#### WANDERLUST.

Over the slopes, the hills and leas, To the glittering waste of summer seas; Rocked to-rest by the ocean's time, As a babe is hilled by its mother's croon. Far away from the factories' frown, And the restless throb of the noisy town, The sea stars call, the Cross hangs low.

And I must answer—I must go.

The read—it waits, and I hear the song of a rover sung in the city's throng. I'll barter all I have earned in strife For a crust and staff, and a rover's life. I'll heed no voice that calls me back, For my heart is true to the rover's track, The road is calling, calling low, And I must answer—I must go!
—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

#### <del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> The Senora's Chicken ‡

AN INCIDENT AT PANAMA

By STEPHEN KEENE \*\*\*\*\*\*

A deal depends on the mosquito, and one must needs be careful with what kind of mosquitoes he associ

ates. One of the wrong kind put me in the hospital with yellow fever, and sent me to Taboga.

In the zone "going to Taboga" sig-

nifies something rather serious, yet not as serious as "going to Monkey Hill" or "to Flamenco Island;" for if you go to either of these latter places you never come back. In other words, Monkey Hill and Flamenco Island are two cemeteries of the zone, the one at Colon and the other in Panama Bay.

While I was at work on the large "navvy" camp at Emperador, in March, 1906, I had occasion to go to the Culebra camps one evening for some of my carpenter tools, left there the previous week. In rassing the low ground between the stations, where the low ground between the stations where the path ran beside the old French chantier, past disused dump-cars and a slough overgrown with rank grass, a swarm of mosquitoes rose suddenly about my ears, and proved so ravenous that I was bitten proved the padgent times before I could more than a dozen times before I could get away from them. To that one encounter the doctors attributed an at tack of fever which left me so weak that I could neither rise nor stand alone. It was even worse than that, for I felt numb all over, as if paralyzed. The hospital doctor said that this was the sequela of the malarial fever; I have an idea that it was in part due to the powerful medicines which they gave me. Be that as it may, they sent me to Taboga to recup-

Taboga is an island seven miles down the bay from the old City of Parnama, on the Pacific side of the isth-It is a mile and a half in length by half a mile in width, and rises to height of nearly nine hundred feet.

n fact, it is the top of a mountain half-submerged in the bay. There are two little villages on the island, and a convalescent hospital for canal em-

Otherwise the island is a kind of picnic ground for the Panama people, and is especially noted for its pine-

As the sanatorium was uncomfortably full of patients at this time, the doctor in charge sent me to the house of a mulatto woman of the island, named Rafaela Marel, who cooked for Americans there, and for picnic par-ties. She was noted for her chicken a l'Amercain, and certainly she made ve/y palatable chicken sandwiches.

Senora Marel's house is several hun-

dred feet up the hillside from the sea I would by no means term her a care ful housekeeper, yet it was a rather cozy place—for Panama. The senora spoke a little English; and there were three rooms fronting the sea view, of which mine was the middle

For a week I lay there, nourished for the most part on chicken, looking out on the bay, where our war ships were at anchor, and watching the coastwise steamers going and coming from the

One of the two rooms adjoining mine served the senora as a kind of fruit store. Here she had banana bunches hung up by the dozen, and on a low, broad shelf round three sides of the room were pineapples and custard-apples by the score. Ravishing fruity odors were wafted in to me through the open door.

What the room on the other side

contained was not so clear; in fact, I began to wonder about it, for now and then there were odd, rushing sounds in there, as of pigs, but no grunting.
Once in the night, however, I was

wakened by a single loud squawk. If I had been able to get up and move about I might have settled the question by opening the door and looking in; but I was quite helpless, or thought I was. It did not seem to me that I possessed strength even to rise to a sitting posture in my cot.

It had rained heavil yone afternoon and the night was cloudy and dark, but shortly after 12 the wind rose, and blew so hard that my door began slamming violently.

I shouted several times for the sen-

ora to come and shut it, but seemed to have gone away, or else to

be very sound asleep.

