SOUTH AMERICA.

Far-off Land.

THE RUINED CITY OF PANAMA.

An Interesting Piece of History in Regard to Lima, the Capital of Peru.

The following interesting letter was written for THE SCOUT by Mrs. Eva Stone nee Miss Eya Shinn, formerly of this city. It is an able article and will be read with great pleasure by the many friends of the writer in this and Baker county :

It happened some few months ago that an opportunity was offered me of making been more to my taste, for besides the promise of a long delightful sea voyage, there was the still more alluring prospect of secing that strange and curious country. The following pages are the result of my visit to Lima which, though all too short, shall ever linger in my memory as one of the most delightful experiences of my life.

On the 15th of February, I found myself on board the steamer "City of Sidney" "Golden Gate," I was glad to seek shelter from the piercing wind in the warmth and ever, we had passed into a kindlier clime, and sailing along the coast of Lower California, were enjoying the warm rays of the sun and watching the whales which could now and then be descried sporting about on the waves, and throwing up jets of sparkling water like fountains springing up from the sea.

On the fifth day out we reached the bar bor Mazatlan off the coast of Mexico, where the steamer rode at anchor all day. The awnings were stretched to keep off the the dreamy splash of the waves against the ship's bows, and the roar of the breakers on the distant coast, I could see the town of Mazatlan with its Cathedral tower rising above the surrounding buildings. Though situated on a desolate and barren coast, Mazatlan looks quite picturesque from the steamer. The harbor is formed by a series of islands which were probably once chained together in one continuous coast line, but which have been torn asunder by some great convulsion of nature. It is chiefly to these islands that the town owes its picturesque appearance-especially to one which rises percipitously out of the water, and whose top is crowned by a light-house.

After leaving Mazatlan, eight delightful days passed by, for the most part spent in reading and lounging about on deck. The sea was beautifully calm-often as smooth would almost forget the busy world until nor approach, countless little boats, darting about on the waves like so many minnows, at once rode up alongside-some to take passengers ashore, some loaded with tropical fruits to tempt the appetite of the traveler. Then would begin the noise and confusion of unloading and taking on with those of the fruit-venders. Again the steamer would leave the barbor, again the and again I would be carried off into the world of dreams. My favorite seat at night watch the ship's wake aglow with phosphorescent light, stretching out behind-a waters; above, the moon riding through the around me played the balmy breezes of the tropies; beneath me rolled the great billows

When I came upon deck on the morning of the 28th, the steamer was nearing the port of San Jose de Guatemala, where it | Pizarro. soon cast anchor. The little town nestled near the beach; the coast extending on either side covered with a heavy growth of green trees; in the distance, the majestic heads into the sky-all mingled together forms a charming landscape. The country for miles inland is covered with rich coffee plantations and luxuriant banana groves, to whose tropical beauty the menancing aspect of the two volcanoes in the background presents a striking contrast. These mountains are something over 3500 feet in height; from one of them there issues oceasionally a threatening puff of smoke, great streams of fire. In 1881 there was an eruption of boiling water from one of them, from which it is called "Volcano de Agua" (Water Volcano) in contradistinction to the "Volcan de Fuego," or Fire Volcano. Though these volcanoes have never done any damage to the fertile plain spread out beneath them, they hover over it like discontented spirits longing to destroy its beauty by a deadly flood of fire and lava.

Our steamer arrived in Panama two days behind time, and on this account I missed the South American steamer and was detained in Panama several days. Though anxious to reach Lima, I was glad of an oppertunity to see this historic city, which besides the famous canal works, affords many things of interest. As the steamer entered the bay, I saw in the distance a shore, and rising from the midst the two towers of the old Jesuit Cathedral. What with fragrance, A broad stone walk leads first struck me was the aged, dilapidated around the entire square, along which are appearance of the town-a feeling which was doubly increased as I walked about its narrow and irregular streets. Everywhere there were ruins-ruins of churches, ruins of prisons, ruins of forts-many of which overgrown with luxuriant vines were at once interesting and picturesque. Truly, series of buildings whose upper stories, the once flourishing city of Panama is thing of the past, a story that is told.

smaller than the "Sidney" but nicely fitted

Spanish and as my knowledge of that lan- gaity. The Municipal Hall, a very large an open space where reposes a pretty artifi- which that spot had been a silent witness. nations, they sought to bring under the guage is limited to a few simple words, I was left alone with my own thoughts for the entire northern end of the plaza. In from the shore to c rocky mound in the companions. I nad been so long accus-Scenes and Incidents in the tomed to think of the Equator as a certain line drawn across the centre of the earth on the maps that, when the captain told me we were approaching it, I found myself almost unconsciously looking for some visible division line; having passed it without seeing anything of that nature, I felt as though I had been cheated out of some sight worth seeing. It is, indeed, strange how such impressions can dominate over the mind.

