

ASUNCION, CHIEF CITY OF PARAGUAY.

Once the Richest Capital in South America—Now Far in Decay—Seven Times More Women Than Men in the Country.

Special Correspondence.

ASUNCION, Paraguay, July 31.—Looking at this desolate and half-ruined town, you can hardly believe that four centuries ago ecclesiastical and vice-regal edicts were issued from it which controlled the lives of millions of people; that a century back it was the gay and prosperous capital of the southern half of this great continent, to whose vice kings all South America paid tribute; that even up to the time of the last war with Brazil (which ended in 1870) it was richer than either Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago or Lima. With that disastrous war, which lasted five years and killed off nineteen-twentieths of the population and hopelessly impoverished the remainder, following as it did the bloody reign of the three dictators, Gaetan, Francia, and the Lopez father and son, its glory and power departed. Though nature, in generous mood, designed Paraguay for the wealthiest of southern republics, it is now the poorest and least important of them all, and perhaps least known to the outer world; a country of women whose census proves that females actually predominate seven to one, the male population having been well annihilated during that terrible war.

CHARMING FOR SITUATION.

Viewed from the harbor, Asuncion is charming, for few towns are so delightfully situated as regards picturesque river scenery, beautiful distributions of softly-wooded hills, luxuriant vegetation and perfect climate. The Paraguay river, here about a mile wide, makes a sudden bend, which forms a bay; and in the bay are always a multitude of steamers and schooners, quays, river craft, long rafts made of cedar logs lashed together, and just now, owing to political disturbances in this part of the world, there are also Uruguayan and Paraguayan men-of-war swinging at anchor, besides a couple of small white gunboats from Brazil, and a big black ironclad belonging to Argentina. All this martial display owing to the Acre dispute, not yet settled. The port has three short piers, a rather primitive quay, some batteries, an arsenal, a big hospital, and the usual customs and warehouse buildings on a small scale. The beach forms a broad level sweep of emerald meadow, backed by steep cliffs of red sandstone, upon which are perched the principal edifices of the capital. These are the once magnificent palace of Dictator Lopez, now torn with shot and shell, as the Brazilian fleet left it 30 odd years ago; the Cabildo, or town hall, some long, low barracks, the great dome of the Pantheon containing a crumbling knoll, the ancient church of San Francisco, and directly below the church, clinging as for dear life to the hillside, the quaint, colorful, and somewhat dilapidated houses of the old city. The shore is lined with groups of lavanderas (wash women) censing the city's dirty linen, their robust, more than half-nude forms clearly defined against the background of greenest jungle. The opposite side of the river is that mysterious region—the Paraguayan Gran Chaco, which no one has ever thoroughly explored and tried to tell the tale—a low, apparently limitless and unoccupied dead level, stretching to the horizon, but on the north side is an outer zone of beautifully wooded hills, rising to a low ridge, the valleys between them dotted with cottages and yellow with orange groves. It is an eminently peaceful scene, in which it is impossible to realize that stern tragedies have been enacted, which destroyed a nation.

A tramway, branching off through two or three of the principal streets, leads up from the landing to the farther limit of the town, and on through the forest to Villa Morra—an embryo village five miles away, whose streets are indicated by finger-posts stuck in the open fields. That indispensable public conveyance, the tramway, bears the appropriate name of "Conductor Universal" and the condition of Asuncion streets may be inferred from the fact that there is not a carriage, public or private, in the city, the only vehicles being two-wheeled carts, which require three or four horses, mules or oxen for the lightest load. The ground upon which the city stands is not only undulating, but sweeps back steeply toward the east, necessitating a series of stone terraces in many of the streets. All of them are badly paved with huge blocks of stone and occasional boulders placed by nature protruding here and there, always ankle-deep in sand or mud, according to the season, except when frequent tropical showers convert them temporarily into flowing cataraacts dashing head-down to the river. The brick sidewalks, elevated considerably above the rugged valley of the roadway, are extremely narrow that pedestrians are in constant danger of being crowded off, and the uniform level is preserved as far as possible by flights of stone steps at the corner crossings, so that one is perpetually climbing up and down. The town is laid out in couadradas (squares), after the fashion of other Spanish cities, with central avenue running east and west, grandly named Calle Independencia Nacional (The street of National Independence).

STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Kerosene lamps, bracketed to the houses, sparsely lighting the streets by night, interspersed at long intervals in certain quarters by glaring electric lights. And there are other contrasts as great as that between old and electricity. For example, the unpaved, grass grown streets in which cows are straying, are lined with tall posts and crossbeams that carry innumerable telephone wires—the posts being the round, smooth trunks of palm trees,

warranted to last at least 50 years. Although there are few men to read them and southern women as a rule care nothing for newspapers, there are three daily papers published in sleepy Asuncion, which sell at 10 cents the copy. The Hotel La Cancha—a sort of pleasure resort, situated on high ground a short distance east of the city, within a stone's throw of the primeval forest—is nightly ablaze with electricity and has electric bells and private bath rooms and other modern improvements. A telegraph line connects this distant capital with Buenos Aires and thus with all parts of the world, and there are two lines of weekly, and two of monthly steamers plying between this port and the Atlantic. The old town presents a half-medieval appearance—its few splendid palaces, which belong to the late dictators and their families and favorites, sandwiched among huts of cane and mud, with bark roofs and one window apiece. Palms, bananas, passion flowers and other tropical plants and blooms abound—but you meet few people, and these are mostly women.

MEN AT A PREMIUM.

The grassy streets have a sad, deserted look, constantly reminding one that the sons and husbands and lovers and brothers perished on the battlefields, or died of starvation in hiding, or perished in prisons, as thousands did who were ignorant of even what they were accused of, or were tortured or murdered by the three tyrants who ruled and ruined the country. Here women do the work that in other parts of the world is monopolized by the stronger sex—such as cleaning the streets, loading the ships, driving the ox carts, cutting the fields, carrying on the markets, etc., and it is said that during the long, hard war the men made the best and bravest soldiers. Naturally, they were in the proportion of one to seven, they are at a higher premium than elsewhere, and in Paraguay they are figuratively kept in cotton-wool by their administrative female relatives.

The most conspicuous object in the city is the palace home of Lopez, which commands an extensive view and overlooks the city. It is now a ruin, but its three stories high, with lofty square towers and grand pillared entrance. The lower story is of cut stone, the building covered of stuccoed and was completed at an enormous cost of money and labor wrought from an unwilling people long before the fall of the late Lopez. It is now an empty, roofless, but still splendid shell, with long rows of windows without sashes, like sightless eyes, and ragged shutters, and the three weeks' bombardment by the Brazilians. The latter, carried off all that was portable, and what remained was burned, and what fire could not consume was laboriously defaced. The palace itself, which was built exclusively by native workmen, is said to have cost upward of \$2,000,000, and its interior furnishings and decorations were worth many times that amount.

The women of Paraguay make a wonderful face, fine as cobweb but very strong and beautiful—an art which was taught them centuries ago by the Spaniards. Today a tiny, hand-drawn square of it commands fifty dollars in any market of Europe. Lopez had the walls of his palace covered with this precious lace on a background of crimson satin. It is said that the hangings in his own bedroom required the work of 200 women for several years, and his bed was fastened to the wall by clamps of solid gold of the most exquisite workmanship—four hundred of these clamps in the room, worth perhaps 25 dollars each. The Paraguayans are famous for skill in the use of tools, and especially in the manufacture of gold and silver ornaments. The lace also mentioned in the text, and is not made from thread, but from the infinitesimal fibers of a native tree, which are as soft and lustrous as silk.

