

to be seen in Temuco. They come here to trade, some on foot, some on horseback, men and women riding astride, and many in rude oxcarts, riding on the loads of wheat, barley and other things which they bring in to sell. I saw one today on the outskirts of the city seated in his cart on two fat hogs, which he was bringing to market, and I took a photograph of his pretty daughter, who rode on a pony behind. She wore heavy flat ear rings of silver, each as big as the palm of my hand, and upon her breast hanging from a silver chain was a great silver plate of a diamond shape, which made a musical jingle as she trotted by. I afterward stopped a group of Indian girls and made notes of their dress. They were barefooted, but on their ankles bands of silver beads sewed to red cloth stood out against the rosy pink flesh. Some six inches or more above these came the dress, which was merely a bright-colored blanket pinned at the shoulders, leaving the arms bare, and belted in with silver buckles at the waist. Several of the girls had a second blanket which they wore much like a shawl, and which was fastened by a long silver pin at the shoulders. The men wear much the same dress as their women, save that one blanket is belted around the waist, whereas the second is worn as a poncho; that is, over the upper part of the body, the head being stuck through a slit in the center. Few of the men wear hats, but all tie a red handkerchief or band about the head over their foreheads, leaving the crown bare.

The Araucanians are of the same race family as the North American Indian. They have copper complexions, a trifle lighter than those of most of our tribes; high cheekbones and straight black hair. The men have little or no beards. They wear their hair cut off even with the neck and coming down over the ears. The women wear their hair long. It is divided into two braids, each wrapped with a strip of red cloth, which is sometimes decorated with little silver beads. They wind their hair up on the top of the skull and let the ends of the braids stick out like horns above their faces. Sometimes the ends are joined by a string of little balls of silver and sometimes the braids hang down the back. Both the men and women are fond of bright colors. The women wear quantities of jewelry. Their earrings are always very large. They are of many shapes, silver plates as big as a play card, with ear hooks attached, being common. They wear necklaces of silver beads and as much other silver in the shape of breast ornaments as they can afford. The men are, as a rule, better looking than our Indians, and the women when young are plump and pretty. I see many girls who have rosy cheeks, well-rounded forms, beautiful eyes and teeth, and full, ripe, kissable lips. They look clean, their feet are small and their ankles I noticed are very well turned.

These Araucanians have curious customs. Many of the richer Indians have two or more wives. Each Indian brave keeps his several women with him in the same hut, the children of the various wives being mixed up indiscriminately as long as peace prevails in the family. This, however, is not always the case. At least I judge so, for in one of the Indian huts which I visited yesterday I found two fires going and over each fire one of the husband's two wives was cooking, while about each was gathered her own brood of children. The hut was of boards with a low thatched roof. It had no door, but the whole front

was open to the east, and so arranged that it could be closed with skins. The roof was of the shape of a ridge, and this gave room for an attic, which was separated from the ground room by a ceiling of poles jet black with smoke. From these poles ears of corn, strings of onions, pieces of dried meat and bags of other eatables hung. The floor, which was Mother Earth, was littered with farming utensils, clothing, saddles and harness, and a lot of other stuff which made the room look like a junk shop.

At opposite sides of the hut two closet-like rooms had been partitioned off by poles and skins. In each of them was a low platform covered with straw and sheep skins. They were the private quarters of the different wives, each of whom sleeps apart from the other with her children.

In the same hut lived the great-grand-mother-in-law of the two women. This woman is, I am told, 130 years old. She is the oldest person in Chile, and, if the records of her family are correct, she is perhaps the oldest woman of the world. She is a slender little body, not over four feet high, and so withered up with age that she does not weigh more than fifty pounds. With me at the time of my visit to her was Herr Otto Kehren, a German connected with Don Augustine Balza, the inspector general of colonization of Chile, who was also of our party. Herr Kehren is one of the finest looking and best formed men I have ever met. He is over six feet tall and he weighs 250 pounds. I stood him up beside the little great-grand-mother-in-law and made a photograph of the two. The contrast was that of giant and pigmy, of old age and youth, of life and death, of dry bones and rosy flesh. The fact that size and conditions have little to do with longevity seemed to me apparent as I looked at this dried-up centenarian. She was small at her birth and she had lived more than a century and a quarter in a squalid hut, half fed and poorly clad. She was, when I saw her, dressed only in a ragged navy blue blanket, which was fastened by a pin of silver over her skinny breast bone. Her lean, shriveled arms were bare to the shoulder, and her wrinkled legs were naked to the middle of the calf. She was deaf and blind. Her eyes were grown over by what seemed to me like two little red buttons of flesh and her face was corrugated with lines like a withered apple. She was led out of the hut by one of her great-grandchildren, a plump, juicy little Indian maiden of eighteen, and the contrast between eighteen and 130 was striking in the extreme. I was told that the old woman still had the use of her mental faculties and that she was able to do much of the spinning for the family. Her great-granddaughter-in-law seemed proud of her, and they smiled and were grateful for the money we gave her.

