

to the most prominent natural objects, and their work had generally to be done over again with extensive additions.

The new-comers filled the continent with new names. The most numerous names of towns and cities in the United States and those which have been oftenest repeated and longest kept came from England. This was because the names were familiar, simple and originally meant something. The terminations "ham," "ton," "stead," "wick" and "field" in the old time had a significance and told a story. Ham signified home, Birmingham, the home of Birming, either man, family or tribe, and so on through the catalogue. And that leads up to the general rule that a name, when applied, should tell something and mean something, as, for example, Oxford, now known in England for a great university, but before that as the ford where the cattle crossed the stream.

The use of names in the United States that mean nothing, tell nothing, commemorate nothing, indicate nothing and are not even rhythmical or melodious, is a great calamity. It is recorded of a certain railroad company that, having a large number of new stations to name, syllables were written on slips of paper and drawn out of a hat, three to a station, and hence such names as Ki-o-te and Po-dunk-us were scattered along for three or four hundred miles. These are specimens of the meaningless and senseless names used to the number of several thousand in the United States.

Disagreeable names should not be applied to any natural objects without special and convincing reason. Prairie Dog creek may convey to future generations the name of the first town in the neighborhood and its inhabitants, but Dog creek is as bad as Skunk river, a leading watercourse in Iowa. Skull creek, Dry creek, Sand creek, Skeleton creek and the like perpetuate the ideas of hot winds and massacres. They show the lack of imagination and taste in the namers. Wild and simple people do better than this, for to the north is a river the French voyagers named "Qu'Appelle"—"Wha Calls?" because of the mysterious noises, like human voices, heard under the ice.

Classical names were more in demand fifty or sixty years ago than begun to make fun of them. Rome, Athens, Corinth were made the appellations of little towns that never grew up to their big names, and reminded beholders of the learned party who named his towns "Scipio Africanus" and had the mortification to see it occupied by colored folks and degenerate into "Niggertown."

From the sad lessons of the past the Americans, who have yet much naming to do, should fasten on nothing which requires a name, an ugly, meaningless, absurd, pretentious, unintelligible, unpronounceable, disagreeable designations. It is often urged that Indian names should be kept or applied, but this should depend upon their character. In the South many Indian names are easy, so to speak, but the Indian names of Maine, drawn out in sausage-like prolixity, are neither names which refer to the local scenery, like that of Rip Van Winkle's village of Falling Waters, there are names of fair women and brave men to of great industries and great works. From all these should be chosen those which fall trippingly from the tongue, are pleasant to the listening ear and have a meaning to the brain and to the heart.

It may also be added that the rule which applies to localities and towns holds good also to objects, and under-

takings within the communities, and the chief fault to be avoided in all cases is the choice of names that suggest nothing, and, that convey not the slightest intention of the motive which influenced their selection.

IDAHO WEATHER REPORT.

Favorable weather for harvesting prevailed in all sections of Idaho during the week Monday, August 29, 1898. The dry spell continues, and all unirrigated crops are greatly in need of rain.

In many localities the grain harvest is about finished, and considerable grain has been threshed; the yield is fully up to the average, and, in many instances, somewhat above that degree. The potato crop looks promising and a good yield is assured. Vegetables and fruit in season are in good condition. Cutting of the second crop of lucern is about completed, with fair results. The ranges are dry and poor, but stock remains in good condition generally.

THE EL CANEY CHARGE.

C. E. Hands, Cuban correspondent of the London Daily Mail, was fortunate enough to see the splendid storming of El Caney, the "Balacava of Cuba." He gives the following graphic account:

"When the afternoon came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.

"Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant going scrambling quickly up the hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants' nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward. It was incredible but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic dare-devils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and entrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill swept by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them, not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

"As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; saw the ants come scrambling down the went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all around the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up to our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and

more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards.

"It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the San Juan river to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2,560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

"Later on we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with the dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand.

"How's the Sixteenth?" I asked him.

"Good, what's left of it," he said; "there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred."

"We have fought a great battle, but we have not taken Santiago yet."

"But besides the wagons there came along from the front men borne on hand litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

"How much further to the hospital, neighbor?" they would despairingly ask.

"Only a quarter of a mile or so, neighbor," I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition wagons and the few ambulance wagons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could get from the jumble of mules and wagons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced to walk it. They were the men whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simply flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearfully bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough wagons for all, and it was better for these men to be at the Paso hospital, and better that they should make room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot.

"There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he had padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was padding briskly along when I overtook him.

"Where did they get you, neighbor?" I asked him.

"Oh, darn their skins," he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile, "they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot, and a bullet through the calf of the same leg when I was being carried back from the firing line."

"A sharpshooter?"

"The fellow was up in a tree."

"And you're walking back to Siboney. Wasn't there room for you to ride?" I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said;