

Johnstown Weekly Democrat.

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HOW HE SAW IT.

The Fearful Experience of Mr. Henry Viering in the Flood.

For several days after the flood Mr. Henry Viering, the well-known furniture dealer at the corner of Railroad and Jackson streets, suffered great bodily pain from injuries received on the fatal Friday, but his bodily pain was as nothing compared to his mental agony. He lost in the flood his whole family, consisting of his wife and three children. In an interview he said, substantially as follows:

"I was at home with my wife and children when the alarm came. We hurried from the house leaving everything behind us. As we reached the door a friend of mine was running by. He grasped the two smallest children, one under each arm, and hurried on ahead of us. I had my arm around my wife's waist supporting her. Behind us we could hear the flood rushing. In one hurried glance as I passed a corner I could see the fearful flood crunching and cracking the houses in its fearful grasp with no possibility of escape, as we were too far away from the hill-side. In a flash I saw my three dear children licked up by it and disappear from sight, as I and my wife were thrown in the air by the rushing ruins. We found ourselves in among a lot of drift, driving along with the speed of a race horse. In a moment or two we were thrown with a crash against the side of a large frame building, whose walls gave way as if they were made of pie crust, and the timbers began to fall about us in all directions. Up to this time I retained a firm hold on my wife, but as I found myself pinned between two heavy timbers, the agony caused my senses to leave me momentarily. I recovered instantly in time to see my wife's head just disappearing under water.

"Like lightning I grasped her by the hair, and as best I could, pinioned as I was above the water by the timber, I raised her above it. The weight proved too much and she sank again. Again I pulled her to the surface and again she sank. This I did again and again, without avail. She drowned in that grasp, and at last dropped from my nerveless hands to leave my sight forever.

"As if I had not suffered enough, a few moments later I saw white objects whirling around in an eddy until, reaching again the current, they floated past me. My God, man! would you believe me? It was my children, all dead. Their dear little faces as before—the now—distorted in a look of agony—that, no matter what I do, haunts me. Oh, if I could only have released myself at that time I would have willingly gone with them. I was rescued some time after and have been here ever since. I have since learned that my friend, who so bravely endeavored to save two of the children, has been lost with them."

Encouraging.

One of the encouraging signs of a speedy and thorough clean up of the town is the measure in which the work is being prosecuted under the new management. Lots are being relieved of trees, logs and stumps in an incredibly short space of time. The gang of twenty-five men under David W. Harshberger on both sides of Locust street between Franklin and Clinton have accomplished wonders in one short day. The workmen now are distributed in small squads all over town, so that there are not a score or two standing off and watching what a half dozen do. The commendable progress made in the last two days under the new contractors is of the most encouraging character. Let the good work go on at the same rate, and a few weeks will give the washed-out town a different appearance, and enable lot owners to begin to build.

Full of Interesting Reading.

Hollidaysburg Register.

We last week received the first copy of the JOHNSTOWN DEMOCRAT that has been issued since the flood. It looks well and is full of interesting reading matter. Our friend Woodruff has the sympathy of the craft in the losses he sustained and all hope he may soon be himself again.

Thirty-One Drowned.

Robert Butler's house, the P. R. R. Hotel, more generally known as the Fieldhouse property, on Iron street, Millville borough, had in it at the time of the flood thirty-one persons, not one of whom is known to have escaped, and none of the bodies, we are informed, have yet been found.

Knocked Out.

The machinery and type in the DEMOCRAT office were more generally wrecked by the flood than we were aware of, and the issuing of the DAILY and WEEKLY DEMOCRAT is attended with some inconvenience. The condition was so unfavorable that our reporters and foreman have engaged in other business, and some of our printers have gone to more favored localities. Notwithstanding these little annoyances the DEMOCRAT will be published, and we will "get there all the same."

Educated Indians.

INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLEISLE, PA., July 9.—One hundred and seventeen young Indians, belonging to tribes in Dakota, Mon-

OBITUARY.

DR. L. T. BEAM.

