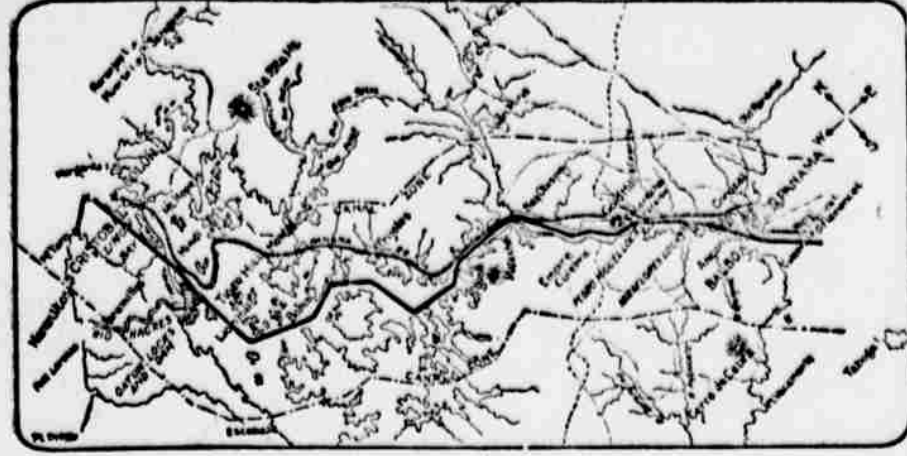


FIRST THROUGH the PANAMA CANAL

By E. N. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—I am going to take you through the completed Panama canal on the first vessel to pass across the isthmus from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. True, the canal is not yet completed, and will not be for a year or so, but that shall not prevent our making the trip now—on paper.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, on an ocean liner approaching the Atlantic or northern entrance of the great canal, prepared to enjoy this initial trip and to wonder at the sights in store for us. In that word "northern" lies the first surprise for many of the passengers who did not know that the canal runs not from east to west, but from northwest to southeast. This seeming anomaly is due to the fact that the Isthmus of Panama here trends almost east and west.

It is still early morning when a watchful passenger shouts "Land," and all who are up rush to the port rail to gaze upon the hilly, jungly coast of the Isthmus between Porto Bello and Colon. As the steamship plows swiftly through the waters as blue as ever were those of the Mediterranean a cheer goes up from the deck, for we have caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes fluttering above a fringe of cocoanut palms. That marks the location of one of the big forts built to protect the canal in time of war and is on Margarita island, virtually a part of the mainland. Colon, flat and unpicturesque, now comes into view, and directly ahead of us an immense breakwater stretches a mile out from the shore on the right. At its land end, on Toro point, is another fort whose great guns are masked by the tropical foliage.

Now we have virtually entered the canal, for the 500-foot channel extends far out from the shore line. At reduced speed we enter Colon harbor and the Bay of Limon and steam past the pretentious Washington hotel, Uncle Sam, proprietor; the docks of Colon, crowded with shipping from the United States, Europe and many a port of Latin America, and the American town of Cristobal on whose water front stands the statue of Columbus sent over long years ago by the Empress Eugenie. Skipping about the bay, looking like long, black water beetles, are the cayucas or native dug-outs, and moving lazily before the sea breeze are the little sailing craft in which the queer San Blas Indians are bringing their products to market.

Four miles and a half we steam through Limon bay and the shores narrow in on our 500-foot channel, still at tide level. Now look ahead three miles and get a glimpse of the Gatun locks, that tremendous flight of three water steps up which we are to be lifted. In a few minutes we reach the towering dividing wall of concrete, our own power is shut off and the electric locomotives on the lock walls take us in tow. Four of these powerful machines attach their hawsers to our ship, two in front to pull it and two astern to keep it steady and to bring it to a stop when entirely within the lock chamber. The immense gates close silently behind us and at once the water begins to flow into the chamber through culverts that have their openings in the concrete floor. Slowly the vessel rises until it is on a level with the second chamber, 23 1/3 feet above sea level, when the gate ahead is opened and the electric mules move forward, this time up a heavy grade by means of the center racks in the tracks. Twice this operation is repeated, and now we are at the summit, 85 feet above the sea. The last gate opens and the locomotives pull us into Gatun lake.

