

The
NEW RICHMOND
CYCLONE



J. M. Kegan.

HISTORY

OF THE

NEW RICHMOND CYCLONE

.....OF.....

JUNE 12TH, 1899.

By MRS. A. G. BOEHM.

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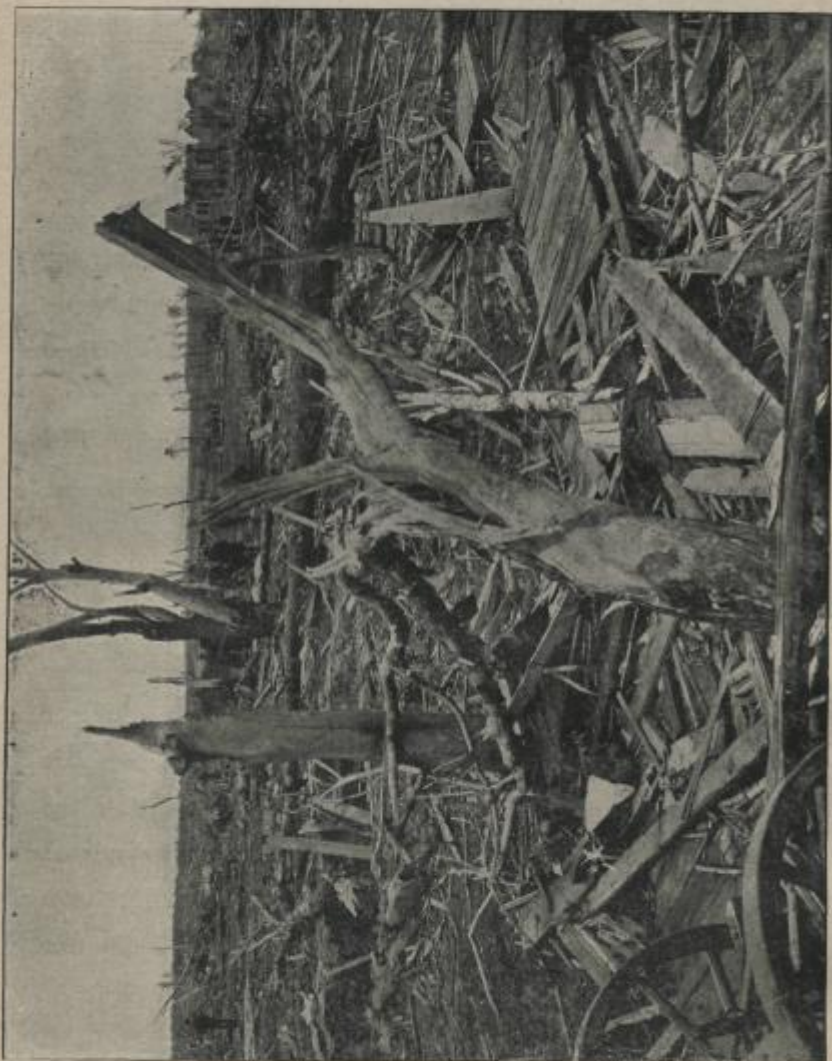
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INTRODUCTION.

In giving this book to the public, I feel I am actuated by the purest motives in rendering a service to the community in general. No one can accurately describe the terrible workings of a cyclone or tornado without first experiencing the direful effects. Pliny, in the interests of science, lost his valuable life by approaching too near the crater of Mount Vesuvius when in action. This death, though justly lamented, was the result of his own imprudence, actuated by lofty motives doubtless. But the case was different with the New Richmond people and bears no comparison, except the dreadful experience. Those of our people who fell victims to the tornado would to a unit have willingly saved their lives at any risk, if a chance was left them. The memory of having passed through that dreadful ordeal of the most awful seven minutes, which it is calculated the tornado took in the passage of its death-dealing flight over our peaceful, pretty city, would suffice for serious reflection for lifetime.



SECOND STREET, LOOKING NORTHEAST.

CYCLONES.

Cyclones or tornadoes have come to this country unpleasantly frequent of late years. The experts of the weather bureaux have repeatedly sent out warnings, but men reading of these calamities taking place in other quarters are slow to believe that they might possibly be the unwilling victims of like disasters. But it would be well to reflect, and prepare for the worst. It was proven in regard to the tornado of June 13th, 1899, that the cellars of wooden structures were found to be the safest refuge, the least mortality occurring there, though many were saved in the basements and cellars of brick structures. For instance, the Nicollet Hotel, a three-story brick building with a large underground basement; seven took refuge there; six were saved. The seventh was preparing to go down, but was struck by falling timber and killed instantly. In the rooms above, five were killed and many maimed. It has also been proven in every case that the southwest corners of cellars were undoubtedly the safest. As the cyclone came from a southwesterly direction towards the northeast, the southwest corner of cellars or basements must be the safest places, with one's back against the wall. The cyclone, coming from that direction, sweeps the wooden buildings over the heads of the refugees in the cellar. But there is great danger in any case when the foundations are built too high, the sweeping course of the cyclone leveling everything, even the strongest masonry, with the surface. The high foundations on the southwest side, in consequence, were very dangerous, being thrown inwards upon the poor people, many of whom received severe wounds from the falling masonry. The refugees in the brick cellars and basements had less chance of escape, being stricken down in all corners by brick, mortar and heavy beams falling in a heap, filling up the cavity of the cellar. Some of these brick basements such as the one under Mr. Ward Williams' dry goods

store, were veritable death traps. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with Miss Scott, by their practical intelligence, saved their lives. Standing straight, with their backs against the southwest wall of the basement, they escaped uninjured, without the least scratch. While others in promiscuous places in the same basement were instantly killed or fearfully maimed. Thus it is of the utmost importance in all great emergencies to control one's inner self for the present crisis. Place a hand of steel upon brain and nerves, and calmly and prayerfully await results. They are, as a rule, in one's favor.

Predisposed geologically for a cyclone, the St. Croix Valley and New Richmond were, geologically speaking, predisposed to receive a cyclone. The winter of 1898-1899 was ushered in early in November by a heavy fall of snow, which did not remain, however, very long. But the second snowfall certainly did; followed by others, denser, heavier, until pile upon pile of snowdrifts in many places exceeded ten feet. Sleighs in pioneering roads through the country passed over the tops of fences which were not discernible in the snow. In the meantime, the intense cold continued, increasing with each snowfall, until it reached the maximum, and registered 60 degrees in January. Then occasionally the temperature would rise. Delicate and aged persons were homebound for months. Still the cold wave continued on, together with the snow-covered surface, till late in April. Oh! how we longed for summer! How we braced ourselves up in the freezing air, saying encouragingly to each other: "Wait patiently till the bright, beautiful summer comes. We will then forget we ever had such a severe winter. We will enjoy ourselves in our hammocks under the beautiful branches of our New Richmond's glorious trees!" Oh! New Richmond's glorious trees! Where are they now? And the summer came, and brought us death! The fact of the snow remaining so unremittingly on the ground for so many months was to a certain extent conducive to the growth of underground vegetation. Roots of trees were particularly nourished by the enormous quantities of moisture oozing continually be-



WRECK OF PART OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM NICOLLET HOTEL.

neath the frozen crust of the surface, forming as the deeper it penetrated not only veins of water springs, but veritable hot-beds of gases, thus preparing the heated surface of the St. Croix Valley, New Richmond and its environs for the reception of a cyclone.

When the late spring came to stay, vegetation was more promising than might be expected under the circumstances. The trees and shrubs burst forth into greater luxuriance and beauty, which rivaled many more propitious years. Our magnificent trees, for which New Richmond was famous, were lavish in the rich green hue of their foliage. The flowering shrubs, however, such as the lilac, did not do so well as in former years. It was noticeable that the blooms were fewer and of shorter duration. The cause most likely to assign for this was probably owing to the insufficiency of root power of such shrubs to send an adequate supply of sap to invigorate the frozen delicate branches kept so long in that state by the intense cold of the past winter.

As above stated, the spring was a late one. The usual saying here by many was: "It seems forgotten up above to give New Richmond a summer this year." How terribly the truth of this was verified to many! The summer so longed for brought us death, poverty and much life-long misery!

THE NEW RICHMOND CYCLONE.

WARNINGS OF THE COMING CYCLONE.

WARNINGS GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE BY THE
LEARNED OBSERVER OUTRAM OF THE WEATHER BUREAU.

About the 10th and 11th of June, it was noticed that a large area of unusually low pressure was reported from the head of the Missouri Valley and the Black Hills. It was evidently expected that a violent rain and wind storm or cyclone would sweep from that region over the Northwestern States, following the general direction of most cyclones; that is, from southwest to northeast.

Monday afternoon, June 12th, the center of the cyclone was sweeping over North and South Dakota, while the storm area extended as far south as Kansas and St. Louis, and as far north as Canada. The winds were blowing in a huge spiral about this territory. From Manitoba the winds were blowing south, from St. Louis northeast, and from Michigan west, while from the Southern States the winds were blowing in a northerly direction. About the same time the barometer stood fully half an inch below the normal reading, and was jumping about with the unsteadiness nearly always noticed before a severe storm. The air was heavy with moisture, and warm winds from the Gulf of Mexico were sweeping up from the South over Wisconsin and Minnesota.



EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET.
NEW RICHMOND ROLLER MILL IN LEFT BACKGROUND.

THE NATURE AND CAUSE OF A TORNADO.

A tornado, according to Mr. Outram, is always occasioned by southerly or southwesterly winds striking the edge of a cyclone, the direction of which is usually northeasterly. The coming together of these winds produces an eddy or twister in the edge of the cyclone. These eddies of tornadoes invariably occur in the southwestern quadrant of a cyclone. They cover much less ground than the cyclone itself, but are much more violent, and more fatal in their results.

The funnel-shaped cloud which is the usual characteristic of a cyclone was present at New Richmond Monday, June 12th, 1899, and, as is also usual, considerable rain was precipitated. The cyclone center does not correspond with the center of the tornado, but the tornado always forms along the outskirts of the cyclone. The general storm of Monday, June 12th, was violent, and after passing over Minnesota and Wisconsin it took its course, as far as could be ascertained, up the St. Lawrence Valley.

The tornado appears to have formed on the St. Croix Valley and have followed the course of the St. Croix River until it could escape into the open country about Stillwater, whence it took the course of the Willow River, which runs through New Richmond. Then, spending its force on the latter city, continued its course up the Willow River until its force had been dissipated.

There were no means of measuring the force of the tornado, for the reason that there is no weather station near New Richmond, and further because no instruments have been invented capable of measuring the speed of the whirlwind's course.

DEFINITION OF A CYCLONE.

What is a cyclone? The definition given in the dictionary is: A whirlwind. Of what is it composed? Of air, impregnated with various gases, of various degrees of temperature.

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These gases, coming in contact together, cause increasing agitation, according to the density and equality of the hot and cold air with which the mass is composed, thus proving whirlwinds of unequal velocity. These whirlwinds, proving so disastrous on this continent of late years, were formerly more frequent in the Eastern Hemisphere under various names, according to the locality in which they took place. In India and the Indian Ocean they were termed the fearful "Sirocco," a wind not only dangerous in its powerful velocity, but scattering poison in its course. It comes from the southeast, and goes occasionally as far west as Italy. The simoon is a hot, suffocating wind in Arabia, Syria and the adjacent countries. The whirlwinds referred to in the Indian Ocean are very much dreaded by sailors. Many a staunch ship was miserably wrecked passing within the belt of the whirlwind's course.

The devastation of the simoon, especially in the Sahara Desert of Africa, is a matter of history, the wind raising the light sand of the desert, sometimes overwhelming whole caravans a mile long. But the Africa of the Nineteenth Century is very different from that of the ancients. The modern facilities of travel greatly ameliorate the dangers to commerce which formerly beset the merchandise in the slow transition from East to West.

In this country the name given to a whirlwind with a funnel-shaped downward course is cyclone. The frequency of their recurrence of late years, and the death-dealing nature of their results in America has produced a feeling of much dread. The one which occurred June 12th, 1899, in New Richmond, and which engages my pen, is universally pronounced the greatest in the history of the nation. It was a veritable tornado, attended with the worst of consequences.

SUMMARY.

HISTORY OF THE TORNADO OF JUNE 12, 1899.

A tornado struck New Richmond Monday, June 12th, 1899, at 6 o'clock p. m. The duration of the storm was seven minutes. The dead, so far as known, numbered 119 men, women and children, whose mangled and torn bodies have been recovered for burial.

The injured, many of whom will be permanently crippled, numbered 148. The total number of buildings destroyed was 225. The number of business houses and offices destroyed was 125. The total loss of property, closely estimated, amounted to \$1,000,000.

Such is a brief summary of our losses; but is it correct? It falls far short of it, if one takes into consideration the bric-a-brac, the accumulation of years, the odds-and-ends that were lost, that can never be replaced. But why think of the goods we have lost! The awful loss of human lives was still greater! For them we mourn!

HISTORY OF TORNADO.

The tornado of June 12th, 1899, which wiped out, as it seemed, the pretty town of New Richmond, Wis., will long live in the memory of its sorrowing survivors. Calm and happy were the inhabitants of this "Garden" City—"A perfect park of rural beauty"—when, without apparent warning, there came upon it one of those direful calamities of nature that the most thoughtful or intelligent could not foresee, and changed in a few brief moments all that was bright and beautiful into scenes of horror upon horror that defy the most graphic pen to depict.

At 5 o'clock p. m., June 12th, the twenty-three hundred inhabitants of New Richmond were peacefully pursuing their various avocations as usual, little dreaming of the awful doom awaiting many of them in the limited space of one hour and

seven minutes! That awful hour and seven minutes arrived—and passed! And a great change came! A few brief moments of intense surprise—followed by the dreadful reality—dawned upon them with all its concomitant heart-rending misery and despair! Instead of home, comforts, luxuries and happiness, chaos reigned supreme on this unfortunate spot of Mother Earth!

Silence intense for some minutes followed the catastrophe. Then the agonizing wail upon wail arose on the air, amidst the awful ruin, from the stricken wounded, pinned beneath the piles of fallen timbers! Those who heard the despairing shrieks on that fatal night, amidst the awful surroundings, compared it to what their imagination might picture of the agonizing shrieks of lost souls in the depths of the "Inferno." But, alas, for the silent dead! Many a bright, promising life was crushed out of existence! And many a noble heart was stilled forever!

Oh! the sights that met the gaze of the survivors! There lay scattered heaps of men, women and children, crushed out of all semblance to humanity. And, scattered on the roads half way to their homes, the mutilated bodies of flying refugees, seeking the home shelter they were never to know again!

Some were picked up here and there, still living, writhing in agony, but insensible to the willing hands to aid them; others, endeavoring to make themselves heard, were loudly calling for help, with limbs pinned beneath the fallen debris.

Then, to add to the horrors of the awful scene, the ominous cry of *fire, fire!* An explosion of a gasoline tank had occurred in a hardware store, and flames instantly shot up and ignited combustible matter among the debris scattered about. Then the flames spread rapidly, leaping their forked tongues from pile to pile, in close proximity to the wounded, which later discoveries revealed had become victims to that most horrible and most dreaded of devouring elements. Merciful God! To the eyes and ears of the wounded fastened down under the fallen timber, unable to extricate themselves, the sight and sound of fire gradually approaching them, stealthily coming nearer and

nearer to the unfortunate beings, must be to the imagination the *supreme acme* of human mental and physical suffering! The climax of the most intense misery!

MAN'S HAIR TURNED GRAY.

It is not surprising that credence was given to the assurances told and verified by many that men's hair turned white in these supreme moments of suspense and agony. A case in point is that of Mr. James Gavin, our City Treasurer. Mr. Gavin, a bright, intelligent gentleman, met with an accident some ten years ago which injured his spine so severely that paralysis ensued. He was compelled to use crutches in consequence from that time. When he saw the storm approaching, he hurried home as quickly as his disability would permit. He reached his residence, and with his only child, a beautiful girl of ten years, descended to the cellar, followed by his wife. He and his child had reached the bottom step when the storm struck the house, but Mrs. Gavin was not so fortunate. She was thrown into the basement with considerable force, and rendered insensible. Mr. Gavin and Ina were unhurt, but were covered with debris. Mr. Gavin called to his wife, but receiving no answer, deemed her dead. Then came a suspicion of smoke, and the horror of the scene was added to in a moment by a little flame which began to lick its way towards those who were prisoners in the wreckage of their home.

In his helplessness and anguish the poor father cried to the Almighty God for aid, that he and his daughter might escape the fire, and that the body of his wife might be saved from cremation before the husband and the child could once more gaze upon the features that had been so much to them in life. Divine Providence heard the cries of Mr. Gavin. His wife's faint voice was heard calling from beneath the debris a short distance from them.

Little Ina heard it too, and with a superhuman effort raised the wreck which held her fast, and in a moment reached the street. She found assistance there, and as the flames leaped

one over another and drove their hot breath into the faces of the rescuers and prisoners, Mr. Gavin and his wife were liberated and carried to the street. Neither received serious physical injuries, but few would recognize in the trembling, weak man whose head the cyclone crowned with snow, the former gentle, black haired Mr. Gavin!

NEWSPAPERS FELL SHORT OF THE REALITY.

The various papers of the day pictured graphically and ably the terrible catastrophe, but even they fell short of the reality. Those who survived that terrible night, those who heard the despairing cries and moans of the dying, will not soon forget it. How any one escaped in the general ruin was miraculous. Never did the Providence of God appear so vividly depicted as amid the ruins of the tornado swept city of New Richmond! Yes, it was truly marvelous how any living thing escaped. Those who did seemed dazed,—seemed under an hypnotic spell,—an awful hallucination, an insecurity, an apparent expectancy prevailing for weeks afterwards.

The writer, meeting a lady of her acquaintance two months after the cyclone, was greeted with a quiet stare. This estimable lady lost a bright, promising boy in the fearful tornado. Ah! who can fathom the future? That boy's twelve years of life passed by him like sunbeams. Through the influence of pious, intellectual parents, he was debarred from contact with sin and soil. Would it be always so? "*Quen sabe!*"

A strange feature of the results of the tornado was that so few tears were shed over the remains of the dead, during the interment in the cemeteries. It seemed the calamity was too great for inner thought. The hearts in the bosoms of the sufferers were literally calloused by the awfulness of their sorrow. It will take a long, long time to mellow the broken hearted. Joys may again creep into their lives, but the death sorrow of that fearful day will never leave the hearts of the survivors. Yes, time may do much for New Richmond. Houses may be

rebuilt! And after the lapse of years trees may grow again! But not the same trees planted by loving hands which have long since turned to clay. This generation will never see New Richmond clothed in its foliage beauty as it was arrayed before the awful cyclone robbed it of its many attractions. Yet time can do much, so let us hope for brighter days. The writer, who lost everything of value she possessed in the general ruin, has much to lament and great need of hope.



BEGINNING OF THE STORM, LOOKING SOUTH.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE CYCLONE APPROACHING NEW RICHMOND SO VIVIDLY SEEN BY MR. BOEHM AND OTHERS.

The morning of June 12th and early part of the day were pleasant. Later in the afternoon it became sultry, and later still a gradual darkening, indicating that we were going to have a heavy rain storm.

Gollmar Brothers' circus was to be the attraction that afternoon and evening. This brought in many farmers and their

families, for a circus in a country town is the signal for a general holiday, so that the town was more than usually crowded. The circus was well attended, as usual. At five o'clock a light rain was falling, which was soon followed by light hail. About six o'clock the people were going to their homes for supper. Here and there a few could be seen examining the clouds, which had begun to look threatening towards the southwest. But the majority either failed to notice their approaching danger or passed it off with the usual comment, "A bad storm coming."

MR. A. G. BOEHM'S ACCOUNT OF THE STORM.

Looking towards the southwest, across the country, I saw the cyclone approaching. It might have been two miles distant, or less, when I took my last view before I sought safety in flight. It was six o'clock by my watch, the air around me calm, but dark and dense, which impressed me as strangely ominous. From the southwest an immense black cloud loomed in sight, covering rapidly the firmament as it approached. The lower part touching the earth was funnel-shaped, and I knew but too well what that meant. The funnel, on closer observation, did not quite touch, but was surrounded by fire. Presently my attention was drawn towards the northwest, and there another dense black cloud was seen swiftly approaching from that direction. This one was expanding more rapidly and directly towards the zenith. In less time than it takes to relate, the two monsters met. Then what to me appeared a mighty struggle for supremacy began. The northwest cloud struck the edge of the funnel-shaped cloud from the southwest. The latter twisted and writhed like some monster in agony, then, rolling swiftly, lowered to the ground. Then and there took place one of the wildest, most awful scenes of nature. Though when I think of it now it appears to me very unnatural. I saw wagons, horses and cattle flying in the air like chaff. There were pieces of timber, portions of barns, things of all descriptions, dust, mud and every conceivable thing that lay in its path whirled in the

air, then caught as they were falling and whirled up again. But I waited to see no more, for it was rapidly coming our way, but rushed amidst that terrible roaring and clouds of dust and debris for home, half a block distant. I reached it, blew out the lamps lighting, for supper was on the table. Hurriedly calling my wife, who was calm but anxious, we rushed down the cellar. I took my position in the southwest corner; my wife knelt in prayer. In a moment the cyclone was upon us, and I drew my wife towards me, covering her in my arms as well as I could. O, God! the awful roaring of that tornado! It seemed as though the whole universe was being torn to atoms. I hear it still as it tore the house from over our heads. As the roaring noise grew less, we took courage and raised our eyes. There was naught above us but the angry heavens. The cyclone had passed on in its work of destruction and left us but the sky for our roof. Upwards we raised our eyes, and fervently gave thanks for the preservation of our lives. With the exception of a few flesh wounds on the side of my face and a slight cut behind my wife's ear, we escaped all bodily injury. But we must begin life's battle over again and work as we never did before. We looked about us for means of egress. The stairs were demolished and helping to swell the debris. A two-by-eight plank lay slantwise, and on that we climbed to the surface. There before me lay the remains of our home, my wife's piano standing upright about fifty feet from where it originally stood divested of part of its beautiful casing. But my wife, coming towards me, cried out, "Our neighbors, our neighbors!" There a sight met our gaze. The homes of Mr. Link, Mr. Kuhn and Mr. Boardman were swept away, and the bare cellars alone, where the families took refuge, were left. Everything above ground, no matter what its size or strength, was carried before the monster in its course. But how fared our good neighbors? Doctor Gerard's home, which stood next to ours on the south, facing Second street, where our lawns met, was standing, but the south wing was deprived of its roof. By this time, the rain was pouring like a deluge, following the

cyclone, and we must have shelter, so on we went to the next residence, our esteemed banker, Mr. F. Bartlett's, who kindly met us, saying they all had escaped, but the house was wrecked. His was a large, square, brown frame, two stories, with basement and attic, the latter ornamented by a handsome cupola. This cupola was blown off, and the rain came through the aperture in torrents. To mitigate that to a certain extent, we managed to secure one of our carpets, a seamless art rug, which did good service by throwing it over the aperture where the cupola covered, thus preventing the house from being flooded. We remained at Mr. Bartlett's a few days, then friends brought my wife off to St. Paul. On the opposite corner of the street from us stood the home of Mr. Kuhn, a handsome white frame residence, surrounded by magnificent shade trees. Like ours, they were of forty years' growth, and planted by the hands of "Father Bartlett," who built the home for himself in the early days of New Richmond's infancy. He with a few others, long since laid to rest, were the pioneers of the place. This home the old gentleman had built to suit himself. The one we occupied, directly across the street from the above, was a pretty, cream colored frame, with green blinds. It consisted of a main building with two wings, one facing north, the other west. The north wing consisted of kitchen, woodshed, etc. The west wing contained living rooms; the main building, parlors downstairs, upstairs bedrooms. There were porches, but above all lovely shade trees, unsurpassed in beauty anywhere under the sun. Such was our home. Such were the many homes destroyed by the tornado of June 12th, 1899. Mr. F. Bartlett was the owner of these residences. That gentleman lost about \$10,000 by the cyclone. His insurance was of no avail, as it did not include cyclones. Mr. Olson was the only man in New Richmond who received insurance for cyclonic destruction, he being insured but one day before. Fire broke out in Mr. O. J. Williams' hardware store after the cyclone. The insurance company compromised and gave him half the amount. These were the only two instances of obtaining insurance.

What need is there to retell the horrors that took place at New Richmond on that fatal day, June 12th, 1899? And what need to attempt to describe what could not be described? No human tongue can describe them. No human hand, however skillful, can write them down. It is all too horrible for words, too pitiful for ordinary human sympathy, too marvelous for credence. Aside from the destruction, which was complete, and the loss of life, which is remarkable mainly in that it was not greater, there is enough of the minor details of the storm to establish a library of romance. The bare truth of the New Richmond storm is so vastly superior to the tale of a dreamer that one hesitates to repeat it. There is always danger of overstraining the credulity of the reader. That I don't wish to do. (Author.)

Not the strangest part of the story was the vitality shown by the surviving business men: In less than three days even after the storm, and while the grave diggers were still busy in the cemeteries, the sounds of hammer and saw could be heard making new shops for the merchants. Even before the debris had been carted from the still warm foundation stones, lumber was on hand for new stores, and clerks in the Minneapolis and St. Paul wholesale houses were filling orders for new stocks of goods.

It was not long before New Richmond was a busy trading center again. Enterprise cannot be blown away by storm or drowned by flood. Well, a busy town it may be (if it does not overdo itself), but for years it will exhibit vacant lots, unrebuilt homes, bare snags of trees, which never more will be the glory of New Richmond; with homes showing patched roofs, and many outside marks of the terrible visitation of that day in June, 1899. And it will be long before the saddened hearts will forget to mourn and the poignant grief will be mellowed into submission to the Divine will. Time can do wonders for New Richmond, but not everything. Yet at this writing (March 9th, 1900) one would be surprised at the advancement, the progress of New Richmond, as far as new solid buildings

are concerned. They appear to forget that a cyclone would, if it ever made another visitation, make little of their solidity. Yet we hope in the mercy of God that such a catastrophe may never visit us a second time!

**MANY TALES OF TERROR, AS TOLD BY PASSENGERS FROM
THE STRICKEN CITY—THEY RELATE SAD EXPERIENCES.**

Owing to the fact that there were practically no telegraph lines which could be used between the different cities and the storm section, when passengers would arrive at the various stations they would be besieged by anxious inquirers regarding the fate of relatives or friends. It was also difficult to learn when the trains would arrive from that section of Wisconsin. Telegraph operators were kept busy answering anxious questions regarding the time of the arrival of trains from the stricken city.

Conductor J. F. Kelly, of the Omaha line, whose train was several hours late, in remarking upon the damages of the storm, said: "The telegraph lines all over that entire section are down, broken or disarranged. We left Duluth at 11 p. m., and when we reached Clayton we found that the telegraph lines were useless. From there until we reached a point several miles south of New Richmond we found that the lines had been almost entirely destroyed. It will probably not be very long until they are able to send messages through to New Richmond, but it will take several days to repair the damage." He continues: "The scene at New Richmond was horrible. The storm seemed not content with blowing things around and destroying them, but literally chewed everything to pieces. Machinery which seemed heavy enough to withstand any force which the elements could bring against it was twisted and turned a thousand different ways. A heavy piece of mowing machinery was deposited near the track, and was twisted and turned until it hardly retained its form in any part. The trees were twisted turned and broken in every conceivable shape."

Mr. Kelly continues: "We took on a passenger who was eating supper in the Nicollet Hotel, New Richmond, the time of the storm. A board was sent through the roof and killed

the waitress and three men who were eating supper at the same table. This was but one of the terrible effects of the storm. I cannot attempt to describe the horrors of the scene, and even now it makes me sick to think of them. I would advise no man to go to the place, as he will see sights which will never disappear from his mind. I hope it may never be my misfortune to see such a thing again."

DR. BOLKCOM'S STORY.

Dr. Bolkcom of Clear Lake, a small town a short distance north of New Richmond, hurried to the stricken city to render all the assistance in his power. He tells the following: Speaking of Clear Lake, he said, there was not a great deal of damage done there, beyond blowing in the fronts of several stores and turning over trees and outhouses. South of town the storm was more severe, and he had seen two men who were killed and several others were badly injured.

"You cannot imagine such a sight as was presented at New Richmond," he said to us on board the train. "The entire town seemed wiped out and nothing but a mass of brick, stone and building material was visible. The smoke which ascends from the ruins, which have caught fire, almost hides the ruins themselves. Burned bodies, which are mangled beyond recognition, were being taken from the ruins when I came away, and it is difficult to estimate the total number killed and injured. In many places the heat is so intense that there are no means of knowing just how many persons still lie under the ruins. There are no means whatever of telling how many throughout the surrounding country have perished.

"The sight is indeed terrible. In all my medical career I have not had occasion to view such a sight as was presented to me there. The wind had twisted everything to pieces and seemed bent on destroying every object in sight. A heavy iron wagon bridge, which stretched across the river at that place, was taken up bodily and thrown into a nearby field. One

cannot imagine the horror of the scene unless he is right there to view it."

The train that brought Dr. Bolcom to St. Paul brought about forty injured. They were taken to the several city hospitals, and only two sufferers were brought to Minneapolis. They were the aged parents of John R. McClure, grocer, at 201 University avenue southeast. The old gentleman received some severe bruises, but was able to walk. Both were attended by their son. The old lady was most severely injured, and was unconscious from the time of the storm till she calmly passed away to a better land.

CONDUCTOR HOEFFLE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL TRAIN
GIVES A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE DESOLATED CITY, AS
HE PASSED THROUGH ON THE 13TH, THE DAY AFTER THE
OCCURRENCE.

"The whole center of the town has been torn out bodily," he said. "All that big group of brick buildings which looked as if they would stand for years have been leveled in a day to a heap of scattered masonry. Not a building of the business portion of the town has even a fragment of a wall left standing, although a few of the residences about the outskirts of the town were untouched by the storm. Everywhere the rescuing parties could be seen engaged in the task of searching the ruins for the bodies of the dead. The telegraph operator told me that 100 dead had already been recovered and that in all probability they would mount up above 200."

A. K. Bradley of Milwaukee, who spent some hours in New Richmond viewing the ruins the next day after it occurred, said:

"The results of the storm would, in some cases, have been amusing, were it not for the awful loss of life. In some cases the roof would be torn off a house and the walls left standing intact. In one case a house was torn up and carried away bodily, and in the ruins of the foundation stood the keyboard and part of the box of a piano. Out upon the prairie, horses and cows lay dead on the field with no signs of having been

struck by falling trees or flying timbers. The animals had apparently been lifted up and dashed to the ground by the force of the storm with sufficient force to kill them instantly. On another side would be seen part of a brick wall standing, with straws and grass driven firmly into the mortar by the fury of the tornado.

"The saddest and most horrible part of the whole affair, however, was the results of the fire. Rescue parties searching the ruins would come upon dismembered bodies scattered about under the ruins. A searcher would see the feet of a man protruding from a pile of ruined masonry, and, pulling, would find merely the legs severed from the body. Another would find a head torn from the trunk, and the latter would be discovered a dozen feet away. Bodies were discovered burned to a crisp, or mutilated and crushed by the falling walls so as to be unrecognizable."

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN, A MR. N. B. PUTNAM, STAYED AT THE TOWN BUT A SHORT TIME, AND SAYS HE SAW ALL THAT HE CARED TO OF HUMAN MISERY. IN RELATING WHAT HE SAW, HE SAID:

"It is a terrible sight. The lurid flames shoot up every now and then above the dense smoke and remind one of the pictures of hell. Before I left they were making some headway in subduing the flames, but when I arrived it was a smoking, burning ruin from end to end. In one cellar which I noticed near the center of the town there were eight human bodies, all more or less bruised and mangled. No attempt could be made to remove them from the cellar, as the flames were playing all about them and were slowly consuming them. In many places where the fire was burning the woodwork of the fallen buildings, I noticed human limbs or heads which were lying amidst the flames. The sight was terrible.

"Another terrible sight was the poor people who were not injured, if possible, even more heart-rending than that of those who had died. In many places friends or relatives of those who had perished were looking about among the ruins, trying

to discover, if possible, where their bodies lay. Each one was trying to find a loved one, and in many cases a look of almost idiotic frenzy was upon their faces. In some places old, decrepit men or women were hunting about, picking up a few valueless articles of personal property, while near them lay the body of a victim of the storm. Many of them seemed neither to care for the heat or the smoke, but peered about among the ruins as if half wishing, half fearing to find the object for which they searched.

"The disaster was not without its amusing features, however. One old couple were in a cellar and their own cook stove, which had been in the room above them, was deposited between them without injuring either in the least. One old farmer, oblivious to the horrors of his surroundings, hunted a larger part of the morning for an organ which he had just purchased. It was finally found in a pasture some distance away, with hardly a semblance of its former shape. Several people were in a cellar, when the storm took the home from over their heads. Hardly had it gone, when a neighbor's cupboard was deposited beside them in the cellar.

"One noticeable thing in connection with the cyclone was that several iron safes, which had withstood the shock, were left open, the doors having been wrenched from the hinges and broken off. The dead bodies of animals were scattered all over the ground, and from one point I could count thirty or forty almost within a stone's throw."

FIRST OUTSIDE PHYSICIAN—FIRST PHYSICIAN ON THE SCENE
—DR. BOOTHBY OF HAMMOND, WIS.

He arrived on the scene of the cyclone but a few hours after it passed, and devoted his entire time, without rest or sleep, to caring for the injured and aiding in the rescue work. He accompanied the injured to the hospitals in St. Paul. He was the first to give an account of the terrible havoc wrought by the storm to the press. He gave details which the reporters did not or could not furnish.

"The scenes which the physicians and nurses have witnessed at New Richmond are enough to make one's blood run cold. No one who has not seen the city as it now is can form even a faint idea of the terrible work of the cyclone. The storm made a clean sweep of the business portion of the city, striking just before the employees of the different stores would have left for supper, and completely wrecking everything in its course. Substantial brick store buildings went down before the storm like card houses, imprisoning in the ruins a very large number of persons who had no warning of their danger. Of the business portion of New Richmond, nothing remains except a tangled mass of debris, in which are yet, we fear, the bodies of a great many people.

"About 9 o'clock at night word came from the telegraph office that New Richmond had been completely wiped out. I at once left for the scene of the storm, carrying instruments and supplies for the relief of the injured. I learned afterwards that two young men, whose names I do not know, left New Richmond at once after the storm passed and drove with all speed to Roberts, ten miles south, where they secured communication by wire with Hammond, and gave word of what had happened.

"The Hammond relief arrived before midnight, and found what had been one of the most beautiful towns in Wisconsin, now a veritable charnel house. Everything was shrouded in inky darkness, and the work of relieving the suffering and caring for those near to death proceeded under circumstances which were heart-breaking. The New Richmond physicians did noble work. They were, of course, the first on the ground, and their efforts accomplished what would at first have seemed impossible.

"The St. Paul relief train arrived at an opportune time, and the nurses and physicians were a Godsend. At the time I arrived on the scene, fire had broken out in several quarters and added to the horror."

"The greatest need at present," continues Dr. Boothby, "is additional assistance in the way of nurses. We do not want any more visitors, and the city has doctors sufficient to care for all who need their attention. As soon as it became known that the city had been visited by a cyclone, people began to come. The crowds impede our progress in clearing away the debris and removing the bodies, and are a great inconvenience.

"There has been some complaint that among the strangers who have drifted into town are many who come to loot the ruins and desecrate the dead, but no instances of this kind have come to my personal attention.

"No, I cannot tell you how many are killed. The Catholic Church is being used as a temporary morgue until other accommodations can be furnished, as is also the schoolhouse."

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

C. H. MURRY'S LIFE SAVED IN THE BASEMENT OF THE NICOLLET HOTEL.

C. H. Murry, a traveling man for the wholesale tea house of William McMurry & Co., of East Third street, St. Paul, went through the cyclone at New Richmond. He said:

"I was stopping at the Nicollet House, a three-story building, kept as a hotel by Colonel C. D. McKinnon. I never saw so many people in the town before. There was a circus in the town, and there was to be a dance after the performance in the evening, and the streets were crowded with young people intent on the circus and the dance. At 6 o'clock I went to dinner at the hotel. Mrs. McKinnon, the wife of the proprietor, came rushing in from the kitchen, crying out, 'Cyclone,' and we ran for the cellar without stopping to ask questions. We were scarcely there when the cyclone struck the hotel.

"One man, named Carey, I think, was too late, and was blown back into the dining-room and killed. The girl that served us at the table was killed. I do not know her name. One of the laundry girls, who got into the cellar, was struck

by a falling beam and killed. The McKinnon family did not get to the cellar. Mrs. McKinnon ran for her children, and the family were in a small room in front. They sheltered themselves as well as they could from falling rubbish, using a marble-topped table for protection, but one of the children was killed. After the storm had passed, Mr. McKinnon found another child standing on the top of the ruins of the hotel, uninjured.

"The cyclone and the ruin were all over by 6:07, for the Wisconsin Central depot clerk marked that hour, as we found, after the storm. After the cyclone had passed, the wind blew with terrific violence and the rain fell in torrents, interrupting the work of rescue. I stayed and worked with several other traveling men until we thought we could do no more, and then dug my samples from the ruins and came to St. Paul on the train.

"I believe there were five people killed at the hotel—two men, one child, the table girl and the laundry girl. Carey who was killed there, was a druggist and lived in the town. The fire started at the south end of the town, the farthest from the hotel. It blazed up immediately after the cyclone, and I think caught in the ruins of a hardware store. There were about seven people in the cellar of the hotel. When the cyclone was on us it sounded exactly like a railroad train crossing a bridge."

"New Richmond, June 13.—(Times Special)—Late tonight the St. Paul police, who had been on guard during the day, were replaced by Company H of the Tenth Wisconsin Battalion from Chippewa Falls, under command of Captain Hartwell. The militia will remain in control until matters are finally adjusted."



SAFE FROM NEW RICHMOND ROLLER MILL CO.'S OFFICE,
BLOWN 100 FEET.

FURY OF THE WHIRLWIND.

EVERYTHING BEFORE IT LEVELED TO THE GROUND BY ITS
AWFUL FORCE.

New Richmond, Wis., June 13.—The storm struck this city at a few minutes past six, Monday evening. It was heralded by a noise like commingled crashing of thousands of thunderbolts. The familiar funnel-shaped cloud could be seen approaching with the speed of the wind, and although the warning given allowed but a few seconds' time for preparation, hundreds of people saved their lives by fleeing to the cellars. In some cases, however, this proved abortive.

Notably was this the fact in the Williams dry goods store, where the cellar proved a veritable death trap. Just how many were killed there may never be known. The building was a substantial two-story affair, built of heavy stone, and was thought to be tornado proof. The street in front of it was crowded with people, in consequence of the circus being in town, many of whom rushed inside for protection, only to meet their death. In fact, it is said that one of the employees of the store stood for a moment in the doorway and urged the people to come inside where they would be safe. The invitation was accepted by as many as could reach the supposed harbor before the cloud struck, and the result was the highest rate of mortality recorded in any place in the city. The great walls of the building were picked up and hurled down upon the cowering people within, crushing their lives out instantly. Only a few escaped alive. The history of the miraculous escape of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Williams is told elsewhere. (Author.)

MANY NARROW ESCAPES.

There were, of course, the usual number of miraculous escapes. The little daughter of Mr. Beebe was in a second-story room of a brick building which was entirely demolished. Others were in the room with her, but she alone escaped with her life. She was much injured. Walter W. Beebe and Dr. Wilber sought shelter in the cellar of Patton & Carey's drug store. When the walls fell, a large quantity of chloroform and ether was liberated, and they came very near to suffocation, but finally managed to escape to the open air. Other escapes no less remarkable were recorded on every hand. The two proprietors of this drug store, Mr. Carey and Mr. Patton, were both killed.

