Snakes:

I frequently notice that if there is a mention of snakes in a printed book or article that my eye will find fall on that. For instance in this pamphlet, "Him, Her and the Herricane," I opened it this morning at page 67 and here is what I found:

"We left the house as soon as we could after the storm; some friends called for us with a boat. You perhaps remember that our little boy had a toy flute that he was very fond of playing with, and after the water had gone down enough so we could get in the house, he went in the bathroom to explore around; it was a little dark in there. Suddenly he said, 'Oh, Mother! here's my flute!' and, as he made that remark, he stooped down quickly and picked up the thing that looked like the flute at the same time looking up at his mother. 'Drop it!' she screamed, stepping back and raising her hand in horror, for he had picked up a poisonous snake. I heard her scream and went in and killed three of those snakes. I suppose they had been washed down from some swamp up the country by the rush of water during the storm and had crawled up through that hole in the bathroom floor, because there are none of those poisonous snakes around here any more."

Digital Image, 2015. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College, Pelletier Library