

# 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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CABBAGE plants set out in July should make good winter heads. They should be well cultivated: No plants respond better to the hoe—not even corn. Soot or lime will aid in killing the fly. The best varieties are the flat Dutch and the Drumhead.

## Agricultural Department.

### FARMER BEN'S THEORY.

BY JUDGE HARRIS.

"I tell ye, it's nonsense," said Farmer Ben. "This farming by books and rules. And sendin' the boys to learn that stuff at the agricultural schools. Rotation o' crops and analysis! Talk that to a young baboon! But ye needn't be tellin' yer science to me For I believe in the moon."

"If ye plant yer corn on the goin' moon, And put up the line for cows, You'll find it will bear, and yer wheat will too, If it's decent land wher't grown. But potatoes, now, are a different thing. They want to grow down, that is plain; And don't ye see you must plant for that When the moon is on the wane?"

"So in plantin', and hoein', and hayin' time It is well to have an eye On the hang of the moon—ye know ye can tell A wet moon from a dry, And as to hayin', you wise ones now Are cuttin' your grass too soon; If you want it to spend, just wait 'till it's ripe, And mow on the full of the moon."

"And when all the harvest work is done, And the butcherin' times come round, Though your hogs may be lookin' the very best, And as fat as hogs are found, You will find your pork will shrivel and shrink When it comes on the table at noon— All fried to rags—if it wasn't killed At the right time of the moon."

"With the farmers' meetin's and Granges now Folks can talk till all is blue; But don't ye be swellerin' all ye hear, For there ain't no more'n half on't true, They are tryin' to make me change my plans, But I tell 'em I'm no such coon; I shall keep right on in the safe old way, And work my farm by the moon."

### Michigan Fruit Prospects.

BY SECRETARY GARFIELD.

About the first of August I sent 100 postal cards in envelopes to the most prominent fruit growers in Michigan, asking them to return the percentage of an average crop that the orchards and vineyards promised for the crop of 1882, with such remarks as would naturally be suggested by the questions enclosed.

Nearly all of the returns have been made at this writing, Aug. 14, and I am quite surprised at the results. Only one correspondent puts the apple crop at a full average, while 34 place it at less than one-fourth of a crop, 50 reports make it less than one-half a crop, and 75 less than three-fourths of an average yield. The following localities have the most promising show of apples; Ingham, Bay, western Muskegon, Manistee, Genesee, Allegan, Macomb, and Lapeer counties; western Cass, western Kent, central Barry, and eastern Ottawa all unite in the statement that the fruit will be imperfect, scabby, and badly injured by insects.

The crop of pears promises better than apples, and unless some new difficulty arises there will be 75 per cent of a full yield. There is less blight this season than for several years, judging from reports to date.

Peaches in unfavorable localities for this fruit are a complete failure. Upon high ground in the interior there will be above half a crop, and upon the reliefs of Washtenaw county even better than this; while upon the lake shore to the north there will be a light yield, of say 40 per cent. In Allegan, Kent, Ottawa, and Muskegon there will be two-thirds of a crop and the fruit very fine. In Van Buren and Kalamazoo about half a crop.

The most prolific fruit in Michigan this year is the grape. There are promises of a very full yield if the season is prolonged so that the clusters will ripen. Many of the first setting were killed by frost. There is some mildew appearing in several localities, and the recent wet weather has developed some tendency to rot in places where this disease has appeared years before.

The plum crop will be a good average where persistent efforts have been made to fight the curculio.

The peach yellows is gradually working northward. A few "sporadic cases" have been announced as far north as northern Ottawa and Kent; but there is a united feeling among peach growers that every case must be stamped out at sight.

There are a great many theories concerning the cause of failure in apples. It is laid to east winds, frosts, moist weather at time of blossoming, etc. The most common explanation seems to be that the continuous frosts through May weakened the vitality of the young fruit so that it dropped through June. The varieties of apples that have as yet hung on the trees best, are Baldwin and Golden Russet. Fall apples seem to be almost a dead failure. The Northern Spy, which is a great favorite in our State will be represented by very small quantities in the fruit cellars next winter. Cider, apple jelly, and evaporated apples will be reduced to a minimum.

To the lovers of apple sauce I would counsel the selection of the best substitute in the way of canned fruit that is possible, and begin early.

Now that weeds have gone to seed farmers should take time to mow their gardens.

### Michigan Crop Report.—August 1, 1882.

For this report returns have been received from 620 correspondents, representing 606 townships. Five hundred and seventy-three of these returns are from 483 townships in the southern four tiers of counties.

On the first day of August the wheat crop of Michigan promised an aggregate yield of 32,000,000 bushels, which is an average of 18 1/2 bushels per acre of the acreage reported by the supervisors in May. This, it is estimated, would have been the product had the entire crop been secured on that day.

On the 31st day of July there began a rain which, for extent, duration, steadiness, and accompanying high temperature, has probably never before been known in Michigan during the wheat harvest period. From that date to and including the 8th of August it rained every day, and here at Lansing, on several days almost incessantly. The temperature during this time, as shown by observations at the office of the state board of health, was not below 65° F., and was frequently as high as 84° F. The humidity of the air ranged from 60 to 95 per cent of saturation, there being over seven grains of vapor of water in each cubic foot of air.

Concerning the damage to the wheat crop the following statements were received from correspondents August 8, 9, 10, and 11: Oronoko, Berrien Co.—About 75 per cent of the wheat crop is secured. The remainder is badly damaged in shock, and that which is stacked is damaged to a considerable extent. We have had ten days' rain. Between showers it has been very hot, causing greater damage to the wheat in shock and stack than would have been the case had the weather been cooler.

Union, Branch Co.—About 45 of the wheat in this locality was secured. Ten miles north of here nearly all the wheat is in the field yet. Have had rain for the last eleven days. I think it safe to say that the wheat not secured is injured from 40 to 50 per cent.

Hillsdale, Hillsdale Co.—About 70 per cent of the wheat is secured. Have had just one week's rain. Heavy rain in some parts of the country yesterday, cloudy and threatening to-day, Aug. 7. The wheat was set up in open shocks generally and is badly damaged, probably from 40 to 50 per cent, with prospects of still further injury.

Madison, Lenawee Co.—About three-fourths of the wheat is secured, either in barn or stack. Rain commenced July 31, and there have been showers every day since (7 days), and the indications are that we shall have more soon. Probably 1-10 of the wheat not secured has been injured, some of it slightly.

Milan, Monroe Co.—About two-thirds of the wheat has been secured, but the stacks are in a bad condition. This is the eighth day of rain, and the ground is the softest I ever saw it at this time of year, and the fields are under water now that have not been so for years. The wheat not secured is one-half spoiled, and if it does not clear off soon it will not pay to thresh it. Some have been threshing between showers in hopes to save a portion of the crop. Oat fields are under water, making it impossible to harvest the crop with machines.

Nottawa, St. Joseph Co.—About 80 per cent of the wheat has been secured, but many stacks are in bad condition, owing to rain and heat. There has been but little wind. Have had rain for nine days,—not continuous, but several heavy showers each day. Where not particularly well cared for wheat is worthless, and the best cared for, is unfit for flour. The greater loss will be in the northern half of the country. The weather for having was bad, and many began harvesting before finishing haying. Some threshing has been done, and the wheat in yield and quality is not as good as expected.

Marshall, Calhoun Co.—About two-thirds of the wheat has been secured. The rain has continued seven days,—very wet and foggy this morning (Aug. 7), with wind southwest. The wheat not secured has been injured from one-third to one-half. Should the rain cease now a portion of the wheat that is out will grade No. 2, and part no grade.

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo Co.—About seven-eighths of the wheat crop is secured in barns and stacks. Have had more or less rain for ten days. Most farmers report one-fourth of the crop out, growing badly. Some townships secured very nearly all, and with a little more push there would have been no loss, for we had three weeks of as nice weather as we could ask for. Wheat that was capped has not grown so badly as that in open shocks.

Paw Paw, Van Buren Co.—About nine-tenths of the wheat in this section (and perhaps the whole county) was secured in barns or stacks in good order before the rain. The rain has continued eleven days, only one day excepted during the time. I should judge that the wheat not secured is injured fifty per cent. That not secured was on heavy soil and later than that on sandy loam. Oats are now being harvested.

Superior, Washtenaw Co.—About one-half of the wheat is secured. Stacks will be injured to some extent. Have had eight days' rain. Cannot state yet to what extent the wheat that is out is injured. Many fields are badly grown, owing to want of care in setting up, while other fields that were well set up in round shocks and capped are damaged but little. I think fully one-half of the crop is worthless except for feed. Far worse than the harvest of 1855.

Prairieville, Barry Co.—About 90 to 98-100 of our wheat was secured without a drop of rain on it. The wheat unsecured will not exceed 5 per cent. This information is given from personal observation. I am informed,

however, that in adjoining towns on timbered lands the loss will be greater.

Chester, Eaton Co.—Not more than five per cent of the wheat in this vicinity has been secured. The rains have continued nine days. I should say that forty per cent of the wheat is injured that was not secured. The storm of to-day (August 8) has been very severe, but to what extent it has damaged crops I am unable to say.

Meridian, Ingham Co.—About one-half of the wheat was secured previous to the rains, which have continued nine days in succession and prospect of more to-day (August 9). It is hard to estimate the amount of damage to wheat remaining out. I think at least one-half of it is sprouted, and I consider it damaged to the extent of 25 per cent of the value.

Marion, Livingston Co.—One-half of the wheat crop in this section has been secured. The rain commenced July 31, and it has rained more or less every day since, being nine days. I should say that one-half of the wheat crop not secured is spoiled.

Armada, Macomb Co.—About 15 per cent of the wheat crop was secured. The rain has continued nine days. It is impossible to estimate the extent of injury to that portion not secured: probably 25 per cent.

Essex, Clinton Co.—About 25 per cent of the wheat has been secured in this town, less in the southwest part of the county. Have had nine days' rain and fair prospects for more. We are literally flooded. The damage to wheat unsecured is 50 per cent, and should the rain continue two days more will be unfit even for feed. Wheat in shocks is growing badly.

Grattan, Kent Co.—Finished cutting wheat July 29. About 25 per cent is saved in good condition, the remainder is badly grown, nearly ruined except for feed. One week ago the prospect was good for from 18 to 20 bushels to the acre, but we shall not get over one-fourth that amount of good merchantable wheat.

Lapeer, Lapeer Co.—One-half of the wheat crop was secured in good order before the rain, the remainder is badly damaged, much of it growing in the shock. Unless we have better weather soon it will be worthless. The rain began July 31, and has continued to this date (August 8) with very little prospect for clearing off.

Thornville, Lapeer Co.—My estimate is that not much more than a quarter of the wheat is secured, and that from 15 to 20 per cent of it is still uncut. That not secured is badly damaged. New Haven, Shiawassee Co.—The amount of wheat in stack or barn does not exceed 10 per cent of whole crop. It has rained every day more or less for 9 days, and it is still raining. At least half the wheat not secured is grown, and if it does not clear up in a day or two it will all be ruined. Some large fields are not yet cut. Some farmers will only use their crop for feed.

Port Huron, St. Clair Co.—More than one-half of the wheat is out and is badly injured. North of this place it is nearly all out. Some was secured on Monday. It is almost impossible to state the amount of damage done. At least three inches of water fell in 24 hours, beginning on July 31, the weather was lowery and damp August 2, 3, 4, and dry on the 5th and 6th. Had a heavy shower on the 7th, and another to-day (August 8).

Burton, Genesee Co.—About one-third of the wheat crop has been secured in barns or stacks. The rain has continued about nine days. It is difficult to estimate the damage to the wheat not secured, probably about 20 per cent. On Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th considerable wheat was secured, but it was quite wet and cannot come out in good order.

Easton, Ionia Co.—About one-quarter of the wheat was secured. The rain has continued nine days—the heaviest rain-fall ever known. Clawson wheat is nearly ruined, sprouts are green, having second leaf. One farmer has 1,400 bushels out and has offered it for \$300. Fultz wheat, one-fourth grown. The splendid crop of this country is nearly ruined and farmers are quite disheartened. There was but little Fultz sown,—what has been secured and threshed yielded about 35 bushels per acre.

Arcada, Gratiot Co.—About one-half the wheat secured. Have had more or less rain for ten days, and still continues. Wheat is injured about ten per cent.

North Star, Gratiot Co.—Have had rain every day except one since July 30, and wheat is badly damaged. Fultz wheat, with its hard kernel and close-fitting hull, has suffered the least. Not 5 per cent of the wheat has been drawn in. Close assorting before threshing is all that will render any of our wheat fit for market. Raining to-day (Aug. 10).

Eureka, Montcalm Co.—About 30 per cent of the wheat has been secured. It has rained more or less for nine days. The wheat that is out is probably damaged 75 per cent.

Richmond, Oceola Co.—About one-fourth of the wheat was secured, and one-tenth of the remainder injured. Have had six days' rain.

St. Charles, Saginaw Co.—About 20 per cent of the wheat is secured in barns or stacks. It has rained every day since July 31 to date (Aug. 8). The wheat that has not been secured is injured 25 per cent, and this will be raised to fully 50 per cent if the rain continues a few days longer. Some pieces have not been cut yet, and are in a bad condition.

Almer, Tuscola Co.—About one-half the wheat was secured before the rain, which has continued ten days with the exception of one or two days. It is difficult to estimate the extent of the damage. The loss by growing, setting over, and in the shelling of that portion uncut, I should think perhaps 25 per cent or more. If it does not clear off soon the

wheat uncut will be worthless, except for feed.

From the above it appears that one-fourth of the whole crop, or about 3,300,000 bushels in the southern two tiers of counties, and one-half to two-thirds of the crop, or about 8,000,000 bushels in the third and fourth tiers, making a total of over 11,000,000 bushels of wheat in the southern four tiers of counties unsecured, all of which is probably entirely worthless.

Oats, it is estimated, will yield 34, and barley 26 bushels per acre. Corn improved during July, but is yet 17 per cent below the condition August 1, 1881. Meadows and pastures, and clover sowed this year, are in good condition. Apples promise 62 per cent, and peaches 64 per cent of an average crop, as compared with 87 and 80 per cent respectively July 1.

### Talks on Poultry, No. 14.

In a poultry journal there recently appeared two engravings—one of a pair of fowls as they grew fifty years ago, and the other as bred to-day. We were quite scarce around here fifty years ago, but presume the picture was true to life.

Without any particular shape, and feathers lying around on that shape promiscuously, they laid a few eggs in the spring and laid off the remainder of the year, thus laying the year around.

From a necessary evil fowls have risen until now there are different breeds and families with registered pedigrees, and journals devoted exclusively to this subject.

Figures have shown fowls to be profitable. The sum invested small and divided among so many the risk is light; fresh eggs and chicken meat just when you want it, are convenient; and their use as scavengers, coining into money swarms of troublesome flies and injurious worms and insects, taking them from around the house and buildings where birds would not venture, must not be overlooked. A fine flock of fowls adds beauty and gives a look of life to a place that nothing else can. Without fowls a farm looks deserted, and with a flock like those of fifty years ago, as though the owner was just that far behind the times.

These facts are noticed now because it is nearly fair time, and this subject will be generally discussed. Fairs have done their full share towards causing fowls to be appreciated by farmers. By the exhibition of different breeds, farmers can decide which they prefer.

We have wondered sometimes why breeders of fancy fowls could not sell or exhibit their stock upon their record of number of eggs or pounds of meat—in fact upon their merits. Fancy cattle are based upon the number of pounds of butter or beef, sheep upon wool or mutton, and breeding pens of fowls could go upon the monthly record of eggs or pounds of meat at a given age. At present fowls are judged or scored entirely upon color, finely penciled and well laid feathers, regularity and shape of comb, color of legs, etc. "Handsome is that handsome does," and financially "fine feathers do not make fine birds." OLD POULTRY. Kalamazoo.

TO HASTEN EARLY CORN.—Some weeks ago we referred to a method communicated to us by Judge Miller, of Missouri, a noted horticulturist and nurseryman, of obtaining corn for the table a full week earlier than by the ordinary way. This was, that as soon as the ear was formed to break down the top, but leaving it sufficiently erect that the pollen of the tassel may dust the silk of the ears, as they may not be fully impregnated should the stalk be topped and the tassel be removed. Repeated experiments made had convinced him of its real value, and we mention the matter again in order—as the time is near at hand when the experiment may be tested, and as our first reference to it may have been forgotten—to recall attention to it and reap whatever advantage there may be in it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CAREFULLY conducted experiments have demonstrated that seasoned wood, well saturated with boiled linseed oil or crude petroleum when put together will not shrink in the driest weather. Wheels have been known to run many years, even to wearing out the tires.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

MOST farmers now are ready to concede that level culture is best for corn aside from the saving of labor, and many are of opinion that it is equally desirable for potatoes, especially in a dry season.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A GENTLEMAN who has travelled extensively through the Western States says that the best corn is in Indiana.

