

**The Washington, Iowa, Tornado.**

The telegraph has given reports of a terrific storm in Washington and Keokuk counties, Iowa, but it has been able to convey but very little idea of the strength of the tornado's fury, and the destruction and terror which attended its course. Its track was well defined by wrecks of forests, and churches, and houses, and dead bodies of animals and men, women and children. It seemed like a monster suddenly born of the air, tortured into rage by pelting hail and forked lightning. It was as swift as a rifle ball, and gave no warning of its approach, save a roar like a heavy train rushing over a railroad bridge. This was its first starting expression, but the people did not know what the sound meant until they saw a low, funnel shaped, black cloud driving towards them, and then instinct told them that there was danger in the wind. Those who could, took refuge in their cellars, and many, from these retreats, saw their houses lifted from over their heads, and chewed up and swallowed by the storm. Nothing could stand up before it. The ever lasting hills, and these stripped of their clothing of trees, and tore out some of their rock ribs. It poured off the hills into the far regions of the atmosphere, but it was so heavily weighted with ground, rocks, and mud and other solid materials whirling in its currents, that it swooped down again and struck the earth with redoubled fury. It made jumps of from six to ten feet over the heads of the terrified people and cowering animals, to strike the earth harder at the end of the leap.

Such an atmospheric monster as this does incredible and incomprehensible things when it reaches out its claws for man or any of man's works. It does not recognize his barriers, his roofs or walls or any of his safe places, and it gives no intimation of the fury that is in it until it strikes, crushes and destroys. Such was the cyclone that swept destruction through Iowa last Thursday. It so stunned the people of the section through which it passed that they could at first give no intelligent account of what happened to them. Many were killed, many more seriously wounded, and some disappeared in the hollow chaos of the whirlwind and have not been seen since. Human limbs have been found in its track, and no one knows to whom they belonged. Nothing that stood was left standing as it was before. Trees 18 inches to two feet through were either cut or almost as smoothly as a saw could do it or dragged up by the roots and whirled away like chaff and feathers. The track of the tornado was from one hundred yards to half a mile wide, and we will recount some of the curious things that happened in that narrow furrow of fate. We have said that nothing was left where it was before, but some singular deposits were made that were not there before. Trees and plants and beams were stuck into the ground two or three feet deep, and in some places quite thick. Cattle were driven into the earth head foremost and literally skinned by the fingers of the storm. Chickens were found cleanly plucked; men with their clothing stripped entirely off, and one woman was cut in two, and half of her could not be found. A threshing machine was picked up and carried a mile or two, but being an ugly thing to hold, it was dropped without sustaining much injury. Men and women were gathered in the arms of the storm and hurled, quick as lightning, several hundred yards, and dropped; some of them killed, some with slight bruises, some uninjured, but very much astonished. On one farm 300 head of cattle and horses were killed; on another, sixty fat steers, some of them weighing 1400 pounds, were carried over one hundred yards. Houses flew away like birds. The cyclone found a school in session; it took the school house away, and the teacher and her twenty scholars found themselves some distance off, in a public road, without knowing how they got there. The teacher and five or six of her charges were injured, some or them severely, and one little girl 11 years old was found dead, a quarter of a mile off, with her clothing gone.

Another school house full of children was picked up and carried several yards, and set down again right side up without hurting any of the children badly. Another one was struck by lightning, but none of the children were killed—some were stunned, but recovered.

One woman was found dead with one of a pair of twins in her arms. The child died in a few hours. The other child was, somehow, separated from its mother, and escaped uninjured. Some where on the track, a flock of 1500 sheep were grazing quietly when the cyclone came their way. They gathered in a circle for mutual protection. An eyewitness saw the storm pick them up and carry them up until they looked like a flock of cats. Nearly all of them were killed.

In some places torrents of rain and heavy chunks of ice fell. It was dangerous to go hunting for hailstones, but one was found measuring ten inches in circumference and weighing seven and a half ounces. Some were round as a cannon ball, some oblong like an egg, and others flat, like door-knobs.

One descriptive writer makes this general picture of the terror: Fences were laid flat. Houses were of no account. Men women and children and all kinds of animals were mingled in the moving mass of air at a height of from forty to sixty feet. Trees a foot in diameter were snapped in twain, and the forests seemed as if an immense scythe, propelled by an invisible giant, had cut all that dared to be in its way. The swath marked the path of the destroyer. Nothing but the eternal hills, up which it swept and divested of their natural covering, could stand against its mighty force. Over hill and valley it moved leaving woe in its track.

At last accounts it had been ascertained that thirteen persons were killed in the two counties and twenty-four

wounded. This elemental disturbance is supposed to have arisen in Washington county, and will be known as the Washington tornado. It was very similar to the Comanche tornado, which happened some years ago in the same state. Both leveled the largest and pulled the smallest things to pieces—skinned animals, plucked chickens and played other freaks in common—showing that they belonged to the same breed of storms.

