

# THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

VOLUME 9, -NO. 13 }  
WHOLE NO. 165.

[Printed by Kalamazoo Publishing Co.]  
Publishers of the Daily and Weekly Telegraph.  
Combined monthly circulation of the three papers, 72,500.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH., JULY 1, 1883.

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WILL EXPIRE WITH THIS.....

Entered at the Post Office at Kalamazoo as Second Class matter.

**The Grange Visitor**  
(ENLARGED)  
Published on the First and Fifteenth of every month,  
**AT 50 CENTS PER ANNUM**  
Eleven Copies for \$5.00.

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To whom all communications should be addressed, at Schoolcraft, Mich.  
Remittances should be by Registered Letter, Money Order, or Draft.  
This paper is not sent only as ordered and paid for in advance.

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## Agricultural Department.

**THERE'S NOTHING LOST.**

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower  
That grows within the darkest vale,  
Though lost to view, has still the power  
The rarest perfume to exhale;  
That perfume, borne on Zephyr's wings,  
May visit some lone sick one's bed,  
And like the balm affection brings,  
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew  
That trembles in the rosebud's breast  
Will seek its home in either blue,  
And fall again as pure and blest—  
Perchance to revel in the spray,  
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,  
Or mingle in the fountain spray,  
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast  
Will yet take root, and may at last  
A green and glorious tree be found;  
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may  
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,  
While in its boughs the breezes play,  
And songbirds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone  
Or whisper from a loved one's voice  
May melt a heart of hardest stone,  
And make the saddened heart rejoice.  
And then, again, the careless word  
Our thoughtless lips too often speak  
May touch a heart already stirred,  
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain  
Of breathings from some dear one's lute  
In memory's dream may come again,  
Though every mournful string be mute.  
The music of some happier hour—  
The harp that swells with love's own words,  
May thrill the soul with deepest power,  
When still the hand that swept its chords.

**EVENING SONG.**

Behind the hill-top drops the sun,  
The curled heat falters on the sand;  
While evening's ushers, one by one,  
Lead in the guests of twilight-land.

The bird is silent overhead,  
Below the beast has lain him down;  
Alone the marbles watch the dead,  
Alone the steeple guards the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course  
To cloistered sweets in thickets found;  
The doves obey its tender force,  
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

—John Vance Cheney.

**Why Tillage Promotes Growth.**

It is often claimed that to a great extent tillage may be made to take the place of fertilizers. While this may be an extreme view, there is no doubt that tillage is highly beneficial. It would not be well to use less manure, but if more thorough tillage were practiced, the yield of hoed crops would be largely increased. That tillage does increase the yield of crops there can be no question.

Plants are formed from substances obtained from the air and the soil. The materials which enter into the structure of plants are of two kinds, commonly called organic and inorganic. The organic matter is obtained largely from the air, though a portion is taken from the land. The inorganic materials are obtained from the soil. Either of these may be applied to the land in the form of fertilizers. No excess in the supply of one class of materials can compensate for a deficiency in the quantity of the other class. Not only must there be an abundant quantity of these materials within reach of the plants, but they must be in a condition to be readily utilized. They must be made fine so as to be made soluble in water, in order that the moisture from dews and showers may dissolve them and thus fit them for the immediate use of plants. In average soil plants are more likely to suffer from want of the inorganic materials. All soils of ordinary fertility contain large quantities of inorganic elements or plants, sufficient to supply the wants of crops for an indefinite period, but these elements are closely locked in the soil and only a very small quantity becomes available at any one time. The forces of nature by means of the frost and sunshine are constantly at work setting these elements free; but on land which has long been cultivated and from which the accumulations of the past have been removed their action is far too slow to supply the growing crops. But tillage hastens the liberation of fertilizing elements which are locked in the soil, and also enables the land to absorb large quantities of fertilizing gases from the air. Hence it hastens the growth of plants and renders them more productive than they otherwise would be.

During the next few weeks farmers will have abundant opportunity to test

the efficiency of tillage in promoting the growth and increasing the yield of their crops. That an increased yield, if obtained, by inexpensive methods of cultivation will greatly increase the profits of the crop is evident. Frequent and thorough culture is what the growing plants now require. Nothing else can atone for lack of this, and in no other way can the crop be so cheaply, quickly and certainly improved.

D. STRUBLE.

**The Husbandman, the Bread-Winner; the Housewife, the Bread-Maker.**

The plow is the king of all instruments that man uses. It may be called the source of all his wealth and prosperity, and of his advancing civilization. There is something significant in the fact that the word *art* comes from *ar* a plow. The oldest nations have held in the highest regard the tillage of the soil. The emperor of China holds the plow annually with his own hands, thus recognizing the great value and usefulness of the husbandman to his empire. There is also something significant in the fact of Remus marking out the boundaries of Rome with a plow; thus making this implement of husbandry define the limits of the young empire that was to be the conqueror of the modern world. And just so far as Rome put her reliance upon the plow and not upon the sword, she flourished, and learned how to best "Govern men and guide the state."

The more you study ancient fable the more you will be convinced that it was written to teach the truths and facts of ancient history. The Grecian legend of the contest between Antaeus and Hercules most clearly portrays the value of husbandry to man. Antaeus was the son of Neptune and Terra. In his contest with Hercules the latter struggled in vain to master 'im, for every time he touched the earth he received strength from his mother sufficient to overcome his enemies. Hercules perceiving this seized Antaeus in his arms and holding him in the air, free from the earth, conquered him there. The truth conveyed by the legend is this as long as man confines himself to the cultivation of the soil he has prospered; as a tiller of the earth he is invincible; but forsaking the cultivation of the glebe, he has met with continued failures. Man, in his natural pursuit of husbandry, has been the bread-winner of his race, while woman, his helpmate has been the bread-maker.

Baking a loaf of bread may not be the highest duty of a farmer's wife, or his daughter, but I do think it an imperative duty in a good housewife. Though it may be a humble acquisition, it is an attainment fit to adorn a queen. Let us see how this simple act was regarded by the ancients, and how as bread-makers, their wives and daughters wore the highest title that adorns a woman—the title of *lady*. Let us see what is their full claim to this title. There are titles of birth, places of honor, and of various stations in life, all of which may be right. Some confine the term *lady* to the highest social position. Others give it by way of courtesy. It is generally given as a term of respect to a woman of good manners. But I think the housewife is entitled to the highest and most time-honored claim to this honorable term *lady*. For they alone can claim this title through its true etymological descent. Hundreds of years before the Christian era the Greeks and Romans made large conquest in Asia, the birth place of the human race. They brought back to Europe the spoils of war, captives, books, theology, many rare productions of nature, including animals, fruits and grain. It was in this way that wheat was diffused throughout Europe, and soon furnished bread for all. While the hardy, warlike men from the north of Europe were making their excursions by land and sea, the mistress of the household cared for the wild brood which remained at home. She prepared the stores of hard bread, which the men carried away, and welcomed their return with a full supply of the staff of life. In their boisterous banquet, from her own baking she caused a manchet of bread to be placed at each seat, or sent the loaves of bread around in baskets to the feasters. To mark her high office she was denominated *lady*, the

breaker, dispenser, and with slight assumption, the *maker of bread*. The word *lady* comes from *lady*, a loaf, and is part of *Halford* which means breadgiver or maker. Thus through the most useful act of her life has the housewife earned the title of *lady*.

As we have said, we owe our prosperity, "not to any military genius, not to some statesman, not to any particular class," but to free labor and the cultivation of a free soil, and if in our country, "there are any knights, they are the knights of the axe of the plow, of the hoe, of the spade, and the hammer," and the housewives of those knights, the *bread-makers* are the true *ladies* of the land.

V. B. GALESBURG, June 18th, 1833.

**Sheep Notes.**

*Brother Cobb:*—I am a farmer and Granger, born on a farm, live on a farm, and am in sympathy with the farmer. I have taken the *Visitor* ever since its origin, and pronounce it a fair, square, common sense, well conducted sheet; dealing out justice and equality to the great masses of the people, east, west, north and south, and I must say a paper founded on so broad a foundation has most assuredly a prospect of long life and prosperity; and must be of great benefit to its readers.

In reading the *Visitor* I have at several times seen accounts of heavy shearing, of full blooded merinoes, unwashed I suppose. I have been grading sheep for a few years on a small scale, thinking perhaps some employment might possibly be attained therefrom. I will now say a few words on the sheep question.

