THAT FAMOUS APPLE TREE.

APPOMATTOX AND THE SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

How the Apple Tree was No Myth—Lee's Meeting with Grant as Described by an Eye Witness—A Historical Relic.

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, Aug. 17.—A little dingy brick Court House, standing in the smallest of parks, a dull red tavern and country store, two or three houses, and a wheelwright's shop—such is the village of Appomattox. The people tell you that there has been no change in appearance since the day when Grant and Lee met on that little bluff that you can see as you stand in the Court House yard. Now everything is peaceful, and the village seems to have fallen into that sleep from which it was so rudely awakened in that April week sixteen years and more ago. But one addition has been made to the landscape since that time, and this appeared a few days after the surrender. That little plot of ground just out of the village, wherein are a dozen or more graves indicated by pine slabs, broken and washed clean of paint by the rains of sixteen winters, contains the bones of those soldiers of the once proud Army of Northern Virginia who last fell.

Another change is conspicuous, not by reason of any marked effect, but because it indicates the absence of that which once was a part of the landscape, and which every visitor first asks for—the famous apple tree. The field where it stood is visible, and the group of trees of which it was one still stands; but only a hollow in the earth marks the spot where this tree once grew. No changes have occurred other than these, except that the fences, that were then torn down to become fuel for the thousand camp fires, have all been replaced. It is easy, therefore, to stand on any of these slopes and make a mental picture of what occurred on the 8th and 9th of April, 1865. Two residents of the village, Messrs. G. T. Peers and E. G. Hix, who saw it all, were kind enough to relate the more important of these historic events.

The villagers tell you first of the ragged and half-famished stragglers who appeared in their midst three or four days before Lee's army came around that bend in the road. These men, anticipating the end, had thrown down their arms, and were using all speed to get home before Grant's army bagged their comrades.

"They were, many of them, shirtless, hatless, and barefooted," says Mr. Hix, "and a sadder looking set of men I never saw."

They could only say to the villagers that Lee, with his army, was hastening that way, but whether he would pass through the village or not, of course, these stragglers could not tell.

When the villagers awoke on Saturday morning, April 8, they saw over in those fields to the east, and in the Richmond turnpike, bodies of men whose movements were not irregular like those of stragglers, but seemed to be animated by the word of command. During the day the fields became white with their tents, and from that bend in the Richmond pike came into view in the afternoon long lines of men bearing arms, and long trains of wagons, while men could be seen pushing batteries up the hills. Lee's army had come, and was going to camp for the night on those slopes that lead down to the banks of the Appomattox Creek. Badgered and pressed by Sheridan's cavalry all the way from Petersburg, Lee had doubled like a snake with sinuous trail to dodge the Federals; shelled as they camped at night; cutting their way through Custer's cavalry, they had come a hundred miles, and were now nearly at the Lynchburg hills. Another day's march and they would be, for a time at least, safe. Unless Sheridan could cut them off here, they would be successful, as Lee believed, in their retreat, though they had lost thousands of men on the way. On that green slope over to the east, a mile or more away, were the Confederate pickets, nearly down to the pike. Lee's tent is pitched. Standing at the door of it, he can with his field glasses look back on the pike two miles or more, and can look ahead, past the village, almost to the depot on the railroad, some three miles. Lee and his officers in the afternoon of Saturday, with their glasses to their eyes, watching for signs of the approach of the Federals, not at their rear, but in front by way of the depot road. Sheridan has the advantage of a five mile shorter route, and will be certain to send some of his cavalry to attempt to cut off Lee's retreat. Just above the clouds of dust rising over there by the depot, and knew that Custer was ahead of him. Then it is that the villagers see the wearied Confederates trudging through the village, the cavalry galloping forward over the hills west of the depot, the infantry advancing at double quick, and a battery rattling along on the pike. They hear the booming of the guns and the rattle of musketry, see the infantry return, and when the sun sets all is quiet; nothing but a little skirmish fire can be heard. Over on these slopes begin to kindle, and the Confederate officers come up into the village to warn the people that there is a fight on hand for the morrow, and that they had better get their women and children to some place of safety.

But the villagers gather in in the bright moonlight in the Court House square to claim each other and to advise. Suddenly there comes a clatter of hoofs down the Lynchburg pike, and in a moment, by the light of the moon, they see the "Yanks," as they call the Federals, dashing by the Court House to reach the front. Fifty feet ahead rides in jeopardy their commander. It is the Fifteenth New York Cavalry, and this brave fellow is Lieut.-Col. Root. Just as he passes the Court House the villagers see a flash from behind that big oak tree by the wheelwright's shop, and Col. Root reels and falls from his saddle dead by the roadside, on the very spot where, to-day, the blacksmith is fitting a red-hot wagon tire from a bed of coals. Mr. Hix, who was near, saw a ragged Confederate step from behind the tree, place his gun against it, and fire down the road. "That, stand that, C—d d—n yer. I've carried yer four years, and I've killed a Yankee Colonel with yer, and that's glory enough." And then the fellow, who was of the Fifth Alabama, made for the woods, and his gun subsequently was secured as a relic. The Fifteenth New York dash down the road till they come to a spot where they meet the Confederate pickets, now massed; a spot to be made more historic on the next day. Here the pickets give them a volley which staggers them, and they turn and go back to report to Sheridan that the Confederates lie in camp on the other side of the Appomattox; and the fiery young General is reported in the village to have said, "They're cut off. We'll bag them to-morrow."

