that a captive had met his doom. The wreck lodged upon a sandbar, and when the Boreas turned the next point on her upward journey it was still burning with scarcely abated fury.

When the boys came down into the main saloon of the Boreas, they saw a pitiful sight, and heard a world of pitiful sounds. Eleven poor creatures lay dead and forty more lay moaning, or pleading, or screaming, while a score of good samaritans moved among them doing what they could to relieve their sufferings; bathing their skinless faces and bodies with linseed oil and lime water, and covering the places with bulging masses of raw cotton that gave to every face and form a dreadful and unhuman aspect.

A little wee French midshipman of fourteen lay feebly injured, but never uttered a sound till a physician of Memphis was about to dress his hurts.

"Can I get well? You need not be afraid to tell me."

"No—I am afraid you cannot."

"Then do not waste your time with me—help those that can get well."

"But—"

"Help those that can get well! It is not for me to be a girl. I carry the blood of eleven generations of soldiers in my veins!"

The physician—a man, who had seen service in the navy in his time—touched his hat to this little hero, and passed on.

The head engineer of the Amantha, a grand specimen of physical manhood, struggled to his feet, a ghastly spectacle, and strode toward his brother, the second engineer, who was unhurt, and said:

"You were on the watch. You were boss. You would not listen to me when I begged you to reduce your steam. Take that! Take it to my wife and tell her that it comes from me by the hand of my murderer. Take it! and take my curse with it to bluster your heart a hundred years, and may you live so long!"

And he tore a ring from his finger, stripping flesh and skin with it, threw it down and fell dead! But these things must not be dwelt upon. The Boreas landed her dreadful cargo at the next large town and delivered it over to a multitude of eager hands and warm southern hearts—a cargo amounting by this time to 36 wounded and 22 dead bodies. She also delivered a list of 96 missing persons that had drowned or otherwise perished at the scene of the disaster.

A jury of inquest was impaneled, and after due deliberation and inquiry, they returned the inevitable American verdict, which has been so familiar to our ears all the days of our lives, "Nobody to blame."

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**SACRAMENTO BEET SUGAR FACTORY.**

This factory is located nearly three miles from the city, in a locality peculiarly convenient for its operations. The full working capacity of the mill was brought into action last year. Some 1,450 acres of ground, in all, are in use for the factory. The buildings are large and well arranged, the machinery is of the most approved pattern, and the fitting up and arrangement of the works is admirable. The main building is 150 feet in length, rising at its highest point 63 feet. Out buildings for boarding and lodging workmen, care of animals in use, tool shops, cooper shops, etc., are numerous. The cost of the factory thus far, for its erection and outfit, has exceeded $225,000. The beets sown and raised by the factory proprietors yield about 12 per cent, on the average, of saccharine matter. The quality of sugar turned out is superior to that produced from beets grown in any other section of the state. On the grounds of the factory houses are erected for feeding the refuse of the beet, mixed with usual feed, to a large number of cattle. Several thousand head of stock have been fattened already at the works. The motive power for the factory consists of five engines, aggregating 500 horse power. The reduction of the beets in the boiling process consumes about eleven cords of wood daily as fuel. Some 160 men are usually employed at the factory. The yield of beets from the factory grounds is estimated at 7,000 tons for the year. The works are owned by a stock company.—Sacramento Record.

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**VAST EXTENT OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.**

It is estimated that the Sacramento Valley, from Suisun Bay on the south to Shasta on the north, contains 3,340,000 acres of level valley land; and if the rolling foothills were included, to an elevation of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, or as far up as the cereal can be raised, and the number of acres would be doubled, or would amount to at least seven millions and a half. If all this land were sown in wheat, says the Real Estate Circular, and the small crop of fifteen bushels to the acre only was reaped from it, the total crop would amount to 112,500,000 bushels, which at even $1 per bushel would amount to as many dollars.

Some day, and that not many years distant, all of this land will certainly produce crops, either of grain, wool, wine, or fruit, equal in value to these figures.—Sacramento Record.