Among many other good men, valuable citizens numbered among the victims of our terrible disaster was this eminent physician. The writer of this knew him well, knew him intimately, knew him for more than a quarter of a century, and can truthfully say a better man, a nobler man, a grander man he has never known; and while not doubting the creative power of the author of all existence he does not believe that a better man, taking him all in all, was ever created.

Possessing in the highest degree the best elements of human nature "none knew him but to love him; nor knew him but to praise." In an exceptional degree he possessed all the elements of the highest type of manhood, kind, courteous, generous, amiable, courageous, honorable, dignified he drew others to him and held them by the ties of endearment. Always open and frank he had nothing in his business relations with others or in his social intercourse with friends to conceal. He shunned not the pursuit of a straightforward course by reason of the adulation or frowns of men—not belonging to that class who "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning." He was a man that took "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks;" and whose "blood and judgment were so well commingled that they were not a pipe for fortune's fingers;" in a word, such a man as could be warm "in one's heart's core, ay, in his heart of hearts."

He was a native of Westmoreland county, Pa., and graduated at the Cincinnati Medical School in 1857. For several succeeding years he was one of the most successful practitioners of the Ligonier Valley. During the sixteen years he lived in Johnstown his large practice not only gave him a deservedly high reputation as one of Johnstown's most eminent physicians, but placed him upon a prosperous financial basis.

He was a diligent student, and kept himself in the advanced line of the country's thoroughly educated medical men. His library, which was one of the largest private ones in town, was filled with all late publications of all the medical systems. As a writer his style was clear, concise and elegant, and he occupied an enviable position among the ablest writers of the Eclectic school of medicine.

The following shows the high regards of those who were his intimate associates: The National Eclectic Medical Association, at its late meeting, held in Nashville, Tenn., testified to his superlative worth by resolving, "That we recognized him as one of the most able, unselfish and successful members of the medical profession." * * * That we owe him for his efforts, his writings and his self-forgetting exertions in our behalf an obligation which we are unable to pay; that in all walks of life he was brave, just, and faithful—a man who sought only to know the right that he might do it with all his means, and energy; in a word, that he was an upright citizen, a model physician, a careful instructor and the exemplar of every worthy and manly quality."

Excursion to Atlantic City via the B. & O.

The announcement that, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co., will again this summer resume their select excursion to the most popular of our seashore resorts, will be hailed with delight by the public, who appreciate the advantages offered in these trips. The low rates, long time limit and the privilege of their best train service running on regular schedule, composed of fast express trains, elegant day coaches, Pullman's best equipment and Vestibuled Limited Express trains are among the advantages afforded by the B. & O., and the stop-off at Washington on the return trip will allow the sightseer an opportunity to take in the points of interest in and about the Capital before returning home, and form a fitting termination to a week's sojourn at the shore.

The first of these select excursions will be run on Thursday, July 18th, 1889, we give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and round trip rates of fare:

Stations.	Rate.	Train Leaves.	Train Arrives.
CONROUGE.....	\$ 9.00	10 52 A.M.	12 06 A.M.
Rockwood.....	9 00	11 28 "	12 43 "
Johnstown.....	9 25	8 40 "	3 00 P.M.
Somers.....	9 40	10 11 "	6 07 "
Meyersdale.....	8 50	10 53 "	1 12 A.M.
Hyndman.....	8 00	12 47 P.M.	3 08 "
Cumbersville.....	7 50	1 30 "	3 40 "

Correspondingly low rates are made from other stations on the line.

The tickets are good Ten days with the privilege of a stop-off at Washington, D. C., on the return journey.

A broken truck under one of the cars threw a freight train off the New York Central track a mile and a half east of Hoffman's yesterday morning. Several cars were badly wrecked and the four tracks were completely blocked for six hours. No one was injured.

The Pope's Successor.

BRUSSELS, July 8.—The Rome correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says that the Pope at the recent consistory advised that Cardinal Lavigerie be selected as his successor.

ABOUT TOWN.

What the Merchants Are Doing—What is Going on.

Mr. David Dibert has had the blissful experience of a second cleaning out of the cellar south east corner of Main and Franklin streets, preparatory to erecting a large business block. His purpose is to build of brick, and put up a structure that will be a credit to the town. It will contain four large store rooms, and sixteen offices. But he says the enterprise depends upon the thorough cleaning up of the town, and the construction of substantial bridges.

What wonderful progress has been made in removing rubbish from some streets and alleys, very little has been done in cleaning out cellars. Possibly twenty-five or thirty have been relieved of the surplus matter lodged in them, and most all of them by their owners. But little of this kind of work, except hauling the stuff away, has been done as yet by the State authorities.

The family of H. W. Given, merchant on Iron street, in Millville borough, had a sorrowful experience. At the time of the backed water surrounding the house, cutting off all means of escape, there were twelve of the family at home, and the flood from the reservoir swept the building off its foundation and carried it up the street past the school house, then down to the Point, where six of them were rescued. Of the six sons, daughters and daughters-in-law that were lost, only four of their bodies were found. Their house was not swept away with the first downward current, but withstood it to be destroyed by the returning one. It was the last one in the ward to be swept away.

A Roland's wrecked brick building is the only one left in that part of Railroad street. His stock of flour and feed was lost. He, wife and two daughters escaped, but his son Louis, wife and one child were drowned.

The room formerly in the occupancy of A. Nathan, drowned, on Main street, goes into the hands of Joseph E. Hess, who is cleaning it up to be filled with a new stock of goods. We regret to learn that Mrs. Nathan, the widow, now at Atlantic City, is only slowly recovering from her attack of partial paralysis.

The business men who expect to resume at their old stands on Franklin, Main and Clinton streets are now all busy in selling off and giving away the few damaged goods yet remaining. Very little has been realized on things that have been sold. Those who were most fortunate in saving a little of their stocks on Franklin are William Kramer and G. W. Moses. Petrkin & Miller lost nearly everything, as did the successors of Brinker Brothers. The two small brick stores on the United Presbyterian lot are to be replaced with much larger ones. H. L. Williams, at the Stargard stand, is still in the boat and shoe trade, and has already received a new invoice of goods. Scott Dibert's Checkered Front is full of life in the work of cleaning up and selling. Lou Cohen will continue at his old stand, and add the clothing business to his other branch. John Steger, John Thomas, Woolf, Son & Thomas, Hohmann Brothers, E. Zang, C. G. Campbell, Cohen & Marx, Abe Cohen, W. S. Weaver, on Main street, will be ready in a few weeks to offer to their customers lines of new goods "cheaper than ever." The administrators of the V. Louthier estate have not yet decided whether to resume business or not. Dr. H. T. DeFrance, temporarily located on Franklin street, expects to get back into his old place, corner of Main and Clinton, when proper repairs are made to the building.

On Clinton, C. O. Luther's store, and Foster & Quinn's will be among the missing; but Bantley & Froenheiser, A. G. Utecht & Co., Carr, Ogilvie & Horten, C. Ruth, and Frank Maloy will resume at their former stands. Wm. Updegrave is not certain as to what he will do. He may stock up again, but not for some time.

Charley Zimmerman has a new stable nearly completed, and will soon be ready as of yore to accommodate the public, and "the rest of mankind," with horses, carriages, buggies and wagons.

Mr. Stephen Varner, one of Johnstown's best policemen, is laid up for repairs out in Richland township. We hope for his speedy restoration. His wife says steps are being taken to erect a house in place of the one swept away.

Among the new firms on Main street is that of McMillan & Co., composed of James A. McMillan and H. L. Coulter. They are located at 219, and will carry on the plumbing, gas and steam-fitting business.

WELCOMED BACK.

Altoona Mirror.

We welcome the JOHNSTOWN DEMOCRAT back to our table of good newspapers, and wish Brother Woodruff increased patronage, fair sailing in wider channels over the sea of journalism, and with no breaking of dams to overwhelm or impede his progress.

Mrs. M. A. McClure and son William, of New Bloomfield, were in the city yesterday.

THE JOHNSTOWN RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of the Johnstown Democrat.

