

THE ASHLAND ADVERTISER.

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W. Y. CROWSON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER, PROPRIETOR

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OUR MANILA LETTER.

The Absent Editor of the "Advertiser" Gives Us a Glimpse of the Manner in which Our Boys Fare in the East.

MANILA, P. I., Aug. 24, 1898. I am in charge of the company and quarters this afternoon, as Sergeant Grubb has gone out to see the city. I have the desk all to myself and can write unmolested.

The report is on our bulletin board that the fifth expedition leaves Frisco tomorrow, and that all of our transports are ordered home. This looks as if we would stay here some length of time. Of course, there is a bare possibility of our being sent home on the boats, but I hardly think that probable.

You ask how I spent the Fourth of July. That was a long while ago, but our celebration was so simple that I have not forgotten it. It consisted solely of a review of the troops by the commanding officer, General Anderson.

People at home seem to have wrong ideas of the Spanish power. Their warships are by no means "dilapidated tubs," but are quite equal to ours. But from what has occurred, the Spaniards show good policy to "steer clear" of Dewey—and Sampson, too. Their armies are fully as well, and in many respects, better equipped than the American forces in a foreign land. Their rifles, the Mauser, are considered better than ours, but I would rather use my Springfield in an engagement, as they are more sure to kill when they hit. The bullets from the Mauser are small and steel-coated, and have such a velocity that they pierce quickly, without bruising the flesh—and unless a person is hit in a vital part, little or no damage is done. A number of our boys in the California companies have been hit, but went on fighting and were able to be on duty again in a week.

Neither are the Dons a cowardly race, but a brave and intelligent people. The battle of San Juan, near Santiago, must serve as an example of Spanish fighting. The Spanish soldiers, and especially the officers, are very fine looking, and we think them capable of penetrating the fierce atrocities attributed to them.

But the insurgents here! Bah! We all despise them. I often wonder if they are the same people that are finding sympathy in America as the "Cuban patriots." If these people are the same I can assure you that it will be no easy matter to enlist the sympathy of the American soldier in the cause of "Cuba Libre" in the future. They are a degraded and useless race, wholly incapable of self-government, and taking all things into consideration, I think President McKinley did one of the wisest acts in the present occurrence, in not recognizing Cuba's independence.

This war is one to remember dishonor and insult to our starry banner; but if in the conduct of the war, any good is done to a people deserving, we are thankful. The Spanish are constantly at variance with the insurgents here, who are all the time raising insurrections.

You ask me of Manila, but as yet I am unable to tell you much of interest in this respect. There are two parts to the city, Old and New Manila. I have not been over to the new part yet, but the old one is very like our towns. The streets and sidewalks are narrow, and the buildings are low. The streets are full of fruit vendors and peddlers. We change our American for Spanish coin, getting \$2 10 Spanish for \$1 American, and have lots of money to spend. Most things are cheap, too. Yesterday, I ate dinner in a Spanish restaurant. It was very good. I enclose a couple of the toothpicks I "swiped" on purpose to send you. There are lots of cabs and fine carriages in the city, and two or three street car lines. Many of the natives here drive "water oxen," or the native ox, instead of horses. These animals are very peculiar, and are often exhibited in circuses at home.

We are very comfortably quartered here, occupying the new barracks of the Spanish "6th." We have water at the hydrants in front of the doors, and all of our work is done by prisoners, so you see we have a very easy time. One drill of an hour every day and guard duty once a week is all we have to do,—and considering that it is a "lovely" climate and country, we are very well content. Will Pracht and I bunk together; he and Will and Frank Grubb and I eat our meals together and have fine times.

