

gets a friend to kick him every time he hears the monkey's name. It came about in this way: Johnson was down town, the weather was warm and business was dull; in fact, the sergeant hadn't made a purchase in ten minutes, when up comes a native with a monkey to sell. "How much for that monkey?" inquired the veteran of the late war. "Paso meadia"—\$1.50—answered the shirtless, shoeless, hatless amigo, but the sergeant's knowledge of Spanish was limited and the natives reply sounded like a great big pile. Besides he reasoned it isn't reasonable to pay these fellows all they ask for they are a theiving set. They place their prices way-up with the expectation of being "jerked" down. "Here you, a paso meadia is too much, you cheating rascal, I'll give you dos pasos—\$2—and not another cent," and with that he slipped \$2 into the hand of the astonished native, and bore away his prize with a "they-don't-fool-me" sort of air that pleased no one as much as it did the vender of monkeys. "Muchaloko! Muchaloko!" he said tapping his black head and following with his eye the vanishing soldier. Besides monkeys, a goat and a dog, the boys have quite a number of birds in cages. Birds and cages are good things to buy when you can think of nothing else, and you still have a few cents in your pocket. It would be hard to think of anything better, because when you get tired of the birds you can leave the cages open and they will fly away. They don't leave a bad taste in your mouth like Filipinos vino or gin. A man with a bird may not have as big a head next morning as the man with a jag, he may not think he owns the earth and controls the destinies of nations as does the man who imbibes too freely; still of the two senseless methods of getting rid of one's hard-earned money, that of buying birds is to be preferred. But there are other ways of relieving one's pockets. Here in the barracks we have loads and loads of new things that have come in since pay day. Easy chairs, slippers, boxes, hats, calms, shoes, watches, belts, rings and jewelry, canned fruit and delicacies, towels, underwear, bath soaps, relics and sea shells of all kinds, cigars, tobacco, handkerchiefs, shawls and silk articles of every description for both ladies and gentlemen. If there is anything a soldier won't buy while his money lasts, I'd like to hear of it. They have even brought in thousands of dollars worth of gout, headache, earache, toothache and other varieties of aches too numerous to mention. Some of them bought terms in the guard house, one of them taking, it is feared, as much as two years and paying for it in advance.

That the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, has been demonstrated again. This time here in Manila. Quartermaster Sergeant A. L. Williams of battery A, had a birthday last week; and the battery A boys didn't do a thing to him. They chipped in to the extent of \$139.00 and bought him the finest gold watch to be had in the city. It is claimed that since he took hold of the commissary the food question had been solved to the entire satisfaction of the battery, and as a consequence, nothing is too good for him. Sergeant Williams is forty-five years of age and the oldest of the Utah Volunteers. In his speech to the boys after the presentation, he referred to the battles lately fought and said that boys born and raised in Utah could not be otherwise than brave; and he referred glowingly to the early history and the Pioneers of our proud state.

The Y. M. I. A. is progressing nicely. We have established a Spanish class for the benefit of members. Corporal Backman, ever genial and public

spirited has volunteered to teach the class.

The steamship of most unpleasant memory, City of Rio de Janeiro, has been fitted out as a hospital ship, and will sail tomorrow for San Francisco. Among her unfortunate passengers will be four privates from the Utah volunteers. They are Wagner, Rowland, Naqued and Tuttle, and with them go the best wishes of us all.

Before closing this letter, let me tell you of a very pleasant affair that took place this evening after retreat, and in which our esteemed Lieut. Critchlow was the central figure. Some days ago sections 3 and 4 of Battery B, got together, and decided to present Lieut. Critchlow with some small token of their love and appreciation for his gallantry in action, and his gentlemanly and friendly conduct or bearing to those under him, at all times. One hundred and fifteen dollars was readily raised, and expended for a walking-stick, the finest and most beautiful one to be had. The stick is a piece of whitest ivory, headed with pure gold elaborately worked. On one side of the gold head is the name, "Lieut. J. F. Critchlow," and on top is inscribed, "Presented by Secs. 3 and 4 Bat. B. U. S. V. In Memory of Aug. 1, 1898," that being the night of the great fight, and one of the nights through which the lieutenant stayed with his command in the rain and mud. Well, after retreat this evening, the two sections lined up in Sergeant Anderson's quarters and the lieutenant was invited.

