

A CITY OF FLOWERS

Vienna, So Called, for They're in Evidence Everywhere.

Historic Place Has Few Pretty Women, but is Famed for the Grandeur of the Austrian Army Officers.

Vienna.—Vienna has been called the city of flowers, for flowers are to be seen everywhere. Even around the trolley poles little boxes have been erected and filled with flowers. One reason that the flowers look so bright and beautiful is the contrast they make with the black looking buildings, and how the pansies, geraniums and roses glow against these dull backgrounds. The reason the buildings of Vienna are so dirty looking is that it is the dustiest city in the world, the wind never ceasing to blow.



Statue of the Madonna, Vienna.

Even at Schonbrunn the dust wheels along its avenues in clouds, dulling everything.

Vienna is supposed to have the most beautiful women in the world, or at least the most stylish ones, but we looked for them in vain. In street costume the Viennese women looked very ordinary, nothing compared to our New York women, nor to the Parisian women, nor even to the Roman women. When at the opera they looked as Percival Pollard would say, "very, very, German."

But if the women were a disappointment to us, words can hardly express the grandeur of the Austrian army officers that are so plentiful in Vienna. They are simply grand!

At the opera they all wear their uniforms and stand up during the intermission to give the poor commoners a look—for a cat may still look at a king.

It is the ambition of most Austrian and German girls to marry an army officer, for it gives them quite a position in society. She knows that in nine cases out of ten her home life is sure to be unhappy, but that is of small consequence compared with the social position she gains as the wife of an officer.

In the center of both ancient and modern Vienna rises the Church of St. Stephan, one of the most famous churches in the world. What was once a field around her is now occupied by shops and stores. The church is very beautiful inside, and contains many treasures, but her most priceless possession is the miraculous picture, known as Maria von Pötsch. It was painted in 1676 by a Hungarian, and instead of being installed in a Roman Catholic church it was by some mistake hung in a Greek Catholic one. Some days after its hanging the picture began to weep. Its fame spread far and near and people came from everywhere to carry home the precious tears as a sacred relic. It only ceased weeping when it was rescued by the Catholics and hung in St. Stephan's church.

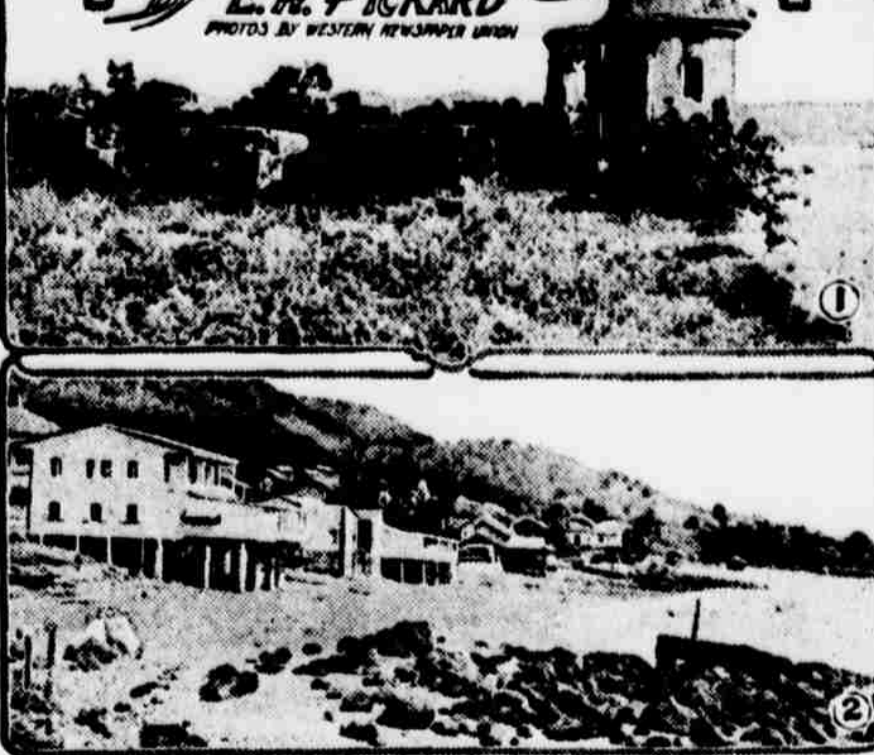
Near St. Stephan's is that famous street, the Graten. It is a short street, only a few squares long, but it is a favorite resort of the Viennese. In the center of the street cafes have been erected and they are always full of loungers. In the middle of the street is the column to the Trinity erected as a thanksgiving for the escape of the city from the terrible plague in 1678.

One of the most enjoyable spots in Vienna is the Folk's garden. It is always filled with little children at play. Here they have glorious times, skipping rope, rolling hoops and flying kites. It is very fashionable in Vienna to dress children alike. Sometimes a whole family of five or six children will have dresses just alike. It is a quaint and pretty custom.

Vienna has always been considered a city of art, and has produced many famous artists and musicians. A monument has lately been erected to the artist, Schwind. Schwind was a great friend of Schubert's and his inseparable companion. He is best known as an illustrator of fairy tales and many of his paintings hang in the Schack gallery in Munich. They are delightful little, queerly done sketches, full of imagination and poetry.

In the last few years the "Secession" movement in art has been very vigorous. Its literary mouthpiece, the Ver Sacrum, has been a much-read paper.

TABOGA ISLAND AND PORTO BELLO



1—Remains of One of the Spanish Forts at Porto Bello. 2—Native Village on Taboga Island.

"Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches Where orange and mango and pineapple grow. One wanders through Eden to ocean-washed beaches— An Eden that only the sun-children know."

Thus James S. Gilbert, the late lamented poet of Panama, wrote of Taboga Island. It was so enticing that I determined to be one of the sun-children for a day or two and so steamed away in a little launch twelve miles out into the Pacific to that beauty spot. It is all that Mr. Gilbert called it, and more, and it is no wonder that the sanitarium, established there by the French canal company and reopened by the Americans, is so well patronized. If you are a canal employe—white—and have been ill, the doctor may be kind enough to send you over to Taboga for two weeks to recuperate. If you are a mere visitor you can put up at the unpretentious little hotel conducted by William Jones, the American six-footer who looks like a miner and dances like a cotillon leader. In either case you will be fortunate, for you will find those "verdure-clad slopes" gorgeous with flowers and alive with brilliant birds, and the "ocean-washed beaches," the finest places in the world for a swim. You can sail about the pretty bays with the native fishermen, or you can climb up the hills where the boys are vociferously driving the kine home to be milked, or you can merely lie in the shade and dream dreams of the Spanish galleons and the buccaneers. A more delightful place for rest and the repair of shattered nerves would be hard to find.

Taboga has a history, too, small as it is. De Luque, the second bishop of Panama, looked upon the island, saw that it was good and established there his country residence. In fact he maintained a household there the year round, for, like many another churchman of the old days, he did not adhere closely to the rule of celibacy. His memory is preserved by a bathing place in a stream that runs down the mountain side, called the Bishop's Pool. It was reserved for the use of him and his retinue. Above it is the Family Pool, for women and children, and still higher up is the Pool of the Letters, for the men. The last one derives its name from the inscription "J. F. R., Ohio" carved on a near-by rock. This is a reminder that in 1852 the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., crossed the isthmus en route for garrison duty in California, having sailed from New York on the United States mail steamer Ohio. Cholera was prevalent at the time in Panama and the American soldiers and the sailors from the Ohio were attacked by the disease, about eighty of them dying. Some of the sick were left on Taboga island to recover, and evidently one of them did recover sufficiently to climb up to the bathing pool and leave the record that is a mystery to the native inhabitants of this day. Incidentally U. S. Grant, then a captain, was with the Fourth Infantry on that trip.

If you climb up the hill, following this stream most of the way, you will come to a place at the summit of a pass called Las Cruces. There, set in cement, are three small crosses commemorating the most exciting incident in the island's history. According to a Spanish work written early in the last century, a shipload of Peruvian pirates came sailing up the coast in 1815 and decided Taboga was a good place to loot. They landed and drove the small Spanish garrison out of the village and up the mountain. But in the pass the soldiers rallied, the inhabitants came to their assistance and then, says the chronicler, a most bloody combat raged for hours. Finally the pirates were routed and fled to their ship, leaving three men dead on the field of battle!

The isthmus reeks with history, some of the most interesting passages of which have to do with Porto Bello. But the visitor who goes there with mind full of the mighty fights and great trade of the old

Spanish days will be woefully disappointed by the town as it now is. Romance, commerce, everything attractive has fled long ago from that place and Porto Bello is nothing but a dirty, immoral little village, full of low cantinas, slatternly natives and mangy curs. At each side of the town is the ruin of a Spanish fort, its picturesque masonry marred by fishermen's nets and the local washings hung up to dry.

Thus the work of man has decayed, but Nature is as kind as ever to Porto Bello. Its bottle-shaped harbor is one of the prettiest to be found, with promontories guarding the entrance, beautiful hills on both sides and entrancing little rivers meandering down from the mountains and through the jungle into its upper end. One hill opposite the town boasts the remains of three unusually interesting Spanish forts. One is at the water's edge, another several hundred yards up the slope, and these two were once connected by a covered stone stairway the ruins of which still provide the easiest means of ascending. On the summit of the hill is the third fort, a mighty square tower surrounded by a deep moat. The walls are almost intact but the roof has fallen in and the fortress is full of trees and shrubbery.

