

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PERUVIAN REPUBLIC.

Its Marvelous Natural Resources—Pictures of the Customs and Habits of Its People—A Possible Future for This Wonderful Country.

THE name of Peru alone carries with it much that is romantic, and brings to mind a gallery of word paintings by Prescott's master hand. The name of Pizarro is familiar to every child, and the record of the deeds and marches of his great lieutenant, De Soto, one of the ablest cavalry officers of the world, is always read with deepest interest. We have no certain data as to the boundaries of ancient Peru, but they included a territory larger, no doubt, than the present state, and it was peopled by a semi-civilized race with an efficient government by the Incas. The country, at the time of the invasion by the Spaniards under the command of the illiterate and cruel Pizarro, in 1532, had many good roads and was under fair cultivation, having a population of forty or fifty millions.

Pizarro, with less than 200 men, was hospitably received by the Inca, whom he treacherously imprisoned without the loss of a man, and demanded of the people an immense ransom for their king. The natives collected and brought to Pizarro silver and silver utensils which, when melted down, were worth as bullion about eighteen millions of dollars. But, instead of releasing the Inca Atahualpa, the rascally Spaniard had him put to death. History does not furnish more horrible illustrations of human greed and barbarity than are portrayed in the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and that of Peru by Pizarro. But we must pass over the intervening centuries and the long misrule of Spain, and try and give a pen picture of the Peru of to-day.

AREA AND POPULATION.
Peru is bounded on the north by Ecuador, on the south by Chili and the Pacific Ocean, and on the east by Brazil and Bolivia, and it stretches 2,000 miles along the coast of the Pacific, which bounds it on the west. Peru is about ten times as large as the State of New York, and has to-day only about three and a half millions of people. Sixty per cent. of these people are Indians and twenty-five per cent. half-breeds, twelve per cent. are whites, and the remainder negroes and Chinos.

CLIMATE.
Though in the tropics the prevailing south winds temper the heat, so that no days at Lima, which is near the equator, are so warm as many summer days in Chicago. The trade winds and the range of the Andes Mountains cause an absence of rain, and except in the extreme north and the extreme south, between the Andes and the ocean, rain never falls, and all agriculture depends upon irrigation, as in Colorado and Utah. Here umbrellas, overshoes, and overcoats are never needed. The weather is so uniformly delightful that it is never a subject of conversation; it is so spring-like that crops grow the year round. This continuous mild weather is said not to agree perfectly with some Europeans and North Americans. Under the Incas the very sides of the Andes were terraced to get more land, and the whole territory was cultivated as is the valley of the Nile and the densely populated provinces of China. The three centuries of Spanish control changed all this. Spanish is the language of the country, and the Roman Catholic is the established religion.

AGRICULTURAL LAND.
These are found in the valleys of innumerable streams which flow from the Andes to the Pacific, and where irrigation is easy and water abundant. These irrigated lands show an almost unexampled fertility. Peruvians claim that the snow of the mountains send a water to their fields which is rich in plant-food, and that it is only necessary to plow two or three inches in depth, or to barely tickle the soil, to make it smile with abundant vegetation. The plow in use is nothing but a forked stick, sometimes pointed with iron, and has only one handle, as the plowman finds it necessary to use one hand wholly in thrashing his oxen, two of which draw the plow which is attached to a beam fastened across the cattle's foreheads.



PERUVIAN BELLES.

These animals push with their heads instead of drawing with a yoke as with us. The Peruvians will not use our improved plows, and only buy plows of foreign make, which closely resemble their crooked sticks. Their plows are quite like those used in Oriental countries in the days of Pharaoh, and which are used in portions of Persia to-day.