About 1857 a Mr. Darling purchased a flock of merino ewes from some eastern man at \$11 per head. I selected a few ewes from Mr. Darling's flock and kept them four or five years. These sheep were rather small, well formed with an even fleece of very desirable wool; well washed would average about seven pounds per head, with a light carcass. I finally came to the conclusion that they were not very profitable.

About this time I began to wake up a little on the sheep question and after a few weeks consideration of the matter I came to the conclusion that by crossing the full blooded merino buck with the strong vigorous heavy bodied native ewe, and continuing this cross for a term of years some good might result therefrom. Consequently I purchased a few of these ewes, and though light shearers, the weathers of this flock dressed from 90 to 100 pounds of mutton each. Taking these ewes for a foundation of a flock, the next thing was to select a suitable buck to couple with them.

My ideas are the buck should be well bred, well formed, good size with a strong constitution. Add to this length, strength, and firmness of staple, wool of the same quality as near as may be, and evenly distributed all over the sheep, top and bottom. Above all things never use or patronize a buck whose fleece begins to lose its length or firmness about the point of the rib and so on down, for by so doing you cheat yourself out of from one and a half to two pounds on each lamb.

My sheep are now short legged, heavy bodied, with strong constitution; a small quantity of oil or grease and a large quantity of delain wool of good length and strength and very compact all over the sheep, top and bottom, of the same quality as near as may be. The wool over the folds about the neck, flank and tail has a smooth compact appearance.

June, 1882, I clipped twelve two-year-old ewes averaging twelve pounds two ounces per head. The heaviest fleece No. 31, weighed 14 pounds and the lightest No. 22, 10 pounds and twelve ounces.

I send you a sample of wool, unwashed, taken from a buck lamb the 23rd of April, eleven months growth. I send you this thinking perhaps there might be something interesting or beneficial to the readers of the *Visitor*, and also inclose one dollar for the renewal of my subscription.

I. B. H. EDISON.

June 11, 1883.

COMMAND large fields, but cultivate small ones.—*Virgil.*

**Stock at the Agricultural College.**

Of the many questions asked students about the Agricultural college and everything pertaining to it, none are more poorly answered than those about the stock. Indeed how to answer all the questions an inquisitive farmer can ask would sometimes puzzle an expert lawyer. At such times I have had much charity for a student, who once told of drawing largely on his imagination, aided by some big words from chemistry and botany to fully satisfy an illiterate farmer, how, plowing under clover soil could benefit the coming crops. When one is asked what is the best variety of strawberries or potatoes for every farmer in the State to raise? What is absolutely the best breed of sheep or swine? and cannot give a short, definite answer, he is not unfrequently told, that it is the business of the college to find out, and make known all these things. Often other defects and short-comings of the college are thrown in the student's face, till he wishes he was from any place on earth but the Agricultural College. Fortunately some are more rational and are satisfied with the comparative value of each variety of vegetables, or breed of cattle, and can see that different soils or conditions can make one variety of strawberries good for one man and almost useless to another as well as one breed of cattle desirable for some farmers and not for others.

The Agricultural College does not claim to have the best stock in the State, and with the money devoted to that department by the State Board, it would be impossible to outdo some of the wealthy breeders of Michigan. More attention has been given to cattle than to any other animals. While the college has kept good work teams, it has never had any blooded horses.

The swine, though they have never received as much attention as the cattle, are all thorough bred. There are 15 breeding sows, mostly Essex, as the State Board a few years ago decided to keep no other except for show. Beside these there are a pair of Jersey Reds, two Berkshires, and Poland China. The Jersey Reds were a present to the college by George Stewart of Grand Blanc. Lately there were added to the herd three Essex from Joseph Harris, the celebrated breeder at Rochester New York. Those that are kept are fine specimens, and the demand for them is good.

There are in all 116 sheep, 30 of which are South Downs, and the rest Merinos. Of the Merinos 16 are registered sheep from Vermont, while the others were bred at the college. The Merinos have just been sheared, the fleeces averaging 10 lbs., though 25 of the flock were yearlings. This is not a bad showing. The South Downs are called good representatives of the breed, but it will give a clue to the esteem in which they are held, by saying that their fleeces averaged only 4 1/2 lbs., while the sheep are not much heavier than the best Merinos. There are many finer flocks in the State, but considering the money that has been expended on these, and the stock that has been used, the managers are deserving of some credit. Cattle are represented by seven breeds. Though the board has decided to keep only herds of the Short Horns and Ayrshires, they have three Jerseys, one Holstein, one Hereford, one Galloway, and one Devon. These latter are kept only for show and are considered good representatives of the breeds. The Hereford is an unusually fine cow. Her last calf was sold to J. M. Turner, of Lansing, for \$300.

The Ayrshire herd is the largest in the State. It contains 15 head. Every one knows that this is exclusively a dairy breed, but notwithstanding that, there are Short Horns here that equal them for dairy purposes and possess all the beef qualities peculiar to the Durhams. The herd is headed by Jacob of Linden, number 2,600. All are good specimens of the Ayrshire breed and are recorded in the "Ayrshire Record".

No breed of cattle has received more attention at the College than the Short Horns, and one can safely say that there are some very fine specimens of that breed here. Rose of

Sharon, Victoria Duchess, Roan Duchess, imported Harriet, and the Van Meter, are the most prominent among the various families. This is enough to satisfy those who are acquainted with the subject that the College has some fine cattle.

Grand Baron III has been at the head of the herd for the last two years, but has recently been sold to the Hon. John T. Rich. The herd is now headed by a Bates bull, Col. Acomb II., bred by Winslow Bros., Kankakee, Ill.

Nothing will speak more highly for this herd than the sales that are continually being made to noted breeders in various parts of the State. Five bulls have been sold this spring. Prof. Johnson says it is his purpose, not only to breed cattle that have quality, but to breed those that have a good practical value, and at the same time combine the two qualities of milk and beef. He intends to furnish good animals at fair prices to those wishing to improve their herds for he believe that should be a part of the work of the college.

Any one desiring further information regarding the farm and its workings can obtain it by applying to Prof. Johnson, for the report of the Professor of Agriculture.

F. F. ROGERS.

**Greasing Wagons.**

This is of more importance than wagon owners imagine. The following, from an unknown source, says the *Cochran's Magazine*, is a valuable information on the subject, which we trust will be duly heeded:

Few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub, and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheels from a piece of grease managed to fill his hoghead. He made a close fitting cover, and with a jackscrew set down one of the floor timbers, pressed it down as tight as possible. In the middle of December he opened his silo and found the corn as sweet and fragrant as when put in. From the hoghead he fed one cow half a bushel of ensilage morning and night for two months, and considers it the best producing food that can be fed. This year he proposes to fill the hoghead with oats cut just as they are in the milk. If a silo so simple a plan is practicable, there is certainly no reason why everybody should not have one, and satisfy himself of the value of the ensilage system.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

**A Cheap Silo.**

Last year a farmer improvised a small silo by sinking a molasses hoghead into the ground in his barn cellar. He cut up all his corn fodder with a hay cutter, supposing he had enough to fill about four hogheads, but on packing it found it wouldn't fill one. He then bought of a neighbor as much more as one horse could draw and still there was room. He then cut up the stalks from a piece of sweet corn, and with a lot of power managed to fill his hoghead. He made a close fitting cover, and with a jackscrew set down one of the floor timbers, pressed it down as tight as possible. In the middle of December he opened his silo and found the corn as sweet and fragrant as when put in. From the hoghead he fed one cow half a bushel of ensilage morning and night for two months, and considers it the best producing food that can be fed. This year he proposes to fill the hoghead with oats cut just as they are in the milk. If a silo so simple a plan is practicable, there is certainly no reason why everybody should not have one, and satisfy himself of the value of the ensilage system.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

A FARMER in Orleans county, New York, says he has found by repeated experiments that an acre of the Hubbard squashes will fatten more hogs than the corn which can be raised from the same ground will do. He says he has no trouble in keeping the squashes through the winter. He plants twenty feet apart each way, and the crop requires but little cultivation. His manner of feeding is to crack the squashes a pass them through a cutter; the seeds he saves and sells to seed dealers. A small farmer near t. is city finds by experiment that he can fatten cattle on squashes cheaper than on anything he can raise on his place.

NEVER feed your fowls damaged grains or tainted food. See that the water they drink is clean and good.

The Grange Visitor

SCOOLERAFT, - - - JULY 1.

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Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

EMIGRATION AGENCY.

