THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1890.

THE SAVAGE BEAUTY.

Pretty Girls of Foreign Lands as Seen in the New Exhibits of the National Museum.

FAT MAKES A HOTTENTOT BELLE.

Anklets Weighing Four Pounds Adorn the African Charmer, and Hideous Scars Cover Her Arms.

EAR HOLES USED AS CIGAR HOLDERS.

A Japanese Lady Who Can Dance on a Silver Dollar, and Some Tattooing Freaks.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, August 23.—The National Museum has just received a large collection of articles from the wilds of Africa. This exhibit has not yet been put in the cases, and a great part of it is yet to be classified. I had a private look at some of its curiosities to-day, and my eyes grew big as I handled the jewelry worn by the ladies of the Congo. About the only things that a Congo girl cares for are her belt and bracelets. She wears, in fact, nothing else. The belt is ornamented in various ways, and I am told at the Museum that this belt constitutes the adornment of many savage women in different parts of the world. In most of the tropical countries women wear clothes purely for ornament.

A KOREAN BEAUTY

Every tribe has its different idea of beauty. I took a sketch to-day of the Hottentot Venus, who is considered the most beautiful woman of the African tribe to which she belongs. She is the wife of a king, and a painting is now being made of her from a photograph by the artist of the Museum. She must weigh at least 400 pounds and she seems to run all to fat. She is so fat that when she lies down on her back she has to have her maids to help pull her up again, and in this fatness and grossness consists her beauty in the eyes of the Hottentot man.

BEAUTY BY FORCE PUMP.

The Hottentot mothers stuff their babies with food in order to make them fat. They force milk into them as though they were so many geese and they were trying to make pate de foi gras of them, and many a young girl is whipped by her mother because she will not eat till she bursts. This fatness as a sign of beauty is also characteristic of Korean woman. The fat Korean is supposed to be wealthy, and a girl who would weigh one-sixth of a ton ought to have a very rich father. The Korean woman is more over-dressed than her American sister. She wears pantaloons and skirts, and she never goes out without a green cape thrown over her head, through the front of which she makes a crack with her fingers just wide enough for her to see through.

In this African collection are some of the heaviest bracelets and anklets which are found in the world. I handled one anklet made of brass, which was as big around as your wrist and which weighed about four pounds. It would be impossible for a girl to run with such a thing on her leg, and there were bracelets by the dozen of iron and brass which weighed about a pound or more. Some of these bracelets were of ivory. Some were spiral like a watch-spring, and others were as thin as bangles.

COSTS JUST THE SAME.

In India women often wear bracelets from the wrist to the armpit, and I have seen at Benares on women whose black skins were covered with a cotton dress consisting merely of a sheet wrapped around them, and which all told could not have cost more than 25 cents, bracelets of gold, silver and brass which would have purchased a Paris costume. In the hill tribes of Burmah the women wear great bands of brass around their necks, and it is said that one woman will sometimes carry as much as 30 pounds in this way. In the collection at the Museum there are necklaces of iron, brass and gold and the objects are of all shape and description. The most curious necklace, to me, was one of human fingers, but this was used by the medicine men of a certain tribe rather than as an ornament for women.

A HINDOO DAISY

Two of the most beautifully formed women I have ever seen were pointed out to me by the curator of the African exhibit, from a picture in the possession of the Museum. They were young Kaffirs dressed in the costume of the country. They have high shoulders, beautiful busts, plump forms and long, lithe limbs. Their hair is curly and their noses are flat and I am told that in this flatness they find a part of their beauty. Mothers think that the flat nose is the only beautiful nose and they press down upon the noses of their babies to spread out their nostrils.

AN OILY CREATURE.

There is one thing in dressing a young Kaffir lady that is de rigeur. She must have a coat of grease every day before she can go out of the tent. She oils herself until her black skin shines like patent leather, and then she is ready for a siege. She has an idea that scars add to her beauty, and you will notice that in many cases a Kaffir woman's arm from the wrist half way up to the elbow has natural bracelets of raised flesh. This is done by cutting the arm when the child is young and filling the wounds with ashes made of burned snakes. These ashes produce, to a certain extent, the effect of tattooing, and you will find the tattooed woman in nearly every country.

Prof. Hitchcock, who has just returned from Yezo, the island which lies between Japan proper and Eastern Siberia, has brought some photographs of the savage aborigines of that country. He says that the Aino women are beautifully formed, but that they disfigure themselves with tattooing. When the Aino wants to kiss he has to kiss inside the tattooed line which runs about the girl's mouth. The probability is that he does not know what kissing means, for the Japanese do not kiss and they never shake hands. This tattooed line is one of the Aino's signs of beauty. It runs along the upper lip under the nose and between the under lip and the chin, and the two lines are united at the corners. Some of the women unite the eyebows by a streak of tattooing, and all the girls have tattooed bracelets around their arms.

TATTOOING THE BEAUTIES.

This tattooing begins at the age of 5. The skin is punctured with a knife and soot is rubbed in. A great deal is done in Alaska, and the museum has many examples of the tattooed women of that country. They do it differently, however, from the Ainos, and Lieutenant Niblack, of the navy, who spent some years in Alaska in the employ of the museum, has prepared a report upon this subject which is now in press. He says that the Haida tribe of Alaska have reduced it to a fine art, and that the women frequently tattoo finger rings upon their hands and bracelets upon their arms. It often takes several years to tatoo a woman properly.

It is practiced among the Thibetans, and in the Himalaya Mountains you will see women with their cheeks scarred and red paint rubbed into them. Among some of the fashionable ladies of Japan—I mean English ladies living in Japan—tattooing has gotten to be quite a craz, and a man who returned last week from the East in showing me a red, white and blue design which had been pricked by a tattooer upon his arm, told me that a half-dozen fashionable ladies at Kobe, Japan, had had pictures made on them by this man. I could hardly believe him, but he assured me that it was a fact. It is only the men among the Japanese who tattoo, and the Japanese girl keeps her beautiful skin clean. It is the same among the Burmese.

YUM YUM'S MODEL.

Of all the beautiful women of the Orient the Venuses of Japan and Burmah are the most beautiful. They have skins as white as ours. Their forms are as plump and their eyes as bright and their smiles as winning. The only difference is in the conformation of the features and in the dress and in certain ideas of adornment which make up what they consider beauty. There is no prettier ear in the world than that of Yum Yum. It is as dainty as that of a baby's, and its color is a delicate coral. It is never defaced with ear-rings, and it sits on either of Yum Yum's jersey cream face, a fit ornament to one of the sweetest ornaments you will find in the world of womanhood. Her hair is well pulled up from it, and if you could separate it from the whole it alone would form enough of attraction to make the blood jump in your veins.

The Venus of Burmah has naturally just as pretty an ear, but she ruins it by her ear plug. As soon as she reaches that age at which our girls begin to lengthen their dresses her ear is bored by a professional ear-borer, and this boring makes her a young woman. It is done with great ceremony. Her mother gives a party, and all the friends look on while she is thrown down on the ground and a golden wire is thrust through the lobe of her ear and twisted into a ring.

AWFUL DEFORMITIES.

After the sore is healed a bigger wire is put in. This is followed by a bigger one,

EARS FROM BURMAH.

AFRICAN LIPS

until the hole becomes as large around as a man's thumb. Then a plug of gold, silver or glass is put into the ear, and is worn there from this time on as an ornament. These plugs are sometimes studded with diamonds, and in the cases of wealthy girls they are very costly. Among the poorer Burmese women the holes are enlarged until you could put a napkin ring inside of them. The Burmese cigar is about three times as big around as the ordinary Havana, and the Burmese women often carry their cigars around in their ears. In some cases the ears are pulled out so that they will hang almost to the shoulders, and I have seen photographs of such ears which contained holes large enough for me to put my fist through.

As to the nose ring the Indian women have all sorts of them, and you will find that about half the women in the world ornament their noses. There are all sorts of nose rings here in the National Museum. The women of Foochow, China, wear a thin ring of silver as big around as the bottom of a tin cup in their noses, and in eating they put the food through the ring into their mouths. The little screw earrings which we are now using come from the far East, and you will find thousands of them in India. The Indian girls punch holes all along the edge of the ear from the lobe up to the top, and they screw these earrings into them. They also screw rings into the roots of their noses, and the blacker the skin the more anxious the women seem to be to ornament it.

BELLS ON THEIR TOES.

Not a few of the women of the world ornament their feet, and in India girls often wear bells on their toes. I have seen hundreds of them tramping along in their bare feet and making in reality, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "music" as they went along. These bells are of silver, gold or white metal, according to the wealth of the maiden. They are a good deal like sleigh bells, and are fastened to the top of a ring, like a finger ring, that goes around the toe. In some cases a woman will have five of these bells on each foot, and in others only the rings are used and no bells.

About three-fourths of the women of the world go barefooted, and some of the prettiest feet that you find anywhere are those of India and the far East. The Chinese woman would naturally have a pretty foot were it not for the custom of compressing it to make it smaller than it is. The Chinese are beautifully formed. They have small bones, and are the aristocrats of the world. The Manchu women of North China do not compress the feet, and their limbs are as beautiful as those of the Venus of the Capitol. The Empress of China wears a No. 2 shoe, and no woman with a compressed foot is allowed in the royal palace, and there are at least 150,000,000 wives and maidens in China who have compressed feet.

DANCING ON A DOLLAR.

There is a woman at Canton, China, who can stand and spin around on a trade dollar without letting her shoe come outside the rim. Her foot is one of the kind that the Chinese go into raptures over under the name of the golden lily. It is a horrible thing, however, when it is outside of the shoe. You find that the maiden has merely been standing on her toe and that her foot has been squeezed out of all sign of beauty. This squeezing commences at the time the girl is 5 years old and often when she is younger. The toes are tied under the foot, the heel is squeezed down toward the toes and the foot often breaks at the instep. It is terribly painful and it results in making the women are cripples.

It takes away all the beauty of the calf, and there is not a pound of flesh on any one of these 150,000,000 Chinese women below the knee. I have a photograph in my possession of a Chinese woman's foot. Her shin bone is barely covered with flesh, and yet her face is fat and her arms are plump. The Chinese women fatten easily, and fatness is the sign of beauty. The Japanese woman's foot is small and delicate. It has a good instep, and the only difference between it and the prettiest of the American article is in the spreading apart of the big toe from the other toes of the foot. This comes from the Japanese stocking and the Japanese shoe. The Japanese stocking reaches only about three inches above the ankle. It is a sort of a mitten, with one finger for the big toe, and the string of the sandal comes between the big toe and the rest of the little toes, forcing them apart.

YUM YUM'S TOILET.

The Japanese girl is always well dressed and she wears one of the most picturesque costumes of the East. She believes in paint and powder and knows as much about hair oil as her American sister. The Japanese woman has the most gorgeous waterfall of the Orient, and the women of other nations pay as much attention to putting up their hair as we do. Yum Yum is not at all ashamed of making her toilet either and she sits on the floor before an open door or window primping before a mirror. She looks at you and smiles as you pass by and she generally has a maid to help her primp and powder.

It costs about 20 cents for the professional hairdresser to put up a woman's hair in Japan. It is stiffened with paste, and the young lady is not expected to have it put up more than once a week. She lies at night with her hair on a wooden pillow about as big as a loaf of bread to keep her perfumed locks from the floor, and she makes it a

CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT.

point not to move her head in sleeping. There is no more luxuriant hair in the world than that of the Japanese, and this probably comes from the shaving of the head when she is a baby. The custom of shaving the head and blackening the teeth upon marriage is dying out, and the Empress is doing all she can to discourage it.

ORIENTAL WATERFALLS.

Different styles of hairdressing prevail in different parts of China, and the water all is known everywhere. The Korean girl wears her hair on the nape of her neck, and the lady servants of the palace wear about a bushel of false hair on the tops of their heads. The Aino women wear their hair down over their ears like the men, and perhaps the only short haired women in the world are those of Siam. The Siamese girls have beautiful forms, and as your boat floats in and out among the water home of Bangkok you see many of them standing on the steps of their floating houses taking their daily bath.

They throw a cloth around them and step down to their waists in the water and there splash themselves to their heart's content. They have skins of a rich chrome yellow, bright black eyes showing out of buttonhole lids, and their hair stands up like porcupine quills all over their heads. They have a roguish look and they are by no means unhandsome.

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

A CROW INDIAN PICNIC.

Some Realistic Representations of Hideous Battle Scenes.

[Helena Journal.]

"I saw one of the grandest sights I ever saw in my life on the Fourth," said General Brisbin. "The Crow Indians celebrated the Fourth, and it is impossible to describe the scenes enacted. They went wild with delight and entered into the sport in earnest.

"There were 250 of the Crows altogether. In the first place they made false faces of blue clay and pieces of canvas, rendering their appearance perfectful frightful. It is truly wonderful the way they got up the faces. Some had long noses, others long chins, some had horns upon their heads, and, in fact, they were made up in every conceivable shape. They also decorated their persons in every imaginable style. The ponies were covered with canvas, gorgeously decorated with everything they could get hold of. The agent had arranged for their amusement on that occasion, but the details were left for them to fill up. I sent a battery over at their request, and a continued roar was kept up all day.

"They performed in a large circle, and their chief delight was in sham battles The scenes were so realistic that it was difficult to realize that they were not in earnest. They dashed about the ring upon their ponies, fighting with wooden lances. Some of the Indians would pretend that they were killed or wounded, when they would be carried from the battlefield and attended by those selected for that purpose. The scalping scene was the great feature of the occasion. They had taken pieces of flannel and fastened them upon the heads of those who were to be pretended victims, and when this was removed with the scalping knives the face was besmeared with red ink to give the appearance of bleeding wounds. It was a most hideous spectacle, and the ladies who had gone down to witness the event were compelled to leave, it was so shockingly terrible. The Indians, howhowever, enjoyed the sport hugely, and at night had a big war dance.

"It was impossible to get them to return home to their farms for three days. The agent says that this will be the last one, as it excites the young bucks too much and recalls old times to the warriors, attracting them from their civilized pursuits. It seems remarkable that none of the redskins were injured. Their horsemanship is superb, and it is worth going thousands of miles to see the exhibitions of horsemanship given by that tribe. Altogether it was one of the grandest sights I ever saw, and I never expect to see its equal."

NEW SAFETY PURSES.

They Are So Contrived That None but the Owners Can Open Them.

There are some good things in safety purses now, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Budget*. They can be laid down without any fear that the contents will disappear. Many women have an unhappy knack of leaving their purses about. It is to these that the safety purses appeal. They are a puzzle to the uninitiated. A purse with silver mounts will have the opening spring hidden away in one corner. Yet all the corners look the same. The way to open another is to turn the spring right round. Another purse deceives you into the belief that the bottom is the top.

Sealskin, without the fur, is the latest novelty for purses. The American purse is handy for carrying in the hand. It's quite half a foot long, so the owner can get a good grip on it. The double purse is a useful article. The roomy half of this is for coppers.

UP AN ALPINE PEAK.

Ascent of Craggy Mount Pilatus, Overlooking Lake Lucerne.

BEAUTIES OF A SUNRISE SCENE.

The Panorama of Fair Switzerland as Seen Through the Clouds.

INCIDENTS OF THE PERILOUS TRIP

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

VENICE, August 9.

I HAVE climbed my first and last mountain, one of the Alpine peaks being enough for me for a life time. It is now a week ago since I made the ascent as well as the descent of Mount Pilatus which is only 6,900 feet high, and my bones have not yet resumed their normal condition but feel as if I had a severe attack of rheumatism. Those who imagine that when a mountain is only 6,900 feet high they have only to climb that number of feet are very much mistaken as the path up the mountains is so zig-zag that five times 6,900 would be nearer the mark. Hereafter when I want to admire the view from a mountain top I shall take a train for that point and lacking that mode of conveyance I shall be content to admire its beauties from the valley underneath.

On my way to Venice, for a few months' sketching, I stopped a few days at Lucerne, one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland. Across the lake can be seen the towering forms of Mount Righi and Mount Pilatus. The latter, which is higher than Mount Right, looks more precipitous and rugged, but Mount Righi is more in favor with amateur climbers, for the simple reason that it is not so tiring.

THE MOTLEY CROWD.

The most awe-inspiring things about a climb up the mountains are the merciless rays of the sun beating on you while toiling up its base and the Arctic coldness when you get to the top. The first thing to do is to provide yourself with a stout stick about eight feet long, with a long steel point. I took the steamer for a half hour's ride to a village on the lake where one of the mountain parks commences. On the steamer can be seen a choice collection of types from many countries. The Englishman in his suit of tweed, Knickerbockers, etc., and the usual white streamer around his hat; Germans, Austrians and Hungarians, many of them having feathers and eidelweiss in their hats, and some with stout hobnailed shoes and knapsacks and all armed with long poles.

There are English and American girls by the score. They can always be easily known by their straw hats, generally black, with a brim only visible with a telescope. If American girls could only be persuaded how hideous they look with these cockle shells, I am sure they would quickly discard them. The French women, of all other nations, appear to the best advantage in traveling. Like their English and American sisters they do not wear their worst clothes when traveling, but appear as bewitchingly at Saint Mark's in Venice as they do on the Boulevard des Italiens. The American small boy was, as usual, to the fore in the boat. He criticised anything and everybody unceasingly, and was evidently monarch of all he surveyed.

ACTUALLY CLIMBING.

For the first 2,000 feet up the mountain the heat is intense. I shed garment after garment until the shedding could go no further. Several thousand feet further up I could see the goats skipping nimbly around, and from my position I wondered they did not tumble down into Lucerne

A View of Mount Pilatus.

lake. In the woods at the base we met many of the natives engaged in cutting down trees. About a third of the distance up the mountain we came on a chalet with an unpronounceable German name where refreshments were provided. It was of the roughest construction imaginable, with rustic benches in front, but a bed of eiderdown was never so refreshing to the weary traveler as these benches were to the mountain climbers.

Three of my English friends who had stouter legs than mine had already arrived, and were getting away with some English ale and strawberries. I succeeded in unearthing some prehistoric sausage. The paper around it was stained with age. After also unearthing some "rugen brod," I asked for mustard, but not speaking German, after making all the pantomines possible, and being brought everything but mustard, it at length arrived when I was nearly finished. One thing certain, they could beat a plumber in charges.

IN FOGS AND CLOUDS.

My pen cannot do justice to the grandeur of the panorama of the lakes and valleys of Switzerland as they unfolded themselves to my gaze as I ascended higher and higher. One moment I would be enveloped in a cold, dense fog, and as it by magic in the next moment it would clear away, disclosing one of the mountain peaks ahead of me in all its sky-piercing sublimity. The path was zigzag, and as I looked down over it I was surprised at its regularity. The mountain paths are well taken care of by the hotel proprietors.

One of the chief dangers in mountain climbing is of a party ahead of you dislodging a stone which rolls down with frightful speed. The best thing to do if you slip in climbing, is to throw yourself on the ground. I had some practical experience in slipping almost at the base on a grassy meadow. I wanted to make a straight line in place of a zigzag. Suddenly I lost my center of gravity and was in a minute rushing down that hillside with frightful velocity. I let myself fall on the ground and such was my momentum that I must have rolled over a dozen times.

SNOW FIFTEEN FEET DEEP.

In the last 1,000 feet you ascend through a natural fissure in the rocks up a rude wooden staircase. Snow does not remain on Mt. Pilatus all the year round, but I passed several ravines where the snow was 15 feet deep. A stream ran underneath the snow, leaving a bridge, and there was no inconsiderable danger in passing by them, as when they get detached by the thawing they slide down the mountain side, and woe to him who is in their line of march.

It takes about three hours and a half to make the ascent. At the base it was warm enough for a seersucker suit, and at the top a heavy winter overcoat would be comfortable, but as a heavy winter overcoat is not very portable up a mountain side, I adopted the unhappy medium and shivered on the mountain top. I have one consolation in thinking of the heat which I suffered a few hours previous at the base. Shakespeare's lines I think would come in here:

Oh, who can hold a ball of fire in his hand,
In bare remembrance of the frosty Caucasus.

THE MOUNTAIN HOTELS.

There are two palatial hotels at the summit, and the prices are palatial also. My companion and I could have a room with two beds for $2 each, and the usual European charges for candles, services, etc., would run the bill up to several dollars more; but the lower you are on the mountain side the lower the prices are, so we descended a thousand feet to another hotel, where we got good accommodations at much better rates. Nights on the mountain are awfully cold. After we had snugly tucked ourselves in the landlord's beds one of his buxom daughters came into our room with an armful of those feather affairs so much used as bed covering in European countries. I wonder we did not suffocate before morning.

I told the host to awaken me at 4:30 in the morning to see the sun rise, that being the regulation thing for tourists on a mountain top. I have seen Niagara Falls and the Eiffel tower, but nothing can surpass a sunrise on the Alps viewed from a mountain top 6,900 feet high. The lakes and valleys underneath were hidden in a flat layer of mist and the sun shining on this and on the top of the snow-clad chain made a sight which I shall never forget.

AN ALPINE SUNRISE.

The mist, with the mountain peaks jutting out here and there, bear a striking resemblance to an ocean studded with islands. The sharp peak of the Jungfrau, clothed in its eternal snow, towered above the other

Inn on the Mountain Path.

peaks, the Fennesterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Silverhorn, the Matterhorn, etc., with the vast snowfields at their bases. As the day grew older the mist underneath commenced to break up and ascend the mountain peaks. Now and then, through a break in the cloud, could be discerned the shining Lake of Lucerne underneath.

About 10 o'clock the shifting mists, the snows, the shadows on the mountains, the lakes and valleys of Switzerland made a panorama the equal of which I suppose cannot be seen in any part of the world.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

During my stay on the mountain top I was witness to a terrible accident. Two hundred Austrians arrived on an excursion. A wall runs around the hotel premises on the mountain summit, and on one side the mountain shelves very abruptly. One of the excursionists jumped off this wall onto the side of the slope to gather some flowers, and losing his balance, he rolled like a wheel some 400 feet down and vaulted over a huge ledge of rock into a rocky ravine. I got on the scene a few minutes after, and could plainly see him laying in a pool of blood, and moaning piteously. It took a full half hour for three expert climbers to bring him up to the hotel. I never saw any person worse mangled in a railway accident. He was without medical care for several hours, and died in great agony the same day.

When I reached the bottom there was very little left of my shoes which were in good condition the previous day. My advice to mountain climbers is to take the train which runs up the side of the mountain opposite the side I ascended.

DEW. SCANLAN.

RINGS FROM THE SHAH.

How an English Lady Has Fallen Under the Notice of His Highness.

[Illustrated News of the World.]

The magnificent diamond ring shown in our illustration is that which his Imperial Majesty, the Shah, has graciously sent to Sir Algernon Borthwick, M. P., by the hands of the Nawab Mirza Hasan Ali Khan, with with an autograph letter in Persian, and the following translation:

"After compliments,

"The time of our companionship with you, and the happy days passed in your neighborhood, are a delightful souvenir of our last year's travels, and I continually revive in my recollections the

The Shah's Gift.

pleasantness thereof. There was only one unrequitable deficiency—namely, the indisposition and (consequent) absence of your respected wife, Lady Borthwick, which left the gladness of our heart incomplete, and which is still recorded in the pages of our diary.

"Since we do not wish Her Ladyship to permit her absence and our not meeting her to cause oblivion, we have sent a ring for her. And we make you a medium of expression of our heartfelt regards and an exponent of our affection and gratitude toward this family. "NASR AD DIN, SHAH."

Swallows as Carriers.

[Pall Mall Budget.]

Some experiments made the other day at Dunkirk certainly proved that swallows are not only swifter and more sure in their flight, than carrier pigeons, but that they can also—notwithstanding all that has been said and written to dispose the fact—be made as tame as any other birds. But who that has ever seen the pitiful sight of a swallow in captivity, with its bright eyes dull, and the sheen all vanished from its glittering plumage, can believe that a swallow is made for anything but "the free airs of heaven?"

LIFE OF THE LOWLY.

Fannie B. Ward's Pen Pictures of the South American Indian.

RAISING CROPS AMONG STONES.

The Universal Weapon is the Sling, and They Use It With Skill.

AFRAID OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, July 1.—Many of the Indians of Peru and Bolivia are independent farmers in a small way, a tolerably clean lot of people, as Indians go, peaceable, industrious and contented. Their besetting sin, however, is a weakness for more alcohol and coca than their means allow, whereby they involve themselves deeper and deeper into debt with the white race, which, in the long run means but one thing to the debtor—loss of all he possesses, even personal liberty, and peonism, amounting to slavery.

The great Andean plateau, which stretches between Sorrato and Illimani, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, several hundred miles long and level as a board floor, is like a vast but straggling Indian village, covered with their adobe huts and poor little farms. The only crops that will grow at this height are barley and potatoes, and the former never comes to a head, but is left till dry and yellow and then cut, stalks and all, for fodder. A good many sheep also find a living among the rocks and llamas abound.

SEED IN STONY PLACES.

The wonder is that anything can be raised on this cold and breezy plateau, not only on account of its elevation, but because of the deep layer of small, round stones that literally cover the face of the earth and must be removed be ore soil is visible. As stone walls are not in fashion here, there is no way of disposing of this debris of nature but to pile it up in heaps; and so about half of the best cultivated portion of the plateau is occupied by huge mounds of stones. Seed-time and harvest occur here whenever it suits the convenience of the cultivator; and one sees in the same field women doubled over like jack-knives scratching up potatoes with hoes that have handles hardly a foot long, followed by others who scatter seed in the furrows thus made.

In this part of the world potatoes are not considered fit to eat until after they have been frozen. This is purposely done during the coldest months, May, June, July and August, when they are spread out on the ground in the highest attitudes till well frosted. Potatoes hereabouts seldom attain more than the size of a hickory nut but if any have grown larger they are cut in two. After one night's freezing they are soaked in water for 24 hours, then spread again on the ground, softly stamped by bare feet to squeeze out the surplus moisture and frozen another night or two. When this performance is completed they are hard as bones and will "keep" forever.

COOKING THE POTATOES.

In order to cook them properly, according to the notions of the people, they must first be soaked in warm water and then ground or beaten between stones. They are seldom used except in combination, that is put into the chupe or soup, or stewed with bits of dried sheep. If first ground fine and then cooked solus they make a poultice-like mess similar to the "mashed potato."

About the only meat the Indian indulges in is chalona or dried mutton, which is prepared in this way: When a sheep has been killed it is laid out flat, frozen, soaked in water and frozen again; after which it is hung up and dried, and is then so hard and tough that decay is impossible and no vermin will molest it. To render chalona edible it must be cut into small bits and boiled a very long time; and in its best estate is about as tender and juicy as sole-leather. Bolivian Indians rarely eat fresh meat of any kind, and have no fondness for the picanter and peppers so prized by the Spaniards and Cholos. Their greatest delicacy in the line of food is frozen llama flesh; while coca is considered the first essential of life, and alcohol, or its equivalent, far more necessary than water. The prosperous Indian farmer owns a few llamas, and perhaps a mule or two, worth about $10 apiece; while he is a very nabob who possesses also a cow or flock of sheep.

EXPERTS WITH THE SLING.

Whenever a man, woman or child of Indian blood starts out to drive a llama, sheep or other animal, he or she, does not look for a stick, but carries a small sling of woven wool, which, among these singular people, is the sole weapon of offense and defense. Jogging along at a slow trot behind the flock or herd an Indian will keep every member of it straight in the path and up to time without uttering a sound or changing his pace. If one of the animals loiters by the wayside, or shows a disposition to go astray, a small stone, shied from the sling with unerring accuracy, hits him a clip on the off ear and reminds him that business must be attended to.

It sometimes happens that the Aymaras and Quichuas have regular pitched battles between one another and always the only weapons used are stones propelled by slings. Such a row occurred in La Paz during the last carnival time. The rival tribes repaired to the outskirts of the city, where they occupied two adjacent hilltops and waged war so fiercely that a number were killed on both sides. To this day none of the white race know what was the cause of the disturbance. At last the Government sent out a company of soldiers to disperse them, but with blank cartridges only. Learning this, the Indians surrounded the soldiers and held them prisoners until a second body of troops came to their rescue with powder and ball.

WHERE WOMEN RULE.

As a rule, the women are superior to their lords in intelligence, and earn the larger share of their mutual support. Being the older of the two, she is naturally the head of the house, and is more likely to thrash her dutiful spouse than he is to misuse her. In the markets where farm products are disposed of, she can drive a better bargain than he; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much manual labor, chew as much coca and drink as much alcohol.

The Indians have little or no money, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise, or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, "against the time of need," as they say, and they are full of all manner of superstitions, which is taken advantage of by numerous medicine men.

The city of La Paz is lighted by electricity, and the Indians hereabout, not understanding the phenomenon, have been greatly troubled thereby. A few weeks ago they were thrown into a state of wild confusion by a partial eclipse of the moon, and the next day's local paper contained the following item: "The Indians residing in the outskirts of the city were smitten with terror last night at the spectacle of the eclipse, believing the electric light to be directly responsible for it, and that the moon, becoming ashamed of its inferior light, and therefore jealous and angry, was trying to hide herself, and what would they do if Luna should put out her light altogether?

"The panic became so great that the poor creatures huddled together in groups, crying like children, and some fled to the caves and mountains. Others showed fight and got out the reed trumpets that are used in calling together a council of war, and began tooting with all their might. At this juncture the police interfered, fearing trouble to the electric light company and their works, and two companies of soldiers were called out to preserve order."

FANNIE B. WARD.

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humiliated when her grandfather accepts £50 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Maisrie's mind is evidently made up to take some independent course. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt who is just now busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself. At his rooms he is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. At a dinner Mrs. Ellison again urges Vin. to marry, intimating that should he marry a lady of her approval the bride should not be without a liberal dowry. Vin.'s father wishes him to become private secretary to Josiah Ogden, a politician who plays to the masses. Vin. is shocked at the proposal. In returning a call of George Bethune, Vin. has the pleasure of an evening in Maisrie's company. Mr. Bethune requests Houson, his landlord, to discover the residence of young Harris. This he succeeds in doing and acquaints Bethune with the information he has obtained. Vin. again invites the pair to dinner and succeeds in obtaining their consent to visit Henley Regatta. At the regatta Mrs. Ellison is prevailed upon by Vin. to meet the Bethunes. She studies them intently, and intimates on parting that she has been compromised by the visit. Maisrie makes no effort to conceal from Mrs. Ellison their poverty or social standing. Mrs. Ellison consults Lord Musselburgh and comes to the conclusion that George Bethune and his daughter are after Vin's money. She starts out to save him, but Maisrie wins her with a song.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ALARM.

On a certain still, clear, moonlight night a dogcart containing two young men was being driven away from the little town of Mendover, out into the wide, white, silent country. The driver was Lord Musselburgh, and he seemed in high spirits, talking to his companion almost continuously, while he kept the stout little cob going at a rattling pace,

"I am more pleased than I can tell you," he was saying. "Quite a triumph! Why, you took to it as a duck takes to water. Of course there's something in having a responsive audience; and you can always get a noble band of patriots to cheer your proposal for a progressive income tax when not one in ten of them has an income tax to pay. I'm afraid they weren't quite so enthusiastic about your scheme of compulsory insurance; indeed they seemed a little disappointed and offended; the Champion of the Proletariat was playing it a little low down on them; but a heavily increasing income tax—oh, yes, that was splendid!—they saw the Rothschilds caught at last, and had visions of a land in which there shall be no more poor-rates or police-rates, perhaps not even water-rates or gas-rates. But it was your confounded coolness that surprised me—no beating about the bush—walking straight into it—and without preparation, too—"

"I knew what I had to say," Vincent interposed, with a becoming modesty, "and it seemed simple enough to say it."

"Yes, and so it is—when you have acquired the knack of forgetting yourself," said the young nobleman, oracularly. "And that appears to have come naturally to you, my boy. However, this is why I am so particularly pleased with your successful first appearance," Lord Musselburgh proceeded, as the dogcart went bowling along the silent, white highway, between the black hedges. "I am about to unfold to you a great idea, Vin—perhaps prematurely, but you will be discreet. The project is mine; but I want help to carry it through; you and I must work together; and years and years hence we shall be recognized as the Great Twin Brethren, who saved the falling fortunes of England."

Was he in jest or earnest? Master Vin, knowing his friend's sub-cynical habit of speech, listened without interposing a word.

"We shall earn for ourselves a deathless renown, at very little cost—to us; it's the other people who will have to pay, and we shall have all the glory. Now what I propose is briefly this: I propose to give all those good folk who profess a warm regard for their native country a chance of showing what their patriotism is worth. I don't want them to fight; there isn't any fighting going on at present to speak of; and in any case the rich old merchants, and maiden ladies, and portly bishops, and ponderous judges—well, they'd make an awkward squad to drill; but I mean to give them an opportunity of testifying to their affection for the land of their birth; and you, my blazing young Tory-Democrat, if you can speak as freely as you spoke to-night, you must carry the fiery torch north, south, east and west—till you've secured Westminster Abbey for both of us, or at least a tablet in St. Paul's. Then look what a subject for your eloquence you have—the guarding of England from any possible combination of her foes—the island-citadel made impregnable—'compass'd by the inviolate sea'—defense not defiance—you know the kind of thing. But really, Vin, you know, there is going to be an awful stramash, as my old nurse used to say, in Europe before the century is out; and England's safety will lie in her being strong enough to remain aloof. And how? Why, trebling her present navy."

"Trebling her present navy!" Vincent repeated, in a vague sort of way.

"Yes," Musselburgh went on, coolly. "And it can easily be done, without involving a single farthing of taxation. I want the people of this country to show what they can do voluntarily; I want them to make a tremendous effort to render Great Britain secure from attack for a century at least; and the manner of doing it is to form a National Patriotic Fund, to which everybody, man and woman, merchant and apprentice, millionaire and club waiter, can subscribe, according to their means and the genuineness of their patriotism. Here is a chance for everybody; here is a test of all those professions of love of country. Why, it would become a point of honor, with the very meanest, if the nation were thoroughly aroused, and if a splendid example were set in high places. The Queen, now—who is more directly interested in the safety of the country than she is?—why should she not head the list with £100,000? I would call the fund the Queen's Fund; and I should not wonder if we were to get two or three maniacs—very useful maniacs—patriots they would have been called in other days—to cut their possessions in half, and hand the one half bodily over to Her Majesty; that would be something like an example?"

"But is it all a wild speculation, Musselburgh?" asked Vincent, who was puzzled. "Or do you mean it seriously?"

"Ha and hum," said the young peer significantly. "That depends. I should want to sound some of the dukes about it. And first of all I must have some sort of scheme ready to get rid of obvious objections. They might say, 'Oh, you want to treble the navy? Then in 20 years you'll find yourself with a crowd of obsolete ships, and all your money gone.' That is not what I mean at all. I mean the formation of an immense voluntary national fund, which will keep the navy at double or treble its present strength, not by a sudden multiplication of ships, but by gradually adding vessels of the newest construction, as improvements are invented. An immense fund, doubtless; for of course there would be maintenance; but what couldn't a rich country like England do if she chose? And that's what I'm coming to, with regard to you, my young Demosthenes. It would be infinitely better—it would be safer—it would be building on securer foundations—if the demand for such a movement came from the country itself. If the Queen and the dukes and the millionaires were to subscribe as