

think this week some time, or as soon as the Monterey gets here.

Everybody is hard at work on the entrenchments, which are eight feet high, twelve feet thick and about five miles long. The bank consists of sand supported by bamboo posts, this is what is called the hardest kind to blow up, because if a shell happens to strike it only blows the sand up in the air, which falls back into its place again, or most of it.

The Spanish fort consists of masonry-brick, and Captain Young says he could blow it to pieces in a short time. The Spanish seem to be superstitious fighters. They hold prayer meetings four or five times a day and have two or three strands of Catholic beads hanging around their necks all the time. The natives are the fighters, though. We can hear their guns day and night, although they don't do any damage, they keep the Spanish cornered up. Dewey gave them a fifteen-inch smooth bore gun, made in 1859. (This is the boy that makes the noise.) They put in a good stiff charge of powder, tamped with suds and ram her full of chains, grape shot, and small cannon balls from 2 to 6 inch, touch her off with a long fuse, run off to a distance and watch the effect of their shot, which is generally trained on the city; and also watch the Spaniards pour volley after volley into the bamboo clump in hopes of killing some of the dare devils, as we call them. Their principal weapon is a knife. They don't understand how to use a gun. A band of four or five hundred will lay in wait for a company of Spanish soldiers, surround them and cut their throats, often not losing a man. Their motto is "Mariano Phillipina. Boom. Boom Spaniard." They then draw a finger across their throats and laugh.

This letter is now getting somewhat lengthy and after all I don't know whether you will get it because I haven't got a stamp and can't buy one at any price. Give my regards to everybody. We are now anxiously waiting for the call to arms to come, that we may have an opportunity to distinguish ourselves as cracker-jack gunners.

August 1st—I did not expect yesterday when I wrote the above letter that we were going to have a scrap so soon, but we did last night, and it was a very warm one. At 11:30 o'clock the call to arms sounded in the still night air. That is, it was still where we were, but instantly we could hear the roar of the cannons and the continuous roar of the infantry volleys of the advance guard. I don't mean to exaggerate anything, but four of our Utah cannons and the Pennsylvania volunteers, numbering about one thousand men held at bay between three and four thousand Spaniards until the reserves came up. It was dark and raining very hard. The Spaniards left their intrenchments and advanced to about 125 yards and let drive a volley at us, which took us by surprise. Our guards did not know a thing of it until it came, because they could not see anything. Lieut. Gibbs gave the command, "fire at will" and we poured shells into them so swift that they seemed to fall like "grass before the mower." They attempted to charge, but the firing was so heavy that they were forced to retreat, which was lucky for us, as we were nearly out of ammunition, only three shots left, our loss was about 15 killed and I think 20 wounded, only one battery man among them, with a flesh wound in the upper part of his left arm. I have only a few minutes before the mail closes, so good bye for this time.

From your loving son and brother,  
THEODORE CLEGHORN,  
Battery A, Utah Volunteers.

#### HEALTH AND INDUSTRY.

There never was a time in the history of Utah, since those early days when the hardy pioneers from the confines of the mountain canyon gazed upon this wide-spread valley, that the interest of the whole people was turned with more earnestness to this city than at the present time.

In Utah there are unnumbered hundreds whose very livelihood depends upon the applied attention of those of our citizens who are in a position to extend it, and there are conditions which exist that call for relief. One of the necessities of this city is the cleaning out of the debris which is accumulated in the more remote districts of the town; and another is the need of encouragement of our home industries. That some parts of the city are in an unfavorable condition, as far as dirt and disease-breeding accumulations are concerned, is too evident to suggest the reason for denial, and, in consequence, it is no wonder that so much sickness prevails at times. While the health department is no doubt doing its full duty, through some unexplained reason the debris in the places spoken of is increased instead of being decreased, and therefore the menace to health is made to be somewhat pronounced. It would doubtless be as well for the health department to set its machinery in operation, that such cause for complaint may as soon as possible be removed.

In so far as the second proposition is concerned, the need of encouragement of home industry, it is as plainly palpable in the numbers of workmen at present out of employment and the neglected condition of many of our necessary industrial institutions.

