

the necessity of spraying and cleaning their stock thoroughly this year; also that 16,000 young trees were condemned and burned this spring and over one thousand additional trees were condemned and destroyed in the month of August, the gross loss to the nurseries of which would run up to about \$4,000, but which will save thousands of dollars to farmers and buyers of fruit trees, and that nurseries now vie with each other to have clean stock and that when this is known outside the State, we may expect large orders for nursery stock from outside the State, and more confidence in the State, and that this increase of trade will much more than compensate our nurserymen for their extra trouble and expense; when it is further mentioned that unclean stock has been followed with letters and inquiries from Salt Lake City into the counties of Tooele and Sanpete to the county fruit tree inspectors and county commissioners and into the local papers, so it has become unprofitable to handle it, and in some cases it has become a positive loss to do so, it will be seen what beneficial results have flowed from the law and even its partial enforcement, not to mention the amount of instruction both oral and printed that has been circulated by the inspectors and horticultural board and the much better understanding that a great many people are getting about fruit raising and its requirements.

The second crop of pear and cherry slug is now coming in and should be sprayed for.

Respectfully,
JOHN P. SORESENSEN,
County Fruit Tree Inspector.
Aug 22, 1898.

A CRUISE IN MANILLA BAY.

Frank Hides Jr., a member of Battery B, Utah Volunteers, writes from Manila to his parents in this city as follows:

My Dear Parents:—I wrote you a few days ago, but as the steamer Belgic is bound for San Francisco in the morning, I take the opportunity of again writing, and it may be possible that this letter will reach you first anyway, as the other mail had to go by the way of Hongkong.

Since I last wrote, many things have taken place, that make things look like a god hard battle for us. We will start to disembark in the morning and go and take position in the front about six hundred yards from the Spanish batteries. The city of Cavite is in the hands of the United States troops and many of the soldiers are going into barracks there. About 5,000 of our troops are already in the field of action and fighting with the insurgents against the Spanish forces. Very few have been killed, and the prisons at Cavite are fast filling up with Spaniards, but the final blow is yet to be made, and I am proud to think that I will take part in the fight.

Monday I had the pleasure of going for a boat ride to look at the old wrecks of the victims of our brave Dewey. I visited seven in all, and got many little trinkets; I took the hook of the lanyard that fired one of the last guns of the Spanish flagship Marie Christina from the breech of the gun. I also have some of the buttons from the crews' clothes that went down with her. I will send these things home as soon as possible; they will be the greatest souvenirs in the country.

Today I went aboard the United States gunboat Petrel and had a long talk with Lieut. Plunkett, who was one of the officers commanding in the battle.

Things are coming to a close fast; Dewey has given the insurgents guns and some ammunition, and they are driving the Spaniards back into the city of Manila, but nevertheless the city will

be very hard to capture without destroying it.

The horses are so small that we are unable to use them; some of them are not more than three feet high, and do not weigh more than 200 pounds. We will move out guns with the help of the infantry.

I have been over to Cavite and had a look at the prisoners, and among them a very beautiful woman, the wife of the governor-general of the islands who was captured by one of Dewey's little tugs the other day while she was out for a boat ride. The governor-general of the Ladrone Islands is also among the prisoners. The Spanish prisoners are almost starved to death, and look real bad; this not the Americans' fault, as they were in the hands of the insurgents before.

The natives here are the lowest class of humanity you can think of, and their ways are simply funny, they are dirty, treacherous, and we will have to deal with them after we finish with the Spaniards. I have much to tell about this, but as we are moving I must delay it until we are sitting in plush chairs in the great city, which we hope to have at least by next Sunday. I know you can never rest easy until you hear that I am safe, but dear mother, never fear, although we are sure to lose many of our boys, I feel confident that I will be one of those ready for the next battle.

You must all be very glad of the glories won by Sampson, and I suppose there is another hero in Cuba by this time. It is our turn next and I hope to see many heroes, as they will need them all to put these people where they want them.

It is awful hot here and the water is poor, we have to boil every drop we use. I will be glad when we get in the city, then it will be better.

I have been taking Spanish lessons all the way over and I can speak fairly well now.

