The Capital of Chile.

Queer Features of Life and Business in a Big South American City.

A Bird's-Eye View of Santiago From Santa Lucia—A Street Car Ride for a Cent—Palaces Which Cover Acres and Which Cost Fortunes—Education in Chile and Something About the American Schools—Where the Government Runs the Telegraph and the Rates are Low—Among the Stores and a Look at the Girls—High Life in Santiago—How the Swells Eat, Sleep, Dress and Enjoy Themselves—A Visit to the Opera House and Something About the Sunday Races.

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SANTIAGO, Chile, Sept. 11th, 1898.—Santiago is the capital of Chile. It is almost as big as Washington, and in many things it compares favorably with it. Washington is six hours' ride from our chief seaport, New York. Santiago is about six hours by rail from Valparaiso, the chief port of Chile. The way to it is over the coast range of the Andes, and you go from one city to the other in a chair car like those which are on the roads between New York and Washington. Our national capital lies in a basin on the banks of the Potomac. Santiago is cut in two by the River Mapocho and the basin in which it is built is walled by the snowy Andes on one side and on the others by lower mountains which rise one above the other from grassy plains. We have our Capitol Hill. Santiago has its Santa Lucia, a mass of rocks which the volcanic gods of the past have thrown up in all sorts of picturesque shapes. These rocks have a base of about an acre and they rise almost perpendicularly out of the midst of the city to a height at least three-fifths that of the Washington monument. Their top is far above all the buildings and far higher than the highest flat buildings of New York. Santa Lucia is perhaps the most wonderful hill of any city on the world. It is a mass of rock and on its top there is a theater which is as picturesque as any castle on the Rhine. The sides of the hill are covered with English ivy, tall eucalyptus trees rise in serious out of the rocks from its foot to its summit, and with its flowers, grasses, beautiful shrubbery and wonders of rock formation it forms a hanging garden, as wonderful if not as extensive as those of Babylon, resting upon the shoulder of the Andes above Santiago. Santa Lucia has a restaurant at which you can get your breakfast or dinner, a good theater, and an artistic rocks and shady walks where you may spend hours hardly realizing that below you is the Brazilian and Mediterranean only of western South America.

If you will climb to the Capital dome you can get a fine view of Washington. It is on Santa Lucia that you get your best outlook over Santiago. I stood upon its peak this morning and look down on the city below. It covers from six to nine of a vast expanse of square blocks made of very cute tiles, cut of white brick, and there rose trees and palms of green. These cuttings were the roofs of the houses. Which are all built in Spanish style about patios or courts which run in most cases the only grades of the people. Some of the dwellings have many patios and their rooms are numbered by scores. From the hill you see that most of the buildings are of one and two stories. They are built close to the streets and the streets cross and recross at right angles, the city being divided in the Alameda. This is the Pennsylvania avenue, the Champs Elysees, the Unter den Linden of Santiago. It is more than twice as wide as Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and it runs the full length of the city almost east and west. Two rushing streams of good water flow through these aqueducts along it, and between these are rows of great poplar trees, which furnish an arbor of thick shade reaching from one end of Santiago to the other. In this either are the statues of many of Chile's heroes and statesmen. Here throughout its full length there are alcoves made filled with people who are resting after their promenade. Other green spots in this city of red tile are the squares, which are well kept and shaded for it rains quite hard in this part of Chile.