As our propellers begin to turn again and we steam out into this immense, artificial lake, a marvelously beautiful landscape is spread before us. The surface of the lake is dotted with islets, once the summits of Tiger hill, Lion hill and a dozen other eminences; on both sides are steep promontories, lovely little peninsulas and deep bays and inlets where the water has spread into the once jungle-filled valleys.

Before we get too far from the locks, let us step to the starboard rail and have a look at the Gatun dam, enormous stretch of rock, sand and clay that has formed Gatun lake by impounding the waters of the Chagres river. It is in reality a low ridge, one and a half miles long, built across the valley, and when we are told that it is nearly half a mile wide at its base, 400 feet wide at the water surface and 100 feet wide at its crest, which is twenty feet above the level of the lake, how utterly ridiculous seem the fears of those alarmists who predicted the dam would be pushed over by the Chagres in time of flood!

Nearly in the center of the dam we can see the famous spillway through which pass the surplus waters of the Chagres. It is a concrete lined channel 285 feet wide cut through a hill of rock and across it is built a curved dam of concrete on top of which is a row of regulating gates. Just below the spillway, out of our sight, is the hydroelectric station which supplies power for the operation of the entire canal and the lighting of the whole zone.

Our channel through the lake—for we still must follow a path indicated by range towers on the shores—is now a thousand feet wide and leads us somewhat tortuously through a maze of islands. Look down as we near some of them and you will see below the surface the tops of giant trees. For we are sailing over what but a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dense with tropic vegetation and dotted with native villages surrounded by banana and cocoanut plantations. Close to the shores the stouter of the trees still stretch their naked, dead limbs above the water, but before long these, too, will have rotted and fallen, leaving the luxuriant landscape unmarred.

Passing over the sites of Bohio, Frijoles and Chagresito, we now come to the place where Tabernilla once stood, and here both lake and channel narrow down, the latter being first 800, then 700 and finally 500 feet wide. On the hillsides to the right stand a few abandoned houses, all that remains of Mamel, Juan Grande, Gorgona and Matachin, busy places while the canal was building, now covered by the spreading waters. Along the left shore of the channel runs the relocated Panama railway and here at Gamboa it crosses the Chagres river, which our vessel now leaves to enter the far famed Culebra cut. This great gash through the spine of the continent is 300 feet wide at the bottom, but, because of the tremendous earth slides which cost Uncle Sam so much money and time, its width at the top is astonishing, being half a mile just here opposite the town of Culebra. Beyond, on our left, towers Gold hill, 495 feet above the bottom of the canal. Far up on its rocky slope we discern a streak of white paint which marks the level to which the French company carried its excavations. Nearly opposite is Contractor's hill, 304 feet high. As we move between the route, and pass the location of that notorious "cockroach," the Cucaracha slide, the Pedro Miguel lock stands before us, white in the noonday sun. This, a single flight lock, is 20 feet high, the highest on the canal. Again we are taken in tow by electric mules and in less than half an hour we have been lowered those 30 feet and steam into another artificial body of water, Miraflores lake, only a mile long. At its southern end we pass the town of Miraflores and enter the locks of the same name, a double flight that lets us down once more to sea level.

The exciting part of the passage is over, but there is yet much of interest to see. Down the broad channel we look clear out onto the glittering waters of the Pacific ocean. Nearer at hand, on the left, Ancon hill rises its verdure-clad summit, and clustered on its slopes we see the many structures of the big hospital, the new administration buildings of the canal and the barracks of the marines. And now, steaming between filled-in swamp lands, we come to Balboa, which the government has made into a fine naval station, with an immense dry dock and extensive machine shops.

Stretching out from Balboa into the Pacific is a breakwater, two miles long, which protects the harbor from storms. At its outer end is a cluster of little islands, Naos, Perico, Culebra and Flamenco, and here we pass under the powerful guns that guard the Pacific end of the canal. They are mounted high up on the summits of these rock islets, rifled cannon, one shot from which would sink a battleship, and huge mortars whose shells can be dropped behind Tobago island 12 miles away in the direction of Japan.

In ten hours we have crossed through the continent and now float on the broad Pacific. As we look back the picturesque city of Panama lies bathed in the light of the western sun and on the side of Ancon hill shines the big white Tivoli hotel. The sudden night of the tropics is soon to fall, and already, as far back as we can see along our route and beside the ocean channel, are twinkling the lights that Uncle Sam has set up to guide the world's commerce through this most wonderful of canals which he has built.

