

ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

A Matter Which Deserves the Thoughtful Consideration of Agriculturists.

How to get good roads may well be discussed by farmers' clubs, and should be thought about by every farmer. How important this matter is, is shown by the following statement made by Mr. Rudolph Hering, president of the Enquirers' Club, of Philadelphia: A load which one horse can draw on level iron rails will require on smooth, level asphalt road, one and two-thirds horses; on bad Belgian pavement, three and one-eighth horses; on good cobble-stone road, seven horses; on bad cobble-stone road, thirteen horses; on ordinary earth road, twenty horses; on sand road, forty horses.

Good roads not only save horse-flesh but vehicles. Take what are ordinarily called "good roads" and "bad roads," and a vehicle used on the first only will last twice as long, at least; as one used on the latter only. No one can doubt that country roads would be fifty per cent. better than they now are if the money and labor put upon them were properly applied. How to have that work and money properly applied is the matter to be discussed, that the best methods may be ready for adoption when the season for road-making comes. Whether or not the road-bed should be only surface-drained, or undraind with tile, or by putting in a corduroy foundation; whether or not gravel or plank should be used; how best to use gravel, or plank, or tile—these are points to be decided. The farmer's club should also discuss specifically the repair of each highway in the neighborhood. This will lead, among other things, to an understanding whether or not it will be proper to shorten a highway by straightening it; whether a road that now goes around a hill should be carried over it by grading down the hill, or whether making a road longer by curving it around a hill will be compensated for by the less grade; how to keep weeds from growing in the highways, to seed the adjacent land, and many other points which, thus being settled, would greatly aid to the improvement of the roads.—American Agriculturist.

FEEDING SWINE.

How Hogs Can Be Made to Grow Profitably During Cold Weather.

It has been found advantageous to feed swine oftener than twice daily, and during the winter the first feed should be given moderately early, and the evening feed should be given not at four or five o'clock, as is the custom with many, but at about 6:30. Evening and morning feeds are periods altogether too long for comfort and profit, as the appetite is liable to become ravenous, the animal gorging itself unduly.

It is a great mistake to suppose that it is only required to rush the food into the hog's stomach, regardless of quantity or intervals between. The stomach is of quite moderate capacity, and when crammed the process of digestion goes on like a horse laboring at a load he can not move, the work being done tardily and only partially completed. In cases of incomplete digestion a portion of the food given is lost, passing off through the bowels and going to the manure pile. The art of feeding, therefore, does not merely consist in shoveling out corn, without judgment or limit, but in studying the natural capacity for digestion, and feeding to this capacity, or a little inside of it, that all the food given may be put in shape for assimilation.

Under entirely careless management hogs are not usually found to gain in weight during cold weather. Many farmers do not expect their hogs to grow to any considerable extent during winter. That they can be made to grow profitably has often enough been proved.—National Live-Stock Journal.

John M. Wolf, of Martinsburg, W. Va., died recently, aged ninety-one years. He not only was the oldest man in the town, but had been a church member sixty years, had never used tobacco, and never drank whisky or other intoxicants, and was never heard to utter an oath.—N. Y. Sun.

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.

It will Cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.

If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood is impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator.

REGULATOR. If you lead a sedentary life, or suffer with Biliousness, avoid stimulants and take Simmons' Liver Regulator, Sure to relieve.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep pleasantly.

If you are a miserably suffering with Constipation, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, seek relief at once in Simmons' Liver Regulator. It does not require continued dosing, and costs but a trifle. It will cure you.

If you wake up in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth,

TAKE Simmons' Liver Regulator. It corrects the Bilious Stomach, sweetens the breath, and cures the Flatulency, Tongue, Children often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons' Liver Regulator will relieve Colic, Headache, Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, and the Complaints incident to Childhood.

At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take

Simmons' Liver Regulator.

PREPARED BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, \$1.00.

NOTES ON ETIQUETTE.

How You Can Make Yourself Popular with Friends and Strangers.

When you are invited to dine at the house of a friend or acquaintance, it is not considered good form to reply that you would enjoy it above all things; but, unfortunately, you are very hungry and do not see how you can possibly accommodate him. At all events, never make matters worse by adding that you will be pleased to come some other time—on Fast Day, for instance.