There should be no difference in reference to the method of distributing the Johnstown relief fund. The custodians of the relief funds all over the country, amounting to millions of dollars in the aggregate, do not know what is required by the stricken people of the Conemaugh valley, and the money should be distributed by men who live in the region and are identified with the great business interests of the flooded valley. The question simply is, getting the money subscribed by the people to relieve the dire distress of the people into their hands, and the money be forthwith sent to them. There should be no further delay in delivering over to the inhabitants of the Conemaugh valley the money that is theirs by right.

I regret that the junketing sub-committees sent to Johnstown ostensibly to discover the most pressing needs of the sufferers only appear to furnish pretext for delay. Thus far the various committees have not been satisfactory. The only one thus far of all the volunteer visitors who seem to have thoroughly appreciated the distressful condition of the people of Johnstown was the Mayor of St. Louis, who gave out his money on every hand to the sufferers. The impoverished sufferers of Johnstown should have the memory of the kind-hearted Mr. Noonan, Mayor of St. Louis.

Let the money be sent immediately and properly distributed among the people who need it first. G. NELSON SMITH.

Settling Up the Johnstown Fund.

New York Sun, of Wednesday.

The Conemaugh Valley Relief Committee met yesterday. There were present Mayor Grant, President Smith of the Chamber of Commerce, J. Edward Simmons of the Fourth National Bank, ex-President Orr of the Produce Exchange, ex-Park Commissioner John D. Crimmins, and Banker Walter Stanton. The committee asked for information as to the situation at Johnstown, and a despatch from Governor Beaver was read by Malcolm Kerr of the Corporation Counsel's office, which suggested that the committee should indicate what amount could be placed at the disposal of the Johnstown authorities. Mr. Orr said the whole fund should be placed at the disposal of Governor Beaver. On motion of Mr. Crimmins, however, Governor Beaver was authorized to draw \$250,000, in addition to \$150,000 now awaiting his order. This will leave in the committee's hands \$111,521.59. Mr. Simmons, treasurer of the fund, reported as follows:

Total contributions.....	\$111,521.59
Forwarded to Gov. Beaver.....	150,000.00
Awaiting the Governor's order on authorization of the committee.....	350,000.00
These amounts were received yesterday by J. Edward Simmons, treasurer of the fund:	
New York Staats-Zeitung.....	\$18.50
The Hon. Hugh J. Grant, Mayor.....	167.05
Engineers, inspectors and others on the fifth divisions of the new aqueduct, through John C. Sheehan, Secretary.....	27.50
Total.....	\$203.05

Death of Brewer Goerner, of Cambria City.

This community was startled yesterday by the announcement of the death of Jacob Goerner, of Cambria. He was known everywhere as the proprietor of the Cambria City brewery, and had a host of friends. While not in the best of health for some time he was able to be about his business on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning his body was swollen to an abnormal extent and his condition was found to be serious. He lingered along in great agony till about five o'clock when he died.

There was not a property within two squares of his place on Front street that withstood the flood except his own. It was damaged considerably, but it was put in repair and for the past few weeks the brewery has been in operation. Only day or two ago he was up town and called at the DEMOCRAT office on business, when he seemed to be in his usual health. Funeral notice will be given to-morrow.

An Old Friend.

Latrobe Advance.

Friday, July 5, the Johnstown DEMOCRAT made its first appearance since the flood. It came out in weekly form but will no doubt resume the publication of the daily addition as soon as matters in and about the devastated city get in better shape. The office was formerly located in the B. & O. railroad building. This was so badly wrecked by the flood as to be unsafe, and Mr. Woodruff, in order to resume the publication of his paper, was compelled to erect a one story structure on Franklin street, in which he is now located. We welcome the DEMOCRAT as an old friend, and also the *Tribune* which is printed in the same building it occupied before the disaster.

All Claims of Knights of Honor to be Paid.

The Knights of Honor are prepared to pay all losses caused by the flood, and those who are entitled to the money should get their claims in good legal shape, when they will be paid. The loss to the order here was \$19,000.

