

and viewed with unstinted satisfaction the waving of the Stars and Stripes among other emblems of country. He had also gazed upon some of the greatest monuments ever builded, but in no case had the tablets of stone had such a deep impress upon his mind as that erected to the memory of George Washington, a noble statesman, the father of his country.

Elder Smith felt to rejoice in the spirit which had actuated the hearts of those who had been led to do commemorative acts. It was a spirit of the deepest loyalty, a recognition due every man, woman and child who had shown their worth in modeling and shaping the history of the human race.

The people who had pioneered the way to these mountain vales, said the speaker, were worthy of all honor and respect. They were heroes of modern progress and civilization. Their works had followed them, their deeds would live long after them. Their great leader was the right man in the right place, and the little band that followed him had laid a foundation that had proved a blessing to the entire Pacific slope, and had opened up the way for the establishment of commonwealths which were now the pride of the American nation.

Elder Smith then referred to the effort towards the erection of a monument commemorative of the Utah Pioneers and urged greater unity on the part of the people in assisting to build the same. He believed the movement had been misunderstood, but hoped it would no longer be so. It was but the due of that noble band of patriotic men and women who had planted the standard in this section of country, and in its accomplishment all valiant people should participate.

Concluding, the speaker bore his testimony to the divinity of the Gospel, expressing a desire that all who had come under its folds would remain true and faithful, and pay proper allegiance to God their Eternal Father.

The choir sang the anthem:

Let the mountains shout for joy,
after which the congregation arose and joined in singing the Doxology.

Benediction was pronounced by Elder N. V. Jones.

VOLUNTEERS THREATEN MUTINY.

On board the Iro de Janiero, Pacific ocean, about 1,700 miles from San Francisco, July 29.—If this were a day of fairies, and if one of them could visit this troop-ship at mid-ocean and undertake to fulfil the wishes of Uncle's volunteers, she would have to do entirely with the stomach. There isn't a private on board but what would wish for enough good, clean and well-cooked food to fill out his pantaloons to their usual size. There isn't a son of a mother among us, no matter what his education or previous condition in life may have been, but feels that he has been inhumanly treated, and in consequence is madder than a wet hen and bluer than his misfit uniform. Words cannot express the indignation felt by one and all for being treated like so many animals, of an inferior breed. No consideration is shown the enlisted man; everything is reserved for the officers, who are about as incompetent and know-nothing-a-set as ever buckled sword or donned a shoulder strap.

I know it is bad form for a private to complain; I was told so in fact by a well-groomed, full bodied lieutenant, and of course he knows; but things have reached that stage where I feel it would be a piece of nonsense on the part of any one of the 860 of us to keep longer quiet regarding the measley treatment we are subjected to. I do not know that my complaining will

help matters any; in fact we were given to understand by the lieutenant, a South Dakota man in temporary charge, that it would have an opposite effect. But as matters cannot be worse than they are, I am inclined to ease my conscience by saying that in so far as we troopers are concerned, the second section of the Fourth United States Philippine expedition is one howling, agonizing farce from start to finish.

What's the matter? Why you just elbow your way with me to the other end of the ship. We will crowd up the port side, for all of the starboard side is sacred to the officers, many of whom would be more at home in the cow-yards of the far-away Dakotas, and a thousand times more graceful. They are fifty in number and they occupy more space by a good deal, than is allowed to the 860 soldiers. There's a captain there who is only nineteen years old, and he doesn't seem even that. He knows as much about taking care of a thousand men on shipboard as a Fiji Islander knows of a telephone and precious little more. There are others of like caliber and none on this ship who seem to have the slightest knowledge of what to do or how to do it.

But come and see how the deck on the port side, is littered with great big "huskies" whose stomachs are empty, and who have blood in their eyes. Draw close to knots of hungry and totally disgusted men, and hear their ever increasing mutterings of discontent.

