## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1890.

Johnstown as it Looks on the First Anniversary of the Flood.

A RESURRECTED CITY.

Rapidly, but Not Half Finished Yet.

A DAY OF SAD MEMORIES.

Saturday Will Recall the Scenes and Incidents of That Reign of Terror

IN THE GREEN VALLEY OF DEATH.

Pictorial Remembrances of the Wrecked Town, and Illustrations of Rebuilding.

THE PAST AND PRESENT COMPARED.

Descriptions of Johnstown as It Was Before the Floor the Day After the Deluge, and

DETAILS OF THE NEW BUILDING ON EACH STREET

Saturday will be the first anniversary o the Johnstown flood. It will be a day of sad memories in the Conemaugh Valley, and its stricken people will again bend low in their anguish. Thousands of aching hearts will bleed anew. The wealth of a universe was showered upon the survivors of Johnstown, and kind hands have rebuilt many a dwelling, but nothing of all this will bring relief to the multitude of hearts that still plead

For the touch of a vanished hand,

The sound of a voice that is still Sunshine may make Saturday a beautiful day, but no sunbeam will quite pierce the somber shades of a grief such as wells up from the souls of hundreds of bereaved families. The flowers of spring are painting the word "Resergam" all over the Conemanch hills, but deeper yet are planted the weeds of mourning. Birds of the neighboring mountains may make the air noisy with their blithe melody, but even that very air will be resonant with a more sorrowful that widow, you lonely tather, or the solitary sister. From 20,000 relatives of nearly 2 000 dead these sighs will come on Saturday. What a heartrending rythm the air of heaven would contain it they were all

Could Memory be No More! "Forget! Forget! Forget!" Every man woman and child in Johnstown is saying

that. And a merciful Providence is helping them to forget it all. Human happiness 1852 that the Cambria Iron Company was would be forever wrecked if the survivors of chartered, but it was a few years before such the Conemaugh Valley walked from day to an immense establishment as the projectors day with the living picture of the flood's proposed could be made to run smoothly and ruin before them. To this end those remarkable scenes of bustle and activity com- turn. The man who finally did make the mon in Johnstown the past seven or eight months will go right on uninterruptedly on Saturday. There will be no cessation of that he was elected to Congress, and aftertoil. If possible, the people will work al! | ward to the Presidency of the American

Why not stop work for the day, and go to their homes to spend the hours in quiet? you ask. Homes! There were no homes left the great mass of the people. Every hour, every minute, spent in their new dwellings, amid the new things, only shows more plainly the empty chairs and the loss of railroad tracks about its buildings, of all that was near and dear.

Then why not go to the graves of the lost ones and spend the day in planting flowers move raw and finished materials. More there? Graves! Why in Grandview Cemetery to-day there are nearly 800 people buried who were unknown victims of the flood. Several hundred more victims were never found. Their bones are still beneath the sand of the treacherous rivers. There are practically but few known tombs to plant flowers upon !

Toll That Helps Obliterate. "Work! Work! Work! Forget! Forget!" When people awake in Johnstown on Saturday morning that is what they will

And again the world reaches out its hand to Johnstown—this time to drop low about sacred thoughts and memories the veil of

human sympathy. And the people in striving to "forget" have wrought a great change in Johnstown in one year's time. Their work shows good results. In reviewing the events of the terrible disaster and the work of rebuilding the wrecked city, THE DISPATCH this morning separates the article on the subject in three parts, viz-Johnstown as it was prior to the flood, Johnstown as it was the day after the calamity, and Johnstown as it

IN ITS ZENITH.

L. E. STOFIEL.

THE PROSPERITY OF JOHNSTOWN BE FORE THE CALAMITY.

A City of Wonderful Growth-An Industria Gateway to Pittsburg-How the Surrounding Boroughe Thrived-Substantia Bulldings and a Large Population.

Johnstown was always a marvel. It was a city built in a mountain fastness. There were no wide plains on which its streets shore of Stony creek. It was very thickly populated at the time of the flood, Morris could be laid out in checker-board fastion, broad acreage for its easy expansion in after street being a business thoroughfare, with all its cross streets thickly settled. Kerns-ville was to Johnstown proper what Alle-gheny City is to Pittsburg. Below Johnsyears. The little delta upon which it was founded lay helplessly locked among towering hills. It was almost entirely hemmed town city was Millville, incorporated in 1858. Here are the rolling mills and the

in by these great rock-ribbed heights. Approached from any point of the compass, it was a revelation to strangers. Bound eastward, the tourist, first passing through the gorge of the Conemaugh as it forms the Packsaddle in Chestnut Ridge, then plunging into the shades of Laurel Hill, asked with wonder if that could be an iron mill, pointing to the black Cambria of the flood a population of 2,200. That included Morrellville. smokestacks as he caught a glimpse of them from the gap at Sang Hollow, where the train comes out of the mountain.

