

## SUNSHINE.

Look out, look out, my little maid,  
The rain is falling fast,  
And all the sky with gathering shade  
Of cloud is overcast.  
Oh, mother dear! big drops I hear  
Beat on the window pane;  
But in the sky a light I spy,  
Of sunshine in the rain."

The clouds rolled by, out broke the  
rays,  
Glinting athwart the shower,  
Letting the rain drops all abate,  
Like pearls on leaf and flower.  
Oh, mother dear! the heaven is clear,  
The sky is blue again;  
The air is bright with jewelled light  
Of sunshine in the rain."

The ripening years passed o'er the  
maid  
Since that sweet summer-tide;  
The girl is now a matron staid,  
With children by her side,  
When round her life the clouds grow  
Of sorrow and of pain,  
She knows from heaven that light is  
given,  
Like sunshine in the rain."

## His First Love.

BY A. BLAIR LEES.

They were sitting in Bryce's luxuriant chambers—a party of men whom business or pleasure had kept in town during the festive season, or who had so had sufficient inducements offered them to quit it. Bryce was laying down the law concerning The Flirting Woman in his own dogmatic way.

"A woman who flirts," he announced, in a tone of absolute finality, "a woman who deliberately plays with a man's heart for her own amusement is capable of anything—anything! from pocket-picking to murder."

The men seated around the table exchanged covert smiles. It was a joke of old standing amongst them that Bryce had been flitted by his first and only love—hence this particular bee in his bonnet, his confirmed bachelorhood and unchivalrous attitude toward the fairer half of creation. Gordon, a slim young barrister, took up the cudgels on behalf of the sex.

"Granted," he said, with an engaging drawl, "that a woman has no more right to tamper with a man's heart than with his banking account, but you would never get the dear creature to understand the principle of the thing. Scores of women, who would not stoop to wrong you of a halfpenny, would break your heart without compunction, out of sheer fun and kittenish perversity."

Bryce shot a glance at the speaker—his dark eyes flashing with the vindictive bitterness that the subject always roused in him.

"I say," he reiterated, with harsh emphasis, "that a deliberate flirt is capable of anything."

"Yas, dear fellow," drawled Gordon, sweetly, "we all heard you. Only—you can't prove it."

"No. You assume, what is manifestly unfair, that a woman who is guilty of one trifling weakness is capable of all—is, in fact, utterly unprincipled. You can't make it good. How would you stand yourself, judged by the same slap-dash rule? And they do say, don't they, that flirting girls make the best wives?"

"Would you care to run the risk?" asked his host, with a grim laugh.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "In my humble opinion," he said, lightly, "the risk is inevitable—the results a matter of degree."

A general laugh followed this precocious statement.

"What do you say, Ives?" demanded Bryce of a silent, keen-eyed man. "You are acquainted with the Indian variety of the tribe—you ought to know a little about the subject."

Ives shook his head. "I'm no judge," he said, diffidently. "I have been up-country too long, and flirtation is a lost art in the remote stations—men can't very well flirt with each other. My principal experience of our fair exports was during the Mutiny, and that is not exactly an honest test, you will agree."

"Why not?" sneered Bryce.

Ives looked at him a little curiously before replying. "You men who sit at home at ease," he remarked, quietly, "rarely seem to grasp the intense gruesomeness of fighting. Flirtation never stands that fiery ordeal. Love, real love, the genuine article, thrives and blossoms under the strangest conditions and in the grimmest scenes—its counterfeit withers at the first breath of a hostile cannon. Did you ever picture your ideal flirt—the woman with no good in her—in a beleaguered fort, among the unspeakable horrors of a siege—where the enemy's shells keep crashing through the walls in quite unexpected places, and the groans of wounded men are the least alarming sounds? I thought not. I could tell you a story of a flirt I knew." He went on, twirling the stem of his glass round and round between his fingers. "It may interest you. I don't think it will bore you. Did any of you know Jack Reeves?"

A subdued murmur of assent passed round. Jack Reeves was dead. Ives' eyes were on his glass, and he did not see the dark, painful flush that crept slowly over his host's face, nor the ashen pallor that succeeded it.

"You know how he died, of course?" "We heard," said one of the men, with a slight effort, "that he and his wife were killed at the taking of some out-of-the-way fort by the rebels. It was a most deplorable affair."

"It was. I was in it."

"Yes?" exclaimed Gordon. "It was

reported that every one of the defenders was killed."

"I dare say. It was not always easy to make out accurate reports just then—survivors had a disorderly knack of turning up, wounded and half-starved, after the dispatches had been sent home. I ought to have been killed, no doubt, but I was knocked over in the thick of the last struggle, and fairly buried beneath a pile of rebel corpses. That saved me, I believe. The rebels were had been waiting for arrived on the scene half an hour too late. They routed the mutineers, and paid the last tribute of respect to their dead friends, and the men who meant to bury me brought me round again in time. But enough of that—it is not an experience to linger over."

"We were quite a nice little party at Jus-ulpur before the row broke out. I was down on a visit to Jack. He had been home on furlough the year before, and brought a wife back with him. She was the most desperate flirt I ever met. Not one of those sparkling, piquant creatures whom one instinctively expects to have some fun with, but a daughter of the gods, divinely fair." A calm, statuesque beauty, with an oval face, grandly chiseled features, a perfect mouth and wonderful, luminous gray eyes.

"Old Major Gardner, who was in command of the garrison, hated the sight of her. I soon found out why. She never descended to frivolity, or let men render her conspicuous by their attentions, but she would listen by the hour while a man poured out his homeliness, his ambitions, his lofty aspirations, his yearnings after the ideal, and any other beautiful sentiment he happened to possess, and she would watch the heart out of him with the subtle, exquisite sympathy that lurked in her marvelous eyes, and in the curves of her wistful, perfect lips. And then, some day, the unlucky wretch would lose his head, and she—she would lift her delicate eyebrows incredulously and freeze him into nothingness."

"Then the crash came. I won't bore you by going into that—it is ancient history now—but I should like to tell you how that woman died. For five weeks we held the tiny fort against a horde of rebels, and our slender garrison thinned daily."

"The mutineers knew their business, thoroughly—thanks to our careful training. They planted their batteries on the roofs of neighboring houses and kept up a deadly fire on the fort. The havoc their shells wrought was frightful. Strong men were killed at their posts. Poor wretches who lay moaning in the 'hospital room' were hurled into eternity, together with the minuscule women who beat over them, and the bodies were hastily buried in the compound after dark. Day by day our ranks thinned, and the situation became, if possible, more serious. We had got a messenger sent off to the nearest station for assistance, but we neither knew whether he had got safely through the enemy's lines, nor whether he had found the other forts in the same plight as our own."

"It was a hideous experience. And through all the horror and carnage Mrs. Reeves passed calmly and serenely—like some fair star shining amid black clouds. In that terrible crisis, with that awful, palpable shadow of death hanging over us, all the false side of her nature seemed to slip away from her like an ugly mask, leaving only what was good, and womanly and true. Nothing daunted her, nothing sickened her. She went to and fro among the men, looking after their comfort, cheering the despondent; always brave and hopeful herself, and infecting others with her brightness."

"Her care for the wounded was most unwearying. She seemed to feel no fatigue where they were concerned, tended them without a thought of the risk she often ran from flying bullets and other missiles. Their own mothers and sisters could not have done more for them than she did—or done it in a sweeter way. When food ran short she evolved meals for us out of most unpromising materials, and lived on the same bare rations as the rest, in spite of our protests."

"The men simply worshipped the ground she walked over, and would have followed the forlornest of forlorn hopes at her bidding. The Major's views concerning her underwent a complete alteration. I saw him once dash his hand furtively across his eyes as he watched her supporting the head of a poor fellow dying of a gunshot wound, and whispering gentle words into his ear. I think he foresaw the end from the beginning; though—true to his bulldog that he was—he never admitted it. The odds were too great even for British pluck and valor—unless help came soon."

