JOHNSTOWN VICTIMS.

THE NUMBER BETWEEN TWELVE AND FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

The Enormity of the Disaster Becoming More and More Apparent—Burying the Dead—The Country Responding to the Appeal for Aid.

A Johnstown special of Thursday says: The gray mists had scarcely arisen from the hills this morning until a thousand funerals were coursing their green sides. There were no hearses, few mourners, and as little solemnity as formality. The majority of the coffins were of rough pine. The hearses were strong farmers' teams, and instead of six pall bearers to one coffin there were generally six coffins to one team. Silently the processions moved and silently they unloaded their burdens in the lap of Mother Earth. No minister was there to pronounce a last blessing as the clods rattled down. A fact that has been heretofore overlooked in the awful strain is the soiled condition of the corpses. Fully one-third of those recovered have been so mangled, bruised or charred that identification was impossible. In an ordinary flood this would not have been the case, but here human bodies were the filling in of a mountain-like mass of houses, railroad tracks, trains, and other debris which went crunching and crashing through a valley three miles long. How any of life's clay retained form or semblance is enigmatical.

All day long the corpses were being buried below ground. The unidentified bodies were grouped on a high hill west of the doomed city, where one epitaph must do for all, and that the word "unknown." There are hundreds of these graves already, and each day will increase the proportion. The possibility of identification diminishes every hour. Fires are raging over the tangled graves of hundreds and the partial cremation of many bodies is inevitable. Others are becoming so blackened in their contact with the debris or through putrifaction that a grinning skeleton would show as much resemblance to the persons in life as they. Almost every stroke of the pick in some portions of the city to day resulted in the discovery of another victim, and although the funerals of the morning relieved the morgue of their crush before night they were as full as ever.

Wherever one turns the melancholy view of a coffin is met. Every train into Johnstown was laden with them, the better ones being generally accompanied by friends of the dead. Men could be seen staggering over the ruins with shining mahogany caskets on their shoulders. Several stumbled and fell into the abounding pits. The hollow houses of the dead went bouncing over the stones like drums in a funeral march. The coffin famine seems to be alleviated.

The enormity of the devastation wrought by the flood is becoming more and more apparent with every effort of the laborers to resolve order out of chaos. Over 100 men have been all day engaged in an effort to clear a narrow passage from the death-bridge upward through the sea of debris that blocks the Conemaugh for nearly half a mile. Every ingenuity known to men has been restored to by the crew. The giant power of dynamite was brought into requisition, and at frequent intervals the roar of explosions reverberated through the valley, and sticks, stones, and logs would fly high in the air. Gradually a few of the heaviest timbers were demolished and the fragments permitted to float downward through the center arch. At nightfall, however, the clear space above the bridge did not exceed an area of sixty feet in length, by forty feet in width. When one reflects that fully twenty-five acres are to be cleared in this way the task ahead seems an interminable one. But there is no royal road, and if the hundreds or thousands of bodies beneath these blackened ruins are to be recovered for Christian burial the labors of to-day must be continued with increased vigor.

There are many conservative minds that recommend the use of the torch in this work of clearing the river, but they are not among the sufferers, and when such counsels are heard by those whose wives, children, sisters, or brothers rest beneath this sea of flotsam and jetsam, this suggestion of cremation meets a wild furore of objection. It is only in deference to the unreasoning mandate of grief that the herculean labor of clearing the river by means of the dynamite and the derrick is persisted in. There is no hope in the calmer minds that this task can be pursued to the end.

The progress to-day is hardly discernible, and ere two days more have elapsed there is little doubt that the emanations of putrid bodies will have become so frightful as to drive the hardiest workmen from the scene. Until that time arrives, however, there is no hope that the grief-stricken populace will abandon the cherished hope of again gazing upon the forms of loved ones whose lives went out in the fire and flood of the Conemaugh. The pleadings of sanitarians and the logic of engineers alike fail to find an echo in the minds of the grieving and afflicted, but in a few more days the sterner logic of nature will assert itself, and in the face of impossibility the task of cremation will become a Christian duty.