**Bill Arp on the Rack.**

Every night! Here it is halfpast 1 o'clock. It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a woman—is made for? I do believe it a robber was to come and carry me off, you wouldn't care a— What is it, you say? City Council business must be attended to! How do I know you go to the city council? Does the city council meet every night? Twelve o'clock—one o'clock—two o'clock. Here I stay with the children all alone—lying awake half the night waiting for you. Couldn't come home any sooner! Of course you couldn't if you didn't want to. But I know something; you think I don't, but I do. That I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you last Monday night? Tell me that! The marshal told me the city council didn't meet 't'at night. Now what have you got to say? Couldn't get a quorum? Well, if you couldn't why didn't you come home? Out every night, sleeping, for—a quorum. But, I wouldn't hunt for me this late if I was missing. Where were you on Thursday night and Friday night? There was a show in town wasn't there? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for, and hide it? Oil for your hair, indeed! Who ever heard of hair oil for a whetstone! So you think I didn't see you in the other room brushing and greasing your hair, and looking in the glass at your pretty self? A man ought to be decent. He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a man ought to, and a decent man will stay at home with his wife sometimes and not be out every night. How comes it that the city council didn't meet but twice a month last year? Trying to work out of debt. Yes, that's probable—very—laughing and joking, and smoking, and swapping lies will work a debt out, won't it? Now—I want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—up—this—night—business. Yes, I want to know. Out every night. City council, Free Masons, shows, hair oil—and brush, and brush, and brush until you've nearly worn out the brush and your head too. What is it you say? It helps your business to keep up your social relation! Ah, indeed! You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I should think. What did you say about catching it the other night at a whisky party? Fellows, its 11 o'clock, but let's play a while longer—we won't catch it any worse when we get home. A pretty speech for a decent man to make. Catch it! Catch it! Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? I wouldn't fret you so you would stay at home more! Well, sir, do you stay at home first a few nights and try it. Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out every night because I fret you so. What's that, sir? You know ladies who ain't always a scolding their husbands! You do, do you? How come you to know them? What business have you to know them? What right have you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think all other women are saints but your wives, eh, yes—saints—saints, I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's more of a saint than I am. I know them all, sir—a heap better than you do. You only see the sugar and honey side of them, and they—only—see—the—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you can't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children here to get burnt up, and I'll go out every night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—she is desperate, that's all.

**BOILING EGGS.**—A story is told of a negro in Virginia whose master threatened to give him a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard again. Next morning the eggs came to the table still harder than before. "You rascal," shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook those eggs soft?" "Yes, massa," said the frightened slave, "an' I got up at 2 o'clock this mornin', an' biled 'em five hours, an' it seem to me I nebber kin get dese eggs softer!" During the war one of the Northern hotel keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard. "Look here," said the hotel keeper, "Sambo, these eggs are boiled too hard. Now take my watch and boil some three minutes by it. He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes the freedman returned with the eggs and water on the same plate. The watch was wet. "What have you been doing to my watch?" asked the Northern visitor. "Why it's all wet!" "Yes, sah," said the negro. "I biled de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah."

"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said the Bishop of Derry to a drunken blacksmith, "I'm sorry to see you beginning your evil course again; and Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "I intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do with him what you cannot do for your son." "Eh, eh! how's that? how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said: "I intend to make him a better man than his father."

A Kansas man who lately returned from the Rocky Mountains, after an absence of four years, got mad, just because the baby was only two years old, just as if his wife could make the baby grow any faster!

A Phrenologist told a man that he had combativeness largely developed: "No," said the other, "I have not, and if you say that again I'll knock you down."

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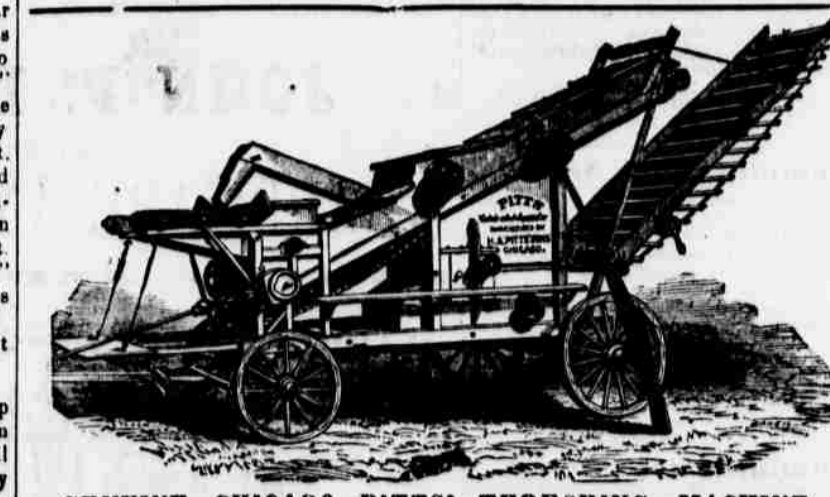
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