

J. H. Wilson's little boy met with another bad accident the other day. He has a toy revolver and has been in the habit of carrying around a pocket full of those little paper caps loose in his pocket. While playing with some of his playmates the other evening in some mysterious manner the caps were exploded and burned the hide off the little fellow's leg and set fire to his clothes. Mrs. Nelson, Wilson's neighbor, heard the boy cry out and she ran out and put out the fire on his person but not before he was badly burned. The little chap is a brave youngster and stands his bruises and burns in great shape. He has only recently got over a broken arm and he seems to be unlucky somehow or other.