

Just received, an Elegant Assortment of Ladies' Black Mercerized Sateen Underskirts.

Mercerized Chambrás in all colors.

Elegant Line of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, LAWNS, DIMITIES, Silks, etc., Just Received.

New styles in spring HATS and CLOTHING. Our new stock of SHOES is by far the largest in the county.

COHN & CO., The Leading Merchants.

THE DEAD NUMBER 40,000.

Awful Extent of the Catastrophe at St. Pierre Island of Martinique.

ST. THOMAS, D. W. I., May 9.—It is now estimated that 40,000 persons perished as a result of the volcanic eruption in the island of Martinique.

The British schooner Ocean Traveler, of St. Thomas, N. B., arrived at the island of Dominica, British West Indies, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. She was obliged to flee from the island of St. Vincent, British West Indies, during the afternoon of Wednesday, May 7, in consequence of a heavy fall of sand from a volcano which was erupting there. She tried to reach the island of St. Lucia, but adverse currents prevented her from doing so.

The Volcano Exploded.

The schooner arrived opposite St. Pierre, Martinique, Tuesday morning, May 8. While about a mile off the volcano of Mount Pelee exploded, and fire from it swept the whole town of St. Pierre, destroying the town and the shipping there, including the repair shop Grappler of the West India & Panama Telegraph Company, of London, which was engaged in repairing the cable near the Guernsey factory. The Ocean Traveler, while on her way to Dominica, encountered a quantity of wreckage.

Many Parishes Laid Waste.

The French cruiser Suchet arrived at Point-a-Pitre, Island of Guadeloupe, French West Indies, from Fort de France, this morning, bringing several refugees. She confirmed the report that the town of St. Pierre, Martinique, was destroyed at 8 o'clock Thursday morning by a volcanic eruption. It is supposed that most of the inhabitants of St. Pierre were killed, that the neighboring parishes were laid waste, and that the residue of the population of St. Pierre is without food or shelter.

The commander of the Suchet reports that at one o'clock Thursday the entire town of St. Pierre was wrapped in flames. He endeavored to save about 30 persons, more or less burned, from the vessels in the harbor. His floors went ashore in small boats, seeking for survivors, but were unable to penetrate the town. They saw heaps of bodies upon the wharves, and it is believed that not a single person resident of St. Pierre at the moment of the catastrophe escaped.

Governor of the Colony Perished.

The Governor of the colony, his wife and staff, were in St. Pierre, and probably perished. The extent of the catastrophe cannot be imagined. The captain of the British steamer Roddam was very seriously injured, and is now in the hospital at St. Lucia. All of his officers and engineers were killed or are dying. Nearly every member of the crew is dead. Surgeon Campbell and 10 of the crew of the Roddam jumped overboard at St. Pierre and were lost.

Fire Descended on the Town.

The commander of the French cruiser Suchet has telegraphed to the Minister of Marine, M. de Lanesman, from Fort de France, Island of Martinique, under date of Thursday, May 8, at 10 P. M., as follows:

"Have just returned from St. Pierre, which has been completely destroyed by immense mass of fire, which fell on the town at about 8 in the morning. The entire population (about 25,000 souls) is supposed to have perished. I have brought back the few survivors, about 30. All the shipping, in the harbor has been destroyed. The eruption continued."

The commander of the Suchet has been ordered to return to St. Pierre with all the speed possible and forward details of the disaster to the French Government. He cannot, however, be heard from for 24 hours, as the Suchet has gone to the island of Guadeloupe in order to obtain provisions.

It is feared that M. L. Maitree, Governor of Martinique, has perished. He telegraphed May 7 that he was proceeding to St. Pierre. Senator Knight is also supposed to have been at St. Pierre.

Senator Knight is the president of the General Council, or local legislative body of the island of Martinique.

The Roraima Exploded.

The British Royal Mail steamer Esk, which arrived at St. Lucia this morning, reports having passed St. Pierre last night. The steamer was covered with ashes, though she was five miles distance from the town, which was in impenetrable darkness. A boat was sent in as near as possible to the shore, but not a living soul was seen ashore, only flames. The Quebec Company's steamer Roraima was seen to explode and disappear.