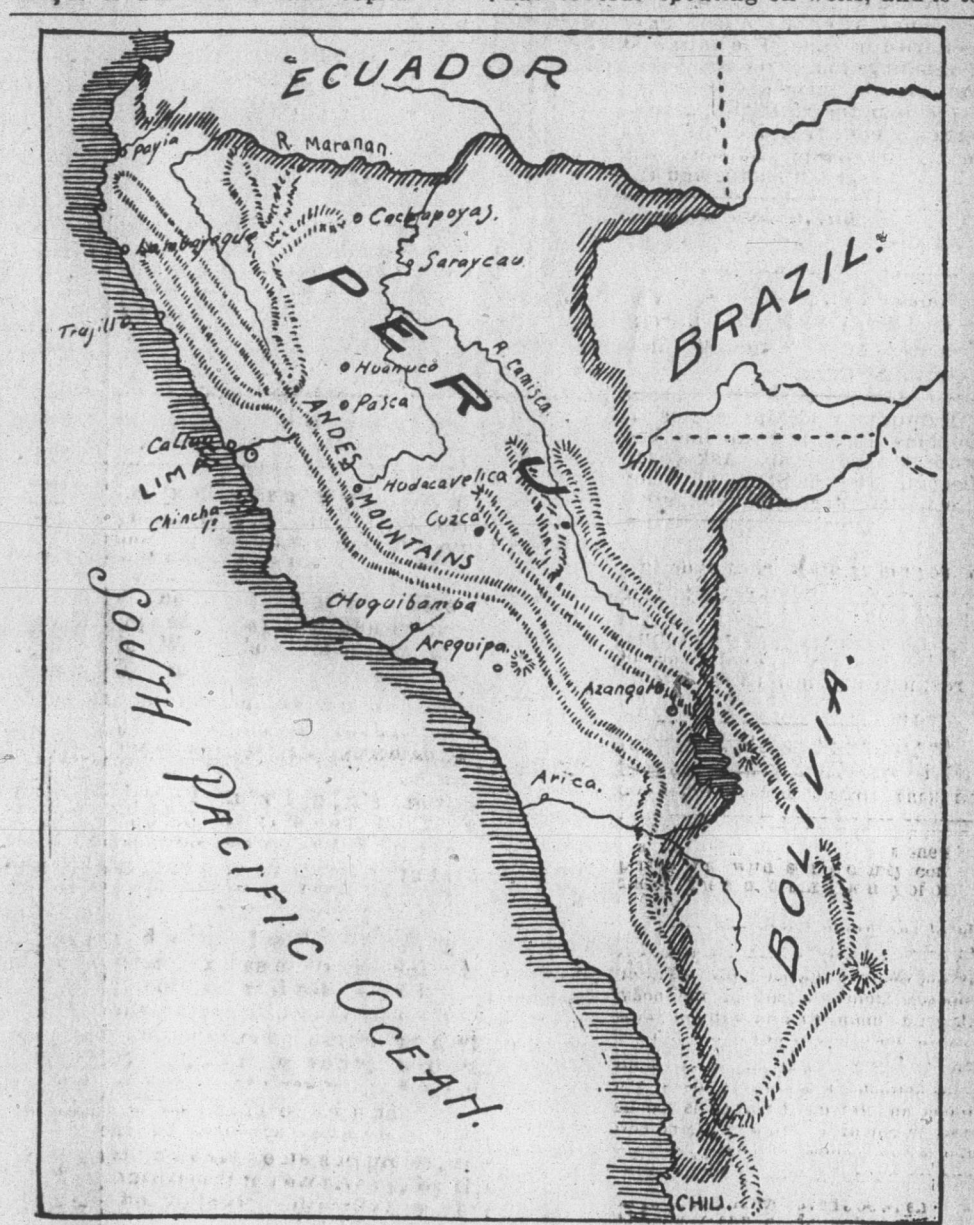
The most portentous implement in this agriculture is the whip, which is often twenty feet long, and it is harder work to use it almost incessantly than it is to handle the plow. The fields are almost flooded with water from the irrigating ditches whenever required. Wheat cannot be raised to advantage, and bread is made from Chilian and California flour, and is always made in bakeries. Peruvian women who can make a loaf of bread are as scarce as birds' teeth. Corn grows all the year round and is native here, and is the staple food of nearly all classes. The "tortilla," like oatmeal for a Scotchman, is standard, and is a sort of pancake

made of meal and seasoned with a dressing composed of lard and pepper, and rolled into lumps or loaves. Chicla is the national tipple of Peru, as pulque is for Mexico, whisky for Peoria, or beer for Bavaria, and the native Peruvian is never known to shirk his grog. The natural adaptation of the soil and climate



PERUVIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

mate to the sugar cane will eventually cause vast quantities of sugar to be made here. The amount of sugar now made and exported amounts annually to only fifty or sixty thousand tons. The whole country has been poverty-stricken since its defeat in the late Chilian war, and, it is difficult to find capital with



MAP OF PERU.

which to do work. Much cane juice is made into rum, which contains 50 or 60 per cent. of alcohol, and can be afforded for 10 or 15 cents a quart. As this article seems admirably adapted to the Peruvian and Bolivian digestive apparatus, it is used largely as a beverage, and is within the financial grasp of the humblest citizen. As with our composite citizens of Milwaukee avenue, such mild tipple as this rum and Kentucky sour mash are never diluted by drinkers, and seem to produce no deleterious effects upon the copper-lined anatomies of all who delight in this form of intoxication, and the census records few who do not.

COTTON AND WOOL.
The cotton plant, instead of a diminutive shrub as with us, is a tree in Peru. It begins to bear when it is two or three years old and continues to produce cotton for fifty years. In the warm country of the north of Peru two crops of cotton a year are picked, and it is all marketed in England; the amount annually exported is worth about five millions of dollars. This industry could be enlarged a hundred fold. Peru exports wool to about the same value as its cotton, and there seems to be hardly any limit to which sheep raising might be carried. In this land of present backwardness most people outside the towns make their own cloth in rude looms. There are to-day only two woolen factories in the whole country, one at Lima and one at Cuzco. Here is a rich field for manufacturing cotton and woolen cloths.

THE VINE.
The vine grows luxuriantly, especially in the cooler southern regions of the country. Only half a million barrels of wine are now made, but there is no reason why the product could not easily be increased fifty fold, and enterprise and capital will eventually enlarge this to an enormously profitable industry.

THE POTATO.
The potato, as is well known, is a native of this region; that it grows wild nearly everywhere where there is moisture enough for it. Pizarro found it cultivated by the natives, and the seed was taken to Europe by the Spaniards. A writer says he has seen the wild plant which he could hardly recognize; it was only six inches high, with a blue blossom like a small violet, and the potatoes on the roots below were no larger than filberts. From this wild weed the hundreds of varieties of potatoes have been derived by cultivation, and they have become one of the most important articles of food for the whole world. As an illustration of the disadvantage at which labor is done in Peru, an observer says that he saw a party of laborers gathering potatoes from a field. A team of oxen plowed up the hills with a light plow exposing the tubers; the laborers picked up the potatoes and carried them to a pile in one corner of the field without bag or basket, carrying them in their hands, with the exception of two of the laborers who used their hats, and thus going to and from every part of the field. An American boy with a wheelbarrow would do more work of this kind than twenty Peruvians.

COFFEE.
No industry of the world could raise better coffee than that which grows in the warmer portions of Peru, though little is now raised beyond the needs of home consumption. Here is another opportunity for most profitable investments.

OATS AND GRASS.
Oats can be raised in the mountainous regions, but none have yet been exported. In fact, by going to the higher lands,

nearly all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones can be raised in perfection. The alfalfa grass grows perennially, and is the chief food for horses, oxen, and mules. When the grass is cropped from one field the cattle are merely turned into another. What must a farmer of this latitude think of rich green pastures for his flocks and herds for every day in the year?

