

alry (Torrey's rough riders), organized at Salt Lake City, Utah, May 15th, 1898, attached to the Seventh army corps, under command of Major General Fitzhugh Lee since June 26th, 1898, do hereby, on the end of their muster out of the United States service at Camp Cuba Libre, Florida, in meeting assembled, unanimously vote that the Guidon of the troop be presented to the State of Utah, through the Hon. Heber M. Wells, Governor of the State.

First Sergeant Edwin H. Clarke, Sergeant Frank Jardine and Corporal Jos. R. Lewis, are unanimously elected to be the committee of presentation.

It is expressly the desire of the members of Troop I, that the time, place and manner of the presentation be left to the Governor of the State, and the committee of presentation.

It is further the unanimous desire of the troop that Sergeant Frank Jardine be the custodian of the Guidon until the presentation to the State.

This at Camp Cuba, Libre, Panama Park, Jacksonville, Florida, the 23rd day of October, 1898.

(Signed) R. FORRESTER,  
Sergeant and Troop Clerk, Troop I,  
Second United States Cavalry Volunteers.

Official:  
ANDREW J. BURT,  
First Lieutenant, Second United States Cavalry Volunteers, Commanding Troop I.

After the reading of the resolutions, Sergeant Jardine stepped forward, holding the guidon in one hand while he saluted the Governor with the other, after which he made the presentation speech. He said in part: "Honorable, Sir—On behalf of the members of Troop I of Torrey's Rough Riders, I have the honor to present to the State of Utah, through you, the guidon of the troop. It was thought fitting by the members of the troop that this should be done, and I am proud to carry those wishes out. All I can say is that the boys were very proud of the guidon as it was presented to them by the ladies of the Cleofan, through you. The only regret we have is that the troop was not given the opportunity of carrying the colors in battle for the country. The troop tried to conduct themselves as soldiers and Utahns and I can say that when this guidon was dipped it always met with a warm reception. On behalf of the troop I will say that if at any future time the country needs our services the members of Troop I will be always ready to come forward."

At the close of his speech he stepped forward and handed the guidon to the Governor. In reply Gov. Wells said, in substance, that he welcomed back the men of Utah. That he accepted the guidon of the troop with as much pleasure as if it had returned to Utah ridled with the bullets of battle. On behalf of the State he could say that all were proud of the Utah Rough Riders and knew that if the opportunity had been given they would have carried this guidon to the top of San Juan hill as bravely as did Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He welcomed the troop back to Utah and knew that they would fight the battle of life bravely and nobly. If the occasion should arise that men were needed to maintain the honor of the Stars and Stripes the country would not call in vain upon the members of Troop I of the Second United States cavalry volunteers.

There were only a few of the boys present, Sergeant Jardine being the only one of the committee of presentation in the city. The few who were there showed the signs of sickness only recently thrown off, but even in civilian clothes their soldierly bearing and determined expression told what they would have done if the fortunes of war had placed them in the front.

The guidon which will be placed in the archives of the State, is the usual

white and blue silk, bearing the letters designating the troop, done in gold. Those present at the presentation were Governor Wells and his private secretary, First Lieutenant Andrew J. Burt, Sergeant Jardine, J. A. Young, J. R. Beebe, D. E. Scales, W. J. Lloyd, W. Cleghorne, Edward H. Clarke, Corporal C. B. Hard, all of troop I, and A. J. Davis of the Second Nebraska Infantry.

#### TOOK BREAKFAST AT PONCE.

There were five of us, all newspaper men, and all very dirty, very brown, very disreputable looking, and more than very hungry. The hour was 10 a. m., and the date July 27, on which day Ponce fell into the hands of Uncle Sam.

We were in search of breakfast. It is not necessary to grow prolix over what that word meant to us. Suffice it, we would rather have found a good meal than a big nugget. Inquiry elicited the fact that Ponce had two cafes of note, that of the Hotel Inglaterra, and that of the Hotel Francois. The latter was the nearest, and, for that reason chosen.

The city had been in the possession of American troops less than half an hour, so we were the first of the army of occupation to grace the quiet precincts of the Cafe Francois. How cool it was, with its fountains and marbles; how bright with its poinciana tree in bloom, its huge showery shrubs, and its bright-plumage paraquets; how comical its frescoes of Daphnes, Chloes, Phyllises, and Strephons; yet how dainty withal, for the table napery was spotless, the glass, china, and (alleged) silver shining with cleanliness and the carafes glistening with (ye gods, could it be possible?) real ice.