In front of the old palace and almost touching it are rows of miserable, mud-plastered, grass-thatched huts, a suggestive contrast indeed. The better class of houses are mostly one-storyed, painted straw-color, rose-pink, pea-green, lavender, white, gray—all with dark green jalousies and heavy iron bars before the windows. They are constructed on the old Spanish plan, so admirably adapted to hot climates, as well as to the exigencies of war, being very solidly built, with thick walls, cool courts, deeply recessed doors and windows, projecting eaves and heavy roofs. They are generally floored with Paraguayan marble, of various colors, than which Italy can boast none more beautiful; and are furnished with quaint, high-backed chairs and sofas and solid claw-footed tables, made from native hard woods, elaborately carved and polished.

FANNIE B. WARD.

The Death Penalty.

A little thing sometimes results in death. Thus a mere scratch, insignificant cut or puny boil have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever handy. It's the best Salve on earth and will prevent fatality, when Burns, Sores, Ulcers and Piles threaten. Only 25c, at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

DUCHESS IS TERROR OF CHAUFFEURS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—When the Duchess of Manchester's present chauffeur was before a magistrate a few days ago for furious driving his fair employer put on her most innocent face and protested that she did not encourage

her drivers in their wild escapades. Those who know her best will not take her protestations seriously, for she is known to all her friends and to almost every professional motor driver in England as one who is absolutely reckless about traveling at a high rate of speed. Although she has not yet obtained her qualification certificate from her motor school the duchess is not afraid to take her car in hand on a quiet country road and dash wildly along disregarding the presence of the patrolling policeman. She is known among the fashionable motoring fraternity as the "scorchers" and the driver who is not able to get the most out of his car has no business in her establishment. She pays the highest wages and must have the best men. When her driver gets fined she pays up and recompenses him for the damage he suffers through having his license "endored." Her statement before the magistrate that she has been obliged to discharge several drivers on account of their propensity for furious driving is not utterly correct. The drivers leave after they have been fined to protect themselves because a second or third "endorsement" on their license may mean its absolute withdrawal by the police authorities and then its erstwhile holder would be obliged to seek some other occupation. Discussing the subject with the writer one of her motor drivers said: "We do not run the risk of getting fined for the fun of the thing. A favoring of my grace is that she has not discarded her old method of driving by a slower method. Motors are made to run, not to crawl," she shouted wrathfully to me one day as she was driving along Piccadilly endeavoring to negotiate some heavy traffic. She is the most impatient woman that I have ever driven. If she wants to be in a certain place at a certain time she expects you to do impossibilities; she would actually provoke you to run over the houseposts. I would not drive her again for \$5,000 a year. It is only when the duchess is accompanied by the duke that she will have a car driven at a moderate speed. As readers probably know, the duke suffers from a weak heart and does not take kindly to traveling at top speed in a motor car.

OF INTEREST TO HICK PEOPLE.

We have all the sympathy in the world for sick people, and want to treat them in a serious way. There is no humor in pain and affliction, but hard earnest fact. It is impossible for the patient to improve or others the extent of suffering they endure, and their anxiety for relief. To get well or be relieved is their one thought, and that will lead them to all drug stores for 25 cents per box. Only one for a dose. These pills remove the cause of disease, make the skin clear and healthy looking.

HIT KING IN FACE AND WENT SCOT FREE.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 27.—It isn't everyone who could hit a king squarely in the face and get off scot free, but the athletic lady in the accompanying picture has done both things. She is Margaret Smith, the London flower seller, who made such a mess of her attempt to show her loyalty to her sovereign, King Edward the other day. It all came out right, however, and henceforth Margaret will be numbered among the Smiths who have done something to confer distinction on that most commonplace of patronymics.

