COHN'S & CO.'S Big Stock of SUMMER GOODS! have Arrived.

We are showing the Largest and Finest Stock of SHIRT WAISTS ever sho the city. Call and ask to see them. They are beauties.

New colorings in NECK and FANCY RIBBONS.

The Newest Creations in LADIES' BELTS.

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MERCERIZED LAWNS and DIMITIES in wastings in every imaginable and pattern. Over 50 pieces to choose from.

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An endless variety of the prettiest SHIRTS you ever saw.

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Yosemite Coffee reduced to 10 cents a package.

GREAT CLOUD BURST IN EASTERN OREGON.

Causes Death and Destruction at Heppner.

300 Victims Find Watery Graves in the Raging Flood.

PENDLETON, Or., June 15.—The first news of the terrible disaster at Heppner was brought to this city this evening, when A. P. Bradbury, R. D. Ball and J. J. Kelly, all traveling men, arrived in the city. They were guests of the Palace Hotel, in Heppner, Sunday evening, at the time the flood came on, and assisted in rescuing many people whose lives were in danger. Mr. Ball rescued three women, one from a stee-top. They left Heppner yesterday at noon, and made the overland trip to Echo, where they took the train for this city.

The flood came on about 5 o'clock Sunday evening. The day had been very hot and sultry, and heavy clouds gathered on the mountain crest above the city. But little rain fell in Heppner, none at the beginning of the flood. The people were enjoying the cool evening breeze when they were startled by heavy thunder and sharp lightning. This was followed by a terrific roar and rumbling, which they could not account for. The water came rushing down the river in bulk. As seen from the Palace Hotel, it appeared to be about six feet higher in the middle than on the edges. A very bank of water it was, carrying on its crest everything gathered in its path. The water struck Heppner about 5:20, and in less than three minutes the streets were rivers from five to six feet deep. The little stream, Willow Creek, which in ordinarily ten feet wide and six inches deep, was transformed into a raging torrent, 400 feet wide and 20 feet deep in about five minutes.

IONE, Or., June 15.—A cloud which burst on the hills a mile south of Heppner at about 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon let loose a hungry flood of water, which swept down the hillside in a wall 30 feet high and 200 yards wide. Reaching the bottom of the canyon, the liquid avalanche reared its mighty front over the doomed town, and carried to destruction nearly every building and human being that lay in its path, leaving a waste of desolation to mark its trail. The destroying torrent raced down the narrow gorge of Willow Creek, inundating as it reached them the settlements of Lexington, Ione and Douglas, but lessening in fury and in volume as the thirsty alkali soil of the Valley drank up the water like a sponge. Behind it lay nearly 300 dead, drowned like rats in a trap. The suddenness of the catastrophe gave the victims no warning, overwhelming them for the main part as they sat within their homes.

Immediately after the fatal flood had wiped the major portion of Heppner out of existence, swift couriers on horseback sped to warn the residents of the Valley toward the Columbia of the coming peril. Leslie Matlock, son of an ex Sheriff of Morrow County, rode a wild ride for 18 miles ahead of the raging waters. His horse dropped dead, but he secured another, and again another, covering the 65 miles to Arlington in seven hours. To this Paul Revere of Oregon is undoubtedly due the fact that the ranchers of the Willow Creek country below Heppner lost so little stock and property.

David McAtee, a business man of Heppner, whose residence is on a bench above Heppner, was an eye witness of the disaster. In company with Frank Spaulding, he left Heppner about 10:30 o'clock last night on horseback, arriving at Arlington this morning at 5:30 o'clock.

Mr. McAtee's Story.

"On Sunday afternoon," said Mr. McAtee, "there has been a pretty severe rain storm, accompanied with much wind and lightning. I was standing in front of the house, and noticed that a cloud of remarkable denseness shrouded the top of the hill on the east side of the canyon. I turned away for a moment, when a roar caused me to look again at the hill. I saw a wall of water, whose height I would be afraid to gauge, rushing down the mountain, carrying immense trees and timbers on its crest, and tearing the very rocks from their foundations. The torrent struck the upper part of the town first. The residence of Thomas Howard was the first to fall, and his entire family was drowned. In the Krug home also every person was drowned, as was the case in the Hale and Saling residences. All of these houses were about four or five blocks above the business center. The house of Mr. Abrahamsick was entirely demolished. These houses were four or five blocks above the business center."

