A STATE OF THE STA The Trouble in the Isthmus of Panama.

make the Isthmus of Panama one of the most picturesque spots on earth, but now that both are im-



"JEFFERS, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF

FORTUNE. ninent the country is fairly ablaze

with local color. Foreign war ships ride in the har-bors of Colon and Panama, the flags of all nations are hoisted over the huts of the frightened inhabitants, while tatterdemalion native soldiers

roam at large through the streets.

Martial law is in force, and the affairs of life are regulated by drum taps and bugle calls. Especially is gold lace (somewhat tarnished) in evidence in Panama.

A few days ago an uncommonly noisy fanfare called us to the Alcaldia. A platoon of barefooted, under-sized soldiers was drawn up in front of the portal. From the veranda the Alcalde, surrounded by half a dozen dusky policemen, read aloud a long Spanish pronunciamiento "In the name of the President."

The crowd that had gathered list-

ened to this proclamation with length-ening faces. What it meant was soon made apparent when the Governor of the province, General Alban, who had hastened from Cartagena, summoned a baker's dozen of the most prominent citizens to the Alcalde's office, and locking the door behind him, required each of them to extend to the Govern-



WOMEN NATIVES OF THE LOWER COUN TRY — THEIR STATURE IS TWO-THIRDS THAT OF THE HIGH ALTI-TUDE WOMEN.

ment a "voluntary" cash loan of \$3000

in Colombian silver.
For a few days the Government officials were jubilant over their success-

ful coup.

The starveling soldiers received hereigned the regsome of their arrears, besides the reg-ular pay of four and a half cents per day, and Panama's crack battery of artillery was even equipped with new uniforms. I seized this auspicious moment to obtain photographs of the en-tire corps, and of their young colonel, Esteban Huertas, the hero of a recent encounter with the liberals, where he lost his arm.

Then came bad news. In the face

of a threatened naval demonstration on the part of Venezuela and Ecuador, a wretched crew of native sailors

I needed no war nor revolution to the time we reached Colon the news was spreading like wildfire from the Isthmus into the interior. Even the rebels in the military prison heard the

> Word reached Panama that Honda del Agua, a small port not fifteen miles inland, had been captured by the liberals, and that a number of refugee Panamenos had joined their ranks.

There was talk of an expedition against them, but before the military governor of Panama could secure a suitable ship for the purpose, even more urgent requests for reinforce-ments were telegraphed across the Isthmus from Colon. A trainload of soldiers was shipped over to Colon on the morning train, and another trainload followed on a freight train at

At the wharf I found the soldiers of both detachments drawn up for in-

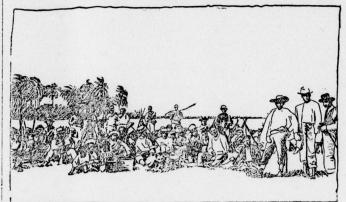
Behind the ragged line of soldiers

goon, commanding the entrance to the harbor of Bocas del Toro, and came in plain sight of the palm-leaf huts of the liberal forces besieging the town.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ESTEBAN HUERTAS (He began as a soldier at the age of nine and is now twenty-five. He weighs less than ninety pounds and is stand-ing by the gun he captured at Tomaco.

A volley of shots sent into the hamlet sent some women and children flying into the thicket. The answering shots came from a high bluff further inland. The bullets splashed into the water some twenty or thirty feet short of our vessel. I was in hopes that an immediate reconnoissance in force might be made, but those in charge decided otherwise. The engineer was ordered to put on full steam. With a fine burst of speed we cut through the



"BOCAS DEL TORO, AN IMPORTANT BANANA PORT, WAS THREATENED WITH IMMEDIATE ATTACK BY A SURROUND-ING FORCE OF NONDESCRIPT LIBERALS."

crouched their women, some ten iv | clear water of the lagoon and put into number, mostly mere slips of girls, not more than twelve or thirteen At the wharf we found a large years old. Many of their soldier husbands were not much older.

One little corporal of the guard, who carried a huge Remington rifle of .58 calibre, and who proudly took charge of a curly-headed Indian girl of even of a curly-headed indian girl of even more diminutive size, told me that he was thirteen years old. His captain told me that the boy had been with the colors for two years, and had served in three battles, earning his of corporal through bravery in the field.

