

years of age had been picked out of the crowd and put upon a table. In front of him was a revolving wire basket filled with hollow ivory balls, each containing one of the numbers from 1 to 10. The basket was whirled and the boy picked out a ball. The number in it was the thousands of the prize, another whirl gave the figure for the hundreds, a third for the tens and a fourth for the units. The whole thing was fair enough, only, as the alcalde, or the city judge, in charge told me, there was only about one chance in five hundred of a ticket holder drawing anything. The president of this company is a naturalized American citizen named Duque. He is the owner of the only paper in Panama and his profits from his \$80,000 worth of lottery stock are about \$35,000 in silver each year.

There is a chance for a concession here for waterworks. Panama is now supplied with water by peddlers, who go about through the streets, seated on barrel carts, each of which is pulled by a mule. In the wet season the city relies on the cisterns. There is, I am told, good water in the hills twelve miles away, and it could easily be piped to the city. Panama has about 25,000 people.

The idea prevails in the United States that the greater part of South America is low, moist and unhealthy. This is not so. There are vast areas here which are as salubrious as any part of North America. Mr. Kennedy, an American mining engineer who has prospected in all parts of our continent, as well as in many parts of this, tells me that for every habitable square mile in North America there is an equally rich and healthful square mile here, and that south of the equator there are vast areas of undeveloped agricultural territory which have not been touched. He says that this is the Klondike of the future in gold as well as in other things, and predicts that the eyes of the world will soon be turned southward. In Colombia most of the people live back from the coasts, where there are plains and valleys of vast extent from 3,000 to 5,000 and more feet above the sea. Colombia is a land of gold. It is like Alaska in that you cannot wash the soil anywhere along the rivers without finding what the miners call color. I saw men washing the sands of the sea in the bay of Panama, and though they said they did not get much, I have been told they have been doing the same work for years. It was here that some of the Spaniards got some of their first gold, and since the conquest an aggregation of \$700,000,000 worth of the precious metals has been taken out of Colombia. A great deal of mining is now going on in the department or state of Antioquia, which is reached by going several hundreds of miles up the Magdalena river. Here small diamonds are sometimes found with the gold. English parties own a number of the best mines in this region, and much capital is invested. There are now between 300 and 400 gold mines being worked in Colombia.

Nearly all of the Indian tribes have more or less gold. I have been told of a curious method which the church has of getting the Indians to give up their gold. They are prone to hoard it, but as they are very superstitious the priests have in some of the churches the images of certain saints who are supposed to cure diseases, but to whom must first be offered in gold a miniature image of the part which is diseased. If a man has a sore leg he molds a little leg of gold—it may be the size of his little finger, it may be larger—and offers it to the saint. It is hung up before his blessedness on a string with other similar offerings of golden eyes, teeth, heads and legs for a time and if the sore part gets well the Indian is convinced the saint and

the gold did the work. Mr. Mansfield, an American electrical engineer, who is in charge of the electric lights and the street railway of Panama, is my authority for this statement. He says he has often tried to buy such relics from the priests in the interior, but that though they acknowledge that they melt up and use the relics after a time they will not sell them.

Mr. Mansfield is generally considered one of the best of the foreign authorities on the wonderful wealth of vegetable life of the Isthmus of Panama. Before I left Washington I was asked by the secretary of agriculture to look up certain plants and trees which it is thought might profitably be introduced into the United States. Among those asked for from the isthmus was the Platanic bamboo, which is said to have a leaf a foot wide and fifteen feet long. It was this inquiry that brought me into contact with Mr. Mansfield and gave me much curious information. Said he: "There is a wonderful variety of plant life here, and many specimens I believe which are not generally known.

