

# THE GRANGE VISITOR

"THE FARMER IS OF MORE CONSEQUENCE THAN THE FARM, AND SHOULD BE FIRST IMPROVED."

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## The Grange Visitor

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To whom all communications should be addressed, at Schoolcraft, Mich.

Communications for, and Correspondence relating to the Agricultural Department of the GRANGE VISITOR, should be directed to A. C. GLIDDEN, Paw Paw. Remittances should be by Registered Letter, Money Order, or Draft.

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### THE FAMILY RECORD.

"This notched stick, suspended here  
Beside the great hall door,  
Hides many a quaint and curious page  
Of our family lore;  
It holds the record of our lives,  
Each notch a story tells,  
And in its mystic marks and signs  
Our family history dwells.

"'Twas not as now, when we were young,  
Our schools were precious few,  
And also very far between—  
Our County numbered two—  
And fifteen miles in winter time,  
Was rather far to go—  
Remembering that the winters then  
Were not devoid of snow.

"And so the schooling we obtained  
(Myself and husband Dick),  
Consisted all in marks and signs  
And notches on a stick.  
I blush not here to own this fact;  
The blame, if blame there be,  
Must all attach to circumstance,  
And not to Dick and me.

"This preface on the end, we notched  
Just sixty years ago,  
Where we had built our little hut  
And moved in, through the snow;  
The worldly wealth we then possessed,  
I'll not essay to hide,  
Consisted in a yoke of steers,  
A log-chain, ax and slide.

"But we were young and hopeful, and  
Esteemed our prospects fair,  
The richness of our mutual love  
Relieving every care;  
We dwelt within a little world  
All sacredly our own,  
Basking in smiles and Johnny-cake,  
Living on love and poe.

"This notch denotes the day and date  
When little Dick was born;  
The first of June, in twenty-nine—  
Just fifty years this morn.  
Poor boy; he was not with us long,  
His sands of life were few!  
For here we notched him off again  
In April, forty-two.

"With doubting, trembling hands, I made  
This ugly notch myself,  
When Daisy married wild Jack Jones,  
And moved off to herself;  
I had no confidence in Jack,  
He'd lived a reckless life—  
'Twas only under my protest  
That he obtained his wife.

"But Daisy brought about a change,  
As good wife ever can,  
And Jack has long since settled down  
And proved himself a man.  
They own five hundred acres of  
The very best of land,  
And have a gentled balance left  
Of ready cash on hand.

"Our cash account we've always kept  
Upon this separate stick—  
I make no entries here myself,  
But leave it all to Dick.  
Each notch a thousand represents,  
In all just sixty-four,  
And should the crops prove fair this year  
We'll add about five more.

"We've always kept our business square,  
And stratter than a string;  
He's fairly dealt with all the world  
And owe no man a thing.  
We've labored honestly and well  
For every cent we've got,  
And old age finds us happy and  
Contented with our lot."

### Washed and Unwashed Wool.

In the last number of the VISITOR we promised to report something of the discussion on the above topic, which was to be had at the Sheep Shearing Festival in Paw Paw on the 5th inst.

The unfavorable morning, betokening rain, kept many from starting who lived at a distance, and the attendance was consequently smaller than it would otherwise have been. It is not our purpose to say anything of the shearing, or of the sheep. Those immediately interested will get a very full report in the local papers, but the discussion on the report of the committee is of very wide interest.

The report was made by the Hon. J. J. Woodman, no other members of the committee being present. The correspondence was sent to Mr. Woodman by another member of the committee the morning before; no time was therefore available in which to make a report further than that contained in the correspondence. This was read by Mr. Woodman, and comments made as the reading progressed. On the subject of handling the wool, and the distinction made between Michigan and Ohio of several cents per pound, various opinions were expressed as to the reasons. One wool buyer thought the difference lay chiefly in the composition of soil of the two States, Ohio being clay, and ours being sandy, the sand worked into the

fleece and made it unsalable. The majority adopted the conclusion that the difference was not in the quality of the wool but partially in the handling, and more in the reputation of the wool, sustained by good care in putting it upon the market in good shape. Objection was made in the correspondence to the heavy strings used in tying up the wool. Mr. Woodman had learned that wool twine was of a uniform quality in every State, that there was distinctly no "Ohio" wool twine in the market. It is the same whether bought in Cleveland, Chicago, or Detroit. He condemned the practice of cutting the strings too long so that it was necessary to tuck the ends under. Three strings each way was none too much to keep the wool in shape. Mr. McEntee, who had just sheared his entire flock unwashed, was called upon to state some facts. He thought his fleeces were cleaner now than they would be a month hence after washing, and he considered the sheep were in much better condition than they would be if they carried the fleece a month longer. Mr. Welch and Mr. Harrington both held the same opinion. Mr. Welch thought the fleeces was drawing on the carcass as soon as warm weather began and it should come off. The new growth would start at once and grow faster in the earlier part of the season than at any other time during the year. This gave the sheep a better covering for fall and winter protection. Sheep that carried their fleeces through the warm rains of Spring were very likely to get fly-blown and die, unless continually watched to guard against it.

The practice of buyers docking unwashed wool one-third was severely censured. Opinions varied between one-fifth and one-eighth as the probable difference between washed and unwashed wool. The usual practice of letting the sheep run two or three weeks after washing, to give the oil a chance to start, was considered to be in a condition equivalent to unwashed wool, with all the disadvantages added.

The correspondence was addressed to W. R. Coats, of Kalamazoo, a member of the Committee. Below we give the pith of the correspondence. It will be noticed that commission men prefer to handle washed wool, while the manufacturers prefer the unwashed, as indicated by the following—

WASHINGTON MILLS, BOSTON.  
"We should prefer to purchase your wools always unwashed for several reasons: First, the wool scours much more readily and cleaner than it does after having been washed, as washing seems to "set" the grease or prevent its starting so readily. In buying unwashed wool we know what we are buying better than washed. The condition does not vary so much. "Washed" wool means different conditions with different men. I have seen nominally washed wools shrink more than unwashed. I suppose purchasers are often to blame for not discriminating, and the temptation to make fleeces of wool weigh as heavily as possible is one which some farmers do not resist. I think the preference given here for Ohio wools over Michigan at a difference of several cents per pound is not so much in the blood as in the different process of washing. It seems often as if the sheep stood under a pump, and all the dirt and grease were washed from the back and upper flank down into the belly locks and lower flanks, and after shearing these are turned into the fleece and out of sight, and the fleece has the appearance of being well washed, while really all the dirt and grease is still there. This, with heavy stringing hurts Michigan wool very much in the market, and although the practice is not unknown in Ohio there is a very marked difference in the condition of the two wools. Wool sold unwashed would obviate this complaint. It would be sheared earlier, and I think would be better because the heat of early summer would not make the wool "yalky," which is objectionable.

I use nearly 3,000,000 lbs per annum, of which one-half are worsted, long staple wool, and usually buy graded wools in eastern markets. HENRY F. COE, DENNY, RICE & CO., WOOL COMMISSIONERS, BOSTON, MASS.

Our opinion is that the very best way for Michigan wools is to be well washed in clear water until they are white and bright. To have all the tags, etc., put up separately, the fleece to be tied up with small, loosely twisted twine, and no more of it used than

is necessary to hold the fleece together. At present there is no regularity or apparent system or standard. It would be a good thing if every fleece were to have the owner's name on a small ticket attached, and then there would be more pride in putting up the wool, and less attempt to deceive. There should be a sentiment condemning the use of large, loosely twisted strings. Wools from Michigan have a bad repute for this, and ought to be improved upon.

DENNY, RICE & CO.  
HAMILTON WOOLEN CO., GLOBE VILLAGE, MASS.

We use combing wools, mostly grown in Kentucky, a large majority of which is unwashed. If I were raising wool, I should sell it unwashed, and then I could shear and ship at the most convenient time for the market. One third off for unwashed wool is none too much, but it is a matter you can easily test for yourselves.

JOHN TATTERSON, Agt.  
HILTON, WESTON & CO., WOOL COMMISSIONERS, BOSTON, MASS.

If it were the general custom to sell the wool in the unwashed state, we think it would be well. As that is not the general custom we think the best plan is to wash it, and to wash it well.

PR. N. FARNSWORTH.  
Plaster on Corn.

A short article appeared in the last number of the VISITOR purporting to be the opinion of the late eminent agriculturist, John Johnson, endorsing the value of plaster for corn, in an experience of forty-four years. He is reported as saying, "The first I used was on corn, soaking the corn in water, then mixing plaster with it when wet. I planted that rolled in plaster, the hired man planted the same without plaster. As soon as the corn was up I noticed the plastered was much the darker green, and it kept ahead of the other greatly, and when ripe a blind man could have told the difference by feeling the stalks and ears."

Mr. Johnson was a man of to-day, and did not go back 44 years for proof of a thing. If plaster was good for corn forty-four years ago it is good to-day. In the article referred to he is quoted as saying, "I have plastered all pastures and mowing ground ever since," but does not say anything about plastering corn, that seemed to have fallen out of his practice as it has from the practice of nearly every one at present. We protest against using the forty-four-year-old opinion of a dead man to bolster up an obsolete practice. If the opinion had been the result of a continuous practice for the time, it would have greater weight, but then would not outweigh the experience of a multitude of thoughtful farmers who have abandoned the practice for want of beneficial results. Did the use of plaster on corn produce the effect attributed to it, it were folly to discard it when it is so easily applied. Let us reason a little on the subject, and follow its teachings rather than the opinions of those who trust the eye-sight rather than the scales. The wonderful effects produced in the instance referred to, we are led to infer, came entirely from the atoms of plaster adhering to the wet kernels of seed, and from this came the growth of stalk and ear, that in comparison with the unplastered, the blind could distinguish it. Whatever of nourishment the plaster might have produced, must have been furnished when the rootlets first emerged from the germ and while the plant was small. The color may have been changed at this stage to the "darker green," mentioned, but as the roots pushed farther and farther from these atoms seeking their food, the effects could not have been produced. The roots that once sustained and fed the plant have become feet and not feeders, their office has changed, they are now a prop and support to the huge stalk, and the little hair-like radicles that suck the juices of the soil, are pushed beyond the influence of the insignificant atoms that were deposited upon for the crop. The plaster may be a place of deposit, or it may be changed into a thousand forms, but the ability of the plant to abstract its nutriment has passed beyond its influence. Roots in the ground grain nothing by absorption. We do not stand in the kitchen while the dinner is cooking and take our sustenance through the pores of the skin, but we take our food in plain palpable mouths, so do the plants in just such a common sense way. We do

not place crackers in a man's boots and tell him to pick them out with his teeth and eat, but we expect him to reach for food, and his senses help him in the search. No less does the plant. It is not sustained by any such insignificant process. If plaster is available at all it is made so by being sown broadcast, and so with all manurial agents. The nonsense of placing a spoonful of anything in a hill of corn is obvious when we study the laws of growth and understand the way plants feed.

### Another from "Old Poultry."

Hen and chicken houses in the spring need thorough cleaning and whitewashing. Clean the nests also, putting in fresh hay sprinkled with powdered sulphur, or put in some sassafras bark. Chicks hatched now will begin, with good care, to lay early in the winter.

After some experiments and some failures we reach the deliberate conclusion that a hen can beat us from the word "go" raising chicks. The first cost of incubators is great; they need the care at a time when the average farmer cannot devote it to them; if a setting of 100 eggs is set, its risk or possible loss of the failure or neglect of this machine to work, is too much.

Many try hatching the chicks under a hen, and then raising them by hand. This involves the expense first of a hydro-mother, costing eight dollars; the chicks, feed them as you will, do not grow or fatten fast; they chase around distractingly; sometimes fifty or a hundred will crowd together into a corner, and the weakest smother; and, literally, they do not know enough to go in when it rains; and if they could, they would hang this motto over the little lattice gate of their park: "What is home without a mother." The advantages claimed for this method are: The use of the hens for laying, protection against hawks, none lost by trailing after a hen through wet grass on chilly mornings, and having the chicks so as to know just where they are. We have tried it, however, and do not like it. We prefer to let the chicks remain with the hen until they will roost.

We set from thirteen to fifteen eggs under a hen, and set a number of hens at the same time (marking the date on a card near the nest), giving one mother two average hatchings. This saves the time of half the hens from raising chicks. Ordinarily, taking the flock through, the hen would have laid over a dozen eggs, worth ten cents. Allowing a month for raising chicks with the hen, she would not, probably, have laid over two dozen eggs, worth twenty cents. Altogether, we prefer to make a specified contract with a flock of good old fashioned mother hens to raise our chickens.

We let the hen run with the chicks when and where she chooses, or use coops for night and morning, just according to the amount of good hen sense the mother displays.

It is not best to set hens too close to each other; when returning to their nests they are apt to both go to the same or wrong nest, and thus leave one or the other nest until the eggs are cold.

Chicks do not need anything to eat for the first day or so, until the hen has hatched all the fertile eggs, and the hen should not be disturbed. Feed chicks bread crumbs soaked in water, and feed also sour milk.

### OLD POULTRY.

A WRITER in the *American Poultry Journal* recommends that in chicken yards where the grass has all been eaten off by the fowls, the yard be daily supplied with a small quantity of freshly mown grass. Short grass, frequently cut, as with a lawn mower, is the best, as hens will not swallow long grass, and when they can help themselves, they always peck off very small pieces. The health of fowls much depends upon supplying yards with grass that contain none or an insufficient supply.

I WANT to tell you how to make a hammock. We have some that we planned ourselves, and find that after lying in them a short time we are completely rested. Take four yards of strong unbleached muslin, make a wide hem at each end, slip ropes through, fasten to a tree, and by changing your position a trifle, you have an easy chair, a bed or a cradle. We find our very comfortable to sleep in. The whole family enjoy them from the "household" to the baby; from 4 o'clock they are occupied until night. They are particularly attractive and amusing to the children. I hope some one will try this kind of a hammock, then tell us how they like it. We could not get along without ours.—*Toledo Blade.*

## Lecturer's Department.

C. L. WHITNEY, MUSKOGON.

### PICKINGS BY THE WAY, No. 27.

A week at home, with a daily mail of from 12 to 15 letters sent to the post-office has been a rest to us, a rest from travel at least. Several counties have been visited by two or more letters or papers to every dormant Subordinate Grange in them as well as to every working Grange, asking co-operation in the work of revival. If every true Patron and live Grange would take a small amount of interest and put forth a little effort, a wonderful change could soon be wrought in the interest of the Grange and the farmers in every part of our State. The united effort of all in co-operation is what tells.

At 3 P. M., April 13, we left home bound eastward, and spent the night at Pontiac. The early train over the Michigan Air Line railroad took us to the junction near Rochester, where we had time to write a few letters while waiting for the train of the D. & B. C. R. R. to

LAPEER.

At last we were under way. At Orion, Brother Carpenter and wife came aboard, and also Brothers Andrews and Clark, bound for the meeting of the Lapeer Pomona Grange. Brother Bartlett, Worthy Gate Keeper of the State Grange, was on hand at the station to receive us. Soon we were giving the Patron's grip to the Patrons of Lapeer county in Bro. Manwaring's large, new hall. A bountiful dinner was the first order of general business, and all points were well discussed. The Granges of the county all reported. The question of shipping wool was ably discussed, and a committee of one was ordered to act with a committee from each Subordinate Grange in the county to co-operate with the Committee of the State Grange in the shipment of wool. Bro. J. Manwaring was appointed as such member of the committee.

The lessons of the degree of Pomona were conferred upon nine candidates.

We rode 20 miles with Brother Jacob W. Schell to his home three miles east of North Branch, reaching our resting place by midnight.

APRIL 15

was spent at Brother Schell's, visiting his sugar bush and helping to sugar off. The waxed sugar—taffy, was good enough to eat, a great deal of which we thus disposed of, or would, had Brother Wellwood, of Marlette, not come before we were through and with whom politeness compelled us to divide. In the evening we had a fine audience of farmers at the school house near by, and from whom names were taken for the organization of a new Grange here next Monday afternoon. We returned to Brother Henry Schell's for rest and sleep. This is a good Grange family, all that are old enough; five of whom belong to the Order, and believe and practice its teachings.

MARLETTE

was our place to be on Saturday, the 16th. So after breakfast Bro. Wellwood brought out his horse and we soon rode east and north, passing Montgomery Grange, reaching Marlette, the terminus of the narrow gauge railroad from Port Huron, to go on to Saginaw or Bay City as soon as the farmers along the line will tell how much money or work they will give to have a railroad to tax them just what tariff it pleases. Marlette is growing rapidly and the country is developing around it.

