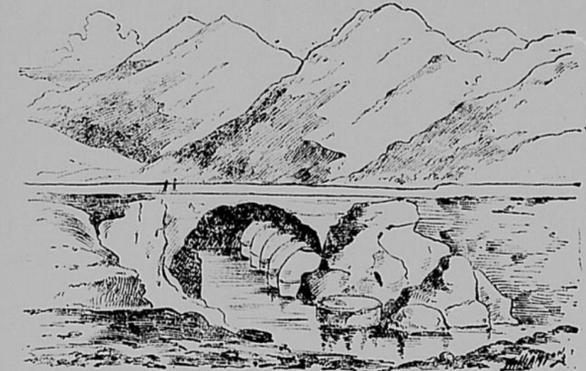


CHILL AND CHILIANS.

FACTS ABOUT A BUMPTIOUS LITTLE REPUBLIC.

A Remarkable Country and a Strange People—The Longest Strip of Territory on the Globe—Peccantaries of the Inhabitants—Climate and Topography.

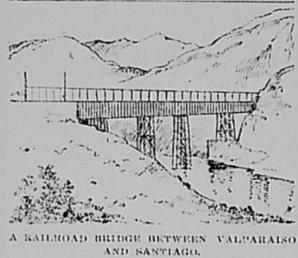
Yankoes of South America. In many ways than one Chili is a curious country. Its extent to our way of thinking is enormous, having a superficial area of 293,000 square miles, being, therefore, somewhat greater than Texas. It is of a shape so unique that there is nothing else like it on the globe. A narrow strip of coast beginning at Alaska and extending through British America, Washington, Oregon, California, Mexico, and the Central American states to the Isthmus of Darien, and you have a narrow strip to the shape of Chili. The extent of this remarkable country is nearly 3,000 miles from north to south, and to travel from one end of it to the other it is necessary to make a journey as long as from the north point of Boston's Bay to the southern boundary of Mexico, a journey nearly as long as that from New York to San Francisco.



THE "SINCA" BRIDGE, A NATURAL FORMATION.

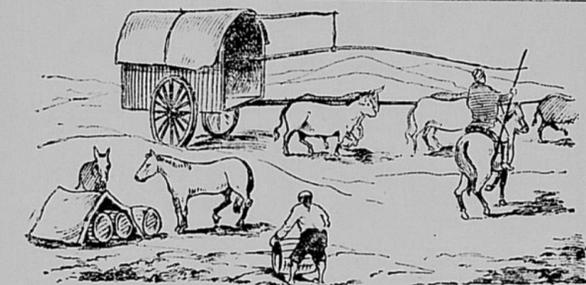
But the width is by no means proportional to this vast length. Though so long Chili is rarely more than 100 miles wide, a mere strip between the Andes and the coast, and so narrow as to give rise to the facetious saying that the people of Chili hang to the Andes by their finger and toe nails to keep from falling into the sea.

Save in one district, and that is of no great extent, all Chili is cut up by mountain ranges. It is not too much to say that a journey through Chili is up one mountain and down another, from the fertile region of the tropics to the frozen zone of Cape Horn. Extending from near the equator to the antarctic circle, it has every variety of climate. In the



A RAILROAD BRIDGE BETWEEN VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO.

north, the desert districts, rainless from one year's end to the other, present a sandy plain, incapable of supporting life; further south, to the center of the country, there are wooded heights and a temperate climate; still further there is the wet zone, with its almost impenetrable forests, giant mountains and iron-bound coast. Chili is a Sahara in the north, a California in the center, and a Norway in the south. All districts are, however, in one respect alike, they are all mountainous. The nature of the country is such as to render land intercourse between different towns, even when situated close together on the seacoast, a matter often of impossibility; hence the



INLAND TRANSPORTATION IN CHILL.

sea has always been relied on as a means of communication between the different parts of Chili, and the coasting trade is a very important branch of commerce. The Chilians are, comparatively speaking, well advanced in civilization—that is, compared with the other South American States. They are so far ahead of their Spanish-American brethren that they have not infrequently been denominated the English, and even the Yankees, of South America. According to the last census, the population of Chili was nearly 3,000,000; and a busy people they are, at least in the towns, and do a thriving business with the rest of the world, for to the numerous ports there came in 1888 9,880 vessels, with a tonnage of 8,730,329, nearly one-half of which was owned by Chili, and displayed the native flag, most of the remaining vessels being British. In the same year the value of the imports was \$60,000,000, and of the exports \$73,000,000, so that Chili has a fair balance of trade in her favor. As in other South American countries, however, the great bulk of the trade is with Great Britain. Of the exports of 1888, \$56,000,000 went to Great Britain, and only \$2,000,000 to the United States, a fact which explains the anxiety of the present administration to secure reciprocity with a country which buys so much and has so much to sell.

Notwithstanding the character of the country, which tries the skill of the railroad engineer at every step, Chili has a large number of railroads, and though most are of no great length, the aggregate is 1,748 miles. Owing to the expense of their construction, over one-

half the roads are owned by the state, 748 miles being under state control, having cost the government over \$49,000,000. In spite of this enormous expense, the government railroads are doing well; in 1887 their receipts were \$6,349,321, their expenses \$4,107,256. Chili has also 10,640 miles of telegraph lines, nearly 314 of which belong to the government, and over these 1,500,000 messages are dispatched every year, so that, even judged by our rules of measurement, the Chilian people are not so far behind as their isolated geographical position might lead us to suppose.

The rainless deserts of the north, the mountains of the center, the forests and rocks of the south, compose most of the territory of Chili, and even in that quarter where the climate is favorable to agriculture, large districts are given up to grazing, and a still larger part cannot be cultivated because of the steepness of the hills. The fertility of the small remainder may therefore be judged of from the fact that every year, in spite of the most primitive means of cultivation and the habitual and persistent laziness of the rural population, Chili raises about 21,000,000 bushels of wheat and produces over 21,000,000 gallons of wine. Quite as productive are her mines of silver, of gold, of copper, and her nitrate and guano deposits. In 1888 the exports

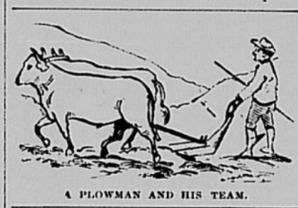
to consumption and kindred ailments. Santiago has many magnificent buildings, which are neatly grouped around the Plaza, where stands the Grand Cathedral, of enormous extent and superb front. Almost opposite is the Opera House, believed to be the finest in the Americas, with a North or South, and close around stand many noble buildings, both public and private. In the Mint are the public offices and the President's official dwelling, and within easy reach are the halls of Congress, offices of the various departments and buildings for the city government. In the center of the city rises the lofty hill of Santa Lucia, which, well fortified, forms the chief protection of the city. Santiago is connected by railroad with Valparaiso, and more than one railroad line has been planned to strike boldly to the west, traverse one or another of ten known passes discovered in the Andes, and connect Chili with the Atlantic coast.

As Santiago is the largest city, so Valparaiso is the chief seaport, not of Chili alone, but of all the South Pacific. It is a city of 140,000 population, and more cosmopolitan than Santiago, for at least one-fourth of its people are foreigners. Situated on a magnificent bay, defended by fifteen forts which together mount over 200 guns, it does so large a business with so many different nations that a stranger from any quarter of the world, coming to Valparaiso, will find himself at home among his countrymen. It is a city of 140,000 population, and more cosmopolitan than Santiago, for at least one-fourth of its people are foreigners. Situated on a magnificent bay, defended by fifteen forts which together mount over 200 guns, it does so large a business with so many different nations that a stranger from any quarter of the world, coming to Valparaiso, will find himself at home among his countrymen.

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So far as situation is concerned, Chili is more fortunate than most other South American states, in that its position extends it from the misfortunes of the early Spanish rule. During the Spanish occupation no gold mines were known, and Chili did not present a field for brilliant adventure, and although the

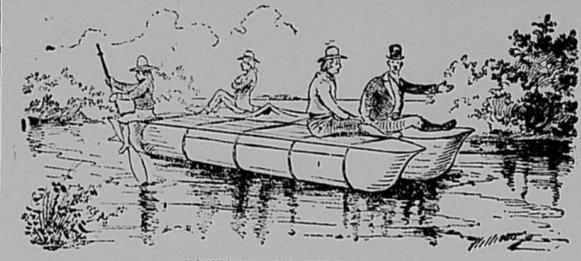
condition of most of the population of Chili is far from fortunate. The greater part of the land is owned by large holders, who live in Santiago or Valparaiso, and there spend the money received from their farms, which are managed by overseers. The masses of the people may be divided into tenant farmers and laborers, the former having small holdings, for which they render personal service in payment, while the latter, as a rule, have no home, and travel from place to place in search of work. But they do not wander on foot, for in Chili everybody rides. The poorest farmer has his horse, and the traditional beggar on horseback would be no novelty in Chili, for more than one traveler has noted the curious spectacle of being pursued by two or three mounted beggars, who were earnest in their supplications for charity, "for the love of God." In Chili, however, nobody starves, so matter how poor. Nature is too bountiful and the people are too hospitable. In this highly favored country hospitalities are not so sacred of virtues. In traveling to and fro no man is ever found; the traveler on reaching a village or country town presents himself at the house of the Governor, or, if the latter be absent, at the best house in the village, walks in, as a matter of course, and equally of course is at once made welcome; wine is set before him, and while dinner is prepared he is questioned as to the news.



A PLOWMAN AND HIS TEAM.

Among the better classes in city and country, after rising and imbibing the morning's coffee, men and women separate, the latter to go to mass, the former to their clubs or business, and meet again at breakfast, which begins at noon and lasts from one to three hours. In the afternoon, rest, the inevitable siesta or drive, passes away the time; in the evening the opera, social visiting and dancing bring the gentlemen and ladies together again, until past midnight. Chilian women, however, are not intellectual. While very pretty, their beauty being of the dark Spanish type, their talk does not rise above the commonplace. Until recently they were kept in as close retirement as their sisters of Spain, and only lately, when with foreigners came in foreign customs, were they allowed any considerable degree of freedom. Fifteen years ago such a thing as young girls appearing on the street was out of the question; now two or three girls may escort each other, though even at present the older Chilians look on this with some degree of

reprobation. But there are better days ahead; women, both young and old, are now employed in the telegraph offices, in the stores as clerks, and for a novelty, as conductors on the street cars. To the foreigner it is a strange sight to see



NAVIGATING THE CHILIAN WATERS.

young women on the rear platform of the street car, taking fares and attending to the multifarious duties of a conductor, but the women do it well, and any rudeness to them is at once resented by the more gallant of their passengers. The lower classes of the population are almost entirely Indian, or the immediate descendants of Indians, having all the traits which characterize the aborigines of America. A copper skin, small, bright eyes, high cheek bones, and, above all, a reckless disregard of life, a hatred of work and a love of strong drink, are their most marked peculiarities. Not a few of them are descendants of the most remarkable race ever seen on the face of the Western Continent.

DEAD FOR FORTY DAYS.

A Remarkable Case of Suspended Animation in an India Court.
My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known Gen. Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right-hand man, who was present. Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and, declining to obey, was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted performance. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the



A FAVORITE METHOD OF CRUSHING ORE.

earthquakes than any other quarter of the globe. It is rare for a week to pass without an earthquake, and as many as twenty have been noted in a single day. However accustomed the Chilian is to these tremors of the earth, they never lose their terrors. Day and night in Chili, whatever the weather, the inside doors opening into the courtyard are always open; every house has its living refuge in a large open space between the buildings which inclose it, and to this courtyard, on the slightest symptom of danger, every inhabitant runs.

The condition of most of the population of Chili is far from fortunate. The greater part of the land is owned by large holders, who live in Santiago or Valparaiso, and there spend the money received from their farms, which are managed by overseers. The masses of the people may be divided into tenant farmers and laborers, the former having small holdings, for which they render personal service in payment, while the latter, as a rule, have no home, and travel from place to place in search of work. But they do not wander on foot, for in Chili everybody rides. The poorest farmer has his horse, and the traditional beggar on horseback would be no novelty in Chili, for more than one traveler has noted the curious spectacle of being pursued by two or three mounted beggars, who were earnest in their supplications for charity, "for the love of God." In Chili, however, nobody starves, so matter how poor. Nature is too bountiful and the people are too hospitable. In this highly favored country hospitalities are not so sacred of virtues. In traveling to and fro no man is ever found; the traveler on reaching a village or country town presents himself at the house of the Governor, or, if the latter be absent, at the best house in the village, walks in, as a matter of course, and equally of course is at once made welcome; wine is set before him, and while dinner is prepared he is questioned as to the news.

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THE MILKING MACHINE.

It is to enable one to milk a cow in an improved manner over the laborious and primitive method, which is just the same now as it was when man first pressed the cow into service as a food supply. Every one who has ever milked a cow or attempted to milk one, knows that it is not such an easy thing as it looks, and that the milking of any number of them is quite a job. By the invention the work is very much simplified. Four rubber ends of a

EFFECTS OF THE LOCO WEED.

The Curse of the Southern Rancher for Which There is No Antidote.
The loco weed (Astragalus Hornii) is the curse of the Southern rancher. In the early spring, before the healthful grasses are growing in quantity, the Southern plains are dotted with the small flat bushes of this noxious plant, and the cowboys have to exercise their utmost vigilance to keep their horses and cattle from eating it. The plant obtains its local name of "loco weed" from the Spanish loco, meaning crazy, from its effect on the animals. Any



COWBOY STRUGGLING WITH A HORSE MADDENED BY THE PLANT.

grass-eating animal that has eaten much of the loco becomes thoroughly worthless for the rest of his days. The only cure is prevention. There is no antidote, says Frank Leslie, the most careful chemical analysis failing to reveal the reason of its baleful effects, and thus giving the veterinary no clew to work upon in his attempt to cure. The actions of a "locoed" animal are pitiful in the extreme. He will spring wildly into the air, strike head, neck, or hoofs against any convenient object regardless of consequences, drink imaginary water out of imaginary brooks, etc. The picture, sketched from life, gives a vivid idea of this destructive plant.

Toronto Peculiarities.
Toronto is probably the strictest Sabbatarian city in America, and very few cities in any part of the world are more rigid. All business is suspended on Sunday, all stores are closed; it is even forbidden to sell newspapers or soda water; no street cars are allowed to run, and any kind of transportation is difficult to get. But a great many of the less truly good Torontonians have been objecting strongly to the tightness of things. Queen's Park is a beautiful place, but it is quite a long way out of town, and, as no street cars are allowed to run, many thousands of citizens are deprived of the enjoyment of the park simply because they cannot walk the great distance. The street-car question has been made a political issue, and it is probable it will be decided at the polls at the coming municipal election.

How We Do Grow.
The population of the earth doubles itself in 260 years. But He Doesn't Get as Full. The sun yields 8,000,000 times the light of the moon.

More Can't Afford It.
Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Persistent Begging.
A country parson in England has written 125,000 begging letters. His wife has sent as many as 11,000 and his children a few thousand more. About one person in fifty responded, one to the amount of \$25,000.

Abstemious Theologians.
Out of 2,700 Congregational ministers in England and Wales, at least 1,600 are abstainers; of 361 students, 320 are abstainers.

THE MILKMAID'S FRIEND.

An Ingenious Device That Will Save Betty Much Labor.

An ingenious inventor of this city, says the Philadelphia Record, who passed his early life on a Bucks County farm, has just put on the market a novel but useful machine. A glance at the cut will show the purposes of



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THE MACHINE IN OPERATION.

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What is Inside the Earth?

Metals, the materials of rocks—about the same things, in short, that we find on its surface, except plants and animals. But in what condition are those minerals that lie deep in the earth, clear down to its very center? In what proportions do they exist? Has our planet a metallic core, where iron and silver and gold abound in marvelous profusion?

Is the earth simply encased in a solidified crust, underneath which is an ocean, a globular ocean, of molten matter, or are there only fiery lakes of melted rock that supply volcanoes with lava, while the great mass of the globe is solid to the core?

These are some of the interesting questions that men have asked about the world on whose surface they dwell. Most of them remain still without any decisive answer. It is no longer generally believed, as it once was, that the central parts of the globe are wholly composed of melted rock, but just what the condition of things is there nobody knows.

The great difficulty is that we cannot dig deep enough to find out, for the deepest mines and artesian wells are, after all, but insignificant punctures in the outer rind of the globe. One fact does seem to be established: The deeper you go the warmer it gets. An important contribution to our knowledge on this subject comes from the deep well that is being driven at Wheeling in West Virginia. The facts ascertained there were the subject of a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its session last August.

The well, which is a little less than 400 feet in diameter, is now about forty-five hundred feet deep, and it is hoped to make it at least a mile deep. Thermometers are lowered into the well, which, fortunately for science, is perfectly dry, and the temperature is thus taken at various depths.

At the depth of 1,350 feet the temperature is 68.75 degrees; at 2,375 feet it is 79.2 degrees; at 3,375 feet it is 92.1 degrees; at 4,375 feet it is 108.4 degrees, and at 4,402 feet it is 110.2 degrees.

It will be observed that the temperature goes on increasing faster and faster the deeper the well gets. For instance, the increase in the thousand feet of descent from 2,375 to 3,375 feet is 13 degrees, while the increase of a thousand feet from 3,375 feet to 4,375 feet is more than 16 degrees. The heat should go on increasing in a similar progression, a depth would soon be reached where every solid substance would be melted.

Possibly if the driving of the well were continued, such a place would be found; but that would not prove that the same condition of things exists everywhere under the earth's crust, because deep wells have been driven in other parts of the world which show different rates of increase in the heat. The indication is that there is a particularly hot spot in the earth under Wheeling.—Youth's Companion.

A Question of Sanity.

A man was brought before a justice in Illinois accused of a criminal offense. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but asked the Judge to suspend sentence until he should have an opportunity to prove some mitigating circumstances. The Justice acceded to the request, and continued the case until the next day.

In the meantime the accused secured the services of a certain young lawyer, who was the laughing stock of the entire bar. On the following day, when the case was called, the attorney arose and said, "Your honor, yesterday my client, while laboring under a slight attack of insanity, pleaded guilty as charged; we therefore now make a motion to strike that plea from the records, and enter one of not guilty instead."

"Has the prisoner retained you as his counsel?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, sir, he retained me this morning, and paid me \$5 dollars."

"What is the nature of your defenses?"

"I expect to prove that the prisoner has been out of his mind until this morning."

The Judge said nothing, but seemed lost in thought, and the young attorney asked in some trepidation what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing in particular," responded the Justice, shaking himself together, "I was only wondering whether the poor fellow might not be suffering from a more violent attack of insanity than ever."

Heroism in Plain Dress.

At one moment in the battle of Waterloo Wellington was left alone, his aides-de-camp having all been sent with messages to different parts of the field. He was sorely in need of a messenger, and looked around anxiously, when a gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, saying, "Can I be of any use, sir?"

Wellington, looking him over, said, "Yes. Take this note to the commanding officer over there," pointing to a part of the field where the battle was hot and fierce. The gentleman at once galloped off, rode through the thick of the fight, and delivered the note.

After the battle the Duke made long and anxious inquiry, but he never found out to whom he was indebted for that special service.

"I consider it," said he, in telling the anecdote to Lord Shaftesbury, "one of the most gallant deeds that ever came under my notice, for the gentleman who did it could have had no prospect of reward of honor."

The deed recalls Shakespeare's eulogy on

The constant service of the antique world. When service swears for duty, not for need!