

being challona stew with perhaps some chuño or frozen potatoes dried, mixed with it. Challona is jerked mutton. The sheep having been killed, is split open, then laid out flat and frozen. Water is now sprinkled over it and it is frozen again. It is then hung up and when dried it becomes so tough that it will keep for months. When used it is cut into bits and boiled a long time. The Indian considers it delicious.

There is one thing that is more important to the Bolivian Indian than his meals. This is his coca or his daily and hourly, and I might almost say his perpetual, chew. He eats coca as a horse eats hay. Indians employed in the mines each insists on a daily allowance of five ounces of coca leaves in addition to their wages, and many of the farmers give coca to their men. Women and children chew coca, and it is rarely that you can find an Indian without a big lump of it inside his cheek. Coca is indeed one of chief products of Bolivia. Millions of dollars' worth of it are produced every year, and it is brought into La Paz daily in large quantities. Coca is the shrub from which cocaine is made. It should be distinguished from the cacao tree, from which we get our chocolate and cocoa. The coca plant grows from two to five feet in height, and it is largely cultivated in the eastern provinces of Bolivia. Each plant gives three crops of leaves a year. The leaves are gathered by Indian women, packed up in bundles of twenty-five pounds each and shipped to the markets on the backs of llamas, donkeys or mules. It is heavily taxed and is one of the chief sources of government revenue.

The Indians use coca much as the Siamese chew the betel nut. They take the leaves, which, by the way, look not unlike wintergreen leaves, and mix them with ashes of lime. They chew the mixture, and strange to say, swallow their spittle. The chew is said to be both a food and a stimulant. It keeps out the cold and allays hunger. Many of the Indians go out and work for hours on nothing but a chew of coca, and in going over these high mountain passes they always chew it. At noon and breakfast times they put in supplies of the mixture, but keep on chewing all day long year in and year out. Strange to say, this continuous chewing does not seem to cause indigestion, and I am told that it has no evil effects. Not a few of the half-breeds use coca, but I have yet to find any whites who are addicted to the habit.

The Bolivian Indian drinks raw alcohol. This he esteems the most desirable of beverages, and a large part of his earnings goes toward keeping himself and his family in a chronic state of inebriety. On feast days, and I am told that the Indian claims 200 feast days out of every 365, men, women and children get drunk and keep so until the alcohol and their money run out. Drunkenness is, I am told, the Indian's idea of the acme of pleasure. Speaking of alcohol and aguardiente or sugar brandy, which is largely used here, reminds me of a curious method they have of carrying such liquors over the country. It must all go on the backs of men or mules, and the receptacle in which it is taken is usually a goat skin. The skins, I am authentically informed, are torn from the bodies of the goats while still living, as such skins make more pliable and better bags. The goats are hung up by the horns. Then a slit is made about the neck and a couple of men, seizing hold of the skin, fairly rip it from the body of the tortured and dying animal.

Another drink, which is liked by both Indians and Cholos or the mixed races here, is known as chicha. You will

find chicha saloons in every block of any Bolivian city. La Paz has hundreds of them. Each is owned by a Cholo woman or girl, and I have been told that many of these women saloon keepers are no better than they should be. The chicha is kept in an immense earthen jar and is ladled out in glasses much like the beer schooner of our country. The liquor looks like very thin and very dirty buttermilk with a decidedly yellowish tinge. I have not as yet been able to acquire a taste for it, and since I have heard how the best of it is made I have not had trouble in giving up trying to do so. Chicha is made of Indian corn or maize. It is a drink that was used by the Indians here ages ago, and you still find it everywhere along the west coast of South America. The best made in Bolivia comes from the city of Cochabamba. Here is how it is made: The grains of ripe corn are first bruised with a heavy stone. Then they are handed over to a party of old and young women who chew them thoroughly, mixing the grain with their saliva until they have turned it into a paste, when they spit it out into a dish or cup and begin on a fresh chew. When a sufficient amount of the paste or corn and spittle has been collected it is spread out upon a board to dry. It is next put into a big earthen vessel as large around as a wash tub and about as high as your waist. This is filled with water and boiled over a slow fire for four days. It is then cooled, filtered and put into earthen vessels and left to ferment. After about a week's fermentation it is ready to drink. It now smells like old yeast and tastes not unlike old buttermilk. Good chicha will make a man drunk, but many of the Indians can drink a gallon at a time without being perceptibly affected by it. When the Indians of the Pilcomayo have their harvest they celebrate the occasion with a great feast. Each village prepares quantities of chicha, and the Indians of the whole section go from one village to another, and there is a grand chicha drunk. They continue their drinking until all the chicha is consumed. The women sit around a fire with the men behind them. They pass the chicha first to the men and then drink themselves. As drunkenness comes on their orgies grow more and more wild, and toward the last they act more like beasts than like men and women.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HOBSON TELLS ABOUT IT.

New York, July 9.—A dispatch to the Herald from off Santiago de Cuba says:

"Your correspondent saw Mr. Hobson after he had made a report to Admiral Sampson, and he consented to give the Herald a fuller interview of his experiences. He spoke in glowing terms of the courage and bravery of his crew.

"'We have been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison,' said Mr. Hobson, 'and the more I think about it the more marvellous it seems that we are alive.

"'It was about 3 o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel, and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland.

"'We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"'This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac poked her nose into the channel, our troubles commenced. The deadly silence was

broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat. She ran close up under the stern of the Merrimac and fired several shots from what seemed to be three-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel.

"'We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast the anchor. We then found that the Merrimac would not answer her helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the Vizcaya and Almirante Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"'Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded, all about us adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear the rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were running without a light and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction.

"'When the ship was in the desired position, we found the rudder was gone, and I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran, I touched off the explosives.

"'At the same moment, two torpedoes fired by the Reina Mercedes struck the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder.

"'As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and warships, as the hull of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking the Merrimac was an American warship.

"'We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us and a boat from the Reina Mercedes picked us up. It was then shortly after five o'clock in the morning and we had then been in the water more than an hour. We were taken aboard the Reina Mercedes and later were sent to Morro Castle.

"'In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro.

"'I could only hear the whistling of shells and the noise they made when they struck, and I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.

"'After this bombardment Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, protested, and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly fell ill two weeks ago, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice.

"'Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done. As for myself there is little to say. The Spaniards were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners, the treatment was better. Food was scarce in the city and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

The Rev. Robert F. Coyle, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, California, and one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in this country, has received a call to the Madison Ave Presbyterian church of New York city, one of the most prominent ecclesiastical institutions of the United States.