

A DRUGGIST'S FAVORITE KIDNEY REMEDY—CURED HIMSELF.

Fifteen years ago I had an attack of acute kidney trouble. I consulted a physician who gave me medicine which only relieved me for a time. After discontinuing his medicine my trouble returned as severe as before. Having heard of Swamp-Root I gave it a trial and can honestly state that three dollar bottles cured me, never having any sickness in fifteen years. I have sold Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root as a druggist for many years and can give the very best of recommendations at all times.

You are at liberty to use this statement any time you wish. Respectfully,

W. C. SUMMERS,
1219 Central Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
With Grand View Drug Co.
State of Kansas
County of Wyandotte } ss.

On this 11th day of August, 1909, personally appeared before me, W. C. Summers, who subscribed to the within statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

CHARLES WILSON,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

NO WONDER.



He—She is so artificial.
She—Yes, artificiality seems natural to her.

ALMOST CRAZY WITH ECZEMA

"I, the undersigned, cannot give enough praise to the Cuticura Remedies. I had been doctoring for at least a year for eczema on my foot. I had tried doctor after doctor all to no avail. When a young girl I sprained my ankle three different times, paying little or no attention to it, when five years ago a small spot showed upon my left ankle. I was worried and sent for a doctor. He said it was eczema. He drew a small bone from the ankle about the size of a match and about an inch long. The small hole grew to about the size of an apple, and the eczema spread to the knee. The doctors never could heal the hole in the ankle. The whole foot ran water all the time.

"My husband and my sons were up night and day wheeling me from one room to another in the hope of giving me some relief. I would sit for hours at a time in front of the fireplace hoping for daybreak. The pain was so intense I was almost crazy. In fact, I would lose my reason for hours at a time. One day a friend of mine dropped in to see me. No more had she glanced at my foot than she exclaimed: 'Mrs. Finnegan, why in the world don't you try the Cuticura Remedies?' Being disgusted with the doctors and their medicines, and not being able to sleep at all, I decided to give the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment a trial. After using them three days that night I slept as sound as a silver dollar for eight long hours. I awoke in the morning with but very little pain. In fact, I thought I was in heaven. After using the Cuticura Remedies for three months I was perfectly restored to health, thanks to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I will be sixty-four years of age my next birthday, hale and hearty as present." (Signed) Mrs. Julia Finnegan, 2234 Hebert St., St. Louis, Mo., Mar. 7, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 12 K, Boston.

Association of Ideas.

"You have a great many flies and mosquitoes," said the rather supercilious girl.

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I don't like to mention it, but I've noticed every year that flies, mosquitoes and summer boarders all appear to be on hand at the same time."

Serious Business.

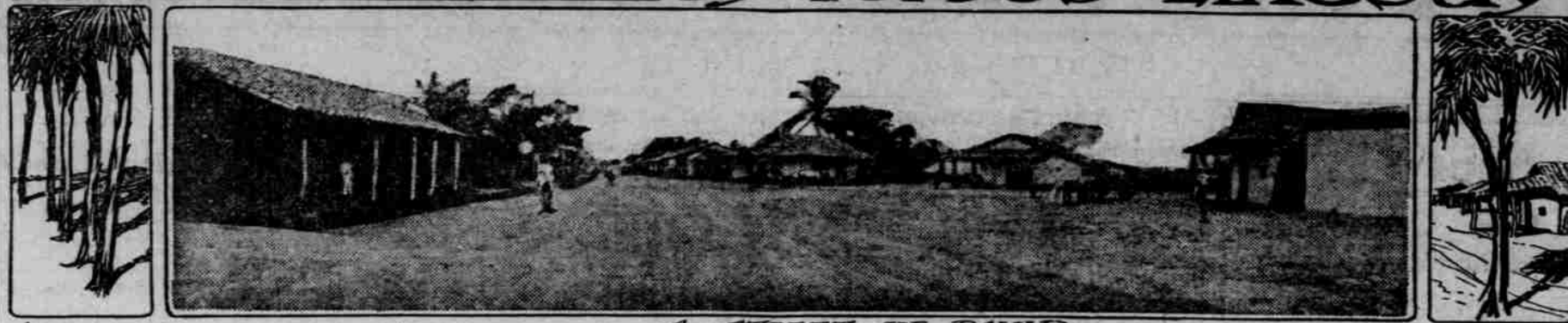
Madge—Was George fooling while you were playing golf?