Now it was that I first caught sight of the glorious Andes sweeping abruptly from the shore. As we sailed further down the coast, the snow-capped peaks of this magnificent range gradually increased in altitude until on entering the beautiful Gulf of Guayaquil, I beheld them at their most stupendous height. The broad summit of Chimborazo clothed in everlasting snows, the shining cone of Cotapaxı dazzling in a short visit to Peru. Nothing could have its whiteness-these titanic works of nature, crowning glories of the Andes, I beheld as we sailed up the Guayaquil river whose shores are covered with all the luxuriant verdure known to a tropical clime. Ah, what pen can describe a sunset on that river-the calmness of its rippling waters; the emerald verdure of its shore, where stately palms wave to and fro with every passing breeze; the vista far up the river, disappearing in a flood of misty light; the bound for Peru. A dense fog hung over quiet hush brooding over sea and land, San Francisco and, as we sailed out of the making the very atmosphere seem to tremble as if awaiting the departure of the great, red sun as it sinks rapidly from sight, shelter of the saloon. In a few days, how- transforming with its parting rays the silvery ridge of the distant Cordilleras into a brilliant line of crimson drawn across the

To the tropical inxuriance of Guayaquil, Paeta, the next port, presents a striking contrast. One cannot imagine a spot more desolate or more unfit for the habitation of destitute of flower or shrub rising abruptly from the ocean; a desolate town burning under the fays of a fierce tropical sun; and beyond all, a barren waste of mountains bright rays of the sun; the air was soft and stretching out on either side as far as eye balmy; and lounging on deck listening to can reach-this is the scene that meets the traveler's gaze as the steamer rides into the open road-stead. In the whole town there is but one solitary tree-the pride of the inhabitants-but just over those arid mountains lies an emerald valley, watered by crystal rivers fed from the snows of the Cordilleras, and said to be one of the most beautiful spots in all Peru. Since the early part of the 17th century, Pacta has been the Port from whence the rich products of this fertile region are shipped to make glad the hearts and homes of less fortunate climes.

Just a month after leaving San Francisco, we arrived in the Bay of Callao from whence the not-far-distant towers of Lima can easily be seen. The harbor was well filled with ships and steamers from different parts of the world; there is a good wharf, and altogether the place is the busias glass. For several days at a time we est and resembles more our own ports than would be out of sight of land, and in the any I saw on the voyage. As it is only a however is not difficult to account for when dreamy atmosphere surrounding me I half hour's ride by rail from Callao to Lima, one observes the dress of the Peruvian I had soon established myself in the latter the ship rode into some harbor where, at place, having successfully run the longitude, and eagerly anticipating the pleasures which an old and historic country never fails to offer.

The reader must know that Lima was founded by Pizarro en the 6th of Jan., 1535 -the festival of Epiphany, in honor of which it was called "Cindad de los Reyes," freight, the cries of the sailors mingling or "City of the Kings." This name, however, was soon superceded by that of Lima into which the Spanlards corrupted the coast would gradually disappear from sight. Indian word Rimac, the name given to the river which flows through the rich and fertile plain sloping gently from the Cordilwas at the stern of the vessel where I could leras to the sea. At the date of the founding of the city, Peru had made her last stand fo. liberty, the armies of the Inca stream of silver in the dark infinitude of had been beaten and routed from the field; Atahualpa himself, the last representative heavens shed down her soft rays upon me; of the "Children of the Sun," had been treacherously put to death; Cuzeo had submitted and her temples been despolled of their splendour-in a word, the vast and powerful empire of the Ineas lay, broken and dissolved, at the feet of the conqueror,

Wearied with the terrible hardships of exploration and the fierce turmoil of war, Pizarro's fondest desire now was to beautify and adorn the rising young Capital of forms of two volcanoes lifting their tall the empire he had conquered. Centrally located in the bosom of a verdant plain and on the banks of the broad river Rimac some six miles above where it flows into the excellent harbor of Callao, Pizarro had, indeed, reason to trust in the future greatness of the city. Though only twelve miles south of the Equator, and though rain is never known on the coast of Peru, the climate is delightful, for the cool breezes which blow throughout the year, either which is at stated intervals accompanied by from the Pacific or from the opposite Cordilleras, and the heavy dews which fall nightly during the summer season-all combining, so temper the climate that the thermometer seldom rises above ninety degrees. So great was Pizarro's zeal in pushing forward his new Capital that before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing a large and flourishing city, but the wars that followed in the succeeding centuries and the still more destructive shocks of earth-quakes have left but little trace of the original buildings, in whose ruins the present city has been built.

