

died last January, and why he should do without it so long and need it now I don't know. A little distance off was the body of a woman who had died lately. It was elevated in the same way, and the two graves were dug close by. They were not more than three or four feet deep, and in each one was half of the hollowed out trunk of a tree, while the other half was lying near to be put on as a cover, when the body was put into the first one. Near to where the bodies were, a few booths had been put up, and in them the cooking was being done. At a distance, varying perhaps from 15 to 30 yards, was an irregular circle of horses, just inside of which their owners were seated on the ground. When we arrived, men were dashing about on horseback carrying wooden basins filled with chunks of meat and bones, which they distributed to those who were seated. There was no regularity about it, but everybody seemed to be supplied. There were empanadas, too, a kind of small meat pastry which the Chilenos make very well. It consists of a piece of pastry with meat and a few other things chopped up fine, rolled up in it. It is fried in boiling lard, and when well made and without anything disagreeable in it, it is really very nice, we had some before we left, but they were not as nice as some I have tasted. Horse flesh is considered a great dainty among the Mapuches, and there was plenty of it there, as well as other meat. One time Mr. Wilson wandered away from us, we found him seated on the ground between Domingo Connepan (cacique) and his brother, and picking a large bone with evident enjoyment. I don't know what kind of animal the bone belonged to, but perhaps Mrs. Wilson did; Mrs. Wilson had her camera with her, as she hoped to get some views; I believe she did bring back two or three that a young amateur, a Frenchman here in Cholchol, took for her but it was not very easy to get good ones. There were a number of other cameras there, I saw a dozen at least, one belonged to a professional photographer, who is taking views to send to the Paris Exposition. Sunday 25th—The Service here is in the evening, so Mr. Wilson always goes out visiting in the morning, getting back in time for Sunday School at three o'clock, Mr. Rucknall went with him this morning, but they found all the people at the ruka, they went too, were still celebrating the fiesta, that is they were either drunk or drinking, and of course talked nonsense if they talked at all. The