

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, Editor

HUNTINGDON, PENNA.

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 5, 1874.

Circulation LARGER than any other Paper in the Juniata Valley.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican voters of Huntingdon county are respectfully requested to assemble in their respective wards...

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

There is no good reason why minorities should not be represented in legislative and other elective bodies of men.

Our New York Letter.

Becher, Titon—Kidnapping—The Poor and What is Being Done For Them—Business.

NEW YORK, August 3, 1874. BECHER-TITON.

Long before this scrawl reaches you the telegraph will have brought you the full text of Theodore Titon's statement of the trouble between himself and Henry Ward Beecher, with Mr. Beecher's reply thereto.

All I can give you is the effect of these publications upon the public of New York and Brooklyn, where both parties are well known.

The statement of Titon is most direct and damaging to those closest to him supposed it would be. It was expected that he would undertake to show that Beecher had made an attempt upon Mrs. Titon, and that he had invaded other homes, all of which he would endeavor to substantiate by circumstantial evidence.

But his sworn statement that the great wrong had been done to him by Beecher, Titon, struck the community like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky.

And so skillfully is the statement made, so carefully are all the loop-holes closed up, that Mr. Beecher's best friends are compelled to admit that it has done as he has done.

Of course, the question is asked, "Why did he not right himself before?" Why did he not cast off this unfaithful wife and drag down the seducer at the time he made the discovery?

If askers of these questions knew Titon and his wife the question would not be asked at all. Mrs. Titon is a woman of a most intense religious nature, of a singularly sensitive nature—a woman, in short, who lives in a spiritual world, which is impelled by her imagination with all sorts of angels and demons.

A sweet, spiritual woman is Elizabeth Titon, but her nature is so intense, so morbidly religious, that she is precisely the woman that a bad spiritual guide could do anything with he chose to do.

She believed in Henry Ward Beecher—he idolized and worshipped him. He was to her a perfect man, and he was a demigod. With her nature she could be made wax in the hands of a man like Beecher.

And knowing this—appreciating the peculiar nature of his wife, Titon believed he had been betrayed, but had that pity upon his wife that kept the secret in his own bosom till he was compelled in self-defense to make it public.

It will be remembered that in his first statement he only hinted at the matter, without going into detail. This was intended as his warning to Mr. Beecher's friends to keep away from him.

Had they done so the quarrel would have stopped there. But these friends believed they could get possession of Mrs. Titon in such a way as to discredit any further statement he might make.

They defied him. Mrs. Titon left his house and sided with his enemies, whereupon Titon was driven to the wall, and made the desperate statement which is now before the world.

Beecher, of course, denies everything, and Mrs. Titon has followed suit. But the public do and will believe Titon, for there have been rumors of this kind for years, and Mr. Beecher in circulation for years, and the opinion is that these rumors have a foundation in fact.

Then the case has been pettifogged in all sorts of ways by his friends. The Committee of Investigation was selected by himself, and the Committee have, from the beginning, acted in accordance with his attorneys that in his judgment.

It is safe to say that Henry Ward Beecher's sun is sinking, and in a few months it will go down forever. It is a pity that it is so large, and a soul so all embracing, could not have been so balanced as to have run on to the end. Alas! for poor humanity.

KIDNAPPING. An incident occurring in Philadelphia may not seem to be exactly the thing for a New York letter, but this case of kidnapping in the City of Brotherly Love is so peculiar that I cannot investigate it for a week or two.

Little Charles, the son of a merchant residing in Germantown, named Ross, was missed from his home. The parents in their agony tried every possible way to find the missing child.

The police were put on the track and special detectives were employed, but all to no purpose. The child was nowhere to be found.

In a last resort, the newspapers were used, and advertisements were inserted, with a reward for the recovery of the boy, and these brought responses. A few days after the appearance of the first advertisement, a notice appeared in the Ledger as follows:

"Notice—We are ready to negotiate." Further advertisements drew out answers until a correspondence was effected which revealed a horror scarcely to be credited in this day and age of the world.

The child had been enticed into a wagon by two men who had driven it off and had it safely hidden. The ransom demanded was \$20,000! The kidnappers informed Mr. Ross that they knew he could not of his own means raise \$20,000, that they knew he had wealthy friends who would advance that amount rather than have the child come to harm, and that under such conditions were complied with the boy would be destroyed. The father and mother, in their terror, consented to the terms, and the negotiations for the payment of the money are now in progress.

Mr. Ross, the father, is a member of a large wholesale dry goods house in Philadelphia, who lost in the payment of the bulk of his money. The last of this century he was in a fine state of mind, but for his child is paramount, and he dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The Stom at Pittsburgh.

Sunday Night's Flood—Frightful Loss of Life—The Poor and What is Being Done For Them—Business.

NEW YORK, August 3, 1874.

