

## PLAYING HOOKEY.

I remember when in boyhood,  
Just a step advanced from school,  
When in through the schoolroom window  
Dove floated sweet the wild bird's  
call.  
I would close my desk at dinner,  
Like a hardened little sinner,  
And the afternoon found me playing  
hookey from it all.  
What to us the far-off sorrow  
Of the whipping on the morrow,  
For the day seemed all the future—twas  
a hundred hours long.  
And each hour we were enjoying  
By the pond and pool—just boying.  
While the wild birds caught our laugh-  
ing tones, and wove them into song.

## THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

By E. MIRRIELES.

All round the circle of the hills, the  
dazzling sky pressed down unclouded  
to the touch of the parched rim-rock.  
Between the hills the shallow basin  
lay baked and breathless. Over it the  
tense air quivered with heat. Within,  
no bird fluttered nor water purled nor  
green plant raised its head. Only the  
desert children, sage-brush and greas-  
ewood and long-spined cactus, gray but  
never dying, lived on there in the  
drought, sterile and forbidding as the  
land which gave them birth.  
Everywhere was silence upon the  
place, everywhere was immobility, save  
where the man lay and where beside  
him the bound snake whirled and  
writhed and rattled in the impatient  
fury of fear.

The man lay stretched on the hot  
earth, stark naked, his face turned to  
the sky. A buckskin thong passed  
across his throat and was drawn taut  
between two rods of sage-brush. The  
noose which held his ankles was se-  
cured about a clump of greasewood  
and both arms thrust at the wrists,  
stretched wide as in crucifixion.  
Heavy hands of buckskin spanned his  
body so that to the prisoner there was  
left but two possible movements. He  
could turn his head from side to side  
facing on the one hand the snake, on  
the other the miniature forest of sage-  
brush; and he could clench and un-  
clench his pinioned hands.

In this last freedom the final in-  
guity of savage captors had found  
expression. With the left hand tight  
clenched, the snake's wild stroke fell  
just short of its aim. Should sleep  
or insensibility relax the fingers, the  
reptile's head might overlap him.  
Since early morning, through the  
increasing heat of the day, the man  
had lain there, grim and silent as the  
gray hills around him, save when now  
and then he raised his hoarse voice in  
defiant shouts. The snake, on the  
other hand, struggled and fought un-  
ceasingly against the cord which held  
him, striking impudently at it, at the  
just removed fingers or at the wooden  
sticks to which the cord was tied,  
gritting his body in the sandy earth,  
writhing and tugging with protruding  
tongue, and all the while translating  
in whirr and hiss the blind fury of  
his captivity.

Sometimes the man turned his head  
to watch; once or twice when the  
snake's movements flagged he slightly  
stirred his fingers in the sand, the re-  
sult each time rewarded by the swift snap  
and fruitless stroke. But mostly he  
lay still, as if his mind bent on endur-  
ance.

The man had been placed there to  
die. He knew it and the knowledge  
tinged his thoughts with a strange  
curiosity. There were three ways in  
which death might reach him; through  
the snake, through sunstroke or by the  
weary route of thirst and hunger. The  
second and quickest of these ways the  
light mountain air, vibrantly hot  
though it might be, rendered improb-  
able. For the snake, the most potent  
of the man's torment at any minute  
he might stretch forth his hand and  
by the movement invite an end, but  
indeed but horrible to the mind,  
doubly horrible to the strained imagi-  
nation.

There was one other chance. An  
unexpected rain-storm, a heavy night  
dew in that barren place, would so  
stretch the slender buckskin thong  
which held the rattler that he might  
might reach and strike his victim.  
This was the element of uncertainty.  
In the grim problem, this it was that  
sent the man's eyes searching the bare  
horizon with a look half dread, half  
longing.

On one of these weary journeys of  
sight a tiny speck of black above the  
western hills attracted him—a steady  
pin-point in the dazzling blue. He  
shut his eyes a moment in order to  
look again the more intently, and when  
he opened them, lo! the dark points  
were two. He watched them move  
prehensively, as slowly and steadily  
high in air they moved from west to  
east. When at last in mid-heaven the  
sun's sheer strength beat down his  
gaze, he was the lonelier for loss of  
this one sign of movement.