A Gateway to Pittsburg.

Descending the Alleghenies, the traveler from the East watched the tortuous windings of the Little Conemaugh as it dashed and foamed westward down the great mount ain slope. Nothing can be wilder than the valley below where South Fork creek enters the river, and there, within a few miles of Johnstown, the traveler's first thoughts were about fishing and hunting. He least expected to find there a bustling, prosperous city, and presently, when, from the gap at Mineral Point, he saw church steeples-a score of them-large business blocks and monster manufacturing establishments, astonishment was his only expression. To create and rear a metropolis there in that Reconstruction Progressing wild, and, from its geographical environments, almost impenetrable region, has

struck many a man as a triumph.
"Why, I thought the first iron mills we would see were at Pittsburg," an English tourist was once heard to say as the train stopped at Johnstown, "and here they are planted down among these mountains," "Aye," was the reply, "but Johnstown is

the gateway to Pittsburg."

How It Had Grown.

On Friday morning, May 31, 1889, Johnstown was the center of population of about 30,000. The town was incorporated in 1831, and started out with less than 700 residents. From its very inception it was an important place in the affairs of Pennsylvania. The eligible passes of the mountains which surrounded it made it the basis of operations in building the old State canal and the celebrated Allegheny Portage Railroad. When these joint enterprises began running they brought much of the through travel of the United States through Johnstown. The town was where the Portage railroad ended and the western division of the canal commenced. It thus became the depot of traffic and travel. Nor was this condition of things changed much after the Pennsylvania Railroad was built and the canal abandoned. The projectors of the new railroad enterprise believed they would lose nothing by leaving Hollidaysburg to the south and Ebensburg to the north of their main line, but they could not afford to slight Johnstown in this manner. That town had too much business and had become too powerful to be passed

An Impetus to Industry.

From the building of the Cambria Iron Works in 1853 dates the genuine progress of Johnstown. The surrounding mountains were rich in coal, ore and limestone, and the beginning of the work of constructing the Pennsylvania Bailroad gave an immense impetus to this industry. It was evidently

worked by charcoal furnaces. It was in

with any reasonable promise of financial re-

enterprise a success was Hon. Daniel J.

Morrell. It was while serving at its head

A Grent Enterprise.

By 1871 the Cambria works was not sur-

passed in size by any of the mills at Pitts-

burg. Since then it has steadily grown.

dozens of acres of ground, operated 35 miles

worked its own coal mines and coke works

ovens, and owned 1,500 cars on which to

than 7,000 men were in the company's em-

ploy at this date one year ago. Nearly a

mile above their main factories the company

also operated the Gautier Steel Works, and

nearly 1,000 tenement houses owned by the company and rented to their em-ployes, this correction of course contrib-uted immeasurably to the growth of Johns-

town. Owing to the extreme narrowness of the valley at this point, and the smallness

of the delta on which the business portion of Johnstown is built, the population spread

Surrounding Boroughs Created.

Thus were the surrounding boroughs created. They grew and flourished. Clustering all about Johnstown they made the parent city their market place. Though different in name, they were all one at heart.

Cambria's men lived in all of the boroughs,

and though the separate town Councils re-

fused to consolidate, that pretty little park on Johnstown's main street was the prome-

nade and common property of all the 30,000 people in the eight or ten miles of Cone-

maugh Valley.

Of these surrounding boroughs Conemaugh

borough was the most prosperous. It was incorporated in 1849 and was thickly settled

up to Green Hill. The population at the

time of the flood was supposed to be about 3,200 souls. Still higher up the river is Woodvale. It was laid out in 1864. Here

were located the works of the Johnstown

In 300 Snug Houses.

a mile farther up the river, were in turn suburbs for Woodvale. Coming back to

Johnstown we find Kernsville on the south

foundry. On Prospect Hill are located hundreds of workmen's homes. On the

western bank of Conemaugh river lay Cam-bria, which was surveyed in 1853 and incor-

porated in 1862. Its residences were made up entirely of the company's employes. Cambria was reputed to have had at the time

East Conemaugh and Franklin, half

Manufacturing Company, and the Chemics Company. People lived

With such an army of workmen, and with

the buildings were enormous in size.

jacent valleys.

At the time of the flood the concern covered

Iron and Steel Association.

