

IN LUZON

By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 24 Ore., U. S. V.

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Just as the tropic darkness shut suddenly down upon Manila we were marching into the interior of the Ayuntamiento and quartered there for the night under the balcony. My own company of about 75 men had the space about 20 feet on either side of the side entrance used by the fire department and the entrance itself. This passage was floored with stone blocks, and upon these the men lay down to sleep, cautioned to be alert in case the fire department should be ordered out, and not get run over. This danger was not very imminent; but what there was not more usual likelihood of fire, that night because, the next afternoon learned, the fire department was one of the most leisurely adherents of the "rest cure" to be found in Manila. It never hurried. A fire that would have long enough to permit the department to go to it without getting out of breath was not worth going to at all, thought these dusky bombardiers. The apparatus consisted of a diminutive hand engine, a dilapidated hose cart, apparently designed for subduing conflagrations in doll houses, and the half-dozen men who composed the fire company were in size about suited to the machines.

As for myself I slept that night in marble halls without having to dream about it. Half way up the broad iron stairs leading from the entrance to the quarters where the men slept was a landing paved with marble slabs, and upon this my First Sergeant, Quartermaster-Sergeant and myself found a bed that night. I had in mind to get a bed for myself, but strict orders had been given that no whisky should be permitted to get to the men, but a little before 11 o'clock I observed signs of a party being given, and talking and a snatch of song in the court around the corner from the entrance. I made a tour of the sleeping forms and all was as quiet as the grave. A little later I heard the music and thought I recognized a voice. I then took station at the inner end of the passage and awaited developments. In a few minutes the position of the court changed. I heard the music and saw the men heaped on the floor under the stairs of the main entrance. Here I was assured the next morning he passed an unpleasant night in company with the other men from other companies. It seems that the bombardiers were the mediums by which the "bino" was smuggled in, the men supplying the money, the firemen having freemasonry in mind. A guard was put at the entrance, the bombardiers talked to rigorously in mongrel Spanish-English, and then I lay down again to dream in marble halls, to be aroused an hour later by a terrific down-pour of rain, which beat upon the zinc roof of the building and the cataract of the street with the roar of a stone. Again making a tour of the company to see if they were all tucked up, I turned to my marble couch and heard nothing more till the bugle sounded reveille just before daylight in the morning.

PROVOST DUTY IN MANILA.

Locally the use of the name Manila is confined to the walled city, while the much larger and far more populous district outside the wall is known by various names, such as Malate, Paco, San Nicholas, Rinconada, Santa Mesa, etc. Manila proper is the ancient city of Spanish construction and occupation. It has within its limits no native hills, being built entirely of stone, wood and cement. Its population, exclusive of military, is about 20,000 people, while in the larger city outside the walls live about 225,000. It stands on the south bank of the Pasig River, a wide, shallow bay, only the most, an embankment, a broad boulevard and a stretch of beach lying between the wall and the water. To the south of the wall is the famous Luneta and its adjacent open grounds, the city park, the parade ground, and a fine residence portion of the city, diverging streets leading off in the direction of Malate, Paco and Santa Ana in the suburbs. The bulk of the city lies north and northeast across the Pasig, which turns slightly towards the south a little distance from the wall. A fine boulevard skirts the wall and the fortifications approach from the Luneta around to the river on the east and north, where a solid stone bridge, the Puente de Espana, leads to the business portion of the city north of the river. This bridge puts a rail track on the river above that point for all vessels not only launches, cascos and canoes being seen on the river along the entire length. Removal of this bridge and extension of the docks above it is one of the necessary harbor improvements of Manila. A little further up the stream, around the bend, and leading into the bay, is the Puente de Colnago, a fine steel suspension bridge, the Puente Colnago, and a short distance further up the Puente Ayala, a combined stone and iron structure, leads into the famous residence district of the Malacañan, where the Governor-General's palace is situated. Here is located the house in which Aguinaldo now remains a voluntary prisoner because of the Malacañan, where the friends of Gen. Luna, who he had assassinated, could get at him. Beyond lies the less famous but more notorious district of Santa Mesa, and further out the historic bridge of the Malacañan, where the sturdy Nebraska sentinel fired the first shot of the Philippine war, and still further the water reservoir nearby and the pumping station at Santolan, some miles further east.

Crossing the Puente de Espana, one comes at once into the chief business portion of the city. Here is the famous Escorial running parallel to the river. Here are the stores that cater to the foreign trade, belonging chiefly to Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen and East Indians generally, and now having a liberal sprinkling of American proprietors. The Escorial leads past the post office, or correo, and across a little bridge spanning one of the numerous sloughs or narrow channels that run out from the Pasig in various directions of the city and off towards the San Sebastian and Santa Mesa districts, this route being followed by one branch of the little horse-car line. To the west, from the Bridge of Spain the Escorial terminates in a little plaza, around which are the offices of the wholesalers and commission houses, as well as the various banks.

Just across another side channel are the large warehouses and docks and the numerous "godowns," or storage warehouses, of the commission dealers. Another line of the tramway branches in this direction from the bridge and runs north through the Binondo and Tondo districts to the northern limits of the city, where it connects with a steam motor line running four miles north to Calocan and two miles farther to the important manufacturing town of Malabon, where, before the war, were located alpaca cloth and jute cloth factories and sugar refineries. This was this motor line which some members of the Idaho regiment and Utah battery, who were in a large number of railroad men put into operation between Manila and Calocan after the capture of the latter, and christened it the "Utah & Idaho Short Line."

Uniting at the Bridge of Spain these

known as the Cuartel de Espana and the other barracks at Fort Santiago, a hospital, barracks and headquarters of engineers, the Archbishop's cathedral, and cathedrals and convents of the Jesuits, Augustines, Franciscans and Recoletos orders. The police station of the city is located within the walled area.

The houses are all two stories high, with cement basements and second stories of wood. No bamboo huts are to be found in Manila proper, those being confined to the native quarters of the outer city. Entrance to the houses is always gained through a heavy wooden door leading into the stone basement, the stairway leading to the second floor, or living apartments, beginning some distance in the interior. This door is always closed and barred at night. Usually cord runs from the bar up through the floor above, by which the bar may be lifted without the necessity of going down stairs. The upper floor projects beyond the lower one and is reached by a peep-hole in the floor of the entrance. One desiring admission when the door is closed "makes an alarm" at the outer portal, and the rituals have it. Having attracted attention, he is scrutinized through the peep-hole, and if he proves to be persona grata the door is opened and he enters, and then his smiling host or hostess ready at the head of the stairs to greet him.

This is the character of houses in Manila outside the public buildings and the churches, also in the business portion of the greater city outside the walls. As soon as the 20 or 25 feet of snow on the mountain summit turns to ice-cold slush the stampede will begin. Haggard men in straggling groups will push and wallow through this slush and press into the tangled wilderness beyond. Those who succeed in braving the terrors of the passes will find themselves in a rough mountain country, wilder than Alaska and the Klondike, with no food, except what each man carried in his pack, no gold to be picked up in places only bleak mountain peaks and slopes that are almost unclimbable. There are no expensive machines to rob them of their well-guarded treasures.

It will be like a keen game. One man will yell "Keno!" and all the rest will shout "Go!" and the game will begin. Who goes into the Thunder Mountain gold fields, one only will succeed where 500 will struggle back beaten and broken-hearted. Thunder Mountain is bound to prove one of the greatest of the great gold fields that gold-hunters ever broke their hearts over. It is what we call in the West a "tough proposition." It is not a poor country, as many of our men have pretended. A poor man is doomed to failure and disaster. To succeed in the Thunder Mountain field requires a beautiful stock of provisions, machinery for the Oregon region, and an amount of grit to get there and stay there.

No one who has not tramped along the so-called trails of that portion of Idaho can have any idea of the perils and hardships attending the employment of a pack train to conquer the snow—that is, if you are going to be one of the "sooners" and rush into the mountains before the middle of June. A friend and myself who tried to make the trail, but who got up to our armpits and barely succeeded in getting over the summits alive. It takes a harder constitution and more endurance to try to make the trail in a single second time. Then you have to carry on your back enough provisions to live on during your whole stay in the fields. If you are rich, you could take a pack train to try to make the trail, but with the desperate life and starvation conditions at Thunder Mountain you would have to sit up with your gun in hand to guard it, after the small stock of provisions had been used up. You would have to draw on your own strength to get up the mountain, and you would have to give up "shell out," or fight. If you could take enough provisions in on your back, you would have to give up your pack train long before you reached Thunder Mountain—having nothing to drink but melted snow—and he laid up provisions for the trail, as a remnant of civilization as the North Pole. You would find all the so-called free gold lands at Thunder Mountain taken up and staked off, and you would have to locate your own claims, and you would have to find for machinery to run the thing.

Now and then you hear of a pack-horse train going in to Thunder Mountain and that there is enough to eat there. You would discover your error in about two minutes after reaching camp. A friend has just written me—it took one month for the letter to get here—of provisions for the trail, worth \$1 a pound. These prices are purely theoretical, as there is no flour there and no provisions; the theory is based upon the idea that somebody is going to bring some in some day.

Some years ago, when a friend and I first broke through the passes, there was plenty of game, and you could find deer every hundred yards in any direction, and they were so tame you were ashamed to kill them. Now the hunters have driven them into the deep canyons, so the prospectors cannot count upon the living animals, and the only game that wagon road reach Thunder Mountain things will be different; but certainly for this year and next the hardships and sufferings will be far more terrible than those experienced by the gold-hunters and seekers who went into the Klondike region through the Alaskan passes. The country is far wilder than the Klondike, far more inaccessible, and with less natural food in the shape of game and berries. In winter the temperature drops 60 degrees below zero.

My own experience may serve as an illustration of the hardships to be expected, although I went into the region far better equipped than the run of prospectors. My friend and I went 500 miles across the mountains in the month of passing through a trail of a hundred miles and mountain passes, and climbing

THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

Some Facts—Related by a Prospector and Claim Owner.

