

fleet, which itself, however, is not yet anxious for such a meeting and will keep just around the corner till reinforcements and other assistance arrive; then the war will be protracted in a manner entirely satisfactory — to Wall Street (N. Y.), thanks to the board of strategy.

CHAPTER IV.

All of a sudden, Sampson continues to waltz around the Antilles, one after another. One day he is at Santiago, then north of the Windward Passage, then at Porto Rico, then at Havana, then at Key West; then comes a denial that he is or has been at either of those places, but meantime a decisive blow is a matter of only a few days, perhaps hours. This latter soothes the savage breast of the populace and the board of strategy obtain another lease of confidence, which is rewarded by sending Sampson to a coon village on the west end of Cuba to look for Cervera. Not finding him (and not expecting to), Sampson is ordered to El Yuba Dam or Paddy McCarty's inlet or some such place under sealed orders which the board of strategy will not give out. All this alleged war business is costing the people a trifling matter of \$1,500,000 per diem, but what of that? In addition to the board of strategy we have a bureau of engraving, and the loveliest kind of bonds can be turned out at a merely nominal cost, and then we will have money enough to carry on the ostensible war half a year or so. We are a great people. We like to be humbugged. Not only this, but the fellows that have previously humbugged us can do it again, and so on. It is funny, but unlike most other funny things, it is a fact.

CHAPTER V (and last).

Man's necessities are the devil's opportunities. The old villain has been having a little more than his share of opportunities of late years, but his business is now being cut into seriously. The Wall Street gentry, aided by the board of strategy, are making the landlord of Hades no end of trouble. But let it be remembered, in order that the latter may be given his due, that he lies in wait only for individuals, tempting, ensnaring and ruining them so that desperation, sin and crime are at last the means of a person's utter downfall. The other gentry lay snares for a nation at a lick, endangering if not sacrificing its precious lives, limbs and health by the unrighteous prolongation of a conflict which might be ended summarily. White-throated peace and red-headed bonds are to come in a reverse order from that in which they here appear. The youth, the manhood, the blood and brawn, the treasure of the land, all placed as barbaric sacrifices upon the ungodly altar of Mammon! How long will it be endured? Not even echo responds.

Yours strategically,

S. A. KENNER.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have heard some cheering news: Sampson has been ordered to move, and a decisive blow is only a matter of days, perhaps hours.

S. A. K.

WELCOME TO MISSIONARIES.

Of a private letter from Elder Ezra T. Stevenson, the "News" has been permitted to copy the subjoined extract: Levin, New Zealand, April 11, 1898.

There is so much to say that I hardly know where to begin, but first I am well, we having arrived in Wellington Sunday, April 3, at 11 o'clock a. m. all fine and glad to get ashore. Our voyage from Siwa, Fiji, was not quite so pleasant as from Honolulu, having met a nasty gale for two days, but after that it was pleasant again, and our hearts were made glad on Saturday, when the East Cape of New Zealand

came in sight. That meant that our sea voyage was nearing an end, and that soon we could be actively engaged in the work for which we have come forth.

It was interesting, too, to see the glad smile on Hirini's countenance as he looked at the land so familiar, so dear to his memory. Although he now looks upon Salt Lake City as his home, his Zion, still there must naturally be a strong emotional sensation as he looks upon the land of his fathers and his birth and the experiences of a long life. Then of the friends he was to meet. No wonder a smile lit up his dear old countenance.

But I find that the sea trip and excitement of meeting have been quite a tax on him, and we will have to husband his strength and ask the Lord to bless him for the labors and travels before him.

On our arrival at Wellington I was handed a letter from Elder Richards, stating that conference had commenced that morning at Popawai, Wairarapa, and for us to proceed there as soon as convenient. Being Sunday, no trains were running, only excursion boats and bicycles, so we had to content ourselves by waiting till morning. In the meantime, however, we got our trunks through the custom house. Not, however, without some difficulty, as one brother, very providently inclined, had three pairs of new shoes in his trunk, which had never been worn, and of which I knew nothing. These were held out of course, also two packages of underclothing, on which we had to pay some duty.

Next morning at 7:15 we had all our baggage transferred and were on our way to the "hul tau" (annual conference) where we arrived at a little before noon. I had wired Elder Richards, and we were met at the train with sufficient conveyance to take us all over.

Brother W. C. Castleton was there, with a one-horse buggy for me and I very much enjoyed the three mile ride to the Maori pa with him. And what a royal reception! About a quarter of a mile from the pa we found a brass band, Maori, awaiting us which formed in marching order and we were requested to dismount and fall in, which we did, two and two, there being eight of us. Thus we were escorted under fine music and the queen's own flag. A little further we were met by a party who gave us a reception "haka" (dance) when the band fell to the rear, the dancing company falling back gradually till the space in front of the large building was reached. Then the dancing party fell out and a "tangi" commenced. This part I felt it was not necessary for us all to endure, so, as soon as we could politely do it, we left Hirini to receive that attention while we broke ranks and fell upon the necks of the twenty-eight Utah Elders assembled. You see our company swelled the number to thirty-six, and I just can assure you we did have a good time.

Our arrival rather broke into the conduct of conference, and the afternoon was given up to welcome speeches, regular meetings being resumed again at 7 p. m. followed by three meetings each day, Tuesday and Wednesday. And on Thursday the chief of the village, an outsider, invited us to remain for a holiday and feast at his expense. We could of course not do less than accept, after his kind treatment of us in assisting to entertain our conference, we being on the ground. Some of the boys got up a match game of baseball, and when Elder Richards and I walked out a little later, they insisted upon my acting as umpire. Well, so long as it was a non-running position I accepted, and had the thanks of the winning side.

The big dinner occurred at 5:30 p. m.,

and I can just tell you it was a spread. About two hundred sat down to tables loaded with good things. Roast beef, pork and mutton; fish, fowl and potatoes, first course. Then plum puddings and pastry galore.

Elder Richards, Hirini and yours truly occupied the place of honor at a table with the chief and a friend. The decorations were the whole tops of tree ferns, and large bouquets. And the guests did full justice to the viands prepared.

After supper and evening prayer, the tables were cleared out and a dance indulged in by the Maoris. In this we did not participate, as the mission statutes rule the Elders out of such intimacy with the opposite sex. We could only sit and look on. The music was furnished by the Maori band, and was really good.

Some of our Elders varied the amusement with a sort of an orchestral program, there being a violin, mandolin, clarinet, two harmonicas and a piano.

Elder Richards and I left early, going to the room above which was the Elders' quarters, attending to other and more important matters. About 1:30, just as Brother Richards was getting into bed, the call for "after the ball" supper was made, and I not yet having undressed was deputized to represent the president. Thus it was past 2 a. m. when I retired and some of us did not turn in till 4 or 5, and we were out again at 5:30, getting horses up and ready for those who came that way, and the dispersing commenced. Many of the Maoris took the early trains and the place soon began to look lonesome. But we have had a glorious good time; have had excellent meetings, and I can say for myself I enjoyed it immensely. But we were very busy. Between meetings and at night planning, arranging appointments, answering questions, instructing the Elders etc., so that we never got sleep till 1:30 and out at 5:30 or six in the morning. Also I had little sleep the two nights before reaching there, and when we left on Friday, holding a meeting with Europeans in Carterton it was just a struggle to keep awake. But Saturday night and last night we had a chance to catch up, and are now ready for work again.

It was really more of a pleasure even than I had anticipated to meet old Maori friends again. To remember and be remembered so kindly was very nice.

I have not yet seen any of my old Walapu district people, as they did not get down to conference. It is a long way for them. But I am glad to say that our next April conference will be held up there. Also I expect to take in the district on my way to Auckland, spending most of the month of May in that and adjoining district, reaching Auckland in June, with conferences appointed from that on to September and October. So you see I shall be busy. We are now on our way to the Mohi making a final trip for Elder Richards.

The Mahia is Hirini's old home, and we desired to make it convenient to take him up there early. We expect to go on tomorrow to Napier, etc.

In all probability Elder Richards, with W. C. Castleton, clerk of the mission, and three other Elders, will leave Wellington on April 28th, by the same boat on which we came out. They will reach home about May 25th.

EZRA T. STEVENSON.

It was the wheat pit and not the race track that made Augustus C. Widdier of San Francisco a thief and swallowed up the greater part of the \$117,000 which he stole from the city treasury. This information comes from an intimate friend of Widdier. The city and county treasurer was one of the many victims caught in the big rise, and the city's money went to make up his shortage on wheat.