

MAY 31, 1889 Gowanda Herald

AN ACCIDENT AT WESLEY, N. Y.

A distressing accident, and one which the parties directly interested in can truly be thankful that the consequences, or results are not worse, happened at Wesley, N. Y., on Friday morning, May 24th. The circumstances of the affair we have gained mostly from heresay, and may be incorrect, but are, as near as we can learn as follows:

Mr. A. G. Park, a farmer and Commission merchant of Wesley, had been clearing a portion of his farm and using dynamite cartridges to elevate the pine stumps that occupied the land he proposed should produce a more profitable crop. On Thursday evening after spending a day in "blowing up" stumps, he brought to the house one dynamite cartridge, which he had left, and being tired, placed it in the matchbox in his kitchen for safe keeping until the morrow. There was but one match left in the box to keep company with the cartridge during the night, and the family hearing no disturbance during the hours thereof, it was inferred that the occupants of the matchbox had no "blow up" and were quietly waiting for the breaking of the morn, to complete their history which was so soon to be written.

That great novel, "The History of a Crime" has been written, read and criticised, and we suppose this accident will be read and criticised by the critic. On the following morning, Mrs. Parks, on looking into the matchbox discovered the cartridge and the match and being of an investigating mind concluded she would study its make-up or constitution, taking the match she began to remove from the dynamite cartridge what she supposed was dirt with the match, when in the twinkling of an eye there was an explosion, similar to the explosion of Mine Run in the time of the war, blowing off two fingers and thumb of the left hand and filling the face and body of Mrs. Parks with minute pieces of the exploded cartridge. Dr. Howard of Dayton was summoned, who assisted by Mr.

Henry Fuller dressed the wounds and removed from the face and body of Mrs. Parks *forty-two* pieces of the exploded cartridge, and the lady at this writing is congratulating herself that the results are no worse.

"Andrew" who in the early days of the war spent three years of his life in the study of combustibles and followed Sherman in his "March to the Sea," had formed a habit of being mighty careless with his cartridges, will in the future find a safer place than a kitchen matchbox for the storage of his dynamite. Had some of those Chicago Anarchists come into possession of them and their curiosity to investigate their construction resulted in the loss of their heads we should not mourn, but the wives of our G. A. R. veterans should live and enjoy the benefits of the government their husbands fought to transmit to their children intact, and when in the course of human events the time to die should have that privilege granted them without the aid of dynamite. An investigating mind has furnished us with many valuable patents, but there are two things that never excite our curiosity, they are a mule and a dynamite cartridge.

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