

abundance and of a good quality. The frost have kept off weeks later than usual and for once no frozen grain is found in this valley, and as you pass through the country the people are fall plowing, and sowing, also getting thousands of acres ready for planting next year.

In riding through the country with Assessor and Collector Robison, he says Bear Lake Valley is the gem of the Rocky Mountains for a man and his family to gain an easy living. Everything grows spontaneously. Hay is abundant, cattle command good prices and the little grain raised heretofore has been done on the easy-going plan. But this season has given the Bear Lake farmer a pointer and he is quick to grasp and improve the shining hour, so in the future in addition to his fat beeves, juicy muttons, his immense hay stacks, he must, like the man in the scriptures, pull down his little granary and build big ones, but his soul will not be required of him at that particular time.

The ground squirrel is a great pest here; they are very destructive to all kinds of grain. Bear Lake county, Mr. Robison informs me, has paid this year as a bounty \$2,250 for the destruction of these pests at two cents a tail, and notwithstanding that immense number have been killed, no diminishing of their number is visible. Some wag says they cut off the tails and let them go, but as no bob tail squirrels are seen, this must be doubted. These little pests increase twice a year, and the first crop have an increase before they go into winter quarters, which is in the month of August. They live in a dormant state from this time till the snows go off in April, and then come out as healthy and hungry as the festive tramp. The badgers are the farmers' friends, as they dig these little fellows out of their holes and destroy many thousands, yet with the bounty, they are here by the millions.

Before closing this letter, I would ask space for the following. It will read like a romance, but it is one of the many phases of human life.

While in Bennington, I was introduced to an aged gentleman, who bears every mark of education and refinement. Sixty-one years ago he lived in Jersey, and in that state resided a young lady. They formed an attachment for each other, but some evil disposed person through jealousy separated them. The young lady received the Gospel and came to Nauvoo, and has been through all the trials from that day. She came to Utah soon after the Pioneers and married a Mr. Graham. I know her in Millville, Cache county, thirty years ago. The man Mr. James McCowan, married and went into business in Philadelphia, and got rich. He was also in the Union army. In late years he had a longing desire to find out what had become of the girl who had gone west with the Mormons. Writing to a friend he learned she was alive and living in Bennington, Bear Lake county, Idaho, and he wrote to her. From her reply he found she had been a widow thirty-two years. Then as a married man he told her it would be imprudent for him to correspond further, so in a few years his wife died, and a lingering desire came over him to see the sweetheart of his youth and the Mormons in Utah. So he took a ticket for Montpelier and came here, remained ten days and returned. But, as he said to me, a power over which he had no control impelled him to sell his substance and come back; he did so. He then sparked his old love of sixty-one years before, and being informed that this blushing young bride-elect would not marry a man outside of the Church, he embraced the Gospel and they were joined in holy matri-

mony. James McCowan, aged 81, and Hannah Graham, aged 77. No cards. And they are as happy as two little doves in a cote.

The health of the people here is good; they are prosperous, contented and happy.

I have had a successful business trip, and the weather, though cool, is very pleasant. SALOP.

#### FILIPINO BRASS BAND.

Manila, Oct. 7.—Barrack's life hath its diversions. The other night just before the sounding of "tattoo," and while many of the troopers were in the land of dreams, and while others were going there as fast as they could, a Filipino brass band lined up in front of the sally-front, and struck up Yankee Doodle. Like the rats of Hamelin, tumbling out of all kinds of holes and places to follow the Pied Piper, came the "Rookies," as the boys call themselves, from nooks and corners, and beds and books and bunks, shod and bare-footed, dressed and in shirt tails, to see and hear and cheer till the air cracked and the freighted moon retreated behind a passing cloud. The last notes of Yankee Doodle had scarcely got out of the way, before the sentries standing in front, gave way before popular clamor, and in compliance with a pressing invitation some hundreds of home-sick Yankees, the native band entered the barracks, and we had a "hot time" that night. Hail Columbia, Marching Through Georgia, After the Ball, America and the Star Spangled Banner all followed in their order, each one cheered a little longer and more energetically than the last. God Save the queen was also played and came in for its full share of whole-souled welcome. An English crowa could not have received it with more open and appreciative ears.

It is wonderful how quick these half civilized Filipinos pick anything up. Here in a very short time they have learned almost to perfection the national and popular airs of the United States, and their memories in this connection are little short of marvelous. They came around again last night and treated us to piece after piece, of all kinds of sweet music, and that without a scrap of it written down. You ought to have seen the stag dance we had last night. I don't believe there ever has been anything to equal it in the past. Soldiers of all sizes and ages from the beardless youth, who a few months since graced the ball rooms of villages and cities in far off Utah, to grizzley old men who have spent their lives on the frontiers of the West, clasped each other by the belted waist, and danced as though the glory and welfare of the nation depended upon it. The band played and the soldiers, recruits and volunteers, those fellows who slept in the trenches to the ping, ping, boom! of Spanish bullets and shells, who trudged about in the mud knee deep and lived on hard-tack and coffee for weeks, are veterans. They and the recruits, I say, danced and yelled and cheered and sang and danced again, just like so many boys do at the good news of their school teacher's demise.

I said it is wonderful how quick the natives here pick anything up, and this applies not only to music but to everything they can lay their hands on. Naturally they are bright as many of the boys who gave them their white duck suits to wash, can testify, for they have not received them back. One laundryman, an honest one, and therefore an exception, collected the laundry

from some dozens of soldiers the other day at these barracks, and among the many pieces there were some marked H, belonging to a soldier whose name begins with that letter; and when he brought the laundry back, every sock and handkerchief and shirt, in fact every piece, coat and pants too, were marked with H neatly and laboriously worked with red thread. Well, every soldier is wearing every other soldier's clothing and blowing his nose with every other soldier's handkerchief, and a few fellows whose names begin with the letter H, claim everything in sight.

We have a native boy here in the office to help us kill time. We call him Jasper. He must be a dozen years old, and we've bought him for \$2.50 a month. We could have got the whole family for \$6.25, but we didn't think we needed them. Jasper is a dream. He washes the dishes in two waters, one hot and one cold, and manages to get them dryer than four of us could before we got him. He hasn't broken a tin plate since he entered the service. He's got the whitest teeth, the blackest eyes, the brownest skin and the straightest and springiest little frame on the island, and if I can bring him home with me I will do it.

Taps has sounded and I must to bed. The American mail leaves in the morning, and there are a few thousand volunteers here would like to leave with it. And while I think of it, let me ask the "News" what Senator Cannon's views are regarding the retention of these islands. Many of the volunteers who desire above all things to return home, have the idea that Mr. Cannon is trying to have them kept here to do garrison duty, and they don't like it a bit. All sorts of rumors are afloat, and many are of the belief that the distinguished senator is going out of the way to work them an injury, notwithstanding the idea is absurd. Still Mr. Cannon's position regarding the Utah troops in this part of the world, made plain in the "News" would be gladly received, and would allay much hard feeling.

Hospital reports show that thirteen per cent of the American soldiers in Manila are sick, mostly with fevers and bowel complaints. Smallpox is also reported. Still everything considered we're a pretty healthy lot of huskies, and many of us do not care how long we stay here, if "Uncle" will only give us our liberties. Fifteen dollars and fifteen cents a month is a big temptation, at the same time some of the more daring and venturesome of us would gladly give up our positions and take our chances. Last night, one of the recruits in battery A, a well known Salt Laker, whose name, through consideration for his friends I withhold, went to sleep on his post while doing guard duty. This, of course, is a serious offense, and in his case made more so from the fact he was, at least, partially under the influence of drink.

NOD RESSUM.

#### FOUNDER'S DAY EXERCISES.

Ephraim, Nov. 5, 1893.

Today was "Founder's Day" for the Sanpete Stake academy, and a gala day it has been indeed. At 11 a. m. the large room in our temporary academy building was crowded with teachers, students, friends and patrons of the institution. With the indefatigable principal, Prof. N. E. Noyes, presiding, the following program was rendered: The well trained academy choir, under the able direction of Sister Carrie Peterson, gave the opening anthem, Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Invocation, Bishop L. S. Anderson of Ephraim North ward. The choir sang, Not Half has Ever Been Told and Miss Ruth Dornis then read a brief history of the academy, which pointed out the struggles through which the academy has passed during its ex-