In the last fight between the liberals and the Government forces in the out-skirts of Panama, the insurgents charged up the railroad embankment five times in succession, and were beaten back each time with unusually neavy losses on both sides. Herbert Jeffers, an American soldier of forwho commanded the Govern ment forces on that occasion, told me that the fighting on both sides be-came so fierce that his gunners were cut down with machetes while serv

ing their pieces.

By way of side comment to this story a Colombian general told me privately that Jeffers would have lost all his guns had he not taken them apart in the midst of the melee and sent them back to a better position piecemeal. Jeffers himself was seen to stagger out of the trenches with the best part of his favorite machine-gun strapped to his back, while he kept the most persistent of the insurrectos at bay with a revolver.

Presently the order came to embark, and all were bundled aboard without

further ado. Next morning we drew near the coast until we came within a mile of the shores said to be held by the en-emy. All hands were called to quarters, and the soldiers were ordered to bian gunboat La Poppa off the coast move their red caps. Be it that our



REED.

to! quien vive!" with the simultaneous click of a rifle-loading. Our captain gave the cry, "Colombia!" and was answered at once by the countersign, "Por Siempre." It proved to be the second detachment, that had effected a landing on the other side of the island, and was manoeuvring into the thicket without any better success.

In the end it was decided to return to Bocas del Toro, to ascertain from reliable sources whether the liberal forces had not crossed over to the mainland. Once more life in town returned to the intolerable conditions of martial law.—Edwin Emerson, Jr., in Collier's Weekly.

Had Seen it Before.

Dr. C. W. Crawford, manager of the Grand Opera House at Spencer, Iowa, vouches for this:

At a recent performance at this thea tre an over-dressed woman, after rust ling ostentatiously into her seat, finally composed herself and looked at her program. Opening it at the sec ond page of the bill she saw in prom-inent letters, "Synopsis," which she mispronounced in an audible tone.

"Pshaw!" she remarked, turning to her companion, "we've seen this here play before; let's go home."

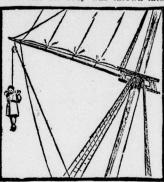
But after a whispered objection on the part of her friend, who probably explained her mistake to her, she set-tled back in her seat somewhat discomfited .- New York Clipper.

DRASTIC TREATMENT OF ADMIRALS | DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

In Olden Times They Were Hung on the Yard Arm or Thrown Overboard. In the olden times the treatment meted out to admirals charged with disobedience was somewhat more drastic than it is to-day. They were shot on the quarter deck, hung at the

yard arm or thrown overboard.

One of the most remarkable cases was that of Prince Caraccioli, a popular admiral of the British Navy. He was charged by Nelson with treachery, cowardice and disobedience. He was tried by court-martial in 1805 and found guilty. He was then hung at the yard arm of his own ship, and after being allowed to swing there for some time his body was thrown into



the sea. It was afterward found that he was convicted on false testimony.

Hon. John Byng, a British admiral, was also charged with the same offence. The court-martial acquitted him of cowardice, but decided that he had not done his utmost when in charge of the British fleet at the siege of Minorca. Sentenced to death, he was taken on the quarter deck of his own flagship, a file of marines drawn up and Admiral Byng was shot.

One of the most extraordinary cases in American naval history, although it did not involve an admiral, brought about the most sensational court-mar-tial in this country. A commander of a small American war ship returning from Europe, when only one day's sail outside of Sandy Hook, had two of the midshipmen hung at the yard arm. One of these young gentlemen was the son of the then Secretary of War.

An immense sensation was produced

when the war ship arrived here. A lengthy court-martial was held in Brooklyn Navy Yard, presided over by Admiral Charles Stewart, grandfather of the late Charles Stewart Parnell.-New York Herald.

Riding an Aerial Bicycle.

Here is the picture of an inspector making his daily round of the suspended railroad in Elberfeld, Germany. This railway is suspended in the air on supports fastened like an inverted U, the line itself being sup-



ported by cross-girder work, hung on

A-shaped trestles.

Each car has two pairs of wheels, bending from one side over the centre of gravity of the carriage, which hangs in suspension from a single line and is worked by electricity. Obviously such a railroad could not be inspected

by a person on foot.

