

**TYRANT'S TOMB
NOW A STABLE**

A Curious Memorial of the Ruin Solano Lopez Brought on Paraguay.

A curious memorial of the tyrant Solano Lopez, who wasted the depopulated Paraguay between 1862 and 1870, stands in the city of Asuncion, the capital of the republic. It is the large and imposing mausoleum that he built for the ultimate housing of his body.

But it was never used for that purpose. When Lopez was overtaken and killed as he was fleeing his enemies did not care to give him a decent burial.

Dr. Vallentin, the German geographer, who was just written a book on Paraguay, says that it puzzled the people to decide what to do with the mausoleum. It was finally turned into a stable, and is still serving that humble but useful purpose.

Grass is growing upon the lofty cupola and weeds protrude from every crevice in the walls. It is a monument to the ruin Lopez brought upon his country and himself.

Lopez has often been called the Nero of the nineteenth century, but some historians say that he was worse than Nero. Dr. Baerz, the historian of Paraguay, says that the tyranny of Lopez was the most barbarous that history records. The only excuse ever made for him is that he was insane.

He was President of Paraguay and intended to make himself King. He provoked and waged a five-year war with the united countries of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. He had a crown made in Paris to be ready for the coronation just as soon as he could declare himself king of more than half of South America. His idea was to build up a great kingdom, not by developing its resources, but by founding a military despotism.

He became a despot wholly unrestrained by law. All his countrymen who opposed him were shot or imprisoned. He had his own mother and one of his sisters publicly flogged in the street. Another sister was kept a prisoner in chains.

Every boy and man who could carry a gun was impressed into the army, and as the end drew near he compelled many hundreds of women to fight in the ranks. The whole country was in ruins when a bullet ended his life. In 1861 Paraguay had a population of over 1,000,000. There were only about 200,000 human beings in the country in 1872. The land was nothing but a waste.

It had been completely stripped of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats; not a plantation was in cultivation, and there was no money to buy seed, for Lopez and the woman Lynch, whom he had brought with him from Paris the year before he became president, had shipped all the remaining gold and silver to England for a rainy day.

Paraguay has recovered slowly from this experience. She now has a population of 700,000, immigrants are coming in growing numbers, and agriculture and commerce are advancing every year.

THE READY AUROBAN.

"Alert?" said Senator Hopkins of a colleague the other day. "Why, he is as alert and clever as the Aurora bridegroom."

"You know how bridegrooms, setting off on the honeymoon, forget their brides and buy tickets only for themselves? Well, that is what this bridegroom did in Aurora, and when his wife said to him, 'Why, you only bought one ticket, dear?' he answered readily: 'By Jove! I never thought of myself.'"

With a scowling brow the irate vaudeville agent awaited the next applicant, who was not long in coming. A long, lanky individual, with more hair than was absolutely necessary and a countenance that was not a bit



Patient (to dentist).—Excuse my taking my coat off. Pain makes me so irritable, I'm sure to struggle a bit. —Punch.

cheerful, came to his desk, and in funeral tones said, "Good day, sir."

"Well, what do you want?" was the unpromising reply.

"I need a job just now about as much as anything else," answered the lean person.

"Ever had any experience?"

"Oh, indeed, I have been with—"

"Chop it short. I know you've been with all the big stars from Hamlet to Omelet," interposed the agent shortly.

"That doesn't cut any freeze with me. What's your line?"

"I—I'm a—a comedian," was the faint reply.

"Well, then, make me laugh," demanded the agent, with a snarl.—Lippincott's.

This is a fair specimen of the European brand of press-agent literature: Mark Hambourg, the pianist, had many amusing experiences in America. One night he gave a concert in a town very far out West, where of late highway robbery had again become fashionable.

Two peaceful citizens were held up and robbed of the contents of their pockets, among which were two tickets for Mr. Hambourg's concert that night.

While the concert was going on a note arrived for Mr. Hambourg, in which the robbers returned the tickets, "much regretting that they were unable to make use of them."

The chief characteristic of the Australian Bushman is his taciturnity. Two cedar-splitters lived in the bush in the usual small hut. They met twice a day, in the morning and evening.

One morning Jack said to his chum: "Harry, did you hear a cow a-bellowing last night?"

Harry made no reply until late that night.

"How did you know it weren't a bull?" he asked.

Jack packed his swag and departed. "There's getting to be too much argument here," he said mournfully.

Pat, a miner, after struggling for years in a far-off Western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face Eastward, when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, dressed in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying: "And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly. "If you want to talk with me, I'll see you in my office. I hev an office now, and me hours is from a. m. in the mornin' to p. m. in the afternoon."—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

PROTECT ALPINE PEAKS

Great Petition in Switzerland Against the Matterhorn Tunnel Project.

Over 100,000 signatures have been attached in Switzerland to the petition that the Swiss League has prepared to present to the federal council. The first lines in the petition read:

"The high summits of our Alps are the ideal possession of the whole Swiss people and the symbol of Swiss freedom. They are not for sale."

The petition is a protest against the threatened assaults which, many thousands of the Swiss say, speculators in the tourist industry propose to make upon the scenery of the high Alps. It is in behalf of the hundreds of thousands of foreign visitors to Switzerland that various construction companies are trying to get permission from the Swiss Parliament to build mountain railroads and hotels and residences in the Alps.

