

tual as the straw or litter, and doesn't cost near so much." Still the young farmer was in doubt as to where to get enough dust to entirely cover his farm, till informed that by shallow cultivation he could make a dust mulch or blanket from the soil he had on his farm, and thus prevent his crops from drying up.

Looked at in this light, weeds are a blessing, as they compel the farmer to cultivate the otherwise neglected farm crops, which were more greatly benefited by the stirring of the soil and the conservation of its moisture than in the mere riddance of the weeds.

J. H. P.

A COURT MARTIAL.

On Board the Rio de Janeiro,
August 11th, 1893.

Dear Wife: You most likely think it very funny that I should leave Honolulu so soon and not write you all a letter. We arrived in Honolulu Sunday morning, the 31st. I had to work all day Monday. We had a banquet given in our honor by Mr. W. D. Kinney, of Salt Lake.

Tuesday I went into the country, picked pineapples, coconuts, bananas, mangoes, oranges, lemons, limes and many other kinds of fruit. I had two pillow ticks and my red and white handkerchief full of fruit. I looked more like a Chinaman than anything else, with all my sacks and bags on a stick.

The people of the Sandwich Islands will never be forgotten by me as long as I live; I could have anything I asked for. One lady came out in a boat and gave me six bottles of jelly and jam, which added much to our stock of grub, which has been the poorest I have ever eaten. We raised the devil about it. Harris, Simmons, Leonard and I went to the major general and Brigadier General Otis, who are brothers, and showed them our dinner. The captain in charge, a South Dakota man, arrested us, gave us all ten days' each. When Major General Otis heard this he ordered us to be let out of the guard house and be fed better grub; then the captain tried to make Leonard and I, with six other men, wash all the clothes of the battery. Leonard and I refused to do so, and he filed the 64th article of war against us, which was for refusing to obey orders given by a superior officer. This meant to be shot unless the court dictated otherwise. I was brought in court first and Leonard came in next. We were asked if we wished to have anyone plead our case, and said we do that part ourselves. The South Dakota man filed his charge; it was read and we pleaded guilty. The judge advocate read some of the articles of war, and recommended the "High Mow" to give us six months.

Then came our turn. I read the article on making frivolous complaints and two or three others that stated no man in the service of Uncle Sam was compelled to clean any man's gun, do his washing or any other duties. I ended my little speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the court, we find in the articles of war that no man shall compel any man under him, or any other officer in the service of the United States, to do the washing of an officer or his men. And, Mr. Foster, I wish you to understand, it does not take an act of Congress to make a man a gentleman if he is a Mormon."

I sat down and everyone burst out laughing. The judge called order and said: "Gentlemen, I can find no charge to hold those two young men from Utah, who have opened the eyes of men much older than themselves and showed themselves to be true soldiers. The court is dismissed."

Young Lieut. Babcock shook hands with us and said he had seen many a funny thing, but that beat all, Lenard

kept them laughing from start to finish. Babcock is a brother to Maud May Babcock of Salt Lake. He is just from West Point; joins the sixth light battery stationed in the same town as we will be; has been a good friend to us ever since. Well, you may think I was taking big chances, but I knew what I was about. It is not enough to melt me, but I am used to it now. I wear a pair of blue pants, my bandage, a light undershirt and a blue overshirt.

Have had only one death on board the ship so far. The boys are all in good health and there are very few cases of sickness. One of the Utah boys, Chris Wagener, has lelatie rheumatism and may have to be sent home again when we reach Manila. We are within eight days sailing of Manila. We learned that the Utah boys are stationed five or six miles from Manila.

I am just as much at home on the sea as on land; in fact I rather like the sea, and have had an excellent trip so far. The Pacific ocean is not as rough as Great Salt Lake or Utah Lake. It is very smooth, or has been ever since we left San Francisco, have had three or four rains and a little wind. I climb up in the nest most every day. This is a place where the ladders all come together. I sit there and read till I get tired, then I watch the flying fish skim over the water playing with each other and having a fine time, or seem to be. We are getting better grub than we have had yet, fresh meat three times a day, coffee, tea, bread, potatoes, beans, rice, soup and fruit; this is for three meals. I have been taking notes each day and will tell you much more when we get in to land so I can send my letters.

Our boat is 387 feet long, as pretty a boat as you ever saw, rides like a duck and can run fifteen knots an hour. We have on board 1,100 men, including four negroes, 100 chinamen; also officers of the ship, and a cat, which belongs to the Utah boys. In the hold, one year's grub, forty tons of cannon powder, guns, knives and clothing.

The South Dakotas have the same as we have, including 175 tons of powder and other ordnance. The Pennsylvanians with us, and their boat being crowded, having some spare room, we took 100 California men on board, making over 1,200.

Tuesday 16th—Have been up on the masthead to see if I could sight land, as we pass a few small islands before we get in the Ladrone. Expect to sight this island tonight and take coal; also wait for the St. Paul, which is one or two days behind us. I have looked all over the horizon, but can see no land in sight. I have been using a large field glass and can see twenty or thirty miles with ease.

JAMES A. LEE.

HELEN GOULD'S HIGH AIMS.

Chicago Times-Herald: War develops patriots as well as heroes. Some for love of country give their lives, some give time and money. Both count for patriotism in its highest phase. Helen Gould could not go into the thick of battle like Roosevelt, nor into the hospitals like Margaret Chandler. The one was forbidden by her sex, the other by her vast financial interests and the care of a younger brother. But like the woman in the Bible, "she did what she could," and that was a great deal. Not one whit less patriotic than the rough riders has been this grave, slender young woman. She has in all modesty shown the perfected beauty of American womanhood. Possessing millions, she has given freely and wisely and well. There has been nothing of show, of self-aggrandizement. It has all been gentle and dignified and modest. It has not been the mere expenditure of

money. It has had thought, plan, management behind it, and the sweet woman of her has not shrunken from going into the midst of the camps, seeing with her own eyes what was required, and comforting with voice and touch those who most needed comfort. This is Helen Miller Gould, millionairess and American patriot, a jewel of womanhood and an honor to her country.

Miss Gould is an old-fashioned girl. "I do not dislike society. I am simply too busy for it," is her calm reply to all persuasions toward the gay world. And she is busy. Her creed is a busy one. "I expect to pass through this life but once; any good that I can do, let me do it now. Let me not neglect it or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again." But it is not work without faith. In her the two are admirably blended. She is a sincere, earnest Christian, a communicant of the Presbyterian church, and to her this world is but the preparation for another and a better one. She is not beautiful, though her face is womanly and sweet, but with fifteen millions in her own right, she might easily become a great belle. Only she will not. She had one large party, which her father insisted upon to introduce her into society. She was part of the festivities of the famous Castellane wedding. But that has counted for nearly all the social junketings of her life of thirty years. Most girls have had more, if they had any, and this is the richest young woman in New York.

As she says herself, she is busy. She set for herself three tasks in life. One was to fit herself for the proper care of her fortune, another to clear her father's memory of the stain blackmailers put upon it, and the third to make a good business man of her youngest brother, Frank, who is not yet of age. No one can say that she has failed in any of these, while the first two are accomplished facts. Her spirit is absolutely dauntless. She is so unswerving from a purpose that her family and immediate friends have dubbed her "the woman of no compromise." When Mrs. Angell claimed in court that she was the first and only legal wife of Jay Gould, one of the brothers in the family council suggested that the imposter be given a few thousand dollars to spare them further annoyance, but to this Helen would not listen. "Never," she said. "I will spend my life, if necessary, in clearing up this mystery and proving our father innocent." And she did. Evidence unmistakable was secured and the imposter confessed on affidavit.

In order that she might properly grasp business details Miss Gould took a course at the New York Law University, and is a thoroughly equipped business woman and lawyer, upon whose shoulders the mantle of her father's financiering ability seems to have fallen, combined with many sweet, womanly qualities. She is very liberal, and her charities are so unostentatiously managed that her right hand scarcely knows what her left hand doeth. She gave \$60,000 to her law school. She completed a gospel hall at Chautauqua, N. Y. She founded a scholarship at Wellesley College and another at Mount Holyoke. Practical always, she not long ago gave \$10,000 to the University of New York for its school of engineering, and in 1895 a gift of \$250,000 to the same university, made on the condition that the name of the giver be kept secret, is believed to have been from her. She gave \$100,000 for the relief of sufferers in the St. Louis tornado. This is her way of doing good. When she made the magnificent gift of \$100,000 to the government to help in the war with Spain it was under pledge of secrecy, and it was to her genuine surprise and regret when the matter was made pub-