The sense of heat had by now grown  
into anguish. The sun's exposed body  
drew and quivered beneath the sun's  
rays as though each inch of it were  
endowed with a separate life. Unseen  
insects brushed and fluttered upon it,  
leaving beneath their light pressure a  
trail like fire on the blistered surface.  
The snake lay prone, exhausted al-  
most beyond striking. The man, not-  
ing it, smiled grimly and scraped his  
fingers noisily in the loose earth. As  
the snake whirled to front the chal-  
lenge, he curled his hand close with a  
taunt for its futile effort.

He was thus engrossed when sud-  
denly across his face swept a sense  
of delicious coolness. He turned his  
head; close above him almost within  
touch of his free hand, a great black  
bird, carried in every movement, hover-  
ed on steady, outspread wings. Its  
shadow fell across his face; its eyes,  
benighted and listening and greedy,  
looked straight into his own.  
For an instant they stared thus, man  
and bird. Then with a cry the man  
flung himself against his bonds, strug-  
gling and straining at them for es-  
cape from this new horror. On his body,  
dry till now, the sweat poured  
forth in streams. Blood gushed from  
his nostrils. With shrieks and oaths,  
with stammering words of prayer, he  
fought against the fate which held  
him.

Not once but many times the strug-  
gle was renewed. When at last, ex-

hausted, his convulsed body fell back  
to quiet, the bird was gone. Shudder-  
ingly the man raised his eyes. Far  
up, half lost in blue, but ready, tire-  
less, it hung above him.

"God!" breathed the prisoner. "God!"  
and turning his blanched cheek to the  
sand, he fell into a sort of sleep.  
When through the waning day he slept,  
through the approach of night and the  
swift desert change from heat to cold,  
When he awoke the first pale amethyst  
of dawn was in the sky. The snake  
was sleeping, not as snakes are wont  
to sleep in freedom, head tucked to  
tail and sinuous folds lapping on fold,  
but with his swollen body back-thrown  
and stiffened against the stake which  
held him, caught mid-struggle by in-  
sensibility.

The man turned his head to face  
him.

"Hey, rattler!" he called cheerily,  
and scraped some grains of sand  
toward the recumbent body.  
But when he saw the start and  
shudder with which the creature woke,  
the anguish of returning consciousness,  
suddenly he was sorry for his act.  
When the snake, writhing round  
struck at his cord quivering from head  
to tail, he would have given an hour  
of his own rest to have restored the  
sleep which he had broken.

The sun rose presently. Again the  
weary panorama of the day unrolled  
before the eyes of the two victims.  
The snake was quiet, weakened by his  
long struggle. The man, strengthened  
by sleep, restored by the night's cold,  
held himself strongly in hand.  
Sometimes indeed, the growing heat  
drew from his lips a broken sigh.  
Sometimes birds, many now, swooped  
low around him with hoarse cries and  
flapping of heavy wings; at such times  
his whole body grew tense beneath  
the stress of almost uncontrollable  
disgust and terror. But he lay still.  
Not for his reason's sake dared he  
again give way to the expression of  
fear. It was a comfort to him in  
these moments that the snake showed  
no apprehension of their gruesome  
neighbors or eyed them only with the  
avid eyes of hunger. Watching the  
indifference of the reptile, the man  
feared less. Fixing his eyes upon it,  
he could hold hard to sanity and to  
endurance, though around him perched  
and hovered the vulture ministers of  
death.

But as the morning passed a new  
anxiety should the first? It seemed to  
venom with every hour and the man  
trembled. He spoke to it soothingly  
at times and, or believed he had,  
the power of quieting its paroxysms.  
In his fevered mind he searched haltingly  
for some knowledge of its needs.  
Would it live longer for the taking of  
his life? And if by stretching out his  
hand he could delay its end, what then  
of the lengthening of its pain? Before  
his dimming eyes, the snake loomed,  
now a refuge, now a menace. A dozen  
times, he half relaxed his hand only  
to draw it quickly close again. Once  
when the snake fell in its spring, seem-  
ingly dead, he thrust the fingers with  
a cry of utter deprivation. When it  
moved again he drew them in, the  
instinctive love of life still strong  
upon him.