We reached Brother Wellwood's house in time for dinner, and had the afternoon for rest and sleep. In the evening a large audience greeted us at the school house, the place where this Grange, No. 640, meets. Every seat was filled. Members of Montgomery and North Branch Granges were present. The exercises were opened by singing and prayer. Good attention was given by all who came to listen, but a trio of boys had better stay at home next time, for they neither cared to listen or let anyone else enjoy the meeting. They were puppies in a manger. The town should appoint guardians for them as they do not seem to have parents or any early training.

The next morning we enjoyed the beautiful sunlight while riding to Brother Montgomery's hospitable home, where we remained until morning, when Bro. Bradshaw, Master of 607, came for us, and in the rain we rode to his home where we rested for the night.

ORGANIZATION

was the work of the afternoon of the 18th. The meeting was to be at Brother Schell's house three miles east of North Branch village. At the appointed time we were on hand, Sister Bradshaw supplying the place of her husband our guide. Twenty Charter members were enrolled in the institution of Elm Creek Grange, No. 645. The officers were elected and installed, and the Grange duly instructed. Brother George Bennett is Master, and Brother Jacob W. Schell Secretary of this new Grange. This is a good location for a Grange, and there doubtless will be a large one here. It only needs time and perseverance to succeed.

After tea we bade our host and hostess good-bye and rode to meet our evening's appointment with North Branch Grange, No. 607. Bro. Bradshaw is the Master. The meeting was at the McKillip school house,

and gave us a ride of six or seven miles. A fair audience gave attentive ear to the lecture of the evening. This Grange is prospering and proposes to build a hall next winter at the centre of the town. A good move indeed. At the close of the meeting we rode home with Rev. Bro. Seaman near the line of Tuscola county and there spent a pleasant night of rest. Our next objective point was in

KINGSTON, TUSCOLA COUNTY.

After breakfast Brother Seaman took us into his buggy, and after a nine-mile ride we found dinner and rest at the Newberry hotel. Leaving us Brother Seaman returned home, and Brother Pepon took us three miles to White Creek, where at the house of Brother J. C. Armin, late of Metamora, we spent the afternoon and took tea. In the evening we had a good audience at the school-house, and there took the names of 17 farmers or more and their wives as applicants for a new Grange, which will soon meet for organization. After meeting we walked back to Newberry and spent the night, and at four o'clock the next morning started to ride 14 miles to Wajamega to get the train home via Vassar, Lapeer, and Durand.

We reached home on the evening of the 20th to find abundance of correspondence and other Grange work, as well as in the home and its surroundings, all of which had to be hurried through in three days so that we might take the field Monday in Eaton county, for 15 appointments in eight days.

"Gates Ajar."

This is the title of Campaign Extra, No. 6, issued by the Cincinnati Grange Bulletin. It is devoted to the interest of the young people as well as the general interests of the Grange and the farmer. Excellent articles have been contributed by Worthy Master Thing, of Maine, and Worthy Master Harwell, of Tennessee. An excellent article by the editor, "All in One," will also appear. Get, read, and circulate this as well as all other extras. Let County and Pomona Granges send these extras along with the GRANGE VISITOR to every weak and dormant Grange in their jurisdiction and then note the effect.

SEND THE GRANGE VISITOR three months to eight or ten families where there should be a Grange, and see how long it will be before a Grange is desired there, or a tired one, if there is such, set at work—a hint to Pomona Granges. What is true of Granges is true of Persons—a hint to Subordinate Granges and Patrons. Send your Secretary or Master a copy of the VISITOR for three months, and see if you can't revive him—a hint to the Gate Keeper.

Broad Tire Wagons.

A subscriber writes to ask us how much it would cost to change a common narrow tire road-wagon into a broad tire wagon,—the tire to be four inches in width. He says "there are many farmers and teamsters in the country and towns who would gladly use the wide tire wheels if the expense was not too great in making the change. Men having wagons of the ordinary one-and-three-fourths and two-inch tire don't want to throw them away and buy new broad tire wagons—merely for the sake of the improvement. But if the narrow tire can be cheaply changed into the broad tire, numbers would adopt them, and their example would soon be infectious."

We are willing to do some free advertising for the sake of this reform of road wagons, and will cheerfully publish letters from wagonmakers in the city or country, stating how much they will charge to take a narrow tire wagon and convert it into a four-inch tire vehicle. We suppose that the hub and spokes of the narrow tire wagon can be used in the reconstructed broad tire one—at least the hub can be. The expense would consist of the cost of the new fellos and the broad tire, and possibly new spokes, less what would be allowed by the reconstruction wagonmaker for the old tires. The expense cannot be great.

Broad tire wheels need not be as high as narrow tire wheels, as they do not cut into the ground one-quarter as deeply, and therefore pull more lightly. The narrow tire wheels are made high to overcome obstructions on the track; but these obstructions consist almost exclusively of soft, yielding earth, into which the narrow tire cuts, but which the wide tire would pass over without sinking into, and therefore the wheels may be made lower. This would be a gain in many respects, such as in strength of wagon, and greater convenience of loading and unloading, and less liability of upsetting, or the spokes breaking in the hub, where the greatest strain on a wagon comes. It would save half a million a year in Chicago to the taxpayers in damage to the improved streets if the tires of all the vehicles were made double their present width; and, taking the whole year—bad weather, snow, slush, mud and soft roads—into consideration, the economy of draft for the animal would be at least 25 per cent.—a broad tire wagon drawing that much lighter, whether loaded or unloaded, than a narrow tire vehicle. The present width of tire is an ignorant, witless, unreflecting custom, and a species of barbarism as well.—Chicago Tribune.

The superintendent of the census has given the railroad companies a hint of their obligation to the laws and the people that a number of them do not appear to relish. Nearly 400 companies have persistently refused to answer questions affecting their receipts, expenditures, debt, etc., and superintendent Walker has just sent out special agents to enforce the census law in their cases. The law provides fines from \$500 to \$10,000, and imprisonment, for refusal to answer any or all of the 223 questions presented, and Mr. Walker is credited with the purpose to have the answers or the fines.

## Communications.

The Letter that Killeth.

Bro. Cobb:—In the VISITOR of April 1, a lady gives her views about Secretary work in the Grange. She thinks the minutes taken must be full and explicit, every thing should go on the book properly, but the Secretary has no right to record motions, resolutions, etc., in other words than in those spoken; everything must go down as said and done, everybody must speak exactly proper,—in short everything must be perfect.

Now this is going a little too far. Let us not strain at gnats and swallow camels. The spirit is certainly worth more than the letter in the Grange, as elsewhere, and if the Secretary shall truthfully record in plain words, so that every one can understand, all business and what is of interest that comes before the Grange, if not in precisely the same words as given in every case, where is the harm?

Many of our best men and women are slow at forming elegant sentences, but some of them have original and valuable ideas, and they are exactly what we want. The dressing of them up is of very little importance, and may be proper Secretary work. Let us have them, the more the better. Let no one sit mummified in the Grange because his or her suggestions and experiences which may be for our good, come not forth well worded and fit to be recorded in the very best words spoken.

Most farmers deal with things, not parts of speech. We want to learn what we can, how to be good farmers, to have good farms, good cows, sheep, and horses, good children, and good homes. These are the fundamental things to learn, all other good things come after. If there is a way by which we may have leisure and means for culture, we want to know that too, but we are too apt begin at the wrong end. We deal too much in routine already for our best interests.

A nice young man whom I once knew took to himself a wife. His father, a well-to-do farmer, gave him a good, well stocked farm on his wedding day. The young man ordered his wedding suit, made of finest material, from a fashionable tailor in the nearest large town. He also purchased some rich clothing for his bride, and all together it was a fine affair. The neighbors were not slow in making their comments on such unusual proceedings: "When I see Bill cuttin' such a dash as that," said an old farmer who had earned his farm and all that was on it, "When Bill starts off in that way he'll come out at the little end of the horn. He can't dress up like that and have much inside." And Bill did, sure enough, come out at the little end of the horn even worse than the worst predictions of his friends. Farming was not good enough, so he must try a store. Like many of the inexperienced, he soon failed, his farm was mortgaged and lost, he parted from his wife, and finally came near going to the gallows for shooting a neighbor in a quarrel. A very bad ending for so promising a start.

Now while it is true that Grange work should be done decently and well, let us not think too much of externals, but cultivate the spirit which alone giveth life. Let us be practical, in short, good for something.

E. M. V.

The True Theory of Grange Work.

Bro. Cobb:—The Patrons of Clinton Co. are all working, working as much, perhaps, as those in other counties, but we find that many are complaining that they are not receiving as much benefit from the Order as they seem to think they ought to receive. In conversing with them they all readily admit that the fundamental principles of the Order are all right, but the question arises, what is the reason that more work is not accomplished and better results obtained? If the principles are sound, then the trouble lies not there, but in the wrong or non-application of those principles.

Now, without attempting to dictate, to find fault or even criticize too closely let us notice a few of the many ways by which more work might be accomplished and more satisfactory results obtained.

First, how many Granges call to order and begin work at the hour given in the By-Laws. On the contrary, they engage themselves with their work for the full day, then their chores, then the Grange. The members are frequently seen straggling in at a late hour, knowing full well that "The Grange won't be opened when we get there." We have known Granges waiting until 9 o'clock before opening. Recesses are often too long. Often too much time is taken up in transacting business of minor importance. For one member to rise and speak seven or eight times on the same question in the same evening seems not only like robbing others of their just rights, but a shameful waste of time. Many Granges do not have any regular work except ritualistic. This is largely the fault of the Lecturer, who should have a well defined program for each meeting and earnestly urge the members to perform each his or her part, for each Patron is a factor in this grand organization, and the success of the Order depends upon individual as well as united effort.

Further, let us co-operate more than we have in the past. An opportunity is now offered this season in the sale of wool. Will we as true Patrons step forward and make a true application of the principles of the Order, or will you continue in the same old rut, and then grumble that you are not receiving as much benefit from the Order as you would like to receive?

Fraternally yours,

MYRON BROWN.

Fowler, Mich., May 2, 1881.

Workers and Shirkers.

[An essay read before Centreville Grange, April 12 1881.]

Mankind has already been divided into many different classes, but there are still two other great classes into which it may be divided, namely, workers and shirkers. Perhaps, many times the distinction may be so close as to cause much difficulty, if not an impossibility, for the human eye to decide in which class a person belongs, but there is a dividing line, as it were. One must be in either one class or the other.

To be a worker does not necessarily imply that one must labor hard from morning till night on the farm or in the kitchen, and to obtain a position that requires less mental or physical labor does not imply a shirker. The ambitious find something that needs attention at every turn of the hand, whatever his occupation. There is work for all to do, and almost as many employments as there persons are to be employed.

These classes are not subdivided into half workers or half shirkers and so on, there are just the two. Each one has a work which lies within his power to do. If it is nothing more than lie still and be patient he should strive to do it. We may not always succeed, it would not be best. Failures often teach great lessons, which only serve to prepare us for better work and greater success in the future. In the hours of darkest gloom there is a spark of hope which can be kindled, but it may require ambition to do it.

One great secret of success in life is to know your calling. It may take a long time to decide what it is, but when once decided, by working with an honest and truthful zeal, Providence permitting, you will succeed. Industry makes a happy home, a good society, and banishes tramps, while indolence causes discord everywhere.

If humanity should follow the custom of the busy honey bee, undoubtedly we would be appalled by the slaughter, or what would be better, the sudden reform of the shirkers. The drones in the hive are all killed. The worker is he who does nobly and grandly, and is truly first everywhere. Workers in school are soon known and are the ones that teachers take pleasure in assisting. Shirkers are always mortified, but is especially so when you most want him to do his best. He is an honor neither to himself or anyone else, he may skim along for a time, receiving credit due to another, but it is stolen and in due time will reap his just reward. This may not be applied to school-boys only, but to all from childhood to old age.

The working mind and hand are continually digging deeper, thus holding the interest of studies and occupation to the highest point. It is grasping the work of the present, improving on the past, and is ready for the future.

Ye who lean upon others for support, if you wish assistance set yourselves at work. "God helps him who helps himself." That others may be interested in us we must manifest an interest in ourselves.

M. C. B.

Proud of the "Visitor."

Bro. J. T. Cobb:—I desire to express my admiration for our little VISITOR, not so very little either, since it took on its last growth. It has been a very interesting and instructive visitor, and I am gloriously proud of it. We have taken it ever since it was published. I was pleased to see it come out with its new coat, and am sure that it improves in matter as well as in appearance. There is some grand, good reading in the last two numbers. I first read of the Granger's experience with the railroads in the *Western Rural*, and was glad to see it in the *Visitor*, glad because there are more farmers in Michigan who take the *Visitor* than the *Rural*. Every farmer should read the *Western Rural*, for it is doing much for the farming class.

How long before men will throw away party shackles and vote irrespective of party for the best men. I was in hopes that the Grange would be a medium through which the farmer would see the necessity of not being so partisan, and I still hope.

Mason, April 3, 1881. Mrs. S. B. W.

Recipe for Making Grafting Wax.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:—I read in the *Visitor* of April 15, that Brother James W. Knapp wants a recipe for making grafting wax that will stand hot and cold weather, and I find by an experience of over thirty years that the following is as good as the best:—Take one part of tallow, (mutton tallow is preferable), two parts of bee's-wax, and three of rosin: melt them together, then pour them out into cold water, and as soon as cool enough to handle work it thoroughly, as you would molasses candy, when it will be ready for use.

LUTHER J. DEAN,  
Master, Liberty Grange, No. 391.  
North Star, May 2, 1881.

The Moral Qualities of Lawyers and Saloon-Keepers.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* must have some wretched neighbors of the legal profession, or else Cincinnati lawyers are, as a lot, a little worse than the average of other towns. Be this as it may, of one thing we are quite sure, the *Commercial* man has outgrown that timidity which is a striking feature of newspapers in referring to the bench and the bar. It is seldom that the rascality of a lawyer is rebuked by the local press, but let old man "Jones" out there in the country do a mean thing, the country editor shows him up without hesitation or delay. The *Commercial* has said enough, and we desist.—*Ec.*

The *Commercial* had occasion a few days ago to make a comparison between the moral qualities of the lawyers and the saloon keepers—and the opinion was in favor of the latter much abused class of citizens. It seems that this observation has caused heart burnings, and slight inflammation, has set in among the legal brethren in consequence. We desire to enlarge a little upon the alleged immorality of the Bar.

Saloon-keepers ply a trade unpopular with the truly good, but which is an honest business, and they are generally honest men, who do not set themselves up to be more so than their neighbors.

Lawyers, on the other hand, must be judged by a severe standard, because they hold themselves out to be entitled to that large confidence, which the nature of their business forces the community to place in them. They talk much of their "professional honor," and all that sort of thing. When questions of fact arise upon which their testimony is required, they make, with great solemnity, what are called "professional" statements, which are supposed to have all the force and effect of the affidavits of ordinary people.

They hold Bar meetings when any one of their numbers is "by an all-wise Providence snatched from our midst," where they resolve all sorts of things about the virtues of their brother, but never a word about the justice he may have packed, the testimony he has procured, or the records that he may have mutilated, or any other unsavory little job in which he may have been engaged.

The lawyers of this city have an Association, the avowed chief object of which is the preservation of a high standard of morality among the members of their profession—and this Association has a committee on Grievances and another committee of investigation, whose duty it is to hear and investigate all charges of professional misconduct which may be brought to their knowledge, to the end that those lawyers who are guilty of any such offences may be debarred. This Association however has never hurt any one. It is principally engaged in the consumption of annual dinners, at which the virtues of the lawyers are the ever fertile theme.

Other trades and professions have similar organizations, which seem to serve the purpose for which they were formed. Let any doctor be thought to be connected with a case of abortion, for example, and the doctors' Association is after him at once. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has occasionally gone so far as to expel a member.

Why do the lawyers offer up no sacrifice on the altar of righteousness? This is not because there is no proper victims! Scarcely a month goes by but that we hear of some piece of rascality on the part of some attorney, and all go uninvestigated and unpunished. Once in a great while, it is true, some poor wretch, whose opportunities for injuring any one are gone, is dragged out to be made an awful example of, and with a virtuous flourish of trumpets a committee is appointed to investigate him and his misdeeds; and perhaps with great solemnity, a long report is filed preferring charges against him and after many other formalities he is deprived of his licence to practice, when he has no practice to lose.

Then the Bar is supposed to be temporarily purged—but such a purging as this does not deceive the thinking part of the community, where every one who knows anything about it is aware that the jury-packers, and the record-mutilators and the suborners of perjury and procurers of assassination are still at work.

We know there are some honest men practicing law in Cincinnati, but the great trouble is that those honest members of the profession, while they know all about the packers and mutilators and suborners—and will give you, with bated breath, the particulars of each offence, with names and dates—nevertheless do nothing to save the reputation of their profession by ridding it and the community of these pests.