Communications.

TWILIGHT-NIGHT.

Daylight is dying—all the world is still; Enwrapped in somber robes the landscape lies; With dewy tears the eyes of evening fill; The night-breeze sweeps along with mournful sighs.

Out from its mystic realm, with silent flight, Flitting through space fleet as a meteor gleam, Floating upon the cooling breath of night, The past appears—it's years I live again.

O, spread thy mantle, Night, for I would rest; Pain, sheath thy venom'd blade! heart-burnings, cease!

Spirit of Sleep, enfold me on thy breast; From life and thought grant me a brief release.

Light not the candles—draw the curtains tight; Nay let us never say farewell; I'll banish thought, and with thy visions bright In blissed forgetfulness forever dwell.

W. M. C.

SEE WHAT THE MORNING IS.

Wait and see what the morning is, Yield not so soon to sorrow; For the darkest day that the world can know May grow to a glad to-morrow.

Wait and see what the morning is— The flowers we think are dying To-night will greet us with lifted heads, And the dew in their bosoms lying.

Wait and see what the morning is, Nor weary thyself with weeping, For the stars come out in the darkest sky While the children of earth are sleeping.

Wait and see what the morning is— Trust in the hand that guideth, And the love that over each weary heart In shadow or sun abideth.

The Other Side of the Patent Right Question.

In nearly every GRANGE VISITOR I pick up you take occasion to heap contumely and disgrace upon inventors and owners of patents. You call them about all the hard names that there is in the English language and you profess to take the side of the much injured farmer.

Now if you would discuss this question with the least degree of fairness and impartiality, there would be no occasion to call in question your numerous editorials on this subject. You publish a paper that professes to be a kind of an instructor for the farmer; and therefore let me suggest that you teach your brother farmers to post themselves better, and increase their stock of general information, and there will be no danger of their being scooped by sharpers, and teach them honesty and they will not buy an infringing tool because they can get it a dollar cheaper.

I am a farmer and have worked on the farm nearly ever since I was born. But during the last fifteen years I have worked at the inventing business, and have obtained a number of patents, and amongst others was the two first bottom spring harrow patents. Now you seem to have a deal of care for the farmer, and what are the facts about this spring harrow business that you are so anxious that the infringers should beat the patent owners. They are simply this. The manufacturers thought the inventor of spring harrows had a good thing, and they would take it. And how about the poor farmer. They are using at least 100,000 spring harrows, and every day a farmer uses a spring harrow he can earn two dollars more than he could by using his old harrow, that is the way he is oppressed by the swindling inventors. Why, my dear sir when I was a boy, we had to do twice as much work to raise a bushel of grain as we do now, and all owing to these swindling inventors. If the inventor of an improved agricultural tool ever makes a dollar out of it the farmers make hundreds, and yet there is an everlasting grumbling about patents.

I venture that in nine times out of ten when a farmer gets swindled, it is because he has neglected to post himself. Thousands of farmers are too stingy to lay out money enough to post themselves, they want to buy another farm, and when one gets beat by a sharper, there is a great howl set up, and I am sorry to say that the GRANGE VISITOR is at the head of it.

I am a dealer in my own patent rights, and I believe that there are no class of men in this country that are so wickedly swindled, and barefacedly robbed as the inventors and owners of patents. I doubt whether there has been a single new and useful invention got up in 25 years that has not had to fight its way through a score or more of hungry, thieving, leeching vampires, who are determined to steal the right and infringe on the patent.

A patent right is simply the right to manufacture and use the product of your own labor for a limited number of years.

Why, if the government was as good to the inventor as it is to the farmer he would be protected in his right forever. The man who earns a farm is protected in the use of it as long as he lives, and then the title is handed down to his children. But the man who produces an improved machine, can only have the use of it for a few years, and then must turn it over to the public. How would you like to abandon your farm to the public at the end of seventeen years, and just after you had got it cleared up, and in good running order, and yet you have no better right to your farm, than a man has to his invention.

And you advocate that the farmer should have a legal right to use an invention without paying for it. You say he is an innocent purchaser, but let some man go and steal his horse, and sell him to me, and I don't know the horse was stolen, The farmer comes and takes the horse all the same, and I can look to the thief for my pay. But you think that alters the case, yes, so it did when the lawyer's bull gored the farmer's ox.

But I might go on indefinitely to show the utter shallowness of this hue and cry against the rights of inventors. In traveling over the country I have picked up 22 different patterns of spring harrows. Every one of them are infringements upon our patents, and why is this, simply because there is a vitiated public opinion, that inventors have no rights that other men are bound to respect, and yet they have a natural and legal right to the product of their own labor, just the same as the farmer. And since I have been through the mill in this business, I am not in a mood to relish your strictures on patent rights for I regard them as decidedly unfair. Please tell your farmer readers to wake up and not be everlastingly pleading the baby act and calling on the government to protect them.

You must certainly know that it is a well settled principle of law that is universally recognized in business, that a man can only convey such a title as he has got, if he has got a thief's title, he can only convey a thief's title, therefore if a manufacturer steals his title from the patentee he conveys a thief's title to the farmer. But you say the farmer must not be disturbed in his title, oh! no, he is an innocent purchaser, so is the man who buys a stolen horse, but the owner of the horse comes and takes the horse, and the purchaser can look to the thief for redress. "Sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander." And now, Mr. Editor, will you please publish this for the sake of fair play, and if our theory be not correct you can easily show it up.

D. L. GARVER.

The Election Machine.

The season of political caucuses and conventions is at hand and their methods offend propriety even more than past years. Candidates engage in low scrambles for place and sacrifice every appearance of modesty in their persistent efforts to win support in the caucuses. They run over the districts wherever favors are to be gathered and strive through every appliance known to partisan tricksters to secure pledges, thus frustrating independent action and foisting upon the ticket names of self-seeking politicians who lay claim to office as if it were an object of barter. Money is used to "fix" delegates, and the people are defrauded. All this is well-known, yet the pernicious system is continued with unblinking effrontery by men who have no sense of the degradation they bring to suffrages perverted from the right through their iniquitous methods.

Is there no way to correct this evil which menaces our free institutions? Must we continue by our votes to ratify choice we have not made? It may be well to vote with the other party when that has clean candidates, but the evil of which we speak prevails in both, and there is, therefore no chance except in rare instances. Correction must come through determined action by men who have not only sufficient independence to break from party, but virtue enough to protest by their votes against the prostitution of office to the reward of dishonest seekers.

The stale prescription is, "attend the caucuses and prevent the selection of objectionable delegates." That will do when voters are left free to select. How can the plan be made available when a candidate has visited every mercenary voter and "fixed" him long before the formal meeting that has nothing more than the semblance of a free caucus? The "tooters" and "heelers" get in and carry to completion pre-arranged plans. It is well to attend the primary meetings, but duty does not end there. In most cases the self-seeking candidates have arranged to obtain snap judgment in their favor and votes at the polls simply record approval. There must be a better way a safer resort.

No man is obliged to vote for disreputable candidates, nor for those with outward character fair, who have nevertheless obtained nominations through disreputable means; and there are thousands in every congressional district who wish to be relieved of even the apparent necessity of so voting. Let them confer without reference to their party and make their ticket accord with desire. They can always find good men who have not thrust themselves with indecent claims upon the public demanding place. They are the very men to vote for we are left free to choose, and the ballot expresses but mockery to choice if it has not this element of preference. But it will be said this is making a third party, which is always foolish in practice because it never succeeds. The judgment is hasty. Succeed in what? Perhaps not in electing its candidates, but that is not the principal object. More important is the destruction of an abominable system, and this is easily attainable when even a few good men who refuse to be bound with things revolt against the tyranny of party that forestalls free expression even in the caucus. Independent voting will never hurt an independent party, and any other certainly does not deserve support. Men of sober thought do not wish to be led by candidates so shockingly deficient in modesty that by its absence they give proof of unfitness to serve the people in the places they seek. When such candidates obtain nominations by methods so offensive that good citizens desire to withhold approval, there is a duty to organize against them or rather in defence of common decency.

Time was when no man of good repute dared perambulate his district displaying claims no matter how much he desired recognition. In those days office sought the man and disgraceful scramblers like those

of the present day were quite unknown. A return to something like this republican simplicity of politics must be made or the forms of government will be subverted. The present year is propitious for the beginning. The first step may be independent voting. The effect may be beneficial even to the parties that yield to the solicitation of demagogues. A handful of independent voters may possibly leave the whole year. Shall the experiment be tried this year? Are there not in every neighborhood a few good men, not wholly bound to party, who are willing to rise and be counted?—The Husbandman.

Middlemen.

It would appear by applying this word in its extended sense that the Grange society wished to relapse into premature barbarism, and let every man do his own work. This middleman question has been made a great handle by the opponents of the society to show how absurd the principles of the Grange are. Now for one class of men to say they could live without the aid of another class is folly. Barter or trade is the result of one man having more of one article or product than he actually requires for his personal wants. This is, in fact, a truism in political economy. Now, a farmer can live, as far as mere living is concerned, without the aid of anybody else; but this would necessitate everybody becoming tillers of the soil, and arts, sciences, trade and commerce would cease. The surplus produce of a farmer must be consumed, and only in case of home consumption he must depend upon some one to find him a customer, as it would never pay him to leave his farm to find out who stood in need of his produce. Nor would it pay the consumer, mechanic, merchant &c., to have to search out what farmer had more wheat than he wanted himself. Hence it is very evident for the benefit of both that a third or middleman is necessary. A farmer could not go to China for his tea, Java for his spices, and England for his prints and broadcloth. Both producer and consumer of these articles depend upon the middleman the trader or shipper. Now, what the Grange asks is, how many of these middlemen are necessary for the sale and barter of different commodities?

The Grange claims there is a great amount of work performed by these middlemen that it could do for itself; that the cream of its profits are skimmed off by having too many men do its business. If a number of farmers, then, can arrange to do the work through one agent, that formerly took three, three will be the wages of two saved and producer and consumer brought into more direct contact. If there are two elevators at any of our shipping points where one would be sufficient, grain could be shipped at half the cost if only one were employed. Farmers, however, must control the elevators, and prevent others from raising the charges to their former rates, which they would if under their control. This they can only do by owning them. To own their elevators is not only legitimate, but really necessary. They would then have their grain shipped at a greater reduction than when so many men and elevators were employed; in fact at the cheapest possible rates. This is what can be done in modifying the present business arrangements by intelligent farmers managing their own business.

We really cannot see why farmers cannot manage grain elevators, pork packing establishments, a storage warehouse, a dock, and a ship, or canal boat for conveying produce to different markets, as well as running a cheese factory or steam thrasher. We see no reason why farmers should not look to the cheapening of the services of those whom they employ as agent for the disposal of their produce as to get any other labor cheap and employ their spare capital in these enterprises as well as putting it into the banks, &c.

And we see no reason why it should not prove as successful with the same experience and business ability. But a railroad, a woolen and cotton factory, and similar mechanical operations requiring skilled labor, and technical training, and business experience, which can only be profitably effective when the operator is owner of the establishment, would seem to be outside of the farmer's province, and only doomed to failure. The principle of the Grangers with regard to middlemen is that the abundance or scarcity of the annual supply of a nation should depend upon the proportion between the numbers of those who are annually employed in useful labor, and that of those who are not employed.—Canadian Granger.

EVERY Patron should consider that he and his family, large and small, are enlisted for the war, and see to it that his children are brought up to the idea that they are to join the Grange when old enough, and that they are expected to take up our staff when we can no longer carry it. See to it that when they do enter the Grange it is pleasant, agreeable and cheerful, so that they will stay with it. The Grange must be made attractive to our young folks, or they will shun it, and the Grange will fossilize. When you hear of a young man of about sixty wedding a lass of sixteen we think of December and May, and make no bones of saying: "What an ill-sorted match! Two to one she don't get up and run away some fine day." Now where is the difference between such a case and a lass of sixteen, for instance, joining a Grange? where everything is business; where we open in due form, and questions of debris, railroads and rings are vehemently discussed while we sit around and listen, as solemn and dignified as a lot of judges. After we have hammered away we close in due form and go home and congratulate ourselves on having had a good time. But how has it been with our young sisters and brothers? It was like wedding December to May, and the chances are that after a few of such meetings she will get up and run away, and you will never see her again.—California Patron.

WHAT it wants now is for some of those inventors to patent a device by which a man can take a cyclone by the horn or tail and lead into a box stall until it gets over its tantrum, and probably Edison is the man to do it. If a cyclone is taken when it is a young calf, and wafted around and scattered, it loses its power, but if left alone to get its growth it will be worse than a bull in a china shop. When it gets so that the cyclone and the hurricane shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them, with a rope around the horns, then the people of Iowa can crawl out of their dug-outs and smile again.—Peck's Sun.

Our Political Future.

There is at the present time an evident desire on the part of many throughout the land for a thorough reformation of the politics of the country, and we certainly think that a time more suitable for inaugurating such a reform could not be selected. Let us select such men for the offices of the republic, at the beginning of the second century of its existence as a nation, as were chosen to fill its offices in the early part of the first century. Let us choose men of sterling integrity and real worth, men who are above the low trickery and mean devices so generally resorted to in order to secure position; men who will not sell themselves for money or for power, men of pure hearts and clean hands who will perform their duty without fear or favor.

Such men may still be found even in this country. The race is not extinct. To be sure it is seldom they are brought forward; but the reason is obvious. The people permit the politicians—a set of vampires who live upon the blood of the nation, to select men who shall fill the offices of trust and honor in the land. The candidates are almost invariably nominated by the politicians. Certainly men are selected and set up for the people to vote for, and the people vote for them accordingly.

Now these same politicians are very careful to select as far as possible, men that they can use to advance their own interests. This being the case, the only possible method of securing the reform spoken of is by throwing off the yoke of these political tricksters, declaring our freedom from such tyranny and taking the matter into our own hands, select the best men for the most responsible positions, without regard to party or the cry of the politicians as they see the "loves and fishes" slipping from their grasp.

Occasionally even in these latter days we see a good man, one of the Washington type elected to office in spite of the political bummers who usually manage such affairs, and there is no reason why this may not become the rule instead of the exception, if the people will but take hold of the matter in earnest, and give it such attention as it deserves. One reason why the people do not do this, is that they are too busy with their own personal affairs.—They are so engrossed in money getting that they have no time for anything else. So eager are they in the pursuit of wealth that they have no time to devote to social enjoyment or even the care of society of their families, much less to the affairs of government, and they have got the habit of entrusting the affairs of the government entirely to the politicians. On election day they rush to the polls and vote "straight" Democratic or Republican ticket with but little more knowledge of the candidates than their names, and with utter disregard of their qualifications and fitness for the position to which they aspire. This ought not so to be; and we trust in the near future to see a different state of affairs in our country. We trust we shall see the day when the men elected to the higher offices in the nation and those appointed by them shall command alike the respect of their own countrymen and of foreign nations; when the people shall in reality be the government, and when it shall not be left in the hands of a few designing and unscrupulous men who care for nothing else but the accomplishment of their own selfish aims.—Farmer's Monthly Magazine.

Politics and the Grange.

Our farming communities in general are becoming better informed on political and social questions, and much more liberal in their judgment upon such questions. Political wrangles are beginning to jar the party nerves, but our Grange moves along quietly in a higher and purer atmosphere; and while our members are composed of all parties they sacredly leave all questions of partisanship away from the Grange. The Grange is a great independent school, and a vast power for freeing men's minds of the cobwebs of prejudice so skillfully woven into their brains by crafty politicians, who see in the education of farmers the downfall of their own pet schemes and hopes of public plunder.

The time for sensational Grange work has passed, and the organization is getting down to solid work. Good results may be hoped for a steady onward movement. We believe that farmers should visit more, and become more interested in each other, and especially should their most leisure months be devoted to the cultivation social qualities of our being. The great community of farmers should look after their community interests, and rally to the support of the Grange; and thereby assist in elevating the calling to which we are so devotedly attached, to that elevated position among the occupations of man, to which it so justly belongs. And above all things we should acknowledge no political masters.

In short, be a free man, At least, as free as you can.

T. C. ATKESON.

Buffalo, W. Va.

Experience Meetings.

