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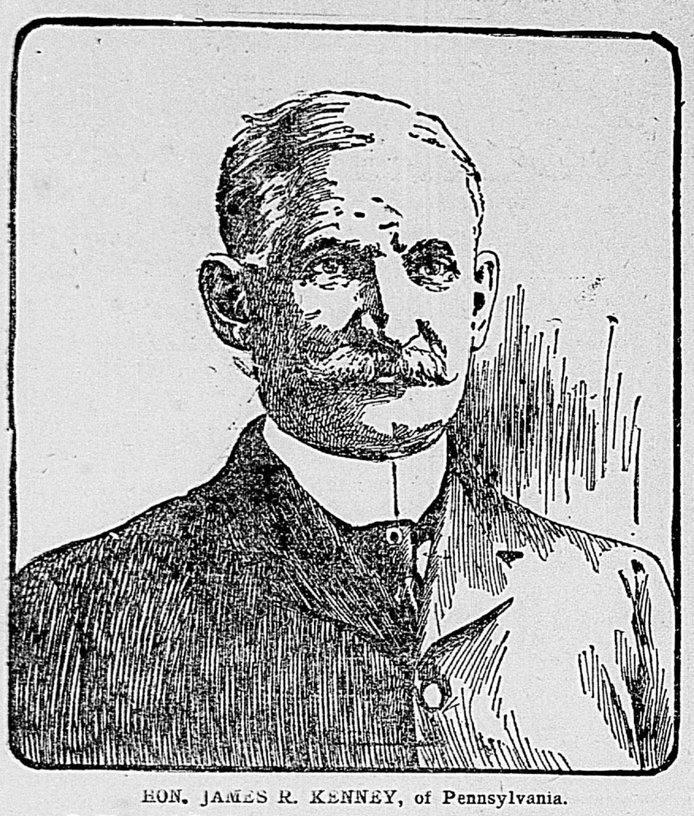

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Ex-Mayor of Reading, Pa., noted orator, author, and scientist.

"I can honestly and conscientiously say, from my long experience in dealing with people, and from my personal acquaintanee with many of the most prominent men in this country, that there is no other one thing which will help me so mnch in life as a thorough knowledge of Personal Magnetism," says Hon. James R. Kenney, "and for this reason I accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Distribution of Works on Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism for the American College of Sciences of Philadelphia.

"The real secrets of Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism have always been jealously guarded by the few who knew them and kept them from the masses of the people. One who understands these sciences has an inestimable advantage in the race of life. I want to put this information in the hands of every ambitious man and woman in this country.

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# RIPANS.

I began to get headaches and sour stomach in the morning. I would vomit and have a nasty taste in my mouth. The young man in the drugstore told me to try Ripans Tabules. I took them regularly, and now I feel entirely cured. I was astonished, and so were my friends.

**At Druggists.**

The Five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cts., contains a supply for a year.


# VERY THRIFTY PLACE

**SOMETHING ABOUT COLON AND ITS POLYGLOT POPULATION.**

## PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET AWAY.

**Panama Railway and Its Ironclad Monopoly—Canal is Overgrown With Vegetation—The Negroes, Chinese, and Half-Breeds—A Miniative Army—People Go to Church Frequently, But Spend More Time in Drinking.**

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

PANAMA, February 10.—It was rather a pity that while the Titanic forces were at work in the building of the North and South American continents they did not wrench them clear apart instead of leaving the narrow isthmus of land which looks so small upon the map, but which is sufficient to change the channels of trade of the whole world.

It is but thirty-five miles between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans on the narrow land across the Isthmus of Panama. The attempt to unite the waters of the two oceans nearly wrecked a great European nation financially, and has been the subject of discussion in the Parliaments of the world for half a century. Across this isthmus is the great highway of the world's commerce. Even the population has no nationality, for it is polyglot. No one stays there who can get away. It is the abiding place of such human drift as lodges there and the last resting place of the many who have come from afar off full of health, strength, and hope to fight an unequal duel with nature in her most vicious and insanitary mood. For a century the control of the Isthmus of Panama has been the subject of ultimatum, threats, and treaties not for its favor, but for the danger to the world Powers in the exclusive possession of this highway by one of their number. It must also be a property in common over which any one nation cannot hold a right to the exclusion of others. By common consent of all it is ruled by the United States of Colombia. She acts as caretaker of the bridge. Her pay is the security of her possession and the right to tax the native, for all foreigners pass without toll.

