

This afternoon there are just 104 sore left-arms in our encampment. We all lost our first blood in our country's service. We were all vaccinated. "Ouch! lookout there, that's my sore arm," is heard on all sides, and some in drill this morning, who couldn't remember which was their left side, could not forget it this afternoon.

NOD RESSUM,

Camp Presidio, San Francisco, July 11, 1898.

LAND OF THE FREE.

Washington, D. C., July 17.—The war department has posted the following bulletins:

"Santiago de Cuba, July 17. Adjutant General United States Army, Washington:

"I have the honor to announce that the American flag has been this instant, 12 o'clock noon, hoisted over the house of the civil government in the city of Santiago. An immense concourse of people present, a squadron of cavalry and a regiment of infantry presented arms and band playing national air. Light battery fired salute of twenty-one guns. Perfect order is being maintained by municipal government. Distress is very great, but little sickness in town. Scarcely any yellow fever.

"A small gunboat and about two hundred seamen left by Cervera have surrendered to me. Obstructions are being removed from mouth of harbor. Upon coming into the city I discovered a perfect entanglement of defenses. Fighting as the Spanish did the first day, it would have cost 5,000 lives to have taken it.

"Battalions of Spanish troops have been depositing arms since daylight in our armory, over which I have guard. Gen. Toral formally surrendered the plaza and all stores at 9 a. m.

"W. R. SHAFTER, Maj. Gen." Headquarters United States Army, Santiago, July 17.

"To Adjutant General, United States Army, Washington:

"My ordnance officers report about 7,000 rifles turned in today and 600,000 cartridges. At the mouth of the harbor there are quite a number of fine modern guns, together with a saluting battery of fifteen old bronze guns. Disarming and turning in will go on tomorrow. List of prisoners not yet taken.

"SHAFTER,

"Maj. Gen. Commanding."

Santiago de Cuba, July 17.—The American flag is floating in triumph over the governor's palace at Santiago de Cuba. Gen. McKibben has been appointed temporary military governor.

As the chimes of the old cathedral rang the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the infantry and cavalry presented arms. Every American uncovered and Capt. McKittrick hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As the brilliant folds unfurled in a gentle breeze against a fleckless sky, the cavalry band broke into the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, making the American pulse leap and the American heart thrill with joy.

At the same instant the sound of the distant booming of Captain Capron's battery, firing a salute of twenty-one guns, drifted in. When the music ceased, from all directions around our line came floating across the plaza the strains of the regimental bands and the muffled, hoarse cheers of our troops.

The infantry came to "order arms" a moment later after the flag was up, and the band played Rally Round the Flag, Boys. Instantly Gen. McKibben called for three cheers for Gen. Shafter, which were given with great enthusiasm, the band playing Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever. Then

President McKinley's congratulatory telegram was read to each regiment. The ceremony over, Gen. Shafter and staff returned to the American lines, leaving the city in the possession of the municipal authorities, subject to the control of Gen. McKibben.

The ceremony of hoisting the Stars and Stripes was worth all the blood and treasure it cost. A vast concourse of 10,000 people witnessed the stirring and thrilling scene that will live forever in the minds of all the Americans present.

A finer stage setting for a dramatic episode it would be difficult to imagine. The palace, a picturesque old dwelling in the Moorish style of architecture, faces the Plaza de Reina, the principal public square. Opposite rises the imposing Catholic cathedral. On one side is a quaint, brilliantly-painted building, with broad verandas—the club of San Carlos—on the other, a building of the same description as the Cafe de la Venus.

Across the plaza was drawn up the Ninth infantry, headed by the Sixth cavalry band. In the street facing the palace stood a picked troop of the Second cavalry, with drawn sabers, under command of Captain Brett. Massed on the stone flagging, between the lines of horsemen, were the brigade commanders of Gen. Shafter's division, with their staffs.

On the red-tiled roof of the palace stood Capt. McKittrick, Lieut. Miley and Lieut. Wheeler; immediately above them, upon the flagstaff, the illuminated Spanish arms and the legend, "Viva Alfonso XIII." All about, pressing against the veranda rails, crowding the windows and doors and lining the roofs, were the people of the town (the women and non-combatants).

Promptly at 9 o'clock this morning, amid impressive services, the Spanish troops laid down their arms between the lines of the Spanish and American forces. Gen. Shafter and the American division and brigade commanders and their staffs were escorted by a troop of cavalry, and Gen. Toral and his staff by 100 picked men. Trumpeters on both sides saluted with flourishes. Gen. Shafter returned to Gen. Toral the latter's sword, after it had been handed to the American commander.

Our troops, lined up at the trenches, were eye-witnesses of the ceremony.

Gen. Shafter and his escort, accompanied by Gen. Toral, rode through the city, taking formal possession. The city had been sacked by the Spaniards before they arrived.

The Thirteenth and Ninth regiments of infantry will remain in the city to enforce orders and exercise municipal authority. The Spanish forces are to encamp outside of our lines.

Mr. Cannon was at the war department, Washington, yesterday afternoon when the first news was received that the American flag had been raised over Santiago. "That is a notable episode," said he, "and one which will be recorded in history. The Anglo-Saxon flag is going up constantly, and this is but one more flag to be raised as an emblem of civilization and good government. The work must go on until the Spanish flag disappears from the Western hemisphere."

Gen. Chambers McKibben, who has been temporary military governor of Santiago, is a member of an old and well-known Pennsylvania family. He was born in Chambersburg, not far from the famous Gettysburg battlefield. Early in the Civil war he enlisted as a private in the regular army and almost immediately afterward was appointed a second lieutenant in the Fourteenth infantry. His next promotion was given him on the 10th of June, 1864, when he was made first

lieutenant. On August 7th, of the same year, he was given a brevet commission of captain for gallant services in the battle of North Anna river, Va., and during the operations on the Weldon railroad.

At the conclusion of the war McKibben chose to remain in the army, and on the 5th of January, 1887, he was promoted to be a captain in the Twenty-fifth infantry, and on May 1, 1896, lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-first infantry. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-first when he went to Cuba. During the battle of Santiago his services were of so distinguished a character as to win for him special mention in Gen. Shafter's official reports. He was among the officers recommended for promotion and was last week named by the President as a brigadier-general of volunteers.

That the administration and Gen. Miles and Shafter repose great confidence in him is indicated by his appointment as temporary military governor of the city.

Capt. William McKittrick, who had the honor to raise the Stars and Stripes over the palace at Santiago, is an aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Shafter. On the 12th of May he was appointed by the President to be an assistant adjutant-general with the rank of captain and was assigned soon afterward to the Fifth army corps, now under Gen. Shafter's command in Cuba. He is a resident of California.

IN LOVELY MOUNTAIN DELL.

Ah, that such beauty, varying in the light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed By words nor by the pencil's silent skill;

But the property of him alone Who hath beheld it, noted it with care, And in his mind recorded it with love!

A few miles from Salt Lake City—about fourteen—is a little mountain settlement known to the traveler through that region as Mountain Dell, a plain, unpretentious village, nestling in among the hills and giving off an air of dreamy solitariness to the beholder.

It is on the main road which runs through Parley's canyon, a road majestic with trees and shaded nearly all the day by the willow and the quaking-aspen.

The ride through the canyon is a delightful one. Squirrels and chipmunks play on both sides of the road; the magpie breaks the rhythm of the mountain stream with its shrill song; and now and then the sad, far away cry of a mourning dove is carried along by the soft and gentle breezes. There are twelve railroad crossings in Parley's, and watchful is the traveler as his team approaches the rails to cross them, lest the iron monster come gently down a grade around a sharp curve to take him by surprise. This canyon has had an interesting history, and as early as 1856, the Territorial Legislature appropriated money to open it up to the settlers of the mountains and valleys. Many a man remembers the early days when he has hauled his loads of logs from the hollows and mountains; and to this day, sturdy wood-choppers go on down the canyon with great logs, fence poles, or fire wood. The canyon, too, is very popular. It is a main road to every county and hamlet in eastern Utah, and hundreds of people every summer pitch their tents on the banks of its clear, blue stream to enjoy the quiet, peaceful solitude of canyon life, and to get sweet draughts of pure mountain air.

To the lover of the picturesque, Mountain