FIFTEEN HUNDRED PERSONS

Perish in the Floods Which Wipe Out Two Villages.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., WASHED AWAY

Appalling Sights, Thrilling Rescues and Dreadful Deaths.

A VERITABLE RIVER OF DEATH.

Disasters by the Floods in Other Parts of Pennsylvania.

Houses by the Dozens Floating Down Stream With Living Freights.

A last (Friday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: A sudden freshet is reported in the North Fork River, east of Johnstown, in the Alleghany Mountains. Two-thirds of Johnstown is said to be under water and the railroad and telegraph lines are washed out. Pittsburg has had no wire communication with Johnstown for three hours.

LATER.—The flood at Johnstown has resulted in an awful catastrophe. It is said the reservoir above the town broke about 5 o'clock this evening and the immense volume of water rushed down to the city, carrying with it death and destruction. Houses with their occupants were swept away, and scores, probably hundreds, were drowned. There is no communication with Johnstown, but a telegraph operator in the Pennsylvania Railway tower at Sag Hollow, twelve miles this side of Johnstown, says at least seventy-five dead bodies have floated past. The wires are all down, and no trains are running east of Blairsville, which is about twenty-five miles west of Johnstown. There is no way to get to the scene of the disaster, and full particulars can hardly be obtained to-night, although every effort is being made to do so.

The latest reliable information received from Johnstown comes through Pennsylvania railroad officials, who aver that over 200 dead bodies have been counted floating down stream at Johnstown alone.

A special from Greenburg says a report has reached here that the greater portion of Johnstown has been flooded and hundreds of lives have been lost. Houses are floating about and the people who are free are panic-stricken and are fleeing to the mountains. At a point near New Florence eighty-five persons have been seen floating down the river on drift-wood. A report comes that but two roofs of the houses in Johnstown can be seen. The Cove Town and New Florence bridges have been washed away and all the buildings along the Covemaugh, between New Florence and Johnstown, have been carried away. The railroad towers have been abandoned by the operators.

Another special from Greensburg says Johnstown is completely submerged, and the loss of life is inestimable. Houses are going down the river by the dozen, and people can be seen clinging to the roofs. At Coketown, a village of several hundred inhabitants, the houses are almost entirely covered, and a great many dwellings at Blairsville are submerged. Scarcely a dwelling in the vicinity of Snag Hollow can be seen.

A despatch from Latrobe says: The Association Press train, from present appearances, will not be run nearer than six or eight miles of that part of Johnstown where the flood was worst.

A despatch from Braddock says: The telegraph wires being down absolutely for six or seven miles below the immediate scene of the disaster, and being in unworkable shape for three or four miles' distance, it was half-past 7 before an accurate outline of the effect of the tidal wave could be learned. The chief officials of the Pittsburg end of the main line of the Pennsylvanian Railroad received most of their first information from the signal tower at Snag Hollow, six miles west of Johnstown. At a quarter of 8 o'clock a boy was rescued by a man in the signal tower. He said that with his father, mother, brother and two sisters he was swept away in the tight frame house which was their home. He was washed away from the building, but said the other members of the family were in it when it was swept over the breast of the Newstone railroad bridge at Johnstown, that it capsized a few seconds later and they were all drowned so far as he could see. The railroad operator officially reports that before dark they were able to count 119 persons clinging to buildings, wreckage or drowned and floating in the current. If this is correct the damage in the town proper must be in the nature of a clean sweep. As early as 1 o'clock the alarm was sent to Johnstown that there was danger from the dam. The railroad officials were notified and in a very short time began to carry people from the town to places of safety.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Disaster overtook Johnstown about 6 o'clock last evening. As the train bearing the special correspondents sped eastward the reports at each stop grew more appalling. At Derry a group of railway officials were gathered who had come from Bolivar, the end of the passable portion of the road westward. They had seen but a small portion of the awful scene but enough to allow them to imagine the rest. Down through the Packsadale came the rushing waters. The heights of the Alleghenies look down in solemn wonder at the scene of the most terrible destruction that ever struck the romantic valley of the Conemaugh. The water was rising, when the men left at 6 o'clock, at the rate of five feet an hour. Clinging to improvised rafts, constructed in the death battle from floating boards 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 railway speed on the breast of the rushing torrent no human ingenuity could devise a means of rescue. With pale cheek and hair clinging wet and damp to her cheek a mother was grasping a floating timber, and in her other arm she held

HER BABE, ALREADY DROWNED.

With a death grip on a plank a strong man, just giving up hope, cast an imploring look to those on the bank. An instant later and he had sunk into the waves. Prayers to their God, cries to those in safety rang above the roaring waves. The special train pulled in at Bolivar at 11.30 p.m., and the trainmen were there notified that further progress was impossible. The greatest excitement prevailed at this place, and parties of citizens are out all the time endeavoring to save the poor unfortunates that are being hurled into eternity on the rushing torrent. The tidal wave struck Bolivar just after dark, and in five minutes the Conemaugh rose from six to forty feet and the waters spread 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 at once 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 a number of ropes, and these were thrown over into the boiling waters as persons drifted by, in efforts to save some poor beings. 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 successfully pulled on to the bridge amid the cheers of the onlookers. His name was Hessler, and his rescuer was a train hand named Carney. The lad was at once taken to the town of Garfield and cared for. The boy was about 16 years old.

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 and John Kintz, jun., Miss Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, wife of John Kintz, jun., Miss Treacy Kintz, Mrs. Rica 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 never to mind as the waters would not rise further, but soon we saw houses being swept away, 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 heavy posts. 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. It yielded and a section of the roof gave away, then suddenly 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, jun., 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. The four children were drowned. The scene was terrible. Live bodies and corpses were floating down with me and away from me. I would see a person; there would be a shriek, and then they would disappear. All along the line were people who were trying to save us, but they could do nothing, and only a few were caught. This boy's story shows what happened to one family.

GOD ONLY KNOWS

what has happened to the hundreds who were in the patter of the rushing waters. At the lower bridge, which crosses the Conemaugh at Bolivar, a young man and two women were seen coming down the river on part of a floor. At the upper bridge a rope was thrown to them, but this they failed to catch. Between the two bridges the young man was noticed to point towards the elder woman, who, it is supposed, was his mother. He was then seen to instruct the woman 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 jerked 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 the frail craft in towards the bank, and the young man was enabled to seize hold of the branch of a tree. The man 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 under the water. A pile of drift soon collected, and he was enabled to get another insecure footing. Up 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 and were drowned.

Rescuing parties are being formed in all towns along the railroad. Houses have been thrown open to the refugees and every possible means is being used to protect the homeless. The wrecking trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad are slowly making their way east to the unfortunate citizens.

WHAT AN OPERATOR SAW.

Harry Fisher, a young telegraph operator, who was at Bolivar when the first rush began, says he knew nothing of the disaster until he noticed the river slowly rising and then more rapidly. News then reached us from Johnstown that the dam at Southforks had burst. Within three hours the water in the river rose twenty feet. Shortly before 6 o'clock ruins of houses, household utensils, barrels and kegs came floating past the bridges. At 8 o'clock the water was within six feet of the roadbed of the bridge. The wreckage floated past without stopping for at least two hours. Then it began to lessen, and night coming suddenly upon us we could see no more. The wreckage was floating by for a long time before the first living person passed. Fifteen persons that I saw were carried down by the river. One of these, a boy, was saved, and three of them were drowned just below the town.

IT WAS AN AWFUL SIGHT,

and one that I will not soon forget. Hundreds of animals were lost. The bodies of horses, dogs and chickens floated past. The little boy who was rescued at Bolivar had two dogs as companions during his fearful ride. The dogs were drowned just before reaching the bridge. One old mule swam past. Its shoulders were torn, but it was alive when it went past the town.

THEY WERE AFRAID.

"We were afraid of the lake," said a gentleman who had lived in Johnstown for years. "We were afraid of that lake seven years ago. No one could see the immense height to which that artificial dam had been built without fearing the tremendous power of water behind it. The dam must have had a sheer height of 100 feet, thus forcing the water that high above its natural bed and making a lake at least three miles long and a mile wide out of what could scarcely be called a pond. I doubt if there is a man or woman in Johnstown who at some time or other had not feared and spoken of the terrible disaster that has now come. People wondered and asked why the dam was not strengthened, as it certainly had become weak, but nothing was done, and by and by they talked less about it, as nothing happened, though now and then some would shake their heads as if conscious the fearful day would come some time when their worst fears would be transcended by the horror of the actual occurrence. Johnstown is in a sort of hollow between two rivers and that lake must have swept over the city at a depth of 40 feet. It can't be, it is impossible, that such an awful thing could happen to a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and if it has, thousands have lost their lives, and men are to blame for it, for warnings have been uttered a thousand times and have received no attention."