There are more than twenty varieties of bamboos on the isthmus. There are woods superior in their lasting qualities to the teak wood of Siam and a great amount of mahogany and dye woods. There are plants and woods which the Indians use for medical purposes, which I am surprised are not taken up by our doctors. Take the cacique wood. This will stop the flowing of blood almost instantly. If you scrape off a little dust from a cacique stick and put it on a cut the blood will immediately stop running. The Indians use it for all kinds of cuts, and they say that if a person who has a hemorrhage of any kind takes hold of a cacique stick it will stop it. You find such a stick in many an Indian hut ready for use in case of accident. This wood is expensive, a piece the size of a walking cane costing in Panama \$10 and upward. The necha fruit is good for cancers and tumors. Another tree is a snake-poison antidote, and Mr. Mansfield says that he learns of some new medicinal plant or tree nearly every time he visits his little plantation away off in the interior where he buys of the Indians and has a factory for the making of alcohol, rum and other such things. During his last trip he was shown a plant which was said to be a wonderful emetic. He asked an Indian girl to make some tea of it for himself and a partner, and they agreed together that they would test the virtues of the plant by drinking a cup. They did so. The liquor tasted sweet and seemed not at all bad as it went down. A moment later both men made a rush for the door. Their stomachs were turned inside out, and as Mr. Mansfield expressed it, they thought that even their heels were coming up through their throats. There is a fruit something like a melon sold in the markets of Panama which is a strong digestant, and which, I am told, has almost as much pepsin in it as a pig's stomach, and farther down in Colombia grows the lechemiel tree, the sap of which is like cow's milk and has much the same nutritious properties. Then in some provinces the cinchona or quinine tree grows, and also the cacao, from which comes our chocolate.

Along the lowlands of Colombia there are plenty of coconut trees. The coconuts, you know, grow on a palm tree. They are to be seen by the hushel along the Isthmus of Panama, hanging close to the stem of the tree, away up at the top, often as high as thirty feet above the ground, where the great palm leaves spring out. It is only lately that men have gone into coconut raising as a business, and I am told that groves of these trees have recently been planted in Florida. There is a big coconut plantation owned by

an American in partnership with a Colombian on the Lighthouse point just opposite where the steamers land at Colon. The American is the Mr. Hyatt of Washington of whom I have spoken as being connected with the big manganese mine owned by John K. Cowen and others. Mr. Hyatt tells me that the plantation consists of 1,500 acres and that they have already planted 40,000 trees and have about 8,000 in bearing. They are now shipping from fifteen to twenty thousand nuts a month to New York, and within three years from now, when the rest of their trees will be in fruit, they expect the orchard to produce 75,000 nuts a month. Coconut trees, you know, bear all the year round, and the blossoms and the ripe nuts are on the tree at the same time. The nuts are not picked, but drop from the tree when they are ripe, and the workmen go daily from tree to tree and pick up the nuts, husk them, and they are then ready for shipment. They bring from \$20 to \$35 a thousand in New York, and the greater part of this is clear profit.

I asked Mr. Hyatt to tell me something of the expense and management of such an orchard. Said he:

"It costs very little to run it. We are now paying out, all told, only about \$150 a month, and our receipts are from \$300 to \$500 a month. You see, the trees need practically no cultivation, and after they are once in bearing all we have to do is to gather and ship the nuts. We have one part of the plantation which we call the nursery. Here we raise the young trees. The nuts are placed on the top of the ground a short distance apart. Within a short time each nut sends out a sprout from one of the little eyes or holes which are found in one end of it. The sprout shoots up into the air and a root shoots down into the ground. Within a few months, without any attention whatever, the sprout grows from two to three feet high and it is then ready for transplanting. This is done by breaking off the root and putting the nut and sprout into a little hole in the ground just a little deeper than the thickness of the nut. We press the earth around it and the planting is done. We set the trees out about fifteen feet apart. For the first three years we cut out the brush from around the trees, but after this they are left to take care of themselves. They begin to bear at about seven years of age and keep on bearing for many years. A good tree should drop about seventy-five nuts a year, and many of ours do much better than that."

I found Panama one of the queer towns of the world. It is like a little city of old Spain, and looking out at it from the harbor it makes you think of Venice. The houses along the sea hang out over the water, and the waves dash in some places against their walls. The streets of Panama wind in and out, up hill and down. The houses are close to the narrow sidewalks, and every house has an overhanging porch or gallery extending out from its second story, so that you are protected from the sun as you walk along the streets. The richer classes live on the upper floors. The ground floors are given up to the poor and to the stores. Few of the ground-floor rooms have windows, and you can look in the open door as you pass through the streets and see all sorts of household operations going on. Here a woman is combing her hair, there one is sewing, and a little further on one is cutting up beef for her breakfast stew. The stores have no display windows, and the goods seem to be piled about without regard to show or order. There are no fixed prices, I am told, and most of the trading is a matter of dickering. The Grand Central Hotel, where I stopped, was op-