

A short time ago Druggist Bateman found a live snake in his bed, and last Thursday night after a hard day's work the genial compounder of corn salve and rheumatism cure lay down to snatch a few hours repose to put himself in a shape for the heavy duties of the day following. He had just nicely got into that drowsy condition which comes prior to settling into the arms of Morpheus, when something took a good, healthy grip on the calf of his left leg. Herbert made a grab for his—eh, calf, and his hand came into contact with a soft, fluttering little creature glued thereon. It was a harmless little bat, but the knowledge of that fact didn't stop Mr. Bateman's hornpipe dance in the middle of the room for a long time. The little creature was captured after a time and dealt with according to Bateman. In describing the incident to a Courier representative Mr. Bateman said "why the thing had a mouth on it like an elephant," so that we are inclined to think he escaped with very little injuries indeed.