to build on. The Pennsylvania road runs along the river, and the works were built beside it.

Between Conemaugh and Johstown borough was a string of tenements along the river which was called Woovale. Possibly 3,000 workmen lived in them. They were slightly built of wood, many of them without cellars or stone foundations. There were some substantially built houses in the borough at the fork. Here the flats widen out somewhat, and they had been still further increased in extent by the Cambria Company, which filled up part of the creek beds with refuse and the ashes from their works. This narrowed the beds of the creeks. The made land was not far above the water at ordinary times. Even during the ordinary spring floods the waters rose so high that it flowed into the cellars of the tenements, and at times into the works. The reservoir, the breaking of which caused the flood, has served somewhat to equalize the depth of the main creek by holding the water back. The natural land was occupied by the business part of the town, where the stores were and the storekeepers had their residences. The borough had a population of about 9,000. On the north bank of the river were a third as many people more living in tenements built and owned by the Cambria Company. Further down, below the junction of the two creeks, along both banks of the Conemaugh River, were about 4,000 employees of the Cambria Company and their families. The place where they lived was called Cambria or Cambria City. All these villages and boroughs made up what is known as the city of Johnstown.

The Cambria Company employed about 4,000 men in its works and mines. Besides these were some railroad shops, planing mills, flour mills, several banks and newspapers. Only the men employed by the Cambria Company and their families lived on the flats and made ground. The Cambria Company owned all this land, and made it a rule not to sell it, but to lease it. The company put rows of two-story frame tenements close together on their land close to the works, the cheaper class of tenements in solid blocks to cheapen their construction. The better tenements were separate buildings, with two families to the house. The tenements rented for from $5 to $15 a month, and cost possibly, on the average, $500 to build. They were all of wood, many of them without cellars, and were built as cheaply as possible. The timbers were mostly pine, light and inflammable. It was not an uncommon thing for a fire to break out and to burn one or two rows of tenements. But the different rows were not closely bunched, but were sprinkled around in patches near the separate works, and it was cheaper for the company to rebuild occasionally than to put up brick houses.

Besides owning the flats, the Cambria Company owned the surrounding hills. In one of the hills is limestone, in another coal, and there is iron ore not far away. The company has narrow gauge roads running from its mines down into the works. The city was at the foot of these three hills, which meet in a double V shape. Conemaugh Creek flowing down one and Stony Creek flowing down the other. The hills are not so far distant that a man with a rifle on any one could not shoot to either of the others. They are several hundred feet high and so steep that roads run up them by a series of zig-zag grades. Few people live on these hills except on a small rise of ground across the river from Johnstown. In some places the company has leased the land for dwelling houses, but it retains the ownership of the land and of the coal, iron, and limestone in it. The flats having all been occupied, the company in recent years had put up some tenements of a better class on the south bank of the river higher up than the flood reached. The business part of the town also was higher up than the works and the tenements of the company.

In normal times the river is but a few hundred feet wide. The bottom is stony. The current is so fast that there is little deposit along the bank. It is navigable at no time though in the spring a good canoist might go down it if he could steer clear of the rocks. In the summer the volume of water dwindles so much that a boy with a pair of rubber boots on can wade across without getting his feet wet, and there have been times when a good jumper could cross the river on the dry stones. Below Johnstown, after Stony Creek has joined the Conemaugh Creek, the volume of water increases, but the Conemaugh throughout its whole length is nothing but a mountain stream, dry in the summer and roaring in the spring. It runs down into the Kiskiminitas River and into the Allegheny River, and then on to Pittsburgh. It is over 100 miles from Johnstown to Pittsburgh following the windings of the river, twice as far as the straight line.