Johnstown's Substantial Character.

As the market place for this large population the heart of Johnstown was most substantially built up. Large stores lined Washington, Main and Clinton streets. The iron company put up large brick buildings as offices. Opposite stood the Cambria Library, a gift to the citizens in 1881. It was fitted up elegantly, had commodious reading rooms and 8,000 volumes of standard books. Close by stood the Cambria Club House, another handsome institution of the iron company. In the library and club house was inaugurated a system of popular education in 1881 for the Johnstown's Substantial Character. system of popular education in 1881 for the benefit of the workmen. Competent in-structors taught free classes of mechanical

growing on the bed of that reservoir. Walking quietly over it, it is almost impossib.2 to conceive the gigantic power which was set loose from its forest-clad sides that afternoon. At its normal condition this basin held 480,000,000 cubic feet of water, but at the break it contained nearly 640,000,000 cubic feet, or say 20,000,000 net
tons. How vast a body of water this is will
be better appreciated by comparing it with
Niagara Falls. The discharge over the falls
is in the neighborhood of 18,000,000 cubic
feet per private.

An Awful Force.

It would therefore take nearly 36 minutes for Niagara Falls to discharge an equal body of water. The reservoir was emptied, all but the last harmless drippings, in just structors taught free classes of mechanical and free-hand drawing, writing, mathematics, chemistry, geology and political economy. Prosperity took many other forms. A hospital was erected on Prospect Hill in 1886. Large, handsome store blocks, were built three and four stories high, and some of the stateliest residences of which Western Pennsylvania could boast ornamented that

THE AWFUL BLIGHT

Johnstown as it Appeared on the Morning After the Flood.

DESOLATION ON EVERY SIDE. Two-Thirds of the City Bereft of Its

Homes and Business Blocks. A BARREN WASTE DOWN AT THE POINT.



BAFT OF WRECKAGE ABOVE THE STONE BRIDGE. [Sketched by THE DISPATCH Artist Saturday, June 1, 1889.]

tween the dam and Johnstown bridge, was

The Destruction Segins.

part of town known as the Point. Hundreds of the smaller artisans had got to that point where they had built and now owned their

THE DESTROYING GIANT.

THE TREMENDOUS POWER THAT LURKED

IN SOUTH FORK RESERVOIR.

Weight and Velocity of the Vast Body of

Descended Upon Johnstown.

Water Greater Than Ningara-How it

Crushed Woodvale Out of Existence and

For several days there had been heavy

rains in the Allegheny Mountains. But on

Thursday night, May 30, began that phe-

nomenal rainfall which, lasting several

hours, resulted in swelling every mountain

LOWER END OF JOHNSTOWN AFTER THE FLOOD.

foreseen what the influence of railroads on the iron business would be, and Johnstown proposed to be ready for the iron age. Indeed, as far back as 1809 the ores of the mountains in that neighborhood had been day May 31, 1889. With every inch and foot of progress this terrible force increased. Engineers say that under this theory the water would have had a velocity of about 100 miles an hour. That,

the inconceivably vast aggregate repriby 20,000,000 tons falling 400 teet. due to the 160-eet all of Niagara Falls, is about 70 miles per bour. So that, allowing for all frictional losses, the man who re-ceived the direct blow of water had about

the same chances of escaping alive as he would have had had he received a blow would have had had he received a blow from Niagara Falls itself.

Down the valley of the Conemaugh it swept. Mineral Point was entirely wiped out. East Conemaugh was almost depopulated and every building swept away. Of the 300 or 400 houses in Woodvale but one was left, that being the large flouring mill. The whole end of it was wrecked. Over 200 dwellings and two scores of stores in Cone dwellings and two scores of stores in Cone dwellings and two scores of stores in Cone-maugh borough were picked up and dashed age were the fragments of half a dozen railroad bridges, the iron from several freight cars, whole sections of passenger coaches, while the water had actually playe ball" with 30 locomotives. In and among all this ruin hundreds of people struggled for their lives. And every minute marked

a dying gasp of some.

Bearing on its breast this awful mass of debris and carrying to death these hundreds of human beings, the flood reached Johnstown proper at either 4 o'clock or 4:10. And in 15 minutes Johnstown too was a wreck. Street after street succumbed. Block after block went to pieces. The gloom of night settled down upon a ruined city.