Have you noticed that, now as summer approaches, people on the sunny side of life are less liable to sunstroke than those on the shady side?

THE PUMPKIN FLOOD.

Who that has lived in Johnstown for any length of time has not heard of it? Our old citizens often refer to it, especially in seasons of high water. It got its name from the fact that it swept so many fields lying along the Stonycreek, bringing down thousands of pumpkins, leaving the place filled with enough to make pumpkin pies for all of New England, and to feed droves of hogs and cattle for months. Its date is fixed away back in the thirties—say about 1831 or '32.

Nothing like it has ever been experienced here until the overflow of two years ago, when water, like a river, poured down Main street, depositing saw-logs and drift in Clinton, Market, Walnut and other streets. Though there was no big stone bridge then at the Point, and though neither the Stonycreek nor the Conemaugh had been encroached upon by way of narrowing their beds, some of our "oldest inhabitants" say, the only spot on which the town was built which was not submerged, was the lot on the north-west corner of Vine and Walnut streets.

Thus it will be seen that while the narrowing of the streams by new embankments, makes the town an easier prey to overflows, a forty-days-and-nights-rain, or a "cloud-burst," is hard to guard against.

Odd Fellows Visit.

The officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. O. F. paid a visit to Johnstown to make a personal examination of the situation. The officers were Rev. D. Craft, Grand Master; C. D. Freeman, Deputy Grand Master; James B. Nicholson, Grand Secretary; M. Richards Muckle, Grand Treasurer, also Amos H. Hall, Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, and R. P. Cantfield, Past Grand. The Grand Treasurer, deposited for the benefit of the destitute children, widows and orphans \$30,000 in the First National Bank, to be distributed by the Committee of which Col. John P. Linton is Chairman, and W. T. Collier is Treasurer. From Pittsburgh there were present Past Grand Master John A. Myler, Past Grand Master John W. Haney, Past Grand Beggs and P. A. Shanor, Grand Conductor of the Grand Lodge.

The Children's Aid Societies.

The whole of the good work done by these societies will probably never be known. The work done in this place since the flood by both of the organizations can only be partially told, as much of the work done has been in the shape of help to families and persons whose names are withheld from the press.

The Eastern Society, with Miss Maggie Brooks as manager, has been provided with a tent portable building, stationed at the north end of the Kernville bridge. Thirty persons have been sent by this society to Atlantic City with free transportation, and an additional family of three in addition to the above number was sent last night. Two girls have been sent to East Orange, where, in that beautiful suburb of New York City, they are to be trained at the expense of the organization as Kindergarten instructors and enabled to support themselves. In addition to this much general work has been done in the way of distributing provisions and supplies to needy persons.

The Western Society, in charge of Miss H. A. N. Duncan, whose efficient services and untiring kindness is well-known to all Johnstown, has equalled the former in the amount of work it has done and assistance rendered. They are comfortably located in the Berlin house, at the corner of Main and Jackson streets.

Clasped in Chubby Arms.

William Varner relates a touching episode. He was working to rescue those he could. Suddenly a chubby little boy came along clinging to a piece of fencing. Varner reached the fence with a pole and drew it toward him. Then he rushed into the water and snatched the boy from the frail raft.

Back to the bank he went with a pair of chubby arms squeezed tightly around his neck. Varner attempted to set his burden down, but the little arms clung desperately. "You saved me," he cried, and he squeezed with all his might. His arms were forced away while the little fellow struggled and screamed. It was the clasp of an affection bond of terror.

Young Men's Christian Association.

The Young Men's Christian Association has established temporary headquarters in the Berlin house at the corner of Main and Jackson streets. General Secretary S. L. Harter, has been at his home at Berwick, Pa., for some time recuperating, and expects soon to return. In the mean time the rooms are in the charge of Mr. Adam Murrian, formerly Assistant Secretary at Harrisburg, now Assistant State Secretary. An attempt is being made to secure room to erect a temporary one story four room building, where young men can find good reading matter as well as good company and wholesome influences. Mr. Murrian will remain till August, when Mr. Harter is expected.