Madam the mistress (a veritable polyglot), backed by three buxom maids, jabbered away at us as we threw aside revolvers and field glasses and seated ourselves at a round table near the fountain, in a Franco-Hispano-Anglo dialect, out of which we gathered that if we would not kill the woman and burn the hotel the resources of the cafe were at our disposal.

We promised that death and destruction should follow only in case the breakfast did not appear speedily and bountifully. It did: What a breakfast. Its memory will abide while those five palates preserve their functions and recollection holds its seat. Cold bouillion, fresh fish, a Spanish omelet (huge in proportions, exquisite accessories), fruit of the freshest and most succulent, coffee like amber, and cigars that had been made in Havana before the declaration of war.

Instead of harming that hostess or any of her household, after eating that breakfast, we would have attacked with gusto any one who failed to treat her as the queen of providers and dispensers.

We called for the bill—and then came chaos.

"What? You will pay?" almost screamed madam. As evidence of honest intention each man produced his canvas sack and emptied its store of American half eagles and English sovereigns on the table in front of her.

"Henri! Henri!" yelled the excited woman. "Come here, my heart! Come quickly and behold these men, these angels. They will pay. They do not complain. They compliment me on my cooking. Santa Maria, it is too much!" And the good woman threw herself into the arms of her fat and hitherto invisible husband, as he appeared in the doorway, while down her red cheeks streamed tears of veritable delight.

There isn't any moral to this morning glimpse of Ponce at the surrender,

unless it be found in the comment madam's surprise created upon the probable methods and manners of the Spanish officers who had hitherto been her principal patrons—Minneapolis Times.

#### THE TAKING OF KHARTOUM.

Early in the morning, a dull, hollow booming riverways, like the dropping of spaded earth on coffin lids, announced to the Sirdar's army that the gunboats had opened the ball, and were bombarding the forts. Shortly thereafter, the enemy, taking the initiative on the land side, attacked the British camp. The Dervishes flung themselves into the blood and raff of battle with a bravery that was simply appalling. The old wolf, the Khalifa, had fight in him yet, despite his reverses. Into a withering zone of fire which no European troop would have faced up the thin red lines of the spitting Lee-elfords and Martinis, the yelling demons charged again and again, their white-robed figures fluttering, leaping, dropping, in the smoke and spume of battle. But their valor availed them nothing. They met fighting men that outfought them. Blind courage was pitted against training, and the training was the better. When the Dervishes finally retreated, they left thousands of their dead piled up, to be trampled upon by the steadily advancing British. But the advance was hotly contested. Toward Omdurman the battle raged furiously. As the tide of fighting ebbed and flowed across the British front, the enemy massed on the right for a final desperate charge on the flank. The Sirdar swung his army into position and received them with a pointblank hail of bullets that cut them up in ghastly furrows and bowled them over among the rocks like struck rabbits. The Khalifa retreated within Omdurman. In the afternoon, the British again advanced upon the walls of the city. Here the Dervishes made their last hopeless stand, huddled in sporadic groups; and here it was that the picturesque Egyptian soldiers, fighting against their own blood, and led by English officers, swept them up like chaff on a barn floor. The story of the plunging charge of the Twenty-first Lancers through a massed body of the enemy, coming through blood-soaked and sorely diminished in numbers, only to promptly "form up" for the ride back by the same crimson channel of death, reads like an epic—and seems to have been as useless as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

There is little more to tell. The Khalifa fled, an outlaw, toward Kordofan, traveling incognito, like the Prince of Bagdad, but accompanied by a handful of chiefs and fighting men to guard his worthless life through a land made desolate by his own hand, and the British entered the big fallen city. The new Khartoum was in possession of the English, and the Sirdar, General Sir Herbert Kitchener (who will soon have an alphabet attached to his name), hoisted the British and Egyptian flags over the palace, where they flutter today far above a maze of narrow streets and a multitude of adobe houses. The somber standard of Khalifa Abdullah trails in the dust. It is now but a trophy of war. In the Sudan there are now many good Dervishes, for they lie dead in thousands. Omdurman and Khartoum have done with Mahdism for a while—until another prophet shall arise in the Desert, and England shall have her work cut out for her again.—Collier's Weekly.

Collector of Customs J. W. Ivey at Juneau, Alaska, has been arrested on the charge of criminal libel. The warrant was sworn out by John G. Hyde, an attorney of Juneau.