







THE GRANGE VISITOR.

SCHOOLCRAFT, APR. 15, 1880.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, SCHOOLCRAFT.

Officers and members of Subordinate Granges in corresponding with this office, will please always give the Number of their Grange.

CALIFORNIA—NO. 2.

SAN GABRIEL, Los Angeles Co., Cal., March 30th, 1880.

Three weeks from the day of leaving home, we find ourselves at this, the objective point, for which we started on the 9th inst. At 2 P. M. to-day, we reached Los Angeles, found our friends waiting for us at the depot, and after getting dinner, we rode out to this place, eight miles from the city.

The roads were good, and but for the disappointment we felt at having to wear our overcoat buttoned up to the chin, we should have been entirely happy.

But though the vast plain over which we passed was green with growing grain or grass, and in many places bright with tiny yellow flowers, yet the air was cold, and winter clothing was none too heavy or warm for protection and comfort.

We had not associated this land of oranges with flannels and thick clothing, and with our two weeks acquaintance with this climate, which the residents are so ready to praise, we have not recovered from the surprise occasioned by this apparently anomalous condition of things. An overcoat has been essential to comfort every hour that we have not been indoors. But then the "oldest inhabitant" has never known such a cold winter and backward spring on this coast, and as we are one of the youngest, we have, perhaps, no right to complain.

We had expected to reach this place within ten days after leaving home, but (for cause) changed our program, and staid in San Francisco a little more than a week.

As we have repeatedly said that we have taken this trip to get away from work, and as a full account of what has come under our observation would occupy too much space in the VISITOR, we shall shun the task of describing very fully the unusual things that have interested us, and hope our readers will be satisfied with a brief mention.

While in the city we visited Woodard's Garden, which is (as far as it goes) to San Francisco what Central Park is to New York—a place of resort—where fine walks, with collections of rare and beautiful flowers and shrubs, artificial grottoes and fish ponds, stocked with finny beauties and ugly wonders; all kinds of birds, beasts and creeping things, foreign and domestic; together with bath houses, swings and boats, music, museums and cabinets, a saloon, restaurant and theatre; and things big and little, new and old, fair and ugly, rare and common, gathered together from all parts of the earth, that city and country people may come, stare and wonder, be amused and instructed, and Mr. Woodard be profited for his large investment.

Before leaving the garden we took some tea and toast at the restaurant, to qualify us for the work of the afternoon, which included a ride of two and a half miles over the California Street R. R., the cars of which, attached to a dummy, were moving along, up hill and down, in a most wonderful way.

We had seen, in other cities, dummy engines, with their puff and steam, dragging street cars, but this dummy car, with seats facing outward, sufficient for 18 passengers, running around on all sides, was a quiet fellow that stopped and started, with a big load or none at all, and drew an ordinary street car, loaded with passengers, apparently with ease.

But what drew the dummy?—that was what puzzled us, until we learned more about it. Then we found that the steam which we had looked for was really the motor which propelled our vehicle. At the end of the street is a powerful engine, which drives an endless wire cable, laid under the middle of the track, and kept in place by friction pulleys. Above the cable, on a level, equidistant from each, and parallel with the rails, lie two heavy strap rails, an inch apart. In the middle of the dummy car is a lever arrangement, extending through the bottom of the car, and armed at the lower end, out of sight, below these strap rails, with a grip, with which the engineer seizes hold of the moving cable at his pleasure, and away goes the dummy, with car attached, until a street is crossed, and some passenger wants to get off, or another get on, when the engineer lets go his grip and applies the brake, stopping at once both dummy and car. The conductor jingles the bell, the engineer seizes the invisible cable with his lever grip, and away we go, meeting, every few minutes, a dummy on the return track, propelled by the same cable. Sometimes a half-dozen of these cars are in sight at once.

In the two and a half miles of California St., traversed by these dummy cars, we cross four high ridges, or hills, with intervening valleys. The grade is so steep that horse cars are quite impracticable, the top of the hills being over 200 feet higher than the valleys. All the important streets of the city that run over these hills are provided with these cable railways. "California" is a street of magnificent residences. Several of the Central Pacific railroad princes live here, having houses and grounds costing nearly half a million of dollars each.