At last I drowsed off again, but was awakened by some heavy creature dashing furiously over the coverlet of my cet. A chair was upset in the darkness, and the water basin clattered off the stand! My first thought was that it must be a pig or a dog that had come in at the open door. "Theo! Shoo!" I yelled. "Get out, you

Over went the wash-stand, and on the instant I felt the brute land on my feet. I had honestly thought that I could not move, but in a sudden estasy of fear I drew up both feet and

Clatter-smash went basin, stand and chairs again, and then swish, with a whiff of repulsive odor, some heavy body dashed across the cot, over my very face!

Before I knew it, I was sitting up, striking out with both hands. The beast, whatever it was, landed with a thump on the floor, and then I heard it crawling horribly, scratching its nails on the tiles! No dog or pig would ever make a noise like that, I was sure. What could it be?

Was sure. What could it be:
Under my pillow I had one of those
little vest pocket electric lights, such
as are now sold cheaply at all the
large stores. I had brought it with
me from home, and had found it very handy at night for looking at my watch. Hastily I now fumbled for it and finding it, pressed the button. The tiny bright beam pierced the darkness—and there, squatted, blinking, on my trunk, close to the foot of the cot, was the worst looking object t at I had ever seen. It was brown, scaly horrible, with a ridge of bristling spines rising along its back, and its

glassy eyes were fixed on me!

What could it be? I could think
only of a Gila monster. Was the isiand infested with them? Or was it some hideous marine thing that had

crawled up from the sea? My hand shook as I tried to keep the beam of light focused on the horror. Perhaps I dazzled its eyes with it. In jumped, struck on the foot of the cot-and about that time I jumped

I don't know how I did it, but I leaped out of that cot and actually ran out at the door into the patio! I was shouting, too, shouting, "Help!

In fact, I nearly ran into the Senora Rafaela, who had heard me call her, and in her own good time was coming to see what I wanted.

Naturally the woman was aston-hed. "Senor! Senor Estevan!" she

cried. "Is it thou?"

"Fetch a light! Fetch a light!" I cried. "There's a Gila monster in my room!" For that was all I could think of as I staggered about there in the darkness, trying to keep on my

She brought a candle, and after striking a number of matches, lighted it and peered into the room. "Look out!" I cautioned her. "Cudia! It will

jump at you!" .
But the Senora Rafaela Isughed wholly unterrified. "No tenga miedo, senor" (Do not fear), said she, soothingly. "Es "guana solamente." (It is

y a 'guana.) 'Guana!" I exclaimed. "Si, senor. Es 'guana. Lo mismo ticken. All same ticken." "Ticken?" said I. "What is that?

"Si, senor. Muy bueno para la com ida. Very good to eat." And marching in with her candle, she captured the horrible creature by the tail, dragged it, scratching on the tiles, into the other room, and shut the door,

which the wind had blown open.

I returned to my cot with much matter for reflection, but had the senora leave the candle burning. Come to think of it, I had never seen nor heard any chickens about the place; yet the senora's supply of "cold chicken" seemed unlimited. "All the same ticken!" Those were her "chickens," then—and I felt rather sick when I thought of the quantity

of it which I had eaten.
I imagined that I had something to tell the doctor when he came to see me that morning. "Doctor," I said, "do

you know what we are all eating here for cold chicken?"
"Oh, yes," said he, laughing. "It is guana. But it's just as good. Why, all chickens, all fowls and birds of every kind were reptiles once, or are

"Oh, all right," I said. "But I have

my own opinion of it."

Plainly I could not astonish him that way. He had been at Panama a year. But he did look a little sur-prised when I got up off my cot and took a step or two. I had been pon-dering that, too, and concluded that if fear could put me on my feet, resolute exercise of will power ought also to do it.

In fact, I left Taboga the next day But I did not partake of any more of Senora Rafaela's cold chicken. These large lizards, however, are quite frequently eaten by the Panamanians Ugly as they look, too, I am assured that they are quite inoffensive.-Youth's Companion.