The two subjects are necessarily conjoined, because without life or health there would be no demand for the opportunity of employment, except that which might be dispensed at the hands of the physician; nor would there be much increase in the number of avenues for employment—the common people's first need—were home industries permitted to rest in torpidity. And as to the promotion and fartherance of the institutions established in our midst, established, too, for the benefit of our own people, it were well that those who are able to do so should patronize them all they can, that they not only may benefit themselves but help to benefit others, especially those who are out of employment and the needy and deserving in our midst.

#### HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

The "News" has been permitted to publish the following letter to President Joseph F. Smith:

Lund, Bannock Co., Idaho,

September 2, 1898.

President Joseph F. Smith:

Dear Brother—In the "Deseret News" of August 30th, is recorded a discourse delivered by you, on April 8th last, the perusing of which causes me to write you these lines. The remarks made a very strong impression on my spirit and will be remaining in my soul. But there is especially one subject mentioned which I feel prompted to comment upon; and that is in regard to the counsel to those seeking work, to go out in the country and take up land, and by cultivation of the same make a livelihood. It is too true, that many do scorn the idea of a poor man going out to take up a farm. I was confronted with the same when three years ago I left the Twenty-third ward in Salt Lake City and made my way, with my family to this place. I had nothing of capital to start out with, except my ambition and willingness to

work and get a home of my own, and I trusted in the Lord for health and strength. The place I went to had no very attracting facilities; it was good soil, plenty of timber, but no water and cold winters and frosty summers.

All who learned my purpose of settling on the dry and cold "Soda Flat" showed a countenance of pity when I spoke about the matter.

The Salt Lake people were all full of prejudice towards any such move. In the country I found some encouragement. My wife's relatives did their utmost in persuading her and to use her influence to prevent me from going. I had been up here for a visit the previous year and located a claim, and I was determined to stick to it. In spite of all obstacles, an old broken down wagon and ditto team, we started out from our own little home in Superior addition, Twenty-third ward, in April, 1895, and after many ups and downs on the road in mud up to the hub, we arrived after three weeks' travel to our destination. I commenced right away to plow some land and planted ten bushels potatoes, all of which froze down when well up, and never made a crop. I spent two months building fence and making a ditch with a 250 foot flume to irrigate the potatoes. A canal company rented water out for \$2 an acre for the season. From all this I realized nothing. But in the place of despairing and "pull out," I stayed right there. I got a house to build ten miles away, and thereby I earned enough so we could live over winter.

Well, in order that my letter may not be too long, I will state that I have succeeded in making a home and a livelihood. I have now 80 acres fenced and 50 acres under cultivation, and raised some excellent wheat this year. The community has grown so that instead of six families, when we came, it is now about forty families, all prospering, with schools, postoffice and a store in our midst. A ward was organized the 20th of October, 1895. Most of the people are Latter-day Saints and we all feel to testify that the Lord has blessed the desolate place and made it a pleasant spot for His people.

A new canal is under construction from Bear River and we are all looking for a bright future with confidence. I can say I am, with my wife, a living witness that the counsel given through the Priesthood, our leaders, to go out and take land, for those wanting work, is a sure thing to follow. I have done it. I have taken the medicine, as stated in your remarks, and know it will cure. I feel to sustain the leaders of the Church in following up their counsels, and I pray the Lord to bless them continually, that they may have the inspiration and knowledge to instruct the Saints in the right path; and that those who find fault and ridicule, like in the case above mentioned, and in other such cases, may come to shame and see their follies, and repent from their fault-finding and criticizing the actions of the servants of the Lord.

I am your brother in the Gospel.

AUG. W. LUNDSTROM.

Bishop's Counselor.

Address Lund, Bannock county, Ida.

The Silver party at its convention at Reno, Nev., nominated the following ticket: Congressman, Francis G. Newlands; governor, Reinhold Sadler; lieutenant governor, Jas. R. Judge; secretary of state, Eugene Howell; state treasurer, D. M. Ryan; state controller, Sam P. Davis; attorney general, W. D. Jones; supreme court judge, C. H. Belknap; state printer, Andrew Maute; surveyor general, F. D. Kelley; state superintendent of public instruction, H. C. Cutting; regent state university long term, W. E. P. Deal; short term, H. C. Starritt.