Again all was still, and Mr. Peers, the Clerk of the courts here, near whose house this picket volley was delivered, heard moans. Going to the road he found one man lying with his dead horse, the dying soldier stop.

In the field adjoining Mr. Peers found a soldier of Company I, Fifteenth New York, a Sergeant, whose vitals had been shot away, and who begged him to take the carbine at his side and shoot him through the head, so great was his agony. In five minutes this soldier was dead.

Thus ended the 8th of April, and while Lee's army slept, Grant and his army were coming in by scores of thousands from the west, and in the morning held the Lynchburg pike by a force which Lee could not have overcome had he had three men for every one now in his camp. But that Lee did not know.

The villagers saw at "sun-up" Lee's army form in line of battle along that lane, just to the west of the Court House—a line perhaps two miles long, and they saw the artillery, one battery over there on that hill to the east, and another over in front of that white house on the hill, a mile away. They saw the soldiers pushing four guns of a battery up the steep hill that rises from Appomattox Creek, and saw the guns planted in Mr. Peers's front yard.

"What are you going to do?" asks a villager of a Confederate officer, whom he had fed that morning.

"Cut our way through the Yanks," is the reply.

Then the batteries begin to belch flame, smoke, and iron.

The little square in front of the Court House is packed with a crowd, and shell into the chimney of a house just abreast of them, and there follows a very rapid dissersion.

"There's Custer, by ——," says an officer, pointing over to the road that runs by a piece of woodland, southeast from the Court House. "They can't see the soldiers, but try to see clouds of dust, and by and by the blue jackets appear, and seem to be getting dangerously near Lee's headquarters. But what is that away over there to Lee's right, full two miles from Custer?

"I thought there was nothing but Yankee cavalry ahead of us, but that's a bigger brigade, sure as hell."

So it is. The Twenty-fifth Missouri, their black faces discernible through the field glass.

Then the infantry are here, too. Indeed they are, and that Confederate battery over there in the southwest turns and runs down that steep slope so quickly that the mules have to gallop like wind to prevent the cannon from running over them.

But there, right, back there on the depot road, there's another division of Yankees pressing right down to the village, and the Confederates are falling back even the villagers can see that, and do not be surprised.

The others in Mr. Peers's front yard, aside from that one who would fire upon the officer, crowded the depot road, each one their guns upon their shoulders, and one complain. It is so near Mr. Peers's house that the rebound knocks it points against it.

It is loaded for about a mile. Right there in front, down coming from the woods, a blue brigade, Gen. Chamberlain's of the Fifth Corps. The gunner sights and sends a rifled shot among them. He runs to officer, and that is the last cannon fired that last officer to lead a young Maine Lieutenant. The Confederates now attempt to stand and charge Custer on their left, Custer and his cavalry in front, the Fifth Corps, pouring out of the woods and down the slope, beyond, to the right, the second troops and the Twenty-fourth, and the Fourteenth right and left, perhaps two miles apart, slowly but surely coming together, and bearing down upon Lee on all sides.

The Confederates are falling back. They easily see their fate, and have no heart for fighting. Then the firing ceases, and forever.

This brings us to the apple tree, and its part in the history of the day.

Gen. Lee, with his staff around him, dressed in faded gray and the uniform of a Colonel, as reported by Mr. Peers, has seen all this from his tent. He knows that Grant and his army have got between him and Lynchburg. The Commanding General betrays no signs of anguish at the inevitable. More composed than any of his staffs he mounts the iron gray charger, and rides down the Lynchburg pike toward the front. Nearly at the bottom of the slope, a hundred yards perhaps from Appomattox Creek, is a small field in which clover is just springing up. It is an irregularly shaped enclosure of seven acres, and in it are an old stable built of logs and a small house, once the homestead of the Sweeneys of minstrel fame.

Near the stable which is right by the road, Gen. Lee reins in his horse, pauses a moment, and then with his staff turns into the field. Here a full view of all the operations can be obtained. Gen. Lee dismounts, as do his staff; orderlies take the horses and lead them to the stable, and the Commanding General walks back a bit till he comes to a gnarled apple tree, the limbs on which are just sprouting. An orderly fixes a seat with a fence rail, and on it Gen. Lee sits, his staff and Generals around him.