An advertisement of B. J. Zudzenze, Emigration agent, first appeared in the VISITOR nearly a year ago. This was followed by letters from him after his arrival in England. We have from time to time referred to him and uniformly expressed our confidence in Mr. Zudzenze, as he was well endorsed by men who were acquainted with him in this State. Mr. Zudzenze spent the winter in England, but was unable to overcome obstacles that were unexpectedly presented, and fill the hundreds of orders entered on his register for farm hands, and his use help. But he succeeded in forwarding some men to their destination, and while we have had several reports of an entirely satisfactory character we have heard of no complaint from any quarter.

We advised all those who had made a small advance of a dollar or two, to let it remain, and trust to the good reports that would be sent back by those who came, to give confidence to others. We are glad to learn that one man, as shown by the following letter had such confidence in this agent that he forwarded passage money for one emigrant, and got a good man as a reward for his faith.

Now we are not of those who are anxious to fill up this country with European emigrants. We are in no haste to have all our fertile acres under cultivation. The rapidity with which they have in one way, and another, been absorbed within the last thirty years, is really alarming. But we cannot stay the tide of emigration, and so long as the flood gates remain open by authority for the admission of almost everything human; and all of the male persuasion are woven by the industrious politician into the political web to strengthen his party before the first election; we say so long as this state of things continues we feel like encouraging the introduction of industrious young people of good habits, for such are very much needed almost everywhere, particularly as house help among the farmers.

For any information as to this matter, write to B. P. Dean, agent for Mr. Zudzenze at Cedar Springs Mich., and if advised as we have heretofore been, that good reliable help can be procured by advancing passage money, better take chances on that scheme, than have your wife continue the slave of such killing circumstances as a large house, a large family, large ambition, and if not a large baby, as an offset, several of them. These are not uncommon conditions of American farm life, and if other conditions prevail, the same want, a good third girl, is quite sure to remain.

Editor Grange Visitor:—For the information of all farmers wanting more help, I would like to say that, I sent Mr. Zudzenze, passage money for a man, and that he arrived May 20th. I had him a very intelligent, capable man, reliable and to be trusted in all places. I think Mr. Zudzenze is helping both parties most concerned, and to be entirely reliable himself.

Respectfully yours, J. T. SMITH.
Springport, Mich., June 18, 1883.
B. P. Dean of Cedar Springs, Mich. is agent for B. J. Z.

THE EPIDEMIC OF MOB VIOLENCE.

The practice of lynching persons charged with various crimes prevails to an alarming extent in all parts of the United States. It is shown in the Evening News of a late date that since the 30th of April last, these informal executions have been as frequent as those authorized by law. About two weeks ago the death penalty was inflicted by a mob at Cheboygan, in this State and the good law-abiding people of that section have thus far made no arrests. The persons engaged in the lynching made hardly any attempt at concealment, and they were no doubt well known to the whole community; yet the coroners jury found on their oath that the victim came to his death by the hands of a person or persons unknown. This shows that the midnight execution, without judge or jury or evidence of witnesses, was not merely the work of a blood-thirsty mob, but the free act and deed of the whole county of Cheboygan. The county officials made a mere pretense of resistance, and no citizen is willing to make a complaint before a magistrate and thus set the machinery of the law in motion against the members of that murderous mob. Although the criminal code in the United States is now administered fully as much by the mob as by the courts of law, yet we have learned of no instance where a mob murderer has been tried and convicted of his crime.

The general prevalence of mob violence is deeply significant of the weakness and inefficiency of our courts of justice. There is a widespread feeling that criminal trials are conducted wholly in the interest of shrewd and unscrupulous lawyers and are so capricious and uncertain in their results that they fail to afford any protection to the people against the most desperate and dangerous criminals. Murderers and felons of every grade are encouraged to believe that they can escape the punishment of their crimes if they can only pay the necessary fees to eminent counsel who are ready to guarantee acquittal or at least a disagreement of the jury whatever the proof of guilt may be. The defense of criminals in this country has become a disgrace to the common law. The most disreputable tricks are resorted to, apparently without restraint or even remorse on the part of the court. If nothing else will avail, endless delays are interposed. Whole days and weeks are taken up in wordy disputes on irrelevant issues. The examination of witnesses is in many cases a most degrading farce. Too frequently it is reduced to a mere cross-fire of foolish questions and silly objections. Sometimes it is the loud quarrel of professional backguards and the halls of justice resound with foul epithets and coarse abuse. The late star route trials was a fair illustration of the criminal courts of this country. This trial was carried on in one of the national courts in the city of Washington. The prosecution was under the direction of a cabinet officer, assisted by some of the most eminent lawyers in the country. The defense engaged the services of those equally eminent in the legal profession. With such an array of learning, ability and eloquence, this trial ought to have exhibited the best models of court procedure known to the common law. Here, if anywhere, we would expect to see a triumph of modern jurisprudence. The trial, however, was an example of the ordinary work of our courts of justice, in all parts of the United States. The proceedings were entirely under the control of the lawyers who were paid by the day and who deliberately prolonged the trial through more than six months. The learned and eminent council often laid aside all pretense of gentlemanly conduct. Threats of personal violence and such epithets as "puppy" and "dirty dog" were incidents of the proceedings. The public sense of decency was shocked by the blasphemy and coarse altercations which characterized this judicial enquiry—this great State trial. The jury in the mean time seemed to be entirely in harmony with their disreputable surroundings. Liquors were supplied to jurors, and on the last day, one of them crowned their vile orgies by falling into a fit of delirium tremens. This pandemonium of blasphemy, perjury, drunkenness and general corruption may be worse than the average of our courts, but it is certainly an illustration of the general tendency. It is not a matter of wonder then that the people are disgusted at the shuffling technicalities and all the contemptible foolishness of legal proceedings. In civil proceedings the people bear their absurd and unnecessary burdens as quietly as possible. But there are crimes that must be punished and the dangerous resort to lynching is, we believe, a result of the failure of our courts of justice. It is true that nothing can be more dangerous than the unreasoning violence of a mob. It is worse than the rule of the unprincipled shysters who govern and control the proceedings of so many of our courts. The remedy is legal reform. And this reform must come from the people. Who has ever heard any remonstrance against existing evils from a judge or a lawyer?

It would seem but a reasonable expectation that learned judges would contribute both of their influence and

official position to restore or establish a practice creditable to the bench, and answering every purpose for which a judicial system was established. But observation and experience alike set aside that expectation.

It is also a matter of surprise that the press, so potent in influence for good or ill, should remain indifferent to the inefficiency of those tribunals on which the people rely for protection. It is everywhere conceded that the press is the most important factor in our civilization, and it is a reflection on its independence and its honesty that it takes no decided stand, makes no honest, earnest effort to bring the judicial machinery into such working condition that it will not be a reproach and disgrace to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. Next to the judiciary, the press is responsible for those acts of violence and disregard of law, for it makes no demand for a prompt and rigid enforcement of law. In its selfish support of party, it entirely ignores a man's practical value as an officer, and fails to rebuke the court or bar for a practice that teems with shams, technicalities, and precedents while setting aside the plainest dictates of common sense.

Our sensitive neighbor, the Kalamazoo Telegraph, loudly deplored the disgrace brought upon the fair fame of Michigan by this Cheboygan lynching, and demanded that the severest penalties be inflicted on those lynchings who took the law into their own hands and administered justice without the interposition of the tricks of the judicial machine, that seldom knows anything of the demands of justice so long as there is money to pay for delays and dodges that are all regular and in accordance with established usage. In this the Telegraph is no better or worse than the average newspaper. Fear of offending or losing business makes the press subservient and prone to repress its own convictions. When it can afford to be honest, or thinks it can, with all classes and professions of men we may hope for some improvement in judicial practice, and this condition of things is not likely to occur until the people are less devoted to political parties and more intelligently mindful of their own interests. At present the people have some inherent notions of justice that cannot be satisfied with the expensive pretense of administering justice with which they are familiar, and herein lies the explanation of the lynchings that disgrace the country. If the press were as ready to condemn the inefficiency of our judicial practice, and the means generally accepted and adopted to defeat justice, as it is to condemn the men who assume to execute justice without the interposition of legal machinery, we might hope to overcome and repress this lawlessness. It is idle to prate about the dangers of communism, and make no effort to bring the judicial practice of the country to such a condition as to command the confidence and respect of the people. Let the press of the country insist upon having real courts of justice, where judicial proceedings shall not do constant violence to common sense, but shall be wise, impartial and business-like, and we shall soon have little occasion to complain of individuals or mobs assuming to act as avengers of evil-doers.

TARIFF DISCUSSION.

