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CALL and SEE for yourselves.

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Mar 8 73 3 m

THE IOWA TORNAO.

Washington, Iowa, May 21.—The extent of the terrific tornado which swept over Keokuk and Washington Counties 1st Thursday afternoon was but meagerly detailed in the dispatches sent from here on that evening. The damage done seemed too great to be realized, and although the statements made were alarming, they convey no idea of the injury done to property, and of the number of persons killed and wounded. In the absence of telegraphic communication with the interior, nothing definite could be learned and hence the dispatches were objective sandwiched in to make the cyclone truly horrible. Had the writer of the dispatch had the most vivid imagination, he could not have pictured the devastation and ruin wrought within two hours. Such a wind-storm was never before experienced in these counties. The oldest inhabitant remembers a hurricane twenty-five years ago, that swept everything before it, but as Washington was then an insignificant village the damage was not material. Five years later there was a hail-storm which did considerable injury to the crops, but the tornado of last Thursday is the severest ever known in Washington County.

THE TEMPEST ROAD.

No change whatever was done in Washington the next morning when the storm hit. The day being Sunday, the storm hit about 6 miles distant. The road which accompanied the manifestation of the anger of nature was distinctly heard here, and it is said by farmers who live ten miles away that they heard a rumbling noise, and could not understand it until the storm. To some the noise would like a like a heavy freight train at night, when everything was quiet; to others like a warlike, with an occasional discharge of artillery. Scarcely any lightning flashes were visible and only an occasional loud peal of thunder was heard. The rain fell in torrents, not in drops, but in sheets, there appearing to be a lake of water in the atmosphere. The whole country was flooded to the depth of several inches and it is feared the corn already planted has been washed out. The hills crabs and ripples, which supply Skunk River were swollen and overflowed their banks, carrying away trees, and causing the banks to cave in.

IN THE LINE OF THE STORM.

Everything, except here and there a mile or two over which the whirlwind seems to have jumped, is desolate-looking. Scarcely a house, barn, shed, or granary is left. All were swept away as clean as the fire wiped out the North side of Chicago. The exact starting point of the storm is not known, but it is believed to have been in Keokuk County, probably a few miles west of Lancaster, which town, it is said was totally demolished. It advanced in another westerly direction, passing north of Tallyrand about three miles and south of Keota, through the German settlement called Baden, approaching the line of Washington County where it jumped a distance of about eight miles, alighting again about six miles northwest of Washington on the farm of Frank Brown. Remaining on the ground for six or eight miles, it passed up to Highland Township. Leaving the earth here, it struck again in Middle Township where its force was spent, and it disappeared as suddenly as it appeared.

Those who saw the commencement say they first noticed a black mass, which to some resembled a hugh haystack in shape, and to others a balloon, with the small end toward the ground, they could not see beyond its borders but, as it went by, they saw mud and

were torn from their foundations, as if they were chalk, broke and twisted into a million fragments, some of which were forced into the ground two or three feet. Cattle were lifted up, carried some distance, and heard headlong to the earth. One heifer, three years old, was thrown into a ditch, head first, and when found her head and neck were buried in the mud. This is an actual fact, as I saw it myself, the owner having left the animal where she was thrown in order to satisfy the incredulous. Several steers had pieces of timber forced into their sides; and quite a number were thrown down so violently that their limbs and horns were broken.

HARRING ACCOUNTS

of the catastrophe than the messengers had given, and several hundred persons visited the devastated locality later in the day to satisfy their curiosity.

THE SCENE.

A reporter of the Tribune took a ride over the route of the hurricane this morning and was astonished at the ruin wrought in an hour or two.

The first farm visited was that of John C. Cunningham in which is about seven miles northeast of Washington. Neither the barn or house was visible. They have been torn to pieces, and only a few fragments remaining, nearly all the timber having been blown away. Pieces of boards were sticking out of the fields, some of them imbedded in the country two feet, and so tightly that they could not be pulled out. Dead stock was visible everywhere, horses, cows, pigs, and chickens having been hustled about so freely as to be deprived of the breath of life. Here and there wire pigs lay on the ground, while frequently chickens were encountered without a feather on them. The latter statement may seem absurd, but it is a fact. These hundred head of stock were killed outright. The buildings destroyed were worth about \$10,000. In the dwelling when the tornado approached Mrs. McCoy, daughter of Mr. Cunningham and Mrs. Carrington and two children of the former. They went into the cellar for shelter, but remained there only a short time being lifted up and carried some distance, and thrown to the ground. Mrs. McCoy had her head cut, and was badly bruised. Mrs. Carrington was rendered insensible, but was not seriously hurt. The children were found lying in a heap beside the cellar walls.

DAVIDSON'S FARM.

East of Cunningham's, near the Highland township line, is the farm of Mr. Davidson. His house and barn were destroyed, and he himself was killed. Horssel, was with him at the time, was fatally injured, and died on Friday morning. All of the latter's clothing was torn off his body and his friends in Washington had to supply the garments to bury him in.

BARCOCK'S FARM.