With these three forts, two others protecting the harbor entrance, the two at the ends of the town and another just above it, Porto Bello might well seem to have been impregnable, yet it was taken twice by the English. Sir Francis Drake planned to capture it in 1596, but just as his ships were about to begin the attack Drake died and was buried in the mouth of the harbor. Dispirited by the loss of their leader, the English sailed away, but Capt. William Parker took up the project in 1602. With two ships he got past the first forts at night and after a desperate fight captured and sacked the city, carrying off 10,000 ducts' worth of plunder.

The second taking of Porto Bello was the first notable exploit of Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, as an independent commander of a fleet. Sailing into what is now Colon harbor, he took his men up a river in canoes, landed at a place called Estera Lonza Lemos and marching through the jungle, attacked the city from the rear. First capturing the castle above the town, he shut the garrison in one room and blew them and the fort to pieces with gunpowder. The governor, the citizens and the rest of the soldiers, surprised and terror-stricken, were soon driven into one of the other forts and for hours they bravely withstood the assaults of the buccaneers until, as Esquemeling tells us, Captain Morgan began to despair of the whole success of the enterprise. Finally he had a number of ladders made and forced the priests and nuns whom he had captured to set them up against the walls. Many of these poor creatures were killed by the defenders, but at last the ladders were placed and the buccaneers swarmed up them carrying fireballs and pots of powder which they kindled and hurled among the Spaniards. The garrison surrendered at discretion, but the gallant governor defended himself so obstinately that the English were forced to kill him. Morgan remained in Porto Bello several weeks, plundering the place and torturing the citizens to induce them to reveal the hiding places of their riches.

Though an important place in the transshipment of gold from the west coast of South America, Porto Bello never was a large town, but for several weeks each year it was very populous. This was at the time of the annual fair, when the galleons from Spain were in the harbor waiting for the mule trains to bring the gold from Panama. Then merchants and adventurers from all that part of the world gathered in the village and trade was brisk in the big building now called the custom house, whose ruined walls still are standing. Merchandising, drinking and fighting divided the time until the galleons set sail for Spain with their golden cargoes.

LITTLE GIRL LOST FIVE DAYS

Found Alive After Big Searching Party Had Given Up Hope of Seeing Her.

Cobalt, Ont.—Grace Cooper, a five-year-old child, who was lost on Burnt Island, which lies in Lake Timiskaming midway between Ontario and Quebec, and about three miles from Haileybury, where her mother lives, was found alive and well, five days and three hours after her disappearance. The child was found by C. H. Burton and John McLennan of Haileybury on the east shore of the island, about two miles from the camp from which she had strayed. Her head was resting on a log and her feet on another, and caught in this position she had evidently been unable to free herself.

A searching party of 88 men, all familiar with the bush, left Haileybury on the steamer Meteor for the purpose of making an exhaustive search of the island. The whole forenoon was spent in a most systematic search, but when every bush and nook and cranny had been thoroughly examined on that side of the island toward which she had been straying, and no trace of the missing child had been seen, practically all hope was abandoned.

The south end of the island had been scoured by hundreds of people, and it was thought useless to conduct a search in that quarter, and the afternoon was devoted to searching the western shore in both directions and dynamiting for the body.

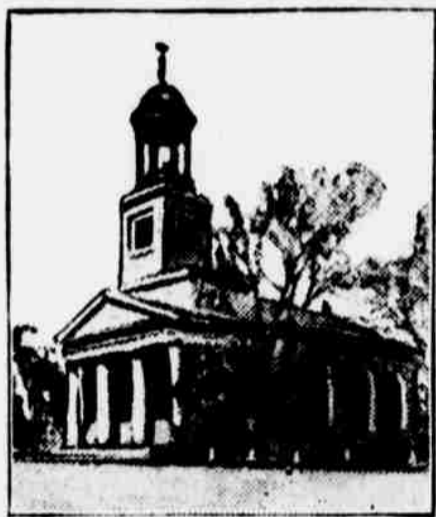
Meanwhile Burton and McLennan had quietly made for the other side of the island on their own account, and in searching around there they found Grace at the foot of a cliff about two feet from the water.

How the child reached the other side of the island and was found alive is a mystery. The bush in many places is almost impenetrable to a strong man.

2 PRESIDENTS BURIED HERE

Remains of John Quincy Adams and His Son Lie in Quincy (Mass.) Church.