When I first saw this hospital, two weeks ago, the sick were lying on the bare floors, but now, thanks to the Red Cross, they are amply supplied with cots and bedding. Considerable army red tape is unwinding in getting patients into this haven of refuge, so that sometimes a half-conscious man, brought on a mule cart or a stretcher, lies for hours in the hot sun, though whether it really belongs to him, as family or given name, some cog seems to be the first night afternoonly stalking up and down the hospital, imagining that he was commanding a regiment, and struggling with the attendants in efforts to stay over the veranda rail into the bay. Toward morning he raved into unconsciousness, and lay for three days like one dead—his chin dropped, eyes rolled far back into his head, the only sign of life a faint fluttering in the pulse. Though death was momentarily expected, the feldric stimulant injected medicine into his vein at regular intervals and poured a few drops of nourishment down his throat, and still he lingered betwixt life and death, no weakening of the pulse, no change in the rolled-up eyes and fixed expression. It seemed such a pity a strong-looking man to die and give no sign. On the fourth day I sat beside him, holding his two warm, limp hands between both my cold, praying within myself that heaven would send the poor soul back from the border-land of shadows, if only long enough to send some message to the waiting wife of mother—then suddenly a change flashed over the countenance, first an expression of agony, quickly followed by a smile, and then the eyes unlocked and looked with full intelligence into mine. Holding fast the hands, as if by that means to stay the fluttering soul, I bent over him and said, "Sign! Tell me where you lived. I will write to your people." He understood, and made a desperate effort to speak. The lips moved, but no sound came; then the eyes turned upward again the nothing but the white were visible and the strange, half smile, half agony, set in. But he was not at rest, quite relieved. For he was not altogether insensible. He moved himself to the edge of the cot, as close to me as possible, and I hung as I held his hands, remained quiet for the instant. I laid his hands upon his breast and rubbed my weary, aching arms, but the faithful enough to be changed as often as they should be. In reality every one of the attendants have been suffering and hardship far better than their Southern and valets. Almost without exception, the rich young society swells have been unexpected recreations of hardship, giving up their own few comforts to needier men, brave and uncomplaining to the last. As the United States is now largely un-American, her army was recruited from all the nations of the earth. Hence in the hospitals we see the unmistakable Irish lip and eyes of Irish blood beside the German physique on the next pillow, and the blonde Saxon in contrast to the swarthy Latin. Some are gray-haired, middle-aged men, other boys in their teens, and all are so bronzed by exposure and upcrop as to hair and beard, that I doubt if their own mothers would know them. Every one is old enough, heaven knows—as strong men brought to the gates of death, not on the field of battle, but by unnecessary exposure afterwards and the criminal carelessness of their superiors, and some are positively heart-rending.

For example: A young Hercules, whose name nobody knows, raved five days and nights in the delirium of typhoid, until death ended his sufferings. To lie in an unmarked grave, his country not yet discovered. Another mother's boy, a weak-faced, gentle fellow, under 20, died of lung fever, from sleeping on the wet ground in his blankets clothed with mud. He may have the local calentura—a swift, sharp fever, which runs to course in a week or two—inflicted from lying in the trenches, with his mouth open, during that dreadful first week in July.

The most peculiar case that has come under my observation is that of a tall, vigorous cavalryman, who for six days and nights had taken his place of the dying in an unconscious state. Nobody knows who he is. He came rushing into the hospital one forenoon, a week ago, delirious with fever, having walked from some distant camp in the blinding sun. He spoke of himself as "Gray." He is now known by that name, though whether it really belongs to him, as family or given name, some cog says, he raved the first night afternoonly stalking up and down the hospital, imagining that he was commanding a regiment, and struggling with the attendants in efforts to stay over the veranda rail into the bay. Toward morning he lapsed into unconsciousness, and lay for three days like one dead—his chin dropped, eyes rolled far back into his head, the only sign of life a faint fluttering in the pulse. Though death was momentarily expected, the feldric stimulant injected medicine into his vein at regular intervals and poured a few drops of nourishment down his throat, and still he lingered betwixt life and death, no weakening of the pulse, no change in the rolled-up eyes and fixed expression. It seemed such a pity a strong-looking man to die and give no sign. On the fourth day I sat beside him, holding his two warm, limp hands between both my cold, praying within myself that heaven would send the poor soul back from the border-land of shadows, if only long enough to send some message to the waiting wife of mother—then suddenly a change flashed over the countenance, first an expression of agony, quickly followed by a smile, and then the eyes unlocked and looked with full intelligence into mine. Holding fast the hands, as if by that means to stay the fluttering soul, I bent over him and said, "Sign! Tell me where you lived. I will write to your people." He understood, and made a desperate effort to speak. The lips moved, but no sound came; then the eyes turned upward again the nothing but the white were visible and the strange, half smile, half agony, set in. But he was not at rest, quite relieved. For he was not altogether insensible. He moved himself to the edge of the cot, as close to me as possible, and I hung as I held his hands, remained quiet for the instant. I laid his hands upon his breast and rubbed my weary, aching arms, but the faithful enough to be changed as often as they should be. In reality every one of the attendants have been suffering and

Then it was impossible to stay longer, because imperative duties awaited me elsewhere. I went reluctantly, and all night long was worried by the fear that he might revive for the last time when nobody was at hand to learn his name, and that some woman waiting at home would never know what became of her loved one.

