

After a few minutes the men took a deep breath, ran through the fire and back again, were once more drenched with water, the tray of fruit and pots of fire were placed in front of the idols, and—the fire-walking was over! Then a white dove was killed and offered, which was the signal for a general sacrifice, and suddenly heads of chickens were flying about over the heads of the people, sometimes landing in the fire, but oftener descending in the crowd and being passed on to the destination desired. One or two fell at our feet before we realized what was being done; so, catching up our chairs, we hastily departed. But, look where we might, the sight of headless fowls and sheep confronted our eyes. Only the blood of the sheep was offered; the heads were too valuable, and were taken home again.

And so the much-talked-of Neelavardy fire-walking festival was over for another three years, and the crowds wended their ways homeward, ever talking of the wonders which had assuredly taken place. "Did you see?" we asked. Oh, no; but "it is said that the Pujary waded through flames which reached to his waist," and "it is said that in the midst of the fire he turned into a tiger," and "it is said that no one had the strength to take off the empty pot which he carried upon his head," answered they. Thus the traditions of that festival became more and more firmly rooted in the minds of the people who did not see, while the words of those who truly saw were as idle tales.

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### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOLIVIA.

Mrs. A. Haddow.

The City of La Paz lies in a valley some 1,500 feet deep. As you approach it in the train you can see nothing of

it until it comes suddenly into view, as the train runs along the edge of the escarpment. The sight is one of peculiar beauty—the red-tiled and corrugated roofs of the city lie far below, and are blended in a strange mixture.

We reached the station at the Alto at 10.20 a.m., and were very pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. Baker and little Don. We went on the electric railroad down to the Challapampa Station, and then on the street railway down into the city. At first the city appears strange, and yet it is very pleasing. The streets are nearly all paved with cobblestones, and one cannot go very far without climbing a hill. Some of the streets are very narrow, but not so bad here as in some other places of South America.

As one comes into the city the dress and color of the people appear very strange, but one soon becomes used to them.

Every day is a market day, but Sunday is the greatest of all. The women spread their vegetables and other things for sale on a cloth on the sidewalk and squat down behind them, and can sit like this for hours. Most of them bring their children with them, and they play around the mother. The infants are generally rolled in a shawl, and they sleep the most of the time in a doorway or on the sidewalk.

The people can easily be divided into three classes. First, the upper class, socially, which is called "Gente," pronounced "Henty." They dress much after the European style, except that some of the women wear a mantilla instead of a hat. A woman is not allowed to enter the Catholic Church here with a hat on, but may wear her mantilla. Even the Indians take off their hats on entering the church, and a few do the same when passing a church.

Second, are the "Cholos," or half-