Marjorie—Gracious, I hope not! Why, I accepted him.—Lippincott's.

Accidents, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Bumps, Cuts, Wounds, all are painful. Hamlin's Wizard-Oil draws out the inflammation and gives instant relief. Don't wait for the accident. Buy it now.

The noblest work of God is man, but you can't make some married women believe it.

Up Country in Panama
by Forbes Lindsay



A STREET IN DAVID



MADE the 300 miles journey up to David, the capital of the Province of Chiriqui, in a coasting steamer of the house-boat type, with open lower deck and galvanized iron roof over all—20 feet out of water and only 6 feet draft with full load.

David was founded somewhat more than a century ago by the first of the Panaman Obaldias, who created a princely estate from a royal grant of land. Mangote, situated about 8 miles from the town, is now in the hands of his great-grandsons, whose father was lately president of the republic. Before the revolutionary days many Chiricano landowners maintained a lordly estate in peace and prosperity. David is an attractive place, clean and orderly as a Dutch burg and picturesque as a Tyrolean hamlet. Along the broad, drab lengths of the streets are lined modest dwellings with whitewashed walls, red-tiled roofs, and blue and green doors and window shutters. The most pretentious residences are no more than two-storied frame structures, with 10 rooms at most and a patio in the rear. Of the 5,000 inhabitants perhaps 50 are "well to do," in the conventional sense of the phrase. The remainder are superlatively poor, measured by the standard of dollars and cents, but passing rich in fact by reason of having everything that they need and probably all they desire. Everyone seems to secure an easy livelihood, but precisely how is difficult to determine. A hard worker is not to be seen, but neither is a beggar nor a vagrant, and the municipality does not boast any such institution as an almshouse. However, the matter is divested of much of its mystery when one considers that land as prolific as any in the world is to be had for the taking, and a man's outfit of clothing consists of three pieces—straw hat, shirt, and cotton trousers—while a woman gets along very well with one garment, and children are not encumbered to that extent.

Although the dry season was well-nigh spent, everything looked fresh and green the morning that I galloped out upon the llano on my way to Divala. My moseo, a long, lean fellow with a melancholy visage, followed at a pace which never varied, but which later experience taught me could always be depended on to bring him up with me at the end of a ride. Man never possessed a less appropriate name than his, Pantaleon—"panther lion"—was possibly bestowed upon him in a spirit of irony. He was profoundly self-possessed and had the commendable characteristic of confining his attention to his own business and just so much of his employer's as properly concerned him.

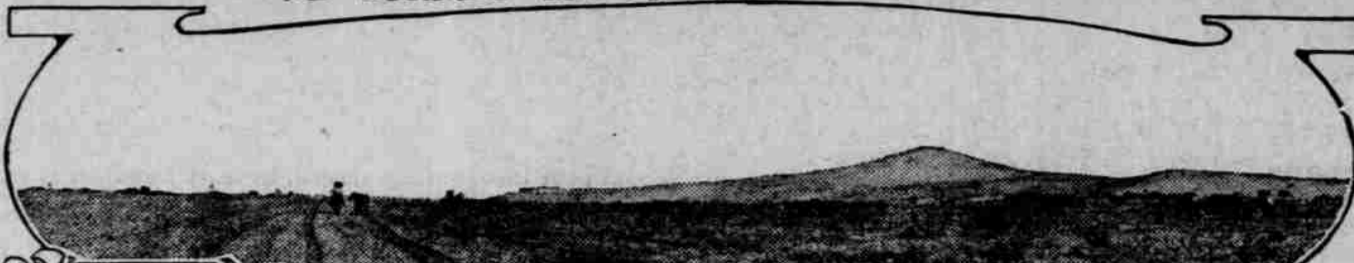
Before us stretched one of the llanos, which lie, like grassy islands in a forest sea, at intervals all along the Pacific slope of the Cordillera. For 6 miles onward and 2 on either side of us the ground extended in a sweep as level as a billiard table and as green. With its thick covering of fenebrillo, the tract looked strikingly like a bit of the blue-grass country of Kentucky. Here and there a wild fig or a ceibo threw its heavy-leaved branches wide, affording grateful shelter for man and beast. On every side the close ranks of the forest trees hemmed the llano in, and away beyond in our front rose the jabbed teeth of the sierra, with the smoking cone of El Volcan projecting beyond the rock.