THE TRADE OF COLON.

Like the ribs of a fan come the steamships lines across the Atlantic to Colon on the north side of the isthmus. The trade they bring across to the Pacific, then divides and flows north and south, following closely the coast line. Some reaches as far north as San Francisco; more as far south as Valparaiso. In return come back the bullion, hard woods, coffee, rubber, and other native products, and they in turn go out on the ribs of the fan to all parts of the world.

Colon is a miserable place. At one time it was quite presentable, but a fire destroyed its one business block, and as the Panama Railroad Company did not need it in its business it has not been rebuilt. The town is not drained, has no sanitary provision, no drinking water fit to use, and a traveller cannot get a decent meal for any price.

From Colon starts the railroad which crosses the isthmus to the town of Panama on the Pacific side. All the business of Colon is railroad business. Any claims it may have to decency, good government, or civilization are due to the rather effective and modern American management of the Panama railroad. There is quite a colony of railroad employees, nearly all Americans, and the traveller who is fortunate enough to penetrate the confines of this colony will find them a hospitable lot of people who make the best of a bad situation and really succeed in living in comparative comfort. A few of them have successfully fought off the fever for many years, others have it more or less nearly all the time, and others can only stand it by a yearly trip to the United States to get rid of the malaria, which seems to impregnate everybody and everything. Many have fallen in this wearisome and unequal battle, and Monkey Hill, the town cemetery, is seldom many days without an addition to its silent colony, the intervals between the coming depending upon the seasons.

STORY OF THE PAST.

The real story of Colon lies in the past, first when the railroad was building, forty years ago and then again in the eighties, when the Frenchmen were spending the money of the canal company with prodigal hand. To-day the town of Colon is dirty and uninteresting. The stranger expresses his disgust. The old resident admits he may be right, but hastens to add, "Ah, but you should have been here in 1886. Then it was a fine place. Money flowed like water; men died like flies," etc. Colon lives in the past, with its few old-timers. The newcomers live in the hopes of the future. Outside of the railroad interests it is now merely the point of departure for Panama, and he who departs is generally well satisfied to do so.

Residents of the isthmus are prone to boast of the fact that to them alone of all the people on the two American Continents the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic. This is almost literally true during the season of the year when the sun is farthest south. The Panama railroad line in going from Colon to Panama extends to the south or a little east of south. This fact, assisted by the curve of the isthmus before it joins the Continents on either side, really does bring the sun up in the morning over Pacific waters and it sets above the shore line of the Caribbean Sea.

The railroad is about forty-seven miles long, the distance on air line being about thirty-five miles. The rails follow the low ground and reach the divide by very easy grades. Naturally the projected Panama canal has practically paralleled the railroad in seeking for the lowest level. The railroad itself is well equipped with modern American rolling stock and is above standard gauge, the width between the rails being five feet. As in all Spanish-speaking countries, there is a first and second-class fare, with coaches to correspond. The first-class coach is the ordinary American day coach, and the second-class is similar, except that the seats consists of benches along the sides of the car. The fare across the forty-seven miles is $1 in gold and 3 cents a pound for all baggage. In the palmy days of the isthmus the fare used to be $25 in gold. By the terms of the railroad concessions, no one, not even the government, can build even a wagon road across the isthmus, so he who must cross must ride on a train or else walk the ties.

COMPLETE MONOPOLY.

The consequence of this arrangement is that there is no wagon road across and few walk. On each side of the track is a well-worn bridle path, along which the train frequently meets cavalcades of the small native horses used as saddle and pack animals. It is slow progress, however, and such traffic is seldom "through." It is only carried on between local points on the road.

Just as the train leaves Colon it passes to the left of the mouth of the Panama canal. The quick growing tropical vegetation has covered the earthwork and the banks of the canal, so that it now looks like a sluggish river, centuries old, emptying to the Bay of Limon. The point at the mouth of the canal is called Christobal Colon, and it is there that Count de Lesseps built for himself and his friends the houses which cost the company millions of dollars, where the real value was in thousands, and which to-day are abandoned to the bats and insects which swarm in the forests of the isthmus.

The groups of buildings at the stopping places along the railroad are inhabited by a conglomerate mass of humanity apparently scraped up from all corners of the earth. The storekeepers and more prosperous looking seem to be mostly Chinamen, while the mob is Jamaica negro unadulterated. The Spanish-speaking native is a small factor in this motly assembly. The Chinaman is largely in evidence. He is generally a trader and nearly always prosperous. He speaks Spanish more often than English, though generally both. He marries into the foreign element where he wills, and the cross between a Jamaica negro and a Chinaman produces some of the most remarkable looking children to be seen the world over. A mulatto-colored, slant-eyed, Spanish-speaking infant is hard to classify.

The railroad is seldom more than a few yards from the line of the canal, and for a distance of 16 miles from Colon, with the help of the Chagres river, it may be said to present quite a navigable appearance. The water is full of sharks and alligators, and near every settlement the native laundry is in operation along its banks. The women stand in the up to their knees and wash the clothes in the running stream. These washerwomen seldom have more than a skirt on, and the train often surprises a group in their labors where everything in the line of clothing has been temporarily discarded.

At Empire, 34 miles from Colon and 13 miles from Panama, the train enters the range of hills through which the great Culebre cut of the Panama canal is being made, and no tourist has ever crossed this line without being impressed with the enormous amount of dirt which has actually been moved and the still greater amount to be removed before the bottom of the cut is near enough to the level of the sea for canal purposes. An impressive feature of every side track and railroad yard is the endless amount of machinery standing idle, left there by the old canal company when it stopped work 10 years ago. Trains of locomotives, miles of dump cars, rows of sheds, under which lie acres of engines, hoists, and everything else conceivable with which dirt can be moved. Nearly of it looks foreign to American eyes and unfortunately much of it has been rendered obsolete by later inventions.

A CITY OF ODOR.

From the Culebre cut the roadbed drops rapidly down again to the level of the Pacific coast country. It winds in and out between the hills. The white buildings of Panama glint in the bright sun at the far end of the valley and beyond them the blue islands of Navos and Toboga in the Pacific ocean seem as another range of hills far away on the mainland.

The traveller is brought to a realizing sense of something besides blue hills, however, as the train nears the town, for the railroad enters Panama through the most squalid section of that large and picturesque city. The squalor might be endured for the instant necessary, but the odors which accompany it can never be forgotten. They are energetic, all-pervading, and indescribably vicious, and insanitary.

It would be hard to find any linguistic fault with the hotel, for in the office is an Italian clerk, in the dining room Spanish waiters, the bill of fare is written in French, and what nationality the cooks are cannot be told by their products. These produce "loss of appetite, heartburn, lack of vitality, and that tired feeling," which, supposedly, precede the purchase of a bottle of some patent compound. With a French bill of fare which the Spanish waiter cannot read, an English guest who can neither read the bill of fare nor understand what the waiter says, the result is that the English guest takes what he can get, is glad to get anything at all, and finds his amusement in identifying his polyglot dish as some old familiar friend met with at all railway eating houses and country hotels in the States.

Panama is a large, irregular and rather well-built city. After the pirate Morgan raided old Panama, looted the houses and destroyed what he could not carry away, the people took the precaution to retreat to the end of the split of land on which the city it built and erected a great stone wall about the town. On three sides the sea washes the foot thereof and on the land side a moat was dug and the drawbridge was lifted at the first sign of an approaching enemy. To-day the seawall still stands, though there are picturesque breaches in it, but the land wall is either down or else has been incorporated into some building, for the town has overflowed its old boundaries and it is difficult to trace them. These walls may have seemed impregnable to the Panamalans o fthe sixteenth century, but modern gunnery would make a before-breakfast job of their total destruction.

WARFARE OF LOVE.

The battle now carried on along the old sea wall is one of love, which is not always one of peace, however. Here the maidens come in groups as the sun drops into the Pacific behind the beautiful Island of Toboga. They slowly walk along the broad esplanade back of the wall and in twos and threes the young men of the town walk arm in arm near by and exchange glances and audible comment. This old sea wall of Panama is still very useful as the social usages of the isthmus are very strict, and before marriage there is no interval of lovmaking except at long range, and then only under the stern maternal eye.

The important business of the day is done in the morning. By 11 o'clock everyone has gone to breakfast. The stores are closed, the streets are deserted, and it is 3 o'clock in the afternoon before there are any signs of renewed life. The railroad employees and the foreign element make a pretence of longer hours, but it is merely a pretence after all, for business proceeds but slowly. Toward evening the scene becomes quite animated. The parks and plazas are filled with children and their nurses, well-dressed men and women saunter about. Groups of men talk business and politics, largely the latter, with many words and expressive gestures. "Panama must be free from Colombia. It has no connection. Nothing could be done to stop a revolution."

"Why is it not free?"

"Ah, the United States protects the sovereignty of Colombia on the isthmus. That is why. But for that in thirty days we would have a new republic. The republic of Panama."

The streets of Panama are narrow and crooked. Business is done on the ground floor of the houses, but every one who can lives upstairs. Many churches are filled with worshippers on Sunday and on feast days. Many more churches are in ruins from the effects of the fire or the attacks of time, upon the soft rock walls and arches. The main cathedral is very large and very high. Its architecture is similar to that of all like buildings in the Spanish countries. In the outer surface of the towers are set mosaics of oyster shells, which glisten brightly in the sun, and over the main entrance just inside is a genuine Murillo, for which rumor has it the Bishop has refused $30,000.

A PROSPEROUS PRELATE.

The Bishop of Panama plays an important part in the life of this community, for he has great influence with the government and still greater with the people. He is a jolly-looking gentleman, who does not allow the severities of his religion to interfere with his bodily comfort, judging from the comfortable rotundy of his person. He is a heavy stockholder in the lottery and in other things which are profitable, and his help is always needed to get a real choice concession from the government. The people of Panama are good church-goers. Some of the priests take pointers from the Bishop in the science of good living, but there are others who have that lean and hungry look which bespeaks asceticism, perhaps.

Early on Sunday morning the church bells begin to ring and the people are coming and going from prayers the whole day long. Before breakfast the Colombian army, in full-dress, which means with their boots on, goes to church accompanied by the military brass band. The band takes its station in the gallery and the 600 or more soldiers, in two columns, enter on either side of the church. The band furnishes the music, and it is not bad, but is far from the character which might be expected of the occasion. Prayers are said to the liveliest airs from "Olivette," "Fatinitza," and other light operas. The effect is pretty and novel, but not inspiring of great awe and reverence. The soldiers remain in the church about a half hour and then return to the barracks. The several hundred people who have been in the church also leave. They are mostly women, and as they leave the cathedral and cross the plaza they are met by a large crowd of young men, who line the walks of the park and stand ready to flirt if given the slightest encouragement. The Panamaian girls use their eyes very skilfully.

PANAMA'S FINEST.

The soldiers of the army of the United States of Colombia are a fairly likely-looking lot of men, but as they are nearly all conscripts, there is little esprit du corps. The officers are young men kept out of political mischief by commissions in the army. Their duties are very light and their chief ambition seems to be a new affaire de'amour. The police of Panama are uniformed like the New York finest. An ex-police captain from New York was employed at a handsome salary to instruct and drill them in modern police ways, and he seems to have succeeded fairly well, as the Panama policeman, while slight of physique, presents outwardly a very neat appearance, and is onto every device known to the New York force for extracting blackmail from a victim.

A foreign Mayor was recently appointed in Panama and his economics were so vigorous that the entire police force went on a strike and the city was temporarily without protection. An appeal was made to the Governor and the soldiers were promptly organized into a police patrol and scattered about the city. They acted as such until a compromise was reached and the bluecoats again resumed their saunterings. It is a comical sight when some big American or Britisher attempts to make things lively in the streets. The police are called up to arrest him, but they have had experience and never make the attempt single handed. Fifteen or twenty of them are called together. They simply swarm over the foreigner until he is buried under the bluecoats, and they triumphantly lead away the Goliath, who has probably crippled several of them before he was overcome.

CLIMATE NOT SO BAD.

The climate of Panama is not especially healthy, but it is not so bad as its repution would lead one to believe. At the end and at the beginning of the rainy season fever is very prevalent and the city is really never free from it, but if the voyager will observe the ordinary rules of prudence and refrain from drinking the city water there is little danger of contracting any disease. During the yellow-fever epidemic no one knows who is to go next, and the pernicious malaria is nearly as bad, if not worse, in its deadly effects. Sickness was undoubtedly more prevalent during canal construction than now, for then there were more people, regulations were impossible, those who came took little care of themselves, and hospital accommodations were limited. Now the people regulate their lives to the climate, the doctors understand the fever, the hospital facilities are fine, and life in Panama is no more dangerous than in other places so near the Equator and struggling with Spanish indifference to laws of sanitation.

