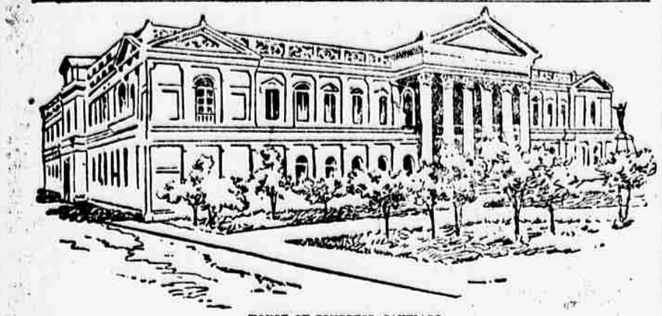
CHILI AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

THE MOST WARLIKE, AND THE MOST DREADED OF THE NATIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

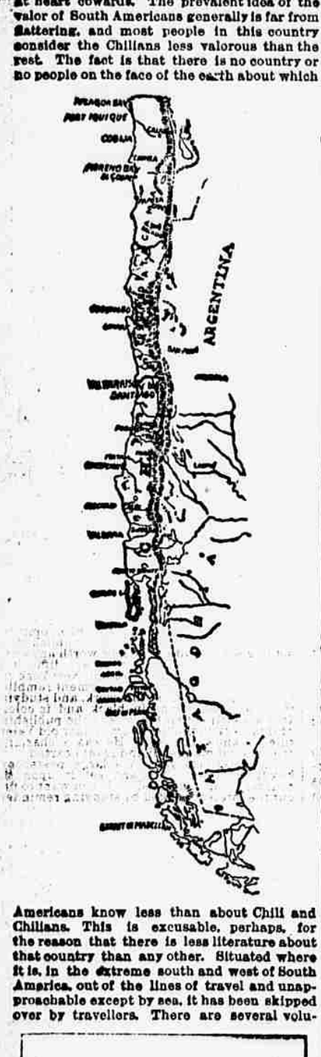
Although She Appears Small on the Map, Her Territory is Extensive—A Comparison of Her Coast Line With Ours—Glimpses of the Country and the Aggressive People—Resources and Prospects that are Amazing—Her Soldiers are Fearless and Valiant, Without Fear of Death.

Since the possibilities of a war with Chili have become the chief topic in this country it has been remarked frequently that the idea of so large a nation fighting so small a nation is a little ridiculous, and that such a war could bring no glory to the United States. Even those who talk loudest in favor of teaching the Chilians a lesson in manners, as the phrase goes, who would send an army at once, if they had their way, pause when the disparity in size between the two nations is spoken of, and admit that Chili is too small a country to



HOUSE OF CONGRESS, SANTIAGO.

notice with dignity, and her people scarcely worth considering. Indeed, the idea is fixed deeply in the American mind that the most southerly of republics is not only the smallest republic, but one of the smallest nations, and that her people are slender weaklings, who make loud boasts, but are incapable of fighting and at heart cowards. The prevalent idea of the valor of South Americans generally is far from flattering, and most people in this country consider the Chilians less valorous than the rest. The fact is that there is no country or no people on the face of the earth about which



Americans know less than about Chili and Chilians. This is excusable, perhaps, for the reason that there is less literature about that country than any other. Situated where it is, in the extreme south and west of South America, out of the lines of travel and unapproachable except by sea, it has been skipped over by travellers. There are several volu-

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

minous histories in the Spanish language and a brief dozen or two dull books of travellers' notes which have attracted no attention. There has been more written about the savage tribes of Central Africa than about the powerful and enlightened republic of Chili. Moreover, very little of Chili's tremendous trade has come to America. Great Britain takes care of that.

HARBOR AND CITY OF VALPARAISO.

In England they know what resources the country has and what a power she is. Here we know Chili as a long yellow mark on the map. We think of her as a barren republic, clinging tooth and nail to the Andes Mountains to save herself from tumbling into the Pacific Ocean. We think of her people as partly civilized half-breeds, swarthy of face and slender of limb, who live in straw huts and work in gold mines owned by Europeans. Perhaps the very contempt with which we regard Chili and Chilian affairs contributes to our rage at reported insults. Chili! Faugh! Let us wipe her off the face of the earth!