Later.—The first reports of the loss of life were entirely too low. It is believed that at least 8,000 persons have perished. Of these 700 or 800 were burned in the fiery furnace at the viaduct. Two thousand coffins have been ordered for bodies already rescued.

Conemaugh is laid low, Cambria City is gone, Johnstown is utterly demolished and not a house stands in Colville.

A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

An Engine Dashed by Six Inches From Her Head, But She Kept Her Nerve and Saved Her Life.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Edward Brady, a lawyer of West Philadelphia, has a daughter who has no equal for pluck and courage. After having been precipitated down a 30-foot embankment in the dark at Berwin, Thursday night, to the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, her body pinned to the ties by the debris of a wrecked phaeton and a struggling horse, so that she could not move, she lay there while the western express train came thundering on, not knowing whether she would be killed or not, and never fainted. Fortunately her head was nearly six inches from the rail. She felt the heat of the fire-box as the engine dashed by, but smiled when released and wanted to clamber up the bank herself. Miss Brady and her escort, Mr. Ward, started Thursday morning for West Chester. Just after dark they started for home. Before reaching Berwin Station the roads turn abruptly. Ward got out and went to the horse's head, but the animal began to back towards the embankment. Ward ran to the phaeton and tried to rescue Miss Brady, but it was too late. George W. Johnson and his brother William, who live on the other side of the embankment, came rushing down and across the track, bringing a lantern. Suddenly from Philadelphia came the rumble of the express train. One of the Johnsons seized the lantern and sprinted down the track just as the headlight gleamed around the curve. He waved the light frantically. The engineer put on the brakes. Mr. Ward called to Miss Brady and asked if she could move herself, and she answered "no." Another neighbor who had joined the party added more despair by crying: "My God, the girl will be killed." The two men sprang to one side, the train crashed into the horse and the phaeton, both of which projected over the rail. The train came to a stop just before the last two cars reached the debris. Mr. Ward, by this time frantic, sprang forward expecting to see her beheaded. Before he could reach her he heard her voice saying she was all right. She had never lost her nerve while the hot breath of the engine snorted in her face and tore away the phaeton and horse from on top of her. Miss Brady was easily extricated now. Her shoes had been torn from her feet. One of the horse's feet had been cut off and three of his legs were broken.

The train remained in the cut over an hour and the conductor endeavored to persuade Miss Brady to come to town in a special train fitted with a coach. She refused, said she was all right, even attempted a pleasantry or two and walked to a drug store, where her wounds were dressed. She had quite a severe scalp wound and a large contusion on her forehead.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Physician to and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or that vicinity." This accounts for many people dying with Bright's Disease, or advanced kidney malady. The disease is not suspected until it reaches a fatal period. If Warner's Safe Cure is used at the proper time, the fatality from that disease would be greatly decreased. Dr. Thompson also says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption."

A Corner Lot Better Than a County.

Rich English ladies often send money to the United States for investment, and as they generally buy houses and lots, or something equally as good, they show more wisdom than their sisters in America, who invest their money abroad in empty titles, empty heads and empty pockets.—*Manchester (Eng.) Mirror.*

THE CATERPILLAR PLAGUE.

An Innumerable Army Marching Through Maine—Railway Traffic Impeded and Every Green Thing Eaten.

