

women. At the First Presbyterian church, which is being used as a morgue, seventeen bodies taken from the debris and the river, have been brought in. The relief corps of Altoona found a body near Stonybridge this morning. On the body was a gold watch and \$250 in money. The corps took out thirty-two bodies from the ruins today. Five bodies were taken out of the wreckage near Hibert's Bank, Main Street this morning. Clara Barton, of the Red Cross Society, arrived this morning and went to work.

"Nine hundred army tents have been divided, and two white walled villages now afford shelter for nearly 8000 homeless people. Talk of rebuilding the town has already begun, and it is thought that the great Cambria Iron Works will be running again in thirty days."

CLEANING AWAY THE WRECKAGE.

Relative to the work of cleaning away the debris, a dispatch from Johnstown dated June 5 says:

"Where the principal stores here stood last Friday are now pitched one hundred tents, and before tomorrow night the number will probably be doubled. Under this shelter are accommodated the members of the militia and thousands of workmen, who are trying to clean the streets of this wrecked city. Over 5000 men are thus employed in Johnstown, about 1500 of these being regular street hands, hired by contractors, the others being volunteers.

"Wm. Flynn, a Pittsburg contractor, arrived in the wrecked city and at once took charge of the army of laborers. In an interview he told of the work to be done, and the contractor's estimates show, more than anything else, the chaotic condition of the city. It will take 10,000 men thirty days to make the streets passable. 'The work of building will be commenced,' said he, 'and I am at a loss to know how this 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, and tomorrow I shall forward a petition to the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce asking the different manufacturers of the Ohio Valley to take turns for a month or so in furnishing reliefs for the men. These gangs should come for a week at a time, as no organization can be effected if men arrive and leave when they please.'

"The volunteers are doing noble work. Nearly every town in Western Pennsylvania is represented by from one to ten men. Many towns in Ohio and New York also furnish their quota of laborers. These volunteers are working with a will, but before the end of the week they will want to return home. Men who come here will be paid two dollars a day and board. All laborers who have been toiling with the wreckage are quartered in barns and the others in the tents above referred to. It was a scene as of army life at the time that supper

was ready, and the long pine tables were crowded. Tea, coffee, bread and cheese were the fare tonight, but more substantial rations will be given out tomorrow. As darkness drew its veil over the scene the noise became quiet, and only the challenge of the militiaman was heard as he bade some belated individual to obey the orders of the sheriff and leave the city of the dead. Johnstown is under martial law, and laborers only are wanted."

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

The following description of some of the features and effects of the calamity is given in a Johnstown dispatch, dated June 5:

"The grey mists had scarcely risen from the hills this morning until thousands of funerals were coursing their green sides. There were no hearse and as little solemnity as formality. Instead of six pall bearers to one coffin there were generally six coffins to one team. No minister of God was there to pronounce a last blessing as the clouds rattled down, except a few faithful priests, who had followed some mangled representatives of their faith to their graves. A fact that heretofore has been 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 is impossible. All day long corpses were being buried below the ground. The identified 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. Although the funerals of this morning relieved the morgues of their crush, before night they were as full of dead as ever.

"The enormity of the devastation wrought by the Connemaugh flood is becoming more and more apparent with every effort of the laborers to resolve order out of chaos. Over a hundred men have been all day engaged in the effort to clear a passage from the death bridge upward through the sea of debris that blocks Connemaugh for half a mile. Every ingenuity known to man has been resorted to by this crew.

"Giant powder and dynamite were brought into requisition, and at frequent intervals the roar of explosions reverberated through the valley, and stieks, stones and logs would fly high in the air. Gradually a few of the heaviest timbers were demolished, and 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 and forty feet in width. When one reflects that fully 25 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 today must be continued with increased vigor. There are many conservative minds that commend the use of the torch in this work of cleaning 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, the suggestion of cremation meets with a furor of objections. It is only by indifference to the unreasoning mandate of grief that the herculean labor of cleaning the river by means of dynamite and derrick is persisted in. There is no hope in the calmer minds that this task can be pursued to the end.

"The progress of today is hardly discernible, and ere two more days have elapsed there is little doubt that the emanations from the putrid bodies will be so frightful as to drive the hardiest workmen from the scene. Until that time arrives, however, there is no hope that this 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 Connemaugh. The pleadings of sanitarians and logic of engineers alike fail to find an echo in the minds of the grieving and afflicted, but in a few more days the sterned logic of nature will assert itself, and in the face of the impossible task cremation will become a Christian duty."

Two hundred bodies had been recovered at Phillipsburg up to June 5, from the ruins. Several were identified, but the great majority not. This number comprised all at the morgues, including the one at the Pennsylvania railroad station, at the Fourth Ward school in Cambria City, Morrowville and the Presbyterian Church. At the latter place a remarkable state of affairs existed. The first floor had been washed out completely, and the second, while submerged, was badly damaged; the walls, floors and pews were badly drenched, and mud had collected on the matting and carpets an inch deep. Walking was attended with much difficulty, and undertakers and assistants with their arms bare slid about the slippery surface at a tremendous rate. The church was filled with coffins and all undertaking accessories. Lying across the tops of pews were a dozen pine boxes, each containing a victim of the flood. Printed cards were tacked on each of them and a full description of the enclosed bodies was written, with the name if known.

One of the most grizzly and nauseating sights to those unaccustomed to death is the lurching arrangement for the undertakers. These men were working so hard and conscientiously that they had no time for meals, and huge boilers of steaming coffee, loaves of bread, dried beef and preserves were carried into the charnel house and placed at the disposal of the workers. Along comes one weary laborer, his sleeves rolled up, apron in front, and perspiring profusely despite the cold, damp weather. He has just sur-