The News from the Flooded Districts in this morning's REGISTER is of the most serious character. Wheeling ought to take steps at once to relieve the needs of the sufferers.

The Wheeling Register.

Read Dr. TALMAGE's sermon this morning. It will pay you well. It is an excellent sermon and don't fail to read it.

VOL. 27. WHEELING, W. VA. MONDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1889. NO. 11

TWENTY LIVES!

The Terrible Total Claimed by the Flood.

MORE LIKELY TO BE ADDED

As Reports from Remote Districts Come to Hand.

THE DELUGE CAME IN THE NIGHT,

And the Horrors of Johnson Were Duplicated, on a Smaller Scale.

CREEKS MADE RUSHING TORRENTS.

Hundreds of Men, Women and Children in Absolute Destitution, and Relief Must Be Sent in at Once.

A MOST GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL

Of the Wild Sweep of the Water Down the Narrow Valleys—How the Village of Morristown Vanished in the Night.

THE LIST OF THE DEAD.

Tucker Creek:
Mrs. Orville West,
Oscar Kiger,
Mrs. Oscar Kiger
And Three Children,
Tobias Bailey.
Lockhart's Precinct:
Mrs. Thomas Hughes,
And Four Children.
Sandy Creek:
Robert Black,
Mrs. Robert Black,
Two Unknown Men.
Pond Creek:
Edward Boso,
Tygart Creek:
Mrs. Isaac Roberts.
Parkersburg:
Mrs. Isaac Tucker.

A TALE OF DISASTER.

A Graphic Story From the Deluged Valley. Special Telegram to the Register.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., July 21.—Communication with Tucker creek has at last been opened up, and it can be truthfully said that but a tithe of the terrible story of the flood has been heretofore told. No hour elapses that does not add to the already awful total of the loss of life and destruction of property. The worst fears in both respects have been more than realized, and the calamity is by far the most disastrous in the history of this section of West Virginia.

THE DELUGED SECTION.

The locality visited by the storm of Thursday night, lies partly in the three counties of Wood, Jackson and Wirt, and along the general line of Wood county where it adjoins Jackson, and thence on into Wirt the greatest destruction was wrought. Pond creek, emptying into the Ohio, right on the line between Wood and Jackson counties, Tucker creek, rising on the north edge of Grant district, Jackson county, and running north and east into Wirt county, where it empties into the Little Kanawha; Tygart creek, heading in the extreme southeast corner of Wood county, and flowing north into the Little Kanawha, and the left fork of Sandy creek, rising in Jackson county, along the Wirt county line, and flowing south and west into the latter, are the chief centers of the deluge which descended from the clouds into the narrow and precipitous valleys last Thursday night. The country where these various streams take their rise is a somewhat sparsely settled one, having but one or two postoffices within a radius of twenty miles or so, and there are none but the most primitive modes of communication. Only two or three county roads traverse the region, running from Wood and Wirt counties respectively down into Jackson, and as bridges have been carried away right and left, and the roads are in a terrible condition, the lack of definite information from part of the flooded country even at this time may be readily understood.

The valleys of Tucker, Sandy and Pond creeks were the localities where the loss of life was the greatest, and the total so far known will likely reach twenty, is twenty, with a fear that additional names must be added to the list when the full scope of the storm is known.

SUFFERING DESTITUTE.

At least seven lives were lost in the valley of Tucker creek alone, and people who have come down the stream say there is good reason to believe that the receding water will disclose many a bruised and blackened corpse, whose fate is now unknown. The destruction to property, along the creek, has also been too full more terrible than has been guessed, and hundred of people are left without food to nourish them or houses or clothing to protect them from the chills of night, and unless the philanthropy of the State is stirred up to send them aid, there will be untold suffering and want. Steps have already been taken to provide for them, but much remains to be done yet, and it should be done at once.

A TOWN BLOTTED OUT.

Tucker creek, the scene of the terrible calamity, like Sandy and Pond creek, head at Limestone Hill, and the same cloud burst sent the wave of death down all three of them. Seven miles from Elizabeth, where Tucker creek empties into the Little Kanawha, and almost the same distance from the headwaters, the little village of Morristown is, or rather was, situated. It was on a small level bottom between the right and left forks of Tucker, which comes together here. Behind it, and on each side, precipitous hills arise and wall in the water's course. It was another Johnstown, and here the greatest disaster occurred.