In this hut, as I have said, there were two Araucanian women cooking. Their utensils were several iron pots, and they had neither ovens nor stoves. The fires were built in holes in the ground inside the hut and the smoke was so thick that I almost felt it closing behind me as I pushed my way through it. The women were roasting potatoes and green corn in the coals, and I am told they make stews of various kinds. Much of their food is eaten raw and this is so at times with both meal and meat. Raw mutton, and beef cut up in small pieces is one of the chief dishes of an Araucanian feast. Red pepper is used as an appetizer and raw alcohol is drunken between the courses. They have, it is said, a way of taking a living sheep and peppering and salting its lungs while it is dying. This is

done by hanging the sheep up by its fore legs and stuffing its windpipe with salt and red pepper. While the sheep is gasping under this treatment its jugular vein is skillfully cut, pulled out and the stream of blood turned into the windpipe. This carries the salt and pepper down to the lungs and the sheep at once swells up and dies. The lungs are at once taken out of the still quivering animal, are cut in slices and are served with warm life blood, having thus been seasoned to taste. At all feasts the men are served first, the women acting as the waiters and taking what is left.

These Araucanians have queer customs of love and marriage. A father always expects to get a certain price for his daughter, in the shape of cattle, sheep, horses or other presents, and the deal is made beforehand, the groom paying as little as he can. The young man then comes with his friends to the house of his to be father-in-law and kidnaps his bride. A dark night is usually selected, but the time is often known and the girl has her female friends with her for the occasion. It is a matter of wedding etiquette that she should fight against being married, and all the females and women of the family join with her in repelling the groom. The friends of the groom help him, and there is a lively skirmish in the bride's home, which ends in her being dragged out by her future husband. He swings her onto his horse and goes off on the gallop, making for the nearest wood. The women pursue, but the groom of course soon distances them. Having reached the forest, he takes his lady love with him into the recesses and there spends the honeymoon. This lasts but a few days, when the two return to the house of the groom and are considered married. Then the husband takes the presents, as he had agreed, to the father of his wife and the ceremony is over. If later on the husband wishes a divorce, he may, under certain conditions, send back his wife to her father, and if she proves unfaithful to him, he has the right to kill her. If she deserts him and goes back home of her own accord nothing is said, but if she should marry again the second husband must reimburse the first one for the price he originally paid to her father for her.

The Araucanians tie their papooses on boards and carry them upon their backs, much as our squaws do. The babies are tied to the carrying board as soon as they are born and are kept fastened there until they are old enough to be taught to walk. They are bright-eyed, healthy-looking children and they stand treatment that would kill an American baby. Take the birth, for instance. When an Araucanian baby is expected its mother goes alone into the woods and camps there on the bank of a stream until her child is born. After the birth has taken place she bathes the baby in the brook, then dries it, wraps it up in a skin or cloth and ties it to the board. She slings it on her back by a strap or rope tied about her forehead and thus carries it home. For a year or so thereafter she carries the little one about with her wherever she goes, taking it to the fields with her when she goes there to work.

They have queer ideas of death. They do not believe in the Christian religion, as do to a certain extent the descendants of the Incas and the other Indians farther south. The Catholic missionaries have worked among them with but little success. They are like our Indians in a belief in a great father or a great good spirit and an evil spirit. These two they think are always fighting one another, and the evil spirit is supposed to follow a man even into the grave. For this reason they stand about the grave at the time of deaths