"He's the most pestiferous litle pup in town, sir!" exclaimed the angry neighbor, "and I tell you you've got to keep him at home or I'll take a club to him the next time he comes over here and tramples my flower beds

"You dare to so much as shake your little finger at that dog of mine and I'll knock your head off!" shout-

Who said anything about dog? I mean that youngest boy of

yours."
"Oh, well, that's different. I'll give him a talking too, and whip him if he bothers you any more."—Judge.

Governor C, E. Hughes of New York

SCIENCE

one of brick. A brick house, well con-structed will outlast one built of gran-

It has been found that a properly painted steel frame buried in masonry will not rust enough in 13 years to alter its strength to any measureable

An eminent Spanish scientist has mude the recent discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid febrifuge, that can be used as a substitute for minine. Accordingly, the sunflower should not only, by its growing, exert great fever-dispelling effect, but also yield a product which is used advantageously in all fevers.

A smoke consumer has been recently, patented. The machine is an automatic device to further the combustion of coal and thereby prevent smoke. It works automatically with the opening and shutting of the firebox door, and the scheme is to inject steam and air into the firebox. The saving in the amount of coal consumed is It is estimated that 95 percent of the smoke is consumed.

Only a few years ago America imported more Portland cement than it nanufactured. Now the tables have manufactured. Now the tables have been turned, and this country has takn the front rank both in the produc-ion of cement and in its use in conon of cement and in its use truction. It has been estimated that the quantity of Portland cement used in this country in 1905 would be suffi-cient to lay a sidewalk 16 feet broad all around the earth at the equator. If compacted into a single solid cube, that cube would measure almost 1000 feet on each edge.-Youth's Compan-

and putting the ice man out of business has been discovered in Paris. Ine state department has received a report from Consul-General Guenther on the process discovered by Professor Lapparent, in which he says meat is hung up in a tight box, and then a few sulphur threads are placed in it and ignited, after which contain any sawed bones as decom position proceeds from them. The boxes ought to be air-tight and be filled for from 24 to 48 hours with carbonic

#### WAYS OF SAVING WASTE.

Skimming River for a Living-Fish ermen Who Net Corks.

Skinming a river for a living may be said to be one of the most striking examples of the utilization of waste. This is done in Paris. There is one individual, at least, in the French capital who makes it his daily business to skim the Seine is out at early morning in an old flat bottomed boat, armed with a skim-ming pan. With this he skints off the surface of the river the grease which collects there during the night and which he disposes of to a soar factory. Generally he makes a quarter r so by his morning work, which nables him to live. In Paris also there are a number

of people who make a living out of waste corks which they fish from the Seine. They collect on the river bank at daybreak, each with a short pole, at the end of which is a small improvised net. They set to work to gather in the floating corks, subsequently selling them to the cork merchants in the neighborhood.

There are about a score or so of these cork fishermen, who have formed themselves into a sort of craft and who guard their interests jealously. If they catch sight of a stranger netting corks they fall on him in a body. Only recently the police rescued one Only recently the police rescued one of these novices barely in time to save his life.

The sweeping of a floor might well be considered as so much waste; yet descended from reptiles. It is just as through a fire in London the other day, which consumed a quantity of sweeping stored in the basement, a certain firm lost several dollars. The heap of dust and rubbish contained silver fillings, which it was intended

to extract later on.

This is done regularly at all works where silver or gold is used. In gold refiners' premises even the soot in the chimneys is not allowed to be treated as waste. It is found to contain minute particles of the precious metal, which are far too valuable to

In places where sheep are bred extensively one frequently sees little bits of wool adhering to briers and hedges. These are no longer regarded as waste. From such wool rublish whether coming from sheep or goats valuable oil is now extracted.—Chicago Tribune.

### Peers' Titles From Ireland.

Many of the titles by which new peers are known present curious prob-

258 members there.

## HEALTH NOTES FOR Danger of Over=Capital= ization

Railroads Need Federal Control.

By John D. Rockefeller.

