
on the route, will be charged at the low rate of two dollars for every 50,000,000 of acres of travel. A great reduction will be made where parties wish to make the round trip. This comet is new and in thorough repair and is now on her first voyage. She is

[illegible]

about the matter. The city's round-trip tickets will be tendered to Edward Butler, Jr., Sherrard, Mr. Richardson and other engineering men, whose public services have entitled them to the rest and relaxation of a voyage of this kind. Parties desiring to join the trip will be extra accommodated. The entire voyage is completed, and the passengers landed in New York again on the 14th of December, 1913. This is, at least, forty years quicker than the voyage that could be made in the back-pay money of 1873. Nearly all the round-trip tickets have been distributed to club members who in case their constitution will allow them a holiday. Every harmless amusement will be allowed on board, but no pools permitted on the run of the come or go of any kind. All fixed bets will be therefore.

seem to need fixing we shall fix. If it nags and troubles we shall be sorry, but firm. Mr. Coggia having leased his home to the world we no longer be called by his name but by my partner's, N. B. C. and the world will find double rate will be entitled to a share of all the new stars, suns, moons, comets, meteors and magazines of thunder and lightning shall discover. Patent medicine people take note.

WE CARRY BULLETIN BOARDS.

and a paint brush along for use in the settlements, and are open to terms. Capitalists are reminded that we are going straight to—some hot places—and are open terms. To other parties our enterprise pleases, excursion, but individually we make business. We shall fly our corner for all worth.

POI FURTHER PARTICULARS,
or for freight or passage, apply on board, or to my partner, but not to me, since I do not take care of the cargo, but only of the way. It is necessary, at a time like this, that my mind should not be burdened with all business details.

[From the (New York) Tribune.]

The Best of Good Company.

As the July days grow hotter, and the tiger lies in the hedges yellow and black, and the juices of apple and grape become akin to wine, the fine intoxication moonbeams throw to the heads of our pretty girls and their lovers. The dance and flirt and flirt and Newport to the White Mountains, or to the cheaper sharp of Deal to the less genteel peaks of the Cheat. The social cor-por-

the other guests, and after them, waking the white ladies up with their tales of the charms of the maidens, now over the dresses of their mothers. That debate may count herself unknown to fame who not once at least in the season seen here in the city of the South Sea, has not been a newspaper, and busied with delight in the world of America knew that her husband was flogged with charity, and the match was hinted at between herself and Colonel. The little raching word, "Colonel" was better for the purpose, for the colonel is the less a tipsy old bore. In these days of July madness, the thirst after fashionable dissipation. As space solemnly out of the hotel parlors at the end of the week, and the guests of the Sunday service, our souls are kindled withapture not at any divine communications,

because Mrs. A., who leads the train at home, has whispered an invitation to lunch to one of the waiters, who has just come out of the doorway through the dreary doorway through the dreary gateway of a ball at Newport. He pulls his gray moustache, easing himself for one foot and then the other, like a duck in a pond, and then he says to the waiter, "Give him her fan to hold." He was a bludgeoned ten years ago; she is Judge C.'s daughter. He may have learned how to sway the forces of nature, and to come to terms with the secrets from the elements, but he cannot hold his own in the world of blood of his native village. There are a parson and his wife, at home, good, sensible, God-fearing folks, poring over the county paper with delight when Mrs. A. is seen. But she is not A. their Mary. This race for a

notoriety does so great and madden the American blood when the holidays of the summer solstice appear, that one is tempted to let the people and let history develop out of themselves, we would be baser loads of rank than any of the "effete nations of Europe." Not only enough, however, there are summer resorts where all the company are noble, which would seem to indicate that the company are not difficult of access, either; a horse or good pair of feet in stout shoes will carry you to them. Wherever the grass begins to soften the streets into country lanes or the city streets to the rolling hills, the signs point you yet to them. You may find this good company just now in Jersey, where the pines nestle half way up to the blue overhead, and the brown needles make

and from the silent daylight, from old cracked trunks; the pink stars of the asiatic thrust themselves up through mosses, which is gray and brittle in the sea and fill the sunlit and salt wind with the fragrance of the sea. The roads of Virginia they wait for you in groves of tangled grape vine and blackberry where the elder blossoms show a feathered white against long, triumphant stretches of green. The scarlet of the cardinal flower in its myriad scarlet cornucopias about these hedges the humming birds like any swarm, resting their breasts on the cold side of the red horn and piercing the green with their beaks. The blue of the Eagle blue and softer through all the greenness into a pink as rare as a maiden's cheek with the northern lare; the tan-

ore streams" boozing "out of the roots of pine and cedar, with fire and lightning, the fairy queen of the Indian, in a hide under the brown skins. Along the banks of the Ohio the iron weed covers the unsightly stumps and tenes with its stately purple, the golden-rod throws its crown, the mullein its golden sea, the cornflower its purple, the poppy its regal, on the Carolinian mountains a great scarlet rhododendron keeps up still the fire of war; the balsam wraps the heights with funeral black. From Florida swarms of red and white butterflies, and the folk have donned their fairest robes and themselves with jewels; the lights revel out in their audacious chambers, the music never foul, the music never silent. No more of the olden time, no more of the olden time. No matter how shabby our coat, how lucky our last venture in the market,

even how guilty our consciences, these companies at least have the curious secret of compensating us to forget it all and sending us home at peace with God and ourselves. Small as they are, they confine ourselves to hives and hogsheads, and turn our backs on the rest of the company?

Farm and Garden.

CLEANSE THE MANGERS.

The mangers of horses, cows and sheep when supplied with cut fodder and meal, frequently become offensively sour, in consequence of the decomposition of the wet manure. To prevent this, it is necessary that adheres to the corners of the feed box. This is apt to be the case especially where the animals do not lick the corners entirely clean. If a small portion is allowed to remain in the corners, it will be found to be the cause of the sourness.

become sour, and the offensive effluvia taint the entire manger so that the animal will often refuse to eat his accustomed allowance, unless compelled by keen hunger. The true way to manage a horse is to feed him at regular intervals at least twice a day, removing every particle of rejected food. Then, if the manger does not smell as sweet as a baby's bowl, let the corners be washed out with water, wiped clean and a handful of cut hay or straw be spilled in the manger. If the mangers are kept clean they will seldom become offensively sour. If an animal leaves a portion of his feed, a new mess should be given on the rejected feed.—*N. Y. Vet. Aid.*

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STEAMERS

Excursion Season, 1874.

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
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