On Thursday evening the heavy rainfall came, and both branches of the creek began to rise slowly. The rain continued for over three hours, and the streams were soon level with their banks; still no apprehension was felt by the two hundred or more inhabitants of the little village, and they retired peacefully to rest.

About 9:30 in the evening the wave of destruction from Limestone Hill swept down the right fork, spread over the row bottom and carried ruin with it. In five minutes both streams rose over ten feet and the inhabitants were awakened by the rising water, and compelled to

FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES,

with only such garments as they could gather in the haste of flight. They sought the hills and there saw their homes swept away by the relentless torrent. Instances were not so fortunate. Orville West, his wife and his wife's brother were sleeping in their new home when the torrent came on them. There was only time to flee to the roof. The house rocked, swayed on its foundation and then slowly moved out into the stream. It swept five miles down the current and the three half dead people still clung to it. Finally it struck a tree and went to pieces. Mrs. West

SANK IN THE FLOOD

and never rose again. Her brother was rescued two miles below, while Mr. West clung to some driftwood until six o'clock the next day, when he was rescued.

Oscar Kiger's house stood on a little stream just a short distance above Morristown. Its occupants were near to tell how the flood came on him and his family, and how they battled for life. The building was, situated in a low place, and the thoughts of the inmates turned to it among the first. It was sought out as soon as possible, and a scene of horror and death presented itself. The flood had swept completely over the frail building. Kiger was turned on its side.

THE FATE OF A FAMILY.

Three were torn up, fence swept away and great boulders were lying in the yard. A short distance down the stream Kiger's body was found, covered with sand. The searchers followed a few feet farther and the dead bodies of Mrs. Kiger and the youngest child were discovered. The mother had sought to save her dearest one, and had perished with it.

The bodies of the other two children have not been rescued, but no one doubts that they lost their lives. No more bodies were found on the creek.

At the mouth, however, another fatality is known to have occurred. Tobias Bailey, a well known lumberman, was employed by Rathbone & Co. to look after their lumber. The stream was swelling and a desperate effort was being made to save the boom, which stretched across the creek at this place. Bailey was standing on a gorge when the first heavy wave came out. It struck the craft and shook it like a leaf. Baily was thrown off into the torrent and sank before his horrified companions could render any aid to him. These are all the fatalities known on Tucker creek, but the seven by no means complete the death list.

A STORY YET TO COME.

A horror of equal, if not greater, extent is believed to have occurred on the headwaters of Sandy, the large creek which rises south from Limestone Hill. Communication is entirely cut off and news can be obtained only through rumor.

The deaths of Mrs. Thomas Hughes and four children and of Mr. and Mrs. Black, which were reported in the REGISTER this morning, are now verified.

In addition to these it is known that two men were drowned, but their names have not been learned and their bodies have not been recovered. They were seen sweeping down the stream on a flimsy raft of logs. The witnesses followed them as fast as possible, efforts to effect a rescue, but before a rope could be got to the raft it struck a pile of drift, parted and both of the unfortunates went down. This is the story told by several reliable men, and is generally accepted.

This makes nine victims lost on Sandy creek. Seven are known to be lost on Tucker, one on Pond creek, and one in the Little Kanawha. Twenty people in all perished in the dire calamity, but the list of dead is not closed, and it may yet be swelled to a much larger number.

THE LOSS

to property in Wood county is greater than the first estimates placed it at. Capt. H. B. Beckwith, of the County Court, said to-day that the loss in this county south of the Kanawha river alone would reach $800,000. Seven solid iron bridges have been carried off, as well as a large number of smaller wooden structures. The farmers on Lee, Slate, Tygart and Pond creeks suffered heavily. The road commissioners will start on a tour of investigation to-morrow morning, and make fuller estimates of the damage. A telephone message from Elizabeth says that the commissioners of Wirt county have voted $350 to the aid of the sufferers.

VANISHED AND GONE.

Morristown Swept Away, Save the Ruins of Three Houses.

