

made of pressed brick, and it would be considered a mansion in any American city. Its rooms are large and the ceilings are about fifteen feet high. There is a swimming bath in it, and the minister can play the mermaid, or, rather, the merman, as one of the diplomatic diversions. I find our minister very popular here. He is, you know, from San Diego, California. He is an Ohioan by birth, having been born in Ben Wade's town of Jefferson, on the western reserve, about thirty-seven years ago. He is a college-bred man, a lawyer by profession and a diplomat by instinct and intuition. He has some knowledge of Spanish, and his popularity here is added to by that of his wife, who speaks the language fluently and has thereby made many friends among the native Peruvians.

Just next to the legation is the home of the secretary of the legation, Mr. Richard R. Neal, of Philadelphia, a former officer of the United States navy, who has been here as secretary for years and who thoroughly understands the Peruvian ways. Then there is a young Ohioan, Mr. Harlan, the attache of the legation, and over at Callao, within a half hour's ride, is the American consul, Col. W. B. Dickey, a Maine man, who hails from New Orleans, and who has come out here on his wedding tour to uphold American interests in Peru. Col. Dickey keeps house at Callao. While luncheoning with him the other day I happened to remark that the spring chickens which we were eating were very fine. "They ought to be fine," replied the colonel, "for I raised them myself on my farm here." After the lunch was over the colonel took me out to show me his farm. It was the roof of his house. We went up stairs and there found two large coops filled with chickens, turkeys and pigeons. On other roofs all about us were other coops, and the cackling of hens all around showed that large part of the eggs eaten at Callao must be laid on the roofs.

WHERE LIFE IS EASY.

Speaking of the cost of living in Lima, I pay \$5, silver, a day for my room and board at the hotel. This is only about \$2.50 of our money. Part of the time I have paid \$2.20, silver, a day for my room and coffee and toast in the morning, taking my other meals at the club. There are several good clubs here, the chief of which are the National, the Union and the Phoenix. All have good libraries, the latest papers from all parts of the world, billiards and card rooms and comfortable parlors. The meals cost \$1, silver, or about 50 cents of our money, and for this sum you can get a better dinner here than you get at any American club for from five to ten times the amount.

The people here take more time to their meals than we do. They take life more easily. Almost all of the stores close at noon for one hour to allow the proprietors and their clerks to go home to breakfast, as they call it. You will seldom find a business man in his office between 11 and 1, and everything begins to shut up for the night at 5 p. m. At 7 the whole of business Lima is shut up as tight as the head of a drum. The stores, as I have said, have no windows. They are more like caves in the walls than stores, for their front doors extend the full width of the store. These doors taken away during business hours, and at such times Lima looks like a great bazaar. The stores are filled with fine goods, which are piled up in attractive shapes on the counters and on the floors, so that walking along the Mercadores or on the streets facing the Plaza des Armes is like going through an interesting museum. At night, however, when the fronts of the stores have been closed, the streets

are lined with black walls. There are no display windows, and everything seems hermetically sealed. Only here and there you see a cigar shop, a store selling cooked eatables or a drug store which is open. As it grows dark the bird-cage-like balconies above the stores shut up, and the city in some of its parts seems almost a city of the dead. It is far from dead, however. There is lots of fun going on behind the closed windows, and the people sit up late and delight in social enjoyment.

