

Early Wednesday morning the farm home of Chas. Roberts, about a mile and a half northwest of town was destroyed by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were awakened by the smell of smoke, and hastily throwing on some clothes Charley went out and found that a hole had already been burned through the kitchen roof. A well was close to the house, but his desperate efforts to put out the flames with water were in vain as the fire had gained too great a headway in the dry boards and paper of the walls and ceiling. The fire evidently had originated from the chimney.

So much time and effort was spent in trying to put out the fire that by the time this had to be given up, the flames had spread to such an extent that it was found impossible to save much of the contents of the building. Only the few clothes they had time to put on, and a few chairs were saved. The rest of the furnishings went up in smoke together with the building.

There was no insurance on any of the property, and the loss is a total one; a hard blow to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts in this time of depression.