Johnstown was one of the busiest towns of its size in the State. Its tonnage over the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio roads was larger than the tonnage of many cities three times its size. The Iron and Steel Company is one of the largest iron and steel corporations in the world. It had its main rolling mills, Bessemer steel works, and blast furnaces at Johnstown, though it also has works in other places, and owns ore and coal mines and leases in the South, in Michigan, and in Spain, besides its Pennsylvania works. It had in Johnstown and the surrounding villages 4,000 or 5,000 men usually at work, and in flush times it has employed more than 6,000. So important was the town from a railroad point of view that the Baltimore & Ohio ran a branch from Rockwood, on its main line, to Pittsburgh up to Johnstown, forty-five miles. It was one of the main freight stations on the Pennsylvania road though the passenger business was so small in proportion that some express trains do not stop there. The Pennsylvania road recently put up a large brick station, which was one of the few brick buildings on the flats. Some of the Cambria Company's offices were also of brick, and there was a brick lodging house for young men in the employ of the company. The Pennsylvania road had repair shops there, which employed a few hundred men, and the Baltimore and Ohio branch had some smaller shops.

Johnstown had several Catholic and Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran churches. It had several daily and weekly papers. The chief were the *Tribune*, the *Democrat*, and the *Free Press*. The town was Democratic like Cambria county.

The reservoir that broke loose was part of the old Pennsylvania Canal system. At the head of the Conemaugh Creek back in the mountains from Johnstown, and about 350 feet higher than the Johnstown reservoir, was a small natural lake. When the canal was building, the engineers took this lake to supply the western division of the canal which ran from there to Pittsburgh. The Eastern division ended at Hollidaysburgh east of the summit of the Alleghanies, where there was a similar reservoir. Between the two was the old Portage road, one of the first railroads constructed in the State. The canal was abandoned some years ago, as the Pennsylvania road destroyed its traffic. The Pennsylvania Company got a grant of the canal from the State. Some years after the canal was abandoned the Hollidaysburgh reservoir was torn down. The water gradually escaped into the Frankstown branch of the Juniata River. The people of the neighborhood objected to the existence of the reservoir after the canal was abandoned, as little attention was paid to the reservoir, and the farmers in the valley below complained that the dam would break and drown them. The water was all let out of that reservoir about three years ago.

The dam above Johnstown greatly increased the small natural lake there. It was a pleasant drive from Johnstown to the reservoir. Boating and bathing parties often went out there. Near the reservoir is Cresson, a summer resort owned by the Pennsylvania road. Excursion parties are made up in the summer time by the Pennsylvania Company and special trains are run from New York to Cresson. A club called the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club was organized some years ago, and got the use of the lake from the Pennsylvania Company. Most of the members of the club live in Pittsburgh, and are prominent iron and coal men. Among them there are some of the officials of the Pennsylvania road among the members. They increased the size of the dam until it was over a hundred feet high and ninety feet thick at the base. It was about twenty feet thick at the top, and about a mile in length. This increased the size of the lake to three miles in length and a mile and a quarter in width. It was an irregular oval in shape. The volume of water in it depended on the time of the year. When the dam broke the lake was very full on account of the recent rains.

Some of the people of Johnstown had thought for years that the dam might break, but they did not think that its breaking would do more than flood the flats and damage the works of the Cambria Company.

Johnstown occupied the site of an old Indian town called Kickenopawling. About the year 1791 an enterprising German, Joseph Johns (he spelled it Yahns), settled there, and the original title deeds of many of the town lots are in his name. As this was the head of navigation to those seeking the Western wilds it speedily became a place of shipment for the iron of Huntingdon county, and for the lumber and produce of the vicinity, as well as the emigration destined for the West. Arks and flatboats were then the only means of conveyance. The place was at that time called Conemaugh. With the march of progress the Alleghany and Portage Railway was constructed between Johnstown and Hollidaysburgh, a distance of 36½ miles. It crosses the summit at Blair's Gap and descends along the main branch of the Conemaugh. The highest point of the road is 2,700 feet above the Delaware River at Philadelphia.

The Cambria Iron Works, the great industry of Johnstown, originated in a few widely separated charcoal furnaces built by pioneer iron workers in the early years of the century. As early as 1809 Gen. Arthur St. Clair engaged in the iron business, and erected the Hermitage furnace about sixteen miles from the present site of Johnstown. In 1809 the working of ores was begun near Johnstown. These were primitive furnaces, were charcoal was the only fuel employed, and the raw material and product were transported entirely on wagons, but they marked the beginning of the manufacture of iron in this country.

