

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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SEEDING WHEAT.—We sow too thick, both in broadcasting and drilling. Let those who have well prepared, rich soil, sow 20 quarts of sound, plump wheat broadcast, and 12 to 14 quarts drilled, per acre, and measure the grain when unthreshed from equal acres of land, doing this for several years in succession. They will find some difference, according to the nature of the season; a wet season most favoring thin sowing, from the cause above mentioned. With winter grain it is the same in a drouth; less so with Spring grain, probably because when sown thin the ground is less protected against the hot sun and drying winds, whereas wheat and rye possess the ground at the beginning of the season, their roots extending well down. It is well, therefore, to sow Spring grain thicker than Fall wheat, but thinner than is usually the case, and considerably so on rich ground well prepared, as the stooling-out is then considerable, and the stalk and head have the same advantage as with wheat.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SOME experiments have recently been conducted in the old country, with a view to ascertaining the best methods of preserving manure so as to retain the more valuable ingredients. In one of these experiments the manure was allowed to accumulate under the cattle for a long period—three months or more—in specially-constructed deep stalls. It was found that in every case the manure so formed was, as compared with that of the ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition, the ammoniacal salts were better preserved, and useful ingredients were present in greater proportion.

Agricultural Department.

THE MINISTRY OF AUTUMN.

Through graceful forest arches, hung
With gold and crimson drapery,
The sunbeams slant, and wild birds flit,
And sing their farewell melody.
Beneath our careless, loitering tread
The dead leaves rustle on the ground,
While here and there beside our path
Only a few late flowers are found.

The roses sweet of summer time
Lie dead. They withered long ago,
As many a prospect once so bright
Can now but faded outlines show.
Yet, in these pensive autumn hours,
While memory takes a lingering view,
Regret not, though the blight hath fallen
Alike on hopes and roses, too.

For there are hours of deeper joy
Than those that wear the early sheen,
There are sometimes that only light
The leaves that are no longer green,
The time of calmest happiness,
When peace reigns in the air,
Is when the ripe and golden sheaves
Stand bound upon the hillside fair.

While through the soft and hazy light
That shimmers over wood and hill,
The landscape lovely when the smile
Of summer shone is lovely still.
The bright prismatic coloring
Gleams through a mellow atmosphere
A chastened radiance rests upon
The brilliance of the dying year.

Regret not that the joys have fled
By parted summer fondly cherished,
Their beautiful remembrance keep,
But be content that they have passed,
Find, in the autumn's whispered sweet,
Find, in her peaceful ministry,
The calm, the restful quietude,
That she hath treasured up for thee.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

The Necessity of Selecting the Best Seed for All Crops.

Some years ago, while listening to a conversation between two thoroughgoing farmers, on the importance of selecting the best seed for all crops, one of them remarked—"I will take the best specimen of wheat, and by sowing the poorest seed of the crop year after year, I will convert it into chaff, and, continuing in the same manner, I will convert the chaff into June grass." His friend replied, "If you can do that I will take your June grass, and reversing the process, I will sow the best seed of the crop year after year, and convert it back into good wheat again. Now, without claiming that this could be done, I gathered from their forcible statements that they were stout believers in the necessity of having good seed to produce good crops; and that continually sowing poor seed would run out the crop. In other words, they believed in nature's law, that the soil will produce in kind what you sow on it; that, as a rule, if you sow this year wheat inferior to last year's sowing, you will get a correspondingly poor crop. For your crop, as regards quality, does not stand still, it grows better if the best seed is sown or worse, if the poorest seed is sown.

Here we find the law that the scientists call, in animal life, "the survival of the fittest." That is, a race can only improve by the selection of the best as propagators of its species. And where this law is not followed the race deteriorates. This is an established fact in animal life. Does it not hold true in regard to agricultural products? We think it does. It is also a fact that the farmer who sows the same kind of grain on the same field year after year, though he selects the best seed, will find his crop decreasing in quality and quantity. Consequently it is claimed that all the old varieties of wheat in Michigan are running out. Hence many farmers are getting new kinds in order to raise better wheat. Mr. Reed, of Cassopolis, this State, has sown the Minnesota Spring wheat in the fall, and made good winter wheat of it.

He raised some near 30 bushels to the acre last year, and thinks he will get an excellent variety of wheat from it. We find sometimes that a new soil and climate will improve grain, or other products, that have appeared to fall in another State or part of the country.

Mr. T. B. Lord, of Comstock, this country, has been experimenting with Iowa corn. He has planted the east half of the hill with Michigan dent, planting sufficiently apart to tell each kind. When the corn got its height he cut off the tassel, or pollen, of the Michigan corn, and thus left the pollen of the Iowa corn to impregnate the Michigan variety. As the result of his labor Mr. Lord has raised an excellent kind of corn. The ear is not only large but the cob is small.

It is said that by this experiment he has raised a variety of corn much superior to the Michigan, and if it was only necessary for the farmer to plow plant and reap, he might have a comparatively easy and sure thing of it in farming. But he finds that his farm will give him value received only for the amount of labor he expends upon it, and that for all skilled labor and experimental knowledge he successfully bestows upon it he will receive a still higher reward.

A word as to selecting good seed. You will find the best seed growing nearest the west or main stalk of the grain, plant or vine. In the corn, for instance, the main stalk is the most prolific; the stalk springing from it less so, the smaller ones still less, till the outer shoots produce no corn. The same is true of wheat in the stool.

V. B.

Palace Stock Cars.

The Montgomery Palace Stock Car Company is now in operation. We take the following description from the Rochester Union and Advertiser: "In appearance the Palace Stock car is very much like an ordinary cattle car, the only difference being two narrow boxes about 15 inches high placed on the top of the car and along the side, one at each end. In these is placed the food on which the cattle are fed. These boxes are connected with the inside of the car by spouts so that by the moving of a lever at the end of the car the food, the amount which can be graduated, is run down directly into the car in a trough in front of the cattle. The cattle are separated into lots of three, four or five, according to size, by means of movable gates. Sufficient room is given each animal to allow it to lie down without being cramped upon, or to arise without difficulty. The gates can be swung to one side, allowing the cars to be used for freight on the return trip. Through each car runs a large metal pipe, the connection between the cars being made by means of rubber hose. Into these pipes water is run from the watering tank at certain stations along the road, until the pipe from one end of the train to the other is full. The water still continuing to run, it overflows, passes down small pipes at the end of each car into movable iron basins along the sides and within reach of the animals. Both food and water can be given the stock while the train is in motion, thus saving delay and injury to stock by unloading. The cars are furnished with the suspension truck, making them nearly as easy to ride in as passenger coaches, with the Jenny coupler which allows them to play back and forth, and with the Westinghouse air brake. By means of the first two devices the trains can be run at 40 miles an hour without injury to the stock from jolting, instead of 20 miles an hour on ordinary trains. Trains composed of these cars are now running regularly on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad from Chicago to Baltimore, and will hereafter be run regularly from Chicago to New York. Shippers of cattle are confronted with two problems. First, how to put Western cattle in the New York market in first-class condition and second, how to get them there in the quickest possible time. In the solution of these two questions thousands of dollars have been spent, and thousands of helpless animals made to suffer untold miseries. It is estimated that from five to ten per cent. of the real value of cattle and hogs is lost by shrinkage in weight and by death and injury to animals in transit by the ordinary means of transportation, while the injury to health caused by eating the flesh of animals which have endured such transportation can not be estimated."

The Buffalo Courier says: "The shippers expect to send the cattle through at a shrinkage of less than 20 pounds per head. The loss in weight in the trip between Chicago and New York usually runs between 80 and 100 pounds, or a net loss to the shipper of from \$6.50 to \$18 per head. This is due to the brutal methods now in vogue which makes a steer subsist upon his own vitality from the moment he leaves the shipping point until he reaches market. The scheme of the Montgomery company is to have this shrinkage, which is simply the natural waste of flesh due to ignorant exposure, and land the cattle at the market point in a sound, healthy condition without any of the feverishness which is now so general a cause of complaint and so certain a cause of disease."

—Farmers Review.

The old plan of deodorizing stables, pens, etc., by the use of common gypsum, we see revived as if it were a new discovery, when in fact it was practiced by intelligent farmers fully fifty years ago. Still, that is in its favor but it would have been still better if it had been steadily increasing instead of standing still as it appears to have been doing. In this application there is everything to gain and nothing lost, inasmuch as the plaster itself is a valuable fertilizer, and it operates in the stables, etc., in retaining ammonia and adding decidedly to the value of the manure. It ought, therefore, to be far more generally used than it is, and will be wherever its merit is fully understood.

NEVER use the currycomb on a horse's legs below the knee and hock. A corn broom is best since it takes out the dirt and does not hurt the horse.

Farm Tools and Machinery.

The ever increasing display of agricultural implements at our annual State fair, furnishes a field of profitable reflection. Here we get the key to the mystery of modern farming—the reason of the immense productivity of farm labor to-day, as compared with the same fifty years ago. In no other field of mechanics has human ingenuity more nearly exhausted its resources than in the numerous contrivances for performing the various complex operations of the farm. And these ingenious contrivances, and this delicate machinery is not made to operate in well protected factories, but to endure the rough, heavy work for the field. Every year brings the impression that the possibilities of further improvements are exhausted, yet each fair exhibits its novelties. Are the resources of inventive genius inexhaustible?

Another reflection: This nice machinery is not only the work of great intellectual strength and activity, but those who use it are not ignorant slaves or thoughtless bores. The display of farm tools and machinery, and the readiness with which they are sold, are high compliments to the intelligence of our farming community. Our farmers not only understand an improvement in a farm tool, but they pretty accurately measure its importance, and soon become expert in the use of it. If a farmer gets a new implement with which a hand can do double the amount of work in a day that he could do with the old one, the proprietor can offer to divide the profits with the laborer, and both be benefited. It is a misnomer to call our improved implements 'labor-saving machines.' They render labor more productive; but labor is as much in demand as before. Indeed, it is the rule that where farm tools are clumsy and poor and labor is unproductive, there it is but poorly paid and but little in demand. As implements improve, labor becomes more productive, and being worth more, higher wages are paid. This rational solution of the labor and wage problem is wholly misunderstood in Europe where the improvement of implements is resisted by the laboring classes. Where a man will reap all day for 20 cents, a self-binding reaper is not necessary; but the proprietor can better afford to pay the man who operates the binder \$2 a day than the man with the sickle 20 cents.—*Indiana Farmer.*

A Few Words From the Horse.

Don't beat our sore sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master. Don't ride and drive us about till we are ready to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage. Pray let us have a little more water when we stand, weary and thirsty, with our poor dry tongues, unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst. "And for pity's sake," the horse would say, "loosen this torturing bearing-rein; we toss and shake our heads, or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work and much better without it. Please remember that we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender, worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you are in rage with us, that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry. Our last entreaty is, that when we get old and past our work, you will not let our poor, wasted bodies stagger along under some load, when our lives have been spent in your service, but that you will reward us by having us immediately put out of our pain.

Putting Away Tools.

The wearing out of farm implements is, as a rule, due more to neglect than to use. If tools can be well taken care of, it will pay to buy those made of the best steel, and finished in the best manner; but in common hands, and with common care, such are of little advantage. Iron and steel parts should be cleaned with dry sand and a cob, or scraped with a piece of soft iron, washed and oiled if necessary, and in a day or two clean off the rust-cob and dry sand. Finally paint the iron part with rosin and beeswax, in the proportion of four of rosin, to one of wax, melted together and apply hot. This is good for the iron or steel parts of every sort of tool. Wood work should be painted with good boiled linseed oil, white lead and turpentine, colored of any desired tint; red is probably the best color. Keep the cattle away until the paint is dry and hard, or they will lick, with death as the result. If it is not desired to use paint on hand tools, the boiled oil with turpentine and "liquid drier," does just as well. Many prefer to saturate the wood-work of farm implements with crude petroleum. This can not be used with color, but is applied by itself, so long as any is absorbed by the pores of the wood.

—American Agriculturist.

THE only way to remove the peach grub is to scrape away the earth from the foot of the tree, and follow all the under-bark burrows to their end with the point of the knife. As they do not enter the wood the knife is not required, being used only in cases of the apple tree borer, which penetrates deeply into the wood.

Value of Pure Bred Fowls.

The editor of the Poultry Monthly says: Our experience compels us to say there is no stock as productive as our thoroughbred; because they have been bred in accordance with a system, and with the object in view of producing qualities of great excellence. It matters not what branch of the poultry trade you breed, the fancy varieties for sale or exhibition, the heavier kinds for the food market, or the medium size for their eggs alone.

Under the very best management, our pure bred invariably give better satisfaction and prove more remunerative than fowls not bred to any degree of excellence. But it is with this as with all kinds of stock, or engaging in any enterprise or occupation, the interest and pleasure that is awakened by the first step in the right direction goes a great way to gain in much shorter time the experience necessary to success, which only could be gained through years of arduous labor and attention, if the wrong course were pursued in the beginning.

Poultry keeping can be made an auxiliary to other pursuits without infringing on the time of the keeper, and will bring in a quick and handsome return for the food and care given them. It costs no more to feed and keep a flock of improved fowls than it does the common sorts. It is a waste of time and money to breed from poor stock, and it is the poorest economy to buy poor trash, though represented to be as good as the best. Those who have turned their attention to breeding and keeping up the character and excellence of their fowl stock, have satisfied themselves of the importance of keeping good birds, and know the higher the quality the better the results, and that they never will be, in our generation at least, a drug in the poultry market.

Michigan State Poultry Association.