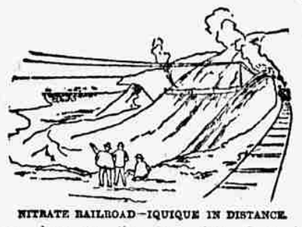
Perhaps it will be news to most Americans that Chili is in some respects the greatest nation in South America. That she is the most powerful will stand undisputed. That she is universally feared by her neighbors is a fact. That she is hated follows naturally. Chili is strong, aggressive, and warlike. She is to South America in many ways what Russia is to Europe. No southern nation will risk a quarrel with her, and her neighbors eye her askance, doubting her intentions. Perhaps it may be news to most Americans that Chili is a large country. She is small on the map, because her sisters are enormously larger, but her territory is extensive. She is larger than any country in Europe except Russia. She has 2,500 miles of seacoast. If she were plucked loose from her Andes and laid down over our Atlantic coast, her most northern province would cover Maine, and her rock-bound southern extremity would blot out of existence the peninsula of Florida. With that length Chili has a breadth of from fifty to 200 miles. Perhaps it will further surprise most Americans to know that Chili is probably the most advanced nation on her continent. Her railroad, telegraph, and telephone systems are of the best. Her method of government is superior to any. Her schools and universities are in the van of education. In methods of farming she equals the United States. In manufactures she far distances every South American country, and she is a model for any new nation in the world. Her mining operations are modern and extensive. Her commerce is far extending and increasing. Chili is not a tropical country, it must be remembered. She occupies the same zone that we occupy. The only South American rival which she has in the matter of civilization and progress is that amazing republic of Argentina, just across the Andes, a republic which is surpassing in growth the best efforts of our own wonderful country.

PRAT MONUMENT AT VALPARAISO.

And now comes another surprise. Few Americans will be prepared to believe that the Chilians are a pure white race, strong of body, sturdy of will, bright of wit, a people of great courage, determination, and patriotism. They are unlike any other South American people in these respects, and that is why they are feared. They are smaller in stature than Americans, but larger and sturdier than their neighbors. The masses, those who make up the bulk of the population and the rank and file of the army, are of mixed race, largely Indian. They are people of great strength, endurance, and ferocity. These common soldiers, of the blood of the warlike Araucanian aborigines, make Chili terrible in war. They have no fear of death and do not know when they are defeated. In the war with Peru the enormous proportion of dead to wounded left on the field of battle has gone into history as a memorial to the ferocity of these dark-skinned warriors.

I.

Imagine the entire eastern coast of the United States, with from 100 to 200 miles of breadth, cut off from the rest of the country. Imagine the Rocky Mountains, largely increased in height and capped with eternal snows, set close up against the western edge of that strip of land, their sides pushing down abruptly and joining the level by slopes not easily traversed. Now imagine the Alleghanies pulled from their bases and planted along the eastern edge of the coast,



NITRATE RAILROAD—IQUIQUE IN DISTANCE.

so close to the sea that there is only room for some narrow plains and a few towns here and there between the surf and their abrupt slopes. Suppose the long narrow strip of country between the parallel mountain chains a fertile plateau, blooming with vegetable wealth, dotted with cities and villages and crossed by innumerable torrents carrying the drippings of the snow-capped mountains to the sea. That is Chili reversed, of course, for Chili's coast is bathed by the Pacific, and the sun rises over the white summits of her volcanoes.

Following out the comparison a little further we find that Chili's territory would cover the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, a third of New-York, all of New Jersey, half of Pennsylvania, most of Maryland, all of Delaware, nearly half of Virginia and North Carolina, three-quarters of South Carolina, half of Georgia, a corner of Alabama, and all Florida.

Chili or Chile, as she spells her name, runs from the fifteenth parallel of south latitude

NITRATE RAILROAD IQUIQUE TO MOLLE.

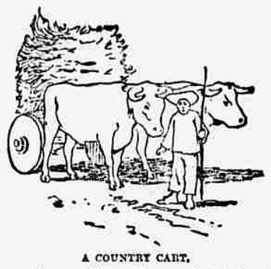
the nation lives, and the lesser heights of the Cordilleras de la Costa always hide the sea on the west. Chili is more blessed in scenery than Switzerland. There is no spot in all her great territory which huge mountains do not overlook. They are among the highest in the world. Aconcagua rises 22,427 feet into the air. The two dozen other volcanoes, not so ambitious, are of enormous heights also. Below the summits the rugged and notched ridges of the mountains glisten white yet till they subside into pale blue below the snow line.

The Cordilleras de la Costa are cut by many passes, down which rush mountain torrents, and through which pass well-constructed railroads. The slopes of the Cordilleras are short, ending abruptly in the sea. The central plateau is much higher, so that the eastern mountain slopes are softer. At Santiago the central table land is 1,300 feet high.

