

ION OF CURIOS.

Interesting Articles Including a Number of Mummies.

about the Natives of Peru Civilized People.

most interesting of the Mr. W. J. Macaulay, of his recent trip to Chile following. He says a trip, which he anchored at George Stafford, a Mr. Jones, got on our ship back from Ancon, Bol-stafford is one of the com- to Peru to collect an- Chicago exposition, and a collecting for the Pea- Mass. They told me of interesting articles they ed, including seventeen times of ancient pottery, weaving utensils and a con- of textile fabrics. A good world-wide reputa- of its vast aboriginal covering an area of several and containing most varied vesting relics of the early Peru. The Javaros, one occupies the country from as to Santiago, down to Manabiche. They live, rear pigs and fowls in at monkeys and eat all they preserve, their by means of a slow smoke and thus manumy.

are said to be a fair race to the capture of some in 1599. They have to tolerate no yokes, but, cultivate maize and in well built huts. The which their garments are valued principally by three fanchaw or families cook beautiful bird of the head being sur- of feathers; another oball bone, called by the the third, a species of Stafford says no "has feathers of the King of ey cannot compare in his far as artistic contrast of ned, with the garments of

who inhabit the m- nera Peru, and were now con- the Incas or the S- riber by Markham as hav- muscular bodies, animated gulline nose and thin lips- all the birds with a puma- made by forming the tubes wrapped together of the two pieces forming both bore. Darts or long, needles, and calabash, con- vegetable silk, are used, a form of a ball around the

er objects of special interest an chamber was discovered, on a kind of platform or net of reeds, was found of a female. Before her lay, and on each side, leaning coulders, were bundles of ether with thread of this. In a calabash were the fish, like pejerony, in- per, were seen crabs in a per- reservation, and in the jars had evidently contained or choca. Nearly all the ves- covered with calabash bowls placed in an inverted posi- In the chambers below were two other mummies, one of an infant, the child about two years of sunny hat its accompan- The floor of the cham- ber below the surface and sted of two mats of 7 feet by rafters of pacy see mats were made of reed- try way to those now used rone fishers. In making upper mat was laid upon so that its reeds lay in- sition across those of the he roof was thrown loose mosaiclike plants, that may growing on the hillsides down to the Ancon below. Two mummies were found, nally across the roof, their huacas or food vessels being distinguishable in form or those in the chamber be-

Trade With Cuba.

Min. 26.—A party of North West, leave this city, Havana, Cuba, to make ar- begin a trade in flour with hands. At Chicago and other by will be joined by a number erected in the Cuban flour the reciprocity treaty was had a tariff of \$5.85 for 200 er, and therefore, none from- fates could be sent there. Now open to the American trade iprocity arrangement.

radstreet's Report.

Feb. 26.—Specialist to Brad- "In the Province of Ontario, has been fairly active, with a greater demand at the ming, next week. Hardware ives. In Quebec, dullness prevail. The demand for wood ives, is satisfactory, as herak- wood clearings at four Canadian put one and one-half per cent. ago. The business fares gregate 48 this week, against

Spurgeon's Successor.

Feb. 26.—James Spurgeon, late Charles Spurgeon, has assumed the duties of the Metropolitan tabernacle. Rev. was the most popular candi- dacy, and the trust de- pendent. Pierson will continue pulpit, and will probably for- e Baptists.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

He Enumerates his Patent Rights Collected for the Benefit of His Heirs.

The Arizona Kicker's Contribution—How the Reputation of Camp Hard Luck Was Saved.