Chicagoans Believed to be Lost.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Mr. E. S. Bowman of this city says: "I have every reason to believe that my father, mother, my married brother, with his wife and two children, and one unmarried brother and two sisters were all lost in the Johnstown flood. I have waited all morning for some word from them, but have received none. Had they been saved they would certainly have notified me."

Their names are: Jerome Bowman, his wife, Harriet, their son Robert, another son Franklin, with a wife and two children, and two sisters, Ida and Maggie.

Gov. Foraker Offers Tents for the Homeless.

COLUMBUS, O., June 1.—Gov. Foraker this afternoon sent a telegram to Gov. Beaver at Harrisburg tendering the use of tents, up to as high as 1,000, for the sufferers at Johnstown. He sent a similar telegram to General Manager James McCrea of the Pennsylvania system. The Governor also sent a telegram to Gov. Beaver, stating that W. G. Desher of this place had suggested a call for help, and proposed to start a subscription with $500 from himself.

General Manager McCrea has answered the Governor from Pittsburgh, saying that the tents will be badly needed; that at least 500 are wanted, and he will furnish cars to load them at Columbus free of transportation. Mr. McCrea asked the Governor to confer with the Chairman of the Pittsburgh Relief Association at the Chamber of Commerce building, as the situation is most pitiable, and not the half has been told. The Governor has telegraphed William McCreery, Chairman, Pittsburgh, that Adjutant-General Axline will leave here at midnight with 500 tents, and that more can be furnished if needed.

The President Sends Messages of Sympathy.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The President has sent a telegram to the Mayor of Johnstown, Pa., expressing his sympathy for the people of that city in their recent calamity, and saying that the Secretary of War is considering means for their relief. He also made a contribution to the relief fund.

Gen. Schofield, acting Secretary of War, has asked Gov. Beaver by telegraph what the War Department can do to aid the sufferers by the flood in Pennsylvania. He says the department has no tents, all the extra ones having been sent to Charleston during the earthquake and have never been returned.

For a Johnstown Relief Fund.

To the Citizens of Brooklyn:

Having read of the terrible calamity caused by the deluging of the lands in and about Johnstown, Pa., and realizing that many of the survivors must need immediate relief, I herewith tender the use of the Park Theatre, free of all charges, for the evening of Tuesday, June 4, for the purpose of holding a meeting to take the necessary preliminary steps for the raising of a relief fund, and will donate to the same my check for $100. The necessity for immediate action is apparent, and Brooklyn has never yet been backward when a helping hand has been required to relieve distress in any part of the country. Trusting that this will receive a hearty response on the part of the people of this city, I remain, yours truly,

WM. E. SINN.

THE GREAT DELUGE.

Immense Areas in Five States Deep Under Water.

RIVERS BEYOND CONTROL.

Trains at a Standstill on a Score of Railroads.

The Alleghany, Shenandoah, Petapsco, Juniata, Potomac, Chemung, Genesee, and Many Other Rivers Over their Banks—The Greatest Damage in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Western New York, Virginia and West Virginia—Bridges Destroyed, Tracks Washed Out, and Traffic Suspended on Large Parts of the Pennsylvania, B. and O., and Erie Systems—No Communication by Rail or Wire Between Washington and the South—Trains Will be Blocked for Days—Weighting Bridges with Locomotives to Keep Them in Place—Boats in City Streets and Houses Everywhere Afloat—The Losses will Reach Many Millions—Life-saving Expeditions.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—The present trouble is the worst ever experienced by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. During the blizzard of March, 1888, the road was blocked on the New York division and east of Altoona for nearly five days. The present suspension of traffic caused by the washing away of bridges and viaducts, heavy land slides, long and deep washouts, and the fall of heavy masses of rock from the mountain sides to the tracks below between Altoona and Johnstown, a distance of about forty miles, and east of the former city, is expected to last longer than the snow blockade.