To meet the difficulty an ingenious adaptation of the bicycle was supplied. The framework is that of an ordinary bicycle, and the machine is operated by means of an ordinary pedal and chain gear—the difference be-ing that the bicycle is suspended from the wheels which run on the single line of railway over the rider's head. Despite his exalted position the rider is in perfect safety, he even runs no danger of being arrested for scorching, as he flies along well out of reach of the policeman, who regulates the traffic below.-New York Herald.

A Help to Young Musicians A support for the arm, intended for

the use of youthful students of the violin, has been invented by a distinguished French violinist. The support consists of a semi-circle



DEVICE TO AID YOUTHFUL VIOLINISTS. which enfolds the lower part of the arm a little above the elbow, and which is connected with a belt that can be lengthened or shortened according to the size of the arm. Its main usefulness lies in the fact that it prevents muscular fatigue, keeps the shoulder in a proper position and final-ly gives the arm that power over the instrument which it must have in order to produce the best effects.

Swiss papers record a decline in the export of wood carvings, and attrib-ute it to the lack of variety in the carvings, the few subjects being monotonously repeated.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject : Good or Evil Returns to Bless of Blast-Actions May Make the Circuit of Many Years, But Come Back to Us They Will.

Washitsons, D. G.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that the good or evil we do returns to bless or blast us; text, Isaiab, St. 22. "It is He that sitteth upon While yet people thought that the world was flat and thousands of years before they gound out that it was round of the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. Gold made the unitary of the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. Gold made the unitary of the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. Gold made the unitary of the circle of the ci

therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2000 men two years drag one stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramids. If men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch which we have to wind up every might lest it run down and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation the Go00 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, the return is much quicker than that. The circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you but a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath-school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer meeting. It is all gone. You will never hear of it, perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes un to you and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath-school class over which you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ; I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yon-der?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach," or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says "Good morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "That is where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduction to William E. Dodge?"

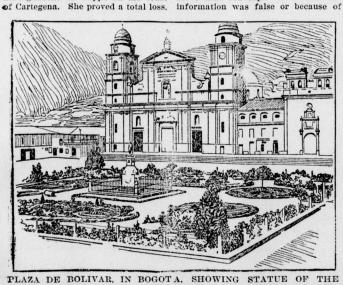
You maltreated an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient with his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and vour children will wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once. Now they call you the "old man." If you live a fell you the "old man." If you live a fell your the your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago.

A gentleman passing along the avenue saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him. It's all right. Forty years ago this very morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents is punished in this world. That circle is made quickly, very quickly.

The meanest thing a man can do is after some difficulty has been settled to bring it up again, and God will not do anything like that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip His memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression.

How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life. It rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says abo



PLAZA DE BOLIVAR, IN BOGOTA, SHOWING STATUE OF THE LIBERATOR AND THE CATHEDRAL, THE SCENE OF FREQUENT REVOLUTIONS. THE CAPITAL IS TO THE RIGHT.

In vain did the Government try to suppress the news of this misfortune. As I traveled by rail across the Isthmus I heard the train hands the Isthmus I heard the train hands and passengers shout the joyful tid-ings to the disaffected mosos who Ings to the disaffected mosos who gathered at the little palm-covered

the drizzling rain, no enemy showed himself-nothing was to be seen but thick groves of palmetto, prickly pear

forth no response.

At last we skirted the jutting point stations to see the train go by. By of the last island in Chirriquisito La-

crowd assembled in an indescribable state of excitement. The debarking soldiers were received with wild cheers. It appeared that an attempt to rush the town had been made but the night before. It was determined to send a reconnoitring party at once, so as to prepare for a counter attack on the rebel island.

The "attack" was made at dead of

night. I was invited to accompany the expedition. We ran into a thick-ly shaded cove and waded ashore. Deploying to right and left, the troops made a rush on the rebel hamlet. It was found deserted. Somebody from town had given the alarm. All night long we scoured the bushes without finding a soul. At last, at daylight, I heard a distant bugle call. It was repeated again and again, and the officer in charge of our detachment led us in that direction. Pres-



NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR PLAYING IN-STRUMENTS MADE FROM BONE AND