On being asked to "take something," whatever that may mean, it is hardly proper to inform the inviter that your stomach has some rights which you are bound to respect, and if it is all the same to him, you will take as an equivalent the money which the "something" would cost.

As the generality of mankind stands in pressing need of exercise, it is a duty you owe to society to furnish others with all the exercise you can possibly vouchsafe to them. Hence, when walking the streets, trail your cane or umbrella, so that the man behind you shall be kept hopping and skipping about like an insane kangaroo, in order to keep himself from tripping over your offensive weapon.

It has been pointed out that the seats in a rail car are death-traps which have a fashion of shutting up and holding the occupant until the fire in the overturned stove has time to cremate him or her; consequently it will be seen that you do a kindness to others, especially to women, by preventing them, if possible, from obtaining seats. If they are made to stand, of course they escape the dangers incident to the perilous seat. The knowledge of having performed a kind act always fills one with supreme pleasure, especially when he can contemplate his good act in a comfortable position.

As it is very trying to one's eyes to read print in the cars, it is proper for you to prevent your neighbor from injuring his eyesight by reading his newspaper. Therefore put a stop to his reading, either by talking to him continually about something—no matter what, so that it interests yourself—or read to him detached sentences and "good things" from your own paper. He may not thank you; but what of that? Because he is ungrateful, must you therefore forget your duty to your fellow man?

When you are enjoying your cigar alone, and a friend drops in tell him you would ask him to smoke, but you fear that the smoke of two such cigars would suffocate both of you. Your friend will greatly enjoy your pleasantry, and he will also be happy because of the opportunity you have given him to inform all his acquaintances, and all yours, that you smoke mighty poor cigars. Besides, you save a cigar.

When one is telling you a long and dry story about the way his housemaid goes on, put on a melancholy look and put a stop to his story at the earliest convenient moment by asking him some irrelevant question, as, for example, what he thinks of the late strike, what his opinions are of a possible war in Europe, or what are his views on white mice or the eventual restoration of the Jews. Your doleful face will show him that you sympathize deeply in his sufferings, and your clever turning of the subject of conversation will convince him, if he had any doubts before, that his story is too painful for you to listen to it.

When the shopman has given you too much money in change, say nothing, but put the money in your pocket. It is always mortifying to be told of one's errors. Then it should be remembered the opportunities of being paid for one's forbearance are too infrequent to be neglected.

These are only a few of the many nice points of etiquette that might be mentioned; but they will suffice to show that one who knows nothing about etiquette can write as well upon that subject as upon any other with which he is equally unacquainted.—Boston Transcript.

CIGAR STUMP SALES.

The Remarkable Industry Carried On by Enterprising Parisians.

Among the curiosities of Paris is the market for cigar stumps in the Place Maubert. Megot, by profession a collector of these stumps, initiated me one fine morning into the mysteries of his peculiar calling. Every day from eight to ten a. m. the market is full of life. A kilogramme (two and one-fifth pounds) of stumps from London cigars is worth 30 cents to 50 cents, according to the length of the stump. The ends of cigars at 1 and 2 cents each only bring from 15 cents to 30 cents a kilogramme. There are four or five wholesale dealers in cigar stumps, who have their headquarters in the wine-shops of the vicinity, and who there deal with the froishers, mostly poor old men and women and ragged boys. Some 500 persons earn their living after this fashion. The amount annually produced by the traffic is said to reach \$150,000. Much of the tobacco thus scraped together is sold to workmen, and much is also said to be exported under the title of "Tabac de Paris." There is one old fellow in the Maubert quarter who, some years ago, became so rich at this humble business of selling cigar stumps that he had an annual income of \$3,000. But my friend Megot turned out badly. Not satisfied, I suppose, with what he was able to glean by the public way, he was recently caught in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobacconist. He said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade taking stuff. This, on a pinch, might pass for an excuse; but the Paris police are a high-headed lot, and wouldn't see the joke. They walked poor Megot off to a place of detourance which they here call "a bidde."—Jean Nicol, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

RAILROAD HORRORS.

Record of the More Notable Disasters of This Description.

- 1842—May 8, 53 passengers burned to death near Belleville, France.
1853—May 6, 46 persons killed, 30 injured, at open drawbridge, Newark, Conn.
1854—October 24, 40 passengers killed on the Great Western in Canada.
1856—July 17, 62 persons, mostly children, burned and 100 injured on North Pennsylvania railroad.
1857—March 17, 60 persons killed on Great Western of Canada at Des Jardine Canal.
1857—June 28, 11 killed and 100 injured near Lewisham, England.
1859—June 27, 30 persons killed and 40 wounded by a washout on Michigan Southern, near South Bend, Ind.
1859—August 2, 13 persons killed on Albany, Vermont & Canada railroad in Tomhannock creek.
1859—December 31, 14 persons killed at a bridge near Columbus, Ga.
1861—August 25, 23 persons killed, 100 injured at Croeyden tunnel, near London, England.
1862—October 13, 15 persons killed, 60 injured near Winchburg, Scotland.
1862—July 15, 50 persons killed, 60 injured on the Erie road near Port Jarvis.
1867—December 18, 49 persons burned to death near Angola, Lake Shore; December 11, 15 lives lost at Hauban bridge, Vermont Central railroad.
1868—April 14, 20 persons killed, 60 injured at Carrs Rock, near Port Jarvis.
1868—August 20, 33 persons burned at Abersgele, North Wales.
1868—August 20, 21 persons killed, 60 injured on Northwestern railway of Bohemia.
1869—July 14, 10 persons burned at Mast Hope, N. Y., on Erie road.
1871—July 3, 15 persons killed, 20 injured at Harpeth River, Tenn.
1871—August 26, 30 persons killed, 50 injured by collision at Revere, near Boston, Mass.
1871—February 6, 22 lives lost by the burning of an oil train at New Hamburg, N. Y.
1872—December 24, 19 killed by a train falling into a ravine at Norwilt, England.
1874—September 10, 24 killed, 40 wounded by collision at Shipton, England.
1874—September 20, 43 drowned by a train plunging into the Chorwell river, England.
1876—January 21, 13 killed by collision on the Great Northern railway, England.
1876—September 26, 25 killed by accident at Block Lick station, Penn.
1876—December 28, over 100 lives were lost by the disaster at Ash-tabula, O.
1879—December 23, 200 drowned by a train breaking through the Tay bridge, Scotland.
1881—March 3, 40 emigrants killed in collision at Macon, Mo. Wrecking train proceeding to scene and ditched and 9 persons killed.
1882—January 13, collision on the Hudson river railroad near Spuyten Duyvil; 8 lives lost, including Senator Webster Wagner.
1883—March 30, loss of 33 lives by a railroad accident on the Cincinnati Southern railroad near Mason's Station, Ohio.—June 26, 18 Chinamen killed by an accident on the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana.—July 28, accident on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg road at Carlyon; 23 persons killed; over 40 injured.—November 29, 18 persons killed at St. Meen, France.
1884—January 2, 25 persons killed by a railroad collision near Toronto.—May 1, collision near Connells-ville, Pa.; 14 lives lost.—June 6, 14 persons killed by an accident on the Missouri Pacific railroad near Mineola.—June 17, 14 persons killed by disaster at New Laredo, N. M.—June 28, a train falls through a bridge near Cunningham, Mo.; 29 persons killed or wounded.—July 16, accident on the Manchester and Sheffield railway, England; 25 lives lost.—November 14, 15 persons perish in a collision at Hannau, Austria.
1885—January 30, railroad disaster near Sydney, N. S. W.; 40 persons killed.—June 8, a train derailed by robbers near Rasloff, Russia; 70 persons killed and wounded.—October 18, collision between three Pennsylvania railroad trains near Jersey City; 12 persons killed.—December 15, collision near Anstett, Ga.; 12 lives lost.
1886—January 13, train wrecked at Vaddavia, Peru; 30 soldiers perish.—March 10, collision between Monte Carlo and Mentone, Italy; 20 persons killed.—September 14, collision on the "Nickel Plate" road near Buffalo; 23 lives lost.—October 23, disaster near Rio, Wis.; 13 passengers burned to death.—November 3, train wrecked near Nikolaiiev and Odessa, Russia; 40 soldiers killed.—December 18, collision at Charkow, Russia; 13 persons perish.
1887—January 4, collision near Tiffin, Ohio; 20 lives lost.—February 5, over 20 passengers burned and maimed by bridge disaster at Woodstock, Vt.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

At a recent exhibition in England, where prizes were given for walking horses, the speed attained was over five miles an hour.

SPOILING A GHOST.

