

seen in the Paseo.

Breakfast had been ordered for our party at the Louvre, which is perhaps the smallest and cleanest of the eight or nine "leading hotels" with which Matanzas is blessed. It is built around a sunny patio in which palmettos and bananas, flowering vines and fragrant shrubs flourish to perfection. Directly in front of the main entrance, a beautiful marble basin set in the wall looks like the holy-water fountain in a cathedral, while above it a painted placard warns the populace, in choice Castilian, that only guests of the hotel are expected to wash therein. A flight of stone steps leads to parlors and bedrooms on the second floor; the rooms are marble floored, with dados of blue and yellow tiles, and all is as picturesque and Spanish as anything out of Spain. Directly opposite is a small plaza, with tropical trees banked by a moldy old church, in which a lot of rusty bells murder sleep for weary travelers.

Before the many-course mid-day breakfast was over, word was brought that the governor was waiting to receive us in his palace; and presently we trusted our bones, somewhat timorously, to rickety carriages and were ushered with ceremony into the presence of his excellency. The governor of Matanzas is certainly a rara avis among Spaniards in Cuba, being an amicable gentleman and a friend of Americans. In his case a beautiful suite of rooms had already been prepared for Miss Barton; and during the somewhat lengthy official pow-wow, the governor himself proposed the toast, "To the Star Spangled Banner." Then the rickety carriages were again brought into use, for a tour of the so-called hospitals. I believed that no more dreadful sights could be found in the sin-cursed world than I had already witnessed in Havana and Jaruco—but for wretchedness unutterable, the poor of Matanzas bear off the palm! Crowds of beggars followed us about the streets, displaying their sores and wounds and emaciated frames. Famine glared at us from a thousand sunken eyes. Skeleton hands were stretched in our faces, supplicating the wherewith to buy a morsel of food; and stories of starvation, pitiful enough to make the blood run cold, were clamored in our ears.

The hospitals are mere sheds, crowded with rude stretchers—most of them with no flooring but mother earth and no sort of attendance. Over their portals might well be written, "All hope abandoned, ye who enter here." Words fail in attempting to describe the soul-sickening sights that day witnessed—the emaciated wretches, the swollen legs and bursting feet in the last stages of starvation; dying men, women and children imploring a morsel of bread; the horrors of individual cases which nothing but death can relieve; the dreadful smells and cries and groans that everywhere pursued us. Strong men wept like children, and with our tears was mingled burning indignation that such a state of things would be permitted to exist near the end of the nineteenth century within a day's journey of the United States.

FANNIE B. WARD.

IA GALLANT EFFORT.

St. George, March 19, 1898.

Thinking that a few words from the South might perhaps be appreciated by some of your many readers, as Dixie has swarmed several times and many of the bees of th old hive are to be found scattered in the different towns of Utah and Arizona, I therefore take this opportunity of mentioning a few things that are taking place here.

Yesterday was a day long to be re-

membered in St. George. Many of the Later-day Saints know that President Brigham Young and also Heber C. Kimball counseled the people to store wheat against a time of scarcity that would come in the then future on account of failure of crops or other causes, a thing which is well known as a rule the people have failed to do. But notwithstanding the fact that Washington county can not be classed among the great grain-growing counties of Utah, the women of St. George have had faith to believe that if a suitable place could be provided, they themselves would be able to store a considerable amount of wheat, and that faith has finally developed itself into works. A piece of land having been procured from the Mutual Improvement Associations in the northwest corner of their lot, the Relief Society through their district teachers notified the people that on Saturday, the 18th of March, a bee would be made, to which men with teams prepared to haul rock, sand, and clay; also single hands and masons, were cordially invited for the purpose of building, or partly building, a Female Relief Society granary. Accordingly on the morning of that day the people assembled, consisting of middle-aged, young men and boys. In fact the crowd was so large that it was cumbersome. The Bishop with his counselors took the matter under advisement, and concluded to divide them and put part at another job. They were told, however, that all would be expected to partake of the sumptuous dinner that was being prepared by the society for all those who had come to assist with the granary. Results of the day's work was that the walls of the building (which, by the way, are twenty by sixteen feet on the inside) were built to the top of the floor joist, nearly or about three feet high, besides putting rock, sand and clay on the ground to nearly or quite finish the walls. The food supply, to which most if not all of the people of the city contributed, was ample; in fact after serving the assembly with dinner, of which about one hundred and fifty partook, there was plenty left to feed them all with their partners in addition in the evening, at which time an entertainment, consisting of songs, recitations and dancing was given that finished up the day with a joyful time, and all were apparently pleased and well satisfied with the day's doings.