Where Johnstown's principal stores stood last Friday are now pitched 1,000 tents, and before night this number will probably be doubled. Under this shelter are accommodated the workmen who are trying to clear the streets. Over 5,000 men are thus employed in Johnstown proper, about 1,000 of these being the regular street hands hired by Contractors Booth and Flynn of Pittsburg, the others being volunteers.

Mr. Flynn's estimates show more than anything the chaotic condition of this city. He says: "It will take 10,000 men thirty days to clear the ground so that the streets are passable and the work of rebuilding can be commenced, and I am at a loss to know how the work is to be done. This enthusiasm will soon die out and the volunteers will want to return home. It would take all summer for my men alone to do what work is necessary. Steps must be taken at once to furnish gangs of workmen.

THE BREAK IN THE DAM.

An Engineer's Story of the Terrible Flood.

Mr. Fred B. Giles, the special correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* at the scene of the calamity, telegraphs that journal as follows:

I ascended the valley to inspect the country and investigate the cause of the disaster. The rich Pittsburgers who maintained the ill-starred lake have been prompt to deny the cause. They can rationally do so no more. The proof of the fact is evident. It is eighteen miles to the lake by the devious course of the valley down which the torrent descended. No harm was done to the club house and cottages of the South Fork Club, but the transformation worked by the flood is even more striking there than anywhere else. The house formerly stood by the shores of a beautiful lake. Now the cottages are on a bluff above a wide ravine, seventy-five feet deep, at the bottom of which rolls a muddy stream. The picturesque beauty of the place was extracted when the water rushed out at the gap in the great embankment.

When one examines the breach in the dam the feeling is one of great surprise. There is none of the laceration of the edges that one would expect from a rending force, but, on the contrary, the aperture has a symmetry that suggests art rather than accident. The middle of the dam has been scooped out for about two-thirds of its height. The lower portion of this is again cut out, and this latter excavation extends to the bottom of the dam, making an opening that affords ample space for the stream now running through it.

The dam was an embankment of earth faced on both sides with loose stone in the style called by engineers "riprapping." It is still intact for about three hundred feet on each side of the gap. On the east end close to the shore the dam is grooved by a weir over seventy-five feet wide and about ten feet deep, which was the outlet by which the stream below was fed from the lake. On the west end of the dam is now a sluiceway about twenty feet wide and three feet deep. This was hastily dug to relieve the pressure on the dam, but failed to save it.

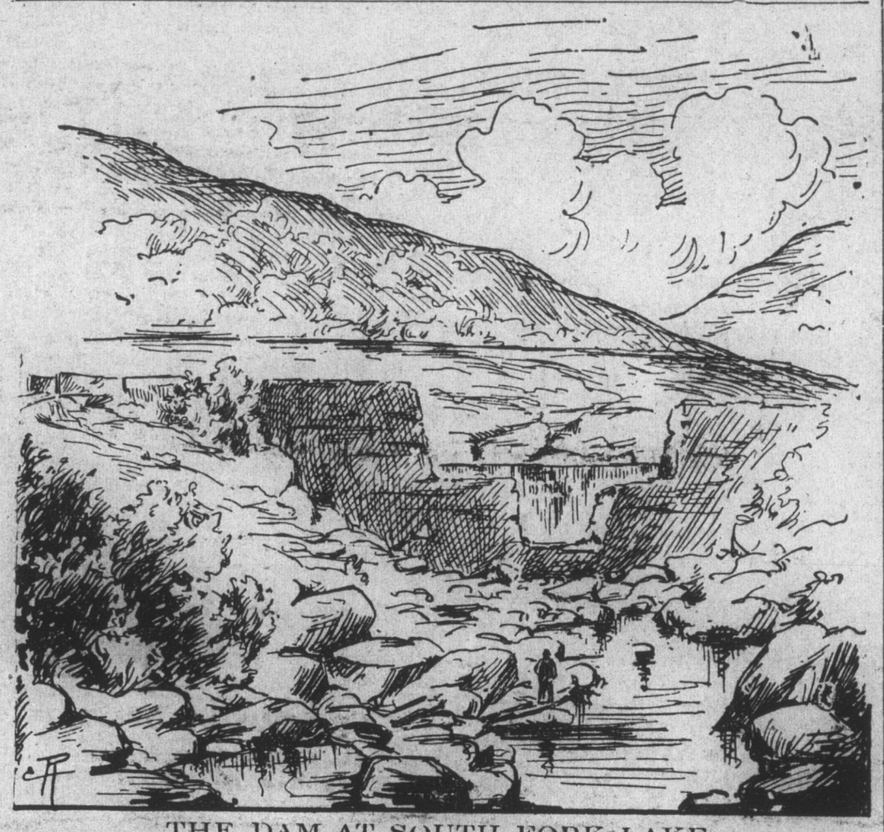
It so happened that at the time of the flood there was a civil engineer present in charge of the construction of a sewer and water works on the club grounds. This gentleman, Mr. John G. Parke, Jr., saw the catastrophe from first to last. Here is his account of it:

"On Thursday night the dam was in perfect condition and the water was not within seven feet of the top. At that stage the lake is nearly three miles long. It rained very hard Thursday night. When I got up Friday morning I could see there was a flood, for the water was over the drive in front of the club-house, and the level of the water in the lake had risen until it was only four feet below the top of the dam. I rode up to the head of the lake, and saw that the woods were boiling full of water. South Fork and Muddy Run, which emptied into the lake, were fetching down trees, logs, and cut timber from a saw-mill that was up in the woods in that direction. A plow was run along the top of the dam and earth was thrown in the face of the dam to strengthen it. At the same time a channel was dug on the west end to make a sluiceway there. There was about three feet of shale rock through which it was possible to cut, but then we struck bedrock that it was impossible to get into without blasting.

"When we got the channel opened the water soon scoured down to the bedrock, and a stream twenty feet wide and three deep rushed out on that end of the dam, while the river was letting out an enormous quantity on the other end. Notwithstanding these outlets the water kept rising at the rate of about ten inches an hour.

By 11:30 I had made up my mind that it was impossible to save the dam, and, getting on my horse, I galloped down the road to South Fork to warn the people of their danger. The telegraph tower is a mile from the town, and I sent two men there to have messages sent to Johnstown and other points below. I heard that the lady operator fainted when she had sent off the news, and had to be carried off. The people of South Fork had ample time to get to high ground, and they were able to move their furniture, too. In fact, only one person was drowned in South Fork, and he while attempting to fish something from the flood as it rolled by. It was just 12 o'clock when the telegraph messages were set out, so that the people at Johnstown had over three hours' warning.

"The break took place at 3 o'clock. It was about two feet wide at first, and shallow, but grew wider with increasing rapidity, and the lake went roaring down the valley; that three miles of water was drained out in forty-five minutes. The downfall of those 60,000,000 tons was simply irresistible. Stones from the dam and bowlders in the river bed were carried for miles. It was a terrible sight to see that avalanche of water go down that valley already choked with floods."



THE DAM AT SOUTH FORK LAKE.

The view is taken from a point below the dam and shows the peculiar way in which the water cut through it.

Texas Jack's Grave.

"Not far from Charlie Vivian's grave in Leadville's cemetery," began the old actor, "is the earthly tenement of another man whose reputation was world-wide. A rough pine slab, upon which are inscribed the simple words, 'John Omahundra,' marks the spot where the once famous Texas Jack is interred. When the pneumonia scourge carried him away he was the dime-novel ideal of a frontiersman. Tall and muscular, with long raven hair and mustache and features of Grecian beauty, 'twas no wonder that the first time Morlacchi met him she loved him. Morlacchi was a Parisian danseuse who came to this country with one of the French opera companies. She saw Omahundra one night in a New Orleans cafe, and a week later she married him. She was a blase woman of the world—his life had been spent on the plains. She was gifted with all the graces ultra-refinement could bestow—he was a beautiful brute.

"The queerly assorted couple drifted into Leadville with the 'rush.' Morlacchi's talent was in demand. She danced divinely, and the princely salary she received from the management of the Grand Central Theater was only an insignificant portion of the emoluments showered upon her. Golden coins were flung upon the stage every time she graced it. Meantime her beloved husband drank and gambled with the many kindred spirits he found in the new camp. The woman danced and made money, and the man spent her earnings in the wildest sort of dissipation. She never complained of his conduct. Stories of his marital infidelity reached her ears, but she dismissed the gossips with a shrug of her shapely shoulders and a snap of her fingers. 'Pouf,' she would say, 'ze enfant enjoy heemself—why not?' Yet to him she was true as steel. Perhaps her love was mingled with fear, for her spouse had a playful habit of publicly proclaiming his intention to commit a double crime if his wife should ever forget her vows. And so he drank and gambled and blustered until King Pneumonia cut him down and hurried him away from the world in which he was less useful than ornamental. Morlacchi was with him when he died, and remained with the corpse until it was buried with all the tinsel honors her professional associates could bestow. Yet not a tear did she shed. She silently stole away from the city in which the last act of her life romance was played, and in a quiet Vermont village shut herself up with her memories until death claimed her, about a year ago."—*Omaha Herald.*

Never Too Late to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovoico Monaldesco, at the great age of 115 years, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unaquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Æneid, his most pleasing production.

Corporal Tanner's Old Commander.

Here in Washington is the place to see the ups and downs of political life. Old commanders during the war times become askers of their former subordinates for offices in their gift after the shuffle of a quarter of a century of politics. The file in a great many instances has become the rank and the rank the file. Corporal Tanner, for instance, became Commissioner Tanner, and Gen. Sigel, his old commander, became Pension Agent Sigel and one of his underlings. "I tell you," said Commissioner Tanner, the other night, "it was pathetic. I could remember how Gen. Sigel's horse had splashed mud over me as I stood in the ranks, and he galloped along the line with his splendid staff, and here he was, a broken old man, offering me his resignation."—*Washington Critic.*

She Felt It.

"Hannah," she began, as she called the girl into the sitting-room, "haven't I always used you well?"

"Yes'm."

"Paid you the highest wages and given you many afternoons out?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, then, I want to ask you a question and receive an honest answer."

"Oh, ma'am, I'm going to quit! Yes, I'll go right off!"

"Going to quit? Why?"

"Because I feel that you are going to ask me if your husband and me were riding on the ferry boat together the other day, and I couldn't tell you. I promised him on my sacred word I wouldn't!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE hail fellow was not well met by Texas crops. Some damage was done the other day.

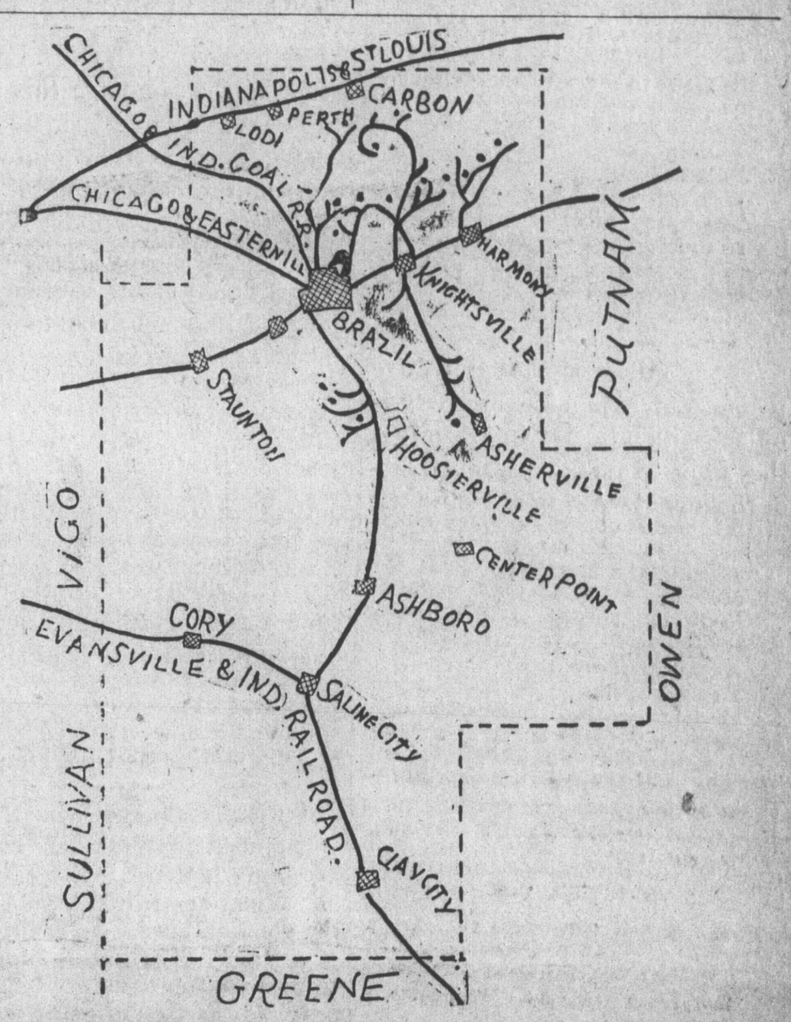
OUR BLACK DIAMONDS.

GREAT VALUE OF INDIANA'S COAL DEPOSIT.

It Underlies About One-Fifth of the State, and the Supply Will Meet Demands for Thousands of Years—Clay County's Output.

BRAZIL, Ind., May 30.—Within the past two years Indiana has attained prominence, and worthily, too, as a gas-producing State. The extraordinary deposit of oil recently tapped at Terre Haute, and which, no doubt, underlies Clay County as well, is calling the attention of the whole country, if not the world, to another and highly-important division of our State's mineral wealth. The value of coal deposit, however, cannot be overlooked.

A preliminary report on the coal product in the United States in 1888 shows a total of 145,363,744 tons, as against 129,975,557 tons in 1887. The value of the out-put at the mines in 1888 was $208,129,806, as against $182,556,837 in 1887. Indiana maintained her position as sixth among the twelve States and Territories represented—a record unbroken since the period of the first great activity in the mines in 1872. Her output was 3,140,979 tons, valued at $4,397,370. The prices paid for mining this output were 70 and 75 cents for bituminous, and 85 and 90 cents for block—in the aggregate a good round sum affording a support for 7,000 miners. The output, however, shows a marked decrease from last year, but what with natural gas, and extraordinary underbidding by Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Illinois operators, the only wonder is the decrease is not more marked.



The coal area of Indiana comprises 7,000 square miles. Beginning in Warren County, it extends southward to the Ohio River, broadening as it goes, until at the river it covers Perry, Spencer, Warrick, Vanderburg, and Posey Counties. On its route it passes through Fountain, Vermillion, Parke, Vigo, Clay, Owen, Greene, Sullivan, Knox, Daviess, Gibson, Martin, Pike, Dubois, and Crawford Counties. Its length is 150 miles, its average width being about forty-seven miles. It is underlaid with twelve seams, at depths varying from the surface to 300 feet below, the average being about eighty feet. Five seams are almost constantly workable wherever met. These seams vary from one-half foot to eleven feet in thickness, with an average of four feet.

The State's coal field is divided into two zones—the eastern and the western. The eastern is a narrow strip, four miles wide on an average, and 150 long. In it is embraced all the block, or non-coking coal, suitable for the manufacture of pig for Bessemer steel. Its estimated tonnage is 7,025,356,800. The quality of this coal is pronounced by the highest scientific authority as the finest in the world.

The block-coal area of Clay County alone is 300 square miles, or 192,000 acres. The total depth of coal over the area is twenty-eight feet, nine inches. This secures a product of 10,500 tons to the acre, or a total of 2,000,000,000 tons. Placing the yearly output at 1,000,000 tons for the past thirteen years, and for the seven years preceding at 500,000 tons, there yet remains 1,983,500,000 tons. At 1,000,000 tons a year output the supply will last 1,984 years—allowing only six months for strikes.

Coal is not as as cheap as natural gas or fuel oils, but it is next in price, and is perhaps more to be depended upon. Indeed, with all due respect for gas and oil, the fuel of the future may have coal as its base. Now, the bulk of the heat contained in coal is wasted, only about 14 per cent. of the carbon being utilized. Pulverize coal and convert it into gas and all this waste will be utilized. This subject is receiving considerable attention throughout the manufacturing world and experiments at Scranton and Chester in Pennsylvania, as well as elsewhere, seem to warrant all claims made.

