

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, 1889.

NUMBER 221



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE NO. 10, O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT NO. 3, I. O. G. T.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

W.M. HAYS, Secretary.
J. G. RICHIE, W. M.

CASS CAMP NO. 332, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA.—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at the O. O. F. Hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us.

W.M. HAYS, Secretary.
F. E. WHITE, H. P.

M. T. ZION COMMA DARY, NO. 5, K. T. U.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at the O. O. F. Hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

TURK LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at the O. O. F. Hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. RICHIEY
Clerk, W. K. FOX
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney, BYRON CLARK
Engineer, H. C. SCHMIDT
Police Judge, S. C. GORDON
Marshal, L. H. DUNN
Councilmen, 1st ward, J. A. SALISBURY
2d, C. B. SHIPMAN
3d, D. M. JONES
4th, W. H. POOL
5th, CHAS. HEMPLE
6th, CON O'CONNOR
7th, J. C. ELLIOTT
8th, L. O'NEILL
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JAMES HICKSON, Sergeant Major
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L. O. CURTIS, Post Chaplain
Meeting Saturday evening

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEY. S. F. THOMAS, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. Office in Fitzgerald Block, Plattsmouth, Neb.
ATTORNEY. A. N. SULLIVAN, Attorney-at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Plaza Block, East side, Plattsmouth, Neb.
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Fine Job Work a specialty at THE HERALD office.

A VESUVIUS OF WATER.

Thousands of Lives Lost by Flood and Fire in Pennsylvania.

A Mountain Lake Breaks Loose and Rushes Down the Conemaugh Valley, Submerging and Destroying.

DISASTER WITHOUT PRECEDENT.

Fire Unites with Water in the Sacrifice of Life, and adds to the Scenes of Horror.

An Extreme in Calamity.

PITTSBURG, June, 3.—Johnston, the city completely swept out of existence last Friday evening was located 78 miles east of here in the center of Cambria county, was located on the Conemaugh river at the mouth of a "pack saddle," through which flows the south fork of the Conemaugh from the Allegheny mountains, and was a city of 8,000 inhabitants engaged in iron, steel, wire, cement, firebrick, leather and woolen manufacturing. Before the railroad came in (many years ago) the small river was used for transporting, and about nine miles up this "saddle" in the mountains above Johnston had been constructed a monster dam backing up a water reservoir of a mile in area and 30 feet in depth, which was used as a water reserve for canal purposes on the river. When railroads came in the canal was dispensed with, and parties bought the lake and used it for a fish pond. Friday evening after a day of torrents of rain and the Conemaugh was out of her banks, this dam gave way, May 31, at 5 o'clock, and caused the terrible calamity of death and destruction to Johnston and towns located along the Conemaugh valley. A second terrible catastrophe was caused by rafts, houses, cars, engines, and debris lodging against the great stone bridge below Johnston where it accumulated and burned making an awful end for those who escaped death by water in floating around with the torrent.

TELEGRAPHIC ACCOUNTS.
BRADDOCK, Pa., May 31.—The telegraph wires have been down absolutely for six or seven miles below the immediate scene and being in unworkable shape for three or four miles distant, it was after 7 o'clock before an accurate outline of the effect of the tidal wave could be learned. The chief officials of the Pittsburg end of the main line of the Pennsylvania railway received most of their information from the signal tower at Sang Hollow, six miles west of Johnston. At a quarter of 8 o'clock a boy was rescued by a man in the signal tower of the railroad company. His name is unknown, but he said that with his father, mother, brother and two sisters, he was swept over the breast of the new stone railroad bridge at Johnston; that it capsized a few seconds later and they were all drowned as far as he could tell.

The railroad operators officially report before dark they were able to count 119 persons clinging to buildings, wreckage, or drowned and floating in the current. If this is to be credited the damage in the town proper must be in the nature of a clean sweep. As early as 1 o'clock an alarm was sent to Johnston that there was danger from the dam. The railroad officials were notified and in a very short time began to carry people from town to places of safety on regular trains. Supt. Pitcairn, of the western division of the Pennsylvania road, was on his way to South Fork, and was notified of the impending trouble.

