

altitude—and also many little fields of quinoa, a plant which looks like a cross between a red dock weed and a mullen stock. It is planted in rows and is cultivated. It is of a yellow or red color, and its seeds are eaten as mush and taste not unlike oatmeal. I saw some dandelions and a lot of green plants which looked like scrubby firs or evergreen, but which nowhere were more than a few inches high. After crossing the coast range, which is, you know, the highest of the Andes, the grass became greener, and for miles we traveled through what seemed to be a rich bed of moss. We went by beautiful lakes and rode over plains dotted here and there with the mud huts of the Indians and with large flocks of llamas, alpacas and sheep. Each flock was watched by a woman who wore a black or blue dress and shawl and a queerly shaped hat, much like that of a priest. Each shepherdess had a spinning spool in her hand and kept this going as long as we were in sight. At the stations we saw many Indian men and women. The men wore bright-colored shawls, and wide pantaloons slit up as far as the knee at the back. Every one of them had a knit cap much like a night cap, with flaps coming down over the ears, and on the top of this a little hat which seemed to be more for ornament than for warmth. Nearly all, both men and women, were in their bare feet, although the air was bitter cold, and as we crossed the pampas, the hail came down in torrents, whitening the ground. These people were chiefly of the Aymara tribe of Indians, who to a large extent form the population of this part of Peru and of Bolivia.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DEPARTURE OF UTAH TROOPS.

San Francisco Chronicle: The troops assigned to the Colon reached the Mail dock early in the forenoon, having left camp at 7 o'clock. The Colon took four companies of the Twenty-third infantry and two companies of the Eighteenth infantry, both of the regular army, and battery A of the Utah artillery. In the battery were 121 men and in each of the infantry companies 75 men besides the officers, making less than 600 military passengers. The control of the ship was given to Lieutenant Colonel Clarence M. Bailey of the Eighteenth infantry. Lieutenant Colonel John W. French was in command of the battalion from the Twenty-third and Captain R. W. Young commanded the Utah artillerymen.

The Colon contingent got a share of the flowers bestowed along the line of march by the crowds that had emerged early to see the soldiers pass. The blossoms were not given exclusively to the warriors who marched afoot, bouquets being flung as well to those who rode on the baggage wagons. As the heavy drays rolled slowly, a long to the Mail docks the merry men in uniform on top of the huge heaps replied to the cheers of the multitude and, being arm free, waved their hats. Having no rifles to carry and no other manual incumbrance some of the gayest on the drays secured a demijohn of large capacity, and, big as it was, raised it to their lips and held it there for several ere it was lowered for a breathing spell. The test of lung endurance was appreciated by the sidewalk throng as the wagons passed on Market and Third streets. The immense canteen may have contained water, but the spectators smiled as if they thought it held something else.

Many of the soldiers were tired when they got on the Colon and turned into the bunks provided for them, although bedding had not then been distributed. The berths are not crowded together, but advantage was taken of every foot

of space in the construction of them. They are built in three tiers and the men who sleep at the top must do some climbing to reach their couches. All are adorned with "no smoking" placards.

Among the supplies put aboard were sixteen head of cattle, which are confined in a clean and well ventilated place in the forward part of the Colon. These steers will be killed at sea and thus fresh beef will be supplied as rations. A large quantity of fresh meat was also taken in the refrigerator. The shipping of stores was continued from morning until late in the afternoon. The piles of army freight being continually renewed as drays arrived it seemed as if no appreciable headway was being made, and doubt as to whether the Colon would leave the dock until today was expressed, but at last everything that could be put on the Colon was stowed away and there remained on the wharf a few tons of boxed stuff for which no room could be found on the vessel. Other stacks of goods near by showed that the overestimate as to capacity was not restricted to the Colon, but applied to the China also. The Colon's big boxes which were left behind were addressed to "Major S. R. Jones, quartermaster, Manila, steamer Colon." Baggage was piled all over the ship, but in such a manner as to leave a passageway at every part of each deck.

A large lot of new wheelbarrows went on the Colon. The soldiers will have work to do in throwing up dirt, in laying out camp and in other operations, and the barrows are not the least important item in the equipment.

The ladies of the Red Cross gave luncheon to men on the Colon, but some of them missed it and were desperately hungry when the preparations for going were finished and the cook had a chance to distinguish himself. The midday army meal was not served to the soldiers aboard ship.