(Copyright, 1892, by R. M. Lewis.) Being still of sound mind, but not knowing what a day may bring forth. I am preparing a list of the patent rights I have on hand and stored away for the benefit of my heirs. During the last thirty years I have picked up a good thing in this line whenever opportunity offered, and if my heirs display proper interest in developing these patents after I am laid away, every one of them will rank with the lionarates. The list, so far as I have had time to complete it, reads:

No. 1.—A washing machine invented to save all the soap, half the rubbing and a good deal of water. Makes washing more of a pleasure than going on a huckle- berry excursion. Will save over \$3,000,000 worth of soap in the United States alone in one year, and yet the patentee will take \$200,000. I have always felt conscience stricken for taking advantage of him, but my heirs need have no qualms. Valued at the low figure of \$4,000,000.

No. 2.—A flying machine to enable my heirs to fly. Wanted to convey eight- een passengers and 2,000 pounds of bag- gage from New York to Chicago, and thence to St. Louis and return by the way of Cleveland in half a day. The inventor valued this patent at \$2,000,000, but as I happened to catch him just as he was about to be sued for a twenty dol- lar board bill, he sold it to me for \$750 cash. I advise my administrator to value it at \$3,000,000. This will swell my estate and not hurt the feelings of my heirs at all.

No. 3.—Perpetual motion machine. Can be used to shell corn, pare apples, freeze ice cream, husk corn & dose the children with castor oil. The inventor was dying in a town in Nebraska when I was in him and basely offered him \$500 for all rights. He accepted it and was able to be about the next day. Had I discovered him in Kansas, in the full enjoyment of health, it should be valued with my assets at \$1,500,000. The heir who gets it for his share is advised to add another drive wheel and arrange for it to feed the coal stove, wind the clock and fender.

No. 4.—Labor saving machine for the farmer. Digs the potatoes, feeds the live stock, repairs the fences, kicks tramps, cuts corn, gathers pumpkins and pulls turkeys while he sits in a chair. I have sold this in Wisconsin and wonder I have not sold it in Oregon. It is worth \$100,000. I have not been unboxed for twenty-two years, but I am satisfied that my heirs will find all the patent rights in it. The estimated value is plainly marked on the box—\$2,000,000. I hope it won't go for less than twenty-five dollars.

No. 5.—Another washing machine. You put the clothes and water and soap into the machine and then go to the opera and pay three dollars a seat. On your return the washing is all done, the clothes dried and ironed, and you have nothing to do but sit down and wonder why our forefathers got along without any of these conveniences. There is no saving of soap, but you get a good deal more opera than with any other machine. I ran across the inventor of this machine on a steamboat which was about to founder in a storm, and I suppose it was taking advantage of him to offer him \$400 in cash and a life preserver—the only one to be found aboard the boat. I ex- pected he would try to sell me it for \$200, but he finally agreed to let me have it for \$100. This should be valued among my assets at \$500,000. Can probably be arranged to act as a burglar alarm, in case burglars are willing.

No. 6.—Another flying machine, warranted to fly somewhat faster than the other one. I had no idea of buying this machine, but the inventor borrowed \$100 of me and left it on my hands. From what he told me about this machine before he flew and I believe he will fill a long fat welt. I think it should be valued at \$200,000, but do not wish to be captious. Would recommend my heirs to remodel it into a fire escape, if not too much expense.

No. 7.—An arrangement for holding a person down on a common table in case it becomes necessary to amputate a leg. Can be arranged in one minute, and there is no possible excuse for a surgeon ampu- tating the wrong leg. I bought inven- tion from an express company's sale of un- claimed goods, and labored under the idea that the box contained twenty-four volumes of Shakespeare. The inventor is unknown to me, and I should like to open a friendly correspondence with him and get some idea of its value.

No. 8.—A loom for weaving camels' hair shawls. I have been troubled in my conscience ever since I bought it. The patentee was drunk and I got it for \$200. I had intended long before to export a lot of camels and make them up into \$500 shawls, but have always been too busy with other matters. My heirs will find full instructions as to the coat of arms and best mode of working them up and all other details of the invention.