What the dawn of day on Saturday dis-

closed is given in another section of this ar-

THE RAILROAD REBUILT

The Quick Recovery of the P. R. R., From Its Losses Along the Conemaugh. A million dollars would hardly cover the loss of the Pennsylvania Railroad between South Fork station and Sang Hollow, Tracks, stream to enormous proportions. The old it will be remembered, were washed away by

depots and freight sheds, besides a couple of small hotels, the Opera House, and Wood, Morrell & Co.'s big store. They were all washed away except the store, and as shown by illustrations, that was partially destroyed. Not a vestige was left on the street of Turner Hall or the Mansion House.

Three squares of this street, from Clinton to Walnut, were densely populated, but its 70 saloons, its many shops, its neat little restaurants, and all the dwellings were swept away. Nothing was left of the Publie Library but a heap of jumbled bricks. All the books were destroyed, and the li-brarian, Mrs. Hirst, was lost. The Western Union telegraph office hard by was obliterated, and its herome, Mrs. Ogle, went down with it. The iron bridge to the Pennsylvania Railroad and the wooden bridge behind the company store were both snapped asun-der as though made of paper. From this place clear down to the Point all was a chaotic level of wreckage on the morning after the

AT THE PARK. Locust street presented an odd appearance

on the Saturday morning succeeding the deluge. It parallels Washington street one square farther back. A large number of its own buildings withstood the shock, but the thoroughfare was literally jammed with the wreckage from other streets, and this more than anything else damaged the house along Locust. Yet in Harry Zimmerman' livery stable here 30 horses perished. Tw or three wooden houses opposite were missing, and a large one leaned for many months at a dangerous angle. The group of brick residences in the rear of the Methodiss church were badly knocked in and scraped. They nearly all lost bay windows or porches. Mr. Frohneizer's home across the street was demoralized in the front, and several more gaps and breaks in the line of dwellings bring the visitor to what was once the city park. Here stood 35 trees once, the trunks of which were as large around as a big man's body. Everyone was wrenched out by the roots. None were left, and the grassy plot was covered deep with wreck-age. Not a building was left standing on the north side of the park, and from Frankcanal reservoir, known as Lake Conemaugh, | the mile, costly bridges were broken to | lin street to Locust is only a remembrance

to look in any of the second-story windows of the remaining buildings beside you, it was necessary to stoop; while here and there, branching suddenly to the right or left, you could continue to promenade upon the housetops. Under this mountain of spars, timoers, iron rods and beams, broken furniture, pianos, stoves, freight cars, etc., there lay corpse upon corpse. Here protruded from the ruin a human arm, there a foot, and early on that Saturday morning it required care to keep from crushing in the blackened head of some body with your feet. Walking, jumping, climbing and hopping over this uneven flooring, 10, 12 and 15 feet above the buried pavement, it was possible on that sorrowing morning to see what Main street looked like. creek, which here at the Point form a confluence.

ACRES OF DEBRIS.

were razed to the ground.

STORES ALL GUTTED.

down, taking with it the porch and two guests. The entire building had to be torn down, so badly damaged was it. The next building was also

DAMAGED BEYOND REDEMPTION,

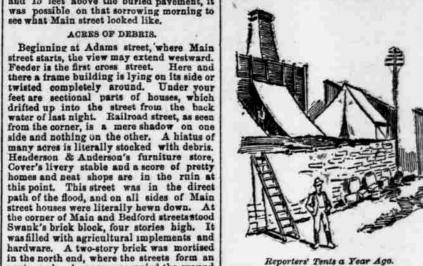
and Luckhardt's frame close by was almost completely demolished. The south side of the street had the largest stores in Johns-town. The walls were left solid, but owing to the height of the driftwood all plate-

glass fronts were crushed in, and the water and wreckage freely floated in through store-rooms and second-story apartments. Thus every store establishment was wrecked. If

tocks were not swept entirely out of exist-

Not a building or landmark remained to

show where thousands lived the previous day. From the Point at the stone bridge show where thousands lived the previous day. From the Point at the stone bridge east for many squares the scene was squalid in the extreme. Fires usually leave charred walls to mark the spot, and even earthquakes left the tall chimneys of Lisbon standing. But here on the lower end of Johnstown nothing was left. The vast void made one ache. Whole blocks of buildings had been sweet account. They the sand filled had been swept away. Then the sand filled