THE CINCHONA TREE.
The bark of this tree was first gathered in Peru for making quinine, but the trees were wastefully destroyed, as natives and ignorant people always destroy such gifts of nature. The savage cuts down a tree of a century's growth in order to gather a few nuts. On this plan the cinchona tree was destroyed. Under the auspices of the British Government the trees were introduced into India, and from this cultivated stock the world's present supply of quinine is now largely derived.

Peru has deposits of salt almost pure and of sufficient magnitude to supply the whole world, yet the salt used by the people is of English manufacture. Peru will soon have the labor and skill with which to utilize these salt deposits, at least for the needs of South America. There are fields of gypsum and vast deposits of sulphur nearly pure. There are limitless deposits of asphalt, and no doubt vast reservoirs of petroleum. An American near Payta, in North Peru, has several spouting oil wells, and is to



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erect refineries on a large scale. He says he expects, in a few years, to have in operation the largest oil field in the world. Coal, too, has been found in immense quantities, and only awaits the magic touch of demand, which is sure to come before the close of the century. It is almost idle to mention the large deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, platinum, mercury, etc., which



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are known to all intelligent people. The natural wealth and resources of Peru are fabulous in variety and amount, and they have practically been untouched by man. If Peru were as densely populated as New York, it would have sixty millions of people, or about as many as the United States and Territories now have, and the resources of the country would give such a population work enough to do. These resources are practically unknown to most people, but when they are properly appreciated capital and directive ability will seek that region and bring its wondrous wealth to light. The policy of European countries has been to furnish cheap fabrics to these people and prevent manufacturing. The Peruvians are arousing themselves, and begin to realize the disadvantages of this dependence, and are planning railroads and devising schemes for manufacturing which cannot but inaugurate a new life for this people. They were almost



TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO, PERU.

crushed by the recent war with Chili, which left them impoverished and burdened with a debt of \$350,000,000. Their guano beds and the vast nitrate deposits in the province of Tarapaca were practically lost to them, being conditionally, to Chili, but now practically owned by Chili. The profits to the Peruvian Government from these guano beds and nitrate fields alone were nearly \$30,000,000 a year. This source of revenue is gone. We have been told by intelligent Chilians that they determined, when they conquered Peru, to cripple the State so that it could

not think of another war for a generation.

PERUVIAN COMMERCE.
Since the war with Chili Peru has been in a state of financial prostration, her industries destroyed for the time, her mines flooded, mining machinery destroyed, commerce gone, thousands of



THE GREAT SEBAE, OR COTTON TREE.

able-bodied men killed, and the people have barely been able to produce food with which to live. Our trade with Peru was once of considerable value, but it is hardly worth mentioning now, and her small dealings are almost wholly with Europe, with which she is connected by several lines of ocean steamers, while we have none. Freight rates from Peru to Liverpool are only one-half of what they are to New York. Even in the present impoverished condition of the country Peru annually exports at the rate of \$10,000,000 worth of her products to England, \$5,000,000 to France and \$2,000,000 to Germany. These exports are largely drugs and chemicals, of which our country gets about \$250,000 worth a year. Her exports, with proper attention, ought to be increased a hundred fold by the close of this century.

ITS FUTURE.
Capital is needed in Peru, and investments there, with fair business management, would be very profitable. The proposed intercontinental railroad would pass through that country to connect with the lines of Chili and Argentina. The country, now so sparsely populated, is capable of supporting a larger population than the whole of South America now holds. As a field for mining, manufacturing, railroad building, and speculation it is not surpassed by any territory now open to settlement and development. While its debt is large for a people so poor as the Peruvians now are, it could be funded at a low rate of interest, and each year would lighten the burden. As the land becomes better understood, capital, and ability with it, will flow there, and with railroads, the population would increase. Coffee, sugar and grape raising would quickly become large and profitable industries, the mineral wealth would be brought into the channels of commerce, and Peru would necessarily rise to high rank among the nations of the world. Some of the ability which is now seeking a theater of action in Africa will, ere long, be directed to Peru, which is as well worthy of attention as the best provinces of the dark continent. It is to be hoped that efforts now making to secure for us a far larger proportion of the commerce of South American countries will call more thoughtful attention on the part of our people to the unquestioned possibilities of the wonderful land to which we have asked attention in this chatty sketch.