No. 9.—A fort intended for sea-coast de- fense. Can be raised and lowered with a crank by any person of ordinary intelli- gence. Is armed with a gun having a range of twenty miles. I bought this in- vention out of pure patriotism, intending to present it to Uncle Sam, but as he refused to increase my pension after a re- commendation I withheld the gift. Would recommend my heirs to hold on to it as a good thing to have some fun with. Sure to astonish a chap twenty-one miles away, and no delicate getting to get out of order. Can probably be converted into a windmill for pumping water and sawing

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

NO. EXACTLY CYCLONES.—An Eastern subscriber to The Kicker writes to ask us if this section of Arizona is ever visited by cyclones. We don't think it. At least we have never seen, read or heard of a cyclone within a hundred miles of this town.

On the contrary, gentle zephyrs begin to blow with the coming of the sun, and keep it up until the shades of evening fall—zephyrs so soft and gen- tle and good natured that half a pound of buckshot in a man's coat-tail pockets will keep him plumb up and down all day long.

No, we don't run to cyclones. We have a better and cheaper way of getting rid of the company of a citizen who re- sents himself obnoxious to the company. We call at the city hall, to find him so boozed that he couldn't tell an eastern pro- fessor from a Chicago embezzler, and if a speech of welcome was to be made he paid Jim Savage, the city clerk, and de- clared to statter it off and bring in a dozen or more Latin phrases.

Since we were elected mayor by an overwhelming majority, the boys see a good difference. We permit no gains of old sledge in the mayor's office. We a- void them. We always call on a white shirt, and when a stranger calls on we come him in a neat little speech without anything but plain English in it. Al- though elected only a month ago we have already been told that we are good for two or three more terms, and we say that we have already begun laying wires for re-election.

A SAD DUTY.—Our subscribers will bear witness that we have never mention- ed any contemporary when we could pos- sibly avoid it. We have no quarrel with him. He runs an alleged weekly paper which has 490 subscribers, including deadheads. He can neither shoot nor edit. He must not have come here and started a small cooper shop. We never think of him without a feeling of pity, and have always stood ready to lend him our card counter or furnish him with enough old patent medicine cuts to fill up his fourth page.

However, unless our esteemed ceases to pitch into us as editor and mayor, we shall have a sad duty to perform. We possess the evidence in our files, and he was obliged to leave that state between two days to save his bacon. We don't want to interfere with a man who has come west to make a new start in life, but he must not interfere with us. A word to the wise is sufficient. Let us alone and we will keep quiet about the how; continue to pitch into us and we will give the number (seven), the color (white) and the name of the beast (George White) from whom they were stolen.

TOO BUSY.—We are in receipt of an in- vitation to deliver an address before the Oregon Society of Archeology on the 24 of April next, taking as our subject the "artificial antiquities of Arizona." We must decline with thanks. While Arizona has lots of artificial antiquities, of which all of us are justly proud, we are too busy to handle the subject as it ought to be handled, and we have no railroad pass to take us to Portland and return.

We are now editor and proprietor of a great weekly, mayor of the town, owner of the only concert hall, and the only cap- italist in the place who can lend a man a dollar without asking for a mortgage, and we are busy with our hardware store, butcher shop and gun store, and furnish daily weather reports from the tower of our office. It will thus be seen that our time must be fully oc- cupied.

A PRUDENT MAN.—We were out with the boys last Friday night to look after the welfare of Catamount Jim, a new ar- rival, who was firing away great many cartridges around town to make somebody stand in awe of him as a terror. We did not find him. He had got word that the grip had reached town and he didn't want any of it. The mule he went away with was only valued at fifteen dollars, but it probably made the first ten miles in one hour.

Camp Hard Luck was six months old, and we hadn't yet lost a man by death. Now and then one had met with an ac- cident to lay him up for a few weeks, but it was a subject of congratulation that no one had actually run up his toes. All most while we congratulated ourselves on this good fortune, Deacon White took to his bed and became seriously ill. The deacon was a quiet, dignified man, who had showed out even when whiskey was plenty, and he was the acknowledged peace-maker of the camp. The chaps just over the hill at Cherry Diggins were a quarrelsome, bawling lot, but Deacon White there'd have sometimes been rows in which somebody would have got hurt.