in the north end, where the streets form an acute angle. A grocery occupied the ground floor and the Herald was printed upstairs. Both of these substantial brick buildings up the streets, and even paved roadways could not be found for months afterward. Elsewhere in this Johnstown anniversary article is reproduced a photograph of a bird's eye view of this lower section of the The roof of the Swank block was splin-tered all over the site of Daniel McLaughbird's eye view of this lower section of the city as it stands to-day, rebuilt and rebuilding with a large number of frame dwellings. To get a more forcible realization of the resurrection there, remember, while you are looking at the picture, that on the morning after the flood the whole territory included in the picture was as level as your tennis court or croquet ground, except a ragged fringing of shanties and frame structures along the bank of Stony creek, which in some manner had been spared, while solid brick palaces melted down to doom. lin's mansion. On the southwest corner of these two streets was a frame house which its taller brick neighbors crushed into a jelly, a family under it all. Louther & Green's block opposite had a corner knocked out from pavement to cor-nice, the break enlarging the higher it got, laying bare the exhibits of McMullin's billaying bare the exhibits of McMullin's bil-liard rooms and Burgraff's photograph gal-lery on the top stories. The Hager block, straight across Main street, was only fin-ished and occupied the previous March, and the flood left one-third of it in ruins, This, falling, destroyed Geis & Schry's new store. Farther along the Merchants' Hotel is reached. Part of the rear was thrown down taking with it the porch and two

CLINTON STREET SPARS.

Clinton street was built up principally of stores from Washington to Main. The upper floors of most of these were occupied by families. In their midst was the principal hotel of Johnstown, the Hulbert House. It was an imposing brick structure, but it was picked up by the seething torrent and dashed so completely to atoms that nothing but a piece of the roof remained lying across the cellar to notify visitors where the hostelry formerly stood. Fifty-one guests and attaches perished in the house, it will be remembered. The falling and floating ruins of this immense building sweeping against others in the neighborhood is known to have demolished half a dozen more structures. One of these was McAteer's Hotel. The loss of these buildings created a big gap on Clinton street, on one side of which other buildings, not so strong, remained standing. Thus did some very strange things happen in the Johnstown flood. Vet all these CLINTON STREET SPARS. ence, they were too badly water-soaked to be of any value afterward. There was no in the Johnstown flood. Yet, all these

BLIGHTED KERNVILLE.

over each and every grave leveled in com-

mon dust.

The architectural beauty of a town and

city lays as much in its churches as in other

public buildings or business blocks. Twenty

or more congregations had edifices of their

THOSE WHO PERISHED

A PICTURE OF CHAOS.

Identified Up to Date. UNKNOWN COUNTED BY HUNDREDS The Estimate of the Loss of Life Will Not Fall Short of 3,000.

HOW MORGUE RECORDS ARE CONTINUED

List of the Dead Who Have Been

nction in the Working Force of the Cambria Iron Works Severely Felt.

Even a year after the flood, it is impossible to state exactly how many people perished. The official records do not tell the tale, for in the first few days of the intense excitement many persons recovered bodies of their relatives, buried them themselves and then moved to distant places without reporting the facts. In other instances whole families of foreigners were lost, and being comparatively unknown in a large manufacturing community like Johnstown, nobody has since inquired how many were in the family or how many of their bodies are yet undiscovered. The fact that bodies are still being dug out of the sand and debris every week shows that there are very many bones yet unearthed. Many people believe that scores and hundreds of corpses still lay buried by the five and seven feet of mud which has filled in the bed of Conemangh river and Stony creek.

NEARLY 3,000 DROWNED.

Rev. D. J. Beale, D. D., one of the his-torians of Johnstown's calamity, says in his book that nearly 4,000 persons were drowned.
J. J. McLaurin, of Harrisburg, the J. J. McLaurin, of Harrisburg, the author of a magnificent volume describing Johnstown's wee, puts the total about 3,200. He adds: "The official report of the 8 morgues show 2,233 bodies were handled. Another basis of comparison is the membership of the churches, The pastor of one church with 600 communicants counted the loss at 200, another with a membership of 300 gave 100 as lost. This is not bership of 300 gave 100 as lost. This is not counteracted by the estimate of several of the Cambria Iron Company's foremen that 1,000 of the 5,000 employes on the rolls were drowned. They were mostly strong men, and a loss of one in five in such a class might mean a much greater loss in the general population. There were only 3,000 of the 5,000 former employes of the Cambria Iron Company remaining. Some of the host presumed to have gone away immediately after the calamity to other places may, like Ten-nyson's mute-steered dead, have gone 'up-ward with the flood.'"

The new directory of Johnstown, published in September, by C. B. Clark, of Altoons, is not far off this estimate. At the time of the flood the whole edition, which was in a book bindery, was lost. From the proof sheets the names were obtained and printed as they were before the flood, with a special record of those lost. The number of

drowned is put at 3,500.

Messrs. Gibbs and Akers, of the Johnstown Tribuns, believe the number of dead will be under 3.000.

