

BEDFELLOWS IN MEXICO.

Experience of a Traveler While Passing Through That Country.

"I had a rather unhappy experience once," said a traveler, "but it was at a time when my nerves could not stand a great deal, and the shock was no surprise to me. I was really happy when I found that my eyes had played me no trick and that the things about me were real things. I had journeyed down into Mexico for the purpose of spending some time. The trip was partly a business trip and partly for such pleasure as I could get out of an experience in a country that was new to me. I ought to say here that I had never been in a tropical country. My life had been spent in the north, and whatever I knew about many of the forms of life in tropical sections was altogether theoretical. I had merely read about many of the things, but I feared afterward that there were many things I had never dreamed of even in moments when my mind was inclined to conjure with the horrors of uneven sleep. Well, I found myself in Mexico. I was in the wilds of Mexico, and that where one could find but few of the comforts known to the more advanced ways of living. I stopped with an old Mexican one night, and he put me in a dumpy little room off to myself. I slept on the floor, or, rather, I started to sleep on the floor, and it was a dirt floor at that. I curled up on a mattress made of some light material. I had just closed my eyes when I felt something scramble rapidly over my forehead. It started me, but I kept cool and still to see if it would happen again.

It happened in less time than it takes to tell. This thing kept up until the experiment was disorganizing my nerves and I could stand it no longer. I got up and started out, and I felt the same thing happening to my feet. Partly panic-stricken, I rushed into the room of the old Mexican. 'Something in yonder,' I said, pointing toward my room. He took the situation at once and assured me that it was all right. He struck a light and went to the room with me to assure me that there was no danger. When I got back to my room, I was paralyzed. Crawling over the walls of the hut and scampering over the floor, over the mattress on which I had lain and running here and there everywhere, was a perfect army of insects of all sizes, ages and varieties. I told the Mexican to leave me the light and that I would occupy the room for the night. And so I did. But I did not sleep, for I did not want the insects, however harmless and companionable they might be, to convert my face and forehead into a promenade. This wound up my experience in Mexico, and I scampered over the border as soon as possible, and never again did the wilder regions of the tropics have had no fascination for me."

The Water Beetle.

The great carnivorous water beetle, the dytiscus, after catching and eating other creatures all day, with two minute intervals to come up, poke the tips of its wings out of the water and jam some air against its spiracles before descending once more to its subaqueous hunting grounds, will rise by night from the surface of the Thames, lift again those horny wing cases, unfold a broad and beautiful pair of gauzy wings and whirl off on a visit of love and adventure to some distant pond, on to which it descends like a bullet from the air above, landing in a green-house at night with no lamp lighted, talking or smoking, they sometimes hear a smother, as if a pebble had been dropped on the glass from above. It is a dytiscus beetle, whose compound eyes have mistaken the shine of the glass in the moonlight for the gleam of a pond. At night some of the whirling beetles, the shiny, beetle-like creatures seen whirling in incessant circles in corners by the bank, make a quite audible and almost musical sound upon the water.

Drudgery That Made Genius.

Paderewski when told one time by her royal highness Princess Victoria, perhaps the most accomplished musician of all the members of the royal family, that he was "sincerely inspired" answered: "Your royal highness will, I dare say, be surprised when I tell you that I remember the day when I was quite an indifferent player. I was determined, however, to be what the world called a genius, and to be a genius I well knew that I must first be a drudge, for genius and drudgery always go hand in hand. Genius," and Paderewski spoke excitedly, "is three-quarters drudgery and one-quarter genius. I at one time practiced day after day, year after year, till I became almost insensible to sound—became a machine, as it were. So Paderewski is a genius," says the world. Yes, but Paderewski, your royal highness, was a drudge before he was a genius."

One Walnut Tree.

A man in North Carolina was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The man who was buying came to one very handsome tree. He told the owner he would pay as much as \$50 for that tree. The owner did not sell, but sent for experts. He got \$1,500 for the tree (curled walnut) as it stood. The man who cut it down realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and veneered one-sixth to half an inch. The sales were watched. The tree brought \$30,000.

It Pays to Be Amiable.

"What do you do," asked the one who had been married only a few months, "when your husband comes home late at night?"

"I pretend not to notice that he isn't on time, and pretty soon he asks me if I wouldn't like to go to the theater or somewhere tomorrow afternoon."

Quite a Number.

"Willie, whom did George Washington marry?"

"The Widow Custis, ma'am."

"Had he any children?"

"Yes'm—the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution."

Then He Takes His Chances.

"A millionaire can have things pretty much his own way in this world," said one philosopher.

"He can," answered the other, "until he comes to make his will."

We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad and never apply violent remedies but in case of necessity.

Young Girls

Are often engaged in doing the work of a home under the most trying conditions. Nature cries out against the stooping and lifting, the running up and down stairs at times when labor should be as light as possible. It is owing to overstrain or self-neglect under these conditions that the foundation is laid for serious womanly disease. Irregularity is the first step to impaired womanly health.

Perfect regularity may be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will heal inflammation and ulceration and cure female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jacksonville, California, "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good he has done me by his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pains in my back and stomach. I could not stand at all without fainting. Had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I am entirely cured and in two months' time when all other medicines had failed."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Unpaid Accounts Drove Her to Suicide. Not so very long ago a woman threw herself before a New York elevated train, and was instantly killed. Her sister testified after that she was a "fashionable" dressmaker, and had over \$15,000 worth of outstanding accounts which she could not collect. The people from whom she bought her goods were persistently asking for their money, but she could not pay them because her customers did not pay her for her work. It so preyed upon her mind that after weeks of sleepless nights she determined to kill herself. And she did.—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Was Tender.