Palace Hotel Stands.

The Palace Hotel was the first building to stem the tide, and all the guests were saved; but houses below the Palace Hotel were thrown out into the street, overturned and wrecked. The residence of C. A. Rhea was carried away, and the entire family, consisting of his wife and three daughters, and Miss Adkins, a cousin, were lost. Mr. Rhea himself was absent in Portland, attending the Masonic convention. C. E. Redfield, whose residence was completely destroyed, was also absent with Mr. Rhea in Portland, and his wife and baby were drowned. The body of Mrs. Redfield is among the recovered. A. C. Gieger's house was carried away and Mr. Gieger drowned. His family is in the East.

"George Conser's house was next, but the family succeeded in saving their lives by rushing to the upper story, the house being carried down the creek three-quarters of a mile. When reached by the rescuers they found that the house had been cut in two, and Mr. Conser was standing in wates up to his neck, holding his wife upon the roof, and keeping her from slipping with his outstretched arms."

Dr. McSword and J. Ayers, who were living in the same residence, were drowned. Oscar Miner's house was next demolished, and Mrs. Miner drowned. The rest of the family succeeded in saving their lives by climbing to the roof. All of the Wells family but two were lost and the house carried away. With the Wells residence went the house of George Swaggert. Mr. Swaggert's two married daughters were drowned, with their five children.

Crippled Man Saves Baby.

The Mallory house was carried 150 yards and was found lodged against a store, and Mr. Mallory, a crippled old man, was found safe holding a baby. Jim Matlock's house was next. Mr. Matlock was drowned, but his family was saved. Dr. Higg's house also went. Here one child was drowned but the rest of the family escaped. Mrs. Elder was drowned in her residence. The house of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Walton were also destroyed, and both families lost. Mr. Bartholomew succeeded in saving all persons in his residence, although they were badly bruised. The house itself was washed away.

Fifty Guests Lost.

Perhaps the greatest loss occurred at the Heppner Hotel. This house, which was run under the management of Jones & Ashbaugh, was carried away. It is supposed that there were about 50 guests in this hotel, all of whom are reported to be lost. The proprietors themselves were saved, but their families are among the dead. The houses of Ben Patterson, Mr. Gunn and Mr. Noble were entirely demolished, and all persons in these three families drowned, as where the families of James Jones and Henry Blair. The barn of Dr. Swineburn and the big livery-stable of Whities & Meadows were entirely destroyed. E. J. Farnsworth and Philip Cohn were also drowned. The entire residence portion of Heppner was destroyed, but the business houses, being on higher ground, and being generally built of brick and stone, were not so badly damaged. The schoolhouse and Courthouse, which stand on a sidehill, were saved, but two churches, the Methodist and Presbyterian, were completely wrecked. Around the depot the receding flood left great heaps of driftwood piled as high, and higher than the roof, and the rescuing parties were forced to demolish these pyramids of timber in order to extricate the corpses which were tangled in the brush. Undoubtedly many of the drowned bodies were carried by the rushing waters down the valley. It is reported that three bodies were found near Lexington, nine miles below Heppner, but there were no fatalities in Lexington. No systematic effort has been made to find the dead, who are undoubtedly strewn along the canyon. Every available man from a radius of 65 miles, has been pressed into service at Heppner itself. Gangs of men are at work clearing away the piles of debris, rocks, and timbers, which lie piled in the streets, and taking out the corpses which are thus concealed.

Many Already Buried.

About 100 persons have been buried in Heppner's graveyard today, Owing to the entire absence of proper facilities for caring for the dead, the victims of the flood were, for the most part, interred in common crates. The ghouls, who are usually found, like human vultures, rifling the pockets of the dead in such a great disaster as the one which has stricken Heppner, are in this case fortunately absent, and the vigilance committees and patrols which were so necessary at Johnstown and Gavelston floods, seem to be unecessary in Oregon.