A well-worn crack indicates the shortest route to the point where the road enters the forest. We keep it in sight for the sake of preserving our bearing, otherwise one might ride unrestrainedly on the darkest night over this flat expanse, unbroken by gullies and devoid of burrows. In fact, I have crossed it at a hand gallop in a downpour of rain, when my horse's ears were not distinguishable and the blurred lights of David made a lurid beacon patch in the distance.

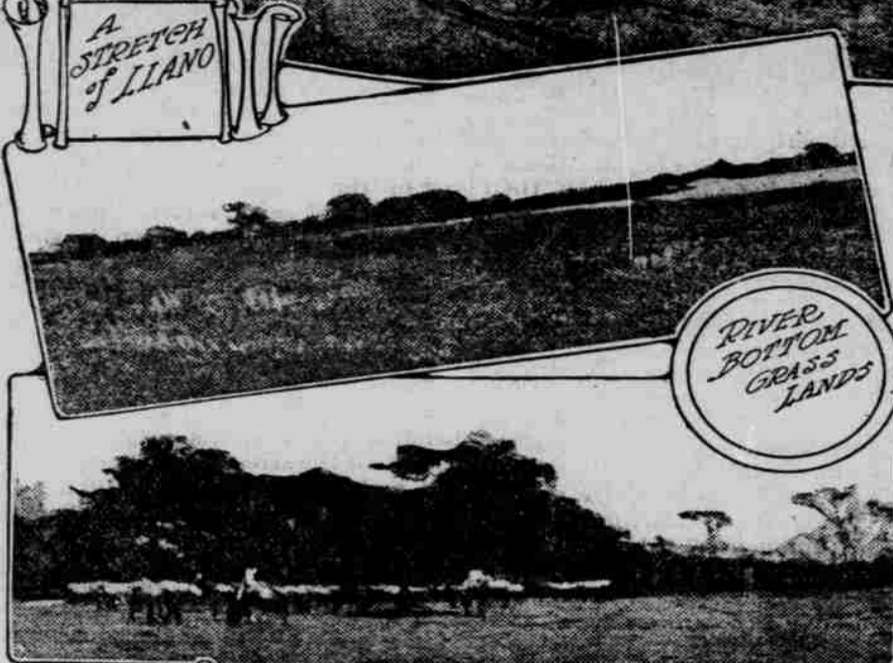
These llanos are the "commons" of the people—the poor man's grazing ground. We pass small herds of from 10 to 20 head, nibbling the herbage, which is ample for sustenance but not sufficiently rich and plentiful to condition them for market.

Scattered over the range are a few mares, with foals at their heels. In this country they ride and work only the male horses, leaving the females constantly at grass. This is obviously a bad system, for it retards hereditary transmission and results in the development of serviceable qualities on one side only. The animals are underderized and the breed poor, the best strain being derived from Peruvian stallions. Despite his unpromising appearance, however, the Panamanian pony is apt to surprise you with a wonderful display of stamina. I have been carried fifty-odd miles by one in twelve hours and found him fit for a good day's journey the next morning. They are easy-going beasts, with a single-foot gait, and if one will be content to ride them in the manner to which they are accustomed, quite as serviceable as the average mount to be picked up in Central or South America. It is distinctly advisable, however, to get rid of the greasy hair bridle of the country, even though no better substitute than a piece of clean rope is available. Failure to take this precaution once cost me a sore hand of which I was not cured for weeks.

Now and again a traveler jogs by, with a muttered "Buenos dias"—a salutation that is never omitted by man, woman or child. The rider wears a conical straw hat, a cotton shirt, slapping free in the wind, and a pair of blue jeans.

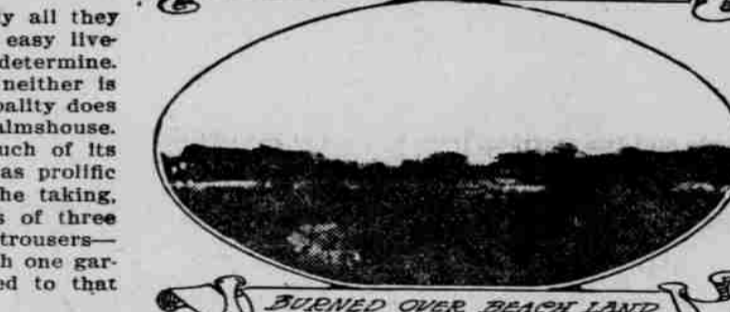


A STRETCH OF LLANO



RIVER BOTTOM GRASSLANDS

HORSE CORRAL ON PUBLIC LAND



BURNED OVER BEACH LAND

Bare feet are stuck in the wooden stirrups. He and his steed are festooned with bags, baskets and packages, the tout ensemble suggesting an itinerant Christmas tree. Stuck under the saddle flap, or elsewhere beyond ready reach, is a rifle or shotgun, of ancient make, probably unserviceable, and almost certainly unloaded. Everyone goes armed upon the road.