A Bangor, Me., despatch says: The caterpillar migration now going on in Piscataquis county, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is alarming the entire northern portion of the State, and much alarm is felt throughout this section that the more southern counties may yet be ravaged. The phenomenon has been going on for nearly three weeks now, and no solution has been given of the mystery. Early in the month great swarms of small green caterpillars were noticed south of the Mattamiscontis mountains, in Penobscott county, but no attention was paid to them. Two weeks ago the people in the vicinity of Milo were astonished by the visit of an army of the insects nearly five miles wide passing the town and following the railroad. On Sunday two weeks ago they crossed over to the south side of the road, swarming over the rails for a space of ten miles, blocking all traffic, as reported at the time and delaying trains over ten hours, as the insects when crushed made the rails so slippery that the engine wheels would slide, regardless of the sand used on them. Over 306 section men and citizens failed to keep the track clear, and it was five days before the long procession passed. Once across the little travellers started towards the northwest, following the road between Dover and Brownville, seemingly headed for Sebec Lake. Their number is inestimable, being millions on millions, and their passage is like that of the destroying angel, for every speck of green vegetation disappears under their voracious attacks.

Fortunately the region they are still confined to is almost entirely confined to lumbering, so the cultivated farms are happily few and far between; but these belong to poor settlers utterly unable to withstand any direct loss, and those whose plantations have been in the way of the invading host have been financially ruined, for the early crop has been swept away. The loss has already gone away up into the thousands, with no immediate signs of abating, as the migration is still steadily progressing.

The greatest annoyance is to the railroad company whose line has been selected by the caterpillars as the best promenade, and being unable to cope with the difficulty are meeting with great obstacles in running their trains, all of which are from two to eight hours behind daily. The entire county has risen up for their destruction, but it is impossible to manage them, and the subject under discussion is the feasibility of firing the forest in front and alongside of them so that they will be destroyed. Where they are going is as much a mystery as their origin and if they change their course southward again and visit the agricultural regions the damage they will do the young crops will be something enormous. So far, as stated, their course seem to be directly in this direction. Last Sunday the army was over five miles wide, being stretched along for ten miles more.

STRUCK WHILE PREACHING.

An Evangelist Hit and Blinded by Lightning.

A Danville, Ill., despatch says: The people in the country near Hillsboro', Fountain county, Ind., have just erected and dedicated a new church. Rev. J. C. Meyers, a prominent evangelist, residing at State Line, Ind., has been conducting a revival. Last evening the church was crowded to suffocation and the windows were all thrown open. About 8 o'clock, as Mr. Meyers was in the midst of his sermon, a small rain cloud passed over the church. It only discharged one bolt of lightning, which first struck and completely destroyed the church chimney, and then, dividing into branches, ran down the stove pipes, melting and destroying the stoves and tearing up the floor before it entered the ground. All the congregation were more or less affected, but none of the injuries were serious. The main branch of the bolt, on leaving the chimney, descended the pulpit chandelier, directly over the head of Mr. Meyers. He jumped high in the air, and, turning a somersault, fell heavily, face downward, on the floor. He was thought to be dead and it was more than half an hour before he showed any signs of life. On the back of his head, where the bolt struck, is a seared place an inch in diameter. The face is burned, eyelids badly puffed and eyesight gone. His friends brought him to Danville this morning for treatment, and although able to distinguish large objects, the oculist thinks blindness will be perpetual.

Kinds of Plums.

Geo. W. Cline, the President of the Grimsby Fruit Growers' Association, writes: "As to kinds of plums for planting, the list may be long or short, just as the planter likes. The varieties are numerous that are profitable for this section, but the following list is long enough and good enough for any one, and the trees can be easily and cheaply purchased, viz.: For early—Imperial Gage, Smith's Orleans, Washington, Niagara and Bradshaw. Medium—Lombard, General Hand, Pond's Seedling and Yellow Egg. Late—Quackenboss, German Prune, Reine Claude de Bavay and Coe's Golden Drop. There are others I would add, but they are not so easily got, such as Victoria, Columbia, Lawson's Golden Gage, Duane's Purple, Glass' Seedling, Munro and several others, but we have here plenty from which to select, and it is very doubtful if we ever will get any addition to these that will be any more productive or any more profitable for the grower.

An Optical Delusion.

Young Badger, from New York, on the first morning of his visit to his uncle Abner's farm appears bright and early in a pair of white flannel trousers.

Uncle Abner (taking him aside)—Gee Whitaker, nephew, why in blazes didn't you tell me you was so poor? Here, boy, take this $3 and run down street to the store and buy a pair of pants before the women folks get up.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

—Judge—Is there any reason why I shall not pronounce sentence upon you? Prisoner—No; do by me just as you would do by yourself were you in my position.