Monkeys and cocoanuts, bananas and pineapples are at your disposal. If I live through this, which I hope and feel sure I will, I will be able to tell some great experiences, and if this trip don't make a man out of any boy, something must be lacking. I am just as good if not a better boy and a whole lot wiser. I can see the value of things better now. I believe I am more easy to please as to home comforts, but harder in discipline. I will be able to write something about the country when we get into a permanent camp.

Capt. Grant has just come aboard from the China and after nearly shaking my hand off, he told me that I was first sergeant of Battery B. The boys gave me three hearty cheers and a tiger. Have no fear for the future, and as I mingle my prayers with those who love me, I feel confident that I will soon be among you once again. Praying all is well there as it leaves me, I am, with love to all, your loving son,
FRANK.

HARBOR IN HONOLULU.

Hon. George A. Whitiker has received a letter from Hon. Benjamin A. Harbor, who was a member of the late State Senate from Salt Lake county, and who enlisted as a private in a regiment of United States infantry.

Mr. Harbor was very enthusiastic at the opening of the war with Spain, and enlisted in the rough riders from Utah. Owing to some misunderstanding he was left out, and could not go with the boys who formed company I of Torrey's regiment. Being determined not to be left out entirely, he enlisted as a regular recruit at Fort Douglas, and went to San Francisco to join his regiment. The letter was written from Honolulu, shortly after the troop ship arrived there. The letter is as follows:

Honolulu, July 31, 1898.

Dear George:—Well, here we are in the Hawaiian Islands, eating cocoanuts, pine apples and all kinds of the tropical fruits. We left San Francisco Friday, July 15th, at 4 p.m. We had a big send-off.

When the Peru, our sister ship, signalled us to get under way, every whistle in the bay was tied open, and every ship or boat that could rig a sail or raise steam, started out after us, while all along the water front thousands upon thousands gathered to wave flags or handkerchiefs and wish us God's speed.

We met rough seas and high winds right at the Golden Gate, so that seasickness began to get its work in right off. We were not out five hours before 99 per cent of the gang was sick enough to die, and the decks were absolutely filthy. To my disgust I never felt the least bit seasick; the more she rolled, the better I felt. In twenty-four hours it was about all over. All had recovered but eight or nine, who were still sick.

The discipline is not so grave on board ship. We had free access to all the ship but the first cabin saloon. Our berths are in the hold, but I brought my mattress up on the hurricane deck the second day out, and have slept there ever since.

Everything promises a pleasant trip but one thing, and that knocked all the pleasures out of it; the truth is, we were nearly starved. I venture the assertion that 85 per cent of the soldiers went to sleep hungry every night we were out. I filled a basket with things to eat, so I fared pretty well, but many did not think of that and they suffered intensely. We had for breakfast black coffee, hard tack and boiled potatoes; for dinner a can of soup and hardtack, nothing else. For supper a kind of stew, the boys called "slum." The Lord only knows what it is made of; a piece of bread and coffee. Nothing is cooked and I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that an ordinary man would give his dog better and more food than we got.

The opinion is general among the men that we are being robbed, for the San Francisco Red Cross told us that they had put dried fruit and other stuff aboard, sufficient to have some of it for each meal, and we have seen none.

There are 800 men in the steerage, and only one small faucet for them to drink from. I have seen 100 men in line waiting for a drink of tepid water. In this tropical climate men need a good deal of water.

Since our arrival in Honolulu we have fared better, for the citizens are very hospitable, and today they gave us a big dinner in Queen Lil's mansion grounds. We had everything that the island produces.

The city is quaint and charming. The palm and cocoanut trees gives it a tropical appearance. The houses seem to combine the native with the modern in architecture, and it results in a very pretty effect. There is in addition the better class of houses an out-door-room where they live the most of the time. The Kanaka don't take kindly to the annexation idea, even the better class refuse to admit that they think it best. They think they are able to govern themselves and cannot see why the Americans should gobble them up. They think it all a scheme of the missionaries, and I nearly agree with them. They say that broken down preachers come over here and in a few years get rich and own the Kanaka's land. The politics here is "missionary" and "anti-missionary." I guess the missionary has the best of it, however.

The Americans are delighted with the