Next morning they told me that towards midnight he opened his eyes and silently shouted, "Where is she? where is she? Tell her to write to my father." And then the poor soul was off again, into the shadowy land. It is consolation to know that when I have spent a good deal of time by the sick-bed convalescence set in. And yet we have learned nothing. A dozen times we have gone at it, with full intelligence in his eyes and several times he called me "Rosa"—doubtless the name of somebody he loves. He knows when I am with him, takes his beef tea or spoonful of brandy obediently, sometimes sip as closely as possible and goes confidently to sleep. But all efforts to get his home address have so far failed. Sometimes I bend over him and says, "Yes, Rosa, write; please write." It is barely possible that some one who reads this may have an idea who he is. I judge from his speech, his dress, his features, that he is a native of the Pacific Coast, or perhaps of the middle West.

He is apparently about 40 years old; eyes pale blue, black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, heavy beard and sweep mustache. This is his fifth day of semi-consciousness now, and there is no change except that his body is growing weaker and his mind intervenes more frequently. The Doctor says there is some hope of his life—and that if he does recover it is a miracle, wrought by woman's care. Pardon this long story of an individual case, I give it to you as an example of hospital experience.

Today I talked with a yellow-fever convalescent, fresh from Siboney. He said that of the 30 patients in that hospital, only a dozen had had yellow fever, and the proportion of deaths among them is 50 per cent. He told of a man who was sent from Washington to Siboney as a special agent, whose name he could not remember. Two days after he was brought to the Siboney hospital and died the same evening. It was estimated that the telegraph operator, twenty-yellow fever cases are scattered about Santiago, outcasts of the dread disease. In this part of Cuba the dread disease is at its worst between the middle of August and the first of September. Yesterday a man was brought into Miss Wheeler's hospital, shaking like a leaf with the deadly chill, who sank into unconsciousness before we could get him into bed. Half an hour later the doctor came, pronounced it a case of yellow fever and ordered the victim to be immediately removed. The poor fellow was taken away to a room by himself, a hundred others. The poor fellow was laid on a stretcher, put aboard a boat and rowed to Siboney, and was dead when he reached the shore. Next morning I saw a young fellow were brought to the hospital door with an order from the police for their admission. Each was assisted by two comrades, who held him up under the arms, and each had the same a pitiful heap on the floor when the helping hands were withdrawn. Just then the steward came along. "Is this a case for us?" he asked the three yellow fever men doing home? But with them, quick as you can." Pity them as we did, there was no help for it. Some of the rooms in the hospital, the wards, are so crowded that they were taken to the bath tub of an elephant. The doors of immense houses are of one or two stories, the rooms running around the outstretched corpse in its sheet the most conspicuous object, and the living men in their mud-stained uniforms and gray alcoch hats, trying to keep up a brave front as their way to almost certain death. The same thing was happen to any of us, tomorrow—today. Two lines of a half-forgotten poem run continually through my mind:

"The wind howls heavy with death and sorrow,
Today it is thee; may be me tomorrow."

Yesterday a darkhaired young Irishman lay on a cot so closely beside me that with one screen of my face I could see his face and look him and ask, "Is he living?" Looking the cot was empty. "What has become of the man who was here?" I asked the nearest male attendant. "Ask me no questions, you'll hear no lies," replied the inmates, with a ghastly attempt at wit. "Yellow Jack got hold of him in the night. We started him off for Siboney, but he doesn't live to get there."

Another cot and case is that of Capt. Fredericks, of Akron, Ohio. A handsome and gallant young officer, the picture of robust health and beloved by everybody, he came into the hospital the second day suffering with headache. He said he was not a bit sick, but thought he would like to be down and rest awhile. He was given a cot, his head bandaged with wet cloths, and he seemingly seemed to feel very comfortable. Happening to recognize me as I sat by Guy at the other end of the room, he sent to ask if I would come and talk to him awhile. I went, and for half an hour we chatted of Ohio friends and of long-ago campaign experiences among the small tribes of the Western Reserve. When I left him he was in most cheerful mood, saying that he expected to be back with his regiment in a day or two. What was my horror on going next morning to the hospital, to be told that he was a suspected case of yellow fever, and that the boat had already been sent for to take him to Siboney. Hurrying to his side I said, "Captain, I hope you are not worsted. I have had yellow fever, and you can see how well and strong I am." He replied "Mrs. Ward I am not afraid of the disease. I am in good hands. But I would like to write to my wife and children," quickly presenting pencil and paper. I scribed the dictation. He closed the note and handed it to me. "Now, Mrs. Ward, promise me that none should see it there were times in them, and waited to get full command of himself. Then he said, in a voice that only faltered, but distinct, "Tell my loved ones." It was a sensible, manly letter, calculated to relieve the anxious hearts at home, but fully realized that it might be his last words to them in this troubled world.

