

The Lima women are very devout. Every other one we meet carries a prayer book and you can seldom enter a church without finding a score or so on their knees. No woman can go into a church wearing a hat or a bonnet, and those who attempt to do so are touched with a long stick by the sexton and told to take their hats off. One of the queer sights of Lima is a church congregation. The people, you know, are all Catholics and the ceremonies are impressive, the costumes of the priests being resplendent with gold and silver braid. The men sit by themselves and the women and girls all wearing these black clothes on their heads make you think of a congregation of nuns who are dead to the world. At their own homes, however, they are, I am told, quite as much alive as their sex anywhere. They are vivacious and charming and able to hold their own in their talk with the men. They are interested in politics, and those of the better classes are well educated, many of them speaking French. They are very fond of music and many play on the piano, the mandolin and guitar exceedingly well. As in all Spanish countries, girls are never left alone with the men until they are married, and the courting is done with the whole family looking on at the billing and cooing. They are fond of evening parties, or tertullas, as they are called, and are noted for their sensuous dancing of the voluptuous waltz. At home they dress much like their sisters of the rest of Christendom and are as fond of gay clothes and the latest styles as our own American girls. The women's rights women has, I am told, not yet made her way here, though there is a movement towards giving women employment in places which were formerly exclusively held by the men. There are, for instance, women clerks in the city postoffice, and the stamp which I shall put on this letter will be bought of a Peruvian girl who will bother her brains to understand my poor Spanish when I ask her to weigh it and have it properly registered.

Lima on horseback is quite as interesting as Lima on foot. There are few private carriages here, and I am told that there is not a livery stable in the whole city. The streets are paved with cobble stones and the cabs jolt your bones, so that most people prefer to ride in the street cars or on horses. The horses here have the easiest gait of any I have ever ridden. It is, one peculiar to Chile and Peru, a sort of a cross between a pace and the action of a high-stepping hackney, which carries the rider along with less jolting than that of a rubber tired carriage. The horses are small but very spirited. There comes one down the street now. Its rider is in full riding costume, and he would not be out of place in Hyde Park were it not for the big silver spurs on both of his boots. Notice how magnificently the horse is appareled. The bridle is trimmed with silver and the stirrups are plated with the same shining white metal. He has a heavy saddle blanket of fur and the reins have a long braided strap attached to them which he uses now and then as a whip. How the horse prances as he tickles him with the spurs and how the demure maidens who pass stealily glances at him out of the tails of their eyes. There he has stopped and dismounted. He is stooping at the horse's front feet. See! He is buckling a short strap about them just over the ankles, thus hobbling the horse. He leaves him thus without tying and goes on into the store. This we learn is the way that all Peruvian horses, those in carriages as well as those without, are tied. There are no hitching posts, tie rings or horse weights in Lima, and it is a police regulation that every horse left alone on the street must be hobbled. The straps

used are so short that they can be easily carried in the pocket, and the drivers of carts hobble their mules by tying the lines about their front feet.

Much of the peddling of Lima is done upon horseback, and in many cases the peddlers are Indian women. Nearly all of the milk of the city is carried about in cans tied to the two sides of a horse, upon the back of which, with her legs straddling the horse's neck, sits a bronzed-faced woman, dressed in bright calico and wearing a broad-brimmed Panama hat. When the milk woman reaches a house where she has a customer she slides down over the horse's neck and lifts one of her cans out of the pocket in which it is fastened and carries it into the house. The bread wagon of Lima is a horse with two panniers full of loaves, and many of the vegetables are peddled by women who ride astride. The street cars are drawn by horses, but where there is a slight grade an extra horse or helper is hitched to the side of the team. This horse is not driven as in the United States, but ridden by a boy in a saddle, who has long spurs with which he keeps the horse up to his work. All sorts of things are peddled on donkeys ridden by men or boys, who sit just in front of the tails of the beasts with their backs against the loads of goods they are peddling. There are no huckster wagons or carts, and the drays of the city are long two-wheeled affairs, each pulled by three mules abreast.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A BRAVE SON'S REQUEST.

