The schools in Winnebago county, Iowa, will be warmed with corn this season. At ten cents a bushel it is much cheaper than coal.

It is claimed that during the last twenty-five years but one person for every 3,500,000 carried by the railroads of Denmark has been killed.

While the death rate of the Austrian cities averages over twenty-five per thousand, the rate of thirty-three great towns in England and Wales is only 15.8.

Prairie schooners bound east are the spectacles to which Nebraskans around Arapahoe are treated now. The people are being forced away from the south-western country by drought.

The Queen of Italy has taken to the bicycle. This is all the more noteworthy, as only a few years ago a lady of the house of Savoy was virtually banished by King Humbert from the court because she was devoted to the too democratic wheel.

There are ten or twelve thousand grocers in New York City and Brooklyn, largely Germans, a hard-working economical set of people, who do not mind toiling sixteen or eighteen hours a day if need be, living on what they can't sell and sleeping under the counter, if necessary, and those willing to fight in that way for existence are bound to survive, even to make money, and that in dull times.

Our tars have many advantages over the sailors of other navies, notes the New York Sun. One of these is a peculiar one. It is the freedom that our Jackies have in the matter of how they wear their hair. Your French or Russian or English man-o'-war's man must go clean shaven or wear a full beard. He is not allowed to indulge in a mustache alone. This may seem a small matter, but it results in giving a different appearance to the crews, taken in bulk or separately. The rule abroad applies to officers and men alike. Perhaps our method is the better one. Our defenders ought not to be subject to regulations such as are applied to a butler or a footman.

One of the most grewsome additions to the military equipment of the German empire is the crematory. Hereafter every German regiment in time of war will be accompanied by one of these grim reminders of a huge kind of baking oven mounted on four wheels. It is said that the soldiers resent the innovation on the ground that the machine is a too vivid reminder of the horrors of war. The inventor claims that the machine will dispose of the killed in a few hours, but it is not improbable that some of the wounded might be cremated by mistake. The invention does not find favor elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that such a grewsome object will not become general.

The readiness with which tales of incorrigible liars are accepted is a reminder of how history is too often made, but reports of scientific observations are more severely scrutinized. Unfortunately, however, even scientific men, accustomed as they are to weigh evidence and reject improbabilities, are sometimes deceived. Not long ago an account was given of some great potatoes, weighing something like 100 pounds each, and as the description was illustrated with a cut of a man staggering under a monster tuber mounted upon his shoulder, it was acknowledged that a new marvel of plant or soil had been found, until after a time it leaked out that the picture was a trick of an amateur photographer, who had invented the story to fit his clever combination of two photographic exposures. The trite announcement of the fall of a meteorite covering two acres was a more clumsy invention, calculated to deceive only the very credulous. One of the most successful scientific canards seems to have been the report of some Swiss experiments, in which rifle bullets and artillery projectiles were alleged to have been deflected to a distance of many yards by electrically charged wires parallel to the firing range, this report having been generally published and commented upon by scientific journals throughout the world. In exposing this reprehensible joke, M. C. E. Guillaume shows that it really had a basis in scientific fact. Another recent statement is that a body estimated to be forty-five miles in diameter and only 1,000 miles away had been seen to cross the sun's disc, the ridiculousness of this being apparent when it is considered that such a body would have an apparent diameter of five times that of the sun.

Goldenrod.

Murk and mist of the morning,
Glare and clamor of day,
Dream and languor of eventide
When the shadows, idly play:
Flower of the faith that clingeth,
Gift of the loving God,
Giving glory to everything,
The beautiful goldenrod!

The prodigal of nature,
The spendthrift of the spring,
Bold giver in the summertime,
To which the glamours cling,
Covering the earth with beauty,
Hiding the ragged sod,
And never loth to plight its troth,
The beautiful goldenrod!

As with tired feet we wander
Along the weary path,
With the ghosts of broken forests
Bewailing the storm king's wrath,
A gleam lights up the shadows,
And, springing from the sod,
It heals the earth with blessings sweet,
The beautiful goldenrod!

It hunts out humble places
Where roses never bloom,
And where the rarer proteges
Of the spring ne'er seek for room,
And there, in loving kindness,
Where unseen feet have trod,
It weaves its yellow mantle bright,
The beautiful goldenrod!

And here is taught a lesson
That all should try to heed,
That not alone in palace hall
Is written the kindly deed:
That from the humble hovel
Go sweeter prayers to God,
As in the lowly places blooms
The beautiful goldenrod!

—Hamilton Jay.

REVERSED THE FLAG.

I was standing on the wharf, watching the sailors unload a cargo of fish from a schooner which had just returned from the banks. The boat had fared well, reporting 60,000 pounds of halibut, and it was a sight well worth seeing to note the great fish, some of them weighing several hundred pounds, being brought to the wharf. The schooner had had a quick run and the crew were cheerful as became men who had turned over a few dollars so speedily. Besides, the market price was good, there having been a dearth of fish recently. Great Boston was eager for that cargo of fish and was willing to pay the advance in price which naturally followed the conditions of the hour. It was a picturesque sight, this unloading of a fish schooner. The old wharf, lying protected in the harbor; seaward the open ocean; down the harbor a small forest of spars, belonging not to majestic merchantmen, but to the sprightly, agile, attractive schooners which shoot in and out of the harbor at all times and in all kinds of weather. It is a spectacle that a yachtsman would enjoy—the coming and going of these boats. In such a masterful manner are they handled that they glide in and out among the other vessels, always without mishap, sometimes performing evolutions which seem almost impossible to the landsman.

The crew were bronzed, with faces like leather. A group of women had drawn near to greet them home, and brief as had been the trip, the welcome back was none the less fervent. Most of them, however, had no one in port to greet them. They were mere outcasts of the ocean; tramps of the sea; working for a while and then spending all their wages in riotous living.

Among the women on the wharf that day was one who asked for a "chicken halibut."

"Here's one, Liz," called out a sailor, tossing to her a fish which looked miniature, indeed, compared to the other monsters of the deep.

"Is it fresh?" she asked, handling the "chicken" suspiciously.

"Cut it and see," was the response.

At that she took out a knife and hacked a bit out of the tail.

"Yes; it bleeds all right," she announced. This is a test that never fails.

Near me on an old mackerel box was an old salt who had retired from active service, but who always liked to see the boys come in. He sat around and sat around. That was his occupation—sitting. He would sit all morning and all afternoon on a box or keg and never tire. He was a marvel at sitting and spinning yarns. The old fellow never forgot, though, and told you the same story twice. Here's one he told about a figure well known in Gloucester—with most of the dialect eliminated:

"Never heard what he done when he was driving toward the shore in a big nor'-easter? Why, it was the noblest thing a sailor ever done. They seen him from the shore and they made up their minds the schooner would leave her ribs on the rocks. But the lifeboat boys were going to put out, just the same. I was standing there and heerd them talk. 'It's mighty rough, boys. The chances are agin it, but it must be done.' Them seas were just rollin' in, you see. 'We've got our duty to be done; there's a flag of distress. Come on, boys!'

"They seen the boys gettin' ready to come out on the schooner and what do you 'spose they done? They wouldn't let those boys run any such risks. Down comes the flag of distress, to the bewilderment of the men on shore. Up it goes, reversed, telling: 'We don't need help; we can help ourselves.' It dazed the boys on shore. Not need help with the seas threatening every moment to overwhelm them? Had they gone crazy; were they daft; did they want to die? Yet there was the flag they had reversed. Out of the fury of the sea they had spoken. Out of the wildness of the tempest came back a response like one from heaven to the trembling women on the shore who had implored their husbands not to go out in the lifeboat in that sea. They didn't want help!

"The moments seemed like hours. Then we seen a boat lowered from the schooner, a mere cockle-shell, and we understood. The men on shore were not to be sacrificed. It was the noblest thing to see those men tumble in their little boat and pull gallantly toward the land. Upon the land was the wife of the captain. When the flag was reversed she uttered a wail of anguish. 'He will not take help; he will not, will not,' she moaned. Had not the boat been lowered from the schooner the men would have gone out at any hazard. How they watched the cockle-shell! A hundred times it arose. Heaven seemed to watch over it, because of the gallant deed of the captain. It seemed preserved by some special act of providence in recognition of the bravery of the crew in acquiescing in such a course. On it came; up and down; nearer and nearer. The crowd raised their voices, now inspired by hope, encouraging them to new efforts. They held their breath as a tremendous wave bore them along on its horrible hissing crest with the speed of an express train and then left them in a hollow to be borne down by the breaking of the wave. But they arose, and the next moment men rushed into the surf and drew them safely to land, sound to a man, while the schooner, like a poor, helpless bird, beat herself to death upon the distant rocks. Then the women, everyone of them, rushed to the captain, kissed him and blessed him with united voices. It was a sight never to be forgotten—never to fade in impressiveness. The sea has its heroes as well as the land. But this deed should long be remembered by the life-boat men. That captain deserved a medal, for in the face of death, with possible help near at hand, he thought of others who might be made widows and orphans, and reversed the flag. God bless him!"—Detroit Free Press.

Artificial Diamonds.

It is the impression that the diamond of all precious stones defies successful imitation, yet Francis Caprin of Havre, France, at present a guest of the St. James, assures us M. Moriseau, a countryman of his, has discovered a method of transforming carbon into the queen of gems, says the Washington Times. There are, however, two reasons which will prevent the artificial stone from entering into competition with the mind article. In the first place, they are so exceedingly minute that they have no commercial value, and secondly, the process is so expensive that it costs more to manufacture diamonds than to import them from the mines. The essence of the discovery is the idea of obtaining the requisite pressure by utilizing the quality possessed by some of increasing in volume as they change from a liquid to a solid state. The chemist placed a quantity of silver and charcoal of sugar in an electric furnace and fused the metal to the boiling point. By this method the silver was made to absorb a small quantity of carbon. The whole mixture was then thrown into cold water, forming a shell of solid silver. After a few moments this was withdrawn from the water and allowed to cool slowly. As it did so the kernel of silver contained in the outer shell expanded, precipitating the form of microscopic diamonds. There can be no doubt as to the validity of this discovery, as the French Academy of Science has examined the diamonds produced by this process, and has pronounced them the same in every respect as the natural ones.

Having Fun With Him.

And the dude thought he would have fun with the old doctor to whom he said: "What had I best do, doctor? When I even take light exercise I breathe in short, quick pants."

"Get a pair of trousers stretchers."

Relay Lodging Houses.

Near the big sugar refineries of Williamsburg the landlords of the numerous lodging houses are at their wits' ends just at present over the solving of the problem as to what to do with all their guests.

The cause of this perplexity of the landlords and landladies is caused by the fall increase in the number of workmen employed in the refineries, which this year is unusually large. The married workmen have their own homes, but the single men rent a "relay furnished room"—as the saying goes.

Kent avenue, in the neighborhood of Grand and South Fifth streets, has a number of these relay lodging houses, which simply swarm with masculine humanity all day and all night. For instance, in one good-sized room there are four beds, and these four beds furnish rest for twenty-four muscular Poles, Germans and Scandinavians.

Of course they do not all sleep at the same time, but, as the sugar refineries run all night, the workmen hire the use of a bed for eight hours out of the twenty-four. Each man arranges for his chance to sleep according to the hours he worked, but no matter whether he sleeps during the day or night, he is only entitled to eight hours, and it is only on rare occasions that one of these relay lodgers fails to sleep until he is routed out of bed by the man entitled to take his place.

Each of the relay sleepers pays seventy-five cents a week for his fifty-six hours of sleep. They are all healthy and usually clean, and as their work is hard, they find little difficulty in living a strictly regular life. They eat their meals in boarding houses in the neighborhood, and if there is any time for recreation they stand about the street or saloons and discuss subjects of general interest. No matter how tired and sleepy they happen to be, however, they are unable to retire until the exact minute scheduled for their beds to be vacant.

There are in all about 1,000 sugar house relay sleepers, and, fortunately, most of them are good natured.—New York Journal.

To Can Turtles.

A number of local capitalists at Cortland, N. Y., have organized a scheme for canning turtles in the West Indies for sale in New York and Europe, where green turtle soup and turtle steak are now among the choicest and most expensive delicacies. Turtle eggs are also to be laid on our tables at little more than cost. Robert P. Porter, late superintendent of the census, is said to be interested in the enterprise.

The plan which the Cortland capitalists regard as most feasible is to either charter or purchase a sailing vessel, and equip her with lumber and other necessary articles to construct a canning factory, including a few huge kettles in which the turtles will be boiled, together with provisions for the supply of the men who will be employed to put up the building and maintain those that will do the work of boiling and canning. The natives will be utilized to catch the turtles.

As soon as a cargo of turtles is canned the vessel will return to New Orleans or to New York and the goods will be consigned to agents who will place them on the market. The United States will be supplied first, and then shipments will be made to England and France.

It is thought there will be a great demand for canned turtle in the country towns, as it is a toothsome dish when made into soup or turtle steaks.—New York Journal.

A Rubber Horseshoe.

If the latest phase of modern ingenuity proves a success, says the New York Tribune, there will be no more heavy trampling and the rhythmic clicking of the hoofs of four-footed steeds. There has been invented a new horseshoe—a steel frame about which is built a cushion of vulcanized rubber. The advantage claimed for it is that as the rubber instead of metal strikes the ground there is no concussion or jar, and the horse's hoof, leg and shoulder are saved.

Thirty-three per cent of the diseases of horses, it has been said, are maladies of the foot, and there is but little question but that even the best shoeing, as it is done now by burning the hoof, is in a measure injurious. This new horseshoe is to be put on cold, and the hoof simply pared or cut to fit. It is nailed on in the ordinary way. An additional advantage of the rubber sole is that it will take the horse a firmer hold upon wet or treacherous pavements, and by securing him a good purchase, enable him to go up or come down steep hills with a heavy load far more easily than at present.

LOST WARSHIPS.

United States Vessels That Vanished Mysteriously.

Swallowed Up by the Sea Without Leaving a Trace.

The United States Navy Department has many interesting records of its ships that have met with sad endings, but none more so than the brief accounts of six different ones summed up tersely in these words: "Never heard from." This laconic expression is familiar to all sea followers, and it contains a world of meaning if rightly understood. There have been ships that have gone down in battle with the flags flying defiantly at the mast head, and others that have battled bravely against the adverse elements until, water-logged, they have sunk within sight of land; but to be lost at sea, with no official mention of the disaster because of lack of all detail, is to meet a fate hardly deserved.

Early in the history of our navy such a mystery closed about one of the first vessels flying the new Stars and Stripes. The ill-fated Saratoga, an eighteen-gun ship, after performing a brilliant service on the high seas sailed forth upon the great ocean and disappeared forever from all human knowledge. What we know of her is briefly summed up in a few sentences. After capturing three English prizes she was intercepted on her way to Philadelphia with them by the British seventy-four-gun ship of the line Intrepid, and after a long fight she escaped from her heavier adversary. No further word from the Saratoga was ever received, and no signs of her wreckage were ever discovered. She probably foundered at sea in a gale, but she never left any one behind to tell the tale.

This was in 1780, and the next loss of a similar character occurred twenty years later. The thirty-six-gun frigate Insurgent, commanded by Captain Patrick Fletcher, was originally under the French flag, but after she was captured by the Constellation off the Island of Nevis, she sailed under the American flag until the end of her short career. She had sealed orders to sail from the Chesapeake capes out to sea, but after she started on her easterly course she went forth to her mysterious doom. No word from any ship brought tidings of the Insurgent. She disappeared as completely from the world as if swallowed up by a whale. No one on board of her was ever saved to give official confirmation of the story of her loss.

