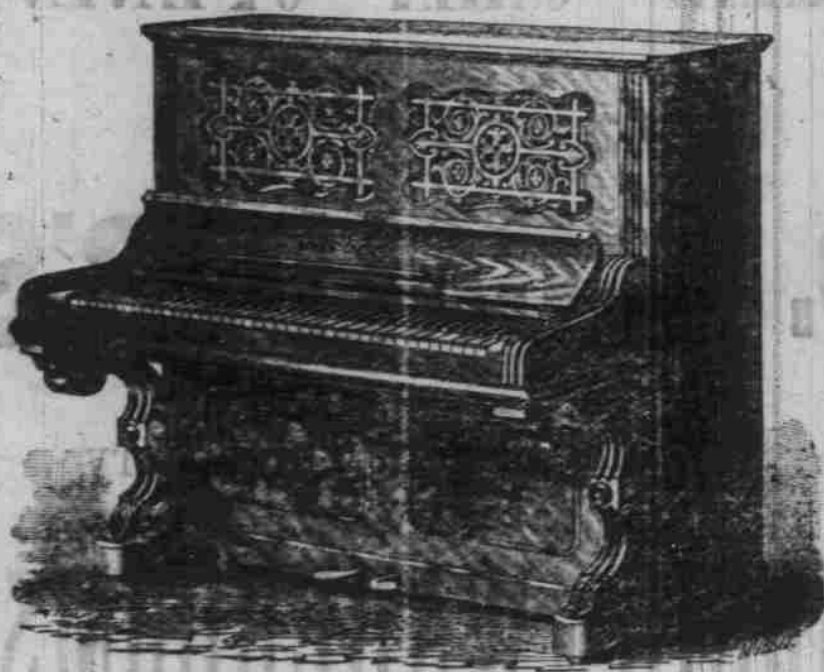


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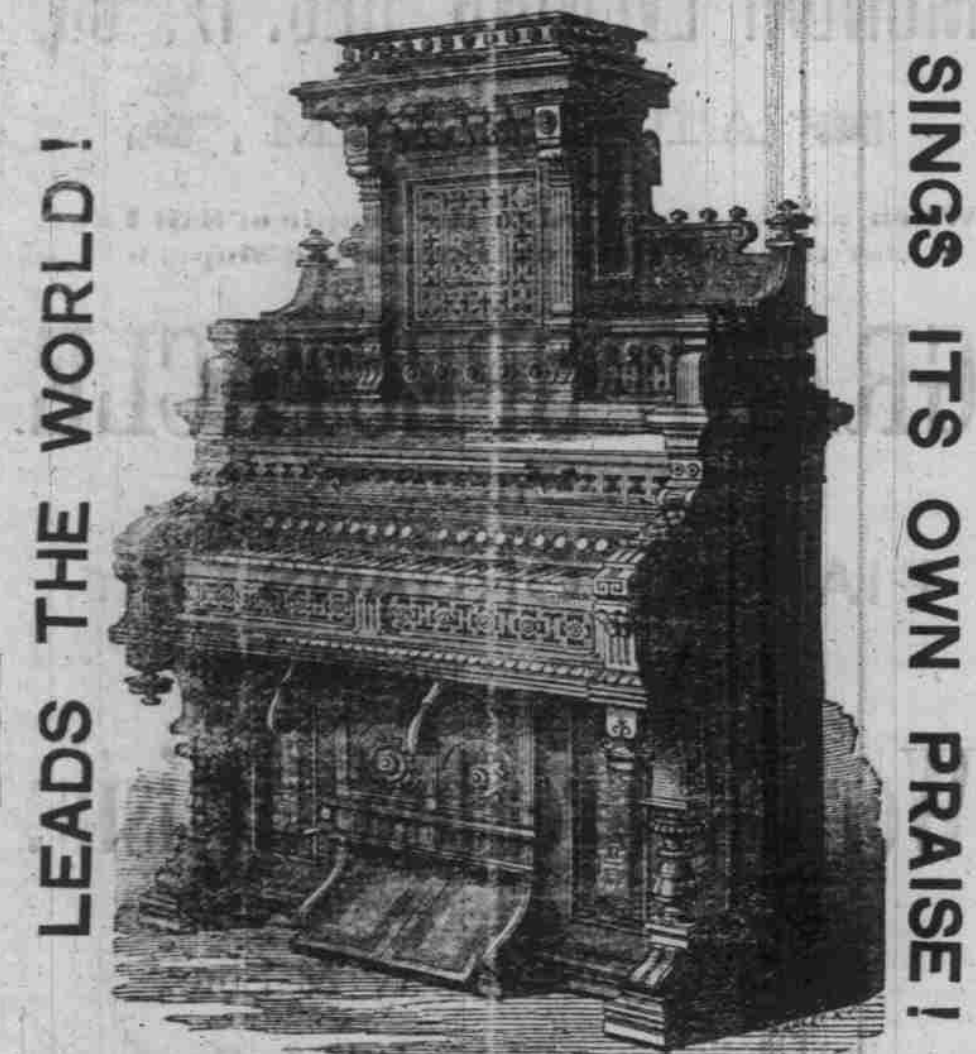
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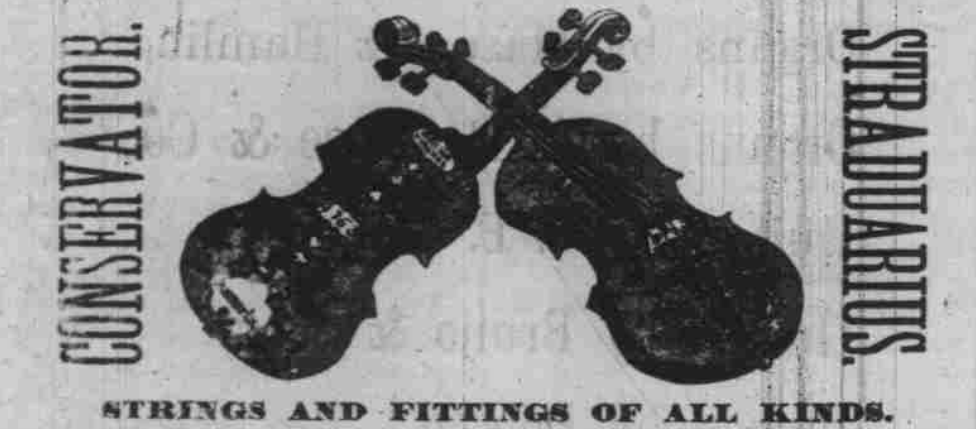
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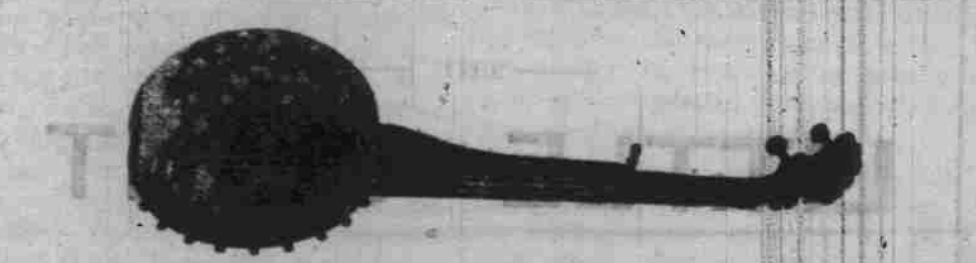


