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DEATH COMES AS MOVIE

Which Member of the Family... When They Hear the News.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Charles M. Cunningham, a dentist of this city, was recently returned from a trip through the domain of President Diaz, and he tells some interesting things about the quiet customs of the natives.

It is a tradition among the Mexicans that once a fever accompanying an attack of pneumonia seizes them, it is necessarily fatal, and because of their all medicines and all physicians are wared aside and all physicians usually die. A fever brings the story of death in its weird cooling, according to the belief of the natives, and many who have been seized with the fever who otherwise might have recovered have succumbed, owing their belief in the tradition, that is the reason, it is said, why pneumonia is fatal to so many Mexicans.

Dr. Cunningham visited the City of Mexico, and was in the National Palace, the seat of government. Although Old Mexico has the name of being a republic its form of government is that in name only he says, for the entire country is a one-man power, and the one man is President Diaz.

"Word is given out that certain State and municipal officers have been elected," says Dr. Cunningham, "but really they have only been appointed, for Diaz and his colleagues see to it that only the friends of the President are chosen for office. The Government is more by the military than by the people. They have a good soldiery, and the natives seem to be satisfied to have it thus."

One of the customs to which the natives of Old Mexico still adhere is the practice of wearing blankets about them, even in the heat of the summer. On June 24, Dr. Cunningham photographed a group of these as they gathered in the sun and wrapped themselves in their warm blankets.

Oxen are still in use throughout the country as beasts of burden, and their service is equally as much in demand as are the donkeys which are also extensively used.

The driveway leading up to the National Palace, instead of being paved with cobblestones, is a customary in most places, are lined with the knee joints of goats. These animals are slaughtered for various purposes, and as no one had yet discovered another use for their knee bones they are thrown into the driveway and form a rude pavement.

On a festival day the town band of Atlatlan, a small village, went through the streets in a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, making a picturesque scene.

NO "OBEY" IN MARRIAGE.

tride Halls Ceremony Till Bride-groom Agrees Word He Outstaid.

Laramie, Wyo.—"Nixey on that word 'obey' Judge, I don't like it and I won't have it in this ceremony," said Miss Lillian Wilson, while she was being married to Elmer Cole of Elmira, N.Y.

"You be sure and leave that word 'obey' in Judge, I want it there."

"Stop it, Judge, I won't marry him," said the bride, as she jerked her hand from that of her intended husband. Then the two adjourned to an adjoining room to discuss the matter.

Cole is a travelling man and Miss Wilson is from Colorado Springs. She was visiting in Laramie and Cole came here to see her. Then they decided to get married.

For half an hour the bride and bridegroom were deserted and now and then one or the other could be heard protesting. Then they came out and asked that the ceremony continue.

"You can leave out that 'obey' Judge," said Cole. "We have decided to do without it."

BULL MARKET ON GOATS.

Japan Has Discovered That They Are Real Indicators of Plague.

Washington, D. C.—As a result of discoveries by the marine hospital scientists and health officials of the Japanese Government, there is about to be a strong bull movement in the cat market. It has been proved that the feline family is immune from bubonic plague and that the most effective way of eradicating the disease from Oriental countries is to scour the earth for pussies and wage war to death on rats and chipmunks.

These little animals are the medium through which the disease spreads most rapidly, and it has been found that cats devour infected specimens and grow fat on them. As a consequence, Marine Hospital officials advise all who have "Tom-cats" with four sound legs and good eyes, to "hold them for a cat."

Paul Jones's Sword on Exhibition. Washington, D. C.—John Paul Jones's sword, a fine Toledo blade, which he carried throughout the Revolutionary War, was placed on exhibition in a case just outside the office of the Secretary of the Navy. The hit rests on a small block of wood taken from the Ranger, the ship which saw the American flag when it was first raised by a foreign power in Quiberon Bay, Feb. 16, 1791.

WHEN THE DONKEY FOUND A VOICE.

A PLANTATION STORY.

By Grace MacGowan Cook.

The ancient and honorable donkey who had carried Little Patricia Randolph in her babyhood, was to be superseded by a husbandly bear bought for Pete, the second child.

"Never mind, Jimmy," little Isabel comforted the disconsolate-looking animal. "Never mind, honey, you're getting a big bunch of sugarcorns, which was promptly accepted, 'I love you. I'll love you when the shellie comes, even if nobody else does!'"

Jimmy ate the sugarcorns, then solemnly raised her big head and prayed for more. It was a trick the children had taught her, but with a year in prospect, it seemed to them a rather unorthodox one.

"That's why I dislike her soot," Pete said scornfully. "She makes such an awful noise." Pete was to have the pony, you remember.

"But what do I mean by saying he go on? Teach him to speak," giggled America, the nurse girl.

"Oh, is it a tale?" asked the children. "Tell it to us," or America's stories of animals were a standing form of diversion with the Broadlands children.

"In the early times," America opened, "bluff back in de beginnin' days, flatter ain't had no speech. De Man he own 'em, an' he say to de Woman, 'My Jimmy work, an' my Jimmy pull de plow; she eat reg'lar an' she drink reg'lar, my Jimmy tote me forth an' back; but she carry a mournful countenance, an' she ain't never spoke for to tell me her ruther. I wash my Jimmy would find a voice."

"Now, in deese days, hit don't hit in deese days an' times; de old Woman got 'er sense an' de old Man he say to him, 'Ain't you always complain 'case I talk too much. Better let well enough alone, an' be glad dat you' Jimmy, of dee ain't speak to pleasure you, an' so ain't speak to de pleasure yo'." You git her to talkin', she might not be so easy to keep as I is."

"Oh, you' say de 'it' Man, 'You allere talkin' best yo' ruther dee my flatter,'—course I ain't got no use for yo' speech. But my heart he ake, my own she heart, my dog bark when he please, my cat mew when she displeas, an' I want my Jimmy to find a voice."

"De Man study an' study about de eye, business, an' he all de time believin' dat if de Jimmy was right surpised she'd speak out. De old Man an' de Woman live in de mountain, whar neighbors in few an' far between; he made up he mind dat he gwine carry his donkey to town, an' ax de doctors can der give her a voice."

"De old Woman spoke ag'in dat; she said her say; an' yet she ain't surprised-like to give it up. So he lupt an' tuck him a load o' speck truck as grows in de mountain, an' hauled it down to de town. De last night he camp in de woods, an' by sun-up comes out on de hill-top an' see de town, an' de donkey in de town dat Jimmy ever see. She hop her year's forth, an' stop her year's back. She look an' she hop; she hop, an' she look."

"Speak up," says de Man, "what you studyin' bout? How you likes de town an' de looks o' hit? Speak up, my Jimmy. Ain't nary; seed 'bout to hear ye but, seed, me—'speak out ye' tided, my Jimmy!"

"Den de Jimmy find a voice. She say, 'den like de'—America throw up her hand, rolled her eyes and intoned solemnly—

"Good Lord, look at de hon-ess-ness! Good Lord, look at de hon-ess-ness! Look at de hon-ess-ness! Look at de hon-ess-ness! In town—in town!"

"This little Randolphs shouted with laughter. "That's what our Jimmy says," Isabel confirmed; for America's loud howling tones had given a very funny imitation of a donkey's bray, the final "in town—in town" being grunted out.

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