The "Rush" to the Thunder Mountain gold fields, Idaho, is "on" for this summer. Thousands of eager-eyed gold-hunters, famishing for a look at the yellow stuff that the Caswell boys, according to the boom reports from the district, are picking up by the hatful, through all the little trail stations around the new fields. Some of them are tough, weather-worn miners; but hundreds are green and tender fortune-hunters, who know nothing about gold or gold-bearing rocks, or placer, or gulches, or bolcats, or bears, or starvation in the lonely wilderness, or the desperate, terrible and hazardous life of a boom mining camp filled with the most reckless devils that roam the earth in these days.

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William McGrath, 45 Guilford St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man today where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and clear. I am now a healthy man, and the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and today I am absolutely well."

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trail so steep that an unloaded horse had to stop for breath every 20 steps, we both fell sick with mountain fever. It is called mountain fever because it is brought on by drinking melted snow. The fever is something like typhoid with a liberal mixture of "break-bone" fever. The difference is that in "break-bone" fever you think your bones are broken, but in the mountain fever you know they are broken. They never will be anything else; they hurt so. We lay upon the sand bar at Salmon River for six weeks, and would probably have died there if a doctor had not happened along with some medicine in his saddle-bags. During the whole time we were there we were too sick to cook and lived mostly on raw or half-cooked stuff.

When we got into the mountains about the gold fields we could get plenty of game, at that time, and got along better. We were able, however, to carry in our wagon and on our horses enough provisions for the trip; but if we could not get any game, we would have had a terrible time even with game plentiful. You can imagine the sufferings of a poor prospector, tramping into that wilderness with a little bag of dust and a bad case of frozen hands and feet, which laid him up for two years. Before he got back, a forest fire had swept away all traces of the spot, so he could not again locate it. Some time after this, there was a case of the kind that happened to me at Big Creek, and this led to the "boom" of the Thunder Mountain gold fields. The Caswell boys, by the way, had a characteristic streak of prospector's hard luck. They got plenty of gold, but they had a big fortune in their fingers and did not know it. They had borrowed money, or had impure blood, or kidney and bladder trouble, and liver complaint cured to stay cured by the doctor's wonderful remedies.

Another experience of mine may be of interest. I learned one day that the Caswell boys had struck gold, and I went out with my claims. I got on a cayuse and struck out for civilization. For five days and nights I beat through that wilderness, absolutely alone, carrying my gun and down, watching out all the time for wild animals. They say bears and cougars and other pleasant things there won't attack a man, but they are a coward, so all you have to do is to stay awake and look out. A bob-cat will jump on you if you shut your eyes. It isn't pleasant to be out there alone in the wilderness with the prospect of a trap's but some 60 miles away, alone in the brush and gazing into the eyes of cougars and bobcats who come up to take a look at you. Five nights of this was all I wanted, and I got out of there as fast as I could. Thunder Mountain region would not be any consolation.

Thunder Mountain region has always had a bad reputation for a very bad section of the Northwest. There are certain gold legends hanging about it to run prospectors crazy. It is in the midst of the richest gold field, with the exception of Canada in the world. If you take a map and draw a circle on a radius of 200 miles, with Thunder Mountain as the center, you will mark out a region from which \$500,000,000 of gold has been taken in the last 18 years. The gold has been found in that section of course the prospectors always thought that the hills were packed with the stuff. For generations an alluring legend, known in the Northwest as the legend of the "Indian gold," has been told around the campfires of the miners and prospectors. But the terrors of the region were so great that even the boldest gold-hunters hesitated to penetrate the wilderness.

This is the same country that has a bad reputation in history as being the only thing in the West that could stop the march of Lewis and Clark. They passed through it, but they never got on, and when they reached the gorges of Salmon River they made a wide detour to avoid them. Prospectors skirted the region and penetrated it for a few miles in all directions, but up to about 25 years ago no one had the grit to get in.

One day in 1875 a gold, Farrar was sitting in a camp near the Salmon River, where he had been sent to exterminate the Sheep-eater Indians, who had acquired the unpleasant habit of killing all miners and prospectors in their territory. Nature had done her best to make the region inaccessible to white men, but the Sheep-eater Indian finished the job. He decorated his belt or saddle with the hair of anybody who was foolish enough to get out into that portion of the country. Lient.

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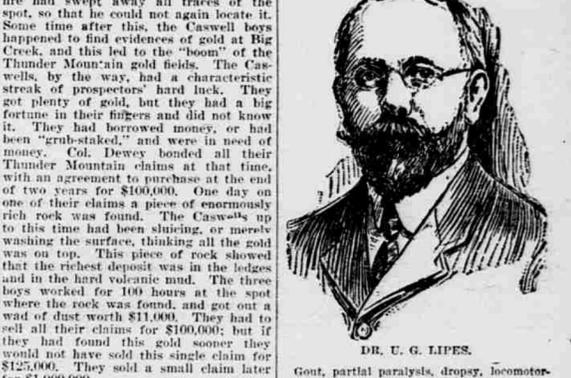
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sacks, and drop them along the trail. It is certainly not a poor man's country, and thousands who go there without means will come back shattered and broken-hearted, and many will die of the hardships—Collier's Weekly.

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Do not miss a number of the paper, and tell us of the especially the young people, what is coming.