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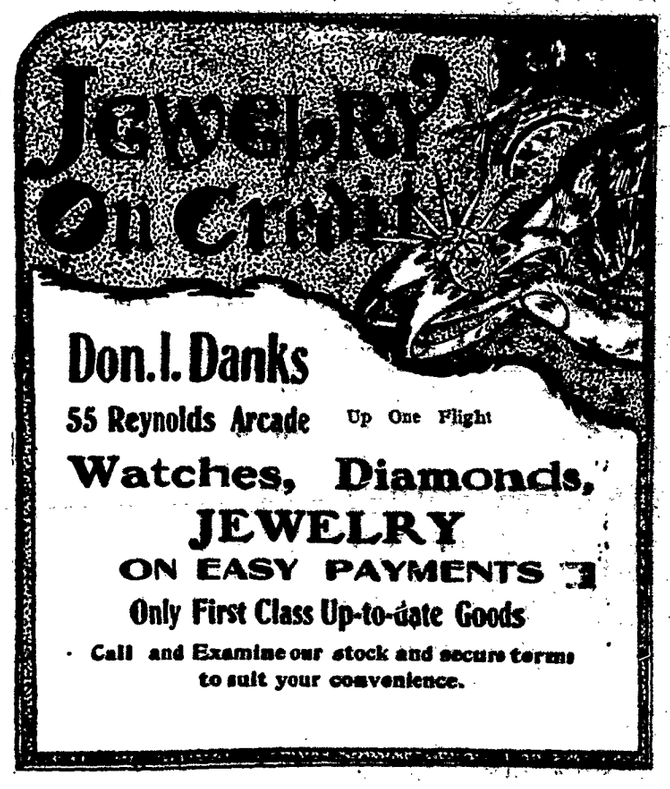

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DEATH COMES AS MOVIE MAN

Mock Mexican Execution All Right While They Shoot the Birds.

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

It is a tradition among the Mexicans that upon a fever accompanying an attack of pneumonia seizes them, it is necessarily fatal, and because of this all medicine and all physicians are waved aside and the Mexican usually dies. A fever brings the story of death in its weird cooing, 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 sat out 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 driveways leading up to the National Palace, instead of being paved with cobblestones, as is customary in most places, are lined with the knee joints of goats. These animals are slaughtered for various purposes, and as no one has yet discovered another use for their knee bones they are thrown into the driveways and form a rude pavement.

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

NO "OBEY" IN MARRIAGE.

Bride Halts Ceremony Till Bridegroom Agrees Word Be Omitted.

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 Wilcox, 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 Wilcox 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 closeted 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 CATS.

Japan Has Discovered That They Are Real Eradicators 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 "Tomcats" with four sound legs and good eyes, to "hold them for a raise."

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 hilt rests on a small block of wood taken from the Ranger, the ship which flew the American Flag which was first saluted by a foreign power—in Quiberon Bay, Feb. 14, 1778.

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 Shetland pony bought for Pate, the second child.

"Never mind, Jinny" little Isabel comforted the discomsolate-looking animal. "Never mind, honey," presenting a big bunch of sugarcane, which was promptly accepted, "I love you. I'll love you when the Shettie comes, even if nobody else don't."

Jinny ate the sugarcane, then solemnly raised her big head and prayed for more. It was a trick the children had taught her; but, with a pony in prospect, it seemed to them a rather uncouth one.

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

"Dat dest what de Man sy sh'tse he go an' teach his jinny to speak," giggled America, the nurse girl.

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

"In de early time," America opened, "plumb back in de beginnin' days, Jinnie ain't had no speech. De Man he own one, an' he say to de Woman, 'My jinny work, an' my jinny pull de plow; she eat reg'lar an' she drink reg'lar, my jinny tote me forth an' back; but she carry a mournful countenance, an' she ain't never spoke for to tell me her futhers. I wisht my jinny would find a voice.'

"Now, in dem days, hit dest like hit in dese days an' times; de old Woman got mo' sense dan de old man. She say to him, 'Ain't you always complainin' 'case I talks too much. Better let well enough alone, an' be glad dat you' jinny, of she ain't speak to pleasure you, she ain't speak to displeasure yo'. You git her to talkin', she mought not be so easy to hush as I is.'

"'Oh, you!' say de ol' Man. 'You allers talkin' 'bout yo' futhers an' my futhis'—'course I ain't got no use for yo' speech. But my horse he nicker, my cow she bawl, my dog bark when he please, my cat mew when she displease, and I wants my jinny to tote a voice—I does.'

"De Man study an' study about dis kyo, bumbum, an' he all de time believin' dat if de jinny was right surprised she'd speak out. De old Man an' de Woman live in de mountains, whar neighbors is few an' far between; he wuds up he mind dat he gwine carry his donkey to town, an' ax de doctors can dey give her a voice.

"De old Woman spoke ag'in dat; she said her say; an' yet she ain't persuaded him to give it up. So he tuck an' tuck him a load o' nice truck as grows in de mountains, 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' dar was de town; de fust town dat jinny ever see! She hop her years forth, and hop her years 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 jinny. Ain't nary soul 'bout to hyar ye but dest me—speak out ye' mind, my jinny!'

"Den de jinny find a voice. She say, dest like dis"—America threw up her head, rolled her eyes and intoned solemnly—

"Good Lord, look at de hou-ouses! Good Lord, look at de hou-ouses! Look at de hou-ouses! Look at de hou-ou-ouses! Look at de hou-ou-ouses! Look at de hou-ou-ouses! In town—in town!"

The little Randolphs shouted with laughter. "That's what our jinny says," Isabel confirmed; for America's loud bawling tones had given a very funny imitation of a donkey's bray, the final "In town—in town!" being grunted out "Good Lord, look at de hou-ou-ouses!" exactly as the donkey always closes his speech.

"Dat dest what all jinnies been sayin' from dat time on," America agreed; "but the Man ain't like it now he got it. He dest like Marse Pate. He say he wuds' his jinny hadn't found his voice. An de Woman, she say—I done told you so!" dest like she do dese days an' times."—The Delineator.

Withdrew His Offer.

James W. Ellsworth, millionaire coal operator has withdrawn his offer to spend $100,000 for the improvement o his boyhood home, (Hudson, Ohio), oe cause the officers of the town divulged the name of the donor to the public. The offer was made on the condition that no one should know who made it, for he feared a deluge of begging letters. He has recently purchased the famous Italian estate, the villa Palmieri. Outside of business he devotes his time to art and books.