"Miss Goldby flattered me very much yesterday," said Freddie Hayrebrane.

"Indeed?"

"Yes-as. She told me that when I came out on the stage in our private theatricals, I looked good enough to eat."

"Well, that is substantially what she remarked to me. She said your face was like a boiled lobster."

Then the Earth Yawned.

Mr. Le Jecks—Well, Miss Coldcash, I supposed you received a good many birthday cards?

Miss Coldcash (sweetly)—Oh, yes; and there was one particularly dainty and artistic. I am sure it came from you.

Mr. Le Jecks (delighted)—What makes you think so?

Miss Coldcash—Because I sent it to you, on your last birthday.

The Meek.

Those who can be meek will inherit the best things in the world. What are those things? One is peace of mind. Those who can be meek in the sense of attending to their own affairs, and not opposing the world to their own detriment, are the people who get peace of mind.

Great Faiths.

There are certain great faiths in which the soul can rest and be strong and happy and self-sufficient. These are what I am seeking. Out of them grow the temper of our life and our motions and our impulses.

Bought at a Bargain.

Charles—Miss Spindle has pretty teeth, hasn't she?

Emily (spitefully)—Yes, and quite inexpensive ones, too.

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DEAD LOVE.

Two loves had I. Now both are dead, And both are marked by tombstones near. The one stands in the churchyard near, The other hid from mortal sight. The name on one all men may read And learn who lie beneath the stone; The other name is written where No eyes can read it but my own. On one I plant a living flower And cherish it with loving hands; I shun the single withered leaf That tells me where the other stands. To that white tombstone on the hill In summer days I often go; From this white stone that nearer lies I turn me with unuttered woe. O God, I pray, if love must die And make no more of life a part, Let witness be where all can see And send within a living heart.

—Mary Matthews Adams.

WAYS OF THE NIGHT HAWK.

The Habits of This Bird Are Strangely Belied by Its Name.

The night hawk is a bird often seen and yet a bird of which little is commonly known. Its name would lead one to think that it is a night bird, but this is wrong, as it does not roam about during the night at all. Like the familiar song birds of the woods, it rests at night. It received its name on account of its habit of appearing only during the later afternoon or on cloudy days. A proper name for this bird would be "twilight bird," as it cannot be said to belong either to night or day.

If you have ever lived on a farm, you will recall hearing on some still, hot evening a whirring, long drawn out note high above your head, and on looking up you will remember how surprised you were to behold a small bird with big wings falling straight toward the earth, and then how much more surprised you were when the bird suddenly turned in a graceful upward curve and went straight back again into the darkness above. That was the night hawk on a hunt for its supper. After that first meeting you will remember how familiar it grew to you and yet how little you ever learned of its habits of living.

These birds winter just south of the Hudson River. They arrive in Indiana with the heading of the east wind and stay until September. Sometimes they summer as far north as the Hudson bay and winter as far south as Brazil. They travel from one place to another as a rule in scattering flocks. To see these birds traveling is a sight not soon forgotten. They will follow a river or stream for miles and seem to use these natural highways as their guide from one home to another.

A hunt for the nest of this bird is a hopeless task in some localities of our state, as they do not always breed. They live in the field, and it is there you may expect to find the nest if one is to be found. It will be built on the ground, and there will not be a straw or stick or cord in the home. It will be just a hole in the ground, for this bird is, above all things, lazy, and if there is any material other than the bare earth near the home it will be because the wind blew it there or because it grew there. You will find two eggs of a dirty color in the nest, providing some snake or gopher has not made away with them. As these eggs are, it is a wonder the bird does not disappear from the face of the earth. Nearly every animal that lives-eats eggs. The night hawk lives almost entirely on bugs, bees and insects. They are so swift in their action that they have little difficulty in securing a square meal every hour they hunt. They are so marksmen that they can easily secure their prey. They are dark-colored with a greenish-brown tinge, and the real distance they are from you is a matter of doubt. They have a wishbone shaped white mark on the throat by which they can always be known.

The noise made by this bird when descending is caused by its wings in contact with the air. Its throat cry is a squeak and unpleasant to the ear. The bird is very attractive when it flies about in the air, as its curvings are as smooth and graceful as if they had been planned and rehearsed for weeks. Such perfect control does it have over the power of flight that it can descend to the ground with lightning rapidity and when scarcely two feet above the surface reverse its action and sail again in graceful circles toward the sky.

His Own Name.

If you think a foreigner's ways are queer, ask yourself whether their seeming queerness may not be due mostly to your want of familiarity with them.

"I have such strange names for your towns over here," said a titled English importation to one of his new American friends; "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie and ever so many others, don't you know?"

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh, no," said the unsuspicious Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Fokestogg-on-the-Hike."

Like and Unlike.

Brown—Whenever a woman becomes unreasonable, it's attributed to her nerves. Isn't that singular?

Towne—Yes, but the unreasonableness of a man is attributed to his nerves and that's still more singular.—Exchange.

The Favorite.

McCort—You know something about horse racing. What is meant by "the favorite?"

Sport—A favorite is a horse that would surely win if people only wouldn't bet on him.

His Favorite.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the friend.

"Ordinarily," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "it is 'Hamlet,' but when I need the money it is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

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