When Margaret Smith was young she might have possessed both a shapely figure and good looks. But if ever she had these charms, middle age, toil and family cares have robbed her of them. Evidently, however, her trials and troubles have not soured her or caused her to turn against the powers that be. When the king paid a visit to the city the other day to lay the foundation stone of the new buildings at St. Bartholomew's hospital, Margaret decided that she would take a few hours off from her stand that she might get a good look at him. As an offering to the shrine of royalty she made up a big bunch of her choicest roses, which she might have sold for a dollar, and took it with her. She is a powerful woman and found little difficulty in elbowing her way to a front place among the throng gathered at the junction of Shaftesbury Avenue and New Street to see the royal party drive by on their return journey. A great shout announced their approach. Disregarding the injunction of the police to "stand back!" Margaret stepped from the sidewalk to the street and as the king's carriage whirled by cried out at the top of her lungs, "God bless your majesty," and threw her bouquet into the vehicle. But stout of arm as well as loyal of heart, Margaret hurled it harder than she was aware of and the floral tribute struck the king squarely between the eyes.

It did no damage to the royal physique and the king, well understanding the good intention that had prompted the blow, picked up the bouquet and smiled on the donor. London would never have heard of the incident, probably, had not a Scotland Yard constable witnessed it. To him the act came within the official definition of assault and battery and "lese majesty" to boot. He promptly collared Margaret and marched her off to Bow street police court. It was fortunate for Margaret that he did so, as otherwise she would have still remained an inconspicuous Smith. The magistrate remanded her to ascertain what action the king wished taken in the matter. Margaret was not kept long waiting in duration vile to learn her fate. Promptly came back the royal answer "release her immediately." And to Margaret herself was conveyed a private message to the effect that the king appreciated her loyalty and treasured her gift.

Now Margaret carries her head high among her flower-selling associates and declares that when she next gets a chance to see the king drive by she will present him with two of the best bunches of roses to be got if she has to "go broke" to do it. And the constable has received a warning instead of the promotion he had expected.

HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER—WHEN RUSS MEETS JAP BLOOD FLOWS.



The encounters of the Russian and Japanese forces have been characterized by the most desperate fighting. The clashes of the Ural Cossacks and the Mikado's men have been the bloodiest engagements of the war.

Foundation of J. Pierpont Morgan's Fortune.

Foundation of the great wealth of J. P. Morgan was laid by the great fire which swept New York city in 1835. At that time Mr. Morgan's father was a youth of 15 years and a dry goods clerk in Hartford, and his grandfather was a modest innkeeper. He was the proprietor of the City hotel in Hartford. When the flames swept New York in 1835 the Aetna Fire Insurance company of Hartford was known to be a heavy loser. It had then become so great a financial institution that it could face such a loss without misgivings. Many stockholders became alarmed and began to offer their shares at a great sacrifice. Some almost were ready to give them away, in the fear that they would be heavily assessed to meet the loss incurred in New York. As was usual, such topics were discussed in the hotel corridors, and Mr. Morgan was offered much stock nearly as a gift. John Warburton, who was one of the wealthiest men in the country, advised him to take all he could

get at these prices, and advanced the money to him. The innkeeper began buying, and soon had bought a majority of the stock at prices ranging from 2 1/2 to 10 cents on the dollar. Six leading men in Hartford then signed a note for \$100,000, discounted it at the Hartford bank, and placed the proceeds at the disposal of the insurance company. The company met all of its losses and wrote a large amount of new business. The result was a great boom for the company, and Mr. Morgan found himself worth \$150,000 when the tangles were straightened out.

Mr. Morgan's first thought was for his son, who was working as a dry goods clerk. He decided that his son, Julius S. Morgan, should become a merchant. An interest was bought for him in a large mercantile house in Boston. The firm prospered, and in a few years young Morgan sold his interest for \$50,000. He continued in the mercantile business for several years longer, however, and increased his fortune to the extent of \$100,000. Julius S. Morgan then determined to go to London, where he became a partner of George Peabody, the American banker. Here he adhered to

the same strict integrity which had made him successful in his native country, and he began to train his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, in the same way. J. P. Morgan worked for years in the foreign exchange department of his father's banking house, until he was recognized as one of the leading foreign experts in the world. He then returned to the United States. Today J. Pierpont Morgan is believed to be worth more than \$100,000,000.—New York Commercial.

