

becoming quite familiar with Spanish), the bullets were striking the house quite close to us, and one of them came between the floor and the top of the bank, within two or three feet of our heads, striking a support and knocking off a chip, which fell on Captain Grant's head. We thought we had found a good place for a cannon or two, and when the little scrap comes off we want to get in our work on Mr. Spanish blockhouse.

We crept back to the insurgent lines, the bullets in the meantime striking around us in a rather uncomfortable manner. We went back to Pasal, and from there, out to see Pedro de Macate. We could only go a short distance on account of the mud. I never saw such an infernal road in my life. I had on rubber boots and was frequently in water to their tops. It was oppressively warm and the walk a long one. Treading in the same direction was a young man dressed in spotless white (they all dress with scrupulous cleanliness, though they do not wear much clothing); also a woman aged about 30, and her son, and they kept along with us the entire distance.

The native women all carry loads on their heads and, as a result, stand straight and have a splendid carriage. At last we reached our town. It is near the Pasig river and is chiefly celebrated for a splendid church, which stands on the top of the highest ground in the vicinity. A walled cemetery is just in front of it, the wall being low and entered through a gate.

We ascertained that there was a general of division—General Pio del Pelar—living there. We called on him. He was quartered in a very nice house. These natives are bright, intelligent and fairly well educated. Their houses are small and picturesque—Spanish style. Some are mere thatched houses, while others are fine houses. The general was in a large house, and at the foot of the stairs were soldiers and a large number of people, who seemed to have some sort of connection with his big gunship. We were shown up a wide, tiled staircase, past the office, into a wide hall, and invited to sit down. In about ten minutes we were asked to enter (I being official interpreter). We were presented to del Pilar and found him to be a small man, but ascertained from his adjutant, a half-breed Spaniard, that he is a man of much valiance. He certainly appeared to be a man of good ability. He told us there were 40,000 troops in Manila, of whom 23,000 were Spaniards, the rest being native allies, and that they had many cannon—about 50. He offered us cigars and some ale, made in London, and captured from the Spaniards. The adjutant kindly consented to take us to the top of the church, but the keys were not obtainable, and so we could not reach the point. He volunteered to go with us to the insurgent earthworks, about a mile distant.

We went over there through rice fields, to wit: mud and water closed in with little banks. Here we found another insurgent fort, about 50 feet square, the walls of earth being about seven feet high. There was a thatched roof and bunks for the men. General Greene afterwards informed me that it was vacated only two days before by the Spanish. Off down in a little flat below the hill, about 700 yards away, was a Spanish work of similar construction. Our friends, the insurgents, to be smart, opened a fusillade on the Spanish, which was answered in good style, and for a few minutes the bullets came tumbling around in splendid fashion, hitting the outside of the fort and the roof quite frequently.

After it was all over, apparently, I got up to look around with my field glasses, but had not been there long

when *slim!* came a bullet within eight or ten inches of my head and struck the roof behind me with a vicious snap. Since then I am looking more cautiously. It must be that Mr. Spaniard was close in somewhere, possibly in an English cemetery not far distant. The natives laughed at me fit to kill themselves.

When we returned, several of the native soldiers came along with us. They were returning from Tunl to Pasia. We found our Camarata waiting and rode home, fearfully tired, wet and hungry. I ate a few bananas, however, as a substitute for a midday meal.

This is the wettest country I ever saw. It has rained now for nearly three days without stopping. And how it does come down! Right now, out in the camping street, are a number of the men of the battery, stark naked, taking a rain bath. They are using soap, and the warm rain is washing them in true shower bath style. Nelson is as happy as a bug in a rug—would not have missed it for anything. He is perfectly well and has not had a sick day. He seems to be very much liked by his companions.

Yesterday Lieutenant Gibbs and I visited Paranaque, a native village below about two miles. We were after some parboiled corn with grated coconut (not sweetened), and I found it excellent, but we were all afraid to touch any of these things. Lieutenant Gibbs says I am about 11 shades darker than I was in San Francisco.

It seems nice to have our guns around us again. We have two heavy guns, loaned by the admiral. They are three-inch guns and are much lighter than ours. This is the worst country to fight in on earth. Imagine a few narrow roads and the bamboo swamps and the inundated rice fields. I can see no distance in any direction. Our camp occupies about the only high and dry ground in the country. Over by San Pedro de Macate, the view is excellent, indeed—open places here and there, clumps of trees and many churches rearing their picturesque fronts above the trees.

Yesterday was the 24th of July. We had neither religious services nor a celebration, but about noon the foreign fleet up by Manila fired salutes galore in celebration of some national (Spanish) fête.

Oh, yes; our trip to Paranaque. There we called on another general, but he was absent. Near his residence was a church—Catholic, of course. There was no priest present. The people have no use for the priests, it seems, and they have all taken refuge in Manila. The church has a gallery. The windows are of stained glass. It is four times as long as the Catholic church in Salt Lake and much higher, and more elegant. Their altar is graced with the images of all the Apostles, the Savior, too. The floors are all polished by the kneeling supplicants. In the church at the time of our visit were numerous groups of girls, with white vests, praying, counting their beads, or reading devotional works. In the center of the aisle was a casket containing the remains of an oldish woman. Near the column close at hand were a young woman and a number of little girls, all with black vests—the deceased's family, no doubt. As we were about to leave the church, an organ pealed forth, and a boys choir chanted a Catholic hymn. The big bell tolled, and the remains of the dead one were borne out on the shoulders of four men.

Today Captain Grant, Lieutenants Gibbs, Naylor and Grow went up on to the lines again, looking for a good position for our guns when the scrap comes off. This time we were honored with a few Mauser bullets and one cannon ball. The latter came along about

a hundred feet away and crashed through the timber into the earth. They don't seem to be able to hit anything. A Filipino was showing us how the Spanish do it—by raising their guns up overhead at arms length and letting her go—about right, I should say.

Just heard that General Merritt has arrived, and we may expect some mail; also more soldiers, possibly some more artillery.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau, Utah Section, for the week ending Sept. 5, 1893:

There has been a decided change in the temperature from the previous week which had a daily excess of 5 degrees compared with a daily deficiency of 2 degrees the past week. The night temperatures were uncomfortably cool, falling within a few degrees of the freezing point in many sections and causing light frost on the morning of the 2nd and 3rd. There were no general rains during the week, though considerable rain fell from thunderstorms which occurred on the 29th, 30th and 31st of August. The heaviest rainfall occurred during a thunderstorm at Salt Lake City on August 30th, amounting to .30 of an inch. Frequent thunderstorms during the early portion of the week temporarily retarded threshing and delayed the harvest of some lucern. The grain crop having been harvested, no damage resulted, since the grain that has not been threshed has been stacked. Threshers are making good progress and the yields seem to be a good average. Some of the spring grain shrunk owing to the continued drouth, but the quality is generally good.

Irrigation has practically ceased for the season and the rain that occurred during the closing days of August came too late to be of material benefit. Preparations are being made to dig the sugar beets; some correspondents have reported unfavorably, but it is thought that by many that estimates made early in the season will be realized.

Fruit and vegetable crops are maturing rapidly and the present crop season is nearing its close.

Minersville—Farmers are busy hauling grain and lucern. The nights are very cool. Late potatoes will be a good crop if frost does not soon appear.

Brigham City—Light storms occurred on the 29th and 31st. The week ended clear and pleasant. Plowing on dry farms has commenced. The blackbirds are doing much damage to the corn. Threshing is well advanced. Potatoes and corn are ripening rapidly.

Hyde Park—The weather has been changeable. Thunder showers occurred on the 30th and 31st. Many nights the temperature went nearly to the freezing point.

Smithfield—The weather has changed much cooler. Threshing is going on and good yields are reported. Lucern seed are not good. Frost occurred Saturday morning.

Lewiston—The weather has been much cooler. Night of the second we had a heavy rain, which wetted lucern and stopped harvesting for a few days. There are eight threshers running in this vicinity; each threshes about 800 bushels per day. Wheat is turning out about 35 bushels per acre.

Newton—Thunderstorms during the night of the 30th and Sept. 1st furnished enough water to lay the dust. The threshers are busy. Some fall grain is smutty.

Wellington—There was some rain last week. The air feels like frost.

Lawrence—This season is nearly com-