WANTS HIS LIBERTY

CLAIMS HE IS UNLAWFULLY DEPRIVED OF HIS LIBERTY.

GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL

Items of Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

The supreme court took the case of John O. Walker under advisement. Walker is an Indian convict. He alleges that his sentence expired last April and that he is unlawfully deprived of his liberty. He was serving a sentence of thirty years for murder in the second degree. Governor Aldrich commuted this to ten years' full time, no good allowance to be included. Walter Leese, attorney for the prisoner, argued before the court that the governor has no authority to deprive a convict of good time earned as this allowance is one of the elements of the sentence, being provided for by law. Under the terms of the commutation by the governor, the sentence will not terminate until April or May, 1916. Assistant Attorney General Edgerton contended that the governor had a right to cut off any portion of a sentence, and if he did not have that right the order of commutation issued by Governor Aldrich is void, and the prisoner will be obliged to remain to serve his thirty year sentence unless some other governor shortens the term.

Live Stock Breeders' Directory.

The Nebraska improved live stock breeders' association has recently published a directory of the breeders of fancy live stock in the state of Nebraska who belong to this association. It contains, besides the breeder's name and the kind of stock which he handles, the approximate number which he generally has on hand and also the number which are for sale. Practically every breed of live stock is represented in this little book. The experiment station at Lincoln is constantly receiving inquiries as to who has stock for sale of "such and such a breed." Doubtless the agricultural press of the state also receive many inquiries. This little directory should be a very helpful guide to any prospective purchaser or others interested in live stock. Any one desirous of securing a copy may write to Val Keyser, secretary of the live stock improvers' association, Fairbury, Nebraska.

Opposes Sale and Use of Fireworks.

State Fire Commissioner W. S. Ridgell, who opposes the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July and who has advocated a state law prohibiting the sale of fireworks, will not wait for the next legislature to act, but will try to induce towns and cities to pass ordinances against such sales. "Before the Fourth of July next year," said Mr. Ridgell, "I hope to have the sale of fireworks prohibited in most of the cities and villages in Nebraska. In my opinion it is useless to mourn the loss of life and property resulting from the use of fireworks when wholesalers and retailers are permitted to sell such works of destruction. Cities and towns ought to take the matter up and pass ordinances prohibiting the sale or use of fireworks."

Two hundred and forty-seven parcels of land comprising 27,995 acres in three western Nebraska counties, have never been certified to the proper authorities for taxation purposes according to information just laid before the state board. The matter is being given attention just now and acts of the federal government with regard to final entry on the land in question are being investigated. In the case at hand Morrill county has thirty-two entries, with a total acreage therein of 3,953; Scotts Bluff county, 149 entries, with 17,482 acres, and Sioux county, sixty-six entries, with 6,560 acres. Under the law the land is subject to taxation as soon as the holder obtains full and legal possession thereto.

Adjutant General Hall has added another company to the national guard by mustering in sixty-eight Broken Bow men who want to undergo military training during the coming three years.

Tunis T. Lapp of Lincoln has been appointed state hotel inspector under Commissioner Ackerman. He will take the place just vacated through the resignation of F. W. Brown, Jr.

State Treasurer George is dicker with the state of Tennessee in regard to \$628,000 of Tennessee state bonds which Nebraska owns and which become due July 1. He desires at least \$200,000 cash and is willing to accept the rest in bonds which will net Nebraska 5 1/2 per cent. The original bonds draw 3 per cent.

One hundred and thirty-one thousand men can be mustered in by the state for war service, according to an elaborate computation made by Adjutant General Hall. The greater share of this number have had some military training and would be available under reserve militia provisions. There are seventy-five commissioned officers available for two regiments, which could be gathered up within a short time, all of these having served in the university cadet regiment. The present organized guard of the state consists of 1,200 men and 152 commissioned officers.

BRIEF NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

Hail damaged considerable wheat between Ash Grove and Upland.

The postoffice at Ashby, Neb., has become a domestic money order office. A strong wind blew down part of the \$10,000 Methodist church at Macon.

Farm Demonstrator Liebers is urging Gage county farmers to raise more alfalfa.

Omaha's truant officer says mothers should be trained, and suggests a special school.

Grand Island has been selected for the next meeting of the state druggists' association.

The army worm has invaded York county and is playing havoc with some of the alfalfa fields.