CUSTOMS OF THE PERUVIANS.
The Peruvian common people are not noted for cleanliness; brushes and brooms are scarce, and spiders spin their webs in security. The Spanish custom of a midday or afternoon nap is common, and the hammock is a luxury for these naturally lazy people. The lower the scale of being the more do we see women called upon to do the drudgery of life. She seems man's willing slave in Peruvian country districts as she does on our own Indian reservations.

ANTIQUITIES OF PERU.
Conspicuous among the aboriginal monuments to be found in Peru is the Great Temple of the Sun, the remains of which, as they still stand in the city of Cuzco, are shown in the illustration. The ruins of other temples, built on a plan similar to this one, are scattered throughout the country. The crest of a hill was the spot usually chosen for their erection. The ground for two hundred paces around the temple was considered sacred, and no one was permitted to enter this boundary except with naked feet.

DUANE DOTY.

Two Odd Lawsuits.
"We have some odd lawsuits in the South. There was a case at Dahomey some time ago which may interest you," said a gentleman recently. "Two negroes claimed a little mangy pig that was not worth over 50 cents. One of them was a minister of the Baptist Church, the other an elder of the Methodist Church."

"I got a hint that bad blood was brewing between the denominations, so I sent for the negroes and tried to quiet them, but the Baptist congregation had notified the minister that unless he brought the other negro before the law he would be dismissed from their pulpit. The Methodists, on the other hand, told their elder they would expel him from the church if he did not bring the Baptist minister before the law."

"The issues were joined, and neither man nor devil could have stopped the quarrel after that. They went into court, each engaging lawyers and summoning clouds of witnesses and entailing expense; as though \$1,000,000 were at stake. The case ran along in one way or another for three years, when they compromised, each agreeing to pay half the costs. Court costs, lawyers' fees and all amounted to over \$1,000, and meanwhile, within a week after the suit was brought, the pig died from disease and starvation."

"There was a famous case in Tallahatchie County, Miss., between two white men over a duck," continued the narrator. "The bird was what we call a puddle duck, very similar in appearance to the mallard. One of the white men, while out shooting, killed a puddle duck, thinking it was a mallard. The man to whom the duck belonged thought it was an act of maliciousness. He instituted a suit for damages, which remained in court seven or eight years. 'The duck was worth twenty cents. The costs of the court and attorneys' fees amounted to over \$2,000, and was finally compromised by each party paying half.'—New York Press.

Bingo—If I were rich for just one little hour! Kingley—I should like to know what good that would do you. Bingo—Well, I'd spend about fifty-five minutes in making my property over to my wife.

RUMOR.

Must Have Worked to Spend It.
The Prince of Wales is 49 years old. He has thus far in his life received \$16,000,000 from the British Government, and is \$8,000,000 in debt. He has thus on an average expended about half a million dollars a year.

A Notorious Criminal.
Wagley—Do you see that man over there? It's a funny thing about him. Now, he looks perfectly honest, don't you think so?
Wooden—Why, yes, I should say so.
Wagley—Well, that man, to my certain knowledge, has forged thousands of notes.
Wooden—You don't say so!
Wagley—I've seen him forge over a hundred myself.
Wooden—Bless me! Where was it?
Wagley—in an anvil chorus.

Mixed His Figures of Speech.
"Can you count far now, Tommy?"
"Yeth. I can count ath far ath J."

Some Excuse.
Jags—Before I'd wear an imitation diamond!
Snags—But the stone this is an imitation of is worth \$85,000.