The Andes are the eastern boundary of Chili in more senses than one. There is an imaginary line drawn along their summits which divides the country from Argentina. Few people cross the Andes. The passage requires from four to six days. There are a few so-called passes, but they cannot be travelled except on mule back. The passes are simply slight indentations in the mountains. The best known is Doña Ana. You have to mount 14,770 feet above the level to pass through it. New Yorkers look upon Mount Marcy, in the Adirondacks, as a very high mountain, and boast of having climbed it. It is 5,200 feet in height. The lowest of the passes over the Andes is Planchon. It has 11,455 feet of altitude. Chilian enterprise has projected a railroad over the Andes, which is now under construction. With or without the railroad the mountains are a natural boundary, and Chili and Argentina will never quarrel over disputed territory.

But travellers tell us that the beauty of the country passes all description, that the country from end to end presents a magnificent and bewildering spectacle, a glorious panorama of brightness and shadow, of paradise and desert. Travellers also tell us that the country is wonderfully inspiriting. Its climate is everything one wants. If you want warmth, go north, to the land of figs and oranges. If you want cold, move south to the vast pine forests. If you are not particular, settle anywhere between these extremes. In Santiago, the capital, the temperature is never higher by of the thermometer than 92 degrees, and never lower than 52 degrees. It never rains there except during the four winter months, but dews always keep the atmosphere moist and pleasant. There is no country more healthful than Chili, the travellers say.

Chili has enormous natural wealth. The wealth is of various sources, which will be understood best by dividing the country into sections or belts which represent different kinds of produce. Beginning in the north, the first is the mineral belt, from 18° to 32°, comprising



A COUNTRY CART.

the provinces of Tacna, Tarapacá, Antofagasta, Atacama, Coquimbo, and Aconcagua. The next is the agricultural belt, from 32° to 41° 30', comprising the provinces of Valparaiso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Nuble, Concepción, Bío-Bío, Arauco, Malleco, Cautin, Valdivia, and Llanquihue. The third is the timber and fisheries belt and includes all the southern end of Chili, with primitive forests, islands, and lakes. There is enormous natural wealth in each of these zones. The most northern or mineral zone, however, is Chili's stronghold of wealth. The treasures she digs out of the earth make her a great nation, place her name in the third class—alongside of that of France—in the table in which the nations of the earth are enumerated comparatively, according to their national debts and the nature and disposition of their resources.

In the mineral belt gold, silver, copper, lead, antimony, cobalt, zinc, nickel, bismuth, iron, molybdenum, and nitrate are found in great quantities and the mining operations are extensive. The Germans and English have flocked there with capital to work the mines. Chilians also engage in the work as principals, but not to the same extent as foreigners. The country profits enormously by her mines outside of the employment it gives her laboring classes, through the fees she exacts of the mine owners for privileges and the export taxes which she places upon the output. The silver mines of Chili are among the richest and most extensive in the world. The stories told by travellers of the percentage of pure metal found in the ores are considered preposterous sometimes, but there is evidence to show that the ores are wonderfully rich, surpassed, perhaps, only by a few ancient and celebrated mines in Peru. The great mineral wealth of Chili, however, comes from her nitrate of soda deposits, and therein lies a story.

A CHILIAN HOUSE.

Before the war of 1873, between Chili on one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, the northern boundaries of Chili were fixed indefinitely south of the Bolivian desert of Atacama. North of Atacama was the desert of Tarapacá, which belonged to Peru. Chili never questioned the rights of those countries to her arid routions till it was ascertained that they were stored with wealth. The silver mines of Guantajaya and Santa Rosa, near Iquique in Tarapacá, had been known before, but it was believed that the deserts were of no value. But when it was discovered that in Tarapacá and Atacama there were inexhaustible beds of nitrate and borax; that in Atacama were some of the richest silver mines in the world, and that guano deposits had accumulated on the rocky promontories of the coast, Chili disputed the boundary lines. A pretence for war was found upon the flimsiest of evidence. Bolivia and Peru united in defence. But together they were no match for Chili, and both provinces have since paid their tribute into her coffers, and form now her chief source of income.

The yearly output of nitrate of soda is enormous, and hundreds of vessels are engaged in the traffic of carrying it from the deserts of Chili over the world. British capital chiefly is employed in the great industry. The nitrate is found from one to ten feet below the soil, mixed with extraneous matter. In that form it is called *caliche*. The beds of caliche are four to six or eight feet in thickness, and extend over vast areas of territory. The Tarapacá desert is especially rich in it. The caliche is obtained by blasting, the powder being packed in deep holes, or *bras*, extending through the upper soil and the caliche itself. It is then loaded on cars and taken to the shore by train, where it passes through purifying processes of dissolution and recrystallization. The nitrate is then ready for the market and is shipped in bags.