Some one has suggested that Grange meetings may be interesting by devoting a portion of the time to the relation of experiences—that every one can tell readily, what he has tried, or done, to secure a good crop of any kind, etc. The only objection I can see in this proposition is, that it may lack interest to the hearers—the speakers, I doubt not, may find pleasure in telling that in which success has given them some pride. So far as I have observed, experience meetings, generally are apt to run into a kind of semi-self-glorification relation. But there is a species of experience which may be made very instructive, interesting to the hearers, and not very exalting to the speakers, I have always believed that we learn fully as much from our failures, as we do from our successes; and that describing our mistakes and blunders may be even more profitable to others than would be our most fortunate experiments.

And then, also, while we exercise our humility and mortify undue pride in our supposed self-sufficiency, we not only benefit others by the warning, but amuse while we instruct them. Let the first experience meeting, therefore, consist in each member's relation of the greatest mistake or blunder, or the most imprudent or thoughtless experiment he or she ever made in farming, or housekeeping. I will warrant wide awake eyes, and open ears, and merry feelings at that Grange meeting.—Exchange.

Labors' Losses by the Strikes.

From an article which appears in the Philadelphia Times this week we clip the following, which sets forth the unfortunate results coming to the thousands of laboring men who listened to the advice of their unwise leaders and a few weeks ago left their places of employment to force an increase of wages. It is hoped in the future that when workmen believe that their employers are not doing as well for them as they can and should, they will seek to have their wrongs righted by friendly personal communications with them, and not trust themselves blindly to the leadership of men who too generally are looking out for their own pecuniary advantage, and are indifferent to the fate of the thousands who follow them and whose money they spend.

"The labor strikes are practical failures. They are inaugurated under the most methodical and apparently the best matured directions that has ever directed or controlled the most important labor strikes of the country, and yet they have failed. It may require some days to prepare the labor organizations to confess their failure, but the issue is clearly against them. They sacrificed fully four millions of earnings, and will soon return to work without prospect of recovering any part of the loss by increased wages.

How and why has the organized labor of the country been made to inflict upon itself a loss of four millions of dollars? This is an inquiry that must press itself upon every laborer as he must see the multiplied evidences of want in the circles of his household.

It is a notorious fact that a large majority of the laborers who felt that they were safe in a strike would resolve upon a suspension of work and the more dependent circles were compelled to follow. The result was that the few authors of wanton sacrifice of four millions of wages will suffer little and the many will suffer much; but will those who suffer most profit by the lesson? They should become wise, when the history of strikes, as a rule is simply the history of the sacrifice of labor and widespread want in the homes of laborers. The story is old as our history and it teaches the same lesson with fearful uniformity.

Associated labor is one of the necessities of our progressive civilization, but it can't reverse an irrevocable law of trade. Wisely directed, organized labor must greatly benefit, elevate and prosper the laborer; but unwisely directed, it becomes a vast suicide. The present strikes were in every respect inopportune. All that was claimed was no more than was necessary to live as comfortably as they lived one year ago at the old prices; but business was depressed; manufacturers feared future markets, and capital could better afford suspension than pointless work.

The strikes of 1882 have failed because failure was a logical and inevitable necessity. They have profited capital quite as much as the losses they have imposed, and four millions of dollars have been lost to inactive industry of the country. And it is absolutely irretrievably lost. Not one dollar of the sacrifice can ever be recovered, for no future increase of wages will be facilitated by the strikes which are about to close. It is four millions paid by the laborers or the land as the price of the ignorance and selfishness of their leaders, and it should be a final lesson in behalf of the independence of laborers against corrupt labor demagogues and reckless labor speculators. Four millions is a fearful price to pay for repetition of what is the old, old story, of every generation that has gone before; but it has been paid, however long the exactions for the payment may linger, and now let labor trust to arbitration in the future and reject as false leaders all who clamor for organized strikes or for organized labor in the maelstrom of politics. Let the answer to all be—Four millions are enough!—Farmer's Friend.

ONE of the most puzzling features of modern civilization is the fact that with all our theories and with all our science and intelligence and zeal and remedial methods of insanity, no way has been found to stop the growth of insanity or to cure the disordered mind. Science and discovery have reached almost every where, and have developed barriers to protect humanity against nearly all the plagues that attack the body, but so far mental distress is beyond human relief, and none can "minister to the mind diseased or wipe out the troubles written in the brain." The reports read at the recent Conference of Charities at Madison all agree that insanity is rapidly increasing in the United States, and show by the statistics that while the increase in population during the last ten years was 26 per cent, the growth of insanity has been 100 per cent, and the number of cases brought for treatment show an alarming increase in the population of incurables. Modes of treatment are more comprehensive, intelligent and human than they ever were, but the results do not show progress in the number of cases cured. According to the reports of that assembly, the most distinguished experts do not any longer contend that insanity is necessarily hereditary, although all agree that the tendency toward it may be transmitted. The overtaxing of the nervous system is said to be the great cause of increase which is found among the most actively employed class of the population. The lack of rest and recreation, the exhaustion of the brain by labor and thought, the prevalence of anxiety and disappointment are the great causes of mental disorders, and the deduction is that while we cannot cure insanity, we can prevent it by the proper observance of the laws which nature has imposed upon the body and mind, and by the cultivation of regular habits of labor and rest.—Inter Ocean.

Few topics are more inviting or more fit for discussion than the actions and the influence of the Grange. Who can estimate the amount or the value of the knowledge that is resulting from the Grange every day. The Grange is trying to secure the rights of persons. It has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which is called the laboring class—to a position to act a part in the great right and the great duty of self-government; and this it has proved may be done by the diffusion of knowledge. It holds out an example a thousand times more enchanting than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortunes.

Correspondence.

Calhoun County Pomona Grange, No. 3.

Bro. Cobb :-We (I mean our Grange, of which we are justly proud) have been "over the border." We received a very kind invitation to go over into Eaton County and hold a meeting in the village of Bellevue, which invitation was gladly accepted.

The following are some of the questions that were brought before the meeting: "Where does knowledge come from, the outside or inside of man?" "Does the thief get his first lessons of dishonesty at home?" "At what age should the horse be broken to the harness to be of most value to its owner?" "Ought not every farmer to raise enough vegetables for his family's use?" "Is co-operation of more benefit to mankind than competition?"

Our meeting was a complete success, and it ed remind me very much of the GRANGE VISITOR—I think every one the best 'til the next comes. Yours truly, MRS. PERRY MAYO, Secretary.

Eaton County Pomona Grange.

Bro. Cobb :-The meeting at Eaton Rapids on the 26th inst., of the Eaton County Pomona Grange, although it occurred at a time when our brothers were all engaged in harvest, was by no means a failure—only two Granges in the county failed in being represented, and from all the Subordinate Granges reported the indications were very encouraging.

An invitation from Bellevue Grange to meet with the Calhoun County Pomona Grange at Bellevue August 17, was accepted, and we are anticipating a good time with the Patrons of our Sister Grange.

The next meeting will be held at Kalamo, on the fourth Wednesday of October next, at which place we expect to have a rousing good old-fashioned quarterly meeting of Patrons. In short, Worthy Secretary, the Eaton County Pomona Grange lives and is prospering; and your humble relative believeth it will be a long time hence that you will hear the humiliating news, the Eaton County Pomona Grange is bankrupt.

I cannot close without saying a word for the Eaton Rapids Patrons. The arrangements for the comfort and entertainment to the brothers and sisters from abroad were all that could be desired, and if any one went away from our meeting hungry and dissatisfied, it was not through any fault of the Sisters of the Eaton Rapids Grange.

J. M. PETERS.

Brookfield, Eaton Co., July 31, 1882.

Railroad Passes.

J. T. Cobb Esq;—At a regular meeting of Ravenna Grange No. 373, August 10th. 1882. The preamble and resolutions, of the Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange at its June meeting, (in relation to free Railroad Passes for, judges and legislators) on motion was fully endorsed by this Grange, and the secretary ordered to report the same to you.

THOS. D. SMITH, Sec'y. Ravenna, Aug. 21, 1882.

The Grange in Tennessee.

In announcing the seventh annual meeting of the Tennessee State Grange, to be held this month, Worthy Master, T. B. Hartwell, thus speaks of the granges in his jurisdiction: "It is with much gratification we recognize the improved condition of the Order in the State, and particularly of the treasury of the State Grange. A large debt, that has for several years interfered with the prompt payment of mileage and per diem, has been paid, and our future, in this respect, is more

encouraging. We now have a hope of soon being able to inaugurate measures that will give a fresh impetus to Grange progress in our midst. We are further encouraged by the number of dormant Granges that have been revived during the year; this, with the improved financial prosperity and the plenty that has rewarded the labors of the farmers, give us confidence for the future."

"Chalk Your Own Door."

His proper name was Jeremiah Marden; but he had not been in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Marden, and within six weeks he was known as Jerry Muddle. Who gave him that name, and why was it given? The giver is unknown—for who ever knows the giver of nicknames?—but the reason for its being bestowed was that Jerry was always muddled with drink.

He was a very good shoemaker, but he stood no chance with George Stevens, a sober man, and so drifted into becoming a cobbler. Jerry's one idea was to get a job, and having done it, to invest the proceeds in drink at his favorite beer shop, "The Oram Arms."

The consequence was that Jerry was seldom sober, and had he not possessed an iron constitution, two years of such a life must have killed him; but he dragged on, working today and idling to-morrow, and drinking whenever drink could be got, and finally he drifted into debt.

His score at "The Oram Arms" was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers; but Jerry ignored their existence—paying on a little now and then, and drinking more, each time increasing the army of debt against him, until one evening Mr. Richard Rewitt the landlord of the aforesaid "Oram Arms," cried "halt."

"I can't go on any longer, Jerry," he said. "The last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight."

"Work is slack," murmured Jerry, "but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their soling and heeling done, and I shall be able to pay you off."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Rewitt; "but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them. Those chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt aghast at the long list against him. The inner door of the bar was a regular blackboard, and he trembled before it. Now when Jerry first came to "The Oram Arms," the landlord was very polite, and spoke as softly as you please to him.

No spider, courteously entreating a fly to enter into his parlor, could have been more oily-tongued or smiled a more persuasive smile, than that presuming that spiders do smile, which is just possible; but when Jerry got into the toils, and had been well confined in the web, mine host put on another face and tone.

"If you drink," he said, "you must expect to pay for it. My brewer would stand no nonsense from me, and I must have my money from you."

"Only one pint," pleaded poor Jerry. "Not half a pint," replied the landlord. Go home and work, and pay your debts like a man."

The entrance of a customer with ready money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a pace or two while the other was being served. When that was done and the beer drank and the stranger gone, Jerry made a final appeal.

"I've been a good customer to you, Mr. Rewitt. Almost every penny I've earned has come into your till. I've nigh lived on beer, if living it can be called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread."

"That's nothing to me," said the landlord. "Let me have one pint."

"Have you the impudence to ask for it with this shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?"

Jerry did not reply, but he took a long and earnest look at the recording files and drawing his hand across his dry mouth, hurried out of "The Oram Arms."

"Who is that you've been talking to, Richard?" inquired Mrs. Rewitt, entering the bar from a room behind.

"Jerry Muddler," was the reply. "I've stopped his drink until he pays up."

"Then he will go to 'The Green Goose,' and get his drink there," said Mrs. Rewitt. "They won't trust him a penny," returned her husband with a grin—"he's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. If he does not pay up I'll make him."

"There's nothing to get out of that house," said Mrs. Rewitt, shaking her head. "I've heard that there's not a chair for them to sit down upon; and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy as she manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman."

"That's Jerry's lookout," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "If he can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."

The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar; but not as they supposed for drink.

"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?" "I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it is pressing I will reckon it up."

"It is pressing, and I will be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," return the poor woman, who was indeed wan and pale, and almost justified the title of "skeleton" which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds, seventeen shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord and then left the house.

"I suppose she is thinking to make an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt addressing his better half, "and I hope she will; but I fancy it will be a little to much for her."

For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

"Will you please take that off the amount sir," she said, "and give me a receipt?" This was done with a gracious smile and Jerry's wife departed. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head.

The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shillings was paid, and then harvest came on—true, as at that time he gathers in clothing, and whatever necessities his harvest money will enable him to procure. All the tradesmen in the little village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full-handed. But he did not come near "The Oram Arms" for drink.

On the third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth, fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another instalment of his account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought his absent customer, who still owed of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think other wise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quickly done—but the happy light in the woman's eyes as she took the receipt, spoke more than mere words or actions.

"I have been hasty with Jerry," said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry appearing, "he promised to pay at harvest time, and he did it; but I have offended him, and 'The Green Goose' has caught his custom."

"Go and see him," suggested his wife. "I intended to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots; they want a patch on the side, and it will be an excuse for my dropping in upon him."

"That isn't much of a job for him seeing that you give George Stevens the best of the work," said Mrs. Rewitt.

"Stevens works better than Jerry," replied her husband; "you can always trust him to do his work when it is promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together."

"That's true; but I've got a pair of boots that want new fronts, and I can wait a week or two. Take them."

"I'll take both," said Richard Rewitt; "nothing like baiting your hook while you are about it."

Armed for the reconquest of Jerry, the landlord set forth in the morning—that being a slack time when he could be easily spared from home. Outside were a couple of loafers, with no money and no credit, Mr. Rewitt favored them with a nod of lofty indifference.

Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the village, standing back about fifty feet from the road; and although its inside poverty had been well known, the outside, thanks to his wife, looking quite as well as its neighbors. Therefore Mr. Rewitt was not in the least surprised to see it look bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.

As he approached the door, he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer upon the lapstone, and to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry carolling a cheerful ditty, occasionally to come out within the tap room as the song of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of "The Oram Arms" peeped in.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said. "Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt?" replied Jerry, looking up. "Come in."

Jerry looked up wondrous clean, and had even been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on.

Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.

"You look very well, Jerry," he said at last. "Never felt better in my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."

"I've got a bit of a cold," replied the other, "and I have been shut up a good deal with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we have not seen you?"

"Well—the fact is, sir," said Jerry, rubbing his chin, "I've been busy wiping off your score."

"But it is done, man," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully, "the door is quite clean, as far as you are concerned."

"I am glad of that."

"Others have not got their share," said the landlord, facetiously; "but I think we could make room for you, if you look us up."

"No, thanks, sir," returned Jerry. "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalk on my own."

"Chalk on your own?"

"Yes, sir, have the goodness to turn round and look behind you. There's my door half full."

"It's a wise thing to keep accounts yourself," said the landlord, who hardly knew who'd make of it, "for mistakes will happen; out—"

"No mistake can happen, sir," interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party as keeps that account."

"But who trusts you to do that?"

"Nobody—I trust myself," replied Jerry. "The marks that were on your door showed what I did drink, and them marks on mine show what I did not drink."

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.

"That night when you spoke to me about the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my waking," continued Jerry. "No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch drink no more, and I came home and told my wife so, and we both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens and asked him how I could go about signing the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done."

With his eyes wandering to and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door, the amazed landlord still remained silent. Jerry went on:

door. All of them chalks are so many twopence saved."

"Mr. Rewitt was unable to make any particular remark, but he murmured in a confused manner. "You've got a lot of em."

"Yes! there is a large family," replied Jerry, complacently, "and the more I look at them the better I like them. There is not much standing disgrace about that lot; credit if anything."

"Oh! yes—yes," returned the landlord; "but—dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your twopence."

"When I get six together I take them to the post-office," replied Jerry; "there's a bank there better than any till. They give nothing out, but banks like that, return you more than you put in. Until I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much your till swallowed up. You would not trust me for a pint; but I can have my money out of the bank whenever I want it."

"That's something," said Mr. Rewitt, tartly.

"It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to keep, replied Jerry. "The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it's a great thing to have something to fall back upon. It is better to be able to keep yourself than to go to the parish. There's another thing too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed; mine go down after that's done; and I think that my chalks are the better of the two. So I say to all, 'Chalk your own door.'"

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," he replied except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."

Mr. Richard Rewitt of "The Oram Arms" was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled to by right of birth, viz., that of Marden, has not touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this. His door has been filled again and again with the score he records in his own favor; and the beer he has not drunk is everywhere around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the bank, and a goodly investment in a building society. Verbum sat sapienti, which freely interpreted means, "A word to you, my reader, is sufficient." "Chalk your own door."—The British Workman.

A Distiller's Views.