The family of Harrison Mattison sought safety in the cellar of their house, located about two miles southeast of Hudson. The upper part of the house was lifted up bodily, but the floor remained, and the family beneath were so frightened they did not realize that the cyclone had passed until a party of neighbors arrived and walked about over their heads. Then they came out, entirely unhurt.

The violence of the storm lasted but about twenty seconds in all, and although brief, the agony of those few moments will remain long in the memories of those who have lived to tell the tale.

The St. Paul relief train arrived at an opportune time, and they had, if possible, a still more terrible foe with which to contend. Immediately upon the abatement of the wind, flames began to make their appearance amidst the debris of what was a city a few moments before. The business portion was laid to waste; the buildings were not collapsed; they were utterly shattered, torn to splinters and scattered as egg shells before the fury of the wind.

Awful were the scenes and occurrences following. Stifled cries for help were to be heard on every side. Men sought their wives, wives their husbands, and crazed parents their

children. The struggles of animals pinioned beneath walls and timbers smote upon the ear, and then the ever increasing crackle of the flames as they gained headway were heard. Then it was that the work of rescue began. Men fighting grimly, manfully for the life of each poor pinioned wretch as their cries for help were located. Ah! how they worked! But they rescued many.

Private homes, churches, everything which could still serve as shelter were converted into hospitals, and to these the dead and dying were carried. Doctors—although there were four practitioners belonging to the town, one was from home twelve miles on a sick call and another was severely injured. The other two, although they did their utmost for the sufferers, were without the requisite sedatives, bandages, etc., which are indispensable in the case of the injured. Thus handicapped, they could render but little assistance.

FIRST RELIEF TRAIN.

This was the condition of affairs on the arrival of the first relief train shortly after midnight over the Wisconsin Central line from Chippewa Falls. This train was the response to the heart-rending appeal of a devastated city, flashed over the wires, which were afterwards down and useless. In an incredibly short space of time the train was flying on its mission of mercy, laden with physicians, with surgical supplies, and volunteers to help them, all of whom undertook this wild night's ride for sweet charity's sake.

THE WILD RUN CONTINUED.

At each small station along the entire route, over sixty miles, anxious men offered their services and were gladly taken along. The run of this relief train was a wild one and attended with many dangers. The light train plunged through the night. Telegraphic communication was impossible; there were no orders to guide. The driving rain which had been pouring for

hours added a constant danger of washouts, and, above all, the night express from Chicago was somewhere on the line, coming in the opposite direction. On they ran, and they were successful. It was made without mishap, and never was an expedition of this kind more of a Godsend, nor more opportune in its arrival. All hail to that Chippewa Falls train! That noble deed should be heralded in every country under the sun! (Author.)

SURGEONS SOON AT WORK.

Ten physicians were on this relief train, who were silently welcomed by the sad-faced citizens gathered at the station. Immediately a plan of organized relief was devised, five of the doctors going to the Congregational Church, where the larger portion of the injured lay, and the rest were conducted to different private residences, the doors of which had been thrown open to accommodate the unfortunate ones. This resulted in the first and second wards of the city being thoroughly covered until more assistance could arrive.

The sights which confronted the rescuers were awful. The dragging of some mangled, helpless creature from the ruins was inexpressibly sad. As usual in cases of catastrophe, hotels figured largely in the tragedy. The Hotel Nicolet of New Richmond was no exception to the general rule. Work upon the ruins of this building was begun among the first, and although it cannot be definitely determined, it is thought that at least eight perished among the hotel ruins.

Perhaps one of the saddest cases was the death of Miss Katie McKinnon, the eldest daughter of the landlord, Colonel McKinnon, a bright, beautiful and talented girl of 15 years. Shortly before 6 o'clock she had gone to her room. She was never seen alive after that. In the cold, gray dawn of the following morning her bruised and battered form was cut from under the pinioning timbers. There lay their once cheerful, happy child. Oh, cyclones! what bleeding hearts you have left behind! The remainder of Colonel McKinnon's family were

fortunate, and although the landlord, his wife and remaining two daughters, Alice and Birdie, had miraculous escapes, they were rescued from the ruins unharmed. It was to his youngest daughter, Birdie, that a most strange and peculiar thing happened, the child escaping death in an unaccountable way. It seems that upon the discovery of the approach of the storm, Mr. McKinnon had just time in which to place his little daughter in an opening in the partitions of the walls. Neither he nor his wife had time to seek a place of safety for themselves. The storm struck the building and reduced it to splinters, save for the large basement, which is occupied by the sample room. D. J. McKenzie, who was in this room, says that upon rushing out after the storm, the first sight that met his eyes was little Birdie sitting quietly upon the highest point of the heap of debris which alone remained of the hotel. The child was entirely unhurt. How this marvel occurred it is impossible to tell, but the fact remains. Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon were buried immediately beneath where the child sat, and although somewhat bruised, were not seriously injured. Three traveling men and two of the dining-room girls of the hotel saved their lives by tumbling down a stairway leading from the dining-room to the basement. One of these men was V. E. Brewer, a jewelry salesman. His trunks, containing much valuable goods, he was fortunate to recover.

CERTAIN INCIDENTS.

Although as a general rule the men forming the rescuing parties were noble, brave-hearted fellows, having only the desire to save and relieve from pain the unfortunates, yet there were deplorable incidents of display of the brutal.

"Be careful," cries one man, "your ax will go too deep. Be careful." Then the response: "What's the difference? He's dead." Incidents like these, though they did occur, were rare, however.



JAS. R. HENDERSON'S RESIDENCE.

One young girl of 18 years of age experienced a most wonderful escape from the awful death of being smothered under the collapse of one of the principal buildings on Main street. The young lady in question found herself, after the shock, in a space sufficiently large enough to allow free movement to her body. Naturally, the brave girl began tearing her way through the heaps of broken boards and timber. Nearly prostrated, she at last reached an opening, through which she crawled, reaching the street unharmed.

THE STRICKEN CITY IS A VERITABLE SCENE OF DESOLATION.

About 5:20 p. m., June 13: The sky was dark and lowering. The dark clouds overhanging the town moved together and precipitated a downfall of rain. The sky darkened and the downfall increased until it approached a cyclonic appearance. The scene was a grim reminder of the previous evening's calamity, which blotted out the town and left death in its train. The downfall continued over an hour. Giant trunks of stripped trees stood out in grim significance, while smoke from the burning debris hovered over the ruins. The cellars again became the place of refuge for the frightened people.

Through it all the work of rescue continued without interruption. Men worked their way carefully over the debris, pausing here and there to throw aside a timber and peer more closely into the mass of ruins. Not infrequently the low moan of a pinioned victim told of the latter's presence, and willing hands worked diligently for the unfortunate. There was no cessation. The approach of night caused no pause. Aided by flickering lanterns, efforts continued. Reports had been made to the relief committee of the known missing, and they were looked for. The town was filled with circus visitors Monday. How many of the latter met death is a mere conjecture. There may have been a score, or possibly less. Most industrious help was given by the corps of the Twin Cities, Stillwater, Chippewa Falls and other places.

The donations of food and clothing supplies which were so generously sent from St. Paul and Minneapolis were given out to the sufferers at Mr. A. Baker's residence, which was so nobly given up for that purpose. On the lawn of the Baker residence, Company C of Chippewa, in charge of Captain Hartley, erected their tents.

THE ST. PAUL FIREMEN BUSY.

The assistance given by the generous Omaha railroad should forever live in the minds of the New Richmond people. It cheered their broken hearts. Special trains were run from St. Paul at frequent intervals, whenever two or more injured were found. Chief Goss and twelve officers gave material assistance and prevented possible plunder. The crooks got in, in spite of the stringent regulations, and were getting in their plunder. One poor maimed sufferer was obliged to submit to his watch being taken and his pockets rifled of their contents, and he unable to defend himself. There were several similar cases.

ARRIVAL OF FIRE ENGINES.

The arrival of several pieces of apparatus from the St. Paul department was welcomed. Water was at once thrown on the burning ruins with immediate effect.

Congressman Jenkins was early on the scene and lent valuable aid. After a conference, a dispatch was sent the governor, beseeching aid. Late in the day a reply from the executive stated he would send a representative in the morning to look over the scene and report to him. This was not what was expected from the governor of the state, and local officers denounced the governor's stand.

They say people are homeless and without money. Bodies of many dead await interment. Assistance in the way of burial needs had been generously offered by Minnesota, but politely declined, as the survivors felt Wisconsin could take care of its dead.

"Could the governor have seen one part of the tragedy," remarked Mr. Jenkins to-night; "could he have witnessed the family of the Hon. Lawyer Hawkins—two brothers and two sisters dead; the latter killed while walking home; his wife, two daughters and youngest son, a boy of 12 years; the family laid out in the church—perhaps he would have acted more promptly."

But the case of Mrs. Brockbank and three children furnishes another incident. She was taken from the ruins barely alive, with her three children, ranging from 4 to 9 years, clinging about her arms and neck. They had been covered by twelve feet of debris.

As the bodies were recovered, they were brought to the schoolhouse, Catholic or Congregational Churches. Thence they were taken to the cemeteries, except in a few cases, where homes still stood in which the remains can be kept for a few hours, during which the final tribute of love could be tendered by the bereaved families. The bodies were prepared for burial by local and visiting undertakers, and as soon as identified were marked and disposed of as their friends requested.

NURSES DO GOOD WORK.

Rev. Dr. Degnan spent some sleepless nights and days looking after the bodies and souls of his parishioners. He was one of the coolest and best workers among the many who volunteered their aid. Nurses and physicians from St. Paul, who had come down by special train on the Omaha road as soon as news of the disaster reached the Minnesota capital, were of great help, all night and day. When the day closed all the seriously injured were believed to have been cared for. Those whose injuries were serious, but whose chances of recovery were believed to be good, were quickly sent to the hospitals of St. Paul, where better care could be given them. The slightly injured and those whose condition seemed hopeless were kept here, and were given the best attention possible.

The next day after the calamity hundreds of morbidly curious people from neighboring towns and cities thronged our town, and crowded about those whose hearts had been wrung with anguish. The desolate view of New Richmond in those days will not soon be forgotten. Among the broken fragments of our homes we wandered helplessly, some striving aimlessly and hopelessly to gather what had been left.

On the east and west limits of the city many houses were still standing with little or no damage, and to these homes the occupants welcomed their less fortunate neighbors and friends, giving them such aid as was possible and the true sympathy that means so much to stricken souls.

Late in the night of the 13th, the fire broke out afresh. The rain having ceased, seemed the signal for the dreadful flames to get in their work of terrible destruction. Although strengthened by additional apparatus from dear St. Paul, who was our best friend in our hour of need, the fire department was unable to cope with the flames. A drizzling rain set in about 9 o'clock, but that had little effect. The fire was but too near that portion of the town where the missing bodies were supposed to be. With desperate efforts the work of rescue continued, but two victims only rewarded the devoted band. They were the remains of Michael Harrington, an aged man, and Annie Clough, employed in the Nicollet Hotel. The latter, poor girl, was found in an attitude of work, surrounded by dishes and kitchen utensils. Joseph Hirsch was removed from the debris. He suffered serious injury, but was not dangerously hurt.

Another annoyance to the afflicted town was the steady congregation of toughs. They actually held up some of the defenceless people during the night. Toughs is too tame a name. Ghouls appears to me more appropriate. No wonder we hailed the coming of the militia to defend us. These were awful days to the survivors of New Richmond. When I look back now it seems all like a hideous dream. Ah, I wish it were but a dream! But when one looks around in familiar places where the mass of the people would gather together, how

many are missed! Though we may not have lost relatives, yet we did friends that we loved; bright characters that made it pleasant to meet; cheerful, happy faces we will never see again. A friend said to me a few days ago: "I feel like cursing the cyclone. I have lost my accumulations of years. I must begin life's problem over again." Another said: "I am too old to work for a fortune. Why was I spared to meet crushing poverty, when I might be surrounded by many comforts?" Wait,—a few years, my friend, will solve the mystery. Greater comforts may await you in a brighter, better world, where one will never fear that a cyclone will injure them, or that they will lose their fortunes. Heaven is rich in fortunes for the blessed. (Author.)



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BUSINESS SECTION AFTER THE STORM.

BUILDINGS RAZED TO THE GROUND.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE RESIDENCES AND BUSINESS PLACES DEMOLISHED.

Starting at the south end of the town, the following is a partial list of the buildings completely demolished:

Mrs. Dayton, residence and barn.

Willard Wells, residence and barn. He was killed.

Holland Beck's residence and barn.

H. Tafts and brother's three residences.

Samuel Horn, residence.

Mrs. John McHenry, three residences.

Charles Bell, residence occupied by Fred La Pointe, who suffered leg, arm and ribs.

Two residences, names unknown.

Henry Beal, residence and barn.

Anthony Early, a new residence. He was killed.

Three other residences, owned by Smith estate.

Mr. O'Brien, barber, residence.

W. H. Hopkins, residence. He was badly bruised.

Edward Perry, residence.

M. S. Bell, residence, occupied by a Baptist minister.

James Gifford, residence.

Dr. Knapp, residence. He and his wife injured.

James O'Brien, two residences.

Lawyer S. N. Hawkins, three residences. Two daughters and youngest son, his wife and Mr. Early, all dead; the latter his father-in-law.

Mr. Frank W. Bartlett, three residences, occupied, respectively, by A. G. Boehm, Dr. Gerard and F. W. Kuhn.

WEST SIDE OF MAIN STREET.

Henry Beal, grocery store.
Ward L. Williams, dry goods.
W. W. Bixby, furniture. He was killed.
New Richmond Bank.
E. O. Kaye, drug store.
Padden & Hughes, hardware.
Bell & Smith, meat market.
Justin Hicks, grocery store. He was killed.
William Fink, bakery.
O. J. Williams, hardware.
Belle E. Aldrich, drug store.
M. J. Scott, restaurant.
Mrs. Gavin, millinery.
H. W. Starr, jewelry.
H. H. Bigelow, photographer. He was killed.
L. O. Tatro, barber shop.
Parden Brothers, grocery. W. Parden was killed.
Ben Powell, novelty store.
Mrs. Brockbank, notion store.
E. A. Glover, general store.
Manufacturers' Bank.
Hotel Nicollet.
E. J. Scott, printing office.

EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET.

D. O. Manies, livery stable.
T. Johnson, harness maker.
T. Mulroney, seed store.
D. Dodge & Berg, grocery and dry goods.
Olson & Legard, tailors. Mr. Legard killed.
John Avery, tinner.
Lew Winters, jewelry.
California Wine House.
Earl Dawley, confectionery.

F. T. Bannister, photographer.
C. H. Todd, jewelry.
T. P. Martin, barber. He was killed.
John Johnson, saloon.
Mark Casey, furniture store.
E. J. Thompson, clothing store.
William Fitzgerald, grocer.
Patten & Carey, druggists. Both killed.
Newell Brothers, dry goods and groceries.
Postoffice.
L. Leith's machinery store.
Harrington, blacksmith shop.
C. Cananova & Conrad, saloon.
Cullin & Greeley, saloon.
McCarty & Tanney, grocers.
Samuel Johns, shoe store.
Andrew Densen, dry goods and groceries.
Michael O'Brien, barber.
Andrew Tobin, machinery.
Turnon & Bently, harness and repair shop.
Farmers' Hotel.

ON THE SIDE BUSINESS STREETS.

John Lotz, meat market.
Weekly Republican office.
Boehm Tobacco and Cigar Factory.
Charles Day, express office.
Dr. Wade, office.
J. Peterson, shoemaker.
Mrs. McCarthy, dressmaker.
Dr. Wells, dentist office.
Henry Jagers, machine shop.
McGrath, blacksmith shop and residence.
Thomas Row, five residences.
M. S. Bell, eight or ten residences and three or four stores.

William Burton, residence.

Dr. Johnson, residence. He was seriously hurt.

George Wells' residence.

Ward Gould, residence. He was killed.

Hiram Foster, residence.

Anthony Lynch, residence.

A. P. Kibbie, residence.

Thomas Harrington, residence.

Thomas Rosebrook, residence. He and wife killed.

Dr. Epily's residence, office and stables.

W. F. McHalley, residence and offices.

Andrew Brown's residence, hall and other buildings.

T. P. Martin's residence. He was killed.

William Hughes' residence and office. His son was killed.

Mark Casey's residence.

Mr. Olson's residence.

Mr. A. Lynch's residence.

M. Williams' residence.

Mr. Gould's residence. He and his mother-in-law were killed.

Mr. G. Wells' residence.

The Methodist Church destroyed completely.

The Masonic Hall, Hagan's Opera House and Brown's rink, all are gone.

The Omaha depot was completely swept away.

The city power house and water works are in ruins.

The iron bridge across the Willow River on Main street was carried away.

What People Said who Visited New Richmond Before the Cyclone.

"New Richmond was one of the most picturesque of the smaller Wisconsin towns. It was located about fifteen miles directly east of Stillwater, at the junction of the North-Western and Wisconsin Central roads, on the Willow River. The main street of the town ran parallel to the North-Western tracks and a block distant.

"It was substantially built up with brick and stone structures. The town was lighted by electricity and had a good water system. It was not of mushroom growth, and hence possessed the added beauty of large shade trees, even in the business districts. It boasted two banks and two hotels, and its stores were first-class in every particular.

LIST OF INJURED.

B. H. Taft, scalp wound.

J. B. Hurley, Wisconsin Central agent; his foot was crushed.

Mrs. Cosgrove, 84 years old, bruised and cut.

Miss Josephine Roscheim, slight.

Miss Cora Roscheim, slight.

Frank Jennings, legs broken.

Frank Le Point, both legs broken.

Mrs. Brockbank, hip crushed.

John Wells, severe wound on temple and head.

Oscar Ohrase, arm broken.

John Wells, a farmer, back hurt.

William Lavell, leg broken and head cut.

John Rybird, stone mason, back hurt.

Harry McGraw, slight wound.

George C. Hough, scalp wound.

Mrs. George C. Hough, severe,—now recovered.
J. L. Ratty, face and head cut, slightly.
Mrs. Ratty, injured severely.
Mr. Hall, ribs broken—severe.
James Phillips, serious wounds.
Bridget Phillips, serious.
Mr. Stephen Hawkins, limb crushed severely.
Mr. Fred Hawkins, slightly wounded.
Dr. Knapp, slightly wounded.
Mrs. Knapp, slightly wounded.
Charles Wills was severely wounded—died of his wounds.
John Gillen, collar-bone and arm broken.
Mrs. John Gillen, seriously injured; since died.
Charles Gillen, thigh broken.
Ward Gould, serious; since died of wounds.
Mrs. Gould, slightly wounded.
Mrs. Hollinbeck, seriously wounded.
Assistant postmaster, internal injury; serious.
Mr. John McCoy, leg broken.
Mrs. Brockbank, leg broken.
Fred Foster, fireman, head and arm injured.
G. Gardinier, seriously injured.
Mrs. E. Wells, ———
Sarah Dunbar, seriously injured.
John Barrett, dangerously injured; died.
Mrs. Scott, mother, and John Scott, son, ———
Henry Lewis, blacksmith, serious.
Viva Lewis, slight.
Willie Hopkins, head injured.
H. C. Hall, three ribs broken, internal injuries.
Hans Johnson, internal injuries.
Henry Christiansen, painter, badly hurt.
William Lavalley, ribs and leg fractured.
Martin Strommen, shoulder injured.
Fred Day, Chicago traveling man.
Mrs. John McMahon.

Edward Lotz, slightly.
John Lotz, slightly.
Mrs. John Lotz, severely.
John Clarke, severely injured.
Mrs. Clarke, severely injured.
Eight Clarke children, painfully bruised.
E. J. Scott, nose broken and arm sprained.
J. Walsh, injuries about head.
E. L. Doty, ribs fractured and badly bruised.
Mr. Michael, Portage, Wis., with circus, severely.
R. B. Hall, with circus, severely.
Charles Harte, with circus, severely.
Frank Leavey, band leader, with circus, severely.
R. B. F. Gollmar, with circus, slightly.
Henry Lewis, badly cut about head.
Miss Lewis, arm broken.
William Kelly, severely.
Mrs. M. Kelly, severely.
Mr. W. F. McNally, leg broken.
Leonard Taft, badly hurt.
Mrs. O'Donnell, Oylon, Wis., slightly.
Thomas Hanlon, Stanton, leg hurt.
Bertha McKinnon, slightly hurt.
Lillie Klosterman, St. Paul, slightly.
Mrs. J. Mahan.
Ray Stone, slightly injured.
H. W. Starr, jeweler, arm broken.
Bertha Beebe, broken wrist.
Thomas Newell, injured slightly.
Michael Newell, three ribs broken.
Fred Le Point, injured.
Benjamin F. Powell, seriously.
Lillian Livingston, slightly wounded.
Mrs. Richards, slightly.
Mrs. William McGrath, badly bruised.
Mr. William McGrath, badly bruised.

Mrs. Isidore Germaine, serious gash in side.

Michael Scott, hurt on head.

Mrs. Scott, slightly.

James Finnegan, dislocated hip.

Arthur Lane, Turtle Lake, slightly.

John Barrett, slightly.

John Bastians, seriously.

John Wells, seriously.

TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT OF S. N. HAWKINS.

One of the families to suffer most from the storm was that of S. N. Hawkins, a well-known attorney of New Richmond. Mr. Hawkins himself was seriously injured. His wife, a most amiable lady, two accomplished daughters, a young son, twelve years old, killed outright in the cyclone. His eldest son, Fred, associated with his father in the law, injured. But one son, Robert, escaped without any injury.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rosebrook were both killed, and their two daughters, Cora and Josephine, were seriously injured.

DEAD.

On an improvised slab in the Catholic Church were laid three bodies,—George Stack, his wife and their only child. Happy in their home life, happy in themselves; never a harsh word came between them. They lived together in perfect harmony, and died in each other's arms. The little child was found between them, clinging to his mother's gown, with a look of frightened agony on its innocent face.

Mr. Stack was a skillful workman. He was engaged by Dr. Degnan to build the "Grotto of Lourdes," in the cemetery of the Catholic Church. It remains unbuilt.

MESSAGES.

GOVERNOR LIND OF MINNESOTA COMES NOBLY TO THE AID
OF NEW RICHMOND PEOPLE.

The following exchange of messages took place between the governors of Minnesota and Wisconsin:

Honorable Edward Scofield, Governor of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.—“Our people are doing everything in their power to alleviate distress and suffering at New Richmond. Have you anything to suggest that I might do to further relieve the situation?”

JOHN LIND, Governor.

Honorable John Lind, Governor of Minnesota, St. Paul, Minn.—“I thank you and the people of Minnesota on behalf of Wisconsin for your efforts to alleviate distress at New Richmond. I think we have now on the way help sufficient to meet the immediate necessities of the occasion.”

EDWARD SCOFIELD,

Governor of Wisconsin.

REFLECTIONS.

After all has been said; after the horrible word-pictures have been drawn by the witnesses of Monday night's tragedies, and after the events which have wrung the hearts and whitened the hairs of New Richmond people have passed into history, there will still remain with them something which can never be realized by those who have not been residents here.

To see the once beautiful city a trackless waste is one thing, but to see the boys and girls, the men and women, those whom you loved and who loved you, the people whose lives had become a part of the very fiber of your being, who were connected with everything that was of interest to you, to see those carried, one by one, followed by little processions of relatives, with scared

white faces and swiftly-beating hearts, and hurriedly buried to make room for the next set of mourners, is something which will live on in the minds of all forever.

These are experiences which leave scars that may soften, but never heal. The sound of the sod falling on the many coffins, the sharp cries of agony of the friends, the tears that dim their eyes as they realize that it is a final farewell, leave impressions that will last until they, too, have passed through the valley of the shadow to join those who are "Not lost, but gone before."

Those who have visited the scenes of devastation at New Richmond could estimate, perhaps, the damage done, but the mental anguish crowded into a few minutes that dark afternoon of June 12, 1899, must be beyond all imagination to estimate. Neither can one who was not here imagine the horrors of the scene—the awful darkness; then the terrible death-dealing wind sweeping a path before it and leaving behind it mutilated bodies; widows, who a moment before were happy wives; widowers, who had been happy husbands; fathers and mothers, now childless; little ones made orphans. And when one looks into the cellars of the houses in New Richmond that had been homes, and sees but the debris of the storm, it is almost impossible to conceive how any escaped, so great was the havoc wrought. And the suffering in these cellars will never be known by others than the sufferers, and those of them who still survive will remember it as a dream, an awful nightmare, in which the hand of death reached for them, but hesitated, and left them to the anguish of the after moments, this, in itself, almost as horrible as any death could be.

The scene of horror lasted all that fated Monday night, all of Tuesday and Tuesday night, and all day Wednesday. Willing hands made hasty and eager search for the dead, and found them—found them so often that after a time there was no longer horror in it. More than a hundred graves have been made since last Sunday.

Awful as was the storm of itself, the night which followed was, if anything, worse. On all sides could be seen bodies of those who had perished or the mangled, torn bodies of those who escaped sudden death to die a thousand deaths before crossing the dark river, and in the darkness could be heard the shrieks of those who escaped death by the storm to meet it in more fearful form in the flames. Figures of men, bloody and torn, but still possessed of abnormal strength, were everywhere, guided by the light of the flames or by the shrieks, rescuing the wounded. And, as an everlasting shame on the human race, there were others who calmly left the dead and dying to search for booty.

In Richmond, after the lapse of a few days, the finding of an arm, or a basket of charred human bones, would have been calmly regarded. Men grow accustomed to such horrors.

A strange Sunday was that which followed the devastation of the awful cyclone. It was a day of work, not of rest, at least, for the living. The laborers continued to wield pick and shovel, hammer and saw. But there were church bells as well, ringing. The Catholic Church was still standing, and a Norwegian Church, without marks of the storm. The Catholic Church was a morgue, to be sure, but not on Sunday. It was a sanctuary for the living, and at 8 a. m. the bell called the people to mass. Then at 10:30 a. m. the high mass was celebrated. Rev. Dr. Degnan had a busy week among the dying and dead, administering consolation and hope. And he was, it is hoped, most successful in removing burdens of sorrow and doubt from the afflicted living.

A MOST NOTABLE SERMON BY REV. DR. DEGNAN, OF NEW RICHMOND—COURAGE, PATIENCE, RESIGNATION THE LESSON TO LEARN.

By wire from New Richmond, Wis., June 19: One of the sensations of the first Sunday in ruined New Richmond was the unexpected turn in the morning service at the Catholic Church. Dr. Degnan had intended to hold a simple mass with a short sermon, in which no allusion would be made to

the calamity of Monday evening. But when he arose before the audience he changed his purpose and delivered an address which will long be remembered in connection with the history of the great storm.

To begin with, Dr. Degnan had buried fifty-nine of his parishioners, among them three of his altar boys. He had visited hundreds of the injured and had worked all the week almost without rest. In spite of the terrible scenes he had witnessed, he thought himself calm enough to preach a simple sermon from the Gospel of the day. But before him he saw his church packed with his own members and many strangers. Here and there, a sorrowing mother would be wiping away the tears she could not repress, and in scores of faces could be seen the grief which no dissembling could conceal.

This settled it with Dr. Degnan. He saw his duty was to comfort those sorrowing people, not by sympathizing with them, but by cheering them up, by inspiring them with new hope and courage. Speaking entirely extempore, and with a spontaneity which no stenographer could follow, with an enthusiasm which was electrical in its influence on his hearers, the priest did more in his short address than he could have accomplished in months of pastoral visitation. Looking down into the sad faces, he began:

DR. DEGNAN'S DISCOURSE.

"Many happy faces are found wanting in this once prosperous congregation, and many a sad countenance is left behind to mourn the loss of our departed loved ones. The fearful storm that arose in its might and power on last Monday night has leveled to the ground our once beautiful and prosperous little city. Many a home is made desolate and sad, many a chair is vacant, but this sadness and affliction which has come upon us must not bury us in desolation. While God in His Providence has seen fit to send us this terrible catastrophe, yet his mercy and goodness have supplied us with many noble, generous and philanthropic friends.

"The philanthropy of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Stillwater, St. Cloud and all the towns of our own state will now serve as lamps for our feet and torches for our path to lead us on to a bright and prosperous future. We should thank God that we live in a land that is characterized by noble deeds and all that is grand, ennobling and inspiring in human nature.

"The dark clouds that gathered over this prosperous town are not without the bright rays of sunshine. In the sad hour of our affliction we must not sit by the wayside of sorrow, but listen to the encouraging words of noble and charitable and loyal friends.

"The banner of the Red Cross, which now floats over our city, will teach us our duty in these days of darkness and misery. And what is our duty? It is what God has commanded, and it is duty because He has commanded it. He now commands us to be true to ourselves, to our fellows and to Him. Duty, then, is God's will working in our lives. Duty is the law of life, the spring of action, the condition of all dignity, the end of man, and the measure of reward. Duty makes character, character makes life, and life makes the measure of happiness; and the true end of all life is to know and love that life that never ends. Duty makes the man, shapes the saint, carves out the hero and glorifies humanity.

"That banner of the Red Cross teaches us kindness, charity, benevolence and gratitude, and inspires us to follow the instructions of St. Paul, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' That banner of the Red Cross derives all of its efficacy and usefulness from the lessons taught us by the blood-stained cross of the crucified Savior: When he hung suspended between heaven and earth and surrounded by all the terrors and agonies of death, He set us an heroic example of calmness, benevolence, resignation and charity; and as He set us the example, He wishes us to imitate Him in all the calamities of our life.

"If we keep our eyes on the banner of the Red Cross and remember the Cross of Calvary, we cannot be remiss in our

duty in this sad hour of affliction. Let us then go forth with glad and joyful hearts; let the spirit of the crucified Savior and His example in His trying ordeal inspire our hearts with noble thoughts and noble deeds. Kind words, kind thoughts and kind deeds must characterize us all in bearing one another's burdens.

"In the temple of your minds let none but kind thoughts dwell. Be kind in speech to all who are afflicted. Kind words are the music of God's world. They are the solace of the broken-hearted and the sunshine of existence. Do kindly deeds. Kindness is the pouring out of self on others; it is a little thing, but little things make up life. Do not repine over our present misfortune, but rise, like true heroes and heroines, superior to the distressing surroundings, and lift your heads to the heavens of God. The home of happiness must now be in each one's heart and not in the thoughts of the sad catastrophe.

"Be not idle or let down to useless dreaming; labor, courage and duty are now our only source of joy. Put on, then, the armor of courage and manliness. Let all that is noble in human nature characterize us in our dealings with our fellow men and in all our dealings with the poverty stricken. Let us do all in our power to build up the homes of the afflicted, and to place on a firm and solid basis our once beautiful city. Our generous friends will prove loyal and true to us, and we must prove worthy and grateful to them for their generosity and kindness. The faces that are missing in the congregation and in this sorrowful city will, in God's mercy, be replaced. Under the benign influence of an all-merciful Providence, generous hands will rebuild all that we have lost. The roughest storm a calm must soon allay.

"In all our work let all that is noble in human nature characterize us. Let us write in letters of gold everlasting gratitude to the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Stillwater, St. Cloud and all the towns of our state. May all that have helped us in our affliction never taste of the cup of sorrow of

which we have been obliged to drink, but may the fullest measure of peace, happiness and prosperity follow them in all their paths of life.

"While the catastrophe may seem overwhelming in its devastation, yet remember out of every twenty of our citizens nineteen were preserved, and scarcely one passed through the portals of death without the comfort and consolation of religion. Give not away to sorrow, then, but let willing minds, with willing hands and willing hearts, start out and rebuild the homes made desolate and the poverty stricken city.

"God is with us and noble friends are at our back. This congregation will rise up in the near future to its former prosperous condition, and our little city is destined to rise out of the ashes with a brighter and better garb than it ever wore in the past."

The ringing and courageous words of the beloved priest had the desired effect. The weeping eyes were dried, and the sorrowing faces brightened. Despair gave way to hope, sorrow to joy, and the inspiration of the hour will do wonders in helping the congregation of the church of the "Immaculate Conception" to face the future.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE—JUNE 20, 1899.

Tuesday morning, at 9:30 a. m., Rev. Dr. Dignan held memorial services for the members of his parish who perished in the storm. There was mass in the church, a sermon and procession to the cemetery, where the burial services were read.

All New Richmond were interested in the fate of Thomas McNally. He was one of the popular young men of the town, a clerk in Thompson's clothing store, and known by everybody who traded in New Richmond. He was terribly injured in the storm, but calmly worked for an hour or more rescuing dead and dying. But he had to give up finally, and when the doctors, ten or twelve of them, examined him, the verdict

was unanimous that he had to die. But he refused to die at once, and since then has been defying death with a nonchalance which is never failing.

"How are you feeling, Tom?" asked Father Dagnan when he visited him on the 18th of June.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied. "I am comfortable and I have an angel of a nurse."

"Tom, I hope you haven't been making love to her," admonished the priest, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, I made a few passes at her," Tom admitted, and added, by way of explanation, "She's stuck on my looks."

As his nose is spread over most of his face and his head is otherwise demoralized, it can be surmised that he was intent on having his little joke. The sentiment was general that death should be content with his harvest of the past week and spare Tom McNally.

The light fingered folks came with the crowd on the 18th, on the Wisconsin Central. The Omaha refused to bring the crowds to the still suffering city. The pickpockets were on hand, but the efficient detectives, Howard and Lawrence of Minneapolis, Chub Elliott of Eau Claire and a plain clothes man from Milwaukee, rendered their intentions ineffectual.

Menomonie is represented here with fifty men and teams ready to go to work this morning (June 19th, 1899), and helpers from other towns came. Hudson supplied hundreds of valuable and tireless men and women helpers.

E. E. Gatchel, a druggist, put his store at the service of New Richmond. He has been drawn upon for unlimited drugs and surgical supplies. The Eau Claire men went home after a week of faithful and intelligent work. Others replaced them. Governor Scofield arrived on the 20th. Illness kept him away, but he had a faithful representative in Major Doyon.

The different views taken by the various pastors who occupied pulpits on the 18th (Sunday) of the causes for the presence of a cyclone in New Richmond:

In nine pulpits here (Minneapolis) yesterday the cyclone was the subject of the sermon. The general sentiment expressed was that it was a mysterious dispensation of Providence, but the Rev. Joseph Moran, of the Episcopal Church, said it was the devilish work of an unknown power and not the act of God.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.

A bold attempt to rob the vault of the Manufacturers' Bank was made during the night. William Thompson, the teller of the bank, gave the following account of the affair: Shortly after midnight the young man whom he had hired to watch the vault during the night heard a man slide down beside the vault. He waited a minute and saw him set down a small satchel, from which he began to take burglar's tools. He turned a dark lantern on the door of the vault and began his nefarious work at once. The watchboy, instead of running to call the guard, commanded the man to halt and started for him with only a club in his hand. He just succeeded in reaching the robber and dealing him one blow over the head when the fellow picked up his kit of tools and took to his heels. The boy followed him, but did not succeed in overtaking him before he got outside the lines. A complete description of the burglar was given the police here, and the Twin City detectives were working on the case. They believed they were on the track of the fellow, and had hopes of capturing him before night. It was thought that he was one of the men working on the ruins during the day, and changed his clothes at night for the daring attempt to reach the money in the vault.

With the exception of the above desperate attempt on the bank, the city has been comparatively free from crime, except petty larceny and the pilfering of demolished buildings outside the lines of the militia.

Considerable complaint was heard about the action of people supposed to have been connected with the circus on the night

of the storm. The circus drove their wagons out of town early next morning, and it is reported that they contained hundreds of dollars' worth of property taken from the stores immediately after the storm. Mr. Ben Powell tells how an attempt was made to rob him by an unknown man. Mr. Powell was pinned down in the ruins of the Powell & Lounsbury fancy goods store. A friend was trying to dig him out, but went away to get more aid. A stranger volunteered to take his place, but as soon as the friend left he went through Mr. Powell's pockets. He took out a tobacco pouch from his trousers, and finding it was not a purse, replaced it. Mr. Powell had a large roll of money in a long leather book in his inside coat pocket. With one arm which was free he managed to keep the fellow from getting this before help arrived.

The death of Willie Hughes, a bright lad of some 12 years, eldest son of Mr. William Hughes, a most learned and esteemed lawyer of this city, was much lamented. The boy came for his father, bringing an umbrella, as a light rain was falling. He reached his father's office, and both hurriedly began to descend the stairs, hand in hand, when the wind hurled the boy from his father's side. That was the last of the amiable lad seen alive. Four days later, a few charred bones were found and identified by a peculiar garter buckle which he wore at the time.

Mrs. Sarah Greeton, a lady 92 years of age, was found dead after the cyclone had passed. She was calmly lying on the bed, and must have died from the shock. She had been a very beautiful and interesting character.

The city of New Richmond had an excellent mandolin orchestra of six pieces, and fortunately all escaped alive. After the cyclone, they were open for engagements. The business manager is Mr. B. Sherman, a dentist here. The other members of the orchestra are Misses Peters, Mable Todd, James Reid, bookkeeper of Northern Grain Company, and C. H. Todd, jeweler. All the gentlemen of the party had very

narrow escapes, and lost all their business property, and some their homes.

There are many stories of miraculous escapes. Miss Maud Tatro was rescued just a moment before the flames reached her. She was caught in the debris of the Hicks & Co. store, where Mr. Hicks lost his life. Edward Keith, traveling agent of Dore & Redpath, St. Paul, dug his way out from the cellar. He was near Miss Tatro and went to work to save her. He was injured himself so that it was impossible to work fast, but succeeded in forcing out her body, all except the right foot. He called to three men who were passing, and they all went to work. The building was over half burned. Maud was perfectly conscious, and a moment more her clothing would have been afire. It was decided to pull her out, even if the foot was jerked off. Charles Lambdin, George Ball and Joe Blair had come to Mr. Keith's assistance. They gathered the young lady in their arms and with a terrible jerk brought her out. All the ligaments of her foot were torn loose, but she was otherwise uninjured.

SOUVENIR FIENDS.

HUNDREDS WERE IN SEARCH OF MEMENTOES OF THE NEW RICHMOND DISASTER.

The souvenir fiends, of whom there were hundreds, took everything within reach, from silver spoons to infants' shoes, and it required every effort to preserve property where all lines were obliterated. Thirty extra deputies from members of the Hudson city guard left by special train for New Richmond on the evening of the 15th. General Boardman of Hudson assumed charge of the militia, Sheriff Greene of the corps of deputy sheriffs.

A number of crooks were driven off. The third carload of supplies from Hudson was sent to New Richmond the 16th. Supplies kept pouring in. The same day a \$2,000 check was

sent from Minneapolis. It gladdened the people of the stricken city. It required several thousands to remove the debris in search for the dead. Three hundred men were engaged in this duty all day the 15th. Dead animals were being buried and sanitary measures enforced by the different officials. Report claims that the clearing away of the debris alone cost \$9,716.69. A petition had been circulated through the county, as provided by law, calling for a meeting of the St. Croix county board to help the sufferers. Money was much needed at this time. It soon came. St. Paul and Minneapolis, besides the smaller cities of Wisconsin, and also of Minnesota, soon came to the rescue. Consult the report at the end of this work.

NEW RICHMOND'S THANKS.

The citizens' committee of New Richmond wired the following to the Associated Press:

"Our committee rejoices in generous contributions: Minneapolis citizens, \$2,000; J. H. Allen & Co. of St. Paul, \$5; Viroque, Wis., \$100; Madison, Wis., \$200; St. Louis, Mo., one contributor, \$72; St. Cloud, Minn., \$500; J. J. McCurdy, St. Paul, \$200; Mannheimer Brothers, St. Paul, \$200; Omaha Railway Company, \$1,000 and free transportation of supplies; many other contributions which it is impossible for us with our present organization to acknowledge in detail. We wire these thanks to the Associated Press and wish to say that it will be impossible for us to promptly thank the various donors in the future from New Richmond, but that B. J. Price, the member of the committee at Hudson, Wis., will acknowledge all contributions from there."

The 14th of June, 1899, was called, in a special manner, "New Richmond's Day of Mourning." Thirty-two victims were buried. Sad-faced women, children and men, down whose furrowed cheeks tears were running, followed their dead from the Catholic Church to the cemetery in the rear. All the

afternoon the mournful procession kept up. Sometimes there were a dozen coffins at a time, one close behind the other. Hardly time was left for a few tears before the coarse cloths covered the coffins of the loved ones from view. There is still a large number of unburied dead. Coffins failed to arrive. To-morrow the burials will continue.

There was one little white coffin. In it lay a child of about two years, and a baby of a few months, each with marble faces, and here and there a bruise on their little heads. They were placed against the altar of the church, and photographed, and then laid to rest.

A solitary, worn old man, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, followed the coffin of Walter Farrell to its grave and knelt down in the deep grass in agony as the coffin disappeared from view. In another part of the graveyard a mother and her daughters knelt by the coffin of the husband and father so suddenly dashed from their side, and they refused to be comforted. Thus it was.

Over at the Congregational Church, the steeple was smashed almost to kindling wood, and its bell, which had rung so many times, lay buried in the ruins. The windows were blown out, and a portion of the roof gone. This church was also turned into a morgue. In the interior, piled on a table, were loaves of bread close beside coffins. Cushions lay on the floor with pieces of broken boards and dozens of coffins. The adjoining room was fitted with improvised slabs supported on the up-turned bottoms of chairs, and on these slabs lay the bodies of people sacrificed to Monday's storm.

CLEAR LAKE.

Near Clear Lake there were marvelous escapes. The same storm that destroyed New Richmond swept through Clear Lake, destroying the home of Mr. Sam Olson, killing him instantly, fatally injuring his wife, and his son was badly hurt. Adjoining his place was the home of Torgar Torgenson. This also was completely demolished, but the family,

who had taken refuge in the cellar, escaped injury. Next was the home of J. C. Walsworth. He and his family escaped death in a marvelous manner. The family had taken refuge in the cellar, and was scarcely in when the house was lifted off and destroyed. Mr. Walsworth, who is the general agent for a farm machinery company, had a number of mowers and binders and rakes on the premises, and a number of these were blown into the cellar, completely filling it; but every member of the family of seven escaped with scarcely any injury.

Next was the home of William Lewis. The house, with its barn, was destroyed. A large town hall next met the same fate. North of this about a mile and a half were the homes of John and Reuben Hale. Both, together with the barns and other farm buildings, were leveled to the ground, and a Mr. Rozenquest seriously injured. Mr. Fred Kennetz's home was the next. Everything he owned was demolished, and Mr. Kennetz killed.

The home of Mr. P. L. Taylor, one mile north of town, was also blown down, and Mr. Taylor very badly injured. Directly west of the village, the home of Hans J. Johnson met the same fate. The family lost everything. The school-house, two miles north of town, was blown to atoms, and the home of Mr. Grant, forty rods in the rear, destroyed.

East of the town the storm was also terrific. One family, whose name has not been learned, had the greater part of the house lifted over their heads, but the family of six were uninjured. The father was blown twenty rods, and when he recovered his feet was surprised to find a son deposited alongside of him. Both went towards the house to meet the mother with three children, looking for a refuge. The large barn of John E. Glover at Willowville was destroyed. Many horses and cattle were killed.

At least fifteen families are homeless and some are absolutely destitute. Barns and windmills are blown down on nearly every farm in this vicinity. Many people are in need of immediate assistance, and a movement in that direction was

begun. A telegram was sent to Gov. Scofield, calling his attention to the state of affairs, June 15th.

The crew working in the refuse of Patton & Carey's drug store, in the east side of the basement reached a large door which had fallen flat on top of John Wells, killing him immediately, but protecting the body from mutilation, except by the weight of wall piled on top of the door, which crushed the life out of the promising lad. John was the 17-year-old son of a farmer, Mr. Charles Wells, Erin Prairie.

Two stores away, about fifteen minutes later, the crushed body of Jacob Schumacher of Stillwater, was found. He had worked on the farm of John Harrington, eight miles south of New Richmond. Mr. Schumacher was 35 years of age, and sought refuge in Cullen & Greeley's from the storm, where he met his death. He was identified by his clothing. His face was mashed so as to be unrecognizable. Friends telegraphed his brother, Mr. M. Schumacher of Stillwater, but the remains being too badly decayed for shipment, were buried here.

APPEAL FOR A CHURCH—THE BAPTIST PASTOR WITHOUT A HOME OR PLACE OF WORSHIP.

New Richmond, Wis., June 16.

The following letter tells its own tale:

Editor St. Paul Dispatch: Your readers may care to hear from the pastor of the Baptists in this sorrow-stricken place. The cyclone has blown away our house of prayer and left us with nothing but our block of ground and \$150 of debt. We have eighty-five members in the church and as many members of our Sunday school. The city is in ruins. About a hundred persons are in their graves. The total property loss is thought to be not less than \$2,000,000. There are more than 4,000 people in this town and district. We have the only Baptist Church within eighteen miles. If we could have \$1,500 we could build a suitable house of worship, and do a noble work for God and for the salvation of men, and in doing it extend principles Baptists have been willing to live for, and for which

many have been ready to die. Who will help us now in our distress? I, with my wife and child, a girl nine years old, were in our house when it was blown away. It took all we had in the world except the light clothes we wore, so we were left penniless, but we trust in God, who will save us out of our distress and make us glad according to the years wherein He has afflicted us, and in which we have seen evil. Till then we pray in faith and work in hope. Any help for church building may be sent to J. D. McLeod, pastor, or George Johnson or William Norton, deacons.

REV. WILLIAM WILKINSON.

Courtesy St. Paul Dispatch.
June 16th.

DEALING OUT JUSTICE.

Impromptu Court Established at New Richmond.

One of the most curious sights in this New Richmond is the court of justice established between two of the lunch tents at headquarters. Early this morning there were twenty men in the guard house who had been rounded up during the night and about daylight. Judges Hough and McClure, two aged justices of the peace of New Richmond, were sent for, and a big dry goods box set up on end for the impromptu bar of justice. One by one the accused were brought before this curious tribunal. Justice Hough presided. A big legal-looking ledger opened out before him, and his aged form and gray beard making him a conspicuous figure amidst all the bustle and hurry at headquarters. At his side, on another cracker box, sat Justice McClure, who acted as clerk. Half a dozen of the culprits before the court were soon discharged, nothing having been found against them worse than refusing to stop when ordered by the guards, or attempting to get through the lines. Where there was any evidence of pilfering against the accused he was given a liberal sentence.

"One of the accused claimed he came to buy up damaged goods. He was accused of trying to roll up and carry off some

copper wire fallen from the poles of the local electric light company. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 or spend forty days in the county jail at Hudson. He is still in custody. Another of the accused claimed he was only helping the former and was given thirty minutes to leave town. Another man was given thirty days in jail for petit larceny; a lady's cape was found on his person; another was discharged, and the rest were charged with vagrancy and each given thirty minutes to get out of town on penalty of thirty days in jail."

Such was the condition of New Richmond four days after the terrible calamity.—Author.

"A CYCLONE STORY VERIFIED BY AN AFFIDAVIT."

New Richmond, Wis., June 16.

Probably the most astounding story regarding freaks of the New Richmond cyclone is that related by Wm. McShane, given below:

"New Richmond, Wis., June 16, 1899.

"About the first of April, when I took the storm windows off my house, I put seven of them in an upright piano box, placed at the end of a chicken coop at the south side of the yard. I then securely nailed on the front of the box with ten-penny nails so that there was no opening to the box. I passed the box five or six times a day, so that I am confident it was there in the same condition Monday night, June 12, before the cyclone struck. Mrs. McShane escaped the storm in a neighbor's cellar. When she came back to the house immediately after, she noticed the windows lying on the ground. I found the seven windows with their double glass, turned around endwise and stacked up evenly on top of each other. Not a pane of glass was cracked, and the piano box had been torn entirely off; pieces of the box I found scattered about the yard some distance away. The chicken-coop was uninjured. (Signed.)

"W. McSHANE."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 16th day of June, 1899.

"J. B. MINER, Notary Public, Ramsey County.

Courtesy St. Paul Dispatch.

"New Richmond, Wis., June 16.

"The city is today rising from its ruins. A repair depot has been established at headquarters in a separate tent. It is in charge of a committee headed by A. W. Bosworth. Lumber and material for temporary buildings are being supplied to the merchants here, and already a half dozen stores have the walls up. The bank of New Richmond was the first to be rebuilt. Ward Williams has secured lumber to begin the new frame store for dry goods on his old site. Martin Lynch started a building for machinery. Wm. Fitzgerald, grocer, and Fred Bell, butcher, have temporary shops underway. Charles McCarthy has another grocery building started. There are dozens of others who are being supplied with lumber. Many have opened their shops in barns around the outskirts of demolished ruins, and others in their houses, where they are fortunate enough not to have lost both house and store.

"Wholesale merchants in the Twin Cities, Chicago and Milwaukee are sending word that goods ordered will be supplied at once on their credit. The generosity of jobbers saved the city. New Richmond is in the heart of one of the finest agricultural districts in Wisconsin, and has a large potential wealth in the soil. Although most of the merchants here were bankrupt, they receive unlimited credit and will be able to re-establish themselves in most cases. *New merchants will not be welcomed here by the jobbers, every advantage given the destitute who have lived here.*"

June 16. The two largest relief trains that have yet come to the city arrived at daylight. One from Hudson with 350 men in charge of John Munsey, of the Omaha shops; 250 employees in the shops are sent by the company with this party. The other 100 are collected from the sawmill of Major G. P. De Long, who is also here with the party. The party is organized in squads and is now at work on the ruins. They were brought in on a long train of box cars.

The other relief party is from Stillwater, and contains sixty men in charge of W. T. Perlee and John Parker, foreman. The party is equipped with a complete lumberman's camping outfit, and has been located south of the ruins. The relief committee today telegraphed the mayor of Stillwater for 100 more tents to house the laborers here. These organized parties of laborers will do much to clear up the ruins in the next few days, and attention can then be given to rebuilding in earnest.

CORPORATIONS WITH SOULS.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the lofty motives which prompted the refusal of the railroad companies to run excursions to New Richmond while the people were still digging for the dead and missing. It has been said that "corporations have no souls," but here are two corporations that give the lie to that time-worn adage: The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha and the Wisconsin Central railroads. With the first news of the disaster, General Manager Scott, of the Omaha road, set instantly to work getting up and fitting out a relief train. He did not wait to learn what was wanted, but took everything he could get hold of and before the sun rose on the scene of the disaster he was there with his relief. Following this was a cash contribution of \$1,000 by the road, and every facility that it could place at the disposal of the stricken town, including laborers to assist in the search for the dead.

When the news of the disaster had been thoroughly spread, letters began to pile into the offices of the two roads entering New Richmond, making inquiries about excursion trains. Here was an opportunity for the companies to make up what they had lost by the cyclone. But the companies have steadfastly refused to comply with these thousands of requests, and will run no excursions, at least until the horrors have been somewhat abated. By that time public interest will have been largely suspended and the "show" will not draw.

It is indeed refreshing to note the existence of such a sentiment in hearts which are supposed to be ruled only by *cold commercialism*. The people of New Richmond, and, indeed those of the whole country, will note it as a radical departure, and one which is of distinct credit to the companies making it."

These acts of unequalled generosity on the part of the railroad corporations should long remain gratefully remembered in the minds and hearts of New Richmond people.—Author.

GOVERNOR SCOFIELD'S THANKS.

Gov. Lind this afternoon received the following telegram from Gov. Edward Scofield of Wisconsin:

"I desire through you to thank the people of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Stillwater and other cities of your state, for the assistance you have rendered to the suffering people of New Richmond. The reports that have been made to me by my personal representative of the work of Minnesota people, assures me that your citizens have been most prompt, efficient and generous in their efforts to succor the stricken city. Wisconsin appreciates the noble efforts of her sister state."

ETERNITY FULL OF SURPRISES.

"All that you and I are responsible for is doing our duty. Our's is the seeding, and God alone beholds the end of what is sown. How do we know how much good we accomplish when we do any good thing or utter any truth in love? Eternity will be full of surprises to us. Wait and see."—T. L. C.

JUNE 20—THOMAS McNALLY'S CONDITION.

Thomas McNally promises to surprise the physicians by recovering. When he was examined by Dr. Epley shortly after the cyclone he was pronounced as good as dead. Besides having a piece of board run into his head at the bridge of the nose, a number of his ribs were broken and crushed in to the extent that they lacerated his lungs. After examining him,

THE NEW RICHMOND CYCLONE.

Dr. Epley ordered him propped up in bed, stating that he would likely live three or four hours. But the noble-souled young man refused to die per programme, and now has every chance to recover. He has since been treated by a number of physicians, who were much surprised that he is recovering.

The young man has been fully conscious at all times since he was injured, and has insisted that he would recover if he could only receive good and skillful medical treatment. When first told that he could not live more than a few hours, he took charge of his private papers, arranged them to suit himself and laid back to await the end. He insisted that if it did come, it would be caused by the failure of the physicians; that he had a chance to live. He admitted that he does not know exactly how he was injured. He was in front of Williams' store when the storm came on. He was picked up and hurled into the air, being caught by the over-hanging awning. He held to the iron rod a moment, and was then hurled high into the air. When he came down the large splinter was buried in his head. This he pulled out and worked with the rescuers for some minutes. While crossing the street the second hard wind came, and he was struck full in the breast by a large plank. This disabled him. Now he is quite recovered.

CROWDS AT THE SCENE.

"Reporters can never tell the story, nor can cameras completely picture the scene," was the remark on a thousand tongues yesterday.

People may have imagined that newspapers exaggerated the horror of the devastation in New Richmond; that the focus and perspective obtained by clever artists had magnified the ruins. All who have visited and witnessed the scene in the destroyed town are of one opinion—"exaggeration is impossible."

"The passenger train on the Wisconsin Central pulled out of the Union depot, with nearly 400 people on board who held tickets to the unfortunate Wisconsin town. Six coaches were filled. The platforms under the great sheds were found to

be a living mass of anxious hurrying people, struggling to get on what they believed to be the only train that would carry them to the scene of devastation. A few, only, could crowd their way into the coaches. The announcement that another train was waiting in the yards to carry everyone to the desired destination, was greeted with loud cheers.

"The section of the regular train carried twelve coaches, and every one was filled. It was conservatively estimated that 1,000 people went from the Twin Cities to New Richmond. As the train neared the scene of destruction, passengers began to gaze with deepest interest from the car windows. Only one house on the road showed that a wind storm had prevailed. It was about three miles from the city and had been only slightly damaged. As the train reached the outskirts of the town the faces at the windows assumed an expression of surprise. There was visible hardly a sign of the destruction which every one had expected to see. The steeple of the Catholic Church towered above the little forest trees. Fine residences were standing in small groves of oaks and elms. Barns and other buildings were covered with roofs that had not lost a shingle. It seemed that the stories which have thrilled and shocked the civilized world during the past few days were wild fancies of a disordered brain. Slowly the engine pulled the train through the outskirts of the city. It had almost reached the depot. Then suddenly it all burst on the view of the anxious passengers. They had entered the path of the tornado. The ruins were before them. The ruins from which the dead and mangled bodies had been removed, from which scores of bruised and bleeding people had miraculously escaped. The horror of it was almost paralyzing, even to the people who had expected to witness an unparalleled scene of desolation. As the passengers disembarked, they saw not alone the ruins of homes and business blocks, the bands of woe around weather-beaten, dusty heads; the swollen eyes of tearful women; the quivering lips of strong men, and the sad wondering faces of children,—all these told of shattered hopes,—of broken hearts,—of desolate hearthstones—of new-made graves!"

It was not a crowd of vandals or of curious sight-seers that went out from the Twin Cities, that day. Among the thousand people there were many who had relations or friends in New Richmond. There were others who went to offer aid to the unfortunates. There were also those who went only to view the ruins, but in their hearts there was sympathy and commiseration. It was a crowd remarkable for its quiet and orderly demeanor. Every one moved about as if solicitous for the feelings of the homeless and bereaved, as if anxious to find an opportunity of lending some slight aid to the needy, and to avoid causing the slightest annoyance or trouble to those whose burdens were so heavy.

The main part of the city was enclosed by rope fences, and guarded by soldiers. Only those who had a definite purpose in visiting this portion of the ruins were permitted inside the lines. Passes were issued to all whose friends or relations had suffered death or misfortune in the catastrophe, and to those who had business within the proscribed territory. The thorough organization of the local relief committees, and the courteous way in which they listened to requests and answered questions created a deep impression on the visitors.

INJURED AT ST. PAUL—TWO TRAINLOADS ARE BROUGHT FROM NEW RICHMOND.

Sad scenes as the unfortunates leave the cars.

One man dies while being carried on a stretcher.

The trains bearing the persons injured by the New Richmond cyclone arrived. A deputation of physicians, composed of Doctors J. H. Brimhall, A. B. Anker, Burnside, Fulton, Coon, W. Davis, C. L. Greene, J. O. Cavanaugh and Dr. Charles Haas, the clever young physician from Dayton's Bluff, St. Paul, were at the station to meet them.

Preparations had been made to carry the wounded immediately to the hospitals, and ambulances from St. Joseph's, St. Luke's, the city and county hospitals and the Duces street, Margaret street, Rondo street and Central station patrol wagons

were waiting. The train was in charge of Dr. Bacon, chief of staff of the special train which left Monday evening (June 12, 1899). Doctors Ball, Dunning and Kelly, assisted by Misses Kelly, Gallagher, Loftus, Christensen and Keogh — (nurses from the hospitals.) The wounded were at once transferred to stretchers and carried to the ambulances in which they were transferred to the hospitals. Thirty-two of the wounded came on the first train, and the sight was pitiful. Every variety of injury seemed to have befallen those in the doctors' charge, and blood-stained bandages and gaping wounds testified to the serious nature of the injuries of many of the patients. Some were unconscious when removed from the train, and the doctors stated that there were several who could not live through the day.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

The scenes at the depot were saddening in the extreme. As a stretcher was carefully lowered from the train an old man, gray-headed and feeble, followed closely through the crowd. It was Mr. F. Jennings of New Richmond, one of the oldest settlers of the city, who attended his only son, who was crushed under a fallen wall. The young man lay quite still, his eyes closed, and breathing with difficulty. The stretcher was carried to the end of the platform and lowered on a baggage truck which stood near by. A physician who had been assisting the old man carefully drew the sheet from the young man's head and felt his pulse. 'He is dying,' he said in a low tone to the father. The old gentleman clasped his son's hand and tried to speak, but words failed. Tears stood in his eyes, and on the young man's face the pallor of death was visible. The younger turned his head and smiled feebly, and almost in a whisper, bade his father farewell. A moment later he had passed from the land of the living, and the old man threw his arms over the rough bier, and sobbed in the bitterness of his sorrow.

A second train, bearing the wounded, arrived soon after the first. The same preparations were made as on the first train, and the wounded were taken to the several hospitals to be cared for.

HIS FAMILY GONE.

Among the wounded was Hon. Lawyer S. N. Hawkins of New Richmond, one of our most esteemed citizens, suffering from severe internal injuries and a lacerated dangerous flesh wound in his leg. A reporter leaned over his cot as it reached the ambulance and asked his name. The man was suffering greatly but courteously replied, and with cheerfulness, evidently, forced:

"Hawkins, sir; I am badly hurt, but it don't much matter. My wife, my two daughters and my son were all killed in the same place. They are all gone; all of them." In the next stretcher brought to the ambulance lay a cousin of the wounded man, Miss Maria Hawkins, suffering from severe injuries about the head and internal injury. (The history of the Hawkins family will be in its proper place.)

A noticeable feature of the wounds borne by the patients is that in almost every instance the faces of the wounded bore innumerable small cuts and lacerations, as if they had been subjected to a flaying, which was caused by flying splinters during the cyclone.

A large number of the patients are suffering from broken arms and limbs, and a still larger number from severe cuts and bruises about the head occasioned by falling debris.

Dr. Ohage, commissioner of health, has taken charge of the work and yesterday had a large force at work distributing supplies and working among the destitute.

FIRE UNDER CONTROL.

The fire in the ruins of the wrecked buildings was a most lamentable feature of the misery that had fallen upon the people of New Richmond.

The fire engines of St. Paul promptly responded to a call for help. Engine company No. 6 was sent, also engine company No. 11 arrived and did good service.

A large number of the wounded were cared for in Stillwater and Hudson, and no more were sent to St. Paul, as the hospitals in the latter city were overcrowded.

STATE WAS SOMEWHAT TARDY.

On the first relief train to reach New Richmond was Congressman John J. Jenkins of Chippewa Falls. It was largely through his efforts that the work of rescue progressed as rapidly as it did, and his energy it was that secured for the city so much in the way of supplies and outside aid. It is a notable fact, however, that it was not the aid of the state of Wisconsin which first came to the unfortunate city. St. Paul and Minneapolis were among the first to respond with the needed aid.

No doubt Congressman Jenkins did his very best. He was very earnest in his appeals to the governor; for two strong appeals he made. Why was the governor of Wisconsin so tardy? Late in the afternoon of the second day he sent his representative to act for him in regard to what it was best to be done. The latter spent the afternoon looking over the situation; and the poor people continued in their intense suffering.

Dear St. Paul and Minneapolis, too much praise cannot be given your noble people! May God keep all evil far from you. May you never experience the calamities that befell New Richmond!

A GENEROUS OFFER FROM ST. PAUL.

Mrs. C. A. Severance, when she heard of the suffering among the injured at New Richmond, called on Mayor Kiefer and offered her residence, 589 Summit Avenue, as a temporary hospital. Owing to the action of the city hospitals, it was not necessary to make use of the offer.

Mrs. C. A. Severance, daughter of the brave and distinguished General Harriman, comes of a noble, hospitable race; and it was ill health which obliged her to retire to a sanitarium at that time, or she would have gladly accompanied the relief committee to New Richmond to render all the assistance in her power to alleviate the suffering of our people.

KILLED BY CYCLONE JUNE 12, 1899.

The following is a list of the known dead, killed in the cyclone, June 12, 1899:

W. W. Bixby.....	City
Michael Blatz	Stillwater
Miss Cora Butler.....	City
Bernard Brookbank	City
Essie Brookbank	City
Harold H. Bigelow.....	City
Karl Brown	City
Charles Berce	City
Walter Brown	Richmond
Dominic Barrett.....	Richmond
Lottie Bridge	Star Prairie
Mrs. Cosgrove	City
William Callahan	Richmond
E. J. Carey.....	City
Mrs. C. Cameron	Pewaukee
Miss Mary Cuff.....	Jewett Mills
John Casey	Richmond
Nettie Clough	Emerald
Henry Dunbar	City
Mrs. Henry Dunbar.....	City
Josie Brockbank	City
Effie Engstrom	City
Roy Engstrom	City
Anthony Early	City
Miss Kate Early.....	Richmond
Fred Early.....	City
Patrick Early.....	Richmond
Michael Early	City
Walter Farrell	City
Colonel C. F. Fowler.....	City
W. S. Gould	City
Mrs. Sallie Greston	City

Mrs. John Gillen.....	City
Ole Gunderson	Richmond
Patrick Goheen	Stanton
Mrs. S. N. Hawkins.....	City
Miss Evangeline Hawkins.....	City
Miss Nellie Hawkins	City
Walter Hawkins	City
Mr. J. B. Hicks.....	City
Mason Hollenbeck	City
Archie Hollenbeck	City
Willie Hughes	City
Mrs. D. Heffron	Richmond
John Henry	Richmond
M. Harrington.....	Richmond
Miss Lillie Hennessy.....	Erin
Mrs. G. Hurd.....	Richmond
Patrick Henry	Cylon
Hjalmer Johnson	City
Frank Jennings	Richmond
Matilda Johnson	Alden
Patrick Keating	Cylon
Donald Kelly	Stanton
Carl Larson	Baldwin
Anton Legard	City
Ida Legard	City
Miss Vinnie Lambdin	City
Mrs. J. H. W. Lewis.....	City
Frankie Lewis	City
Mrs. James Link	City
Frederick Michel	
Mrs. John McClure.....	City
Miss Nellie McGrath	City
Lillie McGrath	City
Baby McGrath	City
Miss Edna McMahon	City
Mr. Thos. P. Martin.....	City

Miss Mary Monihan	Hudson
Thomas McCabe	City
Timothy Noonan	City
Mr. Patrick Nowell	Stanton
Mr. John Neitge	Deer Park
Mr. Nels Nelson	Alden
Henry O'Connell	Richmond
Mr. John G. Patton	City
Dwight Porter	Stanton
Miss Katie McKinnon	City
Mr. Nicholas Parden	City
John Pryor	Richmond
Alvin Rosebrook	City
Mrs. Alvin Rosebrook	City
Miss Cora Rosebrook	City
Miss Laura Ring	Erin
George Ring	Erin
John Ryberg	City
Mrs. Thomas Rowe	City
Mrs. James Shady	Richmond
Irene Shady	Richmond
Florence Shady	Richmond
Reynold Shady	Richmond
Mr. George Stack	City
Mrs. Geo. Stack	City
Thomas Stack	City
Jacob Schumacher	Stillwater
Mrs. Ellen Stevens	City
Thomas Stevens	Erin
Charles F. Talmadge	Stanton
James Vail	City
John Wells	Richmond
Stephen Wells	Richmond
Lester Wallen	City
Willard Wells	City
John Wills	Erin

Patrick Wills	Erin
Miss Gertie Wears	Richmond
Miss Abbie Williams	City
Hazel Williams	City
Unknown dead	9

The remains of 117 were recovered, but it is the firm conviction that many more perished; for the intense heat prevented many from being exhumed. The heroic rescuers could not do impossibilities. The town was full of strangers to take in the circus. Many never returned, and friends would prefer drawing the curtain of oblivion over the manner of their dreadful deaths.

New Richmond still mourns the loss of husbands, sons, daughters, wives and sweethearts. The generous public ministered to their physical and financial ills; but the hand of God alone can soothe the anguished feelings.

Mrs. T. Martin, a young wife and mother, is one of these. She heard the awful roar of the cyclone, and with her child and her servant escaped to a spot beneath the stairway in the cellar.

The first great roar was over; their home was swept away, and debris of every description had been thrown all around them, but they were uninjured, and escaped and started across the fields to her father's home, Mr. T. Phillips, about a half mile distant. Then came the second terrible wind, and the two women and the child were thrown to the ground; bruised and bleeding, the mother, with her babe in her arms, and the servant arose and made their way to their destination, where the young wife moaned for her husband, whose mangled remains were not found until Friday morning. Mr. Martin was much esteemed by his acquaintances as a congenial good fellow, possessing many engaging qualities, which endeared him to all who knew him.

The Nicollet hotel furnishes an incident of peculiar pathos. Miss Katie McKinnon, daughter of the landlord, was found

with her hands raised as if to ward off a blow. Shortly afterwards her little sister Bertha was taken out. The latter was only slightly injured, and as she gazed upon the lifeless form of her sister, she exclaimed in her unselfishness, "Oh, why couldn't I have been taken and Katie spared! I am a little girl and she was a young lady, and such a comfort to papa and mamma." Miss Katie McKinnon was quite a good musician for a girl of fifteen years. She was the pupil of Professor Barratt, and he had her well advanced in classical music. On the day of the storm the daughter of the professor, Lena, a girl 9 years, was playing with the children of Mrs. McKinnon, when the roar of the cyclone frightened them. Lena Barratt and Bertha hurriedly ran under a marble top table which stood in the parlor, and both children were uninjured.

I hope to be excused by my readers if I refer once more to the Stack family. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. George Stack and child were found near the Stack residence by the rescuers. Mr. Stack had his child clasped tightly in his arms, and the little one crouched closely against him, as if in mortal terror.

MR. GRANT BOARDMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Grant Boardman, head miller in the New Richmond roller mills, was at the mill when the storm struck. When it passed he rushed towards his home six blocks away, which led through the principal street of the town. He was compelled to close his ears to the cries of anguish on all sides, for his heart was with his family. Before he reached home he met his wife, heard that all were safe, kissed her, thanked God, and rushed back to the assistance of those who had cried out to him. He rescued Fred Hawkins, the eldest son of the already afflicted Mr. Hawkins, referred to in a former chapter, and was hurrying to other scenes of disaster when he heard a woman's voice calling. It was Mrs. Belle E. Aldrich, buried under the ruins of her brick building. Mr. Boardman pulled her through a hole which seemed too small to admit of the passage of a child. She managed to tell him that Lawyer Harry Smith was also buried

close by. He, too, was taken out. There was still another man, but all efforts could not lift the weight which lay upon his leg and held him fast. He prayed them in God's name to cut off his leg, with saw or ax—anything, for lightning had struck and ignited some of the combustible matter in the debris, supposed to be a gasoline tank in the ruins of a hardware store, and the flames spread rapidly. The heat of the flames was growing more and more intense, and the poor fellow pinned down felt their fiery breath; but Boardman was forced to leave, and never did he in his life perform a *harder task*.

EXPERIENCE OF MR. THOMAS HEFFRON.

Mr. Heffron's experience is almost past belief; but those who have seen the awful power of the cyclone and believe in God's mercies and miracles must credit the story. Mr. Heffron was driving through Main street, holding lightly to his horses' reins; when the storm struck; the horse and buggy and Mr. Heffron were picked from the street, carried through the air over several dwellings and set down upon the street again with horses and man unhurt, and the buggy free from damage.

MR. WILLIAM HILLIER'S EXPERIENCE.

Some were unwilling witnesses of the cyclone's work—among them was Mr. W. Hillier. He was hurrying to his home, and was in sight of it when the cyclone was upon him. He threw himself down in the school yard, clasped the trunk of a tree and lay there holding firmly. He saw the air filled with flying debris, horses, cattle, dogs; fought off a runaway team with his umbrella, was hit with a flying board, but escaped from it all with only a slight bruise.

MR. W. F. McNALLY AND MR. M. P. McNALLY'S EXPERIENCE.

The escape of W. F. McNally and his brother, M. P. McNally, both expert lawyers of the town, borders on the marvelous. Their office was over Patton & Carey's drug store. Both gentlemen were absorbed in their books, not being aware of the

coming storm, until the deafening roar warned them of danger. The windows were blown in before W. F. McNally reached the outer office. Then the two brothers put their arms about each other and braced themselves against the partition for protection, deciding, if such was to be their fate, to die together. They were almost instantly hurled to the street, with the brick building in ruins about them. Mr. W. F. McNally's leg was severely injured, and his brother's face and arms were badly bruised. Neither were unconscious, but both were helpless, as the debris was piled about them. They were anxious to escape, for fire had started some distance from them, and the smoke was suffocating. Mr. Fred Bell appeared and made possible their escape. W. F. McNally could not walk, and he was placed upon a horse, and amidst runaway horses, flying debris, etc. (for the second great wind was upon them), he was taken to his home.

Of the McNally Brothers—for there are four of them—three were injured in the tornado of June 12th. They are among our most clever citizens. In fact, for talent, genius and business enterprise, they cannot be surpassed. The two elder are distinguished attorneys of note, referred to above. The third, Mr. John McNally, is manager of the New Richmond roller mills. The fourth, the famous "Tom McNally," who would not die to please the doctors, the time of the cyclone, just purchased the largest clothing store in the city, from E. J. Thompson. Three sisters, the eldest, the wife of Mr. Hughes, of the firm of Padden & Hughes, hardware store, one of our rising merchants, and two unmarried sisters,—one is stenographer in her brother's office; the other a teacher in the public schools. So the McNally family may be synonymous with that of a very brainy family. I hope their usefulness will continue to increase for the good of their fellow men.

The escapes from death in the terrible cyclone of June 12th were truly marvelous. They often think of their dreadful experience on that June day. And those thoughts are facts. And when clothed in words must prove a revelation to the readers.

The newspapers of the day tell us that "words are wholly inadequate to express the sorrow, suffering and helpless condition of the citizens of New Richmond. Hundreds were without homes, and but for the prompt assistance of friends would be hungry and naked. There was scarcely a home in this once happy, prosperous little city but was a home of mourning. Yet, though homes and hearts were broken and crushed, they were not insensible to the touch of human kindness that has come from every side. It came, indeed, like a white-winged messenger from heaven, to many, and there is a healing in its touch. The tenderest, holiest feeling in the nature of these people was stirred by the kindly sympathy and generous donations and attentions that have been paid. A testimonial of appreciation would have to be written in letters of gold, as it is engraved on the hearts of the people of New Richmond.

It is too often felt that this is a cold, unsympathetic world, but this occasion has taught the citizens of New Richmond that in all the world there is nothing more grand or touching than the noble generosity and sympathy of human hearts. It comes like a revelation of light and hope and cheer after the awful darkness and terror of a day never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As this cyclone and its awful results can never be clothed in language adequately descriptive, neither can the manifold kindness and help that has come from neighboring cities and towns be possibly expressed. Nothing has been forgotten or overlooked that could contribute to the comfort of the people. Every one has been attended to as well as possible, and, while the kind friends have done everything but give back life and health, they can never estimate the great good they have done. It would be impossible not to gather some comfort, encouragement and hope from the persistent efforts of these thoughtful ones who have come or sent help and sympathy. Kind helpers left, and the little city had to face the future; had to take up their broken lives that can never be the same again; but so long as life exists, the memory of the kind hearts and helpful hands who have aided the people of

New Richmond will never be effaced, but be a legacy of faith and trust in the nobility of the American people."

MRS. L. TORNOW'S EXPERIENCE IN THE TORNADO, JUNE 12TH.

"Monday, I arose early with the intention of having my family washing out on the clothes line in good time, although I seemed to be strangely impressed with a heavy, unaccountable feeling of sadness. Then it occurred to me that I had frightful dreams during the night, and perhaps that was accountable for my depression. However, I worked hard all day till 4 o'clock, and feeling more than usually fatigued, I rested on the lounge for a short time. Then I arose, changed my gown and prepared for supper. The darkness attracted my attention and made me feel uneasy. It continued to grow darker, and the air was calm. Then a light rain fell, followed by a little hail. Still the darkness continued to increase, so that I was obliged to light lamps. Supper was prepared and table set, when my daughter Stella, aged fifteen years, called my attention to an immense black cloud which was rapidly approaching New Richmond from the southwest. Glancing out the window, I saw the dreadful black monster approaching. In color it resembled the smoke issuing from the smoke-stack of a locomotive of a train, yet more dense, emitting fire on the edges, writhing, twisting, and throwing everything upwards, so one could see things rapidly whirling through it. Then I knew we were in the utmost danger. Calling to the children, I said, 'Let us go to the cellar, quick.' My son, Willie, a lad of 18, came running in the door at the same time, and taking my youngest child—a 5-year-old boy—by the hand, and grasping a lighted lamp off the table, we hurriedly gained the cellar. As we reached the bottom, the cyclone was upon us. A piece of board flying through the cellar window broke the lamp chimney in my hand. I threw the lamp down and it was extinguished. I clasped closer my little Chester, for the terrible roaring increased in loudness. I raised my hands and eyes to Heaven in that awful moment, praying: 'O, my God, save

us! Save us!' Then something struck me. I fell over and lost consciousness. The first thing I remember when my senses returned was little Chester moving at my side. Then came the awful thought that we were about to be killed. In my extreme anguish, I cried out: 'Oh, my God, the worst is not yet come!' My son Willie sprang to my side, saying: 'O, mamma, are you hurt?' He was uninjured, and helped me to extricate myself, for I was pinned down by my clothing, which had to be partly torn off in order to be freed from the timber piled around me.

"My daughter Stella, poor child, fared the worst. She was not visible, covered up in debris piled above her. Not hearing any sound, or answer to our repeated calls, we concluded she was killed. Willie tore away the boards and rubbish, and saw one of her feet protruding, so he worked for bare life, and finally uncovered his unconscious sister. She was badly hurt, but recovered, and at this writing is a happy school girl.

"When Stella thinks of what she passed through, she can scarcely think it can be real. A wall and brick chimney fell upon her. The stones of the wall were on her head. When they were searching for her, they walked over her head, crushing the stones into her flesh, causing her exquisite torture. They had to literally raise the stone wall in certain parts of the cellar in order to extricate her. Her face was fearfully cut. Both eyes were injured, especially the left eye. The doctor ordered continual applications of hot water cloths to the wounds. Her right arm was also injured. Yet she recovered rapidly, but shudders at her experience in the cyclone."

DR. GERARD AND MISS BEUCLER.

DR. GERARD AND HIS NIECE, MISS VIRGINIA BEUCLER, HAVE A THRILLING EXPERIENCE ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 12TH.

Miss Beucler gives a very lucid description of what she saw of the cyclone, as follows:

"I had some work to do which required daylight to do it well. It was my intention to accomplish this work that after-

noon, but the growing darkness rendered it impossible. So I thought I would prepare supper earlier than usual. When about to sit to the table, the thought occurred to me to look out at the weather, for a strange roaring noise appeared to me unaccountable. So I went to the door with that intention, and it was well I did, for on opening the door, I saw an immense black cloud, encircled in flames of fire emitting from the edges, approaching from the southwest and quite near us. Shutting the door, I called to uncle to come and look. When he saw it, he knew what it meant, and hastily cried, "To the cellar, quick!" We reached the cellar in safety and were saved. It certainly was an inspiration to go to the door when I did, for doubtlessly we would both have been killed. Certainly uncle could not have escaped severe injury, for on the place where he sat at table a large beam had fallen. The southwest wing of the house was badly wrecked, the roof being swept off, and the heavy rain pouring in from all parts. But we were satisfied that sufficient of the house was left to accommodate and shelter the dying and wounded that were brought in to us. Neighbors, whom we knew, conversed with but a short time before, brought in bleeding, dying! Oh, it was dreadful! Such an experience I hope will never be my lot to witness again."

Mr. Olris. Casanova, one of the proprietors of the Casanova Brewery, Hudson, Wis., also had a thrilling experience in the cyclone. This gentleman had a very narrow escape. He and his family, consisting of an amiable wife and two most interesting children, made New Richmond their home, whence he took his regular trips to his brewery in Hudson in the interests of business. He carried on a business here, in which he was associated with Mr. Conrad. The latter leaving for supper, Mr. Casanova remained, conversing with several gentlemen. Suddenly observing the growing darkness, but believing it to be but a heavy storm, which would pass over as usual, he felt no alarm. Presently the unusual roaring noise began, and, increasing in loudness, he jumped up, saying to his friends he

would look out the door. It was well he did, for he saw the dry goods store of Ward Williams falling. Waiting to see no more, and calling to the gentlemen to follow him, he rushed down the cellar, followed by the others. They were not a moment too soon. The crash came, and they were enveloped in the debris. The walls of the falling buildings around them, being of brick and crushing inwards, made it still more dangerous for the imprisoned five men, who were almost suffocated. But the cool, clear head of Mr. Casanova came to the rescue, and five more victims were snatched from the death list. He looked around for means of egress, but there was none apparently, and they were in total darkness. In this emergency, he glanced upwards, and noticed a dim light encircling the water-pipe. He grasped the idea, procured a long piece of board, and by much exertion succeeded in widening the cavity around the pipe, until he effected an aperture large enough for his body to pass through. Then climbing the pipe, he reached the aperture, passed through to the upper floor in safety. Then calling to the others, and widening the breach, he helped them up, and they all came through uninjured, and sought their homes, with fear in their hearts for their loved ones. But Mr. Casanova's usefulness and intelligence did not stop here. Though his first thoughts were for his family, what was his dismay when he gained the corner of Second street to find his home swept away. He was terror stricken. Oh, God, how fared it with his wife and children! Rushing to where the house once stood, and peering down into the cellar and perceiving no one there, he madly plunged into the rain again towards Main street. There he paused, for a feeble wail for help arrested his footsteps. Approaching the locality whence the sound came, he saw a woman's form partly covered in the ruins of a building. She begged for help, but how was he to effect her rescue? The debris was piled over her. She lay beneath and the beams were over her, except a small hole the size of a hand. This he widened by degrees, and dragged her through. But she must have been severely injured, for

she moaned piteously, and was perfectly helpless. He raised her on his back, and following others with similar burdens, carried her to the school-house, the nearest house left standing. It was some rods out of the cyclone's path. There he left her and returned to continue his frenzied search for his family. He was ill; he felt feverish. The cold rain and exposure was telling on him. But on he ran, from house to house, that were spared outside the cyclone's path. At last he found them at Mr. E. O. Kaye's home. They were safe and uninjured.

Mr. Casanova's family consists of his amiable wife and two lovely, interesting children—a little daughter, Mary, aged 8 years, and little Frankie, a most lovable and clever child of 4 years. Next day Mr. Casanova removed his family to Hudson, where he purchased a mansion some time previously. There he will reside permanently with his family.

DEATH OF MISS ABBIE WILLIAMS.

Miss Abbie Williams, only child of Mr. O. J. Williams, one of our hardware merchants, lost her life under the most distressing circumstances. She was out driving on the afternoon of the 12th, with Mrs. C. Cameron of Pewaukee. Seeing the storm approaching, they both went into the store for shelter. Mr. Williams, observing the ominous appearance of the weather, and the increasing darkness, growing still denser, suggested descending to the basement. Presently the roaring noise arrested their attention, and Mr. Williams, seeing the danger, called the ladies to follow him to the cellar, or basement. Abbie was facing the front door, looking out, but hastened to obey her father. The father was already down, and the ladies half-way on the stairs, when the storm struck them. They were thrown down and crushed. The father had a broken arm. They lay wounded, but he could not extricate them or himself with one hand. Fire broke out. Were they dead when that fire reached them? The father said yes. He ought to know, for he was with them. He was rescued, but not they. Their remains were found later, burned to a crisp. Sorrow-

ing parents, how my heart aches for you! This pen tribute I am about to offer to her memory; please accept it in the spirit with which it is given.

Miss Abbie Williams was a kind-hearted, generous young lady; happy in her surroundings; kind to animals, who all loved her. Her horse was her friend and loved her well. She could not be unkind to any living creature. Being for years an only child, and the darling of her parents, who gratified her every wish, she grew up naturally of an independent character, which many regarded as levity. But she was misunderstood by those who did not really know her, or could not appreciate her guileless, frank disposition. She was regardless of public opinion. She did what she thought was right, and cared little what others thought. She loved, and was kind to her friends, and was happy in herself. Such was dear Abbie Williams, and her lonely parents have my sincere sympathy. (The Author.)

MRS. A. G. BOEHM'S EXPERIENCE.

"The morning of the 12th of June dawned on New Richmond, it appeared to me, as usual, without any particular change of weather noticeable. We arose at the usual time, prepared our simple breakfast, I going to church to perform my devotions, as was my custom; Mr. Boehm to his shop. Before we parted, however, at breakfast, he informed me of his intention of driving to Star Prairie in the afternoon, immediately after dinner. Ah! if he did, we would never, probably, have seen each other again. But as the hours passed, the weather changed for the worse, becoming variable. An ominous darkness overspread the heavens; little eddies of wind would raise the dust of the roads occasionally; then again all would be intensely calm. It became quite sultry for a time. Gollmar Brothers' circus was in town. Mr. Boehm asked me if I cared to go. I answered, 'No.' He said, 'You had better go; it will be some amusement for you, but I cannot go; we are very busy just now in the shop. Here is money, and take a neighbor

lady with you and enjoy yourself. You seldom go out here.' I told him that I had my outing already this morning as far as the church. That sufficed for me. Then we parted.

"During the forenoon I practiced on my piano, little thinking it was for the last time. I placed my gold watch upon it in order not to exceed the time required to make due preparations for dinner. My watch, a valuable one, with a box of jewelry, I never expect to see again, though several times liberal rewards have been offered through the papers. My piano, well, it shared the fate of others, that is, the handsome case was a complete wreck, but the interior mechanism, that is, the sounding-board, etc., were uninjured. But the company from whom I purchased the piano, the Cable Piano Company, has boomed that up, so there is no further need of my laudations here.

"During dinner Mr. Boehm remarked that he feared a rain storm would prevent his driving either to Star Prairie, Deer Park or Clear Lake, a distance of twenty miles. Still, if the weather changed, he would certainly go. But, instead of becoming more favorable during the afternoon, the darkness increased, and occasionally I would lay down the book I was reading, and go out to scan the weather. I could see Mr. Boehm doing the same from his shop door. He seemed very often out at the door, anxiously looking at the clouds, yet little anticipating the awful catastrophe soon to follow. It was about 4:30 p. m., but I thought it was an hour later. I began to prepare supper. I lighted the lamps in the dining-room and sitting-room, for the ominous darkness grew still darker, and the air was calm and sultry. I wondered why Mr. Boehm did not come to supper. I glanced at the clock and was surprised to find I was calculating an hour in advance of the true time. Then I looked once more at the weather, and a fearful dread of something seemed to impress me. Once more I looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to six. That was the last time. The darkness became more intense. Presently a roaring noise, resembling heavy freight trains passing over a bridge, arrested

my attention. As we lived near the railroad, I first thought it was an unusually heavy train, but the noise grew still louder, too loud for a train, even on that evening, and a terrible presentiment of some unknown evil took possession of me.

"Presently Mr. Boehm came dashing in at the door, and violently throwing it open, followed by his two dogs, crying out: 'To the cellar, to the cellar, quick! quick!' I said to him, quite calmly, 'Why, Albert, is there any danger?' 'Danger,' he replied, 'Yes, yes, a cyclone is upon us; to the cellar, quick!' We extinguished the lamps, and hurriedly descended to the cellar, he leading, I following. He placed himself in the southwest angle of the cellar, and drew me to him. Then I realized for the first time in my life that we were in the presence of death. Oh, how fervently I prayed aloud that God would spare the town and people! Mr. Boehm stood silent, with his teeth clenched. Then came the cyclone! I knew by the terrible roaring noise the calamity was upon us. Mr. Boehm bowed his head calmly, and spread his arms over me. In a moment it was upon us, in the most terrific, wildest fury. I heard the glass in the windows above us on the main floor breaking, crushing, as though an immense force was pressing it to powder. Then I glanced up for an instant, and saw the little cellar window to our left disengaging itself from the foundation, by some invisible giant force, and the shallow masonry falling around us. Some stones from the foundation fell over us, and bruised Mr. Boehm's arms. One large rock, about a foot square, came tumbling over us, and Mr. Boehm received it on his head and arms, receiving slight flesh wounds. Then all was over. It was enough—all I ever wish to see or experience of the dreadful work in close quarters of a cyclone.

"When I emerged from the covering of Mr. Boehm's arms, it was to find us standing in the cellar, with no roof but the awful canopy of the heavens over us, and the rain pouring down in torrents. I was thinly clad and in my bare head. We were both saturated, for the cold, penetrating rain had no mercy. The temperature fell several degrees, leaving us cold

and shivering. Looking around for means of egress from the cellar, for the stairs were in pieces, helping to swell the debris on the cellar floor, we found there was nothing but an eight-by-four plank on which to climb. By that we gained the upper surface. What a sight met our gaze when we left the cellar! The whole town was down. Our neighbors' homes were gone. Our pretty home lay one mass of debris. Where were the poor animals? One dog, the brown spaniel, Nellie, a most faithful, pretty creature, was crushed beneath a couch, under which she took shelter. The other, a black, silky-haired, of rare breed, with a record, was saved in some unaccountable way.

"Mr. Boehm, on viewing the wreck of his household goods, said: 'Well, all is gone; we must begin life's work over again.' Then, turning to me, said: 'Come, you must not remain under this downpour.' I was shivering with cold, and thought: 'Did I escape death in the cyclone to die of lung trouble later?' My thin slippers were saturated, so I hastily crossed the lawn towards Dr. Gerard's residence, which partly escaped demolition, but the roof of the left wing was blown away, and the doctor and his niece were endeavoring to cover the parts most exposed, to prevent the whole house from being flooded. After exchanging words with them, we passed to Mr. Bartlett's residence. The latter was much dilapidated. The southwest side, most exposed to the storm, contained a large bay-window, which was wrecked, the water coming through the broken panes. The bay-window was an extension of the back parlor, the furniture and decorations of which were rare and valuable. The cupola was swept away, so that the rain came pouring through. Mr. Boehm recovered one of our carpets, an art rug, without a seam, which covered the vacuum, from which the cupola was torn off, thus preventing the house from being deluged.

"Then the second cyclone or wind storm came on, which lasted far in the night. Then could be heard the wail of anguish from the town two blocks away—the neighing of horses frightened, wounded, looking for their masters. The people,

wounded, dying, crushed, came in, carried on doors or boards. Oh, the sight of those dear, stricken sufferers! That awful night, no tongue can tell! No pen can describe it! Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett did their utmost to make the sufferers as comfortable as possible. Her moquette rugs were rolled up, laid on the floor, and the wounded laid upon them. The beds, on account of the removal of the cupola, were wet, and unfit for use, or they would be utilized for the sick. One young girl from Fargo, who was on a visit here, was brought into Mr. Bartlett's. She was apparently helpless. A long wound across her forehead, just above her brows, was bleeding profusely. Her I took charge of, but the chimneys being all down, we could not get warm water to bathe the wounds of the sufferers. So I washed them with cold water, and made them as easy as I could. One of the actors from the circus was brought in and laid on a couch in Mr. Bartlett's bedroom. He had three ribs broken. Mr. Boehm did all he could for him. The Gollmar Brothers (circus) had a salaried physician engaged, who followed the circus, and attended the wounded members during their illness after the cyclone. There were five members of the circus injured, including one of the Gollmar brothers (proprietors). Doctors arrived the next day and the wounded were attended to. Most of them were removed to the hospitals at St. Paul.

"Mrs. Bartlett was much worried over her son Lawrence, who was expected home that evening from Princeton University, N. J. She naturally thought he must be on the road somewhere, and hearing of washouts and other dire calamities caused by the severe storm wave then rife over other localities, but not so severe, nor in the form of a cyclone. Still, her motherly instincts were much tried and tested during that awful night and next day. We remained at Mr. Bartlett's residence three days. Then a kind friend came from St. Paul, looking for me—went to the church, which was used for a morgue after the night of the cyclone, to find me. She looked at the faces of the dead, but not identifying mine, returned, and finally, by in-

quiries, found me. 'Come with me,' she said, 'Come with me home.' How was I to accomplish this? I had no clothes fit to travel in. But one kind lady lent me a hat, another a skirt, and thus I was ready, equipped to leave the scene of destruction. I did not like to part from my poor Albert. Poor fellow, I left him searching among the ruins of his once happy home. With a lonely, desolate heart, I accompanied my dear, kind friend to St. Paul. There I remained two months. Mr. Boehm came to see me three times. Miss Baehler kindly took charge of a few souvenirs of the cyclone for us, and I returned to my present home of two rooms, to remain indefinitely. What sad changes overtake us mortals in this world!

'I am writing the 'History of the Tornado' in a corner of one of these rooms. Will things ever be better for those who have lost all, I wonder? But why repine? I might truly say with the poet:

"Man needs but little here below,
Nor needs that little long."

MRS. JOICE'S EXPERIENCE.

This lady received severe wounds, as well as a terrible nervous shock, from which she is slowly recovering. She tells the following:

"I was preparing supper on the evening of June 12th. The rest of the family were in the parlor, engaged in conversation with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Casey. The latter arose, and opening the door to look out at the storm, called my two daughters, Nellie and Mayme, to look, and they hurriedly called me to see the peculiar, threatening cloud. I told all to go into the cellar immediately; it was certainly a cyclone. My son, Edward, then ran for his father, who was in his place of business. The boy kept crying out to everyone he met, 'A cyclone, a cyclone!' The cloud meant a cyclone. He had just entered the building when the cyclone struck it. He was swept by the force of the wind from the door (which he had

just opened half way) across the building. He drew his coat over his head to protect it. His escape was most miraculous. His pockets were filled with broken glass and he was unable to move, for various articles were piled around him. He could hear the people calling for help, and he also called loudly for assistance. They heard his cries, and dug him out. In doing so they found he was lying between a wall and a stove, and a binder, which had been thrown in from the outside, was close to him, with its blades so near, that if he moved in the least he would surely be lacerated. He escaped all injury, however, except a slight scratch on his hand.

"At home we were not so fortunate, at least, not I. When we were going to the cellar, I sent the rest before me. There were twelve of us in all. I was on the third step, in the act of descending, when the cyclone struck. The house was lifted up and carried off, then dashed to pieces. I was thrown down and covered with debris. They helped each other out of the cellar. I was extricated from my smothered position, and frightened the others, for my face and shoulders were covered with blood. My head had been literally scalped, the deep flesh wound reaching around my head. My hair was cut off, and for many months I was incapable of much physical action. We lost all we possessed, but time will, with God's help, restore us part of the comforts we lost in the cyclone."

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF MR. AND MRS. MARK CASEY.

"The 12th day of June, 1899, will be a day never to be forgotten! It was not a pleasant morning, still nothing was noticeable till the afternoon. It became sultry and very calm for a time. Then a darkening gradually developed. It increased as the hours went by, and a peculiar rain fell. The drops were large and far apart. The rain was succeeded by hail. The hail stones were as large as small eggs, and, like the rain, fell far apart. The darkness continued increasing. Then heavy clouds formed. My servant called my attention to them. As

she seemed very nervous and anxious and called me several times to look at the clouds, I arose and complied with her request. Still I did not think the matter serious, though the cloud looked very dark and threatening. I had been reading some time previously of the terrible nature of a cyclone, which greatly impressed me at the time. Now I distinctly recalled it to mind. I remembered it stated the cyclone gave warning by a peculiar terrorizing roaring noise. No noise, at present, was heard. Still I was uneasy, and the supper being in progress, I anxiously awaited the home-coming of Mr. Casey. Presently he came, wanting his supper immediately, for they were busy in the store that day, as he had more customers than usual, on account of the circus being in town. He did not appear much concerned regarding the approaching storm. I said to him, looking at the clouds at the same time, 'I feel sure we will have a cyclone.' He said, 'No; let us have supper. I must return to the store.' I looked again; this time I heard an unusual sound, low at first, like an incoming heavy train, then increasing in loudness, which arrested the attention of all of us. I said, 'Mark, let us go to the cellar; we are going to have a cyclone.' I repeated it three times; he still seemed incredulous. Then my sister, Mrs. William Hughes, came in with her two youngest children. The eldest, poor boy, went to his father's office to accompany the latter home, bringing him an umbrella. He was never seen alive again. We all went down cellar, the servant first; in all, ten persons. I was the last. When I reached the lowest step, I was struck with something and thrown on the floor, but in a safe corner. The cyclone struck in all its fury. The house and its contents were carried a short distance, then smashed to pieces. All escaped injury but myself. I had a bruise on my shoulder. Sufficient of the cellar stairs were left so that we ascended after the cyclone passed on. The rain came and we looked about for a place of safety. We saw Lawyer and Mrs. Oaks, whose home met the same fate as ours, lying prostrate on the ground. He had one arm around his wife, the other grasping the trunk of

a small tree. The second cyclone or wind storm came up, and Mr. Oaks called to us to come where they were and lie down flat, face downwards; we would have a better chance of safety. We did so, I clasping my baby boy, Mr. Casey covering in his arms our Bessie. Thus we lay for some time, the desperate wind howling and tearing over us, and the rain falling in torrents. The lowering temperature chilled us, and the children were screaming, so we concluded to go under cover somewhere. We saw part of Mr. A. Tobin's home standing, and we made for that, but the rain was coming through the windows, and the cellar was no protection against it. So we went across the street from Mr. Tobin's to Mr. Knight's. It, too, was badly wrecked and the rain pouring in the windows, etc. We rested there but a very short time, for Miss Anna Donohue sent her brother for us. The Donohue residence was not in the path of the tornado, being on the outskirts of the town. There we remained two weeks, meeting with every kindness and consideration, for which we feel grateful."

MR. WM. FITZGERALD, SUPERVISOR.

MR. AND MRS. WM. FITZGERALD HAVE A BITTER EXPERIENCE IN THE CYCLONE OF JUNE 12TH.

"Having a well-stocked grocery store on Second street, near Main, and doing a fair business, they prepared for the 12th, being 'Circus Day.' The farmers were expected in town in large numbers, which was verified. Many of the latter took the occasion to come in and pay their bills, and purchase more goods to take home with them, after the circus. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, having a large connection of friends and relatives in and around New Richmond and surrounding country, accommodated a large number during the day, many of them attending the circus. The near relatives had returned to sup with the Fitzgerald family and then drive home later, for they all kept good teams of horses. The circus was over for the afternoon at 5 p. m. There was to be a dance that night after

supper. Many from out of town were to remain for that. My God, what foolish mortals we are! Our lives, how like that of the butterflies, live but for the existing sunshine of the hour, forgetful of the icy hand of death so near! How heedless we mortals are!

MRS. FITZGERALD'S EXPERIENCE.

"After 5 o'clock I noticed that the darkness was steadily increasing, and it was becoming very sultry. Yet we never suspected danger. Mr. Fitzgerald felt more anxious as the darkness increased than I did. There were thirty-three persons in our house and store at the time. Soon I heard the roaring noise and went to the front door to ascertain the cause. I even went out on the sidewalk. I still did not think there was danger. The black cloud, a few minutes before six, looked very heavy and threatening. Then the roaring noise grew louder, and the cloud seemed close upon us. Presently I saw the walls of Patton and Carey's drug store, on the opposite corner, falling. Then I felt we were in danger. I rushed in, shut the door, saying, 'Save yourselves, a cyclone, a cyclone, is upon us!' Two men, one my brother, came rushing in, and as they passed me, told me to leave there (for I was standing near the large front window of our store) 'that the glass might fly.'

"My sister Nellie and a young lady friend were piously on their knees, praying, thoroughly frightened. I told them to seek a place of safety near us. We had no cellar to go to. My brother ran to me, saying, 'Mary, we have always loved each other most and played together, now let us die together.' He threw his arms about me, but looking over my shoulder, to my horror I saw my little 4-year-old nephew standing on the counter, unconscious of danger. I rushed and snatched him off, and placing the child between us, we embraced again, my brother and I, and the cyclone was upon us. We had crouched behind some barrels. Mr. Fitzgerald happened to be near a kerosene barrel. This was thrown over and smashed, and the contents thrown over him, so that he was quite saturated with

the fluid, which penetrated his eyes, causing much pain. The cyclone passed on its deadly mission, leaving us homeless. It had swept everything before it, but we had reason to be thankful. Not one was injured in our building. Mr. E. J. Thompson, the proprietor, was saved by going under his counter. We occupied the east side of his building. We ran away, after the cyclone for shelter. Although the cyclone leveled everything, many things of value lay among the ruins. The money till, containing about \$100, was robbed while we were seeking shelter. Well, we simply lost all, even to our clothes."

MISS CLYDE JAMESON'S EXPERIENCE, WITH THAT OF HER
MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER, MRS. B. C. B. FOSTER.

"My grandma was sitting on the porch of our residence the afternoon of the 12th of June. She observed the rapid changes in temperature, and when the afternoon was waning and the darkness growing denser she remarked that she had seen many a cloudy sky and many clouds, but never anything like this. This cloud was certainly very different from anything she had ever witnessed before. My grandma is 81 years old. 'It must be a cyclone,' she said. 'Call your mother to come and look.' I ran up stairs. Mother called me hurriedly. I came down, and both told me that a cyclone was coming, and that we must go to the cellar. As I was passing through the hall, I observed on the hall-rack my collarette, which I took with me. Mother, for some unaccountable reason, snatched up a light mattress, and grandma had her shawl. Thus equipped, we gained the cellar, but not a minute too soon, for the cyclone struck and carried off the new addition we had built, smashing in the old part under which the cellar was, where we took refuge. But none of us were hurt. The cyclone, by breaking the foundation of the old part of the house, opened a way for us to get out, and we availed ourselves of it after the cyclone passed. I was going out first, when mother called me to help grandma. In doing so, I observed mother's mattress, under which she crouched in the cellar, thickly weighted with

stones. These I speedily removed and liberated mother. Then we went to Mr. Knight's, but there, though full of people, it was far from being a place of safety. The windows were broken, and the rain pouring in. We stayed there but a short time, and finally took up our abode with our cousin, Mr. Harvey Law, and on the 1st of August removed to our present home."

CLYDE JAMISON.

MRS. WM. JOHNSON, OF FIRST STREET, NEW RICHMOND

In the gray of the morning, after the cyclone had passed, a small, slight figure might be seen, with shawl drawn over the head, from under which a pale, anxious face, with downcast eyes, walked slowly in the direction of the center of the town, where the greatest amount of damage was done. It was Mrs. William Johnson. She was going on her errand of mercy. This little unassuming lady did much for the sufferers, and did it long. The injured were well nursed and cheerfully cared for at her home. The convalescent were also welcomed, and remained her guests for many months. Miss Lewis, whose shattered arm, after the most skillful treatment by Dr. Gunning of St. Paul, had to be finally amputated by the latter physician in order to save her life, was for weeks the guest of Mrs. Johnson during her convalescence.

My relations with Mrs. Johnson were of the most friendly nature. Meeting her for the first time at the home of a mutual friend, very soon after my arrival in New Richmond, our acquaintance ripened into a sincere friendship, which increases as time goes on its journey. I found in this lady, which is rare in these days of the "Almighty Dollar," a great detachment from the things of earth and a just estimate of the value of the gifts with which God has endowed us, considering them placed at our disposal to be dispensed for the happiness of others. Though the Johnson family escaped the cyclone, as their pretty home was not in its path, yet they had, a few

years ago, their crucial period. A lovely, promising son was lost to them by drowning accidentally. The shock to maternal love was so great that were she less of the sincere Christian than she is, she would certainly have succumbed. But she rose superior to her calamity, and, thanking the Heavenly Father for the bright good lad he had left in her second and only son, she goes about doing good in her own quiet way.

Mr. Johnson, the husband and father, and Mrs. Starkweather, the congenial, friendly mother of Mrs. Johnson, an elderly lady of 84 years, live together in perfect harmony, disseminating kindness and good will to all. Would that the world possessed more of such beautiful characters. It would be bettered by it.

MR. THOMAS MULROONEY DESERVES PARTICULAR MENTION
HERE.



THOS. F. MULROONEY.

He was appointed salaried secretary of the New Richmond Relief Committee, in place of Mr. Chamberlain, who resigned,

in consequence of ill health, on June 30th. Mr. Mulrooney took hold with a will and efficiency which gave much satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Mulrooney did not escape being a loser in the cyclone. His seed store on Main street shared the fate of all others, but his home was spared, and he was thankful.

His home life is a happy one, his family consisting of an amiable and intelligent wife, who is the happy mother of three lovely children, two boys, aged respectively 11 and 9 years, and a baby girl of 5 years. The office of Secretary of the Relief Committee, which Mr. Mulrooney assumed, was no sinecure, and he labored hard to make it a success, so that his faithfulness and business qualities gave much satisfaction, and were duly appreciated by all the other members of the Relief Committee.

A FEEBLE TRIBUTE TO HOME PHYSICIANS.

And our physicians, what of them? Ah! words and pen are mute! It seems to me a mockery to attempt to picture the heroism, self-denial and utter forgetfulness of self which characterized our local physicians on the awful night of June 12th, 1890! As far as I have learned, and I have made careful research, Dr. McKeon was the first in the field; the first to respond to the call of duty; the first to answer the awful wail of the dead and dying. Doctor Knapp was there, too, doing his best with a maimed hand, which he seemed to forget he had, in his zeal to help the wounded. But Doctor Wade, where was he? He was in the country, five miles southeast of the city, making an official visit, when the tornado swept over the fated town. The fact of his absence gave rise to the rumor which was telegraphed far and wide that he was killed. To the sincere joy of many, he arrived on the scene three-quarters of an hour after the disaster, and driving as near home as possible, he sent his team into the country for help and ran home. Here he found all the available space packed with the wounded, about nineteen persons. Mrs. Wade had already dressed several of the sufferers with surprising skill and delicacy, making

them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The doctor, seeing how things were progressing, and giving general directions what to do for each one injured, without waiting for refreshment or rest, though wet through, ran to the assistance of Dr. McKeon among the other sufferers. And there they worked as no doctors ever worked before. Every few moments



Dr. McKEON.

stretchers, doors, boards and every available piece of timber on which a human being could rest were carried in, freighted with bleeding and dying victims, and laid at the feet of the doctors.

Dr. Epley happened to be the only one of the four physicians who was fortunate enough not to have lost that night, his entire

office and its valuable contents. He, at least, had instruments, bandages and sedatives to relieve. The other doctors were handicapped for want of these, but made up for their loss by their zeal and mental resources. Dr. Wade had a small supply of instruments and medicines at the Insane Asylum, of which he was the visiting physician. These helps he procured, being glad to have them to utilize at such a critical time.

When I visited the hospitals in St. Paul, a few days after our poor sufferers were located there, they were very grateful to home physicians for all they did for them. They said to me: "Did they not save our lives? We would have bled to death were it not for them." Yes, they enthusiastically eulogized our local physicians for their skill and gentleness in the treatment of their wounds. They were lavish in their praises.

When Dr. McKeon was asked for his experience on the night of the 12th of June and days following, he replied, very modestly: "My life during the first two weeks following the cyclone was a total blank. I know I worked amidst the horrors that surrounded me." He paused abruptly, then remarked quietly: "I can say no more." Then he added calmly, looking steadily at me: "But Dr. Wade is a hero! He did noble deeds during that awful time. Yes, Dr. Wade is a true hero!" he repeated. I saw he did not wish to speak further, and my time was short. So I passed out, reflecting on the comparatively unknown, yet wonderful possibilities for good contained in the human hearts that surround us.

Yes, I believe the physicians are the real heroes! How much more deserving are they of the title than those on whom it is so frequently but erroneously bestowed! Which is the greater hero—the one who heals the bleeding wounds, or the one who barbarously makes them? Doctor Perren of Star Prairie donated the most of his services for two weeks, and many of the sufferers feel a life-long gratitude for all he did for them in their extreme need. In another chapter I will speak of our visiting physicians.

McNALLY BROTHERS.

Among the many sufferers were two of our most prominent and clever citizens—Lawyers W. F. and M. P. McNally. These gentlemen suffered much in the cyclone of June 12th. They had their office over Patton & Carey's drug store; when the cyclone struck, these they lost. The pathetic incidents regarding their brotherly love for each other during the terrible tornado I have recorded elsewhere. These gentlemen lost everything their office contained—their furniture, library, briefs, etc., and by a miracle only were their lives saved. They were severely injured. The elder brother, Lawyer W. F., had his ankle crushed and his knee injured, the latter most seriously, which necessitated careful nursing for months. Lawyer M. P. McNally had his spine injured, his jaw and left arm. He, too, was an invalid for some time, but, rapidly recovering, plunged into the vortex of business. Men of brains were needed to help out the bankrupt, ruined city of New Richmond, and the McNally Brothers came to the rescue. May they ever use their talents for the welfare and happiness of their fellow beings!

A VERY SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF MRS. ANDREW BROWN—
FREAKS OF THE CYCLONE.

The peculiar experience of Mrs. Andrew Brown might be questioned, were it not for the substantial proof in evidence.

The Brown family, consisting of the parents and several daughters, lived for many years in a frame house, corner Arch and Second streets. The father, Mr. Brown, is a contractor and builder. At the time of the cyclone he was in Eau Claire, erecting a school-house. Mr. Brown's home contained no cellar, which proved a painful loss to the family, as the cellar was the most secure place of refuge. When the cyclone struck the residence, the family fell amidst the ruins of their dwelling. Mrs. Brown suffered most, her injuries being most severe.

One of the daughters was severely injured, but more rapidly recovered than the mother. The latter was injured seriously, and suffered much, but the strangest part of all seems to be that three coins, consisting of a ten cent piece and two penny pieces, were found by the doctors embedded in the fleshy part of her arm. Of course, the coins were extracted. The lady recovered, and the coins were eagerly sought for as souvenirs. To account for this strange incident, Mrs. Brown was for a time at a loss. However, she learned on investigation that similar coins were in the pocket of a pair of pantaloons upstairs, belonging to her son, and by an almost incredible eccentricity of the cyclone, the coins must have become dislodged and blown into Mrs. Brown's arm. But there they were, as Doctor Epley can testify, who attended the injured lady, and who possesses the identical ten cent piece of silver that was extracted from her arm. Mrs. Brown was obliged to have the services of an experienced trained nurse, yet her recovery was slow. The nurse has one of the penny pieces, and her daughter, Mrs. Kallaman of Star Prairie, has the other.

EFFECTS OF THE CYCLONE ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

There was something very remarkable in the actions of animals previous to the storm in New Richmond. They seemed without exception, as far as I could learn, to be unrestful, nervous, and incapable of being quieted, though cared for and petted more than usual.

There was a Jersey-Holstein cow, the property of Mr. Jas. Link. This fine animal kept up a continual mowing for days previous to the cyclone. The writer, who lived near, spoke of the unrest of the animals, particularly of the cattle, and the frequent neighing and whinnying of the horses, as unusually unpleasant. And there the matters rested, as not worth a thought, likely.

One very large St. Bernard dog, also the property of Mr. Link, exhibited more than ordinary uneasiness. The faithful animal showed more affection than usual, particularly towards

his mistress. The animal left home a few hours before the cyclone struck, and returned safely the day after. The poor, faithful "Judge" returned to find his master's home in ruins, and to seek in vain for his dead mistress.

I learned that over thirty dogs left their homes like "Judge" a few hours before the storm and took refuge under an embankment out of the path of the tornado. Next day the poor dogs were seen returning, a few at a time, with heads low on the ground. Likely they were forced by hunger to leave their retreat. Those that did seemed to be seeking their lost owners.

The havoc among horses was very great. It was said that upwards of 360 dead horses were buried by the committee appointed for the purpose. Cattle, also, were killed in great numbers. Many of these animals were not killed instantly, but in the name of humanity the poor, suffering creatures were shot to put an end to their sufferings. The maimed and wounded animals suffered so patiently, yet so intensely, that it was a pitiful sight to see them. One fine bay horse stood near the ruins of our home, in a pool of blood; in his hip a ghastly wound about ten inches long, and deep, which he endured meekly with lowered head and partly closed eyes. I went over to him, saying: "Poor animal, you too have suffered with the rest of us." The poor dumb thing looked with such a pathetic expression in those beautiful large brown eyes, then lowered his head again and partly closed his eyes. I went away and left him there, with another pang at my heart. Soon I heard the report of a revolver, and the poor beast's sufferings were past. The St. Paul police arrived and speedily put an end to the sufferings of many of the maimed creatures.

The effects of the cyclone on fowl were grotesquely painful. Whole flocks of chickens could be seen alive, denuded of feathers. Poor little things began picking for food in their usual way, apparently not inconvenienced by the loss of their natural covering. Again, one would see hens, deprived of their feathers only in part. One old hen was going around quite lively, with one side completely denuded, the other side cov-

ered as usual. One fine Mufti had only the feathered ruffle peculiar to the breed, which was entire, but the rest of her once fine plumage was scattered, probably to the four cardinal points of the heavens.

CATS.

Cats also acted with apparent foreknowledge of coming events. A much-prized Maltese would be seen going to the door occasionally from early morning on the 19th, looking upwards and around her; then would return, mewing, to some member of the family. Thus continuing in the greatest excitement until the cyclone passed. Mrs. Dr. Knapp had a favorite feline which was remarkably sagacious. On the afternoon of the 19th of June, the faithful animal was very restless; would pull his mistress' gown when the latter was seated reading; seemed to want her to come with him, and exhibited unusual agitation. Mrs. Knapp, not divining the cause, spoke and petted the animal, but to no purpose. The cyclone struck, and pussy's uneasiness was explained.

THE CYCLONE SOUVENIR.

"WHAT I AM ABOUT TO RELATE TO YOU, MADAM, IS FOUNDED ON FACTS, IF IT'S NOT ALL FACTS."—SUCH WAS THE PRELUDE TO THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE.

"Good-bye, my dearest. I promise you I will be back as soon as I can, for you know well how reluctant I am in leaving home and you, darling." "I am sure," she responded, "but think how lonely I'll be until you return. But, Allan, the newspapers are full of the sad results of that fearful cyclone that so completely destroyed that pretty little city of Wisconsin, New Richmond, I think it's called. Does your train take in that unfortunate town? If it does, get off and view it, and tell me all about it on your return. It may be possible that the newspapers exaggerated."

"Yes, my train passes that town. I will act on your suggestion, and perhaps bring home a cyclone souvenir, if I am allowed to get one." "Thanks, for your thoughtful kindness, but wait a moment," and whispering in his ear, "Allan make a liberal donation to those stricken ones. They must need it. We have plenty and to spare. Besides, we have no children to leave it to when we are gone. Let us give while we are living, then there will be no quarrelling over it after our deaths, which I hope will be far distant."

"Good idea, my little sage, a bright idea! You always speak to the purpose, Mary. I will consider your proposition," and in a low voice continued, "will act upon it."

They parted, waving hands to each other, until each loved one was lost in the distance.

Allan Morton was making a business trip West in the interest of some mining shares, of which he had considerable stock. The mines were showing up good dividends lately, and his presence was necessary, as the company intended making further developments. His home in the East was some distance from the station, so he urged the driver to good speed, as his train was nearly due. From the carriage window he looked once more in the direction of his beautiful mansion, murmuring to himself, "My angel wife seems always thinking of the welfare of others. When God takes you, my sweet wife, the poor will lose their best friend in these parts. But may that calamity be averted many long years hence. I would be a lonely sinner without her."

As he drew up to the station, the train was waiting. Bidding his driver good-bye, he boarded the train, took his seat, looked around for some familiar face to greet, but being disappointed, spread out his newspaper and was soon interested in its contents.

On rushed the train. It was the passenger limited, but with instructions to stop at New Richmond, Wis., the tornado-ravished district, in order that the passengers who wished might take a view of the dreadful havoc of the recent cyclone. Yet there were others on board whose interest was of more vital

importance than mere curiosity. Here and there were seen tear-stained faces; heads lowered in deep thought; others resting their heads on their hands in that tired, desolate way that bespeaks calm despair. Still there were many anxious only from a morbid curiosity to satisfy themselves of the awful work of the elements.

How slow even a train travels when one is laboring under an awful suspense! There was a daughter who was obliged to seek employment at a distance to help to keep at home the children at school; a son who had left his native town against his parents' will. He wished to see the outside world; it had fascinations for him which must be satisfied. Now he returns, on hearing the fatal news of the cyclone; but where are those dear parents? Perhaps cold in death. Oh, if he could but ask their forgiveness, and tell them how sincerely he repented of his folly! Thus it was; all seemed but too painfully anxious to reach their destination; to know the worst. But the train, faithful to duty, sped on its journey. As it neared the unfortunate city, it was painfully evident that the direful accounts were not exaggerated. At last they drew up to the station, and the awful reality of the deadly work of the cyclone burst upon their view. No pen can depict the terrible havoc that presented itself to the gaze of the horror-stricken passengers on that Wednesday morning after the passage of the worst cyclone in the history of the country. As the crowd passed out, Mr. Morton passed through them unnoticed. It would take something very remarkable to attract attention from the dreadful scene before them. The crowd scattered, going in groups of twos and threes, some individuals strolling off alone. Among the latter was our friend, sauntering on by himself, too much preoccupied with the incidents of the occasion to think of aught save his gruesome surroundings. He walked slowly and cautiously over the piles of debris, the ruins of once comfortable homes and active business establishments, for New Richmond did much business in early days, and was noted for its pretty, picturesque homes, surrounded by numerous lofty,

full-grown trees, once the pride of the town, and from which it derived its name of the "Garden City of Northern Wisconsin." On he went with a fascinating gaze, viewing ruins upon ruins, meeting anxious-looking, pale-faced men, intently bent on removing the debris, seeking for the remains of loved ones beneath. No one noticed the stranger who wore such a pre-occupied, sympathetic look. How could one, for all were sympathetic. So he passed on until he came to a pile of ruins which had the appearance of being once a handsome dwelling. Before it he paused, for he seemed to hear, or fancied he did, a scarcely perceptible wail from beneath the boards. He listened attentively, and he distinctly heard the low, weak wail of an infant. Yes, he heard it once more. He was convinced this time. What was he to do? He thought first to call for help. Could he alone rescue the object that uttered that wail? While deliberating, for it was only for a moment, he felt assured that some human being was beneath that pile. Then, acting on the impulse of the moment, he threw off his coat and began with a desperate will to remove the loads of debris obstructing the object of his search. Carefully and lightly, he removed those boards that he thought might be nearest the human being. He was not deceived, but joyfully recompensed, for there to his astonished gaze lay a young child, exhausted and moaning piteously. He hastily extricated it from its rough surroundings, and felt its pulse. It was very weak. Then he examined its light clothing, and to his satisfaction it appeared dry, though above and around, the dreadful cyclonic rain had soaked everything that lay on the surface. The child's escape was miraculous. It owed its preservation to some boards lying obliquely over the little one, shielding it from the down-pour which followed (like a cloud-burst) the cyclone. He looked about for something in which to wrap the poor little creature, but nothing presented itself as suitable. All was wet of the household wreck, very wet. He glanced at his stylish, expensive coat, and in a moment it was covering the poor babe. Then his own appearance in his shirt sleeves occurred to him. Again

he thought he would investigate further; perhaps he could find some clue to the identity of the child. No one was near. They had passed to the other side of the town. So, laying the poor babe down, he began to search still more minutely for food and a dry something to take the place of his coat. He was repaid in his search, for several articles of woman's apparel lay folded neatly in an upturned drawer of a chiffonier, protected by some planks. The articles in the drawer were perfectly dry. He casually examined the garments, selecting a thick woolen shawl, which made him ejaculate, "Just the thing." Taking it out of its folds, shaking it lest it might be the least damp, then, placing it comfortably around the child, laid it in a clean place, while he speedily drew on his coat, feeling more at ease at his appearance. But instantly his thoughts reverted to the poor babe, which he feared would die before he could procure food. He was alarmed, for he examined minutely the pale, drawn features of the child. He trembled. Was the wee thing just saved, really dying? Could he not save it? But it seemed so emaciated and still. He searched further, thinking he might find some food, but found a more grewsome sight, for there under the ruins of their home lay presumably the dead parents of the child, for even in death he could trace the resemblance. Considering for a moment what was best to be done in order to save the life of the child by procuring food, and that immediately, for the child was surely starving to death. But how was he to obtain it? He was perplexed. At this juncture the roar of a train coming from the west was heard. The thought flashed upon him, and he vowed he would put it into execution. "I will take the babe home to Mary, provided it does not die on my hands before I reach her. This will be the 'souvenir' I promised her. Oh! if it is not too far gone! How I hope it may live!" Every other consideration was forgotten, in the hope of saving the child and bringing it home. The business he left home for, his necessary presence at the mining office, all—all forgotten in his anxiety to save the life of the child. "Oh, if it is only saved! How I hope it may live!" Such were his

thoughts. With the poor famishing babe carefully clasped in his arms, he made directly for the station site, for the station shared the fate of the rest. Looking down at himself, or rather at his carefully carried burden, he exclaimed aloud: "Well, by Jove, I do look most comical, carrying this poor kid, like a full-fledged nursery maid." He abruptly halted in his brisk walk, reflected for a moment; then he glanced around and the dreadful traces of the devastation around him steadied his thoughts, and he murmured softly: "Appearances to the winds. I will save and guard you, poor little thing, with my life. You have been given into my hands by the Supreme Being, and I do but hope you will be spared to comfort us and fill the gap in our happy but childless lives!" This soliloquy was brought to an end by arriving at the station.

The east-bound passenger loomed in sight, for the train he came on had long since passed on to its destination. But trains were coming in from east and west, bringing provisions and succor to the poor cyclone sufferers. So Mr. A. Morton, with his burden, quietly boarded the train going east, and no one seemed to bestow a single glance on him. Every one was too busy at that awful time. O blessed humanity, how beautiful you are in your charity! He with his burden was comfortably seated and the train pulling out, when he unwrapped the little waif, with a great fear at his heart. He looked closely at it. It seemed sleeping, likely soothed into rest by its change of position. Poor little thing, lying so long under the boards! He laid his hand on its white forehead, and to his infinite satisfaction the child opened its large brown eyes with a look of inquiry, and smiled. That settled the destiny of the child. He wondered where the child could obtain nourishment in the quickest interval of time. The conductor came up at that moment with the faintest look of inquiry at the polished gentleman's strange burden. Mr. Morton whispered to him, "A souvenir of the cyclone." No questions were asked. Then he requested him for God's sake to procure some food, for the poor child was starving. The kind-hearted conductor assented, and

passed out hurriedly into the baggage-room. Presently the black porter came along with milk. But it was cold, and they consulted, and thought it would be better warmed, as the child was without food so long it would be more likely to agree with its stomach, which must be very weak. Back went the porter, and with the aid of a spirit lamp heated the milk, and, with a cracker, brought it to the starving babe. Mr. Morton felt but too grateful and tipped the obliging porter. Then a small tea-spoonful was given at first, then again a small quantity administered, till finally it fell asleep. The babe soon awakened, craving more food, but they feared giving it even too much of the warm milk, until the vitality of the stomach was restored. Not a woman as yet appeared on the scene. None were on the car. But some would come on surely at the next station, they thought. Women knew the wants of children so much better than men. It seemed more natural to them.

The whistle blew. The first station was reached after leaving New Richmond. The train stopped; five passengers boarded at this station, among them a lady with a small boy of about five years. But they took seats near the door they entered, while the hero of our sketch was at the opposite end. How he longed for instructions to care for the child. Yes, he was pleased to see that strange lady board the car. They might become acquainted. She would render him some assistance in regard to his charge; but how was he to make himself and his wants known? He thought again of the conductor; he would be the mediator. He would pass him to take the ticket from the last arrival. He was not mistaken. The conductor for the second time was appealed to. He kindly listened to Mr. Morton's request that the lady should be appealed to and informed of the situation of himself and child; that his charge was the only survivor of a relative who was killed in the cyclone at New Richmond, etc. The conductor fulfilled his mission. Presently the lady's face assumed an expression of intense interest. She glanced back to where the subject of conversation was seated with the child; then arose, whispered a few words

to the gentleman beside her, smiled at her little son, and, steadying herself, walked down to Mr. Morton and his interesting find. Then a cordial acquaintance sprang up, explanations took place, and the motherly instincts in good Mrs. Bowles were aroused. She took the little one, saw to its necessary comforts and rendered all the assistance possible. But the poor child stood in need of a change of garments. What was to be done? Our friend told the lady that money was no object. All that it could procure would be at her disposal. Could she procure the necessary clothing, she might utilize any amount for the relief of the child.

Mrs. Bowles and family, consisting of her husband, son and two students, nephews of the former, were going sixty miles down the line before they would reach their destination. Thus many hours would elapse before they could leave the train. The damp clothing on the poor child needed immediate removal. What could they do? While they were conjecturing, another station was reached. It was the handsome and prosperous city of Hudson, quite a large place, and young children's clothing could easily be procured there. But how were they to be gotten? The train would not stop long enough to do the purchasing. He could not do it alone, and he was reluctant to part with the good Mrs. Bowles. While in this emergency, the train stopped, and some ladies got on board at Hudson, and woman's wit came to the rescue. It never fails in a dilemma, especially in one where children are concerned. Mrs. Bowles sized up the newcomers as soon as they were seated, and said "Wait," and back up the aisle she went to the ladies, and in her womanly way made known the wants of the suffering child. The new group, the majority of whom were ladies, became at once most interested, and grips and satchels were immediately opened, and as two of the ladies were accompanied by small children, the needful articles were soon produced, and willing hands and kindly hearts were ready to succor the baby's needs. So Mrs. Bowles marched back to Mr. Morton with a half dozen ladies bringing up the rear. In a few moments baby's damp clothing was

removed, and dry, warm garments were substituted. The little one was now made as comfortable as possible, and the original proprietor was minus for the time being of his charge, each lady vying with the other to nurse and care for the cyclone child. Mr. Morton, relieved of his charge, and finding his hands free, carefully packed away in a paper the original baby clothes, which he thought his duty, for reference and proof, if at some future period relatives might trace and lay claim to the child. Then for the first time the thought occurred to him that later on, after he and his admirable wife had lavished their wealth of affection on this unknown child, relatives might trace its destination, claim it, and their prior claim of kinship would deprive them of the fostered darling, and perhaps break their hearts. Ah, yes, trouble might come, but that could not be to take or even claim the poor child, for would it not have died were it not for him? Did he not see its poor dead parents? He reflected for a moment. Would it not have been better to have made known his find and delivered the child up to the proper authorities of the place? But who were in authority? All seemed chaos in that ruined city. He found the babe; he intended to do well by it, as if it were his own child. Then if the proper authorities came to claim it, he would deliver it up and think no more about it. Yet that was impossible.

Why was it that the matter-of-fact Mr. Morton grew so suddenly attached to the child? The child lay in his arms but a few hours. That solved the mystery. His arms had never encircled an infant's form before. All his fatherly instincts were aroused. He weighed in his mind vast possibilities for the future of that child. He was rich. But now he would take still greater interests in his monetary speculations, for the boy would bear his name. Such were his thoughts.

The news spread around the car, somehow, that he was the child's uncle; that its parents were killed by the tornado; that he went to seek for his relatives, and found only this poor little waif, nearly dead from neglect and starvation. He was pleased at the turn of affairs. "Let that pass current," he thought;

"partly true, yet the main point is false. I did not circulate the rumor, and no one suffers by it. Let it stand," he thought. He was far from displeased. He rather rejoiced at the turn events took.

The train rushed on to its destination. Passengers came on, his "souvenir," as he called it, lay calmly sleeping in good Mrs. Bowles' arms. All seemed serene. But to his intense mortification he became lionized by all in the car, as the "hero" of the cyclone city, who came from the East, seeking his relatives, digging for them beneath the ruins of their home and coming across this child alive. If it were not for his timely assistance, this interesting babe would be numbered among the dead, etc. So matters were at this high state of temperature, when Mrs. Bowles announced, with tears in her eyes, that the next station would be their destination, and they would have to part. She carefully laid the sleeping babe in Mr. Morton's arms, giving him instructions how to care for it the rest of the journey. He cordially thanked her, feeling she had been to him a sincere friend in need. She on her part felt doubly repaid, like all generous souls, by the good offices she was able to render. Having obtained each other's addresses, she said she would write first, for she took an interest in the dear child, etc. Thus they parted, he clasping her hand, saying, "I will never forget your kindness, Mrs. Bowles, and hope you and my wife will meet in the near future." The group of five went out at the station. But what appeared strange to him was that other ladies coming on along the line at various points were made acquainted with his situation, and he was thus promptly relieved of his charge. Though he protested, they insisted. This time he was reluctant to part with the child from his sheltering arms, but the gentlemen with whom he was conversing intimated to him that it was best to let the ladies have their way. They understood how to care for the youngster better than he did, etc. So he was obliged to submit. But, happily, the poor, worn out babe slept on. Poor wee thing! The warm, dry clothing and frequent nourishment soon showed its bene-

ficial effects on the child, aided by a good constitution. The waif was fast regaining its wonted vigor. Mr. Morton was well pleased, and he had much reason. Friends sprang up on every side, anxious to assist him in caring for the babe. His anxiety and solicitude had long since vanished. He felt his journey west was guided by a higher power than mere accident. The man was a consistent Christian, but no zealot. He believed in living and let live. So, at ease with himself and those around him, wherever he went, Allan Morton was a favorite.

Even on this journey, and the peculiar circumstances connected with it, he made, as usual, his life-long friends. But the journey was a long one, and the nights more or less disturbed, yet the man quietly submitted, and the luxurious palace sleeping car he occupied obviated many difficulties and inconveniences. The black porter, Davy, was of much assistance to him during the nights on the journey.

The child, his one thought, was well cared for, and the little fellow showed remarkable vitality and gaiety of spirit before they reached their journey's end. They were now drawing near to his home. How pleased Mrs. Morton would be at his premature arrival! How agreeably surprised at the veritable "souvenir!" At least, he reflected, he kept one promise sacred in his life. Would all things turn out for the best in the future? "Quen sabe!"

At last the turrets of his pretty home on the banks of the Hudson River, well called the "Rhine of America," appeared in sight. How pretty they looked in the sunshine! He had built his villa on an eminence that commanded a view of the surrounding country, and which could be distinctly seen from the train as they approached the rural station. On leaving the train, he stepped into his own carriage, which awaited him by direct order of a telegram sent in advance. How surprised Mrs. Morton will be, he thought. But no less surprised was James, the coachman, as he welcomed Mr. Morton home. He scrutinized the carefully carried bundle so gingerly handed him to hold, while Mr. Morton stepped in and took his seat, and still

further surprised was James when the former smilingly asked him to return him his boy. Taking the little fellow from James with an air of ownership, and settling himself comfortably among the cushions, he unwrapped the child, who crowed, reaching out his tiny hands, greatly to the amusement of Mr. Morton and James, the latter standing gazing in speechless wonder on the pair, till quietly aroused to duty.

At last the vehicle was in motion and drove smartly to the villa. Slowly driving up the avenue to the hall door, he perceived Mrs. Morton standing awaiting him. With a glad look of surprise on her calm, handsome face at his short absence, which was quickly replaced by speechless inquiry, when, alighting from the carriage, he placed in her arms the smiling, pretty babe. "This is your cyclone souvenir, Mary. I'll tell you all about it when we go in." Thus, suiting the action to the word, he caressingly laid his hand on her shoulder, and the happy trio walked into the drawing-room. There the promised explanation took place. There Mrs. Morton was made extremely happy when she clasped to her bosom the pretty, brown-eyed child, saying: "You will be my own darling. God has placed you in our hands, whom death alone shall part." Then, both standing up, by a sudden impulse, raised their hands and eyes to heaven, saying: "For the sake of your departed parents, whoever they may be, we will guard and cherish you, and train you to be a good man, as they doubtless would have done who were so suddenly snatched out of life by an awful death. As we do by you, poor babe, may it be done to us hereafter." Then, continuing, and raising her eyes to heaven, she quietly said: "Oh, parents of this dear little child, if you have power to be near us, witness our devotion and affection in the education of this child thus placed in our hands! May God spare you sweet babe," and kissing the rosy lips of the child, she whispered, "My cyclone souvenir! My lovely cyclone souvenir!" We leave them in their happiness, and reluctantly turn to complete our sad "History of the Tornado."

MRS. H. W. FINK'S EXPERIENCE.

"About 5:45 p. m. I had prepared supper, and, remarking the increasing darkness, I, with one of my daughters, went on the porch to look at the weather. Towards the southwest we looked, and saw two clouds coming simultaneously from that direction; one green, emitting various rays of the same color; the other a copper color. For a moment I thought it was sunset, but again I remembered that it was June and the sun did not set till 8 p. m. Presently I noticed a black cloud, and all three seemed to join together. Then immediately the roaring noise was heard, growing louder and louder as it approached nearer the town, and I saw pieces of sticks, wood and other things flying in the air, and a clot of mud fell on my hand. When Elsie saw the clouds, she said: 'Oh, mamma, it is a cyclone! Come to the cellar.' Just then my youngest daughter, Frida, who happened to be out, suddenly made her appearance, and Elsie said to her: 'It is time for you to come in; we are going to have a cyclone.' With that, we three rushed down the cellar, not a moment too soon, for the door of the latter shut with a slam as the last of us were on the steps. We stood against the south wall of the cellar, my daughters standing on either side, each embracing an arm of mine very tightly. The awful roaring grew louder, completely overwhelming every other thought but that the end of the world had come. After the noise ceased we emerged from the cellar to find the whole front of our home torn away. The rain was sweeping in torrents down over the front stairs like the rapids in a river.

But, my God, where were Mr. Fink and my other daughters! Ida and Agnes were with their father at the store on Main street, and all Main street was level with the ground. We naturally came to the conclusion all were killed, and to add to the scene of horror I saw the fire leaping from place to place. Fire had broken out in Mr. O. J. Williams' hardware store, and Mr. Fink's store was next to his. Imagine, if you will,

my dreadful apprehensions! Frida, as soon as released from the cellar, started to run down town to ascertain the fate of her father and sisters. Meeting Charles Nelson, who worked for Mr. Fink, he told her that her father was not killed. He really did not know, merely guessed, for he did not wish to frighten the poor child. However, Mr. Fink and daughters were saved and did their best to save others."

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF MARTIN STROMMEN OF STAR PRAIRIE.

Mr. Strommen drove into New Richmond eight miles to see the circus, and when the storm threatened he left the circus grounds and went down town. He was standing on the east side of Main street, not far from the Hagen Opera House, when the storm came upon him, and he saw bricks flying through the air. He made a dive for the nearest doorway and that is all he knew for three hours.

When he recovered consciousness, it was pitch dark. By his cramped position, he knew he was under a lot of debris. There was a terrific weight on his feet and arm. His position was such that he could not turn over on his back, and he was compelled to lie with his face in the dust of the cellar. How long he lay there he did not know. The next thing he remembered was hearing some one above him chopping and sawing. There came shouts, to which he made answer. In another half hour the rescuers reached him, having been compelled to throw aside tons of bricks and debris. His injuries were found to be slight, notwithstanding the manner in which he had been buried. Had he fallen a foot either way, he would have been crushed to death, for Ole Gunderson's body was taken out not two feet from where Mr. Strommen lay. Mr. Gunderson had been crushed out of human shape. Mr. Strommen thinks he was under the ruins five or six hours before being rescued.

I have endeavored to depict faithfully the awful mortality caused by the cyclone, in a general way. In detail, I have con-

finer myself to the principal cases. It would take a much larger volume than this will be to indite them all. So I hope none will be offended at omissions.

A FEW FREAKS OF THE CYCLONE.

Judging from the stories of those who passed through the cyclone, and from the results as I saw them early next day, there is no place safer than another unless it be at the bottom of a well with a five-inch cover over the top. There seemed to be a pathetic fate in store for those who ran for shelter and imagined themselves safe. Thinking themselves immune from harm, death seems to overtake them the first. Many ran into the open, saying, "We are safe here," only to be killed. Others ran from the open into strong and well-protected buildings, crying, "Come in out of the danger," and were crushed lifeless the next moment.

The awful picture as was presented the next morning, before scarcely a hand had time to throw aside the shivered timber, made one stop and ask very earnestly: "Where would I fly? How could I save myself?" It was the most terrifying picture of power uncontrollable ever seen in this part of the country. The city men who saw the havoc had a habit of asking one another the next few days: "What do you think would happen should a cyclone like that strike one of our big down-town steel office buildings. Would it stand?" After seeing the effects of such power, the answer comes very quickly, "No." The building is not made which can stand it, for the power of a vacuum is an absolutely unknown quantity.

Like almost every catastrophe of its kind, it presented queer inconsistencies and freaks. Here was a great strong house, which had stood two score winters, reduced to kindling wood, with not one piece left standing on another. It was an awfully desolate ruin, and for aught I know there might have been a still, dead form under the pile. As we stood looking at the wreck, there came a clucking sound from under a pile of boards, and then a hen, surrounded by at least a dozen peeping, flut-

tering, fuzzy little chicks, came out into the sunlight from one of the crevices. Utterly unmindful of the strangeness of her surroundings and showing no fright or dismay, the hen set about to scratch food in the good old way.

There is a singular, but an absolutely true story of a watch which went through the cyclone. The timepiece, which has been under fire and is now a veteran, was an old one of strong build. When the storm struck, the owner, whose name is Bryant, forgot all about his valuables in the hustle for safety. The watch was in the drawer of a bureau. After the blow was over, Mr. Bryant found himself almost without a scratch and went back to view the house. He found nothing but a landscape. He began to search about the ruins early the next morning, and here comes the funny, but true part of it. In the bottom of an unbroken pickle jar were the works of the watch, ticking away, while the silver case could not be found.

Sometimes the cyclone would bound up in the air fifty feet from the ground, and then suddenly plunge forward. The point of impact was always the spot of unusual havoc. Sticks and beams were carried along almost on an even keel until one of these downward plunges would take place, when they would be inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, and hurled against the earth. Here might have been seen another evidence of the fury of the cyclone, for frail sticks were driven six inches into the ground, while scantlings were impaled to such a depth that they could not be pulled out with two hands. These sticks all entered the earth at about the same angle, and were often so thickly strewn that it presented the appearance of an abatis. It was these flying spears and lances which made life so hazardous in the open, and gave a man no place in which to seek safety.

POWER OF THE CYCLONE ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Picture to yourself the marvelous fury of a power which can drive wisps of hay straight into and through the hard surface of telegraph poles. This remarkable aftermath of the cyclone was seen by scores of people. Over near the ruins of

Rev. Mr. Tull's house was the remnant of a telegraph or electric light pole, sticking about six feet out of the ground, tilted over at a sharp angle by the storm. In the side, facing the direction from which the storm came, was the business end of a common garden hoe, driven two and a half inches into the pole, while around the hoe were a half hundred short wisps of hay, driven not less than an eighth of an inch into the wood. Many were buried so deep as to break when pulled out.

The action of the storm on the trees in some respects was curious. The twisting effect could be seen here more clearly than in anything else. Think of the power which, in the twinkling of an eye, twists off trees twelve inches and more in diameter, and then, after stripping one branch from another, carries the minute fragments for miles. The power must have been blistering, for it even stripped the trees of bark.

The effects of the cyclone on the animals that have passed through and escaped has been lasting, especially noticeable in horses and dogs. The former become quite unmanageable in a windstorm, giving indications of unusual fear. Dogs howl, whine, and if outside will seek a hiding place for safety. An ordinary storm gives the most intense concern and fear, not only among the lower animals, but we poor sufferers of New Richmond are in constant dread of the elements. This fear and insecurity are shared alike by men and animals. I have a little dog, and on the least indication of a change in the weather approaching to high wind, "Tess" will carry her head low, go to the door, make the usual sign to go out, and when in the open will snuff the air, walk around, facing the four cardinal points, showing signs of much fear and uneasiness.

The storm of Wednesday, August 23d, 1899, during those two hours of the wildest disturbance of the heavens, which frightened many of us in New Richmond, who had gone through and survived the terrors of the cyclone of June 12th, that we thought we were again in the utmost danger, poor "Tess" must have thought so too, for the poor animal was in the most abject fear. Crouching at her master's feet, then burying her head

in his arms, breathing and trembling so piteously that she could be distinctly heard in the next room. That Wednesday morning, during the awful storm of wind, rain and intense, vivid flashes of lightning, the station at Jewet Mills, five miles from New Richmond, was destroyed by lightning setting it on fire. And the oldest inhabitants who were born here did not hesitate to say it was the worst rainstorm and of longest duration—nearly three hours—they had ever witnessed in this country. Of course, the cyclone was a cyclone or tornado, and bore no resemblance to an ordinary storm, no matter how severe. Yet I do hope never to see such a storm again.

The effects of such a storm on the weak and nervous must be very trying. The New Richmond people seem to me to have wonderful recuperative powers. Of course, at this writing there is still a quiet steadiness of purpose possessing them. The terrible tornado and its results will never be eradicated, at least, from the hearts of the more thoughtful, yet there are others whose buoyancy of spirits will lift them above all past sufferings; though not forgetting, still will not let the past influence their social pleasures. It may be well for one to belong to the latter class. But for the most part the tornado will be the *bête noir* of their lives.

EXPERIENCES OF PHYSICIANS MORE IN DETAIL MAY PROVE
INTERESTING TO THE READER.

Doctor Wade was on a sick call five miles from New Richmond when the cyclone struck. On his return about forty-five minutes after the catastrophe, without waiting to ask questions, for he knew the answer lay before him in the ruins of his home city, he threw his horse's reins to Mr. Brickley, who was nearest, and hastened home to see if his wife was safe. On the way he saw the ruins of his well-appointed office, and all his surgical instruments destroyed. On arriving home, he found Mrs. Wade a busy woman, comforting and assisting fourteen or fifteen persons who had sought shelter and aid. In the doctor's absence, she bound up wounds as well as circumstances permitted,

and prepared places for the sufferers to rest. When he arrived, she turned over the patients to him.

As visiting physician of the County Insane Hospital, he had some surgical instruments and medicine there. He procured these, which were of invaluable aid to him. And, not waiting for food or rest, rushed out to the aid of Dr. McKeon. To-



DR. F. WADE.

gether they worked all that terrible night, the next day and the next night, without intermission. One would be heard telling the other to desist and take some rest. And the invariable reply was always: "You need more rest than I do." Thus they worked, and I may truthfully say, as no physicians worked before. Called here and there by the sufferers, binding wounds

here, then a hurried visit to the other end of the town to set broken limbs, or pass their skillful judgment on some unconscious but loved one, hovering between life and death. Such was the work of our devoted physicians. Doctor Perrin of Star Prairie, a town five miles from New Richmond, was soon on the scene. He worked hard and skillfully among the sufferers, and deserves our grateful thanks.

It was Doctor Wade who recognized the bruised, bleeding form of Walter Hawkins, the 13-year-old son of the Hon. S. N. Hawkins, when brought in after the cyclone. The poor boy's life was ebbing quickly away, and he soon succumbed to his injuries. He was the youngest son of Mr. Hawkins, and the fourth of his family who was killed in the tornado.

Mr. John McCoy, director and cashier of the Bank of New Richmond, was picked up with a broken leg by the rescuers, and laid on Dr. Gerard's porch. Mr. McCoy was suffering intensely. The compound fracture was between the knee and hip. Dr. Gerard's house being full, Dr. McKeon thought it less painful for the suffering gentleman to remain on the porch, whence he could be more easily removed to his home. After the doctor administered a hypodermic injection sedative, Mr. McCoy was carried home, whence Dr. Wade attended him, afterwards being his family physician. I might mention here a few facts which I think worthy of imitation.

The McCoy mansion was not in the path of the tornado. It was fortunate it was spared, for Mrs. McCoy was confined to her room on the second floor, her babe being only two days old. When the suffering gentleman was brought home, he learned that the house was crowded with the cyclone refugees. He gave orders that every assistance, as far as possible, should be given them—everything in the house should be at their disposal. But good Mrs. McCoy had already anticipated his wishes, and the housekeeper and trained nurse were kept busy making the sufferers as comfortable as possible. Such are the McCoy's of New Richmond.

But without the timely assistance of the physicians many could not have lived till morning. As it was, three died at the McCoy residence that night, though the kind host and hostess did their best.

Mr. E. J. Thompson's pretty home was spared, and many took refuge there after the cyclone, and there the physicians attended. The latter seemed ubiquitous that night.

Mr. Harry Smith had that night also a very close call. He was in the Aldrich drug store when that building fell, and he fell with it, covered with debris. He was rescued most heroically by Mr. Grant Boardman, manager of the flour mill. Lawyer Smith sustained a broken arm.

MR. A. P. BIXBY OF STAR PRAIRIE, WIS.

It would be a serious omission on my part were I to forget to indite here the lasting gratitude of New Richmond sufferers towards Mr. A. P. Bixby, president of the Department Store Company, Star Prairie. This gentleman, with a magnanimity unprecedented, laid the contents of his store at the disposal of the physicians for the relief of the sufferers. It contained, among other goods, surgical dressings, gauzes, the purest brands of whiskies and brandies, approved of by the medical faculty for medicinal purposes.

It must be remembered that not a single store was spared by the cyclone in New Richmond, from which to obtain the slightest article. Hence, conceive the value of such a gift. It proved a veritable mascot to the stricken town, and incidentally saved many valuable lives, for several hours had transpired before the outside world except Star Prairie was aware of the terrible disaster.

Again, Dr. Wade's far-sightedness was very materially brought into requisition in the disposal of these gifts to the dying and wounded. Ah, who can tell of the many blessings poured forth on the heads of these noble men by the sufferers! And these physicians, working amid a thousand difficulties for their relief, did they in their zeal think of reward; of requital?

Oh, no! It would be their last thought. But the survivors? Do they gratefully remember Doctors Wade and McKeon? Time is short. Let not these good physicians go home to their eternal reward without letting them know that at least you gratefully remember them. Why, in the olden times the very pagans would erect marble tablets in the heart of the city of Rome to commemorate less noble deeds than those so heroically done by your local physicians on the night of June 12th, 1899. Then, dear survivors, be grateful to your friends who befriended you in your hour of bitter need. "As you do unto others, so shall it be meted unto you."

DEATH IN THE CYCLONE OF MRS. C. CAMERON, OF
PEWAUKEE.

In the sad death of this lady all agree that a very beautiful character was lost to a host of admiring and loving friends. Mrs. Cameron, as Miss Etta Clapp, taught for many years in the public schools of St. Paul. In this capacity she was very successful. Loving and being loved by her pupils, she gained unusual ascendancy over their young minds, directing them by her wisdom and tact for the betterment of their future lives.

On leaving her home in Pewaukee, she bade good-bye to a fond husband, as she supposed but for a brief time. She intended making a short visit with her sisters, Mrs. S. Boardman and Mrs. Gillespy of New Richmond, thence proceed to St. Paul and finish her visit out there with the rest of her relatives and friends, then back home again. But God ordained it otherwise.

On the afternoon of June 12th, just fifty minutes before the cyclone struck, she, accompanied by Miss Abbie Williams, went out shopping, but seeing the storm approaching, hurriedly left the store of W. T. Williams, with the intention of reaching Abbie's father's place of business, O. J. Williams. Arriving at the latter, they saw the people rushing for the basement. They hastened with the rest, and remained about midway on the stairs, for those in advance hesitated to proceed further, for

the darkness was total, and the basement appeared so black that it was thought best not to venture further. The tornado was upon them, and the ladies fell crushed beneath the debris. Afterwards, the burned remains of this attractive lady, with those of Miss Abbie Williams, were recovered and given over to friends.

Mr. C. Cameron arrived on the third day after the catastrophe, quite unconscious of his wife's fate. He certainly thought she was safe with friends in St. Paul, and the cause of his coming to New Richmond, he said, was a strange, uneasy feeling, which he could not account for, and which he could not shake off. This uneasy feeling actuated his coming, for he heard nothing of the cyclone, the telegraph wires being down. His actions were totally unaccountable, even to himself, for was not his wife, according to the arrangements she made, in St. Paul? When the poor gentleman learned of the fate of his wife, it was heartrending to witness his grief. Mrs. C. Cameron was niece of Attorney General Clapp of St. Paul; and granddaughter of the late brave soldier, Colonel Benjamin.

**A FEW WORDS FOR THE REV. MR. ADAMS, PASTOR OF THE
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW RICHMOND.**

The effective, yet quiet, silent, unobtrusive energy of Rev. Mr. Adams was conducive to the relief of much suffering. This gentleman sought out the bashful, retiring sufferers in their temporary refuges, insisting on their giving a statement of the things most wanted in their present needs.

He did not only render most valuable assistance to the afflicted of his own congregation, but scattered his beneficence on many outside his own church, who will ever feel most grateful, and always keep a warm spot in their hearts for the Rev. Mr. Adams, and his amiable and accomplished wife and family. This gentleman's church was partly wrecked. The belfry was thrown down and smashed to pieces, but the bell escaped uninjured; the bell that rang so often for prayers. This church served as a morgue during the days following the tornado.

REV. MR. TULL, PASTOR OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

This reverend gentleman was a heavy loser in the cyclone. He, like many, lost virtually everything he had of earthly goods. But he and family were saved, and he was grateful. His church, corner Arch and Second streets, was swept away by the storm. It was literally smashed into fragments. He was not discouraged. He quietly worked and waited, and at this writing a new church has been built, the finest in New Richmond, at a cost of \$8,000. It is a frame, built in the form of a Greek cross, ornamented with stained glass windows, which has a very pretty effect on the interior, especially when the sun shines. It is otherwise embellished and finished off very tastefully. It contains a fine pipe organ with double banks of keys. Mr. Tull is very popular with all classes of people in the various denominations.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF THE HON. S. N. HAWKINS.

SHE WAS KILLED IN THE CYCLONE OF JUNE 12TH, 1899—
TRIBUTE TO A DEPARTED AND DEAR FRIEND.

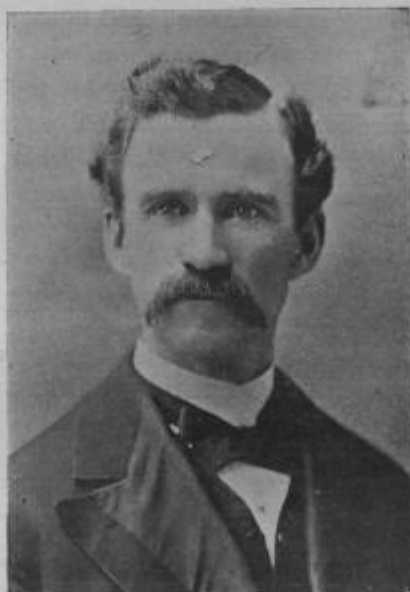
"Little did I think on the evening of June 11, 1899, as I stood conversing with Mrs. S. N. Hawkins that I was taking my last farewell of her. How little we know of what is to come! In twenty-four short hours behold the change! In that time I lost a beloved wife, all our property and many loved friends, among the latter our dear friend, Mrs. Hawkins.

"We spent many a pleasant evening with her and her family, and I can assure you that next to mourning for my dear wife, I mourned and regretted the untimely death of my friend, Mrs. Hawkins. We can better express our feelings on this occasion by quoting a few passages from her memoirs, written by her husband, as follows:

JOHN McCLURE.

HON. S. N. HAWKINS' TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE'S MEMORY.

"In addition to what has been stated above by a friend of my family, I may be pardoned if I add a few words as an offering or tribute to the memory of a good and faithful wife, who always stood by me in the shadow as well as in the sunshine. She became my wife at the early age of eighteen years, when life's rosy morn was just blooming before her, and so



HON. S. N. HAWKINS.

faithful and constant in her affection for me that I may truthfully say that her memory is without blot or contamination, so that it becomes an exquisite treasure—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.

"The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."

"Washington Irving has well said: 'No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.'

"Jeremy Taylor has so well expressed the qualities of a good wife that I adopt his language, as being expressive of the qualities of my dear departed one:

"A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice is sweet music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counselors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessings on his head.'

"My good wife had all those good qualities and they were freely bestowed on me."

"I wish I were where Maggie lies,
For I am sick of lingering here; *
And every hour affection cries:
Go and partake her humble mirth

"I wish I could! For when she died
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void—
A waste unlovely and unloved.

"O, Maggie! how cheering was thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies.
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

* * * * *

"Still let thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things thy love hath wrought.
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And, if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that you are near."

—Copied from the Republican Voice, New Richmond, by a friend of the family.

"Mrs. Hawkins' life was a busy one. Mr. Hawkins was so busily engaged with his professional pursuits and political and official business that he was, of necessity, away from his home a goodly share of the time, and she had to take charge of the family and household matters, and in caring for friends who came from time to time to congratulate them upon her husband's success, as well as to wait upon them in a social way.

"She was also engaged in numerous other works, such as church committees, relief committees, receptions for the Grand Army of the Republic, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Modern Woodmen, Odd Fellows, and various other organizations that her husband belonged to. So well did she perform her part, that her husband often said he owed his success to her.

"She was for several years an officer in the W. C. T. U., a member of the New Richmond Library Association, Woman's Relief Corps, a Daughter of Rebekah, Ladies' Aid Society, besides retaining her membership in all the societies of the Catholic Church, to which she belonged.

"Her greatest forte, however, appeared to be at home, looking after the educational interests of their children. With the exception of the trips she took with her husband, including a trip to the World's Fair, Chicago, a few short visits among her own friends, she was always to be found at home. She had taken a course of study in medicine, and although she never practiced her profession, yet she took charge of her own family, and oftentimes alleviated the sufferings of her neighbors in a neighborly and charitable way.

"She was regarded as a model housekeeper, and her friends, who were legion, very often assembled and were entertained in a hospitable manner under the beautiful shade trees on their spacious lawn. She was a true Christian in the broadest sense of the word, and although a devoted member of the church of her choice, her warm and devoted friends were to be found in every society. She and her husband were the recipients of invitations from all classes of people without reference to race or creed, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that no woman

in the city of New Richmond has been missed from all the committees, from all social gatherings and benevolent work as much as Mrs. S. N. Hawkins.

"On the fatal day of June 12th, 1899, she went down town to do some shopping, accompanied by her daughters, aged 18 and 15 years respectively, and by her husband's niece, a young woman of 25 summers, and the last that was seen of them, the four were hurrying home, when the fatal storm overtook them and they were immediately killed. The youngest son, 12 years old, was also killed, and the mother and three children were buried in one grave.

"She has gone to her final reward, but the memory of Mrs. S. N. Hawkins will ever remain bright as a guiding star to her numerous friends, not only in the city of New Richmond, but throughout the entire St. Croix Valley."

JOHN McCLURE.

The writer of the above tribute is one of New Richmond's most respected citizens. A civil engineer by profession, in good business times he was in much requisition here, and in course of time had acquired an easy competence. Happy in his home-life, with his amiable and gifted wife and clever children, life had for him much sunshine. But, as he himself expresses it, "A great change came." The cyclone robbed him of wife and property, and now the good gentleman is comparatively alone—alone with his fond memories of the past. And thus it will be till God will call him to join his dear wife and friends in Heaven.

Mrs. Sophrona McClure died on the 14th of June, 1899, from injuries received in the cyclone on June 12th, in St. Barnabas Hospital, Minneapolis. She was mother of Mr. John McClure, merchant, University avenue, Minneapolis.

MRS. D. H. MENNEIR'S EXPERIENCE.

"The supper was ready—the family were seated at table, all except my daughter, Emma. Observing the premature darkness increasing, I thought I would look at the weather

before I sat down. So I went out on the porch, which faced the southwest, and our house being built on an eminence, I could have a good view for some distance of the surrounding country. I will never forget the awful picture of the heavens as I gazed. O, would it were only a picture! But, as the world knows, and we poor sufferers in particular, it was a dreadful, unearthly reality. The clouds, varying in color, had the appearance of a gigantic octopus, emitting through it various tints of green and yellow, as the cloudy tentacles would expand and contract as it moved towards us. Then from these clouds a third, of quite a different color and shape, seemed to be suspended, and reaching to the earth. The color of the latter was a blue-black above, but as its funnel-shaped part grew narrower as it touched the earth, it was very black and dense, resembling the smoke issuing from the smoke-stack of an engine. The whole atmosphere seemed infused with a greenish-yellow haze, the effect, I presume, of an unusual surcharge of electricity. Then the roaring, grinding noise was heard, and the monster was approaching. I went quickly into the house and called Mr. Menneir to come and look. He did so, and pronounced it a cyclone, telling us to go to the cellar. But I said, 'Emma is not here.' 'No matter,' he said, 'we must go without her.' Presently my frightened Emma came running and screaming into the house. I was so paralyzed with fear for the child that I could not speak. Her father called her and she joined us in the cellar.

"We had electric lights all through the house, and it was one of the saddest things imaginable to hear the bursting of the electric lamps with a dirge-like sound, one after the other, in the different apartments, and all over the town. It appears to me now, after the lapse of many months, when I can calmly consider these events, that even inanimate nature was appealing to the God of nature for help, or wailing their own funeral dirge.

"The cyclone struck, and our home was in ruins. Mr. Menneir's business was ruined, two valuable horses killed outright,

and many others in the stable injured. My right arm was seriously injured, and after many months of treatment is still feeble. Our loss in property was very great, but we are thankful our lives were saved. My daughter Emma had a narrow escape on her way home, being blown away fifty feet at a time, but as the terrible wind, the forerunner of the cyclone, blew in the direction of her home, it accelerated her presence at home in the right time, so that in consequence her life was saved, for which we feel grateful."

EXPERIENCE OF MR. JOSEPH BRASS.

Mr. Joseph Brass and family were sufferers in the cyclone. Their home, with all it contained, was swept away. But, with intelligence and forethought that few possessed at the critical time, he wisely constructed a safe place for his wife, two sons and himself. He procured some boards, two by eight-inch, laying them slantwise against the southwest wall of the cellar. Into this improvised cave the family entered. The tornado struck. From above ground the rocks from the foundation came tumbling over them, but falling on the slanting board roof above them, rolled down the incline to the floor, without doing any harm.

When they emerged from their hiding place and saw the large rocks and heavy timber that had bowled over them, filling the cellar with debris, they were thankful to God for the precaution inspired at the right time. Mrs. Brass saw the cyclone coming, and describes its appearance much in the same words as others who saw the monster within a certain distance. But being a lady of intelligence and an artist, I was solicitous to obtain her experience. Yet it varies little from many others. It, with many others, confirms the fact that the nearer the tornado was to New Richmond, the blacker and more virulent it appeared.

New Richmond, being encircled by shade trees, either as nature placed them or planted by man, obscuring the view from a distance, so that many only observed an ominous darkening,

or an electrical atmosphere. The valuable description given by Mrs. D. H. Menneir is owing, to a certain extent, to locality and to close, intelligent observation. The Menneir residence, standing on an eminence, commanded a distant, circular view of the town and its environs, thus enabling this lady to view unobstructedly for a certain distance the sublime grandeur of the vapor or cyclonic clouds which rendered such gigantic destruction on the 12th of June, 1899.

AN EPISODE OF THE BRASS FAMILY.

When the Brass family took refuge in the cellar, they left two favorite cats above to meet the tornado. After they had emerged from the cellar, the sons lamented the loss of their favorites. They immediately began searching the ruins, and there, to their surprise, they found the pussies alive, but one had a leg broken. Mrs. Brass, commiserating the sufferings of the poor animal, asked some one to shoot it to put it out of suffering. Later on a young doctor from St. Paul saw the cat, and pleaded for it as a souvenir. It was gladly given him. He cured the feline, and at the present date puss is a happy tabby with the kind-hearted physician.

MR. HENRY KANE'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Henry Kane, a young gentleman of unusual intelligence and erudition, and one of New Richmond's most respected citizens, fills the office of Clerk of the Public School Board, and otherwise makes himself a useful member of society. He has kindly contributed his valuable experience to the "History of the Tornado," June 12th, 1899. I prize this addition to my book above all others. Those outside of New Richmond may ask the reason why. My answer is: This learned recital of truthful experience in the awful cyclone emanates from the pen of a gentleman totally blind. The following speaks for itself:

"The day on which the tornado occurred was an ordinary June day. It was mostly clear and warm, but not sultry.

It was characteristic in this that slight exercise easily resulted in fatigue and excessive perspiration, due no doubt to atmospheric humidity approaching the point of saturation. Shortly before 6 o'clock p. m. there occurred a slight shower, accompanied with some hail. The hail clinked against the east window, which indicated that a slight wind was blowing from the east. Apprehending the approach of a storm, I stepped to the door to investigate. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining. Although I intently listened for premonitory storm sounds, I heard none. The air was vibrant with the customary town noises, somewhat increased by country visitors to the circus. On every side could be heard the sharp calls and merry laughter of happy childhood.

"I returned to the room and for nearly half an hour engaged myself with my thoughts, until my attention was attracted by a peculiar sound coming from the southwest, which I then supposed to have been produced by an approaching train. However, I then noted that the sound differed radically from any that I ever knew a train to make. Being blind, I am in the habit, perhaps, of analyzing sounds more carefully than do those who see. It may be useful to record the difference between tornado and train sounds, which I detected five minutes before the storm struck the city, as many were lured into fancied security and possibly to death by supposing the sounds of the approaching tornado to have been made by a moving train. A heavily laden freight train when under rapid motion produces an uneven, jarring, vibrating sound, mingled with a confused mass of lesser sounds, pitched in a higher key, having somewhat the effect of echo or over tones, the entire ensemble of sounds changing rapidly in volume and intensity as the train moves over and through the media of differing acoustic properties. The sound produced by the approaching tornado was a dull, deep, even, sullen, grinding sound, which for five minutes grew in intensity and volume continuously along a crescendo, until it reached its stupendous climax of appalling fury as it fell upon the doomed city.

"After first hearing these premonitory tornado sounds and referring them to a moving train, they passed into my sub-consciousness for about three minutes, and I again returned to my thinking. At the end of this time the sounds became of such a character as to command my complete consciousness, and to rivet my attention. Every faculty of my mind was tasked into intense activity. Instantly, as if by a telegraphic impress, the thought cyclone flashed on my mind, and the word flew to my lips in a way that startled my own ears.

"Before I had time to secure an erect position, I was excitedly calling to my mother, an elderly lady who was the only person then at home with me. Receiving no answer, I moved rapidly from room to room in search of her, but I searched and called in vain, for she was not in the house. I next went to a western porch, and judging from the horrible sounds I thought the tornado was almost upon us. Again several times I shouted in desperation. At last I was successful; she answered me, her voice and hurrying footsteps coming to me from the direction of the barn, a hundred feet away, where she had been gathering eggs, quite unconscious of the approaching danger. In less than two minutes the barn she had left was blown to fragments, and the greater portion of it was never found. While she was coming, I had a moment to investigate the nature of the approaching storm. Ordinary storm sounds come to me from a large arc of the circle described by the horizon. All the sounds of this storm came to me from a single point in that circle. I then knew by the contracted area from which this enormous mass of storm sounds reached me that a tornado was lashing the earth to the southwest, and if it pursued its customary course our city was directly in its path. I went towards my mother, seized her and literally dragged her over the porch and through several rooms into the cellar. Leaving her with the injunction not to move until I returned, I went back to close up the house and put out the fire. In the last named matter I was foiled by my own stupidity. There being no water in the pail, and not having time to draw it

from the well, the thought never suggested itself to me to use that in the kettle which was on the stove. Before returning to my mother in the cellar, I went out and listened carefully to the sounds of the approaching tornado, which were horribly accentuated by the perfect calm about me. Not a breath of air was stirring. To the grinding sounds already described there were now added other sounds. I could now hear a frightful roaring of enormous proportions and of unvarying intensity and volume. In the upper air above this, there was a tremendous bellowing of appalling magnitude, which gained in intensity and volume as it orchestrated up and down an irregular and variable tonal scale. From the center of the sound area there was emitted a pulsating or puffing sound, coming at regular time intervals that seemed to make the earth quiver. This sound would perfectly suggest the puffing in unison of a thousand locomotives, laboring up a steep grade. The heavy, pulsating puffing, coming at regular time intervals, gave the entire sound mass a rhythmical effect. It were as if nature had for a moment colleague with Satan to condense the pent-up din and tumult of hell into one vast, discordant symphony. It was a sublime and appalling manifestation of nature's stupendous forces. Spellbound with awe, I stood as if rooted to the ground. Nor did I move until I heard three crackling sounds. I then knew it had reached the outskirts of the city and had begun tearing the buildings to shreds. The crackling noise had now become frightful and continuous. I knew the tornado was sweeping everything in its track and was coming directly towards me.

"I took one soul-devouring survey of the conditions about me, which I could, since I thought it might be the last, and then I fled. The tornado was within forty rods of me. I could hear a whirring, buzzing sound as if it resulted from an uneven rotary motion. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sun was peacefully shining and the air was warm, but not hot.

"As I hurriedly descended the cellar stairs, I paused by the opened cellar window an instant and listened. It was

still calm. Just then the first air movement reached me. A seething current of air rushed by my face, hissing as it went like steam escaping from the safety valve of a locomotive. Forthwith, the din and tumult and fury of the tornado was upon us. The sounds were not the sounds of wind that man had ever heard. They were voices, titanic voices, expressive of every shade of demoniac passion. They might have been the raging voices of demons on the day of judgment, contending among themselves for mastery and dominion over the forfeit of a sin-lost world.

"Above our heads, the frame structure, like a huge drum, trembled and vibrated from the impact of a storm of brick, timbers and broken boards, that were hurled against it. Some of the missiles penetrated the structure with a deafening crash of destruction. In less than two minutes the tornado had passed. During this time the temperature seemed to have fallen at least thirty degrees. A perfect calm had returned and it lasted three minutes. Not a sound at first was to be heard. It seemed as if hell had been paralyzed. The tornado had scarcely passed when my mother and myself took a position on a front porch with the view of making ourselves visible to my absent sister, if perchance she had escaped death and attempted to return. In an instant an unknown man rushed by, shouting as he passed: 'Richmond is destroyed. Hundreds are killed.' I was certain of that already. In another instant, from a point one block and a half to the west there floated over the perfect calm to me a flood of sounds that will never fade while memory survives. I could distinctly hear the groans of agony and the shrieks of despair, which came from those who were crushed and imprisoned beneath the wrecked buildings, while on every hand could be heard the shouts of dismay and terror of those who were rushing to the rescue. Unable to respond to the piteous calls for help, I became unable to endure them longer. I was about to leave the porch when my ears caught a new sound which made the blood stand in my veins. I waited and listened. From every point

in the western horizon there came storm sounds, not so various, but equally frightful, as those which came from a single point in the southwest just before the tornado. The earth trembled as if a billion buffaloes were galloping over a bushy plain. It roared as if a thousand wagons were tumbling from the sky. The rapid increase in the intensity and volume of the storm sounds warned me that the second storm was approaching at a frightful speed, many times greater than the progressive movements attained by the tornado that had just passed. The violence of the air movement accompanying the tornado was not due to its progressive motion, but was due to a spiral rotary air movement around the peripheral surface of the tornado's funnel.

"The second storm came from the west, shifting slowly to the southwest during the twenty minutes of its progress. Its movements were direct, and its velocity was incalculably great. It was accompanied with torrents of cold rain, which did not seem to gravitate, but moved horizontally with the wind in suffocating excess. Again we fled, but the velocity of the storm was so great that before we reached the cellar we were enveloped in the deafening roar of rain and wind.

"The blackness of night produced by the storm now added gloom to horror. We succeeded in reaching the cellar. I stood by the east cellar window, listening to the tumult without. In an instant a group of four persons passed near the window. Their presence was made known to me by the wild wailing of an old Irish lady and the dismal lamentations of two others of the group. The fourth, a young lady of seventeen, with marvelous coolness, was directing the others through the awful storm to my home, the first place of partial shelter left standing by the tornado. They had crawled out of the ruins of a wrecked home near by. One, a young man, was fatally injured in the head; another, a young woman, knew her kindred to be dead or buried somewhere in the ruins behind her. I hurried above to let them in, but they had already entered through the unfastened door. Leading the way

in the darkness to the cellar, I descended first, calling the others to follow. The old lady partially descended and then refused to go further, blocking the narrow passage so as to prevent the descent of the others. To all my entreaties to her to hurry, she obstinately replied. 'Sure, weren't we nearly kilt in the last cellar we war in, and what is the use of going in another?' Pull her down, Mr. Kane; I Will push her,' came the incisive command from the seventeen-year-old. I instantly executed the order. 'Now, help Cousin Willie,' said the girl, 'he is hurt.' I carried him down. 'Now help Maggie,' again spoke the intrepid girl. I helped the dazed and grief-stricken Maggie to descend, and then turned to assist the seventeen-year-old, who was the last to descend. Five minutes before, in the cellar of the wrecked house from which they escaped, this same girl had thrown herself upon the prostrate body of a fifteen-year-old brother to protect him from flying missiles. We were scarcely in the cellar when another group came, carrying with them an injured woman in a semi-conscious state. She was brought into the cellar. She, and a grandson who was killed in her arms, were pinioned by the timbers of a wrecked building. She was moaning piteously. The young man, who was fatally injured, was patiently and quietly suffering until he became slightly delirious and made several determined efforts to get away from his cousin and myself.

"The old Irish lady, who was scarcely scratched, after having fed her curiosity upon the novelty of her new situation, now broke in with her splendid Irish lungs into a full chorus of manufactured woe. Being Irish myself, I recognized her sonorous grief to be the same that wakes are made of, and knew it would subside with physical exhaustion. But while it lasted it vied with the gloom and contending elements to make our cellar refuge hideous.

"For half a dozen hours I could not loosen my grip on the injured young man, fearing that he might rush out and lose himself in the wreckage and the darkness. As the storm abated, other injured were brought in up stairs. One of these

was an unconscious young woman, who for hours writhed in violent physical convulsions. For a time the circus man who brought her in kindly cared for her. I now had more on my hands than a blind man could well care for. All who were able left the house to search for missing friends and relations when the storm subsided.

"I was now growing anxious about my sister, who was absent from home, watching by the bedside of a sick cousin about a half mile distant. I did not suspect at the time that a heavy steel bridge, weighing many tons, had been blown upon the bank of the river, thereby rendering it impossible for her to reach home by the direct way. In the midst of the second storm, she crossed the river on a wind-swept railroad bridge, from which she was being blown like chaff into the water below, when she was seized by the strong arm of an unknown man, rushing in an opposite direction, who unceremoniously landed her, and rushed on his way. After losing her way several times amid the ruins and darkness, she succeeded in finding her way home, and passed the most of the night in caring for the injured until they were removed to more comfortable quarters further from the path of the tornado.

"My home stood, yet it was practically a wreck. The water poured in torrents through huge rents in the roof. The wind rushed wailing through its windowless sides. Broken scantling and rafters protruded from walls, partitions and ceilings. The world without could be seen through apertures made by flying missiles. The floors were strewn with glass, brick, mortar, lath, broken boards and filth. Doors were shattered or torn from their hinges. Furniture and bedding were a complete jumble.

"From leafless trees and branchless limbs the morning warblings of the birds came to me. Their caroled greetings to the morn that ushered in such sights of woe and ruin seemed an anachronism. Yet even their notes were plaintive, sad and requiem-like. Despite these harbingers of day, in the early dawn, spreading a comforter on the ruins upon the floor, I laid

down, without undressing, and drew a comforter over me, for my nerves yearned for rest. I pondered over life's mighty problem, and amid the seeming evils that engulfed us questioned the mysterious ways of God with men, and had for answer, 'There is no evil excepting sin.' "

HENRY KANE.

PRAYER.

Help me, Father, with Thy blessing,
For to-day I need it sore;
Help me in this work I am doing,
Guide my hand and brain to struggle,
Aid me! help me! evermore.
I am poor and needy always,
But just now it seems the worst;
Oh, the load upon my shoulders seems too heavy,
My Lord of Hosts!
I have no friends to help me upwards,
All seem bent upon my fall;
None to counsel, none to guide me,
Gracious God, and is this all?
Thou has promised, in Thy mercy,
To help the needy and the sad;
Thou wilt not fail me, in this life-struggle?
Best comfort—make my sad heart glad.

—M. A. B.



JNO. CALLAHAN, PRINCIPAL.

NEW RICHMOND SCHOOLS.

The cyclone did comparatively little damage to the school buildings, and the high school building served as a hospital and supply station during the summer. The loss of taxable property made it impossible to raise the usual school tax, and the lack of homes made many think it would be unnecessary, as the school would be very much smaller in attendance. The teachers of the year before stood ready to make sacrifices, and it was planned to start the school with a smaller and run it for a shorter year. When school opened, the high school enrollment was larger than ever, and the grades about the same. In the meantime the relief committee and the teachers of the state came to the rescue and made it possible to run the school for the regular time and up to the usual standard.

New Richmond has always possessed a well supported school. The enrollment for years has been above 90 per cent. of the school population. Very few towns of New Richmond's size can boast a high school enrolling 150 students. The average daily attendance was 136. The enrollment in the grades was 428. The corps of teachers is as follows:

Professor John Callahan, Principal.

Miss Freda J. Williams, Alice P. Kasson, Elmer W. Waite, Assistants.

Miss Ellen J. Powers, Eighth Grade.

John W. Smith, Seventh Grade.

Minnie McDonald, Sixth Grade.

Miss Addie McCabe, Fifth Grade.

Miss Sarah McNally, Fourth Grade.

Mrs. Ida Beebe, Third Grade.

Mabel Todd, Second Grade.

Julia Johnson, First Grade.

New Richmond people are especially happy in the possession of Professor John Callahan as principal of the public schools. This efficient gentleman is very popular with all classes, but

more particularly with his pupils, who never entertain the slightest doubt but that he is the right person in the right place.

Their home, fortunately, escaped the catastrophe of June 12th, not being in the path of the cyclone. It was thrown open immediately to receive the poor sufferers. There they met with every kindness and consideration, and there many remained for weeks, the welcome guests of the generous professor and his amiable wife.

EXPERIENCE OF F. W. FINK AND DAUGHTERS.

The thrilling experience of Mr. F. W. Fink and daughters, Ida and Agnes, are told by the latter, as follows:

"Before the catastrophe occurred, papa went to the door and saw Mr. Hicks conversing with a traveling man. Papa noted the appearance of the weather, and said: 'We are going to have a cyclone; come to the cellar.' The back of the store faced the west, and on our way down the cellar I paused to look out of the back window. As I did so, I saw the black, funnel-shaped cloud hovering over our shed. We reached the tornado struck, and that loud, all-absorbing noise was indescribable. It passed, and we were saved. But papa's fine store was demolished. Before papa went down the cellar, he saw sticks and missiles flying in the air, the result of the demolition of the Omaha depot.

"Emerging from the cellar, with the intention of hastening home, for we thought mamma and our two younger sisters were probably killed, we heard some heart-rending groans proceeding from the ruins. Turning to investigate, we again heard them, and observed Mr. Hicks, whose store was next to ours on the south, lying with a heavy brick chimney across his body. We, that is, Ida and I, rushed to remove it. Of course, we could not. Papa, coming up at that moment, and calling Mr. Constance to his aid, they succeeded in liberating the limbs of Mr. Hicks from the weight of the chimney. But on closer observation we observed that the gentleman was covered with blood. 'Who is it?' said Ida, for he was so bruised that he

was unrecognizable. 'Hicks,' replied the dying man. Then, to add to the horrors of the dreadful scene, fire had started in O. J. Williams' hardware store, just north of ours. Mr. Hicks must be removed. Papa and Mr. Constance again essayed to lift the poor gentleman, but he sadly said, 'Let me alone,' These were the last words he spoke. A door was found among the debris and Mr. Hicks was carried home to his family, where he soon breathed his last. As papa was again turning to follow us home, Sydney Foster called him to come to his assistance to carry Mr. John McCoy to a safe place, who was helpless with a broken leg. The fire by this time was gaining ground. Mr. McCoy being a large man, it was no easy matter. But they succeeded in placing him on Doctor Gerard's porch, where Dr. McKeon attended to him. Ida and I, in the meantime, made for home, but we were not destined to reach it as soon as we wished. We lost our way, making an unconscious detour, instead of the usual short distance. Passing the Rosebrook home, which lay in ruins, we saw Cora and Josephine lying near a tree. The former was apparently motionless. The latter had her knees drawn up. Cora died from the effects of her wounds, but Josephine recovered. We arrived home at last, to find mamma almost broken hearted with grief and suspense, thinking papa, Ida and I were killed. Here, too, we found our fine home in partial ruins. The front portion was swept off as precisely as if it were divided for a purpose. Mamma and my two younger sisters were saved in the cellar. We were all saved, for which we feel grateful."

L. A. BAKER'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. L. A. Baker, cashier and manager of the Manufacturers' Bank, was a hard-worked man in the cyclone days. Being a somewhat heavy loser; his fine stables and southwest portion of his residence was swept away by the tornado, yet the greater portion remained. This he threw open to the public to be utilized by the Relief Committee for the distribution of supplies. Mrs. Baker left the day after the cyclone for her

father's home, "Gloverdale," a large estate owned by the latter, about two miles from New Richmond on the south. I am informed Mr. J. E. Glover was a very heavy loser by the tornado. The loss was mostly in valuable cattle, horses, etc., for "Gloverdale" appeared to be in the path of the storm.

On Mr. Baker's spacious lawn the state militia from Chippewa Falls pitched their tents the day after the catastrophe. The supply cars from St. Paul and other points stopped opposite the Baker house to deposit their supplies. Here a number of homeless citizens were nourished with a plentiful supply of hot coffee and good bread, sent in abundance from the surrounding country.

SUMMARY OF THE TORNADO, FROM THE PEN OF PROFESSOR
JOHN CALLAHAN.

(Courtesy of the Republican Voice. Curtailed.)

June 12th, 1892, is a never-to-be-forgotten date in the minds of any who were in New Richmond. The day in part gave no indication of the terrible experience we were compelled to face before its close. Gollmar Brothers' circus was to be the attraction for the afternoon and evening, hence the large number from the country.

At 5 o'clock a light rain was falling, followed by a light hail. About 6 o'clock the people were gathering at their homes for supper. A few could be seen watching the clouds, which looked threatening towards the west. A few minutes after 6 many heard what they supposed to be the roar of a heavy freight train on the Omaha, which comes in from the southwest, and along the track of which the storm passed.

A few minutes later the first person to view the awful havoc crawled out from the wreck! There lay our once beautiful city, a mass of ruins from the southwest to the southeast. Not a building in its path left standing. His first thought, and of those who followed, was that several hundred people were killed. How could anyone be in the storm path and still live?

Fire broke out immediately. In a few minutes the rain fell in torrents, thus checking the flames, which otherwise must have swept over the entire district, destroying life that time permitted to be saved. For a time most of those who came upon the scene were wild with anxiety, running hither and thither, crying and calling for fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters or other relatives.

Those whose nerves were stronger or were hardened by the awful necessity began an effort for the rescue of those injured in the ruins. For some time help was scarce and the need of it seemed limitless. Here were men and women pinioned down by timber, and fire rapidly coming in their direction; others buried under several feet of debris, cut, jammed, bruised, bones broken, in all manner of conditions, to whom, while not insensible, every moment was an age. Night came on. There were few tools and few lanterns, but those who were able did what they could to rescue the injured. They were carried to the nearest houses, where all that circumstances would permit was done to relieve them; but our home doctors were few, and, besides, they had no instruments nor drugs.

As the terrible night wore on, help kept coming in from the surrounding towns and villages. The doctors from Hudson, Roberts and Star Prairie were here by 11 o'clock. In the meantime messengers had been sent to find the nearest telegraph office and wire the nearest cities for help. About 1 o'clock a special came in over the Central from Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls. On board were several doctors, the first to arrive from outside the county. About 8 next morning a special arrived from St. Paul, bringing relief of every description, especially that needed to care for the injured. Later in the day a fire engine arrived from St. Paul and the fire was gotten under control. Next day the St. Paul police took charge of the ruined district and rendered valuable service until the state militia arrived from Chippewa Falls.

As the work of rescue progressed, the estimated list of dead fell gradually from several hundred to less than one hundred

and twenty-five. The continual surprise seemed to be the number who came through alive. It seems beyond belief the experience of some who still live. A majority of those in the district covered by the storm went into cellars. Some went because they saw their danger, but a greater number are unable to tell why they went. They had never gone to a cellar in a storm before, but in this case the thought came so suddenly that it was carried out and no analysis attempted until too late.

As time moves on, the terrible experience of those concerned will be softened till it appears like a terrible nightmare of some distant dream, to be recalled whenever the weather conditions so order it. Another thing that will long be remembered by most of us is the prompt and thorough assistance we received. There has never been a time, and at present we doubt if there is another country, where the cries of distress are responded to as promptly and as thoroughly as at present in this country of ours. It indicates that the world is growing better, despite the prophecies of pessimists to the contrary.

AID FROM FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

The members of the different civic societies did nobly in contributing to the aid of their suffering brothers. Every society represented in the city had aid from outside. Perhaps the Masonic order received the greatest amount, as each member of the order in the state was assessed \$1, which amounted to between \$10,000 and \$12,000. This sum was apportioned among the cyclone sufferers of that order.

The Eastern Star also contributed a sum to their members. The Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebekah gave a goodly sum, with which proceeds the Odd Fellows purchased a hall. The Good Templars sent about \$700, which was put in a hall. The Workmen and the Woodmen also remembered their afflicted brothers. The Catholic Knights and Foresters gave liberally to the fund. The Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the Republic, Medical Societies, Hotel Association, Omaha

and Wisconsin Central employes and printers of the state contributed to their brethren. The different churches each received substantial aid, which was highly acceptable.

ST. CROIX COUNTY INSANE ASYLUM.

Wisconsin has two state insane asylums, one at Oakkosh, containing 600 patients; the other at Mendota, containing 500. There are twenty-seven additional insane hospitals in full operation, and one in the course of erection. The other seventy counties commit their insane to such county hospitals as are nearest them, and pay for their maintenance at each institution the sum of \$1.50 per capita per week. The state contributes to these hospitals a similar sum for each individual's care. The actual cost per capita for feeding, clothing, etc., in St. Croix County Insane Asylum, located near New Richmond, was \$1.28.

The St. Croix County Insane Hospital, one of the model institutions of Wisconsin, is the latest addition to the number. It was built three years ago, upon one of the most commanding sites. The total expense was about \$81,000. The farm is one-half mile wide and a mile and a half long. The main building cost \$54,000. It can accommodate 140 patients. At present it has 78 males and 60 females. That the diagnosis given by the experts is not always correct, is proven by the fact that twelve patients who were sent to the county hospital from the state institution as incurable are now out on parole, having recovered from their malady. All are reported doing well. Another fact that has been demonstrated is that previous experience on the part of the person assuming control of an insane asylum is not absolutely essential. When Mr. T. D. Wheeler and his wife, who is matron of the establishment, assumed control, they were without previous experience, but gifted with a good stock of common sense. They easily accommodated themselves to the best methods in vogue. They found it the best method to study the individual's preference for employment and of the utilization of it to the comfort and

content of the patient. The major part of the work, both indoors and out upon the farm, is performed by the patients, many of whom are under the natural delusion that they own the place, and hence exert all their energies to make it successful. There are thirteen hired assistants who superintend affairs and who earn their salaries.

The farm produces more vegetables and grain than the inmates and the stock can consume, hence is a source of profit.



T. D. WHEELER.

Among the products last year were 5,410 pounds of butter, all of which was eaten by the patients. The farm produced 23,000 pounds of beef and pork last year, and almost wholly supported the inmates. Sugar and coffee are the two staples which it cannot grow. It has been proven that plenty of easily digested food contributes more than anything else to the recovery of the insane, and hence in all the state and county hospitals this essential element in reclaiming the wandering intellect receives careful attention.

There is no resident physician at the asylum, but Doctor F. S. Wade of New Richmond is under contract to visit the hospital and attend to all sick calls when his services are required. The health of the patients is almost uniformly good. As a precautionary measure, separate wards in both the men's and the women's wings of the building are set apart, which can be isolated in case any contagious disease should make its appearance.—Minneapolis Times.

Supt. Wheeler and twelve inmates of the asylum came to town directly after the storm, and did heroic work in rescuing the dead and wounded. They remained in town nearly all night, and did a great deal of good in saving life and property. All work that awful night was doubly appreciated, and the injured will ever remember with life-long gratitude those who assisted them and extricated them from their perilous positions.

NEW RICHMOND ROLLER MILLS.

The large flour mill owned by the New Richmond Roller Mills Company was very badly damaged by the tornado. The managers, however, procured a large number of millwrights and were grinding flour again, as usual, within two weeks. We understand that every order on their books on June 12th was filled at this mill, their customers preferring to wait for the flour manufactured at this mill rather than have them filled at outside mills, although the management gave them that privilege. This speaks well for the product of the mill and shows what can be accomplished in a short time by energy and push. "Victory" and "Shakespeare" still hold the boards as the most popular flour in northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

THE MAYOR OF NEW RICHMOND'S THANKS.

"We wish most ardently to thank all who helped us in that disastrous time, June 12th, 1899. We thank the clergymen who ministered so faithfully to our dear ones the last sad, solemn rites; grateful to see how in that time of dire calamity no thought of creed or denominational line hindered their

heroic efforts. We thank all who opened their homes, both here and elsewhere; all who gave material aid, material shelter, clothing, food and house furnishings; everyone who gave sympathy, love and prayers; all hospitals whose doors were opened for our wounded; all physicians, surgeons and nurses; everyone who furnished medicine and bandages or in any way tried to assuage sorrow and alleviate suffering.

We thank all railroad officials who did so much for us, furnishing free transportation for people bringing needed help from abroad, succor in our calamity; the telegraph companies for delivering free all messages; and all charitable and benevolent organizations that so generously sent goods and money; every order for the exemplification of their work by representatives and all benefits conferred; great army of laborers for the toil, time and strength given; all the merchants who bestowed commodities with such lavishness. We thank that great number of good women who proved so serviceable in our urgent need; those who did efficient work on Sunday committees; the editors, reporters and entire newspaper staff of the various papers for disseminating the news. We know that we received much practical help because of notices of the storm in different publications. The express companies for delivering all packages free; the soldiers who came to guard property; our state officials for whatever help they gave. To our sister states who gave in such a munificent manner, we can only say that words are a poor medium through which to express our heart-felt gratitude.

THOMAS W. WEARS,

Mayor.

APPLE RIVER POWER COMPANY.

In 1897 the Apple River Power Company was organized and an electrical power transmission plant erected by Dr. F. W. Epley, its president and general manager, since which time the whole of that magnificent power stream has been at the disposal of New Richmond industries. Power is devel-

oped at Somerset, about eight miles west, brought to this city on three No. 5 copper wires, and sold to manufacturers in quantities to suit, from one-eighth to five hundred horse-power, at rates only a trifle above, and in a form impossible to water power, inasmuch as the power circulates wherever a wire can be strung. The advantages of this power system place New Richmond in the front rank as a manufacturing center or city of beautiful modern homes. It enables the city to furnish electric lights to its people at rates actually less than kerosene light can be had, and the purest, most wholesome water from its wonderful artesian well. This well is drilled through a flinty rock and from an eight-inch hole furnishes 600 gallons per minute of pure artesian water, sufficiently soft for all household purposes. The city owns and operates both light and water plants.

PEOPLE'S TELEPHONE EXCHANGE COMPANY.

On the first of November, 1898, the People's Telephone Exchange Company opened a new exchange. This was totally destroyed on the 12th of June. It has been rebuilt by Dr. Epley, and was formally reopened on the 12th of November, just five months after its destruction, with seventy-five subscribers. This new exchange is modern in every respect, service continuous, night and day, and its business subscribers have free toll service to Hudson, Stillwater and Pierce county towns.

ALL GIVE RELIEF.

The one thing that gave courage to the disheartened people after the storm at first and made them think that there was something in life still worth living for was the prompt and generous manner in which the people generally rushed to the rescue. Within a few hours after the storm, relief came pouring in from Hudson, Stillwater and St. Paul. The citizens of Hammond, Hudson, Roberts, Baldwin, Stanton, and in fact all the neighboring towns, flocked into the ill-fated city and took off their coats and went to work. They dug among the

ruins and rescued those who were still buried there; they gave of their means and everything at their disposal to relieve the sufferings of the wounded and comfort the distressed.

Organized bodies of men were sent from Stillwater, Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Menomonic, fully equipped to take care of themselves, and they did heroic work. The members of the Red Cross Society could be seen going about like angels of mercy, administering to the wants of the afflicted. The Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Railway Company not only sent a gang of men to assist in cleaning up the debris, but placed their road at the disposal of the stricken city. This the Wisconsin Central people did also. The Western Union Telegraph Company tendered the free use of their line, as did the different express companies. Columns of space might be shown, telling of the generosity of the different people and corporations above mentioned. Sufficient it is to say, however, that everybody appeared to be willing to do everything in his or her power, and spared neither themselves nor anything at their disposal in relieving the distress of the people. We tender all our grateful thanks.

THE SCANDINAVIAN ELEMENT.

The Scandinavian element nobly distinguished itself on the night of the storm, and days afterwards. They turned out to a man, coming over the river that night, remaining under the terrible torrents of rain, searching for the unfortunates and carrying them on their backs to a place of safety.

Across the river, in the Third Ward, the majority of the Norwegians are located. They were spared in the tornado of June 12th, 1899. They are characterized as an honest, peaceable and industrious people, preferring to gain their living by slow but sure means, knowing that "Honesty is the best policy," rather than plunging haphazard, according to the present business mode of the day. They showed on the night of the 12th of June and days following their quiet, gentle but firm character.

in their untiring work for the relief of the wounded and imprisoned in the debris. They cared little for the approbation of the lookers-on or of visitors. The kodaks of the latter could but sketch the Norwegians, stooping to a man, in their vigilant search among the ruins for suffering humanity.

Yes, the Scandinavians worked like heroes. From disinterested parties I ascertained that at least fifty more victims of the cyclone might be added to the death list, were it not for the timely efforts of the Norwegian contingent.



HON. O. W. MOSHER

A FEW OF THE PROMINENT CITIZENS OF NEW RICHMOND.

HON. O. W. MOSHER, ASSEMBLYMAN FOR THE DISTRICT IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Mosher was appointed Chairman of the Relief Committee, and in that capacity has worked day and night, administering affairs with keen judgment and executive skill. At the present writing Mr. and Mrs. Mosher are traveling in the South. Later they will go to Europe, and take in the World's Fair at Paris before their return to New Richmond.

MAYOR WEARS.

Mr. Thomas Wears, Mayor of the city of New Richmond, has made a good, efficient magistrate. His term of office came under most trying circumstances. The terrible cyclone that wiped out the town must have greatly added to the perplexities of his position. Yet his strict honesty of purpose and moral integrity has earned for him the respect of all classes.

F. W. BARTLETT.

F. W. Bartlett is a retired banker and one of New Richmond's most respected citizens. Mr. Bartlett is a son of the famous "Father Bartlett," one of the pioneer residents of the place. The subject of this short sketch is a gentleman with whom it is a pleasure to converse; refined and rather serious of manner, a student of history and well read, possessing all the characteristics of his English progenitors. The English branch of the Bartlett family still reside on the ancestral estate, and retain the title of baronet and knight, ranking with the nobility of the empire. The American branch of the family is more numerous in the Eastern states than those in the West.

The father of the subject of our present sketch came to the West alone, in the early days, and settled down in New Richmond. There is, so far as I have learned, a peculiarity about the collateral branch of the family in this country. They are said to be so truly and thoroughly American that they ignore all claim to the titles and honors which the English branch still so proudly retain.

Mrs. Bartlett (nec Miss Mary Stuart, of Pennsylvania), is quite a remarkable person. With an academic training, improved by long years of deep, intelligent reading, principally of the best literature and current events of the day, yet withal so amiable and unassuming that in consequence she is a general favorite with all classes. And a gentleman casually remarked to me after the cyclone: "Mrs. Bartlett is the best woman in Richmond." Such was the sweeping assertion. Her fine character showed itself in its true light on the fatal night of the disaster and days after in the kind, considerate treatment of the poor sufferers.

That awful night Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett threw open the doors of their residence to their homeless neighbors and welcomed them in. And in they trooped, with their wet, soggy garments clinging around them, ruining the dainty Moquette carpets over which they passed. But no notice was taken of these lesser things on that fearful night. Humanity was suffering, bleeding. The elements outside were raging. Life and death seemed so closely allied, that all thought seemed banished but the awful present. In this juncture, the good people of the house gave all the aid that could possibly be given in such an emergency. The people suffering felt this when they sought shelter under the Bartlett roof. The writer was one of these, and can truthfully say that the kindness meted out to the sufferers on the night of the cyclone cannot be expressed.

The Bartlett mansion was a partial ruin itself. The bay window on the west side was shattered, and the parlors, with their costly furnishings, suffered damage from storm and rain.

The cupola was blown off the roof; chimneys also; hence no warm water, which was so much needed to wash the wounded. The rain came pouring through the aperture left by the removal of the cupola. The northwest wing was blown off the foundation, and other casualties too numerous to mention. Mr. Bartlett's loss in the tornado was estimated at \$10,000. The Bartlett family direct consists of the parents and two sons. The elder is a graduate of Princeton College, after which he spent two years in Europe in study and travel; thence he became a minister of the Congregational Church, and at present writing has incumbency at Princeton, where he is located. The younger son, a lad of seventeen years, is still pursuing his studies at Princeton College.

A MORAL INCIDENT OF THE TORNADO.

A curious feature which the tornado seemed to engender in the minds of the stricken ones, and which developed in a peculiar fashion, by the actions of many persons, was the total disregard for the ownership of property. Many whose homes were at the disposal of their less fortunate neighbors had given freely of their household goods—such as dry clothing, linen, etc. Yet the recipients, by a strange inconsistency, would go into the various rooms and help themselves. Of course, no questions were asked; no hindrance was made. It seemed to be taken as a proper course of events. But afterwards, when people returned to their normal condition, those articles for the most part were carefully and gratefully returned to the owners.

From this we might infer that when the mind is laboring under some great excitement with concentrativeness of purpose, as, for instance, to preserve one's life at all hazards, to the detriment of surroundings, one can scarcely be held responsible for their exterior actions.

ANDREW DENEEN.

Mr. Andrew Deneen, one of our most successful merchants, narrowly escaped death by being covered by his counter, under which he sought refuge. His name appeared in the list of dead in the first issues, but later was corrected. Mr. Deneen, wife and five children, reside in their pretty home on the south side of the city. In the awful night of the 12th of June his home was spared, but his fine general store shared the fate of others. After the cyclone passed, his faithful wife rushed out in the raging storm, and by her superhuman efforts succeeded in rescuing her husband from the piles of debris heaped upon him. He was badly injured, but at the present writing is doing business in his new store (built on the old site) the same as ever, to the heartfelt satisfaction of his many friends, with whom Mr. Deneen is a great social favorite. (Author.)

DR. FRANK EPILY.

Dr. Frank Epily, New Richmond, is no ordinary man. He has proved himself a zealous benefactor. He was instrumental in most of the enterprises (of which New Richmond can boast) for the improvement of our city. His exertions will be more fully appreciated when it is understood that his broad, advanced theories met with much opposition from his townsmen. Yet, when these very theories, put in practice, proved wonderfully beneficial to the community at large, the people found that in Doctor Epily they possessed more than a skillful physician in their midst. He was a legislator of much mental ability. For instance, his energy and untiring perseverance brought to us the electric light plant referred to in another chapter; also the city water works. But more especially the Catholic community owes to Dr. Epily their magnificent chime of bells, although the gentleman is not a member of their religion. Dr. Epily's family consists of wife and five children, two boys and three girls. The older son is at present a student

in a medical university, and his amiable wife and daughters render most useful service in various acts of social benevolence. (Author.)

MRS. J. BARRETT.

Among the many ladies of New Richmond who did much for the alleviation of suffering on the fatal night of June 12th was Mrs. John Barrett. This lady's home, on the corner of Third street, two blocks east of Main, where the tornado did its worst, did not escape the ravages of the storm. Yet it was partially habitable, and there crowds flocked in their distress. As they expected, they were received and welcomed by the good lady, who placed everything necessary at their disposal, making the homeless and wounded as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Mrs. Barrett's family consists of a son and daughter. The latter was still a student in her last term at St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, when the cyclone struck the town of her birth. Her brother, John Barrett, was on Main street when the crash came. As a result, he sustained some serious bruises, but owing to youth and vitality he rapidly recovered. Yet his widowed mother was for many hours in a state of uncertainty regarding the fate of her only son. But Mrs. Barrett, the good Christian that she is, did not allow her intense anxiety to appear, or interfere with her duty for the comfort and consolation of others. And finally, when her beloved son was brought home wounded and bleeding, she quietly divided her time waiting on him and the rest. Such is but one of the many specimens of our New Richmond women in the hour of the most intense emergency.

MR. T. H. MEATH.

Erin Prairie possesses a hero among heroes in the person of Mr. T. H. Meath. This gentleman on the terrible night of June 12th, after the tornado did its worst in its deadly course, leaving mangled humanity prostrate amidst the horrors of the

most intense suffering; this brave man, forgetful alike of self and other considerations, with one supreme thought uppermost, rushed to the rescue. There he worked, dragging out the imprisoned victims from beneath the timbers on that deadly night. Suffice to say he was instrumental in saving and helping forty-eight persons, who otherwise might have perished miserably. It must be remembered that the exposure of the rescuers was very riskful. The rain poured down like a cloudburst after the cyclone passed over. Every living creature was drenched in a few moments. Yet it did not extinguish the horrible fire which was gradually but surely seeking its victims beneath the combustible debris. Hence the superhuman efforts of the brave rescuers, regardless of singed hair and eyebrows, a burned hand or foot. To them the rain was rather a blessing, though chilled through by the lowered temperature. But why proceed? My pen is too feeble to indite such noble deeds as were performed by such men as T. H. Meath and others on that fatal night. They are surely recorded in Heaven. And in Heaven they will be adequately rewarded, where nothing is hidden or forgotten by the all-seeing eye of our Heavenly Father.

MR. M. FRISK.

Mr. M. Frisk, president of the Bank of New Richmond, lost two houses by the tornado. This gentleman resides in Merriam Park, St. Paul. His family at present consists of an amiable wife and four clever daughters. Mrs. Frisk is a sister of Mr. Johnson of New Richmond. The latter gentleman laments the loss of a promising son, Kjalmer Johnson, in the cyclone. Mr. Johnson's place of business was unfortunately in the direct path of the tornado, and there his son was killed June 12th, 1899.

"TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE."

A most respectable elderly lady, far advanced in years, and always remarkable for her good common sense, had a most

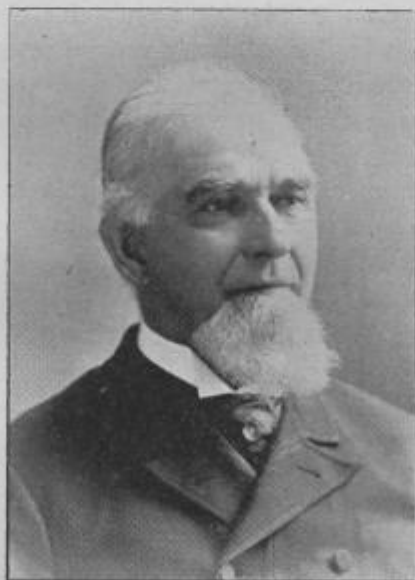
peculiar experience antedating the catastrophe. One day, while surrounded by her children and grandchildren, and everything going on as usual, nothing apparently to attract attention from the ordinary course of events; suddenly the old lady became extremely excited, exclaiming aloud that "a fearful storm was raging in their midst; it was there; the roof was being taken over their heads; the house was in ruins." Then she would move away, drawing her skirts to one side, saying water was deluging the surroundings. Then again, reseating herself, though still excited, began manipulating her fingers, as if winding up silk on a spool, which she said she was doing. She appealed to the family, and seemed much surprised that they did not see what she did. When they endeavored to calm her, thinking on account of her great age she had fallen asleep and had had a bad dream. But she was firm in her statement of what she saw, saying it was no dream, but a reality. The sequel proved, though strange as it may appear, that the old lady's statement or dream, if you will, was to transpire but a few days later, exactly as she had told them.

ANOTHER PECULIAR INCIDENT.

A family living near the Baptist Church, seeing the cyclone coming, made all haste for the cellar. The entrance to the latter was built in the old-fashioned way—a trap-door with an iron ring sunk in the wood to raise it up. The family descended, with the exception of one young lady, who, when about to descend with them, remembered something of value she prized highly, and quickly procuring the object she was in search of, returned to the cellar door. This she found shut down so tight that the raising of it by the ring was beyond her strength to accomplish. She pulled and pulled, but to no purpose. It resisted all her efforts. At last the tornado was upon her, sweeping the house away and the young lady with it. She was later extricated from the ruins in an unconscious state. But the strangest part of the story is that she had the iron ring of the trap-door firmly grasped in her hand. From the above fact, draw your own inferences.

MR. JOHN SAKRISON.

Mr. John Sakrison of Deer Park, a town on the Omaha, about twelve miles north of Richmond. This gentleman was appointed a member of the Information Committee, for the purpose of making careful record of the actual condition, past and present, of each family that suffered loss by the cyclone. Mr. Sakrison showed his good judgment and executive ability in the records which he made, and gave general satisfaction all round. A brief sketch of this gentleman's home life might not be irrelevant here. Mr. Sakrison married Miss Lena Fink, cousin of Mr. H. W. Fink of New Richmond, a very amiable lady, much loved by her friends and neighbors. Two children, a boy and a girl, live to bless their home.



HON. O. H. INGRAM, EAU CLAIRE.

DEER PARK.

Mr. T. A. Malum, general storekeeper of Deer Park, was among the first from outside to come to the assistance of the stricken city of New Richmond. He kindly sought for those with whom he was acquainted, and offered his assistance in the best possible manner.

One gentleman, who had lost everything in the cyclone, and saved his life only by hair's breadth in his cellar, informed me "that after three days and nights of hard work in a desultory way for the afflicted of the town, he felt that a bath and change of linen would be an improvement to his personal comfort." But where and how was such a luxury to be obtained? The cyclone ran away with his own supply of linen. Where was he to get more? Not a store was left in the fated city, and money he had none. Just then he thought of Deer Park, a town twelve miles distant, and good Mr. Malum. Putting his thought in execution, he boarded a train for the little town, and arrived safely at Mr. Malum's general store. Suffice to say, before he left his toilet was made and his personal appearance much improved. "I was converted from a shabby cycloner into a fashionable dude."

Mr. T. A. Malum rendered much valuable service in those cyclone days, not only to the sufferers in his vicinity, but to all who came within his reach. They will not soon forget their kind benefactor, Mr. T. A. Malum of Deer Park.

GRATEFUL THANKS TO GENERAL AND PARTICULAR BENEFACTORS WHO HELPED THE SUFFERERS IN THE TORNADO OF JUNE 12TH, 1893.

Kind benefactors, we thank you—we thank you in general and particular for all you have done for us; for helping us to raise up once more from out the ashes of our stricken city. You all did so much for us—so very much, out of the generosity of your hearts, which was of such vast, material help in

our hour of bitter need. Yet to our individual losses it seems but a "drop in the bucket." Such it has proved to the writer of these few pages. Though for that drop she feels grateful. I will therefore take this occasion to render my special thanks to most particular benefactors of St. Paul.

ST. PAUL COMMERCIAL CLUB.

The first, most beneficial general benefactors, of whom the majority of New Richmond sufferers cannot speak but with feelings of intense gratitude was that noble body of gentlemen, the St. Paul Commercial Club. In the effective efforts of this organization, the greatest amount of real assistance has been accomplished with the least amount of money. The executive ability, as shown throughout, by Mr. C. P. Stine, Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley, etc., are most noteworthy. Such a man as Mr. C. P. Stine is rare to find. This gentleman is by nature possessed of most generous and kindly impulses. With these gifts of the heart are combined a courtesy and thoughtfulness of manner which is irresistible, thus placing at once the recipient of favors at his ease, making the latter feel that he is rather conferring a favor by receiving, than the former by bestowing. Such is Secretary Stine of the St. Paul Commercial Club—well adapted for the position he occupies. His conferres showed their usual good sense and judgment in placing such a man in the capacity of secretary of this most essential and thorough organization—a bright example of the refinement and truly Christian civilization of our illustrious American people.

MR. AND MRS. BEARDSLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley, co-workers of Mr. Stine of the Commercial Club in the cyclone days, deserve a special recognition here for their faithful work in the cause of the sufferers. The delicacy and tact with which they executed their mission will not soon be forgotten by our people, especially those who had the happiness of their acquaintance. We trust to greet them under more favorable circumstances, and thank them for their disinterested kindness.

MR. AND MRS. MEALEY.

Mr. Mealey is one of St. Paul's most successful dry goods merchants—one whose white hair tells the tale of close application to business and unremitting assiduity to all its details. This gentleman, notwithstanding a lifetime spent in the cares of business and duty, is still in harness. The subject of my pen, together with the co-operation of his amiable and generous wife, did much in an unostentatious but effective manner in relieving the sufferers. The lady herself took the train for New Richmond when the news of the terrible catastrophe was confirmed. Then, after viewing the dead at the improvised morgue to see if her friends were not among the upturned, silent faces, she renewed her search till she found them; brought one of the ladies back with her to St. Paul, clothed and entertained her with every possible attention and kindness, knowing well there was no requital in this sub-lunary sphere, for the present at least, for all the worldly possessions of her guest in Richmond were scattered to the four winds of heaven by the devastating cyclone. Such individual knowledge of good hearts tempts one to enter more into detail and describe, as far as my feeble pen will permit, the inner life of such beautiful characters. But not here. This book is but a summary of the sad events of the cyclone. Sad, if you will, but the writer did not make them so. She would gladly have written on a different theme—of prosperous, happy New Richmond, instead of recording the horrors of the death-dealing tornado of June 12th, 1899.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. SIEP.

Professor Siep of St. Paul, bookkeeper in the offices of the Northern Pacific, was another benefactor whose name was not recorded. He and his clever, kind hearted wife did more real good than many whose names and their figures appeared in print. The professor is a university man of superior European scholarship—as linguist, mathematician, etc.—yet withal sim-

ple in his tastes, and a real friend of humanity in every possible way where his influence can extend. Happy in his home life, with his beautiful and promising young son, his amiable wife, and pleasant surroundings, Professor Siep is, comparatively speaking, a most happy man.

MRS. STARKEY.

Mrs. Starkey, the efficient and attractive wife of Mr. Starkey of Faugnier street, St. Paul, gave liberally to the New Richmond people. She receives our sincere thanks.

DR. AND MRS. SPATES.

Dr. F. W. Spates of St. Paul was among the first to arrive in the desolated city, to tender his services for the relief of the sufferers. He sought old acquaintances, and was agreeably disappointed that he did not find them among the dead or wounded. The doctor remained all day, and gave substantial aid in the form of a donation, to be disposed of at the discretion of the recipients.

Dr. and Mrs. Spates (the latter a very amiable lady; a member of the famous Schubert Club, also an active worker in the church to which she belongs, and a general favorite with all) occupy a handsome residence, corner Cypress and Fauquier streets. Their two fine children are in every respect worthy of their parents. We hope to meet the good doctor under more favorable circumstances.

DR. AND MRS. BINDER.

Dr. George Binder of St. Paul was also early in the field, to tender his services, and remained ready for any emergency. Dr. Binder, so well known on Dayton's Bluff, where he has practiced for many years, and where his patients are legion, is a practical, energetic gentleman. His amiable, attractive wife is a great favorite with all who know her personally. She most thoughtfully befriended the sufferers of New Richmond, who will not soon forget good Mrs. Binder.

MISS AKERS.

Miss Akers of North street, St. Paul, is also gratefully remembered for her substantial aid. We sympathize with her in the recent loss of her esteemed father.

MR. AND MRS. VARNEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Varney of Park Rapids, whose very great kindness will long be remembered. These good people, at the time of the catastrophe, resided for the summer in St. Paul, but returned to their pretty country home in Park Rapids, Minn., where they will permanently reside, to the regret of many St. Paul friends, with whom they were always special favorites. The sterling qualities of this lady and her husband must be known to be appreciated.

GIFT OF BOOKS FROM MRS. HUBBARD.

The writer avails herself of the present to return thanks for two boxes of books—the thoughtful gift of Mrs. Anna Davis Hubbard, 93 Cambridge avenue, Macalester Park, St. Paul. This gift is highly prized, for the cyclone made a clean sweep of all libraries, both public and private, in New Richmond, which happened to lie in its devastating progress. The writer, being one of the heaviest losers in this respect, has lost a well-stocked library, containing some rare works in the vernacular, and in also several foreign languages. The loss to the owner means a total privation, as it is impossible for many of these works to be replaced. Hence, the gift of books coming so soon after the loss under such circumstances must be a real Godsend, and is duly appreciated. The donor, being a well-read lady herself, as well as possessing many other attractive accomplishments, has the advantage of residing in the midst of literary neighbors, the park being the site of Macalester College; hence an appreciable refinement pervades the neighborhood.

The Hubbard family consists of the parents, and three of the sweetest, most attractive and prettiest young misses that one could meet with in any country. The eldest, not yet out of her teens, is of a gentle, modest, retiring nature, and, excuse me if I say so, as beautiful as a dream. Her accomplishments are many. Among the latter cooking and housekeeping rank high. I had the pleasure of testing a specimen of her culinary ability at a luncheon tendered some esteemed friends and myself, after the cyclone, and I assure you it was above the ordinary. This young lady, that evening, presented me with a painted porcelain plate, her own work, as a beginning, as she kindly termed it, for my new housekeeping. As you may imagine, I prize my gift. The other two misses are models after the same pattern, and most interesting little ladies. The Hubbard home has many rural attractions, besides the above referred to. With spacious grounds, shaded with beautiful trees, open-air exercise being the fashion, one's life here is a paradise. Then the attractions in the rear, or poultry yard. There were incubators, and hundreds of little chicks running about the yard, five splendid dogs, pet horses, and, to crown all, the funniest, human-like monkey, with the most pleasing monkey expression on its humanish face I ever saw. The thought struck me, as I watched its pranks, could there be anything in the oft-reiterated Darwinian theory of the "lost link?" There was food for reflection. The lateness of the hour compelled us to withdraw from these attractions, and with reluctance we parted from our amiable friends and boarded the car for the city, thinking there were many pleasures in life, after all. But then, alas! my thoughts reverted but too soon to the terrible scenes I had left behind in New Richmond, the mourning city. What a change!

CONCLUSION.

In closing the "History of the Tornado," June 12th, 1899, there are many interesting experiences I am obliged to omit, either through non-acquaintance with the parties concerned, or my inability, for obvious reasons, to reach them, and lastly the experiences of many coming in too late for classification and insertion. This state of things I sincerely regret; but my time being limited and necessarily devoted to careful research, for I have left nothing undone to obtain facts in every case. Sometimes information would be given by persons more or less biased in favor or against some particular persons or organizations. Suffice to say, the testimony of these I invariably rejected, no matter how fascinating the recital would be to the majority of my readers. But when I obtained assurances of such facts from sources on whom I could rely, then I eagerly took possession of them, especially when the same facts came from a plurality of persons, who had nothing in common with each other; then I was apt to arrive at just conclusions regarding the matter in hand. Therefore, just and true, I trust, will be the recital of the awful events herein contained, at least the principal events of the workings of the cyclone, June 12th, 1899. It may possibly contain a few errors, which was beyond my province to avert. For these, of course, I am not responsible. Consequently, I hope my readers will be lenient towards me, when I tell them I have written this book with the most scrupulous impartiality, giving honor and credit to whom it was due; bringing to light for an example for others to imitate many of the amiable qualities of disposition and character that I had individually remarked in persons whom others seemed not to observe, some of whom are still blessed with life, while not a few are gone to their eternal reward.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT TOO GOOD TO LEAVE OUT—HE
GAVE HIS ONLY DOLLAR—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE.

"Is the mayor in?" asked a bright-looking little lad, as he stood on his tip-toes and looked over the desk at Miss Kriedt, the mayor's assistant secretary.

"No, he is not in just now; do you want to see him personally?"

"Yes, ma'am; I want to see him."

"Is it anything I could do for you?"

"I don't know. I have a dollar that I have earned cleaning bicycles, and I want to give it to the poor people at New Richmond, where the cyclone was."

"Well, you are a good little boy, indeed; and if you think you would like to send the poor people your dollar, I will take it for you, and give it to the mayor."

"Yes, ma'am." And the little eight-year-old handed the secretary his only dollar, the dollar he had earned by cleaning bicycles.

"Is there nothing you would rather do with your money than to give it to the cyclone sufferers?" asked Miss Kriedt.

"No, ma'am; I thought at first I would put it in the bank, and then I thought I would spend it, but I decided it would be better to send it to the poor people who haven't any homes."

"And will you tell me your name?"

"Willie Scholtz."

"And where do you live, Willie?"

"I live at No. 2314 Ninth avenue south."

Then the little fellow went out of the mayor's office without a cent of money, but his face looked radiantly happy. He had contributed his mite for the sake of those who are suffering. He felt the happiness that always comes to him who performs a generous deed—those who do all they can for their fellow men.

Such beautiful examples are sufficient to convert a sordid world. If one could follow the after career of Willie Scholtz

it would seem a paradox if he did not become an extraordinarily good man, and make his mark in whatever sphere of life he may fill. It is refreshing to record such exemplary incidents in this advanced stage of acquisitiveness!

A SYNOPSIS OF THE HISTORY OF NEW RICHMOND.

In concluding my recital of the grewsome events contained in the first part of this work, I do not think it would be irrelevant, for the benefit of my readers, to introduce a brief synopsis of the history of our city. The site chosen for the future city of New Richmond was simply perfect, showing the good judgment of the pioneers in those first days; a level country, thickly wooded with valuable and magnificent trees; a never failing river of pure water, flowing through the town, affording alike benefits to the citizens as well as supplying water power for the running of a flour mill, a saw mill, etc; a rich farming country, wisely chosen by claimants of government grants, taken up by the earlier settlers of the country, and now under a high state of cultivation and a source of wealth.

Thus the farmers in course of time could command high prices for their produce, especially during the good times, and as a natural consequence they became independent and could dictate their own terms. The next generation reaped the benefit of the harvest sown by their fathers, and so on. This state of things all told on the future of New Richmond. It became the chief center for the farmers to bring in their grain and ship it by the railroads that passed through the place. Banks had already been established for the business convenience of the people.

Then the genius of Hon. O. W. Mosher, assemblyman, built the first elevator in New Richmond, which materially lessened the cost of transportation for the farmer, and proved advantageous to the grain merchant, Mr. O. W. Mosher being president of the Northwestern Grain Company. Mr. J. E. Glover, Jr., established a sawmill, employing a number of men during the summer season.

But other towns in course of time sprang up around New Richmond. If they were nearer the farmers did not hesitate to transfer their trade to them, to the detriment of the older town. And as the people grew wealthy, they preferred city wares and goods, for the Twin Cities were not far distant, and they had a better selection, etc. All these changes injured business in New Richmond. The few wealthy ones were indifferent. They liked New Richmond for the beauty of its location; the magnificent trees; the calm serenity by which they were surrounded and said among themselves, "This is a lovely resident town; we will abide here in quiet and rest. We will keep out those noisy factories; they bring in such a rough element with them. We will have it also a prohibition town. It will save our young men," etc. Vain dreamers! Accordingly, pretty homes were built. But the old adage, I think, will fit in well here, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Such it seemed in course of time of a few years. The sons and daughters of the medium class, as they finished school, were obliged to seek other towns and cities to obtain employment. These towns and cities were not prohibitionists. These towns and cities encouraged factories and industries, hence the employment given. Contact with the "rough" element was unavoidable, but it would be less dangerous for the youth to mix with it under the watchful eyes of parents at home, and guarded by their sage advice, than away from the parental roof, among strangers. So it would have been to the advantage of the youth at home to have the industries in their town.

But, again, this calm, beautiful New Richmond, this lovely resident town, was soon to meet with one of those visitations of nature which would almost instantaneously change the beautiful resident town into a chaotic district of horror. "Man proposes, but God disposes!"

In conclusion, thus let us all take warning by the past; let us submit humbly to the will of our beneficent Redeemer, knowing that nothing happens without His permission for our souls'

greater improvement. If the tornado of June 12th was sent for a punishment, then let us take it as such, and thank the Omnipotent Creator for sparing us here longer while others were taken away, whose lives seemed so indispensable, so gentle and kindly in their intercourse with others, shedding a halo of peace and good will among brethren. For the latter it was a blessing in disguise. Their short moment of amazed agony was followed by joys that will never end. How little we know of the mysterious ways of God! But for us who were left our duty lies before us—to love God and our neighbor as ourselves; to work out our own salvation in this land of exile, and calmly await the last call to a better life, where, in the words of St. Paul, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard, nor the heart of man cannot conceive the joys that await the blessed in Heaven.”

THE END.

REPORT

... OF ...

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

APPOINTED TO DISTRIBUTE FUNDS FOR RELIEF OF
SUFFERERS BY THE

CYCLONE AT NEW RICHMOND, WISCONSIN,

AND IN ST. CROIX, POLE AND BARRON COUNTIES,
JUNE 12TH, 1899.

MADE TO

HONORABLE EDWARD SCOFIELD,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE,
JANUARY 30, 1900.

EXHIBIT A.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

RECEIPTS.

Cash received from United States, except Minnesota and Wisconsin	\$4,752.55
Cash received from Minnesota.....	49,854.18
Cash received from Wisconsin.....	65,043.08
Cash received from parties whose addresses are unknown..	262.21
Donations of lumber, brick, furniture, clothing and labor..	16,547.70
Licenses, and sales of meals and refreshments.....	948.31
Total receipts	<u>\$137,406.18</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Cash aid given to 78 persons to rebuild dwellings. (Greatest amount given to any one person... \$750.00)	\$82,378.91
Cash aid given to 21 persons to repair dwellings. (Greatest amount given to any one person... 400.00)	2,522.59
Cash aid given to 74 persons to refurnish dwellings	7,908.54
(Greatest amount given to any one person... 300.00)	
Cash aid given to 41 persons and firms to rebuild stores	14,547.01
(Greatest amount given to any one person... 700.00)	
Cash aid given to business men who did not own store buildings	16,447.66
(Greatest amount given to any one person.. 800.00)	
Cash aid given to 23 cripples.....	6,525.27
(Greatest amount given to any one person... 850.00)	
Cash aid given to property losses in the country— To 47 persons in St. Croix county district....	7,100.00
(Greatest amount given to any one person... 800.00)	
To 78 persons in Polk and Barron county districts	4,535.00
(Greatest amount given to any one person... 200.00)	
Temporary relief, provisions.....	4,558.18
Temporary relief, shelter.....	758.55
Temporary relief, repairs made by committee....	2,201.24
	<u>7,517.97</u>
Outfitting (stoves, furniture and clothing).....	3,602.18
Undertakers' bills	1,027.20
Hospital and doctors' bills for 123 patients.....	3,665.84
	<u>4,692.54</u>

City of New Richmond—

Bridge	\$1,495.73	
Tower	2,430.59	
Power house	2,065.26	
City schools	2,024.05	
Electric light	2,500.00	
Miscellaneous	340.92	
		\$11,857.14
Clearing away debris.....		9,716.69
Administration expense		1,544.80
Balance on hand (to be paid to destitute parties and to cover expense of report).....		510.83
Total disbursements		\$137,406.18

EXHIBIT B.

STATEMENT OF CASH CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED BY THE
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE RELIEF OF
CYCLONE SUFFERERS.FROM THE UNITED STATES (EXCEPT MINNESOTA AND WIS-
CONSIN).

CALIFORNIA.

San Diego—S. H. Clough..... \$10.00

ILLINOIS.

Chicago—Ben Bonsticht	\$3.00	
M. J. Carpenter	10.00	
Electric Appliance Co.....	5.00	
F. D. Fuller.....	25.00	
German-American Ins. Co.....	100.00	
N. W. Harris.....	100.00	
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.....	100.00	
Marshall, Field & Co.....	50.00	
National Fire Ins. Co.....	200.00	
W. J. Neahr & Co.....	5.00	
H. H. Porter.....	100.00	
Spaulding & Merrill.....	25.00	
Harriet Z. Weeks	1.00	
E. W. Wickware.....	10.00	
C. H. Morse.....	500.00	
		\$1,234.00

INDIANA.

Indianapolis—E. A. Atkins..... \$99.85

IOWA.

Ashton—Bank of Ashton.....	\$12.00	
Dubuque—W. H. Day.....	100.00	
Fayette—W. A. Hoyt.....	10.00	
Kencott—Chas. K. Lackerson.....	5.00	
Milford—C. Forstenson & Co.....	1.00	
		\$128.00

MICHIGAN.

Detroit—W. H. E. Emerson.....	\$5.00	
Ironwood—Andy Monahan.....	1.00	
Kalamazoo—Citizens.....	\$75.00	
Children.....	2.00	
		77.00
Sturgeon River—H. J. Thenstan.....	4.00	
Ypsilanti—D. M. Summivan.....	30.00	
		\$117.00

MISSOURI.

Fulton—A. C. McManaway.....	\$1.00	
Nevada—Check.....	50.00	
St. Louis—H. F. McCune.....	\$5.00	
Grand Lodge Elks' Convention..	500.00	
Post Dispatch.....	72.00	
		577.00
		\$628.00

MONTANA.

Butte—Senator W. A. Clark.....	\$500.00
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NEW YORK.

Brooklyn—Oscar Pfeiffer.....	\$25.00	
Irrington—Helen M. Gould.....	250.00	
New York City—Cappell, Maitland Co.....	250.00	
		\$525.00

NORTH DAKOTA.

Aldin—T. G. Pyal.....	\$1.00	
Church's Ferry—Citizens.....	100.50	
Fairmont—M. W. Ballard.....	5.00	
Fargo—City Council.....	\$500.00	
Citizens.....	508.00	
		1,009.50
Gilby—Modern Woodmen.....	3.00	
Grand Forks—J. W. Scott.....	5.00	
Oakes—Mrs. Nichols and others.....	2.25	
H. S. Nichols.....	1.50	
		2.75
Tower City—Citizens.....	26.00	
		\$1,169.25

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alleghany—W. J. Jameson.....	\$5.00	
Pittsburg—W. S. Kinnell.....	10.00	
Pittsfield—W. T. Dalrymple	25.00	
Philadelphia—Franklin Sugar Refining Co.....	25.00	
		\$65.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport—Sarah M. Pratt.....	\$20.00
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SOUTH DAKOTA.

Brookings—Brookings Land & Trust Co.....	\$5.00	
Elkhorn—Citizens	20.00	
Sioux Falls—Citizens	54.85	
White Rock—N. N. Powell.....	10.00	
		\$120.45

VERMONT.

Barre—McMillan & Stephens	\$5.00
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WASHINGTON.

Sprague—A friend	\$1.00
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cash	\$10.00	
H. A. Taylor	100.00	
U. S. Treasury Department.....	20.00	
		\$140.00
Total from United States (except Minn. and Wis.)....		\$4,752.55

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINNESOTA.

Alexandria—Citizens		\$268.95
Austin—Citizens	\$63.00	
Dr. A. M. Lewis.....	10.00	
		78.00
Henson—Citizens		115.00
Blaine—Farmers		10.75
Blue Earth City—D. S. Hall.....	\$100.00	
Ball game	54.75	
		184.75

Brainerd—Citizens		\$212.25
Brownston—I. O. O. F.		10.50
Cannon Falls—Citizens		91.00
Chaska—Moravian congregation		17.03
Cold Springs—Citizens		100.85
Cordova—Wm. Mohler		13.00
Cottage Grove—Citizens	\$114.85	
John Zech	2.00	
		116.85
Duluth—M. N. Berg	\$2.00	
John G. Brown	25.00	
B. P. Crans	25.00	
Johnson & Moe	15.00	
Judge Moar	5.00	
Mrs. F. A. Pettibone	2.00	
Readers Skandinaven	4.03	
Readers Skandinaven	7.32	
		85.35
Dundee—Camp M. W. A.	\$5.00	
I. O. O. F.	5.00	
		10.00
Dodge Center—Citizens		45.45
Echo—Citizens	\$53.25	
M. W. Harris	25.00	
		78.25
Fairfax—Citizens		30.05
Fairmont—Citizens	\$16.00	
Citizens	35.00	
Science church	19.10	
		70.10
Faribault—Minnesota School for Feeble Minded..		42.20
Farmington—Citizens		176.00
Fergus Falls—Steve Buhler		5.00
Frazer—State Bank		1.00
Hamilton—Merryman Co		25.00
Hancock—Citizens		25.75
Harris—Ladies' Guild		25.00
Hibbing—Village council		10.00
Hutchinson—Citizens		100.00
Kasota—Citizens		80.70
Lake City—Citizens	\$150.00	
J. Manning	25.00	
		175.00
Lake Crystal—Maggie Wood		1.00
Lakeport—Citizens		25.50
Lamberton—Citizens	\$50.00	
German Lutheran church	16.75	
		66.75

Le Roy—Citizens		\$39.75
Le Sueur—Catholic church	\$9.00	
Citizens	130.10	
Litchfield—Mayor		139.10
Little Falls—Citizens		190.00
Luverne—Citizens		200.00
Lyle—Citizens		119.30
Madelia—Citizens		41.75
		126.20
Mankato—Citizens	\$4.00	
Directors National City Bank	23.00	
Fire Department	50.00	
Mapleton—Citizens		87.00
Marine—Citizens		52.22
Melrose—Treasurer		48.00
Merriam Park—C. F. Fitzgerald		50.00
Minneapolis—A. H. Adams		1.00
Base ball game	\$2.00	
N. H. Bell	348.90	
W. S. Benton	1.00	
Board of Trade	50.00	
Champlin Camp No. 10. W. of World	2,700.00	
Citizens	10.00	
Citizens	4,800.00	
Citizens	774.02	
C. A. Couch	1.00	
Crystal Lodge	28.85	
F. H. Davis	10.00	
W. T. Decker	5.00	
Elks' ball game	265.25	
First Unitarian Church	17.01	
Friend	1.00	
Abner Harkness	5.00	
A. C. Heck, Mgr.	5.00	
W. C. Hullson	5.00	
International Food Co.	25.00	
E. B. Johnson	2.00	
L. H. Johnson	10.00	
Jebbers	1,800.00	
Journal	144.55	
Journal and others	460.05	
Journal list	213.39	
Letter Carriers, Branch No. 2	42.50	
Lillibridge, Bremner Co.	10.00	
Lumbermen	1,371.00	
C. M. McCoy	5.00	

Minneapolis—(Cont'd):

Minnesota State Band.....	\$448.15	
Miss. Valley Lumberman's List.....	55.00	
Minneapolis Plow Works.....	10.00	
Minneapolis Produce Exchange.....	50.00	
Mt. Sinai Com. Knights of Malta.....	25.00	
J. B. Nelson	10.00	
N. W. Nat. Bank employes.....	40.00	
T. C. Paine, Agent Soc Line.....	11.15	
J. W. Pray	3.00	
W. A. Ramsey.....	25.00	
Retail Grocers' Association.....	50.00	
Royal Arcanum, Minnehaha Council.....	15.00	
John J. Ross.....	1.00	
S. B. Sarles	5.00	
Caroline Sewell	5.90	
J. B. Sherrill	1.50	
R. W. Schimmel	5.00	
J. L. Smith	1.00	
Armstrong Taylor	10.00	
Times Lists	181.50	
Tribune Lists	231.28	
H. A. Tuttle, Mgr.....	5.00	
C. P. Walton	10.00	
H. K. Weatherby	10.00	
C. E. Williams.....	2.00	
L. D. Williams	2.00	
		\$14,415.80
Monticello—W. S. Demelle.....		25.00
Morris—Citizens		159.31
Mountain Lake—Frank Balzer	\$1.00	
J. D. Schroder	1.00	
		2.00
New Auburn—G. A. R.....	\$10.00	
Samuel L. McNeil.....	5.00	
		15.00
New Paynesville—Citizens	\$38.50	
Chons Lodge	12.10	
		45.60
New Prague—Citizens	\$152.75	
Kari Bros	5.00	
New Prague Flouring Mill Co.....	50.00	
		214.75
New Richland—P. O. Sunde.....		10.00
New Ulm—B. H. Johnson.....	\$25.00	
Mayor	200.00	
		225.00

North Branch—H. Matthews		\$100.00
Norwood—Citizens		42.75
Owatonna—J. W. Crane		1.00
Palmyra and Hector—Lutheran Churches		100.91
Pennock—Swedish Mission Church		6.80
Pipestone—G. W. Nash		17.00
Plainview—Citizens		58.00
Preneborg—Dutch Reform Church		22.25
Red Wing—Citizens	\$564.00	
Geo. F. Cogl	10.00	
		574.00
Redwood Falls—Citizens		80.25
Renville—Citizens		53.00
Rochester—Base Ball Game	\$9.00	
Citizens	500.00	
M. Heffron	10.00	
		519.00
Rosemount—Citizens		60.00
St. Charles—N. Kiefer		50.25
St. Cloud—City Council	\$500.00	
Modern Woodmen	15.00	
Women's Auxiliary	380.87	
		895.87
St. James—Citizens		200.00
St. Paul—L. S. Armstrong	\$5.00	
O. O. Bergman & Co.	15.00	
Francis B. Clarke	100.00	
Mary Collins	.50	
* Mrs. John Churchill	.50	
City Council list	727.10	
City Comptroller's list	4,680.73	
T. J. Edwards	10.00	
G. F. Gifford	10.00	
Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., St. Paul Conv.	100.00	
James J. Hill	2,500.00	
Junior Pioneer Association	50.00	
Jobbers' Union—		
Abbott Bros	\$25.00	
J. M. Bach & Bro.	10.00	
P. C. Blsbee	5.00	
Cash	1.50	
Employee of Gordon & Ferguson	10.50	
L. Epstein & Son	10.00	
Farwell, O., K. & Co.	250.00	
Finch, Van S., Y. & Co.	250.00	
Fonda & Peterson	10.00	
Foot, Schultz & Co.	100.00	

St. Paul—Jobbers' Union (Cont'd):

Otto Gersting	\$5.00
C. Gotzian & Co.....	250.00
Gordon & Ferguson.....	250.00
J. W. Griggs	5.00
J. H. Allen & Co.....	500.00
Geo. Benz & Sons.....	100.00
Brown, Treacy & Co.....	25.00
W. J. Dyer & Bro.....	25.00
Griggs, Cooper & Co.....	250.00
C. R. Groff & Co.....	25.00
Guterman Bros	100.00
P. R. L. Hardenburgh Co.....	50.00
C. W. Hackett Hardware Co....	100.00
Hart & Murphy.....	10.00
Kellogg, Johnson & Co.....	100.00
Kerwin & Melady.....	25.00
Koehler & Hinrichs	25.00
W. H. Kenantz	10.00
Adolph Lando	5.00
Lanpher, Plinch & S.....	250.00
Lindske, Warner & S.....	250.00
J. Mathias	5.00
Nicols & Dean	100.00
North Star Candy Factory.....	5.00
Northwestern Lime Co.....	25.00
Noyes Bros. & Cutler.....	250.00
Ogden, Merrill & Greer.....	50.00
L. P. Ordway	25.00
McKibben & Co.....	100.00
Powers Dry Goods Co.....	250.00
Price & Robbins.....	25.00
J. H. Roach & Co.....	15.00
Ryan Drug Co.....	10.00
St. Paul Lime & Cement Co....	5.00
St. Paul Rubber Co.....	25.00
St. Paul Stove Works.....	40.00
Seabury & Co.....	100.00
G. Sommers & Co.....	100.00
Sternberg & Goitschall.....	25.00
Scheffer & Rossum.....	50.00
Tarbox, Schlick & Co.....	50.00
Towle Syrup Co.....	25.00
S. Weise & Co.....	10.00
Western Land Co.....	25.00
M. C. Tuttle.....	5.00

St. Paul—Jobbers' Union (Cont'd):

Western Supply Co.....	\$25.00
Union Mattress Co.....	25.00
L. L. May & Co.....	10.00
Wm. McMurray & Co.....	50.00
McCormick, Behnke & Co.....	50.00
H. G. Neal	50.00
	\$4,517.00

Mannheimer Bros	100.00
Omaha Railway	3,743.37
Pioneer Press list.....	5,402.67
Red Cross Society.....	306.85
D. C. Shepard	1,000.00
Standard Oil Co.....	100.00
P. Stoltz	.50
Teachers	239.25
Teachers' Association	12.00
G. S. Wieseman.....	10.00
Thos. Wilson	50.00
H. M. Youmans	2.00

\$24,771.47

St. Peter—Citizens	\$243.75
James Mason	1.50
Royal Arch Masons.....	25.00

270.25

St. Thomas—Catholic Church..... 10.00

Slayton—B. Weed 10.00 |

Sleepy Eye—Citizens..... 100.00

Stillwater—Relief Fund:

Main and Water streets north of	
Chestnut	\$463.25
Main and Water streets south of	
Chestnut	354.50
West of Main street.....	259.35
Wm. Saustry	300.00
Wm. Saustry rafting employes....	85.75
St. Croix Lumber Co.....	150.00
St. Croix Lumber Co. employes....	223.00
East Side Lumber Co.....	100.00
E. Side Lbr. Co. officers and emp.	184.75
R. W. Turnbull & Son.....	100.00
R. W. Turnbull & Son employes....	175.00
St. Croix Boom Co. employes....	254.50
Hersey Lumber Co.....	50.00
Hersey Lumber Co. employes....	95.75
First National Bank.....	100.00
First Nat. Bank, officers and emp.	35.00

Stillwater—Relief Fund (Cont'd):

Minnesota Mercantile Co.....	\$100.00
Minn. Mentr. Co. officers and emp..	20.00
Staples-Allee Mill Co.....	25.00
Staples-Allee Mill Co. employees...	61.25
Stillwater Mfg. Co.....	\$5.00
Stillwater Mfg. Co. employees...	88.50
Hersey & Bean, office.....	80.00
State Prison, officers and guards	64.00
Minn. Thr. Mfg. Co., officers and employees	61.00
Lumbermen's National Bank.....	50.00
Lumbermen's Nat'l Bank emp...	10.00
Court House	30.00
Gazette's list	64.00
Mosler's list	32.00
Never's dam employees.....	25.50
Oak Park	26.10
South Stillwater	26.90
Ladies' Social Circle.....	25.00
Stillwater Red Cross Aid.....	10.00
American Express Co. (rebate)..	5.00
Unclassified	80.50

Proceeds of entertainments:

The Grecian Princess.....	222.90
Epworth League	55.00
O'Donnell Orchestra	45.00
Red Rose and Tiger Lily.....	17.05
Festival, Miss McRae and others	11.50
Catholic Order Foresters.....	25.00
Modern Woodmen	25.00
Odd Fellows.....	25.00
Baptist Church	20.00
J. G. Brown	25.00

Total cash contributions....\$4,303.15

Deduct cash paid for labor, lum-
ber and supplies for New Rich-
mond (See Exhibit "C").....2,104.14

\$2,199.01

Relief fund, additional.....	140.32
Samuel McClure	50.00

\$2,389.32

South Stillwater—Ind. Order of Foresters.....

10.00

Taylor's Falls—T. K. Shandard.....\$10.00

Smith Ellison

100.00

110.00

THE NEW RICHMOND CYCLONE.

Ulm—C. Paulsen		\$26.00
Villard—Citizens		75.00
Wabasha—Wabasha Roller Mills Co.....		50.00
Wadena—Citizens		125.75
Wasloga, Town—Citizens		25.00
Waterville—Modern Woodmen		5.00
Wells—Business men	\$50.50	
Citizens	2.00	
		62.50
West Concord—E. A. Bardon.....		1.00
Windom—Citizens	\$22.10	
Egri Club	53.00	
John Hubbard	5.00	
D. N. Weed.....	5.00	
		80.10
Winona—Winona Lumber Co.....	\$50.00	
Empire Lumber Co.....	150.00	
Laird, Norton & Co.....	100.00	
		300.00
Winnebago City—Star Light & Rebekah Lodge....		60.00
Worthington—Citizens		152.00
Total cash contributions from Minnesota....		\$49,354.13

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM WISCONSIN.