M. Bizegot, a sugar planter of the island of Martinique, received a cable dispatch this morning from Fort de France, sent by the manager of the Francais factory, announcing that he had tried to reach St. Pierre, but found the coast covered with ashes and the town enveloped in dust, and could not land.

Volcanic Dust from St. Vincent.

BRIDGETOWN, Island of Barbadoes, British West Indies, May 6.—Volcanic dust from the eruption on the island of St. Vincent is still falling here. The roads and houses are covered and inch thick.

(The island of Barbadoes is over 100 miles from the island of St. Vincent.)

LAVA FLOWED FOUR DAYS.

But the Most Terrible Part of the Eruption Was Brief.

LONDON, May 9.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram Company from Kingston, Jamaica, giving the details of the Martinique disaster already known, says: "Thousands were killed at St. Pierre, where a terrible panic prevailed. The eruption began Saturday, May 3, when St. Pierre was covered with ashes, and appeared to be enveloped in fog. The flow of lava continued until Wednesday, May 7."

The message adds: "In the island of St. Vincent the Soufriere (volcano) is active and earthquakes are frequent. So far no damage has been done."

In response to the request of Governor Llewellyn, of the islands, the British cruiser Indefatigable will be despatched from the island of Trinidad to the island of St. Vincent by way of St. Lucia.

A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Point-a-Pitre, Island of Guadeloupe, French West Indies, dated yesterday, says:

"The Mont Pelee (St. Pierre) crater ejected yesterday morning molten rocks and ashes during three minutes, and completely destroyed St. Pierre and the districts within a four-mile radius. All the inhabitants were burned."

About eight passengers from the Roraima, of the Quebec steamship line were saved by the French cruiser Suchet.

The inhabitants of the southern districts of the island, who were dependent on St. Pierre for provisions, are menaced by famine."

A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Jamaica says: "The first intimation of a disaster (at Martinique) was the breaking of the cables Tuesday. The French cable to Martinique from Puerto Plata was broken Wednesday. Cable communication with all the northern islands is stopped."

"Glimpses of Hell"

The survivors of the British steamer Roddam described the scene at St. Pierre as being 'glimpses of hell,' begging description. The Roddam's men were killed chiefly by molten lava.

The Roraima was wrecked in a terrible upheaval of land and sea. The whole crew perished.

Two ships were lost with all on board in an attempt to approach Martinique.

A former resident of St. Pierre, now in this city, says there were about 1000 white people among the inhabitants of the destroyed town.

The Colonial Office is without word from Martinique, except that a grave disaster, the extent of which is not mentioned, has occurred, and the receipt of a repetition of the steamer Roddam's news.

The belief now exists that the British West Indian Islands of Dominica and St. Vincent have also suffered severely. All messages to these islands are sent at sender's risk and no cipher dispatches are accepted.

A RAIN OF FIRE.

French Official Reports of the Catastrophe.

PARIS, May 9.—The Colonial Minister, M. de Craid, received this evening two cable messages from the Secretary-General of the Government of Martinique, J. E. G. L'Hirre, sent respectively at 5 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. yesterday. The earlier cable reported that the wire were broken between Fort de France and St. Pierre, but it was added that, in view of reports that the eruption of Mount Pelee had wiped out the town of St. Pierre, all the boats available at Fort de France were dispatched to the assistance of the inhabitants of that place.

The second dispatch confirmed the reports of the destruction of St. Pierre and its environs and shipping by a rain of fire, and said it was supposed that the whole population had been annihilated, with the exception of a few injured persons rescued by the cruiser Suchet.

Immediately after the receipt of the above dispatches, the flag over the Colonial Office was draped with crape and hoisted at half mast.

MOUNTAIN SPLIT.

Vomited Fire, Vapor and Sulphur.