Fremont will spare no pains to make the fall festival in September the best she has yet pulled off.

George D. Reynolds, a prominent resident of Fremont since 1875, is dead at his home in that place.

The swine exhibits at the state fair this fall will break all records, according to present indications.

Fred Ruhs, southeast of Hildreth, lost seven head of milk cows by lightning. He had no insurance.

Wheat harvest has begun in York county and the shocks stand pretty thick where the grain has been cut.

About 100 horses have been entered for the circuit races which will be held in Beatrice, July 15, 16 and 17.

While engaged in loading a piano at Tecumseh, M. B. Smith, a freight handler, had his leg and foot crushed.

The state tennis tournament will be held at Lincoln, August 5 to 9. Some of the best players in the state will be present.

R. O. Allen of York has purchased the Bradshaw Monitor. L. D. Beltzer, the former owner, was forced by ill health to retire.

Dogs have become so numerous in Albion that the mayor has served notice that the ordinance against dogs will be enforced.

The wheat harvest in Jefferson county is at a standstill owing to the heavy rain that visited that county the first of the week.

The Dresher Light and Power company is arranging to enlarge its plant and extend transmission lines to other towns in Thayer county.

Fishermen at Fairbury are catching channel cat weighing as high as twenty-eight pounds, at least Fairbury papers give them that credit.

An open-air meeting will be held at Hastings, July 16, in celebration of the inauguration of the state-wide campaign for woman suffrage.

The schools at the institute for feeble minded youths at Beatrice closed Friday evening with a program of music and recitations by the pupils.

Ellert Cramer, the three-year-old son of Richard Cramer, living near Filley, had his right leg cut off by a moving machine when he fell in front of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Holtus celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last week, on the farm on which they have lived for forty-five years near Johnson.

Thirteen months old Donald Burke of Clay Center died at a Lincoln hospital last week, after suffering for ten days from a chicken bone which had lodged in his trachea.

A coroner's inquest found that Harry Hellman who met his death in an auto smash-up near Gretna, was killed accidentally and no blame is attached to anyone connected with the affair.

While repairing a well in Kenesaw a big pipe wrench which he was using slipped from his hold breaking Richard Beal's right leg just above the ankle. He hopped to a doctor several blocks distant, unassisted, and the fractured limb was reduced.

Tuesday's traffic is to be free over the Burlington bridge across the river at Nebraska City. The merchants have perfected an organization and will pay the fares of all persons who cross the bridge that day, coming to do their trading.

Three-year-old Paul Prettygrove started a bonfire in a closet at his parents' home at Oxford, but the united efforts of the neighbors finally saved it from destruction.

The Missouri river is cutting away the banks both above and below Nebraska City. In several instances it has cut twenty and forty acres off of the farms on either side of the river.

STORIES of CAMP and WAR

CREDIT GIVEN TO 7TH CONN.

Was First Regiment into Battle of Oolustee and Last Out. Says Comrade Henry Rowley.

Henry H. Rowley, Seventh Connecticut, Erie Pa., sends the following clipping of an article in the Winsted (Conn.) Herald, which he wrote immediately after the battle of Oolustee. It is interesting as a contemporaneous account of the battle of Oolustee and reads as follows:

Camp of the Seventh Connecticut Camp of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, Near Jacksonville, Fla., March 18, 1864.