The cry of these honest gentlemen is constantly, Oh, yes—these men ought to be punished, but we prefer to have nothing to do with it ourselves; and thus what is everybody's business becomes nobody's business, and is not done at all. The little leaven accordingly leaves the lump, and the whole profession is naturally placed on a moral level with those whose evil practices are thus winked at.

Let the lawyers of Cincinnati make an example of some one of those jury-packers or record-mutilators, suborners of perjury and procurers of assassination, whose fate will call a halt to the rest of his kind, and then will the profession regain some of that good reputation which it has lost through the indifference and conservatism approaching cowardice of its wretched members.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Seeds, Plants and Bulbs.

As many orders are now coming in for seeds for the garden, and plants and bulbs for house and lawn, I will renew my offer of former years to furnish any Patron or member of the Order with them at the following rates:

Selecting from Vick's, Henderson's and other standard retail price lists, I will furnish \$1.50 worth of plants, bulbs and seeds for \$1.00 cash. Seeds and small plants sent free by mail. Larger plants sent by express, with enough extras added to pay expressage.

Fraternally, I am,

C. L. WHITNEY,

Muskogon, Mich.

To TEN names not members of the Order, we will send the VISITOR three months for \$1 00.

Correspondence.

Sincerest Thanks.

Through the instrumentality of Representative Carpenter of Lenawee, Springfield Grange recently received a box of books from the Secretary of State, as a nucleus for a library, and as a slight appreciation of the donation we desire through the VISITOR to return our thanks, which were voted at our last meeting. SAMUEL N. WRAY, Springfield, May 2, 1881.

Rural Grange and Other Matters.

Bro. Cobb.—Rural Grange has a hall 18x40 feet, two stories high, situated in the block on Main St. An addition of 12x18 is to be built this spring. We have about 60 good, faithful, working members. We meet regularly every two weeks. We have great faith in the work in which the Order is engaged.

I would like to say just a word for the sheep dip advertised in the VISITOR. I sent for one gallon. It has proved to be all that it claimed to be so far as I have used it. One gallon when reduced makes 100 gallons. I have used it on sheep, horses, and cattle, and found it as recommended. I intend to test it on sweet corn and garden seeds this spring also. S. A. S., Wayland, Allegan Co., April 27, 1881.

Home Grange, No. 188.

Bro. Cobb.—As our Grange is in a prosperous condition I am inclined to report the fact to headquarters. Our farmers are plowing for spring crops, but it don't seem to affect the attendance at our Grange meetings, which are held every two weeks.

We have had quite a revival this last winter. Have taken through four candidates, and have two more on the road, besides reclining ten that had strayed from the Grange fold.

At every meeting when other business does not prevent, we have discussions which help keep up an interest in our meetings. We feel that the season of depression has been passed and that we are now stronger in numbers and real power than ever before, as harmony and true fraternity prevails through all our borders.

A Farmers' Alliance has been organized at Coloma. Its meetings are held alternately with our Grange meetings in our hall. And so the work goes bravely on. Fraternally yours, W. M. HOAG.

Affairs at Dallas Grange, No. 505.

Bro. Cobb.—Dallas Grange, No. 505, lives and prospers. We have taken in a score or thereabout of new members, within the last few months, and still they come. We held an open meeting not long since and had the large hall crowded with anxious listeners. Our program, which consisted of readings, essays, music, and a general discussion on stock and grain raising, was a good one and well worked. We make a practice of making out a program for each meeting a week or two in advance, and assigning parts to members so that they may be in readiness to take their part. Our meetings are held weekly on Saturday evenings, and with a good attendance.

We have bought goods of Geo. W. Hill to the amount of five or six hundred dollars, with satisfaction. The Clinton County Pomona Grange met with us April 10 and allowing me to be judge, I should say we had a pleasant and profitable session. Bro. Shipman, of Eaton Co., was present and talked up the wool question in a manner that did great credit to him and to our Grange principles. His visit resulted in the election of Brother Bristol, of St. Johns, as our agent for the shipment of wool for this season. It was thought best to ship direct to a Boston commission house, as all who have done so heretofore were well pleased and claim to have received from six to eight cents per pound more than the home market would have paid them. This is a move in the right direction. Let every Patron help it along. DR. GEO. E. BLISS, Fowler, April 22, 1881.

Tallmadge, Grange No. 639.

I almost fear that some of the sisters and brothers of Michigan do not know that there is such a Grange as Tallmadge in existence. Nevertheless it is so, and we are over one year old. We organized in April, 1880, with about 30 charter members, and have been growing steadily ever since.

I have been waiting a long time to see something from the sisters of our Grange, but have not as yet, so I concluded I would speak for them, as I do a great deal of talking, whether it amounts to anything or not. I do love to read the sisters' letters and essays. I think it does us all good to hear the sisters express their minds so freely through the GRANGE VISITOR, and I trust they will continue to do so with charity.

I do think the Grange has been a god-send to the farmers' wives and daughters. It gives us something to do besides our endless chain of housework to brood over from early dawn until the setting sun, and often later in the evening. It gives us something to do for others as well as for ourselves; and who is not happier when they try to be a benefit to others as well as to themselves? I often think with what alacrity the work moves along as the week begins to draw to a close, and Saturday is our Grange day. Some will say to me, "How do you manage your work to go to the Grange?" I say to them, "arise early in the morning and work a little later in the evening;" and I find no difficulty in accomplishing the work and going to the Grange.

And then there is our GRANGE VISITOR, and a very welcome visitor at our place, too, sisters. It seems just like a member of our family. We have taken it nearly ever since it has been published, and think we could not get along without it; and I do think too much cannot be said in its praise.

But, sisters, I am in dread of Bro. Cobb's waste-basket. Although I saw his genius face at Berlin, last summer, yet I think I could see something about his visage which said forbearance might cease to be a virtue; so I am in dread. More anon. AUNT JANE.

Marshall Grange Noticed.

Bro. Cobb.—As I have read from week to week items of interest from sister Granges, telling of their work and progress, I felt a growing ambition to see Marshall Grange and its few active members mentioned in your paper. Ours was the pioneer Grange in this section of the country, and its membership has been counted by hundreds, but from various causes it has dwindled to a present very small number of live and active members who yet see in the Grange many sources of improvement whose value is not to be measured in dollars and cents. But every Patron knows that after sowing there comes a weeding time, and so we are not discouraged, but hope that what we lack in numbers will be made up in the solid worth of those we have left. We hold our meetings between the hours of one and three P. M. Saturdays. During the winter we held them every week but as the busy season approaches, will meet only once a month. We give a program of work one and two weeks in advance. Thus the members know what subject will be discussed and so come prepared to do their share in the work. After opening exercises, music, etc., we have discussions on questions, followed by essays and select readings, and we feel each week that we have an increasing interest in the Grange, and that its benefits socially, cannot be overestimated. Our last meeting on April 9, was very spirited in its discussions on questions, had also a timely essay by Sister H. on the all absorbing topic of house cleaning (which I enclose), also a short but good paper upon flower culture, by one of our young lady members, Miss E. W. One subject on the program for our next meeting is, "What are a married woman's rights in regard to property, or the property of a deceased husband?" We would be glad to hear from all Patrons on the subject. Also from our esteemed editors. It is a subject upon which all women and many men are altogether too ignorant. Marengo, April 21, 1881.

The Corn or Grass Grub.

To The Editor.—Professor Cook, of the Michigan State Agricultural College, covers six pages of the second annual report of Mich. Pomological Society in giving some information about the cut worm, and after all, no practical method is shown whereby we may rid ourselves of these pests. He says a good deal about the birds, and suggests that we do everything to encourage them, and they will well repay us for our trouble in killing the cut worm. Wood-peckers, robins, blue-birds, larks, and other birds are certainly a great help, but the cut worm is in the ground in the day time and comes to the surface after dark, and if we get them we must work after dark; and the following is the way we captured the little pests when I was a boy sixty years ago. Take a lantern and follow the hills of corn and pick them up from each hill. Follow this up as soon as they make their appearance and in a few days the worms will be gone and the corn out of the way of them. Sparta, Mich. E. A. ROBY.

Extract from an Address by Wm. Van Marter of N. Y.

Every one will recall the history of Rome in the period of her rising power—how her Senate, the highest body in the Republic, was composed of men from her burgesses or farmers, selected for their wisdom and their virtues; how even this body of men consulted communities of burgesses before passing the laws; how, in a time of peril they chose from the farm a Cincinnatus for Dictator, who, after fulfilling his mission and saving his country, returned to his farm and with his own hands guided the plow. Pliny, one of the most classic as well as voluminous of Roman writers, referring to this happy period, when the people were not burdened with taxes, because their rule was glorious in seeing herself cultivated by the hands of triumphant victors, seemed to make new efforts, and to produce her fruits with greater abundance. This was no doubt because intelligent head assisted the virtuous hand, as well on their farms, in sowing and cultivating, as they had at the head of the army in conquering the land. Here was a country where agriculture was not only in theory, but in reality, the noblest occupation, and where it commanded the attention and shared the love of the virtuous, the learned and the wise.

Experience shows us, in all the industries of life, that persons of superior intelligence, force of mind and industry, are sure to reap in their calling the richest rewards. It was this that made agriculture so successful and profitable. From these instances of well authenticated history, we must conclude that as a people and as a government, we were greatly excelled by the heathen in this, the all important branch of industry. Then the wisest, the most learned men, were the tillers of the soil. Then the rulers, the kings, the governors, were taken from the fields. How wisely they governed, how well they laid the foundations of their country's prosperity, and how abundant and cheap were the products of the soil, is attested by the united records of history. How agriculture was the first care of the State, how the collected wisdom of these countries was devoted to this subject, is attested by their legislation and by their literature. In those times there was no printing, and authors were few. Yet Greece and Rome had more books upon agriculture than upon war, or legislation or art, or science, or philosophy. To-day, for every work upon agriculture, you will find a score upon history, science, finance, political economy, or philosophy. All this shows that agriculture is not held in the highest esteem by the cultivated, or the controlling thought of the time.

The commercial, the manufacturing, the banking and general moneyed interests of the nation, are united and organized, and they occupy the foremost and the commanding places in business, in society, and in legislation. They get the aid of government, while agriculture, the largest and the most necessary of all industries, has no compact and determined organization, and scarcely a voice in controlling the business interests or legislation of the land.

The people of this country in their efforts to stay the encroachments of the great railway corporations, have numbers, right of justice and the law, even the decisions of the Supreme Court on their side. "The Court awards it and the law doth give it."

Youths' Department.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

Belubbed fellow-travelers: In hold in' forth to-day, I don't quote no special verse for what I has to say, De sermon will be very short and dis here am de text, Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-lobin' in is like a cotton row, Wha' ebery culled gentelman has got his time to hoe; De every time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap, De grass keep on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea, Dey had to keep a-go-in, jes' as fas' as fas' could be; Do you s'pose dat dey could eber have succeeded in deir wish, And reached de Promised Land at las'—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve, Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to 'ceiv'e, And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got der rations free, And eberything belonged to dem, except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came snoopin' 'round, A Astarty rusty mocassin, a-crawlin' on de growin', How Eve and Adam eat de fruit, and went and hid deir face, Till de angel oberseer he came and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'oman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk, But had gone about deir gardenin' and 'tended to deir wish, Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to, And de debil nebbber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! I'll nebbber do I say! Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play— For even if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de boils, Unless you keep a pickin', in de garden ob your soils, Keep a-blowin', and a-hoelin', and a-scrapin' ob de rows, And when de ginnin's ober, you can pay up what you owes;

But if you quit a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot, De sheriff's gwine to lebbly upon eberything you's got, Whasheer 'tis you's dribbin' at, be short and dribe it through, And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do; For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born, You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon, Sister Williams will oblige us by a-risin' ob a tune—I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass 'round de hat, And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat! —Scribner's Magazine.

Uncle Nine Replies to "Sweet Briar."

My Dear Niece "Sweet Briar"—Your letter in the VISITOR of May 1, has been carefully read. You make some points, and ask some important questions which I will briefly refer to.

This Department was intended for the youth of the farmers' families of our State and we hope they will use it. It is noticeable that young people from fourteen to twenty seldom write, and to call out such was our intention when we invited the attention of our nieces and nephews. At this age people should listen, read and think, and should have material to use in writing and speaking. Writing would excite thought and research and thus form accurate knowledge, and published here would call forth responsive thought from the readers. Let the young people of fourteen years and upwards, whether in the Grange or not, use this opportunity of preparing themselves for future usefulness and the active duties of life, and give a young reader of the VISITOR the benefit of their knowledge and experience. While writing you will not only help others but improve yourselves. Let us hear from many of you.

I have already written a letter which will give you a clue to my age and you will be likely to read it soon. As to a course of reading, I have not time here to make an extended list of books for your use, but give a general hint. It is important, "what you read" and "how you read." What you read should be in pure English and of an excellent character. You should read of language as well as for ideas, and the book is best that gives the best of thoughts in the purest language. Our books are as much our companions as our friends and associates, and we as unconsciously adopt and follow the habits and words of the one as the other. Select then books with the same care as companions. "How to read," is an important question. I will say, slowly and attentively. Some books need to be read many times and studied to get their full value. We should study Shakespeare, line by line to get the full burden of thought. Never read history, biography, or, in fact, anything without the dictionary and atlas at hand. Locate every place and find the meaning of every word you do not understand. More soon. UNCLE NINE.

Dear Uncle Nine:—I have become very much interested in the Youth's Department, and thought that I would try and help fill up the little column. My father and mother are not members of the Grange because there is no Grange near enough so they can go; we take the VISITOR, and all think very much of it. I have attended school this winter, the same as most all the little readers. We have had just one of the best of teachers, but our school is out now for a short time. In answer to May Morford, I think that South America is the largest peninsula, and that Magellan was the first man who entered the Pacific Ocean, and that he entered it through the Straits of Magellan, hence its name. In answer to Fred, I think that Gaylord is the highest point in Michigan. It is in Otsego county, and is nearly 700 feet above the level of the sea. Will any one tell me what the governments of South America are, and in what State the precipice known as Hawk's Nest is, and can any one tell me the age of the murdered Czar of Russia? Respectfully, MARY E. Lockwood, Kent Co. May 12, 1881.

Uncle Nine and Cousins:—According to promise I write. I have been making a set of vases out of Bristol board. I have them done now and they are setting on my organ. I have a rug I work on when I have nothing else to do. It is worked on coffee sack with cross stitches. Ma and I have several house plants such as Begonias, Coleus, Fuchias, Geraniums, Oleanders, Monthly Rose bush, Cactus, Wanderling, Jew, Parlor Ivy, Kenilworth Ivy, and others. It is a great pleasure in the cold, cold winter to look at them when every thing out-of-doors is dead. We are having such a wet, disagreeable spring the farmers cannot plow, except those who live on the bottoms. It will be nice a few days and then snow or rain. Please allow me to ask my little cousins tell me how to make paste for a scrap book? Second: What two chapters in the Old Testament are both alike? Third: How many letters in the New Testament? Well, cousins, my letter is growing quite long, and I fancy UNCLE NINE'S face is too, so I will bid you all good by. STELLA STUCKEY, Burnsville, Ind., April 15, 1881.

Dear Uncle Nine:—May I try and see if I cannot write you a letter. I often read the VISITOR. I would say in answer to enquirers that the largest peninsula is Africa. I think Magellan was the first man who entered the Pacific Ocean. Balboa discovered it but did not enter it. The mountains which have been seen at the greatest distance are the Himalayas, at a distance of 244 miles. Now let me ask a few questions. When and by whom was the Mississippi discovered? Who discovered the Sandwich Islands? Was America discovered before Columbus discovered it, if so, who discovered it? I think "Sweet Briar" is right in saying that for the last two papers our department has resembled an "infant's column," and that it was not fair for the "infants" to usurp our place. Now let us all write and have a nice time, and in this way we can become acquainted with one another. Let those who are afraid to write say they will write, and it will be easier for them. I read the VISITOR a great deal and I think it a very nice paper. Your nephew, GEORGE, Hastings, April 25, 1881.

THE REAPER, DEATH.

BOSWORTH.—Died at his residence in Roxand March 27, 1881, LUTHER BOSWORTH, a member of Sunfield Grange, No. 260, in the 83d year of his age. The following resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted by the Grange:

WHEREAS, Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our brother, reminding us that the harvest of time is sure and certain; and therefore Resolved, That in the death of Brother Bosworth this Grange has lost an earnest and consistent member, his family a kind and indulgent husband and father, and the community a worthy and useful citizen.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the family of our deceased brother, realizing that no words of ours can heal their sorrow, or fill the vacant places in their family circle. We can only commend them to Him who doeth all things well. Resolved, That the charter of the Grange be draped in mourning for sixty days, that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Grange, and a copy be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

S. A. TOWN, WM. TOWN, R. WELSH, Committee.

ENGLES.—Died March 29, 1881, Brother AUSTIN ENGLES, a worthy Brother and Charter member of Otsego Grange, No. 364. The following resolutions were presented to the Grange and adopted.