Eager to see the city that had for the past month so often occupied my thoughts. I sallied forth early from my hotel and after threading numerous narrow streets, found myself in the large central plaza, in the midst of which a sparking fountain threw long row of time-worn buildings lining the up jets of water which fell in bright drops on the numerous flowers that filled the air many seats, shaded from the sun by the spreading branches of stately trees; on one of these I sat down to study the scene about me. Separated by a broad street, the surrounding buildings form a square about the place. To the south and west arise a projecting out over the side-walk and form-ing for the roof, are supported by messive The South American steamer, "Coquini stone arches. This is the Portal, or Grand bo," in which I obtained passage was much Bon Marche de Lima, where all the princi- menageric which shared the same fate.

one-story building made of stone, occupies | cial lagoon with a rustic | bridge | reaching | Sometimes I pictured to myself the streets the midst of these worldly and temporal things the great cathedral lifts its massive towers unto the setting sun. Its architecture, belonging to no particular class, bears the unmistakable stamp of the Jesuites and though much superior to many of the churches erected by that order, does not | quent rambles, I found that the whole city possess a great deal of beauty either in outline or execution.

As the great bells from the towers rang forth their slow and measured chime and the ponderous doors swung slowly back on their ninges, arising from my pleasant seat I made my way to the entrance. Mounting the massive flight of stone steps that stretch across the whole front of the building and crossing the broad pavement, I passed from the sacred portal in beneath the vaulted roof. Near the entrance arises an altar decorated in the usural Roman Catholic manner; on either side is an aisle running the whole length of the church. along which numerous altars are raised to the saints and martyrs, and closed in by bleh iron gratings. Near the centre of the church are the seats for the congregation, beyond which arises the main altar, richly decorated with ornaments of gold and silver many of which adorned some temple of the sun. The point of interest, however, is the tomb of Pizarro which occupies the space between the first altar and the seats for the congregation. It is closed in on three sides by walls of a dark and sombre hue around which run a series of stiff, stately looking seats; in the centre of the apartment thus formed, the tomb, made of richly carved wood, arises in the form of a pyramid some five or six feet in height. Here in the midst of the beautiful city which he so fonaly cherished and which was the pride of his declining years, the great conqueror has found a fitting resting place. Lingering in the tomb musing over man. Bald cliffs of a light tawny hue and the checkered career of him who found his last rest here. I was startled from my reverie by the harsh grating of the doors which were being closed after the morning service and rising hastily from my seat I was soon

threading the narrow streets again. The city I found to be laid out on a very regular plan. The streets, though not more than fifty feet wide are regular and straigth crossing one another at right-angles; the most of them have narrow stone sidewalks on either side, and, what is more, are kept unusually clean for a South American city. The business houses, varying from two to three stories in height, are built of various materials, a kind of adobe made in imitation of stone being the most common. There are no end of stores and shops and one can buy almost anything they need. In the Portal I found a small shop where there were some curious pieces of old silver for sale., The proprietor who was a Jew, showed me a teapot made in the shape of a cow and some plates elegantly carved in curious designs, which he claimed to be the work of the Inca Indians. Judging from the numerous shops on all the streets the tailors seem to flourish in Lima, this, perfection in their attire from their glossy beavers and spotless gloves to their shining

One particular in which Lima differs greatly from our own cities, is that the residences are built almost exactly like the business houses. All the dwelling-houses are built immediately on the street having no yards whatever except the interior court. which in some of the finer houses are adorned with flowers and shrubs. In vain do you look for the pretty suburban residence with its neat lawns and walks, so common in our own country: massive square houses, built one against the other with no attempt at beauty or architecture. are all that can be seen. In all the more pretentious houses, both business and residence, a great deal of marble is used in decoration, indeed many of the street pavements, those of the Portal and Plaza, are made of the same material. Being thus compactly built, Lima, though said to contain over 100,000 inhabitants, covers a remarkably small space of ground. It was formally surrounded by an immense wall, but some twenty years ago this was torn down to give place to a projected promenade and drive around the city, which, however, has never been completed.