ST. LUCIA, B. W. I., May 11.—Captain Freeman, of the British steamship Roddam, a survivor of the terrible catastrophe at St. Pierre, Martinique, gives the following account of his experiences:

"The steamer Roddam, of which I am captain, left St. Lucia at midnight of May 7, and was off St. Pierre, Martinique, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th. I noticed that the volcano, Mont Pelee, was smoking, and crept slowly toward the bay, finding there, among others, the steamers Roraima, the telegraph repair steamer Grappler and four sailing vessels. A wall of fire swept over the town and the bay. The Roddam was struck broadside by the burning mass. The shock to the ship was terrible, nearly capsizing her. I went to anchor between 7 and 8 o'clock, and hardly had I moored when the side of the volcano opened out with a terrible explosion. Hearing the awful report of the explosion, and seeing the great wall of flames approaching the steamer, those on deck sought shelter wherever it was possible, jumping into the cabin, the fore-castle and even into the hold."

I was in the chartroom, but the burning embers were borne so swiftly that they were swept in through the door and portholes, suffocating and scorching me badly. I was terribly burned by these embers about the face and hands, but managed to reach the deck. As soon as it was possible when there, I mustered the few survivors who seemed able to move, ordered them to slip the anchor, leaped for the bridge, and rang the engine for full speed astern. The second and third engineer and a fireman were on watch below, and so escaped injury. They did their part in the attempt to escape, but the men on the deck could not work the steering, because it was jammed by the debris from the volcano. We accordingly went ahead and I steered until the gear was free, but in this running backward and forward it was two hours after the first shock before we were clear of the bay."

Only Light Came From Volcano.

"One of the most terrifying conditions was that the atmosphere, being charged with ashes, it was totally dark. The sun was completely obscured, and the air was only illuminated by the flames from the volcano and those of the burning town and shipping. It seems small to say that the scene was terrifying in the extreme. As we backed out we passed close to the Roraima, which was one mass of blaze. The steam was rushing from the engine-room, and the screams of those on board were terrible to hear. The cries for help were all in vain, for we could do nothing but save our ship. When I last saw the Roraima she was settling down astern. This was about 10 o'clock in the morning. When the Roddam was safely out of the harbor of St. Pierre and its desolations and horrors, I made for St. Lucia. Arriving here and when the ship was safe, I mustered the survivors, as well as I was able and searched for the dead and injured."

Some I found in the saloon, where they had vainly sought for safety, but the cabins were full of burning embers that had blown in through the port

holes. Through these the fire swept as through funnels, and burned the victims where they lay or stood, leaving a circular imprint of scorched and burned flesh. I brought 10 on deck who were thus burned. Two of them were dead. The others survived, although in a dreadful state of torture from their burns. Their screams of agony were heartrending.

Out of a total of 23 on board the Roddam, which includes the captain and the crew, 10 are dead, and several are in the hospital. My first and second mates, my chief engineer, and my supercargo, Campbell by name, were killed.

Tons of Lava on the Ship.

The ship was covered from stem to stern with tons of powdered lava, which retained its heat for hours after it had fallen. In many cases it was practically incandescent, and to move about the deck in this burning mass was not only difficult, but absolutely perilous. I am only now able to begin thoroughly to clear and search the ship for any damage done by this volcanic rain and to see if there are any corpses in out-of-the-way places. For instance, this morning I found one body in the peak of the fore-castle. The body was horribly burned, and the sailor had evidently crept in there in this agony to die."

On the arrival of the Roddam at St. Lucia, the ship presented an appalling appearance. Dead and calcined bodies lay about the deck, which was also crowded with injured, helpless and suffering people. Prompt assistance was rendered to the injured by the authorities here, and my poor, tortured men were taken to the hospital.

Water at Boiling Heat.

The dead were buried, and I had omitted to mention that out of 21 black laborers that I brought from Grenada to help in stevedoring, only six survived. Most of the others threw themselves overboard to escape a dreadful fate; but they met a worse one, for it is the actual fact that the water around the ship was literally at boiling heat.