A buzzard had risen at his cry and  
perched on the sage-brush at his head.  
He studied it quietly for a while, its  
coarse, dragged feathers, its flared,  
eyes and cruel beak. When the scrutiny  
had grown intolerable, he strove to  
about to scare it from its place. His  
voice came dry and breathless,  
scarcely a whisper, and the bird  
swayed back and forth unmoved.  
He closed his eyes after this and  
for a long time lay still, only rolling  
his head from side to side that the  
vultures might not light upon his  
body.

At last, when the sun lay low on  
the horizon, he ceased the movement  
and again looked about him. Overhead  
a cloud of birds, scented by the sudden  
climb, hung high in air; swarms of  
ants and lesser insects crawled and fed  
upon his arms and body; the sage-  
brush all around rustled with pungent  
dew and to the west the sky burned  
hard and bright as burnished copper.  
For a long time he waited. Then,  
with a sobbing breath, he flung round,  
straining his body against the cords  
which held him.

The snake too had moved. The  
throng that bound it was drawn taut  
and painfully it had thrust its swollen  
head across its fingers. It lay thus,  
outstretched, not striking, its glaring  
eyes on the man's face.

And while they lay so suddenly  
there came to pass the impossible, the  
one unaccounted chance. From far  
across the desolate sage-brush desert  
sounded to them the barking of a dog.

It came nearer and with it the  
creek and grating of heavy wheels.  
The man strove to cry out and, fail-  
ing, gnawed desperately at his baked  
lip and tongue. When the feeble  
trickle of blood which paid his ef-  
forts had moistened his dry throat,  
he raised his voice in shrill and ter-  
rible cries. Above him at the sound  
the startled bird whirled to the west.  
The snake, too weak to spring, had  
yet dragged himself to a coil, his fat  
head raised in air.

Between the cries the man could  
hear the abrupt stopping of the wagon,  
the confused exclamation of men's  
voices. Next instant the dog's moist  
breath whiffed on his forehead and  
his face leapt to his own. There was  
a sudden lightning of the buckskin  
thong as a knife passed be-

neath them, its cool blade searing like  
fire on the blistered flesh. Hands  
dragged him from his place. A man on  
either side he was held erect. Through  
a maze of pain and weakness, he could  
hear the comment of his rescuers.  
"Alive, all right!"  
"God! He'll die on our hands."  
"Carry him to the wagon!"  
"Look out! Step wide of the rat-  
tler!"

Hands beneath his shoulders, they  
best to the task of lifting him.  
The sufferer sent out a groping hand  
in protest. He swallowed hard, strug-  
gling to speak. His naked foot thrust  
close—perilously close—to the fanged  
head of the snake.

"Turn him loose, too," he command-  
ed.—San Francisco Argonaut.

MAKING OVER A MOUNTAIN.

Helena Objects to Great Big Bald  
Hill—Will Make a Park on It.

The strangest and most interest-  
ing pack project ever undertaken in  
this country is to be found at Helena,  
Mont., writes John H. Raftery in the  
Technical World Magazine for July,  
where the citizens are engaged in  
transforming the bald slopes of a  
conical mountain which towers nearly  
1400 feet above the city into a forest  
park.

There is no spring, well, brook or  
pond upon the bare sides or rocky  
summit of this singular peak. Nor  
will it be possible to raise water from  
the valley for the irrigation of the  
trees, shrubs and flowers, yet the ex-  
pert foresters of the Federal bureau  
who spent last summer planning for  
the planting of the park are agreed  
that several varieties of evergreen  
will flourish there without water or  
attention.

A spiral footpath has been graded  
from the city to the summit of Mount  
Helena, and there an ornate pavilion  
has been erected upon the highest  
point of rock, 1400 feet above the  
main street. In the cliffs of the peak  
there are two spacious natural caves,  
which will be tenanted by specimens  
of the native bears, lions and other  
carnivora of these mountains.

Parks enclosing herds of deer, an-  
telope, moose, elk and buffalo will  
be added as the present limits of the  
tract are extended upon the desert  
lands which lie back of the mountain.