From the terminus of the street railway, we crossed to Geary street, on which is Mountain Home Cemetery, where we stopped for a half-hour. Thence our party of four took a bus line that goes over a finely-graded, macadamized roadway to the Cliff House, three miles farther, or six miles from the central part of the city.

As indicated by its name, the Cliff House is perched upon a cliff rising abruptly from the ocean, its terrace 80 feet above the water. The long row of splendid vehicles under the shed near by, the rattle of billiard balls, and the array of glass ware and fixtures that ornament a first-class bar, together with gaily-dressed people in the parlors and on the porches, showed a liberal city patronage. While we were looking about, two splendid four-in-hand turnouts dashed up and M. de Lesseps, the famous French engineer, and his party alighted. A few minutes' stop, and the party left by a winding roadway, 25 feet wide, cut out of the cliff to the beach below. This well-gravelled road runs along the beach to Golden Gate Park, returning to the city by another route—making a grand drive of some fifteen miles for the highest-toned city bloods who love horse-flesh and fun. We went down to the beach by the roadway and, for the first time, gave our fraternal grip to the waters of the Pacific. Forty rods, more or less, from the hotel some huge rocks rise a few feet above the surface of the water.

From the balcony of the hotel we could see not less than fifty seals, that had crawled up from two to ten feet above the water and were lazily sunning themselves on the rocks. They looked in the distance very much like a lot of hogs taking a comfortable snooze, with here and there one more restless than the others making a little disturbance in the family, and a noise somewhere between a grunt and a growl.

We returned to the city by dummy car over another street, and, after devoting the remaining hour of the day to a walk through Chinatown, we returned to our hotel, well satisfied with the work of the afternoon. The Chinese quarter is in the heart of the city. Having but a minimum amount of Yankee curiosity, we gave it but a

cursory examination. We took in the josh house, a first-class restaurant, and in the evening a Chinese theatre. The josh house disappointed us, there was so little of it. At the restaurant we took tea, cake, some preserved water-melon rinds or something else, paid a quarter and departed. Half an hour at the theatre, and we were ready to go. The performance was funny to the 2,000 Chinamen present, but, to us, unmeaning jabber soon became monotonous, and we sought our hotel and a night's rest.

Having accepted an invitation from Bro. Webster to spend a day at Fruitvale, we went to his office the afternoon of the 20th inst., and at five o'clock we took the Oakland ferry from the foot of Market street. A ride of five miles brought us to the pier, which runs out on piles two and a half miles into the bay. This was a big job, but the Central Pacific has undertaken a bigger one in filling up this entire distance with rock brought thirty miles over their road. A ferry ticket entitles the holder to a four-mile ride through the city of Oakland on a Central Pacific train running in connection with the ferry. Having passed through Oakland, we take a street railway two miles to Fruitvale. This road was built by Bro. Webster and his neighbors, to enhance the value of their lands and enable them to live in the country and do business in the city.

Fruitvale, as its name implies, is a lovely place. Its residents are gentlemen of means, who have money to build, improve, and adorn a fertile valley that nature clothed with beauty before man undertook to improve upon her works.

We found Bro. Webster and family occupying a fine residence surrounded with all the conveniences and luxuries that a cultivated taste demands. The cordial greeting of Sister Webster made us feel quite at home, and with such favorable surroundings we were sure of a pleasant visit. The next morning Bro. Webster ordered out his carriage, and for three hours we traveled the macadamized streets of Oakland and the adjacent hamlet of Alameda. Oakland is a city of residences. With a climate more mild than San Francisco, it has become the home of thousands of her business men, who daily throng the ferry, which, with street railways, bring home and business within convenient reach of each other. On our return to Fruitdale, we found dinner waiting, which disposed of, we took a stroll over the premises of our host, and about the neighborhood. This is a goodly land; and but for that dissatisfied element in man, which craves what he has not, or covets what others have, with its fruits, and flowers, and varied scenery of mountain and plain, its occupants in the sunshine of their prosperity, would say "Enough—I am content."

We bade adieu on the following morning to our friends at Fruitvale. For them and theirs we shall long cherish pleasant recollections.

