

before me. Whether it is that of a man or a woman I do not know, but its hair is as long, as black and as silky as the hair of any brunette belle who reads this letter. When I photographed it a few minutes ago, holding it in my hand before the camera, the black strands hung down almost a yard below my fist, and the hair was so thick that I could hardly grasp it all. The head is one of the famous dried heads of the Ecuadorian Indians who live on the eastern slope of the Andes. They have for ages adopted this method of pickling or curing the heads of their enemies, and I have been told that such a demand has existed among the foreigners for the heads as curiosities that within recent years the Indians have been killing their friends and relatives as well in order to supply it. The Ecuadorian government has recently passed a law making it a crime to buy or sell such heads, and the severest penalties are imposed on those who engage in the traffic. Still, I am offered this head for \$100 in gold, and I could buy several more at the same price. I don't think I shall take it. It is, however, a wonderful thing. All of the bones have in some way been taken out of it, and the flesh, skin and hair of the head only left. In parting the hair at the back I see stitches, and it is evident that the skin was cut open here to get out the skull. The remainder of the skin is as perfect as it was in life, only the whole head is so shrunken that it is not much larger than a baseball. Its color is perfectly black. The eyes are closed, the forehead, over which the dark hair hangs, is low, and the nose is almost that of a negro in shape. The lips, which were once full, sensuous and voluptuous, are sewed together with long cotton strands, which hang down like a macramé fringe, and the chin has a pronounced dimple in it, which, I doubt not, once smiled at its sweetheart and friends. Whether its owner was killed by treachery or in battle no one knows.

The method of curing the heads is also a mystery. It is said that a red-whiskered German came out to Ecuador some years ago determined to learn the process. He went to Quito and then made his way eastward to the Indian country. Since then he has never been seen, but it is said that about three months after his disappearance a head beautifully cured was brought in for sale. It was of a lighter complexion than the one on my table and the features were German in cast, while on the chin was a beard of the same brick dust hue as that of the German explorer. From native sources I learn that the Indians cure the heads after they have removed the bones by filling them with hot pebbles and passing them from hand to hand, pressing them so carefully inward that in shrinking they do not lose their shape. After this they are baked in the sand and so treated that they will last for ages. The skin of the neck of this head is about one-sixth of an inch thick. Its pretty ears are about the size of a silver quarter, and as I push back its hair and look at its closed eyes I almost fear that it will open them and glare at me.

The most of the Indians of Ecuador are semi-civilized. We have, it is estimated, about 260,000 Indians in the United States. Ecuador has 870,000 Indians and a total population of 1,250,000, the remainder of the inhabitants being made up of 100,000 whites and about 300,000 people of mixed races, or crosses of the whites and negroes with the Indians. The whites are the ruling class. They are the government, the wealth, the brains, the Ecuador that we know in business and in trade. The Indians are the working population. They are thriftless and seem to have little spirit or ambition. Their highest ambition of

pleasure is plenty of liquor, and the "Ecuadorian smile" is as common as the drink of America. They live like dogs and work almost from birth to death. They till the soil carry the freight on their backs up and down the mountains, and are, in fact, often treated more like cattle than the animals themselves. They submit to the whites and are accustomed to be advised by them. Only the fewest of these Indians can read or write, and very few accumulate property. I don't think the native Ecuadorians will ever be a large consuming class. Their wants are few. A suit or two of cotton clothes, a little rice and meat, and a cane hut in the lowlands or one of adobe brick in the mountains suffice for them. It does not cost much more, I am told, to raise a child to maturity than it does on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile. These civilized Indians are the descendants of those who were here when the Spaniards conquered the country. They were even then the slaves or the subjects of the Incas, and they seem to be one of those races which, like the fellahin of Egypt, are ever destined to be subject to and work for a stronger race. These Indians are, with a few exceptions, Catholics. They are ruled by the priests, and a large part of their earnings go to the church. It was only lately that Protestant missionaries have been permitted to come into Ecuador, and the few here now are having a hard time. I met here at Guayaquil an earnest young fellow from Denver, who had recently come out to do missionary work. He tells me the field is a great one, but that his reception by the people is far from cordial, and that he has been warned not to go to certain places to preach, or his life would be in danger.