Some of the best things now offered here in a business way are of the electrical order. Lima is a city of 100,000 people, and it has a tramway upon which the cars are drawn by horses. The line of tracks reaches all parts of the city, and the cars, although they are irregularly run and poorly managed, are almost always full. I am told that the roads are now paying, although I could see that the conductors are cheating the company right along, and that they do nothing to increase their custom. If this system could be replaced by an electric line it would probably pay well, and might be as big a bonanza as the Mexico City street railways, which sold for \$7,000,000. At present there are two or three American parties who are figuring on this proposition of buying the horse car lines and extending the system from here to Callao and Chorillos, the seaside resort of Lima. Callao has about 25,000 people, and it is the port for Lima. There is a flat road between the two cities and a line connecting them could be cheaply built. The power for such roads during the most of the year could be gotten from the River Rimac, which flows through Lima, and which has, I am told, a fall of thirty feet between that city and these. Among the parties who are investigating the matter is the South American Power and Traction company. This company has been formed. I am told, to build the road, and its agent, Mr. Robert S. Forbes, is now in the north making the arrangements to build. I understand that the president of Peru has given them a certain time to complete their arrangements. The parties interested are said to be Mr. John Searles of New York, the General Electric company of America and an electric company of Berlin. The German company has sent an engineer out here to investigate the situation. The price asked for the tramway line, which belongs to two men, is 65,000 pounds sterling. It could probably be bought for considerably less, and is valuable only on account of its franchise, covering the streets of Lima and lasting for a number of years. Another person who has been here looking up the street railway proposition is Mr. I. K. Piereson, president of the Painesville and Cleveland Street Railway company. He says the receipts of the present tramway line could be increased \$100 a day by good management, and that a large amount could be saved by putting in registers to prevent the conductors from cheating. In connection with the first company, an electric light contract has been offered by the government of \$90,000, silver, for a certain number of additional electric lights, and a good electric lighting business, it is thought, can be added to that of the car lines. At present Lima is lighted by gas and electricity, and it is one of the best lighted of the South American cities. The gas lamps are upheld by old-fashioned iron brackets, which extend out from the walls of the houses, and there is a lamp about every hundred feet. Gas costs here about \$3, gold, a thousand feet. The city has also about twenty-five arc lights and a number of incandescent lights of the Thompson-Houston kind.

Other cities in Peru where electricity

might be introduced are Arequipa, in the interior of the southern part of the country, and in the old city of Cuzco, where the Incas had their capital. Arequipa is one of the good business cities of Peru. It contains 35,000 people, but is still lighted by gas, and its street cars are little affairs half as long as ours and drawn by horses. Cuzco has 30,000 people, and relies upon gas lamps. The city of Lima pays \$115,000 a year for light. I am told that the government here protects foreign investors, and that even in times of revolution foreign property is comparatively safe. All foreign factories and plantations have signs up over the doors of their houses stating that the property is English, French or German, as the case may be.

I will close this letter with a note on the Lima penitentiary. I visited it yesterday, and found it had been modeled after the penitentiary in Philadelphia. Over the door to each workshop were the words, "Silencio, Obediencia, Trabajo," meaning silence, obedience and work. There were 300 prisoners, a few in for murder, but most of them for stealing and minor offenses. As far as I could see, the prison is clean and well kept, but I judge some of the punishments are very severe, for the director told me how he had recently had to put a man under the water spout, allowing a stream of the thickness of your finger to fall for some time on a certain spot on the man's head. This was, I think, one of the punishments of the inquisition. It is done only with watch in hand, as if continued long enough it causes insanity or death. I watched the prisoners at their meals. They are better fed than the average of their class outside the prison, but the way the meals are served is not provocative to appetite. Everything goes by whistles. The guards whistle and the men leave their work. They whistle again and they wash themselves. Another whistle and they are at the table, and a fourth whistle brings in the bread and soup. Before eating a mass was said, being introduced by a whistle, and, indeed, it was the magic whistle that brought forth everything.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, Syria, May 9th, 1898.

The road from Nazareth led over the plains of Yezreel, thence over the mountains of Samaria or Ephraim into the country of Benjamin, where Jerusalem is located. The journey took three days, and as the weather was rather cool, the season being late, we had a much pleasanter ride than we had expected. At Nazareth we hired six horses to carry our party to Jerusalem (there being no wagon road) but when the morning came for starting, our man brought no other animals than he showed us the evening before. It turned out that he did not have the horses himself but that he was patching up an outfit for us of such as he could get to go cheap. This, of course, would make little or no difference to us so long as we got good animals, but we were dealing with Arabs, and they make the best of every bargain, honor or no honor, hence we got poorer horses and strange men who were not willing to go, unless they had it their own way. This brought on a regular Turkish or Oriental scrap. Men yelled and screamed and jumped around and refused to take us on and the whole bargain was declared at an end. This they thought would bring up the prices, we were ready to go, and go we must, they thought. But to their surprise one of us started up town to hunt up another outfit. At once a brother of the former Mukary came up and introduced