### TAMPIRES SUCKED HIS BLOOD.

### A Traveller in Mexico Tella Why He Believes This Horrible Bat is no Myth.

There are a few very learned gentlemen naturalists. I believe they style themselves who argue that there is no such thing as a vampire, or bloodsucking bat. Gendemen, I am humble and unknown, except in a vampire, or bloodsucking bat. Gen.lemen, I am humble and unknown, except my own narrow sphere of life, and, compared with yourselves, stand as a candle to the noonday sun; yet I venture to contradict you, and state that if you had passed through a little experience of mine you would undoubtedly change your views. I have not only seen these vampires, but I very nearly lost my life by them. An abbreviated account was published at the time in a few obscure Mexican papers as a matter of news; translations may have appeared in English papers, but I think not. If so, they must have been incomplete, and it remains for me to present the facts of the case to an English-reading public.

It was in the early part of June, 1889. I was travelling for a San Antonio paper and printing house, and was just returning from a trip to the extreme southern portion of Mexico. I was on my way from Oajaca to Tuxtha and Vera Cruz, on the Gulf coast, intending to take a train at the latter place for the States. It was one of the

### MANT UNCOMPOSTABLE JOURNEYS

I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a rolancoche, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk fashion. The motive power consit Turk fashion.

mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk fashion. The motive power consisted of three little mules abreast, spurred on by a swarthy native, Jose by name, who alternately rode the left-hand mule and ran alongside, recling off a string of Spanish profamity that was positively shocking whenever the little animals would not go exactly as he wished them to. The road was one of the roughest I ever travelled over. The rocking and pitching of the volancoche reminded me more than anything clso of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse. It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oritz. There had in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, since the pack trains no longer passed through there, the main road having been somewhat changed, and running about three leagues to the west; there was nothing there habitable but the posada, or hotel, which in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. All in all, the building had a deserted and forlorn appearance. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Senor Don Tivurcio Beltran, his wife and daughter.

After supper I sat on the host's versuda trains no longer passed through there, the main road having been somewhat changed; and running about three leagues to the west; there was nothing there habitable but the posada, or hotel, which in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of cont, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. All in all, the building had a deserted and forlorn appearance. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Senor Don Rivarelo Beltran, his wife and daughter.

After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Alies Juanita entertained me by singing several and Mexican ballads in thank thee!" And then I lost consciousness.

It was five weeks before I recovered suffi-

SE CHASTERY PIQUANT.

of music the dilapidated guitar cashide air by her really fine voice romanic surroundings. I was lackets etc., from my day's or Dyed Kirst-Ord Don adhers and Rid exects.

JAMES

West: Teronte, out.

story and legend of ill-omened birds that I had ever heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. I lay still, however, for what else was left me? "It will nover do," I said, "to go back to the house: I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision: and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analagous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone! merist. Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously noweach time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my acrial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said," I can sleep,"

me wretched. "Now," I said," I can steep, and I slept.

To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck, and being stretted when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my check, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left bared, owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semiconscious state I was a are that these creatures were drawing tures were drawing

THE LIFE TIDE PRO A MY VEINS,

but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference to all things came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future; for once in my life, at least, I experienced a sense of absolute rest. Another moment and sleep, was given me. Not a moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone at moon-tide within some shady

ciently to continue on my journey Never in my life was I treated with more kindness than by Don Tivurcio, his wife, and daugh-

How a Judge Got at the Truth. that the race of indicial Selemons is not

extinct in the 19th century, even in a second ent from the following ingentrice magnetic by one of them to diswhich side truth and justice lay a difficult case that came before In the university town of the plodding burgher complain-ige of the peace. That he had by the defendant of 20 hought a cow from him—
honour," he explained,
he animal, and then
the market-place
d to do. Well,
y my house, he er unless I paid in the same

I must say this was rather startling, but looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before

THE RUSHING NOISE

was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild the colour of it, your honour, I didn't. Why, if I had do you think—" "That will do," exclaimed the Judge; "the plaintiff's claim, unsupported by witnesses or evidence of any kind, is null and void. He seems an honest fellow, though, and has evidence of any kind, is null and void. He seems an honest fellow, though, and has evidently lost his 20 roubles. Let's make up a little subscription for him. I head the list with five roubles. Won't you give something too?" Inquired the Judge of the defendant who had won the suit. "That I will never heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curding ghost story. I lay still, however, for what clse was left me? "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house: I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision: and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analagous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone!

This is a very serious matter indeed. Where did you get this forged money!" The peazant turned red, and white and yellow, gave a series of explanations that contradictive of each other, muttered and mumbled, and peasant turned red, and white and yellow, gave a series of explanations that contradicted each other, muttered and numbled, and floundered about from lie to lie, till at last in despair he cried out, "If you want to know the whole truth, here it is: This here forged note belongs to the plaintiff. He did pay me 20 roubles for the cow, the rascal, but he paid me in forged notes, and that's one of them. It comes to what I said, that he didn't pay me at all, and it's he that must go to Siberia for uttering forged notes, not I. I am as innocent as the labe unborn." The Judge condemned then and there that innocent peasant to refund the 20 roubles, for the notes were really as good as the best that circulate in the Empire of the Czars. Czara,



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Darien, Conn.

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