WHEREAS, We deeply realize the severe loss which we have sustained; and therefore Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That our Charter by draped in mourning for 60 days. Resolved, That copies of this obituary notice be presented to the father and daughter of our beloved Brother, also entered upon the records of our Grange, and sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication. ANDREW THORNTON, W. S. MARTINDALE, Committee.

CHAPMAN.—At a meeting of Bengal Grange, held April 23d, 1881, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has again invaded our Grange and removed from our midst our much esteemed Brother, SILAS CHAPMAN, again reminding us that the old must die and the young may; therefore, Resolved, That this Grange has lost an earnest, consistent member, and the community a worthy and useful citizen.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our departed Brother our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented them by the Secretary, and also sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication. Resolved, That out of respect for the memory of our deceased brother our Hall and Charter be draped for thirty days. DOW LYON, Mrs. D. LYON, Mrs. N. H. BAKER, Committee.

WALL.—Brother WILLIAM WALL, a worthy member of Paradise Grange, No. 638, died April 8, 1881, aged 20 years and seven months. The Grange adopted the following preamble and resolutions expressive of its regard and sympathy.

WHEREAS, For the first time since its organization death has visited our Grange and taken from our midst Brother WILLIE WALL, a member of this Grange; therefore, Resolved, That in the death of our brother a kind family have been called to mourn an affectionate son, a loving brother, and the Grange a worthy member. He was a young man of noble intellect, a liberal mind, and bright prospects of future usefulness. Though gone from among us let us fondly cherish his memory, holding in sweet remembrance his many virtues. He was beloved, honored, and respected by all.

Resolved, That we as a Grange mourn the loss of our brother and extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow. Resolved, That as an expression of our respect for our departed brother the Charter of our Grange be draped in mourning for 60 days and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family and placed upon the records of our Grange, also copies be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR, Traverse Herald, and Eagle for publication. SAMUEL CRONKHITE, Mrs. J. W. KINGSLEY, E. G. KINGSLEY, Committee.

COOLEY.—Died at the residence of Ira Hiller, Four Towns, March 21, 1881, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. SLOAN COOLEY, aged 65 years.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our midst our worthy sister, LUCY COOLEY; therefore be it Resolved, That while we bow to the will of God we realize the void made in our circle by the death

of our sister, who was one of the Charter members of Commerce Grange, No. 328.

Resolved, That our great and noble Order has lost one of its most efficient members, whose memory will ever be cherished by us, and whose many virtues have endeared her to all hearts.

Resolved, We, as a Grange, tender our heartfelt sympathy to the husband and friends of our deceased sister in their bereavement, and trust that they will find consolation in "Him who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That our hall be draped in mourning for 40 days; that a copy of these resolutions be presented to Brother Cooley, and placed on the records of the Grange, and that they be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR and county papers for publication. Mr. W. B. DICKIE, Mrs. W. B. DICKIE, Mrs. W. R. DREWATT, Committee.

A. VANDENBERG, MANUFACTURER.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN HARNESS, WHIPS, BLANKETS, TRUNKS, &c., 92 Monroe Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

I take pleasure in presenting to your favorable consideration my CASH PRICE LIST of Harness Work—HAND MADE—all of my own manufacture, and also to return thanks for the liberal patronage I have received from the different Granges throughout Michigan. I shall do in the future as in the past—furnish the best goods for the least money. Farm Harness, White Trimm'd Breaching, Round Lines, Snaps, Run Straps, and spread rings, complete, \$29 00 The same without Breaching, 26 00 " " with flat Lines, 23 00 " " " without breaching, 25 00 Double Light Buggy Harness, white trimm'd, from, 25 to 30 00 The same, Nickle Trimm'd, from, \$35 to 50 00 Single Buggy Harness, with round lines, white trimm'd, 13 00 Same with flat lines, 12 00 Nickle Trimm'd, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20 and 25 00 ALL ORDERS RECEIVED UNDER SEAL OF THE GRANGE

will be shipped at once, and may be returned at my expense if not entirely satisfactory. Address all orders to Yours very respectfully, A. VANDENBERG, 92 MONROE STREET, GRAND RAPIDS.

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Our Prices for 1881 are more liberal than ever. Send for our Book, with Sample Color Cards and Brush Patterns.

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Field Peas, Timothy, Clover, Hungarian, Millet. SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

T. J. SHORMAKER, Secretary of Mt. Clemeat Grange, is my travelling agent; give him your orders when he calls. apr.14.15.

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PLEASE CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AT 52 and 54 NORTH BURDICK STREET, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

The Grange Visitor.

SCHOOLCRAFT, - - MAY 15, 1881.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

AN ICE-HOUSE WITHOUT ICE.

We hardly expect any of our farmer friends who took advantage of the long cold winter that is just hardly out of sight, to lay in a good supply of ice, will give much heed to the suggestions of this article. But there are very many who had no ice-house and did not get ready to build one in season, who have no ice, and expect to get along somehow this summer as they always have before.

We have an ice-house, all nicely packed with sawdust and very well adapted to the purpose of keeping ice; but there is no ice in it, and probably never will be. We have found out a better, cheaper and more effectual way of keeping the sundries that it is desirable to keep cool, than by the use of ice.

We have a well, 18 feet to water, bricked up all right. Over this is a windmill derrick, which is inclosed, lined on the inside 12 feet high, and the 4 inch space filled with sawdust. The water for general use is obtained by a drive-well or pipe driven just outside of the brick well, leaving the well free and clear. Up in the derrick is a grooved wheel about twenty inches in diameter, made of a piece of two-inch plank. This wheel, with a one-inch round iron axis, runs between a couple of pieces of 3x4 hard wood 30 inches long, blocked apart at the ends and bolted with two 3/4-in. carriage bolts at each end. Over this wheel is a 3/4-in. new rope some 30 feet long, with about 100 pounds of old iron at one end and at the other, dangling over the well, hangs my substitute for an ice-house.

This is made barrel-shaped, four feet long, with three shelves a foot apart. The diameter of cooler is determined by the diameter of the well. The ends, or heads, and the shelves are of inch lumber, and the outside is common siding with the ends narrowed like jointed staves and nailed securely on to the heads and shelves. An open space a foot wide, from top to bottom, answers for a doorway to this cooling cupboard.

The weight and the cooler with its load of butter, cream, cooked potatoes, sauce, fresh meat, and other sundries that are best if cool, must about balance each other, to work to the best advantage. When supplies are short, as they are sometimes, even in families that are run in pretty good order, we restore the equilibrium by placing some odd weights that we have convenient for that purpose, on the vacant shelf. In this way all the good things that it is desirable to keep cool, are sent down some 12 or 15 feet, with little trouble, and when wanted are found in the very best condition for use.

Now, every one has not got a windmill, and many who have, cannot make it available for the purpose we have indicated, nor are other conditions present to make it available. But to every farmer who has an open well sufficiently near to the house to be convenient, and sufficiently large to be made available for use as a cooler, we would say that we know of no way to add so much to the satisfaction that comes of having good victuals, in good desirable condition in warm weather, as by having some such arrangement as we have described.

A friend of ours three years ago dug a well, four feet square, close by his back door, putting in 1 1/2-in. oak curbing, enclosing it and laying a floor even with his back porch. A common, iron well-wheel hung over the center of the well, with an extra wheel to carry the rope out over one corner, was used, and a long iron weight attached to a rope descended into the well to bring up a box suspended from the other end of the rope. This box was used as the depository of the articles that were kept fresh and in palatable condition, and was made for the purpose, about three feet square, with sides some eight inches high. Iron bales from the corners crossed above the center of the box; to these bales the rope was tied. As I remember, one corner of the box was cut off a few inches to make room for the balancing weight to pass and re-pass.

Of course there are houses with cool cellars and spring houses, and facilities of one sort and another, by which the object of having one's victuals kept in good condition in hot weather is secured to many families. In very many places the plan which we have adopted is not practicable, but where it is—where the conditions are favorable, we cannot too strongly recommend the use of this sort of a cooler to every one who prefers solid, firm butter to the soft, oily lump that comes on to the table three times a day, even when the good housewife has done about the best she could.

Twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the earth, where there is a constant evaporation from the water below, gives a temperature that is just as near right as we could wish. We are without any experience as to what the temperature would be if a

dry well were used, but have some doubt about it being quite the thing. If any of our readers are better posted on this point, we should like to hear from them.

Let us suggest to our friends who are house building this season, if not too far along, to so alter your plan as to have in your pantry a little space for a dumb waiter. But little room is required, and the time and the hard work of going up and down the cellar stairs that it will save every year will more than save the cost. Cell up a space, say 20 x 40 inches, from the cellar bottom to the ceiling of your pantry. Put a partition four inches from one end, from the bottom not less than three-fourths of the entire height, back of which the weight can ascend and descend without interfering with the cupboard or dumb-waiter. Hang a pulley or wheel of sufficient diameter to allow the cupboard and the weight to hang free, and run up and down in this ceiling space without friction. This cupboard needs no door, but may be open on both sides. The door in the case should be up, say two feet, from the floor in the pantry, as a matter of safety. In the cellar the door may go to the floor, if desired, and for the purpose of ventilation, wire cloth panels should be used, with a large opening opposite the door, covered with wire cloth. Now, if the conditions for well digging were as favorable as they are here, where two men will dig and curb a well in a day, we would have our dumb-waiter go down to water.

We are not sure but that the women of today work just as hard as our grandmothers, who found time to make the cloth for the family, taking the raw material almost from the sheep's back. Whether they do or do not, does not so much matter. Very many, with the tyrannous demands of fashion and custom, are really working, from day to day, to the extent of their capacity, and our farmers generally understand this, and are quite ready to render needed assistance when they can.

We must continue to add conveniences to our domestic arrangements whenever and wherever we can, for hired girls are not always to be had, nor always ready to do all the drudgery that comes necessarily as a part and parcel of house-keeping.

We have outlined a convenience that we know, from a year's experience, to be worth more than its cost.

Our ice-house and refrigerator is down in the well, and is a good one. We can not draw upon it when we want to make ice cream, but we find it better economy to buy a block of ice at the market when we must have ice cream than to fill an ice house; and for other purposes we seldom need ice.

WHEAT PROSPECTS, No. 2.

We received several reports of the condition of the wheat fields just after going to press May 1, too late for that number. The first from W. C. Pratt, Middleville, Barry County, gives the out-look as promising not more than half a crop. Samuel Stowell, Master of Easton, Grange, Ionia Co., wrote under date of April 28, "The prospect of a good crop of wheat in this county is truly encouraging. The spring has been favorable, and the late warm weather and bountiful showers have started wheat beyond all account. We have some dispendent ones who say that we will not have half a crop of wheat, but the large acreage sown, and the healthy look of the growing crop does not warrant their assertions. Our prospect in this County is good for a good, large crop of fruit. Peach buds are uninjured to a great extent, and the trees look healthy and good."

G. F. Stone, writing from North Plains, same date and county, reports, "The crop in this section is very poor, but few pieces that look well and a great many are badly killed and are being plowed up. Farmers say they never saw the wheat look so badly as it does this spring."

A. Ford writes from Millbrook, Mecosta Co., "Wheat is looking poorly here. I think ten bushels per acre is about as much as we shall get."

George A. Peters, of Scio, writes that "old Washtenaw County will have about one-third crop, if everything is favorable from this to harvest time."

C. B. Whitcomb, of Hartford, Van Buren Co., at the close of a business letter adds: "Wheat is doing as well as could be expected, some pieces looking well, while others are looking badly. Late sown coming on splendidly, perhaps the best."

From Big Rapids, Brother Joseph Smith writes, "In this part of the county there is but very little fair wheat. The best wheat is found on high, rolling, sandy land. A large amount will not pay for cutting. I shall plow up mine, as I have little faith in what remains making a crop of plump wheat. It will be late and very liable to rust. A great many have seeded to grass, and so will let it stand. Many of the fields that have improved in appearance by recent rains, on examination are found to have the improvement mainly in grass."

Luther J. Dean, of North Star, Gratiot County, answers our inquiry, "As far as I have been able to learn, the wheat in this county will not exceed a half crop, though fair weather may improve it."

Mary Edgell, Secretary of Hopkins Grange, Allegan Co., says: "Taken as a whole, the prospect is a very poor one. Old farmers

who have raised wheat here for thirty years say they never saw it look so poorly. No more than half a crop is expected by any one, and some are plowing their wheat up, and some more hopeful are waiting to see what effect the warm weather and good rains will have upon the sorry looking fields."

May 9, J. T. Packer, Morenci, Leelanaw County, wrote that the question of the prospect of the wheat crop, came up in their Grange at the last meeting, and the conclusion reached was that they had a fair prospect in their section of the county for an average crop.

These letters were all written before the 10th inst. An intelligent gentleman of Three Rivers, who is well acquainted throughout the county, and has raised wheat continuously for more than thirty years, gave it as his opinion that St. Joseph County would not more than raise its bread and seed. Kalamazoo County may do some better, but the prospect is certainly very poor.

THE PATRONS' AID SOCIETY OF MICHIGAN.

We have quite a good many enquiries about the Patrons' Aid Society, and we will now make a general answer covering all questions that have been raised, as well as we are able and perhaps some other points.

In the first place there are a great many people in this country and more coming every day. Large numbers of these people at some time take an interest in life insurance, and hundreds of thousands of them have taken out policies in stock companies. The business has largely been managed in the interest of the stockholders and officers of these companies, and these companies have been managed as an enterprise for making money, and that object has been accomplished in most instances with little regard for the real interests of the insured.

The business has been encumbered with various devices to attract, which promised great advantages to the insured, and always had to be liberally paid for. High salaries, commissions and profits have absorbed a large proportion of the money collected of the policy holders.

Within the last few years this matter has come to be better understood, and numerous aid societies have been organized. These are mostly confined to the membership of some society, and but a limited amount of insurance is offered or taken.

Now, with this fact before us, that many people will be insured for a small amount in some company, society or association it was deemed advisable to provide some desirable plan of insurance for the Patrons of Michigan, and the necessary steps were taken at the last session of the State Grange by some of the members there present. While the State Grange is in no way responsible for the work of the "Patrons Aid Society of Michigan," the society had the official endorsement of approval of that body.

The plan adopted by the trustees of this society has met with the approval of those most familiar with this business of life insurance, and we know of no reason why it should not secure the patronage of the members of the Order, who design to provide at small expense some aid for their families in the event of death.

We have received several letters asking if ladies could be insured in the Patrons' Aid Society of Michigan. This enquiry becomes almost amusing in view of the fact that the Sisters are found in every official position in the Subordinate Granges of the State, from Master to Gate Keeper, and in no other Order is their equality so fully recognized as in this organization of Patrons of Husbandry.

We have had printed the By-Laws of this Aid Society, and applications for membership. These have been distributed to all Secretaries whose names are found on our list for this year.

Section 3, Article 7, of By-Laws reads:—"Members of this Society duly authorized to take applications for membership, and collect assessments, shall receive 50 cents upon each member where application shall be accepted and approved, and five cents upon each assessment collected and forwarded to the Secretary of this Society, which amounts shall be paid from the general fund."

We desire Secretaries to act as agents, and this Section determines the compensation they will receive for work they may do. Secretaries will take notice that they cannot so act, until they become members of the Patrons' Aid Society themselves.

Now, Worthy Secretaries, we shall be glad to receive your applications for membership, together with those of any other brother or sister who may conclude to join this Mutual Aid Society.

The Patrons of Michigan are in no way behind the Patrons of other States, and we expect that when the attention of our people has once been fixed upon this matter, and Secretaries attend to the necessary work, that we shall have applications by every mail.

The fee is uniform, \$2.50 for any age eligible to membership, with graded assessments according to age. That a fund for immediate payment of an insurance to a beneficiary may be made without delay, a first assessment is collected at the time of making the application and payment of the membership fee, and so of all subsequent assessments.

All Patrons are invited to send for a copy of the By-Laws, for we are desirous of having this Patrons' Aid Society of Michigan fully understood. J. T. COBB, Sec'y Patrons' Aid Society of Mich.

"THE MICHIGAN FARMER."

The value of newspapers and other periodicals to the people who read them depends mainly on the reliability of what is found in such papers and periodicals, and the claim for support which papers and periodicals receive should be measured to a very considerable extent by that feature of reliability.

We make these remarks at this time with special reference to our contemporary, the Michigan Farmer, now and for many years past published in the city of Detroit. This paper, on account of its age has assumed to ignore all other agricultural papers in Michigan, and persists in keeping this very silly falsehood at the head of its editorial page,—"The only Agricultural Journal published in Michigan."