While in the city we visited the U. S. Mint. In the reception room we registered, as required, and were favored with an obliging conductor, Mr. W. M. Keefer. We made a rapid inspection of the institution; were first shown into a room of furnaces, where huge bricks of mixed precious metals from Arizona, worth about \$8,000, and weighing nearly 400 pounds each, were being melted, separately, and cast into ingots of 30 to 40 pounds. To the pure metal, whether silver or gold, is added ten per cent of alloy in the ingot. These ingots are then heated and rolled into bars of the thickness of the coin to be cut from them. Silver bars are annealed in a furnace before being taken to the stamping room, where after being greased, the bars are run through an edger, to make them as near perfect in width and thickness as possible. From the edger, the bars are passed to the cutting machine, through which the bar is run by hand. The dime or dollar is pushed through the bar at the rate of 160 per minute. Gold bars

receive the same treatment, except that when annealed they are placed in copper cylinders, securely sealed before being placed in the furnace, and waxed before being run through the edger and cutter. Before the work of milling or raising the edge of the piece to a greater thickness by a stamp process, is done, the coin is taken to the adjusting room, where each piece is weighed, and if found too heavy, the excess is quickly filed away. If too light, the piece goes back for re-coining.

This work gives employment to about fifty ladies, who bring their lunch-baskets, and take their lunch in a room nicely equipped for their use, the institution supplying tea and coffee. These employes do not leave the building until their day's work is done.

When adjusted and milled, the coin is heated to a red heat, to soften it for the final stamp pressure of 124 tons, which brings to light, if not to life, the American bird, the Goddess of Liberty, and all the distinctive features that determine its nationality, at the rate of ninety per minute. At different stages the metal or coin is immersed in muriatic acid, to restore its natural color. We passed too rapidly through the assay and refining rooms to venture upon a description of the work done.

The counting of the coin is done by a very simple process. A hinged board, on an incline with dividing ridges, has ten long spaces of the width of the pieces to be counted, running from top to bottom. Upon this the coin is cast, the board shaken, and the coin gravitates to the channels in single lines over the whole surface. The hinged portion of the counting board is dropped with the excess, and an even 100 pieces are spread with mathematical precision before you. 'Tis the work of a moment, but the accuracy of the count is beyond the possibility of a mistake.

These are four large stamping machines, and two smaller ones for dimes and half-dimes. A special privilege of visiting the vault was granted us, where were piled with perfect regularity, sacks containing 3,760,000 in silver coin.

The amount of gold coin on hand was not large. In one department was a gold brick worth \$25,000, which we were invited to lift. Well, it was heavy, looked rich, and if we could have lugged it off as our own, I suppose we would have felt rich, even if we did not know what to do with it.

We should have mentioned in place, that the mixed metal brick referred to as brought from Arizona, are cast so large and heavy that highwayman cannot capture and hurry away with the precious metal while in transit over the mountains to San Francisco.

This mint has, we are informed, a greater capacity for the manufacture of coin than any other in the world, and greater than all others belonging to our government.

It has about 230 employes, and is under the superintendency of H. L. Dodge, Esq., with Mr. Horace Beach as cashier. We delayed making memoranda of many things we saw in the mint until other matters have so overlaid them that we cannot safely undertake further description. We were treated very courteously, and are under obligations to the officers in charge.

On the afternoon of the 23d, we went to San Reafel, some twelve miles up the Bay. This is a fine little town of a few thousand inhabitants, noted for both healthfulness and beauty, almost surrounded by the Coast Range of mountains, and is a favorite resort for San Francisco. Some of her business men reside here as well as in Oakland.

We found the residence of our friend, D. H. Whittemore, Esq., a cosy place, and his family ministered to our enjoyment with a friendly cordiality that we shall long remember. Mr. Whittemore was raised in our town of Schoolcraft, and is a gentlemanly lawyer,

occupying a very fine office in the Stock Exchange building of San Francisco, and from appearances we conclude that he has a lucrative practice.