A relief train sent from The Dalles reached Ione tonight, and will proceed to Heppner as soon as possible. A wrecking train, with gangs of men to repair both the tracks and telegraph wires, will leave this point tonight. It is expected that communication with Lexington, 17 miles from Heppner, will be restored early in the morning. On board the Dalles train are five doctors, six trained nurces, a committee of 20 Elks, and another of six Eagles, with all necessary drugs and supplies, to care for the sick and wounded. There is also a car of provisions.

Belated Deluge Comes.

L. D. Colby, a rancher whose house is almost on the banks of Willow Creek, near Cecil, 31 miles from Heppner, said the flood went past his residence at 5 o'clock this morning.

"We had no notice of its coming," said Mr. Colby, "except a low roaring sound. We looked out at the creek, and the water was rising in it rapidly. In a few minutes the little creek swelled into a torrent, and great quantities of hay and driftwood came rushing past on its surface. At this particular point the banks of the creek are quite high, and, while the flood did not overflow them, it ate great holes in the soft loam, and the channel appears to have been slightly altered. The crest of the flood soon passed, but the creek is still very much swollen."

A mile or so above the Colby ranch is the farm of C. C. Curtis. Here the waters burst from the river banks and rushed over the surrounding meadows, sweeping a good hundred tons of newly-cut hay from the fields where it lay stacked, and scattering it broadcast over the valley. At Douglas, six miles further up the valley, the cloudburst did little damage. The residents had beeu warned of the coming peril by Leslie Hatlock, of Heppner, who made a wild ride from the stricken town to Arlington. At Douglas Matlock gave his hurried warning about midnight, and within 30 minutes the creek began to rise. The extreme height was not reached until 4 o'clock in the morning. The torrent overflowed its banks at several places in the vicinity, but beyond drowning a few hogs and spoiling some hay, did little damage. In one field all the piled-up hay wss floated by the water and carried to the fence. Here kindly barb-wires detained it and the subsiding flood left it hung on the fence to dry.

Mr. Londell's Escape.

One of the most remarkable escapes was that of Augusta Londell and his family. Mr. Londell climbed a tree with two children. While in the tree some one threw him a rope. His house came floating by with his wife entreating help from a window. He flung the rope to her and she caught it. Yelling to her to hang fast, he dragged her through the water to him. She was completly under water part of the time, but did not let go her hold. When asked alterward how he did it he said:

"God knows how it all happened. I cannot describe it."

Tom Matlock, brother to Leslie Matlock, who gave the alarm, saved his child, a little girl, by swimming for her in the flood. Friends tried to restrain him from going to his child's rescue, as the attempt seemed suicidal, but he went in nevertheless, and brought the little one to shore, though his wife and the rest of the family are reported lost.

People Flee to Hills.

At Ione immediately after the alarm all the townspeople fled to the hills on the same side of the creek upon which the town is built, with the exception of seven people, who live close to the bridge across the creek, and who rushed across the bridge to the hill on that side.

Two old ladies, Mrs. Acre and Mrs. Sheldo, and Tom Colvin, his wife and two children were those who spent the entire night on that side of the river. Nearly all the other townspeopie returned to their homes by 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. When Mrs. W. J. Blake returned she was obliged to wade knee-deep in mud and water through her yard. Mrs. Blake is prostrated from the excitement, but the homes of Mr. Blake and of other townspeople are being freely bestowed to all wayfares. The only narrow escape from drowning reported at Ione was that of William Allen, who was crossing a board walk.

The rush of water suddenly flung the walk over and on top of him, holding him under, but not quite long enough to drown him. No trace can be found of Mr. Stratton's house, the only dwelling destroyed in Ione. It was lately vacated, and, having been built on an unusually low place, floated away with the flood, which probably quickly demolished it.

Absolutely the only communication with Heppner is by foot. Telephone and telegraph wires, with the railroad tracks and bridges, have been entirely destroyed for a radius of 25 miles from the stricken city, and there are no available horses in Ione. Every horse in this region is either at Heppner tonight or is standing exhausted in its stable, having carried some courier over the muddy and pathless miles that divide Heppner from Ione.

Sad Ruin Is Wrought.

Court street, at Heppner, on the bank of the stream, is swept clean as a gravel bar from end to end. Not even the foundations of a long line of beautiful residences are left. All the Ayers' homes, and the Matlocks, Wells, Shutt and Keithley's, are as if they had never been.