About a month after this sad occurrence the fourteen-gun brig Pickering met with a similar fate. She was cruising off Guadaloupe, with Master Commandant Benjamin Hiller in charge, when a severe storm arose and swept the seas. It is generally supposed that the vessel succumbed to the heavy waves, for she was an unseaworthy tub, and foundered with all on board. Pieces of wreckage were picked up along the coast, but as so many vessels were lost during this gale there was no certainty of identifying them. It is thought also that the same storm might have caused the loss of the Insurgent, although as to this no trustworthy account can be found.

The next vessel in our navy to disappear in this mysterious fashion was known as gunboat No. 7, commanded by Lieutenant Ogelvie. She sailed from New York May 14, 1803, to increase our naval force then engaged in the war with Tripoli. She returned to this port after being out for a few days, and then she sailed on June 20 the second time. But she never reached her destination, and no word was ever received from any of the officers or crew.

The loss of the Wasp followed this disaster. The mystery about this handsome naval fighter is generally familiar to all readers of American history. Her exploits on the water after her first launching before the time of her strange disappearance were so brilliant that every schoolboy knows about them. Within a period of five months the Wasp took fifteen English merchantmen, valued at nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, and fought several stubborn battles with naval vessels of her own size and strength. On October 1, 1814, the Wasp hailed the Swedish bark Adonis and took on board two of the surviving officers of the old Essex after her destruction in Valparaiso Harbor, and then passed on into the dark mystery which has never been solved. That was the last intelligence ever brought to any port by any ship concerning the veteran fighter and victor. Her fate will ever remain an unexplained puzzle.

The last vessel of the series to be lost at sea without leaving any sign behind to explain matters was the brig Epervier, commanded by Lieutenant John Shubrick. When the terms of the treaty between the United States and Algiers were dictated to the Dey at the point of the cannon by Decatur in 1815 a copy of the paper was sent home by the Epervier. The brig passed the strait of Gibraltar on July 12, 1815, and from that time all trace of her was lost. She sailed out upon the ocean and was swallowed up by the sea that has wrecked the hopes and ambitions of so many.—New York Advertiser.

Uses for Old Shoes.

Old shoes are not waste from the standpoint of modern industry. After they have done their service and are discarded by the first wearers, a second-hand dealer restores the worn shoes to something like their former appearance and they are sold again, to be worn a little longer by poorer people. When the shoes are finally discarded by them they are still good for various purposes. In France such shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories where shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulation, which turn them into paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation of leather, appearing very much like the finest morocco.

Upon this material stylish designs are stamped, and wall papers, trunk covers, and similar articles are manufactured from it. Another French industry is using old dilapidated shoes in the transforming of old into new foot wear. This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpelier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out, and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes and part of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied in high Louis IV, heels, which were in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet which attracts the steel nails, while the copper and brass nails are carried on further.

The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into paste, from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.—St. Louis Globe.

Well to Remember.

What is good for one is not always good for another. This is illustrated in a short tale told some time ago about a French medical student. While in London on a visit the student lodged in the house with a man very sick with a fever, who was continually besieged by his nurse to drink very nauseating liquids which were lukewarm. The sick man found this almost impossible to do, until one day he whispered to his nurse:

"Bring me a salt herring and I will drink as much as you please."

The woman indulged him in his request; he ate the herring, drank the liquids, underwent the required perspiration and recovered.

The French student, thinking this very clever, inserted in his journal, "Salt herring cures an Englishman of fever."

On his return to France he prescribed the same remedy to his first patient with a fever. The patient died. On which he inscribed in his journal: "N. B.—A salt herring cures an Englishman, but kills a Frenchman."—Harper's Round Table.

Contaminated Oysters.

Some months since a barrel of oysters was sent from a French seaport to an inland town. A large number of persons partook of them cooked in various ways, and nearly a score of individuals ate of them raw. Of the latter, all were seriously ill. About half of them recovered in less than two weeks, half a dozen were ill for three or four weeks with extreme prostration and intestinal pains of great severity; and two patients developed clearly defined cases of typhoid fever, one of them terminating fatally. It has been suggested that oysters taken from beds where there is a possibility of contamination be kept for a week at least immersed in sea-water that they may have opportunity to free themselves from whatever impurities they may have taken from the water in which they have lived.—The Ledger.