SANG HOLLOW, Pa., June 2, 1 a. m.—The first accounts sent out of the Johnston disaster are far below the wildest estimates placed upon the extent of the calamity, and instead of 2,000 or 3,000, it is probable the death list will reach 8,000, many say 10,000. Of these, 700 or 800 were burned in the fiery furnace at the viaduct, and 2,000 coffins have been ordered for bodies already rescued.

It is known that two passenger trains, two sections of the day express, on the Pennsylvania railroad have been thrown into the maddened torrent and the passengers drowned. These trains were held at Johnston from Friday at 11 a. m. and were lying on a siding between Johnston and Conemaugh stations.

The awful torrent came down the narrow defile between the mountains, a distance of nine miles and with a fall of 300 feet in the distance, sweeping away the villages of South Fork, Mineral Point, Woodvale, and Conemaugh, leaving but one building standing, a wooden mill, where but an hour before had stood hundreds, and dashing on with

THE ROAR OF A CATARACT

and the speed of the wind, upon the fatality at the foot hills.

The plane in which but yesterday sat Johnston, sits in the mountains like a jewel in a queen's diadem. The great Gautier steel works sat in this plane, and the city below it, the railroad tracks bounding it at the base of the mountains on the north.

Here is where the trains were standing when the tide of water came down on them with such resistless force that the heavy trains, locomotives, Pullmans, and all were overturned and swept down the torrent, and were lodged against the great stone viaduct along with forty-one locomotives from the Johnston roundhouse, the heavy machinery and ponderous frame work of the Gautier mill, the accumulated debris of more than a thousand houses, furniture, bridges, lumber, drift, and human beings.

The low arches of the stone viaduct choked up immediately and the water backed over the entire level of the valley upon which the city stood, to the depth of what, from the water marks, indicate about thirty-eight feet. In the great sea thus formed hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE.
The scene today is one of the most harrowing possible for the imagination of man to conceive. The accumulated drift, gorged up at the viaduct to a height of forty feet and then took fire from the up-setting of stoves and lamps.

Then were strong men made sick at the sight. As the flames crackled and roared among the dry tinder of the floating houses, human bodies were seen pinioned between the house roofs, locomotives, iron beams, freight, passenger, Pullman, and baggage cars.

The scene was horrible beyond description. Persons of all ages, from infancy, a few days old, to the wasted figures of age, were burned before the eyes of the beholders, and no rescue from such a fate was possible. Strong men turned away with agonized expressions and women shrieked at the horror of the scene.

The dead have been computed at not less than 8,000, and the number may even exceed this estimate. This seems incredible, but until the waters have abated and the work of removing the dead from this tremendous mass, it will be impossible to tell how many lives have been lost.

It is now evident, also, that the damage to property will reach about \$11,000,000.

THE BREAKING OF THE DAM.
PITTSBURG, June, 2.—Mr. Croan, proprietor of the South Park Fishing Club hotel, came to Johnston this afternoon. He says that when the dam of Conemaugh lake broke, the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground. It bounded down the valley, crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it. For a mile its front seemed like a solid wall, twenty feet high. The warning given the stricken city was sent from South Fork village by Freight Agent Dechert.

When the great wall that held the body of water began to crumble at the top, he sent a message begging the people of Johnston for God's sake to take to the hills. He reports no serious accidents at South Fork.

Richard Davies ran to Prospect hill when the water raised. As to Dechert's message, he says, just such messages have been sent down at each flood since the lake was made. The warning so often proved useless that little attention was paid to it this time.

"I cannot describe the mad rush," he said "at first, it looked like dust. That must have been spray. I could see houses going down before it like a child's playing blocks set on edge in a row. As it came nearer I could see houses totter for a moment then rise and the next moment be crushed like egg shells against each other."