How to Train Your Dog.

In managing your dogs there will  
not perhaps be much fun unless you  
can follow your individual notions  
on what constitutes enjoyment. There  
is not perhaps a single thrill in twist-  
ing your soul to carry out processes  
which rap against the grain. How-  
ever, I am not your parish  
priest, but a dog man. Whatever  
your imagination may invent, a dog  
is still a dog, and has none of the  
attributes which we assign to our-  
selves when we feel mushy. A dog  
understands "yes" and is equally  
competent to grasp the "no." Out-  
side of that, he is all dog and follows  
his dog ways. He indulges in no  
mental refinement and will not com-  
prehend many of your changes of  
mood or mind. Whatever you un-  
dertake to teach, make it plain, sim-  
ple and unchangeable. It is a pity  
that he must be taught not to jump  
up on people and compliment them  
with his carresses. He means well,  
but must be disciplined sternly into  
knowing that it is not good form  
under any circumstances. The dis-  
cipline need not be accompanied by  
any severity. A light touch with a  
whip, if applied invariably, will soon  
settle the matter. Some kennel-men  
adopt the plan of stepping lightly  
on the hind foot, and it is perhaps  
the clearest way of conveying the  
idea.—Joseph A. Graham, in "Start-  
ing an Exhibition Kennel," in The  
Outing Magazine.

The Lights of London in A. D. 1900

The decision to use gas in preference  
to the electric arc for the artificial  
lighting of the new station at  
Victoria marks another stage in the  
duel between the two illuminants.  
Few of us, perhaps, realize how long  
that duel has been in progress. It  
is nearly fifty years since the arc  
light was used in the building of  
Westminster Bridge; it is nearly thirty  
years since it first illuminated  
Waterloo Bridge, a portion of the  
Embankment and the entrance of the  
Gaiety Theatre. Since those early  
days it has passed through many  
stages of improvement, but at each  
of them it has been met by a cor-  
responding improvement in gas light-  
ing, and it has had a hard struggle  
to keep a place in London streets.  
Apparently even the ray glow of  
the "flaming" arc fails to illuminate  
the atmosphere of darkest London as  
successfully as pressure gas; and it is  
more expensive.

But if electricity cannot hold its  
own in the lighting of large open  
spaces in London, there is a steadily  
widening field for it indoors. The  
time is near at hand when, with the  
cheapening of the production of  
electricity and the discovery of a  
more economical filament for the in-  
candescent lamp, the use of gas will  
be confined to the kitchen and the  
street.—London Daily Graphic.

Government Had No Objection.

The late Nat Head, once Governor  
of New Hampshire, sometimes sur-  
prised those who approached him to  
gain his political influences by his  
witty parrying of their requests.

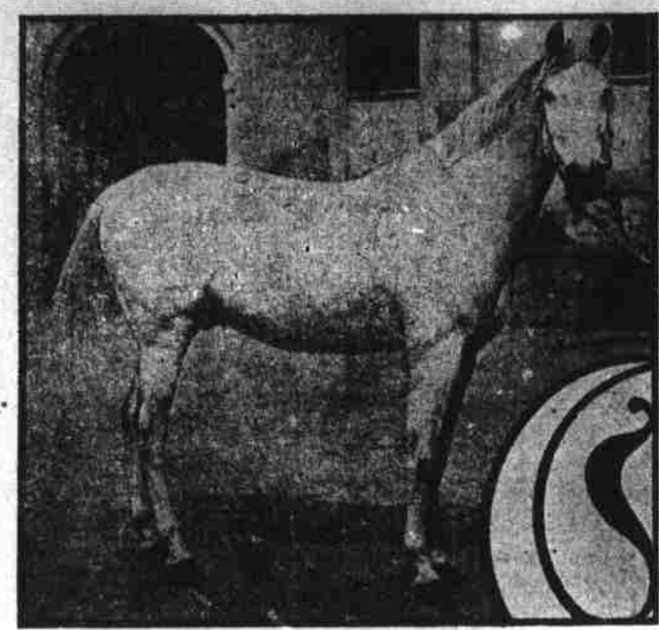
Colonel Barrett, an estimable of-  
ficial upon the Governor's staff, died,  
and with unseemly haste his would-  
be successors began to push their  
claims, even while his body was  
awaiting burial with military honors.