"The fort was a queer, rambling little affair, with a detached tower rising from an angle of the compound. Jack and I shared the same watch at night on the tower roof. Long watches they were, as we grew short-handed, and weirdly still the nights seemed after the hideous din of the day time—a cold, tense stillness, only broken by the howling of the jackals in the nullahs and the comparatively musical cries of the rebel sentries. And always, when we had been at our posts a little while, we would see her gliding toward us, shadowy and ethereal in the starlight—for the stars came out and shone down as serenely on us in our trouble as on our gayties of a month before. Years seemed to have elapsed since then! And she would slip her hand through Jack's arm and lay her cheek against his sleeve, and watch with us—silent and intent as we were ourselves. There was no need for speech between those two. In the presence of the death angel things clear themselves. All their former differences dropped out of sight, forgiven and forgotten. Only their love remained, and if ever a man and woman understood each other, they did."

They could read each other's hearts without a word spoken on either side.

"She made it up to Jack then. She never hindered him or unsteadied his nerves with tears and lamentations; she was the truest, bravest helpmeet man ever had. Once, near the end, when she thought herself unobserved, I saw her lay her head down on his shoulder and cry quietly. And I saw the great tears rolling down his face as he bent over her—but I don't believe it was a case of 'white feather' with either of them."

"Well, to cut it short, when the last day came, there were less than a dozen of us left—seven Englishmen, three of the faithful Sikhs, and Mrs. Reeves. Our position was practically hopeless. The Sepoys had taken the fort buildings after a lot of stubborn fighting and heavy loss on our side. Only the isolated tower remained in our possession, and to say that we were 'intrenched' in that picturesque, but highly incommensurate, building would be a fine bit of poetic license. We were boxed in like rats in a trap. The end was, as the doctors say, 'merely a question of time,' unless help came, and of that we had begun to despair. It had become plain to us that our situation was, in all probability, the rule, and not the exception, and that the country must be in a state of revolt. We went about with grim faces in these days. We knew that we were doomed, but we meant to exact a high price for our lives, and had no notion of hurrying the final issue. The mutineers, to do them justice, were in no pressing hurry either. They appreciated the race sufficiently to know that a handful of half-starved and desperate Englishmen were likely to prove dangerous at close quarters, and they showed no indecent haste to come in and finish off the dying lion."

"They had us safe, and waited a day or two, with the patience of an experienced grizzly bear sitting under his victim's bough—not venturing into the compound within range of our fire, but contenting themselves with shooting at us from the fort buildings. But when that last day dawned, we knew our time had come. There were unmistakable signs of activity in the enemy's camp."

"They had dragged a couple of small guns into the two doorways opening on to the compound, and pounded away perseveringly at the tough old tower, chipping large pieces off the stones, without doing much damage. I don't fancy they cared to try shells at that short distance. Now and then their gunners showed themselves, and gave us an opportunity of retaliation, of which we were not slow to avail ourselves, and we did plenty of promiscuous shooting."

"The stairs leading from the base of the tower to the roof were divided into two flights by a small room or landing, lit by narrow loopholes and shut off from the lower flight by a fairly strong door. The Major took up his position in this place with some of the men. Jack and I, with a couple of others, occupied the roof."

"Jack was shooting away with appalling regularity. The muscles of his good-natured face were set like iron, his eyes were glittering, his hands cool and steady. He used two weapons alternately, and his wife, with a resolute expression on her pale, beautiful face, stood quietly by him, loading while he fired, utterly regardless of the hail of bullets that struck the stonework around her."

"All at once the guns ceased firing, and the supply of bullets began to slacken gradually, and shortly after we heard the Major's voice below, bidding us to come down. Jack was turning slowly away from the parapet, when I saw him leap suddenly in the air and fall back, stone dead, by his wife's side. Poor thing! She sank down on her knees beside him with a cry that went to my heart. Still, I could do nothing for her, so I went down to the Major."

"He was greatly shocked at my news, but drew me hastily toward the loophole by which he was standing."

"What do you make of their silence, Ives? Can you guess what their next move will be?"

"I could not, and told him so."

"They mean to venture a little more on the stakes," he said, with a grim smile. "They are going to run a gun out into the open, in the face of our bullets, and pour a heavy fire into the door below. One round of gunners will suffice for the work, and they will doubtless die happy in the knowledge that they are striking the hated Englishmen's death-blow. Then, the instant a breach is made in the door, the whole pack of fiends will swarm out of their cover and storm the tower."

"And we? I asked, rather laconically—the programme was not inviting."

"The staircase is narrow," he replied, sententiously. "We have some ammunition left and our swords. The first heroes through the breach will be the first in Valhalla."

"And Mrs. Reeves?" I asked, with a shudder.

"The old gentleman's brave face twitched slightly. I read in his eyes the terrible, inevitable reply, but before he could frame the words, a touch on his arm made him turn round. Mrs. Reeves stood behind us, very pale, but perfectly composed."

"Major," she said, 'my dear husband—her sweet voice faltered for a minute, then steadied itself—'my husband promised that, if the worst came, he would keep his last bullet for me. May I now rely on you to do me this service? You will not fall me?' she added, appealingly."

"Her old enemy took the hand resting on his arm, and lifted it gently to his lips."

"Madam," he said, in his stately, old-fashioned way, "I am honored by your request. If the worst happens, as I greatly fear it will, you may rely

on me. I will not fall you. But go back now—if I want you, I will call."

"She thanked him gratefully, and returned to her vigil on the roof. We turned back to our loophole—I think neither of us could have looked the other in the face just then for our life's ransom."

"Suddenly a shout from the men at the opposite loophole, followed by the crack of their rifles, took us over to them. The gun on their side had been run out, as the Major predicted. Two of the gunners had already fallen. Two more rolled over lifeless as the gun was brought into position. The man who was pointing it fell by Major Gardner's hand."

"Quick! Ives," he cried, 'the man with the match!'"

"I obeyed, but only succeeded in wounding him. His right arm dropped at his side, but, with a defiant yell, he snatched at the match with his left hand and fired. There was a deafening report and a crash of wood, followed by such a howl of triumph as might have come from the throats of a legion of fiends."

"To the stairs!" shouted the Major, heading the rapid descent."

"We formed on the bottom steps, two abreast—just in time. On they came with a rush, leaping and yelling; down they went before our fire. Twice we repulsed them, but each time the sea of dark, demonic faces surged in again. On they came, leaping over the bodies of their fallen comrades, on to the very stairs where we stood."

"The fight was a sharp and a terrible one. We fought as men are likely to fight in such a case, but we were outnumbered completely. Three of us fell. All of us were badly wounded. Every step of that winding stair was slippery with our blood. Inch by inch, we fought our way back to the landing—those that were left of us, four white men and two Sikhs."

"On the threshold we paused a moment, and in obedience to the Major's command emptied our last volley at the crowd. They cleared back a space, tumbling over one another, and we managed to close the door and drag the bars across. Then, as they rushed up again, on the other side, battering at the wood with horrid imprecations, we leaned against the walls, utterly spent. Our ammunition was gone; we were all in a sorry plight. One of the Sikhs had sunk down half-insensible; the Major supported himself against the door, in little better case."

"He pulled himself together with an effort, looked around at us with a sad smile, which had yet something of pride in it, and then he called out for Mrs. Reeves. He stood there, fingering his pistol nervously, his brave old face working. I have always thought that he meant to shoot her down as she turned the corner, to save her the torturing minute of anticipation, but she must have been near at hand, for when he looked up she was standing on the bottom step—waiting!"

"I can never forget that weirdly terrible scene. It is fixed indelibly on my brain. The crashing blows thundering on the door, the infernal yelling of the fiends outside of it, the gloomy landing, with the fierce sunlight filtering through the narrow loopholes, the handful of desperate, doomed men, wounded and unsightly, the swarthy faces of the Sikhs, and, in the midst of it all, that fair young woman, her white dress torn and dragged and soiled with smoke and blood, her face utterly calm—standing there, without a trace of fear, waiting for her death."

"I am quite ready, Major," she said simply."

"The men caught their breath sharply. One of them, a big Irishman, gave a loud sob and crossed himself. The Major could not speak. He made her a low bow—then, raising his weapon, he shot her through the heart. The next moment he fell himself, as the door burst open and the horde rushed in. The rest you know."