What happened here Mr. Hix and the villagers who saw the gathering cannot tell, for they know not, but that there was a consultation was evident. The General and his staff could see their own troops falling back; could watch the advance of the colored troops over there on the right; could not fail to see the dust from Custer's mon rising on those hills at the left; and there close by was the Fifth Corps, within easy musket shot. One road was left to Lee, that to the James River, fifteen miles away. But even if he got to the James, what would it avail? He had his pontoons. No bridge was there. No hope. The time had come. The end was at hand; and in a few minutes. Mr. Peers saw two officers depart from the apple tree, bearing a white bit of cloth attached to the stick, and Gen. Lee and his officers mount their horses and ride slowly back to their headquarters. That is what happened under the apple tree. There it was that Gen. Lee determined to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, and there went the white flag of capitulation.

Then happened what is that as the officers bore it down the road, across the ford, up the hill by Peers's house, and down the little lane toward Gen. Chamberlain and his advancing troops; and when they saw it, the troops all around stopped where they were.

On one side of the picket lines are advanced to a point between the Court House and Mr. Peers's residence, and very near the spot where Col. Root fell the night before. At the same time, or almost at the same moment, the Confederate pickets are posted nearly at the bottom of the hill, and just over on the Court House side of Appomattox Creek. The messages conveyed under that flag of truce have been delivered, and speedily the soldiers and the villagers see the results thereof. Riding at a canter through the village comes a group of Federal officers, going toward the picket line. Mr. Peers, who lies in his garden, which is on the southerly side of the road, hears the hoofs, and, looking up, sees in the field opposite, and within easy speaking distance, these Federal officers. One among them, a tall man with a full face, dark eyes, and with a tell hat, unbuttoned, and with nothing that Mr. Peers can see which would indicate his rank, rides a little ahead of the others. That man was Grant. Looking down the hill, Mr. Peers saw Lee approaching. His face was bridged by the large gray beard he wears, and he said nothing, as he descended the hill, to his staff, only three or four of whom were with him. When within sight of Grant, Lee's staff fell back, and the two commanders approached, and stopped in the way they were facing each other. Each saluted at the same moment, and Mr. Peers, leaning on his garden fence, saw them enter in earnest conversation. Each seemed to address the other most courteously. Neither spoke except in short sentences. Lee seemed to ask a few questions, and Grant to reply. No tree sheltered them, the noonday being a hot one, four or five yards away; but Gen. Grant's horse stood nearly on the spot where the apple tree was in blossom. Gen. Lee, who had ridden Mr. Peers's horse, as he learns out, Grant rode a splendid dark bay, almost black, stallion, much more adorned than was the rider, while Lee sat astride his famous gray. The animals stood like statues.

The conversation between the subjunctive of the conversation that then took place between these two commanders, to Mr. Peers, who was, so far as known, the only witness of it, excepting the staffs, and perhaps some distant soldiers, it seemed as informal as that between strangers on an omnibus or a fellow passenger in a train on the condition of the weather. In ten minutes, perhaps less, it was all over. The Generals saluted. Lee turned, and, with his staff, rode back to his headquarters, while Grant put spurs to his stallion and galloped back through the village and down the road to the Lynchburg pike, toward the depot. The spot is now known by a tent in which lives a negro family. This meeting occurred shortly before noon, as Mr. Peers remembers.

About noon of the day Gen. Lee started from his headquarters in full uniform with a few of his officers, and headed his horse toward the village. At the same time Gen. Grant quitted his tent and galloped toward the village. The two commanders were to meet again, and for the last time, at the house of Wilmer McLean. On the road to the hamlet he met a Mr. McLane, who owned a house within a stone's throw of the Court House.

Gen. Lee had known Mr. McLane before the war, and he reined in his gray as they met.

"Can you tell me, Major," the General asked, "where I can get a room and a place to write on?" "In my house, sir," was the reply; and Major McLane at once led the General to his residence. Gen. Grant was informed of the offer of Major McLane, and the world knows what then happened in that room.

Mr. Hix, who told the story that Gen. Grant was without his sword and that he appeared far more simply dressed than did many of his staff. One of the staff whom Mr. Hix saw was dressed in black velvet, and this one was pointed out as President Lincoln's son.

The Lee room, a large one, with dark brick structure of two stories. The east room remains as it was that day, except that the furniture is gone. Sheridan carried away the table without asking for it. This afternoon there seemed to be a village sewing society meeting within it. The walls are white, and the floor is stained. Over the door hangs the engraving on so popular, depicting the scene, but which is wholly inaccurate. Visitors come now and then and ask to see the room, and it is cheerfully shown by Mr. Raglan, the present occupant of the house. When Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee came from the house there was no further formality than a salute. Gen. Grant touched his hat. Lee did the same. Neither spoke; and in a moment Lee was galloping leisurely down the road to his headquarters, while Grant and his staff went in the opposite direction.