Then he wrapped himself in his blanket for the chilly ride of the fever was already upon him, and resigned himself to his fate, the two brave soldiers that he is. If I survive and ever have to carry a man through, Capt. great that the height, presenting young life may be saved." Yes Fondly.

FANNY BISHOP WARD.

Sail for Bulbs.

Dutch bulbs are the content of flowers to grow. Those who have dotted with almost every other kind may come on sowers with them. But even bulbs like certain things better than certain others, and the Dutch gardeners long ago found out that the potted rose manure is preferable to any other. Where the rose manure is not to be had, bone dust is the highest the soil. Bulbs do not like a soil that is other extremely wet or dry. Any soil that is well mixed in vegetable culture will do. If the poor fellows were bulbs, instead of being the Dutch bulbs to perfection.—Vick's Magazine.

The medical properties of Hall's Hair Renewer, by invigorating the scalp, prevent dandruff, restore the hair and its color, surpass anything of its kind.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known—He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Counsellor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago he became acquainted with his work, he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the editor was surprised to receive from the gentleman a very unusual amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett consented, but added that in his present physical condition he was not equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, which he consents to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart. Now, which he was unable to give any name, but it was a dull, heavy pain, at times sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him weak and nervous, and at all times it made it difficult to work. He said he was always visible to the public and frequently were considering service he would give out and depart, but he had not the heart to do so. He appeared to me in the Young Men's Church, Toronto; the Baptist Church, Windsor, N. S.; the Methodist Church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 1,200 people in the Franklin Street Congregational Church, at Manchester, N. H. He's days was arrested and were so scandalous before as regards consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the very part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall Street Methodist Church in evangelistic services he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I was a well man today. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all gone now, and I feel like a new man." All this the renowned gentleman told in a simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I was almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man exploiting better health today than I do."

Mr. Dunnett is at Mr. Dupont's residence, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 25, from Sherbrooke, Ont., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says: "I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I feared a relapse, but because I was too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever come back, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for weeks, and I am better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, twice in weight. I would gladly testify to any sufferer what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

SANTIAGO DE CUBA IN WAR TIME.

Hospital Experiences—Work of Red Cross Nurses—Victims of Yellow Jack—Pathetic Scenes and Incidents.

Special Correspondence.

Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 11, 1898—Miss Anne Wheeler, youngest daughter of Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama—a fragile girl of 21 years—has charge of the female nurses in the army hospital of Santiago. How she became a Red Cross nurse is a romantic story. The northern girl is peculiarly devoted to her home, whom she calls her "sweetheart." She accompanied him and her brother to Tampa, and was daily seen riding about the camps with them on horseback. To be by her father's side, she could gladly have gone into battle, but she knew that could not be, she determined [illegible] the next best thing and go with [illegible] as a nurse, in order to remain as near to him as possible. She met with strongest opposition on every hand, but with the blood of "the fighting Wheeler" in her veins, Miss Annie is not easily scared from a good purpose. Gen. Wheeler earnestly pleaded against the project, but would not oppose a command to the distress of his daughter's convalescent. Some of the heads of the army absolutely refused her transportation to Cuba, and filled her with despair, but permission to land was finally granted, and she came only one. More, after reembarking the dangers, which she well understood, waiting her to return to Tampa, she stowed herself away and stealing for it enter upon her chosen path of duty.

When she joined Miss Barton, Clara Barton was very scarce in Santiago. For a week she was almost in the crowded waterside hospital, so far as Chief Nurse Mrs. Dr. Richards, and Miss Wheeler made attendants, in all sorts of ways, from lifting patients and carry out the dead, to fetching in supplies and cooking for the sick. There are also four other colored female nurses, under Miss Wheeler's direction. Barton and her aides, time, rising at 5 a. m. and taking the same of her labors only at midnight, often washing unalloyed through the night. Miss Wheeler is as safe as is her own parents, the all-protecting symbol of the Red Cross. In the hospital she is as a ray of hope, a bright, cheerful figure, dressed in gingham white, or in mornings with sassy apron and sunbonnet, ready kind words, ready to lend a hand, ready with various purposes, washing sick men's faces, writing home letters for them, administering food or medicine, and taking the last messages of the dying. Her military service, however, merited by her, and very marked by Sir Joseph Lister, is well-doing. The sick need good nursing, but are everywhere in the old, old world, that the wealthy women who in modern times have taken up nursing as a profession are those who have been accustomed to luxury. Miss Wheeler, the daughter of a Southern gentleman, of wealth, whose Washington home is spoke in the luxuries Africa, has entered one word of complaint, she is a practical girl, and can rule each day on her knees bathing arms and and only because long hours, times during the long hot days, fire her "soul to the [illegible] the sufferings of Hugo. The poor fellow and mother have been ordered home to die, and she alone, of all "the fighting Wheelers" remain in Cuba. But she will not desert the work, wherein she was never more needed than today, and as for protection, there is not a soldier in Santiago who would not lay down his life for her, if needs be.