Occasional reminders of less peaceful times are seen in a small wooden cross set in the ground and surrounded by a rude rail fence, indicating the spot where some unfortunate met a violent death in the commission of a crime. Pantaleon rode alongside as I approached one of these unconsecrated burying places that contained two crosses. With emotionless precision he told the grisly tale of two compadres who had fallen out and here had fought to the death with their knives.

Compadres are bosom companions, bound by a bond closer than that of brotherhood. Only a woman can break that tie, and when compadre turns against compadre hell knows no greater bitterness. These two hacked each other until they fell, gasping and bleeding, and foaming at the mouth, still jabbing with waning strength. They were found dead, locked in each other's arms. Perhaps at the very last the spirit of comradeship returned to soothe their passing.

I put this reflection to Pantaleon, but he declared it more likely that they died cursing each other and thinking of the girl. My own conclusion pleased me better, but I felt bound to defer to my moseo's superior knowledge of the characteristics of his countrymen.

Presently the road entered the monte, and we rode between long walls reinforced by heavy undergrowth. At long intervals we passed small clearings where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand. The machete is the universal agricultural implement. A plow has never been seen in the country. Cultivation is neglected as an unnecessary trouble. Withal, harvests are bounteous and recur with the infallible regularity of the solar system. I saw fields of sugar cane that had yielded rich crops for fifteen unbroken seasons, and a piece of land which has stood in corn continuously for half a century.

All over the Pacific slope of Chiriqui is a topsoil, from 6 to 20 feet thick, formed by the volages from the mountain sides. It is rich as any in the world, but not one-hundred-thousandth part of it has been turned to the account of man. Outside of David, the population is less than four to the square mile. Apart from a score of cattle raisers and coffee growers, no man produces more than enough to meet his needs, whilst markets at their very doors are crying aloud for the potential products of the province. Panama is paying high prices for Jamaican fruit and Cuban sugar and American tobacco, whilst these and many other imported commodities can be grown within her borders.

The pathetic mystery of it is that tens of thousands are slaving in city sweatshops and factories, or painfully wringing a living from a reluctant soil, when land unlimited lies waiting to richly reward any man who will cast a handful of seed upon it.

Ten miles out from David we came to Alanje,

a pueblo of only a few hundred inhabitants, but a place of consideration in this sparsely settled country. There are no hotels in the interior, nor is there need for them where every door is open to the wayfarer. The first glance around the plaza of Alanje will decide the discriminating stranger to head for the comfortable-looking frame house on the south side, with its inviting veranda. Should he not immediately take that direction, the little cura, in his long black robe, is likely to come to the door and shout a welcome.

The mid-day breakfast at the cural was an excellent meal, reinforced by good wine and superb coffee. The pleasures of the occasion were heightened by the entertaining remarks of my lively host. He was very young and very optimistic, quite content with his lot and properly impressed with the importance of his work. It appeared to me that his life must be a lonely and monotonous one, but he did not share my view of it. He was the only man of any education in the village, but two highways and several byways converge at Alanje, and every few days he might look for a passing visit from some intelligent traveler. His duties occupied three or four hours of the day and the rest of the time he filled in with study, for his ambition pointed to advancement in his calling, whilst his environment had awakened an inherent taste for natural history.

We left the table to walk over to the church, with its curious detached tower. I asked for the records. With righteous indignation blazing in his eyes, the little cura laid before me a pile of leather-covered manuscripts, molded, worm-eaten, and torn. Not a page was intact, hardly two consecutive lines legible.

"Such neglect is crime," said my host, fervently. "I need hardly say that the damage was beyond arrest when these came into my hands."

I fully appreciated his feelings. Indeed, I dare say that my own regret was the keener. Alanje is older than David. In fact, its history merges with the times of the Conquistadores and there is no knowing what wondrous tales may be hidden in those sadly mutilated documents.

"Our church has a legend," remarked the cura, leading me to a large alcove on the left of the chancel. Drawing aside a curtain, he revealed a life sized painting of the Christ in his final agony. It was evidently the work of an artist, but did not betray extraordinary ability.