A Palpable Swindle.
Mr. Thrifty—Doctor, I don't think much of that cough medicine of yours.
Dr. Curem—I am very sorry to hear that. What is the reason?
Thrifty—Why, there is so much of it dead waste.
Curem—Dead waste?
Thrifty—Yes; I hadn't taken more than a quarter of the bottle when I was all over my cough, and there is the other three-quarters just thrown away.

A Tough Job.
Minister's wife (looking up from the paper)—The idea! A minister in Michigan has bought a bill of \$500 against an estate for preaching the funeral sermon of a wealthy citizen there. What in the world did he make such a charge for?
Good minister (wearily)—I presume it was to satisfy his conscience.

Curing a Patient.
Patient—Isn't there some mistake about that bill you sent me?
Doctor—No, sir; it's correct, five hundred dollars.
Patient—To pay that will take every cent I have; I'll starve.
Doctor—Well, dieting is what you need.

A Very Hard Case.
Professional Humorist—This makes me perfectly sick! Here it is mid-winter, and coal, instead of going up in price, is actually getting cheaper.
Sage—Why, I should think that would make a family man like yourself very happy.
Professional Humorist—A family man like me! Great Christopher, man, I've got four pounds of coal jokes left over from last winter, and now I'll have to keep them at least another year!

Commoner Yet.
Watts—I'll risk the prediction that ten years from now flying machines will be common as type-writers.

Potts—Type-writers? I wouldn't be surprised if they are as common as dish-washers.

Old King's Chapel.
But my heart went out to King's Chapel. I felt upon entering that I must kneel in silent prayer, writes a correspondent of the Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Index*. It is a plain square stone building with square tower, nothing attractive from the outside except its quaintness and God's acre adjoining it. But, upon entering it, the beautiful chancel windows, which are modern and of the famous Munich glass, the high square pews, two of a side, furnished with arm rests and little closets to keep the prayer books in, the mural tablets, the Queen Anne communion service, the old pulpit with its sounding-board. The Book of Common Prayer, 1766, is just as clean and new as ever, so superior is the paper and binding. Communion table and chairs over 200 years old. Clock 103 years old, set flat in the organ loft, and being wound regularly, never loses time.

The sexton, Mr. Robert Hamilton Keer, has held that position for twenty-one years, and knows the chapel "from a to a zizzard," and loves every spot in it. Through his courtesy I saw everything in it, even to a notice taken from the register when "Clark Hill paid for a gung which he broke." He also showed how the electric lights were turned on as well as the water for the organ; then raising the organ lid, he asked me to play "Trembling, I played, 'Son of My Soul,' and I felt as if I'd had 'an honor thrust upon me.' The organ is not very large, originally had two banks of keys, but a third has been added. It was selected by Handel, and is 135 years old. It has a gilt crown in the center, meters on either end, and 'squares' between. The first time Gen. Washington entered this church was in his youth, when he came to announce to Gov. Shirley the death of his son. There is a bust of "Lady" Shirley, which is, as she was, noted for its beauty. The burying ground is now unused, excepting by old families who have been connected with the congregation for centuries, who are allowed to use the vaults. We could have spent hours in this sacred spot.

No Sham About It.
At the barber's:
Customer (recovering breath after shampoo)—Cricky! Haven't you joggled my head out of plumb?
Barber—Ha, ha! Not a bit of it, sir!
Customer—And you call that a shampoo, eh?
Barber—Yes, sir!
Customer—Well, blow me, if it didn't seem more like coming in contact with a Kickapoo.

We often hear of a person who has command of many languages, but it is seldom that one is master of his own tongue.

Is a telegraph operator who reads by sound an ear-sighted fellow?
Good men are made, not born.

THE MISSES FULLER.

Two of the Justice's Daughters About to Wed.