The Michigan State Poultry Association, composed of the leading poultry breeders of this State, at a meeting held on September 27, decided to hold an exhibition of poultry and pet stock in this city, which is intended to be the largest collection of poultry, pigeons, and pet stock ever held in Michigan. The object of the association is to encourage the interest and promote improvement in the breeding and management of poultry, pigeons, etc., by means of exhibitions, and the dissemination of reliable and practical information. The association desires the citizens of Grand Rapids to remember that the success of the coming exhibition depends largely upon the efforts of the outside exhibitors who will come here at considerable sacrifice of time and money, and it is therefore the earnest wish of the association that citizens generally will supplement their efforts by a cordial support.

A committee composed of Messrs. C. B. Pierce, S. T. Driggs, J. B. Clark, D. C. Benedict, J. Loop, and H. R. Naysmith were appointed to call on the citizens and business men to receive subscriptions for special premiums, and to secure such other support as may be offered, for with a good list of specials in its premium list the association feels that the exhibition can be made one that the city may take pride in, while at the same time great benefit be caused through the encouragement given to breeding fine birds.

Agricultural World.

Diseased Cattle.

The outbreak of what is known as splenic fever, in this State and in Pennsylvania, has caused considerable alarm among drovers and large cattle owners. About Pittsburg it has proved very fatal. The splenic fever has been commonly known as Texas fever, and Northern cattle have taken the disease recently in most cases where they have come in contact with Texas cattle. It is a disease peculiar to the ox tribe, and occurs among Southern cattle in a mild form in the early Spring. In others the germs of the disease remain latent and are developed with great rapidity when the animal is subjected to shock, such as stampede, or to hardships consequent on railroad travel. It is indigenous to Texas, but exceedingly fatal to Northern cattle.

Owners of cattle in Northern States will probably take active measures to prevent the introduction of diseases from imported cattle. The law provides that the importer shall select a place for the detention of imported cattle. They are transferred thence by another vessel, and must be kept 300 feet away from any other cattle. The term of quarantine is ninety days, but the time of the voyage is to be counted as a part of the period. The importer has to file bonds in twice the value of the animals for the observance of quarantine restrictions. In connection with the Federal quarantine, the War Department in 1880 ceded to the Treasury Department a tongue of land on the inside of Sandy Hook.

The cattle commissioners have been studying the contagious diseases of cattle, and Professor James Law, of Cornell University, has been for some time experimenting on the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia by means of inoculation. His experiments, however, are not so complete that he is ready to give them to the public. The Commissioners have had in subject of the Texas fever brought to their attention, and it is presumed all possible measures will be taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The particulars of the malady afflicting the cattle of Central New York have been specially reported to the Commissioners.—*Rochester Democrat.*

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.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT RELATING TO SALARY OF CIRCUIT JUDGES.

An article from a brother patron on our fourth page calls up a subject of interest to the people of the State that is to be acted upon at the general election in November next—that of increasing the salaries of circuit judges. Bro. Ash seems to have reasoned very well and if the question is to be passed upon without any reference to the facts of observation and experience, we should at once concede the point.

We notice what may have occurred before when this same question has been before the people, that an effort is being made to convince the voting public that this proposed amendment should be adopted. We have received from a judicial friend a printed statistical argument in favor of the proposed amendment which we have carefully read and which taken by itself without any reference whatever to the work accomplished under our judicial system would be convincing and induce every fairminded reasonable man to vote for the amendment. But our legal friends never accept as conclusive a showing from one side only, and for the present we must insist on looking at this matter from a stand point that will enable us to look over the whole field, and not simply what it costs a judge to live, to travel and what he has left out of a salary of \$1,500 per annum. In the argument of our friend the judge, it is shown that this increase of salary asked for would only cost on the assessed valuation of the property of the citizens of the State about one cent on \$300. We hardly think the intelligent people of Michigan would object to this trifling increase if they had entire confidence in the judicial system of the State, as worked by its lawyers and judges. We did not need the circular before us to convince us that a judge who faithfully made use of his legal abilities to serve the people, should receive for a year of such service more than \$1,500. Before assenting to the conclusions of our learned friend however, we must invite the attention of our readers to the condition of the judicial department of our State Government, as the determination by the people of this matter of salary should hinge on what sort of service we are now getting for our money.

Not having been a disciple of Blackstone we must express our opinion from a common sense view, as we see it, of this department of government, and ignoring all the profound

science of legal lore, come right to hard facts.

We take it that the judicial department of the government was instituted for the purpose of securing justice between man and man in cases of difference, of requiring the fulfillment of obligations on the part of the unwilling, and of determining the guilt or innocence of parties charged with crime, and meting out an equivalent penalty when convicted. Are these objects attained by our courts, or if attained, as no doubt they are sometimes, is it at such price as is satisfactory to fair minded, honest men, and in such time as a due regard to the interests of the parties in interest require?

We are sure that the great body of the people have given this matter no systematic consideration or discussion, but have somehow come to understand that speedy justice is no longer to be expected in the administration of our judicial system.

These are progressive times in every department of business, push has come to be recognized as an essential element—a characteristic feature of this country. Men want to reach conclusions at once—have no love for the slow plodding usages of their grandfathers. If this spirit has reached the judiciary, it has had an effect in the opposite direction from what is shown in all other departments of business. The two most important elements in operating the machinery of the law, seem to be to consume time and make costs.

We need not minutely describe the general course of cases that are launched in justice courts—go on appeal to the circuit, are put over from one term to another, first perhaps by the attorney for the plaintiff, then by the attorney for the defendant, and when at last after months or years of delay, on one pretext or another, a verdict is reached, the litigants, if not yet impoverished, discover that they are just getting down to business.

No circuit judge is so disinterested as to refuse to hear argument on a motion for a new trial, although half the time he sees in it simply a determination on the part of the attorney to maintain his grip on the pocket-book of his client. Usage demands that any course having the two elements of delay and expense, shall be pursued, and usage in this is the "higher law."

We will not occupy space to give the history of cases where but a score or less of dollars was involved, that had been appealed to the circuit court, again tried, sent again to the supreme court, returned to the circuit court, for another trial, the whole play covering years of time, impoverishing the litigants and imposing an onerous tax on 999 out of every 1000, who had no more interest in this performance than the man in the moon.

Anything that consumes time and postpones what should be the prime object of a court of justice, is in order with the bar and permitted by the court. We call to mind several cases in our county that had this sort of a dance at a large expense to the people, who under existing usage have no protection whatever from these legal raids upon their pockets. Few of our most judicious, careful men of any class are ever found in court as litigants for the simple reason that such men have no confidence in the administration of law, are, in short, afraid of the whole machinery of courts, preferring to suffer loss, injury, or thinly disguised robbery, if not in silence, at least without recourse to law, rather than take the chances of delay and loss that are sure to follow any attempt to secure justice in our courts. And these men contribute to the support and maintenance of a usage that is a reproach to our boasted civilization, and an anomaly that finds its only explanation in the characteristic qualities of our people. In their haste to become rich, in the whirl and bustle of business that belongs to these latter days, we do not stop to attack and correct usages that have insidiously grown upon us. In this judicial business that growth has been nurtured by an educated and influential class that seems to have acted in harmony; and the people acting each for himself in the pursuit of his own personal interest have given no thought to the correction of a recognized evil that is now so thoroughly imbedded in our statutes and the law of usage that we cannot expect to make much headway against it.

But when we are invited to increase the salary of a class of these men who have been largely instrumental in bringing about this state of things of which we complain, we must be excused for referring to the judicial system of which they form a part, and of the product or results of the working of the judicial machine as it concerns the people. If it is urged that circuit judges act under such arbitrary rules that it is impossible to prevent the continuance of suits from term to term, and appeals to a higher court, and this general condition of things that is so fatal to justice, expensive to litigants, and such a trespass upon the rights, as well as pockets, of the people, who have no sort of interest, near or remote, in the merits of the matter litigated; we answer that these rules were not made by the people, but are the work somewhere of the judiciary itself.

We do not pretend to define just where or how the present burdensome, profitless and unsatisfactory system of jurisprudence shall be improved and brought to such practical conditions as to command the respect of common-sense people and secure the end for which it was established; but we do know

that until the people, whose rights are disregarded, whose interests are sacrificed, and whose faith in courts of justice is well nigh exhausted, shall demand from the bench more common sense treatment of the business committed to its hands, and less regard for technicalities, precedent and worthless usages, there is little hope of any change for the better. In proof of this we refer to a little matter of history.

Four years ago we wrote several articles bearing upon this subject, which appeared in our department of the VISITOR. We did more. After giving in detail several cases where to set a disputed matter right, in which only a few dollars were involved, recourse was had to the courts, and the judicial machine, working in the interest of the legal fraternity, at the end of several years nearly ruined some of the litigants and imposed a loss to the county of hundreds of dollars, we prepared a bill to so amend existing statutes as to prevent the appeal of suits from a justice court to the circuit, when the judgment obtained in the justice court was less than \$100. We sent the bill, not to a lawyer, but to a member of the House, that we knew to be in sympathy with the people—a man who believed that the judicial system of the country ought to command the confidence and respect of the intelligent citizens of the State. The bill was introduced, referred, the sum named cut down to \$50 by the committee, opposed by nearly every lawyer in the House, and finally passed by a small majority and was sent to the Senate. Here there was a larger proportion of these gentlemen whose legal education seems to have made them believe their class are entitled to live by their profession, and as a sequence to this proposition comes the vicious sentiment, "The end justifies the means." The bill was defeated in the senate, although we were assured that all first-class lawyers desired just such an amendment.

Now the point we make is this, little paltry suits involving but a few dollars are constantly brought into our circuit court and go to the supreme court. These cases have nothing in them of public interest and the public should not be taxed on their account. Besides this, they are in the way of cases of importance, and are constantly obstructing the administration of justice by their presence. Why is it with all these facts patent to every one, that the "first class lawyers" and the judges of the State did not at that time, nor at any other time, before or since, say and do something to remedy a practice confessedly a public grievance, a standing reproach to the profession, and a disgrace to our civilization.

When the judges of the State of Michigan move in the matter of protecting the interests of the people, from whom comes the salaries they now receive; when with them the rights of the people are of more consequence than the interests of the bar, then we shall most cheerfully favor an increase of salary. If in legitimate ways their influence was exerted, a revolution would soon be effected alike creditable to this dignified and important department of the government and advantageous to the people. But so long as the present usage obtains, and justice in court is obtained at all, is only reached after surmounting and overcoming all the clogs, hindrances and obstructions that educated ingenuity can devise, so long as the judicial department of the government are satisfied to let this condition of things go from bad to worse, just so long we shall feel that the people act consistently when they refuse at the ballot box an increase of salary to circuit judges. If the judicial machine partook of the spirit of the age and was run on business principles, we should be very glad to approve of the proposed amendment. The sum named is little enough for good effective work of a competent educated gentleman. But the employers want an equivalent for their money.

In conclusion we will only add that the argument, that an increase of salary would secure better talent is without weight, in view of the fact that none of the talent that we have, either of the bar or bench, has done any thing at any time, or has intimated a disposition or desire to do any thing to remedy any of the evils of which we complain. The profession appear to be a close corporation intent only on taking care of itself.

We have not drawn a bill of particulars, but treated the subject in a general way and from the foregoing are compelled to object to the adoption of the proposed amendment, until we have some sign of a disposition on the part of the judges of Michigan, to so amend the legal and judicial practice as to secure to the people of the State, the great end sought in the establishment of a judicial system, which in civil cases, we conceive to have been a prompt, and equitable adjustment of differences between its citizens, at reasonable cost to the parties involved, and without the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the rest of the people not directly interested.

We hope our readers who may want fruit trees this fall or next spring will not overlook the advertisement of Butterick & Waterson, of Cascade, Kent county. These gentlemen, we think, will supply all demands made upon them with good reliable goods at reasonable rates. Send for price lists and any information wanted in their line of business.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The North American Review for October comes to us crowded as usual with thoughtful discussions of the great current topics of the day. The best culture of our times is represented in the pages of this review. Any person who reads it carefully from month to month will understand the drift of the great currents of thought and opinion at the present time in all countries.

The Coming Revolution in England, by H. M. Hyndman is an important article because it exhibits the opinions of a large and increasing number of people in this country as well as in Europe. The author is a thorough pessimist in regard to the condition of the working classes in England, and argues the necessity of a violent change in the near future. "Few Englishmen," he says, if pressed for a deliberate opinion, would deny that there is every likelihood that a complete social and political reorganization will be attempted in these islands before the end of this century. He asserts that a revolution is going on in Ireland that must accomplish a complete change of system and then raises the following questions; "What if similar steps should be taken on this side of St. Georges Channel? What if Englishmen and Scotchmen should call to mind that, though the land of Ireland is held by 12,000 people against 5,000,000; the land of Great Britain is owned by only 30,000 against 30,000,000? What if those who live on starvation wages, graciously accorded them by the hypocritical fanatics of supply and demand, with never the hope of rising above the wage-slave class—what if they, ground down under the economical pressure into a depth of degradation inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it, should demand the fruits of their labor from the classes who live in luxury on the produce of their toil. What indeed? At the very thought of it a chill shudder creeps down the back of the land monopolist and the capital monopolist alike and they cry aloud in chorus for more and more tyranny in Ireland."

In every view of the situation the author finds something dark and threatening. He notes as a sign of healthy progress the universal demand of the oppressed for free justice, nationalization of the land and eventually the control of the machinery of production by the working class. Yet he can see no prospect of relief except in revolution. He sums up the hopelessness as follows: "Is there no ray of light to irradiate the landscape. For the great mass of the working people of England under present social conditions, I say deliberately, none. On the contrary? The future seems for them darker than ever. For now-a-days we are not as in 1848; the outlets are blocked; industrial crisis when they come are universal; capitalism dominates the planet. Electricity which is already clearly seen to be the great force of the future and which bears the same relation to steam that steam did to the old horse-power—this illimitable engine of production is also going without heed or protest into the hands of the capitalist class. The anarchy consequent upon the existing system of production and exchange will be only intensified thereby."

Mr. Hyndman does not show very clearly what he thinks will be the result of the coming revolution. Indeed we do not believe that writers of this class have any clear ideas about the details of results. There is a vague idea that property should in some way be equalized and excessive accumulations should be prevented.

The tyranny of capital is to be feared in this country almost as much as in England. We do not feel the pressure yet as it is felt in England because we have no over-crowding of population, but thoughtful men look with alarm upon the concentration of capital and power in the hands of the few. It is desirable that the people should be aroused and alarmed in time. The dangers are clearly foreseen yet no man has been wise enough to propose satisfactory remedies. Much of our wisdom must have its source in cautious experimenting aided by the logic of events.

O. B. Frothingham writes of "The Objectionable in Literature," and endeavors to point out the distinction between literature which is *per se* corrupting, and that which is simply coarse. Dr. Henry Schlieman tells the interesting story of one year's "Discoveries at Troy." Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule of "Political Bosses." Prof. George L. Vose, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article, of exceptional value on "Safety in Railway Travel;" and Prof. Charles S. Sargent, of the Harvard College Arboretum, contributes an instructive essay on "The Protection of Forests." The Review is sold by booksellers and newsmen generally.

We have a letter from a Secretary in Berrien county, setting forth that the Patrons of Wisconsin and Illinois are being swindled by a traveling fraud who represents that he is a Patron in distress, having been robbed when asleep on the cars. The scamp gives his name as W. C. Johnson, and claims to belong to a Grange in Berrien county, Michigan. Not making good his promises to refund money when he got home, letters of inquiry have been received from three different persons who have been beat by this traveling pretender. We don't see that we can do more to protect our friends than to give this publication.

THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

We should almost feel sorry for Dr. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture for the many hits that he is getting from agricultural journals all over the country, but a man of his makeup will never need sympathy. His own self-reliance puts him beyond the need of commiseration. His appointment was not in obedience to any expressed wish of the agricultural class. But as his predecessor, though wearing the title of General had proved more efficient than any other commissioner, the farmer class hoped that behind the Dr. of the new commissioner there might be the right material for a valuable officer.

Gen. Le Duc disappointed us in that he was an earnest worker, and used to some purpose all the available means within his reach to develop facts that would be of value to the agriculture of this country. Dr. Loring, if what is said of him is true, is doing what he can to suppress and hide from view the results of Gen. Le Duc's experiments, and belittle the work of his predecessor as much as possible. Commissioner Loring is charged with having suppressed a valuable report on the sugar producing qualities of sorghum, made by the national academy of sciences and submitted to Dr. Loring, in April last.

So much had been claimed as not only possible but highly probable by Gen. Le Duc, that all the facts tending to throw light on this subject which had been developed by the department chemist and the commissioners were submitted by the National Academy of Sciences to a special committee of eminent chemists. Each member of this special committee made a separate report and after a careful comparison, a general report, signed by the several members of this special committee was made and submitted to the National Academy of Sciences.

It is not very creditable for Dr. Loring to assume, because that report justified the claims set up by his predecessor of the value of sorghum as a sugar producing plant, and in so doing conflicted with his conclusions, that he should assume the grave responsibility of suppressing the well considered work of a body of scientific gentlemen, who had given the subject a careful and systematic examination.

This report could have been given so early in the season that growers of sorghum would have been guided by it to some extent in preparing for and prosecuting the work of the season. The course taken by Commissioner Loring not only attracted the attention of agricultural journals at the time but became the subject of enquiry by Senator Windom. So far as we have heard no response has yet been made.

In a little time congress will again assemble, and before the close of the next session the bill making the Commissioner of Agriculture a cabinet officer, will be passed upon by the senate. We fancy its chances of approval by that body are diminished by the fact that the present commissioner has no backing or support by the agricultural press of the country. President Arthur is not responsible for the presence at the head of the agricultural department, of the unpopular and impracticable society gentlemen, who as chief figure head now amuses himself by making speeches and drawing pay from the United States treasury, and he is liable to do many things more damaging to the general character of his administration, than trading off Dr. Loring for some good, practical common sense business farmer would prove.

We would not disparage culture and refinement. But that alone sheds a luster only on objects comparatively near. When associated with good common sense and a familiarity with business men and methods, we have a man of rare ability and excellence who, as opportunity is presented, will benefit his fellow men and make for himself a creditable record. Unfortunately for the country and particularly unfortunate for the agricultural class, Dr. Loring is wanting in qualities that are necessary to make the department progressive, useful and respected.

We have been favored with a communication from a brother in Lenawee county, devoted to a discussion on the tariff question, and promised more of this article for our columns. This is one of those questions that the average reader has positive opinions about, (if at all) without a very clear understanding of the subject in all its bearings. If we once open our columns to those who would give us words of wisdom on this topic, we apprehend that the flow would be out of all proportion to the space we could furnish. As we feel about the matter this morning we incline to the opinion that our columns can be better used. It will be but a little while before the National Grange and our own State Grange meets, and on the heel of that our legislature will convene. We must try and do some good work in that body, or at least try and prevent it from doing some poor work. We may not hold to present opinion in regard to the discussion of this tariff matter in the VISITOR. If we conclude to hear from all who have something to say on this subject, the article on hand shall have first place.

AFTER our article relating to salaries of circuit judges had been sent to the printer, we received two articles on the subject, to which we call the attention of our readers.

THE next issue of VISITOR will contain a synopsis of the answers to our circular relating to the use of free passes which may be received from candidates for legislative honors and labors. As this matter has been undertaken in good faith and for the purpose of fixing public attention upon a practice that tends directly to a sacrifice of the interests of the people, we hope our friends will aid us in the work. To those who have received these circulars and have forwarded them to candidates, we would say forward answers to me at your earliest convenience and if candidates fail to answer please forward prior to the 27th day of this month the names of all candidates who neglect or refuse to answer, and we shall publish a list of their names with their postoffice address. We shall deem such treatment of the circular as *prima facie* evidence of an intention on the part of such candidate to accept a pass if offered, and we shall advise our friends to refuse to vote for such candidates. Very many Grangers are on record as the readers of the VISITOR well know, and will not vote for the candidate of any party who does not unequivocally pledge himself not to use a free pass during his official term—And what they have promised they will preform.

WE have a "Congratulatory Circular" from Wm. H. Stinson, Secretary of the State Grange of New Hampshire, issued in acknowledgement of the valuable services rendered the patrons of the State by several public speakers from abroad on the occasion of the first annual picnic and festival held at the Weirs, one of the most attractive resorts of the State. The meeting covered August 29 and September 1st inclusive and was not only attended by large numbers of Patrons but was honored by the presence of the Governor and many other distinguished gentlemen of the State. The railway management were thanked for their liberality as was also the newspaper men, the band and in fact everybody seems to have recognized the Granger and done their best to make him happy. We see our old friend Whitney was among the speakers and received with others from abroad a cheerful, thankful mention. From the tenor of the Circular we conclude everybody was happy and the Patrons of New England still live and flourish.

A FEW Secretaries are tardy in forwarding their reports for quarters of this year ending March 31 and June 30. A good and efficient officer will not neglect this duty. While we are not disposed to keep up a running fire of dunning, yet we must give this matter attention. *Business* signifies work, and if our organization teaches anything, it teaches prompt attention, not only to every requirement imposed on us as farmers, but also those of an official character, whether it belongs to Grange or other work. Please forward all reports, and that will cover all that are due us before the close of the present fiscal year. The evenings are long enough now to attend to all these little matters that have been neglected during the long days and hard work of summer.

The Judges' Salary Question.

To the Editor of the Grange Visitor:—DEAR SIR: As your's is the only truly independent journal in Michigan, ably and fearlessly advocating the people's interests, I appeal to you to raise voice against the sophistry and special pleading, with which the attorneys of the State are flooding the columns of the papers of all political parties, for an increase of the salaries of circuit judges. An organized, carefully arranged scheme is being worked to change public opinion and reverse the decision of the court of the people heretofore so decisively expressed. There is less reason for the increase now than ever; the circuits have been reduced to one or two counties in many instances, the competition among lawyers for the position is such that fraud and corruption is often resorted to, to obtain the place, at the present salary. No office in the gift of this people is more sought after than the judgeship. Why should there be an increase in the salary?

Free Passes.

The following resolutions were adopted by Van Buren county convention at its recent session:

Resolved, That this convention fully endorse and will carry out the resolution adopted by the Kalamazoo county Pomona Grange, in regard to the free passes from railroad officials and other transportation companies and members of legislative bodies.

Whereas, The present system of representation in the State Grange is in our opinion unjust to the majority of the members of the Grange and contrary to principles of fairness and equity, therefore be it

Resolved, That the delegates from Van Buren county to the State Grange, be instructed to use all lawful means to secure the adoption of a resolution asking for such legislation by the State Grange as will secure to all fourth degree members in good standing the right to serve as representatives in the State Grange.

Wm. O. Cook, Sec'y.

AN old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made his escape as others did on that occasion, replied, "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yet!"

Communications.

Manistee, Wexford and Oceana Counties—Their Resources and Granges.

Bro. Cobb:—I thought the brothers and sisters, who are so much interested in all that pertains to the welfare of our Order, might be glad to hear from the above named counties, and the Grange work in those new parts of our State. By invitation of Brother Danville, Master of Manistee District Grange (comprising Manistee and Wexford counties), I visited those counties the last of August, and held meetings with most of its Granges. I was met at Manistee by Bro. McDermott, of Pleasanton Grange, who lives about 30 miles from Manistee. Our first place of meeting was Bear Lake. Bear Lake village is a pleasant town of several hundred inhabitants, on the banks of a little lake, from which the village is named. Lumbering is the principal business by which the town is supported. A large Grange was organized here some years since, but so much material was embraced that was not in the interest of agriculture that the Grange hardly lives today; and no meeting was appointed for some reason, I know not why.

The country all through from Manistee to Pleasanton, a distance of nearly 30 miles, has been mostly lumbered of its pine, and in time will be a good farming country. I am surprised at the progress that has already been made and the great number of nice homes that have been opened up in that new farming region.

About 4 P. M. brought us to the pleasant home of the Brothers McDermott, and, by the way, they—as well as Mrs. McD.—are live Grangers.

A meeting had been well noticed, and although the indications were somewhat rainy, a good audience was in attendance, and if I could be allowed to judge, it was a success. The Brothers McDermott were from Canada, but make first-rate Americans. Pleasanton Grange is alive and prospering. They have a large hall well under way towards completion, and its membership is made of excellent material, and I am certain you will hear of good work from them.

The next place of meeting was at Marrilla, the home of Brother Danville. Marrilla Grange is also composed of good material. Brother Danville is Master. In the membership is Brother and Sister Pope and many other excellent workers. The meeting was held in the afternoon in a schoolhouse, and was well attended and apparently full of interest, also a private meeting in the evening.

The next place of meeting was with Cleon Grange; and Brother Danville was so kind as to take me to this place of meeting. Here also I found warm hearts to cheer and welcome me to the home of their Grange. The journey from one Grange to another was pleasant and interesting to me. Sometimes for miles there was no settlement, again a pleasant neighborhood and fine improvements. Oh! the courage and pluck of these pioneers. And they ask us not to forget them in the Grange, but to "come over and help them." The meeting at Cleon was well attended and interesting.

Again under way with Brother Sears and wife, for Sherman Grange, ten miles away, through woods, and once in a while an opening, and a sturdy settler, battling with rugged timber with hope for a brighter future. The meeting at Sherman was tolerably well attended and a good degree of interest was apparent.

The next place of meeting was at Silver Creek, 12 miles from Sherman, and Bro. Sturtevant, of Sherman Grange, was this time my conductor and left me at the home of Bro. Leonard, Master of Silver Creek Grange. The meeting was not large, but a good degree of interest was apparent. I must say that I am more than pleased with the great interest of our brothers and sisters in the work of the Grange in this comparatively new part of our State. And but a few years will pass before these brothers and friends will be rewarded for their privations and toils in the pleasure of an excellent farming country and pleasant homes. The warm greeting that I received at every place and the noble hospitality that was in every instance extended to me, could but make me feel that I was in the home of friends.

And now, let me say here that these brothers and sisters ask the State Grange not to forget them, but to give them some missionary work from our good Lecturers from time to time. And I second the request, for I verily believe they are deserving. I also, by the request of Brother Geo. C. Myers, of Oceana county, met some of the brothers and sisters at New Era at a public meeting. Although the day was rainy, a good number was present and a good time was had. The brothers were anxious that a Lecturer should come during the fall or early winter and cheer them up in the Grange work. I gave them my promise that I would if possible aid in bringing about this result.

Now, Brother Cobb, I hope that these brothers' appeal may meet a warm response from our lecture department, and that they may not be forgotten. And I would say to the young men of the south part of the State, You need not go to Nevada or Dakota to find good lands, but go up North and see what is being done in making grand farms and homes so near at hand, and lend a helping hand to those courageous Grangers in the grand development of that part of our State.

Fraternally, THOS. F. MOORE.

Circuit Judges' Salaries.

The question of increasing the compensation allowed by the constitution to the judges of our circuit courts is again before the people for a rehearing. The people have had the opportunity several times to vote on this question and their decision has in each case been prompt and clear. A strong and active influence has always been exerted in favor of the proposed change while no organized effort has ever been made to defeat it. The members of the legal fraternity have been united by motives of self interest and have not hesitated to employ all their power and influence to secure a majority in favor of the amendment. All the active politicians, the leaders of political action in both parties and the press quite generally throughout the State have been united in urging upon the people the pressing necessity of this change in the constitution. Notwithstanding all these influences the people have persisted in their opinion that the change is unnecessary, uncalled for. This opinion must have been deeply and firmly fixed in the minds of the people, thus to determine their action in direct opposition to the argument and appeals of those who have been regarded as the very sources of public sentiment and opinion. It has evidently been the deliberate and intelligent judgment of the public that a salary of fifteen hundred dollars is a fair and sufficient compensation for the kind and amount of work involved in the duties of a circuit court judge.

In a few large cities of the State, the salary of fifteen hundred dollars seems to be insufficient to support that style of living that may be expected of a person in such a position, yet it is well known that even in Detroit and Grand Rapids the position is eagerly sought for by the ablest and most ambitious young men in the ranks of the legal profession. There are many considerations that make the position extremely desirable even with the moderate salary of fifteen hundred dollars. To a lawyer of ability and industry a term of six years in the judicial office gives an intellectual training that can be obtained in no other way. It is moreover a high and honorable position and to a man of sufficient strength it opens many avenues to eminence in the profession and to positions of the highest honor and trust.

In the large cities where the business interests involved in litigation are so intricate and extensive it is especially important that the judges should be men of the highest ability and it is alleged by the supporters of the amendment that such men can always make, in their professional work, from three thousand to five thousand dollars per year, and therefore, good men cannot be persuaded to accept the office. The fact is that the men who make the most money in the profession, are in many, if not in most cases, very poorly fitted for the position of judge. The most profound and scholarly lawyers do not generally make the most money. There are many lawyers in Michigan who are men of the highest culture and learning in the law, and admirably adapted to preside over a circuit court or even a higher court, and who are not earning in their profession more than fifteen hundred dollars per year. It has never been difficult to find such men and to persuade them to accept a position upon the bench.

In the large cities where the grievance of small salary is alleged to be the most serious, the competition for the position is the keenest, and the competitors are known to be the ablest men in the profession. The men who are making their five thousand dollars a year so easily and cannot afford to take the position of judge, are in most cases totally unfit for the place. Such men are generally lacking in the true judicial temperament and their large gains are frequently made by the most questionable methods of practice. A salary enough to tempt a certain class of so-called successful lawyers to strive for the position as a matter of speculation, would result only in injury to our circuit courts. We believe that it can be shown from experience in this State that a salary of fifteen hundred dollars will on the whole bring more honesty, intelligence and learning to the bench than any higher salary.

It must be remembered too that only a few of our circuit courts are held in the large cities. In the great majority of our circuits the present salary is large enough for all purposes and there is no reasonable pretext for any increase. The sessions in these circuits are short and unimportant and the litigation is mainly a snarl of petty disputes brought up from country justice courts and brought out by the lawyers on a speculation for the costs. There is none of the majesty of the law in their proceedings, and legal learning is out of place in such surroundings. A crowd of impecunious shysters run the court and abuse the helpless witnesses without restraint. This quarrelling and contemptible bickering and coarse abuse are all carried on in the sacred name of justice, but there is no honor or dignity connected with it, and high salaries would only make the matter more absurd and disgraceful.

OBSERVER.

THE good conveyancer is known by his deeds.

Sights at the Fairs.

Bro. Cobb:—Supposing that a few of your numerous readers have not attended our State and West Michigan fairs, you will please allow me space to give a short synopsis of the leading features of our great annual fairs. The number of entries, attendance, and general exhibit at both fairs was much larger and better in most divisions than usual.

Notwithstanding the small inducements in the award of premiums to farmers and fruit growers the rivalry between different sections of the State, and the laudable pride of individuals to show the best, will continue to bring together a respectable exhibit of farm products.

Farmers appreciate a half-fare rate, and a rich harvest is gathered by the railways, but some of the roads continue to box-car the people, when the jam, discomfort, and danger of boxing and massing the people might be avoided by running a few extra trains to near-by places.

The display of vegetables and cereals at both fairs was large and excellent. Michigan has never grown larger squashes and potatoes. The improvement in varieties of potatoes was obvious in the choice specimens shown by several growers who exhibited from 15 to 20 bushels of the newer varieties. Many of the specimens of wheat were nearly perfect and the reputation of Michigan wheat will be sustained in the markets this year notwithstanding the wet after harvest. Most of the varieties of corn exhibited were perfectly developed and at this time a full average crop is assured in the State. The rivalry between the county horticultural societies brought out the best fruits produced in the State and was very fine at Jackson considering the late, unfavorable season.

The exhibition of apples at both fairs was quite large but was the poorest in quality ever shown by the fruit growers of the State, no locality showing perfect specimens of more than two or three varieties of the late blooming kinds, such as Baldwin, Golden Russet, and King. The cause of the apple failure was generally ascribed to the cold, wet, frosty, ungenial season which blasted the fruit and foliage when in full bloom. I found that fruit men from all parts of the State considered the averages of apples made by the State crop reports much too high. Many counties will not give one-tenth of a full crop, and probably Michigan will not average one-twentieth of a crop of good, marketable apples.

The Grand River Valley Society took first premium at Jackson for largest collection of fruits, and Oceana county second, while Berrien county took the blue for best exhibit of market fruits. The most of the fruit exhibited at the State fair was shown at the Grand Rapids fair, but the Grand Traverse people came down from the north with fruits fresh and fair, and took the honors from Oceana and the Grand River valley—Berrien county taking first premium on collection of apples, grapes, and pears. A barrel of Bartlett pears from the famous orchard of Judge Ramsdell, spread upon the table, were "things of beauty," and looked as tempting to the thirsty, dusty crowd as the traditional barrel of money to the hungry politician.

The artistic groupings of beautiful masses of variegated flowers arranged at the State fair by Vick, of New York, and Hibbard of Jackson, were special objects of attraction to all lovers of flowers. The immense yield, and the vast improvements being made in varieties of potatoes, was fully exemplified by the large size, and great variety shown.

The merchants of both Jackson and Grand Rapids, did not neglect to advertise their wares by a profuse display of the most costly goods; and many a good country housewife will envy the rich city lady, who can afford to wear the beautiful India shawls at "only \$500." Plow and wagon manufacturers who compete at all fairs, are obliged to employ the most eminent artists in decorating their show goods: but fanciful devices, and shining coats of varnish often cover a good serviceable tool, and even a "Gentleman Farmer" might do a days plowing, or go to mill without soiling his clothes.

The point of attraction with the progressive farmer, is midst the clatter of farm machinery. Every prominent manufacturer of farming implements understands the importance of placing his goods on the ground, at the principal fairs; and the representative of a great reaper, or improved wind mill is the nabob of the fair ground. He is always a good talker, and he exemplifies his talk by his work, and while he explains the superiority of his machine over all others, he demonstrates his argument by the real working of his improvements; but with the exception of the backwoodsman, or the city gent or lady, the day of surprises in the work done by farm machinery is past. We saw an example of real surprise by a city lady who was making a short cut through the machinery department at Grand Rapids. She was passing in the rear of a binder when a perfect bundle was cast at her feet. She uttered a little scream, and exclaimed, "Where did that come from?" The operator apologized for being so careless, and explained how the loving arms of the monster embraced the sheaf, and how deftly the knot was tied.

We now pass from the beautiful, useful,

and sublime features of the show to the ridiculous. But I need not remind those who attended the fairs of the snakey looking Indian lady with the Anaconda scarf and bracelets, or the man with the iron jaw, and the gigantic pliable mask, and I need not repeat the oft repeated tale of the wonders and respectability of "our show." I need not bring in review the worn-out and jaded Indians who paraded the grounds every fifteen minutes at Grand Rapids drumming up for the fat girl, the learned pig, and poor old Punch and Judy, whose attempts at family quarrels and "whipping the devil" grew more feeble with each repetition of the show. So long as the thousands, who once "took in" by these repeating shows do not complain, we cannot criticize the managers of fairs for turning an honest penny. The people will always pay for being humbugged if they are amused. But I must confess to having the dream of a lifetime dispelled by one glance at the mermaid. I had always entertained a secret passion for the lovely water nymph as seen in pictures long ago, and when I found a grave young man informing a small crowd that he had the lovely damsel in her native element I could not resist tendering him a dime and climbing the dais. I looked into the sarcophagus and beheld the grinning mummified skeleton of the smallest species of ape with some kind of fishlike appendage, which, after a careful examination I decided had once been the rear part of a sucker, which had been skillfully attached to the front part of the ape. Hastening down the inclined plane I rebuked the exhibitor with a look, and whispered to the crowd, "sold!"

It is but one step from the ridiculous to the reprehensible and vicious, and the fair managers have taken this step in allowing gambling and dram selling on the grounds. The better class of people attend the fairs; and a square trot by the best horses, or a running race when the horses do their best, has attractions which all enjoy, but importunities to bet money on a roulette table by brazen faced gamblers, or the sight of trucking men off the grounds who have drunk themselves senseless, is extremely repulsive, and will not be tolerated by people who attend fairs to have a holiday, and learn all they can by a comparison of the best of all the varied products of the State.

W. A. BROWN.

Stevensville, Mich. Sept. 28, 1882.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

The next regular meeting of Eaton County Pomona Grange will be held at the hall of Kalamo Grange on Wednesday, the 25th day of October, 1882, at 10 A. M. Patrons, as both our last meetings were held in the busy season of the year, let us have a rousing meeting on the 25th. A good program will be provided and Kalamo Grange wants to see you all there. CHAS. E. ELLIS, Sec'y.

The Clinton County Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting at the DeWitt Grange hall on Wednesday, October 25, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The subject for discussion will be "Does Farming Pay?" All are cordially invited to attend.

FRANK CONN, Secretary.

The next regular meeting of Berrien county Pomona Grange will be held at Stevensville, Oct 24th and 25th.

Program: Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, the Grange will be opened in due form and the usual reports from Subordinate Granges will be given. In the afternoon commencing at 1 o'clock an open session will be held and the following subjects presented.

Clover as a Fertilizer, by Thomas Mars. Essay, Sunshine Behind the Clouds, Sarah A. Jones.

The present Liquor law and its pernicious effects, by A. N. Woodruff.

Essay, Live and let Live, Mrs. May Emerson.

The farmer's relation to political parties, Burns Helmick.

For what do we live? Mrs. Edward Marsh. Everybody is invited to attend the public meeting and a full attendance of the Patrons is expected and a profitable meeting will be the result. W. J. JONES, Sec'y.

Berrien Springs, Mich., Sept. 30th, 1882.

The next meeting of Hillsdale Pomona Grange will be held at the Jonesville Grange hall on the first Wednesday in November. Program as follows:

Select reading, Sister Smith of Scipio. Essay by Rev. E. Kelley, of Union.

Song by Sister Mattie Monroe, of Jonesville.

Essay by Sister G. M. Gardner, of Litchfield.

Question: *Resolved*, That the purchase of school books is a great tax and not properly guarded by law. Discussion opened by Rev. T. W. Benedict.

N. T. BROCKWAY, Sec.

The adjourned quarterly meeting of St. Joseph county Pomona Grange, will be held at Centerville Grange hall on Thursday November 2nd, commencing at 10 A. M. Every member is urged to be present as the election of a delegate to State Grange and other important business will come before the meeting.

SAM. H. ANGEVINE, Sec'y.

October 10, 1882.

The next meeting of the Livingston Co. Council will be held at West Handy Grange Hall Tuesday, Oct. 31st.

Program as follows: Essay, yesterday and to day Bro. D. Bush, Conway Grange. Discussion opened by Bro. J. B. Thurbur, Brighton Grange.

Select reading, Sister Gill, Howell Grange.

Essay, "Farm drainage," Bro. C. M. Wood, Unadilla Grange. Discussion opened by Bro. C. Fishbeck, Howell Grange.

Crop report by Bro. James Harger, crop correspondent.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON, Secretary.

Communications.

THE GRANGER'S REPLY.

From the (Ill.) State Grange News.

You call me a Granger, I'm proud of the name,
My wife and my children are likewise the same,
And most of my neighbors belong to our band
And there's no better people within our broad land.
We meet twice a month, and we have a good time,
For it gives us a rest and makes us feel fine,
And when we get home things move smoothly along,
For the lessons we've learned makes us cheerful and strong.
Don't you wish you belonged? Oh! it takes too much time,
And you think that each month you can't well spare that time.
That's too bad, yet a question I would like to ask
The answer to which will be no great task,
Don't you go to the town and each month spend a day.
In loafing around when there's no need to stay?
That time you could spend just as well at the Grange,
And methinks you would find in yourself quite a change.
For your mind would have food that would set it to work,
And if well digested, no longer you'd shirk
Your duties but take a proud place in the ranks
Of the workers, and give to the Grangers your thanks.
But the money, Oh yes, it takes quite a pile,
Don't you see my good friend, that it most makes me smile—
Two bits—not quite that—that you spend in each year.
You can't quite afford it, well that does seem queer.
If a circus should come, half a dollar you know
From out of your pocket, right quickly would go.
And when you got home, you would feel very grand,
Having seen all the monkeys and heard the brass band.
Or it may be you've taken some whiskey or beer,
Your down hearted spirits, to wake up and cheer.
Or perhaps you have treated your friends to cigars,
And the money soon goes when you let down the bars.
Oh! you don't drink or smoke, well, I'm glad to hear that,
And I see that you don't often wear a plug hat,
And your make-up in general will pass in a crowd,
For your garments are neat, and not flashy and loud.
But if you're so poor, that your dues you can't pay,
Outside of the Grange you had far better stay,
For you're only a gudgeon, and some day some shark
Will swallow you down, by way of a lark.
For these patent-right men are on the lookout,
For greenhorns who know not what they are about.
Of course it won't do to class you with the crowd
Who are always complaining and crying aloud,
Yet don't turn a hand to help right the wrongs
That are grinding to death the laboring throngs.
Dame Nature most surely made a mistake
In mixing the dirt, such mortals to make.
On the broad car of progress for them there's no room,
For they're no more account than a worn out old broom.
They ought to be placed way off by themselves
And have for companions the fairies and elves
They would make a good crowd to inhabit the moon,
And ought to start there in a mammoth balloon.
They would have the advantage, you know, as a class,
In traveling that way, for they've plenty of gas,
Don't laugh my dear friend for there's trouble ahead.
These strikes that we hear of all over the land
Mean there's something the workers no longer can stand.
As pay for their labor, fair wages they claim,
And if they don't get them 'twill be a great shame
This country of ours is the home of the free,
And starvation at least from its borders should flee.
And the laws should be made for the good of us all,
And class legislation should go to the wall,
And the men in New York, who are trying to gag
The masses, should all be tied up in a bag,
And if they have taken a bribe for their vote,
Methinks they deserve a strong cord round their throat.
Oh! yes, I'm in earnest—we Grangers intend,
If we possibly can, these things to amend.
And we want all good people to lend us a hand
To remove if we can these things from our land.
But now my dear friend I must bid you adieu,
Just think of these words, and if they are true,
Perhaps your thoughts they will take a slight change,
And the first thing I know you'll be in the Grange.
If such is the case don't you prove a dead weight
But proclaim to the world that henceforth you will fight
Beneath our proud banner, "For God and the right."
E. A. GILLES.
Whitehall, July 26, 1882.

Constitutional Amendments.

Bro. Cobb.—We have been waiting patiently for some time, hoping that some one of our brother Patrons (contributors to the Visitor) would say something about the constitutional amendments which we are soon to vote upon. Not having seen anything relative to the amendments, we thought perhaps we might be mistaken, and that the farmer and laboring class in general had nothing to say or do relative to amendments and making of laws, and that that was the reason why they do not talk and write more upon the subject.

Now, the joint resolutions proposing these amendments says: "Be it further resolved that said amendments shall be submitted to the people of this State at the next general election to be voted upon." Now if the farmer and laboring class constitute some sixty per cent of the total voting population, is it not highly necessary that they should look this matter up and see what these amendments to our constitution are, that we may vote intelligently thereon? There are several amendments, and one in particular, that was before the people a few years ago, relative to the salaries of circuit judges. Now, we have been thinking over this matter for some time, drawing conclusions and asking ourselves questions.

First, will the people of the State of Michigan be justified in paying the salary asked for in that amendment, or in other words, will they get value received?

Secondly, if I by years of hard labor, economy and perseverance, have acquired a farm of 100 or 200 acres, with suitable buildings, and 100 or 150 acres under a good state of cultivation, with all necessary implements and stock to carry on my farm, and begin to realize an income of \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year,

and our fellow citizens of the county say to me, here, we want to elect you for our county clerk or treasurer, will you pay you \$1,000 a year, would I be justified in accepting the position and leaving my farm, would it be reasonable and would it be right? We think not.

Third, now let us consider the judge's case. In the first place the judge should be a first-class lawyer (in the former phrase, a thoroughbred.) He has to labor hard for years to accumulate that knowledge necessary to make him a good judge, or in other words he has got to get his farm cleared up, with all the necessary appendages. Now after he has fitted and prepared himself to be a judge, what are his services worth to the people? The question is now pending in the amendment, shall we pay our judges a fair and liberal compensation so that he can live, educate his children, travel his circuit without a free pass, and lay up a little for a rainy day. We should also take into consideration that in the early days, when our State Constitution was framed, that the cost of living was far less than at present, when common labor was 50 cents a day, to cut and split a thousand rails for 75 cents, one dollar a day in harvest, or the price of a bushel of wheat and so on.

The new tax law is going to increase the work of judges also. Now we are glad to know that the farmer and the laboring class generally are waking up to the fact that of the many evils now existing in our system of government we shall have to take hold and correct them, and let us correct them intelligently. Hoping to hear from other Patrons on the subject, we remain,

Yours fraternally,
J. W. ASH.

Ashton, Osceola Co., Mich.

In the Mountains of Utah.

BY F. HODGMAN.

It was the 1st week in May that work began on the new line. Instead of following down the Price river to the Green and thence across to the Grand as at first contemplated, it was decided to cross the Price river some eight miles higher up stream and swinging to the southward flank the Cedar mountains and winding over the San Rafael swells reach the Green river some fifteen or twenty miles lower down. By this route the Cedar mesa and Bookcliff canons of the Price and the canon of the Green would be avoided and in their place there would be the San Rafael summit to surmount. What these canons contained no one seemed to know. Parties sent out to explore united with the stockmen in saying that they were impassable. We had found no insurmountable obstacles so far as we had gone in their direction but the great trouble was just ahead. So the new line was started. Davis and his party starting at the river and running their line to the eastward, and Hamilton's party starting at the same point and running in the opposite direction for the Soldier pass of the Wasatch mountains. These towered up grim and snow crowned in front of us only six or eight miles away while the Bookcliffs with ragged sides were only a little farther away to the right and the valley lay between. I pitched my tent on the bank of the river for a short stay. Later on when the locating party had got the line located far enough I would move up to the middle of my division at the front of the mountains.

It was dry, hot, and dusty, and the water in the river rapidly rising, tearing down from the mountains in a roaring torrent. The graders continued to cross it until several teams and saddle horses were swept away to death in its raging waters. From that time forth the ford was known as Dead Horse crossing. Close to the river there was an abundance of sage brush, greasewood, and rabbit brush growing. The latter we gathered for beds. It has a small stem with great numbers of long slim elastic branches. A layer of them a foot thick was as good as a spring bed. Farther away from the river all was dry and barren and almost the only green thing growing was the cactus plants. They covered the ground in irregular patches for miles. Most of them had flat leaves about two inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, one leaf growing out of another as they lay along the ground. Some were globular, as large as a sugar bowl. Others were about the size of a black walnut with the rind on. These latter grew in bunches or clumps, often as large as a bushel basket. All of them were thickly covered with hard sharp spines an inch or more long. They are so hard and sharp that I have several times had my foot pricked by them through the leather of a stout boot. Horses avoid them, choosing the open spaces between the beds of the plants, as the spines grow just high enough to prick the horse above the hoof. A few weeks later all these cactus plants were in bloom and then the desert did indeed blossom like the rose. The blossoms look much like large double roses. Many were of a beautiful bright yellow color, others violet, scarlet, pink and all imaginable tints or shades between. It was a glorious sight to see the broad desert decked out in such gorgeous array. Along the stream, and in the mountain glens, other most beautiful flowers were growing, such as I had never seen before. There were dandelions whose leaves and blossoms looked like those at home but the flowers instead of growing singly on a hollow stalk grew by

dozens in a branching stem. These and some wild sunflowers, and later in the season the wild asters, were the only flowers that bore a familiar look. Animal life was not abundant. Little lizards like Michigan swifts were plenty and ran in and out of the tents without fear of molestation. They would come in and climb up on a box or perhaps upon your knee and peer curiously around. If a fly was near they went for him. Sometimes one would climb to the very peak of the tent on the inside and making a sudden spring catch a fly as he came down to the ground. They did not seem to mind the fall but would scamper up again and repeat the operation. They were gentle, bright-eyed fearless and harmless little fellows and had the run of the tents for the flies they caught. Here and there the prairie dogs had their mounds thrown up along the road side.

Where an embankment was thrown up by the graders, it just delighted the little fellows to go in and burrow in the soft and yielding earth. They are not dogs at all but like a woodchuck—the size of a large rat.

It is said that you can not shoot them so but what they will get into their hole before you can reach them but we repeatedly proved that they were not so smart and quick as a Remington or a Smith & Wesson. We never saw any of the rattlesnakes and owls that are said to abide with these little muskrats in other parts of the west. Ravens were plenty and buzzards sailed about circling like eagles in the blue sky. Occasionally an old gray headed eagle would look down upon us from a crag as he watched for a jack rabbit or a "cotton tail." In some places we saw flocks of blue jays that uttered notes like short ringing whistles entirely different from the note of our Michigan blue jay. For want of better food they lived on cedar berries and carrion. I shot some of them. They were of the same size and appearance of the blue jays at home only they were of a darker blue and had no white upon them. There were also a few magpies in the cottonwoods. They are much like small sized crows, but instead of being all black, have broad white bands in their wings which make a very showy appearance when they fly. Flies were plenty and troublesome and occasionally a scorpion would put in an appearance. The first one I saw was crawling on Gillette's shirt front. They look as near like a small lobster as an insect can. They have a stinger on the extremity of the body that somewhat resembles the horn on a tomato worm. The scorpions that I saw were about two inches long with bodies about as thick as an ordinary slate pencil and somewhat flattened. The sting of the scorpion is said to be terribly painful but not ordinarily dangerous to human life. None of our party were stung by them and they were not thick enough to occasion us any trouble.

I died a little more than a week in camp at Dead Horse crossing and then moved up the line about six miles to the foot of the mountains at the mouth of the upper canon of the Price river.

Hard work and long walks were now the order of the day as half a thousand teams and men were busy piling up the earth and rocks to make the road. In my next I will try and give your readers an idea of the manner in which railroads are built in this Western country.

Farmers Should Co-Operate.

If the farmers in a single township, or even a neighborhood, were thoroughly organized for the purpose, with but little expense to each they could procure the finest blood horses, the most showy and graceful cattle, the heaviest-fleeced sheep or the purest-bred hogs, and the gain would more than compensate for the effort. They would be enabled to command higher prices for farm stock, the cost of transportation will be lessened from the ability to market in bulk, the most costly agricultural implements could be procured, and the advantages of schools, churches and libraries be available to all. Co-operation does not interfere with the ordinary business of the farmer. It does not mean communism, nor does it teach immorality. It is not necessary for them to work together on the same farm, or sell out and try something new. We mean nothing of that, but we wish to advise farmers to club together and form co-operative associations for purchasing supplies, stock, seeds, implements and other necessities, and for selling the products of the farm. In other words, if capital could stand the ocean with thousands of sails, cross the mountains with lightning speed, and build up thousands of mammoth enterprises, it teaches farmers that by following the same course they can do many things for themselves that would be impossible for the single individual to perform. United effort overcomes all difficulties and surmounts every obstacle, great or small.—*Farmers' Magazine.*

New Plaster Mill.

The Alabastine Company has leased the Rathbone plaster quarry and will at once put up a mill to manufacture land and calcined plaster.

Mr. M. B. Church, the manager, made a flying trip to New York and return, purchased machinery for the new mill, being gone from home only seventy hours. The new mill will be supplied with power from a Westinghouse engine, a new patent which is a novelty and said to be effective and economical, it having been tested at the water works in Providence, R. I.—*Grand Rapids Eagle, Sept. 16.*

THERE has been a notable scarcity of Texas canning cattle assuring the past two weeks, the quality of the offerings having been very good. It cannot well be too good.—*Drovers Journal, Chicago.*

The Railway Problem Condensed.—No. 5

From the Cullpeper (Va.) Exponent.

Intelligent men begin to comprehend two facts: (1) that, under the present system, all the wealth of this country may be wielded by these corporations to manufacture a false public sentiment, and thereby prevent legislation to compel them to conduct our transportation business properly, and (2), that they are exercising the most vital functions of sovereignty. If these facts were understood by the people, every politician would advocate a supervision over railroads by the government.

The first proposition brings us to consider the extent to which our wealth is at the mercy of the managers and the manner in which they control public opinion.

A farmer moves his crop over the turnpike and if the toll equals the profit on his year's labor, the turnpike company will eventually own the land. Upon precisely the same principle modern railroad rules—"to make the charges as high as the traffic will bear," if enforced, will give the corporations all the profit of every industry. The present system has been aptly illustrated:

"Instead of having fixed rates, they charge according to a man's profits. For instance, a miner in Arizona wishes to send ore to San Francisco, and says to the railroad: 'What is the freight on a ton of ore?'"

"How much does it assay?"

"That is none of your business."

"Yes it is; we want to know what it assays, in order to determine how much to charge you."

"\$30 a ton."

"Well, we will charge you \$10, which leaves you \$20."

"Another miner puts the same question and his ore yields \$300 a ton."

"Then the freight is \$100."

"This miner has no alternative, and he pays ten times as much for the same distance as his neighbor. Thus these corporations force the question as to what restrictions should curb the rapacity of a common carrier, and whether a mere carrier may be despotic with unprotected people, arbitrary in its rates, and virtually a part owner in every interest on its line."

It is no answer to say that the managers are benevolent and do not exert the full measure of their power. Our point is, that the charge should be determined by the cost of the service, whereas the rule is "to make the rate as high as the traffic will bear," our point is, that this illegal rule enables them to levy an excessive and unjust tax on the profits of every industry. It was not the penny Hampden refused to pay,—he denied the right of Charles to levy a tax contrary to the law.

(We are advised the gentlemen employed to represent the railroads have argued to show that rates are not extortionate, and we promise to expose their sophistry presently.) So long as railroads are permitted to exercise this stupendous power, they make their receipts as large as the net gains of our industries, and in 1880 they collected from the people largely upwards of six hundred millions of dollars, viz: they collected over \$6,500 for each and every mile of road.

We have said that the charge should diminish as the volume of trade increases, and this proposition should be brought home to the understanding of the average reader. The State opens a new road; at first a small stream of travel trickles slowly through it; but the increased facilities of transportation develop the tributary country,—the wilderness becomes a city, and presently a resistless torrent of commerce rushes along this highway; and the rate of toll which was reasonable for the rill, if levied on the torrent, would yield a revenue large enough to purchase the nation.

Few persons comprehend how rapidly railway transportation has increased: in 1851, our railroads received, for freight, \$794,000; in 1887, they received, for freight, \$9,513,000; viz, the ratio of increase for 36 years was 1150 per cent. In 1851, they carried (exclusive of coal and other cheap material,) 6,000,000 tons; in 1881, they carried 300,000,000 tons;—the increase in 30 years was 5,000 per cent. It insults intelligence to suggest that rates have been frequently voluntarily reduced,—they have not diminished as the trade increased. Then, to determine how far our resources are at the mercy of these corporations, we must remember that they carry 3,000,000 tons of freight, representing \$30,000,000,000, and that the charge is as high as the traffic will bear.

We now come to observe the manner in which they control public opinion. If correct principles are silenced and the Press is used to propagate false doctrines, the people are easily voted contrary to their true interests. In ordinary cases, accurate thinkers publish clear-cut views on both sides of a public question: these views first reach the lawyers, doctors and men of business, and finally work their way among the semi-intelligent. Hence in ordinary cases, sound principles, not being counteracted by meretricious influence, will become popular, will be espoused by candidates, and will be moulded into laws. But the facts about our railroads and the primary principles which are being violated cannot be presented to the people. There is a general feeling that something is wrong, but voters have not sufficient information to act intelligently. It is profitable for a newspaper to print what these corporations wish published, and to suppress what they wish kept from the people: precisely as in a despotism; an editor prospers by not disputing the divine right of kings. In truth, to argue against a vulgar fallacy, which is advocated by men of wealth and power, is as unpalatable to the average editor as to the ordinary politician, and hence it results that the monstrous pretensions of these corporations are glossed over by specious plausibilities, while correct views are practically excluded from the public ear.

Again: The Press being negative on this subject, the evil is infinitely greater than appears upon the surface, because a politician will not antagonize a powerful influence unless he is aggressively supported by his local newspaper, and the result is that the average applicant for the Legislature, if a man of capacity, has a sort of implied contract with the railroad circle that he will not meddle with the business or schemes of these corporations:—a contract generally executed with exuberant good faith.

But apart from these considerations, it should be observed that men of conviction and recognized capacity who are disposed to apply themselves to the solution of the "problem," are so weighted in the race for preferment that they are seldom brought into the public service. Not only so, but our young men of generous ambition and patri-

otic impulse are growing up with a well founded belief that they must secure "the railroad support" in order to reap the honors of political life.

If, to these distressing facts, we add the fact that, by means of the free-pass system, special contracts and discriminations, every man of prominence and local influence along the line, (who can be controlled by such considerations), is held in restraint and induced to remain quiet while his neighbors are mulcted and the general progress hindered: if to this, we add that these corporations endeavor to retain the best legal talent money can procure, and that they have in their service 250,000 men in the very prime of life, all going together, then we form some estimate of the great power which is called "the silent hand of railroad influence," and then we may comprehend how and why it is that, in a country like this, where the legislature is supposed to respond in sympathetic movement to every pain that quivers along the nerves of the body politic, these deadly wounds are being daily inflicted upon the very spinal cord of our internal commerce, and yet the government is silent and inert.

J. M. MASON.

Farmers and Primary Elections.

There is often in many towns and counties great complaints about the administration of the local laws. In more than one State the old system of constructing and repairing the common roads which has been in vogue, with only slight changes, such as the process of "evolution" imprecipitously bring about, ever since the early settlement of the country, had completely broken down; and people are demanding new laws, as though the whole matter could be remedied by a statute. A species of "dry rot" has fallen in many regions upon the public school system, and favoritism in the complement of inefficient teachers has brought it into contempt. In some of the Western States county officers manage to retain their places for a whole decade—often longer; and it is generally among these classes of officeholders that defalcations and embezzlements occur. We have had in our State many defaulting county treasurers, and in every instance the fallen man has been long—too long—in office. In townships much of the business is loosely done, and records are kept in a shape to be practically worthless. Little rings fasten themselves upon towns and counties for the purpose of "tax consumption," and jealousy and discontent become rife among the people. And these evils go on from year to year, with little prospect of any change.

In my opinion, these results come largely from the inattention of farmers to the cause and primary meetings. They have fallen into a habit of looking upon these meetings with something akin to contempt, or they occur at a busy season of the year. Many absent themselves because of feeling that they would be powerless to effect changes, influence results or remedy evils.

Many, doubtless most, of these troubles arising from bad local control, would very speedily vanish if the farmers would turn out in a body at the primary meetings, or caucuses. In the majority of counties, in all, in fact, except those which contain large cities, the farmers can control every nomination, if they will set themselves in good earnest. They can, and ought to "run" their own townships! If they were only out en masse upon such occasions, and would thoroughly discuss the characters and qualifications of those who want or will accept the offices, no town, township, or county school need be given over to "dry rot." No public official favoritism in the choice of teachers. The farmers owe it to themselves, to every consideration of self-respect as the most important class of people in the nation, as well as to the cause of good government and economy in the important matter of taxation, that they interest themselves in all of these primary meetings. Thorough discussion of both men and measures is the best means of arriving at right action in all matters pertaining to a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Certainly, the farmer should never ignore primaries and wait, like the Pennsylvania Dutchman, for "the man to come around to tell him how to vote." If in these things the farmer is governed by supreme apathy and indifference, he cannot in justice complain of any result that comes out of his neglect.

CHARLES ALDRICH,
Hamilton Co., Iowa.

How do they Get it.

The Hon. David Agnew, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in an address delivered not long since used the following language:

"A remarkable fact attending all the great railroads in the United States is the immense wealth of their leading officials. It is confined to no State, and is exceptional to all other employments. The grandest talent and greatest learning in law, physics and other learned avocations, accumulated a few thousands in a lifetime; but railroad officials, often rising from mere clerkships, roundsmen, ticket and other agents, with salaries running from hundreds to a few thousands eventually are possessors of many millions. It is no uncommon thing to see a railroad president rising from the humblest station, in the course of fifteen or twenty years, become the owner of five, ten or even twenty millions, at a salary which would not average for the whole time over twenty thousand dollars. These are mysteries that the common people cannot understand."

A Political Platform.

"Julia" wants to know "what a party platform is?" Well, a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff, and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform, with a reserved definition of civil service reform; down on corruption, loud in its praises of purity, and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance, it goes along with the banners, transparencies, and like the campaign torch, indeed, it gives out a great deal of small and smoke with a very uncertain flickering light.—*The Burlington Hawkeye.*

If a dog, by barking at passing horses or vehicles, occasions any damage, the owner is liable for the loss sustained.

Ladies' Department.

OCTOBER.

ORIGINAL.

"Solemn yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart thou dawnest here,"
So sang the bard, a poet true,
To whom each phase of nature dear,
Each change more beautiful to view,
Keeping his love watch year by year.

I too in reverent silence bow
Before the splendor of thy reign,
But weird enchantment, tell me how
This feeling near akin to pain
Comes stealing like a subtle spell
Across the pulses languid flow,
As if the wings of Israel
Their shadows o'er us throw.

I mark the grand old forest dons
Its gorgeous drapery for thy sake,
But list the secret whispered low,
No song its slumberous echoes wake.

Brooklyn, Mich.

—Mrs. R. E. Smith.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

ORIGINAL.

Catch the words while yet unspoken,
Mother watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ringing cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hands,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
Why to me this weary task;
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the words while yet unspoken,
Catch the vow before its broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Granger's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricate every noxious weed,
Sowing good and precious seed
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

—A. Brown.

Chili Center, N. Y.

Overtasked.

[Read by Sister H. L. Disbro at the September meeting of Hilledale Pomona Grange, No. 10.]

Worthy Master, Brother and Sister Patrons:—When I read the article, "O how shiftless," in VISITOR of July the 15th, I marvelled that "overtasked" had not been the subject chosen.

I have traveled a little in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. As I have viewed the broad acres under cultivation, the miles and miles of fencing to be kept in repair, and the careworn look of the farmer, my thought has been not that farmers in general were shiftless, but that they were overburdened and overworked. Occasionally a farmer lacks energy, good taste and proper pride, and a don't care look takes possession of his premises. But these are exceptions, the great mass are toilers beyond their strength, they have undertaken more than they have the ability to accomplish well. I believe each of us was created with a work to do and with strength and length of days given to finish it, but if we abuse the strength given we shall not live out our allotted time, and our work will be left undone.

Our sister says: "Show me the man who bends every muscle to the achievement of some object—who persistently grasps pen, plow or hoe and delves deep that he may carve for himself a name among the honored of the earth, and I will show you the noblest work of God." Show me the man who twenty five or thirty years ago grasped his ax and bent every muscle to carve for himself a home, and who has since persistently grasped plow and hoe and delved deep that he might maintain himself and family, and I will show you a man broken down, aged before his time, physically a wreck. This man can tell you of the acres of forest he has felled, of the thousands of rails he has split, how he has risen with the dawn and logged all day, and burned brush and log heaps at night, that he labored fourteen hours per day holding a jumping shovel among the stumps and roots. Thus was the strength and energy of his early manhood spent. But that was in the by gone days. It has been years ever since it was so hard for him to be a good Methodist because of that shovel plow and those roots. He has been a successful farmer, Mother Earth has yielded him abundance. Surely now he lives in ease and comfort, his dwelling of symmetrical beauty surrounded with artistic taste, else he has become shiftless, or lacks refinement.

Do you know that after that land was cleared brush, briars and noxious weeds grew spontaneous, while wheat and corn

did not, that the best fencing needs oft repairing, that taxes have been yearly due, that every dollar of improvement has been taxed as soon as made, that he has never had the privilege of setting a price on an article he has produced?

Thus has he labored on, stupidly taking what was allowed him, saving a little by strict economy, never pausing, except to go to election and vote with his party. In spite of the improved machinery it took last year's crop to purchase, he feels worn when the harvest is ended, and dares to pause to think. The yield has not been what he expected and the price is not what he had hoped. He wonders if he will be able to put up that neat picket fence with automatic gate this fall. He had intended to have it completed before peaches ripened, when his wife might expect some of her city friends to call on her.

With a long drawn breath he takes up the local paper. The first article that meets his eye cost the editor very little effort to write "Farmers clear your fence corners. If cut in August every vile and evil thing will surely die the death of the wicked." "Bless me," says the farmer, "I knew that and ought not to have paused. Thank you Mr. Editor for prompting me." Obediently but wearily he grasps his brush-hook. Verily the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, that clump of elder bush looks more formidable to him now than did the mighty oak when he grasped ax, maul and wedge.

From many sources he receives these promptings. Do not weary in well doing, be vigilant, be economical. Labor without ceasing and of everything give unto us. Do not pause to think, do not enquire what becomes of all the wealth you produce. We have minds to grapple with that subject, you attend to your plowing.

Let not the farmer desert the plow or hoe, nor the hay sythe, and brush-hook, but at the same time understandingly grasp the ballot, which is his by right of being a male citizen of this great republic. 'Tis time he thought and acted for himself. Then when bankers and lawyers no longer "reign supreme in the halls of congress," but the farmer and his interests are represented there, when agriculture has become as honorable and lucrative as other professions and the farmer the acknowledged peer of any in the land, then will he stand forth in his manhood: the noble work of God.

But, again does shiftlessness enter the farmer's house, taking possession of every nook and corner. I think not, as the sister defines it "reading novels when the dishes are unwashed." Very little novel reading or romance of any kind enters into the daily routine of the life of a farmer's wife. It is stern realities she has to deal with, and well and patiently does she meet them. She indeed finds no time for inaction. If some care burdened sister falters, is discouraged and heart sick, feeling that her life energies are being exhausted and mind dwarfed by this incessant toiling, says, I can never get to the end of my burdens and have no heart to try, let those that are stronger and more hopeful stoop from their delectable heights to help and encourage. Tell her to take a few moments rest although she may feel she is stealing them. It is an innocent kind of theft, taking what is one's own. Let her open the last magazine or unfold the last VISITOR. Mind and body will be refreshed. She will take up her tasks with renewed energy and the toils of the day will be lightened. There is a wrong somewhere when mortals are overtasked. And woe be unto them at whose door the sin lieth.

The State Fair.

According to the promise given in our last we shall endeavor to jot down a few items concerning the State fair. Although we find it difficult to make a selection where so many beautiful and rare objects met the view.

But true to our womanly instincts the flower show was the first to receive attention and surely the Indian girl of Lillash Rookh would have found her paradise here. In Vick's collection especially the variety and beauty of the gladiolas and dahlias were beyond anything we ever imagined. The designs in everlasting flowers for funeral purposes were unique and beautiful.

The Gall collections of pictures was next in order and a rich treat it was. One picture of Aurora especially ethereal in its loveliness; the glow of the early morn on her face, A view on the Nile, A Madonna, copied from Raphael, The marriage contract, Nydia, and a host of others that we have marked in our catalogue.

Passing along we come to the specimens of needle work, the silk quilts and curtains and though we admired their beauty the bare idea of the amount of work staggered us and we must confess we questioned the taste of piece work curtains although of silk. The silk embroidery was lovely in design and execution. The rugs displayed by the different merchants struck us as being uncommonly ugly. One Turcoman valued at \$65 was surely a marvel of homeliness. The hand painted china seemed too pretty to be soiled by use.

Of course the canned fruit came in for a share of attention. That preserved by using Salicylic acid being perfect. Perhaps some of our lady readers would like the receipt: One drachm of acid to four quarts of fruit.

The Apiary next where the crisp white honeycomb was being manufactured by the busy bees also specimens of honey, wax, vinegar, etc.

A glance at the luxurious carriages, and we start for the machinery. Saw the non-elevating binder from Toledo, the rotary harrow, some fine wire work and reached the cattle grounds in time to see a splendid drove of Holsteins driven past to which I confess being partial. The other varieties had a fair showing. The Lincoln sheep were enormous for size. The threatening rains prevented a longer visit and we hastened to leave the grounds.

We were glad to see our prohibition friends on the ground distributing papers and also saw the Grange tent. The fair was a success financially, some \$15,000 being taken at the gate exclusive of booth rents.

One feature connected with the fair struck us with shame and abhorrence and that was the fact that not only lager beer but liquor was sold on the grounds freely as lemonade under license given them by the officers or executive committee. Drunken men and boys reeling about the grounds through the day and made, night hideous with licentious drunken orgies that would have disgraced a party of savages. Is this a part and parcel of an agricultural fair, a fit place for our children to attend. We are told such things are necessary to enable them to meet expenses. In view of the large entrance fee, and that paid by showmen for the privilege of exhibiting their hum-bugs, for a right royal collection is to be found there, from the nude negro to the mermaid, the sum charged for entering any article or stock, we insist that it is unnecessary and demoralizing.

If there ever was a time for temperance people to show their colors, it is now. Is public taste so vitiated as to accept one of the morceaus, the Jackson wagon minstrels, saw fit to regale the crowd with, was the maudlin antics of a drunken negro with a black bottle. This is encouraging agriculture and a taste for the fine arts forsooth.

We see that our old friend W. Ball has been elected as one of the officers, we hope he will prove a true patron and honor the cause by a righteous condemnation of such dishonest trickery.

MRS. R. E. SMITH.

Brooklyn, Jackson Co

A Trip to Muskegon.

I only reiterate the sentiments of many a faithful wife, and mother, when I say, a respite from care, work, and responsibility, and leaving home be it ever so comfortable, and pleasant is a positive relief. There are times in the life of every housekeeper, when the monotony, care, and hardship, weigh her down mercilessly and she has staid so long at the helm of the ship of state, (namely household duties,) trying to guide matters in the right channel, until she finds that her strength is giving way, and vitality oozing out at every pore, bringing in its stead, nervous prostration, or what is nearly as bad a fit of the "blues," until she imagines her lot in life the hardest, and the circumstances surrounding her the most unfavorable, that any woman is obliged to submit to.

Strange as it may seem "it doeth good like a medicine" and changes the tenor of our lives to go from our own homes surrounded with luxuries and seemingly everything to bring unalloyed happiness and go into other homes and know of the trials, poor health, or perhaps discomfort, that beset the inmates on every hand. To compare our life with that of others often brings contentment with our own lot and what once appeared like gigantic mountains towering so high that we fail to see the brightness beyond, we behold seemingly only little heaps of sand which a favorable wind will scatter, leaving blessings and pleasures, where we only thought to find irksome duties.

Putting my theory in practice, that leaving home brings positive relief, I put my work, care, and responsibilities on younger and stranger shoulders than my own and the morning of the 11th of September I took the train to Muskegon, loitering along the way, occasionally, to visit relatives and acquaintances—Our first stopping place after three hours ride on the cars was at Ovid, an active thriving town of a healthy growth, and a good class of citizens. They have a new enterprise, a fruit drying establishment which takes care of three hundred bushels of apples per day, furnishing employment for men, women and boys and girls. We spent four hours with an uncle, one of those energetic, self reliant, hospitable men of New England birth, brought up on the barren hills amid rocks where (it has been said) they "sharpened the sheep's nose" so they could pick up their living. The time sped so rapidly that when the time for the next train was due we felt that we had not seen all we wished to.

We took the train for Saranac to visit a cousin who was brought up in my father's house and shared with me a mother's care. We went two miles out from the village over the great iron bridge, up and down hills and flats which are overflowed every year by the Grand river, causing great destruction of property and endangering the life of those who attempt to reach the village during high water time. I was not favorably impressed with the town, yet I

suppose it has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. I found my cousin living in a pleasant locality on a farm, with abundance of fruit, good yield of crops grown this year, but she is one of those weary, pale faced women, with baby in arms, little ones clinging to her skirts, older children to guide and restrain, and so much work waiting to be done. How many such women there are whose weary, tired feet climb the rugged way because they must.

We spent one night and one day, then took the train for Grand Rapids, the valley city, arriving at six in the evening, and from the dust and smoke could not see the city, as we rode in the back to our stopping place on the west side of the river. I had anticipated spending considerable time in this busy, thriving town and visiting places of interest and strengthening the already favorable opinions I had formed of its enterprise, but circumstances did not favor our stay and we were obliged to hasten.

On the morning of the 13th we took the train for Jannisonville, Ottawa county, to visit a friend whose acquaintance I made at the State Grange. She was the editor of the "Home" department of the *Agricultural World*, printed at Grand Rapids. Her nom-de-plume is "Patty Porcelaine." It is rather new in the vicinity in which she lives and as we rode to her home two miles from the station I saw the tall pines and land covered with stumps and pine logs. They have a new kind of fence made of pine stumps and there is a right and wrong way of making it and it is said to be of great durability, but as it was the first I ever saw of its kind, I could only see the utility, not the beauty.

One writer has said that he had great admiration for the man who remained at the old homestead, where his grand father and father had lived a great many years and reared their families; but I have a greater admiration for the man and his wife who with persistent effort, courage, ambition, and endurance, commences on an entire new farm and cuts down the trees, digs out the stumps, burns up such quantities of logs and makes a desirable home for his family. There surely cannot be much romance about pioneer life but hard earnest toil.

I found sister Patty's home very pleasant in its surroundings, good barns, choice varieties of fruit and flowers, and vine clad porch. Within doors, cheerful, sunlight creeping in at the windows notwithstanding the carpets were gay and lively in the blending of colors; rare pieces of statuary, choice houseplants, and a well filled library of books of the standard authors, and enough pictures on the walls to please, not surfeit the eye of the beholder—and one more convincing proof that all the beautiful things are not confined to homes in the city, but the home of the farmer can be, and is, made attractive by a judicious expenditure of money earned by the sweat of the brow and tilling the soil.

This lady has for her motto 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' I would not have the readers of the VISITOR think I am given to undue flattery, (I think I am not), but I hold there is a certain amount of just appreciation due those who strive to do well. A few patrons whom I had met at the State Grange were invited in to visit with us, Bro. and Sister Porter of Wyoming Grange and Bro. and Sister Day of plaster notoriety, and we had a very enjoyable day of it. We went to the plaster mills but they were not rushing there at that time, but I saw many things connected with the mills new and interesting to me. We also went to the plaster bed and saw the men taking out the rock and loading a car for the mill and blasting the rock. I also saw the beautiful grounds where the first State Grange picnic was held.

We visited the hall of Wyoming Grange and found it quite homelike in its arrangements, especially the kitchen and dining room, combining comfort and utility, and I think a feast prepared by the ladies of Wyoming Grange would not leave so much of weariness and overwork as in some other halls I know of.

Friday morning, 15th, we leave Jannisonville for Muskegon, the city of sand and sawdust, and 20,000 inhabitants. It is a lumbering town and there are forty mills located around Muskegon Lake, turning out vast quantities of lumber and shingle, and furnishing employment for a great many men. The population is badly mixed with foreigners; some of them make good citizens, but there is considerable intemperance and spending the Sabbath as a holiday. It is not as quiet and restful a place as a more inland town, but if one has vitality, energy and vim, and a desire to accumulate money rapidly there is a good opportunity here.

I came to Muskegon to visit a nephew, Dr. Donelson. During my stay with them we went out six miles to Lake Harbor to the fruit farm of G. E. Antisdale. He has four thousand peach trees in one body and twenty-one acres of strawberry plants, besides apples, pears, plums, and Lawton blackberries in great abundance.

He is located near Lake Michigan and his fruits are shipped from the pier about a half mile from his home. All through this locality people raise fruit in great quantities; either for Muskegon or Chicago market.

While we were taking tea at Mr. Antisdale's, I learned that a friend of my youthful days lived about a mile from there. We drove over to make a call but it extended to a visit of all night and part of the next day, and how our tongues did "wag!" We talked of the past, of joys and sorrows, of the dear ones gone on before us to a better home, where sorrow and trial is never known. But as the best of friends must part we bade each other goodbye and returned to Muskegon in time to take the boat Depere bound for Chicago by way of Grand Haven.

Muskegon Lake was very still and calm but when we reached the waters of Lake Michigan they were very turbulent, the waves dashed against our boat causing it to rock badly, but it rode strongly and proudly on. I enjoyed the ride exceedingly until about two thirds of the way to the Haven and tried to be brave and not get sea-sick, but I was obliged to go into the cabin and all the pleasure was over for that afternoon. My friends urged me to go outside and see the sights as we neared the Haven, but I could not hold my head up and felt no interest in sight-seeing.

We came back to Muskegon by railway, in the evening. The next day was spent riding with the Doctor to see his patients and different parts of the city, and up to the boom where hundreds of men were sorting, and sending the logs down to the mills, and we went up into the new city hall and had a grand view of the city. There is a fine school building being built; this summer and some fine residences, and in many parts shade trees are growing nicely, but I do not see how they can drive in such sandy soil.

Wednesday morning 20th, we started for home feeling renovated in body and mind though tired, for as one lady remarked, "a person can make hard work of play and though it is nice to go from home it is ever so nice to go home again." MYRA.

A Woman's Victory.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed with unspeakable disappointment at the receding train which was just pulling from the bridge switch at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. The first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act on the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned the horses' head homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait on a woman to get ready," Mr. Mann broke in very grimly. "I was ready before you was," replied his wife.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Mann, in irrepressible impatience, jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that; and I set out in the buggy yelling for you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mann, with a provoking placidity which no one but a woman can assume; "and every time I started down the steps you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear, when everybody knows that if I was going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get ready and go down to the train and go, and the one failed to be ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was to start at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour until train time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged in, to his room, and rushed into that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time, to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up-stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room and hung it on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he ran through the hall and tossed it on a hook on the hat-rack, and by the time he reached his room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor!" he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau-drawer," she calmly replied.

"Well, by thunder, they ain't!" said Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied every last thing in it that ever was before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head to one side, and, after satisfying herself that the crimp would do and stay where she put it, quietly replied:

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily replied the husband, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all morning."

"Because," she said, settling herself into an additional article of raiment, with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a mad bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted, in a malicious triumph, "no button on the neck."

"Because," she said sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of that shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw his wife coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried. His wife went out into another room and presently came back with her hat and gloves, and saw him emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said: "In the shirt you took off."

The lady put on her gloves while he hunted up and down for his cuff buttons. "Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady setting her hat. "Didn't you lay them on the window-sill in the setting-room last night?"

Her husband remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with a Webb's adder, and landing with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the banister.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw down that other boot?" he asked.

His wife pityingly kicked it at him. "My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged away at the boot.

"Up in your dressing room," she answered. "Packed?"

"Do not know—unless you packed it yourself—practically not," she replied, with her hand on the door-knob. "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted: "Where in the name of goodness did you put my valise? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called back. "Good-by, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street-car man, to say:

"You threw it on the silver closet."

And the street-car engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out to the front door every now and then and shrieking up the deserted street after the unconscious Mrs. Mann to know where his hat was, and where she put his valise key, and if she had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a clean collar in the house. And when he went at last, he left the kitchen door open, side door, all the downstairs windows and front gate open. And the loungers around the depot recently were somewhat amused just, as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned and necktie flying, and grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform, and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman, who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

Do It Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That is a rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and did it well."

And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to greatness.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in humble situation, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Living to Purpose.

"Live for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you will be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of your species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any trace of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had not been. They are, while they live, like a pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore; and when they die, they are like the same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Who has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gates of life to re-admit them to existence? Or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub."—J. A. James.

PEOPLE needn't wonder at the scarcity of good servant girls. If a girl is good for anything, some fellow's going to find it out and marry her.—Boston Post.

A YOUNG man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in a seat with him. "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it."

Youths' Department.

KNOWLEDGE THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

(A CHILD'S RECITATION.)

I have found where the key of success is,
Or I know the place where it lies;
And any one can get it
And open the door, if he tries.
It is up on the hill of knowledge;
A long, steep hill to climb.
But I'm young, and strong, and willing,
And I'll reach the top in time.

Yes, up on the hill of knowledge,
On the very top, is the key
That shall open the door of fortune
And the door of success for me.
I will never pause, nor be idle;
I will never waste my days;
But I'll climb up the hill of knowledge,
For her ways are pleasant ways.

I will turn from the paths of the idle,
And the loiterer's way forlorn;
I will trust in the good bank, wisdom,
That will never fail nor break;
And up the hill of knowledge
My feet shall gladly press,
Till I hold the key that shall open
The massive door to success.

Dancing—The Other Side.

Dear Nieces and Nephews.—I have been thinking on your plan as to appointing judges to decide pro or con on the dance question, and although I thank you for your suggestion I do not think it best in this instance.

The subject of dancing is one on which it is next to impossible to change a person's views by any amount of argument, for while much harm may come from the practice, it does not necessarily follow that it must come. A person who sees the harm, either will not, or else has no opportunity to see the other side, while one who dances only in private houses with intimate friends, for the exercise, as well as the pleasure of the motion to the music, sees no harm nor can be made to see it.

Nettie Gifford says "the people who frequent dances and balls are usually of the lower classes and are those with whom a person that thoroughly respects himself will not associate." Now I differ from Nettie. Her remark holds good with regard to public balls—but at any public place you would be obliged to associate with those same persons. And we "who thoroughly respect ourselves" do not go to public places, we meet our friends at our homes and do you think there would be more harm in dancing, than in playing the games that are neither instructive nor elevating? And I have noticed that young people either do one or the other.

We all admire the skill and graceful motion of the soldier in marching, presenting arms, etc., but is there more skill and grace shown by them than there is shown in the dance called the Lancers, as danced by those who have taken enough interest and pride to become trained? And as to "giving all one's mind to it," making oneself totally unfit for mental or physical work by it," I should say a person who would go to those extremes would go just as far in something else. A young person who cannot control his desire for amusements so as not to interfere with his work will never be anything but weak-minded, blown hither and thither by every wind.

You see I have taken the side of dancing, for you all took the opposite, and there must be two sides to every question. But let me say if you do not consider it right to dance don't do it. If there is the least danger of being thrown into the society of those with whom it would be a detriment for you to associate, never dance. But because a person does dance do not make up your mind, that instant, that he is an unfit associate, and that his brains have gone to his heels.

But about the subjects on which I asked your opinion in the paper of Sept. 1. No one has given an opinion but Laura. I want to hear from you all. Will "Will" give us his thoughts on the subject?

Do write. If you do not approve of my subject choose one to suit yourself.

AUNT NINA.

A Niece's Views.

Dear Aunt Nina:—Home once more and in school, so I will once again lift my pen for the Youth's Department. I have been so busy this summer that I have hardly had time to read the dear old VISITOR, much less write for it. I hope our kind Auntie really enjoyed her vacation and came home feeling ever so much refreshed.

Am I to understand that the subject of dancing is open for discussion? If so I will say my say now. I disapprove of dancing very much. There are, of course, some dances with which the most fastidious can find no fault. That is a pleasant little time where everybody knows everybody else and where each and every one else are good and respectable people; at such a place one can have a pleasant time, and dancing is no sin.

But, Oh! ye mothers, who have with tenderest love guarded your pure and precious daughters from every thought and breath of evil but think dancing is no harm, how can you allow these pure, innocent creatures to go night after night where everybody goes, where wickedness and vice are covered by the shimmer of gold, and where they will waltz hour after hour in the arms of men

than whom the cruel, deadly serpent wound in the nest of the dove is less harmful. And yet you do, every day we see it, and after one night spent in whirling round and round in the embrace of wicked and depraved men whose very touch is contamination, our girls can never be just the same innocent creatures they were before. Now, dear Cousins, do not think I am a prude, who knows of dancing only from others, for I am not. I have attended a great many dances, but I cannot find half the pleasure in one of them that I find in a single half-day of the Grange.

Now, Laura, give us your opinion of dancing.

Nettie Gifford, did you mean to tell us you were married? I hear that one of our "Granger girls" has been, and so perhaps this is the reason we have heard nothing from her this summer.

Who was it that wished us to give our ages? I will tell you mine. I am 16½, so I hope you will all excuse me for mistakes.

It is growing late and I am weary you I will say, *Au revoir*. PRETTY BY NIGHT.
Hartford, Mich., Oct. 9, 1882.

Mr. Morrison's Story.

Little Fred Parker was going home from school one warm afternoon in June. The world looked very dark to him that summer day, though the sun was shining brightly. He had walked fast and began to feel tired, so as he passed Mr. Morrison's great machine shop he thought he would go in and rest a little. All the boys liked to go in the shop, for Mr. Morrison was always kind and pleasant, and when he found a boy who was really interested in the work, would take him about and explain to him such parts of the machinery as he could understand.

Fred had some reason to feel sad that day, it must be confessed, for the poor child was lame and could not run about like other boys, light of foot as the squirrels almost. It is true he was not obliged to use a crutch now, as he had done for more than a year after he fell from a tree he was climbing to get for his sister Anne an empty bird's nest, which she wanted for her canaries, as they did not seem to succeed well in building a nest for themselves. But still he limped painfully, and the doctor said he always must. A sorry prospect for an active, proud spirited boy, truly!

And to-day the boys were playing ball, and he had asked to be catcher—the place he had always liked to fill, but he had been refused, and Jim Bunce, a rude, thoughtless lad, called out, "Ho, Limpy Parker wants to catch!" And one or two others joined the chorus, "Ho, Limpy!" So Fred went in the school room and tried to study; but he could not, for he felt choked and his head ached, and in spite of himself the tears came. He did not let them fall though, for he was eleven years old, and he would not be a baby if he was lame. Afternoon school opened and when Fred's class was called he failed of course, for he had not studied. Miss Winn did not know how grieved he was, or she would have spoken kindly to him; but as it was, she told him he had been an idle boy, and sent him to his seat in disgrace. And now school was over for the day, and poor Fred had hurried away from the other boys, for though he knew they were not often rude to him, yet he felt as if he could not talk with any of them just then. So as I have said, he walked on by himself till he reached the machine shop, and as he went in, the sound of its clang and whirr seemed like the voice of a friend.

Mr. Morrison stood in the outer room, and as he caught sight of Fred he smiled pleasantly and said, "Well! my boy, so you have come to see us again! I suppose you will be running a machine shop some of these days and perhaps you think a lesson now and then on the subject will not come amiss."

"O, Mr. Morrison," cried Fred, and his voice trembled, "I wish I could be a machinist; I would like it more than anything else in the world; but I never can, you know!"

"Why not, Fred? What's to hinder? That is if you will be patient and industrious, and I believe you will." The kind, hearty tone in which this was said just touched the right spot in the sad little heart and he felt as if he could tell Mr. Morrison all his troubles. So almost before he knew it, he had told the whole story, and finished by saying that he hated school and study, and that he was only a cripple, and never could amount to much, anyhow. And in spite of his eleven years he broke down at that and sobbed piteously.

Mr. Morrison laid his hand on his shoulder; Fred choked back his sobs and looked up in the kind, grave face.

"Come with me to the office," said the friend, "I have half an hour to spare, and I will tell you a story."

When the office door closed on them and they were comfortably seated, "Now," said Mr. Morrison, "you have of course noticed, Fred, that you have to speak somewhat louder to me than to most other people."

"Why, yes," was the wondering answer, "but I thought it was because the machinery makes so much noise."

"No, that is not the only reason," was the reply; "I am partly deaf; and have been so in fact ever since I can remember. I had the scarlet fever when I was a little fellow only two or three years old, and that caused it. My mother supposed at first that I would out-grow it; but the years passed and I gradually became worse, till when I was as old as you, Fred, I was usually called 'Widow Morrison's deaf Charlie.' For you see my father died soon after my illness, and as my mother was left with but little means, she had a hard struggle to bring us up. I remember how I used to wish I could help her but there never seemed to be any way in which I could earn any money, for I was small of my age, and my deafness made me timid and afraid of being laughed at."

"My mother wanted me to go to school, but I could not understand what the teacher said very well, and really I don't suppose I tried to do so; at all events I fell behind in my classes, and so grew to hate school, and everything connected with it. Finally, my mother's sister from another town came to visit us, and told of a celebrated doctor, who she was sure could cure deafness. But it would cost a great deal of money, and mother had not a cent to spare."

"I will remember how she came to my bed that night, after she thought I was asleep; I was not, however, but lay awake wishing I was a man and could earn money enough to pay the great doctor. She knelt down by the bed and I heard her crying because she was so poor to get help for me. I loved my mother with all my heart, and I could not bear to hear her grieve; so I sprang up in bed, put my arms around her and begged her not to cry. I told her I was growing a great boy, and I knew I could soon help myself, and her too. She was comforted at last, more I think because of my sympathy than from any assistance she imagined I would be to her. She went to bed, and I lay a long time awake, thinking. I tried to plan some way by which I could hope to earn the money I so wanted, but utterly failed. Of course I might have got some jobs about town, but I knew very well that my mother would not hear of my getting what she called a 'street education.' I had always felt the strongest desire to become a machinist; but there was no chance to learn in our village, and I was too young to leave home, so that seemed out of the question. Well, I lay tossing restlessly about, and at last said to myself, 'There is nothing for me to do! I may as well give up and grow to be a deaf no-nothing, and always be a burden to poor mother.' But then came the thought—I need not always be a no-nothing if I am deaf; I can hear well enough to learn something at school, and I will try. I went to sleep feeling better, and in the morning told my resolution to mother. She was very glad, for she had known always dreaded the task of forcing me to school, and often let me stay away because I begged so hard to do so."

"So I went to school that year and did my very best; and when the teacher saw how anxious I was to improve she tried in every way to help me. The next year began in the same way, and I was becoming quite a scholar. Don't think, however, that study became easy to me all at once, for that was not the case. I was often discouraged, and I am afraid sometimes cross; but mother helped me through it all. When the second year was about half finished, the teacher went to mother one day and told her that her uncle, a machinist in the same town where the great doctor lived, wanted a faithful, industrious boy to learn the business, and she had told him of me. I was old enough now so mother was willing to trust me away from home. But my deafness—would it do for me to go in a machine shop where the noise and rattle of the machinery might cause me to lose the little hearing I had? Here was a difficulty surely; but when Mr. Wilson, my employer, heard that if the doctor could treat me there was a great hope of my getting better, he said that he would pay the fee, and I might work for him to repay it. Mother and I felt as if a new world had opened to us then, you may be sure."

"So I came here with Mr. Wilson, for it was in this town he lived, and the doctor examined my ears. He said that though I never could entirely regain my hearing I would be in time much better and able to work in the shop, and so it proved. Well, Fred, all that happened nearly thirty years ago. Mr. Wilson retired from business when he grew old and I took his place; and a better friend I think no boy ever had; and I try to repay him by doing for other boys something of what he did for me. My mother lives with me, and thank God, I am able to make her old age restful and happy."

"Now, my boy, don't be discouraged. You know we are told to 'do first the duty which lies nearest our hand,' and doubtless your first duty, as mine was, is to go to school and do your best there. And though you may have many dark days, I am sure you will at last succeed."

And did Mr. Morrison's prophecy prove true? I cannot tell that, for it is but little more than a year since it was made. But this I know at the last examinations Miss Winn said, 'Fred Parker stood among the very best in his class.'—The Lever.

It is Half Democratic and Half Republican.

Henry Watterson, editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal, writing from New York to his newspaper, says: "There is no broad line of demarcation between the two parties. But both are too strongly to think of breaking up. Assuredly they will not until the principles of a new party are organized and arranged, and the disaffected elements are numerous enough and sufficiently harmonized to take hold of them with coherence and vigor. Why is it that Democrats cannot see en masse one and all, the great opportunity which is open to the party to become a real party through their purchasing agents. Its composition is no secret. The receipt is on every box and 5-pound package. It is made by Dr. L. Oberholzer's Sons & Co., Phoenixville, Pa. It keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It helps to digest and assimilate the food. Horses will do more work, with less food while using it. Cows will give more milk and be in better condition. It keeps poultry healthy, and increases the production of eggs. It is also of great value to them when molting. It is sold at the lowest wholesale price by R. E. JAMES, Kalamazoo, GEO. W. HILL & CO., 80 WOODBRIDGE ST., DETROIT, THOS. MASON, 181 WATER ST., CHICAGO, and ALBERT STEGEMAN, ALBANY. Put up in 60-lb. boxes (each), price EIGHT CENTS per lb., 30-lb. boxes (of 6 5-lb. packages, TEN CENTS per lb.

The Affectionate Son.

It is all very well to be polite to ladies, but some people in this country carry it to far. There were several persons in a Galveston avenue car, and one of them was smoking, which was allowed, as there were no ladies in the car. A rough looking country customer, with an expression that reminded one of an Irish potato, scowled a time or so at the smoking, and finally said:

"You ain't got no right to smoke when there are ladies in the car."

"I don't see any ladies," replied the astonished smoker, looking around.

"Maybe not, but my mother was a woman, and you shan't smoke while I am in the car, out of respect to her memory."

The smoker gazed at the homely features of the man with a mother, and then, throwing the cigar out of the window, said:

"Why didn't you tell me sooner your mother was a woman, if you knew it?"—Galveston News.

In Spain an old custom among the rural people is never to eat fruit out-of-doors without planting the seed. The roads are lined with trees, whose fruit is free to all. An old proverb says: "The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place."

A CERTAIN lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing, with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all said, "how natural!" An old farmer once dissented. "Taint natural," said he, "don't you see he has got his hand in his pocket? To look natural it ought to be in somebody else's pocket."

THE REAPER DEATH.

WHITE.—At a meeting of the Chippewa Grange No. 517, P. of H. the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, The great master has called on our Brother John White, and Sister Lydia A. White, once, twice and thrice, since their connection with our Order, to deliver to the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come into Me," their infant children, therefore

Resolved, That we, their Brothers and Sisters of Chippewa Grange, hereby express our heart-felt sympathies in this their bereavement, hoping they may ever realize that the Lord loveth whom he suffereth to be chastened.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this Grange, and a copy be sent to the Grange Visitor for publication.
Chippewa, Aug. 19, 1882.

COLE.—The Angel of Death has for the first time invaded the ranks of Burns Grange, No. 160, and taken Bro. JUDSON COLE, who died Sept. 22, 1882. Resolutions expressive of the respect and esteem in which this brother was held, were adopted by the Grange, and entered upon its minutes, also that the hall be draped in mourning for three months.

Ma. T. H. REEVES,
Mrs. T. H. REEVES,
Mrs. J. A. WILCOX,
Committee.

Burns, Oct. 5, 1882.

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