Farmers of Michigan, what are the facts?

FROM DETROIT TO THE SEA.

W. H. Brearley, of the Evening News, has arranged for three grand excursions in July next from Detroit to Portland, Me., via Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and the White Mountains, N. H. These excursions will leave Detroit July 1, 14, and 21.

Round trip tickets, good for return until September 3, will be sold for any of these excursions at the low price of \$20.00.

A circular will be sent free on receipt of stamp; and a handsome illustrated guide book, giving full information, and answering all questions that you can think of asking, will be issued about the first of June, and sent to any address on receipt of 30 cents. Address W. H. BREARLEY, Detroit Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

THE YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Under this head, several letters have appeared in each number of the VISITOR for a few months past. We have latterly had several complaints that too many of these youths are children, or at least have furnished childish productions. The complaints has been so well founded that we have of late presumed to reject a good many of these letters on the ground of their general similarity and want of point. While a youths' department may be made very useful, we are not quite prepared to declare in favor of a children's department.

ROYALTY.

It will be remembered that the State Grange directed its Secretary to ask from Secretaries of Subordinate Granges a report of any cases of loyalty collected for infringement of patent rights, and also report all attempts to collect loyalty by suit or otherwise. We called attention to this matter, but have received but few reports. We are not prepared to believe that all cases have been reported to us, and we write this as a reminder, and hope it will be heeded.

MEETING AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, JUNE 2, 1881.

Secretary R. G. Baird, of the Agricultural College in behalf of the State Board of Agriculture, has extended an invitation to the Executive Committee and officers of the State Grange to meet the Board as their guests, at the College in the forenoon of the 2d of June. The meeting is to be similar in its nature to that of last summer. It is expected that this will be sufficient notice to all the members of our Committee, and we hope all will be present.

In our columns of this number will be found a notice of the "Michigan Female Seminary," at the village of Kalamazoo.

We are satisfied by reports that we have had from experienced educators, and from various persons who have patronized this seminary, that it is an institution that should have the firm confidence of the public.

We note that its courses of study are outlined with great care, the different branches of study leading properly to each other, so that the mind of the pupil has strength to meet the advancement.

Our friends, the forty and eighty acre farmers throughout Michigan, will find in this seminary, facilities for educating their daughters, which they ought, by all means, to patronize.

There is one feature in the household economy of this school that commends itself, in our judgment, to the kind and best consideration of all, and that is the labor system involved in one hour's work each day to every pupil in some branch of household management. This system conduces to the health of the pupil, and impresses the idea that there is dignity in industry and labor.

The rates of tuition and board we notice are reasonable and fair, a result of prudent management on the part of those who are making the seminary a labor of love, rather than of profit to themselves.

A MEMORIAL notice of the death of Sister Lucy Cooley inserted in the VISITOR of May 1st, by request of the Oakland County Grange has an error in the name, it having been erroneously printed "Cady."

ALABASTINE FOR WALLS.

Among our new advertisements in the last number of the VISITOR was that of the Alabastine Co., of Grand Rapids. We print elsewhere the answer of Prof. Kedzie to an inquiry asking his opinion of the merits of this new article. His endorsement is a sufficient guarantee to Michigan people of its value. If it is what is claimed it must soon come into universal use.

SEE on our last page the price-list of Geo. W. Hill. Some things can be done as well as others, and with an eye to business, a trial order for a few needed articles will determine to the satisfaction of the most incredulous that Patrons can save money by ordering of Geo. W. Hill, Brother Stegeman, of Allegan, or Thomas Mason, of Chicago.

Free Passes.

I believe it was the Grangers that first called the attention of the people of Michigan to the great danger to their interests of free railroad passes to their representatives in the State Legislature.

In proof that the pernicious system is now beginning to be realized in other quarters as well as amongst the Grangers, and that other papers as well as the GRANGE VISITOR are getting sufficient courage to speak their minds plainly, I enclose the following, clipped from the Pontiac Bill-Poster, of May 4th.

Nearly every paper in the State has called attention to the evils of the free railroad pass system, by means of which members of the Legislature absent themselves from Lansing nearly or quite half of the working time. About Friday in each week a break will be made for home, and from then to the Tuesday following, but little or nothing is accomplished besides drawing money from the people without rendering an equivalent. To be plain about the matter, it is stealing, and stealing of the most contemptible kind at that. The man who takes a loaf of bread to keep his family from hunger is punished and branded as a thief, yet in our way of thinking, he is an honest gentleman compared with those who accept bribes in the shape of railway passes and cheat their masters, the people, by absenting themselves from the post of duty. If their pay stopped when they were absent with or without leave it wouldn't be so bad, but as long as that goes on what cares the average member?

Tuscola County Pomona Grange.

Bro. Cobb:—Once more we had a glorious time when we met at Cass City on Tuesday last. Patrons to the right of us, Patrons to the left of us, and still the cry was, They come, they come. Thirty-one new members took the beautiful degree of Pomona. At two o'clock, after such a dinner as Patrons only can do ample justice to, Brother Mickleby addressed a public meeting, and judging from the expression of the countenances of those present his remarks were highly appreciated.

After more eating the Grange again assembled, when the real business of the meeting was entered upon with a zest that would do credit to more august assemblies. The question, "How can we best create a greater interest in the Subordinate Grange?" was handled by brothers for some time. Brother Mickleby giving us the benefit of his great experience. I think the discussion of this subject will open up a wide field for the Granges in this county to work. Other questions and some essays in consequence of the lateness of the hour had to go over until our next meeting.

Now, Brother Cobb, we have had two meetings since our organization. We number 79 members, and from the fact that we in this county numbered only seven or eight Granges, and those very wide apart, you will admit we are doing well, but apart from this the general public outside the gate are enquiring more about the Order. Bro. Mickleby lectured at Ellington on Wednesday, the 4th inst, the result of which has been two applications to myself for membership in our Subordinate Grange: what our other members have received I don't know. Bro. Mickleby also lectured at Columbus on Thursday night, and I seriously hope may do much good. There is no reason that I can see that there should be less than twenty Granges in this county, if well worked up. The grain is ready and only waiting for the reaper.

Pardon this long yarn, but I feel too good to quit even now and would not, were it not for the fear of the waste basket.

J. NO. MASON, Sec'y.

Elmwood, May 6, 1881.

A Great Statesman's Views.

"It is fortunate for us, for the preservation of our liberal institutions, that agriculture enters so largely into the political economy of our country. As now pursued it develops the mind and the body, and preserves both the health and morals of our people. As long as so large a portion of our voters are engaged in agricultural pursuits we need apprehend no danger to our republican institutions, no pernicious influences of foreign nations on the steady development of our wealth and power. \* \* \* As long as the great body of our population is composed of owners and cultivators of the soil we shall remain true to our republican instincts."—Stephen A. Douglass.

This great American commoner said this 30 years ago. He did not foresee the combinations of organized powers against the interests of the agricultural class, almost without organization of their own to withstand the combined forces against them and their interests. Then monopoly did not own the telegraph and the express lines. Then the press was free and not controlled by speculation. The railroads did not then claim the right of being the sovereigns of the nation and presume to do what even Congress can not do in burdening the people.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

[The following is reproduced in the interests of sanitary science, and to show how it is possible to render the ethics of engineering in verse.]

AS REVISED AND EDITED BY A "SANITARIAN."

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood. Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained; The malarious farm; the wet, fungus-grown wild-wood, The chills then contracted that since have remained; The scum-covered duck-pond; the pig-sty closely by; The ditch where the sour-smelling nose drainage fell; The damp, shaded dwelling; the foul barn-yard high it— But worse than all else was that terrible well, And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted The water I drank in the days called to mind— Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted In the water of wells by analysis find; The rotting wood-fibre, the oxide of iron, The algae, the frog of unusual size, The water-impure as the verses of Byron— Are the things I remember with tears in my eyes. And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it— I considered that water uncommonly clear, And often at noon, when I went to drink it, I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer; How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy, And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell; Then soon, with its hydrates and nitrates, and slimy With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them, The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught, I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them With potassium permanganate ere I had quaffed; Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it, and afterwards strained it Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined; Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it In portable form, with its fifth left behind.

How little I know of the dread typhoid-fever Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink; But since I've become a devoted believer In the teachings of science, I shudder to think And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing, The story of warning to others I tell, As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing, And I gag at the thought of that horrible well, And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket— In fact, the slop bucket that hung in the well.

Adulteration of Food.

[Extracts from evidence in paper read by George T. Angell, of Boston, before the Boston Board of Trade, Nov. 11, 1880.]

A \$1,000 prize was offered last year through the United States Board of Trade, for best essays on adulteration, and four have been published.

The writer of the first, G. W. Wigner, an Englishman, says, under British laws adulteration has been reduced from about 65 per cent. in 1860 to about 16 per cent. in 1878, and in Canada, under similar laws, from about 52 per cent. in 1876 to about 26 per cent. in 1879. though, he says, they still have in English markets tinned fish heavily contaminated with lead; sweetsmeats colored with chromate of lead; hams externally coated with chromate of lead, bread containing large quantities of alum; and children's powders and sleeping draught containing poisonous doses of narcotics. Teas, which used to be almost universally adulterated, are now good. This results from stringent laws enacted by Parliament about four years ago for the inspection and analysis of teas landed at any port of Great Britain. In the Sanitary Engineer of June 1, 1880, I find that seven thousand chests of adulterated tea had been recently burned under British laws, in British India.

The second essay, written by V. M. Davis, of New York city, gives many adulterations, and says, referring to this country: "We believe it no exaggeration to say that adulteration is practiced wherever opportunity offers, and pecuniary profit or commercial advantage is made thereby.

The third, by Dr. William H. Newell, of Jersey City, N. J., gives, among other poisons liable to be found in food and drink, "chromates of lead, Brunswick greens, red oxide of lead, arsenite of copper, sulphate of copper, acetate of copper, carbonate of copper or verdigris, carbonate of lead or white lead, bisulphuret of mercury, sulphate of iron, gamboge, sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, red ferruginous earths, and other injurious substances; that potted meats, fish, anchovies, cayenne, etc., are liable to contain red lead, or even bisulphuret of mercury; and pickles, bottled fruits, and vegetables to contain copper; and that the ramifications of adulteration extend over this whole country."

The fourth and last is by Dr. O. W. Wight, commissioner of public health of Milwaukee. He names, under the head of usual adulterations of food and drink in this country, lead in canned vegetables and meats, corrosive sublimate in rind of cheese, poisonous colors in confectionery, caustic lime in lard, aniline colors in fruit jellies, preserves, sausage, and wine, salts of tin in sugar, coculus indicus and tobacco in beer and ale, salts of copper in pickles, sulphuric acid in vinegar, and about twenty-five other deleterious adulterations. He says it is useless to attempt to estimate the number of deaths and the amount of sickness caused by adulterated food and drinks, but the articles used are known, and the effects of such articles when taken into the human body."

PROFESSOR JOHNSON.

In an essay read before the American "Social Science" at Saratoga, on the 8th of September, by Prof. S. W. Johnson, professor of chemistry in the Sheffield scientific school, Yale college, I find, among other adulterations named, the following are liable to be found:

- Bread, with alum and sulphate of copper. Yeast with alum. Baking-powder, with alum, terra alba, plaster of Paris, whiting, and kaolin. Milk, with a variety of articles. Cheese, with potatoes, beans, oleomargarine, vermillion, red chalk, sulphate of copper, arsenic, and corrosive sublimate. Lard, with boiled starch, alum, and quick-lime. Confectionery, with chromate of lead, red lead, vermillion, Prussian blue, copper, and arsenic. Pickles with sulphuric acid and verdigris. Mustard, with yellow ochre and chromate of lead. Vinegar, with sulphuric acid, arsenic, and corrosive sublimate.

Coffee, with roasted acorns, spent tan bark, logwood, mahogany, sawdust, and burnt liver of horses. Teas, with a great variety of articles.

TEAS.

I see by the papers that last year some Baltimore tea merchants called on the Chinese minister at Washington to see how they could get pure teas from China. He told them the hands of the Chinese in America were unknown in China, and were prepared and colored with chemicals for foreign markets. The British Parliament passed a law about four years ago for the inspection of all teas, and that those unfit for human food be destroyed.

I see by the papers that under British laws 7,000 chests of adulterated tea have been recently burned in British India. Some time since a friend of mine, partner in one of the largest importing tea houses in Boston, and one of whose partners had resided several years in China, said to me, "I will not drink, nor will any member of my firm drink anything but the natural uncolored teas, nor would I advise any other man to do it, but we find it difficult to sell them. Public taste demands teas colored and faced, which I consider more or less poisonous, and some of them contain prussic acid."

The chemist of the Chicago board of health recently analyzed eighteen samples of tea, and found sixteen adulterated with other leaves, and that more than half had leaves which had been used before.

Mr. Beale, of Virginia, in a speech in the United States House of Representatives last session, stated, as I see, that samples of tea sold in Washington have been found by analysis to be adulterated with Prussian blue and chromate of lead.

COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, ETC.

How is it with coffee? Mr. Beale stated, in the same speech, that whole cargoes of low-grade Rio coffee, had been raised in price from two to three cents a pound by being coated with lamp black and chromate of lead. A Chicago gentleman writes me that coffee dyed to sell is largely sold in that market.

The author of "Food Adulteration," a valuable book recently published in Chicago, says there may be such a thing as unadulterated ground coffee, but (after persistent search) he has never been able to find it. He says it would require almost a page to simply name the articles used in its adulteration, among which he states that he has personal knowledge of the use of baked liver.

In regard to chocolates, cocoa, &c, I have less evidence. The books give a large number of articles, and some very dangerous, which have been used in adulterating them. Dr. Piper writes that he has examined many specimens and never found a pure one.

I am inclined to think that with these, as with almost all other groceries, while there is much that is adulterated, there must be also much that is pure. I am inclined also to think that there may be considerable difference in the qualities of articles sold in different parts of the country. Analyses made seem to prove this fact.

Mrs. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has recently analyzed sixty samples of white sugars obtained in Massachusetts. She found that not one of them contained tin or chloride of calcium, and only one contained glucose; and of thirteen brown sugars she analyzed, only three gave considerable amounts of glucose, and they contained no other injurious adulteration.

This evidence differs so immensely from the testimony of chemists and sugar dealers in other parts of the country, as will hereafter appear, that I cannot but think there must be a difference in the qualities of articles sold in different parts of the country.

Whether the great agitation given to this subject in New England during the past two years would account for this difference, I cannot say. It has been often said that the agitation of the adulteration of milk in a given locality brings into the markets for a time a better article; the same may be true of sugars, and the agitation now going on may for a time stop the use of dangerous adulterations, particularly in those parts of the country where there would be great danger of exposure.

Taxes Levied by Railroads.

F. B. Thurber, in his article on Railroads in "Scribner," sums up the unlimited power they have to use and draw millions from the people of this country. He says:

The extent to which the power to tax is exercised is indicated by the following straws: It is little more than fifteen years since Huntington, Hopkins & Co. were hardware merchants of limited means in San Francisco. They built the Central Pacific Railroad, and deservedly made fortunes estimated at from three to five millions each. They found the railroad enabled them to tax the production and commerce of the entire Pacific coast. Twelve years have rolled around, and recent estimates, based upon legal proceedings necessary in the estate of Mrs. Hopkins, place the partnership wealth of Mr. Leland Stanford at \$34,543,308; that of Mr. Charles Crocker at \$34,493,438; that of Mrs. Hopkins at \$25,290,972, while Mr. Huntington's wealth is estimated even higher than that of Messrs. Stanford and Crocker.

It is about twenty years since the late Mr. Vanderbilt was graduated from the steamship business into railroad management; his possessions at that time were valued at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000; at his death, some three years since, they were estimated at \$80,000,000.

Mr. J. Gould "obtained a start" in the management of the Erie Railroad, in connection, with the late James Fisk; at the time he gave his now famous testimony before quoted (in 1873) he was considered worth from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000; to-day no one knows how much he is worth, but in Wall street estimates are made ranging from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Railroad men who have accumulated, within a few years, amounts ranging from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 are too numerous to mention, as are those, also in branches of trade depending upon and closely identified with railroad transportation—shippers who, through the favor of railroad managers, have been enabled to outstrip or break down all competition.

These are found in every branch of trade, but in none, perhaps, are they so prominent as in the petroleum business. If a true history of the Standard Oil Company could be written, it would read more like a romance of the Middle Ages than a state-

ment of commercial facts possible in the nineteenth century. This is the organization to which the Hepburn Committee alludes as "this mysterious organization, whose business and transactions are of such a character that its members decline giving a history or description of it, lest their testimony be used to convict them of a crime."