T. M. Clark—Dear sir: In reading the last issue of the Herald I notice in the account given of the battle of Oolustee that the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts and First North Carolina (colored regiments) covered the retreat. Now, for the benefit of the people of the state from which we hail I wish to correct this, for I do believe that they wish to have all the credit that is due them, through their sons who are fighting for their honor, as well as that of our common country. We have no special correspondent to speak a truthful word for us; therefore, it is seldom that we get much if any credit for the part taken by us in the engagements in which Connecticut troops have borne as conspicuous a part as the troops from other states. Such is the case with the battle of Oolustee. The Seventh Connecticut was the first into it and the last out. I know no better way of proving my statement concerning the matter than to give you the words of our commanding general. Colonel Hawley's brigade, composed of the Seventh New Hampshire, Eighth United States Colored Infantry and Seventh Connecticut, was second in the advance, Colonel Henry's Light Brigade being the first. Three miles beyond Sanderson, by order of General Seymour, the Seventh was brought to the front and into position as skirmishers, and moved on, driving before them a squadron of rebel cavalry. This was kept up until we came up with the main body, exchanging shots with a force of rebels posted in rifle pits and in a dense wood. At this place, and in position as skirmishers, the force of the enemy was kept at bay for about 20 minutes, after which we retired to the rear in regular skirmishing order, unmasking our advancing column to the enemy. When to the rear the regiment formed, took a new supply of ammunition, and advanced again, filling a gap in the center, where they fought with a will. After the fight was over, before the retreat was ordered, the regiment was in line of battle. Colonel Hawley was sitting near us upon his horse. General Seymour rode up and said: "Colonel, I wish to have your regiment act as rear guard; there will be a company of cavalry still in your rear." After telling how he wished it conducted he said: "I hate to ask this of you, colonel, but there is not a regiment that I have the confidence in that I have in the Seventh Connecticut." This was enough. They took their position and conducted the retreat through to Barber's Ford, arriving there about three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first. After resting until seven o'clock the retreat was again commenced. By General Seymour's order the Seventh was again retained for rear guard. While the regiment was in line, waiting for all other troops to pass, General Seymour rode up in front of the line, took off his hat, and said: "Men of the Seventh Connecticut, I am happy to say to you that I am satisfied with what you have done; you have done all I could ask; you have done your duty and done it well." The regiment for a second time took its position as rear guard, and marched to Baldwin's. Here they had a grand time rummaging the knapsacks which had been left by other regiments. Although tired, hungry and footsore, they were not allowed to sleep. Details were made for fatigue duty, to load cars with provisions, etc., one company volunteering to push a train of six cars to Jacksonville, a distance of 20 miles. The rest destroyed such provisions, ammunition, etc., as could not be got away, burning railroad bridges, cutting down trees to impede the progress of the enemy, and in the morning started for Jacksonville, passing Henry's Battery and Massachusetts cavalry at Camp Pinegaw, where they were on picket, arriving at Jacksonville on the twenty-second at 9:00 p. m. Thus ended the battle of Oolustee, alias "Fingean's Ball."

Since our arrival at Jacksonville everything has been quiet except an occasional scare, the result of a few picket shots. The boys have had no tents since leaving St. Helena.

H. H. R.

Won the Bet.

Some new recruits had gathered at the Sutler's.

"I'll bet anyone \$5," said one, "that I've got the hardest name of anyone here."

"Ye will, will ye?" drawled a comrade. "Well, I'll take ye on. I'll bet \$10 ag'in your \$5 that my name'll beat your'n."

"Done," said he. "I've got the hardest name in the country. It is Stone."

The comrade took a pull at his pipe. "An' mine," said he, "is Harder."

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING



Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizziness, spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy. Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harris had.

An Ohio Case
Fred W. Harris, Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had constant backache, showed symptoms of dropsy, and became so bad I was laid up in bed. After doctors had failed I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Brent Wood

Mean Hint.

"That was a strong scene, my dear; it nearly took my breath away."
"I noticed your breath was still stronger, my dear."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children. Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 5c a bottle.

To Get Father's Consent.

"Sir," began the young man nervously, "I wish to ask your consent for my marriage with your daughter."
"Eh?" quickly rejoined the parent. "What of your income? Is it sufficient to support a wife?"

"It is," boldly returned the slightly nettled aspirant; "and, what is more, it's sufficient to stand an occasional touch from my wife's father!"

"Then she's yours, my son!"

Let Them Wear Them!

It is observed that one of our tasteful advocates of embellishment of the male dress are writing to the papers declaring that he should be allowed by custom to wear not only bracelets, but earrings, too, if they desire. Well, who prevents them? They can wear both if they wish. They can also do better and wear nose rings, which would be a more truly American adornment, inherited from the real natives of this country.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Skyscraper Cities.

Opposite the postoffice, in lower Broadway, New York city, there has just been completed a building 780 feet high, which will provide working quarters for 10,000 people. If all the men and women employed in this one "skyscraper" should attempt to get uptown by the subway at the end of the day it would take the ten-car express trains, running at the intervals now established, 15 minutes to haul them away. Though this happens to be the highest structure in the city, there are others nearly as large; it is one of the dozens that accommodate 4,000 or 5,000 people each, and one of hundreds that accommodate more than a thousand each. The number of these great buildings is steadily growing.—World Weekly.

CUBS' FOOD They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1 1/2 tablespoons in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonsful of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonsful of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.