How a Plucky Peddler Frightened Two "Supernatural Visitors."

Many a ghost story would have met with an untimely end, had a man of spirit arisen to hunt down the supernatural visitants. Some years ago, a little town in Iowa became greatly excited over a succession of strange sights and noises, which had occurred in Horse-thief Grove, where two criminals had once been buried. The reports ran that at twelve o'clock every Friday night blue and white lights were seen to rise from the graves and disappear in the branches of the trees above.

An enterprising peddler, spending a night in the town, determined to investigate the ghostly phenomena, and having provided himself with a pistol, slipped down to the grove. An eager and expectant crowd stood on a hill at a convenient distance, waiting to see the lights, and, says the investor, I made up my mind to give them an after-piece that night, as I lay snugly concealed under the bushes near the graves. I did not have long to wait before I heard the sounds I had been expecting—the trampling of feet near me. Looking up cautiously, I beheld the sons of my host, two very mischievous lads, carrying a rope and a lantern with blue and white glass. Every thing was plain to me now. The boys would creep up a narrow and deep ditch to the graves. By the aid of a rope running over a pulley fastened in the trees, they could run the lantern up and down while concealed in the brush some distance off, relying on the superstitious fear of the others to prevent discovery.

After they had every thing arranged and had run the lantern up once, I commenced saying something in a terrifying voice. They dropped every thing and started through the bush like frightened sheep. I fired a few shots, gave a blood-curdling yell, and quietly slipped back to the house. Next morning the excitement was terrible to witness. My host's house, being the nearest, was crowded with men wearing an awed expression, as if they expected a dire calamity. After hearing the various conjectures and suggestions, Larose and told my story. My statements were borne out by finding the rope and lantern. Nothing but their extreme youthfulness saved the perpetrators from something worse than the gentle carresses of a hickory switch. I left the next day, but I'll warrant that was the last of the ghost of "Horse-Thief Grove."—Omaha Bee.

DIDN'T KNOW BAKER.

A Bank Scene from Which the Reader Can Draw a Wholesome Lesson.

Yesterday forenoon two men who had lived neighbor to each other on High street for a year and walked down town together a hundred times, met on Griswold street, one of them remarked:

"Say, Green, drop into the bank with me for a minute. I want to be identified."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Green, and they entered the bank and walked to the teller's window.

"You identify this man as Baker, do you?"

"Baker? Baker? Yes, I believe that is his name."

"Do you know it to be?"

"No—, but I've heard it was. He lives next door to me."

"How much of a family has he?"

"He's got a wife, anyhow, and I see some children around."

"What does he do?"

"Let's see. He's got an office of some sort down town here, but I can't say what he does."

"Will you positively identify him as Baker?"

"Why—well—no, I guess not, I think he is, but he may be Barker, or Barkum, or he may not be the one I think I know. Excuse me, Mr. Baker; I'd be glad to oblige, you know, but I don't know you, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

A Satisfactory Settlement.

Gentleman—I hear, Uncle Rastus, that you and Dolphus have dissolved partnership in the white-wash business.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; we is done quit.

Gentleman—Well, what kind of a settlement did you make?

Uncle Rastus (scratching his head)—Well, yo' see, sah, de 'rangement am dis. Dem what owes de firm am to settle wif Dolphus, an' dem what de firm owes am to settle wif me. Dolphus 'lowed dat war a fair 'rangement—'shar an' 'shar' alike!—Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

There is a fellow making the tour of the Western dime museums this winter advertised as Ali Pasha, the Transparent Turk and Human Window Pane. The advertisement has the interesting information: "He was on the staff of the Sultan of Turkey at the terrible battle of Plevna, when a huge cannon ball from the cruel Russian artillery, swift on its errand of death, passed completely through this brave officer's body. Admirable surgical skill saved his life, and a pane of French window glass was fitted in the gaping cavity with such admirable nicety that we now have the greatest marvel of the age. Sun, moon and stars shine through him; daylight and gas light shine through him; you can see through him; you can read through him."—N. Y. Sun.

A juror at Ozone Court asked to be excused from serving on the jury on account of having to go home to bury his dead mother-in-law. Judge Hutchins said it was a legal excuse, as any man ought to be excused to bury his dead mother-in-law or his sister-in-law.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

CRUEL REVENGE.