—The fine new building of the Canada Life Insurance Company on King street west, Toronto, will be completed and ready for occupation on May 1st of next year.

QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

Something About the Dress of Mrs. Lincoln When Presented.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The drawing-room to-day was certainly remarkable for the number of splendid costumes worn. It is true the royalties were in mourning, but this served only to show off the costumes of those who came to the throne to be presented. A good deal of curiosity was expressed among the ladies to see the new American Minister's wife and daughter. They both passed through the ordeal remarkably well, and indeed the American presentations came out very strongly. Mrs. Lincoln wore a handsome jupe of black silk, trimmed with black tulle, and embroidered with jet. A long train of black silk hung from the waist, for though it is optional to wear it from the shoulders, one feels the weight more when it is so placed. The low-cut corsage was of the same material, trimmed in the same manner. The court plumes and lappels were black. Mrs Lincoln wore a collarette of diamond stars, fastened on black velvet, and small diamond earrings. She carried a bouquet of purple flowers. Miss Lincoln, who was presented by her mother, looked very fresh and pretty in a charming debutante's gown of white poult de soie. The front of the jupe was covered with tulle, hung with tiny silver pendants, that shimmered as she walked, held in place by a chatelaine of daisies and grasses. The train was also of white poult de soie. The corsage was trimmed with tulle, daisies and grasses. Her court plumes and lappels were white. Pearls were her sole ornaments, and her bouquet consisted of pure white exotics and maidenhair fern.

Canned Goods and the Frost.

The Canadian Packers' Association held a meeting Friday, in Toronto, Mr. W. Boulter, President, in the chair. In view of the large sales recently and the probabilities of a light crop, it was decided to advance canned corn, making the minimum price 92½c per dozen. Reports were made by members on the damage to their crops by the recent frost. After taking into consideration the damage done, it was decided that it would be very inadvisable to offer the new pack of goods for sale until the season is further advanced.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, Hamilton, said that he had not seen the effects, but had been told that all the tomato plants had been ruined. He had seen beans cut to the ground.

Mr. Teskey, Welland, reports cherries 90 per cent. destroyed, grapes frozen and lost and tomatoes all cut to the ground.

Mr. Fenton, St. Catharines, reported from a number of inquiries that the frost on Tuesday night at points down near the lake ice was ¼ inch thick. Thermometer registered 28°, or 4° below freezing. Grapes very seriously damaged; one vineyard of 60 acres and other large vineyards are totally destroyed. Plums will not be more than 10 per cent. of a crop. Some fields of tomato plants entirely destroyed and very few plants are left for resetting. All corn that was standing has been cut; also beans. Strawberries are more or less injured. Some of the late settings may produce fruit, but it will be very light. He had learned nothing definite about peaches and apples.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had $5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

Dominion Customs Changes.

A number of Orders-in-Council have been passed recently in reference to customs matters. Veneers of wood, shaved or cut with a knife direct from the log, not planed or otherwise smoothed or manufactured in any way, are rated for duty under item No. 153 of the schedule at 10 per cent. ad valorem. Second process molasses, testing by polariscope less than 35 degrees, when imported by manufacturers of blacking for use in their own factories in the manufacture of blacking, may hereafter come in duty free under certain conditions; wire of iron or steel, galvanized, tinned or coppered, or not of 16 gauge or smaller, when imported by manufacturers of wire cloth, wire work, brushes, pianos and plated ware, to be used for these purposes only in their own factories, is also placed on the free list. Yarns made of wool or worsted, the same being genapped, dyed and finished, when imported by manufacturers of braids, cords, tassels and fringes, to be used for these purposes only in their own factories, are placed on the free list until the end of the next session of Parliament. The Order-in-Council interpreting item No. 57 of the tariff so far as it relates to plough plates, mould boards and land sides, which expired at the close of last session, is continued in force until the end of next session.

Sent Home to Die.

Harry Finch, a third term convict, was released from the Central Prison yesterday on a special pardon granted by the Minister of Justice in order that he may go to his home in London, Ont., to spend the few hours of life remaining to him. Finch has a bad record, having been an inmate of the Kingston Penitentiary as well as the Central.

—However hard it may be to live on a small salary, it is a good deal harder to die on one.