The testimony in the Pennsylvania investigation showed that the trunk lines of railroads paid in rebates to the Standard Oil Company, within the period of eighteen months, \$151,218 (ten million, one hundred and fifty-one thousand, two hundred and eighteen dollars), which was contributed by the roads in the following proportions:

Table with 2 columns: Road Name, Amount. Includes: Total shipments—October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879, 18,556,277; Total rebates during that time at 65 cents (average) per barrel, \$10,151,218.00; Of which there was paid to Standard by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 11 per cent. as per contract, Oct. 17, 1877, 1,116,633.00; Paid by New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, 21 per cent. as per contract, October 17, 1877, 2,131,755.78; Paid by Pennsylvania Railroad, 17 per cent. as per contract, October 17, 1877-17 months, 4,771,072.36; Total rebates, October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879, \$10,151,218.00.

Farmer B.'s Advice to a Young Farmer who Wants to Know What to do on Rainy Days.

Young farmer is not the only one who is bothered now. Farmers have had more time this spring and winter for indoor than outdoor work. Still there is always much to do on the farm, if one is disposed to do it. It is not strange that a renter is able to do a good amount of loafing about town when he can not work in the field, for he has no interest to keep an eye open for repairing and keeping everything about the barn and house in snug order.

Step into the cellar, open doors and windows and let in the light. You see cobwebs, and cabbage leaves and wilted or wasting turnips, beets, and sprouting potatoes, and decaying apples and molding barrels. Here's a day's work for two men. First assort the apples and vegetables and carry out all that are decayed and throw to the pigs. Handle the potatoes and select your seed from merchantable potatoes. Carry out all the rest.

Sweep down the ceiling and walls and the floors, after carrying out every board or old hoop, or block, or chip, or box, or barrel not needed in the cellar. Notice every one of those has some mould on it. You are now making war on fungus, and must remove every hiding and breeding place for it. After everything in the cellar and every inch of the cellar has been swept, you will be ready to begin whitewashing. White-wash ceilings and walls. While this is going on, the other can but four ounces of cop-

pers in a bucket of hot water, and wash down the wood work and the barrels and boxes left in the cellar. This day's work may save you a big doctor's bill and a funeral. If it saves a doctor's bill it will be a profitable day's work. Neatness is profitable in the house and on the farm. Comfort, health and refinement follow it.

The next time you are at a loss for work tackle the barn. There are accumulations of cobwebs, trash and litter and dust in it and under it that the health of your animals demands you to remove. You never saw a barn infested with fleas that was thoroughly cleaned out every spring. The horse and cow stables, too, need sweeping down and whitewashing. That chicken-house, which on many farms is an abomination, can be made less offensive, and even respectable, by thoroughly cleaning it out and whitewashing it. Put an ounce of crude carbolic acid in the bucket of whitewash. Haul out all the accumulations of the past, and as soon as you can get dry soil haul in a cart-load or two, and stir it every week, and throw a shovelful or two on the roof, and you will be astonished and delighted at the change wrought, and the great amount of most valuable manure made there in one year. Dry earth is nature's great disinfectant and absorbent.

The next time it rains it may be as well for you to see if the good wife don't wish some nest boxes for the laying hens, or some coops for the hens and young chickens. Take a little pains in making them light and neat, so they may last some years. The pigpens must not be neglected. Our rule is to thoroughly clean the pigpens every spring, and whitewash. To clean them, we heat two or three kettles of boiling water and put in a pound of coppers, and scrub the partitions and floors and sides up two feet, with boiling hot water. These pens are ready for the sows to farrow in, and the young pigs have a fair clean start in life, and are not poisoned in infancy by the germs of disease harboring there.

The beds in the pig-houses should be changed oftener than every rainy day; our rule is twice a week. The floors and yard may need a few minutes' work with the fork and shovel to keep the manure from leaching, and to allow the floors to clean off.

Some of the pigs may need rings put in their noses. Save your sod and keep your place neat by ringing the pigs. Your pigs will do better with a run to grass in the day time, and the pens may be cleaned and ventilated while the pigs are out to grass.

Don't forget to look in the sheep-house. The racks may need repair, or some board there is pulling wool every hour of the day. The lambs may be docked and the sheep tagged some of these rainy days.

We have days when the ground is too wet to plow and yet one can work out. Let the barn-yard be dressed up. The manure should be forked over and placed in a level pile, so as to keep moist and not heat. While the ground is yet moist is the time to scrape up the manure in the barn-yard and pig lot.

With these hints, young man, you can keep busy. If you are handy with tools you have a tool-house and workshop, and will find time to repair gates, tools and implements, when you can not be in the field.

In the wood-house the saw and buck may furnish amusement for the hired man when everything else fails.

If we have not laid out enough to keep you and that man out of mischief until corn-planting begins, let us know and we shall be happy to offer you a few more hints.—Exchange.

FARMER B.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Newaygo County Pomona Grange, No. 11, will meet at Ashland Grange Hall, Tuesday, May 31, at 2 P. M. The unfinished portion of the last published program will be called first, and followed by essays and discussions in the following order:

- Pomology—L. E. Wright, Croton Grange. Economy—Mrs. William Hillman, Enslay Grange. Advantages of the Girls of To-day over Those of the Past—Mrs. James Mallery, Fremont Grange. What Profit is there in Hogs?—Samuel Cox, Ashland Grange. Thinkers and Toolers—Mrs. W. M. Scott, Hesperia Grange. NEIL MCCALLUM, Lect. County Grange.

We give below the program for the joint meeting of D. & B. C. D. Council and Oakland Pomona Grange, to be held at Orion, Tuesday, June 7, 1881, at 10 A. M.: Opening of Council. Music by Orion Grange choir. Address of welcome by the Rev. Barnes, of Orion.

Response by the Lecturer of Pomona Grange. Music.

Discussion—"Our Marketing Wool"—opened by J. M. Norton, of Rochester. "The Mission of the Grange"—an essay by Mrs. Wm. Satterlee. Music.

"How can the Farmers of the Eastern Part of Michigan best Compete with the Great West?"—G. M. Trowbridge, Pontiac. Essay by Mrs. H. J. Bowers, of Birmingham—"Woman: her Work and Influence." Music.

"The Grange: its Relation to our Moral Development"—Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Lecturer of the Council. An essay by Mrs. G. M. Shattuck—"The Social Position of the Farmer's Family: What it is, and What it Should be." Music.

Suggestions for the good of the Order.—Wm. Satterlee, Mrs. C. H. Stevens, J. P. Snook, Mr. Cassidy, W. A. Wales, M. J. Newberry, Roney Clark, O. F. Delano and James Peabody. All fourth-degree members are cordially invited to attend. Dinner, with tea and coffee, as usual. Fifth-degree meeting by Pomona Grange in the evening.

J. G. NOBLE, Sec.

Schoolcraft Grange will hold a Strawberry festival at their hall in June, and premiums are offered as follows: First, for the best two quarts of strawberries raised by the exhibitor, either the Atlantic Monthly or one of Harper's publications, one year. For the second best, two quarts, the Husbandman one year. For the third best two quarts the GRANGE VISITOR one year. All berries entered for exhibition to become the property of Schoolcraft Grange to be prepared in the most tempting manner for a feast at that time.

The members of Vicksburg, Portage and Texas Granges are cordially invited to compete with us for the above premiums. The date of holding the festival will be given, either through the VISITOR, or by letter to the Secretaries of the above Granges. H. C. COMMITTEE.

JOHNSTOWN, May 4, 1881.

Brother Cobb:—The Barry County Pomona Grange will hold its next regular meeting at the hall of the Orangeville Grange, on the last Thursday in May, at one o'clock P. M. All fourth degree members are invited to attend. Fraternal yours, A. PARKER, Sec'y.

Banfield P. O.

Brother Cobb:—The Branch County Pomona Grange, No. 22, will meet with the Girard Grange on Thursday, May 19, instead of the 18, as was understood at our last meeting. WALLACE E. WRIGHT, Sec.

Hillsdale Pomona Grange No. 10, will hold its next meeting at the Allen Grange hall, on the first Wednesday in June at 10 o'clock A. M. The following is the program for said meeting: Curling and Storing Hay, by W. O. Kelley. Select reading, Sister Griswold. Essay, Sister Fannie Hall. Discussion: Would Woman's Influence be Diminished by Giving her the Ballot,—opened by Sister Benedict. N. T. BROCKWAY, Sec'y.

Bro. Cobb:—The next meeting of the Ionia County Grange will be held at Orange Grange hall, in Orange township, May 24 and 25. All fourth-degree members are cordially invited to attend. Let there be a full house. By order of Ex. Com. W. A. INMAN, Chairman.

Oceana county will hold its sheep-shearing festival on the fair grounds at Hart, on MAY 24, under the direction of Oceana Pomona Grange, No. 23. This Grange will also hold an open meeting at the courthouse in Hart, June 4. Geo. C. MYERS, Sec'y. New Era, Mich.

Instead of the usual annual festival after harvest, the Patrons of Ingham county will this year hold a picnic in the grove near the village of Williamson, on Wednesday, June 1st, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. On this occasion the company will be addressed by Hon. J. J. Woodman, Master of the National Grange, and probably by Hon. Thos. Moore, Prof. C. L. Whitney and others. Good music will be provided, and with a fair day we may safely count on a large attendance. All who are interested in the advancement of agriculture are invited to be present. PROF. W. J. BEAL, Master, O. F. MILLER, Secretary, A. A. KING, Lecturer, of Ingham Co. Grange.

Well Answered.

"Would you be strong? Go follow the plow. Would you be thoughtful? Study fields and flowers. Would you be wise? Take on yourself a vow to go to school in nature's sunny bowers."

Michigan Female Seminary, Located at Kalamazoo.

This school for young ladies has been steadily acquiring, during three years past, a reputation that will carry it on in the future as one of the firmly established institutions of the north-west. Doubts have been expressed from time to time, as to whether the indebtedness incurred in the purchase of its grounds and the erection of its buildings would not in the future compel its abandonment; fortunately, this doubt has been removed in the recent payment of its entire indebtedness. Along with the removal of its encumbrances, it has also received aids for educational advancement in more perfect apparatus and facilities for teaching in philosophy and branches of natural sciences; these and other appliances will be increased from time to time as funds are realized, for which liberal promises have been made. Its properly qualified principal and body of teachers are devoting themselves zealously to the advancement of pupils in the various branches prescribed in the courses of study. At this Seminary the aim is to make instruction thorough and complete, and to give to those taught a proper degree of accuracy in all that is taught. Moral and religious teaching, without sectarian basis, is in daily practice.

The grounds upon which the buildings are located are extensive and elevated, and especial care is observed as to the health of pupils, in giving them the necessary out-door exercise. A careful examination of the courses of study will show this Seminary entirely up to any of the schools east or west. A careful and proper economy in the administration of the affairs of the Seminary has enabled the trustees to furnish board and tuition at very reasonable rates; thus giving to persons of limited means educational facilities almost unknown before this school was established.

The course of study for each term, the price for board and tuition, the proper time for admission of pupils, and other information, are fully given in the catalogues, which will be furnished on applications addressed to Miss CORNELIA EDDY, Principal; or E. O. HUMPHREY, Treasurer, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Alabastine.

LANSING, April 29, 1881.

J. T. Cobb, DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 27th, in regard to Alabastine, manufactured at Grand Rapids, is received. I have examined the Alabastine, and find it free from poisonous and injurious materials. I have had my study in the chemical laboratory alabastined, and every one who has examined the coating on the walls of the study is charmed with the appearance, because it has a uniform and beautiful color, the walls are free from all disagreeable odor, and the alabastine does not rub off, soil clothes etc, but appears to be as fixed as if applied with oil. I consider the alabastine a great improvement on kalsomine, and think you may safely commend it to your friends. Yours truly, R. C. KEDZIE.

The ladies have been getting ahead, but we have an article for the next number from a lady who comes to the defense of the stronger sex.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Corrected Time-Table—May 13, 1881.

Table with columns: Direction (WESTWARD, EASTWARD), Station, Day Express, Saginaw Express, Mixed, No. 12, No. 4, No. 11. Includes routes to Port Huron, Grand Trunk Junction, Imlay City, Lapeer, Flint, Durand, Lansing, Charlotte, Battle Creek, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Cossapolis, South Bend, Ypsalario, Chicago.

All trains run by Chicago time. All trains daily except Sunday. CHAS. H. FROST, General Manager. W. H. PATTERSON, Asst. Superintendent. For information as to rates, apply to J. A. Bordeaux, local Agent, Schoolcraft, Mich.

FOR SALE.

One of the Best Farms in St. Joseph County. SITUATED three miles east of White Pigeon. 160 acres—120 acres plow land, improved, balance timber and meadow; 600 rods good hedge fence, the balance of fences in good repair. All kinds of Fruit in abundance. Forty-five acres of wheat, and 40 acres of clover now on the ground. Will sell reasonable, and on terms to suit the purchaser. C. Y. RUNYAN, White Pigeon, May 10th, 1881. may15-1t

BEEES FOR SALE. CHOICE ITALIANS. In Movable Comb Hives. Write for Prices. O. B. RANNEY, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## Ladies' Department.

### A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the hand above?  
A woman's heart and a woman's life—  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—  
Man-like have you questioned me—  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
Until I shall question thee.

You may require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts be whole:  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And as pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,  
I require a far greater thing;  
A seamstress you're waiting for socks and for shirts—  
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,  
And the man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did on the first,  
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft young cheek one day—  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire, and a little to pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not won in that way.

### A Few Thoughts Pertaining to Human Life.

BY SARAH L. STEDMAN, OF ALLEGAN.

I saw a child; a fair-haired, winsome child. He had wandered over the spring-awakened, flower-decked meadows. The sunny hill-slopes had dimpled to the gladness of the springing, buoyant feet. Meadows and snow-kissed hillside had yielded him, with a bounteous hand, their wealth of flowery treasures. The sweet arbutus, with its waxen nectar cups; the clustered hepatica; the frail anemone; the sweet spring beauty; the blue-eyed violet, and all the bright sisterhood of Spring's first offering filled the childish hands and tumbled from the little apron. Ah, methought, dear child, thou hast gathered earth's sweetest, loveliest gems, and standest there, thyself as sweet a flower from heaven's eternal spring. Fair picture! I see it still. The little restless feet have borne him to the rippling river's side. There he stands, forgetful of his fragrant treasures. The bright sparkling waters, dancing over their pebbly bed, not more sparkling than the joyous look on his bright face. The sunshine, glinting on the wave, not more lovely than that hiding in his golden curls. But see! his treasures are thrown hastily down, and with eager hand he is reaching in the limpid waters—for what? A bit of rock, shining with a borrowed beauty of sun and wave. As the little dimpled hand brings it from its watery bed a look of disappointment shades the glad face. The bit of rock, which shone so brightly in the prismatic waters, appears a dull and worthless thing, now that he holds it in his hand; with childish impatience he throws it from him and turns to regather his flowers. Ah, his flowers! where are they? They have floated steadily and quietly out, and now the swift current is bearing them rapidly beyond his reach. The little outstretched hands and the pathetic appealing look are powerless to bring them back. The remorseless waters heed not the little tear-stained face pleading so piteously for the treasures they have snatched from him.

Are we not all children? Are we not constantly throwing away many of life's sweetest flowers, and reaching out with eager hands for the worthless and the false? We, too, see many things through a false medium. The pity is, we do not as soon discover the allusion as did our little flower-robbed child.

The false is thrust so constantly, so persistently upon us, that the true fades almost away in the dim distance. Our hearts are made the dumb altars, upon which are burned to worthless ashes, much of the finest and purest of our natures.

Notice the affectionate, loving little child. Its heart seems to be an overflowing well of love, that is ever bubbling up and reaching out to the utmost limits of its little world—the home circle. Every day it gathers force and sweetness, and delights us with its sparkling spontaneity, and we feel that we hold a large bit of heaven in our arms and home.

But some ill-fated day the serpent worms its slimy way into this paradise, perchance in the form of a grown man or a woman, and sneers at that loving child, as it winds its arms about its father's neck, or points the finger of scorn as it presses its sweet face lovingly against its mother's cheek. Instantly that great tide of love surges back upon the little, loving heart, and ever after it tries to hide, to repress its feelings. Has not that demon, in human form, made that heart an altar on which to burn its own priceless wealth of love?

It is ever thus. We receive our deepest

wounds in the divine of our nature, and as we stand on the very threshold of life. A loving heart—that great fountain of love that God meant for the birthright of every living soul; whose waters were to flow on and on, ever widening and deepening, freshening and brightening the arid wastes of life, making pure and glad the life of its happy possessor, and reaching out open hands of cheer and warmth to all—is forced back, walled around, compelled to find some hidden subterranean passage; to struggle along in crooked, tortuous channels; to lose itself in deep, gloomy caves, whose depths never see the light of day; or, sadder of all, become a stagnant pool, spreading pestilence and death to every luckless passer by.