This letter of our correspondent should have appeared in our last number. In that issue we compiled with his request so far as we were able by copying on the fourth page an article from an exchange. So far as devoting space in the VISITOR to the discussion we give early notice that articles must be short.

We have observed that the advocates of either side of this tariff question prove their positions so convincingly that the average citizen if "convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." There are a great many holes in this skimmer and many people talk well if not wisely on this subject.

Mr. J. T. Cobb:—Inasmuch as the tariff question has been submitted to the Subordinate Granges for discussion would it not be for the good of the Order to give through the columns of the GRANGE VISITOR, The tariff law and the industries it affects, and to what extent.

In adding the last clause "to what extent" may be asking too much. But No 574 is not well posted in regard to the working of the tariff and would like something of the kind, and through the VISITOR if convenient.

Fraternally, GEO. N. FISHER.

Do not fail to read the article from the Chicago Express, under the heading "Corporations." Truth is a good thing, and we are not likely to have too much of it. But for effect the way in which it is told, largely determines its value. We like the style adopted by the Express. No mincing, but like the language employed by Judge Black in treating this subject. Every sentence is full of significant solid truth. This arraignment of corporations exhibits a dark and lowering cloud filled with alarming apprehensions for the future of that vast multitude of people who know this as their native land. The last enquiring sentence of the article referred to, "How can their power be broken?" is one of vital import.

FEEDING ANIMALS.

Is the title of a Book of recent issue. Its author Elliot W. Stewart as one of the editors of the Live Stock Journal and also from his connection with the Agricultural department of Cornell University has by employment and association been so connected with the subject of which he treats as to have given him at least some necessary qualifications.

In his introductory remarks the author says he believes "a practical work upon feeding animals which shall use only so much of scientific formula as is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject, is now more needed than upon any other branch of agriculture," and this book is the result of the part of the author of his effort to meet that demand.

Our own observation has been sufficient to satisfy us that the average farmer has little definite knowledge upon this subject. The author has evidently intended to go to the root of the matter, as in his first chapter he discusses "Animal physiology." In the second the "Elements of fodder vegetables." The third is devoted to "Digestion," which he extends very much beyond the scope of the word as popularly understood and enlarges upon the functions of vital and other organs of animal life, devoting several pages to a somewhat minute presentation of the several branches of this subject.

Mr. Stewart comes now to the more practical part of his subject opening the fourth chapter with "Stock Barns," to which he devotes about forty pages. The general reader or the average farmer will read this with more care and attention than the preceding chapters, for except in milder latitudes, the necessity of shelter for stock is generally very well understood. Several plans of barns are presented and their advantages and disadvantages both in construction and use are pointed out quite circumstantially.

"Principles of Alimentation," "Early Maturity," "Profitable Feeding," "How to Feed"—are heads of topics covered by chapter five. Chapter six beginning with "Stock Foods," includes analytical tables that are not likely to very much interest the average farmer. So many kinds are included and with so much detail that these pages are likely to attract but little attention. Some conclusions however are reached under the head of Comments on the tables that will attract as they are quite at variance with popular opinions.

The sixth chapter devoted to "soiling" shows the author so far in advance of farmers as a class that in this part of this country at least, the work of conversion to the faith will have to precede the adoption of this sort of feeding.

To this subject the author has devoted over sixty pages including ensilage construction of silos, crops suitable for filling etc. This latter branch of the subject is very fully discussed and is a valuable part of the work. Chapter eight, "Cattle feeding," covering nearly one hundred pages, is an excellent chapter, covering every branch of this very important subject, which it is safe to say is well understood by but very few farmers.

The ninth chapter is devoted to "Dairy Cattle" and the farmer whose dairy cattle number but a cow or two will learn something to his advantage by a careful study of this chapter always provided that he makes practical application of what he learns.

A chapter devoted to "Horses," another to sheep and still another to swine, and we thought we were done, but we find another devoted to Remedies. Glancing along the page we were attracted by these sentences, "The attempt to make a specific prescription for a particular disease was long ago called, by a medical man, 'A blow in the dark.' Young practitioners believe in a large number of specifics—those of long experience are not certain of any. The stock-feeder should place his faith in prevention. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

As our faith in gentlemen of "The Professions" is not worth hardly one hundred cents on a dollar, we rather like this quotation and can now read what follows without the unpleasantness of an active apprehension of meeting a pedantic quack by following on through the chapter.

The book contains something over 500 pages and is really full of valuable knowledge. That there may be some hobbies in it, to put it very mildly, quite possible; but as a whole we think it replete with valuable suggestions. We hope it will find a large sale for there is very much to learn by the great mass of men for whom this work was intended. Address the author, Elliott W. Stewart, Lake View, Erie county, N. Y., Price \$2.00.

AGRICULTURAL Commissioner Loring seems likely to have an opportunity to earn his salary. If not in the exact line of official duty it seems likely to be in such direction as will give him greater notoriety and from what we learn of him that is in the direction of his ambition. He desires to be famous, and could not well have adopted a course that would more certainly have contributed to this end. In this controversy which he has invited he finds pitted against him not only the government chemist, Dr. Collier, the scientific

gentleman of the National Academy of science, prominent public men every where, but also so much of the great body of the agricultural class as read the current news of the day. In a late number of the VISITOR, there was an article upon this subject of difference between Dr. Loring and Prof. Collier but this matter seems likely to engross public attention for some time to come, and this Washington correspondent tells his story so well that we give it entire.

We receive and sometimes find time to read the Scientific American, and we find many things in it to interest us very much. Its relations with the patent office as attorney for inventors, however, always finds it a stickler for the technical rights of patentees as against the people's, and it submits with poor grace to recent judicial decisions that somewhat curtail the rights of patentees. These recent decisions are in accordance with a new rule that seems sound and sensible, and the only wonder is that it should be new. It is this: "The re-issue of an old patent so as to make it cover, by new claims, any new or broader ground than the original patent, is invalid." By the operation of this rule the barbed wire monopoly has been overturned, and if we remember correctly the operation of this rule entered into the drive well case which terminated adversely to Green at Des Moines, Iowa, lately. The world moves, and it moves faster than it used to.

The very liberal offer of the Jonesville Iron Works should not be overlooked by farmers who need a new plow, and at the price no farmer can afford to use a worn out plow for a single day. Remember that the certificate of Bro. Luce is a sufficient guarantee of quality, so that you can order with confidence. \$6.50 for a first-class new plow is cheap enough for a Granger, or the farmer that ought to be a Granger.

Our Postal Jottings column grows, but we must have more contributors. We shall not be satisfied until we fill about one page with this sort of matter. If this general appeal is not responded to, we shall make a personal appeal to brothers and sisters who we know ought to send us items for these columns.

We aim to keep our Horticultural Department on the fourth page. After that page was made up other matter came to hand that could not well go over to another number, and we have continued this department on our sixth page. It will repay careful perusal.

Subject for Subordinate Granges for this Month.

Question 52—How to market farm products to best advantage to the producers?

Suggestions—To obtain best prices requires care and neatness in preparation. Grain must be clean and dry. Fruit well sorted, clean, neatly done up and carefully handled. Cotton, wool, and hemp well cleaned and neatly baled. Dairy products must have special care in cleanliness, handling and packing. First prices in sales depend largely upon the preparation of the product marketed.

A co-operative method of employing in marketing products, if judiciously managed on business principles, is one of the elements that secures to the co-operator the financial advantages promised in our Order.

At many of the small railroad stations and river landings one man buys and ships for speculators or for himself, with borrowed capital, the profit being contributory to these points, and makes from one to \$5,000 in a single year. At larger places from four to six or more men do the buying and shipping, in like manner, and each one makes more clear money out of the product one year with another than twenty of the farmers who produce it.

Why not adopt a co-operative system to handle and ship our own product to our agents and associations, and save to ourselves the thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars that have hitherto been gathered in by a class of non-producing middlemen. Organization, Grange education, and true co-operation can be made to be worth its millions to the farmers.

Corporations.

There is no country in the world where corporations are so numerous and so diversified as in the United States, and as they have entered as a controlling force in American politics, the people have begun studying their influence on the social condition of the nation, and the methods by which they are shaping all things to suit their own requirements; and this study has been intensified by the discovery that they are immortal. There is absolutely no limit to their existence, and except their political influence be destroyed, and their power to centralize wealth restricted, there is no telling what form our government will assume. They are working radical changes in our political and industrial systems, and in the very thought and habits of our people. Their rapid growth, their great wealth, their tremendous power, their unity of action and their success in controlling legislation have alarmed the intelligent, and brought into the field of active politics an antagonistic force which is every day extending its lines, as if preparing for an approaching struggle.