The project of greatest importance, the one which is exciting the bitterest opposition, is the proposed tunneling of the Matterhorn for a line to be part railroad and part elevator. It is proposed to convert the summit of the wonderful mountain shaft into a series of grottoes with windows and balconies, where the tourist may smoke or sip his tea and enjoy the panorama of the Alps under conditions of warmth and comfort.

Another project that the Swiss are opposing with almost equal vigor is a curious scheme relating to the Aletsch glacier, the largest glacier not only of the Alps, but of the whole of Europe. It moves down its long valley to the Rhone River, and its ice covers an area of nearly forty square miles. It is a curious fact that the largest glacier of Europe moves down the southern slope of the mountains facing the sun. The proposition is to lay down on the virgin snow of the Aletsch glacier a kind of sledge railroad which shall traverse the whole length of that marvelous solitude.

The Swiss League was formed to work for the preservation of Swiss scenery, and it is utterly opposed to the invasion of the Alps by any engineering works above the snow line. It has asked the moral support of all the Alpine clubs of Europe, and none has responded more heartily than the Alpine Club of London, which at a large meeting has indorsed the protest of the Swiss League.

Sir Martin Conway, who presided, said that both the Matterhorn and the Aletsch glacier project ought to be defeated, and all British mountaineers should enter the heartiest possible protest against them. The speakers regarded the policy of no railroad above the snow line as sound and practical, and a letter was read from Mr. Whympster, who headed the first party to ascend the Matterhorn, in which he said that a railroad up that mountain would be injurious to the guides of the Zermatt Valley and to those of the Val Tournanche.

During a performance of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theater in London the young King of Spain sat in a box, and between the acts an English baronet presented a Chicago millionaire to the Spanish sovereign. The talk turned over a fizzy, aromatic drink—to the innumerable titles of the young monarch. He is Emperor of Jerusalem, Duke of Flanders, Lord of Brabant, King of the West Indies, Duke of the Philippines—in short, he has titles to a hundred lands that have been wrested from him by France, Holland, America, and so on. "They used to call me, in addition to my other names, 'the Great,'" said the young king, smiling, "but I put a stop to that. I said that the greatness of Spain was too much like that of a hole, which becomes greater the more you take away from it."

Not long ago King Edward was visiting a country house near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic battles. Strolling out one day by himself, he met the village blacksmith returning from a shoeing expedition. "I say, my good fellow," said his majesty genially, "I understand there was a big battle fought somewhere about here?" "Well-er," stammered the blacksmith, recognizing the king, "I did 'ave a round with Bill, the potman, but I didn't know your majesty had heard of it."

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FRANCE—1792.

Gallant and gay and young was he; Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she; Prince and Princess of high degree. These two met on the marble stair That led to the Salle des Fetes, and there

She caught a rose from her powdered hair. Careless of courtiers' frowns and quips Held it against her lovely lips A moment's space, as the wild bee sips!

A moment's space, and the crowd closed in, Throb of flute and the violin Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast, Jewel-splendid and lace caressed, He set the flower her lips had pressed. Life to them, was a garden spot, A song, a treat in the grand gavotte, Treason and Time, to them, were not.

Dawn crept into the sullen sky; Throb of flute and the viol's sigh Died in a madder, fiercer cry; Roar of rabble, and clang of bell, Ribald jest and a mocking yell, Sounds of shame, and the sights of Hell.

The steps are steep to the guillotine; The red blood oozes out between! Who goes up with brow serene? A Prince as proud as a Prince may be, And a fair little Princess of high degree:

White as the Queen's own lilies, she. Riband and lace have rent and stain! Wail, O winds, in pitying pain! Weep, sad clouds, but ye weep in vain!

Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace! Death is weary, and sad of face! God in his goodness grant them grace!

—Meribah P. Abbott, in Appleton's Magazine.

THE LOWER VIEW POINT.

I would not have trusted the bee with a sting, Nor the gnat with a taste for meat; I would not have hidden in brake and ling The adder that haunts my feet; I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns, Nor poisoned the berries red; I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns, Nor riddled the night with dread.

I would not have burdened the sun with spots, Nor put out the moon so quickly. I would not set snails in the garden plots, Nor scatter the weeds so thickly; But knowing the world is God's, not mine, I fancy the gnat and the bee, The adder, the bush, and the horned kine. Must wonder why God made me, —London Daily Chronicle, 169 King Street.

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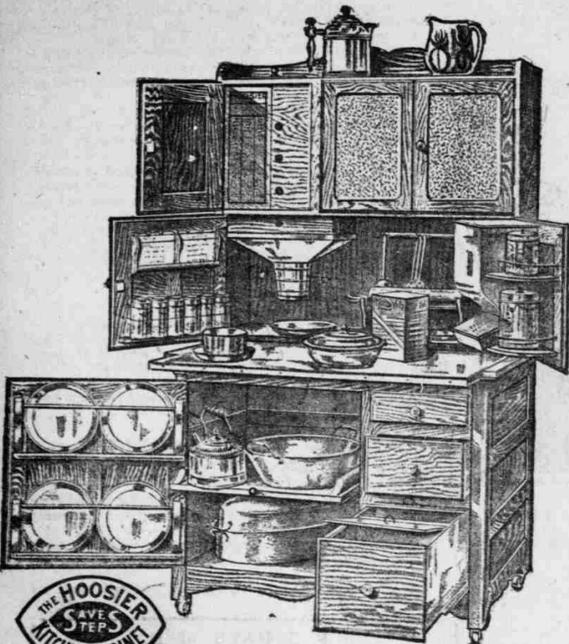
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