Three days after the deacon was taken down he sent for two of the boys of us to pay him a special visit. When we had paid him a special visit in his shanty he said: "Boys, I'm a very sick man. It's my last sickness. I'm an old man, and I realize that I've got to go. We knew that it was a serious case,

ROMANCE OF A PAINTER.

The Widow Who Came to Dispossess Him Stayed to Accept His Love.

(Paris Letter to Philadelphia Bulletin.) There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection.

As a matter of fact, we were a little tender on that point, but we were willing to make an exception in the case of the deacon. He was not a fighting man, and he couldn't be expected to get off a dy- ing bed and get in the way of a bullet. We talked and argued with him, and ap- parently made him see things as we did, and after an hour or so we returned to work, leaving him in the care of a man whose foot had been hurt and who was just able to limp around.

This was about 3 o'clock in the after- noon. At about 4 a Cherry Diggins man, who had filled up on whiskey, ap- peared on the crest of the hill and began whooping and yelling and giving our camp the grand yell. Following our usual line of conduct, we paid no at- tention to him, but he kept on seeking a quarrel, and by and by something hap- pened to startle us. We heard a ringing war whoop and looked up to see Deacon White, fully dressed and having a revol- ver in his hand, striding up the trail. The man left with him had fallen asleep, and the deacon had dressed and armed himself without anyone being the wiser. He was a man six feet tall, but he had a foot more so we saw him now. His long black hair was blowing out be- hind from under his hat, and the yells he uttered as he went up the trail sent chills over every man of us.



A BULLET IN THE LEG BROUGHT HIM DOWN.

The chap from Cherry Diggins must have been dumfounded, even though half drunk. He ceased his shouting and answered the child. "And your papa- where is he?" "He died two years ago." "And mamma is a widow?" "Yes, mamma." "Then turning to the lady" Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room that he would go and help her get her furniture in. On the top of the mirror, the book- case. "Oh, madame, without knowing you, I am looking at these books. I can read your mind. Balzac, Hugo, Lamartine." "Is that so," cried the lady, "you would have done better to clear out before now than to be trying to study my character." "I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have put that console there—here, the picture of the window—" "Oh, it is no use; you cannot make place with me!"

There was an interval of twenty min- utes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming to-day or to-morrow—your men?" she asked, angrily, as she came back into the room. But she stopped in the middle, and with a smile and a pat in the big back. "Come, then, and break- on the balcony," murmured the lady, "you would have done better to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten min- utes. Then the child returned timidly. "Mamma has something to ask you." "What?" "She does not dare." "She wants to turn me out?" "No, ma- mamma's little mirror would like to know if you would like to know if you- if you would like a piece of paper." "This happened on July 15, and when the concierge arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother and dandling the child on his knee.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things once. "Leave your palette, your easel and your pictures," said Jeanne: "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my picture." He left them. He only came into possession of them two days ago, Jan. 15, when he brought all his furniture back into his own room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tonnage, for she had meanwhile, become Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.

ILL-MATCHED.—Yet another ill-matched international couple are the Prince and Princess de Sacy, Montbelliard. The princess, whose Christian name is Wilhelmina, and who is the daughter of the late Isaac Singer, of sewing-machine fame, was married in 1887. The prince set to work to make ducks and drakes of the large fortune of his American wife, and when the latter determined to share her inheritance, he inaugurated a course of such ill-treatment that she has been forced to sue for sepa- ration. She is now living with her younger sister, Isabella, the Duchess of Desseus, whose husband is famous only for his diminutive size. He is a duke not only in the peerage of France, but also in that of Denmark.

Special Correspondence of THE COLONIST.] NYE MEETS EUGENE.