The corporations have arisen to their present condition by an unscrupulous use of their wealth and power. They stand unflinchingly by the party which favors their design, subscribing liberally to its "corruption fund," and making its candidates their own. Executives and Legislatures are their creatures. Many of our great lawyers are their agents. They "control" newspapers to mold public opinion. They hire lobby-

ists to corrupt Legislatures. There is to-day scarcely a legislative body in the union that is not in some degree under their influence, nor a judge whose judgment has not been biased by their attorneys. Even our congressmen take fees in their service while voting on measures affecting their interests. The nation felt degraded by the discovery that the connection of its law-makers with the credit mobiler, and how humbling to the intelligence to learn that they still maintain a like connection with corporations fully as corrupt and equally exacting. Stockholders in national banks vote in Congress to increase the value of their stocks—to put up the price of their bonds and increase the purchasing power of their money—and the people approve their action. Railroad stockholders as holders of stock of the corporations cast their vote to increase the value of their property or multiply their privileges. It is no uncommon occurrence to see members of Congress who are partners in manufacturing establishments, arrange tariff bills so as to "protect" their own products. In fact the government has been made a means by which the people are taxed for the benefit of corporations. It has been made a mere addendum to money-making.

When the government was organized "the fathers" were sedulous in their endeavors to avoid laws of primogeniture and entail, or other means employed in the old country to hold the property in the hands of few. They took great care that the property should be divided equally among the heirs at the death of the owner. But corporations are accomplishing what the "fathers" sought to avoid. If one who holds stock in the corporations dies, his share is transferred to somebody else, and the corporation lives on. Corporations never die, and their property is never divided, but continually grows, increasing their power to corrupt and extort. They are piling up the wealth of the country into a few great aggregations much faster than could be done by laws of primogeniture and entail; and it would be better that it were left in the hands of individuals, for they have sympathy and charity; corporations have neither. "They have no bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned." They are without a single human attribute. They exist but to extort. They are the embodiment of monopoly, above the law which brought them into being, and subordinate only to the will of their beneficiaries. The creations of thought and skill are monopolized by them. Progress is their slave. Invention, which would be a blessing to the whole people, monopolized by them, has almost become a curse. How can their power be broken?—Chicago Express.

A Matter of Interest.

Peter Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was strongly opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launch out into extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. Once, while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would like to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of three per cent per month. "Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked. "Because the broker will not negotiate bills for longer." "Well if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years." "Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be-borrower. "Certainly I am. I will discount your note for \$10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?" "Of course I will," said the merchant. "Very well," said Mr. Cooper, "sign this note for \$10,000 payable in three years and give me your check for \$800 and the transaction is complete." But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant. "You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for thirty six months, at three per cent per month, amounts to 108 per centum—or 108000—the note you pay check for \$800 just makes us even." The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.

Most farmers are familiar with the common mode of planting the various seeds, trees and flowers, but probably the idea of planting money has never struck them. Most of them have a hammering of setting down their cash, as it is called, by scattering it in barrels and under barn floors. But this is not the planting nor meant. Only sordid misers pursue this course. Money can be planted as well as cereals, roots and bulbs, and yield a profitable return, too. And the wise and prudent man will thus act. He will plant some of it in agricultural books and papers, which he will carefully peruse, and thoughtfully digest, and thus increase his capital stock of knowledge whereby he can extend his business, and increase his income, while at the same time it will be a fountain of enjoyment to him and his growing family. Then a portion of his wealth will be planted in adornments to his premises—his house, inside and out, which will not only be pleasing to those who inhabit them, but will afford gratification to those who travel the highway past his property. These adornments will produce refinement, and strengthen the moral and mental faculties, and bring about a feeling of contentment and consequently happiness. Try it, some of you, who spent hundreds of dollars for whiskey and tobacco, and thus set a bad example before your own children and your neighbors. Money is only valuable for the good it will do, and the comforts it will bring, and many of these can be secured by planting money, if it is planted properly.

In discussing the political corruption of the times, a little work in our own parties will probably do more good than work in the other party. If you go to a member of the other party and tell him how horribly corrupt his party is, and how much it needs reforming, he very probably will not believe you, and a discussion may arise which will be the reverse of profitable. But if you meet members of your own party and talk to them about the evils in the party, and about what you and they ought to do to remove those evils, you will at least pave the way for real reform.

TAKE plenty of exercise, and you can use your brain as much as you please.

Communications.

Jottings—Railroad Rates.

J. T. Cobb—I like your suggestion in regard to a Postal Card Department and I will try and send you one occasionally. It sometime happens that a thought or idea comes to us without any special effort on our part, the result of a combination of circumstances, perhaps, or is evolved by hearing from others expressions on the same subject or akin thereto, and it comes also, when we are not in shape to use them immediately, however rich they may be.

Such thoughts should be noted and preserved as the precious fruit of our mental natures for we may be sure the time will come when we will need them, and if they are not preserved, when wanted, we shall rack our brains in vain for their reproduction. This would naturally open the subject of scrap-books but the Postal Card Department can be made a valuable starting point.

A lady friend of mine has a blank book and pencil always at hand for noting just these things, and who can tell what such a book would be worth when filled with the richest of our own selves.

At the last session of our Pomona Grange the question of rates on railroads was under discussion, and one brother, (I do not know his name), after giving numerous instances where the local rates of certain railroads were out of all proportion with the through rates; or, between places where there was competition, in some instances being even double price or more, for one-half distance, crowded the whole into a single expression, showing the absurdity of the practice as follows: Said he, "I hope the time will come, when by legal enactment or otherwise a railway company can be made to charge less for leaving a loaded car than for hauling one."

E. N. BATES

Dorr, June 29, 1888.

Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange.

This Grange held its quarterly session with Montour Grange, at Scotts, in the south part of the county, on the Chicago and Grand Trunk R. R., June 7, and was the occasion of a very interesting time. Montour Grange had extended an invitation to the county Grange to hold its session with their Grange in their new hall and intimated that its dedication might be among ceremonies likely to occur.

Our arrival after a drive of fourteen miles through a beautiful and fertile country, was timely enough to become hours in advance of the W. M., and the interval was mostly spent in an examination of the building and fixtures. The building is 24x60 feet and two stories beside the basement which is of stone, and the size of the entire building. This room is well finished high and well lighted, and serves admirably for the purpose intended to-wit: a place of entertainment for the members of the Order and the guests of the Grange as will be fully acknowledged by the 200 stalwart patrons who were seated on this occasion to discuss the bounteous hospitalities of Montour Grange. The first floor is rented and used as a drug store, it is well and substantially finished ten feet between joints. We understand the proprietors are doing a prosperous business. We pass now to the upper story or hall of the Grange which is reached by a broad and easy flight of steps from the door in rear of the drug store opening to the street. Ascending the stairway we are landed in a convenient and tastefully arranged room fitted specially for one of the outer rooms or accompanying rooms to the hall proper and gentlemen's cloak room. The second room leads from the first and intended as the next step in the approach to the Grange hall and is elegantly fitted and arranged for the ladies dressing and cloak room. We now cross the inner gate unchallenged by Gate keeper or Steward for the W. M.'s seat is still vacant. This is the grand feature of the entire structure and most beautifully and appropriately it is finished and furnished and the decorations for the present occasion were elegant and tastefully arranged. The finishing is wainscoting in alternate blackwalnut and ash with hard finish walls. One of the most essential requisites to a good public hall is an abundance of clear but mellow light, few halls are better in this regard than this. The building itself occupies the most prominent corner lot in the rapidly growing and enterprising village of Scotts, with ample room for the protection of the faithful beasts, for whose comfort and protection all good patrons are finally pledged. This is to be the next order of improvement, and when this is completed will make this one of the most complete and best provided Granges in the State. The cost of the present building has been near two thousand dollars outside of a large amount of work generously contributed by many of the active and zealous members of the Grange. Altogether they may be congratulated on having a home of their own equal to any other

in comfort and convenience in the State.

The program as laid down for the day, arranged for a session of the county Grange in the forenoon. Recess for refreshments. Public dedication commenced at 2 o'clock P. M., followed by appropriate speeches from members of the Order and others outside the gates finished the day by resuming the session of the Pomona Grange, for essays, discussions, and so forth. Promptly at the hour assigned for the dedicating services Bro. Adams, W. M. of the Montour Grange, assembled the members of the Grange in the old hall from which they were marched to the new hall by Master of ceremonies, Bro. Milliman in accordance with the form prescribed by the Order, when Bro. Stephen Brown, First Master of the State Grange and since the Treasurer of it, proceeded to formally dedicate the hall and its accommodations to the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, and most faithfully and appropriately was the ceremony performed. There was not a jar or failure to properly perform the duty devolved on each member.

Too much praise cannot be showered on the members and officials of Montour Grange, for the manner in which they individually and collectively acquitted themselves. The ceremonies finished and the key duly placed in the custody of the gate keeper finished the work of dedicating. Congratulatory speeches were made by Bro. Brown the dedicating officer, Bro. Cox, Edmunds, Booth and your correspondent, the Lecturer of the county Grange and the W. M. declared the ceremonies ended.

A short session of the county Grange a fitting close and we were hied away to the basement to partake again of the bounteous hospitalities of our host in the form of ice cream and cake. Thus closed a day not soon to be forgotten by the Patrons of Kalamazoo County.

H. DALE ADAMS, Lecturer of Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange.

POSTAL JOTTINGS.

Come farmers, Grangers, every one, Who reads for fun or profit, Help fill this new department up, 'Twill pay in mind and pocket.

WISDOM FROM DR. HALL'S MAXIMS.

Good health is more valuable than all other earthly blessings.

Fear will sometimes excite a deadly attack of cholera in a few hours.

The more outdoor air and cheery sunshine a man can use, the longer will he live.

It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength, and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to all.

We should never forget that the immoderate use of anything is destructive to human health and life if persevered in.

Whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders disease.

The instant you are burned or scalded, place the part in cold water, this gives perfect relief in a second; then get some flour and cover the burned part completely, and let it remain till it gets well.

From an item we saw in an exchange we find the Bill covering a general revision of the game law after passing the House was killed in the Senate. The small boy who knew where and what to shoot last year will please take notice and govern himself accordingly.

It is said that "Men put things out of the way and women put things away." Are the processes different, an in what respect? Will some one answer? The old woman, blind and very poor, saw chinks where the light streamed in, when the neighbors were kind and replenished her scanty larder. What a lesson!

It has rained almost continuously for a week—and still it rains. Grass like turnips, is about 90 per cent water, and the outlook for making hay of such material with this weather is calculated to furnish the grumbling farmer with ample material to keep himself and his friends miserable for a week or two longer. Schoolcraft, June 28.

Four thousand bushels of strawberries went to Chicago on Friday night, and nearly 7,000 bushels were picked on Sunday, all of which were gathered on the lake shore, in Van Buren county, and shipped to Chicago. The wet weather of Monday and Tuesday delays picking, and many berries will be lost. No hopes for corn on low grounds. Stevensville, June 26. W. A. B.

I wish to say that two old residents of Prairie Ronde, I. C. Briggs and Albert Judson, live in Mills county, Iowa, but a few miles from Malvern, and had "G. L. S." called on them while in that county, he would have been entertained with true Western hospitality. I have been there and know. Bainbridge. S. A. WOODRUFF.

I am a cabbage raiser on a small scale, raising from 3,000 to 6,000 heads yearly. Since its destruction by the

green worm has made a ready market for it I have tried all the remedies published in the papers and recommended by friends all of which have failed. The only successful remedy I know of is high manuring with plenty of salt applied to the land and good cultivating. Grow them so fast and make them so solid that worms cannot keep up with them. T. L. WHITE, Girard, June 23, 1888.

"Experience is a dear school" yet farmers will not learn even there to properly care for their seed corn. The earliest and best ears should be selected and put in a dry place until winter sets in. When the corn should be stored in some place where it will not freeze severely, some place in the house is the safest. I think farmers generally know how to save their seed corn in good order and it is sheer carelessness or negligence that it is not done. Neither bran, lime, ashes, salt, pepper, ginger or snuff will kill cabbage worms out this year. D. W.

Here in northeastern Kent county, Michigan, June 29th, wheat what is left of it seems to be doing well now. About one-third was winter killed, but should the remainder of the season prove favorable, a fair crop may be harvested. Oats and grass are coming on nicely; corn from good seed and planted about May 20th, is four or five inches high and one-third of it cultivated. A large amount failed on account of poor seed; that which was replanted is just coming up. Rain, rain, too much of it for a month and more. Sheep shearing progressing slowly. Farmers expecting about 35c for best washed wool. KENT.

Newspaper reading has become one of the great vices of the age. All classes are becoming so addicted to the habit that business is frequently neglected and indolence is encouraged. Most newspaper reading is done hurriedly and with a distinct mental agreement with one's self that whatever is read shall straightway be forgotten. Moreover the great bulk of modern journalism is the thinnest gossip, utterly trashy and useless, and in many cases absolutely poisonous to the mind. Yet many business men devote from one to three hours to the steady perusal of the daily papers. Many of these most industrious newspaper readers have not read a book since they were boys in school. The only safe way for the reader is to confine his newspaper reading strictly to the most important dispatches and ignore all the rest.

Bengal Grange is booming—We are out of debt, and have nearly \$100 in the treasury—out of 13 Granges in the county Bengal is the only one that owns a hall of her own, that is paid for, and that she has built out of funds in the treasury, and have asked no one to give a dollar for that purpose. We are now putting in 84 feet of patent folding seats, and soon our floor will be covered with a \$75 carpet. We soon shall have comfortable sheds for horses so that when our friends come to visit us they can feel at home. We have suspended all jurisdiction between Bengal and every other Grange, and we say to all our citizens, far and near, go where you please, and they all with one accord say Bengal is pleasant here, why should I go elsewhere. COURTLAND HILL.

The commissioners of immigration in New York have just discovered that hundreds and even thousands of the immigrants arriving at that port are paupers, many of them crippled, aged, infirm and imbecile, all shipped here by foreign governments for the purpose of getting rid of them. These commissioners have had no suspicion of this before, it seems, although the newspaper press has been discussing it for a long time. They are now adopting plans for checking the evils just as though they could succeed in stopping it. It will be found that Congress, with all the power of the government will experience great difficulty in stopping this kind of immigration. Most of the arguments used by Eastern people to favor the free immigration of the Chinese can be applied with equal force in this case. PUBLIC.

There are many reasons to believe that the coming presidential contest will exhibit an extensive revolt against the ordinary political methods. A few years ago it was a common boast of good citizens that they never split their tickets. Now a large majority of voters are talking about their independence of parties. There is a general and unconcealed contempt of those who submit to being driven about in a political herd called a party. The petty caucus managers will soon find that their occupation is gone. Those who are best acquainted with the people at large, anticipate a condition of independence among voters that has never been known before in any country where the elective franchise is enjoyed. This must give rise to new methods and new problems in the minds of ambitious politicians. J.

Mr. Editor.—The first item in the column of Postal Jottings in the last VISITOR, it seems to me, makes a pretty wild statement that you endorse.

Now I want to know if you really think that no farmer knows how to save seed corn, for when you say that not one in ten thousand knows, you might as well say no one knows—Then if no one knows, who does? E. SHRIGLEY.

[We are called upon to make answer to the enquiry found in our Postal Jottings, in last VISITOR, in reference to seed corn, or who knows how to save it. Our readers may think Mr. Shrigley has got us in a tight place, but we think we can see a way out. At all events we shall try in the next number of the VISITOR. Ten thousand is a good many but we stick to it, that we don't believe one farmer in ten thousand knows how to save seed corn.—Ed.]

Gen. Crook has returned from his successful expedition against the Apaches in Mexico, bringing with him a large number of captives. The question now is how to dispose of them. Gen. Crook lays aside his usual good sense and insists that they shall be returned to the San Carlos reservation, where they can be fed and nourished by the government and armed anew for the slaughter of settlers. Secretary Teller refuses to admit them to the reservation, alleging that they are murderers and will stir up trouble on the reservation and will seize the first opportunity to start again on the warpath. Why in the name of common sense should these savages be turned loose at all? If they have committed murders why not have them tried and executed forthwith? If the government would only give up the Indian question into the hands of the frontier settlers, there would soon be a permanent solution of the problem. The true rule is that the only good Indian is a dead Indian and speedy annihilation is the humane as well as the just policy. JUSTICE.

Great indignation is expressed in the Eastern papers because large numbers of Irish paupers are unloaded at Castle Garden, having been transported to this country at the expense of the English government. It is felt that the few hundreds now arrived are merely the first drops of a continuous shower, that unless something is done soon to stop it the inmates of all the work-houses and almshouses in England and Ireland will be here to claim our hospitality. This is not the worst of the prospect. Italy and Switzerland have already begun to ship cargoes of paupers to this favored land, while Spain and all the South and far east of Europe are considering a similar enterprise as a speculation, recognizing the fact that transportation has been so far reduced that it is cheaper than the perpetual care of incapable. While we levy a prohibitive tariff on the most useful articles of merchandise, we are welcoming the importation of paupers, lunatics and idiots from the old world. Pauperism among the crowded nations of Europe prevails to an extent unknown in this country and the immigration of that class may increase with hardly any limit. READER.

THE Legislature has finally passed a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of this State, relating to the compensation of members of the Legislature; it also proposes to prohibit the use of free tickets or railroad passes by members while they are in office. If I remember rightly, a member at the beginning of the session, was laughed down and sneered at for offering a resolution to that effect. "They laugh best who laugh last," and this paper may be proud that it has done so much to form right opinion in regard to this matter. The public are beginning to realize the necessity of cutting off perquisites to Legislative and judicial officers. They may put up with it in Europe, but it is dangerous and unwise in an intelligent republic, whose voters desire to keep themselves free and their leaders pure. I notice that the salaries have been fixed high enough, so that there is no danger of losing by a long session. At the present wages, it would give a session of nearly eight months. However, there is time to discuss the question between now and November, 1884. G. L. S.

Questions. HERE are a few good and serious questions, for citizens of all parties and all parts of the country to think on and answer if they can: How many legislators are influenced by the contributions of corporations to their election expenses? How many judges are biased by their previous education as corporation lawyers? How many publishers of newspapers sell their influence for free passes, railroad advertising, and points in Wall street? How many are bribed with preferential rates? How many men are made rich and how many are made poor by these abuses?

SOUTHERN New Mexico is especially adapted to sheep-raising, and the business is growing with great rapidity. According to the census of 1880 there were then 10,000,000 sheep in the country, and it is estimated that this number has since increased to 30,000,000. Last year over 30,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped from the territory. The profits of the business are enormous.

Mr Collier's Pet Theory.

Commissioner Loring's and Prof. Collier's sorghum war will break out again soon. Commissioner Loring and his late chemist, Prof. Collier, have been simply resting on their arms preparatory to renewing their contest. Dr. Loring had a trifling advantage in April, when he summarily discharged the chemist. The latter expects to have complete vindication soon at more expert hands than Dr. Loring's. It is coming in the shape of a document now being printed at the Government Printing Office, and will be issued in a day or two. It is a pamphlet of 152 pages, containing the much-talked-of report of the National Academy of Science upon the whole question of sorghum raising for the manufacture of sugar.

This is the rock upon which Loring and Collier divided. Collier has always been an enthusiast on the subject. The amiable Commissioner, on taking up Le Duc's mantle, disclosed his intention of not being led astray as his predecessor had been by any hobbies, and became at once a foe to sorghum and Collier. From this has sprung the quarrel which for two years has agitated the Agricultural Department, disturbed Congress, and from present indications has only just begun. At its annual meeting in Philadelphia in November, 1881, the National Academy asked Prof. Collier to present his views on the sorghum question. He did it with all the fervor of a thorough believer. The learned academicians were struck with his theory of producing all the sugar for home consumption anywhere where sorghum could be raised. But they were disposed to doubt its feasibility. So a committee of chemists was appointed to investigate and report. It was made up of Prof. Silliman and Brewer of Yale College, Prof. Johnson, head of the Connecticut agricultural experimental station; Prof. Chandler, head of the chemical department of Columbia College, and J. Lawrence Smith of Louisiana, one of the most eminent of chemists and a member of the French Academy. A more capable committee could hardly have been selected.

Dr. Loring was then in Iowa. On his return he was asked to allow Prof. Collier to submit his experiments to the committee, together with the results which had been obtained. In January he consented to do so. So the investigation began and was continued through the winter. In the spring the committee arrived at its conclusions and drew up its report, which in April was submitted to Dr. Loring. It was far from pleasing him. In fact, as he expressed it, "The whole thing is a defense of my chemist and his ideas which are calculated to mislead the people." Nothing was done about having it published. Collier, however, was not without friends in Congress who were watching the little by and by. On July 7 Senator Windom introduced a resolution calling for the report. But it was not to be so easily obtained. Dr. Loring sent for the Secretary of the Academy, Prof. Newcomb of the Naval Observatory. He said that an examination of the report showed him that it was full of errors and inaccuracies, and if published would bring the academy into lasting ridicule and disgrace. In fine, as a friend to the Academy, he advised that it be immediately revised before an unappreciative public was allowed to examine its defects and poke fun at its errors.

This touching consideration for the reputation of the Academy convinced its Secretary that something was wrong, and on July 22 he withdrew the report for revision. It was sent again to the committee. They examined Dr. Loring's strictures, and found them unjust, and in many instances groundless. In order not to appear as advocates of Collier, they erased his name in some places and substituted "Chemist of the Department of Agriculture." Each member read the report again, and practically in the same words in which it had first been written it was again handed to Loring in November last. Here it was again unaccountably withheld until some of Collier's friends began to stir the matter up, and finally on Jan. 10 it was transmitted to the Senate with a letter from Loring, in which the delay was explained, on the ground that he had been waiting for the illustrations. As there are no illustrations in the book, and the committee never heard of any, this excuse is not self-explanatory.

The printing office at last has nearly finished this document. It is made up of three parts: 1—general review and sketch of the sorghum industry. 2—An analysis of Collier's six years' work at the Agricultural Department. 3—An appendix containing letters and showing with what success sorghum has been raised in various States for sugar. When the proofs were sent to Prof. Silliman to correct he was somewhat surprised to find that Part 2 had been entirely omitted, and Part 3 put in its place, thus making only two divisions. He wrote to Mr. Rounds, asking him what it meant. The reply came that all the manuscript furnished had been printed. Of course, Silliman had thus been emasculated. The Doctor responded that he had left Part 2, which, by a strange coincidence, happened to be that which endorsed the work of Collier.

Thus, in addition to these other vexations, the five Professors had to go to work and rewrite the missing portion and send it round for final approval. It seems now that their report will be forthcoming.

Collier can fairly be called the parent of the sorghum industry. He has made it a hobby, and whatever there is in it is fairly attributable to him. No one else in the Department of Agriculture has believed in it, and the Commissioner has called it foolishness, calculated to deceive and mislead. The committee seem to endorse Collier. On page 13 they say: "The attempts to manufacture sugar from sorghum on a scale of commercial importance were a failure up to the time when the Department of Agriculture took in hand, in its chemical division, the solution of the sugar problem."

Again on page 23: "The results obtained appear to this committee to possess a high value, in a material sense, to the nation. The work is also of high importance in its relation to existing industries, and especially to that of the cultivation of the sugar cane and sugar productions therefrom." Further on the committee refers to

Collier's work, which Dr. Loring says was false and misleading, in the following terms:

"The committee, after a careful examination of the analytical methods employed by the chemical division of Agriculture, find that they are entirely sufficient for the work to be done. These methods have been skillfully adapted to the character of the proximate constituents of the complex juices to be analyzed, and are among the best known to science. \* \* \* The care with which the methods for the determination of cane sugar have been tested, and the probable error determined, enlists our confidence. The reserve with which the chemist has refrained from accepting the results as conclusive, until by repetition and variation in the methods he had exhausted the means at his command to prove them to be erroneous, is in the true spirit of scientific research."

These experts give an idea of the reports. Coming from the National Academy of Science, it is regarded by Prof. Collier's friends as a complete vindication of him, and, therefore, a thorn in the side of the Commissioner. Collier is out of office, but he is fighting Loring with intense earnestness. When Congress meets the war will really begin. Collier has a strong political support. Loring has almost none. Of the New England Senators, those from Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are strong for Collier. As soon as he was removed in April Senator Edmunds telegraphed from California to the President expressing his disapproval. Senator Aldrich came on from Rhode Island in his behalf. Others exerted themselves in similar ways. Collier graduated at Yale and so is strong in Connecticut. He married into an influential Rhode Island family, and before coming here was professor at the University of Vermont. Besides, the great sorghum interest of the West is solid for him, and clamoring for Loring's removal. Just now nothing will be done, but when Congress meets the Department of Agriculture will receive a vigorous overhauling. There are other matters there which will bear investigation besides the removal of Collier.

The latter's friends will try to have him placed at the head of a sorghum commission, to continue still further his experiments. The Academy's report says: "The important work of the past four years at the Department of Agriculture, while it has made substantial additions to our former knowledge, leaves much to be accomplished in the same general direction."