One of the first things that strikes a stranger while walking about the streets of Lima is the great number of churches wherever you go, churches, churches of all sizes and styles of architecture from the tiny chapel to the cathedral. The bells are ringing at all hours of the day and monks dressed in the various garbs of the different orders, pass hither through the streets. Truly, instead of "City of Kings," it merits rather the name, "City of the Churches."

In the south end of the city is a pleasure resort, quite similar to our parks, called the "Exposition Grounds." The tall iron fence which surrounds the grounds is pierced by three gateways made of stone plastered over so that at a distance they have the appearance of beautiful marble. The main entrance, facing the north, is the most elaborate, being elegantly carved and surmounted by a statue of Liberty. Passing through the gateway, I found the place adorned with flowers and shrubs of various species and beautiful trees beneath which numerous rustic seats invite the passer-by to repose in the delightful shade of the overhanging branches. In the midst of a long avenue of trees arises a graceful tant I noticed a white, octagon-shaped the ring. building ornamented with many windows of stained glass; this I found on inquiry to be especially designed for the President and his suite. There is near the center of the park a large two story building whose green foliage of the trees, reminded one of the fairy palaces read of in the stories of early childhood; it is called the "Palais de Exposician" and, though now empty, formally contained a fine museum but, dur-

centre where there was formerly a summer house of some kind, but which was destroyed in the late war. It was here that the ravages committed by the soldiery during the late war with Chile were first brought to my notice, but in my subsebore evidences of the terrible pillage committed at that time. The Peruvian, to whom Lima is all that Paris is to the filled the air. Again the scene would Frenchman, with saddened countenance change; I pictuted to myself the crowd, points out these rayages to the traveler. and eagerly describes the former granduer | when the assassinators of Pizarro rushed of the city before its fairest flowers were madly from the palace into the streets with blighted by the envious men of Chile. On hearing such accounts, my mind often reverted to the fair capital at Cuzeo pillaged Thus like the waters beneath me, the of its glory by the avaricious hand of the Spaniard, and I could not but think that justice had in some measure been meted clock reminded me of the lateness of the out. Wandering thus aimlessly about, I hour. soon found myself at the extreme end of the grounds, near the pavilion of the keeper, a light, graceful building having a winding staircase on either side leading up to the second story; and, after taking a short rest beneath the shade of a hospitable tree, I made my way slowly back to the gateway In contrast to these haunts of pleasure, I beheld on passing out of the main entrance the grim walls of the opposite penitentiary within which Sin and Crime wear out their days in misery. Ah, was it placed here, to increase the wretchedness of its inmates by a constant view of life and happiness!

I had been but a few days in Lima when

I made my first visit to the National Li-

brary and Art Gallery both of which oc-

cupy the same large building not tar from the plaza. As Peru is neither a rich or stable government, these are both of very modest proportions. Crossing the main entrance and passing directly across a large interior court yard, I entered a small vestibule on the wall of which hangs the celebrated painting of "The Funeral of Atahualpa, the last Inca of Peru." The picture is a large one, covering the whole side of the yestibule. The moment chosen by the artist for representation is that at which the funeral services which are being performed over the body of Atahualpa are interrupted by his wives and sisters who rush into the church and surround his body, declaring their intention to sacrifice themselves on his tomb according to the custom of their country. The body of the dead monarch, dressed in rich robes of many colors, lies on the funeral bier behind which stand two priests, one of whom, with an expression of surprise and annoyance on his face, is looking up from the book from which he has been reading the funeral service; the other has turned to remonstrate with one of the women who has thrown herself at his feet, her long black hair falling about her shoulders. her pale face raised to him with a look of anguish and despair, and her hands outstretched in a gesture of supplication and entreaty. Near by a soldier has seized another woman by the hair and is about to drag her from the spot, while in the backround several other soldiers are convers ing together. Conspicuous in the foreground, near the head of the bier, stands the figure of Pizarro dressed in mourning. in whose face and attitude are expressed all that arrogance so characteristic of the Spanish race. As often as I came to the Art Gallery, I always, both in coming in and going out, paused before this painting to study the various groups and meditate upon the historical events with which it is