Quincy, Mass.—Lying in granite chambers under the portico of First Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass., are the mortal remains of two of the country's most famous presidents, John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams. Visited by travelers from all over the world, this church is one of the most popular points of interest in the historic old city, rivaled only by the quaint, old-fashioned houses a mile or so away, where the two presidents were born. The tombs are built into the solid foundation of the front wall. A direct walk to them through the church basement has been made and the massive sarcophagi are to be viewed through a door of open iron work. Beside the presidents, the tombs contain the remains of their



Unitarian Church, Quincy, Mass.

wives, Abigail and Louis Catherine. The old stone church was dedicated in 1828 and scores of illustrious men and women have worshipped there. John Quincy Adams occupied the "president's pew" whenever he was in town, and later the same pew was held by his son, Charles Francis Adams, minister to England during the Civil war.

On each side of the great mahogany pulpit is a tablet, honoring the memory of the two presidents, father and son. Other tablets now on the walls and still others to be added will make this church a sort of Bay state Westminster abbey.

TELL OF WIERD INCARNATION

Instance of Death of Young Girl and Birth of Child Much Resembling Her.

Rome.—The journal "Filosofia della Scienza" publishes a lengthy article by Professor Calderone dealing with an extraordinary case of "reincarnation" in the family of a Sicilian doctor named Carmelo Samona.

Doctor Samona and his wife lost their five-year-old daughter, Alessandrina. A short time afterward, at a spiritualistic seance, the dead child was alleged to have told her mother that she would be reborn on Christmas day in the following year. At a second seance she announced, "There will be two of us; myself and another."

On Christmas day, fourteen months after the date of the last seance, Signora Samona gave birth to twins, both girls, marks identical with marks on the face of the dead child, and after a year, commenced to manifest exactly the same moral and physical tendencies.

The two children are now two years old. Professor Calderone's statements are confirmed and signed by a number of persons who were present at the spiritualistic seances.

KEY WAS UNDER DOOR MAT

Important Information for Which Conductor of Indianapolis Car Held the Passengers.

The South East street car was hurrying on its way toward the end of the line. Near the ten hundred block the single line branches out into a switch. The cars slow up and the passengers, generally known personally by the conductor, often have time to exchange pleasantries as the cars pass. A German woman was on the car coming downtown the other day. As the car slid on the switch and started to pass the other she got up excitedly and waved toward the car headed for the end of the line. "Oh, Charlie! Oh, Charlie!" she shouted at a youth on the other car, evidently her son, on his way home. Charlie did not catch the signal at first, and the cars gathered speed.

"Charlie! Charlie!" came the voice, this time more insistent. Then Charlie looked around and saw the other car going off the switch, with the woman still waving excitedly.

The motorman was aroused by this time and, thinking that the summons was urgent, stopped the car and Charlie jumped off and made a bee-line for mother.

She met him at the door. "I just wanted to say that the key is under the mat at the back door!" she yelled. And Charlie jumped off, waved at his conductor and caught his car amid the cheers of the other passengers.—Indianapolis News.

Interesting Beginning

A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commencement exercises.

"Well," she sighed happily. "I am an A B now. Of course you have a degree?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I am only a B."

The fair grad pondered. The degree was puzzling.

"Why, what is that?" she asked.

"Bachelor," he said.—New York Times.

Forty Years in Style

City Cousin—But, Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grandfather wore those at least 40 years ago.

Country Cousin—That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party who saw him in them, do you?

Its Advantages

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." "Then it never becomes a moss-baker, either."

SUFFERED AWFUL PAINS

For Sixteen Years, Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Moretown, Vermont.—"I was troubled with pains and irregularities for sixteen years, and was thin, weak and nervous. When I would lie down it would seem as if I was going right down out of sight into some dark hole, and the window curtains had faces that would peep out at me, and when I was out of doors it would seem as if something was going to happen. My blood was poor, my circulation was so bad I would be like a dead person at times. I had female weakness badly, my abdomen was sore and I had awful pains.



"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash and they certainly did wonders for me. My troubles disappeared and I am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. W. F. SAWYER, River View Farm, Moretown, Vermont.

Another Case

Gifford, Iowa.—"I was troubled with female weakness, also with displacement. I had very severe and steady headache, also pain in back and was very thin and tired all the time. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am cured of these troubles. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. IMA MILLER-SLAGLE, Gifford, Iowa.

Quite Simple

"I know why Jupiter changed himself into a bull for Europa."

"Why?" "Because he wanted to steer things his way."

Many a man puts his foot in it when he attempts to stand on his dignity.

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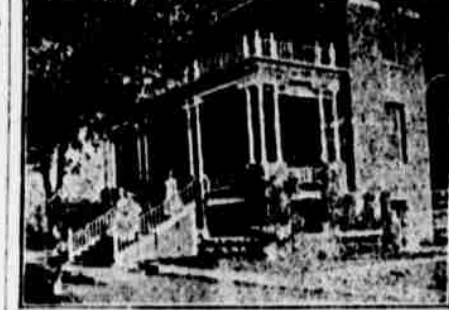
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