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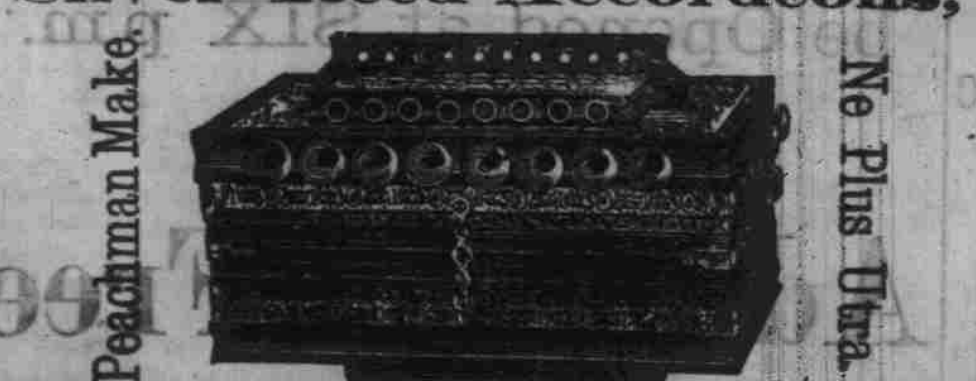
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We manufacture Upholstery
Goods, School Desks, Ward-
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EVENING NEWS.

Monday, Dec. 17, 1923.

MEETING A SNAKE.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN AN
OHIO CAVE.