Special Telegram to the Register.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., July 21.—The loss of property in the Tucker creek valley, as to-day's developments show, was only less appalling than the loss of life.

Before the flood Morristown was a flourishing place, containing perhaps twenty houses, three stores and several churches. To-day all are gone but three houses. Of the others hardly a vestige remains to mark where they once stood. The ground has been swept bare.

The representative of the REGISTER talked with the first man who was able to make his way across the swollen streams and gutted roads to a telegraph station, and he told

A HORRIBLE TALE.

"From the head of Tucker Creek to the mouth," he said, "there is not a farmer who is not left utterly destitute and needs immediate help. The roads are almost impassible. The Tucker Creek bridges are all gone. Five bridges have been washed out on Slate, and the Tygart's Creek bridge is gone. In Morristown the destruction was the greatest. Orville West was one of the heaviest losers. All his property has been swept away. His large two-story house broke to pieces in the flood. His tobacco packing house and store have been carried off and he is reduced from ill ease to poverty. Wilson Courtney, another resident of the ill-fated town, was compelled to flee with his family and saved nothing. Charles F. Dill lived on a small branch of the left fork of Tucker. He lost his dwelling house and furniture. W. J. McPherson lost his dwelling in Morristown. His family escaped in their night clothes. Hamilton Blair's family had a thrilling experience. Their house stood back from the stream, and the waters arose around it gradually. They slept in peace and knew not the flood raged. Finally it lifted the building from its foundation, but so gently that no one was awakened. It floated out into the deep, and three hundred yards from its former site struck against a bank. The house was the first warning to the sleepers that anything was wrong. They jumped from their beds and just saved themselves

THE HOUSE FELL IN PIECES.

W. E. Price lost his dwelling house and all his furniture. Stewart McGinley's house and blacksmith shop were carried off. S. G. Gault's store, the Justice of the Peace's office, containing the docket for the district, W. H. Talkington & Co.'s store with the postoffice and all the mail, Caspar Cole's new business horse, with a complete stock of goods, were all swept off to the merciless flood. Such is the record of loss lengthens out.

THE HALF OF IT IS NOT KNOWN.

Many people lost in pieces and their remains black up the booms on the Kanawha and strew the river and creek banks for miles.

On Reedy creek a member of the firm of Rathbone & Co., telephoned that a boomer is filled with pieces of roof, broken window sash, clap boards, broken furniture and everything else, showing the total destruction of hundreds of houses.

No approximation of the loss in this neighborhood can be made. It is safe to say that it is far more than the people imagined, and help should be sent there at once.

THE LOSSES TO LUMBERMEN.

The losses to the lumbermen are heavy, but can be borne. Burns Bros. and Huffman suffer probably to the extent of two thousand dollars. Nearly five thousand valuable logs were washed away, but the majority were recovered.

S. R. Rathbone & Co. are out $1,000; $1,500 will cover Vandevender & Co.'s loss. Hardman Bros. suffer heavily; they place their damage at $4,000. Shook & Murphy grass lies $1,000. John Carnell is damaged to the extent of $3,000. Levi Stephens loses heavily, but no estimate is put on the amount. The steamer Oneida is another loser, and in fact all parties doing business in and about the neighborhood suffer greatly by the disaster.

A VIEW OF THE RUIN.

A Correspondent Goes Through the Flooded District.

Special Telegram to the Register.

RAVENSWOOD, W. VA., July 21.—Your correspondent returned this evening from the flooded district, and finds the reports from the territory, so long unheard and noted for its excellent scenery, in Jackson county, near this place, more appalling that was at first supposed. Providence Chapel, the seat of M. E. Church building, was to have been dedicated to-day, now lies in a drift pile ten miles below where it stood, entirely destroyed and all covered with sand, and from its present appearance looks as though the small congregation that once looked forward with anxious hearts to a place where they could meet together for divine worship, will never meet again until another building can be provided. Some of them met their fate in the same raging waters which swept away the church, and those who survive have horror too well told in their faces.