Every business house except the hotel, Fair store and Oddfellows' building, along the side of the street on which the bank stands are wrecks. A large building is jammed into the drug store and several other structures are in the middle of the same street. Residences are tarned over or torn to pieces. Mud, slime and misery are everywhere.

The water was 15 feet high in Heppner's streets and rose over the new Courthouse wall. It came down Palm Fork, chiefly, but was a torrent on all hillsides. Enormous piles of rock and gravel have been washed down the canyon, five miles up on Butter Creek.

One Hour of Horror.

The flood came almost instantly, and lasted one hour. The people thought it was only a repetition of the cloudburst a few days ago, and were not alarmed until it was too late. Houses were surrounded by raging torrents, which sucked everything movable into their twisting eddies, and escape was impossible.

Many people are sleeping in the Courthouse tonight, and any place they can make a bed. A relief party from The Dalles of 30 Elks, six Eagles, five doctors, six trained nurces and a carload of provisions and additional supplies, is on the way into Heppner from Ione, where they came by special train. The Pendleton rescue party of 20 arrived from Echo at 8 o'clock, and will lend much needed assistance. Many people are arriving at Heppner. There are no beds, and visitors will be compeled to rough it while they stay. Provisions are not needed, but rather help to bury their dead, and clear away the debris. The absence of ice or embalming fluids has necessitated the hurried burial of many bodies, which would otherwise have been preserved for the arrival of relatives.

The accompanying list of dead includes all the bodies buried, a register of which was kept. Three Ive babies have been found whose parents are lost, and identification has so far been impossible.

Families are broken to pieces, the father alone remains, or a wife or son or daughter, and little children left orphans.

Dead Will Number 300.

Elias Conner, a stockraiser of Ione, returned from Heppner at 2 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning. He left the scene of the disaster at 6 o'clock, and brings the latest news from the scene.

"It is now known," said Mr. Conner, "that at least 275 or 300 people were drowned. One hundred and fifteen corpses have been hastly buried in wooden boxes, and some were merely wrapped in blankets. There were still several wagonloads of dead on their way to the cemetery when I left. Heppner itself has now been pretty well searched, except in piles of debris, where it is thought that numbers of bodies will be found.

"Between Ione and Heppner," said Mr. Conner, "there are great piles of debris, but the flood passed so quickley that the roads have not been serriously damaged. The railroad track, however, from Lexington on is badly torn up. It looks strange to see the heavy steel rails bent and twisted like corkscrews, and the heavy timbers splintered like matchwood. In Heppner itself the flood swept a clean path a mile long, and one or two blocks wide through the town, following generally the course of Willow Creek. The people of Heppner seem demoralized by the calamity, and men who have lost their wives, children and their all, go dry-eyed to the work of assistance of others.

Three Hundred Bodies Found.

HEPPNER, Or., June 16.—Terrible Willow Creek has shrunk to the size of all innocent brooks. Awful tales of destruction to the life and property are graven on its banks. Perhaps 300 people of Heppner have perished.

Nearly 125 bodies have been recovered. Over 100 have been buried. About $500,000 worth of property is erased from the wealth of Morrow County in Heppner along Willow Creek. Scenes at Heppner are indescribable in their grewsomeness, their anguish, their awful dissolation. No pen can exaggerate the horrors they present. Every heap of debris may contain a human form in decomposition. Many do reveal such spectacles when uncovered, and meantime Willow Creek, as if to mock the dead, has returned to a purling brooklet, and the Courthouse clock at every hour peals fourth its dolorous note into the ears of the bereaved.

A grim-visage aspect has Heppner. No loafers may tarry in its precincts. A rigid emergency government impresses able bodied men into the work of saving the town from plague-breeding disease. The dead are dead, but the living must live. The community is ruled by a strong hand akin to martial law. Several thousand persons have arrived from inside places. But they may not indulge in lazy curiosity. Government in extremity is force, and when Marshals and Deputy Sheriffs pass up and down with butt ends of pistols protruding from their pockets, government has its true exemplification.

