



THE HEART OF THE ANDES.

ported, "that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance, and the cruelty of both.

Each soldier, in the mountains or the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coco-plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes of potato skins. The coco is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week at a stretch. He takes a bunch of leaves as big as a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and occasionally mixes the potato ashes with the juice to give it a relish.

The Chillanos are also careless of machinery. While they are quick to learn, and have much native mechanical ingenuity, they cannot be trusted as machinists. For instance, on all the railways are heavy grades and dangerous curves, requiring the greatest care on the part of the engine drivers. The reckless Chillano thinks it great fun to run a train down a grade at full speed, and a collision is his delight. He enjoys seeing things smashed up, and knows nothing of the necessity of operating trains on schedule time. Consequently though the government owns and manages the railways the locomotive drivers are generally foreigners. Before a presidential election these are suspended and natives employed in their stead—then follows a carnival of accidents, and passenger travel is practically suspended till the foreigners are restored to their positions again.

In Chili women are employed not only as street car conductors, but they do all the street cleaning, and gangs of them with willow brooms, sweeping the dirt into the ditches can be seen by any one who has curiosity enough to get up at day-break. They occupy the markets, too, selling meats as well as vegetables. On the streets they keep fruit stands, and have canvas awnings under which you can sit and eat watermelons, a favorite fruit in Chili. Outside of the cities the women keep the shops and the drinking places, and do all the garden work.

The laundry work is done at the public fountains; but the washer-women of Chili do not go almost naked, as some of their neighbors do.

The native Peruvian, the descendant of the ancient Incas, has learned almost nothing since the conquest, and has forgotten most of the arts his fathers knew, among them the process of rendering copper as hard as steel. The secret process is lost and the ingenuity and knowledge of the modern chemist cannot discover it.

Protestantism is making rapid progress in Chili. There are several missions under the care of the Presbyterian Board of the United States, and a number of self-supporting churches and schools.

The costume of the peasants is chiefly conspicuous by its absence in the summer

garden patches around them which are occupied by the tenants, and in payment for which the landlord is entitled to so many days' labor. Should more labor than is due be required of the tenant, he is paid for it, not in money, but in orders upon the supply store of the estate, where he can get clothing or food or rum—especially rum. Tenants are usually given small credits at these stores, and are kept in debt to the landlords. As the law prohibits them from leaving a landlord to whom they are in debt, the poor are kept in continual slavery, like the fabled one in mythology who was always rolling a stone uphill.

Everybody goes on horseback—even the beggars ride. Horses are seldom broken to harness—all the teaming being done with oxen. The gear of the Chili saddle horse is a most curious and complicated affair and weighs about five pounds—being sufficiently powerful to break a horse's jaw if suddenly jerked. The reins are of fine plaited hide or horse-hair, and are joined together when they reach the pommel of the saddle, terminating in a long lash called a *chivote*.

The Chili saddle is even more complicated than the bridle. First, six or seven sheepskins

season. When President Barrios of Guatemala, issued a decree that peons should wear clothing the country narrowly escaped a revolution; but policemen were stationed on all the roads leading into the city, and confiscated all the cargoes borne by those who did not comply with the regulations and put on a shirt or a *guipil*. The peons pleaded poverty and to avoid a possible outbreak and bloodshed, the government furnished the cloth to make the garments.

Their dress now consists of short trousers, like bathing-trunks, and a white cotton shirt. The shirt is kept for occasions of ceremony, and is worn only in town. While on the road they are naked except for the trunks.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates owned by people who live in the cities and seldom visit their haciendas. There are only two classes outside the cities—the landlords and the tenants. On each estate are a number of cottages with



ON THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAINS.