

Great Kansas Wheat Yield.

Enormous Crop Produced in Sun Flower State.

(Topeka Letter.)

Although extreme hot weather has resulted in great loss for the Kansas farmer in his corn crop, yet it will prove such a benefit to the wheat crop that the gain on the latter will undoubtedly greatly offset the loss on the former.

The weather has been all that could be hoped for in bringing about a good wheat crop. Wet weather, accompanied by a light wind, which was prevalent these last spring, caused the wheat grains to swell and grow plump.

This year Kansas will lead out with 160,000,000 bushels of spring and winter wheat, a record even for that state. This crop is sold at the average of 59 cents a bushel, would give to every man, woman, and child in the United States \$1. If placed in box cars on a single track it would reach from Wichita to Chicago and back again.

Commencing the latter part of May and extending far into July the great wheat belt of Kansas is the scene of thrilling excitement. Just now the trains going into Kansas are loaded to the guards with men called harvest hands, although a great many of them never saw a 16-acre wheat field. These men are from all parts of the country and from every walk of life. The professional tramp is out for his summer outing and the city man comes for a turn at the binder just for exercise.

Girls as Harvest Hands.

If the harvest hands play out, then the girls of Kansas are called on to do the work, as a great many of them were last year, and they did it with credit to themselves. Fifteen thousand harvest hands have been imported this season, but it is not likely that will prove enough. These extra men are employed only during harvest time, and part of them during the threshing season which follows. This requires from 90 to 100 days. After this work is finished there is practically no work for these extra men and teams until the next year. The men are paid from \$1.50 to \$2 per day. Extra men and teams are paid from \$3 to \$3.50 per day.

In each county a chairman of every school district is appointed. He calls the farmers together about three weeks

before harvest. They then know how many men they need, and their reports are sent to the central bureau, generally located at Kansas City. The men are granted railroad fare at half rates, and they are instructed just where to go by the agency at Kansas City, where a good portion of them head for.

One Farmer's Scheme.

The Kansas wheat belt centers around Wichita and within a radius of 100 miles from that place sixty per cent of the Kansas wheat is harvested, while in 17 counties one-half of the state crop grows.

A farmer in Barton county last year adopted and carried out a successful operation a plan by which all outside help was done away with. He planted his wheat commencing in September, a certain number of acres each month until March. Then when the September wheat grew ripe in May he was able to attend to it alone. As the other patches ripened he attended to them also. So he keeps up a continual harvesting and planting. Out of a 500-acre field, with the help of two grown sons, he managed to clear \$7,000 last year. Other farmers are adopting his scheme.

There are a great many complaints of the manner in which the harvest hands fail to do the work. They are not used to the hot sun of a harvest field and the hard work soon brings many of them to the ground with sunstroke. Fully one-third of the hands who came last summer had to quit before the harvest was well begun. Consequently the farmers have made a bigger demand this year so they can have their pick of the hardest of the lot. It is said that Kansas pays out \$600,000 every year for imported labor.

Hard Beds.

A German doctor advises the adoption of a hard bed, and that children should be trained from the beginning to sleep upon no other kind. It is certainly true that, as a rule, the hard bed conduces to the most refreshing kind of sleep, the feather bed, so dearly beloved by our grandmothers, being enervating in the extreme, and encouraging weakness of mind in the matter of getting up in the morning.

TREASURERS OF OLD.

BEING UNEARTHED IN THE FAR EAST.

Old Mosaic Floor Recently Dig Up in Jerusalem—Precious Drawing that Tell of Historical Events Ages Ago—When Christianity Was Young.

(Jerusalem Letter.)

Former discoveries of fragments of mosaic pavements in Jerusalem, Palestine, and its neighborhood have been eclipsed by a recent find which is most elaborate and exquisite in design and execution, and which is also in a state of almost perfect preservation, the colors of the mosaics in their artistic combinations being as bright and effective as at the day the work was finished.

A few weeks since the owner of a little property in a small Jewish colony just outside the Damascus gate, in digging a ditch in his yard, came upon some mosaic work at about four feet below the surface which, when uncovered as far as permitted by the streets bounding the excavation on two sides and the wall of a house on the third, disclosed the ancient mosaic pavement which the illustration shows. Further excavations await the order of the Turkish government, whose officials have taken the site in hand, and which may sow the pavement to extend somewhat further in length on one side. The pattern would indicate that the complete width at one end has been uncovered. This mosaic floor is about 220 paces west-northwest of the Damascus gate. The part already uncovered is about 18 feet in length by 11 in breadth. The upper and larger part of the pavement is composed of an exquisite design, including a central panel surrounded by an elaborate frame. The panel has its chief figure, a representation of Orpheus, in a sitting posture, and playing upon an 11-stringed harp. Grouped within the panel are animals and birds, including a serpent and a salamander, which latter two are in an attitude of conflict. In the lower right-hand corner is the horned and goat-footed figure of the God Pan, with his pan pipes under his left arm and his right hand outstretched, and beneath it a hare. In the other lower corner is a centaur, with his hand over his mouth. The posture of these animals and figures suggests that they are entranced with the music of the harp of Orpheus. Green branches on the white background, interspersed here and there, given an added brightness and beauty to this central design. In the elaborate work of the wide frame surrounding



THE MOSAIC FLOOR.

this panel are wrought medallions in leaf-enclosed wreaths, 14 in all, containing representations of fruits, animals, and birds, with symbolic human heads in the four corners, each looking towards the center, where Orpheus sits. Beneath this main part of the floor, but wrought in with it so as to form an harmonious whole, are two rows of designs, there being three in each row. The first row is composed of three panels, the central one containing two female figures in Byzantine dress, with a column standing between them, and a Greek name written alongside of each in poor orthography and style of character. The lettering suggests the reverse side of the Byzantine coins. On either side of this central panel is another, containing each a stone which protrudes above the surface and suggests a figure, the right-hand one of a hunter with a spear, running; the central one of a lion, and the left-hand one of a leopard, both bounding away.

The work is assigned to not earlier than the Fourth century, and possibly as late as the Seventh. The designs seem purely pagan and classical. There is little, if anything, to indicate a Christian origin. There may be a nimbus about the heads of the female figures, but it is as likely to represent the dressing of the hair or be designed to throw the faces into better relief.

St. Dunstan and the Horseshoe. The notion that the horseshoe is a protection against evil is as old as the hills. There is a legend that the devil one day asked St. Dunstan, who was noted for his skill in shoeing horses, to shoe his "single hoof." Dunstan, knowing who his customer was, tied him tightly to the wall, and proceeded with the job, but purposely put the devil to so much pain that he roared for mercy. The saint at last consented to release him on condition that he never would enter a place where he saw a horseshoe displayed.

IGNORANCE NO EXCUSE.

This Young Man Properly Discussed by a Greek Custom.

If in the course of your wanderings, gentle reader, you should ever find yourself in the Grecian village of Marcopolo, 35 miles out of Athens, and if you value your celibacy—if you are possessed of that pleasing attribute—pick up any handkerchiefs which you may see lying on the ground. A suit of breach of promise, which is now being tried in the Grecian capital, should be a warning to all bachelors who intend visiting Hellas without a chaperon. The plaintiff in this suit is a remarkably good-looking young woman, who demands that a young man, a total stranger to her until recently, and who never asked her hand in marriage in his life, should become her husband or pay her heavy damages. In the village of Marcopolo there is a curious custom which has the force of law. On certain holidays the villagers assemble on the village green, and on these occasions any unmarried woman who thinks it is about time she took to herself a husband drops her handkerchief. Now, the fair plaintiff in this suit made up her mind a while ago that the boys in Marcopolo were rather "backward about coming forward," and her chances of matrimony were gradually slipping away in spite of her good looks. So she went to the village green on the next holiday and dropped her handkerchief. There happened to be a strange youth in the village that day who was not familiar with the local customs. The village boys fought shy of the handkerchief, but the unsuspecting stranger picked it up. Then the villagers set up a great shout and brought to him a blushing beauty, whom he had never seen before, announcing to him that she was his future wife. Naturally he was astonished, and could only murmur: "This is so sudden." Partially recovering his composure, he inquired if he might ask just why the young lady was to be his future wife. He said he was over young to marry yet, and, in fact, declined with thanks. But the villagers explained their ancient custom to him and the young lady declared that he would marry her or she would know the reason why. The young man swore by Pallas Athena that he would "see her further" first, and made his escape from the village. But the girl was bent on marrying, and the personal inclinations of the man in the case could not be considered. So she brought suit for breach of promise and it is thought she will win her case, and the young man be forced to either marry her or "pay through the nose."—New York Press.

WONDERFUL COW-HORSE.

New Jersey Again in Line With Something Abnormal.

Veterinarians are interested deeply in a freak cow-horse, which is in the possession of Mr. William S. Hugo of Elizabethport, N. J. At first glance the animal looks like a mare of natural size, but on approaching her hind quarters the formation of a cow is discovered in the hip bones, which are level with the backbone. She measures 23½ inches from one hip bone to the other. The mare has natural shoulders and head, but when traveling has the peculiar stride of the cow.

The animal has attracted much attention, and several circus men have endeavored to buy her. The mare can get over the ground in lively fashion, while not appearing to be going fast. In the stall the animal chews her cud, as does a cow or bull, and if watched closely many of the attributes of the bovine can be observed. When swishing flies her motion is the same as that of a cow. She can gallop, but in a clumsy fashion only.

Why Boys Wear Earrings.

The custom of boys wearing earrings in China is thus popularly explained by the Chinese: The boy is the greatest blessing that heaven can send. The spirits like boy babies. It is natural that they should, everybody likes them. Very often, if the boy babies are not watched closely, the spirits who are constantly around grab up the unwatched boy babe and carry him off to their home. Girl babies are not such blessings and the spirits care nothing for them. The earring is a feminine ornament, and the spirits know that; so the Chinese mothers have the ears of their boy babies pierced and put in huge earrings. When the spirits are around looking for boys they will see the earrings and be fooled into thinking the boys are girls and will pass on and not trouble them.

Chameleon Colors of Butterflies.

Butterflies change their colors according to the heat of the atmosphere. This interesting fact has been discovered by M. Sandruus of Zurich, Switzerland, who subjected 40,000 butterflies to experiments under different degrees of the sun's heat. On one occasion, it being unusually cold in Switzerland, a butterfly common there took on the appearance of a butterfly from Lapland. On the other hand, butterflies which were subjected to a higher degree of solar heat than the normal looked as if they had been born and raised in Corsica or Syria. One result of these novel experiments is the production of butterflies of an entirely new type, some of them being of bewildering beauty.

President Richard C. Hughes of Tabo College, who has accepted the presidency of Ripon College, is 40 years old, and has a high reputation for scholarship and executive ability.

Abyssinia was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. The country has now over 12,000 monks.

THE GREAT SAHARA.

AMONG PICTURESQUE ARABS OF DESERT.

Two Unfathomable Mysteries That Lie at the Foundation of Their Activities—Interesting Pictures of Life Among the Founders of the First Civilization.

(Timbuctoo Letter.)

There are some 250 oases in the Sahara, of various sizes. One of the chief is Biskra, which has not less than 160,000 palms, and from which come large quantities of dates. The French Sahara covers 123,500 square miles, and 50,000 Arabs live in it. In the oases they build their houses beneath the palms, which afford much-needed shade from the hot sun. Sun-dried bricks are the chief things used in making these houses. Palm trees provide any timber necessary. The houses are two stories high. But for the low doorways, one would think they were high walls only. All the internal light is obtained by openings in the court yard, round which the house is built. The Arab home is somewhat of a prison for the women, who are rarely seen abroad. They take their walks upon the flat roofs, which are common to all eastern lands. But few Arabs live in houses. They are great wanderers. Wherever you travel in Algeria you are always meeting long caravans on the move. These Bedouin live in tents, which are simply camel cloths stretched over boughs. For the most part they are very poor, and live on the produce of a few sheep and goats.

The chief item in the Arab costume is a white cloak called the burnous, which covers the whole figure. It has a hood, which protects the head from the sun. Beneath this there are all sorts of gorgeous vests and jackets. The legs are bare, but the feet are covered with rich red leather shoes, dyed with the juice of the pomegranate.

Arab women may or may not be graceful. Seen on the streets they resemble animated clothes. Their faces are covered to the eyes. Just before sunset Arab belles take a promenade and exhibit themselves and their jewels to their fair neighbors, until the instant evening prayer at the mosque ceases. Then they hurry down to welcome home their lords. A French writer who knows the people well says that "the private life of the Arab is lost in impenetrable mystery. All is



A DESERT OASIS. (Street Scene.)

shadowy in those singular dwellings, where the master of the house plays the role of jester, and behind those barred windows and closed doors lie the two secrets of this strange country—women, and native wealth.

The palanquins upon camels' backs for women, are made of branches bent by the heat of fire, and covered with colored cloths, partly to protect from the heat of the sun, and partly to prevent the inmate from being seen. The camel is a most stately creature, and it is difficult to know what the Arab would do without this great burden-bearer. The ordinary camel costs from \$30 to \$60. It can carry 600 pounds. This is just the beast of burden. But there is another kind of camel called the mehari, which is very swift of foot and can do from 125 to 150 miles in a single stage. The value of these is about \$200 apiece.

The chief occupation of Arabs, to the casual visitor, seems to be that of drinking coffee. Cafes are as numerous as barrooms in Chicago, and there, for the fraction of a cent, the Arab has all the benefits of a club. Each portion of coffee is boiled in a little tin saucepan with a long handle—just large enough to contain one portion. At night especially the cafes are crowded to excess. Some of the poorer Arabs sleep in the cafes all night, just where they have been sitting all the evening. Such a liberty is included in the price of coffee.

Across the great Sahara, vast and limitless as it seems, there are well-known tracks leading from oases to oases, and though sand storms obliterate them the Arab easily finds his way. It is a striking sight to meet a caravan on the move, or a single Arab mounted on a fine horse and his wife behind him, hastening to his desert home as the evening shadows fall. Another striking sight in the desert, and by no means uncommon, is the mirage—that wonderful optical illusion which tells the eye that it can see trees and water where neither exist.

The Arab life in the desert today is the same pastoral which has gone on unchanged for thousands of years. Everywhere one is reminded of the old patriarchs.

A soft cherry red is charming combined with brown shades.

BANDED INTO COLONIES.

Apartment Houses in New York City Self-Supporting Women.

Many apartment houses are now being erected in New York city for the special convenience of colonies of self-supporting women, and that they are successful is attested by the fact that several capitalists are contemplating making additions to the number already in existence. Those already occupied are suited to every grade of ambition and to every kind of income. Girl colonists are quick-witted in adapting apartments to their use. If the group is too large for one they take two, three, four, or even half a dozen if necessary. The house-keeping is confined to one and the other apartments are fitted up as sleeping rooms and sitting rooms in a way that causes a conventional housekeeper to open her eyes. By the time such a one has made a tour of all the rooms belonging to a girl colony and finds no bed, bureau or chiffonier in one of them she begins to wonder if these young women have discovered a method of living without sleeping, until someone explains to her that the Baghdad covered couch piled high with cushions on which she is sitting is in reality a woven-wire cot with a comfortable hair mattress, which serves as an excellent bed. Indeed, to anyone unaccustomed to the ways of girl colonists it seems as if most of the inanimate objects in sight were engaged in a masquerade ball. A curtain drawn aside from what seems to be a bookcase discloses shelves filled with all the articles which furnish a model dressing table. The dining room sideboard becomes a thing of beauty with curtains, casts and bric-a-brac in a charming room that gives no hint of its real purpose in the plan of the apartment. Where a colony includes general apartments in its menage and puts only one dining-room and one kitchen to its proper use two or three must be converted into living rooms. The dining room lends itself easily to the transformation, but the kitchen, which seems quite hopeless at first glance, often becomes the prize room of the house.

Where Centenarians Dwell.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England, there are 116; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, forty-six. Sweden has ten, and Norway twenty-three; Belgium five; Denmark, two; Switzerland, none. Spain with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Corrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow, has lived 140 years.

Luckier Than Jack.

Thomas H. Wheeler of the Standard Oil company, is one of the most democratic men. A veteran of the civil war, he was for a long time confined in one of the Confederate prisons. Among his fellow-prisoners was a certain "Jack" Mason from Rome, N. Y. When returning from a trip into northern New York Mr. Wheeler was delayed for a few hours at Rome. Remembering that his old friend Mason lived there he strolled into the baggage room, asked the men lounging there if "Jack" Mason was still alive and they told him he was. "I was in jail once with Mason," said Mr. Wheeler, "t'king the announcement would rather startle his auditors. One of them quietly remarked: 'Well, you must have gotten a shorter sentence or have had better luck, for 'Jack' is there yet.'

Light in the Sick Chamber.

The quantity of light admitted into the sick chamber is a matter of immense importance to its suffering occupant. As light is an element of cheerfulness, it is on that account desirable that as much should be admitted as the patient can bear without inconvenience. The light should be soft and subdued, not glaring, and care should be taken that bright, lustrous objects, such as crystals and looking-glasses, should be kept out of the patient's view, and that neither the flame of a lamp or candle nor its reflection in a mirror be suffered to annoy him by flashing across his field of vision.

Her Husband's Boss.

In every family the mother has a favorite story. Will Bush says his mother's favorite story is as follows: Near where he used to live a big woman was whipping her little husband and the neighbors rushed upstairs in answer to the little man's cries. They heard the woman saying: "I dare you to come out; I dare you. The neighbors rushed up stairs and found the husband under the bed. "You may be able to whip me," the husband said to his wife, proudly, when the neighbors came in, "but you will never be able to crush my proud spirit."

The March of Progress.

Time was when only one man bore the earth, and his name was Atlas. Nowadays their name is legion who bore the earth.—Philadelphia Press.

Alfred Austin, poet-laureate of England, is 68 years old. It will soon be fifty years since he published his first book, "Randolph: A Tale of Polish Grief."



WOMEN WORKING IN THE WHEAT FIELDS.

THE BEARD OF OLD.

The Roman Didn't Keep His Face Clean Until Over Forty Years Old.

In Cicero's time and after (possibly also before) many men wore beards, and only men over 40 wore clean shaven. Spartianus speaks of Hadrian as wearing a full beard to cover scars upon his face. Dio Cassius also speaks of him as the "frat" to wear a beard. He is not the first emperor whose bust shows him to have allowed the hair upon his face to grow, but he is the first one represented as wearing a full beard. Evidently, therefore, Hadrian did not introduce beards, but only the custom of wearing them long and full. On Trajan's column there is a representation of the men appear in the scene as bearded, but by no means all of them. Again, we find a scene wherein the seated emperor is surrounded by attendants, some of whom are bearded. In still another group Trajan is standing with a roll in his hand, addressing his men, and again we see both bearded and beardless men among those who stand before him. On the rectangular reliefs of the arch of Constantine we find that the men accompanying Trajan are bearded, even when he and they are clad in the toga. The arch at Beneventum shows in the same group Hector and comites both as bearded and beardless.

Summer in Vienna.

The glorious summer weather at Vienna has caused a general rush to the woods, and as there is no capital city on the continent with such beautiful environs, there is some difficulty in knowing which way to turn. There is, perhaps, no place where more surprises in the way of unexpected views await the excursionist than in these environs, and, as North Germans admit, the Thuringerwald and the Harz alone can approach the quiet beauty of the Wienerwald. Everywhere one sees quaint villages and picturesque villas built among the trees or on the plateau of low hills, only to be approached by long winding roads or by zigzag paths. A railway three and a half miles in length on the Rigi system ascends the Kahlenberg, and meanders through woods, where, at one point across a deep fissure, the excursionist fancies himself within a hundred yards of the hotel. The entire head of the valley has, however,

to be traversed before he again comes within sight of its long terrace. Here a magnificent view awaits him. Far away the entire city lies spread out before him. On the other side the noble Danube can be seen like a silver band for many miles, while the ranges of heights can be traced to the Carpathian spurs and the Styrian Alps. So carefully marked are the roads through the forests that with a small pocket map one may trust oneself alone in the densest woods.

Gen. Corbin's Costly Potatoes.

The first Irish potatoes grown in New Mexico were raised by Adj. Gen. Henry C. Corbin, major general United States army. That was twenty years ago. Corbin was then a major serving on the frontier posts hundreds of miles from civilization. Part of his work—and no small part of it—was to get suitable provisions for his men. Fresh vegetables in New Mexico were almost impossible to be had, and were correspondingly craved by the soldiers. Having been brought up on a farm, Major Corbin took an interest in the problem of growing things for the use of the post, and particularly in the possibilities of irrigation. One day it occurred to him that by tapping a spring in the hillside and digging a ditch he might irrigate about an acre of ground, and that it would be a good scheme to plant the acre with potatoes. When he mentioned his plan he was scorned. He was told potatoes would not grow in Mexico, and was reminded that there was no seed. There was not a potato short of "the States." He was determined to try; so he sent for two bushels. They were sent by the pound, and when they arrived the bill for them was \$36. He cut them up carefully himself and assisted in putting the eyes into the ground. Then he superintended their cultivation and irrigation. When digging time finally arrived there was joy in the camp.

"We sent them all around to the officers and men," the general relates, "and there never were potatoes like them. I have eaten potatoes before and since; I have eaten fine dinners and sat through elaborate banquets in later years, but nothing has tasted or ever will taste as did those potatoes. The fame of them went abroad and the seed from my patch started the potato industry in the Southwest.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Nothing is more profitable than preparation.