State Commissioner J. B. Scott says only 2,200 perished.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

The number of unknown dead is still large. Last November the work of raising the corpses from temporary graveyards all along the Conemaugh Valley was completed and the bodies reinterred in Grandview Cemetery at Johnstown. Up to this time about 800 unknown dead are buried in this cemetery. In June the last morgue was closed. Since then Undertaker John Henderson has continued the record of bodies recovered. As each body comes to him he enters a full description on the public record, numbers the description in numeri-cal order, then buries the body, and on the grave plants a stake bearing a number tallying with the book number. In this way a complete description has been preserved of most bodies, and with each grave numbered it is possible to still reclaim lost ones. Many bodies, however, were too far decayed to give any description, and plenty of graves will never be aught else than "unknown."

> that many of the 800 unknown ones will be NAMES OF THE KNOWN DEAD. A list of the known dead, corrected up to

> But now, after a year's time, it is not likely

this week with additions from Mr. John Go to the other side of Main street and Henderson's official list, is as follows: travel toward Kernville. There, hundreds of houses left their moorings and floated Henderson's official list, is as follows:

A NDERSON, JOHN; Adams, Henry Clay;
A Alexander, John G.: Alexander, Mrs. John
G.: Andrews, John, Sr.; Abler, August; Abler,
Miss Louisia; Abler, George; Alberter, Annie;
Alt, George; Alt, Mrs. George; Allison, Florence;
Alexander, Auraliar; Akers, Alvar: Arthur,
Mrs. William; Albetter, 'Miss: Atkinson, John,
Anburey, Thomas; Abler, Louis; Abler, Luiu;
Abler, Lena; Anderson, Samuel; Aubley, Kate;
Alberter, Mrs. Teresa; Amps, Mr.; Amps, Mis.;
Amps, Mary; Aaron, Mrs. H. B.; Aaron, son of
Mrs. H. B. away. The destruction was great here because the community is built along the bank of Stony creek, and the houses are mostly frames. The weekage covered acres there that morning. The Unique Rink was carried three-quarters of a mile away from its foundations. Disleveled trees, fragments of railroad cars, sections of description lay scattered among the tombs of

BRINKET, ELMER; Burns, John; Baldwin, George; Barbor, Harry S.; Brown, Peter, Brown, Sadie; Brown, Emma; Butler, Sarah A.; Bogus, William; Bending, Jessie; Bending; Elizabeth; Barrett, James; Benford, Mrs. E. E., Bogus, William; Bending, Jessie; Bending; Elizabeth; Barrett, James; Benford, Mrs. E. E. Brennan, —; Brennan, —; Brennan, —; Brennan, —; Brennan, —; Bowman, Nellie; Brady, John; Bantly, William; Bryan, William; Barnes, Lizzie; Brinker, Miss; Bricker, Henry; Bickley, D. E.; Brinker, Miss; Bricker, Henry; Bickley, D. E.; Brinker, Dr. G; C.; Benehoff, Arthur; Benson, son of Reuben, Boyle, Thomas; Bishop, Julius; Bagiey, Will; ism; Bradley, Thomas; Baumer, Liztie; Benshoff, Adam; Bantly, Mrs. William; Bantly; child of William; Bowman, Charles; Brindle, Mollie; Byrne, Ella; Brawley, Maggie, Benford, son of Mrs. E. E.; Benford, Jennie or Jessie; Brown, Mrs. (colored); Bruhm, Claus; Bryan, Elizabeth M.; Burkhart, Mrs. Mollie; Boyer, Solomon; Blough, Emannel; Bochanan, John S.; Buchanan, R. L.; Beam, Charles; Berley, Viola; Bowman, —; Baker, Mrs. Nelson; Brennan, Mrs. Edward; Brennan, Mary; Brennan, —; Benshoff, J. Q. A.; Blair, Mrs.; Refuke, Charles; Beam, Dr. W. C.; Beam, Mrs. W. C.; Butler, Charles; F.; Benford, Mari; Brennan, Mrs. Edward; Bracken, Minnie; Bopp, Mamie; Bracken, Kate; Bracken, Minnie; Bopp, Mamie; Brawley, George; Brawley, Jacob; Buchanan, Kate J.; Bending, Mrs.; Byers, Catherine; Burket, Frank; Brown, Peter; Barley, Mrs.; Bradly, Mrs. Eliza; Beam, Roscoe; Bopp, Jacob; Bloch, Louisa; Benigh, John C.; Bairg, Charles; Boehler, Annie; Barker, Mrs. Ed; Brady, Mrs. J.; Bopp, Monacia; Bunting, Mrs.; Blough, S. T.