At the office of the general manager of that road it was said this morning that the new bridge across the Conemaugh River at Johnstown, which was reported to have been swept away by the water, is still standing as firm as ever, but the approach thereto for a distance of 300 or 400 feet between the station and the bridge has been washed out. The wires to Williamsport are still down. A despatch received from that city, by way of Reading, said that the lumber boom had broken at 9 o'clock this morning, and the water was rushing through the upper end of the town. About 2 o'clock this morning word was received at Williamsport that the boom at Lock Haven had broken, and that the place was overflowed. Since then no news has been received as to the condition of affairs, as the wire between Williamsport and Lock Haven went down immediately after the sending of the despatch, and communication has not yet been restored.

MANY TRAINS AT A STANDSTILL.

The positions of the east and west-bound through trains, as placed in these despatches last night, remains unaltered. The New York and Chicago limited, east-bound, is still at Wilmore; the Atlantic express and the seashore express are at Portage; the day express from Chicago, and the mail train are at Conemaugh. The Philadelphia express, east-bound from Pittsburgh, is at Bolivar Junction. The three west-bound trains from New York to Chicago are still at Altoona. No definite information can be given as to when these trains will move.

On the middle division, between Harrisburg and Altoona, the line is very badly blocked, but the rain has ceased falling, and the flood in the Juniata is likely to decrease. As soon as the rain ceases the extent of the trouble can be estimated, and the prospects for running trains given with some degree of accuracy. From Harrisburg north, to Williamsport, on the Northern Central division, the condition of the track is nearly as bad as on the middle division, and no trains will be run until the track can be made safe. Beyond Williamsport, on the Philadelphia and Erie branch, the small amount of information received is enough to show that the running of trains is out of the question. On the Northern Central branch, between Harrisburg and Baltimore, there are several bad washouts, and no trains have yet been run on that division.

On the Philadelphia division, between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, the storm was not of sufficient violence to do any serious damage, and the road is therefore clear between these cities. At Havre de Grace, Md., the water in the Susquehanna is reported to be very high, but no serious damage has as yet been reported. Vice-President Frank Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company left this morning on a special train for the scene of the blockade, and the efforts to clear the line and restore travel will be made under his supervision.

WEIGHTING THE BRIDGES.

A despatch received from Williamsport at 1 o'clock this afternoon says that the city is flooded and the water still rising.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad bridge over the Susquehanna River at Muncy was swept away, and, crashing against the Philadelphia and Erie bridge at Montgomery, seriously damaged the latter structure. A train of loaded coal cars which had been placed on the Montgomery bridge prevented it from being carried away. Up to 1 o'clock no news of any sort had been received from Lock Haven as to the state of affairs there, and the condition of that water-swept city is only a matter of conjecture. The last news received showed that the place was overflowed by the bursting of the lumber boom located just above the city. The railroad office at Williamsport is surrounded by water. The bridge at Linden, six miles from Williamsport, which crosses the west branch of the Susquehanna, was weighted with a heavily loaded freight train to prevent the structure from being carried away. No information can be received as to whether the bridge is still standing because of the flooded condition of the country between Linden and Williamsport. All the railroad bridges have been similarly weighted, but owing to lack of telegraphic facilities it is impossible to say how they are standing the pressure of the flood.

The following was given out for publication by the general manager of the Pennsylvania road this afternoon:

"Passenger travel to the West and South is temporarily obstructed on the Pennsylvania Railroad by the widespread and unprecedented storm of the past thirty-six hours, which has caused considerable damage at certain exposed points on the road, with the result of temporarily delaying the passage of through trains. It will probably take forty-eight hours to repair the damage to the track. Passenger trains are not at present running north and west of Harrisburg, nor south of Washington, and the sale of tickets to points within this territory is for the time being suspended. Trains are running on schedule time between New York and Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, and to all points on the Schuylkill and New Jersey divisions. Early advice will be given the public through the local papers and by ticket agents of the reopening of the line. This is all that we can say to-day. If the road is not in better shape on Monday another notice will be sent out."

Communication to Altoona has been interrupted since 1 o'clock this morning, and nothing can be learned from that point as to the condition of things there.

CALLING FOR RELIEF.

The Mayor of this city called a meeting of citizens to-day, to take steps for the immediate relief of the unfortunate people deprived of means of livelihood by the terrible floods in Western Pennsylvania. Calls for provisions and clothing have been issued, to be delivered at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, for immediate shipment. A meeting will be