"It is not a story to talk about. I never told it before for that reason; but what Bryce said to-night made my blood boil, and—Why, Bryce! Bryce! Surely, my dear fellow, you don't think I meant—"

Ives rose abruptly from his chair and hurried round the table to his host."

The other men, whose attention had been riveted on the story, followed his movements with startled eyes; then they got up, too, and crowded round in consternation."

Bryce had dropped forward with his arms on the table, his face buried in his hands. His breath came and went in long, shuddering sobs that shook his whole frame, and when they spoke to him he seemed as if he did not hear. His vest was disordered, as though it had been hastily torn open, and on the table before him lay a jewelled miniature. Ives, glancing at it as he bent over his friend, drew back with a smothered exclamation."

"Great Heaven!" he gasped, with palling lips. "It is she!"

It was the portrait of a grandly beautiful girl, with a wistful, perfect mouth and luminous gray eyes."

Poor Bryce! He had lived and loved—and lost!"

The men drew away from him reverently. They did what seemed the kindest thing, and slipped out of the room quietly, leaving him alone with his dead. Not till they reached the door did even Gordon find his voice, and then he only said, "Poor old Bryce!"

Ives stood on the doorstep when they had all gone. He thought of the stricken man in his lonely room above, and a great flood of pity welled up in his heart. Perhaps he, too, had suffered—for he shut the door softly and went back again to his friend.—Strand Magazine.

More English cricketers were born in the Nottingham town of Sutton-in-Ashfield than anywhere else in Eng-

## AFTER THE SURRENDER.

General Grant Would Permit No Celebration at Appomattox.

General Horace Porter, in his 'Campaigning with Grant,' in the Century describes the surrender at Appomattox. General Porter says:

Before parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. A little before four o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay—now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote the palm of his left hand slowly with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overpowered him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded."

General Grant and his staff then started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime, had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent an order at once to have them stopped, using these words: "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again; and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." This was in keeping with his order issued after the surrender of Vicksburg: "The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. \* \* \* Instruct the commanders to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remarks."

A Wonderful Pump.

If the details and figures given by a correspondent of the Chicago Record are exact concerning one of the pumps of the Calumet and Hecla mine, it is, without doubt, the greatest mechanism of the kind in the world, its capacity of water delivery being some 2,500,000 gallons every hour in the twenty-four, and even then without reaching its utmost. The apparatus is a triple-expansion pumping engine with a capacity of 90,000,000 gallons, standing nearly fifty feet in height and requiring 1,500-horse power for its operation, and it has been proved by actual tests that its nominal performance can easily be maintained for an indefinite time without injury or strain, and that, pushed to the full extent, the pump could handle approximately 75,000,000 gallons in twenty-four consecutive hours. The purpose of this pump is to furnish water for the great stamp mills of the Calumet and Hecla company, which has twenty-two steam pumps in continuous operation, daily pulverizing 5,000 tons of conglomerate rock into sand so fine that it can be carried away by a stream of swiftly running water. The pump is located near the lake shore and below the mills, so as to force a steady stream of water to the upper portions of the mill, where innumerable small jets lay upon the great slime tables and fligs. Here it is that the specific gravity of the fine particles of copper contained in the rock separate the valuable mineral from the mass of worthless sand, the size and force of the streams of water being so nicely regulated as to wash away the sand and yet carry with it the minimum of copper."

Peculiar Foot of the Reindeer.

The foot of the reindeer is cloven in the middle, and each half is turned in front. These two sections of the foot are greatly expanded, and capable of great lateral expansion. When the foot is placed on the ground the two sections expand three or four inches, and when it is raised again a muscular contraction brings the two digits together with a loud clattering noise. It is this peculiar sound which one hears half a mile away when the reindeer are approaching. Secondary hoofs that are not prolonged in the reindeer, and having a slight backward inclination, they add valuable support to the animal. Thus, with such a peculiar foot conformation, the reindeer secures a good foothold on any solid substance, and performs wonders of strength and agility within the Arctic circle where all other animals are placed at a disadvantage."

An Emperor's Ingenuity.