An army of men and horses is sifting great wastes of debris. Three hundred bodies have been found and there are men who say the work is only half begun. An army of women take charge of the bodies as they are borne out of the wreckage by the straining arms of men. An arm, a leg, a toe, a finger, a lock of hair, a tuft of clothing—these are harbingers of horror beneath the mud. Babies and little children lie there buried, with many a gash or bruise on their tender bodies. Forms of women frequently come to light bereft of all clothing save where a corset shields them from the gaze of anxious searchers. Clothing of men is less frequently torn away. The bodies are borne to Roberts' Hall to be washed and dressed by women, to be shrouded in coarse white cloth, and to be laid in rough wood boxes. There is no time for ceremony. It's the grim reality of death. And women who would faint at scenes one thousandth part as awful obey the mandate of necessity without a flinch. The floor swims with the half-diluted mud that drips from the victims, but the living patter through it or sweep it out when it gets too deep. The rough boxes go to the cemeteries, not singly in hearses, but many at a time, piled high in wagons.

WANTED, CHITTUM BARK.

Cohn & Co. will pay the highest Cash Price for Chittum Park.

Cohn & Co. have advanced the price of Eggs.

Flour and Feed, at Gangloff & Snuffer's.

Remember those in Distress.

No doubt large sums of money have been raised throughout the country to celebrate the national holiday. In view of the fact that the floods at St. Louis have brought death and destruction and rendered thousands of families homeless and destitute, would it not be more charitable and the proper thing to do to turn that money over to alleviate the sufferings of those who are in dire circumstances brought about by this unprecedented flood? We'd all enjoy the Fourth much better if this was done. Any part of the money might be used for this purpose, and Tillamook City would be setting a good example and showing the right kind of spirit by taking a part of the money raised to celebrate the Fourth and send it to help relieve those who will be in distress on that day. Especially those in Eastern Oregon.

Had a Bad Effect.

It is beginning to dawn upon some of our citizens that the big jump that was made in the price of land in Tillamook this spring was a benefit only to those who wanted to sell out and take their money with them. It was a bonanza to them; but that was not all, for it created an impression in the minds of a great number of people that their dairy farms were equally as valuable as the Svensen place, consequently land is held today at inflated valuation. But what about the after-clap? It has depopulated Tillamook with a gradual exodus for several months and farming land held for $100 to $200 an acre looks ridiculous to home seekers from the East and Middle West for they see no inducements in Tillamook when they can buy land on the outside for one third what they can here, having railroad facilities as well. We look for a slum in real estate before fall, and probably nothing will hasten this quicker than a fall in the price of butter fat, for herein is the value of dairy lands in Tillamook.

SOUTH PRAIRIE.

Charles Wells and family have moved out on their ranch for a short time while Charlie is putting in a dam on Bewley creek for the Tillamook Logging Co.

Preston Marolf returned home a few days ago, after several months absence.

Last Friday evening there was a social party given at the home of Mr. Billings which was thoroughly enjoyed, games, music and a bountiful supper being the features of the evening. Some 40 persons were present, including several from the city.

About 12,000 pounds of milk is received daily at the cheese factory, which has 42 patrons.

Thos. Goyne is busy building a new house on his place on the Bewley road.

John Webber is busy hauling lumber for a new dwelling.

John Reese is the new foreman at the logging camp.

Isaac Quick sold his fine team of horses last week.

Melvin Lamb returned home last week from Eugene, where he has been attending the state university.

Information has reached the office of the Secretary of State to the effect that the "Union Fire Insurance Company of Chicago" has been and is now soliciting insurance, by means of circular letters and otherwise, from agents authorized to represent companies regularly admitted and licensed to transact business in the State. This company is not authorized or licensed to transact business in Oregon, neither is it licensed by the insurance Department of the state of Illinois or of any other state, so far as can be ascertained, and is what is known as a "wild cat" insurance company.

If you want an up-to-date Hat, remember that they are being sold at wholesale price at The Racket Store.

The best cup of Coffee in town. Lunch at any time, at Vogler's bakery.

Studebaker Buggies and Wagons, at Gangloff & Snuffer's.

You Need it on your Farm. The Galvanized Steel AELRMOTOR WINDMILL. A. K. CASE will give you figures on a windmill.