"I don't know when this came here, but it was certainly before the present generation," the cura explained, with a slight show of embarrassment. "The story goes that one evening a stranger came to the village and, declining shelter elsewhere, begged to be locked alone in the church over night. His request was granted. When the curious villagers came early in the morning to look for him he had gone, and the picture, with the paint fresh and wet, hung where you see it."

I looked at the little cura questioningly. "Oh, I don't know," he said, with a shamefaced smile and a shrug of the shoulders. "At any rate, my people believe the story firmly, and it does them no harm."

On the road between Alanje and Divala we crossed several streams. A better watered country than this could not well be imagined.

Divala is a little settlement of 50 to 60 huts and, perhaps, 300 inhabitants, who are entirely dependent upon the ranch and insure it a constant supply of labor. The people cultivate little patches, from which they derive almost all the foodstuffs they need. A few weeks' work in the year at 60 cents a day will produce enough money for clothing and a moderate indulgence in the luxuries that are to be had at the village trading store.

Divala is 15 miles from anywhere, but the most unlikely place to look for an American family in a bungalow that has the appearance of having been transplanted from a New Jersey suburb. Mrs. Wilson has lived in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth for five years, and has had the companionship of her infant during the past eighteen months. There is not a woman of her own race within 40 miles. This is isolation, indeed, and I suspected that she must find it irksome, though she would not admit as much.

Twelve years ago Leslie Wilson came out from California and settled in the neighborhood of Divala with half a dozen Americans and Britishers. Thus the settlement of Divala was formed and a large proportion of the ranch turned into Potrero without a penny of outlay. The disturbed condition of the country reduced the prices of all property, and Wilson was able to buy the nucleus of his stock at very low figures.

The owner of Divala has worked hard and intelligently for ten years on the improvement of his property. Today he has 5,000 acres of as fine land as any in Chiriqui, well stocked and furnished with all the necessary buildings. The ranch is easily worth \$50,000. Not a bad result of an enterprise started twelve years ago with \$300 capital.

SKIN AFFECTIONS ARE OFTEN CONTAGIOUS

How to Prevent Them.

The skin and its millions of pores are open to every form of contagion, from the accidental cut, sore, scald or burn, or the appearance of boils, carbuncles or felons, to the more serious diseases of the skin. It is not necessary to more than suggest that every family and every one, carry, ready for immediate use, the world's great standard skin remedy—Resinol Ointment. This ointment, indorsed and recommended by thousands of physicians, nurses and experts, remains the standard of standards. It is scientifically compounded from natural ingredients, each one, and all together, particularly adapted to the skin. It is put up in screw-top opal containers, selling for fifty cents and a dollar, according to size. Resinol Ointment is as easy to apply as cold cream. It is utterly impossible for it to harm the most delicate skin, for it contains only the highest grade of remedial agents, without even a trace of mercury or lead, or any other poison. The ointment is sold by all druggists. Sample sent free if you will mention Department No. 51. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

EXCUSABLE.



Judge—You should have known better than drive fast while crossing that bridge; didn't you see the sign "Walk your horses?"

Prisoner—Dat's right, Jedge; but dem was mules what I were driving.

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Cured By Doan's Kidney Pills After Doctors Gave Up Hope.

J. L. Richardson, Red Key, Ind., says: "For five months I was confined to my bed, a helpless invalid. I almost went crazy. Twenty-five hours passed without a passage of the urine. The doctors began to take the water from me with a catheter. They did this once a day for fifty days. Finally my doctor told me my time was up. The next day a friend advised me to take Doan's Kidney Pills. When I had used five boxes, I got out of bed and improved until entirely well. For five years I have not had the slightest trouble."



"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. a box at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Awakening.

Dignified mother of prospective bride (to social editor)—And little Dorothea, sister of the bride, who is to be flower girl, will be dressed like a Dresden shepherdess, with golden crook festooned with rosebuds and— Young voice from the stairway—Ma, where is the washrag?—Judge.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favored family laxative.

The spoke of the wheel which creaketh most, doth not bear the greatest burden in the cart.—Thomas Fuller.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

When a cyclone gets busy with a man's property it's an awful blow.

STOMACH WEAK?
Too much depends upon the stomach to allow this condition to continue. You can tone, strengthen and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels by the use of **HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**. TRY IT TODAY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PIPO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS