

Explorations in Patagonia.

By Prof. J. B. Hatcher, Princeton University.

PHYSIOGRAPHICALLY, Patagonia is divided into two sharply defined regions—an eastern level and comparatively barren plain and a western exceedingly broken and mountainous region. The former extends eastward from the base of the Andes, where it has an altitude of 3000 feet to the Atlantic Coast, where it terminates in a continuous line of precipitous cliffs 300 to 400 feet high.

Three distinct features characterize the topography and tend to relieve the monotony of the broad Patagonian plains. The first of these is the series of escarpments, from a few feet to several hundred in height, encountered at successive altitudes as one proceeds from the coast inland toward the Andes. These escarpments have a general trend parallel with the present coast line, and they doubtless mark successive stages in the final elevation of the land above the sea. The second feature is to be seen in the series



TEHNELCHE MAN, SQUAW AND CHILD.

of deep transverse valleys crossing the territory from east to west and constituting the present drainage system. In so far as my observations have gone, these are all true valleys of erosion. The third and perhaps most striking feature in the topography of eastern Patagonia are the volcanic cones and dikes, and the resulting lava sheets, which, covering extensive areas throughout the central plains, are seen capping most of the higher table lands and frequently descending well down the slopes into the present valleys, while the extinct volcanoes often rise majestically hundreds of feet above the surrounding plain.

In a line approximating the seventy-second meridian of west longitude, the Andes rise abruptly from the plains and form one of the most rugged and in many respects most picturesque mountain chains in the world. Many of the peaks attain an altitude of over 10,000 feet, quite sufficient at this latitude to precipitate most of the moisture in the atmosphere as it is forced over from the Pacific. Owing to the southwesterly winds which prevail here throughout the year, the atmosphere during its long journey across the Pacific becomes saturated with moisture, which, together with the completeness of the precipitation brought about by the advantageous topography of the western coast, renders this region one with an exceedingly



BALANCING ROCK DUE TO EROSION.

high annual rainfall and consequently luxuriant vegetable growth in striking contrast to the dry and comparatively barren eastern region, where the winds, already deprived of most of their moisture during their passage over the Andes, are usually dry and low. The prevailing winds in eastern Patagonia, as in western, are southwesterly, and an easterly wind of twenty-four hours' duration on the eastern coast is sure to terminate in a heavy fall of rain or snow.

Not all the moisture of the mountainous region is precipitated as rain, for in the higher Andes severe snowstorms prevail throughout the entire year, ample for the formation of great ice fields, from which extend numerous glaciers, many of which reach

Formerly these glaciers were much more extensive than at present, and they doubtless contributed to the erosion of the exceedingly intricate system of mountain gorges and floods now forming so conspicuous a feature of the region.

The slopes of the Andes below an altitude of 3000 feet are covered with dense forests, especially on the western side. The variety of trees in the southern regions is very limited, and the quality of the wood for lumber or timber for building is poor. Two spe-

other game animals and birds they are exceedingly prolific and show much ingenuity.

The Channel Indians of the western region are physically much inferior to the Tehnelches. They are essentially a maritime people with all their activities clustering about the shore, from which they never proceed more than a few miles inland. They subsist chiefly upon shell fish, the flesh of seals, fish, and the sea otter and a few edible fungi indigenous to the region they inhabit. From the skins of the seal



TEHNELCHES TAKING YERBA.

cies of beech, *Fagus antarctica* and *F. betuloides*, the latter an evergreen, are much the commoner of the trees. The deciduous beech is especially abundant, and is the only tree found throughout extensive areas on the eastern slopes of the Andes.

Within the dense forests, lichens, ferns, mosses, and other cryptogams grow in great profusion, entirely covering the ground and trunks and lower branches of the trees. The delicate foliage and variety and harmony of colors of these plants, always fresh-



AN OLD TEHNELCHE.

ened by frequent showers, enhance the other natural beauties of this region, and give to the quiet depths of the forests a peculiar attractiveness, contrasting strongly with the rugged craggy and serrated crests of the higher Andes.

The most conspicuous animals of the forest region are a small deer, not quite so large as our Virginia deer, the male with usually only two points on either horn. The puma, or mountain lion, is abundant both on the plains and in the mountains. There are two species of dogs. The larger, *Canis magellanicus*, is about the size of a small collie, of a reddish brown color, and frequents the wooded regions. It is rather shy, in striking contrast with the smaller *C. azare*, abundant in the plains, of a light gray color, and about the size of a small red fox. The guanaco or South American camel is very abundant over the plains, and occasionally enters the wooded mountainous districts. Among the birds, two, from their size, are especially noteworthy, the rhea, or so-called ostrich, found in great numbers on the plains, and the condor, common in the Andes, along the high bluffs of the sea coast and about the basalt cliffs of the interior plains region.

The natives of the eastern and western region belong to two entirely distinct races, differing from each other in their customs, language, and mode of life. To the eastern region belong the Tehnelches, a large, well-developed and peaceable race, living entirely by the chase. They construct their habitations and make their am-

and sea otter they construct their clothing, usually exceedingly scanty, notwithstanding the inhospitable climate. Rude huts are sometimes built from the branches of trees, but they spend much of their time in small open boats made of beech bark sewed together with whale bone. It is in the construction of their boats and the implements used by them in the capture of seals that they show the greatest skill and resource.

Although the plains of eastern Patagonia are exceedingly monotonous and uninteresting to the casual observer, yet they are of the greatest interest to the geologist and paleontologist, for it is the rocks composing them that contain the remains of the extinct animals that in former times inhabited this region. In many places along the river valleys there are extensive exposures of the sedimentary rocks rich in fossil remains, and the high bluffs of the sea coast have proved among the most promising localities for the collector.—Scientific American.

Locomobile Safety.
Apropos of the danger to horse-drawn vehicles and their drivers from automobiles, the case of the recent 1000 motor tour of the English Automobile Club should be considered. The route was over a purposely selected hilly country, the object being to test the staying ability of the various machines, some of the machines negotiating excessively steep gradients at a much faster pace than a horse-drawn vehicle could possibly maintain. Notwithstanding this and that the several vehicles entered in the race covered in the aggregate 60,000 miles, not a single accident of any kind occurred to other users of the road through any of the motor cars.

The Girl in the Sombrero.



Some of the girls have taken to the sombrero, and are rigging themselves out in Mexican garb. The sombrero is of fine woven grass, embroidered with silver, and is a comfortable companion, an enemy to freckles and just the thing for a country jaunt. Mexican shirt waists, too, are in demand, elaborate affairs in drawn work, with hemstitched seams and turned-back cuffs. Worn together the combination of these two is very striking.

Soft Trend Woven Wire Mats.

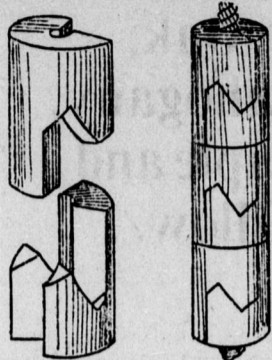
Woven wire mats are shown and one maker has a novelty in their treatment. He embodies in the mats pieces of rope, and these, protruding between the interstices of the wire in which they are embedded, produce a soft trend that is very agreeable, yet at the same time they are so fully protected by wire that the durability of the mat is not lessened.

It is estimated that it costs thirty per cent. more to make bread by hand than by machinery.

ADJUSTABLE SASH WEIGHT.

Made in Interlocking Sections in Order to Secure Any Weight.

A new sash weight has been invented by Eugene S. Crull. It is made in sections so as to facilitate the adjustment of the weight to meet any



SASHWEIGHT IN SECTIONS.

emergency. The two parts of which the weight is formed each consist of a body section with an open portion and a branch, the branches fitting in the open portions of the bodies. Each part has also beveled flanking branches which interlock to sustain one part on the other. The parts have grooves which match to form a passage for the reception of the sash-cord. It is evident that the number of weights can be increased or decreased at will to regulate the stress on the cord. When the proper number have been applied the weights are held securely by a pin driven through the cord or a split washer clamping the cord and engaging the uppermost weight.

The Fruit Cure.

Twice it has been my privilege to take "the grape cure" in Switzerland. For ten days the schools are discontinued that teachers and scholars, with fathers and mothers, may repair to the vineyards and eat grapes all day long. For ten days the druggists mourn because customers are not, and for as many months nature's patients feel the good effects of the cure wrought in a pharmacy which is not of man's furnishing.

For forty years I have taken the "fruit cure" all the year round, and have to offer in advertisement thereof a perfect digestion, steady nerves and such general vigor as is vouchsafed to few women of my age.—Marion Harland, in Philadelphia North American.