In a few moments the villagers heard cheer after cheer going up all along the Union lines, and bigging fires were kindled. Then they knew that Lee had surrendered his army. They found, too, that those who had been the Confederates gather around their beloved General, seize his hand as he reached his tent, and they heard afterward that strong men wept as they met their General. Yet it is the statement of all these villagers that not once did they hear from these Confederate soldiers in the four days that they remained in Appomattox any expression of regret that the war was over. They were sick and tired of fighting, and the prospect of reaching home at once put a very bright side to what in its earlier days would have been a most bitter experience for the Army of Virginia. Early the next morning the villagers saw the Confederates collecting around Gen. Lee, who stood underneath a poplar tree near his tent. He was busy writing to them that short, sad announcement that the war, so far as his army was concerned, had ended in failure. The poplar tree still stands there, one of the most shabby of its rather ragged species, and an easily recognized object in the landscape.

The Federal soldiers got the idea in some way that Grant and Lee had met under an apple tree, and when they asked which tree it was, were shown that tree because which Lee sat when he sent the flag of truce. At first they began to cut little bits from it, selling for watch charms. Then one of them, a lusty Maine fellow, seized an axe and felled it, and in ten minutes every bit of the wood was cut into convenient pieces for mementoes. Not satisfied with this, they dug the roots and tendrils, and in an hour all that was left to marks the spot was a hole in the ground deep enough to bury a horse—it took which Mr. Hix filled up a day or two after, but traces of which can be seen even now.

On Tuesday following a portion of the Federal troops were drawn up near the road, in a line about a quarter of a mile long. By these marched the Confederate Army for the last time, and stacked 30,000 muskets. Countermarching, they went back to their camps. Lee had departed for Richmond, and Grant that night slept for the last time in the field. But the fields and hills were white with tents for several days, and at night the villagers could hold the palms of their hands to their eyes in any direction and cover a hundred camp fires.

But presently those fires were extinguished, the armies withdrew, and nothing but the ashes of the camp fires told of all that had happened. Thus Appomattox became sleepy again, as of yore; yet it is forever historic.

Cowardly Murder in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 26.—The *Gazette's* Morrilton correspondence says that a cowardly murder was committed near the Perry County line last night. It seems that two young men named Berman and [illegible] had a difficulty about two years ago, and met for the first time since the trouble last evening. Berman extended his hand in friendly recognition, but Berman drew a pistol and shot at Berman twice. Berman ran some around intended to run Berman down with a wagon, and fired a shot into his back. Berman died with the shovel and a posse in hot pursuit.

Agitating Tariff Revision.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—A movement has been on foot for some time to call a convention of manufacturers, agriculturists, and artisans to urge upon Congress the appointment of a commission to revise the present tariff in the interest of American industry. The movement is in charge of an executive committee, representing many prominent interests, nationally. This committee to-day decided to call the convention, and a sub-committee of management was appointed to select a time and place for the convention, and determine what business shall be brought before it.

OFF FOR A NEW COUNTRY.

NEW YORK SPORTSMEN SOJOURNING IN THE ELK MOUNTAINS.

Hunting Grounds from which the Utes are Being Driven—A Professor's Ranch—Uncle Tom Cryder's Meeting with a Grizzly.

RUBY CAMP, ELK MOUNTAINS, Colorado, Aug. 13.—On Saturday evening, July 30, several gentlemen started from the Grand Central depot on a hunting trip to the newly-opened Gunnison country, including the Ute reservation.

The party consisted of Col. E. H. Sanford, a crack shot on Gen. Sheler's staff; Judge H. A. Gildersleeve of American rifle team fame, Mr. E. A. Buck of the *Spirit of the Times*, Mr. H. G. Tombler of Easton, Mr. Albert G. Clark of Cincinnati, and a correspondent for THE SUN. Later on Col. L. M. Dayton, formerly chief of Gen. Sherman's staff, and Seward Carr son of Gen. Cary of Buffalo, joined the sportsmen.

On Sunday the sportsmen were astonishing over the prolific State of Ohio. Gov. F. stet rode with the party from Cleveland to Sandusky. He commended the hunters for their fine collection of guns and fishing tackle, and praised their foresight in carrying a large supply of mineral water, to take the place of the alkali water of the plains. He said that Ohio had more than $3,000,000 invested in grapes, and that the prospects for corn juice were never better; there would be an average yield of other grains, while the crop of Presidents gave no signs of failure.

Passing on through countless fields of rich corn, many of them containing thousands of acres, the hunters crossed the State of Illinois.

The ride over the plains, after leaving Missouri and the fertile portion of Kansas, was hot and dusty. Skeletons of horses and cattle were frequently seen along the trail close to the railroad. The arid summers and bleak winters of the past two years have caused a frightful mortality among exposed cattle in the Western wastes.

On nearing Pike's Peak, the hunters were delayed by a smash-up between two freight trains. Many cattle were killed and wounded. A railroad man, while endeavoring to put a Texan steer out of his misery, was tossed in the air. While trying to regain lost time the passenger train ran over and killed five calves near where the wreck of the freight trains occurred.