The escape of my vessel was miraculous. The woodwork of the cabins and bridge and everything inflammable on deck was constantly igniting, and it was with great difficulty that we few survivors managed to keep the flames down. My ropes, awnings, tarpaulins were completely burned up.

I witnessed the entire destruction of St. Pierre. The flames enveloped the town in every quarter with such rapidity that it was impossible that any person could be saved. As I have said, the day was turned suddenly to night, but I could distinguish by the light of the burning town people distractedly running about on the beach. The burnings buildings stood out from the surrounding darkness like dark shadows. All this time the mountain was roaring and shaking, and during the intervals between these terrifying sounds I could hear the cries of despair and agony from the thousands who were perishing.

The cries added to the terror of the scene, but it is impossible to describe its horror or the dreadful sensations it produced. It was like witnessing the end of the world. Let me add that after the first shock was over, the survivors of the crew rendered willing help to navigate the ship to this port. Mr. Plissonneau, our agent at Martinique, happening to be on board, was saved, and really I believe that he is the only survivor of St. Pierre I was severely burned on the hands and face.

(Signed) FREEMAN, Master British Steamship Roddam.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR'S TALE.

How the Mountain Split and Filled Sky With Fire.

DOMINICA, May 11.—Among those miraculous saved from our steamship, the Roraima, and brought by her sister ship, the Korona, to Fort de France, was First Officer Scott. He is the most intelligent man, and though severely burned and much shaken by his experience, he tells a thrilling story. That story I send believing it is the first to be cabled to New York, as the full personal narrative of a survivor of the awful catastrophe of May 8.

(Signed) R. H. GORDON, Agent Ruebeck Steamship Co.

DOMINICA, B. W. I., May 11.—It was about daylight on the morning of May 8 when we sighted the island. We had run through a thunder storm and we

steamed ahead for St. Pierre and at 6 o'clock was at our anchorage off the Place Beatin landing. When the agent with lighters and stevedores came alongside and told us that Pelee had been acting ugly ever since Saturday and that there had been quite a heavy fall of hot sand or dust over St. Pierre itself. However, the volcano seemed to have quieted down and we got the stevedores to work smartly. There were about 18 other steamers and coasting craft anchored as we were in the open harbor, and of them being the Tamaya, a bark from the French port Nantes, the captain being called Noritz or Maurice. Then there were four other large sailing vessels. The British steamer Roddam put into the berth next to ours and let drop her anchor.

Like the End of the World.

Then something happened. There was a shaking in the air so that I felt as though some one had jostled me. Then some man near me said: "My God, look at that!" He was looking at Pelee and every soul on board looked too. I can't describe what I saw, of course, but by first thought was that the end of the world would look just like that. It was just as though the mountain had been blown up by all the dynamite in the world. First of all a great pillar of flame rushed straight up in the air then it opened out wider than the mountain itself and came roaring down out of the sky upon us. Some of us, with Moxley (second officer) rushed to the fore-castle head to heave the anchor. I saw McFar, the engineer, drop below. As we reached the ship's head the fiery cloud was upon us. Red hot stones scalding mud and real splashes of flame dropped and scattered all over the ship. There was another roar and with it all the water in the harbor seemed to gather up and rush upon the shipping. Every craft heeled over to the great tidal wave and seemed to careen and sink.

When the wave struck us, it flooded us fore and aft, sweeping away the masts, funnel, all the boats save one, and all the rifle of the deck. There was a ventilator at hand and to save myself I seized it and was nearly killed there by being driven into it by the force of the wave. A couple of stevedores pulled me out of the ventilator and dragged me into the steerage. There I remained, half dazed for quite a time, during which the ship rolled and the fire and rocks battered the decks. Now and then a charred and shrieking sailor rolled down the hatchway and died as he came, so that quite a pile of corpses lay over me.

When the wave struck us, it flooded us fore and aft, sweeping away the masts, funnel, all the boats save one, and all the rifle of the deck. There was a ventilator at hand and to save myself I seized it and was nearly killed there by being driven into it by the force of the wave. A couple of stevedores pulled me out of the ventilator and dragged me into the steerage. There I remained, half dazed for quite a time, during which the ship rolled and the fire and rocks battered the decks. Now and then a charred and shrieking sailor rolled down the hatchway and died as he came, so that quite a pile of corpses lay over me.