The hospital of which I write, though created only a few weeks ago by the necessities of war, is by far the best in Cuba. It is the hot-house of the seed American civilization, hoisted by the bounty of our government. It is built directly over the bay, some rods from shore and is reached by a long pier. Its great hangarlike hall, whose latter red walls run for rods, is so adroit every vagrant breeze, is now closely set with army cots, and double rows of the same are ranged along the encircling verandas. The smaller apartments are all about special uses, and in a little anto-room several oil stoves are set over which beef tea, malted milk and gruel are prepared. Not an inch of space is unfilled and were the commodious building ten times as big, it would be equally overcrowded.

When I first saw this hospital, two weeks ago, the sick were lying on the bare floors, but now, thanks to the Red Cross, they are amply supplied with cots and bedding. Considerable army red tape is unwinding in getting patients into this haven of refuge, so that sometimes a half-conscious man, brought on a mule cart or a stretcher, lies for hours in the hot sun, though whether it really belongs to him, as family or given name, some cog says, he raved the first night afternoonly stalking up and down the hospital, imagining that he was commanding a regiment, and struggling with the attendants in efforts to stay over the veranda rail into the bay. Toward morning he lapsed into unconsciousness, and lay for three days like one dead—his chin dropped, eyes rolled far back into his head, the only sign of life a faint fluttering in the pulse. Though death was momentarily expected, the feldric stimulant injected medicine into his vein at regular intervals and poured a few drops of nourishment down his throat, and still he lingered betwixt life and death, no weakening of the pulse, no change in the rolled-up eyes and fixed expression. It seemed such a pity a strong-looking man to die and give no sign. On the fourth day I sat beside him, holding his two warm, limp hands between both my cold, praying within myself that heaven would send the poor soul back from the border-land of shadows, if only long enough to send some message to the waiting wife of mother—then suddenly a change flashed over the countenance, first an expression of agony, quickly followed by a smile, and then the eyes unlocked and looked with full intelligence into mine. Holding fast the hands, as if by that means to stay the fluttering soul, I bent over him and said, "Sign! Tell me where you lived. I will write to your people." He understood, and made a desperate effort to speak. The lips moved, but no sound came; then the eyes turned upward again the nothing but the white were visible and the strange, half smile, half agony, set in. But he was not at rest, quite relieved. For he was not altogether insensible. He moved himself to the edge of the cot, as close to me as possible, and I hung as I held his hands, remained quiet for the instant. I laid his hands upon his breast and rubbed my weary, aching arms, but the faithful enough to be changed as often as they should be. In reality every one of the attendants have been suffering and

IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

A Utah Tourist Takes in the Sights of Moscow—Houses of Worship, Palaces, Beer Gardens and Variety Theaters—Ordering Meals by Means of Drawings—Various Incidents.

Moscow, the City of Churches,
August 15, 1898.

Churches to the right of me, churches to the left of me, churches in front of me, and churches behind me. In what direction I look, I see churches. The churches loom up on all sides of you. I arrived in Moscow about 11 p.m., and as street lamps are not found in Russian cities, I had to wait until morning for my first impression of Moscow. It happened to be Sunday. I had just dozed off, it seemed, when I was awakened with a thousand bells ringing in my ears. I thought it must be a fire at least. But remembering that the Russian church service commenced at four in the morning, I dozed off again after some of the savory language I could think of. If ever Satan had a spot in a church it is in the bells. They seem more awesome than any other instrument of torture in existence, especially at four in the morning. Such was my first awakening in Moscow. The city is situated on the banks of the river Moskwa. It is said to have more crooked streets than any other city in the world. There is very little of the old city left since the fire in 1812, which its flames caused so fatal an influence over the destinies of the first Napoleon. But like a Phoenix, Moscow has risen from her ashes larger and more beautiful than before. In the heart of the city stands the Kremlin, inclosed within a wall which is about two miles in length and one in the old city. It suffered more from the minor the French sprung under its walls than it did from the fire. It has been completely repaired since, and now stands an immense fort-like structure with churches and palaces of the old Tartar style. There are towers of every style, round, square, and with pointed roofs, turrets, domes, spires, cones, scaly boxes, onion shaped, and pierced with numerous, composite. Combinations of all kinds. And every imaginable steeple of every height, color and shape, the whole forming a most agreeable picture to look on from a distance. Within the walls of the Kremlin on a portion of the ground, are the Czar's palaces, it has been said, of all the circumference. It does hang in a large circle, but the lower square is down, surrounded by a high wall, and the wooden, in. The palaces and churches here are very costly in their decoration. Bibles in St. Michael's costing 18, 000 rubles. The entire wall inside of precious stones. In churches where a saint is buried they generally cover a portion of the tomb with silver, and place a coffin having a small hole over the forehead, so that worshipers may kiss him. They look pretty greasy, and I should think would be unhealthy. There is one saint looking like the Egyptian mummies, and every lady has to walk through. Over a large a picture of Christ, in which the Russians put a great deal of faith. There is a tradition attached to it. The French could not move the picture, thinking its frame of solid gold. But every bullet they fired against the old fall, broke in two. One of the powder mills was placed beneath this gate. It split the wall up to the pinnacles. It is known as the Municipal Theater, and it is subsidized by the government. Every night it has a dozen of Italian opera, the companies being brought from Italy. The season lasts for eight nights and nearly every performance is a sold out house. At the season, which costs him $1,200 in Chilian money, a man could in about five thousand gold. Each box will hold six people, and all of them are taken, although two of the galleries of the large theater are divided up in boxes. The ladies and gentlemen always wear full dress at the opera, the latter are divided up in boxes. The ladies and gentlemen always wear full dress at the opera, the latter are usually respaudent with diamonds. As a rule the ladies pay but little attention to the opera, devoting most of their time to looking at each other. For the season the ladies are every turned down during the opera. They wear their hats in the boxes. They never the boxes. The men keep their hats more during the acting, as soon as the curtain goes down every man and lady is up and gone, the girls with ladies and gentlemen go out and promenade in the lobbies of the theater. There are restaurants where the ladies can take their seats to which the gentlemen go to get refreshments, and [illegible]. All kinds of drinks are served, and I was taken to one of the restaurants to see the thing of the sort from a bottle of champagne to a special variety of cocktail which was introduced into Chile by a German restaurant of Valparaiso, Santiago. It is the one thing American that now holds and will always hold its own in Chile. Drinking these intoxicants gives more to visiting people on among friends in the boxes, and the whole affair, in indeed, more a social occasion than a musical one. The Chilians do not have as close social intercourse as we do, and I have yet to hear of women's clubs in Chile. The people are fond of dancing and they have dancing academies a dancing party with one of the big receptions. At such times the display of diamonds on the parts of the ladies is very great. Some women, queens of some precious stones are arranged out of the vanity and their jewelry is worn in the form of a tiara, or crown, or a necklace, or that of the identity lights. At a recent reception one lady wore eight diamond stars and another a large bouquet of diamonds. There are some ladies who have works of diamonds, and, in fact, almost every kind of diamond ornament you can imagine. Some of the ladies wore such diamonds in the morning, and one or two had on bouquets of orchids so rare that in New York they would have cost as much as a dress.

SUNDAY RACES.

Another social feature of Santiago is the races, which are held regularly every Sunday afternoon during the season under the auspices of the Club Hipico. This is a very high class affair. Gentlemen come dressed in tall hats, black frock coats, light or dark pantaloons, and gaiters. The ladies put on their handsomest afternoon gowns and they call upon one another between heats. The race course is just back of Santiago, on the banks of the river, the city. It is right under the shadow of the Andes and is one of the finest tracks in the world. The horses are imported, and a race in Santiago is one of the great sights of South America.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

**Soft Hands, Smooth Skin, Soft, white hands, and healthy, soft skin is found in the perfect action of the pores, produced by Cuticura Soap, hygienic and comprises the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, not only for the toilet, but for the nursery and sick room, as well as the nursery and sick room, as well as the nursery and sick room, as well as