The deserts which hide the nitrate beds are desolate in the extreme. It is probable that rain has not fallen on them for many years. Animals cannot exist there. Rivers miles away are deflected from their courses to supply drinking water for the laborers, and all supplies are brought by railroad. The nitrate beds are supposed to be the dried bottoms of salt lakes of prehistoric times. Many thousands of Chilians are employed there. Thus Chili derives her largest income from provinces stolen from weaker neighbors.

The other minerals found in Chili pay largely also. Her mineral mountains are full of wealth, and are making fortunes for those who work them. Her guano beds are large and profitable, although her nitrate has of late curtailed the demand for guano, being itself a cheap fertilizer. It is believed that Chili's mountains are full of undiscovered fortunes. Coal of an excellent quality and in unlimited quantities has been discovered south of the mineral belt, and is being mined extensively and profitably. The agricultural belt south of the mining region is a delightful country, covered with farms and dotted with flourishing towns. It is crossed by railroads in many directions, and is as prosperous and delightful a country as can be found. The greater cities are there.

But in spite of the fertile soil and climate only irrigation has made agriculture possible throughout a large part of Chili. The Andes suck the moisture from the winds and rain is light and infrequent. But the industrious Chilians deflect the rushing rivers from their courses and spread their waters in little ditches over the country. The system, which travellers describe as very similar to that used in our Western States, is carried to a de-

PRESIDENT MONTT'S PALACE AND TREASURY BUILDING, SANTIAGO.

gree approaching perfection. The farmers of a section combine to tap a river and ditch its water to their acres, where it is distributed, the expenses being borne in common. Under that system the whole country become like a garden. Oranges, lemons, and figs abound toward the north. Then comes the region of flax, corn, grapes, olives, and peaches. Further south, where the climate is much like that of Great Britain, wheat, barley,

ARAUCANIAN DWELLING.

rye, flax, and corn are cultivated with immense success in quantities sufficient to supply the nation and export largely. Peru and Bolivia depend to a great extend on Chili for their cereals. Travellers praise that favored part of Chili in words which seem excessive.

The timber and fisheries belt, comprising an enormous territory, is almost an unexplored wilderness. Its forest wealth is declared to be unsurpassed, except by the British possessions of North America. The trees are of varieties unknown to us, but just as satisfying to the needs of man. Capital is attacking the edges of the forests, and an export business has been begun with Europe. The fisheries are of immense value. They, too, are entirely undeveloped. The Government is trying to direct immigration into that part of the country, with the hope of realizing something of its possibilities. But it is slow work, for the country is wild and occupied by the Araucanian Indians, who, if not hostile, are lawless and unpleasant neighbors. The savages are fearless and physically powerful. They are coming under the domination of the Government, to which they have sold their territories little by little.

Such is Chili, a country of large area, enormous natural wealth, wonderful physical beauty, and great possibilities. It is surely deserving of domination by a worthy race.

II.

In Chili class distinctions are marked. There are three classes among her inhabitants. The ruling class is pure white, descended from the Spanish conquerors of the land, as Americans are descended from the former English possessors of America. The lower class is a mixed race, combining the blood of the Spaniards and the Araucanians. The mixed people are called *peones*, in English peons. They constitute the bulk of the population, and do the laborious and menial work. In the third class are the Araucanians pure and simple. There are 50,000 of the savages in the country. They yield a ready obedience to the laws when they leave their wilds for civilization, and they can be impressed into the army if desired. They are fierce, cruel, and tireless fighters.

SOME CHILIAN WOMEN.

Nearly all travellers who write of Chili fail to distinguish sufficiently between the Chilian of pure Spanish, or, at least, white blood, and the mixed class. That is one reason why Americans have such wrong impressions of the people. The Chilians are as white as we are, and nearly as numerous as the peons, whom they treat imperiously. There are naturally many of the lower class whose admixture of Indian blood is very small and who are nearly white. For that, however, the unfortunates must suffer.

The Chilians are a proud race, arrogant, pretentious, and fond of display. There is much of their Spanish forefathers about them. They have acquired in the brisk climate an energy not Spanish, but have retained a love of ease and a carelessness or slovenliness with their work which is traceable directly. They have kept their Spanish beauty. They are not stunted in stature to the degree noticeable in the descendants of Spaniards in other South American countries, probably another result of climate. They are strongly of the Spanish type, however. The men are slender and graceful, although strong of build, and the women are dark, languorous beauties, who know well the coquettishness of the Spanish *senda*, and how to sing love songs to the twang of a guitar. There is a certain atmosphere of poetry and romance thrown over this interesting country, which is certainly an inheritance. It is not born of the air, which is brisk, and inspires action rather than sentiment. The Chilians are far from lazy. They are hearty and active, with an ambition to lead in all things, art and science as well as business, manufactures, and war. They are copyists, however. Their civilization, high as it is, is crude and in many ways unformed.

Santiago, the Chilian capital, is a handsome city. It lies in the great plain between the two mountain ranges, the great snow-capped summits of the Andes being visible from every street. It is laid out like a chess board, as, indeed, is every Chilian town, however small. There is a grand central plaza, with the cathedral, the Governor's palace, and the great public buildings on two sides, and the swell shops of the city on the other two sides. The plaza is the real centre of the town. Its life, social and business, seems to spring from it. At night there is music under its trees, and the inhabitants gather and promenade, making a nightly festival. By day the plaza is lined with *barcillos* or small retail booths, much patronized by the inhabitants. The city is well ordered. The shops are small and not remarkable for the variety or quality of the goods they contain. But Santiago is not a business city. Valparaiso, four hours away by express, is the great seaport and business centre of the nation, the New York of Chili. Santiago is the city of homes and society, the social and governmental head of the nation. There are numerous street car lines in the city, and blooming half-breed girls act as car conductors. It is a singular custom, seen nowhere else in South America. Many of the half-breeds are handsome, and the women, when young, are plump and rosy. The bright-eyed conductors seldom retain their places long. When one becomes a conductor she might as well order her trousseau and be done with it.

The great street of Santiago is the Alameda, a boulevard with a central garden of trees, adorned with statuary, and with roadways on either side. There are many fine residences along the street, as there are also in the interminable streets which run to right and left, always crossing at right angles, and occupying great areas of ground.

The Chilian house is something of a fortress. It has indications of the old Spanish house about it, with many original features. It is built round one or more courtyards, and is shut off from the street by heavy doors and sometimes by iron gates besides. A blank wall is all that is presented from the street. The outsider gets no glimpse of the charming home-like scene within, of the orange trees blooming in the court yard, of the curious angles, far-projecting roofs, quaint turnings and twistings, carved rafters, nail-studded doors, and other comfort-suggesting features of the truly interesting structure. An exceedingly inhospitable building is the Chilian family home. It offers no welcome to the stranger, and little even to the acquaintance, for social lines are drawn much more tightly in Chili than they are here.

MANTAS.

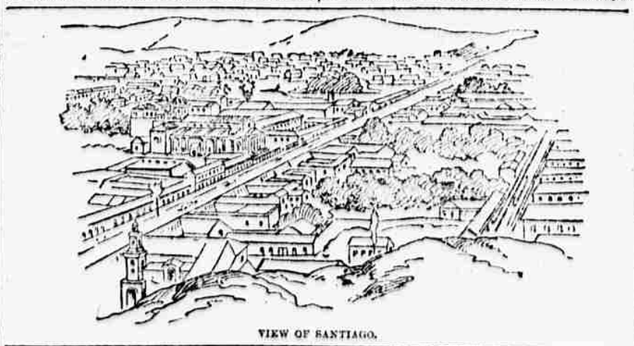
The well-to-do and poorer Chilians live in more modest dwellings of the same general plan. It remains to the peons, the half-breeds, to live in wretched sheds and hovels, jammed together in frightful and filthy dens. But it may be that travellers unwittingly exaggerate the poverty of the peons, just as the princes well-to-do Chilians who visit New York write home thrilling descriptions of Hester street.

Most of the dwelling houses are built of adobe or sun-dried brick for the first story. If there be a second story it is of cane, and the whole plastered with mud and colored and ornamented. But few houses have more than one story, for Chili is a land of earthquakes. Although common and of constant occurrence, earthquakes are not regarded as either dangerous or unpleasant. Many private houses are of large size, covering 400 or 500 feet square of ground, and accommodating three generations of a family with dining rooms, which will seat sixty at table. Many have architectural pretensions, and are decorated with elaborate mouldings and marble slabs. But stucco is depended upon, and houses are painted every color and shade distinguishable by the human eye. Santiago has a large theatre, which is patronized extensively.

An admirable understanding of the Chilian people can be obtained by visiting the plaza in the evening. The scene has been described by more than one traveller. A military band plays European airs, while the people, young and old, promenade in the winding pathways under the trees. Many of the costumes worn have been imported, and all have been cut

A COUNTRY RAILROAD STATION.

after Parisian fashion plates. The men wear black coats and silk hats, the women and girls dresses of silks and expensive fabrics. There is more or less flirting, perhaps more boldly carried on than with us. The scene is enlivened by the presence of many officers in gay uniform, for Chilians affect the army, and are fond of its display. Mixed with the throng of gay and light-hearted whites, are the mixed people, the peons, the unfortunates who have Indian blood. The women are dark skinned, with straight black hair, and are homely after they pass the age of rosy cheeks. They dress coarsely and are vulgar in their manners. Both men and women acknowledge the superiority of the whites. The whites in turn treat them like slaves. A Chilian will not thank a peon for a service.



VIEW OF SANTIAGO.

The military atmosphere is everywhere. The officers are bold, arrogant fellows who know their tactics by heart and are accustomed to command. The Peruvian war showed that they were intrepid and fearless soldiers as well as brainy tacticians. The common soldiers, the peons, are stocky, sturdy, powerful, brutal, fearless. They love fighting, and they have no fear of death. Theirs is a curious religion, inherited from the Araucanians and full of odd superstitions. It teaches them that death in battle is glorious. The religion of the whites, by the way, is Roman Catholic. It is recognized by the State, but all other sects are tolerated, and there are some flourishing Protestant societies.

Large and expensive barracks and military schools are now in course of erection in Santiago, for the Chilians mean to cultivate the art of war. They have also the long-established Escuela Militar, the Academia de Guerra, a military club, an Institute of Military Engineers, and the like. The Chilians are close students of European armies, tactics, and systems. Of other institutions Santiago has her share. She has an extensive public school system, galleries of art, scientific collections and societies, a national college of a high order, schools of law and medicine, and the like. With its electric lights and telephones and telegraph systems, you would not know Santiago from an American city. Light newspapers are published daily. Besides large banks the city has every necessity or luxury attendant on the highest and most complex state of civilization.

Valparaiso, the port and business centre of Chili, on the west slope of the Cordilleras de la Costa, is very different from Santiago. It is essentially an English city. It is large, of no particular beauty, and with something of a cosmopolitan air. It has clubs and a large English population. Germans, too, are very numerous. A great deal of wealth is centred in the town and invested in its enterprises and business projects. English is spoken everywhere. One can hardly get along without it in Valparaiso. For that matter, English is well understood throughout the country. The time was when Paris was the city upon which all eyes were fixed. Paris is yet the Chilian's ideal in matters of dress and art, but London is all else to Chili, and it may be said that it is a nation of Anglomaniacs, although there is not any aping of the English to a perceptible degree. The relationship is largely of business origin, and it came about from English influence making itself felt through the medium of financial channels. English is taught in the schools, and when children are old enough to go abroad they are taken to London. Of course they visit Paris, too.

WOMAN CAR CONDUCTOR.

Social life is more formal in Chili than with us. Society distinctions are drawn more definitely. The great families of the nation live apart in a small world of their own. Family counts for much. The chief social functions are the dinner party and the reception. Even in the middle classes there is not that joyous freedom of social intercourse which we know. The young man who falls in love must be content with unsatisfactory tête-à-têtes in crowded ballrooms. He must apply to the girl's parents and obtain permission to address the daughter before he is granted any additional liberty. Lovers are never permitted to meet alone until they have been married. Among the peons social lines are as noticeably loose. Marriage is dispensed with in perhaps a majority of cases. Men and women live together as fancy prompts. But the sturdy half-breeds are honest fellows, with strong affections, and the family relation in most instances holds as firmly as a contract.

Chilian women of the upper class exhaust the vocabularies of travellers. They are exceedingly slender and graceful, almost always with rich dark complexions, long, soft, and jet

COUNTRY FOLKS.

black hair and black eyes under long drooping lashes. They speak the soft Spanish language with softer voices than their fair American sisters of the northern hemisphere. They are well educated carefully. Many of them speak English, and a few speak French.

Travelling in Chili is rapid and comfortable. The railroads are well constructed and the rolling stock is of the best. Express trains make almost as good time as they do in the United States. Parlor cars are common on the principal roads. The number of travellers is amazing in a nation of 3,000,000 people. The usual explanation is that the lower classes are restless folk, never satisfied with one place, always wanting change. The idleness of their Spanish progenitors and their Indian shiftlessness make the peons roving good-for-nothings, but always happy. They will never work long at a job. As soon as they have something ahead they knock off and spend it.

When a train stops at a station in the country the stranger finds his surroundings interesting. The station is merely a roof of corrugated iron supported by uprights. The arrival of the train is plainly an event in village life. Everybody is at the station. There are dark Spanish faces, feminine and bewhiskered, the swarthy faces of the half-

A VAQUERO.

breeds, and perhaps the dark face of a full-blooded Indian. A uniform and the bright dresses, as well as the cheeks of the girls, are the bits of color. The bustle, the laughter, and the merry chatter in the soft Spanish tongue are amusing. If it be a town of some size a score of persistent newsboys and venders of sausages besiege the passengers. Horsemen with enormous hats and bright-colored ponchos ride about, and wagons of primitive build, drawn by oxen, have brought loads of fodder bound for the nitrate fields.

The country districts abound in grand scenery and bits of pleasant and odd rural life. The grape country and the wine presses interest the traveller, for wine is becoming an important product of the land, and is securing a demand abroad. The great grazing districts, with their vaqueros, or Indian cowboys, and their *rodeos*, or roundups, as our ranchmen term the periodic stock accounting, and the great forest tracts, with their interesting Indian inhabitants, are much talked of by travellers. Amazing tales, too, are told of the game in the southern forests and of the savage pumas which make life exciting for the mountaineer of the warmer regions.

Let no one sneer at Chili and her people. If it comes to war, it would be strange, indeed, if we did not thrash her soundly. But victory must be fought for. The Chilians are highly civilized and valorous, and if they be few in number, perhaps their wealth and high national credit and the impregnable fortifications which nature has built around their country may count for something. We shall not whip them in a day.

WINTER DIVERSIONS.

LIVELY HUNTING FOR FOXES.

Good Sport for Men and Boys in the Suburbs of Norwich.

NORWICH, Jan. 23.—Foxes are so numerous in eastern Connecticut that any one may hunt them successfully in the back yards and home lots of this town and within sight of the house roofs of this city. It is easy to start a fox any day within a mile of the city streets, and people who dwell in the suburbs hear the baying of hounds ringing in the frosty air almost every night. There has been little good tracking weather until the late snow came, and the game was not hunted much; therefore owners of fox dogs let them out at night for exercise. The hounds ran all night, of course; then, either having driven the game into ledges or become weary of the chase, tagged each other homeward. The snow fall made good tracking, and for two days recently all the famous fox hunters of the town went on the fox path. Great sport was had, and at the end of each day the sportsmen came home with a brush. On the first day's hunt these well-known and veteran fox hunters took the field: Joe Ashwell, Gib Pierce, Oscar Palmer, Al Lillibridge, son of First Selectman Lillibridge, John M. Johnson, and Gurdon L. Bidwell.

The sportsmen had Oscar Palmer's fine brace of hounds, Zeke and Sport, and they quitted Selectman Thurston B. Lillibridge's capacious and hospitable farmhouse at Plain Hill, in the northern part of the town, at daybreak. A fox was started at once, and the hounds ran him all the forenoon in lower Franklin and northern Norwich and finally into Bog Meadow swamp at noon, where he was shot dead by Albert Lillibridge. Oscar Palmer entered the swamp just a moment too late for a shot at Reynard, and in his eagerness to go to the front he plunged up to his waist into a quagmire. There he stuck for a few moments, but finally pulled himself out of it with a great effort and started over hill and dale, shedding chunks of half-frozen mud and clots of muddy water at every step, to the hospitable abode of Mr. Lillibridge. Thurston took the mud man in promptly, and he and another man with strenuous efforts made out to pull off Oscar's frozen trousers. Then they chopped most of the ice off them and stood them up before the stove to thaw and dry there. But Oscar hadn't had half enough sport, so they put him into a pair of Mr. Lillibridge's trousers that were three sizes too big for him, but the hunter took three reefs in them and set out after the dogs, the trousers tripping him at every thirty rods of his course.

In less than half an hour another big fox was running free before the excited hounds, and driven along half a dozen country roads and across the house lots of most of the farmers in the region of Plain Hill. But night fell just about the time the dogs had sent the fox into cover in an almost inaccessible and lofty ledge, and the hunters quitted the trail. They left the hounds in the woods, near Mr. Lillibridge's house, and went home, satisfied with their trophy, a handsome red fox.

At 11 o'clock next day Oscar Palmer started on the fox track again, taking his hounds from Mr. Lillibridge's house, where they had spent the night, and Rufus M. Marshall, the truckman of this city, went with him. Foxes appeared to be even more numerous than on the day before, and at one time five of them were seen jogging across the open fields about Plain Hill and three miles from the centre of this city. In less than half an hour after the men sallied forth their hounds were in full cry on the trail of a big male fox. Through meadows, bogs, upland fields, pastures, and forests the chase led, and nearly all the dwellers in their farmhouses in Northern Norwich got a glimpse from time to time of the game slinking across their fields. At about noon Rufus Marshall, who had taken his stand at a big and precipitous ledge in a clump of underbrush, noted that the sounds of the chase were coming his way, and in great excitement he awaited the advent of Reynard. With the magazine of his Spencer gun packed with cartridges of No. 2 shot, Mr. Marshall had been ready for his first fox for about ten minutes, yet when the animal did come, with almost noiseless and rapid trend, leaping out of cover into the open, the hunter was taken by surprise; but Reynard had barely leaped ten feet along the glade when Marshall's gun flew to his shoulder, cracked, and the beast with a sudden look of surprise leaped into the air, went over backward, and in a minute kicked his last kick on the hard snow crust. Mr. Marshall, as happy and exultant as a child with its first doll, sprang out of his ambush and flung himself on the game, and the veteran Palmer said later that he saw the lucky sportsman suddenly grow at least four inches taller as he picked up the dead fox and flung it over his shoulder.

After waiting a bit for rest and "belting the beast for a 12-pounder" the hunters started toward the hills again for more foxes, and half an hour later the hounds were galloping on the track of another male fox. Evidently the chap was old and wary, for he ran all about the Sawin ledge country, and for three hours was not once within range of the sportsmen. Finally, however, he made for Sawin's ledge at another part of it, and went straight toward Mr. Marshall, who was hidden there, whose luck seemed to abide with him, until he was within twenty rods of the hunter; then he evidently snuffed danger, for he suddenly wheeled in his track and was making off when Marshall rose out of cover and punged shot after shot at the flying animal. The first shot doubtless struck the fox, for he sprang four feet straight upward; but the shot was too small at the distance, and the game bounded away into the thickets with great leaps. If his gun had been loaded with B B pellets Mr. Marshall is certain he would have bagged the animal. After hunting until after sunset the sportsmen set out for home, having driven their second fox into a ledge. Two of the foxes that were seen running that day evidently were out for a lark only, for the hounds were not on their trail. It is plain, therefore, that there is no end of foxes in this town, and plenty of them within the city's boundaries.

FOUND A BEAR IN HER KITCHEN.

Mrs. Sharp Thereupon Made Good Use of Hot Water and a Gun.

SCRANTON, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Ora J. Sharp, the wife of a young woodsman of Dutch Mountain, was making pumpkin pies in her cellar kitchen last Monday, while her husband was working in the lumber woods. When the pies were ready for the oven Mrs. Sharp placed them in a row on the mixing shelf and ran up stairs to attend to the baby. She stayed longer than she expected to, and, hearing a noise in the kitchen, she hurried down to see what made it. She found a large black bear sitting upon his haunches in front of the shelf as though he had been in the habit of dining there every day. He was gobbling down her unbaked pies with all his might, and Mrs. Sharp grabbed a kettle of boiling water from the stove and threw it at him just as he was scooping out the last pie tin with his right paw. A good part of the scalding water struck the bear square on the top of his shoulders. It ran down the whole length of his back, and it made him bellow and scratch around as though his hide had been peppered with shot. In his haste to get out of the kitchen the bear dashed against the cellar door that opened inward on a stiff spring. He landed in the cellar, and the door slammed shut and fastened him in. Then the bear began to roar and tear things, and Mrs. Sharp bolted the door.

The destruction of her pies greatly angered Mrs. Sharp, and she resolved not to let the bear leave the cellar alive. Her husband wouldn't return from the woods in several hours, the nearest house was more than a mile away, and as she feared that the bear might break out before her husband came home, she concluded to see if she couldn't shoot the bear right away, and put him out of his misery. Mr. Sharp's double-barrelled gun was loaded up stairs, but she had never fired it, and she made up her mind that she could if she tried.

Mrs. Sharp was afraid that something might happen to the baby if she left it in the house, so she bundled it up, tucked it in a clothes basket, carried it to the barn, and placed it in the haymow. Then she got out the rifle, cocked both barrels, and stood it against the back end of the house. In the rear end of the cellar there was a narrow window under the sill. The house had been banked with straw, and Mrs. Sharp quickly removed the straw and pulled the window out. The bear was still thrashing and groaning, and the moment he saw the light he climbed up and stuck his snout out of the window. While the bear was hanging on the stones with his claws Mrs. Sharp fired a bullet into his head, and he tumbled backward and made no more noise.

As soon as Mrs. Sharp felt certain that she had killed the bear she hastened after the baby. The little one was all right, and she carried it to the house and got ready to make another batch of pies. Mr. Sharp came home at nightfall, and his wife told him about the dead bear in the cellar. They dragged the carcass out into the snow, and then they found that all the hair had been scalded from the bear's back and that Mrs. Sharp's bullet had hit him between the eyes.

The Kite Not to Prevail.

From the Turf, Field and Farm.

It would seem evident to any one who has been watching passing events and exhibitions of preference that the popular tendency for the future will be to the regulation quarter mile turns, quarter mile straights, railroad curves and grades, made of the elastic soil, and on a level plane. With the "solid comforts" of trotting tracks with this form of track, because they know what is going on, and those driving horses and drivers is reduced to a minimum, there is no use of thinking or talking about trotting turf remaining a popular resort for the recreation-loving public unless the races are conducted on a track so that spectators can get something for their money.