Two tons of block coal are required to manufacture one ton of pig iron. The capacity of the deposit, then, is 3,512,678,400 tons of pig. This, converted into Bessemer steel rails weighing sixty pounds to the yard, or eighty-five tons to the mile of track, allowing a shrinkage of 25 per cent. to offset loss of coal and iron in the process of manufacture, would give a mileage of 3,099,416, or about 124 times around the world!

The Eastern, or block-coal zone, is, as intimated, much broader in Clay than in any other county, our area comprising about one-half of the State's entire area. Brazil is thus the center and metropolis of the block-coal fields of Indiana, and is one of the best-growing little cities in the State.

Some years ago, just after the excitement of the first real boom that has struck this city had died away, a pastor of a city church, who had what is perhaps best described as a literary tendency, looked twenty years into the future. Our mines were then exhausted, furnaces closed, and the city deserted by all that had made it even temporarily prosperous. Such was the picture of a mining town. The facts are: Near the close of the calamitous twin decades, Brazil, having doubled in population meanwhile, and having early become an iron manufacturing center of a large and winding radius, is moving along at a rate bewildering to the oldest inhabitant. Col. John W. Foster LL. D., the distinguished scientist and mining economist, in a series of letters in the New York *Tribune*, in 1870, after unqualified testimony to the great value of our block coal, with the spirit of unering prophecy that had foretold the development of the Lake Superior mineral region, predicted for Brazil a prosperity commensurate with its advantage of being the center of the most extensive block-coal fields then known. The western coal zone embraces the rest of the State's coal area, about 6,400 square miles. The coal is almost wholly bituminous, a small per cent. only being cannel coal.

There is quite a rivalry between bituminous and block coals of late. The former is inferior. It is deposited usually in thicker veins. During the past two years it has been mined at 15 cents less on the ton than block. This gave it an advantage in some markets, but nothing serious till two years ago, when Chicago capitalists engaged extensively in coking it. The coke thus manufactured was substitued for block coal in a number of big iron mills, especially those of Chicago. This made block coal a competitor with bituminous coal, and explains why the two qualities must be mined at nearly, if not quite, the same rate. At present the block operators offer 5 cents more on the ton than the yearly bituminous yearly scale calls for. The block miners, wholly unaccustomed to such opposition, cannot see how the inferior quality can drive from the market the block coal that has hitherto held its field against the world. But facts are facts, and they are frequently very stubborn. The Brazil Block-coal Company operate nine block and three bituminous mines. During the past year their block trade depreciated 34 per cent., while the bituminous trade increased 90 per cent. The block operators of the State, who have a separate organization from the bituminous operators, believe that the reduction demanded by them is absolutely necessary to the block trade.

A study of the coal product of the two zones is interesting. Scientific estimate places the amount of coal in a four-foot vein at 5,000 tons per acre. This would place the yield of the entire area at 22,400,000,000 tons. What a vast power! Prof. Rogers says: "The dynamic power of one pound of coal is equal to the work of one man for one day, and three tons are equal to twenty years of hard work of 300 days to the year. Each square mile of land underlaid with a single four-foot vein holds within itself the capacity for the production of power which is equivalent to the labor of 1,000,000 able-bodied men for twenty years."

This road at Brazil connects with the Evansville & Indianapolis over the Brazil branch, thus connecting the lakes and the gulf. The two roads traverse the coal fields near the center from end to end. The accompanying map shows the system of switches, or rather branches, over fifty miles in length altogether, with which the Vandalia gathers up the coal at the various mines by means of seven switching crews, when the mines are in full blast. The map dates to 1885, but, aside from finishing the branch from Ashton to Saline City, but little change has occurred. There is a double track on the main road from Brazil to Knightsville. The crews do some hard work on these branches. In December they struck for the same wages paid switchmen at Indianapolis and Terre Haute, and no doubt deserved the advance.