After a week's city residence, we concluded to try a ride of forty miles into the country. While waiting in the afternoon at the depot, who should drop in but our old friend, Marshall Hale, the very man we were going to see at San Jose? We at once realized the truth of the old saying, "It's better to be born lucky than rich," for Bro. Hale at once took us, our wife and our wife's sister into his protecting care, nor did he allow us to escape until the following Monday. A two hours' ride through probably the finest valley in the State, brought us to San Jose. The fields were green with wheat and barley along the entire distance.

Smaller houses and still smaller barns than we have "in the States," as the Californians say, are a noticeable feature of California farms. This valley is some twelve miles in width, mostly cultivated, and with the recent rains gives promise this year of abundant crops.

While in the city we made the acquaintance of Bro. Settle, President of the

"FARMER'S UNION,"

established in 1875. This institution, like the Grange Business Association of San Francisco, is no piecayune concern. It started out with high hopes, and, like many other California enterprises, underlook to cover more eggs than it could keep warm, but after some adverse experience, that cost it some money and the Order some friends, we find it to-day on a firm foundation, occupying and owning the best building in this city of 15,000 inhabitants, with a paid-up capital of \$120,000, and carrying a stock of goods worth from \$60 to \$75,000. Their building is of brick, 60x150 feet, three stories high, with a good cellar, besides barn, sheds, and yard room in abundance. Their stock includes groceries, hardware, tinware, agricultural implements, and nearly everything farmers use, except dry goods and boots and shoes. In their iron house was a large amount of iron and nails bought last summer, when these goods were low. This dry County uses an immense amount of iron pipe, of which the Farmers' Union keeps a full line and large stock. All these heavy goods are shipped around Cape Horn, and of course are several months in transit. It is sometimes an advantage to live a long way from market. Some fifteen hands are required to run the business. The sales of 1879 amounted to \$235,000, and, as the business and stock is now in better condition than ever before, they expect the sales this year to exceed last by \$100,000. The Farmers' Union has surmounted all opposition, has an established good character, and, with sufficient capital and the advantages of its business experience, seems likely to justify the remark of President Settle, "Now we have got where we are not afraid of anything but an earthquake."

While at San Jose (pronounced San Hozay), we took a day to visit the

ALMEDAN QUICKSILVER MINES, twelve miles distant. The well worn road leading to the reducing works, situated near the foot of the mountain, the mines, and the little village of the miners near the top, indicated business and work; for the road has no importance beyond the miners' village. A letter of introduction to the manager, obtained for us by Bro. Hale, enabled us to gather the following items, which we hope will interest our readers:

About 100 tons of Cinnebar rock ore is sent down the sides of the mountain daily to the store-houses situated on its side, above the reducing works, by a double-track railroad. A cable lets a loaded car down over one track, drawing an empty one up the other track at the same time.

From the store-houses the ore is moved on hand-cars over little railroads to the top of the reducing

furnaces. These are upright iron cylinders some nine feet in diameter and perhaps thirty feet high. The ore is put in at the top once in two hours, in lots of 1,600 pounds, to which 288 pounds of coke is added. The covering is made very close to prevent the escape of the fumes.

Three openings, with a fire space in the sides of these cylindrical furnaces in a lower story, admits the wood fuel for heating the mass. From the sides toward the top are large pipes leading into the cooling chambers. The fumes from the heated ore loaded with quicksilver in a volatile state pass to the cooler, and through long passages, until they reach a large pipe two or three feet in diameter, running several hundred feet up the mountain side, and terminating in large chimneys not less than fifty feet high.

All along the way through the cooling chambers and pipes to the chimney tops the quicksilver is precipitated, as the fumes from the furnaces cool, and by its weight, seeks, through the channels prepared for its escape, the receiving cauldron in a lower room, where we found a man dipping the slippery stuff into a suspended scale hopper, from which it was quickly turned through a tunnel into an iron flask, the iron cork of which is securely screwed in.

Into each flask is put 7½ pounds—an amount corresponding to some old Spanish standard weight, adopted when these mines were worked by the Spaniards long years ago. The chimneys are swept occasionally, and the soot washed, the quicksilver passing out of the kettle bottom through a small crooked pipe. The exhausted ore, which is very light, is drawn from the bottom of the furnace at stated intervals into a car, and dumped at a distance down the hillside. The ore remains in the furnace about two days before it reaches the bottom.

This Almedan mine has the greatest production of any in the country, and is exceeded by but one in the world—that of the same name in Spain. The monthly product is about 2,000 flasks, or 150,000 pounds, worth forty cents per pound. The Gaudaloupe mine is a few miles away, and is very valuable.

Our party, consisting of Sister Hale, Mrs. Cobb, her sister, Mrs. Briggs, and the Secretary for driver, voted the ride through the valley, and up the hillside, a delightful one, the trip a success, and the day well spent.

#### J. T. Cobb, Secretary Michigan State Grange.

Jerome T. Cobb, Secretary of the Michigan State Grange, and editor of the GRANGE VISITOR, was born in Goshen, Litchfield County, in the State of Connecticut, December 29th, 1821. His parents, with a family of seven children, emigrated to Michigan in 1830, and located land on which they settled, near the village of Schoolcraft, in the County of Kalamazoo, Michigan was then a wilderness, and pioneer life in its rudest features was the common lot of all. Within three years his father died, suddenly cutting off all hopes of that prosperity which the work of these brief years indicated to be in the near future. His educational advantages commenced the following winter, 1834, in a log school-house built by the settlers. For six successive winters he attended this school, doing chores and cutting wood for the family when out of the school room, and laboring on the farm during the summers. This, with two months at a high school in the neighboring village of Kalamazoo, included all his opportunities in the schools. His time had been so well improved, however, that he taught school successfully for four succeeding winters, in the good old days of "boarding round."

He was married in August, 1846, to Miss Julianna Benton, of Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y., and settled on his farm on Prairie Ronde, which he now owns and cultivates. His wife died about four years after their marriage. By this union, he had one son,



William B. Cobb, a practical and successful farmer, owning and cultivating a farm near Schoolcraft. He was again married in 1852 to Miss Harriet Felt, his present wife. She was a resident of his own township. Twenty-seven years of married life has proven this to have been a proper and fortunate union.

From boyhood until 1865, with the exception of a single year, he had lived upon the same farm, and had applied himself closely to its improvement and cultivation. By good management, untiring industry, and economy, he made farming a success. He always enjoyed the full confidence of his neighbors, and nearly all were included among his personal friends. In 1865, he made that mistake so common to American farmers. Not satisfied with "letting well enough alone," he rented his farm, moved to the neighboring village of Schoolcraft, and engaged in trade, only to repeat the experience of a large majority of farmers who try that experiment. In closing out one branch of business, he struck into another which he prosecuted successfully for four years. His prosperity in business was, however, soon interrupted by unforeseen accidents: Two fires and other losses, covering a total of over \$12,000, after leaving his farm, were business reverses which would have discouraged most men in his circumstances. Not so with him. With renewed energy and indomitable perseverance, aided by an established character for integrity, he surmounted all difficulties, recovered lost ground, and is now in easy circumstances, enjoying a pleasant and beautiful home, with pleasant surroundings, and in the possession of a liberal share of all life's blessings, with social relations that few men more fully appreciate and enjoy. With his worthy and estimable wife, they make their house the center of a generous hospitality that recognizes the value and importance of securing the rational pleasures and enjoyments of life within reach. If proud of anything, it is of his "practical philosophy," which is to make the best of all the circumstances of life, belittling its ills, and intent on appreciating and appropriating all its blessings "before they take their flight." He is not a politician in the partisan sense, although he takes a lively interest in everything which relates to the public welfare, and has accepted office only when voluntarily offered him, or urged upon him by his numerous friends. He has several times been elected Supervisor of his township, and for twenty years has held the responsible office of County Superintendent of the Poor, discharging the duties of the position to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

He united with Schoolcraft Grange in February, 1873, a few weeks after its organization, and has since been an active, working member. He was present as a visiting member at the organization of the Michigan State Grange, April 15th, 1873, and on account of his well-known ability and fitness for the position, was un-

animously elected Secretary of the State Grange—a position which he still holds, having been three times re-elected, and by nearly a unanimous vote. He carried into his office the same business habits which had characterized his operations as a farmer and business man—method, order, system, promptness, and untiring energy. His office is a type of neatness and order, and his records do credit to the great fraternity which has honored him, and which he in turn has honored by his long and faithful labors.