connected. Beyond the vestibule is a long reading ing room to the right of which is the main library containing some twenty thousand volumes, the most of which are Spanish and French; the English department is limited to Congressional Reports and Bancroft's History. Opening out of the library on the right side is a long room, on the floor and shelves of which are piled in a heteragenous manner about two thousand volumes, all torn, mutilated and rumed, This ravage was committed by the Chileno soldiery who entered the library while drunken and destroyed whatever came within their reach. Running at right angles with this room is the Art Gallery, the lower end of which is entirely taken up with pictures of the Peruvian Presidents The most interesting paintings in the gallery are a portrait of Simon Bolivar and another of Pizarro, so dim with age that little besides the head and face can be distinguished. The other pictures are mostly portraits of the saints and martyrs with nothing striking in conception or execu-

Leaving the Art Gallery and passing on down the street in an easterly direction, one suddenly 'emerges on an open square called "The Piaza de Inquisicion" from a small building near by in which the Inquisition formerly held sway before Peru threw off the Spanish yoke. These same walls that once re-echoed with the screams and groans of the tortured, now resound with the musical "clink, clink" of a cabinet maker's hammer; and, in memory of their liberation from the hated power of Spain, the Peruvians have raised in the midst of the square an equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, their liberator and national hero. At a short distance from this plaza is the Bull Ring, where on holidays the beauty and fashion of the city resort to enjoy their favorite sport. I had hoped to witness a performance of this national amusement of Spain, but unfortunately during pavillion for the musicians. Not far dis- my stay in Lima there were no fights in

Through the right-hand side of Lima runs the River Rimac which is crossed by several bridges, one of which is built of stone and is said to have been constructed by Pizarro; at all events it is very old, but, white walls, glimmering through the dark though several bridges have been put up recently, it is still the best bridge across the river. Its architecture is excellent, and seen from a distance its massive stone arches remind one of the pictures que old Roman bridge. During my entire stay in ing the late war with Chile, it was rifled of the city, it was one of my favorite resorts. its contents by the Chilenes who carried I would sit there for hours watching the away the collection to adorn their own cap- restless tide of human life surging to and ital. The park also contained an extensive fro, at night when the moon with the countiess host of stars arose and the city pal shope and stores are to be found; on | dust back of the "palais" is a large pavilion | lay electing under their transforming says. up and exceedingly comfortable withat, gala days and when tighted up of an evan- evidently intended for public speaking on my mind, wandering from the present to whom instead of rejentions; staughtering

when on a gala day they were filled with a host of gallant cavallers armed with sword and shield and mounted on fiery caballos; in the midst rode the great conqueror, Pizarro, around whose richly adorned person flocked shorn monks and gallant knights while all the time religious standards, mingling with the armorial banners of the proud Spanish nobles, floated gracefully in the breeze, and the din of trumpets the noise, and confusion of that fatal day their swords reeking in blood and crying "The tyrant is dead! Long live the King!" changing current of my thoughts flowed on until the solemn tones of the distant town

Just beyond the bridge is a small, white chapel also said to have been built by Pizarro, though there is no conclusive proof that such is the case. If not built by him, it must have been built near his time for it is undoubtedly the oldest church now standing in Lima; it is now in a very good state of repair, and is still used as a place of worship by the humbler classes. At intervals throughout the day one may see a swarthy Peruvian or a dark robed woman enter the door, kneel stiently for a few moments, and depart, Beyond the church at some little distance is the "Grand Promenade de Lima"-a long walk enclosed by a tall iron fence and adorned on either side by flowers and shrubbery, with now and then a marble seat, or bench, where one can rest and enjoy the long vista stretching out before them. At regular intervals there are marble statues of heroic size which, if not above criticism when examined closely, produce a very charming effect in the green shrubbery about them. At the upper end of the walk a beautiful fountain dances and sparkles in the sunlight. Of an evening this is a favorite resort for pleasure-seekers, and I often came thither to study the motley groups assembled

Close by the promenade, and to the north-east of the city, rises a steep hill about fifteen hundred feet high, called "Mt. Christabel." During the war with Chile some ten years ago, an ambitious Peravian General, imagining himself to be a second Napoleon, conceived the idea of building a fort on this hill and making a road to lead up to it; so pleased was he with his idea that he forthwith set about executing it. The road was made, the fort built, and well supplied with munitions of war, but it happened that the citizens of Lima did not exactly relish their General's plan for they feared that, in case of attack by the men of Chile, the cannon and shells from the fort would destroy the city. A band of citizens, therefore, secretly entered the fort and destroyed all the guns so that the redoubtable Napoleon was compelled to evacuate his wonderful fort which stands there today, an emblem of his folly.