One candidate, somewhat bolder  
than the rest, ventured to ascertain  
from Governor Head, thinking to ascertain  
the bent of the Governor's mind upon  
the important question.

"Governor," he asked, not to speak  
in a manner too positive, "do you  
think you would have any objec-  
tions if I was to get into Colonel  
Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly, "No,  
I don't think I should have any ob-  
jections, if the undertaker is willing."

Earl Cromer is one of the most  
thorough students of the Bible whom  
the English public have among their  
prominent men.

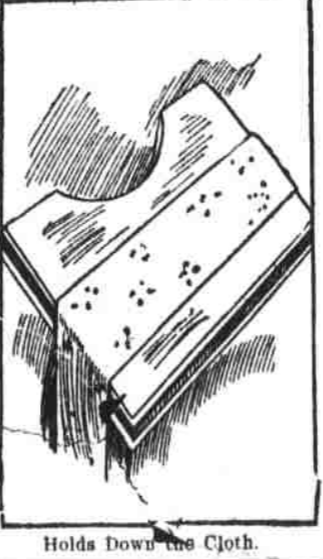


THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HORSE IN SPAIN.  
Selected by the King as a Present For His Bride.

## LAP-BOARD.

Has Features of Simplicity, Con-  
venience and Efficiency.

It is well known that lap-boards  
and sewing tables are often used for  
"cutting out" garments, and for ac-  
curately performing the work the  
cloth must be maintained in an un-  
wrinkled and comparatively taut con-  
dition. An Ohio woman has patent-  
ed a lap-board which has features of  
simplicity which could also be applied  
to a table or any similar article.



Holds Down the Cloth.

The lap-board shown here is of the  
ordinary kind, a marginal groove  
being made in the sides. In this  
marginal groove is placed a strip of  
penetrable material, as felt, into  
which pins can be easily stuck. The  
groove and strip can extend part way  
or entirely around, as convenient.

In a table it would be desirable  
to insert into all sides, while in a  
lap-board the side containing the dis-  
cussing recess will generally not re-  
quire the strips. Such a lap-board  
would be useful in holding work  
while a seam is being basted or  
sewed. Even the clothes could be  
held in position on the table by the  
addition of such a groove, and when  
used on library tables, the strip used  
as a pin-cushion.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

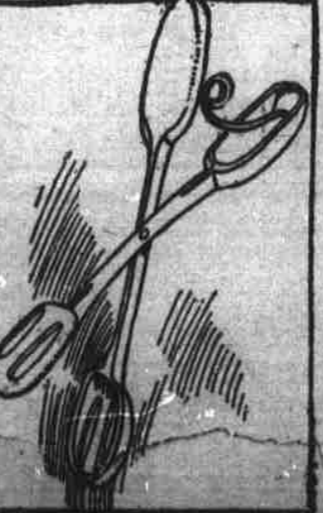


Photo of Young Queen of the Philippines  
and Prince Henry, Her Consort.

A few drops of elder vinegar rubbed  
into the hands after washing clothes  
will keep them smooth and take away  
the spongy feeling they always have  
after being in the water a good while.

## An Aid to the Housewife.

Handling boiling clothes with an  
ordinary pole was not considered an  
up-to-date method by an Iowa in-  
ventor.



To Handle Boiling Clothes.

## The Chinese Bride's Veil.

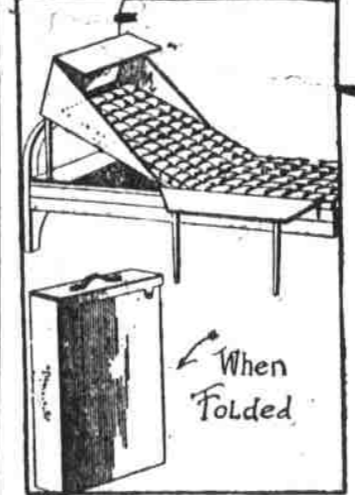
Doesn't it look like a latest in  
lampshades? There's the top in  
bead blossoms and the deep fringe.  
But it isn't.  
Rather not.



