

the Iowa next, then the Indiana, Brooklyn, Massachusetts and Oregon.

At night the fleet shone with side lights running light, port holes lit up by electric lights, from within blazed out on the waters as the ships passed through the Windward Passage.

It is months since such an illumination has been seen in Cuban waters where war ships, blockade runners, transports and all sorts and condition of craft have been threading their way with all lights screened, great shadows that passed silently.

Last night there was a change to the original column and trailing behind the gallant New York the ships that have stood the brunt of the war passed Sandy Hook this morning. It did not require the strains of the flagship band to make all hands glad, for before its jubilant airs were heard, eager eyes had seen that low gray stretch of land which they knew was home.

The accident to the Indiana was a breakdown of her condensers. Twice on the trip from Guantanamo she has lagged behind to make repairs, and the other ships had reduced their speed so that the Indiana could catch up with them.

A HAILSTORM OF STEEL.

The heroes of Santiago are coming home one by one. Each and every one of them bear upon their persons the marks of hardship and disease, or the scars of battle. Citizenship takes a deeper and more lofty meaning, when there mingles with us those who for love of country, and for honor, have given "the last full measure of devotion." Racial prejudice sinks away, and only the man is seen who bared his bosom to the bullets that the honor of the flag might be maintained. Whether officer or private there is room for all in such unbounded respect.

Thursday evening Sergeant Starr of Company D, Twenty-fourth Infantry, came home on a thirty days' leave of absence. He was through the thickest of the battle of San Juan, and though not wounded, was stricken with fever, and was sent back before the surrender. Sergeant Starr bears an honorable record. He is one of two who were in the service when the Twenty-fourth Infantry was formed out of the Forty-first and Thirty-eighth regiments after the close of the Civil War. The other one was Sergeant Jones, who is the present drum major of the regiment. Starr enlisted in January, 1867, in the Forty-first, and Jones in the Thirty-eighth the following August. Starr is a man past middle age and has been constantly in the service for thirty years, ten of which was spent as messenger to General Miles. He tells a graphic story of his experiences at the front and being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, details the events of the battle on the 1st of July in a very full manner, from the standpoint of a man in the ranks.

He spoke feelingly of the demonstrations along the road, as they went to the South, and said it inspired every man in the Twenty-fourth to do his full duty. "This is the first time," he added, "I have ever spoken to a newspaper reporter, and I would not do so now but the people of Salt Lake have treated us like men, and I cannot refuse."

There was some sickness in the Twenty-fourth at Tampa, but none of the boys were left behind on account of that.

"The trip from Tampa to Santiago," said the sergeant, "was as pleasant as could be expected, and the weather was excellent, but we were glad when the mountains of eastern Cuba came in sight. We landed on the 25th of June at Sibony, about six miles east of San-

togo harbor. After we landed we were marched about a mile and a half from the seashore and went into camp in an old coconut forest. We laid there all that day and Sunday, and on Monday broke camp and marched up to the battle ground, where the rough riders had their battle. Here we made camp and laid there until the 29th of June. About 4 p.m. on the 29th we broke camp and marched about two miles and went into camp about 11 o'clock. Early on the morning of the 1st of July the firing began, and we knew the battle was on. We were up before daylight, and by sunup had broke camp, and took the march toward Santiago. The road was only a trail, and outside of this was a jungle filled with thorns. The only thing that does not bear thorns in a Cuban jungle is ratan, and you cannot walk through it without first cutting your way. We were obliged to keep to the trails which had become a quagmire from the rain. At 8:30 were along the San Juan river going in the direction of the ford, crossing over many streams that flow into the river, some of them being torrents caused by the rain. After crossing a large tributary to the San Juan, at about 9.15, we were ordered to unpack and we knew we were going into action.

"Shortly after this we got to the ford. It was like marching into a hailstorm of steel. The enemy was unseen, but the Spanish shots were coming from every direction. The trees were full of sharpshooters, and the fire seemed to come from the tops of the trees to the ground. When we reached the ford we found the road was blocked and we could not go any farther. The fire was terrific, a man on each side of me was shot, and men were falling all around. We were forced to seek cover. We only remained there a short time, when the order came to march.