Bopp, Monacia; Bunting, Mrs.; Blough, S. T.

CONSTABLE, PHILLIP; Clark, Mrs. J. B.;
Cronin, Daniel; Cox. James G.; Carlin,
Jonathan; Carroll, Thomas; Campbell, Peter;
Christman, Mrs. A. C.; Christie, A. C.; Conmors,
Mrs. Mary; Craig. J. J.: Jraig. Mrs. J. J.;
Cooper, Otho; Cunz, Robbie; Cunz, Lydia; Coad,
John; Coad, Mrs. John; Coad, Willie; Carroll,
Rosie; Cullen, Annie; Clark; Thomas; Cornielson, Maggie; Constable, Mrs.; Clark, Mrs. Owen;
Craig, Mrs. Catharine; Corr. Mrs. Sarah P.;
Cred, David; Cope, Mrs. Margaret; Coleman,
Jessie; Craig, Christopher; Craig, Annie; Culliton, Mrs. Frank; Cooper, Mrs. (colored); Cush,
Mrs. P.; Cush, P., Sr.; Couthamer, Mr.; Cash,
Joseph; Cush, J. Daniel; Curry, Robert B.;
Coby, Mrs. Eliza; Chinaman; Chinaman; Casey,
William; Custer, W. H.; Clark, J. H.; Creed,
Eliza; Cadugan, Mrs. William; Cadugan, Annie;
Cole, John; Conrad, Mrs. M.

Cole, John; Courad, Mrs. M.

D'EVLIN, LIZZIE; Degnan, Mrs. John;
Davis, Thomas; Driscoil, Jessie; Delancy,
Mrs.; Dougherty, Mary; Davis, Mrs. Aaron;
Davis, Mrs. Phillip: Dobbins, Mrs. J. R.; Davis,
M. L.; Davis, Mary; Dimond, Frank; DeFrance,
Mrs. H. T.; Dunn, Mary; Diebl, Carrie; DillonJames; Dibert, John; Dibert, Blanche; Downey,
Mrs. Mary; Davis, Frank; Drew, Mrs. Mary;
Downs, Teresa; Dixon, Mrs. R.; Dyer, Mrs.;
Davis, Mrs. Walter; Davis, Miss Della; Dernia,
August; Davis, William L.; Davis, Clara; DeWald, Charles; Dimond, Mrs. Ann; Diller, Rev.
A. P.; Diller, Isaac; Diller, Mrs. Marion; Dinant, Lola; Daley, F. J.; Davis, Frederick;
Dowing, Mrs. M.; Dowling, Catherine; Diller,
Julia: Duncan, Mrs. Dr.; Downs, Thomas,
Downs, Catherine; Dailey, Mrs. Ann; Dolan,
Michael; Doyle, Maggie; Downs, Kate; Downs,
Teresa; Dorris, August; Daerk, John; Dow, W.
F.: Day, John R.; Day, daughter of John R.,
Dorsey, John D.; Dougherty, Maggie; Dough,
erty, Mary; Davis, Mrs. Thomas; Davis, Reeso-



lete to a nicety. IN AN AWRY SHAPE. John Thomas' building at this point deied the elements and its roof furnished a substantial perch for 100 people on the black Friday night. All around it, the wreckage iled to the depth of 25 feet. On the corne Main and Franklin streets the Opera House rested in an awry position. It had floated there clear from Washington street. Back of this lot is the postoffice on Franklin street. The front was knocked out of it. street. The front was knocked out of it.
The Tribune office in the second story had a bit of sidewalk hustled out, type pied and Sandyvale Cemetery up here. Monuments presses damaged. John Dibert & Co.'s were broken down, headstones, landed in bank on the southwestern corner stood. The the foliage of treetops and the built mounds park begins at the northwest corner of the street here, and Frazier's drug store, which faces it, lost a part of its walls. On that morning after the disaster a box car and an old frame house occupied the middle of the street. They had been driven there by the watery catapult from South Fork. A few doors lower down the First National Bank

stood staunchly against the pressure. THE HEART OF TOWN.