Akau, Town—Citizens		\$18.75
Almond—F. J. Frost and neighbors.....		27.00
Alden—Citizens		13.00
Allentown—Citizens		17.00
Alma Center—A farmer.....		11.25
Altoona—Citizens		38.00
Amboy—Citizens		50.00
Amery—Village of		300.00
Amherst—Citizens		110.75
Antigo—Citizens		145.50
Appleton—Citizens	\$780.00	
A. W. Patten.....	200.00	
A. J. Pederson.....	10.00	
J. Ryan	2.50	
		892.50
Arcadia—Business Men's Association.....	\$35.00	
M. P. Massuel	10.00	
Jas. Wedland	1.00	
		46.00

Arkansas--Citizens		\$30.00
Armstrong Creek--P. Shay		5.00
Ashland--T. Bardon and others	\$600.00	
D. H. Richter, collection on Ry. Ex. train	50.20	
		650.30
Ashland Junction		3.25
Athens--Citizens		60.00
Augusta--Citizens		286.60
Baldwin--Citizens	\$205.50	
J. Norman	2.00	
		207.50
Balsam Lake--Citizens		56.00
Baraboo--Citizens	\$327.35	
Commercial club	20.00	
Employees C. & N. W. Ry. shops	31.50	
		368.85
Baraboo--Town		18.85
Barron--Citizens	\$100.00	
Ladies' Mite Society	25.00	
		125.00
Bayfield--Order Eastern Star	55.00	
Isaac H. Wing	500.00	
		555.00
Beaver Dam--Citizens		200.00
Beloit--Citizens	\$205.00	
Rosenblatt & Son	10.00	
		215.00
Berlin--Citizens		226.50
Beuna Vista, Town--Citizens		89.90
Biramwood--H. Kuckuck	\$2.00	
Van Doren & Andrews	10.00	
		12.00
Black River Falls--Citizens		261.00
Bloom, Township--Citizens		54.30
Bloomer--Citizens		59.25
Boardman--Mrs. Jane Cashman	\$0.50	
Lincoln Henry	1.00	
		1.50
Borth--A. Borth		13.00
Boscobel--Citizens		40.00
Boyceville--Wm. G. Morley		16.31
Boyd--Citizens of		128.20
Bristol--Citizens		15.00
Broadhead--City of		67.50
Brookfield--Methodist Episcopal Church		8.00
Brothertown--Citizens		5.00
Barkhardt--Citizens		78.00

Butternut—Paul Kaneberg		\$48.00
Cadot—Harper & Dehough		3.90
Cady, Town—Citizens		39.23
Calamus, Township—Citizens		58.45
Cambria—Citizens		95.00
Carrollton—Fred Hasaick		10.00
Cascade—Citizens		15.86
Cedar Falls—Subscription		50.30
Cedar Grove—Citizens		100.00
Centraire—Ladies' Aid Society		10.00
Chilton—Citizens	\$107.00	
Base ball	158.20	
		265.20
Chippewa Falls—Rev. K. Behrends	\$16.50	
Citizens	890.74	
A. E. McDonald	246.85	
R. D. Marshall	25.00	
		1,179.09
Clark County—A. Shaver		1.00
Clintonville—T. T. Tolkin		188.52
Clyman, Township—Citizens		32.25
Colby—Citizens	\$67.11	
Relief Corps	10.00	
		77.11
Gold Spring, Township—Citizens		65.10
Cottfax—O. G. Kinney		102.00
Columbia—Welsh Church		6.50
Columbus—Citizens	\$1.00	
O. Sanderson	1.00	
		101.00
Cumberland—Citizens	\$648.22	
Andrew Stall and others	23.00	
		677.22
Cylon—Sidney Hawksford	\$1.00	
T. J. Lee	5.00	
		6.00
Dane County—Citizens		139.58
Darlington—Citizens		102.00
Dayton—Citizens		31.35
Deerfield—Citizens		58.85
Deer Park—Otto Neitge	\$1.00	
Ed. Sakrison	10.00	
John Sakrison	10.00	
		21.00
DePere—Titzlaff & Co.		2.50
Downing—A. H. McCabe	\$10.00	
J. E. Trigg	5.00	
		\$15.00

Douglas—Presbyterian Church		\$8.58
Durand—Citizens		275.50
Eau Claire—Olive Allen	\$1.00	
A. A. Cutter	25.00	
Citizens	\$848.45	
Red Cross Society	284.00	
	<u>\$1,107.45</u>	
(Deduct cash paid for supplies and labor for New Richmond, see Exhibit "C")	487.74	
		<u>669.71</u>
Eau Claire Light & Power Co.	25.00	
Elke	50.00	
Fourth of July Boxes	6.23	
Albert Gunderson	5.00	
O. H. Ingram	500.00	
O. W. Lockwood	25.00	
Mrs. Mary Carson McGrath	100.00	
Alex. Meggett	10.00	
Wm. J. Starr	25.00	
G. Walker	5.00	
L. L. Williams	33.00	
		<u>1,479.94</u>
Eau Galle—Citizens		2.75
Edgerton—Citizens		158.00
Elba—Citizens		30.00
Elk Grove—District No. 8		13.00
Elkhorn—Citizens		213.50
Ellsworth—Citizens	\$128.25	
A. Combacker	25.00	
		<u>153.25</u>
Elroy—Citizens		102.85
Eria—D. Reddin and others		210.55
Fairfield, Town—Citizens		29.30
Fall River—Camp Royal Neighbors	\$10.00	
Columbia Camp, M. W. A.	20.00	
Citizens	23.00	
		<u>53.00</u>
Fennimore—H. H. Earl		1.00
Fond du Lac—Citizens	\$150.25	
Mayor	217.00	
		<u>367.25</u>
Fort Atkinson—Citizens	\$181.25	
German M. E. Church	5.00	
		<u>186.25</u>

Fountain City—Gate receipts		\$3.70
Fox Lake—D. J. Hotchkiss list.....	\$18.00	
J. L. Townsend.....	10.00	
		28.00
Fox Lake, Town—Citizens.....		8.88
Freedom, Town—Citizens		37.45
Freeman, Village—Citizens		6.50
Galesville—Citizens		85.25
Glen Haven—Citizens		19.00
Glenwood—Citizens		211.95
Gotbarn—Citizens		41.75
Grand Rapids—Mayor		62.00
Grantsburg—Citizens		77.25
Green Bay—Citizens	\$194.00	
Employes Green Bay & W. Ry.....	108.50	
Geo. J. Greene	50.00	
G. Kestermann	5.00	
		357.50
Green County—County Board.....		500.00
Hammond—Village	\$400.00	
L. W. Gilbert	1.00	
L. O. Hanson	1.00	
		402.00
Hartford—Citizens	\$150.75	
German Lutheran Church	5.00	
		155.75
Hartland—Citizens	\$27.50	
Spaulding picnic	15.00	
Sunday School	3.04	
		45.54
Hayward—Citizens		552.30
Helvetia—J. H. Lenthoid		5.00
Herman—Citizens		72.75
Hersey—Women's Relief Corps		11.45
Hilbert—Mary McMullen		1.00
Holland—Citizens		79.66
Hope, Township—Citizens		26.00
Hortonville—C. H. Baake.....		32.20
Hudson—J. R. Agnew	\$10.00	
L. Ainsley	10.00	
O. W. Arvquist	25.00	
H. C. Baker	50.00	
Chas. Bradley	10.00	
N. C. Bradley	15.00	
W. J. Baxter	15.00	
Allen Beggs	10.00	
Samuel Beggs	5.00	

Hudson—(Cont'd):

G. W. Bell	\$15.00
P. Q. Boyden	10.00
Bunker Picture Fund.....	11.00
S. W. Campbell.....	100.00
F. J. Carr, Vernis Mac excursion.....	9.10
J. A. Chinnoch	5.00
J. E. Corbally	5.00
H. Cuddeback and others	10.00
Mrs. E. A. Egbert.....	5.00
Mrs. Isaac Flett	5.00
J. A. Frear	25.00
E. E. Gatchell	10.00
L. G. Greene	10.00
Jas. Haddow	5.00
W. A. Hall.....	10.00
D. E. Hanna.....	5.00
E. W. Helms	50.00
Henry Hemzel	2.00
E. B. Heritage	5.00
John Hodgins	2.00
D. Hoffman	9.63
C. E. Holden	3.72
C. W. Holmes	2.00
Z. G. Holmes and pupils.....	70.55
D. Humbird	50.00
H. L. Humphrey.....	50.00
H. K. Huntton.....	10.00
A. E. Jefferson.....	100.00
Jerome B. Jones.....	15.00
Mrs. Kastor	.75
M. Kelly	3.00
Peter Knaff	2.00
M. Knapp	3.00
Geo. Martin	25.00
E. F. Oliver	1.00
Louis Ostby	5.00
C. W. Porter	100.00
Rebekah Lodge	42.60
C. A. Sampson.....	5.00
Carrie Silliman	5.00
W. H. Thorn	3.12
Jas. Walker	20.00
Wm. Whewill	5.00
L. C. Wilcox.....	3.00

Hudson—(Cont'd):

J. H. Winginder.....	\$5.00	
W. C. T. U.....	25.00	
Chas. Young.....	5.00	
T. F. Young.....	15.00	
Pauline Yoerg.....	25.00	
City of Hudson.....	16.25	
		\$1,073.73
Hurley—Citizens.....		105.75
Independence—Base ball.....	\$46.00	
Citizens.....	21.73	
		66.73
Iola—Citizens.....		19.15
Iron River—Citizens.....	\$75.00	
Employee Lea-Ingram Lumber Co.....	109.19	
		184.19
Janesville—Citizens.....	\$95.80	
C. P. Jacobs.....	2.00	
Mayor.....	138.00	
		235.60
Jefferson—Citizens.....		265.40
Jefferson County—County Supervisors.....		1,252.45
Jenson—Walling Bros.....		1.00
Johnson's Creek—Y. P. S. C. E.....		7.50
Juneau—Base ball.....	\$199.00	
Citizens.....	65.25	
Chas. Christianson.....	5.00	
		258.25
Kaukauna—Citizens.....		115.25
Kendall—Citizens.....		57.65
Kenosha—Evening News.....	\$60.00	
News Fund.....	517.25	
		577.25
Kiel—Citizens.....		50.00
Kinnickinnic—Ladies' Aid Society.....		24.80
Knapp—Citizens.....		126.19
La Crosse—Citizens.....	\$465.00	
Deaf and Dumb School.....	15.75	
Mayor.....	300.00	
Mary B. Quigley.....	5.00	
		1,285.75
La Crosse County—County Board.....		500.00
La Fayette, Town—Citizens.....		2.25
La Fayette County—School districts.....		798.57
Lake Geneva—Citizens.....		103.50

Lancaster—Citizens		\$272.35
La Valle—Citizens	\$1.00	
Klett	1.00	
		2.00
Lebanon, Town—Citizens		128.65
Leeds—Congregational Church		22.00
Lenoxia—Epworth League		.83
Lima, Town—Citizens		25.25
Little Falls—Citizens	\$28.50	
O. B. Lee	1.00	
		29.50
Lodi—Mrs. P. Richards		2.00
Lincoln, Town—P. N. Christianson, Chairman		1.00
Lomira, Town—Citizens		92.72
Lone Rock—Village		8.25
Lowell, Village—Citizens		13.75
Lusk—Citizens		91.00
Madison—American Thresherman	\$25.00	
Base ball game	126.90	
C. V. Bardeen	10.00	
C. Bliss	1.00	
Citizens	1,473.27	
Governor Scofield	100.00	
City Council	200.00	
Judge E. Dodge	25.00	
		1,961.17
Magnate, Rock County—Citizens		27.40
Maiden Rock—Beverly White		5.00
Mantowee—Citizens		308.10
Marinette—Citizens	\$76.00	
Collected by Chief of Police	65.50	
Columbia Hive No. 4	14.27	
Chas. Gerhauser	1.00	
S. Goodman	2.00	
Theo. H. Hebeck Co.	50.00	
Laureman Bros	76.63	
Merryman & Co	135.00	
Menomonee Boom Co.	200.00	
A. P. Scheldt & Bro.	10.00	
Arthur B. Toan	2.00	
		732.50
Marshall and Medina—Citizens		92.00
Marshfield—Citizens	\$213.00	
Louis Larrule	35.98	
Woman's Order Foresters	10.00	
		260.98

Martell—Citizens		\$48.13
Mason—Citizens		250.50
Mauston—City	\$100.00	
Relief fund	44.55	
		144.55
Mayville—Citizens	\$159.38	
Turnverein	64.00	
		203.38
Medford—Citizens		189.50
Menasha—Citizens	\$233.75	
Jos. L. Pleweger	10.00	
E. D. Smith	100.00	
		343.75
Mellen—Citizens		57.25
Menomonee—Citizens	\$1,000.00	
Citizens	360.44	
A. R. Hall	25.00	
		1,385.44
Menomonee Falls—D. J. Droigkamp		31.87
Merrill—Citizens		218.75
Milwaukee—F. F. Adams Tobacco Co.	\$100.00	
C. P. Bacon	50.00	
Ball game and contributions	3,276.54	
W. J. Boyle's List—		
Benice Aarons	\$0.25	
Academy of Music	75.95	
Geo. W. Atwell	5.00	
A. Leo Auger	5.00	
Miss Blanche Bates	347.05	
Bay View, Battle Cong.	23.75	
C. E. Benedict	10.00	
Mrs. L. W. Boyer	5.00	
Brewers' Association	500.00	
Builders' and T. Exchange	\$1.50	
Burdick & Allen	10.00	
A. Burnham	1.00	
Caldwell Young Peo. Soc.	13.00	
H. H. Camp	25.00	
J. Cargill Bros	2.00	
A. Carlsrud	1.00	
Cash from various parties	40.50	
D. W. Chipman	5.00	
Clerks and carriers A. B. & C. ..	65.25	
Collections from W. J. Boyle and friends	30.80	
H. Cordes	5.00	

Milwaukee--W. J. Boyle's List (Cont'd):

F. W. Craig	\$5.00
Jno. P. Cramer	25.00
Nye Crossman	1.00
Chas. Dammeling	1.00
J. S. Davis	2.00
Jos. Desert Lumber Co.	50.00
Dever Bros. & Co.	10.00
Edw. Dewey	5.00
Druggist Picnic	24.28
Rev. P. H. Durnin	5.00
H. Endris	5.00
W. S. E. & S. E. E.	6.00
Wm. Fizett	16.00
Rev. Thos. Fagan.	35.00
Foster Lumber Co.	25.00
Ger. E'op Church S. School. .	10.00
Ger. Evan. Church, 13th and Chestnut streets	20.00
Grace Pres. Church S. S.	2.00
C. H.	5.00
Herman Heyn	10.00
Mrs. Hodgson	5.00
L. C. Holton	5.00
Horicon, D. C. Van Brunt.	145.00
J. Huennekins	1.00
L. O. O. F. No. 296.	10.00
Isaac Lodge, I. O. B. E.	10.00
Iroquois Club	20.00
Joy's Bros. & Co.	25.00
Gen. Chas. King.	10.00
W. G. King.	5.00
Thos. Koechner	5.00
August Kressen	5.00
Wenner Kroeger	5.00
F. E. Krueger	10.00
Rev. A. J. Kuchin.	5.00
Ladies of Ivanhoe	10.00
Lemonade stand, 27th & Cedar. .	3.25
B. Leidersdorf	10.00
Walter E. Lewis.	25.00
Little girl	.50
Mrs. E. B. Ludington.	5.00
John D. McLeod	5.00
F. C. Manchette	10.00
Wm. Marks	5.00

Milwaukee—W. J. Boyle's List (Cont'd):

Mathews Bros	\$10.00
R. C. Meddaugh	2.00
Mrs. E. Meyer.....	5.00
Milwaukee Turnverein	10.25
Chas. Milzer	5.00
G. Stanley Mitchell.....	10.00
Geo. W. Mitchell.....	10.00
Model Laundry	5.00
Mutual Benefit Society	5.00
Master Walter Nathan.....	2.00
Mrs. E. G. Nelaham and family.	50.00
News Publishing Co.....	15.00
J. S. Norris.....	5.00
W. P. O'Connor	2.00
Hon. Otjen	10.00
R. Painter	10.00
G. Patek	5.00
Pawling & H.....	25.00
People's Tailor Co.....	10.00
H. M. Pillsbury	15.00
Miss Ella A. Pinch	2.00
Plainfield Village, by President.	73.00
John Pritzlaff Hardware Co....	50.00
Prospect Hill Dramatic Club....	5.00
Jeremiah Quinn	10.00
Railway Branch, Y. M. C. A.....	14.00
F. Reithrock	10.00
J. H. Rogers, Madison.....	5.00
Roundy-Peckham	25.00
Joe. Rudolph	1.00
Thos. Rutledge	5.00
Saturday Evening Club.....	25.00
Ed. Schuster	15.00
A. G. Saxton	5.00
Geo. Shrine	5.00
W. H. Simpson	5.00
Mrs. Saul Smith	5.00
C. P. Spooner	10.00
Hon. John C. Spooner.....	150.00
H. G. Stary	10.00
Wm. Steinmeyer Co.....	25.00
Herman Stern	20.00
Students and Teachers Spen- cerian College	15.00

Milwaukee—W. J. Boyle's List (Cont'd):

Mrs. F. C. Suits.....	\$2.00
Albert Trostel & Sons.....	25.00
Mrs. Anna M. Tweedy.....	20.00
J. G. Wagner.....	25.00
O. Wahl.....	10.00
J. Willmer.....	10.00
Weissel & Co.....	10.00
West Star Council W. A. P. A..	5.00
John Whaling.....	10.00
Whitnall & Rademaker Co.....	25.00
J. L. Williams.....	1.00
Williams Bros.....	10.00
Wisconsin Telephone Co.....	1,000.00
J. E. Wright.....	5.00
Arthur Young.....	15.00
Grace A. Young.....	5.00
A. Zoller.....	5.00
General Zwietsch.....	5.00

Chamber of Commerce List—

Geo. H. Ackerman.....	5.00
American Malting Co.....	25.00
M. H. Anderson.....	1.00
J. Arocena & Co.....	5.00
Anton Asmuth.....	10.00
E. P. Bacon.....	25.00
Edw. Barber.....	5.00
H. C. Barnard.....	10.00
L. Bartlett & Son.....	25.00
Baumann Bros.....	5.00
Carl Baumann.....	10.00
Bell Commission Co.....	10.00
Berger, Crittenden Co.....	25.00
G. A. Berglund.....	10.00
John Black.....	25.00
W. E. Black.....	5.00
Wm. Bothe.....	2.00
E. H. Bottum.....	15.00
W. J. Boyle.....	25.00
John Buerger.....	25.00
J. F. Burnham.....	5.00
E. A. Butterworth.....	1.00
J. W. Bradley.....	25.00
D. M. Brigham.....	5.00
Brockway & Son.....	20.00

Milwaukee—Chamber of Commerce List (Cont'd):

Henry Broeg	\$5.00
J. A. Bryden	5.00
W. E. Carter	10.00
Alfred L. Cary	10.00
Cash	15.00
Central Grain & Stock Co.....	5.00
G. W. Chandler.....	10.00
Chapin & Co	10.00
C. M. Cottrill.....	20.00
S. G. Courteen	10.00
Cudahy Bros. Co	25.00
W. T. Durand.....	5.00
Robert Elliot	25.00
R. P. Fitzgerald	10.00
W. E. Fitzgerald	10.00
Jas. G. Flanders.....	15.00
A. Flentzheim	5.00
John Foley, Jr.....	5.00
Mrs. Jane Follinsbee.....	5.00
C. E. Freeman.....	5.00
A. friend	5.00
Jacob E. Friend	20.00
E. W. Friese.....	1.00
Gee & Knowles.....	10.00
John S. George.....	10.00
Gibbs & Joys	5.00
Geo. W. Goes.....	5.00
E. W. Goodrich & Son Co.....	10.00
Hadden-Krull Co	10.00
Jas. Haddan	1.00
M. E. Hamlin	5.00
John Halman	1.00
H. C. Herbst	5.00
Henry Herman	5.00
E. D. Hinckley.....	5.00
B. B. Hopkins.....	10.00
Hotel Pfister	25.00
O. D. Howard	1.00
Samuel Howard	15.00
F. M. Hoyt	5.00
S. B. Humphrey.....	1.00
P. C. Kamm.....	1.00
C. W. L. Kassaba.....	10.00
Chas. L. Kewart.....	25.00
Kirby House	10.00

Milwaukee—Chamber of Commerce List (Cont'd):

P. J. Klein	\$5.00
Max Kottelet	5.00
F. Kraus & Co.....	25.00
Robert Krull Commission Co....	10.00
Carl Landsee	1.00
W. J. Langson.....	5.00
C. E. Lewis	5.00
Lull-Franke Grain Co.....	20.00
W. P. McLaren.....	20.00
C. Manegold Mill Co.....	25.00
G. W. Marling.....	5.00
Glenway Maxon.....	5.00
B. K. Miller, Jr.....	25.00
Milwaukee Elevator Co.....	50.00
Milwaukee National Bank.....	10.00
Mil. Odontological Society.....	15.00
Mohr-Holstein Com. Co.....	15.00
National Distilling Co.....	25.00
Herman Nunnemacher	5.00
W. H. Osborne	20.00
Owen & Bros. Co.....	5.00
Paine Bros. Co.....	25.00
H. J. Panly	5.00
A. J. W. Pierce & Co.....	20.00
Plankinton House	25.00
Prinz & Ran Mfg. Co.....	10.00
Raymond Pynchon & Co.....	20.00
Chas. Quarles	10.00
J. V. Quarles.....	15.00
W. E. Radtke	5.00
M. J. Rankin & Co.....	10.00
Republican House	10.00
Rialto Elevator Co.....	10.00
C. C. Rogers	10.00
E. W. Rogers.....	2.00
Rosenberg & Lieberman.....	5.00
Geo. H. Russell.....	5.00
Ryan, Ogden & Bottum.....	30.00
Jas. Sawyer	5.00
Schaeffer Bros.....	5.00
Chas. Schley	5.00
Schlitz Hotel	5.00
Alex. Schmidt	5.00
Mrs. H. G. Schmidt, Berlin, Ger- many	5.00

Milwaukee—Chamber of Commerce List (Cont'd):

Andrew T. Shea.....	\$5.00
Jas. Sidel.....	5.00
A. A. L. Smith.....	15.00
T. W. Spence.....	5.00
Fred Steingmiller.....	1.00
Jos. Stolz.....	5.00
Jas. H. Stover.....	5.00
D. Sues.....	5.00
S. W. Tallmadge.....	25.00
E. W. Ten Winkle.....	1.00
L. Tewales & Co.....	5.00
W. H. Timlin.....	5.00
Tracy & Co.....	20.00
H. A. J. Upham.....	10.00
D. Vance & Co.....	25.00
J. H. Van Dyke.....	25.00
Wm. D. Van Dyke.....	10.00
E. P. Vilas.....	15.00
B. C. Wall.....	10.00
Benj. M. Weil.....	10.00
Wis. Malleable Iron Co.....	25.00
Wis. M. & F. Ins. Co. Bank.....	10.00
Wisconsin National Bank.....	50.00
W. H. Wolf.....	10.00
A. T. Wright.....	5.00
Geo. J. Zimmerman.....	5.00
A. C. Zinn.....	10.00

Merchants' & Mfg. Ass'n List—

Abel & Bach Co.....	25.00
David Adler & Sons Co.....	25.00
E. P. Allis Co.....	550.00
American Fine Art Co.....	10.00
Jno. Borth Co.....	10.00
Chas. Baumbach Co.....	25.00
Beals, Torrey Co.....	25.00
Wm. Becker Leather Co.....	25.00
H. M. Benjamin Coal Co.....	5.00
Wm. Bergenthal Co.....	5.00
Victor L. Berger.....	1.00
J. V. Beyer.....	5.00
A. L. Boynton.....	5.00
J. B. Bradford.....	25.00
Edw. Bradley.....	25.00
Brand Stove Co.....	25.00
A. Breslauer & Co.....	5.00

Milwaukee—Merchants' & Mfg. Ass'n List (Cont'd):

A. C. Bridges	\$10.00
Bunde & Upmeyer.....	10.00
Burnham Bros	25.00
Cash	30.00
T. A. Chapman Co.....	25.00
E. W. Coleman for Milwaukee	
Herold	25.00
Concordia Fire Ins. Co.....	50.00
Cream City Hat Co.....	25.00
F. Dohmen Co.....	15.00
Drake Bros. Co.....	10.00
Elkhart Lake, Laun Bros.....	10.00
D. G. Espenhain Co.....	10.00
Filer & Stowell Co.....	25.00
F. N. Finney	10.00
First National Bank.....	200.00
Wm. Frankfurth Hdw. Co.....	25.00
Friend Bros. Clothing Co.....	25.00
Oliver C. Fuller	5.00
Fuller-Warren Co.....	25.00
A. F. Gallum & Son.....	10.00
W. Gender	25.00
Germania Publishing Co.....	25.00
Ghowsky-Newman & Co.....	10.00
Gimbel Bros	25.00
E. R. Godfrey Co.....	10.00
Goll & Frank Co.....	25.00
Goodrich Transportation	25.00
Aug. Greulich Co.....	2.00
Gagler Lithograph Co.....	10.00
A. A. Hathaway	5.00
Hect & Zummach.....	5.00
M. Helmann & Co.....	10.00
Geo. H. Heinemann & Co.....	25.00
C. Henneke Co.....	5.00
Hoffmann Billings Co.....	10.00
I. C. Iverson Co.....	15.00
C. B. Jackwitz.....	1.00
Jerman, Pflueger Co.....	15.00
Johnson Elec. Service Co.....	25.00
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.....	25.00
Kalamazoo Knitting Co.....	15.00
J. H. Kewdale Sons Co.....	15.00
Knauber Lithograph Co.....	5.00
Koch & Loeber Co.....	10.00

Milwaukee—Merchants' & Mfg. Ass'n List (Cont'd):

Landauer Co	\$25.00
Lindermann & Hoverson Co....	10.00
Lindsay Bros	50.00
E. Eldred Magie S. M. Co.....	10.00
Mahler, Albenberg Co.....	10.00
Manville Covering Co.....	20.00
E. Mariner	10.00
Marshall & Halsey Bank.....	100.00
F. Mayer Boot and Shoe Co.....	25.00
Meineke Toy Co.....	10.00
A. D. Meiselbach	10.00
Mil. Brass Mfg. Co.....	5.00
Mil. Cold Storage Co.....	25.00
Mil. El. Ry. & L. Co.....	300.00
Mil. Gas Light Co.....	200.00
Mil. Harvester Co.....	25.00
Mil. Mfg. Co.....	10.00
Mil. Mechanics Ins. Co.....	25.00
Mil. Rice Mach. Co.....	10.00
Milwaukee Sentinel	100.00
Mil. Trust Co.....	25.00
Morawetz & Co.....	10.00
Nat. Enam. & Stamp Co.....	100.00
Nat. Exchange Bank	100.00
Nee Ska Ra Min. Spring.....	5.00
H. Niedecken Co.....	10.00
Northwestern Furniture Co....	5.00
N. W. Malleable Iron Co.....	25.00
O'Neill Oil and Paint Co.....	15.00
O. L. Packard M. Co.....	10.00
Patzek Bros	5.00
H. C. Payne	100.00
Pfister & Vogel	50.00
Pfister & Vogel Leather Co.....	25.00
C. F. Pfister.....	20.00
Wm. Plankinton	25.00
J. W. K. Pratt.....	5.00
C. Prausser Jewelry Co.....	10.00
John Rauchenberger Co.....	10.00
Rich Shoe Co. employees.....	83.25
Rockwell Mfg. Co.....	20.00
Rohlfing's Music House.....	20.00
Romadka Bros. Co.....	10.00
Rundie-Spence Mfg. Co.....	25.00
Sanger Handle Bar & Plating Co	5.00

Milwaukee—Merchants' & Mfg. Ass'n List (Cont'd):

Sargent & Borup.....	\$10.00
John Schroeder Lumber Co.....	25.00
Geo. J. Schuster.....	10.00
Schwaab Stamp & S. Co.....	5.00
Second Ward Bank.....	100.00
Shadbolt & Boyd Co.....	10.00
Sheriff's Mfg. Co.....	10.00
B. Skidmore, Jr.....	10.00
C. J. Smith & Sons Co.....	25.00
Smith, Thorndyke & B. Co.....	25.00
John C. Spencer.....	15.00
A. Spiegel Co.....	10.00
Standard Paper Co.....	15.00
Stark Bros. Co.....	10.00
H. Stern, Jr. & Bro. Co.....	10.00
Straw & Ellsworth Co.....	25.00
Snellhorn & Seefeld.....	25.00
B. Uhrig Fuel Co.....	25.00
U. S. Envelope Co.....	10.00
Vilter Mfg. Co.....	10.00
Wadham Oil & Grease Co.....	10.00
West Side Bank.....	10.00
M. H. Wiltzins & Co.....	15.00
Geo. Zeigler & Co.....	25.00
Zimmermann Bros. C. Co.....	5.00
Herman Zohrlaut Co.....	10.00
Total	\$8,133.88
(Less paid for supplies sent di-	
rect to New Richmond, see Ex-	
hibit "C")	183.08
	\$8,950.00

T. H. Bowles.....	25.00
Chain Belt Co.....	10.00
Howard Morris.....	100.00
N. W. Mutual Life Insurance Force.....	203.25
No name	10.00
Western Lime & Cement Co.....	25.00
Wisconsin Central excursion.....	56.25
H. F. Whitcomb.....	105.00
Widow's Mite	1.00
F. C. Winckler	10.00

\$13,017.04

Minong—Citizens	11.00
Mondovi—Citizens	221.50

Monroe—Base ball game.....	\$105.70	
Citizens	393.45	
I. O. O. F.....	60.00	
		\$459.15
Mosel, Town—Citizens		55.25
Mosinee—Citizens		310.75
Muscoda—Citizens		13.20
Neenah—Citizens	\$564.75	
Presbyterian Church	27.46	
		592.21
Neillsville—Citizens		125.00
Nepeskuh, Town—Citizens		54.35
New Glarus—Citizens		147.45
New London—Ball game	\$45.00	
Isaac Hanson	1.00	
Knapstein & Co.....	10.00	
		56.00
New Richmond—Bartha Ball.....	\$40.00	
A. W. Bowworth, Jr.....	12.75	
Licenses and lunch counter contributions	112.45	
County Asylum employes.....	54.00	
Found on street.....	92.44	
J. D. Kinne.....	3.00	
Lunch counter	15.00	
O. W. Mosher	1,000.00	
Jessie M. Smith.....	10.00	
Richard Williams	5.00	
		1,345.54
Oconomowoc—Citizens		133.40
Oconto—Oconto Lumber Co		100.00
Oconto County—County Board.....		200.00
Olivet—J. R. Clark.....		9.30
Omro—Citizens		56.00
Orion, Town—Citizens		23.15
Osceola Mills—Citizens	\$405.00	
Wm. S. Koch	5.00	
C. E. Mears.....	5.00	
C. H. Oakley and others.....	83.25	
		493.25
Oshkosh—Citizens	\$1,651.16	
W. C. Hibbard	12.00	
Third Ward	\$5.80	
Children Y. M. C. A.....	1.50	
		1,750.26
Oaseo—J. L. Linderman.....	\$25.00	
Gus Hanson	1.00	
Peter Peterson	1.00	

Oxford—Presbyterian Church		\$25.44
Palmer—Citizens		42.50
Palmyra—Caroline Curlins	\$25.25	
Citizens	25.75	
		51.00
Pardeeville—Citizens		59.00
Pepin County—County Treasurer		140.50
Phillips—Citizens		174.35
Pine Grove, Town—Citizens		10.00
Plattville—Citizens	\$342.55	
F. Kragg	25.00	
		267.55
Pleasant Valley—Citizens	\$119.70	
School District No. 3	9.10	
		128.80
Plymouth—Citizens	\$100.00	
G. G. G. Society	10.00	
		110.00
Portage—Citizens	\$132.00	
T. H. Wendes	10.00	
R. B. Wentworth	5.00	
		147.00
Portland, Town—Citizens		80.10
Prairie du Sac—Citizens		149.50
Prairie du Chien—Citizens		41.00
Prescott—Citizens	\$133.25	
Fire Company No. 1	25.00	
S. F. Minier	2.00	
		160.25
Pierce County—County Board		200.00
Princeton—F. Sargent		2.00
Racine—Citizens	1,724.13	
J. E. Davis	5.00	
G. N. Pratt	365.0	
No. 1700 Prospect street	5.00	
		2,099.13
Randolph—Base ball club	\$6.00	
Cheerful Workers	41.00	
		47.00
Randolph, Town—Citizens		6.00
Reedsburg—Citizens		193.00
Rice Lake—Citizens	\$150.00	
Fourth of July Com.	50.00	
G. A. R.	10.00	
L. J. Noble	10.00	
		220.00
Richland Center—Citizens		225.80
Ripon—Mrs. Hammistar	\$6.00	
Citizens	140.00	
		166.00

Waverly—C. P. Coon		\$10.00
West Bend—Citizens		117.25
Westby—Enoch Hehland		5.00
Westport, Town—M. H. Keefe, Chairman.....		10.00
West Denmark—J. P. Peterson		25.00
Westland—Citizens		8.00
West Salem—Leonard Tabbude.....	\$10.00	
Fred Henke	1.00	
Andrew McEldonery	10.00	
		21.00
West Superior—T. J. Conne	454.00	
Ladies' Mission Aid	12.00	
Retail Grocers' Association	50.00	
		516.00
Weyauwega—Citizens		108.25
Whitehall—Good Templars	\$5.85	
Happy Workers	10.00	
J. O. Melby	10.00	
Modern Woodmen	20.00	
W. C. T. U.....	20.00	
Woman's Relief Corps.....	2.50	
		68.35
Willow, Town—Citizens		5.00
Whitewater—Citizens	\$150.00	
Students and Faculty	70.00	
		220.00
Wilson, Town—Citizens		61.35
Windsor—Citizens		52.35
Wittenberg—Bank of		107.75
Wood County—Citizens		509.80
Woodland—Lutheran Church		23.25
Worcester—Citizens		25.00
Wyoming—M. E. and Congregational Churches...		5.00
York, Town—Henry Lange, Chairman.....		12.00
Zilman—Howard Allen		1.00
Total cash contributions from Wisconsin.....		\$65,043.08

South German town—Citizens		\$20.00
South Milwaukee—Ball game		116.18
Sparta—Citizens		50.00
Springfield—Citizens		44.00
Spring Green—Citizens		45.00
Spring Valley—Citizens		29.00
Spooner—Children		6.00
Stevens Point—Citizens	\$286.75	
Catholic Foresters	10.00	
Mrs. Marion C. Reton	2.00	
Jas. Rice	1.00	
		399.75
Stockbridge—Citizens		25.86
Stoughton—Citizens	\$100.00	
Stoughton Wagon Co.	25.00	
		125.00
Shullsburg—Eastern Star	\$5.00	
Relief Corps	11.75	
		16.75
Sturgeon Bay—Citizens		41.50
Sun Prairie—Citizens		182.30
Superior—Belt Line Elevator Co.		32.50
Sylvan, Town—Citizens		6.70
Theresa—Citizens		45.40
Thorpe—Baptist Sunday School	\$3.00	
Trustees	50.00	
		53.00
Tomah—Citizens		378.90
Tomahawk—Bradley Company		400.00
Troy, Town—Citizens		99.38
Turtle Lake—Citizens		50.06
Two Rivers—City	50.00	
Citizens	253.55	
		303.55
Viroqua—Citizens		150.00
Washburn—Citizens	\$981.59	
Collections	350.00	
		1,331.59
Waterloo—Citizens		125.00
Watertown—Ball game	\$114.55	
Citizens	202.00	
		316.55
Waukesha—Citizens		540.00
Waukesha, Town—J. S. Kaltes, Chairman		14.75
Waupun—Citizens		248.00
Waupaca—Citizens		221.00
Wausau—Citizens		1,136.74
Wauzeka—Citizens		52.25

Rhineland—Alex. McRae	\$5.00	
Woman's Club	123.25	\$128.25
River Falls—Citizens	\$550.00	
C. F. Foster	5.00	
D. F. Parnedstone	15.00	
W. H. Proctor	5.00	
J. T. West	1.00	576.00
Roberts—J. H. Kinsey	\$6.44	
C. Odebeck	1.00	
S. B. Osgood and others	91.75	
A. Turner	1.00	100.19
Rusk—Citizens		104.75
Rosendale—Citizens		21.00
St. Croix Falls—Citizens	\$50.00	
Olson & Isaacson	10.00	
Rebekah Lodge	26.00	86.00
Sauborn—City Council	\$25.00	
Ladies' Social Club	10.00	25.00
Sand Creek—Box 15		1.00
Sank City—Citizens		63.25
Scandinavia—Lutheran Church		50.25
Seymour—Citizens		230.75
Sessex—Richard Weave		10.00
Scott—Citizens		8.50
Shawano County—Citizens		524.00
Sheboygan—Citizens	\$308.50	
Rev. J. T. Chynoweth and others	520.25	
Grace Church	9.00	
Dr. J. Johnson	5.00	848.75
Shell Lake—Citizens	\$27.23	
W. B. Curtis	25.00	52.23
Sherman, Town—Citizens	70.10	
E. C. Stratton, Chairman	15.00	85.10
Shields, Town—Citizens		47.00
Shiocton—Citizens		89.75
Shopiere—Magnet Camp		50.00
Somerset—Citizens	\$140.80	
Alex. Gordon	12.00	
Jos. Mars	1.00	153.80

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PARTIES WHOSE ADDRESSES
ARE UNKNOWN.

A. M. Anderson.....	\$1.00
J. A. Arnold	1.00
Badger State Press.....	40.00
Mrs. H. S. Burdick.....	2.00
E. J. Carley	2.00
Cash	11.45
Check on Minneapolis.....	25.00
Chain letter	.20
Daube, Cohn, Stein Co.....	5.00
Mrs. Dawson	1.00
Richard Dewey	10.00
Draft on Chicago	10.00
Draft on Minneapolis	75.00
Wm. Harker	5.00
David L. Holbrook.....	1.00
In His Name	5.00
In the Name of the Lord.....	.25
J. D. Kauft	1.00
Dell King	.50
E. M.	5.00
J. H. Marks	5.00
P. H. Martin.....	10.00
R. P. Murray	1.00
No Name	1.00
Dr. J. A. Pratt	5.00
P. O. Order.....	5.00
Oscar K. Rudolpff	2.00
C. F. Schroeder.....	2.00
C. A. Sharbeck	2.00
Dr. O. A. Strauss	5.00
Mrs. H. B. Strait	5.00
W. A. Tidball	1.50
H. B. Tillotson	10.00
Toomhauser Bros	1.00
Unknown	3.41
Peter Vile	2.00

Total cash contributions from parties whose addresses
are unknown \$252.81

EXHIBIT C.

STATEMENT OF CONTRIBUTIONS OTHER THAN CASH RE-
CEIVED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE
RELIEF OF CYCLONE SUFFERERS.

Chippewa Falls—Chippewa Lumber & Boom Co.,		
Lumber	\$189.61	
Clothing, groceries, etc.....	900.00	
		\$1,089.61
Eau Claire—Labor	\$295.13	
Supplies from citizens.....	642.61	
Supplies from Red Cross Society.....	1,000.00	
N. W. Lumber Co., lumber.....	98.29	
Daniel Shaw Lumber Co., lumber.....	141.40	
		2,172.54
Fairchild—N. C. Foster Lumber Co., lumber.....		178.12
Hudson—C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., labor.....	\$470.00	
Hudson Saw Mill Co., labor.....	185.00	
		655.00
Iron River—Lea-Ingram Lumber Co., lumber....		175.00
Itaska—C., St. P., M. & O. Ry. Co., labor.....		470.52
Lake Nebagamou—Nebagamou Lumber Co., lumber		127.31
Mason—White River Lumber Co., lumber.....		340.75
Menasha—Flour		6.00
Menomonie—Labor	\$257.60	
Menomonie Press Brick Co., brick.....	100.00	
		357.60
Milwaukee—Groceries by Milwaukee Relief Com..	\$188.68	
Gem Milling Co., flour.....	50.00	
J. E. A. Kern & Sons, flour.....	50.00	
Barnard Stern & Sons, flour.....	50.00	
U. S. Flour Milling Co., flour.....	100.00	
Western Lime & Cement Co., lime.....	84.00	
Wisconsin Central Line, labor.....	500.00	
		1,117.68

Oshkosh—Coon-Brown Lime Co., lime.....	\$54.00	
Rice Lake—Rice Lake Lumber Co., lumber.....	203.00	
Sheboygan—Car of furniture	870.00	
Shell Lake—Shell Lake Lumber Co., lumber.....	226.55	
South Superior—Webster Mfg. Co., chairs.....	25.00	
Unknown Parties—Lime	\$52.96	
Lime	45.00	
		97.96
Sundry discounts allowed		32.35
Furniture and clothing from various parties, addresses unknown, estimated.....		\$2,751.10
Minneapolis—Janney, Semple, Hill & Co., hardware	\$32.45	
N. W. Bedding Co., mattresses.....	62.50	
		94.95
St. Paul—Commercial Club: Furniture, clothing, etc., estimated	\$2,203.53	
N. P. Ry. Co., labor.....	616.00	
		2,719.53
Stillwater—Cash sent direct to sufferers.....	\$195.00	
Supplies	405.80	
Labor	1,342.39	
Maintaining crew	313.98	
Lumber	295.97	
St. Croix Lumber Co., lumber.....	200.00	
David Tozler, lumber	150.00	
Grocery	9.00	
		2,803.14
Total contributions, other than cash.....		\$16,647.70