A friend and correspondent of this paper today handed in the following correspondence for publication as indicative of the spirit of patriotism possessed by the sons of Utah. The first letter was written from Provo, May 1st, by William M. Hughes, a student of the B. Y. Academy, to his father, William M. Hughes, of Spanish Fork. Appended to it is the father's patriotic reply, and following that is another letter from a young man named Stephen Bjoornson, a native of Iceland, who lost his mother while a child, but who has been tenderly reared and cared for by a Sister Robertson of Spanish Fork, to whom he refers in his letter.

Provo, May 1, 1898.

Dear Father—Young Utah has been called to the front. Five hundred and forty volunteers have been called from our fair State, and shall it be said by the young Utahns of fifty years hence that Utah failed to furnish her quota? It would be a blot on our fair name forever, and it would take the bright red blood of thousands of heroes to obliterate such a stain against Utah's loyalty. Idaho, a state much smaller in population than Utah, has asked the privilege of furnishing double her quota, and yet Utah, the last bright shining star in the galaxy of states, has, as yet, failed in getting the requisite number of volunteers. In the year '47 when the United States government made a call upon the United States government made a call upon the Mormon people for 500 men they got them. And under what strangely different circumstances! They left their mothers, wives, children, sweethearts, to the tender mercies of others and braved an unknown wilderness all for "love of country."

Young Latter-day Saints have a double mission to perform in these warlike times. Some must take the good old Book under one arm and go forth to do battle against the forces of Error and raise the battle flag of Truth above the ramparts of Sin. Others must shoulder their muskets, go forth headed by the triumphant colors of "Old Glory," and vindicate the

nation's honor, by their life's blood if need be. I have not been called to preach but I have been called to wipe this stain from the "banner of liberty." The Presidency of the Church have called upon Latter-day Saints to respond to the nation's call, and I feel if they have called us, God has called us. And yet another thing, the murdered victims of our noble battleship Maine, cry for vengeance from their muddy tomb at the bottom of Havana harbor.

Father, this is a serious matter. Friday evening the young men of the academy held a mass meeting, where it was decided that we would organize an academy company if we could get the governor's consent. The governor has been written to and we are expecting a reply almost any time. Father, I could not back out now, if I wanted to. I was chairman of the meeting and one of the prime movers in getting the meeting up. I have your verbal consent to my enlistment, but will you please write and give your written consent? If the governor's answer is favorable we will have a recruiting officer down Monday night or Tuesday morning.

I have a pretty strong idea that when I told you that I would enlist and obtained your consent, that you thought I was joking that I hadn't stamina enough to do anything of the kind. All I want to say is that if Uncle Sam needs me I hope they've made one more gun for me. And I hope the time will come to pass

"When the Star Spangled Banner triumphant shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Love to all, from your dutiful son,
WILLIAM M. HUGHES.

Dear Son—Yours of 1st inst. to hand and contents noted, and can say that I am proud of the tone of your letter, and if it is your desire to go to the call of your country you have my approval, for you fully understand our condition at home; and if you are accepted I trust you will ever be foremost in keeping sacred the honor of our beloved country, and its flag, looking always for the approval of a just and merciful God that you can be strong in the right and that you may be blessed.

May God our Eternal Father bless your father,

WILLIAM B. HUGHES.

Spanish Fork, May 2, 1898.

Fort Douglas, May 11, 1898.

Mr. Heber Jex, Spanish Fork;

Dear Friend: I have just come in from the drilling grounds, and thought I would drop you a few lines, while waiting for the next call. As you are aware, I left Spanish Fork May 6th. All along the line we were applauded by well dressed citizens, with flags and banners flying, and silver and brass bands filling the air with music, and volunteers with silk badges were shaking hands, and bidding their friends and relatives good bye, not knowing when they would meet again. Such was the scene all along the line.

I left home not with the intention of shedding blood; but to sustain the nation of which I form a part, in overthrowing another nation that has for centuries been causing human woe. Aye! depriving their subjects of a blessing which God bestowed upon all mankind—liberty and freedom. They have done more than this; they have murdered, tortured, beaten and starved innocent women and children while resting in their own beds and reposing on their own pillow; all this has been witnessed; but the time has now arrived when we can no longer rest with ease, and allow our fellow-men to be treated in this inhuman manner; the time has arrived when we can by the