This first lesson of the corrupt and the false; this first bitter mingling of earth's wormwood in our heaven-given cup of wine is followed swiftly by others. The mature in years, the half grown youth, and even the child of a few summers, is ready with the covert sneer, the scornful finger, or the open gibe. If the child has attained a few years, "baby," "milkop," "spooney," are terms that scorch and burn, and leave their bitter ashes to smoulder on their living altars.

We wonder that our child grows coarse; that he loses the sweet innocency, the trusting love of infancy.

Are we not blind? Blind! and the full light of a sun in mid-heaven shining about us! Wonder not that he takes on coarseness; wonder rather that so much of the angel lingers still.

The poet says heaven lies close about us in our infancy. It had been nearer truth had he said heaven lies *within* us in our infancy. For in the face of all the cruelty, the atrocity and the bloodshed that has marked man's footsteps through this world, from his earliest to the present time, I believe there was and is more good than evil—more angel than demon in his make-up—that, were the good as persistently cultivated as the evil, our earth would be much nearer the millennium than it is to day. But we, like the child, have thrown away our sweet spring flowers, and in their place have gathered worthless bits of stone that have cut our fingers; we have delved in the mud and slime of earth's turbid streams for our treasures, and the mud and slime have defiled our garments, and our souls have been robbed of the perfume and beauty of that which we have cast from us.

We lose the unconscious grace, the charming originality and sweet simplicity of the child, and become automatic machines; and why? Our inborn love of approbation, and fear of ridicule have early taught us to hide our true selves; to unconsciously shape ourselves after the pattern of those about us.

The child is intensely imitative, and, too often painfully sensitive. Its first contact with the world is associated with those its superior in years. Its intuitions are acute and it soon feels its physical inferiority, and its aspirations are all in this direction. Father and mother sit on an unapproachable height. It looks with admiring eagerness upon the feats of superior prowess in brother or sister, and nothing is more eagerly coveted. These aspirations are often unduly cultivated by parent, at the expense of finer, nobler traits. The boy is told, "Don't cry; and be a little man;" "Go and bring this or that and be mother's little man;" much oftener than: "Be kind and gentle and be a man;" "Don't strike back; and be a man." As he struts about in his first pair of pants, or boots, he is admired and called papa's little man, without so much as a hint that the practice of patience, self-denial, and every manly virtue, goes farther in the making of a man than the putting on of manly apparel. The girl is told to keep her apron clean and be a lady; "don't be noisy; sit still and be a lady;" "have the pretty new dress on and be a lady;" far more frequently than: "be good to little brother, and be a lady;" "don't get angry and pout; and be a lady;" until the child's highest ideal of manliness is to be bold and strong; while a little decorum and a fine dress make a lady.

Know we not that by these, and hundreds of kindred lessons, we are rooting out the pure and true of the child's nature, and sowing broadcast the false, the untrue? We are giving it bits of stone and rock for its pure gold; we are planting weeds and poisonous herbs, which will dwarf and choke out the tender plant whose rare beauty and sweet perfume might have gladdened the heart of every passer by.

We teach our children to be false and artificial by trampling upon their sensitiveness. How often have I seen the tears start to the eyes of the sensitive child at the harsh reprimand for some trifling slip at the table; the little lips quiver at the reproof for some childish speech; the delicate face pale or burn at a sneering look or word for some little demonstration of affection. Such natures are easily repressed and injured. They are like the sensitive mimosa—they need but a rude breath to make them quiver or shrink. They will suffer bodily torture rather than a sneer or frown from those they fear, or love. Every contact with the unfeeling and coarse is torture to them. They soon learn to repress their feelings—to hide all emotion—to take on the artificial and the false. Thus many a sweet, rich nature is deformed; all the charming originality, all the joyous spontaneity is crushed out.

Shame upon us! We, in our stupid, if not criminal blindness, have taken the flowers out of these little hands and crushed them beneath our heel, and filled the little robbed palms with rocks and stones.

Should the child be blessed in having a kind and gentle father, a tender and refined mother, it may for some years escape this blighting, deforming process, and its after experience will not be attended with such disastrous results. But infancy passes swiftly away, and the child is sent to school. Heaven help it now! It will need, not one, but a legion of guardian angels. If sensitive and timid, it will suffer daily martyrdom; if bold and aggressive, these traits will grow apace and show an unthought-of amount of vitality; if vicious and evil-minded it will not fail to find abundant stimulus; if vain or proud, vanity and pride will find their kindred spirits. For the schoolroom is a perfect epitome of the world. There will be found every disposition, and each with its separate bent or inclination.

There, as in the world, the false, the untrue, will be found bold and aggressive; truth and virtue, unassuming and retiring. Into this, to it a new world, comes our little innocent, with its shrinking dread of ridicule; its eager longing to be thought wise and large beyond its years. Do we need the wisdom of a sage to tell us the temptation to the child?

"My boy has grown so rough since he went to school; he always told me the truth and confided in me. Now he avoids my confidence, and I sometimes fear he does not tell me the whole truth," says many a sorrowing mother; or, "My gentle, modest little girl is growing rude and forward. She seems so changed." Changed? Aye, changed indeed.

To me it seems an inexpressively grievous fact that mothers and fathers, with time and means at their disposal—mothers and fathers of intelligence and good judgment in matters of less importance, will permit their little children, at the tender age of five, or under, to go to the daily school. Why! you would not permit your young colts to be confined and hampered for more than half of their waking hours. The plea that you want your child to become learned, is the stupidest of all stupidity.

I would rather take a child at ten who had never seen a printed page, other advantages being equal, than the average boy or girl of that age who had been a daily attendant at the public school for five years.

But they are there, and we must make the most of the situation, for the world accepts truth slowly. We are in nineteenth century's depth of ruts, and it is exceedingly hard to get out of them. We must swallow the full pound of nauseous drugs because we will thrust from us the ounce of prevention. We will continue to give the child poisonous herbs and worthless bits of stone for its sweet flowers of innocence and love. We will nip the tender buds of confidence and trust ere they are half unfolded, for this is the proper thing to do, and why should we presume to know better ways than our nineteenth century forefathers?

The new may be the better way, but I should hate to try it. It must be the old is right, for wiser men than we have sanctioned it. Yes; and so said the mitered priest of the seventeenth century when Galileo would have the sun instead of the earth the center of the solar system. So said our leading divines in the last quarter of this nineteenth century, when a woman had the audacity, the unwomanly temerity, to presume that she had the right to tell her fellow beings from the pulpit, of the love and charity that were proclaimed nineteen centuries ago from Olives' mount. But the earth does move around its great center of light and heat, in spite of mitered priest and his inquisitorial tortures, and the firm foundations of eternal truth are to-day as unshaken as they were before woman's puny arm rested on the self-consecrated desk, O, nineteenth century priest!

Yes, we will continue to send our little child, all unprotected, at the tender age of five years, from the home-fold to the school, where his little body shall, six long hours each day, sit in a cramped and uneasy posture; his little limbs aching with their dangling weight; breathing the heated and poisonous air of a crowded schoolroom, instead of outdoors, with joyous leap and bound, drinking in God's bright sunshine and pure air, strengthening the little growing body, laying up a store of health and strength, that the mind may not in a few short years be crippled, chained down by a weak and diseased body.

We will let him be hurled about on the playground by the rough, the bully, the vicious. We will let him daily see coarse, rude actions, hear profane, obscene language, and with sorrowful hearts and tearful eyes spend weary days and sleepless nights pulling up the weeds, drenching them with our bitter tears, and sending him, with the coming day, where he will in a few hours, gather a greater crop than we can eradicate by painful toil in years.

Do not infer that I consider the public school the nesting place of everything mean and coarse, or that all children are corrupt. No; thank God for the many pure, sweet natures found in every school. But I do mean that you will always find some who are wholly unfit companions for your little child. There is hardly any neighborhood

but will furnish one or more, and to the home of such you would never permit your little one to go unattended, but to the school where perhaps half a score of them may be found, away from the restraining influences of father and mother, you will send him with a seeming confidence which would certainly be amusing if it were not so painfully serious.

My plea is not that you do not send your child to the public school, but that you do not send him so young. Do not send him until he can distinguish brave, manly action from swagger; until he is mentally and morally strong enough to endure the ridicule and contempt of his inferiors, rather than be guilty of a mean action; until he has control enough to let the gauntlet of the rough remain where it should—in the dust at his feet.

I know it is very convenient to send them to school, and I presume the reply I once received when I remonstrated with a mother for sending her little four-year old boy to a school filled with great rough boys and rude girls, would be the reply of the majority: "I know he is too young to go to school, but when he is there, I know where he is, and I can have a little quiet in the house." So for a little present convenience, she will leave out that fruitful field, her child's heart, and let who will sow tares, and weeds and stinging nettles.

"Have a little quiet in the house." A few years and this enemy-sown field may bear its bitter fruit; and as she sits in her lonely home, filled now with a quiet little less than agony, waiting for her boy to come home from the street corner or saloon, will her thoughts ever revert back to his innocent childhood, and the quiet she bought at so fearful a sacrifice?

Never, perhaps, was there an age or a people who trusted the education of their children to the schools as do ours at the present day. This would be all well enough if it were supplemented by home training, but alas! too often it is not. Parents in their mad rush after wealth, and to meet the demands of society, find no time. All is trusted to the schools—heart culture, the most vital of all, is neglected. Each study is carried through on the high pressure process of a fast age, and nothing is thoroughly mastered.

Well, what are the results? How do the pupils compare with those of earlier times? They have a smattering of a greater range and are far more showy. But what about depth? What about real mental culture? What about manners? What about morals? This mere smattering is a positive injury to them. They know so little of what they have hurried through, that they think they know it all. Nineteenths of them are arrant dunces. They are finished ignoramuses. The sidewalk is not wide enough for them. Everybody who has not the proper dash and swagger about them is voted an old fogey. The dear, precious words, "father," "mother," are obsolete in their vocabulary: "old lady," "governor," "boss" the dignified and elegant substitutes they employ—epithets which, when so applied are exceeded in vulgarity only by the tongues and hearts of those who employ them.

Fine clothes, a cigar, and a good deal of swagger is their mental definition of a gentleman. Their sisters have no higher standards. Fine dresses go further with them than fine manners; a little outward polish is more to be desired than true refinement of heart; vulgar, flashy ornaments dangling in their ears, strung around their necks and disfiguring their fingers, are to them better jewels than a cultured mind. The disgusting frizzes and bangs, disfiguring their faces, receive more attention than the shallow brains they cover. Now this is not all to be laid to the charge of a lack of a right training in our schools. Society is full of it. Our churches are far from being blameless. Everywhere we see this false standard of respectability: social recognition is purchased by style, your position is graduated by the cut of your garments, clothing is the pass-word that gives you an entrance, an ounce of gold is heavier than a pound of brains.

This is not mere imagination, the phantasms of our over sensitive brain; it is a truth patent to the dullest minds. It is working incalculable evil, it is corrupting our people, making us a by-word,—a laughing stock to other nations. It dates back to the discovery of our oil wells, when the poor man woke up and found himself rich, and his family bound down by poverty found themselves lifted by one great tidal wave of wealth from their firm footing. They lost their ballast. Their uncultured minds led them into the wildest extravagance, the most vulgar display of dress and equipage. They strove to cover their ingrained vulgarity by the glitter of diamonds and the folds of costly velvets. They knocked at the closed doors of society, and they flew open on their golden hinges. Culture and worth stepped down and aside, vulgarity and gold mounted the throne, and to these free born Americans bow their faces in the very dust. The rapid fortunes made during our late civil war continued this state of things. Men were not satisfied with their thousands, millions could hardly satisfy their thirst for the shining ore. "Gold! gold!! give us more gold!!!" seemed to be their rallying cry. These new-made millionaires paraded

their wealth with sickening ostentation. Palace homes crowded with a vulgar display of costly furniture, dashing turn-outs, with their blooded steeds champing their silver bits, their panting sides all ablaze with the shining metal; extravagant entertainments where thousands upon thousands of costly wines were swallowed, and the eyes ached with the glitter of diamonds and the shimmer of satins. All this disgusting display, as delineated with nauseating minuteness in the newspapers, has been the source of much of the corruption that to-day threatens the very life of our free institutions.

This is the spirit that to-day rules our legislators at the National capitol. Who can read the accounts of their senseless exceptions, their extravagant entertainments, their servile aping of the manners of foreign courts, without a blush of shame; or follow their unsteady steps from the wine cup or bells of debauchery, with an unclimbed hand? Is it a wonder that such servile, debauched creatures are ready to sell themselves and their country to the highest bidder? That they have forgotten the very name of principle? This is indeed a very gloomy picture. The future looks dark, but thank God, there is a little gleam of hope. Here and there all over the land glimmer the beacon lights that tell us the people are awakening and girding themselves for battle, and if they will but be true to themselves, true to the noble principles of our noble Order, Brother and Sister Patrons, then so sure as day will succeed night, so sure as God—Truth—is mightier than error, deliverance will come, but it will not come without a struggle, a long battle with ourselves and the evils that lie at our own doors.

We must check this inordinate love of gold, this spirit of vulgar display that is eating out the very heart of society, that is ruining our children by giving them false standards of life before they are old enough to judge for themselves. We must reach out our hand and gather the flowers that we crush beneath our feet. We must clean out our Augean stables, and not stand supplicating the God of high heaven to descend and do our disagreeable work for us. It will be a long job. We will need many a Hercules of mental and moral might, but we will have them, may we have them now, and they can and will do valiant battle, if that hydra-headed monster, selfishness, and love of gold, does not strangle them in their cradle. But, as the first step toward the righting of any evil is to see that evil, and as forewarned is to be forearmed, may we not take a little courage?

As I have sat and listened, night after night, to the great evils that are threatening us as a nation and as individuals, and have seen the calmness, almost apathy, with which they are received by many, the evident reluctance to take up their discussion—I have marveled at the silence, marveled at my own tongue-tied self, and asked myself: Is it indifference, or a cowardly fear that we shall not express ourselves as well as we would like? I am afraid it is a little of both.

All honor to those who have so nobly, so earnestly spoken. What if, in our halls of legislation, they do laugh to scorn your requests? What if they do vote them down, or shelve them? They are not buried; your work is not lost. Every word, every blow will resound along the wide corridors of time; yes, all future time—eternity.

We need your words to show us where we stand and whither our footsteps are tending. We need your blows to shake from us the lethargy that binds us; sturdy blows to beat down the walls of prejudice which we have built around us. But, as with ponderous blows in your righteous indignation, you strike back that hydra-headed monster that is slowly but surely winding its loathsome coil upon coil around us, and tightening its slimy folds about our beating hearts, I see by your side a frailer form, who holds in her encircling arms a little child that is looking into her eyes with a trust and reverence we accord only to God. Her strength seems weakness, her hand puny, measured against yours, but the weight of her little finger would fall heavier than your heaviest sledge hammer blows, if she would lay it at the root of the evil. If she will do this, we need not thunder at the gates of the Capitol and reach out imploring hands of supplication to the hirelings our blind, party zeal has sent there; creatures that, with the outward semblance of man, make a farce of their constituents' rights, and are ready to sell their last principle for money or power. No; like Ephraim, they are joined to their idols. Let them alone; you but waste your strength; you beat the empty air. Neither need we thunder at the doors of our schoolhouses; deliverance will not come, unaided, from that direction.

I would go to the home of infancy—to the mother. In her hand is the power. In the incorrupt heart of that little child, gazing into her face with such holy reverence, is the hope of the future—the salvation of our country.

I would thunder with all the might of a God-nerved hand at the sleeping heart and deadened conscience of woman. I would implore her to awake to a sense of her heaven-imposed duty; to lay aside the deadening thralldom that binds her to a senseless round of unmeaning forms, imposed by that heartless, senseless thing, called society.

I would implore her to awake, by all the love she has, or ought to have, for those

little immortals who will forever bless her, or look with shuddering horror upon the harvest of death she has allowed others to sow, while she wasted her energies upon dress, or made herself a beast of burden, to save for them, in after years, a handful of dross.

O, woman! O, mother, mother! will you not be true to yourself, your God, your child, that at manhood's years he will reverence you with his infancy's trust? Will you not strive to keep the jewels in that little heart so uncorrupted that they will ever reflect with undimmed lustre, the glorious image of the God of righteousness, and not the debased image of the god of mammon and sensuality?

God asks the question; angels listen with bated breath for your answer; your country stretches out to you her imploring hands, and prays you to give her men and women, and not the corrupt semblance. Will you?

Woman's Social Status.

Bro. Cobb.—In your issue for February 1, I notice an article, entitled, "What shall we do with our girls?" which particularly interested me. The leading fact which the writer deduces from his reference to antiquities, is that females are a necessary evil which has thus far baffled the ingenuity of mankind to effectually eradicate.