A small stream a few inches in depth, which would not dash a shingle ten feet over its small riffle, was in a few minutes changed to a raging river, extending from hill to hill, and leaving a mass of drift composed of every conceivable object. For a comparison, it formed a drift pile on the farm of T. C. Harrison, fifteen miles from the source of the small rivulet, covering a space of at least three acres and averaging from six to fifty feet high, containing everything conceivable that could be cast by a flood. Now

To day and hearted friends are hunting for the lost body of some one near and dear to them, while hundreds of people from the surrounding country are there viewing the scene with terror stricken face, and only say to home and friends on even attempt to describe

THE TERRIBLE SITUATION.

The county bridges crossing every small stream are all washed away, making traveling entirely impossible except on foot or horseback. Several times to-day your correspondent had to swim his horse to get across to another branch, only to see desolation depicted there in the same horrible manner. All along the roads that are not covered with drift travel is impossible, caused by the sediment left by the receding waters.

Henry McKee, heretofore a well-to-do farmer with a large family, today has nothing but his hand, everything being washed away, and by diligent work only succeeded in saving his family. Squire Carey, of Lockhart's P. O., also a prosperous farmer, living just a few miles above Henry McKee, lost all his crop, just harvested the day before the dreadful calamity held them, and now has not a bushel whatever left; and so on down the stream. Farmer and farm are all in the utmost miserable condition, not even leaving a single one untouched.

So far from what have been found, all having the same appearance of those of the late Johnstown disaster, showing the wide sweep on such a small stream to have velocity enough to have swept away anything in its path, no matter what, and the only cause of no greater loss of life being there were not enough people in the valley.

TRIP IN A TREE.

Thomas Hughes, the man who lost his entire family, house and household goods, now lies in a precarious condition from bruises received, while tied to the top of a tree, by floating debris. He tied himself there with his suspenders, and was not discovered until 10 o'clock the next day.

Huge rocks that were imbedded in the hillsides above the small stream with only a small portion of them sticking out, were washed from their moorings and sent hurling down the stream as though they were but small light objects.

To-day the stricken people had nothing to eat and no place to lay their head during the next day and night after the flood, but the entire community for miles around have thrown open their doors, inviting the once prosperous but now destitute people into their homes. So sudden did the waters come down upon them that they had no chance of warning, so scarcely had they warning enough to even take one thought as to the best course to pursue, and while endeavoring to save themselves and children from the raging waters they were hurled into eternity to its fury. It came with such rapidity and force while they had hold of some heavy object floating along, that they would come in contact with something else and lose their hold and be hurled the muddy water to rise no more.

Some of the Losses.

BELLEVILLE, W. VA., July 21.—A few of the individual losses by the flood in this section can be estimated. Samuel Bear, lost corn and hay, damage to the crop will be $500. Geo. Romine, a large farmer, has crops injured to the extent of $500. Wm. Bellington's loss is $300. The Seals Bros. estimate their at $400. John Daily, who owned a farm at the mouth of Jerry's run, loses nearly as much. James Shannon suffers to the extent of $300. Solomon Braham loses in farm crops and buildings about $1,500. Capt. King's loss is the same. John Flynn loses about $500. Four of the Smiths, all farmers, lose about $250 each. These are fair samples of the destructive work of the flood. Not a farmer in the valley escaped.

ALONG POND CREEK,

Where the Clouds Met and the Deluge Was Born.

Special Telegram to the Register.

BELLEVILLE, W. VA., July 21.—The waters of Pond creek have receded, and the work of destruction in this narrow valley can now be plainly seen. All day long additional reports of disaster have come in from the surrounding country, and though the complete list is not increased, the loss to property it is now known, will run far up into the tens of thousands. In the whole valley, some one hundred miles long, not a single bridge, or mill that was within reach of the raging torrent, and dozens of farm houses stand on their foundations in an uninhabitable condition.

