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The residence of B. B. Brown came pretty nearly being burned to the ground last Friday night, and only the timely appearance of Lewis Brown saved the building. A lighted lamp through some cause or other got upset and the lamp exploded all over the bed in which little Harold was sleeping. Just as the flames flashed up Lewis, who luckily happened to be coming from the courthouse after a pail of water, heard the screams of Mrs. Brown and the children and breaking in the front door which was locked, seized some quilts and wet them and with hard and lively work succeeded in smothering the flames.

Some bed clothes were burned up and the flooring and window sash burned. If Lewis had been two minutes later the house and all the surrounding buildings would have burned to the ground.

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