When the cars rolled into Pueblo, the hunters were disappointed in seeing the Denver and Rio Grande train start out for the borders of the country to which they were bound. They had missed the connection and were compelled to wait from 2 P. M. until 1½ A. M.

Features of border and mining life began to crop out here. Pueblo is a shipping point for treasure. Express agents moved about the railroad platforms with large pistols strapped to their hips. In a corner of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office were three repeating rifles fully charged. Banchmen, half breeds, Mexicans, prospectors, miners, and others were lazily riding along the streets on burros, ponies, or horses, with rifles in front of them or strapped to their backs. Their feet rested in large wooden and leather stirrups, which almost set them from sight. Some were clothed in full buckskin suits, in Buffalo Bill style; nearly all were long hair, and nearly all were armed to the teeth. The broad brim of a sombrero, or a pure as large as small trees were pressed to their heads.

HARD CASES.

A tall, broad-shouldered, muscular man in the prime of life was seen shuffling along the sidewalk with heavy iron shackles around his ankles. His right hand rested on the left shoulder of a still more powerful built man. Too for this support the man with the iron shackled man was a desperado named Wright. He had stolen horses and murdered an old ranchman. A deputy sheriff was taking him back to Canon City penitentiary, from which he had escaped by fleeing into the Grand Canon on his way to Denver. He had filed the iron side rills, for days and nights without food. Working his way out in some mysterious manner, he evaded arrest for years.

When the sun dropped behind Pike's Peak and the cool dews began to surround in darkness, the hunters were in the midst of a country where to keep their eyes open until the time come for resuming their journey. One monumental fear of the Indian stories which infests these mountainous regions imparted the coveted information that a party of Utes, who had left the Ute Reservation, had brought heads on an uprising of the Utes. They had escaped down on Ruby Camp, massacred forty-two whites, and were making their way through the scattered mining camps through the Elk Mountains.

Weeks afterwards, on returning, the chief amusements in Pueblo, both large carried on at all hours with open doors. In one saloon a comely young woman sat dealing faro to a group of unburned, unshaven men, with revolvers and cartridge belts at their sides in the hot shades and tobacco juice. Every player in a few minutes after the entrance of our party the woman vanished, and a sleek-looking male man pointer of the cards took her place.

In midnight the dance and gambling halls were filled with swaying, drunken crowds, all classes were represented, and the crowd seed to the adventurous collegian who had severed the tie of home influences and become severely and rough in appearance. Many had belts of copper-capped cartridges hung around their waists, and pistol-butts peered from their hip pockets. Wild Bill Hickok, if he was alive, nothing occurred in the fighting line worthy of mention up to the time of departure on the new branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

At daylight, when the train halted at Canon City, Wright shuffled forward in his prison, his hand resting on the shoulder of the deputy sheriff, as on the previous day. He soon joined a gang of about thirty other murderers, all of whom had been imprisoned since his escape.

NATURE'S PANORAMA.

The sublimity of Colorado scenery, which engineering skill has recently turned open to the world, now began to appear. For eight miles the shuffling locomotive crawled up the Gunnison a canon the grandeur of which, travellers say, surpasses that of the Yosemite. The sun glided the tops of crags and walls rising more that 2,000 feet above the narrow roadbed by the side of the roaring torrent. Every few miles there cut at which men were lowered in cradles attached to wire ropes many hundreds of feet down the rift. Here they drilled holes while suspended in the air, sending tons of rock crashing into the waters below, until they had formed a bridge upon which men and carts could be lowered to assist in the work.

Passing out from the sombre mountain chasm, the road passes around and up mountain after mountain until the great Continental Divide is reached, and the descent begins into this magnificent country from the Sangre Marshall Pass, six or seven thousand feet higher than the White Mountains.

Sitting on the platform of the rear car, with legs hanging over, the bewildering panorama changes with a rapidity that makes the head swim, as the sun curves and curves, to require miles of travel to gain a few hundred feet. From snow-capped heights the passenger gazes thousands of feet below on a train crawling in an opposite direction, the cars of which appear no larger than miniature models.

Sliding down the steep grades, the thought occurs whether thirty-five-ton engines, pushed by eight cars, may not crush or leap from the thirty-pound rails, or break some of the gear. To-day, a week after our ride, comes the news that the coupling connecting the locomotive with the cars broke yesterday, killing two or three soldiers belonging to the Fourteenth United States Infantry, while on their way to the Los Pinos Agency to await the movements of the Utes.

On reaching Sargent's, about thirty miles from Gunnison, Mr. J. H. Haverly, the great theatrical absorber, greeted the party. He said that if we had waited a day longer we could have gone on to Gunnison by rail instead of by stage, as the road was completed through his ranch, about twenty miles to the town, and they were pushing it through at two miles per day.

ROUGH RIDING.