AILROADS and other large corporations are vastly over capitalized. That is not a healthy situation. One result of it I saw last summer while I was abroad. The American railroads needed \$200,000,000 to carry on some of their improvements. They couldn't get it in this country and they had to let their notes go abroad at six percent. That interest must be paid no matter what happens to the divi-

dends the American public is expecting.

I presume I should not criticise in this respect, for some of those who have done it are friends of mine. I shall probably be

some of those who have done it are friends of mine. I shall probably be called an old fogy for not agreeing with these new financial methods.

If a man goes into Wall street and finds a certain kind of stock that is declining constantly, although it is paying a six percent dividend, it seems strange that he doesn't stop to consider that if the stock is such a good proposition, the men back of it, with plenty of money at their command, do not keep it in their control. Is it reasonable to suppose that if in a good, legitimate way the stock is actually earning six percent and will continue to do so it would be allowed to go out of the hands of the controlling interests? It is my idea that federal control would be a better thing for the railroads. They would then understand the laws they must observe and would

roads. They would then understand the laws they must observe, and would be able to plan ahead intelligently, without one state suddenly demanding one thing and another state being equally insistent on something entirely different. The interstate situation and the differentiation in the state la I think, one of the greatest problems railroad men have to deal with.

On the surface the general financial condition of the country is good. Business is booming and every one seems to be satisfied. But there is an undercurrent that doesn't look so good. I haven't quite made up my mind it the increased production of gold is responsible or not. It is impossible to see how such a situation will work out. Personally, I do not like the out-

I do not think our people are saving the money they should save. The nation at the present time is unusually prosperous, but financial reports do not show that saving has increased in ratio with our prosperity. We are making more money and unfortunately, spending more.

In my judgment it would be next to an impossibility to reduce capitaliza-

tions. Just think of the chaotic conditions that would result. We have supreme court decisions, and I can't think of all the laws and lawyers one of the big corporations would run counter to if such effort were made. I have A new process for preserving meat done without bringing about a worse situation than we have now.





POF CHARLES H HENDERSON sociologist of the Uni versity of Chicago, declares that the love-making of today needs referming and that courtship colleges where the first needs referming and that courtship colleges where the first principles of correct wooing would be taught are the crying need of our-times. Rapid-transit marriages and divorces are, the professor says, results of the barbarism into which the love of today has lapsed. He cites as an example of the decline of true love cases "where the wife is bought from the parent like a cow or where she is compelled to marry to secure a fortune from a rien fool," and denounces "firting posting of consists and courtship with

ing, boasting of conquests, acceptance of costly presents and courtship with Prof. Henderson must imagine himself in the twelfth century. For in no

age has there been so little trafficking in the lives and loves of women as there is today. Formerly when a girl was sold into matrimony "like a cow," as Prof. Henderson says, the parents got the purchase money. Today she

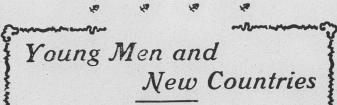
gets it, and this, I think, must be regarded as an improvement, not as a lapse into barbarism. lapse into barbarism.

It is pretty generally conceded that women do the courting today. In savage times the most a woman could do to indicate a preference was to run away from the man of her choice a little more slowly than she did from her other admirers. In the strange reversal that civilization has brought about, It is the man whose lagging retreat from the pursuit of the favored lady betrays his choice. If courtship is to be taught today it is the women who must be sent to college. And who shall teach them? Perhaps a married woman can teach a maiden, a widow give a married woman points, but how may the general instructors of the sex be chosen? What sort of experience must a teacher have what examination must he pass to be eligible? There are general instructors of the sex be chosen? What sort of experience must a teacher have, what examination must he pass to be eligible? There are those who think that to make man happy it is only necessary to feed him. And if the word be taken in its largest sense, if we feed soul as well as sense, if we give him-real food for thought as well as real food for dinner, the theory is the best that has been evolved. I am sure, however, that Prof. Henderson did not mean to suggest women teachers for his college of courtship. With the frequent fateity of the masculine pedagogue he probably supposes that men would make competent instructors of love-making.

