

AN ESCAPED ANACONDA.

An Ohio Man's Extraordinary Adventure in a Cave.

Last Fall, in company with his father-in-law, Mr. James Crumbaugh and a neighbor, Mr. George Stickney, all living near Springfield, Ohio, Mr. Harlem went on a nutting and hunting expedition to Clifton, 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 below 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 where he had slid down the rock, he was surprised to see that his feet in slipping 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 ledge below the path, looking at the rocks. After the remaining underbrush had been removed the opening was found to be about three or four feet in size.

A damp wind was blowing from the mouth of the opening with considerable draught. The party made a cursory examination, one by one, with a bit of lighted candle, which showed nothing but a narrow 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 exploration. They cautioned him to be on his guard against concealed clefts, and told 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. Just as he turned the corner he stumbled, and in steadying himself put his hand on the floor 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 with fear on his knees. As luck would have it, the candle did not go out, but remained sticking in 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 darted 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 passes with his hands. Gradually the coils drew nearer to their victim. Mr. Harlem says he knew all the time that the head was approaching by degrees, and that the circles were gradually narrowing. He knew that he was experiencing what is called the 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. The 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 the gun, 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 his 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 till he found his friends bathing his face in vinegar and water. It seems that his companions as soon as they heard the report of the gun, crawled into the cave and found him lying unconscious. Their first thought was that he had shot himself, but a few drops of water revived him. Mr. Harlem was removed to a neighboring farm house, where he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken home. From the neighbor it was learned that a traveling show which had had an exhibition near there some time ago had lost a boa constrictor, and it is believed that this is the snake in the cave. It was, Mr. Harlem says, about fourteen feet in length and about 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, cares to enter the cave and see if the serpent is there.

Reminiscences of Rochester.

The Falls of the Genesee and Sam Patch's Fatal Leap—One of its Business Houses and its Great Magnitude.

The present floods, which are either devastating or threatening the country in every direction, are justly cause for apprehension. No matter whether they come suddenly or by slow degrees, they are, in either case, a great evil and much to be dreaded, and yet America will always be troubled by these spring overflows. Probably one of the most disastrous that was ever known, occurred in Rochester, N. Y., about twenty years ago. The Genesee river, just above the falls, where Sam Patch made his fatal leap, became completely blockaded by ice, forming an impassable dam, and the water coming down the Genesee river overflowed the principal portion of the city of Rochester. This catastrophe would have been repeated the present year had not the energy and foresight of the city authorities prevented it. The writer happened to be in Rochester at that time and was greatly interested in the manner in which this great catastrophe was averted. Every few moments, a roar like the peals of thunder or the booming of cannon would be heard, and in order to see this ice blasting process, the writer went to the top of the new Warner building, which overlooks the Genesee river. From here he was not only enabled to see the process uninterruptedly, but also the magnificent building which has just been completed. This is unquestionably the finest building devoted to business and manufacturing purposes in America, being entirely fireproof, eight stories high, and containing over four and a quarter acres of flooring. Mr. Warner treated your correspondent very courteously, and in the course of the conversation said:

"We are doing a tremendous business and are far behind in our orders. This is the season of the year when people, no matter how strong their constitution may be, feel, more or less the pain and indisposition, the headaches, colds, neuralgia, rheumatism, dull pains, sore throats, coughs—all the 1,001 ills that flesh is heir to come this time of the year, if at all. It is natural, therefore, that we should be very busy. This is specially true of our Safe Rheumatic Cure, and it is crowding us very sharply for a new remedy."

"Singular, but I had forgotten that you do not advertise to cure all diseases from one bottle, as is done generally by many other medicine men, but I suppose Warner's Safe Cure was for the cure of rheumatism."

"And so it has been until our remedy which was especially for rheumatism and neuralgia, was introduced. We have been three years perfecting this new remedy. Study first taught us there were certain powerful elements in Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, that made wonderful cures in chronic and acute rheumatism, but during our investigation, we learned of a remarkable cure at a celebrated springs, and put experts to investigate and found that the springs did not contain any valuable properties, but the course of treatment that was being given there was performing all the benefit. By carefully combining the active principles of this remedy with our Safe Cure, we have produced our Safe Rheumatic Cure, and the cures it is effecting are simply wonderful, and I do not doubt it will become as popular as our Safe Cure."

"You seem to talk freely in regard to your remedies and appear to have no secrets, Mr. Warner."

"None whatever. The physician with his hundred calls and one hundred diseases, is necessarily compelled to guess at a great deal. We are enabled to follow up and perfect, while physicians can only experiment with their hundred patients and hundred diseases. With the ordinary physician, the code binds him down, so that if he makes a discovery he is bound to give it to the other physicians, which, of course, discourages investigation, to a great extent, this is why the great discoveries in medical science of late years have been made by chemists and scientists and not by physicians, and it is a measure accounts for the great value of our remedies, also for the remarkable success of all those doctors who make a speciality of one or two diseases."

"And you find that you are curing as great a number of people as ever before?"

"Yes, a far greater number. We never sold so much of our medicine as now and never knew of so many remarkable cures."

The writer departed after the above interview, but was greatly impressed, not only by the sincerity of Mr. Warner, but by the vastness of all he saw. Mr. Warner's medicines are used throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, and we doubt not the result they are effecting are really as wonderful as they are related to be.

Latest Northwestern Patents.

Henry H. Asimont, assignor to A. H. Harrison, Duluth, Minn., sash fastener; Robert Cameron, Burlington, Iowa, thill coupling; James Cummings, Janesville, Minn., hose coupling; Uriah Curtis, Concord, Minn., instrument for calculation, interest, etc.; John F. Hardisty, Bonaparte, Iowa, breast drill; Benjamin Hubbell, Afton, Iowa, staple extractor; Frederic Kubec, Riverside, Iowa, lever power mechanism; Charles J. Miksch, Rathvon, Iowa, corn planter; Wilhelm Prochnow, Milwaukee, mortar mixer; William and W. D. Puffer, Janesville, Wis., steam trap; Alva H. Shoonover, Jr., Elliott, Iowa, cultivator; Allen J. Snyder and A. S. Kulp, Keota, Iowa, excavator; George E. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis., harrow; Samuel M. Tooy and E. Harris, Combra, Wis., folding egg case; E. F. Zinna, Milwaukee, composition for fireproof pottery.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the oft repeated verdict of visitors that

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!

THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

GRIGGS COUNTY

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

GREAT STRIDES

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

COOPER TOWNSITE CO., Cooperstown, D. T.,

Or J. M. BURRELL, Sarborn, D. T.

Plans sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.