EXCURSION TO EUREKA.

Sunday, August 7th, 1904.

Big baseball game train leaves Salt Lake City at 8:00 a. m., via Leanington Cut-off. Fare \$2.00 for round trip. Returning leave Eureka at 6:00 p. m. See Agents Salt Lake Route.

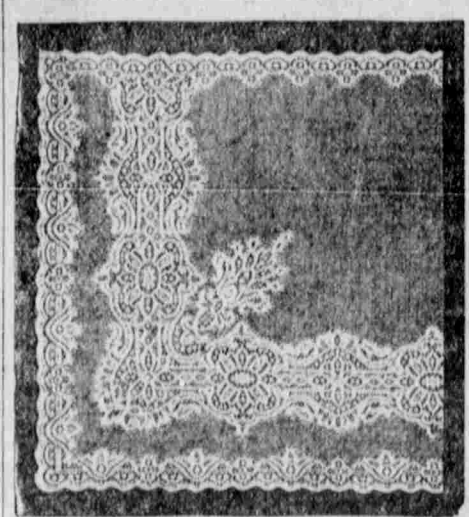
WOMEN OF WOOD-CRAFT EXCURSION

To Provo Canyon, Aug. 7th.

Grand outing for everybody. Good fishing. Trout and chicken dinners at Upper Falls resort. Most delightful spot in Utah. Special train leaves Salt Lake at 9:00 a. m. Returning leave Upper Falls 8:00 p. m.

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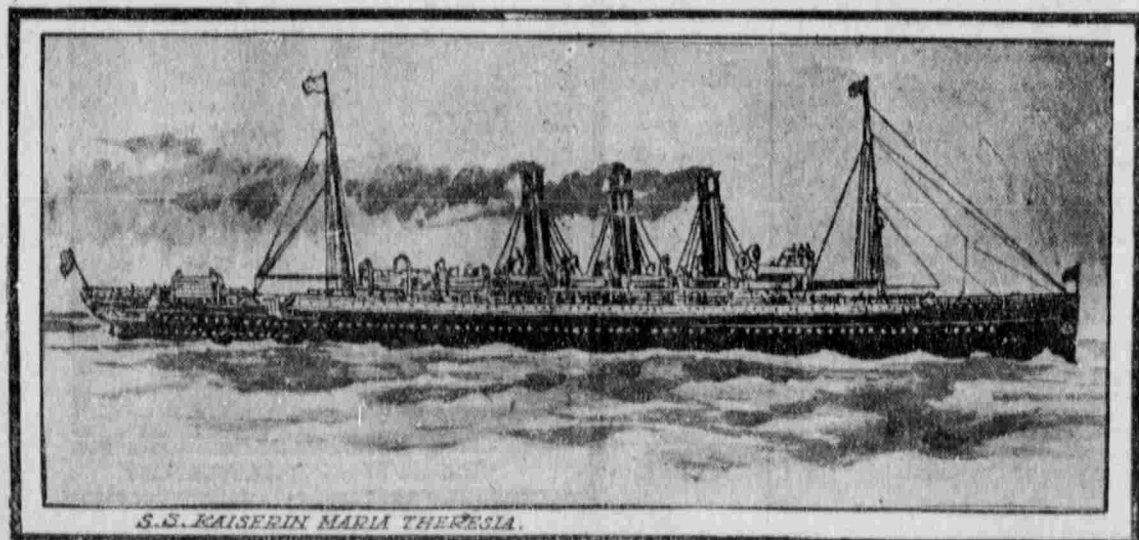
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NO INTEREST.



S.S. KAISERIN MARIA THERESIA.

The S. S. Kaiserin Theresa is a former German liner purchased by the Russian government and converted into an auxiliary cruiser. She is now at sea under sealed orders, and it is thought that her destination is the Cape of Good Hope, where she will watch for contraband of war destined for the Japanese, shipped by that route.