MR. DAVIS' THRILLING STORY.

Of the Wreck of the Day Express.

The following account of the flood by Mr. Swift Davis, of Safe Harbor. Mr. Davis said: "The Express left Pittsburgh on Friday morning at 8 o'clock, and arrived at Conemaugh three hours later. My wife and three children were on the first section as were also Miss Paulson and Miss Bryant, whom I was introduced to and asked to take charge of. Soon after we arrived at Conemaugh a portion of the railroad track next to the river had been washed away. On the next track was an open freight train, one car of which was full of lime. Our section, the parlor car, occupied the third track, while the second section had a position on the outside next the hill. The rain was coming down in torrents, and I felt a little uneasy. I knew about the South Fork dam above us and I felt the danger of it bursting. I held a consultation with my wife about the advisability of getting out of the train, but it was raining so hard, and she not being well we decided that if anything happened we would have warning enough to flee to the hills. I then talked to the Pullman Conductor and asked him what he thought of the danger. He said he did not know, but would go over into town and see if he could learn anything. About four o'clock in the afternoon we heard an engine coming towards us with lightning-like rapidity and whistling wildly. It was the warning. I then threw up my window and saw the water coming. I picked up my two oldest children, and told my wife to follow with the baby. When I got to the door I looked around and saw my wife without the baby. "Where's the baby?" said I. The conductor has it," she replied. "It was all I could do to save my wife and two children, then, even if the baby had to perish. We went out the front end of the car and climbed over the second section, shot over a plank and then ran up the hill a half mile, where I put my wife and one child, and then with my daughter Kate went out to search for the baby and the Misses Paulson and Bryan. My daughter found the baby in another house and took it to her mother. I then continued my search for the two young ladies. I met the Pullman conductor and asked him what had become of them. He told me that Miss Paulson and Miss Bryant had been saved, but I remained up all night looking for them, but to no avail. Between five and six o'clock in the evening the line in the freight train caught on fire from the heavy rain upon it. The freight cars burned and the fire communicated to the second section, setting fire to the Pullman sleepers.

"I don't suppose the water was one minute behind the engine that gave us the only warning, for when I looked out the window I could see it rolling down upon us. The passengers who got out of the rear end of the car had to wade through water up to their knees, but we did not get in high water at all. In less than five minutes after we crossed the plank I have spoken of the water was fully ten feet above it. The water struck the train, I think, from the side, and knocked the baggage-car and one passenger coach off the track. A coal tippie tumbled down upon our engine and left us a passage for over a minute. This, I believe, is what saved our lives.

The cars that were knocked off the track rolled over, and I saw two men climb out of the window, go down twice and come up, and finally disappear. The fire on the train was extinguished during the early part of the evening, but ignited again about 3 o'clock in the morning. Miss Virginia Maloney, of Elizabethtown, N. J., and a cook employed by the McCollough party were all who remained in the parlor car during the flood and were taken out as soon as the water receded. Had we all followed their example and remained in the Pullman cars the tale would not be half so hard to tell. We would have all been saved, Miss Maloney it was who told me of the fate of Miss Paulson and Miss Bryant. She said that when the engine whistled, the two young ladies ran to the door, looked out, and came back for their wraps. Then they went to the door again and jumped into the raging torrent. That was the last seen of them. Miss Maloney said she would rather take the chances and remain in the car. She did so and was saved. The Pullman conductor handed our baby to Mr. James Dunn, of Chicago, who carried her safely up the hill to the house where she was found by my daughter."

A Johnstown Show.

On the road in great shape. Three of our men started east yesterday with a view of showing to the outside world some of the horrors in which the flood left our once compactly built place. Two of them, S. C. Poland and Otto Kopelin, will work the picture part, and Reuben Linton will be the spokesman. Some who have seen the show say it is a good one and ought to be liberally patronized.

The Pater: "Well, Dr. Raptail, I like your school very much, and I think I'll put my boy here. But tell me what sort of boys do you turn out?" The Doctor: "The bad ones."—*Funny Folks.*