VOLCANIC.

GOOD TYPE OF RAILROAD TOWN

Evanston, Wyoming, April 4th, 1898. —A furious snow storm set in on Saturday night last, about 10 o'clock and continued until Sunday afternoon. More snow fell than at any fall during the winter. This morning the sun is out bright and warm, glistening the surface of about ten inches of snow. The storm raged with such fury that the church-going members were unable to attend their places of worship. The L. D. S. Sunday school had only an attendance of about thirty, while from the minutes read of the preceding Sunday one hundred and twenty-two were then in attendance.

Today Judge Craig opens the April term of court. The most important criminal case will be the trial of Louis T. Palmer for killing Joseph D. Mars at Lone Tree on the 26th of December last; the hold-ups of Snider & Painter's saloon are next in importance—two only of them are left for trial, Deputy Sheriff Calvary having killed one of them in their attempt to break jail a little while back, the man prior to his death exonerating the deputy from all blame.

Evanston has a population of 2,500 inhabitants at present. There are also a large number of prosperous ranchers in the vicinity, but the railroad busi-

ness is the chief support and reliance of the town. The round house over on the yards of the U. P. has stalls for some twenty of their mighty steeds. This, with the workshops close by, give employment to one hundred and thirty-seven men. This being the end of two divisions quite a large number of railroad employes reside here. Fifty-nine engineers are on the pay roll, with their attendant sixty-four firemen. Then there are conductors and brakemen galore. The neat homes of these railroad men that line the streets of the town show up the importance and immense traffic of this great continental road.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Hickey, division foreman, I was shown through the shops and round-house of the company. Skilled mechanics handle the powerful and hardly less skilful machines. The repairs to the huge locomotives are made with the greatest care and precision. One great monster was lifted off his feet completely, to be reshod with new tires for each wheel. New machinery for the production of compressed air for application as power in the work-shops is now in course of erection under the close scrutiny of Mr. Hickey; when completed it will be quite a saving of labor to the company. The huge hammer in the blacksmith shop was put in motion for my observance. The rapidity and precision of its movements, under the guidance of the mechanics in charge, was wonderful, when it is considered that it could deliver a blow of from one to eleven hundred pounds.

Here we were interrupted by the incoming of the morning train, drawn by two immense engines—the fast U. S. mail car, then the express car, followed by seven fine coaches, came to a halt, amid the usual bustle that characterizes its arrival, and a right royal sight it is—impressing the mind of the beholder with wonder, awe and admiration for the prowess and skill of his fellow man in subjecting the giant power of steam for his use and profit. The conductor and brakeman, in dark uniforms, with bright buttons and band around their caps, drop lightly from the steps, followed by the porters of the sleepers; then the passengers descend and are closely scrutinized by the loiters at the station; and while the conductor, brakemen and porters are chatting gaily over the present crisis, two men grimy with oil and dirt are quietly oiling the bearings of the huge machines—unnoticed by the throng. Yet their hands have grasped the throttles of the great monsters, relaxing their grasp at times, then in turn compressing their hold, compelling that obedience from the giant steam that has brought their living freight so far in safety on their journey. And now amid the clang of bells and the shrill whistle of the steam—the train glides on and is gone while we gaze—the watchful eyes of the engineer upon the track ahead, and their strong right hands upon the levers that holds the grand motive power in abeyance.

The state insane asylum is situated her on the hill, just a little southeast of town. It contains at present some 52 male and 20 female inmates. Dr. C. H. Solier is superintendent, who reports that the institution is crowded with these seventy-two inmates, and is anxious for the state to supply him with an addition at an early date.

A fine school house, well attended, and the court house, show up to advantage. The seven churches bear witness of the devotional character of the inhabitants; the Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics and Mormons, have each erected very respectable churches for their respective use; and as if this pointing of church spires was insufficient to show the devotional characteristics of the people of Evanston, the