The ride by coach was frightful. The sun blazed on the mountain sides hot enough to melt silver from the rocks. The much-traveled trail was covered with an impalpable dust, composed of alkali, red earth, and crushed lava stone rock, which had rolled down from the heights. Clouds of dust rolled over and into the heavy, jolting stages. At times the passengers had to breathe through moistened handkerchiefs to avoid suffocation. One young fellow of consumptive tendencies, who had come out to breathe the pure air of the Centennial State, stretched himself out on the back, exhausted on reaching the platform in front of the Tabor House.

Only one pleasant incident occurred during the ride. Midway our stage stopped at a ranch by the roadside. A tumbling spring of cold, clear water overflowed its large enclosure and rippled away through borders of rich grass and shrubbery far into the ranch. Under the porch of the adobe house sat a white-haired man of scholarly appearance, reading a newspaper. Beside him, in a comfortable rocking chair, a venerable lady reclined, looking up into the old man's face. A beauty young fellow, with a gun slung over his shoulder and a bunch of game birds, which he had just shot, in his hands, came stalking through the shrubbery toward the house. The driver was dipping water from below the spring to water his horses.

"Whirpon will a bird to that woman up there on the seat?" inquired the driver.

"I will give the lady a bird," replied the young fellow in a clear voice, at the same time stepping forward and tossing a snipe into the woman's lap. The woman was one of the class that always follow miners into new camps.

Many a day will pass before the passengers will forget the spring by the roadside. The owner of the ranch once filled a professor's chair in an Eastern college.

In Gunnison the boys came across Uncle Tom Cryder, prospector and hunter in Colorado since 1860. Uncle Tom is a character. He discovered the High Tide Mine. He is a man of very few words, and is respected by all the pioneers. The miners call upon him to settle their disputes and give advice in knotty cases.

When asked about game he said: "There's no use in huntin' or fishin' 'bout here. Two years ago, when there was only a tent and cabin, there was plenty of game and fish right here, but huntin' a city has driv 'em off."

"Where is the best place to go?"

"Up beyond Ruby Camp, or over to Gothic and around Sheep Mountain."

"Have you hunted much this year?"

"Only a day and a half. All I got was three bar, three elk, and a deer."

"Is game plenty?"

"Yes, I seed 150 elk in the Snow Mess Range, at the head of Castle Creek, a few days ago."

"Did you ever face a grizzly?"

"A grizzly faced me once on White River. He weighed at least 1,500 pounds, and stood within fifteen feet of me, lookin' kindly as a dog. All I had was a double-barrelled shotgun. If he'd advanced four feet I should have waited until he was within about nine feet of me, and then fired straight into his eyes. But there was no necessity for blindin' him. After lookin' at me a minut or two he turned around and rolled a log over that would have required a yoke of oxen to move. Then he began grubbin' for the crick as and young frogs, in the hollow from which he had pushed the log."

Uncle Tom has lived on the rarified air of the mountains until the skin fits so tightly over his tall, bony frame that there doesn't appear to be a pound of flesh on his body. The bear doubtless thought that it would be a waste of energy to break him up.

A CAMP IN THE SKY.

The scenery surrounding Ruby Camp is grander than that on the other side of Marshall Pass. On the road from Gunnison, in the ranges, stands Castle Mountain, a bare citadel of bronze-colored rocks looming up more than 13,000 feet. The storms of ages have washed the earth from the mountain. At a distance of thirty miles its battlements, turrets, and window-like openings look so real that it is difficult to believe that it is not a veritable castle, once the stronghold of a race of men of inconceivable size.

Ruby Camp is built on a mountain slope at an altitude of over 10,000 feet. From the top of Mount Owens, two miles or so beyond the camp and several thousand feet higher, three ranges of mountains are visible, hundreds of whose peaks pierce the sky from 12,000 to nearly 15,000 feet. Masses of everlasting snow and ice, and numerous lakes with floating patches of snow, nestle far beneath the feet of the spectator. The mountains can be climbed with comparative ease and safety, either on foot or most of the way on horseback.

Last week, while the sun was scorching the valleys, a party was given at Green Lake, below Mount Owens. The elevation is about 11,500 feet. Among the picnickers were Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Estes, and their three blooming daughters, Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Bopel, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Miss Annie E. Johnson, and Mr. Duncan. The picnic grounds were surrounded by snow banks six feet deep, and the ladies manufactured ice cream with ice from the lake.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Russell of Ruby Camp accompanied their husbands on a week's hunting trip down the Animas River, and killed a fine bear. Mrs. Powell took hold with a rifle, while Mrs. Russell shot and secured two fine black tailed deer, one with a rifle and the other with a revolver.

From present indications the New York hunters will capture plenty of game. W. Y.

QUILL PENS OF TO-DAY.

Who Use Them, and Why they Cling to Them—One New York Maker.

This advertisement appeared in THE SUN of Saturday:

"WANTED—Immediately, several good well-skilled quill makers."