I have spent some time in looking up the chances here for American trade. There are practically no statistics, and it is hard to get at just what the trade of the country amounts to. It probably ranges somewhere between ten and fifteen million dollars a year, the imports being less than the exports. The bulk of the imports come from Europe, and the articles we send here are those which we can make more cheaply and of a better quality than the Europeans. This is especially the case with hardware. The American hardware has, I find, a better standing wherever I have been than any other. The axes and knives made at Hartford, Conn., are celebrated here, and the Germans and other Europeans are imitating them almost to the trade-marks. They make a much poorer and cheaper article, and sell chiefly by their fraudulent imitation. The American firearms command the highest prices, and they are also imitated. Smith & Wesson revolvers, for instance, have been copied by the Spaniards and labeled in large letters. Smith & Wesson cartridges are to be used with this revolver. When the South American customer who cannot read English is shown the revolver he is told that it is a Smith & Wesson, and the above words are shown him. He buys the gun, to find it useless, or that it bursts after a few shots. The genuine American revolvers, 38-caliber, sell for \$36 in silver, while the imitation Spanish-made revolver sell for \$14. The most of the cottons used in Ecuador come from Great Britain. About \$1,000,000 worth of English cottons are consumed here every year, while we do not sell \$50,000 worth. If our cotton factors would study the market and make the goods these people want they could easily get this trade, for our cottons are better than the English. There are practically no iron manufactories in Ecuador, and all ironwork and hardware must be imported. There are a few water mills near Quito which weave cotton, linen and woolen goods, and also a

silk hat factory, for the Quito swells all were plug hats and black kid gloves.

Here at Guayaquil there are a number of chocolate factories, which grind up the cocoa beans and make them into the chocolate of commerce. As to lumber, I doubt if there is a modern saw mill or planing establishment in the country. Such boards as I have seen made have been sawed out by hand from the logs, one man standing on top of the log and pulling the saw, while another below furnishes the force for the downward strokes. The most of the lumber used on the coast and on this river is brought here from Oregon and Puget Sound, and it often sells as high as 10 cents a foot. Georgia pine is brought around Cape Horn, a distance, I judge, of about 8,000 miles. All imported lumber pays a duty of about a cent for every eight pounds, and, in addition to this, one of 30 per cent ad valorem. Our chief exports to Ecuador are lumber, lard, kerosene, flour and barbed wire for fencing. The great disadvantage that the United States has in competing with Europe is in the high freight rates, and in the fact that the Americans do not drum up their trade by means of commercial travelers, as the Europeans do. France or England can send goods to the ports of Ecuador for 25 shillings, or about \$6.25 a ton. The freight rate from New York around the Horn is 27½ cents a cubic foot, or nearly \$12 in gold per ton, while the rates by the Isthmus of Panama are fully one-third more. The exchange on New York is about 5 per cent higher than on London, so that the American exporter labors under decided disadvantages. When an isthmian canal is built this will be all changed in favor of the United States, and the trade of this western coast of South America will come to us.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## HOLY WEEK

The following timely article from the pen of Rev. Father John Walsh of St. Peter's church will be read with interest:

The holy week in the Catholic church is a week fraught with tremendous interest for all Christians. It is commemorative. In symbol and in reverent memory the church recalls the tragic events which closed the life of her Divine founder. Every day tells its own story. From Palm Sunday to Easter the interval traverses the wide gulf that yawns between the favorite and the hated of the populace—popularity and ignominy—hosannas of welcome and shrieks of vengeance—palm branches and scourge and crown of thorns and cross—betrayal and execution—shameful death by the cross and triumphant resurrection. The victim is the son of God and God—the executioners the Jewish priests and their servants, Roman authority conniving and winking at the outrage. The injustice, sufferings and death are self-willed and voluntarily submitted to. In no sense was the victim helpless except under the excess of his own divine love to suffer and die for the sins of men and to restore to them the inheritance sin had forfeited. At any moment he pleased he could have foiled Jewish brutality and Roman acquiescence by force or omnipotence or invisibility. He came to die, he chose to die, and therefore he elects to appear and he elects to be the "Innocent lamb led to the slaughter."

The growth of the divine tragedy is easily followed. Palm Sunday Christ enters Jerusalem amidst the plaudits of the people. With palm branches and strewn garments they honestly welcome Him and give Him royal reception. The palms of Palm Sunday in the hands of Christians express the welcome and the