Here is Alma Hall, four stories height, a store and gas office below, law offices and the lodge rooms higher up. On the night of the flood over 300 refugees found shelter in this building, and the thrilling story of their awful suspense there, put in amidst utter darkness, has be-come familiar to the whole world. It was perhaps the second strongest building in town, and was not damaged except by mud and water staining the walls and furniture From Dr. Lohman's residence, at the part some residence was only slightly disfigured although at the time it looked bad enough John Fulton's spacious residence on the next lot was entirely demolished. The public building which contained Council cham-bers, an office for the burgess, the headquarters of the Police Department and the lockup, was leveled to the ground, even the bricks never having been found. Twenty feet of water in the lockup strangled the only prisoner there, a man named John Mc-Kee. Then came another extensive blank on either side of the street, where a large number of substantial houses were swept

The remaining squares along Main street comprised the finest brick house which Johnstown, or even Western Pennsylvania,

corner, to Market street, the north side of Main was left a blank. The doctor's hand

BEAUTIFUL HOMES RUINED.

outside the large cities, could boast of. A rod of the back wall of the large Cambria Clubhouse wandered away. Jacob Freund's mansion lost the rear end and a quarter section of the upper side. At least 20 of these beautiful homes in the immediate vicinity passed down into the great raft of wreckage at the stone bridge. A picture of Colonel J. P. Linton's ruined home is printed with this article to illustrate the character of the losses in this end of town. It was left stand ing utterly alone, houses by the score having een swept away from all its sides.
Here the sweep of the flood was greates

Look around you, and on Saturday morning you would have seen nothing but acres and acres of open territory. They were carpeted with a single layer of bricks, or else piled several feet deep with the sand that came down with both Conemangh river and Stony

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## own in Johnstown. Many of them were Where The Dispatch News Was Wired From beautiful, several imposing in design and symmetry. The First M.E. Church, being a lofty structure entirely of stone, stood like a bulwark against the water, and saved the

parsonage, just adjoining, with ten or 15 persons enclosed, including the pastor and persons encl his family. CHURCHES LITTERALLY ANNIHILATED. The German Lutheran Church, worth \$30,-000, was totally annihilated. Not even a shingle of it was left within a mile of its foundations. Rev. J. P. Lichtenburg and his family of four went down with their home, and it was months before their bodies were found. They lived in Johnstown only The brick house of David Cover was

driven against the St. John's Catholic Church on Locust street. Mrs. M. Woolf, who occupied half of the dwelling, was baking breast at her stove at the time. The house took fire, and the church was ignited. There with the water surging half way up to the roof the two buildings were actually consumed by fire. The parochial residence which adjoined was also destroyed by the confiagration which lasted until midnight. Some days later the charred walls of the church had to be blown up with dynamite to keep the building from falling on people. The church was elegantly furnished, and a loss of \$150,000 was the result. The convent at the corner of Clifton and Locust streets, which was an adjunct to this church, was almost wholly demolished. The escape was almost wholly demolished. The escape of the Sisters of Charity from this structure

CLEARING AWAY THE WRECK AT THE STONE BRIDGE [Sketched by THE DISPATCH Artist Thursday, June 6, 1889.]

lay close to the water-shed, and into it poured all the surplus of the week's rain. The lake, although discharging its best through a contracted spill-way, gradually arose at the rate of a loot an hour for several hours before the break. The water at its normal level lay seven or eight feet below the crest of the dam, so that by 2:30 on Friday afternoon the stream was level with the crest of the dam and began to flow over the top of it. Calamity then seemed certain. It was apparent that no earth dam was capable of sustaining such a vast body of water, or of long remaining solid with streamlets running over it.

The Giant Unchanged. The great dam gave way at 3 o'clock.

Eye witnesses say that it burst with a loud report like thunder.

A year has passed, and the grass is now

pieces, and hundreds of cars smashed to splinters and more than 30 locomotives ruined. The traffic of the line was delayed for nearly one month. All this damage has been repaired. The

bridges between Johnstown and South Fork station have been constructed entirely of stone, in design and shape much like the great stone bridge which withstood the flood at Johnstown. New roadbeds have been built, and much of the land, filled in several feet deep by the sand of the inundation, has been reclaimed with steam shovels. The Pennsylvania Railroad in that region is solider than it ever was. It took nearly all year, however, to effect this change, and the tents and huts of the hundreds of laborers grew to be a familiar sight along the

so far as the original buildings are con AN AWRIL SPECTACLE.

Main street was an awful spectacle on Saturday morning, June 1. East of the park the business buildings on this thoroughfare remained standing, with the exception of here and there where a weaker structure had departed, leaving a gap to tell structure had departed, leaving a gap to tell
the story. But it seemed as though the
street had become a vast and ghastly sewer.
Wreckage lay along its whole length, packed
in solidly from sidewalk to sidewalk, walled
tightly against the buildings on either side,
and rising in its ugly mass to the middle of
the second-story windows, in some instances
being level with the eaves of the smaller
houses. In other words when you walked houses. In other words, when you walked over the surface of the debris on Main street, you walked at such an elevation that