A reporter found that the advertiser was Mr. Jo Young of William street, the only importer and manufacturer of quill pens in the city. Bundles of quills lay piled up on the shelves of the store, together with neat boxes full of the pens cut and ready for delivery. At a little quilt covered table by the window sat a bald-headed man of the last generation cutting the nibs. On one hand lay the uncut quills, on the other the finished pens, and between the two piles were the quill shavings and the spoiled quills. As the man had just begun work in answer to the advertisement which had led the reporter to call, and had not, as he said, cut any pens for twenty-five years, the pile of spoiled quills before him was about as large as the other heaps. Mr. Jo Young shook his head as he watched the performance of the quill cutter.

"That man's a greenhorn," he exclaimed. "A good man ought to cut from 120 to 130 pens in an hour."

A look of impatiousness came over the "greenhorn's" face, as he overheard what was expected of him, and in the hurry which he made to prove a quill way up into the plumage and threw it away.

"Quills are not what they were," said Mr. Jo Young. "They are passed upon now as rather a rare antiquity."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"Why, there's a lot of the best profession—old lawyers and judges."

"And why?"

"Partly from custom, I suppose. Twenty years ago quill pens were quite generally used. There are several thousand of them here and in other cities. Some are in Philadelphia and one can sip here and there in a quill pen, as the old gentlemen who were brought up to use them die off the demand for quills is visibly affected. In England they are still much used, but there is not one quarter the demand here now that there was twenty years ago."

"Are quills used in the offices now?"

"Gosh! But they are used not alone because they are old-fashioned. A quill pen is the easiest pen in the world to write with. It does not irritate the hand as a metal pen does, and it wears much longer than a steel pen. But the gold pen has pretty nearly taken its place, and it must be admitted, has its points of merit in not of superiority.

Mr. Jo Young's attention was called to the fact that as he sang the praises of the quills he carved a steel pen at a gold one.

"Yes," said the old man, "I do it in confession. But I write with everything that comes along—gold, steel, or quill. But for a lawyer who writes much, and for copying a quill pen is undoubtedly less fatiguing.

"Where do the quills come from?"

"Russia. The Russian goose has a harder quill than our geese. An uncertified pen from the wing of a Russian goose is the most durable. The German quills have the best plumage. A second-hand lot of good quills will last two or three months. Quill pens taken up by a man who knows how to mend his own pens.

"Are such men common?"

"Oh, yes. Men who have always used quills know how to mend them. Younger men, who are hunting for their library tables because they look literary, use a pen awhile and then throw it away.

"Have you had any trouble in finding an experienced man to cut quills?"

"Yes, there are not many men floating about who know how to make or to mend a quill pen. It requires a trade to do it."

Mr. Jo Young took from his desk the instrument used. It is the ordinary blade of the penknife, inserted firmly into a wooden handle of peculiar shape, tapering to a point. A pen is made with two cuts or three. The blunt end of the quill is first cut off, and then it is split each. Then the point of the penknife is inserted, and the quill is carefully split for a certain distance. Two slanting cuts then form the nib, and the pen is done. The plumage is neatly trimmed.

Strange quills are sometimes used for pens, and are very much more expensive than the common goose quill. Quill pens are sold at retail for about three shillings a dozen.

"The demand," said Mr. Jo Young, "is steady, and as a rule, but it is growing less year by year."

Betting on a Sure Winner.

At Brighton Beach the other day the well-known [illegible] Bet Bet, came running across the course, followed by Jack Rouse.

"I bet Bet against Tom Ryan, the horse-thief, and bought a horse! John and Tom Morris got scared, and said they wouldn't bet against him, but he offered to bet with them, and they finally bet $100 against $50 on the horse. Bet came in ahead, and Tom Ryan's horse came in second. Bet came to me and said he wanted to bet $100 against $50 that Bet would win the race. I bet him that he couldn't. The jockey was drugged and John Morris, who had put up the money, was in the secret. Jack Rouse was the jockey. The horse was drugged, and Bet was the only horse that was not drugged. Bet came in ahead, and I won the money. Bet was a sure winner, and I knew it. I bet on Bet because I knew he was a sure winner. Morris, Ryan, and Rouse were in the swindle."

Using an Apple to Obtain a Husband.

MONROE, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Lydia Coleman is the daughter of a wealthy farmer living near this place, and is about 18 years of age, has black hair and eyes, and a fine form. When she read a few days ago the story of how a young [illegible] was [illegible] she thought [illegible] Accordingly, [illegible] Lydia [illegible] the heavy, jolting stages. At times the passengers had to breathe through moistened handkerchiefs to avoid suffocation. One young fellow of consumptive tendencies, who had come out to breathe the pure air of the Centennial State, stretched himself out on the back, exhausted on reaching the platform in front of the Tabor House.

Only one pleasant incident occurred during the ride. Midway our stage stopped at a ranch by the roadside. A tumbling spring of cold, clear water overflowed its large enclosure and rippled away through borders of rich grass and shrubbery far into the ranch. Under the porch of the adobe house sat a white-haired man of scholarly appearance, reading a newspaper. Beside him, in a comfortable rocking chair, a venerable lady reclined, looking up into the old man's face. A beauty young fellow, with a gun slung over his shoulder and a bunch of game birds, which he had just shot, in his hands, came stalking through the shrubbery toward the house. The driver was dipping water from below the spring to water his horses.