Last night I stood guard from 11 till 1 at the kitchen. My instructions were to see that no man should help himself to a raw potato, and to allow no one to go up on deck. I presume that in the two hours I stood there, I heard a hundred hungry and determined men swear that they would desert at Honolulu. Many have vowed to shoot their officers the first opportunity after landing, and unless a radical change is effected, and that quickly, I do not doubt that their vows in this respect will be kept, at least in as far as some of the officers are concerned. And though such a condition is to be deplored and should be put down in the strongest manner, and though no true soldier would be guilty of such a vow, there are circumstances in the present case that in a slight degree at least, offset its terribleness. We volunteered to fight Old Glory's war with Spain, and not to be half fed in times of plenty nor treated as animals by those who are in no way our superiors except that they, through the influence of money, are permitted to wear the shoulder-straps. We are willing to fight, and if needs be, die for freedom's cause in honorable battle, but we do most sincerely object to being starved.

After dinner today one of the South Dakota boys drafted a petition to the commander-in-chief of the expedition for a better quality of food and more of it. It circulated among the boys until a hundred or more names were signed to it, and then it mysteriously disappeared, and shortly afterwards, officers told their various companies not to sign the petition for in so doing they would commit a most serious offense against military laws, and that those who had already signed it would be most rigidly dealt with. I am glad to say no Utah boys signed it though I cannot understand why such an action would lay any one liable to court-martial. Volunteers should most certainly have the privilege of complaining, for it is extremely little else they get.

Of course we have some competent officers who are gentlemen in the truest sense, and we have some privates among us and a goodly number, too, who are beasts in ignorance and worse

still in instinct. Foul, lazy, pimple-headed men, who would benefit the world by dropping out of it: loud-mouthed profaners of all that is pure and sacred. Rotten, pock-eaten and lousy shysters, who don't know straight up, and who are unworthy even the treatment they receive. And no doubt much of our mistreatment is caused by the actions of this class of animals. But this fact doesn't make it any easier to bear. Among the private volunteers on this ship are many fine specimens of noble manhood. Men who place duty above all things else. Educated and refined, conscientious and clean, and on whom such a voyage of this kind is especially trying; and it would only seem right to have all that is possible done for their comfort. Necessarily our quarters are crowded. We did not expect them to be otherwise. Nine hundred men of all kinds, asleep in the hold of a ship, below the water-line, with the port holes closed soon turn the place into a stink house that should be shunned by all. Our men have begged to be permitted to sleep on deck, and were at first told they could. Last night several hundred of them spread their blankets on the decks and went to sleep. At eleven o'clock the officer of the day took a squad of men and without, any explanations whatever, ordered everybody back to their bunks in the hole. Many protested and were threatened with the guard-house if they didn't obey immediately. Many of the South Dakota boys threatened to mutiny, but the affair was soon squelched and order restored, but not until every man, sick or well, was driven below. NOD RESSUM. C.V.

JULY WEATHER IN IDAHO.

The month of July opened clear and cool with light frosts in a few scattered localities, followed after a few days by extremely warm weather, culminating about the 11th in heavy thunderstorms and copious showers, which were of incalculable benefit to dry land crops. Very dry and warm weather prevailed from the 15th throughout the remainder of the month.

Continued high temperature ripened grain very fast, and by the end of the month harvesting had begun in many parts of the state. Potatoes and garden truck where watered did exceedingly well. The second crop of lucern was well advanced by the end of the month, and in some instances cutting was in progress. The ranges remained in good condition during the entire period, despite droughty conditions.

The mean temperature for the State was 66.6 degrees F., 2.6 degrees warmer than July of last year. The highest monthly mean temperature was 77.6, at Lewiston, and the lowest, 57.0, at Lake; the highest temperature reached during the month was 105 degrees at Nampa on the 11th, and the lowest, 28 at Gray on the 2nd, and at Marysville on the 17th, making an absolute range of 77 degrees for the month. The greatest local monthly range of temperature was 69 degrees, at Idaho City, and the least, 46, at Lewiston.

The average precipitation was 0.89 inch, 14 inch more than that of July, 1897. The greatest amount was at American Falls on the 12th. Average number of days with .01 inch or more of rainfall, 3; clear days, 24; partly cloudy, 5, and cloudy, 2.

Prevailing wind direction, southwest; average hourly velocity (from records at Idaho Falls and Nampa), 9.6 miles; maximum hourly velocity (at Nampa), 48 miles from the northwest, on the 13th.

A machinist named John B. Bowlay fell under a train at Helena, Mont., Monday morning and was killed.