The engagements have been announced of two daughters of Chief Justice Fuller's numerous family. About a year ago one of Justice Fuller's daughters eloped, and great was the talk thereat. The Chief Justice recovered, and now the society of the capital is agog over the more ceremonious marriage of two other of his daughters. It is pleasant to state that the young people who ran away and got married are happy and prosperous. The coming marriages are to be as comely a fact. One of the brides is Miss Mildred Fuller, the fourth daughter of the family. She is said to be exceedingly attractive in appearance and also in mental make-up. She is a graduate of Wells College, Aurora, New York, from which Mrs. Cleveland received her sheepskin. Miss Mildred Fuller took high honors at her graduation. She is to become the wife of Hugh Wallace, of Tacoma, Wash.

It is interesting to note that in Miss Mildred's career at college she wrote a play called "Dreams," and that she performed the leading part in a representation of it in the college theater. Another bride in the coming marriages is to be Miss Grace Fuller, the eldest of the Chief Justice's family of daughters. Miss Grace is petite and charming in appearance. She has been a tremendous favorite in Washington drawing-rooms ever since her father took office. Miss Grace is a distinct blonde. She was the leading figure in the receptions that followed Mr. Fuller's entrance into Washington life, for she stood beside her mother, and attracted universal attention. Miss Grace will be married next spring.

Only an Editor.
So it happened once that men of various trades got together and held an exposition, and gave practical exhibition of the different crafts, so that the dear public could see a little of the way in which it was done. While the affair was at its height, a medium-sized man in a threadbare coat walked around among them and talked with the artisans at their work. With the machinist he talked of cranks and engines, rods, shafting and such things in general; with the carpenter he made friends and conversed off-hand about buildings and lumber, joints, circle-heads and the like; he became quite chummy with the blacksmith and gave him a couple of good points on horse-shoeing; the painter was delighted with a new combination of colors that he suggested, and the tanner got an idea on a quick way to take off hair; in fact, every one of the workmen that he stopped to chat with was pleased and voted him a first-class fellow.

While the mechanics were standing at the door waiting for the termination of the noon hour, the man in the threadbare coat passed out.
"There goes a man who is as good a machinist as I have met in many a day. It's strange that he is out of a job," remarked the engineer.
"A machinist?" asked the carpenter.
"I'll bet that man has been a boss carpenter at some time. He's well posted."
"Well, he's neither," said the blacksmith; "that man is an A. No. 1 horse-shoer; he put me on to a point that I had been studying over for some time."
"No, no, boys; that chap is a painter, and I should not wonder if he was a frescoer," broke in the painter.
Altogether, they got into quite an argument about the man. Finally one of them addressed a passer-by and asked: "Who is that man going down the street, yonder?"
"That man? Why, that's the editor of the Daily Horn Blower."
"What!" they cried in astonishment, "is that all he is—as smart a man as that running a paper? Why, anybody can run a paper."
Moral: Of course he can.—Texas Siftings.

Substituting the Waiter.
Two ladies paused in their shopping in New York the other day and discussed the advisability of having luncheon in a restaurant. One of the ladies was a resident of New York and the other was a friend from out of town. The New York lady was acting the part of hostess, and she was anxious to provide for her friend a luncheon that would be pleasing. After a little hesitation the ladies entered an attractive up-town restaurant and picked out a cozy seat near the window. They did not know exactly what they wanted, but they wanted something that would taste good, and so informed the waiter. That important functionary was inclined to be a trifle indifferent but the keen-witted New York lady quietly slipped fifty cents into his hand with the coaxing remark: "Now, won't you get us up a nice little luncheon?" The surprised waiter unobtrusively, and after a few questions as to what the ladies liked, and did not like, he started kitchenward in a very amiable mood. The result was a very dainty and well-served luncheon, and the ladies experienced a delightful sense of comfort.

"Now, that was a woman's way," said an observing gentleman, who sat at a table not far distant, to a friend. "Almost every man will tip his waiter in a restaurant, but nine out of ten will wait until they have finished their meal before they bestow the tip. A woman seldom tips a waiter, but when she does she generally does it beforehand in order to place her server under obligations to her from the outset."

SPEAKING OF THE MAN IN THE MOOR, the general impression is that he is "not at all."