One morning I sailted forth from my hotel to climb the hill to the fort. The sun had just risen, and all the earth was refreshed with the heavy dew that had fallen during the night; the church bells were chiming sweetly, and now and then as I passed along the streets the voices of the monks chanting the early mass in some neighboring church floated out upon the morning air. As the road wound round and round the hill, the ascent was easy. At every step the view below me grew more and more beautiful until on reaching the top the whole valle win verdure, the Rimac winding its devious course to the sea, the city with its numerous towers, and beyond all the great ocean, lay stretched out before me in one grand panorama. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight-a sight not soon to be forgotten.

Sitting here one evening gazing down on the towers of Lima, and enjoying the delightful prospect that on every side spread around me, I fell to musing over the sad fate of the "Children of the Suu" who once held their patriarchal sway over the rich and verdant plain spread out beneath me. History may afford annals more splendid. but none more curious and singular in its features than the domination of the Incas in Peru. This remarkable people, whose origin is shrouded in the same obscurity that has settled about all the American races, at an early period established themselves in the elevated region of Peru, and began their struggle to emerge from barbarism. They gradually overcame all those natural impediments which a wild and mountainous country offer both to agriculture and intercommunication; by a wonderful system of aqueducts and terraces they made even the desert and granite sides of the mountain to blossom like the rose; and by a still more wonderful system of roads and bridges, every part of the kingdom was placed in communication with the central capital. Cuzco. Agriculture was the basis of their political institutions and probably ne race ever obtained a greater dominion over the earth. Having no commerce or money, their laws were few and simple, but amply sufficient to secure to the people peace, order and tranquility in an age characterized by violence and rapine. Their religion-the worship of that divine luminary, the sun-approaches nearer a spiritual faith than any other form of superstition, for the heavenly bodies as they revolve in their bright orbits are the most glorious representation of the beneficence and power of the Creator. Their religious rites were never disgraced by those terrible human sacrifices known to many barbarous nations. The people led a simple, pastoral life under the mild sway of the Incas whom they reverenced, not only as their temporal ruler, but as the offspring of that glorious orb from which they believed all things to have their being No monarch ever exercised such absolute control over a people. History affords no parallel to it. He was not only the being from which emanated all law and power, physical and temporal, but he was divinity itself, to violate whose slightest ordinance was sacrliege. The bravery of the Incus was only exceeded by their kindness and moderation towards the conquered

The passengers were, for the most part, | ing. it presents a brilliant scene of life and | the national holidays; to the right of this is | the past, would call up the varied scenes of | as is so often the custom with semi-civilly sway as friends, thereby strengthening ar extending the frontler of their kingdor Thus by a wise and moderate policy to wards both friends and foes, the Incas has at the time of the Spanish Invasion, es lished a rich and powerful empire extens ing from Cotopaxi to the limits of Child an empire that vanished in a night, as were, beneath the avaricious hands of P zarro and his reckless followers, Urge on by an insatiable love of gold the Spar jards spread want and desolation over the fertile fields and terraced mountain sid that covered the whole face of the country the people, enslaved and hunted down fled to the fastnesses of the mountain where only a few of the pure Inca bloc now survive. Seldom has the destruction of a race been more complete. A few of forts whose walls have defied the rayage of time; fragments of roads and aquedu which even now excite the wonder and admiration of the traveler; catacomb once filled with mummies of the dead rifled of their contents-these are al now remain to tell the story of the dealing tion of the Incas in Peru.

What a contrast does Pizarro's band d adventurers present to that sturdy, fruga band of pilgrims that peopled the easter shore of North America-that little com

"Through wils " rime,
Blazed out new ways for worlds to come
And murmured not; but bravely dum
So died, full trusting God and time!"

If we will contrast the two nations they stand today, we will see that ea seed has brought forth fruit of its o kind. The Peruvian still retains that v ionary and volatile character which longed to the early Spanish characte feeling himself above labor, his countr which in the time of the Incas teemed w agricultural wealth, is now in too me places wasted and described; and who she say when it shall regret its former une ampled prosperity! Here, while the st is fast sinking into the ocean and lighti up the plain below us with the resple dence of its parting rays, le' us take a f well of Lima-of Lima, the City Kings, once "the fairest gem on th of the Pacific.

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