

Last Saturday C. W. Connor left town with a load of lumber, a can of gasoline and a package of Parlor matches. When about half way home, he got cold riding and got out to walk awhile, when suddenly the team started to run, jerking the lines out of his hands, and away they went across the prairie. It was about dark and soon they were out of sight. They ran a short distance and left the road taking across the prairie towards J. A. Day's place. Presently the jolting of the wagon spilled the gasoline all over the lumber, and ignited the package (12 boxes) of matches. Such a sight was never before seen in these parts and we hope never will be again. The people in that section thought a comet was after them. The horses ran for dear life with a stream of fire that seemed to be two miles long—behind them—and what were their thoughts can only be imagined. The prairie was set on fire and the dickens was to pay. Poor Charles came running along as fast as his legs would carry him. By and by the team turned up at Mr. Day's barn all white with foam and pretty badly burned—as well as scared. A threshing crew was close at hand, and ~~the men ran to the water tank and soon~~ extinguished the blaze. Mr. Connor lost his lumber, oil, matches and wagon box. The last report we heard was, that the horses would pull through all right, but they are in bad shape. Charles says next time he wants oil and matches he will either bring two wagons or else make two separate trips. It is no laughing matter however, and we congratulate him that it is no worse.