"At the ford was the most trying part of the battle. We could not see a Spaniard; we only felt the effects of their shots, and we knew that in the congested character of the road, and the crowded condition of the troops, (there were three regiments crowded together like sardines in a box) that a few well-directed shells would annihilate us all. The call to march was the most welcome words I ever heard. We were quickly at the ford and were pouring across under a deadly fire. A part of our company made a dash down the stream, and making such a movement as a "right fall into line," took to the water, which was waist deep all over, and in some places neck deep.

"This movement brought me on a high bank, and I sprang over into the water up to my neck. A sharp-shooter from a tree took a shot at me, and I felt the heat of the ball as it grazed my neck. On the opposite bank was a barbed wire fence of about six wires. I came to the shore where a tree had fallen down stream, its stump on the bank, and I crawled up just as one of my men was cutting the wire, but before he could do so a Spanish bullet shattered his wrist and the nippers fell into the stream. Another man picked them up and cut the wires and we charged up the bank. About fifty yards from the stream I saw Lieut. Gurney lean over on Sergeant Kees, and then fall to the ground. We charged on across a piece of country covered with weeds and tall grass.

"It was here that I saw the first Spaniard. They were retreating toward San Juan hill. The fire was incessant, both from rifles and shells and the sun was beating down, making the place like a furnace, and men were going down like grass. The Twenty-fourth formed the center of the charge, with the Thirteenth on the right and the Sixteenth on the left, all making for the blockhouse on the top of the hill.

Just before we came to the hill, Captain Brett was wounded. I saw him holding his shattered arm up over his shoulder and dashed on at the head of his men until he fell. When I came up, a soldier had picked him up and he was calling for water, but there was none to give him, and the soldier carried him back as I dashed on up the hill after the men, who by this time were a good pace ahead of me.

"The hill at San Juan is about 250 feet high and very steep. The sides were covered with barbed wire fences, which had to be cut, which impeded the charge, and the Spanish were pouring in the most deadly fire. Our boys behaved grandly, even the raw recruits who joined us at Tampa never faltered and were as cool as veterans. When I reached the top of the hill the blockhouse was captured, and the Spaniards retreating toward Santiago. The boys were waving their colors and cheering like mad, but I knelt down and began firing at the retreating Spaniards. I believe that the Twenty-fourth were at the top first but it does not matter, every man did his duty. When I reached the top the Spanish flag was still flying on a stick. I have only one regret, and that is I did not take it down. It was an honor I could have had as well as not, but I was too busy shooting Spaniards, and I think a man from the Thirteenth got the enemy's flag. When we captured the hill the fight was over, and we spent the night digging rifle pits. Here the Twenty-fourth remained until the surrender of Santiago."

Sergeon Starr does not speak as disparagingly of the Cubans as some others, and says that at times they did good work, and that many of them were killed. He says they do not like to work, and that the Americans could not depend upon them. The sergeant is suffering from rheumatics and is weak from his sickness, but says that he already feels better since his return home. He says he expects to return to Cuba on the expiration of his furlough. He is expecting to be mustered out of service in a short time.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

August 16, 1898.

Warm weather continued throughout the past week, being general in all sections of the State and averaging 3 to 4 degrees above the average. It was the warmest weather, so far, for August. During the early portion of the week some scattering thunder showers occurred in the mountainous sections in the southern part of the State. The weather continues warm and dry with the indications unfavorable for a material change.

Farmers are excessively busy with the grain harvest together with securing the second and third crops of lucern and preparations for threshing. General threshing will be in operation by the 16th of the present month. Enough threshing has already been done to ascertain the condition of the grain and the probable yield. All the returns from the grain fields as to the actual yield have been favorable and according to expectations, that the yield would be above the average. The late crops of grain are expected to appear somewhat shriveled owing to the recent drought. As rapidly as the grain is threshed it is being shipped. Considering that there has been very little rain and a scarcity of water for irrigation purposes, garden truck, corn and potato crop, also sugar beets are reported in fairly good condition, though inclined to mature too rapidly.