Rodney Harlem, a gentleman living near Springfield, Ohio, relates the following story, which would be almost incredible were it not well authenticated in every particular. Last Friday, in company with his father-in-law, James Crumhough, and a neighbor, George Stickney, Mr. Harlem went on a hunting and hunting expedition to Clinton, a romantic and rocky spot near the headwaters of the Miami. At one point the rocks rise to a height of 100 feet or more along the stream and contain many fissures and small caves. As the hunting party were winding around these rocks by a narrow path, one of them slipped, and in falling his feet scraped the side of the rock back to the path until he finally got a foothold on a ledge a few feet below. He immediately recovered himself, and on looking at the place wherein he had slid down the rock, he was surprised to see that his feet, in slipping, had laid bare a hole in the side of the rock by brushing aside some undergrowth which had concealed it. He immediately called the others and soon all were standing on the narrow path looking at the opening in the rocks. After the remaining underbrush had been removed the opening was found to be about 3 1/2 feet in size. A damp wind was blowing from the mouth of the opening, with considerable draught. The cave was a curious examination, one by one, with a bit of lighted candle, which showed nothing but a narrow, tortuous passage about twenty feet in length, turning abruptly to the right. The floor was strewn with the bones of birds and small animals.

Believing that it was only one of the many caves with which the region abounds, the party, with the exception of Mr. Harlem, who was much interested in the cave, abandoned the expedition. They cautioned him to be careful and to look against concealed cliffs and led him to fire his gun if he needed help.

Harlem, after lighting a candle and getting his shotgun ready for action, entered the opening on hands and knees. The bottom of the passage was dry, but the air blowing through it was damp and sickening, causing the candle to burn dim and blue. Groping cautiously for about twenty feet, the adventurer came to the turn which led into a larger chamber of the cave, where he was shocked to feel something round and smooth. Starting back with terror he raised the candle high above his head and looked down. There lay the coils of a huge serpent. In his terror Mr. Harlem let fall the candle and remained motionless on his knees. As luck would have it the candle did not go out, but remained flicking the sand on the floor of the cave, and throwing a dim light over the scene. Like a flash the hideous head of the serpent deeked up from the floor and the coils began to move.

Mr. Harlem said he could have fled had not something seemed to chain him to the spot. It seemed as if enormous weights were hung on every member of his body, absolutely prohibiting flight. The serpent's eyes appeared to give forth a blue phosphorescent light, as they flashed in the gloom. Slowly the creature began to move its head in circles, as if to produce the same effect as the mesmerist, who puts his subject to sleep by passing his hands. Gradually the coils drew nearer to their victim. Mr. Harlem says he knew all the time that the head was approaching by the degrees and that the circles were gradually narrowing. He knew that he was experiencing what is called fascination of serpents, but found it impossible to break the spell. His nerves seemed completely powerless and his pulse seemed to stop and his skin was moist with cold perspiration. Nevertheless, his mind was reasonably clear and the events of his life ran in quick succession before his mental vision. With anguish he thought of the home which he had left but a few hours before. Feeling of helplessness seemed to increase. Suddenly he thought of his gun. He dared not remove his eyes from the snake long enough to look for it, which he had dropped on the floor in his excitement, because he felt that the moment he turned away from the creature it would be upon him. He groped on the floor with his right hand and at last found the gun and raised it to his side. The snake was too near for him to raise the gun to his shoulder, and he simply held it at his side and reached back until he felt the trigger.

At the deafening report he fell back unconscious and knew no more until he found his friends bathing his face in vinegar and water. When he recovered sufficiently he was taken home. He is only just recovering from his nervous prostration. Even the medical men are amazed that a traveling show which had had an exhibition near there some time ago had lost a big constrictor, and it is believed that this was the snake in the cave. It was, Mr. Harlem says, about fourteen feet in length and as thick as a man's thigh. Residents in the vicinity complain of having lost poultry and turkeys in a mysterious manner. No further trace of the snake had been discovered and it is thought it was killed by Mr. Harlem's shot. No one, however, cared to enter the cave and see if the dead serpent is there. N. Y. Sun.

DO BIRDS THINK?

"Do birds think? Let me tell you of a little bird I once owned. The little bird was a female mockingbird who had a nest of young ones about a week old. The baby birds were never healthy, inheriting weakness from their father who had with him. Early one morning I was awakened by the mother bird standing on my pillow, pouring into my ear the most mournful notes I ever heard. I knew something was wrong and looked at my clock. The mother bird was on her nest, then looked to see if I was following, which I was. As soon as I had reached the nest she took hold of one of the baby birds wings, plucked it gently with her beak and watched it eagerly. I think, to see if it moved. Then she took hold of one of the little feet and plucked it in the same manner, and finding it did not move, she looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to wake them. I reached my hand out toward the nest. She stood aside and looked over the little ones, seeming to think that if she could warm them they would awaken. In a few moments she hopped off the nest, looked at her nest and called them, but in vain. She flew all around the room, as if in search of some untold remedy. Several times she perched on my shoulder, and

looked so distressed and pitiful I could scarcely keep from crying. I put her in a cage and hung her in the sunshine to see if she would be cheered. She took a bath, but still remained nervous and seemed anxious, and by and by grew so restless I had to take her out of the cage and let her go to the nest again. She stood quite a while looking at her dead children. Then she went all over the little bodies, pinching them gently and watching them closely to see if they moved. When she saw no signs of life she seemed puzzled. She seemed at last to make up her mind the little ones were dead. And once by one she lifted them tenderly in her beak and laid them side by side in the middle of the room. She looked at them lovingly a moment, then flew to her empty nest and gazed wistfully into it. Finally she perched on my shoulder and looked into my eyes, as if to ask: What does all this mean? What a lesson of love and devotion that little bird taught! She always fed the little ones before taking a mouthful herself, and sometimes she would stand coaxing them to take one more mouthful, and finally they had enough to swallow it herself."—Chicago Times.