It is evident from the latest reports that the heaviest loss was located on the head waters of Pond, Sandy and Tucker creeks. Fifteen miles back from the river, near the place where Jackson, Wood and Wirt counties come together stands a high mountain range which Limestone Hill is. It is a precipitous elevation, forming the watershed of the Ohio and Kanawha. On the south Sandy Creek flows off toward the Ohio river and empties its water at Ravenswood. Pond Creek flows to the north side, and flows through a low narrow valley, which at this point Tucker Creek springs from the eastern base, and empties into the Little Kanawha river at Elizabeth. Four miles from the summit the beholder can look down into each of these valleys, and it was here that the work of destruction began. Late on Thursday evening a heavy rain storm swept over all that section of country. The storm center hovered about the peaks of Limestone Hill. An eye witness of the scene, said two dark heavy clouds seemed to approach the summit, one from the East and the other from the South. They met, overlapped each other and in an instant the rain came down in solid sheets. The deluge poured for over two hours. The cascades ran in an incredibly short space of time, and solid waves of water carried everything before them. Trees were torn up by the roots at a foot a minute until thirty feet of water overflowed the banks and filled the valley from hill to hill. The torrent retained this height for over two hours, and then began to recede slowly. In that time every house in the lowlands of the stream was either swept away or irreparably ruined. Michael Bose's large grist mill, three and a half miles from the mouth, was one of the first to go. Its building was washed from its foundations and the wreck carried down the flood. The county bridge at this same place and the school-house were also destroyed. Farther down the stream, the grist mill of Thomas Smith. Two of the Smith boys and two Bose boys were in it when the torrent came. At first they paid little attention to the rapidly swelling waters, but at last they realized and became alarmed. One of the Smiths waded out safely, but the rest refused to follow him for life put behind them. The mill was lifted from its foundation, and the three young men threw into the water. They were washed to the shore. Two of them reached it, but Edward Bose was struck by floating timbers, knocked senseless and drowned. Solomon Braham lived a few miles above the Bose boys. His house was situated on a raised plat of ground, back from the bottom, but he had reached it. His barn, containing his grain, his outhouses and kitchen were washed off, and the family were forced to take refuge in the upper stories and narrowly escaped with their lives. Braham's crops were ruined, his supplies washed away, and in the morning the rain-soaked family were not able to find food for even a scanty breakfast. James Shannon was another heavy loser. Farm and crops are ruined, houses were carried off, and he is left nearly destitute. On Jerry's run, a tributary of Pond, the damage is equally as heavy. John Flynn, a prosperous farmer, lost his barn and four fine horses. G. Bose's store was flooded and his stock ruined. Farther up on Pond Creek, King's store was struck by the flood and a thousand dollars' worth of damage done.

These are a few of the incidents that are reported on every hand. At least six county bridges are washed from their stays away, and several others injured beyond repair. Schoolhouses and churches are in ruins, and hundreds of the roads cut to pieces. The loss will run far up into the hundreds of thousands, and, though no accurate estimate of the total can be formed at this hour.

A Body Found.

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A PATH TO VICTORY.

THE NARROW ROAD FROM SIN TO ETERNAL SALVATION

Pointed out by the Eloquent Tabernacle Pastor—The Difficulties in the Path of the Strong One, and How They May Be Overcome.

Special Telegram to the Register.

LAKE MAHSKIMUCKER, IND., July 21.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached at Culver Park assembly, this place, to-day, great crowds of people being present from Chicago, Indianapolis and the surrounding regions. His subject was: "Throw Yourself." The text was: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Prov. xxiii, 35. The eloquent preacher said:

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever exhibited, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wonderful pathos he has said, "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by an ungodly habit, and forced down into the big pastures, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more." Many of our fellow men are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, containing not a word about the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands and the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is afraid of the track; suppose he has already gone astray. How is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untrodden. I propose to address myself to such. There are those in this audience who, with every aspiration in their soul, are ready to hear such an discourse. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and

CRY OUT FROM THE BONDAGE

in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any here, once with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is a glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The church is ready to open her arms at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into the line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the difficulties of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything thrown into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the command of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad—which most affected you? Call to mind the sermons that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain habits of conduct—some of them good and some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah, my friends, we have to take but a moment of self inspection to find out that we have in our souls a force of moral gravitation! But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, moral fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is

THE POWER OF EVIL HABITS.

I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind and soul. He knows that his intelligent mind, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact is, he does not give it up proves that he hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row? Suppose we are yoked to the evil habitations in our hearts, and our bad habits, and we want to break away from them, we mean: we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" But, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some young men in this audience who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and they were warned by company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept round and round, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men doing that while in that way. It is the one round more.

SOCIETY'S REPULSES.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Desiring to reform, he says: "Now I will shake off my old associates."