Charles Luther is the name of a boy who stood on an adjacent elevation and saw the whole flood. He said he heard a grinding noise up the valley, and looking up he could see a dark line moving slowly towards him. He saw that it was a house. High in the air would he tossed a log or a beam which would fall back with a crash. Down the valley the flood moved and across the little mountain city. For ten minutes nothing but moving houses was seen and then the waters came with a roar and a rush.

This lasted for two hours, and then it began to flow more steadily.

HUMAN VULTURES.
The pillaging of houses in Johnston is something awful to contemplate and describe. It makes one feel almost ashamed to call himself a man and know

that others who bear the same name, have converted themselves into human vultures preying on the dead. Men are carrying shotguns and revolvers and woe betide the stranger who looks even suspiciously at any article.

Ex-Mayor Chalmer Dick, of Johnston shot a man in Johnston today for robbing a dead woman's body. The story related of Mr. Dick is that he saw the man go to the dead body of a woman and take of several rings that she had on. He pulled out his revolver and fired. The bullet struck the man. He fell forward into the water and his body was washed away by the current.

A Hungarian with two companions was caught in Kernville riding a body. The indignant crowd beat and kicked the men severely, placed a rope around the neck of one of them, and swung him up to a tree, keeping him there until he had strangled. The men were then released and chased by the crowd, who, it is said, stoned them into the river, where they were drowned. A deputy sheriff, named Porter, shot a negro who was robbing a store.

The number of persons who searched the debris for plunder today, is surprising. Poorly clad laboring men may be seen carrying away fine ornamental clocks and rich bric-a-brac. Pianos by the dozen are scattered along the river but they are ruined. One of 13 Hungarians were lynched and four were stowed into the river and drowned for rolling the dead.

BETWEEN FIRE AND FLOOD.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—The most awful event of the awful night was the roasting of a hundred persons or more in mid flood. The ruins of houses, out buildings and other structures swept against the new railroad bridge at Johnston and piled up fifty feet above the flood and from an overturned stove or some such cause, the upper part of the wreckage caught fire.

There were crowds of men women and children on the wreck, and their screams were added to the awful chorus of horror. They were literally roasted in the flood. Soon after the fire had burned itself out others were thrown against the mass. There were some fifty persons in sight when the ruins parted, broke up, and were swept under the bridge into pitchy darkness.

The latest news from Johnston is that but one or two houses could be seen in the town. It is also said that only three houses remain in Cambria City. The Catholic church was also destroyed by fire this morning. A number of people were on the roof when the structure took fire, and all of them were consumed in the flames.

June 2. The fire in the wreck burned all last night and has spread rapidly all day and the upper part of the drift is burning tonight. A fire engine stationed on the river bank and others will be gotten there by the Baltimore & Ohio. The natural gas has been shut off, owing to the many leaks in Johnston. No fire is allowed in the city.

Chief Evans, of the Pittsburg fire department, arrived this evening with engines Nos 2 and 15 and several hose carts and a full complement of men. A large number of Pittsburg physicians came on the same train.

THE SITUATION UNCHANGED.

The situation here has not changed, and yesterday's estimates of the loss of life do not seem to be exaggerated. Six hundred bodies are now lying in Johnston, and a large number have already been buried. Four immense relief trains arrived last night, and the survivors are being well cared for.

A portion of the police force of Pittsburg and Allegheny are on duty and better order is maintained than prevailed yesterday.

Communications will be restored between Cambria City and Johnston by footbridge. The work of repairing the tracks between Sang Hollow and Johnston is going on rapidly and trains will probably be running by tomorrow morning. Not less than 15,000 strangers are here.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

In a talk, today, Conductor Bell, of the first section of the day express, laid up at Conemaugh on the night of the disaster, said: "The first and second sections stopped side by side at Conemaugh, Friday afternoon, on account of the washout at Lillys. The second section was next to the hill, the first on the outside. Suddenly I saw what I looked like a wall of water. It was thirty feet high. We barely had time to notify the passengers and they nearly all fled up the hillside. One old man who with his son returned, for some reason, was drowned.