Captain May took the whole company down to the beach yesterday for a surf bath, and on the way back we viewed some of the Spanish fortifications along the beach. There were several fine

modern 10-inch guns, and any number of other cannon of more ancient make. They were all well fortified and situated and had they been well handled, could have done serious damage to a hostile fleet. The Dons had made every preparation to resist an attack by land, and had we stormed their works, would, no doubt, have given us a hard fight. Not more than half of us would have reached their entrenchments. I will try to give you some idea of how they had prepared to stop us. In our rush we would have found, first, a big pile of thorny brush; second, sink holes, concealed by grass, and in bottoms of these holes are sharp sticks to kill men who fell through; third, thousands of sharp pegs stuck in the ground over which troops would stumble and fall on them and be seriously injured; fourth, a ditch about ten feet wide and six or eight feet deep which would be hard to cross; fifth, the entrenchment, of stone, behind which the Spaniards were concealed, and from which they could pour in a withering fire on their assailants. Not more than fifty per cent. of an army which assaulted such a defense would get inside the works. But if we had been called upon to take them, we would have taken them and don't you forget it! Of course, for the sake of many mothers, sisters and sweethearts in far-off America, it is well we did not have to do it.

We anticipate no more trouble while we are stationed here, but will enjoy ourselves the rest of our time. Of course I don't know how long we will be here, but we will probably be home by the first of the year.

I was pleased to hear from my Sunday-school class. Tell them that I will write to them in a few days, so it will leave on the next transport.

I understand that Uncle Sam has established a regular freight line between this place and the United States. I hope this is true, as we can then send home many relics that must otherwise be left behind. Anyway, I will send a few little things home by mail occasionally. I would like to send you one of the little horses from this country, but I cannot. All of our field officers are mounted on horses presented to them by the Spanish officers. Our chaplain has a beautiful black, very appropriate color to his calling. I might state that the chaplain is our postmaster.

WINNIE Y. CROWSON.

Health of our Troops in the Tropics.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The following report has been received from Admiral Dewey, in regard to the health of the sailors and troops at Manila.

"As Luzon is the farthest north of the large islands, its climate is naturally the most temperate. In this connection it may be mentioned that out of a force of over 2000 on the ships of my squadron, the sick list at any time has not exceeded 40, nor has there been any considerable sickness among our troops on shore though they were much exposed for three weeks in the trenches during the rainy season. As a matter of fact, Manila is far from being an unhealthy city, and the climate is as fine as that of any place in the tropics."

Warning for Editors and Other Moneyed Men.

Bogus \$100 bills of an almost exact counterfeit of the \$100 silver certificate are being quite extensively circulated in the Northwest. The imitation is so close that it can be told from the genuine only by the application of the acids used by the U. S. treasury officials. It can then be detected by effacement of the number, which is printed in an inferior ink. The other inks used and also the paper are of government make and acids have no effect on them.

He's a Very Dead Chinaman.

The announcement of the death of the emperor of China is confirmed, but the reports as to the means employed in his taking off differ. One story has it that he died of poison, another that death was caused by strangulation, while a third states that he was subjected to frightful torture, a red-hot iron being thrust through his bowels. It is claimed by the new government that the emperor abdicated and then suicided. The only sure thing about it seems to be, that he is a very dead Chinaman.

Stockmen are Happy.

In Lake, Harney and Modoc counties Eastern buyers ship cattle and sheep to the packing houses by way of Reno and the Central route. Within the past ten days in Modoc county a bunch of 500 beeves brought \$24.50 each all round on the range. This was in Big Valley. On Butte creek sales have been made lately for \$25 a head on the range. A domestic buyer at Adin secured a bunch of 450 prime beeves at 4 to 5 1/2 cents.

Fairbank's White Star soap 90c per box—regular wholesale price—until present stock is exhausted. Wm. Hevener.

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THEY LIKE HONOLULU.

Pineapples and Bananas Free to Uncle Sam's Soldiers in Hawaii.

The following letter was written by a Colorado volunteer at Camp McKinley, Honolulu, H. I., to a friend in the Second Oregon regiment, San Francisco:

We have a fine camp ground about 3 1/2 miles from the city, at the fair grounds at the foot of Diamond Head. Diamond Head is about 600 feet high, and is the first place seen on the island by sailors. At one time it was a volcano. The camp is surrounded by cocoanut, pineapple and banana orchards. We have the privilege of taking all the fruit we want, provided we do not destroy or waste any. Pineapples sell for 25 cents per dozen, bananas 5 and 6 dozen for a nickel, and the fruit is fine—much better than it is in the States.