"Whirpon will a bird to that woman up there on the seat?" inquired the driver.

"I will give the lady a bird," replied the young fellow in a clear voice, at the same time stepping forward and tossing a snipe into the woman's lap. The woman was one of the class that always follow miners into new camps.

Many a day will pass before the passengers will forget the spring by the roadside. The

THE GREAT VOLCANO.

FEARFUL ADVENTURE ON THE BURNING MOUNTAIN MAUNA LOA.

Lava Floods Pouring Down—Relenging Fires About the Town of Hilo—Influx of Tourists and their Deadly Peril.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

HILO, Hawaii, July 28.—For the past three weeks Hilo and its environments have been swarming with tourists gathered to witness the widespread devastation wrought by the lava flow from Mauna Loa Mountain during the past eight months, it being just that long to-day since the eruption of this year was discovered. Mauna Loa is situated on Hawaii, the largest island of the group, and is virtually the highest volcano in the world. It rises from the ocean's shore a vast snow-capped dome, 14,000 feet in height. Cotopaxi volcano in Ecuador has a summit 19,000 feet high from the sea level, but from its base upon the great table land upon which it stands it is only about 7,000 feet high.

The flow is but a short distance to the southwest of Hilo, and is approaching it with alarming velocity, the three streams into which the flow has been divided having united with an accelerated speed resulting from the union. Last week Wednesday a spurt of half a mile was made, and during the week an advance of over a mile has been effected. That the town and harbor are doomed appears to be a foregone conclusion.

On July 14 a party went up in the evening to see it, the aspect then being most awe-inspiring. They intended to return by moonlight, and walked up the flow about three-quarters of a mile—an undertaking which narrowly escaped proving most disastrous. For hours the lives of all rested upon a most precarious tenure. Having started out over the cooler portions, however, they gained confidence till they were so carried away with the inspiring excitement incident to their marvellous surroundings, that they had lost much of their timidity, and could be persuaded even to the brink of a molten stream or cataract of living flame. Hither and thither the party flew, rapid motion being necessary to prevent the total and immediate destruction of their shoes and clothing.

Meanwhile night had set in. The twilight of the temperate zone is here unknown, and the fitful light from lava flames was all they had to guide them. To attempt an intelligible description of these lava rivers of fire would be futile. They cannot even be imagined. One particularly wide and rapid stream so riveted the attention of all that, lost in admiration and amazement they were for a long time oblivious to their surroundings.

On viewing the situation, however, it was discovered that further progress was cut off by floods, liquid as water, and emitting an intense and blinding heat and light. The night had set in cloudy, and drops of rain began to sizz upon the hot lava at their feet. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, flames of fire were rising heavenward and lighting up that cloud-enveloped firmament with a ruddy redness. Each began to inquire of the other the way toward home. A common ignorance prevailed, as no one had given the slightest thought to the course taken when had been thus shut of children after batteries. As the fiery floods poured to all points the compass, their course was no guide. A council ensued and [illegible] decided upon.

But a few yards had been gone over when rain began to fall in torrents. On reaching the lava it was instantly transformed into steam, which, with the sulphurous fumes from the fire, rose in stifling clouds, so dense that an object could not be seen six inches from the nose.

Darkness, rain, steam, and fire, and all that could be done was to stand near from the fire pits and in the test alternately to prevent their bursting, for the lava was intensely hot. Those who have been in Turkish baths may form a slight conception of the situation. Indeed, so intense was the perspiration, that the shoes and clothing were literally wrung out, and the feet were perspired as though in pouring water. To the credit of the ladies, it may be said that they acquitted themselves nobly, and with rare coolness and presence of mind. Not one gave the slightest symptom of a tendency to exclaim as some people in conversation was so great.

The rainfall gradually lessened and occasional breaks appeared in the stream, yet progress was dangerous and next to impossible. The slightest misstep might precipitate the unfortunate victim into the fire, and recovery impossible. The fear that embittered there could never be withstream. It would be consumed as quickly as a handful of chaff. In single file their arms way was slowly groped along, the ladies being assisted over the most rugged places and they were frequent. For hours the party groped about on the lava, and hand kerchiefs were by the men handed to the ladies for use the mouth and nose.

With the cooling away of the vapors, the situation only deepened in gloom, with more pitiable prospects for rest. Not a dry place could be found to sit upon. The ladies were directed to a place darker than any other in the vicinity. This was found to be a spot about 100 square yards in size where there was no flame, and the lava was comparatively cold. It was determined to remain there until morning, when the situation might be more apparent in a cooler day. At the latest morning all the engines, hose carts, and trucks were at the place of alarm in from two to four minutes. The most recent fire was on one June 19 in the