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POPULAR SCIENCE

For mixing concrete a spade has been invented with long, oval holes in the blade, the perforations allowing the finer cement to flow through and give the face a finer finish.

Eggs with two yolks occur not uncommonly, but eggs with three yolks are a real rarity. Such an egg was recently laid by a barred Plymouth Rock pullet at the Maine Experiment Station, and is described in some detail in a bulletin recently issued. The egg was somewhat above the average size, but no other abnormal feature was noticed.

One of the longest wharves in the world, almost a mile in length, or to be exact, 4700 feet, is at Port Los Angeles, Cal. It extends into the Pacific in a long serpentine curve. The reason for this construction, says the Scientific American, is that it offers better resistance to the strong currents and the buffeting of the waves than if it were perfectly straight. Until the nearby harbor of San Pedro was developed by the Federal Government the big wharf at Port Los Angeles was a very busy place, but of late it is comparatively seldom used except by the Japanese fishermen, who have formed a colony along the adjacent beach.

It is computed that the temperature of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer or about ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. Or, if we compare it with the oxygen flame, the sun sheds a light equal in brilliancy to a light 146 times the intensity of the limelight.—New York American.

The British Situation.

A few friends were discussing the political situation, and one of them, a Tory, was emphatic on the point that while his party were quite ready to resume the fight it would be reprehensible on the part of the Radicals to raise the veto issue while King George's reign was at its infancy. "Your attitude," said an Irishman in the little party, "reminds me of two fellow countrymen who were quarreling. One of the two, declaring herself quite anxious to fight, snatched up her child and said defiantly: 'Strike me now with the child in my arms!'"—London Daily News.

Obeying Orders.

A woman coming down the garden walk was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden wall. "Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?" "Standing on my napper," replied Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at summit that wouldnt wear my boots out?"—Tit-Bits.

Andy's Punishment.

If the American expert ever start in to square accounts with the big men who have been having fun with the public the way with Andy Carnegie will be easy—give him back all his libraries.—Tip, in the New York Press.

LEST WE FORGET

By CARL HOLLIDAY, M. A.,
Author of "A History of Southern Literature," "A Cotton-Picker" and Other Poems, Etc.

Would you have present-day heroes? Then read your children of the heroes of the past. Would you have poets to thrill your nation into fruitful activity? Then do honor to the poets of your past. The ancient Grecian race track was lined with the statues of the winners of the races of other days, and as the runner hurried himself along the course, he felt the inspiration of those marble figures beside him and knew that if he, too, won, his statue would stand among those others in the immortal rows. Small is the joy of art if it see no present results and can hope for no remembrance in the distant future.

New England long ago recognized these facts, and she has not failed to reap the fruits in the high quality of her citizenship. To-day you may trace by means of lasting memorials the wild ride of Paul Revere over hill and valley. You may even find near Boston a tablet marking the spot where "Schoolmaster" Emerson once kept his school. You may find a bit of granite or marble or bronze telling where Hawthorne did this, Longfellow that, and Whittier the other. Those descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, with a high sense for the ideal, have left in almost eternal forms their admonition to future generations to be worthy sons of noble fathers. We of the South seemingly have forgotten the significance, the vast importance of this our duty to those who have striven for our welfare. We have erected, it is true, monuments to our famous soldiers; but what have we done for the memory of those noble intellects who by song and story and stern expostulations roused those warriors to go forth and battle for the right? Shall he that incites to duty be considered less worthy than he that performs the duty?

No Shaft to Cotton-Gin Inventor.

Why, for instance, has the South reared no shaft in honor of Daniel Emmett, the author of "Dixie"? Why has no tablet been placed on the site of the old New Orleans theatre where that song first burst upon the South? Kentucky has lately bestowed its tribute upon Stephen Foster, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," but why has Florida shown no gratitude to him for the fame of "Swanee River"? Why has New Orleans erected no memorial to the South's greatest musician, Louis Gottschalk? Why has Augusta, Ga., not marked for the world the place where Eli Whitney's epoch-making invention, the cotton-gin, was first tried? Why has Georgia erected no tribute to Francis R. Goulding, who invented and had in use a sewing machine nearly two years before Howe secured a patent? It is said that one of the negroes had a steamboat paddling Savannah River before Fulton's invention; but what Georgian has taken the trouble to prove the statement and mark the shore where the craft began its voyage?

Indeed, Georgia has numerous sins of omission to account for. Henry Rootes Jackson, the author of the "Red Old Hills of Georgia," was born at Athens and died at Savannah; but neither town seems particularly proud of the fact. Surely the maker of so stirring a State-song is as worthy of a memorial as any one of that State's innumerable Governors. Augusta, Ga., long ago carved a shaft in honor of her poet, Richard Henry Wilde; but Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, author of the famous "Georgia Scenes," to whom Richard Malcolm Johnston, Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page owe so much, and whose story, "The Militia Drill," was directly imitated by Thomas Hardy in his "Trumpet Major," has received no recognition from his native city. He was president of Emory College and of the University of Mississippi; yet their walls tell nothing of him. At Madison, Ga., William Tappan Thompson wrote for the town paper, The Miscellaneous, the laughable "Major Jones' Letters." Why has not Madison marked with some inexpensive bronze or granite the spot where this pioneer in American humor did these things?

In 1901, Charleston, S. C., honored itself by honoring Timrod with a pillar of stone. But see what Georgia has done for his schoolmate and fellow-poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. His famous home, "Copse Hill," near Augusta, has been turned over to a negro family! The house where the heroic "Lyric of Action" was written, the house which almost daily received letters from Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson and Swinburne, the house that should have become a literary shrine of the South, has become, instead, the habitation of a motley collection of blacks! If "Copse Hill" had been near Boston— but comparisons are odious.

Author of Battle-Song Unhonored. There lived and died near Columbus, Ga., a quiet country physician named Francis Ticknor, the author of a ballad the equal of any in the English language:

"Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital's walls as dire—
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and his sixteen,
Little Giffen of Tennessee."

Poe, it is said, wronged him by using his poetic ideas and actual words without giving credit; but has not Columbus wronged him far more by its utter neglect? And why is Augusta, Ga., so slow in its support of a movement to honor the author of the greatest battle-song of the South—"Maryland; My Maryland?" If a New Englander had written as stirring a lyric as that, a pillar to his memory ere this would have touched the clouds! Randall pointed out in the ruins of Poydras College, Pointe Coupee, La., the very spot where on that stormy night he wrote that cry to arms; the spot awaits in vain a fitting memorial. The room in Baltimore where two young women put that lyric to music and gave it to the

Confederacy remains to this day unmarked. The most famous graduate of Mercer University and the most famous professor in the University of Georgia was undoubtedly Richard Malcolm Johnston. He was born near Powellton, Ga., and the Dukeborough of his famous stories is Powellton; but you will look in vain at Mercer, Athens or Powellton for recognition of these facts.

Strangers Recognize His Merit.

Maryland is another Southern State that has too often allowed the memory of her poets to suffer. Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick County in that State, wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner" near Fort Mchenry, and died at Baltimore; and yet the only worthy symbol of public appreciation is not in Maryland, but in far-away San Francisco, where a Golden Gate Park a monument erected by William Story stands in his memory. A Baltimore there lived and died Edward Conte Pinkney, author of many a graceful line of poetry:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than Heaven."

He yet awaits a token of memory. And John Pendleton Kennedy, of Baltimore—how much he did for writers of the South! If that man had not recognized the ability of Poe, had not encouraged him, had not found for him a congenial work, America probably would not have heard of its truest literary genius. Yet what bronze words declare the fact? And for that matter, what appreciation has Baltimore ever shown for the honor of possessing Poe's dust? He lies in a neglected grave in old Westminster graveyard, and doubtless not one person in a thousand of those who daily pass the cemetery knows that the most artistic of all American poets sleeps nearby.

The bitterest shame of all, however, is the fact that Georgia has done practically nothing for the memory of the greatest genius she ever produced—Sidney Lanier. To-day the Georgia city best known to the intellectual circles of Great Britain is not the capital, but Macon, the birthplace of the most musical of American poets. There stands in a hall of Johns Hopkins an impressive bust of Lanier; but where has Macon a shrine to his memory? A few years ago a Georgia Governor and a famous Georgia preacher stood on the capitol grounds at Atlanta. Said the Governor: "I want to see over in that corner a statue of Congressman So and So, and a statue here to Governor This, and a statue there to Governor That, and we shall have our honored dead." "And where will you put Sidney Lanier's?" quietly asked the preacher. "Ah," said the Governor, somewhat abashed, "I had forgotten him." Perhaps that is the only trophy with all Georgians; not neglectful, simply forgetful. There stands on an Atlanta street a strong, brave statue of Henry Grady; would it not be eminently fitting to place within sight of the great orator's eyes the figure of Sidney Lanier, and farther on another of Joel Chandler Harris?

Look where you will throughout the Southland, we find sad neglect of our dead singers. William Gilmore Simms, author of more than one hundred volumes, and genial inspirer of Timrod, Hayne and other literary lights, made his home, "Woodlands," near Charleston, a true literary centre in ante-bellum days; and Charleston has forgotten to honor either him or that famous home. Davy Crockett and Sam Houston, the most famous pioneers in Southwestern life—the one born at Limestone, Greene County, Tenn., and the other in Rockbridge County, Va.—have received no token of respect from their mother-States. Alexander Beaufort Meek wrote a poem, "Balaklava," which Queen Victoria deemed so worthy that she had it published at her kingdom's expense and spread far and wide over her country, and this man, turning aside from his poetry, created by untiring efforts the school system of his native State, Alabama. And what has Alabama done to give him honor before posterity? Nothing.

Father Abram Ryan lived at Norfolk, Knoxville, Clarksville and Mobile, and died near Louisville; but you will search long for signs of appreciation. Clarksville has lately discovered that he wrote the "Conquered Banner" there—the old lady in whose home he resided at the time still lives—and a small club is honoring itself and the city by erecting a bronze tablet proclaiming this fact to the world.

Margaret Preston, of Lexington, Ky., was undoubtedly the best woman poet of America. Lexington evidently is not aware of this. John Reuben Thompson, born at Richmond and educated at the University of Virginia, the author of our most famous brief verse narrative of war, "Music in Camp," is just as much neglected. Mississippi's poet, Irwin Russell, in his "Christmas Night in the Quarters," as truly wrote the epic of Southern life as Whittier, in his "Snow-Bound," wrote the epic of New England life. Both poems grow more famous as the years pass; but what a difference in the honors to their authors! Port Gibson was Russell's birthplace and the but of a poor Irish washwoman in New Orleans his deathplace; the stone marking either is not yet carved.

An old Scotch woman was led up to see a great shaft to Burns' memory. Long she looked at it and then exclaimed: "Aye, aye, he asked ye for bread and ye gave him a stone!" Scant was the bread we gave these workers while living; can we not afford them a stone in death?—Uncle Remus' Home Magazine.

AMUSEMENTS

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THE EPICURE'S CORNER
Finnish Eggs.
For Finnish eggs, cream together a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of minced green pepper. Cook the mixture over hot water for a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile poach three eggs and toast three slices of bread. Put an egg on each slice and turn the sauce over them. Sprinkle with a tablespoon of minced chives and serve very hot.—New York Sun.

Cocoa Biscuits.
Two cups or one pint of sifted flour, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt, two level tablespoonfuls sugar, four level tablespoonfuls cocoa, two level tablespoonfuls butter or lard, two-thirds cup milk or enough to make a firm but not stiff dough. Sift all the dry ingredients together, rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers, stir in the required amount of milk, turn out on a slightly floured board, roll or pat out the desired thickness, place close together in pan and bake in very hot oven ten or fifteen minutes.—Boston Post.

Dropped Cookies.
One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one cup milk (if sour use one teaspoon soda; if sweet is used, use two tablespoonfuls baking powder) and flour to mix stiff, but not as stiff as for doughnuts; one-half cup raisins, one-half cup currants, one-half cup nut meats, one-half cup chopped citron; drop by the tablespoon, not too near together, into a well buttered dripping pan and bake a tender brown—use half the mixture this way, then to the remainder add one teaspoon cinnamon and one teaspoon of nutmeg and one-half teaspoon cloves. Saves lots of work by not rolling out and looks so nice. If they run together cut into squares before taking from pan.—Frances Jeltnah, in the Boston Post.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS
Curtains of undressed scrim, with a hem and a narrow lace edge, are popular for cottage use.
No flower should be kept in a house after it has lost its freshness. A stale bouquet hints too strongly of decay and death.
It is said that if common table salt is added to gasoline, spots can be cleaned on silks and other delicate fabrics without leaving a ring.
A much more wholesome sweet for children than anything which can be bought is home made toffee—made only of butter, sugar and lemon juice.

Beware of matches in the nursery. Little children often suck them, and may easily poison themselves in this way, even if they do not set their clothes alight.
All stains from strawberries, blackberries, etc., may be quickly removed by wetting the hands in cold water, and after lighting a match let the fumes pass through the fingers.
Very badly tarnished brass or copper that will not brighten with ordinary polish may be easily cleaned as follows: Dip a piece of cloth into ammonia, then rub it over a piece of soap; wipe the article with it; rinse off immediately and then use a fine sand soap, powder or other brass polish.

Fatrons if not properly cared for when put away will become rusty, especially if kept where dampness exists. If this should occur you will find that there is no better way to clean them than to wash them first in strong washing soda water and then rub them hard on a board on which some sort of polishing sand has been generously sprinkled. When finished the irons will look and feel like new.

On repapering a room in Bradbourne Hall, Derbyshire, in 1882, I found, partly covered by an old oak cupboard, considerable remains of quite early eighteenth century wall paper, of pale green tint, with a flowing pattern in darker color on it. This paper was made in squares of about twenty inches, and I was able to rescue two or more complete pieces. It had been printed on rather thick paper from wood cut blocks, and each square was nailed up with coarse iron tacks about one and a half inches apart, each tack being run through squares or washers of brown leather, so that both tacks and washers showed all around each square of paper. It is possible that this wall paper was of late seventeenth century date.

Bradbourne Hall, in the lower Peak, is a picturesque house, almost unaltered, of the time of James I., having been then fashioned from the canonical house of the Augustins of Dunstable. It was just the place—"far from the madding crowd"—where curious details of domestic decorations would survive.—Notes and Queries.

The blue geese, which have been considered as mythical birds by many, have been found in large flocks in some remote regions of the South.

PROFESSIONAL

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Good Roads

Waterways and Good Roads.
The custodians of the pork barrel in Congress, or, as they prefer to be known, framers of the annual rivers and harbors bill, have brought in a measure proposing to expend the coming fiscal year the sum of \$52,000,000 upon waterways throughout the country.

Senator Burton, chairman of the National Waterways Commission and an undisputed authority, is vigorously fighting the proposition. He is against piecemeal work, in the first place, and, what is of more importance, he is entirely opposed to many of these iridescent and impractical projects.
No level-headed man objects, per se, to the symmetrical improvement of waterways in this country. Navigable rivers and harbors are indispensable factors in the equation of transportation. We must have them if the development of the nation is to proceed unimpeded.

But legitimate waterways are one thing, and pork barrel projects another, and vastly different, thing. It is a safe bet that forty per cent. of this \$52,000,000 is political pork, pure and simple, expressed in projects to widen impossible creeks or dredge hopeless harbors, neither of which ever can or ever will figure in either local or interstate commerce.
If half of this year's proposed appropriation should be diverted from theoretic streams and hypothetical harbors and spent instead on national good roads projects, we should experience a national impulse toward prosperity near incalculable.

Even conceding for the sake of argument, that every penny of this fabulous \$52,000,000—about the same amount, by the way, thrown away in obsolete warships now going to the scrap-heap—is founded on reason, it would still be incumbent on Congress to provide at least proportionately for good roads.

In their most highly developed aspects, waterways can only benefit a fraction of America's population. Decent highways throughout the nation benefit every class of population, stimulating rural and urban development, lessening the exorbitant cost of living, increasing the national wealth, so that in the near future the immeasurable drain of such luxuries as battleships and academic waterways will bear less heavily.
It is the people's money that Congress is frittering away to reinforce personal political reputations. To-day the people are demanding that a portion of the sums taken from them in taxes be spent upon good roads—a project interesting every man, woman and child living and yet to be born in this country.—Editorial in the Atlanta Constitution.

Good Roads Vs. a Naval Scrap-Heap.

Warships of Uncle Sam to the value of \$50,735,789 are soon to go to the scrap-heap, according to Leslie's Weekly, because in twenty years' time they have grown worthless and obsolete.
Eleven protected cruisers, three unprotected cruisers, ten monitors and a group of smaller and cheaper vessels authorized since 1883, now go to the naval cemetery, which means that more than \$50,000,000 is virtually interred. Styles and patterns in war vessels change perennially. Should these once sea monsters now go against an ordinary enemy, they would be knocked into mince-meat. Other and more expensive types must take their place.

Suppose half of that \$50,000,000 had been spent upon good roads throughout America!
We should have had the foundation of a national auxiliary transportation system which would annually mean hundreds of millions of dollars to the farmers of this country, and to every class of population in this country.

Unlike warships, good roads do not deteriorate, at least not into worthlessness.
Men-of-war are built upon the basis of hypothetical usefulness. Good roads are built upon a reality.

The Applan Way, centuries old, still stretches out from ancient Rome, The Simplon Pass is practically as smooth and firm as the day it was laid.
Men-of-war crumble, the stupendous fortune they represent vanishes, while the mythical foe delays his coming.

Good roads appreciate in value with each month, pay their own up-keep and return dividends amenable only to the computation of the decades.
The more than fifty millions spent upon these effete vessels is the premium the nation pays upon a peace policy. In moderation that is essential.

But a tithe of that enormous premium spent upon a constructive policy of highway development would in its returns pay several times over the cost of these decaying vessels in adding untold actual and potential wealth to the wealth to the nation.—Atlanta Constitution.

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TAFT RAPS NEWSPAPERS.

President Seems to Consider Them
"Necessary Evils."

Before the Chicago Newspaper Club, in an impromptu address, President Taft warned it of its subject, "The Press," and touched on phases of journalism which, from the emphasis he placed on them, apparently he feels deeply.

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the Newspaper Club," began the President, I look around on this handsome crowd, this charitable, beneficent, patriotic crowd, and I value the opportunity given me to speak to the men who do the work on the Chicago papers, but who are not responsible for their editorials.

"I have seen so many apocryphal statements, so many unsound arguments, and unjust conclusions, that they must come from some other source than this distinguished and intelligent audience.

"The newspapers, of course, are essential. We say we do not read them. Well, we have to read them.

"The difficulty I find is that I have to read them; and after a time of sensitiveness—what shall I call it?—of a sense of injustice, one's skin grows thicker, one is able to forget phrases of contempt and criticism, and what a newspaper man ultimately learns, that after all, if we can only survive two or three days of attack and assault and unfounded statements, most people will forget it.

"It is the only men who don't forget it about themselves, the most sensitive men with reference to the criticism of the press, in my experience, are the newspaper men, those who are served up by the newspapers of the opposition. They are most sensitive, and it is gratifying to me that they are."

"Now, I don't know whether you number among your newspaper members, not only newspaper men, but men who combine the profession of the press with statesmanship, whether you have among you the men who are reformers down to the ground and at the same time are engaged in handing out their views, and news suited to their views as statesmen-correspondents. If you haven't you lack a distinguished type of newspaper man, a distinguished type which, I am bound to say, has not contributed to the accuracy of the news furnished the public, for the reason that a newspaper man who does his task rightly is a man who furnishes the facts as they are without respect to whom they may hurt or help; but the man who is preaching an evangel or who is helping a cause, and especially, the one who takes himself seriously, is about the worst witness of events with respect to those which his views reach. I speak with some knowledge, because I have had to examine that character of statesman close at hand, but I think he centres about Washington."

The Orient Limited.

The orient express between Paris and Constantinople, 1933 miles—perhaps the oldest "limited" train in Europe—is to have its time shortened. Something was done last year, when the time from Paris to Vienna, 861 miles, was reduced to twenty-five hours. The changes announced for this year, reduce the time in the other direction to twenty and three-quarter hours. From Constantinople after April the train will leave at 7.15 p. m., Budapest (889 miles) at 6.50 a. m. (the second day), Vienna at noon, Munich at 7.44 p. m., Strasbourg at 2.30 a. m. and reach Paris at 8.45 a. m. This requires but one night between Budapest and Paris (1044 miles) instead of two, as formerly. It is interesting to note that this much-talked-of long distance train is so well patronized that it is regularly made up with two sleeping cars and a dining car. Of late, a limited express between Ostend and Vienna, 822 miles, has connected with it, going by way of Cologne, Frankfurt and Nuremberg. The average speed from Constantinople to Budapest will be twenty-five miles an hour, thence to Paris forty miles.—Railway Age Gazette.