How Bob Burdette Got Even with a Malicious but Very Impolite Gentleman.

Once, in the dead heart of the pitiless winter I had drawn my good two-handed Lecture with the Terrible Name, and was smiting all the coasts of Pennsylvania with it, sparing neither (pronounced neither) young or old, and wearing at my belt the scalps of many a pale-face audience. One night I reached Erie the pleasant just as the clocks in the Lord Mayor's castle struck twenty-one. It was bitter biting, stinging cold, and there was no ambulance at the station, while there was a good hotel there. I went in a registered, and a man of commanding presence, tailor-built clothes and a brown beard of most refined culture, followed me, and under my plebeian scrawl made the register luminous with his patrician cognomen. I stood a little in awe of this majestic being, about as little as I usually stand in the presence of any majestic creature, and when in a deep bass, commanding voice he ordered a room I had a great mind—something that I always carry with me when I travel—to go out and get him one. The gentlemanly and urbane night clerk, who also seemed to be deeply impressed—as is the habit of the night clerk—with the gentleman's responsible-to-any amount post on, Swambel said he was sorry but he had but one vacant room and it contained but one bed, "Still," he said, as became a man who was bound to stand for his house if it hadn't a bed in it, "it was a very wide bed, very wide and quite long. Two gentlemen could sleep in it quite comfortably, and if—"

But the Commanding Being at my side said that was quite altogether out of the question entirely. Quite! He was sorry for the—here he looked at me, hesitated, but finally said—gentleman, but he couldn't share his room with him. He was sorry for the—gentleman and hoped he might find comfortable lodgings, but he couldn't permit him to occupy a portion of his bed. Then the clerk begged pardon, and was sorry, and all that, but this other gentleman had registered first, and it was for him to say what disposition should be made of this lonely room and solitary bed. I hastened to assure the majestic being that it was all right; he was welcome to two-thirds of the room, all the looking-glass and one-half of the bed. "No," he said, very abruptly, "I will sit here by the stove and sleep in a chair. I thank you, sir, but I would not sleep with my own brother. I prefer a room to myself." I meekly told him that I didn't know what kind of a man his brother was, but no doubt he did, and therefore I must conclude that he wasn't a fit man to sleep with. But his brother was out of the question, and if he wanted part of my couch, he might have it and welcome, and I would agree not to think of his brother. "No sir," he said, "I will sleep in no man's bed."

I said I wouldn't either, if I wasn't sleepy, but when I was sleepy, I didn't care; I'd sleep with the King of England and the President, and wouldn't care a cent who knew it.

Well, I went to bed, I curled up under the warm, soft blankets, and heard the wind shriek and wail and whistle and yell—how like all creation the wind can blow in Erie—and as the night grew colder and colder every minute, I fell asleep and dreamed that heaven was just forty-eight miles west of Dunkirk. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock there came a thundering rap at the door, and with a vague, half-waking impression in my dream that somebody from the other place was trying to get in, I said:

"What is it?"

"It is I," answered a splendid voice, which I recognized at once. "I am the gentleman who came on the train with you."

"Yes," I said, "and what is the matter?"

The splendid voice was a trifle humble as it replied:

"I have changed my mind about sleeping with another man."

"So have I!" I howled, so joyously that the very winds laughed in merry who. "So have I! I wouldn't get out of this warm bed to open that door for my own brother!"

I will close this story here. If I should write the language that went down that dim, cold hall outside my door you wouldn't print it. And when next morning I went skipping down stairs as fresh as a rose, and saw that majestic being knotted up in a hard arm chair, looking a hundred years old, I said:

"Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish King, who knoweth not how to be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign, whereas, also he that is born in his kingdom cometh poor." This also is vanity.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The report of President Battle, of the North Carolina State University, to the board of trustees, shows that the university is of great benefit to poor young men. There are now at the institution more than a hundred youths, Dr. Battle says, "with hands brown with toil, some cooking for themselves, others hiring their own cooks, some on county appointments free of tuition, others going into debt for it, with threadbare clothes, in the coldest weather, without great-coats, hovering over scanty fires, but with the flames of noble resolutions burning in their souls."

When cayenne pepper is higher than Scotch snuff the snuff is used to adulterate it. When the reverse is the case the pepper goes into the snuff. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

BITTEN BY DOGS.

Many Americans Who Privately Patronize Pasteur's Hydrophobic Institute.