SPICES OF SPICE.

Farwell—High livers.
The able to take—The sunnyside.
The lost heir—A misplaced switch.
Slight of hand—A maiden's refusal.
Cold weather affects your wrap it light.
Every father should paddle his own, can you?
The postage stamp knows its duty and sticks to it.
A bang-up affair—The explosion of powder works.
The leaves begin to fall, and the fall begins to leave.
The riches which always take to themselves wings—cat riches.
A Parisian actress seeks notoriety by living in a haunted house.
Rhode Island lightning changed a mahogany bay horse to a jet black.

None but the most inhuman would think of pulling down the blind.
It sounds very fishy to allude to a pair of freckled sisters as a brace of speckled beauties.

The Methodists of Canada have dropped the superlative word "obey" from the marriage service.

A successful attempt has been made in London to propel street cars by the direct application of compressed air.

Some people can't get along without much work, but the butter-makers certainly belong to one of the classes which churn a living.—The Jud.

Circumstances alter cases: "Now that I have got my lay in," said the relieved farmer, "I think the world would be greatly better for a good shower."

Three years' constant study in Italy, says a writer, will make an American girl know too much to sing in church and too little to be worth much in opera.

Statistics show that triplets occur only once in 7,000 births. The Rochester Post-Express imagines that a poor man with 6,999 children might feel very uneasy.

Texas boy—"Pleasant, pa, may I go to the circus?" Texas father—"No, my son; circuses are very, very wicked, but a good boy and I will take you to the next lynch-ing."

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole lot of geese is geese."

Fond wife to forgetful Pittsburgher: "Did I bring any letters this evening, dear?" Dear thinks he has, and hands out three, all given him at different dates by fond wife to mail.

Thomas—"Ah, Charley! How are you? Have not seen you for a week." Charley—"No; busy lately; been taking stock." Thomas—"The deuce you have! But, ain't you afraid they'll find you out?"

"What is the infinity of silence?" asked a philosopher of a married man. "I don't know, but I should think it would be what a man had to say to his wife when she caught him trying to kiss the hired girl."

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed that she was fond of ethnology. She said he was, but very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for desert but oranges.

General Crook, the Indian fighter, is said to be very abstemious, not drinking any kind of alcoholic liquor, tea or coffee. His favorite beverage is fresh milk. In dress his taste is equally plain, but he is not in the slightest degree slovenly.

The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will frown back, laugh at it and it will laugh at it, and it is a jolly, kind companion, and so let all young persons take their choice.—Thackeray.

About 50 miles south of Stillwater, in Churchill County, Nev., on Sand Springs Flat, at the foot of the mountains there is a heap of sand about one hundred feet high and nearly a mile across, which slips in the wind and is constantly changing. It is thrown by the wind, which has a circular motion, into a vast round wall, with a hole in the center half a mile across, which goes two-thirds of the way to the bottom. It is steep and hard to climb to the top, and on the inside is even more steep, so steep that no one has ever dared to go down for fear that the loose sand would slide down and bury him up. There are similar dunes on the Sandwich Islands, on the Hebrides, and on the Atlantic coast.

EMIL FRESE'S
HAMBURG TEA.
Is the best family medicine, and will be found, on trial, to be the most easy, natural and comfortable aperient obtainable. For sale everywhere.

D. TURNGREN,
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Has opened his new place in the Old Main Street. The public are cordially invited. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

THE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE!

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WINE and LIQUOR DEALER.

257 Pure California Wines put up in Two Cases of One Dozen Each, consisting of Port, Chateau d'Yquem, Sherry, Zinfandel, Raisin and Grape Nectar, making in all 24 bottles (5 to the gallon) and delivered in Salt Lake, Utah, for Ten Dollars.
Special quotations given to orders in large quantities. 411 6th

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Three blocks east from First Ward School-house.

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All Chronic Diseases, Mercurial

Affections of the Throat,

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bility, Paralysis, Dyspep-

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TAPE WORM Expelled in 24 Hours.

NO CURE NO PAY.

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Essences. Always uniform in

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TAME EASTERN QUAILS! We have a good supply of all kinds of



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