A veteran whisky distiller of Peoria, Illinois, thus speaks upon the liquor question: There are less than one hundred great distilleries in the whole United States. The retail dealers, the 'saloon men,' are generally men without means, and not of habits to acquire much wealth. With rare exceptions, like Peoria, the wholesale dealers are not much better. The social position of the liquor trade holds no sort of comparison to the social status of American slavery. The moral and religious sentiment of American society is against it. The women are against it. This moral sentiment stands like a stone wall to confront it. Of course this is a free country, and any man, any editor, any class, or any interest has an undoubted right to beat its brains out against this stone wall. It is their privilege, as well as their right. But personally, you can count me out of any such idiotic 'nonsense.' Let the liquor men go along quietly let them license, and obey strictly the law; let them provoke, as little attention as possible to their business; let them ward off opposition by seeking to conciliate rather than antagonize the moral sentiment of the whole country, and their business will go on with as little disturbance and annoyance as it is possible to do. But let a financial collapse of the distilling interest occur now or in the near future and it will scare every capitalist and business man from re-engaging in the distilling business. Then with the temperance element rampant and no capital to fight it with, prohibition could be enforced, and in ten years there would not be left a distillery, a brewery or a saloon in the whole United States." He regards the present opposition of liquor dealers as injurious to their own cause; and admits that without money to fight with the temperance people will gain the day. May his prediction prove true.—Indiana Farmer.

What is Co-operation?

"It is the great means by which the toiling class may raise themselves as a class, out of the miseries into which they are plunged by the abuse of competition."

It is the great means by which the richer class may make their wealth produce more comfort to themselves, while they remove the causes of pauperism and wretchedness.

To the poor it is the self-help which is the only true help.

To the rich it is the uniter of interests, the healer of discords, the preventer of strikes, the safety valve against an explosion.

To all, it is justice, wisdom, economy, and morality; justice, by dividing profits equitably; wisdom, by showing how justice can be secured; economy by preventing the waste of competition; morality, by discountenancing the frauds of trade.

It has proved itself to be a success. There are in England and Scotland more than 400,000 registered members of co-operative societies.

Their subscribed capital exceeds £12,000,000 a year. It is conducted on principles fair to the honest trader whom it does not undersell, and most adapted to benefit the poor.

SMALL farmers in a community who cannot buy largely of the necessities of life, and thereby get the advantage of wholesale prices, should club together and buy together, and thus save a heavy tax of retail costs. Do this and pay cash for what you get, and you will in a short while realize that you can make money, where you now lose, and besides get into debt.

HAVE YOUR WOOL SOLD on its MERITS. Discountenance the system of wool buying where all goes at the same price, whether carefully and cleanly handled or dishonestly and dirty. No stuffing in wool nor shoddy in goods.

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM KALAMAZOO.

TIME-TABLE—MAY 15, 1882.

WESTWARD.

Table showing departure times for Westward trains from Kalamazoo.

EASTWARD.

Table showing departure times for Eastward trains from Kalamazoo.

New York, Atlantic and Pacific Expresses daily. Evening Express west and Night Express east daily except Saturdays. All other trains daily except Sundays. Freight trains carrying passengers out from Kalamazoo as follows: No. 29 (east) at 5:38 P. M., and No. 28 (west) at 1:37.

H. B. LEDYARD, Gen. Manager, Detroit, J. A. GREIG, General Freight Agent, Chicago, O. W. HIGGINS, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

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

KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE.

(Time 15 minutes faster than Kalamazoo.)

GOING SOUTH.

Table showing departure times for L. S. & M. S. R. R. going south.

GOING NORTH.

Table showing departure times for L. S. & M. S. R. R. going north.

All trains connect at White Pigeon with trains on main line. A. G. AINSWORTH, Supt. Kalamazoo Division, Kalamazoo.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Corrected Time-Table—May 14, 1882.

TRAINS WEST.

Table showing departure times for Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway trains west.

TRAINS EAST.

Table showing departure times for Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway trains east.

All trains run by Chicago time. All trains daily except Sundays. GEO. B. REEVES, Traffic Manager, S. R. CALLAWAY, General Superintendent, For information as to rates, apply to E. P. Keary, Local Agent, Schoolcraft, Mich.

## The Grange Visitor.

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### Secretary's Department.

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

#### THE STATE CAPITOL ENGRAVING.

We have sent several dozen lithographs of the State Capitol to those entitled to them by virtue of having sent us five or more names of subscribers and \$2.50, since our offer in the VISITOR of March 15th. If we have neglected to send to any person entitled to this fine engraving we shall promptly forward it on receipt of notice.

UNTIL WITHDRAWN THIS IS MADE A STANDING OFFER—FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR ONE YEAR WILL ENTITLE THE PERSON SENDING US THE NAMES AND \$2.50 TO A SPLENDID LITHOGRAPH OF THE STATE CAPITOL OF MICHIGAN, SIZE OF SHEET 22x28 INCHES.

#### MR. GARVER AND THE PATENT BUSINESS.

We are unexpectedly favored by a communication from an inventor. We are gratified at this recognition from a class of our fellow citizens who have done more than any other to make America famous in every land known to civilized man.

On our second page Mr. D. L. Garver has endeavored to enlighten us upon our duties as "an instructor of the farmer." For this laudable effort Mr. Garver, who has given the last fifteen years to the "inventing business," has our sincere thanks. That is twice as long as we have been in "the instructor for the farmer" business. From this fact we conclude that he is twice as good at the "inventing" business as we are at the "instructor" business, and with that advantage on his part we shall never tackle Mr. Garver as an inventor. But in his communication Mr. Garver having temporarily left the field of the inventor and invaded our territory, the domain of the "instructor," we shall have to talk back.

In our answer we shall be compelled to follow our correspondent to some extent with a simple denial of some of the statements he has made. In his first sentence he says that we "heap disgrace and contempt upon inventors and owners of patents," and adds in the next, "You call them about all the hard names there is in the English language." To this charge we answer: Mr. Garver has not seen and cannot find in the VISITOR a harsh or unkind word or expression applied to inventors as such. We believe and cheerfully accord to the inventive genius developed in this country the rapid advance that civilization has made.

In every department of industry our forefathers used about the same implements in their old age that they did in early life. Progress was slow, changes gradual, and improvements forced their way through the passiveness of usage and stubbornness of prejudice. With untiring perseverance the inventor has revolutionized society and extended the conquests of civilization to all parts of the earth, and for aught we know, is at this moment devising ways and means to explore the realms of light and darkness that we have been taught to believe lie beyond the Jordan of death.

But the inventor has not always been a success as a shrewd business man. With a patent law for his protection that in its desire to protect, has left a door wide open for the introduction of abuses, and these abuses have followed and been inflicted not upon an individual occasionally but upon whole communities, not the people of one State but of all the States. The inventor has not usually been the prosecutor and persecutor, but from another class comes the intermediate harpy, who has taken advantage of this law that gives encouragement to rascals by presenting as game a multitude of people who may have innocently violated its provisions. The pecuniary value of the brain work of the inventor has often been absorbed by men more ingenious and dextrous than himself.

But we are getting too far away from Mr. Garver. He says, "Let me suggest that you teach your brother farmers to post themselves better and there will be no danger of their being scooped in by sharpers, and teach them honesty and there will be no danger of their buying an infringing tool because they can buy it a dollar cheaper." A man who is an inventor and has been trafficking in patent rights should not talk such nonsense as this for it is too thin to deceive the veriest simpleton. Mr. Garver knows very well that patents are issued with such freedom by the patent office that it is quite impossible for any man to know any thing about whether

the article offered for sale in the market is an infringement or not; and when submitted to the courts for determination a reversal of a lower court decision is likely at any time to occur and no one can be sure of their case until the court of last resort is reached which will take somewhere from three to five years.

We might go on and show the impossibility on the part of a purchaser of determining what he can safely buy without the hazard of infringing upon the real or pretended right, of some inventor or his assignee. The drive well is an example. There are hundreds of thousands of them in use. The owners purchased in good faith and their right to use remained unquestioned for years. Now, claimants of ownership of the patent covering these driven wells have appeared all over the country, and demanded royalty and what is worse have collected thousands of dollars from purchasers who had paid for the same well and the right to use it years before. And it is still an open question undecided by the highest tribunal to which the question must come for final determination.

Mr. Garver treats this matter as though any farmer could determine the validity of a patent only, "he has neglected to post himself." He says "thousands of farmers are too stingy to lay out money enough to post themselves." Of course our inventor knows how to get posted, but the average farmer not having the experience of an inventor don't know how to get "posted" except by the aid of the courts, and when he resorts to the courts he knows that the knowledge he gets will cost more than the invention is worth.

Now Mr. Garver you may be a success as an inventor, we hope you are, but in your article you have uttered a great deal of nonsense, that is hardly worth replying to. The farmers of this country are friends of inventors and promptly come forward, buy and pay for the improved implements that the inventive talent of their fellow citizens have provided for their use. We all realize that to the numerous inventions we are indebted for nearly all the conveniences and luxuries that surround our everyday life and make it so widely different from that of our forefathers.

The right of ownership with all the advantages which ownership gives is cheerfully accorded to the inventor. But the value of an invention depends largely upon the demand for it. If no one buys the invention the patentee makes no money—gets no return for the property value of his invention.

Mr. Garver says that we "Advocate that the farmer should have a legal right to use an invention without paying for it." If we thought the rest of our readers misunderstood what we say as Mr. Garver has, we would quit this "Instructor" business at once. We confess that we have not the courage to attempt to make clear to Mr. Garver our opinion on this subject or explain so that he can understand us and what we have said. But we will ask our correspondent a question or two.

Do not these few enlightened fellows who "are not too stingy to lay out money enough to post themselves" pay in full, not only the cost of the implement purchased by them but for the patentee's right in the implement? Do not these other "stingy" fellows who are not posted pay the same price? Do not all users buy these patented articles of manufacturers and dealers? Will you please tell us just how a farmer is to get posted so that he can tell every time whether he safely buys the patented article he wishes to use, and expects to pay the market price for?

If Mr. Garver had devoted half the space he has taken in this tirade against us and the farmers of the country, to explaining how purchasers of patented articles are to determine that with the purchase money the right to use has also been obtained, he might have earned the respect of our readers.

We shall take pleasure in giving Mr. Garver space in our paper; not so much with the expectation of deriving much valuable information (if this is a specimen of his learning and logic), as for amusement. He slashes away so vigorously that we rather enjoy his attack. We like his good, honest, outspoken style, and are only sorry that he has not read the VISITOR with more care. There was no occasion for Mr. Garver to make such a ridiculous display of his ignorance. We come much nearer agreeing with him than he supposes. We agree with him in this, that the inventors are very useful citizens; that inventors should have a property right in their invention and be protected therein. There is very general agreement so far on all sides. The disagreement comes in when we come to pass upon the question who shall be liable as trespasser upon the rights of the patentee. We are quite willing that the manufacturer and dealer shall remain liable and fight it out with the patentee. Their chances of knowing what rights they have in the business in which they engage are very much better than the user. Before they invest their money in the business they are likely to become satisfied of their legal rights in the premises. When farmers become manufacturers they should be held liable, but simply as users of articles found on the market

for which they have paid in full, we say never. And we expect the protection to the innocent user which we have asked Congress to grant will be granted at the next session of Congress.

We hope no candidate for Congress will be elected who has not given a pledge to the farmers of his district that he will do what he can, if elected, to protect them, not from inventors as such, but from that class of rascals who are undertaking to recover a second payment for goods that have already been paid for once by the user.

#### OUR VACATION.

More than a half century ago, when our great State was a Territory, with a good reputation for ague and shakes, fever and swamps, my father left the land of "steady habits," and with a family of seven, sought and found a home in southwestern Michigan, and there we have lived nearly all these years.

After thirty-five years familiarity with every variety of farm-life labor, whether wisely or not, we turned our back upon the plow to find employment in other fields. In the seventeen intervening years we have not been idle. Miscellaneous labors have engaged our attention with but little respite. As our readers know within three years we have seen something of California, and last year a little of New England. But in all the years since our great State emerged from the cloud of its early reputation in the days of our boyhood until the other day, we had seen nothing of Michigan north of Big Rapids.

As I said to say that we had no personal knowledge whatever of the north half of the State, on Monday morning, the last day of July, in a pouring rain, with wife and baggage, we started northward on the Grand Rapids division of the L. S. & M. S. railway, ticketed through to Petoskey. The day was certainly not good for haying or harvesting, but was first-class for railway travel—cool enough for comfort and with no dust to annoy.

Although wheat at home was mostly in the stack, except where here and there a huge straw pile gave evidence that the steam thrasher had followed close on the heel of the harvester, yet we had not gone far north of Kalamazoo before we saw some wheat in the shock, mostly set up in the good old-fashioned Dutch way, in long open shock, and as the rain continued not only through that day but for the rest of the week and longer, it is now too late to tell our readers how it was affected. That way of shocking wheat is perhaps good enough for good weather if you only think so. But as we snooked wheat in the round compact shock of ten sheaves well covered with two more, all the years of our farm life, we have a lingering affection for that way of doing it. And we are now quite sure that wheat cut early and carefully set up in round shock, and covered and left undisturbed, fared much better than that set up in open shock, and handled over from day to day to get it dry. When we get done with the VISITOR, and go back to practical farming again, we shall shock our grain in round shocks, just as we used to do.

Although our first day out was rainy, and this was the week so destructive to wheat throughout the State, yet there was no excess of rain in the neighborhood of Petoskey, or at points that we visited. Our first stop was at Bay View—the great Methodist resort or summer village of that denomination. It is but a mile north of Petoskey, and as its name indicates it overlooks the bay, Little Traverse by name, and is nestled among the native trees on a terraced site prepared by nature for some purpose of this kind.

A fine spring of excellent water on the high land back of the village has been utilized by a system of water-works terminating in a beautiful fountain in a park on the lower ground near the beach. This spring seemed to me one of the strongest points that the Bay View people can urge in favor of their location. The camp grounds are well selected, and the accommodations are excellent.

A program of meetings—religious, literary and scientific—is arranged each year for the purpose of religious, moral and intellectual improvement, and to break the monotony and weariness that would come of a resort, with no object but to get away from the humdrum labor of business life.

From Bay View on Wednesday we went on the good steamer Faxon to Charlevoix. As we stepped ashore we met our friend Bishop, of Kalamazoo, and were heartily welcomed to the Charlevoix resort, situated about a mile from the village. Here we found several Kalamazoo people occupying cozy cottages and enjoying themselves in various ways, as led by their tastes and associations. This resort has some 40 or 50 cottages, some of them very fine. For several miles along this lake shore nature seems to have designed the face of the country for this very purpose, but where the resort is now built up, some vandal pioneer cut away all the timber, leaving no refreshing shade to attract and soothe the seeker after health, rest or recreation. This want cannot at once be supplied where this summer city is now located, but 40 acres more land of the unbroken forest has been purchased by the association, from which, if we invest in this

resort, we shall select our cottage site.

We took dinner at the Central Hotel, where many cottage owners take their meals, and after a stay of some three hours, which we very much enjoyed, we boarded the little steamer which daily plows the waters of Pine Lake from Charlevoix to Boyne City, at the head of the lake.

Taking passage in a nondescript vehicle, that has at some time taxed the ingenuity of some inventor (we hope he has a patent on it), we were soon on our way to Boyne Falls, eight miles distant. Four horses moved the craft over the sandy road about five miles an hour, and we think did well. That we had a jolly ride, if called on we shall undertake to prove by Frank E. Durfee of Howell. Boyne Falls is a hamlet unknown to fame, on the G. R. & I. railway, and from there the evening train returned us to Petoskey in good time for a late supper.

The following day in company with some Kalamazoo friends we determined to explore the inland water route to Mackinaw via Cheboygan. Taking the north-bound train an eight mile run brought us to Odin, a railway station of the G. R. & I. and the western port of Crooked Lake. We at once boarded the little steamer, Northern Belle, waiting at the dock, and as she steamed out into the lake we looked back upon Odin. If civilization has done much for Odin it must have been on paper, as only one cheap board house broke the monotony of the shore line where Odin is, and is to be. Crooked Lake is in Emmett county as is also Crooked river, which connects the lake with Burt lake in Cheboygan county. "Crooked river" is significant and tells its own story. The Northern Belle, 14 feet by 80, crept through its serpentine channel by aid of good management, not always going forward but always getting through. Five miles of lake navigation and seven miles of Crooked river brought us to Burt lake, into which the little steamer boldly dashed as though escaping from the coils of a serpent. Through eight miles of Burt lake and we enter Indian river under the Mackinaw Division of the Detroit & Bay city railway bridge at Indian town. Through the navigable waters of Indian river for five miles and we enter Mullet lake. Steaming around a point the Mullet House, a \$40,000 hotel loomed up before us, all alone in its glory and surrounded only by the native forest. Though not employed to puff any place we cannot forbear saying that the Mullet House with all the appointments of a first-class city hotel gave us the best dinner for the money of any hotel at which we stopped while away from home.