As a matter of fact, anything a man knows about love-making has been

poses that men would make competent instructors of love-making.

As a matter of fact, anything a man knows about love-making has been learned from some woman or frommany women, and that is the reason the man of many adventures has too often an advantage ever the honest, straightforward, but untaught smateur of the women's hearts. Love is our game. And if it is taught scientifically, we will have to teach it. The college of courtship is necessarily a woman's college.—New York Evening World.



By William Whyte, Second Dice-President of Canadian Pacific Railway.

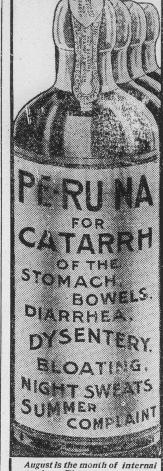


T goes without saying that the new country is the country for the young man. It gives the greatest chances for individual effort and affords the best opportunity of working out one's own destiny. Western Canada is the young man's country. It is the Land of Opportunity. In it there is no honorable employment that cannot be made use of and for which the commensurate value will be given in a content of the country of the coun

exchange. With its assured growth and certain development, the young man steadily broadens his scope of influence and continually increases his material welfare. In the Land of Opportunity the young man's stock need only be industry. It would be better if he had more, but this alone will yield dividends which will go to make more peers are known present curious problems. When we see such titles for instance as Teignmouth and Sheffield, Ely and Kensington, it would scarcely occur to one man in a hundred to doubt that they were derived from the English towns of those names, and it is quite a shock to learn that these peerages are purely Irish and are associated with obscure villages in the Emerald Isle.—Grand Magazine.

The Methodist Episcopal church of velopment of, any other country. There are epportunities everywhere for velopment of, any other country. There are epportunities everywhere for velopment of, any other country. There are epportunities everywhere for velopment of, any other country. There are epportunities everywhere for The Methodist Episcopal church of this country has been doing service young men, but none so good and so sure of a final satisfying reward as in India for fifty years, and has 185,- the new country—the last new country—Western Canada—the Land of Opportunity.-The Home Magazine.

# AUGUST.



catarth. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarth of the bowels and other internal organs. Peru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

Bones of Strange Prehistoric Race Discovered by Workmen.

Discovered by Workmen.

A remarkable prehistoric burying ground has ben cut into by railroad graders east of Oacoma, S. D., and the remains of what appears to be a pygmy race have been discovered.

The old burying ground is now a great deposit of gry cl. and it is in this that the bones are found.

In the neighborhood of 50 skeletons have so far been unearthed

tons have so far been unearthed. These are all of a race of dwarfs about four feet tall, and physicians have pronounced them the remains of adults. The burials took place with the bodies standing or sitting.

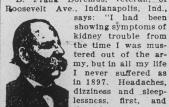
New Homes in the West. Send for free copy of pamphlet containing synopsis of the United United States homestead laws and informa-tion how to secure a quarter section of splendid farming or grazing land free along the new railway lines of the Chicago & Northwestern Ry, in South Dakota, Wyoming and other States. Special excursion rates to homeseekers. Full information on request to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry., Chi-

#### A City Without a Railroad.

We are apt to think that a great city, containing the comforts and elegancies of modern life, cannot exist without railroads at its gates. Bogota, the capital of the republic of Colombia, is an exception. Having a population of 125,000, fine residences, excellent schools and colleges, fiterary, artistic and musical societies, clubs, polo, tennis, balls, dinners, elegant society that knows the Parisian fashions, Bogota lies on a plateau which no railroad has yet reached. There is, nowever, a short railroad on the plateau itself. But to get to it by the most used route, one must exist without railroads at its by the most used route, one must journey two and a half days on mule-back. Another way to approach, re-ducing the mule ride to seven or ducing the mule ride to seven or eight hours, requires several days of river navigation. But the railroad is oming, although late.-Youths' Com

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb. B. Frank Doremus, veteran,



showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered. I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleep lessness, first, and then dropsy. I was then dropsy. I was weak and helpless,

having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.