It was 5:10 o'clock when all that was left to do was to remove the gang-planks and cast off the lines. Kisses, good-bys and handshakes were hurried and the soldiers on the dock jumped aboard, but it required more than half an hour to start. During this time the tossing of oranges and other fruit to the men at the rail became general. The oranges flew so fast as to suggest a bombardment. Scores of them were not caught and fell into the water. At 5:45 o'clock, the China having got out of the way, the Colon was towed into the stream off the mail dock by the tug Millen Griffith. The waving of flags and handkerchiefs and the huzzaing which marked the China's departure were renewed. One bold trooper stood on the foretop without holding on as the Colon moved and waved his hat. The rigging on each mast was covered with soldiers. Some belated men arrived on the dock when the ships had gone and to take these tardy fighters to their companies a boat was sent to the shore.

BATTERY B ON THE ZEALANDIA.

The long and narrow Zealandia, loaded down with men and stores until she was almost aground at her dock, drew away from the Pacific-street wharf shortly after 6 o'clock and dropped into the stream to await the order to sail for the Philippines.

On the Zealandia were the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers and part of Battery B of the Utah Volunteer artillery. With the gunners went two Maxim fighting machines, which, as a precautionary measure, were placed, ready for action, in the bow of the vessel. In all there were 640 privates and 60 officers on board.

The artillerymen, sixty-one in number, in command of Lieutenant Grow,

reached the dock at 9:30 o'clock, being the first to arrive. Pennsylvania's Volunteers had a deal of work getting the baggage ready for the truckmen, and did not get away from Camp Merritt until about 9 o'clock. Knapsacks and blankets were piled on the baggage wagons, enabling the men to make the long journey to the place of embarkation in light marching order. Free from unnecessary incumbrances, the regiment marched with ease of a dress parade and all along the way it was cheered by admiring thousands. The dock was reached at 10:45 o'clock, and after stacking arms ranks were broken and the men scattered around the dock while awaiting the luncheon which had been promised by the ladies of the Red Cross society. Before the Pennsylvania infantry men arrived the Utah gunners had already been fed and had gone aboard, but they came ashore at intervals and mingled with the crowd.

Thousands of people thronged around the dock entrance, but Police Captain Dunlevy and Sergeant Thomas Mahoney kept them back, and only a few hundred who proved that they had business or relatives on board the vessel were allowed to pass.

Colonel Hawkin's jolly face beamed at the thought of departure, but the delay in the dock was tedious and he began to look worn and tired before evening. A great bouquet was presented to him, but he blushed and apologized and said he couldn't accept it as he was too busy to carry it aboard. An eager volunteer was found and the offering to the colonel was soon ornamenting his cabin. Color-Sergeant Harry Palmer, a Civil War veteran and well-known newspaper man, was in evidence, buoyantly proud of being once more sent to the front. He courteously explained things to the ladies and had a hearty handshake for the many men friends who came to bid him good-by. Weariness did no business with him, and at every stage of the ordeal he seemed a little happier.

"Boots," small but vallant, was also there, swaggering about in his tailor made uniform. "Boots" is the mascot of company B of Pennsylvania. His right name is Robert McDermott, his age 13, and besides bringing luck to the regiment he polishes the footwear of the officers. The midget mascot has parents in Allegheny, Pa., but his burning desire to go to war overcame their objections and "Boots" was stowed away on the troop train and brought west in care of "officers and men," who take an affectionate interest in his career. "Boots" is not a model for civilian boys, as he smokes cigarettes and his guardians give testimony that he plays a stiff hand at draw poker.

"Searchlight" was also there, fearful that the regiment would be allowed only one mascot and he would be left behind. "Searchlight" is an Oregon waif, red of hair and as brave as any many who has yet sailed to John Dewey. He is an orphan and hails from Portland. His name is William Doran, but the soldiers know him only as "Searchlight." The history of this sixteen-year-old urchin is pathetic. His father died eight years ago and he left school and went to work in a box factory to help earn a living for himself and mother. He gradually worked up to a wage of \$5 a week, but when things looked brightest his mother died. This was eight months ago. There was no money to pay the doctor and undertaker, but "Searchlight" took up the burden and kept gravely to work until all was paid up. He told the story modestly at the dock yesterday, giving the bare facts in response to questions. There was \$22.50 for the funeral," he said, and \$30 for the doctor. I paid for the funeral and the doctor let me off for \$15 for the rest."

After paying off his indebtedness in