There is a constant stream of travel through Panama en route to the west coast of South America between South America and the United States and Europe. Several lines of steamers handle this traffic and the register of the "Grand Central" at Panama is as cosmopolitan a work as a trip around the world. Mining interests, rubber, hardwoods, and even foreign politics are here represented, for it is a dull day in the lobby when an ex-ruler of some country or other is not sitting in the cafe in exile from his native land.

The employees of the Panama railroad do more work than any others, but as one man remarked: "We don't do much. We earn our salaries staying here," and, after all, perhps they do. The foreigner who has adopted Panama as his home rises early in the morning. After his coffee he takes a drink, brandy, perhaps. With his breakfast he takes wine, between breakfast and dinner more drinks. At dinner more wine. After dinner a liquor. After the liquor more drink, until bedtime.

VETERANS OF THE BOTTLE.

There is more drinking in Panama among those who have the price than in any place on the two Continents, and the newcomer who attempts to keep the pace with the seasoned veterans will rue the day. The Panama men will tell you that more men have died from too much drinking in Panama than ever died of the fever, and from what one sees this is not difficult to believe. It is probably true. Some—a few only—confine themselves to the class of drinks known as "frescoes"—mineral waters, kola, and other soft drinks. Ice is to be had, but it is scarce and expensive. In the hotel the refrigerator is guarded as a safe would be, and it is only the head clerk who is trusted to chip off the infinitesimal piece allowed each customer, and serve it to him on a saucer.

The insects of the night, the heat of the day, and the discomforts of the menu are all forgotten, however, when comes the cool of the early evening. Then the lights are soft, the tropical foliage of the parks is exquisitely beautiful. The falling shadows soften the lines of buildings and hide the dirt of a people who live but for the day. The youth and beauty of the town finds its way to the public thoroughfare, to the sea wall, or to the short trolley line, with its open cars. It is the social hour, the hour for love-making and all the pleasant things of life, and it is then that life in Panama does not seem so very bad after all.

As the evening progresses the sound of the tom-tom drums of the natives in the lower quarter of the city becomes louder and louder. The streets are quickly deserted, the cafes fill up with revivified humanity, and it seems a senseless thing to do to leave it all and go to bed, but to wake up again to another round of heat and discomforts, but then, there is always the next evening to look forward to. It is the one hope of a long and tiresome day.

J. D. WHEEPLEY.

**Items of Interest.**

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw never eats a meal away from home if he can help it.

Dr. Butler declined fourteen offers before he accepted the preidency of Columbia University.

Bishop Potter's clerical following in regard to local-option in New York is rapidly increasing.

Senator Teller always weeps while delivering a speech in the Senate he deems unusually effective.

Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, now Mrs. Hoxie, will leave Washington to make her home in St. Paul.

The new brick building at Harvard to be devoted to philosophy, will be named after Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The average depth of the Texas spouting oil is a few feet more than a thousand, and the height to which the oil is ejected 60 to 200 feet.

The champion organ blower, in point of service, has been found to be 72-year-old Joshua Savall, who, without a single absence, has pumped the organ of Plymouth church, in Brooklyn, for the last thirty-seven years.

A new Haven woman who built a "spite fence" to keep workmen in a factory next door from making goo-goo eyes at her windows, must put ground-glass windows in the fence to afford light to the factory. So the court says.

The step taken by the British post-office authorities in announcing the dispatch of a mail to Pitcairn Island resulted in the sending of six bags of letters, papers, books, etc., for the lonely islanders—probably the largest mail ever sent to them.

A gasoline motor ash-wagon is to be tried by the Department of Street Cleaning in the city of New York. The wagon will have a capacity of about six cubic yards, and will be tested in a district where the hauls are long. The wagon is not yet built.

An electric track railway, with a gauge of forty inches, part of the track raised nine and a half inches above the towing path, is being tested with satisfactory results on the Finow canal, between Berlin and Stettin. The boats can be made heavier than those drawn by horses.


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**SUITS TO ORDER $20.**

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