Pulled From Under Corpses.

Some one pulled me from under these, and I clambered to the deck and began turning a hand toward saving the injured, who were lying all about, though even some red-hot stones and mud were falling. As I was about this work, Captain Muggah came along. I knew him by his clothes, though these were smoldering, but his face was scorched beyond recognition. "Lower the boat!" I could not obey his orders, however, for the boat that was left by the tidal wave was burned full of holes by the flaming rain. I saw no more of the captain after that, but I was told by a stevedore of St. Kitt that he jumped overboard and got on a raft that had been hurriedly put together, and that he died there.

All this time the sea was rolling like the heaviest kind of ground swell; Pelee was roaring and the air was full of strange shocks. When I looked at St. Pierre the sight was terrifying. The town was gone, and in its place was a long stretch of gray, smoking, flaming dust. All about us the ships were sunk or aflame, and between them and the shore dead bodies floated singly or in groups. Some hours after, I don't know how long, but I have been since told that it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the French steamer came in and rescued 17 of us, more dead than alive. We were carried to Fort de France and put in the hospital.

(Signed) ELLER SCOTT, First Officer of the Roraima.

NOT A LIVING BEING FOUND.

Victims Seem to Have Been Asphyxiated in a Twinkling.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Relief parties have ventured into the streets of St. Pierre, says a Castrics, St. Lucia, dis-

patch to the Herald. It was not expected that survivors would be found, and so there has been no disappointment at the mournful reports that have been returned. Piles of dead in the vicinity of the site of the cathedral tell a story of the attempt to find sanctuary and refuge in the great structure of worship. Men and women, panic-stricken at the cataclysm, turned in the moment of their despair to the cathedral, and were apparently overcome before they could reach the doors.

The sea for miles around was covered with the wreckage of the vessels sunk off St. Pierre at the time of the disaster, and ashore only a few trees, all bent seaward by the force of the volcanic showers, were left standing. When nearing St. Pierre, the Rubis met a number of tugs towing lighters filled with refugees. The heat from the smoking, lava-covered ruins at St. Pierre was suffocating, and the stench from the corpse-strewn streets was awful. Only a few walls were standing. The report that the hospital clock was found intact, with its hands stopped at 7:50, was confirmed, as was the statement that the officers of the cable company had entirely disappeared.

On all sides were found portions of corpses, which were gathered up by the soldiers and gendarmes and burned on one of the public squares.

Not a drop of water was procurable ashore. The darkness caused by the clouds of the volcanic dust shrouded the town, and continuous subterranean rumbling adds to the horror of the scene.

So far the search has been hindered by the fires that are still raging, and the investigators are in great danger. From the positions of the bodies, the opinion is formed that many were overcome almost before they realized the extent of the peril. Many of the bodies are in lifelike positions, as though death had come with a breath, as indeed may have been the case. Steps have been taken to prevent disease resulting from the disaster. Burial parties are working night and day, but it is impossible that the dead can be cared for as their friends would wish.

Notice.

You can now get a good meal or lunch at any time you feel hungry. The Bakery has opened up its restaurant again. Give us a call and we will convince you that our meals are all right. C. A. VOGLER, Tillamook Bakery.

EDGAR LATIMER, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, ETC

Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

T. SARCHET, Tillamook Custom Tailor Shop.

GENTLEMEN: I beg to inform you that I am open for business with a very choice line of pantings and suitings to choose from. All wishing anything in my line please give me a call. Shop over GEO. EDMUNDS Store. Yours truly, T. SARCHET.

P.S.—Repairing of all kinds, pressing and cleaning.

Edwards & Sladden, Barber

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, Hot and Cold Baths. EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST CLASS

FOR ABSTRACTS OF TITLE. GO TO TILLAMOOK ABSTRACT AND TRUST CO. THOS. COATES, Pres. B. L. EDDY, Sec.