The writer, in behalf of her sex, would congratulate herself upon the present and prospective outlook for the sisterhood. Socially, woman is set forth as man's equal. Ah, indeed, is it not here their courses diverge, the one quite lost in the noise and stir of business and the sharp competition of life, the other, like the mountain stream settling to its pristine course, whose every movement impresses its delineation with greater effect?

Thus it is with woman in the domestic circle. See how implicitly her child believes her every word. How his little heart swells with happiness when she bestows a loving glance or word of commendation upon him! If she is grieved at any childish act of disobedience how quickly he discovers it, and with quivering lip flies to her arms for forgiveness. As he grows older and passes out into the world to gain his livelihood, it is the influence of mother or sister which preserves him from the snares and temptations which beset the path of youth. See him a little further on; now his own strong, right arm supports her faltering steps, and he delights to do her honor. Still more remotely he, an old man, is reviewing the scenes of his childhood, how fondly does his mind linger about the memories of a beloved mother. To him the influence of a mother was the directing genius of his subsequent career.

Intellectually her influence should not be less potent. Society has, in opening the doors of our institutions of learning, placed in our hands the means of making ourselves worthy of any position of emolument or power. When we have proved ourselves competent to take an active part in the government of the nation, we will be recognized as equals politically as well as socially. Whether this lies distantly or near at hand, is wholly dependent upon ourselves. Were we to devote ourselves with a generosity of purpose which would at once and forever lift us above the vanity of the provincialisms of society, our discipline for the highest functions of life would be secured. Very many good women err, we fear, in their zeal to elevate their sex to the same plane of usefulness and influence with their brothers.

Nature has placed a difference between us, the effects of which all the legislation and social influence which she may ever obtain cannot materially modify. Our feelings are too often excited over the unequal distribution of rewards for services rendered. This results from natural differences which exist between us. Rewards cannot be justly placed upon what services we are able to render for an hour or a day, but upon the aggregate of our services as a life work. Man learns his business and devotes himself to it, while the event of his paterfamilias only increases the motives for industry and devotion to meet the demands of a growing family. Woman, on the contrary performs services in competition with her brothers, but always with the contingency understood, if not expressed, that the event of maternity will change the relation of the employer and the employed, and not infrequently with greater loss to the former than to the latter.

Sisters, there is no higher sphere for usefulness than the one which heaven has assigned and secured to us by such holy laws as may never be abrogated—we mean the family.

If woman is so desirous of obtaining distinction in a profession, that she is willing to deny herself the possibilities which follow from her social relations, to undergo the same discipline, to struggle through the same difficulties as her masculine competitors, her merits will receive its just reward. "There is no royal road to fame," she must remember that unused to competition, she must take the same highway as those whose strength enables them to pursue it with ease. She must not be disheartened by the slanders which will be freely bestowed upon her, they but mark her rise from obscurity. If she keep herself modest, pure and upright, she soon will rise above the envious crowd,

and the filth cast by them will fall at their own doors. There is always room at the top, and whoever, whether man or woman of any profession, whose merit secures it, will always command respect. We however, cannot conceive the ambition of any true woman to be in the possession of a seat in the presidential chair. Sad is the possibility that the day may come when woman so neglects her duty that a man in all this great Union cannot be found worthy of this position.

A wise ambition in woman or man may be commendable, but an ambition void of intelligence or moral principle is a vice, and the possessor of it a scourge to mankind. A woman who starts out on a career without a true view of what constitutes true greatness, borne onward by a corrupt ambition, strews her path with thorns, and in the end will open the flood gates for untold miseries.

Revelation and nature both alike mislead her the true sphere for usefulness and the happiest achievements. It does not essentially follow that, because some woman has developed a distaste for the duties of the sphere she has so long filled, that therefore there is something more lofty and honorable in another direction. Is it not, we ask, quite as possible for the sphere in which she has so long figured to contain all that is essential to the tastes of the loftiest genius and the most refined intellect?

Who of us has yet tested the exalted possibilities of her present sphere? I apprehend there is something in it yet to be discovered by some bright intellect, which is pining for distinction. Upon the whole I believe that certain vague something after which so many females aspire in these days may be found quite within reach of her present situation. Yes, I rather like the description of woman's mission, as given by another.

She is to make a home, to beautify and adorn it, to sing sweet songs of love in it, to bear her portion of the toil, and pain, and sorrow in it, to con daily, lessons of patience, strength and endurance in it, to shine there like a star in the darkest night. She should set the home interest high on a pinnacle, above earthly grandeur, all gaudy glitter, and all fanciful ambitions, and strengthen love and charity, and all good things in it. Lawrence, Feb. 24, 1881.

Hired Help.

Brother Cobb.—I would like, to talk to Aunt Clara through the columns of your paper. I think one trouble in getting good help, is the manner in which some of us treat our help. If you get a good girl, she generally proves to be one of the sensitive, lady-like kind, who does not like to be treated as a slave, if she does occupy a servant's place. When you hear a young lady make the remark "that she is not going to be a drudge for anybody; that a hired girl is nobody," you may know she would not be much help in the kitchen. I do not think it any disgrace to take charge of a lady's kitchen, and keep the wheels of the household machinery running smoothly, but rather call it an honor. Many a milliner and dressmaker are on the point of starvation, because they are too proud to work in the kitchen. Girls will work at the dress-makers' trade for \$2.50 and \$3.00 per week and pay half of and sometimes the whole of it for board, while a hired girl has \$2.00 and \$3.00 per week and her board, and it is very much healthier employment. As for society, who cares for its opinion in this matter, as long as we do right? Do you think that the girl who trims your hats and dresses is superior to the one who cooks your meals and keeps your house neat and orderly? I do not; if anything, she is inferior. A young lady who makes light, white bread and biscuits, nice cake, flaky pies and golden butter, is far more accomplished than she who spends her time in reading novels, thumping on the piano and studying the latest fashions. What are the majority of the girls of to-day? A walking fashion plate to be admired, petted and waited upon. Is not the fault partly ours in bringing them up to do so? Husband comes down to breakfast; the steak is over-done, coffee muddy, potatoes half-done, everything is topsy-turvy and children crying. "Why, Mary! how is this?" She bursts into tears. "Charles, I can not get any help; what am I going to do?" If we could have peeped into this lady's kitchen a week ago, things were orderly and neat under the hands of a hired-girl. But she was not content; she must find fault and be overbearing, keeping the girl on her feet from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night; no time to sew or read, or hardly think. Do you wonder this lady can get no help? Whose fault is it? Let us carry out the divine injunction and do unto them as we would have them do unto us, if we were placed in their position.

Does the Wife Support the Husband?

Bro. Cobb.—Will you allow me a little space in your paper wherein I may thank Mrs. O. M. Sykes for so aptly expressing in the last number of the VISITOR my own sentiments, and I venture to add, the sentiments of hundreds of other women, did they pause to think the matter over calmly. I think it is a stigma upon women who labor as farmers' wives do, to affirm that they are supported by their husbands, without any

modification of the term. Wherever a matrimonial firm exists, each member working assiduously for the good of that firm, it is folly to say that one member supports the other, unless, indeed the preponderance of supporting is done on the part of the wife. If he produces the wheat, I wonder if she does nothing when she prepares his meals, washes his clothes, and performs numberless other duties that meet her at every turn?

Although a man's work may be of greater magnitude, it cannot possibly be as comprehensive and unceasing as woman's. I think the couplet

"A man's work is from sun to sun,  
But a woman's work is never done."

is one of the truest ever uttered.

I am glad this subject of the domestic relations came forward for discussion, for I believe it is the foundation of much of the happiness or misery that falls to the lot of mortals. I think that a loving and harmonious union between one man and one woman is a sight that angels must love to look down upon, but any observing person will find such a consummation the exception instead of the rule. If, as individuals and families we would mount the shining ladder of progression, we must lay aside the false teaching of the past that has invested man with a superiority he does not possess, and teach that man and woman were destined to walk side by side as equals. When we can practice this doctrine we will have no use for the dogma of regeneration, for we shall have learned the laws of correct living.

MRS. C. E. CONEY.

Camden, Mich.

Practical Hints on House Cleaning.

At the outset let me thank the W. Lecturer, who, from the kindness of her heart, no less than the fertility of her brain, has given us so opportune a subject upon which to fasten our thoughts. Though snow is still visible and the wintry winds still whistle about us, the thoughts of the thrifty housewife, with the not unpleasant or unprofitable accompanying hum of the sewing machine, are reaching forward to the inevitable campaign—that of house purification. Home is woman's kingdom, and will not a wise, kind, and considerate sovereign carefully investigate and scrutinize every nook and corner of her realm, that everything over which she has control is in keeping with her dignity as well as conducive to the well being of her subjects. A home cannot be termed "well ordered," and cannot be satisfactory to its occupants unless as often as once each year there be a thorough investigation and cleansing of its various apartments.

There is a continued wear and waste of objects, both animate and inanimate, the accumulation of which would soon render a dwelling unwholesome and unfit for occupancy. A room may have its beautifully adorned walls, soft carpets and rare ornaments, and yet disease may be hid among its grandeur. Let us not then think that our labors are vain or unnecessary when we take our weapons in our hands and commence our warfare against moths, dust, cobwebs, and actual filth, but through it all from the first stroke to the last grand finishing touch let us bear these ideas in mind, to do all with the least possible waste of strength, the least possible exposure of health, and the least possible inconvenience and discomfort to each member of the household, from the aged who want a cosy corner, to the little prattler who cannot defend its rights.

But the practical hints, where are they? Last year we probably all thought our plan the best and most feasible that could be devised, but in this age of progression is it not well to strive for something better? First, I give it as one of my aims to clear the pantry, store-room, and all closets contiguous to the kitchen, first, while the weather is too cool to safely admit of labor remote from the stoves and before it is so warm that the necessary fire in the cook stove will make a person feel like calling for the camphor and a fan. Of course, if the kitchen is carpeted it would be well to remove the carpet before this step is taken, whether its general cleaning is contemplated immediately, or deferred until the very last. I think there can be no better method of treating the walls of these rooms, than by giving them a few coats of tinted paint. This is at least a durable covering, and makes the cleaning comparatively easy.

Another idea in regard to the store-room. Let the housewife carry a pencil in her pocket the year round, and before any package, whether of dried fruit, groceries, drugs, medicinal herbs, or garden seeds, be deposited upon its shelves, let it be carefully labelled with name and the date. In a lifetime this practice will save much time and patience.

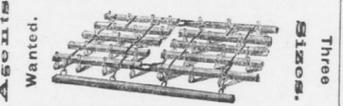
Probably the value of marble dust for cleaning paint is well known to the ladies. This, with a trifle of ammonia in the water, I find to be far better for removing unsightly spots about the door knobs than soap, being less dangerous to the paint. As the weather grows warmer, we proceed to the chambers and closets adjoining, and in the chests and boxes of these closets the ever ready pencil again comes into requisition. Let articles of clothing, valuable and not in use at the present time, be ripped, smoothed and folded in papers and labelled; and the remains of choice garments, which may not be needed for years, be treated in like manner.

To those persons who are in the habit of making rag carpets I would suggest that carpet rags, paper rags, and clothing to be given to the needy be kept well assorted, each month, and not left for a yearly assorting. This I believe much the easier way. Bedding, garments, and packages of flannel should be kept in a light chest, with a paper of camphor, tobacco, or a cloth saturated with turpentine inserted to prevent the intrusion of the troublesome moth.

As we descend to the parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, do not, I entreat you, as you value domestic peace, disarrange but one room at a time unless the help is sufficient to put them all in order before the setting of the sun.

Finally, let us not make too great haste in this general renovation, but when the enlivening spring weather shall come, take some time each day to enjoy and benefit ourselves by the warm sunshine, to note the beauties and wonders of the spring grass and swelling buds, and to entertain truly grateful thoughts that the bonds of stern winter are at last broken.

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Table showing train schedules for Michigan Central R.R. including departure and arrival times for various routes like Westward and Eastward.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

Table showing train schedules for L. S. & M. S. R. R. Kalamazoo Division Time Table, including routes like Going South and Going North.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table showing train schedules for Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, including routes like Westward and Eastward.

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Table listing various supplies and their prices, such as Porcelain Ballot Marbles, Blank Books, Receipt Books, etc.

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C. C. ".....	9 00

SALT FISH:

Subject to fluctuations of the Market.

One-half bbl. White Fish,.....	\$7 25
" " Mackerel,.....	4 00
15 lbs. Kit White Fish,.....	1 35
20 lbs. " ".....	1 70
15 lbs. " Trout,.....	1 00
20 lbs. " ".....	1 25
15 lbs. " Mackerel,.....	\$1 00 @ 1 25

BARBED FENCE WIRE:

Burnell's,.....	8 1/2c. and 9 1/2c. per pound.
Aschutt,.....	8 1/2c. and 9 1/2c. " "
Washburn & Moser,.....	8 1/2c. and 9 1/2c. " "
London Purple,.....	12c. " "
Wool Twine, best,.....	10c. " "
8 sep Shears,.....	1 1/2c. " "
Kata Baga Seeds,.....	45c. " "
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MASON JARS:

Pints, one gross in box,.....	\$14 00 per gross.
Quarts, two-thirds gross in box,.....	15 00 " "
2 Quarts, one-half gross in box,.....	18 00 " "

All of the above articles will be furnished at prices named. No commission will be charged nor charges made for boxes. Hereafter I will make no charge of commission on boxing when a general bill is ordered, except on sugar.

I have made arrangements with a large New York Importer for all my TEA and COFFEE, consequently can furnish Patrons at lower prices, viz: Tea I have sold at 48c. now is 40c. and 43c. by the full chest; that that was 40c. now is 38c. and 37c. by the full chest. Rio Coffee that was 17c. now is 16c. and 15 1/2c. by full sack; that that was 15c. now is 13c. and 14 1/2c. by full sack.

Patrons to avail themselves of above prices must order in lots of at least, 10 lbs. Coffee and 5 lbs. Tea in one package.

I will also state that I cannot put up very many small packages of Spices, or other inexpensive goods, still, I will not refuse to make occasional variations from that rule, when a small quantity only is needed.

With the extraordinary patronage I have had this spring, with which I may reasonably expect in the future, and advantages gained in making purchases, I feel warranted in making the above low prices and reductions, and believe it will be appreciated.

There are a few changes to note in my Grocery Price List, as follows: Matches are \$7.15 per gross; Crackers, 6 1/2c. per pound; Rice, 7 1/2c. and 8 1/2c. I do not handle Royal Baking Powder, it having taken an unwarranted advance, I handle Magnolia, instead, at old price of Royal.

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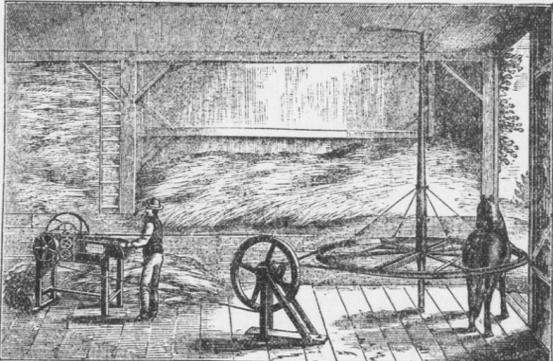
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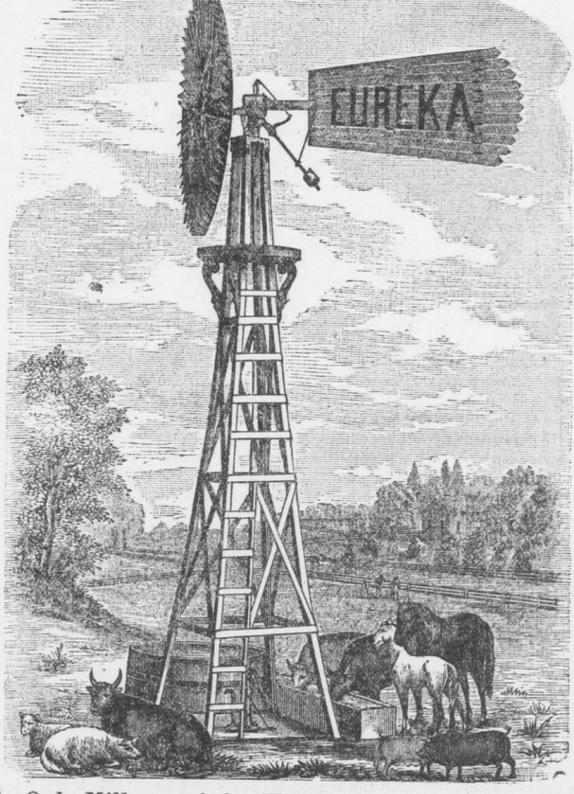
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