A Taciturn General.

Moltke's reticence was so proverbial, says the Argonaut, that, as the King's birthdays approached, there used to be bets among the officers as to how many words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say: "To the health of His Majesty, Emperor and King," or "To His Imperial Majesty's health." In 1884 an oyster breakfast was staked on the Marshal's not using more than nine words. But, because he began with the word "gentlemen," the bet was lost. The loser comforted himself by saying: "He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious."

High Wages in England.

Often the wage worker has an income far exceeding that of the professional man. Smiles says that in his day rail rollers had pay equal to lieutenant-colonels in the foot guards; plate rollers equal to majors; roughers equal to those of lieutenants and adjutants. In our own country the wage worker's income often averages more than that of the clergyman.

"Waste Not, Want Not."

Over the kitchen fireplace at Abbotford, Sir Walter Scott's lovely home, are carved in stone "Waste not, want not." There is nothing nobler in the life story of Scott than his struggle to pay his creditors' debts incurred through the misfortune and mismanagement of his publishers.

Heat Harms Honey.

Great losses have been sustained by Kentish beekeepers owing to the intense heat having run the honey from the comb, making it useless and smothering many swarms of bees.—London Express.

A Curious Temple.

The pagoda at Pao-tah is the most curious in China, and is regarded with



THE PAGODA AT PAO-TAH.

great veneration and respect by the Chinese, for it is the only pagoda on which trees may be seen growing.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Lessons to Be Learned From the Three Crosses—On Right Unbelief and Remorse, on Left Penitence and Content, in the Centre Everlasting Love. (Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters transcends in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xliii, 33, "There they crucified Him and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers with drawn swords drive back the mob, which presses so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback, dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one at the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sits. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison, and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand back and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred against God. "I wish I might see the man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scuffer could get one hand loose, and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he could dash down on the ground that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed Him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks hear him jeer these words: "Alas, poor wretch! I knew you were an impostor. You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you." It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bed-room, got up on his elbow and cried out, "Get that wretch away from my bed!"

The middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enemy of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to smite men away from their sins—away with Him! On this right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." The man falls with a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished, the faithfulness of man had crushed the men that were which would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face in a painful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of that sinner's departure! What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One, two, three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, having over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! Oh, eternity! oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever?'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to the remorse at the last, that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross. Let not one of these men order to be laid upon my cheek. Bend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ had stood almost 1900 years, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overhangs all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the world. We will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through! Down to hell! Down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God these heirs of heaven!

"If Thou be the Son of God," Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead, who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye, aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be damned for all eternity! That little "if" was enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly through every muscle of the body and through every faculty of my mind and heart, and every nerve of my soul. Having, I will preach it, dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around the tree of castor grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for the right hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railing cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the brain, and the bitter aloes that grow on this never shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross.

As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life—that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the father and regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this! There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong, and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of mistaking. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my consolation in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that He can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings upon the torture, I can stand at His side, more in need of His forgiveness! Blessed One! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou turn for the moment away from Thy own pang to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand at His side, my sins, my sins, my sins, they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, "Lord, remember me when I come into Thy kingdom." I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of heavenly welcomes takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Only just remember me!"

Likewise I am to repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our talent, robbed Him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm and he ever more you his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time with Him! On this right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." The man falls with a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished, the faithfulness of man had crushed the men that were which would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world.

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"If Thou be the Son of God," Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead, who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye, aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be damned for all eternity! That little "if" was enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly through every muscle of the body and through every faculty of my mind and heart, and every nerve of my soul. Having, I will preach it, dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around the tree of castor grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for the right hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railing cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the brain, and the bitter aloes that grow on this never shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross.

As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life—that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the father and regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this! There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong, and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of mistaking. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my consolation in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that He can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings upon the torture, I can stand at His side, more in need of His forgiveness! Blessed One! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou turn for the moment away from Thy own pang to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand at His side, my sins, my sins, my sins, they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, "Lord, remember me when I come into Thy kingdom." I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of heavenly welcomes takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Only just remember me!"

Likewise I am to repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our talent, robbed Him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm and he ever more you his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time with Him! On this right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." The man falls with a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished, the faithfulness of man had crushed the men that were which would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face in a painful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of that sinner's departure! What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One, two, three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, having over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! Oh, eternity! oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever?'"

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