

pass valleys in which a little river from the Andes makes everything green, but it is not until you reach Valparaiso that the rainfall is heavy enough to cover the whole country with verdure. Further south of here the rains steadily increase until a distance of 300 or 400 miles you come into a territory where the people facetiously say that it rains thirteen months every year. At Port Montt, in South Chile, the rainfall is 118 inches every twelve months and here it is only fifteen. In this part of the country and in the northern part of the central valley the climate is much like that of Southern California. The skies are bright for at least eight months and during the remainder of the year there are only occasional showers. This region has in fact, an almost perfect climate, and this is so in all of the provinces of north and central Chile.

The long sausage which comprises the land of Chile is full of excellent meat. There are few countries of its area which have such wonderful natural resources. I have written of the nitrate fields, which have already produced hundreds of millions of dollars, which have a supply which cannot be exhausted for a half century to come. A member of the Chilean congress, Senor Roberto Edwardson Meeks, with whom I talked last night, tells me that there are deposits of guano near the nitrate beds which surpass those of the islands of Peru and which are worth thousands of millions of dollars. He says there lie several feet below surface and that they are on the mainland. All of north Chile is full of minerals. In coming to Valparaiso I stopped at a number of ports which have copper and silver smelting works. At Antofagasta there is a smelter which is said to be the largest of the world. It is used to smelt the ores of only one mining company, and when I visited it I saw several acres covered with bricks of silver ore which had been ground to dust and put into this shape that they might be the more easily smelted. That is perhaps the most valuable brick yard on earth. At Iquique there is a smelter which belongs to an American, a Mr. George Chase. He comes, I think, from New York, and he has, I am told, some of the most valuable silver mines in South America. The ore is almost pure. The mines are so profitable that they have made him rich, and have, I am told, netted him so much that he has laid aside three million pounds (\$15,000,000) as a reserve fund in the Bank of England. This seems to me, a big story, but there is no doubt that Mr. Chase is worth his millions. One of the chief copper ports of Chile is Coquimbo, a town of 7,000 people, lying on a beautiful bay about 190 miles north of Valparaiso. It is in the center of one of the richest copper deposits of the world. The metal is nearly pure, and some of the mine owners tell me that there are almost inexhaustible quantities of it. Chile has already produced about four billion pounds of copper. In 1896 it shipped about fifty million pounds, but the most of this went to Europe, as we have all the copper we need of our own. From Coquimbo they are now exporting something like 1,000 tons of copper a month and several smelters are kept busy turning the ore into bars. Chile has also large deposits of iron, manganese, quicksilver and lead. There are a number of gold mines in the south, and much gold washing is done in the streams of Tierra del Fuego. There is also gold in the north, and I am told that a large part of the mountains have not been well prospected, and that the mines so far developed have been worked after the most wasteful methods, so that the waste ore on the dumps could be smelted with profit. As to the agricultural

condition of the country, I will write after I have visited some of the great haciendas. The central valley, which lies between the range of mountains that borders the coast and the main range of the Andes, is 590 miles long, and it is divided up into vast estates, upon which all sorts of fruit and cereals are grown. Chile produces more than 28,000,000 bushels of wheat a year, and she ships her products to the other countries of this part of the world by the thousands of tons. It has thousands of acres of vineyards and exports a great deal of wine. The cattle consumed at most of the coast ports come from Chile, and the best horses to be found in South America are Chilean bred.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

TELLS OF SPANISH WARFARE.

The following letter has been received by Judge and Mrs. Dusenberry of Provo, from their son Harvey H., one of the battery B boys at Manila. The letter was written July 27th, and accompanying it was a very complete and easily comprehended map of Manila harbor, showing situations of Manila and Cavite, and the position of Dewey's fleet, the foreign fleets and the sunken Spanish fleet, etc.:

"There being a mail steamer leaving here tomorrow, I will write a few lines to let you know I am well. The war is still raging between the insurgents and the Spaniards with a loss of very few on either side, as they are in such positions that it is hard for them to get at or see one another. The Spaniards are behind heavy walls and in the old Spanish block houses, and the country is very brushy and covered with bamboo, leaving only small openings to shoot through. The insurgents lie behind their trenches and earth they have thrown up and shoot any way, and it is just chance shooting, more to worry the Spaniards than anything else. The insurgents are very brave soldiers and nothing would give them more pleasure than to get the Spaniards out in the open country, where those with knives could use them—they have a great desire to cut their heads off. But the Spaniards will find they will have to fight when the Americans start firing and turn the heavy and light artillery loose on their block-houses and walls and give the infantry a chance to rush in on them. Today the Astor light artillery arrived and are pitching their camp by the side of us. * * * * *

We may have trouble with the insurgents before we get through with this, if the United States holds the islands. They seem to think that the Americans are just going to fight the Spaniards and then leave and give them control of the islands, and in talking to any of them they seem to want you to know that they are going to run the islands after this and make their own laws and government. They appear to think that their leader, Aguinaldo, is a god of some kind. I don't think they could run their own government, as they don't seem to be industrious enough. They seem to desire only a horse, a dog, a bamboo hut and a basket of fruit that they do not have to work for, such as bananas, coconut and other tropical fruits, and a basket of fish. Whereas, if they were industrious they would cultivate the thousands of acres of fine land and raise cattle and other products, which can easily be raised, as the soil is a sandy loam and very rich. If the United States government keeps these islands, there are good chances here for a man with a little energy and money, as these people are as lazy as an American Indian,

and the women do most of the work. You can see them passing all the time, the women carrying everything and the men walking beside them with nothing. You cannot even see any men selling fruit along the street—the women do it all. The men do carry the beds (woven from bamboo) they are selling us boys.

"I have been to supper since writing, and have been out bathing in the ocean, as we do every evening; it is fine bathing, and hundreds of the boys go night and morning. Day before yesterday a crowd of the boys were down to the insurgents' trenches, and were right in by them; the bullets were coming all around us, and we picked up bullets that dropped within ten and fifteen feet of us and lodged in the surrounding trees. One of the insurgents was shot in the hip, the ball passing nearly through. He dropped, and Snyder and some of them cut it out, and we have it now. We bandaged the wound as well as we could, and got out of there, as it was raining lead too fast, and we felt safer away from there. They are nifty boys and stand it well. The fight tonight is not very bad, but before morning it is liable to get worse. The road is full of natives going that way with their guns and knives.

"The worst complaint we boys have is the water; it has to be boiled and is very dirty. We have buckets and cups out all the time catching rain water. It is very good and refreshing. Of course our food is the regular army campaign food, consisting mostly of hard tack and bacon, and sometimes we get beans for desert, but we did not come out on a pleasure trip. I wonder how you all are tonight and hope every one is well and happy. I would have liked to hear from home last night, when the mail came in, but was disappointed in not getting any letters.

When we reach Manila, if we ever do, of course it will be much better, and there will be more to interest us. Here we see nothing but natives and we cannot converse with them very well. Our full evening dress consists of a towel and I believe if we stay here two years we will be natives ourselves, when we return and will not know how to act to get into a house once more. I hope all the children are well and spent a nice Fourth and Twenty-fourth. Tell Grover that none of the little boys over here wear any clothes, and all of his age smoke." (Grover is about 6 years of age.) "Even the little children and the girls and women chew and smoke; they chew a pink root wrapped in a green leaf, and all their teeth are decayed. If your teeth are filled with gold they flock around you like sheep and think you are some great personage.

Well, it is nearly 9 o'clock and we must be in bed at that time and all lights out and no noise. We have to be up and out for roll call at 4:30, have breakfast at 5 o'clock, clean up our tent at 5:30, have arm exercise until 6, go out for a bath until 7, come back and drill until 9:30; then we sleep four hours during the heat of the day. Well, I hope I may pass through the fight and come out well and have the pleasure of writing you and telling you all about our victory. Until then, good-bye, and may God bless and protect you all until we meet again. With love to all,

"I remain your loving son,

"HARVEY."

Col. Funston of the Kansas volunteers has sternly rebuked Lieut. Col. Little for writing a letter to the governor of Kansas recommending the promotion of certain men of the regiment, although Little was aware that Col. Funston had already made his own recommendations.