Returning to the steamer we struck straight across the lake twelve miles to Cheboygan river. A run down this river six miles brought us to the city, a place of 3,500 inhabitants. Lumber is its chief interest. At 6:30 p. m. we went on board the "Mary" bound for Mackinaw, eighteen miles distant; had a good run through the straits. Shouldn't want anything of the "Mary" in rough weather without it was to navigate Crooked river. About 9 p. m. our party were safely landed on the island of Mackinaw and were soon registered at the Island House.

After breakfast Friday morning, armed with a letter of introduction from Hon. H. G. Wells, of Kalamazoo, we started out in quest of Col. Gurdon S. Hubbard, who has no doubt more personal knowledge of Michigan than any other man living. We found him at the John Jacob Astor House with staff in hand just ready to start out for a day's work a mile away. He invited us to walk with him. Mackinaw village is close to the beach on a narrow strip between the water and the foot of the bluff, and to go to his work required a climb up the roadway of about 130 feet to the top of the bluff or general level of the island.

We had been told of the well preserved condition of Mr. Hubbard, and by the time we reached his work we believed it true. Here is a man of 90 years who first came to this island July 4, 1818, in the employ of the American Fur company at the head of which was John Jacob Astor. Ten years later he bought of the company their entire interest in the trade in Illinois and continued the business for some years alone. But we have not time to rake up past history. Col. Hubbard the last living employe of the famous American Fur Company, is the owner of about eighty of the 2,221 acres of Mackinaw Island and is now engaged in clearing up streets, roadways and grand avenues on this property which has been surveyed, laid out and mapped for the finest summer resort in all this country. Some Kalamazoo gentlemen have taken hold of the project with Col. Hubbard and with the natural advantages which will occur to any one visiting Mackinaw we are quite sure that the scheme is practical and only requires a little time to develop it.

Mr. Hubbard had a force of ten men at work, and said he should expend about \$3,000 this season in street work on a plat of ground where there is not a house, and never has been since the wigwag of the Indian has given way to the obtrusive white man. We traversed the Island with Mr. Hubbard, visiting places of interest, until hunger and weariness brought us back to the hotel to dinner.

In the afternoon we visited the Fort and

points of interest near by, until weary we returned to the Astor House to examine half a dozen business books of the Northwestern Fur Company, that are kept in the office of the hotel for the inspection of the curious. Turning to the first entry in the letter book, we found it dated December 18, 1816, and called for "5000 pounds of plug tobacco in twigs of four or five to the pound." Directed to Barton & Craig, Lexington, Kentucky. There was the day book, journal and ledger, with accounts covering large transactions that took months to complete what is now done over the same territory in a few hours.

We could narrate much that interested us, but our article is dragging out to such a length that we forbear. Shall refer to Mackinaw some other day.

About five o'clock p. m. we took a steamer for Point St. Ignace, on the Upper Peninsula, thence to Mackinaw City, taking the train on time for Petoskey, where we arrived at nine p. m. and registered at the Arlington, after a hard but satisfactory day's work.

The next day we took in Harbor Springs which is a resort across the bay from Petoskey and is mainly owned and occupied by Lansing people. Like all other places it has its advantages. The chief one we believe that of occupying a narrow point of land running out into the bay which gives the place a good sea breeze, if there is any breeze abroad.

The good people at all these resorts seemed to be having a good time, and as they all hold together on this question, we are bound to believe that these resorts in Northern Michigan are a good thing, well calculated to give health and strength to those in need of rest and recreation, and innocent amusement to those who like a few weeks for this kind of life. Sunday was a big day at Bay View and we attended the meetings and heard some good talk from some good talkers. Among the number, Mrs. Willard, of Chicago. At 9 p. m. we took a sleeper for Grand Rapids, and at 10:10 on Monday we were in Kalamazoo ready for work, having had our week's vacation.

#### RAILWAY PASSES, AND JUDICIAL AND LEGISLATIVE OFFICERS.

We have referred in former issues to the odious practice of granting free passes on the railroads to judges and members of the legislature. We believe that this is a question of sufficient magnitude to be seriously considered in elections. It is of the utmost importance that these officers should be perfectly free in their official relations. It is not a mere private and personal matter that a judge or a representative is accustomed to accept valuable presents at stated intervals from corporations that are always selfishly interested in gaining a corrupt influence over these men who are thus receiving their gifts. Such men stand in a relation to the public so delicate that any influence whatever that may be gained by the corporations by such means, must be prejudicial to the people. It is known that the excess of power now in the hands of such corporations is the overshadowing danger to the liberty and prosperity of the republic, and that this dangerous power is largely dependent upon corrupt control of legislative bodies, obtained by means precisely analogous to this vicious system of free passes. Every good citizen should set his seal of disapproval upon this unblushing bribery of public officials which is poisoning the very fountains of justice and law. What would be thought if some business man constantly before the courts in litigated cases, should take the liberty to supply the judge and his family with flour for the year, or coal, or house rent free of charge, as an appropriate courtesy? The judge would deserve impeachment who would accept such pretended tokens of regard. Yet he thinks nothing of accepting important and valuable presents, suspiciously similar to retainers, from corporations that are litigants in his court. Now it is perfectly well known that these corporations do expect some return for their outlay, and there cannot be any return that is not corrupt and dishonest in its nature. We insist that our courts and legislatures should not be open to the suspicion of such influences. An annual pass is not a light favor. Of course it is insignificant in comparison with the imperial gifts which these same corporations are accustomed to receive at the hands of legislators in their employ. Such employers are professional receivers and not givers of good gifts, and their bribes are dangerous to the interests of the people.

The Kalamazoo Publishing Company have attached to their large job press on which the VISITOR is printed, a folding machine. This complicated ingenious contrivance not only folds the paper as fast as printed but pastes and cuts the sheet leaving it complete in book form. This number gives proof of the completeness and excellence of the work. We think our readers will all bear witness to the excellent mechanical work done on the VISITOR by this publishing company, and will appreciate the enterprise that adds so much to the value of the paper as we now send it to them.

We are indebted to Secretary Garfield for his carefully prepared report of the fruit prospects of Michigan. The Pomological Society has the right man for secretary.

A DAY too late for the VISITOR of August 15, the news came to us of the death of Mrs. Luce, wife of Cyrus G. Luce, Master of the State Grange. This sad fact has no doubt come to the knowledge of most of our readers ere this, through the newspapers of the State.

There are few members of the Order in Michigan who had not been apprized of the critical health of Sister Luce for more than a year. Her condition has not only confined Worthy Master Luce the most of the time to his home, but the constant watchfulness and anxiety of a devoted husband, added to the labor and business responsibilities of a busy life, has enforced a continued wearing mental and physical strain upon him, alike exhausting and painful.

To the following announcement we will only add the hope that Brother Luce will, with the lapse of time, which is the great healer of human sorrow and restorer of human hopes and energies, again rally for the duties of life which lie before him.

Julia A. Luce.

It is with sadness that we announce to our Brother and Sister Patrons the death of our dear Sister Luce, the wife of our Worthy Master of the State Grange, which occurred at 9 P. M., Aug. 13.

The event was not unexpected, for our sister had been an invalid for many years, and for many months has been confined to her house, much of the time a great sufferer.

Yet we find, when conscious that the great shadow has fallen, and the sweet spirit has departed, that we are bowed in affliction.

Julia A. Dickinson was born at Amherst, Mass., Sept. 21, 1829. When fourteen years of age she united with the Congregational church. The dear Savior to whom she then gave her young heart has ever been her refuge and a present help in her days of affliction. She was a faithful, consistent Christian through all these years.

She was married Aug. 29, 1849, to Cyrus G. Luce, who with two sons and two daughters now mourn her loss.

She was a charter member of Gilead Grange, was deeply interested in the work of the Order and when her health would permit, was always present at its meetings. Once during her long and painful illness, she was carried to the Grange hall in her easy chair and remained during the entire session. The kind attention and sympathy manifested by all the members found a warm place in her heart and was a source of comfort to her in the long days and months of her suffering. To know sister Luce was to love her. Genial, warm hearted, cordial in her greeting, patient, cheerful, hopeful in affliction, seeing light through darkness, drawing sunshine from clouds. Truly in her example she has left a rich legacy for us all.

From the extensive acquaintance and sincere respect for the deceased and for her family, a very large concourse of people were in attendance at her funeral.

The services were conducted by Rev. J. R. Bonney of the Congregational church, assisted by Rev. D. O. Ball of the Methodist church, who recited an original poem which we append.

As the light of the home circle has gone out with the faithful wife and mother, so may the presence of her God remain to guide and sustain them in their hours of loneliness and sorrow.

H. F. C.

To the Memory of Mrs. Julia A. Luce, by Rev. D. O. Ball.

Thou suffering saint, thy work is done  
(The work to thy probation given);  
A full reward for all thy toil  
Awaits thee at the gate of heaven.  
Thy Master crown thee—as crown He will—  
The saints who die of Christ possessed,  
And in that world of joy immortal  
Thy blood-washed soul shall be at rest:  
Not the dull rest which wearied limbs require  
While traveling rugged paths below,  
But rest with thy Redeemer—yes, with Him  
Who washed thy soul from sin,  
And gave thee heart to love Him and His work.  
Thy rest shall be the sweet employ of angels  
And the blood-washed throng, whose mission is  
To guard the footsteps of Earth's sorrowing ones,  
And teach them how to suffer—  
How to fight the fight of faith,  
And win, at last, the unfading crown;  
For heaven is richer, and joys are brigher,  
When shared by others of like precious faith.  
Hence thy restful work shall add new lustre  
To thy brow and thy never-fading crown,  
As endless cycles roll,  
Amidst the dazzling glories of thy heavenly home.  
We incense thy body, and lay it in its bed of clay,  
And plant the rosebud at thy head:  
We call this death, as seen by Reason's glimmering light,  
But by the light of heaven,  
In which thy soul now shines,  
'Tis but the gateway to eternal life.

We find on our table the *Patrons' Rural*, a new Grange monthly published at Rochester, Vt.—A. Messer, editor and manager. In size it is small, reminding us of the first volume of the VISITOR and like the VISITOR of 1875 its typography and make-up is in its favor, and we hope it may resemble it in another respect in the near future—that it may have the patronage which will enable it to take on greater size. No Patron of Vermont does his duty that does not take the *Patrons' Rural* and pay for it in advance.

Communications.

Texas.

JACKSONVILLE, Texas, Aug. 16, 1882.  
Bro. Cobb.—I am here waiting for the train to take me to Hallville in Harrison County, where I am to speak to-morrow, and will pen a few lines for your readers.

I left home on Monday, the 7th, and engaged passage direct for Belton, Texas, to meet with the State Grange of this State, which commenced at that place on the 8th, and remained in session until Saturday, the 12th. I came by the C. B. & Q. road to Hannibal, Missouri, thence by the Missouri Pacific, via Sedalia, Missouri; Ft. Scott, Kansas; through the Indian Territory to Denison, Texas; thence through Dallas, Corsicana, Bremond, Waco and Temple to Belton, where I arrived about 12 o'clock noon of Thursday, the 10th, having traveled nearly 1,400 miles in about three days time, averaging about twenty miles an hour for the whole distance. I changed cars at Chicago, Hannibal, Sedalia, Denison, Bremond, Waco, McGregor and Temple; but had I taken the morning train at Chicago, and a ticket over the Ft. Worth division of the Missouri Pacific road I could have reached Waco, Texas, with no change between Sedalia Missouri and that city. As we passed through Southern Kansas and a portion of the Choctaw nation in the night I was unable to see much of the country. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, as I lay in my berth with my face turned to the east, I saw light through my window, and removing the curtain, looked out upon what appeared to be one vast and almost unbroken prairie, extending as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a low scrubby tree, or bunch of bushes. A little to the south I could see what appeared to be hills in the distance covered with timber. Soon we passed an elevation of peculiar shape, somewhat resembling those in the valley of the North Platte, and had the appearance of having been formed by the wind upon drifting sand. The thought flashed across my mind that instead of rich prairie, we were passing over a portion of what was laid down in our old school geographies as the "Great American Desert." This idea was strengthened as the light increased, and instead of luxuriant grass, the plains were covered with coarse weeds, with a little grass struggling for life among them. Soon we passed a spot of an acre or two, which had been mowed. This was the first indication of a settlement, or that any considerable quantity of grass was growing among the weeds. The sun was now coming up, as if out of the horizon, lighting up the plains and forming a scene of great beauty. Soon the whistle blew, and the train stopped at a station called Gibson. A few shanties were all that comprised the town, and both Whites and Indians were seen.

Onward sped the train, passing through a belt of small poor timber, across a stream and again over the plains, with no further signs of animal or human life, until we reached Muskogee, a town said to contain 500 inhabitants. The railroad company have shops here, and many white men in the railroad employ are here with their families. The country is evidently better as you go farther south, and we found some cultivated fields with fair corn growing, and some vegetables. Occasionally a small cotton patch was to be seen, some of which looked quite promising. But the Indians as a rule are evidently not enthusiastic farmers. Some of them are engaged in stock raising, which is more in keeping with their Indian ways and habits. In fact, I am clearly of the opinion that stock raising is the only business that can be prosecuted with success at present, although my first impressions of the country were somewhat modified on a closer examination of the soil, and by talking with white men who live in the Territory. The soil is generally sandy, and in many places quite thin, but there is some which appears to be good prairie, and some fair oak opening land, similar in many respects to the oak lands of our own State, but to my understanding greatly inferior in quality. The southern portion of the country is nearly all of this kind of land. The elevations which I observed in the morning and thought they were made of drifting sand, I learned were really of a hard formation, and evidently caused by the washing away of the earth around them. I was also told that by mowing the coarse weeds on the plains a few times, the prairie grass would come in and make good pastures and fair meadows, but when the soil is once plowed, the grass takes a final leave, and noxious weeds occupy the land. No tame grasses have yet been found to take the place of the native grass when that is once destroyed. But few settlements are to be seen, and but few Indians at the stations. They generally adopt the dress of the whites, and aim at civilization, but it is said that the enterprise among them is mainly confined to the "half breeds," many of whom are found there. The laws governing the tenure of real estate in the territory are well calculated to encourage this improvement in the race. White men cannot take up and occupy land in the country, but Indians may occupy and hold all that they will fence, and no one can molest them or join fences, or occupy land within 440 yards of their fence. They cannot sell or lease their land, but they and their heirs may occupy it for all time, and rent it, but only for a short time. The land has not been surveyed, and there is no law prescribing how lines shall run. Enclosures may be in any shape that the occupant may desire, and he can hold all that he will fence, if it is a whole township, and can control 440 yards outside of his fence, all around it. Now, when a white man takes an Indian woman for his wife he becomes an Indian, within the meaning and operations of the law, and consequently has the same right to fence and occupy land that an Indian has.

This great inducement made to white men to settle in the Territory and improve the race, is often taken advantage of by enterprising stock men and cow boys. White men cannot herd cattle upon the plains or in the territory unless they hire enclosed land; but may drive them through the Territory. This restriction is often taken advantage of, and men will start their herds from Texas early in the spring, and not reach the northern line until their cattle are ready for the market in the fall, and still drive them on the way, every day. So it will be seen that civilization among these Indians is progressing, and that they have already learned enough of the intricacies of law making, like their highly educated and enlightened white brethren, to enact laws, which legalize the very acts which the law was intended to prevent.

Upon the whole, I am of the opinion that this home which has been set apart for the red man, has been greatly overrated by those who have written about it.

HALLVILLE, Texas, Aug. 18.

Again at the depot waiting for the train, I will improve the time in continuing my former letter:

Crossing Red river, the name of which is taken from the color of its water, we left the Indian country and entered the "Lone Star State," to which so many of our most enterprising northern people have emigrated and helped to make it what it now is, one of the best and most prosperous states in the Union.

After crossing the river we passed through a lightly timbered country, with a thick undergrowth, and reached the city of Denison, containing about 5,000 inhabitants.

The monotony of the last 250 miles was broken by the rush upon the platform, the clamor of hackmen and the ringing voices of newspaper boys and fruit peddlers. There was a great demand for newspapers and fruit, especially the latter, which consisted of peaches, pears, apples, figs and melons. A nickel would buy more luscious peaches than one could eat, and a dime was the price of a watermelon for two or three to make a full meal of.

Denison is a lively city, located in the midst of a beautiful and rich farming country. Here we changed for the Houston & Texas Central, one of the roughest roads it has ever been my lot to travel over; but through country that has only to be seen to be admired. Rich, rolling prairie, with belts of timber along the ravines and water-courses, dotted over with farm cottages, and variegated with fields of cotton, corn, and stubble land from which the wheat and oats had been harvested, extend as far as the eye can reach in every direction.

From the best information that I could obtain, the country between Denison and Waco, including the valley of the Brazos is really the most desirable portion of the State. Improved farms in this section are held at prices ranging from twenty to forty dollars an acre. The eastern portion of the State is timbered, principally with oak and pine, mixed with some other varieties of inferior timber. The oak and pine is valuable and lumbering is one of the chief industries of the country. The soil of the prairies does not differ materially from that of northern prairies, but the subsoil is a redish clay. The soil of the timbered land is generally sandy with red clay subsoil, although a rich clay loam soil is often to be found. The sandy soil seems to be too light for profitable farming, but it is claimed to be the best for cotton, and equally as good for corn and fruit as the heavier soil; and judging from the growing crops, I am inclined to the opinion that such is the case, excepting, perhaps, the prairie soil.

Farming is not thorough as a rule, or the operations of the farms very much systematized. The soil is plowed shallow, with small plows, which merely scarify the surface without covering up the heavy growth of weeds which everywhere spring up after a crop is removed, or the cultivation of a crop ceases, leaving them upon the surface to clog the harrow and cultivator, unless raked up and burned before the seeding.

Cotton and corn are the principal crops, and the former receives the most attention. Wheat and oats are cultivated to a considerable extent in some portions of the State, and I hear reports of from sixty to seventy-five bushels of oats and as high as forty of wheat having been raised to the acre this season. Corn is planted with but one kernel in a hill. The rows are about four feet apart, and the stalks from two to three feet apart in the rows. The stalks are not cut but the leaves are stripped off and saved for winter fodder. About twenty bushels of corn to the acre is said to be an average crop.

Cotton is also planted in hills and rows and cultivated the same as corn, although it takes a much longer time to grow the crop. The plants stand from two to five feet high, the branches covering the ground. The blossoms are first white, but change to red before withering and drying up. When the cotton is matured, the balls burst open, and the cotton expands and turns out as white as snowballs. White and red blossoms, and matured cotton are to be seen on the same stalk. Picking is done by hand, and commences as soon as any considerable amount of matured cotton appears, and continues as it opens until all is secured. The picking lasts several months as a field has to be picked over several times. Picking has already commenced along the Brazos river. A bale to the acre is called a good crop, half a bale a medium crop and less than that a poor crop. A bale weighs about 500 pounds and brings in the market about ten cents a pound.

The labor is generally performed by the freedmen, although white labor is said to be preferred, and is much more reliable when it can be obtained. The freedmen generally rent the land and work it for a share of the crop. When hired by the farmers they receive from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. The demand for laborers is greater than the supply. This is the general complaint among farmers, and in many instances, they could not get the labor to properly work their land and cultivate their crops.

The present has been a very favorable season for the farmers in this state. There has been an abundance of rain and consequently crops are generally good. I hear fears expressed that there may yet be too much rain for maturing and gathering the cotton crop.

Where farmers have given attention to fruit culture they have generally succeeded, although apples are not abundant, nor is the flavor or keeping qualities equal to those grown in higher latitudes, but I am fully convinced that there is not a better peach growing country to be found anywhere. As yet no disease or insects have appeared to injure either the trees or the fruit. The earlier varieties ripen about the first of May and the late ones do not disappear until November, making a continuous peach season of six months' duration. Pears and figs are raised, but not extensively in sections visited by me. Wild fruit is abundant in the timbered sections, especially grapes, but I have not seen a vineyard or improved varieties under cultivation. Irish potatoes do well but will not keep, and their place is supplied by the sweet potato and yam.

There is but little cold weather in winter. Sometimes the ground will freeze a few inches deep, and occasionally is whitened with snow. The spring and autumn are said to be delightful. The summers are warm, and sometimes uncomfortably so, but the nights are cool and pleasant.

The water is not as good as that in our own State. The streams are turbid and most of them dry up in dry seasons. Water for domestic use is generally obtained from open wells, into which the heat penetrates, and no doubt the surface water mixes. But this difficulty will be partially, if not wholly overcome, when driven wells and tubes are made to penetrate below the clay and sand into the gravel, where it is said fine, cool water is always found.

Texas is comparatively a new State, yet it is rapidly developing, and with its broad cattle and sheep ranches, its fertile soil, bountiful timber and extensive mines, it will compare favorably in its resources with any other State.

J. J. WOODMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if he must join the Farmers' Protective Association of Iowa in order to buy barbed wire of the Association at its reduced price. We published two articles in our last issue taken from the *Iowa Grange Visitor* about barbed wire and that is all that we know about the matter. The article on the fifth page reads as though the purchaser of wire must become a member.

THE article from the *Husbandman* on the second page, upon the brazen pertinacity of office seekers in the Empire State, is evidence of the need of independent voters. Do not fail to read it carefully and consider the method of reform suggested.

Naval Cadet.

To whom it may concern:  
Having been called upon as representative in Congress from the Third District, of Michigan, to recommend a candidate for appointment to the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., I have determined to select the nominee by competitive examination. Candidates must be over fourteen and under eighteen years of age, at least five feet in height, physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution and well versed in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. Every such candidate, who has been a bona fide resident of the district for the past two years, is invited to appear for examination at the common council rooms, in the Champion block, in the city of Jackson, on Thursday, the 14th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, a.m. The successful candidate must report at Annapolis, Md., on the 22d day of September next. The examining committee will be announced hereafter. All newspapers in the district are respectfully requested to copy.

EDWARD S. LACEY  
Charlotte, Mich., Aug. 22, 1882.

THE State picnic, at Lansing on the 16th, was not so great a success as we had hoped, owing to several untoward circumstances. The railroads, though willing to give excursion rates, could not give special trains so that people who desired to go could make the round trip in a day. Again, the bad weather had not only damaged wheat and made farmers feel poor, but delayed work so that many could not leave their farms for a day of recreation. The morning was threatening and the day rainy. But in spite of all these discouragements about 1000 people were on the ground. Brother Brigham of Ohio was on hand but for want of a well defined understanding of the program could not delay his speech to the hour of the program. He made a capital speech, commencing at 11 o'clock, hurriedly ate a picnic dinner and left at once to meet an engagement elsewhere. Brother Jones of Indiana did not come. After a basket lunch the band called the crowd to the stand. Brother Holbrook delivered an address of welcome which, in the absence of Brother Luce, was responded to by Brother Holloway. The Lansing Glee Club and the band gave the best of songs and music. Brother Thomas Moore made an earnest speech of an hour—broken in two by a pouring rain which caused a general stampede to the grand stand. After the speech of Brother Moore, His Excellency, Gov. Jerome, who had been present all the afternoon, was called out and gave us a talk of twenty minutes that was well received. Another impromptu speech by Gen. Cutocheon closed the work of the day, which, though not the picnic that we talked of having, yet, all things considered, was pronounced a success.

Fruit at the South.

J. T. Cobb.—I saw on the St. Louis market the greatest lot of large fine Peaches that I ever saw on any market, Late Crawford Chinese Cling and other kinds about four inches in diameter, other kinds of fruit very abundant, and fine Plums in perfection. The Apple and Peach trees in the southern half of Illinois are loaded with fruit, whilst the northern part has but little.

This State is the latest thing I ever saw, and mud without bottom in a wet time. Corn will not be half a crop, other crops good.

Fraternally,

EMMONS BUELL.

Mt. Vernon, Illinois August 23, 1882.

Free Passes.

At a regular meeting of Schoolcraft Grange, No. 8, the preamble and resolutions adopted by the Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange at its June meeting in relation to free passes to legislative and judicial officers were presented, discussed and unanimously adopted, and we think our voting members will bear it in mind on election day.

GEO. V. TOWNSEND, Sec'y.

Schoolcraft, August 14, 1882.

The St. Joseph Co. Grange resolved at its June meeting to support no man for office who we have any reason to believe will accept a free pass from railroad officials.

S. H. ANGEVINE, Sec'y.

Mendon, August 23, 1882.

As recommended by Kalamazoo County Grange the preamble and resolutions relating to free passes were brought up for discussion at the regular meeting of Ottawa Grange, No. 30 and adopted by the same.

MARY E. SICKELS, Sec'y.

Johnstown Grange, No. 127, in session Aug. 19, took action on the resolution relating to free passes as set forth by the Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange at its June meeting, and adopted the same.

MRS. A. H. RICE, Sec'y.

Dowling, Aug. 21, 1882.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

The next meeting of Hillsdale Pomona Grange will be held at the Acme Grange hall in the township of Camden on the first Wednesday in September, with the following program: Essay by the Worthy Master. Question: Does college education foster idleness and extravagance? Bro. T. W. Benedict.

Select reading by Sister Young, of Woodbridge.  
Question—What constitutes a good education? Sister H. L. Disbro.

Select reading by Bro. S. Houghney.  
N. T. Brockway, Sec'y.  
Allen, Aug. 1, 1882.

The next meeting of the Mauniest District Pomona Grange, No. 21, will be held at Sherman on the First Tuesday in October, commencing at two o'clock, P. M.  
Fraternally yours,  
B. L. DEAN.

Cleon, Aug. 21, 1882.

PICNICS.

The annual picnic of Oakland Pomona Grange No. 5, will be held in E. C. Herrington's grove, Four Towns, on Thursday, August 31st, 1882. Postponed from August 24th to 31st on account of Supervisor's picnic. Address by H. H. Colvin, of Pontiac.  
E. C. HERRINGTON, ) Committee  
W. E. CARPENTER, )  
C. E. DEWEY, ) of Arrangements.  
Four Towns, Aug. 11, 1882.

A Grange picnic will be held on the fair grounds, near Paw Paw, Thursday, Sept. 7. The address of the day will be given by Hon. Thos. F. Moore, of Adrian, Michigan. A general invitation is extended to all farmers and farmers' friends, to attend the picnic of the season. Bring along your dinner and enjoy the music and the speaking. Everything free.  
By order of committee.  
D. WOODMAN 2d, Master.  
C. B. CHARLES, Secretary.

Ladies' Department.

THE RUMSELLERS' REFRAIN AND A REPLY.

(From the ladies of Calhoun county, recited by Sister Perry Mayo at the Pomona Grange, No. 3.)

Go back to your homes you are out of your place In a gilded saloon 'tis a shame and disgrace For a woman to thus put herself into the way, Go back to your closets to weep and to pray We are peaceable men to the world be it known If you quarrelsome women will but let us alone.

Go back to your parlors wash lamp-mats and lace, Study etiquette, elegance, fashion and grace, But don't trouble your head about justice and right, Be patient and passive, and keep out of sight, If rumblers ruin your husband and home If your heart breaks with sorrow or turns into stone Our funds are invested please let us alone.

Go back to your kitchen strive early and late, Economize, plan, spread the table and plate, Then if one cmeth not, sit down quiet and wait, Yes sit down in the shadows, and bide the time's flight.

We will send him to you at the turn of the night And as good fellows term it, delightfully tight.

He will curse you for waiting, he will scorn all your tears, And he'll sleep while you watch as the slow dawn appears.

If your children should starve, or your poor brain go crazed

The world need not pity nor look on amazed There is a refuge for you, an almshouse for them But please do not molest us—we're peace-loving men.

We have called you by all the hard names we could think,

We have let your sors in the back doorway to drink We have mixtures unheard of on low hidden shelves,

And will see that they drink it, you can't help yourselves.

You may bring in petitions well-worded and strong, With a host of bold signers both honored and long, They have no more effect than an idle street song, You can't oppose strength by a woman's weak reason,

Business men are our best friends—so let us alone.

Go back to your homes nurse your little ones there Give them holy examples and when they bid fair The fondest of hopes in your bosom will burn, And when from your fold to the great world they turn

We will spread our fine meshes, we'll ensnare their young feet;

We will gather them in from the farm and the street But don't make any fuss, don't create any riot, St. Paul bade the women of Corinth "keep quiet." Your words are as seed sown on flintiest stone We've paid for our licenses now, let us alone.

THE REPLY.

When the last door is shut, when the last bar is closed,

When the last petty wrong and defraud are exposed When the hideous head of the snake of the still Is crushed to its death neath our heel, then we will. When the good Lord shall whisper "your labors are done."

When our spirits beyond the bright river have flown, When the dust hides our faces—then we'll let you alone.

The Social Position of the Farmer's Family—What It Is and What It Should Be.

[Read before St. Joseph County Grange by Mrs. S. C. Angevine.]

In this age of progression we have gained many steps socially since the pilgrim fathers braved the tumultuous waves of an angry deep, and safely landed on our virgin soil. Since then war has devastated, white winged peace has folded her pinions about us, and the bitter years of adversity are followed by the bounding wave of prosperity. Although our progress has successfully developed much that is essential for us socially, we need reading, thinking, intelligent man- and womanhood. As women we think too little of what occurs outside the kitchen walls, with no broader ideas than getting enough to eat and drink and suitable apparel for the body. It is an imperative duty to know how to cook good wholesome food and keep our homes neat and orderly, but we have no right to bow as slaves to rich pastry and preserves, and we would grow stronger mentally and physically were they banished from our tables, and in their stead oatmeal and graham. We should not forget the injunction that "we do not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Each talent that He has given us, our love for the beautiful "the fleeting beauties of Spring, the lovely radiance of Summer, the purple bloom and dusky shadows glorifying the brow of richly laden Autumn, the snowy, glittering purity of Winter; these are words proceeding from the mouth of God." Shall we turn a deaf ear to this command and not choose the higher life? Men labor for wealth from early dawn till evening shadows fall and with a thoroughly tired body cannot say as Emerson, that "Wealth is mental, wealth is moral." Men necessarily are not as secluded in their lives as women. We with them have the blessed privilege of church and occasionally a social gathering. They have had their lodges, clubs, and political gatherings, from time immemorial where they meet and exchange ideas that brighten the monotony of every day life. The marketing of farm products call them from their homes where they meet their fellowman in social converse, breathe the pure life-giving air and not that engendered within the cook stove. Many of us have had the advantages of our free school education, and undoubtedly sometime in life have entertained aspirations that would elevate the mind

and fit us for the higher walks of life; but it has been dissipated by this ceaseless monotony of daily work, a perfect treadmill existence. It is not that I would deny the dignity of labor, but that and that alone makes life odious. Without labor our beautiful world would soon be desolated. This extract expresses all: "And now for two short years let the farmer's heart be filled with the pernicious thought that labor is disgrace. Let grain be unthreshed; flocks and herds without a keeper. Let rust consume the plow, the soil unturned. For two short years let the hand of the sower be stayed and the reaper gather no sheaves. All is changed. The nation's march of proud prosperity is the tottering step of falling empire. The halls of learning, the schools of art, resound with empty hollow echoes. Institutions of charity crying for help, find none. No new altar is built to a gracious God, nor is word of life sent to heathen lands. The village in the valley is desolate and lone. Cities are vast mad houses. Shop, mill and factory, each are still. The explorer has gone to lands whence no traveler returns. The mariner's song is hushed. From sea, from land, there comes no sound save the doleful cry for bread, and lamentation for the dead. The streets are filled with ghastly forms—children, wives, mothers, dear ones, all crying for bread. Brother is against brother, parent against child, child against parent. Every home has its dead and dying. The whole earth is one dreadful, ghastly, sickening scene of death." Such is the picture, in colors true, which would be the sure, the inevitable result did the farmer everywhere cease his labors. The benison of our nation as farmers, farmers' wives and children, should be evoked and rest devotedly on the heads of the founders of our grand and noble Order. They will not pass off this stage of life and be forgotten. They have done a great and lasting good for which we hold their names in memory dear. In giving this Order existence they placed farmers, their wives and children as equals socially and intellectually, in all its privileges. To-day we are gladly welcomed within these doors and in the absorbing interest of the duties intrusted to us, pleasure of meeting brothers and sisters, and wise instructions received, we for the time forget home cares. Willing hearts and hands can so establish our social position here that our assuming word will be—success. Latent talents are called into requisition by the interest engendered in the many subjects under discussion. Duties should not be evaded, for in their fulfillment lies the fourfold power of enhancing our social position. Some happy talent is given us all. One talent if thoroughly cultivated and exercised has the power and worth of many shallow faculties. We are here given the fortunate opportunity to test these talents, and if we are thorough-going, ardent, and sincere, we will succeed. Much has been gained but the future with its many golden opportunities bids fair to make the social position of the farmer's family nearer what it should be. We toil but we must also take time to read, to think, to keep pace with this advancing age. Good books, magazines and papers, should be a part of our lives. Their influence were it ours to trace is magical. They send the light of knowledge abroad over our fair land, hold in sway the many, many vices and bring cheer and comfort to those in pain and sorrow. Petrarch says, "I have friends whose society is delightful to me; they are persons of all countries, and of all ages; distinguished in war, in council and in letters; easy to live with, always at my command. They come at my call, and return when I desire them. They are never out of humor, and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of nature. These teach me how to live and those how to die; these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are who prepare my soul to suffer everything, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with itself. In a word, they open the door to all the arts and sciences. As a reward of such great services, they require only a corner of my little house, where they may be safely sheltered from the depredations of their enemies. In fine, I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and tumult of cities." We can reach a fair degree of culture if no day is permitted to pass without adding something to our stock of knowledge, and the aggregate of the accumulation will finally be surprising. Encourage social gatherings, because when isolated and disinclined to associate for mental improvement we retard social progress. Give the children good, practical educations, for thereby has our country been clothed with honor and success. Teach them to love good books and papers, thus gleaming new and useful ideas and gathering crumbs of knowledge, fitting them for the useful life awaiting them. Music and flowers should not be forgotten in our homes. Flowers have their silent but refining influence, and in their cultivation they teach us their language of love. Music is soothing to the sensitive nature, refining to all, and binds families together in chains of harmony.

Entrancing music, thine's a holy mission, When offering solace in the hour of trial, Or rendering more sublime the heart's devotion, By anthems pealing through some minister aisle. While time, with fleeting wing, shall circle round, Will hearts expand to notes of joyous mirth, God's trumpet shall at last with lofty sound Proclaim majestically the doom of earth."

Woman's Rights.

Bro. Cobb.—In the VISITOR of August 15 a writer quotes the resolution submitted May 15, and then goes on to say that such a law would "lessen man's inclination to marry and become the head of a family, and would slacken his business enterprise by dividing the responsibility of maintaining the family with the wife." Now why should it lessen man's inclination to marry? [The resolution in question says nothing about the head of the family.] And if the disposal of rightfully earned property stands in the way of a man's marrying, then is not the innate selfishness of the male biped of creation fully exposed? And if the same reason slackens his business energy, then the innate shiftlessness, which would allow the wife to sustain the family only for the right of property-holding in him vested is as plainly shown! And pray who bears or shares the responsibility of maintaining the family at present? Does not the wife of a laboring man bear an even amount of the responsibility with the husband? Does she not labor as many hours, bear as many privations, suffer as much from being over-taxed, and have occasion to cultivate even more patience than the husband? Does not the average farmer's wife work at a greater disadvantage by reason of defective conveniences than the average farmer? Does she not oftener labor beyond her strength? And in the end does she not make out to be the hardest worked and poorest paid laborer under the skies of the American nation?

But all this does not show that the wife should have an undisputed right to dispose of ever so small a portion of the joint earnings of a husband and wife?

Two men enter into a partnership with different branches of business interests, the one watchfully carrying on his separate division equally successful with the other, or otherwise, and at the close of the term of partnership there is a fair and equitable division of the proceeds and no grumbling.

A man and woman enter by marriage into partnership in which each is equally interested, he conducting the out-door business, she the in-door, not only doing the every-day work of the household, but finding time to bear and train his children in the way they should go. At the close of the partnership he feels very badly misused indeed if she has the temerity to ask that even one-third of the property which she has stood shoulder to shoulder with him to earn, should be disposed of as she sees fit. Oh no, that must not be, for it would lessen man's inclination to marry!

Let us take another view. Any girl with ordinary health and sense will be allowed two dollars per week and board the year round for the most ordinary kinds of work. [For instance, that which the farmer's wife is expected to do for her board and clothes.] Leaving out two weeks of the year for holidays, a girl has for her year's work one hundred dollars. A short time since I read a magazine article in which the writer labored long and faithfully to show that a woman could dress well on fifty dollars a year. Allowing this, which I think no one will dispute, then there is fifty dollars per year left for investments. Let a girl at the age of twenty [the average age of marriage among girls] begin systematically as her brother does to work and save at the above ratio, and at the age of forty she has a fund of one thousand dollars, which if well invested has been slowly all these years increasing itself, and is absolutely her own to do with as she may choose. And she is fair and blooming to look upon, while her married sister of the same age looks ten or even twenty years older, and has not a dollar which she can absolutely control. But do not tell this to the public, for some young woman might have her inclination lessened to marry and wear herself out that some man might be able to say, "I own all this property and will dispose of it how and when I please." Again he says—"I do not believe the law does or should require of women what it does of men." In regard to real estate let us see. Is a piece of land owned by a woman exempt from taxation? No. Is her personal property exempt from sale to pay that tax? No. Is a widow residing on land owned by her deceased husband allowed any discount on debts left by him against such property? No. Indeed, she can only hold the use of one-third of such real estate while she lives. And if by perseverance and forethought she manages so as to lift a debt left by the husband against the estate, the fact remains the same, she cannot dispose of it without first stealing it.

Farther on we find him saying, "No law framed with a view to making her independent and self-supporting but will tend to her degradation." Are we yet living in the dark ages, or is it desirable that we return to the days when woman was not allowed any individuality whatever? "What is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander," and if independence will degrade woman, for pity's sake let something happen to take away the independence of man or he will become so degraded that woman will not countenance him at all. What folderol to assert that a woman with a cultivated mind, giving her fair discernment and true, strong and steadfast prin-

ciples, is to be degraded by being dependent on her own exertions for support, without being obliged to bear some man's honored name, and allow him the control of her property. And while we fully agree with the writer "that [some] men are not good enough to live under laws the execution of which conflicts with his nature, we assure him that some women are in the same boat and are insisting upon some show of justice, either somewhat in the form of the above resolution, or some other satisfactory arrangement whereby woman can control the proceeds of the bone labor performed by herself. Of course all this relates to women among the working classes, and not to those who having every want supplied, dawdle away their lives in indolence, never knowing or caring how or where their liege lords obtain the money for all this idleness. MRS. HELEN FINCH. Coloma, Mich.

Our Visit at Penfield.

Read before Home Grange 129, by Mrs. Nancy J. Cameron.

Early Thursday morning June 15th as the sun had just commenced its daily climbing, and the fresh morning air was fragrant with the perfume of many flowers mingling with the sweets of the honeyed clover—we started on our journey to attend Pomona Grange held at Penfield. For a few miles we were silently admiring the magnificence of the beautiful scenery as lit up by the dawning sun, although every object was familiar to our eyes yet we were held as if spell-bound as we seemed to behold new beauties, and glad praises sang within our hearts to Him, who has so perfected his handiwork. In glorified nature we find beauties which no artist eye can fathom, all the lovely and guileless were given for the love and admiration of man whom our Allwise Father said was His most perfect and sublime work. As we rode along we eagerly grasped all the lovely sights, and ere we had got there we had hung in memory's castle many a beautiful picture. Sketches unpenciled, of shady homes overshadowed by great wide-spreading branches of old natives. Landscapes with dark wooded recesses lit by the flitting rays of the fast rising sun dotted here and there with bright, gay and brilliant colored flowers giving cheer within the cool, quiet shade. A meadow with a small rill by which the stock and herds were grazing, a little streamlet wound around hills meandering on until lost in the dark wood beyond. A very high hill on which we gazed in wonder, as to how the farmer succeeded in plowing it, for we saw that it was not in nature's habit, but, clothed with the mantle of cultivation. Then we came to where an anticipated home was being planned, walks laid out by planting trees, formation of yard with ornamental shrubbery, showing the refined taste and practical judgment of its owner, wishing to have the surroundings of his home grow in beauty while he raised means to build the home. The viewing of this picture has inspired us with a valuable lesson, which we have stored away with many an unspoken one, that we shall ever love to think over in solitude. Ose after another we hung the mantle sketches with their lessons taught on the oft viewed walls of memory ever to be reviewed as thought or word recalls to mind, our pleasant ride to Penfield.

If we were pleased and delighted while going we lost none of our gladness after our arrival for smiles and pleasant greetings seemed borne on the morning air, the sweet music of happy cheerful voices echoed about us as we alighted, and we soon began to inhale the spirit of joy that prevailed everywhere. R. Pool, Master of Penfield Grange read the address of welcome. While listening we felt that the day was to be profitable as well as joyful for it gave valuable food for many a thought. Reports of committees followed by discussions with good, appropriate music came in their places, by order. An excellent and worthy essay, well delivered by R. Keeler was listened to with marked attention, and was voted to be sent to the VISITOR for publication, thus giving all a chance to judge its merits at their leisure. Its sound and powerful argument for truth which the writer so vividly portrayed, must leave its impress on every heart in favor of the laborer.

Refreshments were announced in a pleasing manner by our W. G. H. and all went merry as school children, (older grown) to the heavily laden tables, that spoke well for the thrifty house-wives that had taken such pains to have every thing as nice for comfort and pleasure for those who had ridden long miles and had rested sufficiently to give an appetite. While some were satisfied with eating goodies, others took whole pigs and deposited them in pocket for safe keeping or mementoes. We thought this a striking illustration of the inner man, at least that is the case with the Lee.

The hour of noontime passed quickly, for eyes ears, heart and brain were busy taking in the surroundings; jokes and pleasant repartees were sounding on all sides, sober second thoughts uttered by sedate ones which always give worth to every society. It makes the ideal real, bringing out sound judgment to bear against the frivolous, vain or thoughtless talk. The members that had come from various parts of the county admired the good taste and appropriate deco-

rations with which their hall was furnished and all appreciated the religious care that had been given in the arrangements for the enjoyment of those whom they expected.

A basket of lovely flowers casting their sweet perfume on all around was placed upon Pomona's table, giving rise of thought to the Bountiful Giver who inspired the heart to move the hands in arranging so beautifully the colors and forms of God's symbolized thoughts. We hesitatingly turned our gaze from the beautiful flower-basket, resting upon a tiny glass shoe—filled also with Deity's richest gifts placed upon their altar; truly this was an emblem of God's merciful power. "He plants His footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm." They had likened the clear and spotless glass to His pure and crystalized love manifested in His over-ruling power, filled with true emblems of immortality, a truly wrought symbol bespeaking their depth of love for the beautiful. Time and space will not permit us to describe all that we saw nor to tell the thoughts that were awakened by a large and lovely bouquet upon our desk, placed there by kind hands. She said, "because I loved flowers so well." Spurgeon's thoughtful illustration was a fit application for the time and place, it caused a continual heart song. Flowers, beautiful flowers, they are but the thoughts of God solidified, God's beautiful thoughts put into shape.

The hour passed, the gavel called us to work. Reports and discussions well written and worded came thick and fast, enjoyed by all. Sister Mayo recited an excellent poem entitled "The Rumblers Refrain" and the reply by the ladies of Calhoun county, delivered in such an earnest way that no one could help but admire it; the words were well adapted to her voice and caused a most pathetic sensation. The Worthy Master was obliged to declare that we should have to stop somewhere. Some work was left over until another time, the lateness of the hour told us we had done enough for one day, had received mental food enough to last for consideration a long time. Grange closed, adieu said, we parted to meet again at Bellevue the 17th of August. The question arises, will we all be there brothers and sisters? Will there be any missed from their accustomed place? If a place be vacated by care to business then there will leave only a vacancy for a day and will leave no void, but not so with the destroying angel it gives not back its victims; yet, blessed thought, it gathers us all home at last in the garnered house of God, and may it find us with the armor on bright and shining, ready as worthy Patrons to answer the Master's welcome.

NOREMAC.

Knowledge—Its Value.

In the mind of many a farmer whose every moment is given to arduous toil, there lies dormant powers, which, had they been developed by early discipline, would have placed their possessors in the first rank of statesmen; and perhaps he is unconsciously the owner of faculties, which, if expanded by education, would enable him to win that pre-eminence which is awarded to genius. But faculties and powers are of little value until they are exercised. Ignorance in a measure destroys usefulness. That "knowledge is power" is never more truly said than in the case of the farmer. Then let his watchword be knowledge. If it can be gained only little by little to treasure every moment of time for study, that from each row of corn, each hill of potatoes or patch of strawberries we may learn some wisdom. Instruction is to the farmer what culture is to the plant and when deprived of it his powers are like the product of the uncultivated plant—unprofitable. To knowledge all nations owe their improvement.

While thinking on the vastness which the word knowledge presents to the mind the heart swells with wonder. Immensely variegated as is the scenery of the State of Michigan, but few of its features that presents an aspect of more surpassing interest to the farmer than a well kept orchard, farm and garden. Stretching far away with almost indistinct boundaries stand the majestic and grand old forests, with lakes, rivers, hills and valleys, they afford thousands of most admirable scenes, but a well kept farm, with its fields of grain tossed by the soft breeze into golden waves, the long rows of corn with their green blades and many colored tassels, the round hills of potatoes with luxuriant vines to cover them, the meadow with its bright sweet-scented clover and tall luxuriant grasses exhibits an aspect of beauty and fertility only equaled by the orchard and garden. The orchard bending with its load of choice fruit: apples of russet, brown and gold mingled with bright green leaves, pears, juicy and sweet, plums crowding each other as they turn their purple golden sides to the sun, bright, juicy cherries that seem to laugh as they peep out from the leaves, or huddle together among the branches; great bunches of grapes that hang pendent with such negligence as if nature had brought for us her choicest gift to hang upon the vine, all these delicious fruits and many more fill the well cultivated orchard.

The garden too is well filled with vegetables in long neat rows: cabbages, beets, turnips, celery, salsify, squashes, radishes,

and last but not least the delicious melons, large and plump enough to tempt the appetite of an epicure.

Then let it ever be our endeavor to pay the tribute of labor and patience that knowledge demands for her treasures wisdom and culture that in our homes also may be her dwelling place.

M. A. VANAMBURGH. Pleasanton, Aug. 4, 1882.

Friends.

Read at second anniversary of Tallmadge Grange, No. 639, by Miss Carrie Hedges.

Friends are something worth having, so if you would have friends, be kind to all and at all times. Do not be a friend at one time and the next time, when it will serve your purpose better to be against them, turn a cold shoulder; you will be very apt to lose what friendship they had for you.

How often do we hear after people are gone their good qualities discussed, when before they had nothing but scoffs and sneers. If you have in your acquaintance those that you really think deserve praise praise them, and let them know that you think they amount to something, and in this way encourage them to high and noble deeds.

The Wife's Right to Property.

Bro. Cobb.—I fancy when you see the subject of this article you will say, "the same old topic again" and quickly consign it to the waste basket.

It seems to me that any man who is so weak-minded and selfish as to let such a law "lessen his inclination to marry," or "slacken his business energy and enterprise," is unworthy the regard of any pure-minded woman, and ought not to marry.

The "good book" says "those who exalt themselves shall be abased, but those who humble themselves shall be exalted." And I think woman has lived in the valley of humility, till she is beginning to rise to assert her rights, and as, step by step, they are recognized by the laws of the land, the men will have to lay aside a little of their independence, and not feel that they have the tyrant's power in their hands.

Bro. Harger thinks any law framed with a view of making woman independent and self-supporting, would tend to her degradation. Now, I think it would have the opposite tendency for there are many instances where a young couple, begin married life, with no fortune but their hands, and on account of sickness or some other misfortune they are able to accumulate but a very small property, barely sufficient to maintain them by practicing the most rigid economy, finally after they become somewhat advanced in years, the husband dies, and the wife is left with one-third of their little property, and as this with her limited experience in business is insufficient for her support she has to resort to some other means, perhaps takes the place of servant in a neighbor's family, or is obliged to go from house to house begging employment, and if too proud spirited to do this, she will sometimes resort to some unlawful means and finally ends her days in the penitentiary or poorhouse.

If a wife dies the husband holds all the property accumulated during their married life, he can marry again and raise a family of children who are lawful heirs to his first wife's hard earnings, and perhaps this is right, but how is it if the man dies, and the wife marries again and has a family of children? The law says she can only have the use of one-third of the first husband's property, (for it was all his,) she cannot bestow any of it upon her children.

The law virtually says the wife is not capable of taking care of the property she has helped her husband accumulate, and yet it acknowledges that if left alone she is capable of taking care of herself with one-third the amount the man would require. But I will not weary your patience longer this time.

MRS. C. WAGER. Waterford, Mich. Aug 7, 1882.

Death to Flies in One-Half Hour

"Heretofore one of the greatest of our trials in Summer has been in the keeping of our dining room and kitchen free from flies. It is a rule with us that nets shall be in all open windows and that the net doors must be kept closed, and there is no deviation from this. But careful as we might be the pests would get in. We have brushed until shoulders and arms were lame and hands blistered; have used various fly catchers, sticky fly paper and poison fly paper, discarding the latter several times on account of its poisonous properties and disgusting effects, but returning to it because we do not know what else to do. We will say that our house is very sunny, light and airy—we have no blinds, and can not darken the rooms and so keep the flies out. A short time ago we became alive to the necessity of throwing away once for all the fly paper, having been convinced that it was impregnated with a solution of arsenic. Knowing the efficacy of Persian Insect Powder—Pyrethrum roseum or cinerifolium—in destroying insect life, we close the windows and doors of the dining room, sprinkle a large handful of this powder upon a few live coals and retired to await results.