To judge from the following anecdote, Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia has a mechanical turn of mind, not usually supposed to belong to the natives of the Dark Continent. It seems that M. Lagarde, the French Minister to that country having heard that the Emperor desired to possess a sewing-machine, took pains to have one included among his baggage. But the roads of Abyssinia are capable of such improvement, and although the machine was well packed the accidents of the trip left it at the end in a sorry

condition. When the case was opened, M. Lagarde found to his chagrin that the machine positively refused to work. Not being versed in the methods of making repairs of this sort, he was at a loss what to do, when Menelek approached. "Let me look at it," he said. He scrutinized the machine, examined its plan of construction, and, catching sight of a little spring which had become bent, remarked: "Why, you have only to straighten that out and the machine will work." No sooner said than done. With a sharp blow from a hammer the Negus put matters to rights, and the next minute the machine was running admirably, to the intense delight of the Emperor and the natural amazement of M. Lagarde. —New York Tribune.

## DRIED VEGETABLES.

A New Industry Which Has Started Up in California.

A new and important industry has come into existence in Santa Clara County which bids fair in time to rival the fruit drying. This is the preparation of dried vegetables for the market, which at present is generally confined to the short seasons at the driers between the ripening of the different fruits. Just lately the vegetables have been usurping the place of apricots, but they have now already begun to give way in turn to the prunes."

On approaching a drier it does not take one long to decide whether fruit or vegetables are being prepared, for in the latter case a pungent odor rushes out to sting one's eyes and crawl uncomfortably up one's nostrils—for the trail of onions is over the land. Within a lively scene is presented. Men are hurrying to and fro bearing trays and boxes, while long rows of women and children sit busily peeling potatoes and carrots, which, together with the onions, form at present the stable product. When boxes of potatoes and carrots are filled they are poured into a large hopper, and from there fed to a machine with rotating knives, which cuts them up into small slices a quarter of an inch thick. The further process which the potatoes undergo is simple, and for carrots and the other minor vegetables it is practically the same."

After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a chamber built of wood. Here great discrimination must be used, for if they are sulphured too much, the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little, they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. Moreover, a little sulphuring is necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables as far as possible and to prevent decay."

After this process the potatoes are not spread out in the sun, but put into an evaporator. The latter looks like a small Ferris wheel and is inclosed in a sort of brick oven with glass windows. Within this it revolves close to hot air pipes for a few hours. When the moisture is sufficiently evaporated the cars of the wheel are emptied through the windows and their contents are now ready for shipment to the cans."

When this stage is reached the sliced potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried. By their pungency onions possess the power of warding off bacteria, and are, therefore, only slightly sulphured to preserve their color. They are next evaporated until one-third of the moisture is expelled, and then placed in trays in the sun, just as is done with fruit. The drying process shrivels the onions so much that it takes twenty parts of the fresh to make one of the dried. While the onions are being cut up the moisture coming from them is disagreeable and hard on the eyes of the employees."

When carrots are evaporated it takes about nine parts of them to make one dried part. Perhaps the drying process used in the case of both carrots and potatoes might be improved upon were steam employed. By using the latter the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated in a chamber similar to the one above described. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried and yet capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop."

Other vegetables than those mentioned are at present in process of development; but so far the industry has proved very profitable, as evinced by the increased demand for dried vegetables all over the country, but especially in the mining regions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

To Restore Montezuma's Castle.

Montezuma's impregnable castle in the cliffs near Camp Verde, Arizona, is to be restored to its original shape by the Arizona Antiquarian Association. The castle is located three miles from the abandoned military post known formerly as Camp Verde, and is perched in a high niche, which towers far above the left bank of Beaver creek. It is the finest and largest cliff dwelling in the United States. From the foot of the perpendicular cliff the entrance is exactly forty feet, while above it rises the precipice, another hundred feet."

Remarkable Tree.

Commissioner Mewborne had a photograph yesterday of a pecan grafted into a hickory tree on the farm of Mr. John M. McKay, near Fayetteville. The grafting was done February 28, 1897, the bud opening May 25th following. The photograph was taken August 30th last, at which time the height of the stalk was five feet and the circumference at the ground twenty inches. The growth of the scion from opening of the bud until August 30th, ninety-six days, was five and one-half feet.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.