It's the bridal veil of a blushing  
Chinese maiden who is about to  
promise to love, honor and obey her  
mother-in-law forever after.

## Portable Cot.

"Take up thy bed and walk." This  
is the Biblical quotation which in-  
spired a North Carolina woman to  
design the portable cot shown here.  
It is especially suitable for travelers  
and others who have need of a bed  
or couch which can readily be moved  
from place to place. It is constructed  
to be particularly useful upon the  
ordinary "day coach" or railway  
trains, when it is impossible or un-  
desirable to secure a sleeper. In



When Folded.

Fits into a Suit Case.  
In addition it is equally well adapted  
for use as an ordinary couch or bed  
in the home, upon the lawn or upon  
camping trips. The body portion is  
in two sections, hinged together.  
The cushions are also hinged together,  
one of the cushions having draft  
guards at the top and sides. The en-  
tire cot folds neatly and compactly to  
form a package approximately the  
size of a suit case. A waterproof  
carrying case is provided to protect  
the cot from the weather, with means  
for conveniently carrying it as ordi-  
nary hand baggage.

## Apostle and Epistle.

A Philadelphia rider riding through  
the mountains of Tennessee stopped  
one evening to water his horse before  
a little cabin, outside of which sat an  
old colored woman, watching the ar-  
rival of a couple of colored boys play-  
ing near by.

"Good evening, aunty," he called.  
"Cute pair of boys you've got. Your  
children?"

"Laws a massy! Mah chillun!  
'Deed dem's mah daughter's chillun!  
Come hyah, 'yon boys," she called  
sharply, "an' speak to 'd gemman!"

"An' the boys obeyed the summons,  
the Philadelphia inquired their  
names.

"Clah to goodness, sah, dem chil-  
luns is right smart named!" said the  
old woman. "Ye see, mah daughter  
done got 'ligion long ago, an' named  
dese hyah boys right out de Bible,  
sah. Dis hyah one's named Apostle  
Paul, and de udder's called Epistle  
Peter."—Pittsburg Post.

inventor. He therefore evolved the  
apparatus shown here—a pair of for-  
ces so shaped as to firmly and posi-  
tively grip the clothes so that they  
can be handled without tearing. It  
resembles very much a pair of scis-  
sors, having two lever intermediate-  
ly pivoted. One end of the levers  
is shaped to form a handle and the  
other into spoons. These spoons are  
hollowed out to form a recess, the  
back being slotted, which reduces the  
weight and also affords a firm grip.  
Between the handles is a spring. It  
is the intention of the inventor to  
manufacture these forceps of alumi-  
num.

## Bitter Cry in England.

To cultivate a desirable, elevat-  
ing and charming social set is as  
much the province of parents as to  
feed and clothe their progeny.

Nevertheless, the bitter cry of the  
British daughter is heard in the land:  
"We know no poor people. We hardly  
ever see a man."—World and His  
Wife.

## Search For New Foods

ALL THE WORLD LEVIED UPON FOR PLANTS AND FRUITS

Where Many of the Present Staples Originated—Peru Gave the Potato, Tomato  
and Lima Bean—Successes in the Quest For New Salad Plants—  
Japan Has a Promising One in Udo—A Delicious East  
Indian Mango Soon to Come From Florida.

The recent agitation on the subject  
of preparing meats and meat products  
has turned popular attention more  
strongly than any other cause to an  
interest in a vegetarian diet, and this  
in turn has induced individual curiosi-  
ty as to the origin of the vegetables  
which we know best in this country,  
writes the Washington correspondent  
of the New York Evening Post. Every-  
one knows, of course, that potatoes  
are the mainstay of the Irish and rice  
of the Chinese. If there is a famine  
in India and the sympathy of the whole  
civilized world is drawn upon to sup-  
ply the want, it is to the vegetable  
kingdom that the world must turn for  
the year's deficiency. England must main-  
tain a great navy to prevent its being  
isolated from its bases of food supply  
in case of war, as much as for the  
protection of its colonies.

Taking lesson from these patent  
facts, this country, in spite of the  
unusually wide range of its products  
and its practical immunity from harm  
on this score even under stress of war,  
has undertaken, through a bureau of  
the Department of Agriculture, to  
search the world for every sort  
of growing thing which has possibi-  
lities as a food product. Having found  
such a plant, it has been imported here  
for development in the Government's  
laboratories and subsequent distribu-  
tion to such Government experiment  
stations or private growers as could  
develop it more scientifically for the  
climate to which it is best suited.

Many persons consider Ireland the  
home of the potato, which has become  
such a necessary part of the average  
American's diet. The plant came to  
this country from the highlands of Co-  
lumbia and Peru, a section of the world  
which has furnished a number of the  
best known and most widely cultivated  
vegetables of the present time. The to-  
mato was introduced from Peru back  
in Civil War days, when ignorant peo-  
ple had an idea that it was a poisonous  
plant. Agricultural scientists of the  
past year show that superstitions for-  
merly held by the people have disap-  
peared sufficiently to encourage the growing  
of this popular food on 500,000 acres. The  
lima bean is another vegetable of popu-  
lar consumption which came from the  
same South American country, having  
been introduced here about eighty-five  
years ago. Certain sections of the  
country have come to grow lima beans  
in such profusion that farmers have  
been able to obtain special railroad  
rates for sending their crop to city  
markets. Thousands upon thousands  
of dollars invested in the orange groves  
of California and Florida obtained that  
opportunity for investment in conse-  
quence of the introduction of orange  
cuttings from Brazil. England is giv-  
ing credit for having provided this  
country with asparagus, while celery  
came originally from Southern Europe,  
and rhubarb from Central Asia.

Still unsatisfied with all that other  
countries have given us in the way of  
food supply, the aggressive agricul-  
tural scientist of today has been tour-  
ing the world and exploring its far-  
away corners and uninhabited desert  
and forest nooks for what may turn  
out to be only a slip of a plant or a  
sample of an undeveloped fruit. Each,  
however, brings to the explorer the  
germ of an idea by which he hopes to  
develop the new plant, through Govern-  
ment aid, into a staple of both food  
value and financial profit.

Descriptions have been given in the  
Evening Post's correspondence of the  
most striking and some of the note-  
worthy novelties brought to this coun-  
try in this way, including durum, or  
macaroni wheat; chynote, the new deli-  
cious egg plant variety; the cactus  
cheese, which is so nearly like the  
ordinary cake chocolate as to be read-  
ily mistaken, except for its slightly  
tart flavor; new varieties of tangerines  
and other specimens of the orange fam-  
ily, and of grazing plants which will  
grow in the semi-arid parts of the  
west where there are less than six  
inches of rainfall. In each of these in-  
stances there has been an accomplish-  
ment worthy of note, but the list has  
not yet been exhausted. Other plants  
and fruits are being developed along  
the same lines, and descriptions of  
some of them will be available before  
long for the information of the public.

At the present moment it is possible to  
give some brief facts about several ex-  
periments which have progressed far  
enough to indicate a gratifying success  
in as great measure, probably, as those  
just mentioned.

Salads have come to be a part of the  
principal daily meal for most persons  
who live reasonably well, because of  
the many kinds which can be prepared  
at small cost and which add so much  
to the enjoyment of the repast. But  
there is a continual longing for new  
kinds of salad, and chefs are puzzling  
their brains to arrange new combina-  
tions. To meet the demand has been  
one of the tasks which the agricultural  
explorer has set for himself, and al-  
ready he has succeeded to a degree. In  
Japan he has found a vegetable, called  
by the Japanese udo, which is as com-  
mon there as celery is here. It is so  
enjoyed by the Japanese that they im-  
port the canned article to this country  
rather than do without their accom-  
plished food. It cannot take the place  
of lettuce for variety of use, but may  
be adapted to a palatable dish by the  
addition of certain sauces. It has not  
yet been given a distinctive American  
name, but it grows in thick blanch-  
ed shoots of two feet or more in length,  
and prospers splendidly. By slicing  
the shoots into long, thin strips and  
serving with a French dressing, there  
is presented a silvery looking salad  
with unusual crispness and a new and  
distinct flavor.

Some day epicures will cherish the  
name of the explorer who brought to  
this country the original mango, the  
fruit which has become a food with  
numbers of Florida orange growers in  
sections where there is a suitable soil

and little or no frost. There have been  
mangoes sold in this country, but they  
have not been of the true, high-grade  
stock which has given the fruit its  
fame abroad. It was in 1889 that the  
East Indian Malaga mango was intro-  
duced into Florida. It prospered for  
several years until the great freeze of  
1893 killed all but one tree, and that  
was saved only through the exertions  
of a horticultural expert on the ground.  
Thousands of grafted trees now grow  
in Florida owe their start in life  
as fruit producers of the first grade to  
this one lonely tree which nearly suc-  
cumbed to the frost eleven years ago.  
The experiment has reached such a  
stage that the marketing of a crop is  
expected by another season. Mangoes  
offered in delicatessen shops to-day are  
disdained by the experts as unworthy  
of the name, which will be lived up to  
by the new variety. The Oriental  
mango is known as the most luscious  
fruit that grows, having no more fibre  
than a peach, but being much more  
richly flavored. Another inducement  
to cultivation is that they will grow on  
soil of no particular value and con-  
tinue bearing for years. This, in addi-  
tion to enormous crops, is likely to re-  
sult in general introduction in such  
sections as afford the proper climate.

In this same general class is a fruit  
called mangosteen, which the Depart-  
ment of Agriculture experts hope to  
propagate as a new industry for Porto  
Rico, Hawaii, the Panama Canal zone,  
and perhaps some other localities.  
Some specimens are already growing  
in Hawaii, as in Jamaica and Trin-  
idad, but it is not entirely acclimated  
as yet. The mangosteen has a delicate  
flavor and attractive appearance, but  
lacks a sturdy root system which will  
make it commercially practicable. To  
discover a representative of this spe-  
cies which will provide the toughness  
of fibre required and on which the deli-  
cate mangosteen can be grafted, is  
now the work of the investigators.  
The fruit has white pulp, more ten-  
der than that of the plum, and an al-  
luring flavor which is hard to describe.  
The rind is of a purple brown shade,  
that distinguishes it from other fruits  
of similar variety and marks it as dis-  
tinctly as the red-skinned banana is  
different from the ordinary sort.

These several experiments in fruits  
contain great possibilities to the fruit  
growers of America as well as prophe-  
cies of new delicacies for the gratifica-  
tion of the increasing thousands of  
well-to-do citizens whose material pros-  
perity develops the market for new  
food products. All parts of the world  
have been leaved on to America, new  
sensations for agricultural and horti-  
cultural America, and as quickly as re-  
sults are attained they will be made  
known to those who can carry on the  
work most successfully. Usually the  
State experiment stations are given  
this opportunity, since through them  
the general public may be supplied  
most satisfactorily.

Because of this co-operative plan, by  
which the work of the Government ex-  
perts is made available to every grow-  
er and experimenter in these lines  
throughout the country, there is al-  
ways a large majority of the National  
legislators who are willing to vote the  
necessary funds for developing it. What  
no individual grower could afford to  
attempt on his own responsibility and  
expense, the Government can and does  
do in the interest of all its citizens.

## THE CUTTING OF CAMEOS.

Stones Are Plentiful, But Large, Per-  
fect Pieces Are Costly.

Cameos are cut from the stones  
onyx and sardonyx, which are said  
to be so plentiful on the Uruguay  
River in Brazil that ships often carry  
them away as ballast. Nevertheless,  
perfect pieces of large size are costly.  
A piece suitable for a large portrait  
costs about \$75.

The stone is preferred for cameos  
because of its hardness and durability,  
and is suitable for such work owing  
to the fact that it comes in layers of  
contrasting colors, as black and  
white, black and cream or red and  
white. When the cut figure is sunk  
into the stone instead of being raised  
the cutting is called an intaglio.

The cost of these gems is due to  
the time and skill required in the  
work. Formerly a small gem might  
occupy an artist for a year or more,  
but with modern appliances the work  
can be done more rapidly. Still the  
ancient work bears the palm for artistic  
excellence.

The cutting is now