Surgeon Charles A. Siegfried, of the United States Navy, has returned from Paris, where he looked into the Pasteur system of fighting hydrophobia, with a view to its introduction into a Government hospital in this country. He says that medical opinions in France differ as to the efficacy of the inoculations, but that the records of cases seem to establish the value of Pasteur's work. The number of Americans who resort to Prof. Pasteur's institute is not suspected by their countrymen. Many make the trip privately, especially if they belong to well-to-do families able to pay the expenses without publicity. Besides, bitten persons are always loth to admit their nervousness, and therefore go to Paris ostensibly for pleasure, while their real errand is to get inoculated. Pasteur humors their desire for secrecy, and permits them to register under assumed names, even when he knows who they really are, which is by no means always. A note of introduction from the American Minister is required, as a matter of form. No fee is charged, but voluntary contributions are accepted, and these go into a fund for the maintenance of the hospital. Pasteur personally takes no pay.

A young New York lady who went through the process assumed for the occasion the name "Marietta Byrne." Her pet dog had bitten her and then died in convulsions, so that she did not know for a certainty whether or not she was in danger of the dreaded rabies. She rode to Pasteur's house, at 14 Rue Vauclain, which is an insignificant building in the midst of the various schools in the Latin Quarter. She was accompanied by her father, who presented her credentials and gave all the particulars of her case to a clerk, who recorded them in a big book. Then she was shown into an anteroom, and directed how to prepare herself for the operation. This consisted simply in arranging her attire so that, without delay, the surgeon could inject the virus under the skin. Then she was placed in a line with seventeen other bitten persons, all women or children, for this day was set apart for them—men having had the previous day. All marched into the room where Pasteur and his assistants were in readiness. One surgeon stood beside a table on which was a glass jar containing the protective fluid. Over the top of this vessel was stretched a filtering paper. Beside it lay a hypodermic syringe. The man thrust the sharp, delicate nozzle of this instrument through the paper into the liquid and filled it in that way, in order that by no possibility could it be vitiated by contact with the air. Having thus charged the syringe, he handed it to the principal operator, who deftly inserted it obliquely through the skin of the patient and quickly injected its contents. It was like the puncture of a needle, and not very painful. The girl bore it without flinching, but some of the children, as well as the more ignorant adults, cried and struggled at it. She had to return for additional injections during several weeks.—N. Y. Sun.

BY RAIL TO THE OXUS.

One of the Most Romantic Chapters in the Story of Modern Progress.

The poets of Asia have sung for centuries of the beauty and fruitfulness of the Zarafshan valley. The fact that the environs of Samarcand, Bokhara and Khiva are among the most fertile in the world has counted for little in their development, for almost pathless deserts separate them from the lands that would gladly buy their produce. Steam cars, however, have come at last to supersede the costly camel caravans that, since the Czar overpowered the Kanates, have often been sent to the Russian frontier.

When it was announced a short time ago that the Trans-Caspian railroad had reached the Amu-Daria at Chardju, the telegraph from Khiva and Bokhara at once reported that a number of caravans were loading with silks, leather, furs, carpets and wool, which they would take to Chardju en route for Europe. Mr. Lansdell told us two years ago that Central Asian cotton was of fine quality and could be raised in enormous quantities. It now appears that as soon as it was positively known that the railroad would be advanced to the Amu-Daria, the planting of cotton in Bokhara was very sensibly augmented. Thus the pulse-beats of Western commerce are beginning to be felt in the remotest regions of the Mohammedan world, revivifying countries long dormant that in the age of Alexander the Great were the seat of an advanced and powerful civilization.

The ruins still exist of those great canals that centuries ago led the waters of the Murghab throughout the Merv oasis, fertilizing the soil and fitting it to be the abiding place of a large and flourishing population. Since the railroad reached Merv the Turkomans there have begun the work of cleaning out and restoring these old works of irrigation, and the day is rapidly coming when ancient Merv will lose the sad and arid aspect that now predominates in all its borders. The railroad that General Auenkoff pushed forward through billows of sand and a treeless desert will be the means of restoring to Merv the verdure and fertility she once possessed.

The history of this railroad enterprise, which is kindling the spirit of the western world amid the ruins of a dead civilization of the far East, is destined to make one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in the story of modern progress.—N. Y. Sun.