THE BAZAR.

NEW GOODS ARRIVE DAILY

Complete in all departments, Handsome line of Neopolitan and pattern
MATS RIBBONS, PLUMES, COLLARS
CUFFS BELTS GLOVES
FANS HANDKERCHIEES SASH RIBBON.
We cordially invite ladies to call and get prices, we can save you money.

MOORE & STUDEBAKER.

One door west of Joe's clothing store.

Two cars went down into the current. I do not know how many were drowned. We saw two persons on top of the cars. The water set fire to a lot of lime, and the fire caught two Pullman cars, which were destroyed, but no person was burned all the passengers having left the train before the cars took fire. There were about two hundred persons on my section, which was of day coaches. The passengers went back to the cars, and later were cared for by the people of Conemaugh. Afterward they were taken to Altoona this afternoon. The friends of those in the Chicago limited need feel no anxiety, as it was not in the flood at all."

ANOTHER STORY.

Johnston is the most complete wreck that the imagination can portray. Probably five hundred houses have been swept from the face of the earth as completely as if they had never been erected. The main street from end to end is piled fifteen to twenty feet high with debris and in some instances is as high as the roofs of the houses. This great mass of wreckage fills the streets from curb to curb and frequently has crushed the fronts of buildings in and filled the space with reminders of the terrible calamity. From the woolen mill above the island to the bridge, a distance probably of two miles, a strip of territory nearly half a mile in width has been swept clean, not a stick of timber or one brick on top of another being left to tell the tale. All day long men, women and children were plodding about the desolate waste, trying in vain to locate the boundaries of former homes. Nothing but a wide expanse of mud remained for their contemplation. These losses, however, are as nothing compared to the frightful sacrifices of precious human lives to be seen on every hand. During all this solemn Sunday Johnston has been drenched with the tears of stricken mortals, and the air is filled with sobs and sighs that come from breaking hearts. There are scenes enacted here every hour and every minute that effect all beholders profoundly.

LEFT ALONE.

An utterly wretched woman named Mrs. Tenn, stood by a muddy pool of water trying to find some trace of a happy home. She was half crazed with grief and her eyes were red and swollen. As the writer stepped to her side she raised her pale and haggard face and remarked: "They are all gone. Oh God, be merciful to them. My husband and my seven dear children have been swept down with the flood, and I am left alone. We were driven by the flood into the garret, but the water followed us there. Inch by inch it kept raising until our heads were pressed against the roof. It was death to remain, so I raised a window, and one by one placed my darlings on some drift wood, trusting to the Creator. As I liberated the last one of my sweet little boys, he looked at me and said: 'Mamma, you always told me the Lord would care for me: will he look after me now?' I saw him drift away from sight forever. The next moment the roof crashed in, and I floated outside to be rescued fifteen hours later from the roof of the house in the valley. If I could only find one of my darlings, I could bow to the will of God, but they are all gone. I have lost everything on earth now, but my life."

A HAPPY WOMAN.

Happy is the woman without bodily ills, but happier is the woman who having them knows of the saving properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When relieved, as she surely will be upon a trial of it, she can contrast her condition with her former one of suffering and appreciate health as none can who have not for a time been deprived of it. The "Favorite Prescription" corrects unnatural discharges and cures all "weakness" and irregularities.

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DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at other times, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath on snoring; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.
By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

The Original
Pierce's Pleasant Liver Pills.
Purify the Blood, Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Headaches, Bloating, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

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Each dollar's worth of goods bought from our Elegant stock entitles the purchaser to one chance to draw this GRAND PRIZE.

Drawing takes place October 15th, 1889. The money is on Exhibition in our show window.

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