When the Executive Committee of the State Grange decided to issue a "Monthly Circular" as a medium of communication between the State and Subordinate Granges, its preparation and chief management were placed under his control, adding new and responsible duties to his office. But time has proved him equal to the emergency. Under his judicious management the little sheet soon threw off its swaddling clothes, and assumed a dress more fitting and becoming. Its size has been increased to an eight-page, five-column paper, and is issued semi-monthly by the Michigan State Grange, as its official organ, he having the entire editorial management. It has a large circulation, which is steadily increasing. He is a lucid writer, the articles from his pen are numerous copied into other journals. He rendered valuable aid to the Executive Committee of the State in their efforts to break up the plaster monopoly of Michigan, which resulted so favorably to the Order, and to farmers generally throughout the Northwest; and when material aid was required to accomplish this enterprise, he contributed his full share with the other members of the Committee.

In person he is of medium height, fine form, light complexion, well preserved, and every motion indicates a man alive with nervous energy. As you enter his office, you will find him generally seated at his desk, with pen in hand, writing rapidly, and apparently absorbed in deep thought; but at the sound of your footsteps, he will raise his head, and give you a quick, searching glance from a pair of keen, grey eyes; and when he rises from his chair and takes you by the hand, it is with a cordial salutation which inspires confidence and makes you feel perfectly at ease. He is ever cheerful, social, and witty. And if what an eminent divine has recently said be true, that "he who makes two laughs come where there was but one before, is a greater benefactor to his race, than he who makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one before," then J. T. Cobb is truly a benefactor.

He is emphatically a self-made man. What he is, and what he has, have been earned by hard work and square dealing. He is well known and very popular among the farmers and Patrons of this State, and much of the success which has attended the work of the Patrons of Husbandry can be attributed to his earnest and faithful work.

## Lecturer's Department.

C. L. WHITNEY, - - - MUSKOGEE.

### Pickings by the Way—No. 6.

March 13th brought us to Fruitport, en route to Spring Lake to fill an appointment there. Leaving the cars at Fruitport, at the head of Spring Lake, we took the little steamer upon the lake, and although thus early in the spring there was no ice to be seen. On our way we saw the new iron smelting works, just finished and running, manufacturing six or eight carloads of pig iron each day. It is a busy place about the point of their works, which are in sight of Fruitport. Reaching the landing at the village of Spring Lake, we went directly to the ever hospitable home of Bro. Frank Hall, Master of 201. In the evening we had the pleasure of meeting the faithful few of this Grange and a few of their neighbors, and we gave them a public lecture, from which we hope some good will result.

### HUDSONVILLE.

On the 16th of March we took an early train from home for the eastern part of the same County as Spring Lake, viz., Ottawa. Reaching Grand Rapids we made our fourth change of cars, and were soon shaking hands with Bro. Hudson, the worthy Master of Hudsonville Grange, No. 112.

The evening being the time of regular meeting of this Grange we had the pleasure of attending, and seeing something of their work. In spite of mud and darkness there was a fair attendance, and among those present, Bro. H. D. Weatherwax, the Master of Georgetown Grange, No. 458. At this Grange we always have a cordial welcome and enjoy a good meeting of worthy Patrons. The Grange was addressed for an hour by your humble servant, when Bro. Weatherwax made some timely remarks, edifying and instructive.

### VARIOUS.

On the 22nd the Express train of the C. & W. M. R. R. bore us from home to Watervliet, where we met old friends. We took much pleasure in visiting the farm of Messrs Parsons & Baldwin, where we saw some fine cattle of the short-horn breed, and a very fine animal among them bred by Avery & Murphy of Port Huron. We were shown some fine colts, progenies of the Duke of Percheron stock. The plan of the barns and cellar for roots, where the above stock is kept, will pay one to make a visit to them.

Mr. H. C. Sherwood took us home for the night, where a pleasant evening can always be had.