Was he surprised? Well, yes; and I'll venture to say that he did not feel as uncomfortable while in the trenches, exposed to the Spanish fire and the drenching rain, as he did between those two lines of smiling faces. No, he didn't say much; he couldn't. His throat seemed to clog up, and so after we heard something about taking off my official regalia for the time, and talking as friend to friend, of love and honors, he could find no words to express his gratitude for: of qualities we seemed to think he possessed, but which he doubted; of appreciating a piece of paper on which was written, "we are your friends;" and his regrets at being unable to say something that would, even in some faint degree, convey his heart's feelings; why, we just couldn't hold in any longer, but fell to cheering and a "yellen" like mad. It was a pleasing affair, though we recruits, who had not the honor of fighting by the lieutenant's side, but who insisted on coming to time with our pro rata of the money for the caln, would have felt better had the presentation speech contained some slight allusion from which Lieut. Critchlow may have gleaned the fact, that we were heart and soul with him in all things affecting sections 3 and 4, battery B, Utah U. S. Vols.

NOD RESSUM.

Manila, Sept. 22, 1898.

A ROUGH RIDER HOME

Edward Hansen, who left here on May 15th last with Utah's troop of Rough Riders for the Torrey regiment, has reached home a few days in advance of his comrades in arms, having received a special discharge by the war department just before it was decided that all the boys should be mustered out. When it was ascertained that the entire regiment would be sent home without unnecessary delay, he together with others asked to remain until that work should have been consummated. Colonel Torrey and Lieut.-Col. Cannon said that they would be glad to have all who had received special discharges remain in the service to the very last. But immediately following this expression orders were received from Washington directing that all

discharged men take their departure forthwith. So, acting on this advice, he bade good-bye forever to the camp in which he had been located for the past few months and from which the rough riders long ago expected to go to Cuba to assist in expelling Spain and her devouring hordes and hosts from the American continent.

Mr. Hansen stopped over en-route home at Chicago and participated in the great Presidential parade, under the auspices of the Peace Jubilee. It was, he says, a very grand affair, and was admired by great multitudes of people from all parts of the country. He also visited the Transmississippi International Exposition at Omaha and viewed over again the World's Fair at Chicago, in miniature, of course; but nevertheless, the World's Fair in many respects. He inspected, closely, the Utah display and say it is very creditable. He, however, saw no Utah people there except those who are directly associated with the showing from this State.

Denver also occupied one day of his time. His brief stop-over there was not as pleasant as desired; on account of a sudden attack of sickness. He fell in a faint upon the street as a result of debility, contracted while in the service at Camp Cuba Libre, Panama Park, Florida. But his regimental uniform quickly told those who found him in unconsciousness upon the sidewalk who he was; and soon kind care and treatment restored him to his normal condition. Although never home-sick in his life, he says he was a very happy man when he crossed the Utah lines.

During the last few weeks just prior to his discharge, Mr. Hansen was on detached service at the division hospital, into which so many fever-stricken soldiers were borne, only to be removed to the new cemetery near by after the struggling sparks of life had been extinguished. In this and other hospitals, he says there was very great suffering. Commenting upon the condition that prevailed, he said: "It was simply frightful. As an illustration, each of us who was called to do hospital work was given charge of thirty patients, who were burning up with fever. None of us had acted as nurses; we never had had a particle of experience with the sick in our lives; we were in no way qualified for the work we had to perform; yet we did the best we could, taking their temperature hourly, smoothing their hard pillows and giving medicine as directed by the physicians in charge, who in very many instances seemed just as ignorant and unskilled as ourselves—certainly far more indifferent. But it often happened that the men who were placed in charge were ill and indifferent themselves. Then the sick soldiers knew it was a case of God help them, and many of them actually pined away. The first night of my service at the hospital is one that I will long remember. One of the bravest boys who comprised a part of my charge died.

The next night another also gave up the battle of earthly existence. But so it went on daily and nightly until the death rattle in the throat of a sick soldier was so common as to cause but little comment.

"Col. Wm. J. Bryan of the Nebraska volunteers was by far the most popular man in the camps. He visited the hospital every day and dropped words of cheer and comfort wherever he went. Besides that little bouquets of beautiful flowers were generously given to the sick soldiers and not infrequently little delicacies that were foreign to the hospital bill of fare. These courtesies were tendered in such a manner that the stalwart young Nebraskan was talked of everywhere and his foot fall on the uncarpeted floors of the hospital caused every man who