to America in that capacity. He was a non-com. and carried as his badge of office a very good bolo in a leather case. He had a Remington and about forty brass-patched cartridges with a lot of re loaded ones.

FIGHT RESUMED FOR TEN MINUTES.

Just at the other side of this field there was another line of trenches close to the bamboos that marked the upper road from Las Pinas to Imus. While the search for dead and wounded was going on nobody was paying any attention to this line, and now when everybody thought the day's work was finished, and all the talk was of what a thundering good licking they had got at their strongest ground, they opened up on us again from these second trenches. There was a scattering for cover and then the old roaring Krag volleys began again. It lasted only ten minutes or so. They had had enough for that place and that day, and as soon as they saw that however much we might be interested in looking over the battle ground, we were still able and willing to do a lot more of fighting of the same kind that had won that field, they skedaddled.

They were making down toward Bakor, and had got back into the road in considerable numbers when all of a sudden they rounded a bend in the road and came full upon Palmer's men coming in from their long detour around the right by way of the beach. It looked for a minute as if there would be such a killing as there has not been in the war since the first day, at least, for Palmer's men got their Krags to work with astonishing celerity and terrible effect. But the insurgents wouldn't stand for it. They scattered like a covey of frightened quail and the last fight at the Zapote river was over before our fellows fairly got going.

WE LOST 10 KILLED AND 41 WOUNDED.

Fresh troops were already on their way out to relieve those who had been doing the fighting, and the tired men came back into Las Pinas glad enough that the day was over. Our casualties were ten killed and forty-one wounded, including three officers, this for the whole day, the fight on the rightt in the morning included. The fresh men bivouacked on the field undisturbed. In the morning parties were sent out to search the field carefully for Filipino dead and to bury the bodies. They worked all day and part of the next and their report to Gen. Lawton was that they had buried 121. They piled them up in their own trench and shoveled the banks down over them.

Early on the morning after the fight reports began to come in of the utter and absolute demoralization of the insurgents from their terrible defeat. All the reports on their retreat from Las Pinas had been to the effect that they marched in good order and were in good shape, retreating only in order to get a better and stronger position. Now, however, there was a different story. First it came from some natives who came in early and proclaimed themselves *amigos*. They said they were glad the Americans had come at last and freed them from the domination of the Army which was merely a gang of looters and robbers who had preyed on them until they were absolutely impoverished, without food or money to buy it. The rebels they said, had been retreating through Imus all the night and were in dire confusion. They were carrying with them about a hundred dead and three hundred wounded. They were so frightened that they had abandoned Imus, which was a stronghold second only to the Zapote river, and had fled with only what they could carry, not even stopping to bury their dead.

Next there came along fourteen Spaniards who had been prisoners of the Filipinos in Imus. They said that the rebels had been so thoroughly whaled that their only thought was of how to save themselves, and that they were too much occupied in getting away to take care of their prisoners whom they had practically set free. The Spaniards confirmed what the *amigos* had said about the number of dead and wounded the insurgents were carrying with them, except that the Spaniards added that the insurgents had stopped long enough in Imus to bury sixteen of their dead.

MAYOR OF IMUS SURRENDERS THE CITY.

Last there came the *Presidente local* of Imus himself to surrender the city and beg the Americans to put a garrison there at once to protect its peace-loving and peaceful citizens from the insurgents who were nothing but "Aguinaldo's band of cut-throats." The *Presidente* walked into Bakor, which had been deserted along with all the rest of the country on the road clear around to Cavite. He carried his gold headed cane to show his authority and position. He, too, told of the demoralization in the insurgent camp produced by their thrashing the day before, and his count of the dead and wounded they were taking with them agreed with the other two that had been received. It began to look as it they had been somewhat impressed by the thoroughness of the beating that had been given them.

The fact that they had cleared out all the way around to Cavite gave weight to this opinion. Men came up from Cavite Viejo and wanted to be allowed to work for the troops in any way in which they could earn any money. They had neither chow nor money to get it with. One man said he was a baker and wanted a chance to bake for the soldiers. Our scouting patrols went out and found the country clear of insurgents with *amigos* in plenty coming back to the homes from which they said the insurgents had driven them by their outrages. They swarmed back into Las Pinas and Bakor, and almost before our post was established at Aguinaldo's old capital there were half a dozen fruit stands offering the luscious Bakor mango for ten cents apiece, American.

The *Presidente local* of Imus seemed to be an intelligent man. He went on from Bakor to Las Pinas to talk with Gen. Lawton. They had a long discussion and the *Presidente* told the general much that confirmed him in opinions which his fighting experience had given him already. The insurgent army, said the *Presidente*, did not represent the Filipino people in any way. It was composed of men who had served the Spaniards in one capacity or another all their lives, and had never done anything which was not connected in some way with the oppression of their own people. Most of them had been soldiers in the Spanish army or in the *Guardia Civil*. A new condition of this faced them if they were forced to accede to the terms of the Americans and lay down their arms, a condition of labor made compulsory by the destruction of their accustomed means of support, and the great majority of them preferred the reckless life of the soldier, even with its dangers, to the prospect of having to work for a living. As for the Filipino people, they were peace-loving and law-abiding, and they were eager to have the Americans establish order and let them get out from under the brigandage and lawlessness which had oppressed them for the last five months and go back to their regular peaceful vocations. For himself he earnestly hoped that now the Americans were so near Imus and could occupy the town unopposed, they would not delay the establishment of a garrison there for the protection of their friends and the maintenance of order. If they were not quick about it the insurgents would recover from their fright and demoralization and would return to the town and renew their terrorization of the people.

The *Presidente local* knew what he was talking about as far as his predictions as to the actions of the insurgents was concerned. When he got back to Imus that afternoon he found that some insurgent officers had come in while he was gone and had torn down some of the white flags that had been flying and had threatened the people with all sorts of dire punishment if they rendered any assistance whatever to the Americans. The effect of this was apparent to a small extent the next day, when a battalion of infantry was sent over to garrison the place. Many of the inhabitants fled as soon as they saw the Americans coming. The *Presidente* was greatly exercised in his mind about this apparent defection and went after his people at once. They came back to the town immediately on his assurance that it was all right, and that the Americans had come to stay and would not leave them to the hands of the insurrectos again.

REBELS' ASTONISHING RECUPERATIVE POWERS.

So things went for two or three days. All the time evidences accumulated of the complete demoralization of the insurgents after their drubbing at Zapote. Then we began to get some evidences of the astonishing recuperative powers the beggars have. Reports came in that they were concentrating at San Francisco de Malabon, off to the southeast of Bakor, and at Perez Dasmarinas and Buenavista, to the south and southwest of Imus. It had been reported from the first that they had fled to Dasmarinas from Imus on the night after the Zapote fight, and it was also said that some of them had gone toward the lake country. Franklin was on the lake however, with the Napidan, and Capt. Gale was with him with three dismounted troops of the Fourth cavalry in cascos, ready to take a hand wherever there might be an opportunity. Scouting patrols kept bringing back reports that the insurgents were getting together again, and on Sunday, the 18th, Gen. Wheaton went down to Imus to establish headquarters there for a while and be ready to give them another licking if the opportunity arose. He wasn't long looking for it.

The next morning he sent Major Bubb's battalion of the Fourth infantry on a reconnoisance toward Perez Dasmarinas. The main object of the reconnoisance, of course, was to locate the enemy, but there was a slight hope that Bubb might get down to Buenavista, where it was reported the insurgents had moved their big powder mill and arsenal from Imus. It showed that in spite of their die-on-the-field oaths in the church at Las Pinas they had expected to be chased away from the Zapote, that they had begun to remove this arsenal three days before the fight at the river. The powder mill had been of great assistance to them and it was very desirable to destroy it if possible. Buenavista is about eight miles from Imus. The road runs through the same rice country as that about Las Pinas and Bakor except that it is higher. There are open fields at each side of the road with a fringe of bamboos about two hundred yards distant. The battalion started out with only a hundred rounds per man because it was evident that there would be a hard hike, and it was not expected that any great force of the enemy would be encountered. It hiked straightaway down the road toward Dasmarinas for about four miles without seeing any signs of the enemy. Once Lieut. Hayne, who was acting as aide for Major Bubb, saw a column of men stringing through a field at some distance from the reconnoisance, on the right. They were in white and were so far away that no glasses in the party would show whether what they were carrying was arms or not. From their being in white it was not thought worth while to make a closer investigation, and the reconnoisance went on. When about two miles from Dasmarinas evidences of insurgent occupation began to be noted. No huts were occupied and there were no white flags, as there always are when the insurrectos have fled and we are coming along.

RECONNOITERING PARTY IN A BAD FIX.

Finally, when within about a mile and a half of the town, Major Bubb concluded that he had found sufficient evidence of the presence of insurgents to go back and report that they were there in force. So the reconnoisance turned around and started back. Almost at that instant Lieut. Cunningham, the signal officer with the party, discovered a column of insurgents behind the fringe of bamboos on the right of the road. They had been marching with the Americans simply paralleling our column and apparently waiting until we got to some particular place to open up. Just as this force was discovered it was reported that there was another party of insurgents on the other side of the road. They also had been paralleling our column and it began to look like a pretty nearly successful trap. Our determination to return had evidently thrown them out of their calculation ... little for they had taken less pains to conceal themselves behind the bamboos and so had been discovered at a most critical time. When we first saw them they were passing back and forth along their lines and seemed to be in some confusion as to what to do. The two bodies greatly outnumbered our force and so Major Bubb determined to keep on back toward Imus. They numbered at least a thousand, many of our officers say two thousand.

The insurgents opened fire as soon as they saw that they had been discovered, and immediately threw a line across the road in our rear thus getting on three sides of us and giving us a very hot fire. At the same time they sent a part of their force from the left ahead to try to get across the road in front of us and thus surround us entirely. But that was prevented. Our position in the road was very exposed from the fact that the road was higher than the fields on either side of it. Besides we had a big four-mule ambulance along and this made a fine mark for them.

It became apparent at once that we were in for a hot fight to get back to Imus. The rear guard dropped well back, the flankers forced their way as far out as they could, and the march back went on as fast as possible. We had so little ammunition that great care had to be exercised in firing, and we could not rely on the defense that had so often proved adequate with small loss to ourselves of terrific volleys maintained all the time. Every few minutes some fellow was hit and there had to be a stop while the wound was dressed. Then our men would lie down and take as careful aim as they could, giving the rebels a taste of the old style of work. Sometimes the column would halt and lie down simply to enable the men to put in a hot and well-directed fire for a few minutes before getting up to go on. The road ahead was kept clear and the insurgents failed to cut us off, but they hung on like leeches and did more damage than they had been able to do in a very long time.

A DASH TO BRING AID.

When it became apparent that it was going to be a long hard job to get back to Imus, Lieut. Cunningham made a dash for it on his pony and went straight up the road under a hot fire from both sides. He got through all right, and the boys who saw him go knew that before long the tables would be turned and reinforcements would be cut which would make the story have a very different ending. It gave them new courage and they kept up their hiking and their fire with good heart. But a good many were hit and unable to hike. The ambulance was crowded, and it was the most dangerous place in the whole column. Men would struggle on just as long as they possibly could rather than get into it. In spite of the big red crosses on its sides it was hit again and again, and some of the men in it got new wounds from having to ride there.

It was 11:30 o'clock in the morning when the thing began. For five miles the fight continued. The rebels hung on as they had not done at any time in the war. In fact, this was the only time they ever had the opportunity to make anything like what they could call a pursuit of Americans. As our men came along they could see once in a while that they had killed an insurgent, but there was no telling what sort of damage our fire had done. It was not nearly as heavy as at other times when the loss of the enemy had not been what we had thought it surely must be. Our own loss was heavy, the percentage being considerably greater than at the Zapote. Then with a full regiment engaged we had a total of fifty-one casualties, now with only a battalion under fire, we had eight killed and twenty-seven wounded. And the worst of it was that our means for caring for those who were hit were so limited that we had to leave some of the dead until we could go back with the reinforcements and get them. When the two bodies that were left were recovered it was found that the insurgents had discovered them. Both ears were cut off of one of them and the face of the other had been slashed several times with a knife.

HAD PLANNED TO ATTACK IMUS.

When Lieut. Cunningham reached Imus and reported to Gen. Wheaton the situation of the reconnoisance, there was a hustle. Wheaton himself with the other two battalions of the Fourth started out post haste to the rescue. The men took a hundred and fifty rounds in their belts and there were some carts with extra supplies. Two of Scott's 3.2 inch guns started along too, just to make it interesting for any insurgents seen out of the range of the Krags. The guns got to work sooner than was expected, for just beyond Imus, where there is a road leading over to Binang, on the lake, a column of the enemy was discovered coming toward the town. That made it look as if there had been a plan to attack Imus that day, but that the sending out of the reconnoisance in the morning had deranged it a little. The insurgents probably thought that they had a better chance to take the reconnoisance by surprise and kill or capture the whole party than they had to make any real success of an attack on the town.

The new column coming from the direction of Binang did not have much encouragement in their part of the attack, if that is what they had planned. Scott's two guns opened on them at good range and they faded out of sight and range with an alacrity that only experienced insurgents can manifest in this hot climate. There was only a little delay and then the hike was resumed toward Dasmarinas and the relief of Bubb's battalion.

RELIEF FOR THE HARRASSED COLUMN.

When Wheaton caught sight of the harassed column our men were coming in good shape and making a good fight of it. But they were in sore need of help. Their ammunition had run dangerously near the point of giving out. Two companies had hardly half a dozen rounds per man, and many of the men had used their last cartridge.

The yell which with the tired men greeted their relief was warning enough to the insurgents, if indeed they had not seen the column coming long before, that a new phase had been put on the matter. The new men went in with a will and the tables were turned squarely around in less than a minute. From being the pursuers the insurrectos became the pursued in half a jiffy, and this time it was a case of run jolly well or get what would stop them from running forever. Bubb's tired men kept on for the town but the fresh battalions went at the insurgents as if they meant to clean out the whole province in a minute. It was just 4:10 when the two columns met. From that time until dark the insurgents were kept on the run. Back over the ground over which they had followed Bubb Wheaton chased them. There was very little fight in them and our casualties were very slight, but when Wheaton went over the ground the next morning with a burying party they found ninety-six insurgents for whom they furnished graves.

INSURGENTS HAD GONE AT DAYLIGHT.

Wheaton camped that night within a couple of miles of Dasmarinas. He thought he was sure to have a hard fight in the morning. A battalion of the Fourteenth was sent out to him, and he made preparations to drive the insurgents into their holes as soon as daylight came. But when it arrived the insurgents had gone. They had taken the hint and decamped during the night. Nor have they been seen in force since. Whether they just hid their guns and put on their white clothes and gave up the fun of war until a more favorable opportunity shall present itself, cannot be told. Certain it is that there is no considerable force of them anywhere near Imus now. Wheaton went on to Dasmarinas that morning and reached it with practically no opposition. At the start there was some long range firing that was pretty heavy for a little while, but it did not last long and did no damage.

The town of Dasmarinas Wheaton reported to be a miserable, worthless place and very unsanitary, so that he advised against garrisoning it and his advice was taken. It is in a very low flat country full of swamps and difficult to traverse. He did not go clear on to Buenavista because of the difficult hiking, reporting that it was impracticable to try to hold that country. So we shall wait for evidence that they are running it there with great success before we go to Buenavista for the insurrecto powder mill.

Since that day there has been nothing of any importance in the south. Some reports have come in that the insurgents are trying to get together again at San Francisco de Malabon, and one or two of their scouting patrols have been seen. Once a small column of them came up the road from San Nicolas toward Las Pinas, but from the way they ran when they saw the American outposts it seems likely that they did not know just where they were.

A SLIPPERY FOE.

The whole campaign illustrates some features of the situation in the Philippines admirably. We are fighting a reckless, irresponsible enemy who can scatter his men like scared chickens at will, whenever he is pressed too closely. When we think we have him completely demoralized and ready to give up he takes advantage of the slightest lapse of vigilance on our part to gather his robed-in-the-garments-of-peace soldiers together again and give us a whack. By the time we can gather ourselves up to wipe him off the face of the earth, he is back in the garments of peace again and we can't find him.

"THE GREENWOODS" OF TAPPAN.

A Spot Near the City Where Nature Has a Primeval Aspect.

Comparatively few persons are aware that within a short distance of the city there exists a bit of what might be called primeval forest which has thus far almost entirely escaped the axe of the woodman; where "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" wave as majestically as in the days of the Indians, and where the visitor may be treated to a whiff of bracing fragrance, or a shower of pine needles from the towering tree-tops. "The Greenwoods," as they are called by those who know them best, lie in a strip of country about three miles long by one wide, between the tracks of the West Shore Railroad and the Hackensack River, beginning just north of the road through the town of Old Tappan, and extending north a little beyond the boundary line of the State of New Jersey. They are hidden from the road by a ridge of land, dotted with farm houses of old style, and bright with fields of grain.

At the lower end, near the old Tappan road, the ground is low and marshy, a favorite haunt for raccoons. Here many a "coon-hunt" has waked the echoes of the night, and woe betide the hunter who knows not the ways of "the Greenwoods," for it is the custom in these parts to send such a one through the dark, hot upon the trail, until of a sudden he loses the path and plumps up to his knees in the bog.

Further north, the ground is higher, and here the woods are magnificent. Great tree-trunks rise on every side in manifold vistas, and under the spreading boughs the air is dark with flickering shadows and sweet with piney odors. Aged beeches and chestnuts, sturdy oaks, and hosts of lesser growth mingle with the shaggy boles of the hemlocks. Up above, hemlocks and oak, beech and chestnut crowd their branches together into a green roof, through which, here and there, the shafts of the pines shoot up 80 to 100 feet in air, lords of the forest.

Thrushes call to one other through the dimness, solitary crows start from their perches at the sound of a footstep, and the light-footed pedestrian may be fortunate enough, if it be nesting time, to see a woodcock running away over the fallen trunks, flapping its brown wings with a mock helplessness, and peering back to see who is disturbing its home.

The earth is black and rich with the mold of generations. The needles of the pine and hemlock are thick upon it, and old rotting trees lie strewn about, where they fell in tempests. Flowers are scarce, though the pink "lady slipper" orchid, the Indian-pipe and a few others may be found in season. Ferns, however, are in abundance, and "the Greenwoods" have given their share, in common with the rest of the near-by forests of New Jersey, to the decoration of many a hall and home in the city.

Toward the western limit of the tract is a knoll, covered with slender pines, and carpeted with their needles, known as the "Indian burial ground." The spot may have earned its name before the white settler penetrated into the country. At all events, they tell of skulls dug from its dark soil, while further proof of the former presence of the Indian is furnished by the numbers of fine arrow and spear-heads which have been picked up in the neighborhood.

Not far from here, on the edge of an open meadow, and near where a clear spring bubbles out of the sand, a party of campers usually take up their abode in the fall, and there are other occasional visitors to "the greenwoods" from Hackensack or nearer towns, or even from the city; but it does not appear that they have yet been fully appreciated by the beauty seeker a-foot or a-wheel.

"The Greenwoods" may be reached by taking the Northern Railroad of New Jersey to Tappan, a distance of 24 miles from Jersey City, or the West Shore to the same place, a trifle further west, whence it is not a long walk to the heart of the forest.

Two Points of View.

From the Chicago News.

She—"Would you call go if an amusing game?

He—"Well, that depends."

She—"Upon what?"

He—"Whether I was a spectator or one of the players.

GREAT YEAR FOR MELONS

FAILURE OF ORANGE AND PEACH CROPS ONE CAUSE OF IT.

Some of the Early Productions Realized From $200 to $4,500 an Acre—Man Looking for Gold Found a Richer Melon Prize—The Rocky Ford Canteloupe.

This is the reigning year of the melon. Although the season is still young, more canteloupes and watermelons have reached the northern markets than ever before in the history of the commission men. In the last week of July, carloads of melons were to be had for the asking in Jersey City. Other carloads at Washington stood open to the longing of the passing darkey boy. The melon belt, which reaches from Otero county in Colorado in a broad band sagging somewhat southward and finally touching the southern Atlantic coast, has borne fruitfully throughout its entire length.

This year the acreage, for two reasons, has been vastly increased. During the winter of 1898 and 1899 from sixty to seventy per cent of the peach trees of Georgia, Alabama and, indeed, of the entire Gulf region, with the exception of Texas, were killed by the frost. In Florida a considerable proportion of the orange trees which had not suffered in previous winters were lost, thereby throwing a large number of fruit growers out their regular lines of planting. As a result, thousands of acres formerly devoted to peach and orange growing were planted to canteloupes and watermelons. In most sections of the South the season was favorable for melon growth and the result was a great overstocking of the market. And yet, the experienced grower, with the wisdom which comes of many plantings, has not been so seriously injured by over-production as many of the newer melon growers. He understood the science of securing an early crop and of rushing it through well-established channels into the markets of the North.

As a result, the first carloads of canteloupes to reach New York brought from $5 to $5.50 a crate. That means $1,100 and $1,500 for a single carload of from 7,000 to 15,000 melons. It is not at all unusual to raise in parts of Georgia and Alabama from two to three carloads to the acre. This would mean a money yield of from $2,200 to $4,500 to the acre, provided the melons could all be harvested early in the season. When this is compared to the yield to the acre of wheat or almost any other known crop the profits would appear enormous. Certain it is that a number of the most advanced growers have been astonishingly successful with their ventures in the South.

Watermelons have been only a step behind the canteloupes in the size and marketing success of the crop. About 1,000 melons are considered a carload. During the last two or three years these melons have averaged a full thirty pounds weight and some of them have gone beyond sixty pounds, while a few prize melons weighing a 100 pounds and over have crept into the shipments. The earliest watermelons bring all manner of fancy prices. By August 1 the price has usually dropped from $200 to $350 a carload. That would mean a cost of from two to three and a half cents for a thirty-pound melon—about as cheap a dessert, even after the middleman's charges have been added, as the average American family could desire. As the season advances the price decreases still further until it frequently happens that the shipper is willing to give his product to anyone who will be kind enough to pay the freight. The earlier melons nearly all come by express and spend from two to three days on the road; from Colorado the earliest product requires nearly three days, or from four to five days by freight. New York can comfortably consume from twenty to forty carloads every day.

One curious development of the melon crop, chiefly during the present season, has been the growing sale of canteloupes in the market byname. A few years ago a muskmelon was a muskmelon. The only difference of designation were the elementary designations: "good and "bad" W. A. Taylor, assistant pomologist of the United States department of agriculture, told how the muskmelon happened to become the canteloupe.

"In the north," he said, "the muskmelon is still the muskmelon; canteloupe is a southern name, and from the fact that the canteloupe supply comes largely from below the Mason and Dixon line, the name has gradually invaded northern markets until at present the ordinary city man would not think for a moment of asking for a muskmelon when he goes to a restaurant."

The average marketer has begun to distinguish varieties of the canteloupe. He knows the famous Rocky Ford melon from the Osage and the Paul Rose and he thinks he can distinguish it from the old-fashioned Netted Gem. The Rocky Ford melon is perhaps the most famous of any in the market. It is grown in Otero county, Col., near Rocky Ford on the Arkansas river, where the temperature is hot, the soil is light and the land can be supplied by means of irrigation with an unlimited quantity of water at just the time when the melon plants are most in need of it. Otero county is indeed the hot-bed of Colorado. The Rocky Ford melon is of medium size and roughly netted with green lines. It was first shipped in quantitie from Colorado to Chicago about three years ago. Here its fame grew with mushroom rapidity. It was sweet and of excellent flavor and, Chicago having passed favorably upon it, the shipments reached farther to the eastward until the Rocky Ford melon is now the most popular canteloupe in the markets of Philadelphia, New York and Boston. This success has largely been due to the action of the growers themselves. They have worked together like a trust. Their shipments have all been made by a co-operative association which has taken particular pains not to overstock any particular market. Indeed, so popular has the melon become that its seeds have been planted in many places throughout the South and even in Texas, and now melons bearing the name Rocky Ford come from many different places although the only genuine Rocky Ford is a product of Colorado.

In 1897, a dealer in New York having a number of Rocky Ford melons left on his hands, sent the seed to a friend in Florida who had just lost his orange crop by freezing. This planter had been accustomed to picking his fifteen boxes of oranges every year from every tree in his orchards, and if he needed money he had no trouble borrowing in advance on his crop expectations. When his trees were frozen he was absolutely without the means of livelihood. Accordingly, when he received the melon seed, he seized upon them as a last chance and instead of planting an experimental plot as his New York friend had suggested, he plowed up thirty acres and put it all into melons. When he came to harvest his crop he found that he had melons literally by the hundreds of thousands and he cleared $12,000 from the thirty acres.

A rather amusing story is told about the origin of the Rocky Ford Melon. The Rocky Forders insist that one of their number developed it from a wild melon indigenous to Colorado, but the Department of Agriculture, in making a careful investigation has discovered that the Rocky Ford melon is nothing in the world but the old-fashioned and much despised Netted Gem melon of the east, which was grown in the kitchen gardens of our grandmothers. It grows to great perfection, it is true, in Colorado, but the Netted Gem it is and nothing more. Many eastern people wait until the Jersey melon comes into the market. Being grown near home it is picked ripe and is supposed to be much sweeter than any other variety.

The Jersey melon is usually nothing more nor less than the Netted Gem or some nearly related variety. Throughout the Mississippi Valley and to some extent in the east, the Osage melon reigns supreme. It is a large green melon, not so handsome as the Rocky Ford, but very rich and luscious. This melon also has a curious history. Morrill, one of the most famous fruit growers in the State of Michigan, as well as in the United States, had become discouraged with his calling at the time the "yellows" carried off so many peach orchards. Accordingly he made a trip into the far southwest to prospect for gold. While there he found a wild melon of unusual flavor and sweetness, although it was not large. He did not find any gold, but he came home with his melon, planted the seeds and in a few years he was supplying nearly the entire Chicago market with the product of this New Mexican seed.

Mr. Taylor told of a new discovery just made by the Agricultural Department—a melon that will keep well into the winter like a squash. Some time ago Prof. Hanson was sent to Russia to gather the seeds of fruits and valuable agricultural plants unknown to this country. Among others he found at Khiva, Turkestan, the seed of a melon which was picked green and kept to ripen in a root house or cellar. The fruit often reached the great size of 30 pounds and it bore some resemblance when ripe both to the canteloupe and to the watermelon; it seemed indeed to be in some way a hybrid between the two. These seeds planted in this country have grown with great success and the Agricultural Department is confident that it has made a discovery which will later yield substantial money returns to the fruit growers of the entire country. In the course of two or hree years we may expect to see delicious ripe melons on sale during the Christmas holidays and even later in the winter.

Watermelons, unlike the canteloupes, have not yet begun to be designated by variety names, except perhaps by the more advanced dealers. There is the round watermelon and the long green watermelon, and that is about as far as it goes. But it is only a question of time when the purchaser himself will be able to distinguish the Triumph melon from Kolb's Gem and Dixey from Mountain Sweet. One of the greatest educators of the public in this respect have been the fruit shows held of late years in many important cities. People are beginning to know that the best looking melon is not always the sweetest and best, and planters are beginning to learn that it pays to advertise and push varieties which are particularly excellent. For this reason there has been growing during the past few years a tendency on the part of advanced growers to ship in peculiar kinds of crates, and boxes with special labels, so that their fruit can be distinguished anywhere in the market. I know one grower whose fruit comes largely to the Chicago market who has this sign on every one of his baskets:

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

Another famous grower who has extensive peach orchards in Connecticut and extensive melon fields in Georgia had adopted the following:

"U. C. TOP U. C. ALL."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Second Story Experiment That He Made On Only One Occasion.

"Once in the course of my experience, and only once," said the retired burglar, "I tried to get into a house by a flying trapeze. That was when I was young in the business, and young in years. There was a big comfortable-looking house in a town I had made a few visits to that summer that had a window that sort of fascinated me. It was always open, the lower sash thrown up back of the upper; but this window was in the gable end of the house, where there was no veranda roof to reach it by, where it seemed in fact perfectly safe to leave it broad open as they did, day and night, because nobody could reach it without a ladder. But I never looked at that window without thinking of what an easy way into the house it would be if one was only on the level with it.

"Standing in the lawn about twenty feet from the end of this house there was a big tree, with stout, big branches. One of these branches that grew out toward the house had a curious sort of turn or elbow in it that grew in such a way that it had a nearly horizontal section running about ten feet from the house and about ten feet higher up in the air than the top of that window. That ten feet was as practically good as ten miles, as far as keeping people out was concerned, but one day it struck me that a man could swing into that window from the tree by a trapeze, made fast to that straight stretch of limb. I'd just been seeing some circus stunts done on a swinging bar, and I didn't see why I couldn't swing on one well enough to land on that window sill anyway.

"I climbed the tree one night with a piece of twine and a nail for a weight, to make some little experiments and see just how long the trapeze would have to be to strike the window sill. I tied the string with the nail weight on the horizontal limb, and swung it from another limb back of it, further away from the house, the limb that I intended to swing from myself when I had the trapeze ready. I swung it to get a length that would bring the trapeze just so that when I swung forward I could put my feet and legs through the window, and bend 'em down and hold on by 'em there inside and slip off the bar onto the window sill. Then I was going to tie the trapeze to one of the window blinds to keep it there while I was exploring the house, and when I came back to the window, loaded up, I was going to get on the trapeze and cast loose and swing back to the tree and go my way.

"Well, I got the exact length that the trapeze wanted to be to reach from the under side of that limb to the window sill, and then I made, at home, a trapeze to carry me over. I had rope ends plenty long enough to wind round the limb, and I had the hanging part measured exactly so I could make the trapeze fast with just the right length below the limb. When the night came that I was to try it I shinned up the tree and made it fast. I had a twine tied to the trapeze bar, and then I climbed the other limb that I was to swing from, and pulled the bar up to me there and got on it, grasped the ropes in either hand and when I was all ready swung off.

"It seemed like a tremendous drop going down but I did not have long to think of it; I made just one swish down through the air and was going up the other side before you knew it. But I didn't forget myself. I'd practised this and I kept my feet and legs straight out in front of me and ready to curve 'em through the open window when I came to it and then drop 'em and clinch 'em there; but somehow I had made a miscalculation in trying the ropes, or else at the very last instant I went wrong with my feet, for instead of thrusting my feet through the open space of the lower window I jabbed them both plumb through the double sash above, up to my knees. I let go of the trapeze in the excitement, which I don't think was surprising, and the next instant I was hanging head downward outside; with my bag, that I had my tools in, that I had carried by a strap over my shoulder, dangling down below me now with the strap around my armpit.

"When I smashed through those two windows I made as much noise as you'd hear in blowing up a crockery factory, and I knew, of course, that it would only be a mighty short time before there was somebody around, and I made a great effort to get free. I knew I would go smashing down on the ground, but I wanted to take the chances on that rather than be caught, and I didn't hesitate at all about trying to pull my legs out from those windows, though I knew I should fall the minute I got 'em out. But, though I'd lost the trapeze in that one moment's excitement when I struck the windows, I was cool enough now, and I was figuring on how to get the window sill, which I couldn't quite touch now, and so break my fall somewhat, when I did get free, and above all things turn myself over so that when I did go down I'd strike the ground on my feet and not on my head.

"I yanked one leg partly clear and then the other, the glass rattling and the sashes smashing as I pulled on 'em, and I settled down until I could touch the sill below with my fingers. Then I heard the bed in that room jouncing under somebody springing up out of it—you see all this that it takes me some time to tell you about really happened in next to no time at all—and I knew if I was going to go at all I'd got to go then, and I just yanked and smashed both legs clear of the frames, settling down more as I did so until I got hold enough on that window sill to turn myself over as I dropped and push myself clear of the building. When the man looked out of the window I was describing a beautiful curve through the air preparatory to landing safely on my feet.

"The man disappeared from the window and was back again in an instant, and then there was a flash from a shot gun; but it didn't do any damage; it was dark and by that time I was a little too far off to be hit by a man whose aim was likely under such circumstances to be more or less uncertain anyway. But there had been danger enough in hanging head down on the side of the house from a second story window and taking the chance on getting righted up before you struck the ground and I made up my mind that one try with the trapese was all I wanted; I was satisfied after that with cellar windows, and that sort of thing."

The City's Marvellous Variety.

There is no end to the variety of things that one may see carried in the streets of a great city, where every human interest is experienced—so thought a man who on one trip across the City Hall Park met a man carrying a bass drum in a black cambric bag, and on another trip across the same space, a boy carrying a scythe snath.

ALMOST A MUTINY.

The Quartermaster Tells of the Trouble He Had with a Volunteer Regiment.

A United States Army Quartermaster, whose rank entitles him to wear all manner of gold and silver lace with his full dress uniform, came home on a furlough the other day, and for the first time in more than a year had leisure to smoke his cigars clear to the butt without having to lay it down. He had been to almost all the receiving camps, to the new colonies, across the continent and around through the Suez Canal, and at last he had set foot on his modest little two-acre lot in a nearby New Jersey town. After a square meal and a good night's rest on a real bed he grew reminiscent, and told this yarn as an illustration of one of the thousand different kinds of persons that went to make up our army of invasion.

"I had been hustled around from pillar to post for a month or two," he said, "when I was ordered to go and establish a quartermaster and commissary department at a new reception camp that wasn't quite 1,000,000 miles from Mississippi. I got things started, expecting a regular commissary to be sent to relieve me of that part of the work, but before he came the troops began to arrive, and in the end it turned out that the commissary had mistaken his orders, gone to the wrong camp and had been left there. My camp being in the South, the Southern volunteers were sent there to me, and as most of them were green we had the funniest looking army that ever went on parade. The commanding officers were all home bred, brave, fine looking, and all that, but in some instances the most impractical set of men. The regulars had no end of fun at their expense for a while but about ten times as much trouble in the bargain, so that their laughter was mingled with tears. One of the queerest of the lot was a regiment from my native State. I can't tell which one it was for family reasons, the Colonel being a distant relative of mine.

"The Governor of this State had offered his men to the President, knowing full well that they were neither uniformed, armed nor trained. It was a matter of pride with him, he said, and he added that he had done it just to keep even with the Governors of the neighboring States, whose troops were ready.

"Well, when that regiment came into camp on a hog train, my men nearly died laughing. They were the gawkiest, akwardest lot of clod-hoppers that ever was. I watched the companies—bunches is the proper name for their formation—pass me on the way from the railroad station to the camp, and they didn't have more than four uniforms to a bunch. The rest of them wore bluejeans, duck overalls and anything at all down to red flannel drawers a little the worse for wear and, upon my honor, they had only three or four guns to a bunch. Several of the men carried their weapons in the manner that the Bible pictures tell us Moses carried his staff and one of my men called out to a big lank mountaineer:

"'Hey, Bud, where'd ye get yer cane?'

"'Grow'd it,' said Bud.

"'Now did ye?' said my man. 'Why don't ye heft it like a gun.'

"'Cos th' dod-gasted shootin' iron's galded my shoulder raw, thet's haow!' said the lanky one.

"I halted the colonel and taking him aside, said:

"'Now, look here, Colonel, you and your boys can have anything you want. There's a plenty here and all you have to do will be to send your wagon down every morning and you'll get all that you need—fresh meat, fresh bread, vegetables and all the requipments that you want.'

"He listened and looked me over as if I were a card sharp or a horse trader and rode away with a grunt. As far as I knew for about ten days everything went well. The new arrivals drew equipments, put on their uniforms and, under the influence of the camp, began to spruce up. They had real good stuff in them, and in spite of their awkwardness, got down to business quickly and in the end made the best fighters that our volunteer army turned out.'

"I heard one day that there had been a bit of a row in this camp and there some was whispering of a mutiny but no open outbreak. I strolled around to the camp one night but didn't find the Colonel. I heard myself being pretty liberally cursed and abused as I went down one of the company streets and was puzzled to know what the matter was. The next morning I found out when the first mail came in. Among a lot of general orders and other matters was a big parcel for me. It was enclosed in a Department envelope and when I opened it you could have knocked me down with a feather. It was a letter from Washington, from the Chief Commissary, asking me what in all-fired-cannon-balls was the matter with me and my department. It went into some twenty-five particulars that were not very pleasant to read and attached to the document was a string of letters that would reach the length of a box-car. In less time than it takes to catch a pig by the tail, I had learned from this document that this regiment of mountaineers had not had an ounce of fresh meat since coming to camp. I gathered from the number and character of the letters attached that about every man in the regiment that could write had complained to Washington, and had not contented himself with calling me by my proper title. In short, they had accused me of being every kind of a criminal known to this century and—well, I really couldn't repeat all of the epithets and charges without doing damage to your feelings.

"I was innocent entirely. Every morning that regimental wagon had been loaded with beef just as the other wagons had and I was hot. I got on my horse and went around to that camp on a run. The Colonel was there, glum as stone jug. He wouldn't even respond to my not too deferential salute and I went at him baldheaded.

"'Look here, Colonel,' said I, 'what does this mean?' and I handed him that forty-foot letter.

"'Mean?' said he, 'Mean? It means that there's a dashed mutiny on foot. It means that my regiment is disgraced, that I'm disgraced and that I can never hold my head up again among my own people. It means—how the blank do I know what it means? I tell you to settle your own business. Hear that?'

"What I heard was anything but assuring. It was the murmur of angry voices and the tramp of feet. The Colonel turned a little pale and I confess that I was far from comfortable. The Colonel took a drink and so did I. Then we waited for the men to come up, for instinct told me that they were bound for the Colonel's tent. Presently a private yanked the tent leaf back and after a slouchy salute to the colonel, said:

"'Colonel, the men wishes to speak with you.'

"'Tell 'em to wait! Get out!' was the colonel's gruff reply.

"The private was so surprised that he actually dropped the tent flap and retreated. There was a good deal of talk outside but no violence was attempted. I peeped out through the flap and saw the whole regiment drawn up there in ragged form but unarmed. They looked sullen and determined. The Colonel took another drink. It was raw mountain dew, almost as white as water and with an edge like vitriol.

"'Now, Colonel,' I said, 'let us be quick. This complaint says that you have given your men no fresh meat since you came here. You know as well as I do that meat has been delivered to your wagon every day. Now I want to know what has become of it. I want to know it quick.'

"'Well,' said the Colonel, 'if that's all you want, I'll tell you. We ain't got any meat saw!'

"I took another drink, and the Colonel, for politeness' sake, did likewise.

"'No meat saw?' I exclaimed. 'No meat saw? And you made your men eat salt meat and made 'em mutiny and got me in a hole because you didn't have any meat saw?'

"The Colonel pursed his lips, cocked his head to one side and squinting at me, remarked:

"'I cal'late that this guv'ment undertook to equip this regiment proper an' it ain't done it. We never got any meat saw. These here commissaries sent us a lot of meat without a saw at our State camp. We couldn't cut the meat an' we couldn't eat the meat, an' I just 'lowed that the Guv'ment could go to —— with its meat till it give us a meat saw, an' if you want your meat you can go fish it out of thet horse pond along the road.'

"I got my men on the telephone and had two wagon loads of meat yanked over to that camp in about five minutes. As soon as it appeared with two of my meat saws in each wagon, all signs of continued mutiny disappeared and I'll bet that there wasn't a man in that regiment that night who wasn't stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey. That evening also my men found twelve quarters of beef at the bottom of that horse pond."

SOUTH AMERICAN COUNCIL.

BISHOPS AND VATICAN END THEIR WORK OF REVISION.

United Action of Church Secured—Code of Discipline with 1100 Articles Provided—Changes Will Show Pope Leo's Reform Ideas—Will Be Made Public Soon.

ROME, July 20.—The South American Council has come to an end. The work is finished. The collaboration of the bishops of Latin America with the Pope and the court of Rome has borne plentiful and useful fruit. A council is a school of reform, the starting point for a higher and more intense era. Intellectually, the resolutions set in motion a deeper theological movement. Consider the fourth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; look at the scientific evolution, after the Vatican Council, in spite of the Franco-Prussian war interrupting the undertaking, and the stupid "Kulturkampfs" distracting minds and wills. Practically, the councils adapt the great ecclesiastical discipline to new conditions. They bring about a renovation by rooting out abuses and by the fresh, united impulse given to endeavor.

From this point of view we await the publication of the articles with the keenest intellectual curiosity. It seems that there are 1,100 of them. What a synthesis! What concentration! Since the Council of Trent, ecclesiastical discipline, the canon law, the problems of ecclesiastical policy have taken on a new aspect, what through the breach in the unity of faith, the rapid decay of transitory things, or the transformations through which society has passed. In South America the need of reassurance was felt imperatively. The unfortunate influence of Spain, which treated these churches as privileged fiefs and colonies, to be exploited, the abuses of the Bourbon Concordats, the unfortunate manner in which the clergy was recruited, the decay of the religious orders, were so many reasons for a diminution of strength. Leo XIII., at the beginning of his reign, undertook the reform of these ancient communities. He made the first beginnings, as is well known, in Brazil, in the centre, after the fall of Dom Pedro, and in Mexico, in the north; starting from these two centres unity of views and concentration of wills were brought about, and led to the Council.

The first result of this work and this Council is the unity of the churches of Latin America. From the general American point of view, no less than the Catholic standpoint, the result is of immense significance. It is, as it were, the birth of a new church. To detach these churches henceforth from the Primate of Spain; to attach them to a new primate, who will probably be the Brazilian primate; to raise this prelate to the rank of Cardinal, which will mark another step in the "internationalization" of the Sacred College, and of the central government of the Church; to coördinate all wills and all intelligences for continued, progressive, irresistible reform; to reorganize and rebuild all the cells of the religious organism; such is the object. It is ideal and grand.

That is why the Council is in the highest degree interesting to the whole Catholic world. What will be the new ecclesiastical discipline? What direction will the new canon law point out? What form will the new clerical education assume? What politico-religious law, monastic life; the public, social life of the Church? We who, faithful to the desires of Rome, follow with fervor the new direction; who look, trembling, for the future moulds into which the coming life of the Church shall be cast, in harmony with the transformations already undergone; who await, not without impatience, for the opportunity to adapt the external, human organism of Catholicism to contemporary conditions; who turn with all our hearts toward a new and real ideal, founded on the direction given by Leo XIII. to the policy of the Holy See; we shall find in the *schemata* of the American Council a powerful lever, an example, models. We shall see in what shape the Holy See crystallises reform, to what shores it steers men's minds.

Notwithstanding the great difference between these churches and European Catholicism, especially in the great countries, we shall find in the articles not merely precious hints, but exchanges and borrowing of ideas. We shall get a glimpse at the coming Oecumenical Council, which will give to the whole Church its external form, its public mechanism, in harmony with the new conditions of civilization. Two points are of special interest—education in the seminaries and public law.

Old methods no longer suffice for the demands of our period, no matter how we look at them. They are the harquebuses of the middle ages, when we need quick-firing rifles to conquer indifferent or hostile minds. A sympathetic, strong, enlightened clergy, imbued with higher knowledge; a common-law policy; steady, broad, vivifying social action; these are our needs, our desires, our real ideals. Until Catholics enter upon this path they will not have the power to bring about the necessary rejuvenation. Ideas must have wings; actions need favoring winds.

The South American Council is therefore an event of importance; it marks a date. It will be one of the fairest ornaments in Leo XIII.'s immortal crown. His adversaries formerly brought up against him his almost exclusive taste for diplomacy, for politics, for social questions, and for the intellectual life; as though he had no care for ecclesiastical discipline or for the internal regeneration of Catholicism. The "national" encyclicals, which are, as it were, pastoral visitations to each church, had given a sufficient answer to his detractors. The American Council annihilates the false story. We can understand the intellectual and religious joy felt by the Old Man of the Vatican, when, from his modest corner room in the Apostolic palace, he saw the roof-beam of the South American seminary erected. "Quidquid ex eo cognovimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet." All that we learned from him, all that we admired, remains.

INNOMINATO.

His Uncontagious Laugh.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"'Laugh and the world laughs with you!' How true that is," said Mr. Higgleson. "To have written just that line was worth living for."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Mrs. Higgleson replied. "I admit that there is a good deal of philosophy in the poem from which those words are taken, but it isn't always true."

"My dear," Mr. Higgleson exclaimed, "you are mistaken. It is always true. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you.' It's as true as anything that has ever been written. The whole philosophy of human existence is bound up in those few words."

"The whole philosophy of human existence may be bound up in them," the lady responded, "but I insist that it doesn't always happen that way. I've noticed that you always laugh when you try to tell a funny story, but it's very seldom that the world laughs with you."

Mr. Higgleson drew himself up with all the dignity he could command, and, striding angrily from the room, exclaimed:

"As Milton says in his 'Essay on Man,' 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a sneering wife!'"