The scenery is beautiful. It is not near so warm here as I expected to find it. We are supposed to drill three hours a day, but only drill about half of that time. We drill about 20 minutes and then get in the shade under some of the palm trees and rest for 15 or 20 minutes, and then start out again. We are free from 10:30 a. m. until 4 p. m. In the meantime we go bathing in the ocean, which is only 300 yards from our camp. Some of the boys go fishing and catch some fine gold and catfish. There are several ditches close to the camp where we fish. Some amuse themselves by lying under the banyan tree. These trees take root from the limbs wherever they touch the ground, and you would be surprised at the amount of territory some of them cover.

We were six days and a half on water coming over; lost half a day on account of engine breaking down. The trip was delightful, with but one exception—they did not give us enough to eat, after we got over the sea-sickness. Very few were sick more than one day. We were on board ship two days after we arrived here before they would allow us to get off. The native boys would swim all around the ship and dive for nickels, and would get them every time. They can swim like ducks. In the evening the natives would come around the ship and sing some of their songs, which I enjoyed. We arrived on Saturday and were taken off the boat the following Tuesday. We were given a fine dinner in the palace grounds by the natives and the Americans. We were treated royally. The only objection I have to this place is, we only get news every ten days. The rest of the time we are dead to the world.

Honolulu is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants. The natives are the best natured people I ever saw, and all can speak the English language. Nearly all of them can read and write. They have a street car line here, with mules for motive power. It takes about 40 minutes to go from camp to the city. The fare is 10 cents, each way. Very few of the boys have any money, and do not go to the city very often.

There is very little sickness here; nothing like it was in Camp Merritt. We sleep under cover every night. We have the small tents—only two in a tent. There is a breeze nearly all of time. We drill in our brown uniforms, without coat on and in our shirt-sleeves, in the morning and afternoon. In the evening for dress parade, from 5 to 5:30 o'clock, we have to put on white pants and blue blouses. Yesterday I had a pass from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m., and took in most of the city. Was at the fish market, where I saw all kinds of fish; many kinds I had never seen before. Was in a number of stores. They are run principally by Japs and Chinamen. Clothing of all kinds is very cheap. Silk that sells for \$1.50 per yard in San Francisco sells at 40 cents a yard here. There is no duty on it—that is why it is so cheap.

One thing that amused me was the flower girls, sitting on the sidewalk selling flowers of all kinds, which they string—cut them off the stems and run a thread through them—and put them on their hats. They think they are not properly dressed unless they have a wreath of flowers around their hats. They bring matting with them to sit on, and often you will see them sound asleep lying on the sidewalk. I went to see a night-blooming cereous. There must have been fifty or sixty thousand of them, all

blooming at one time. There was a row 6 feet wide and 300 yards long. It was a grand sight. The women nearly all dress in mother hubbards, and are not near so dark as I expected to find them. The half-breeds are very fine looking. A great many Americans have native wives, and are all well-to-do. The natives are inclined to be lazy. Most of the labor is done by Japs. They will work for one-half what the natives will. This is no place for a laboring man, and very few of the trades can get employment. Machinists and boiler-makers are the only ones in demand, and they receive about \$5 per day. Board and room-rent costs \$18 per month—that is, first-class.

I have an idea we will not go to Manila, though the Arizona and Scandia are still here. I often hear our Colorado boys say they wish the Oregon boys were here. Notice stamp on envelope—it is a picture of the harbor. You should see the nice sea shells and corals our boys have collected.

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SECRET SOCIETY CARDS.

K. O. T. M. Granite Tent, No. 4, Knights of the Maccabees, meets in regular review on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ashland, Oregon. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. C. D. HEVENER, Commander, H. L. WHITE, R. K.

L. O. T. M. Margaret Hive, No. 22, Ladies of the Maccabees, holds its regular review on the first and third Friday of each month in Masonic Hall. MRS. BAY L. SHERWIN, Com., MRS. LEAH CALDWELL, R. K.

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