On Tuesday morning we rode to Benton Harbor, with Mr. Sherwood, and went from thence by train to Hartford, and thence by stage and the "Narrow Gauge" to Paw Paw, where we found the Master of the National Grange, busy as usual with the multiplicity of his duties. As once before, we run into a social at Bro. Woodman's house, but we did not regret it, as it brought a number of good Patrons to us—Worthy Master Gould and wife, Worthy Secretary Sheldon and daughter, and other members of Paw Paw Grange, No. 10. We were pleased to learn that No. 10, like a great many other Granges is "booming."

After good night's rest, we were on the 24th, ready to labor at the desk in the morning, and in the afternoon to go to Dowagiac upon a business visit, and at a late hour of night to Kalamazoo, to rest briefly in preparation for the duties of the morrow, the 25th.

### ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

We went to Mendon by appointment, and found brothers and sisters from several adjacent Granges, but very few from Mendon and vicinity. After consultation it was arranged to meet again on the following week. Bro. Chas. W. Sheldon, of Burr Oak, took us with him to Sturgis, where with Bro. Chas. E. Mickley, we were advertised for the

evening. Bro. M. made a fine address full of telling points, and we followed, briefly. Old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, claimed us for the night, and hospitably entertained us.

The morning of the 26th inst., hinted rain, but that did not prevent us writing letters, etc., and at the appointed time riding to Burr Oak, where we were received by Bro. and Sister D. Heinebaugh, and dined with them. After dinner Bro. Mickley came, and soon a small audience of farmers had gathered in the largest hall in this town, ready to hear Bro. E. C. Mickley speak, which he did to the edification and instruction of all present. We followed, briefly, adding our mite to the good cause.

The evening was rainy, and it was well that no evening meeting was attempted. We enjoyed a real good visit with our worthy and always earnest Bro. from Lenawee, and retired at an early hour for rest, but was as early disturbed by our Bro. leaving our bed (which he shared,) to take the early train. Yet we were soon resigned to the fact and asleep again, disturbed only by call to breakfast.

To-day, the 27th, is the regular meeting of Burr Oak Grange, No. 308, and in spite of the rainy morning there is a good attendance at the Grange to take part in conferring the third and fourth Degrees upon a number of candidates, partake of the feast, exchange books in the Grange library, and receive such instruction as we had time to give. The singing was good, and all the work showed that this Grange had been over the ground before. Of the hall of this Grange we have spoken before. Of the dinner,—a feast, they are always good. Of things in general, and Grange work in a special sense, Burr Oak has much to be proud of. Let her keep right on, and at least once in six months have some public lecturer come to help keep up the interest in the Order.

At 3 o'clock we took the train to Sturgis, and thence to Mendon, when Bro. Henshaw, of Parkville Grange, met us and took us to his pleasant and sumptuous home, where we were to meet the old members of Parkville Grange, now for some time dormant. The night was dark and stormy, yet we had a good number out, and after a short talk reorganized Parkville Grange, No. 22, with thirty members, which number will soon be increased to fifty at least. This comes of taking the Grange out of the little village where it had been treated with much indifference. The Master elect is Bro. D. Henshaw, and the Secretary, Bro. John Mathewson. The ease with which this once good but lately dormant Grange has been reconstituted is a lesson, and an example to others to go and do likewise. We will help you, if needed.

The labors of the day completed, we accepted the invitation given us to go to Bro. Langley's and spend Sunday. For how could we help it? "Put yourself in his place," and answer. You would have gone, of course, and so did we, and at a late hour rested from the day's labor.

Easter Sunday, 1880, will not soon be forgotten, by us at least. Of course we had eggs for breakfast. Our's had a potato bug on it, but want of space forbids further comment on the day and its doings. In the evening we made a very pleasant call upon Bro. and Sister Angeline, of No. 22, and retired to rest for the labors of the coming day. Until dinner on Monday, the 29th, we spent the time reading, writing, and inspected the farm of Bro. Langley, and almost envy him his pleasant location. Dinner over, Bro. and Sister Langley and daughter, Sister Kline, took us to Mendon, where in the Odd Fellows hall we held a public meeting, and at its close over twenty members gave their names for a revival of this Grange, some years dead; and we appointed the following evening for such work; and to this all assented. We then took the train to Schoolcraft, which we reached at midnight.