His First Acquaintance With Chicago's Classic Poet—Scenes at Ann Arbor.

Meeting With a Strangely Beautiful Creature With a Bang—Story of a Remarkable Shot.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.) EN PASSANT, February.—We visited Ann Arbor not long ago. The town is like all college towns. The citizens are solemn and reserved, with an apprehen- sive air, as if they were watching to see what the students would do next.

The college I believe to be one of the most progressive and ready to seize upon the pompadour topnot of Time and be the first on the ground of any in our country. The students are handsome specimens of young American manhood, and the law department has long stood well up at the top in the judgment of able jurists, not counting myself.

We visited the D. K. E. headquarters for a couple of hours in the evening, where we were made welcome with col- lege song and sad and marmalade. I shall long remember our evening there among the future judges and rhetoricians and governors of the Union, the young men in whose hands Mr. Blaine and I will soon have to place the welfare of our common country.

On the train we saw a student with the most phenomenal chrysanthemum bang that I ever met. His hair elsewhere was short, and he wore the slightest little silk skull cap that fitted him like a bald head, but over his brow this wild and wonderful profusion and swayed to and fro like a bunch of straw colored appar- gus as he soled.

Several gentlemen in the smoker were telling how they had sworn off from cer- tain things the other day. "I have sworn off in the matter of 'wet pool,' said a traveling man.

"And what is a wet pool?" the student with the bang and a chaperone was heard to inquire at the end of each game of which I said the bagman, as we call them in England, "the looser has to stand the grog."

"And what made you swear off?" came the birdlike voice of the boy with the noseless bang.

"Well, I had thought I was sort of pre- judging with the pool balls when a tall, thin man strolled up to the table and asked if I would like to play. I said yes, and he eyed one game, which was with the butt of his cue and asked me what it would be. I told him, and we had played twenty-seven games of wet pool. I did not sell any more goods that week, and when I got ready to go at it again I found out at the hotel office that my tall, thin adversary had been three days in his grave.

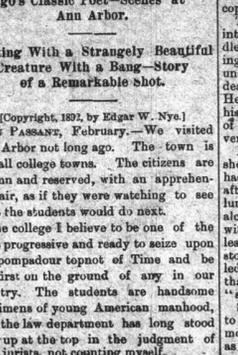
"When I play now it is for the natural exhilaration of the game, and the most of it is to get out of the pool I prefer."

"I have sworn off from drinking in a drug store, my mother, said a large power- ful man, who handles millinery goods on the keroseene circuit in Kansas. "I have to make Kansas twice a year, and you know of course that there the Republi- can business runs largely to vint- gelic, tonics and the frummenti side of the pharmacopoeia. One evening we gath- ered in the back room of a drug store, three of us—Ellis, who handles overalls; Bascom, selling grain elevators, and union deposits by sample, carrying three trunks with street numbers on them in- stead of names, and myself. We took port wine three times around, I k'pped the last round, because I had promised my wife before I left home that I would not touch liquor of any kind—unless I wanted it very much indeed.

"Ellis went home with me and Bascom Ellis swore so in his sleep that I tried to wake him up, but couldn't, so I got mad and emptied the ice water all over his head. Then I poured the contents of the big pitcher on him and got him on his feet. I gave him everything in my valise, including a package of common baking soda and a mustard plaster that was a Christmas present from my wife. Just as I got him so that I could walk him around the room and know that he had had beer for a day or two, there was a big racket in the hall and pounding on the door. A big doctor rushed in, and with him a sobbing drug clerk. The doc- tor rammed a strop among Ellis' ribs with a stomach pump, and finding that, barring a few follicles and the everyday cut of his stomach, he was pretty empty, he got his breath and told us that Bascom was dead and if Ellis got through it would be due to my wonderful foresight, for the clerk had given us ladanum the last round by mistake. So I got along now without a prescription in Kansas, and hope

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Field welcomed me heartily to Denver, and asking his foot out of a large hole in the wall which he had bored with his heel—a fashion he has yet while engaged in thought—he rose to his feet and catching apprehensively at the waistband of his trousers ere it was too late to put his hand upon his shoulder again with a sigh of relief and grasped me heartily by the hand. While at work Mr. Field removes a great deal of his clothing. Sometimes when a poetess calls him suddenly while at work he only has time to stick his limbs into the drawers of his desk and run his head through a vile contemporary, allowing it to drop down over his shoulders, before some great warbler from the tall grass of the literary field enters the room.

