

he might revive for the last time when nobody was at hand to learn his name, and that some woman waiting at home would never know what became of her loved one.

Next morning they told me that toward midnight he opened his eyes and almost shouted, "Where is she? where is she? Tell her to write to my father." And then the poor soul was off again, into the shadowy land. It is needless to say that since then I have spent a good deal of time by the tall cavalryman's cot. And yet we have learned nothing. A dozen times he has looked at me with full intelligence in his eyes and several times has called me "Rosa"—doubtless the name of somebody he loves. He knows when I am with him, takes his beef tea or spoonful of brandy obediently, smugles up as closely as possible and goes contentedly to sleep. But all efforts to get his home address have so far failed. He only smiles happily and says, "Yes, Rosa, write; please write." It is barely possible that some one who reads this may have an idea who he is. I judge that he is not a city-bred man, but from the rural districts of the middle West.

He is apparently about 40 years old; eyes pale blue, black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, heavy beard and tawny moustache. This is his sixth day of semi-consciousness now, and there is no change except that his body is growing weaker and his lucid intervals more frequent. The Doctor says there is some hope of his life—and that if he does recover it is a miracle, wrought by woman's care. Pardon this too long story of an individual case, I give it to you as an example of hospital experience.

Today I talked with a yellow-fever convalescent, fresh from Siboney. He said that of the 700 patients in that hospital, only about 200 have yellow fever, and the proportion of deaths among them is 50 per cent. He told of a man who was sent from Washington to Santiago as postal clerk, whose name he could not remember. Two days ago he was brought to the Siboney hospital and died the same evening. It is estimated that a daily average of twenty-yellow fever cases are scattered about Santiago, exclusive of the army. In this part of Cuba the dread disease is at its worst between the middle of August and the last of September. Yesterday a man was brought into Miss Wheeler's hospital, shaking like a leaf with the deadly chill, who sank into insensibility before they could get him into bed. Half an hour later the doctor came, pronounced it a case of yellow fever and ordered the victim to be instantly removed—for the sake of the hundred others. The poor fellow was laid on a stretcher, put aboard a boat and rowed to Siboney; and was dead when he reached there. This morning two young fellows were brought to the hospital door with an order from the palace for their admission. Each was assisted by two comrades, who held him up under the arm-pits, and sank into a pitiful heap on the floor when the helping hands were withdrawn. Just then the steward came along. "In God's name," said he, "what are these yellow fever men doing here? Out with them, quick as you can." Pity them as we did, there was no help for it. Some of the immune nurses hurried the fainting fellows back over the long pier to the "suspect" building, another and smaller boat house, a few rods from our hospital. There the poor fellows waited, more dead than alive, until the boat came; then, with two "suspects," and a yellow fever corpse lashed on a board, they were taken to Siboney, 16 miles distant. A sadder

sight I hope never to see than that boat-load of the quick and the dead—the outstretched corpse in its sheet the most conspicuous object, and the living men in their mud-stained uniforms and gray slouch hats, trying to keep up a brave front on their way to almost certain death. The same thing may happen to any of us, tomorrow—today. Two lines of a half-forgotten poem run continually through my mind:

"The wind howls heavy with death and sorrow,
Today it is thee; may be me tomorrow."

Yesterday a darkhaired young Irishman lay on a cot so closely beside me that with one sweep of my fan I could keep the flies off both him and Guy. This morning the cot was empty. "What has become of the man who was here?" I asked the nearest male attendant. "Ask me an easier one; he's dead," replied the immune, with a ghastly attempt at wit. "Yellow Jack got hold of him in the night. We started him off for Siboney, but he didn't live to get there."

Another sad, sad case is that of Capt. Feederly, of Akron, Ohio. A handsome and gallant young officer, the picture of robust health and beloved by everybody, he came into the hospital the other day suffering from headache. He said he was not a bit sick, but thought he would like to lie down and rest awhile. He was given a cot, his head bandaged with cold water, and presently he seemed to feel very comfortable. Happening to recognize me, as I sat by Guy at the other end of the room, he sent to ask if I would come and talk to him awhile. I went, and for half an hour we chatted of Ohio friends and of long-ago camping experiences among the small lakes of the Western Reserve. When I left him he was in most cheerful mood, saying that he expected to be sent home with his regiment in a day or two. What was my horror on going next morning to the hospital, to be told that his was a pronounced case of yellow fever, and that the boat had already been sent for to take him to Siboney." Hurrying to his side I said: "Captain, I hope you are not worried. I have had yellow fever, and you can see how well and strong I am." He replied "Mrs. Ward, I am not worried; I shall pull through, please God. But I would like to write to my wife and children." Quickly procuring pencil and paper, I awaited his dictation. He closed his eyes a moment, so that none should see if there were tears in them, and waited to get full command of himself; then in a voice that never faltered, he dictated, "To my loved ones." It was a sensible, manly letter, calculated to relieve the anxious hearts at home, yet fully realizing that it might be his last words to them in this troubled world.

Then he wrapped himself in his blanket, for the chilly stage of the fever was already upon him, and resigned himself to his fate, like the true, brave soldier that he is. If courage and good sense can carry a man through, Capt. grant that the bright, promising young life may be spared to his family.

FANNY BRIGHAM WARD.

LONE TREE, WYOMING.

Lone Tree, Wyo., Aug. 28, 1898.

Having engaged as a traveling salesman and being able to see considerable country, I thought a few brief notes would prove of benefit to your readers.

Leaving Vernal and traveling north, a person soon comes to the Uintah mountains and climbs them on a dugway of some four miles in length, reaching the top. The range is nearly level for miles, covered with a thick growth of pine, quakenasp and some balsam interspersed with a few moun-

tain willows and several rocks, which have been uncovered by the recent rains and lie exposed to the weather and in the road (if you can call it such), to the wheels of the vehicle traveling it. For miles the wagon scarcely touches soil but travels from rock to rock in the most annoying manner possible. The English language has not enough adjectives to state, with anything of a certainty, the condition of those roads at present.

But a drive of some thirty miles brings one to Oake's mill, in Forest Creek Park, which has succeeded in sawing out some 50,000 feet of first class lumber this year. Leaving there a drive of some forty miles brings one to Lucerne Valley where a company have taken out the waters of Sheep creek and are selling water to farmers at \$10 per acre and will hire the men and pay them one-third cash and two-thirds water right for hay hauling, or canal work, or plowing.

The land is of a highly fertile nature and produces everything in abundance. Some wheat matured this year nicely without any water at all, and yielded rich returns. The majority of the people are Latter-day Saints and have a flourishing Sunday school, and have petitioned the county court of Uintah county, Utah, for a district, they having 55 pupils in the valley. They are in the Henry's Fork district, who, by the way, have only 15 pupils, so I term it an injustice to the people of Lucerne if the county court does not grant them a school district, it being 25 miles from Lucerne to the Henry's Fork school. The people are preparing now for taking a large canal out of Henry's Fork and covering some 5,000 or 6,000 acres of the lower end of the valley. It is an excellent place for a young man just starting out in life to make a home.

Henry's Fork, Burnt Fork and Lone Tree, where I am at this writing, are also excellent places, but are mostly inhabited by cattlemen owning vast areas of pasture and meadow land, from which they cut hundreds of tons of wild hay, as well as timothy and red-top. Wheat can be raised, though not, to great advantage.

One great disadvantage I notice in Wyoming not found in Utah, is that eight pupils can call for a school, while in Utah it is twenty. Then the counties are so districted that a great many schools are in one district, and the school of eight pupils get just as long a term of school as the larger ones, and also just as good a teacher, as they pay in this district, which includes Lone Tree, Mountain View, the two Smith's Forks and Bridger, besides several small schools in outlying parts of the district, \$50 per month for both male or female, yet they require a good teacher.

Mail comes here three times a week, so that the people hear the news from outside that often.

School is running here in Lone Tree at present, as they run nearly nine months in the year and close in the cold winter months,

R. L. W.

MORMONS IN TEXAS.

From a Texas paper: For two years and six months Joseph Coulam has been president of the Mormon conference in the north Texas district. Yesterday he resigned the office and Elder Joseph W. Hess was elected as his successor. Today Mr. Coulam will depart for Salt Lake City to join his relatives after an absence of nearly three years. He said to a News representative last night:

"I am 24 years old and began a labor of love in this field on March 21, 1896. I worked from the far north to the Gulf and back again, have organized many Sunday schools and branches of the