About eight o'clock Sunday evening, the 27th ult., a water-spout burst over the city of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, and adjoining districts, causing great devastation and frightful loss of life.

Reports give the number of lives lost at over two hundred, and up to Wednesday evening over one hundred bodies had been recovered.

An active search is going on, others will be found, but as a great many of the victims were carried down with the flood into the rivers, the loss of life will never be accurately known.

Below will be found a condensed account of the disastrous flood. (From Tuesday's Commercial.)

The terrible rain-storm of Sunday evening, which did so much mischief in Allegheny, So far as the destruction of human life is concerned, is the greatest calamity that has ever befallen our city.

The storm was not accompanied with destructive winds, the devastation resulted entirely from the sudden precipitation of immense volumes of water.

The flood-gates of heaven were literally opened, and the ordinary channels for carrying away the water were everywhere inadequate.

Night had closed in, and our people were comfortably housed at home, spending the evening with friends, or at some neighboring house of worship.

The rain was descending copiously, and the lightning's flash and the thunder's rattle were incessant; but beyond this there was nothing unusual.

There was no occasion for any one to apprehend such a fearful visitation. It came almost as unexpected as the Mill River disaster. Such a thing as houses having been swept away in Pittsburgh or Allegheny, as if by an avalanche, was never heard of, with less anticipation.

Nothing had ever occurred in our past history, which, even in the remotest degree, might lead us to anticipate such a dire calamity, much less attempt to guard against it.

In Allegheny the devastation was confined to two localities—one known as Butcher's run, and the other as Wood's run, and some three miles apart. The first named locality is in the Third ward, and has for years been densely populated, mainly by Germans.

The valleys leading into and along the water courses had been materially aided by sewerage, so that there had never before been any difficulty experienced in carrying off ordinary rains.

The immense quantities of water which were precipitated in an hour's time overflowed the banks, increased rapidly in volume, and surrounded the whole neighborhood with a rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The wonder is that the destruction of life was not much larger. As Wood's run the loss of life was small, compared with that at Butcher's run. The valley is much wider, giving more room for the spreading of the water, and the population is not near so dense.

The citizens here, who come within the line of the flood, had much better opportunities for escaping.

At Mansfield, five miles from the city, in the Chartiers valley, there was also much damage and considerable loss of life.

No description of this calamity, however graphic, could convey to the mind any adequate conception of it. The horrors witnessed in our city that dreadful night, and the long rows of bodies carried from the ruins—who gazed upon the ghastly features of the dead, and the agonized faces of surviving parents and children, can form a faint conception of the terrors of that fatal hour.

Whole families have been seen blown on rafts. In one case, a father alone survives of a family of eleven—the mother and nine children having perished. The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped.

There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

are not altogether neglected. The New York Times some years ago inaugurated a system of excursions for the poor children which was grandly successful.

They chartered boats and loaded them with children and took a long sail, a half-day sail up the River or Sound to some beautiful grove, and disembarking gave the children games and sports, and what was better for them, a plentiful lunch of good things.

These excursions take place twice a week, and no one can estimate the good they have accomplished. A proposition has been made to give regular excursions to the sea, of the working women of the city. They labor year in and year out in factories or in their garrets for the merest possible pittance, just enough to keep body and soul together, and such a thing as a day on the water or in the green fields is something beyond their means.

To this class, excursions, such as the poor children have been enjoying for three years, would prove an inestimable boon. It will be done for New York is a charitable city when called upon.

BUSINESS. A little duller than last week, if any difference. Which is to say there was nothing doing last week, and the business men have stopped talking about the dullness. But they all expect a heavy fall trade. They say the people have used up the stocks on hand, and that they must begin to buy this fall. They are right. The enormous crops now being harvested will begin to revolve again.

We are alliving in a time of revival, and by October we will show a revival, and by October we will show the terrible year they have passed through in the pleasurable excitement of their fresh prosperity. So mote it be.

PIETRO. To describe all the incidents, of escapes and of destruction, which occurred along that fatal night, and the long rows of bodies carried from the ruins—who gazed upon the ghastly features of the dead, and the agonized faces of surviving parents and children, can form a faint conception of the terrors of that fatal hour.

Whole families have been seen blown on rafts. In one case, a father alone survives of a family of eleven—the mother and nine children having perished. The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped.

There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of more than two miles the marks of devastation are the same. In fact, the eye and mind become weary by the monotony of destruction to be seen in houses torn away from the foundations, some of them carried off and overturned, and others dashed into pieces, and mingled in an unrecognizable mass of debris, carried away by the rushing torrent in the streets, scores of men, women and children perished.

The father had been absent during the night, and thus escaped. There were scores of incidents, of the most touching and harrowing nature, past the power of words to portray.

To attempt to describe consecutively all the scenes that took place in Philadelphia would be a task of days. For a distance of