

ever comes, is so melancholy. And so, when he is bored too much, my poor Jose goes across the road to drink, and as he has a fine voice, the woman from Arles makes him sing. Hush! there he goes again."

And she stood there, as if in a trance, trembling, with her hand outstretched, and tears rolling down her cheeks, which made her look uglier than ever, to hear her Jose singing for the Woman from Arles:

"The first one said to her:
'Good day, my pretty dear!'"

According to Tom Peck of the Salt Lake Route, and John D. Byrne of the Santa Fe, both stationed in Los Angeles, the coming winter will bring to the west more wealthy tourists than ever before. They make their statements after carefully considering all advance information, and their advice from eastern sources is such that it is hardly possible for their predictions to go amiss. This information, coming, as it does, after a record-breaking summer in transcontinental passenger traffic, will be splendid news for Salt Lake, which usually receives a visit from all pleasure-seekers and investors coming and going on their way to and from the coast.

A NEW QUILEZ FOR COLONEL WAGNER.

The correspondence printed below is the first authentic copy of it ever published. It recites in detail an interesting conflict in Luzon. It was furnished to us by an officer who was on the spot at the time. The first letter, which was effective in raising the dignity of Col. Wagner while in Southern Luzon, illustrates the self-abnegation necessary for the officer who is used to a sea going hack in America to practice while in the Philippines. The correspondence follows:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF SOUTHERN LUZON.

Manila, Philippine Islands,

To the Depot Quartermaster, Manila, P. I.:

Sir:—I have the honor to invite your attention to the fact that though application was made some weeks ago for a suitable conveyance for the use of the inspector-general of this department and myself, the only result thus far has been the "hope deferred," which "maketh the heart sick," and which, at the same time, makes the rest of one's individuality extremely tired.

The fact that the conveyance now in use by Major Beach and myself is an unattractive combination of a hearse and a chicken coop is one that I can endure in a becoming spirit of humility, though it might seem proper that there should be some visible evidence that in the matter of transportation the senior staff officer of an important department is given no more consideration than is habitually extended to a company sloopbarrel but it may be doubted whether it accords with the best interest of the service to provide such a rickety and jolting conveyance for a staff officer that upon arrival at his office he finds his inner man churned into an unlovely omelette composed of the wreck of his viscera, his conscience and his professional attainments.

The request is neither inspired by pride nor prompted by the spirit of a sybarite. I do not aspire to an iron chariot such as baffled the Almighty in his campaign against the Canaanites of the valley (Judges 1-19), nor even to a buckboard of the pattern rendered famous in more recent military operations. Nay, more; I do not even aspire to a participation in the wheeled glory of my juniors in rank on duty at division headquarters, nor to the vehicular grandeur of a newly-created quartermaster, but I would like to have a conveyance which I could leave standing with a reasonable degree of confidence that it would not be removed, in my absence, by a police party, as an offence against the landscape or a menace to sanitation.

The vehicle with which I am now provided offers an appearance of impending disintegration not unlike that presented by a man with his suspenders broken and ten Mexican dollars in his trousers pocket; and its imitation of the "One-Horse Shay" is doubtless delayed only by a Castilian spirit of procrastination acquired from its maker.

To be sure, there remains the alternative of walking through the burning rays of a tropical sun, which would be perfectly feasible if one could escape a cabeza caliente or consider his liver with the same indifference that the late Mr. Vanderbilt entertained for the public. But the alternative of my melting away in perspiration or fading away in an atmosphere of humiliation is not attractive to me, though it may not be devoid of hopeful features for the junior officers of my corps.

Trusting that this delay in the matter of providing me with a suitable conveyance is due merely to a climatic habit of "manana" and is

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