$\frac{\text { Publi-hed Weckls at pauburs. x. C., by Pcepper Brow., Pubs. }}{\text { WEDNESDAY, JLLY 20, } 1932}$

On the same day that T. L. Booth of the Stokes county game reserve, caught and caged a rattlesnake for tourists and visitors to marvel over, ? North Winston fruit dealer extracted a ta antula from a bunch of bavanas and $r$ ur ext exhib tion in $h$
Strange attractions for trade, especially the unique form of adver sing set up by the North Winston Sanala tuerchant. Since I heard about it at my Fifth Street newspaper office, I have done all of my trading south of Salem bridge.

There is a vast difference between these two star terrors, though. Both are vicious, both are deadly, and either is a customer no man wants intimate acquaintance with.

There are some things which may be said in the rattlesnake's favor, but of course this is only when you compare him with a tarantula. He is proverbially chivalrous in his affairs, and very discriminating. Before he strikes-and "light is not more swift than his bite"-he invariably warns you by his rattle, that peculiar sound created by the vibration of the ring of shells on his tail, once heard, never forgotten. His favorite haunt is along the cool bank of the mountain stream, where the rhododendron bends and the ivy and honeysuckle lure you with their beauty and fragrance. But when you hear that ominous sound, you remain in that vicinity at your peril. You are within range, and the rattler never misses his aim.

He will observe, too, a kind of "Marquis of Queensbury" rule not to hit you as low down as your shoe, for fear he might dull his fine points on your leather. But he seeks for his fangs the more vulnerable fleshy part of your leg. We are speaking, of course, of men, as women do not so aften expose themselves to rattlesnakes along shaded mountain creeks. The rattler is a humane sort of foe, he loves to hit an artery, when following the infusion of his virus in a vital spot, there is not much left for the undertaker to do.

But the tarantula, the huge spider of the tropics, does not give you notice. Lying crouched in a black ball of horor and death, watching from his baleful eyes the approach of any living thing, he springs with terrifically concentrated hate and vengeance. Like lightning fastening jum back into the jungle while you cheek out not waitng to wasp you up waimly ike the
tlewate
The rattler is a beatiful creature if one is
willine to deliberately study his curves, his wonderine the iations, and his charming evolutions.
He $f$ the very poetry of motion, and this fine quality is imparted to you when you undertake to examine him. The color of a rattlesnake's rare sorion and the as the figures on a The color of his eyes has hand, the tarantula is the mo
 gusting horsor of this animal that looks like
fuzz crawfish, covered with brown ham. N

## Wh

## makes cach sparate hol to stend on end, Hio the Ands on the froful porcupine. tel now, in the namo of the angels and ministantalize the human race, and

of thrills, neither can I satisfactorily account for, nor anybody else for that matter, except on the theory that anything is refreshing to look at after viewing so long this darned depression.