"The smoke was quite dense for two hours, yet at the end of that time not one fly was dead, they were somewhat weak in the legs but soon revived. "After this failure we next purchased a small insect powder bellows for one dollar, half filled the receptacle with powder and blew it all around the room, making a fine dust. Soon a buzzing was heard, as when a fly is caught in a spider's web, only louder, and in one half hour every fly in the room was dead. The fly season is now robbed of its terrors for us, for a few puffs of the bellows each morning before sweeping keeps our room free from flies. The powder costs 60 cents per pound at wholesale, but with care will last some time, for gentle puffs of the powder answer every purpose, as it is only necessary" to blow it once where the flies can breathe it."—Rural New Yorker.

We can endorse the above as we have recently made a trial of the above powder and found it most excellent. Rightly used it is certain death to all insect life, including the pest of housekeepers—moth millers. It is also sold under the name of Dalmatian Powder. It should be bought of a reliable druggist, and if it does not do its work rest assured you have not a pure article. If you have a good many flies, mosquitoes or other insects, the best way is to use the powder at night. Shut all the windows and doors first, then with the little bellows blow the powder as thoroughly as possible into all the crevices and corners. Leave the room shut up over night, and by morning if the powder is pure the slaughter will be complete. The above article speaks of the price of the bellows. We have bought them for very much less than that amount.—Farmers' Review.

A PRIVATE detective of ex Chief of Police McDonough's agency has been investigating the manufacture of butter sold in that city, and according to a report made by him, a good deal of the butter consumed in St. Louis is made from the carcasses of dead animals picked up off the streets by the dead animal contractor. According to his story, dead animals are bought in East St. Louis of the dead animal contractor; they are cut up, the fat separated, cleansed by a chemical process, the oleomargarine extracted, colored, packed, and sent to some point down the river. There it is marked "Goshen butter" and shipped back to St. Louis dealers. The detective bought a firkin of this "Goshen butter" from the manufacturer, and under Governor Johnson's instruction carried it to a chemist, and the analysis shows conclusively that the alleged butter is made from animal fat. The sale or manufacture of oleomargarine is prohibited by the laws of the state of Missouri, but no arrests were made, "the authorities no doubt considered "as good as genuine" and perfectly legitimate.

FIRE AND WATER PROOF CEMENT.—To one half pint of vinegar add the same quantity of milk; separate the curd, and mix the whey with the whites of five eggs; beat it well together, and sift into it a sufficient quantity of quicklime to convert it to the consistency of a thick paste. Broken vessels mended with this cement never afterward separate, for it resists the action of both fire and water. The above cement is similar to what is sold by peddlars on the streets of Chicago for twenty-five cents a bottle, worth about five cents.—Western Rural.

FARMERS who have mowing machines of the latest pattern, the newest invention in plows and harrows, the latest improvement in threshing machines, horse rakes and seed-sowers, should not forget that there are little conveniences equally as valuable in the house. Good pumps, stoves, washing machines, wringers, churns, sewing machines, and other domestic appliances for saving labor should be generously provided.

BRINE from the butcher or grocerman or salt left at the bottom of pickling barrels should be put upon asparagus beds in the Spring time. Or rock salt may be sown and the Spring rains will wash it to the roots.

Youths' Department.

WEARINESS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O little feet! that such long years Must wander on through hopes and fears, Must ache and bleed beneath your load; I, nearer to the wayside inn, Where toil shall cease and rest begin, Am weary thinking of your road.

O little hands! that weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule so long, Have still so long to give or ask; I, who so much with book and pen Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires; Mine, that so long has glowed and burned, With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light Direct from heaven, their source divine, Refracted through the mist of years, How red my setting sun appears, How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Aunt Nina's Opinions.

Dear Nephews and Nieces.—Were you not pleased with our department in the last number of the VISITOR? I was, and I hope for a continuance of the good letters. I have been trying to think of some good subject for discussion, but so far have nearly failed. Don't all of you that have suggested the plan, think it would be a good way to send to me, privately, the subjects upon which you would like to have discussions? And then I might give them out from time to time. Laura, whom we welcome, would like to have the subject of dancing discussed.

We often hear the phrases "a well educated person," "an accomplished person" used, I want to know what idea this conveys to your mind. What qualities must a person possess to be accomplished, or well educated.

I suppose we, or rather you young people, are all striving to be one or the other. Or is it both you are aiming at? What work must you accomplish to reach your aim?

You ask my opinion about giving your ages, and Ella Spaulding hints about my own age. My opinion on the subject is that it is a good plan if you want to do so, but I certainly would not like to have any one hindered from writing because if he wrote he must give his age. I would seem so old to some of you that you would say, "Oh, she is too old to talk about amusements. She had better stop swinging in hammocks and devote her time to knitting stockings for the heathen. Others would say, "Aunt Nina is too young to give us advice. We know just as much about these things as she does and she need not try to tell us anything." So you see as you don't know my age I hope you will all think it is that age which to your mind conveys most respect.

And there is Nettie Gifford asking what I think of feigned names. My opinion has always been that a pleasant sound has more influence than an unpleasant. And that sound has influence none of you will deny. So that I thought, when I choose the name Aunt Nina anything I might say signed by that name would have a better influence than if I addressed myself to you as Miss Mihitable Tabitha Tompkins, spinster, aged 56. Nettie's name has a pleasant sound so that she does not need a non-de-plume on that account.

Please think on the subject of which I speak, and let us hear your opinions. All bear this in mind and write to

AUNT NINA.

What we Read.

Dear cousins!—The reading of your letters have been very interesting to me and I have noticed, with not a little amusement, the sarcastic "shower" of words that was thrown on Will's devoted head.

I admire Carlyle's works very much indeed, but in his life aside from his devotion to his literary work I can see nothing to admire.

Let us compare our favorite authors, we see diversity of tastes enough to make it amusing. Are any of you German scholars if so, what method do you use? And do you like the study? Will, have you read any of Froude's works, or Emerson's, if you have how do you like them?

Now, Laura, as we have only taken the first degree in this department, let us stand by each other and brave the dangers together. Just let me whisper to you that Will isn't dangerous. He will learn something that to be clear and concise in his writing will cast as much glory upon himself as if he were noted for fine imagery and glowing periods. But he is right about studied articles. No one can expend too much pains in writing.

For fear I will not be invited to come again I close.

ARCHIE.

In an article upon making the Grange interesting to young folks, the Farmers' Advance says: "Increase the literary exercises; have more debates, more discussions, more essays, more readings. Take pains in all your ritual work, and see how well you can do it. All this constitutes the second step in getting the young interested in the Grange."

The Battle For Reform.

George William Curtis in an address before the Civil Service Reform Association, at Newport, R. I., August 2, 1882, said: "This glance at a triumphant year would be incomplete if I omitted to mention the reform movement in Pennsylvania. The facts are familiar. Resolved to overthrow an ignominious despotism which has long subjugated one of the great political parties in that State, a large portion of the party has made independent nominations. Their protest is against "bosses" and "machines." But knowing that these are only the result of the evil system which bases party organization not upon a common conviction and purpose, but upon patronage and spoils, they denounce that system as fatal to popular government and demand the reform which it is the object of this league to secure. Rejecting specious offers of compromise which would have been surrender, they have appealed to the manly self respect of American citizenship and await the issue. The serious significance of this government is that it involves a party defeat by members of the party. That is to say, in one of the great States, whose vote may well decide a national election, party defeat is preferred by half the dominant party, or by the balance of power in that party, to the yoke of the spoils despotism which has recently overpowered it. This fact is of the highest political importance. When an issue of general interest divides a party in one State, the results cannot be confined to that State. It is a fire that will spread over the country. The recent significance of party is disappearing. They now cohere largely by the mere force of tradition. But here is a fresh and vital question commanding the conviction and enthusiasm of young men, the hearty approval of older men, and the earnest support of the most intelligent press throughout the country. Like the giant of classic fable, it shakes the mountain. If the question is strong enough to drive asunder the dominant party in one State it is strong enough to threaten parties in every State. The movement in Pennsylvania is a sign of the general consciousness that new issues are arising. It shows that the intelligence of the country already craves a more inspiring political music than the cackling of old party hens over stale eggs. Guides blind to the sunrise are not guides for alert and early travelers. When once an object commends itself to the judgment and conscience of the American people, parties may oppose as a bull may run at a locomotive. So much the worse for the bull. There is no profounder conviction in the public to-day than that of the demoralization and danger inherent in the spoils system. The movement in Pennsylvania indicates that if parties do not adjust themselves to this conviction this conviction will reconstruct parties.—Farmers' Friend.

Some papers are abusing the Jews who arrive at Castle Garden because they accept charity when they have money concealed about their persons. Hold on now, gentlemen. Instead of abusing them you should compliment them for their sagacity and for learning our American customs so soon. They are but imitating the property-holder in this country who hides his property from the assessor and allows his neighbors to pay taxes that he should pay, thus accepting "charity" from his poor neighbor when he has money concealed about his person. The Jew who plays the game before he has been one of us for two days is bound to be a rich man and respected before he has been here as long as some of those who have played the tax dodging game for years. Give the Jew a chance.—Peck's Sun.

The great necessity of better education among farmers must be apparent to all true Grangers, and to what better use could our Granges put their surplus money than to purchasing good books on agriculture and other topics pertaining to farming, and thus to form a library for our own benefit, and for the improvement of the rising generation, who are to fill our places after we are numbered with the dead? What a grand thing it would be if every Grange throughout this blessed land had from 50 to 100 or more volumes to hand around among its members for them to read carefully. Would it not make our beloved Order more permanent? And would it not promote the cause of education in our midst?—Patron of Husbandry.

SENATOR MAHONE, chairman of the Senate committee on Agriculture, having asked Secretary Folger if the Cabinet wanted the Commissioner of Agriculture to be one of them, and received a decidedly negative reply, it is expected that the report of the committee will be against the bill. The inquiry was referred to Mr. Nimmo of the Bureau of Statistics, who wrote out an elaborate opinion against making the head of the Agricultural Department a member of the Cabinet. It is thought that this will decide the fate of the bill in the Senate.

THE great labor strikes are virtually ended, and but little has been gained by the working people, and much has been lost. It is said that "rarely if ever, have there been as many important strikes in any previous year as have been witnessed since January 1st, and it has hardly ever happened that the strikers have been so generally unsuccessful." It is estimated that in Pittsburgh alone the strikers lost \$4,000,000 in wages, and the same amount by those in other parts of the West.

HON. D. H. THING, past Master of the Maine State Grange, has been nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket. Three or four years ago the district was in the hands of his supporters, but it is doubtful now if they can count a majority, and Mr. Thing's election is therefore problematical, although his well-deserved personal popularity will bring him a complimentary vote, perhaps great enough to give him the office.—Ez.

THE REAPER, DEATH.

HINKLEY—Died June 13, 1882, at his residence in Columbia, Van Buren Co., BRO. JONATHAN N. HINKLEY, aged 63 years.

BRO. HINKLEY was a worthy member of Scott Lake Grange, No. 172. Resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted by the Grange, also that the Charter be draped in mourning for sixty days, and a notice was sent to THE GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

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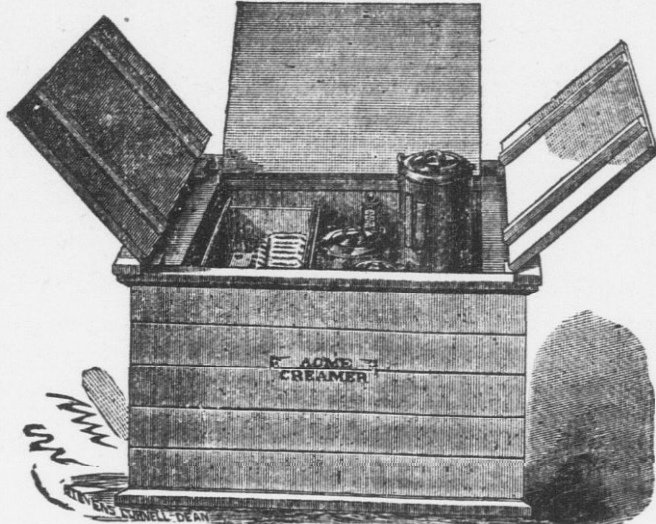
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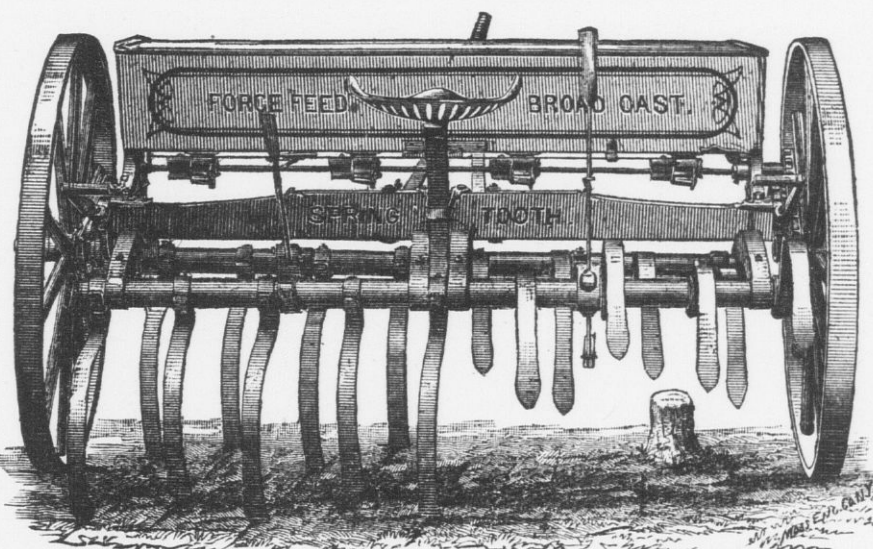
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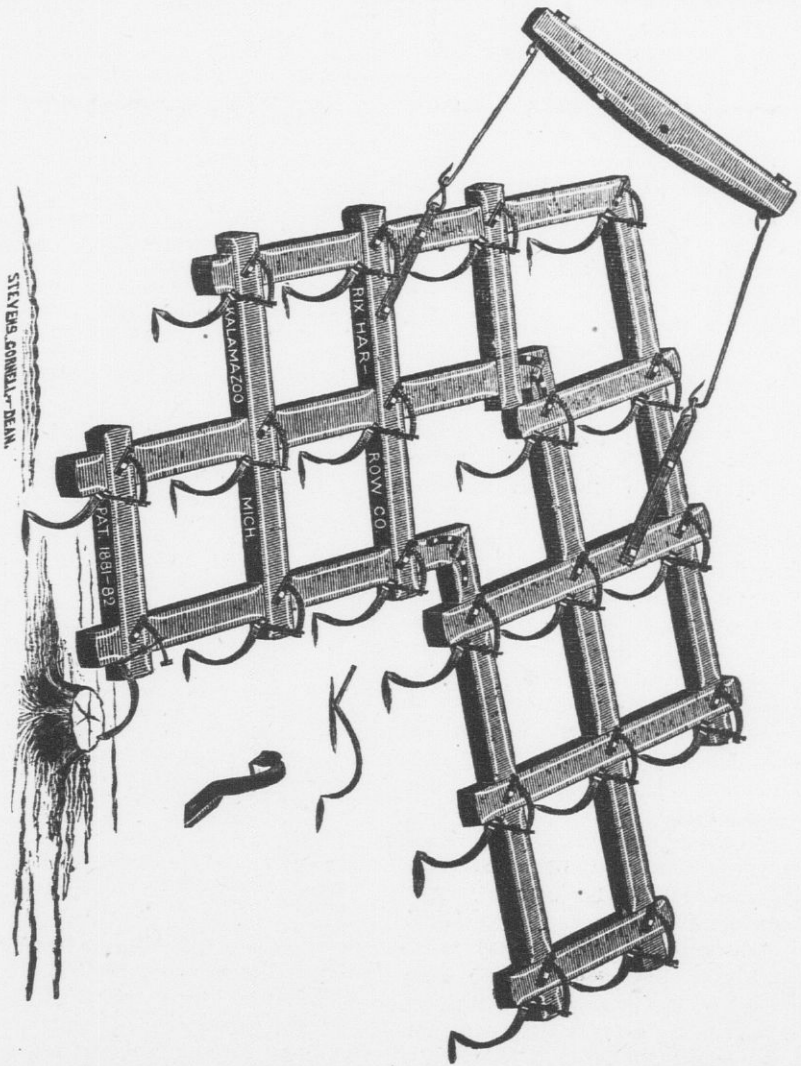
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