North from Cunningham's is the farm of John Barcock. His residence, barn, outhouses, and granaries were demolished. His large barn was one of the finest in the county, having recently been erected at a cost of \$25,000. It was full of grain, and more was deposited in the cellar of his house. He had \$300 in a barn drawer. All the furniture is missing, and hence the money cannot be recovered. His loss will amount to about \$7,000. Fortunately, his family were at his brother's house, which was out of the range of the storm. Mr. Barcock himself and Jacob Seick saw the cyclone coming, and ran into the house, and took up what they imagined to be a piece of security in the cellar. The house was lifted off its foundations, and had not a piece of

left on them they would have escaped. The barn's rick Seick on the head, inflicting a serious wound. Mr. Barcock escaped unharmed. The roof of the barn was blown fully a quarter of a mile, and alighted almost intact. The apple orchard, one of the largest in the county, is now without trees. They were torn up by the roots and hurried along. A grove of honey locusts was also carried away. Trees eighteen inches thick were snapped as dry pipes can be. Some of the stumps remaining look as if a saw had been used, so smooth and clean was the break.

CANEER'S FARM.

The next farm visited was that of David Caneer. Here was the same desolation as noticed at the other places, only less building material was observable. Of the houses, barns, and sheds, scarcely a vestige was left. Alexander Gibson and Mr. Caneer were in the house, and debated whether they should go into the cellar for safety. They concluded to do so, and had scarcely reached it when the wind struck the building and it went up in the air. Mrs. Caneer, who also took refuge in the cellar, was the only one badly hurt. She lifted up her hand as the house was leaving, and a board striking one of her fingers, broke it. Some timbers fell on Caneer and Gibson, and they were slightly bruised. A hedge fence facing the roadway presented a peculiar appearance. Against the outside of it, for nearly a quarter of a mile, was hay and straw mixed indiscriminately. How it came there can only be accounted for in one way. A water-spout drove it into the hedge. A single rain storm would not have done it so securely. Scarcely any rail-fences or wire fences could be seen all having been lifted up by the whirlwind and carried to one end where. Pieces of imbedded timber were so thick in the fields that forty or fifty acres had the appearance of having been devoted to the raising of beams and hops. About forty rods distant from the Caneer farm stood the Beedleford

school-house.

It was an old frame building made of square timbers. Nothing remains on the site, but a quarter of a mile down the road were found what had evidently been portions of it. School was in session when the cyclone made its appearance, about twenty scholars being in attendance. The rambling frightened them, and they gathered around the teacher, Mrs. Smith, thinking she could protect them. The building shared the same fate as the others which came within grasp of the tornado, and teacher and scholars cannot imagine how they got into the roadway. The wind demolished the windows first and rushing into the building lifted it up as if it were made of paper and knocked it about like a shuttlecock. A daughter of Henry Rathmel, aged 11 years, was in the doorway, and seeing the black cloud coming, started to run out. No one knew what had become of her until they found

HER MANGLED BODY

half an hour afterward in the mud a quarter of a mile down the road. She must have been raised by the wind and carried along. She had very little clothing when found, and her remains were covered with mud. Miss Smith and six of the scholars, whose names could not be learned, were injured, three or four of them dangerously.

One very singular thing is, that the mud was blown so hard into the faces of many of the children that it cannot be washed off. Some of their faces look as if they had been tatted with India ink or powder. Miss Smith says the first thing she realized was that she was standing in the road,

rounded by the boys' and girls. She does not know how they got there being unconscious of having made an ascent into the air.

Near the school-house across the road, stood the dwelling of Henry Walters. It was reduced to atoms, and Mrs. Walters was.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

When found she had one of a pair of twins in her arms. The little fellow was bruised and cut, and died the following morning. The other one escaped, though no one can tell how. This infant lives, being unable to tell his story. Three of her other children were in the school house and received serious injuries. Two of them are not expected to live. About a quarter of mile South of the school-house is the farm of

ALEXANDER GIBSON.

None of the buildings are standing. His house was the finest in that part of the county. He is from Vermont, everything about his place was the best. All his orchards are valueless. His farming implements are gone and his stock dead. He was not at home when the storm destroyed his property, being at Caneer's house as stated above. His son, aged 14, and a hired man, named Baker, attempted to get into the house, but were overtaken in the orchard. The latter had an arm and leg broken by being thrown down violently, and the boy was rendered unconscious and still remains so. His head is cut in several places, but his recovery is hoped for. A Miss Gardner, Mrs. Gibson and three children were in the house, and were precipitated into the cellar, the building flying away like a bird. The first named was badly injured, but the others only slightly. Sixty fat steers were carried off by the wind, some of them weighing 1,100 pounds, and landed into a slough twenty rods off. They were covered with mud, and a few looked as if they had been rolled over and over for a long distance. A hog was observed through whose body a large piece of scantling had been driven. On this farm, the heifer mentioned was buried in the mud head first. All the spokes of a new wagon were torn from the hub, and the iron cylinder of a corn sheller was blown away as if it were as light as a fall leaf. An apple tree was torn from the ground and forced into one side of the granary, and looked as if had been planted there. The corn in the cribs was scattered. Over 250 trees were uprooted to appease the appetite of the storm, but the more it took the more it required, until it became so full that like the glutton, it was obliged to cease.

Fixed Ideas.

That he is overworked.
That his constitution requires stimulants.
That, if he had them, he could, at this moment invest a few hundreds to the best advantage.
That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his too haste, etc.
That he ought to belong to a club.
That he could reform the army, do away with the income tax, manage the railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping hotel.
That he knows a good glass of wine.
That he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Hamburg.
That medicine is all humbug.
That he could preach a good sermon himself.
That he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad.

IN THE MIND OF WOMEN.

That her allowance is too small.
That she never looks fit to be seen.
That cooks drink.
That there is always "a glare."