He asked me to be seated, pointing to the only chair in his office, barring his own. I began to remove the exchanges rapidly till I struck the floor with some feeling—never saw any one feel sadder than Field did over that, for he never could bear to give any one needless pain.

Once he left a hotel in Denver and went elsewhere because, as he said to the proprietor, he had thoughtlessly, while asleep, rolled over on several little crea- tures in his bed, crushing the life and lights and fragrance out of them and had paid his bill, please, and go else- where, where he would not give pain to the smallest or smallest of God's crea- tures.

So he went away to another place, for Field has a tender heart.

Mr. Stone, who used to own The News, but who is now a banker and has pleasant relations with dividends and first mortgage bonds and preferred stock, said that three boys hung around his office once for several days, attracting his attention by their brightness and pathetic and hungry I, ok, till at last he enquired about them, for they were handsome boys, and yet their little red blue toes and their little red and broken shoes, while the black outside seemed at times almost to blister the blast that Mr. Stone was giving the cor- rupt city government at that time.

Finally he called the boys to him and asked them whose children they were—if they had any father. One of the lads rubbed his purple foot against the calf of the other leg and said in a pathetic child treble, while his little chin quivered: "We are Mr. Field's little boys."

"That settled it with Mr. Stone, for he has a kind heart. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that we are accepting the wonderful work of this wonderful man, yet failing to pay him enough to keep his family from want?" On the following day Gene's salary was doubled, and putting the little boys on the head that evening he complimented them on the way they had "created the past," and he gave each of them a nice candy caner five feet in length.

Three years ago, on a professional trip with Mr. Riley, and while my wife was with me bound, and yet their little red blue toes and their little red and broken shoes, while the black outside seemed at times almost to blister the blast that Mr. Stone was giving the cor- rupt city government at that time.

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Once he left a hotel in Denver and went elsewhere because, as he said to the proprietor, he had thoughtlessly, while asleep, rolled over on several little crea- tures in his bed, crushing the life and lights and fragrance out of them and had paid his bill, please, and go else- where, where he would not give pain to the smallest or smallest of God's crea- tures.

So he went away to another place, for Field has a tender heart.

Mr. Stone, who used to own The News, but who is now a banker and has pleasant relations with dividends and first mortgage bonds and preferred stock, said that three boys hung around his office once for several days, attracting his attention by their brightness and pathetic and hungry I, ok, till at last he enquired about them, for they were handsome boys, and yet their little red blue toes and their little red and broken shoes, while the black outside seemed at times almost to blister the blast that Mr. Stone was giving the cor- rupt city government at that time.

Finally he called the boys to him and asked them whose children they were—if they had any father. One of the lads rubbed his purple foot against the calf of the other leg and said in a pathetic child treble, while his little chin quivered: "We are Mr. Field's little boys."

"That settled it with Mr. Stone, for he has a kind heart. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that we are accepting the wonderful work of this wonderful man, yet failing to pay him enough to keep his family from want?" On the following day Gene's salary was doubled, and putting the little boys on the head that evening he complimented them on the way they had "created the past," and he gave each of them a nice candy caner five feet in length.

Three years ago, on a professional trip with Mr. Riley, and while my wife was with me bound, and yet their little red blue toes and their little red and broken shoes, while the black outside seemed at times almost to blister the blast that Mr. Stone was giving the cor- rupt city government at that time.

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