On this suggestion, the New England Senators and those from the West, the agricultural press and the enemies of Loring, will make a push for Collier's continued experiments. In dismissing him the Commissioner seems to have done it in an immense service.—Chicago Tribune, June 8.

SPEAKING of the important principles settled by the supreme court last term, Chief Justice Waite said that the decision in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy case, and the Illinois Central case, involving the right of the State to regulate the rates over railroads might be considered by some as a victory for the Grangers, and therefore of interest in this section.

Grange Programs.

Something for every one to do, and a time in which it is to be done, is the secret of success in the planning and carrying out of Grange work. System is everywhere needed, and in Grange work will not be likely to be secured without a well devised program, full in detail and practicable. The best of plans need a skillful execution to secure desired results.

The first step is the plan or program which will give every one something to prepare for and do in an allotted time.

Grange programs are usually the work of the Grange Lecturer, and that officer should be well suited to the position and happy in being able to call to his aid the best ability in the Grange.

A well arranged program will call into activity all the members of the Grange to secure, 1st, interesting and attractive meetings that will bring out a good membership; and, 2nd, to cultivate and bring into exercise all the latent ability of the young and diffident members, making the Grange to them a school of instruction and training.

The fact that the Granges are more of them beginning to feel the want of programs and to employ them is a good proof of the progress being made each year. Many Granges have excellent programs well arranged and neatly printed, while others are contented with the old slip-shod, wooden mold-board style of work.

The program of Eden Grange, Lordsburg, O., is before us, and does credit to this Grange and the Order. It provides a highly enjoyable bill of fare for a meeting, each two weeks from April 14 to December 22, with committees and rules to carry out each feast. Capital Grange 540, of Michigan, has for several years had such a program, and the result has been the formation of a most excellent Grange—probably the largest and most successful in the State.

Three Granges in Peoria Co., Ill., have very complete and detailed plans for this year's meetings, printed in pamphlet form, and would be a credit to any organization. As a rule, our experience of many years in Grange work in 20 or more States has taught us that system is needed to secure the best results in the Grange field, and that those Granges universally do best that have well arranged programs faithfully carried out. Plan wisely and execute with fidelity, if you would succeed in Grange work.—Exchange.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

The next meeting of Berrien county Grange No. 1 will be held at Buchanan August 14th and 15th, and the following are the questions for discussion at said meeting:

"The benefits of necessity," introduced by Thos. Mars. "Shall we labor and vote in the interest of a Protective Tariff or for Free Trade?" by Freeman Franklin. Essay by Genie Mars.

JNO. CLARK, Lecturer of Co. Grange. Pipestone, June 14th, 1888.

Horticultural Department.

Entomology.

Information wanted in regard to certain insects that are making sad havoc on peach trees, causing leaves to curl and in many cases killing twigs three or four inches long.

I will endeavor to describe them. They look like what some call a spindle, just such a shape, about three-fourths of an inch long, with long black wings, some such a shape as the butterfly, but silky like the house fly, and a little black spot on each wing, about half way from the point.

The currant or gooseberry bushes should have been thinned out early in the spring, and ought to be clear of all grass or weeds with a good mulch of chip dirt placed around them.

pest is not easily detected until its destructive work is done, and the only way is to dig up the infested plants and burn them.

There is a small cricket that prefers to lay its eggs in the pith of the raspberry. The eggs are deposited in a neat row and the punctures so weaken the canes that they are easily broken off by the wind.

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Fruit Tree Culture.

1. Instead of "trimming up" trees according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-a-med, trim them down, so as to make them even, and symmetrical.

2. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface.

3. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

4. Prefer a well-pulverized, clean surface in an orchard, with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds and grass.

5. Remember it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish, than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

6. Remember that to acco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing fruit trees rapidly of small vermin.

Hot Water Cure for Sickly Plants. The Florist asks, Has any one tried hot water as a restorative for sickly plants?

The Florist asks, Has any one tried hot water as a restorative for sickly plants? and then proceeds to say that M. Willermoz some time since related that plants in pots may be restored to health by means of hot water.

Hot alum-water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil till it is all dissolved; then apply the solution hot to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places where any insects are found.

This will be a year when harvest apples won't contain any colic. The main thing will be to get the apples.

Brevities. Prof. Beal writes: "We ought to have an experiment station in our State; questions are continually arising that can only be solved by some one whose business it is to experiment."

Prof. Satterlee takes the ground that it pays fruit men to advertise at fairs by showing the fruit products of their localities. A district or locality which many have a surplus is thus brought in contact with the buyer, and again the competition for prizes educates as to what is valuable and what is not.

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The leading enemy to the raspberry is the orange rust. This is a parasitic fungus that grows within the substance of the leaves, and produces a large crop of orange colored spores or seeds upon the ruptured surface. This

grower of Ann Arbor, says: Honest packing is the key note to permanent success in market fruit culture. The man who wishes to make his mark and at the same time make money, will have every package—be it barrel, basket or box—as good at the bottom and in the middle as it is at the top.

Mr. Pearson, of Grand Rapids, says: "My practice has been to face my barrel with medium weight paper, and the largest nor smallest. Sometimes with two and again with only one layer; I pick the apples in a handled basket; that will easily slip into the barrel and turn over; then the barrel can be filled without bruising the fruit.

Mr. A. D. Healy concerning the same subject remarked the other day: "My view is to let a quart package hold a full quart; let a peck hold eight full quarts. Don't try to cheat, but be honest, and in the end it will pay handsomely. Above all things do not go to your cooper and order him to make your barrel one inch shorter or with an inch less bilge. Whatever the producer gains or seems to gain, is taken illegitimately, out of the consumer. Every packer of fruit should use a package upon which he is not afraid to put his name and address. A short package is not a good advertisement. There is a heap of dishonesty in packages sent out of western Michigan. Some factories which have no forms upon which to make full sizes because there is so slight a demand for them. I wish to enter my severest protest against such frauds. Clean packages with fine netting placed over the fruit to make it attractive sell the best in the market."

Mr. A. Brown writes common sense when he makes his pen say that "observing farmers and fruit growers are of the great army of insects which prey upon every bit of farm and orchard produce, but the aid of a scientific entomologist is indispensable in determining the habits and transformation of our insect enemies, and their parasites; and in elucidating the mysteries of the destructive diseases which are supposed to emanate from fungi and bacteria, which are so minute as to be invisible to the ordinary observer, we should have a State entomologist whose duties would not confine him to one locality. He should be on the wing, and subject to the call of every rural and local society, or of individuals in all parts of the State where his services might be required to meet and fight the enemy."

T. T. Lyon touched the same subject when he remarked recently that fifteen hundred millions of dollars are said to be wasted annually by insects. Horticulture is not alone interested in the control of these pests. Their ravages reach into every branch of life. Especially is agriculture its broadest definition interested in the knowledge of insects and methods of exterminating them. We ought all to unite in trying to secure not only the man who shall be an entomologist worthy of our State but also the where-withal to pay for his services.

A Visit to the Experiment Station at Geneva.

From the Palmyra Courier we take the report of a farmer who visited the State farm at Geneva, and saw the beginning of the season's work.

Having recently visited the State Agricultural Experiment station at Geneva, I give you a short description, thinking it may interest some of your readers. The farm is situated about one and a half miles northwest of the village, and occupies a commanding position overlooking the beautiful Seneca and its surroundings for miles in extent. The farm comprises 125 acres of good land, sloping very slightly to the south. The acreage is some what large than is needed for an institution of this kind, and the entire floor has been conveniently arranged into a series of rooms completely fitted up as laboratories, office, library and seed museum. In the basement was what every farmer should have, a well stocked workshop, containing an iron turning lathe and a portable forge. The barns and stables are well adapted to the wants of the place.

The entire cost to the State was \$25,000, and to-day the land alone is worth the sum of \$20,000. The annual appropriation of \$20,000 there was no surplus last year, for many expenses were incurred which will not again be necessary. The staff consists of a director, chemist, horticulturist and a stenographer, and a labor force averaging nine men. Four Jerseys and three horses are all the stock at present. The silo was a success and a third of its contents remain exposed to the air as an experiment. A spacious propagating house has been built and numbered for the purpose of growing the experimental plants. In the experimental plots nothing but peas, potatoes and some garden seeds as yet were planted. Last fall fifty kinds of wheat were sown. No seeds are sent out from the station but a great many are received from all parts of the country, as well as numerous implements, samples of phosphate and many other things. It is intended to take students at some future time, which will probably lighten the labor and expense. A report was submitted to the Legislature last year, but by some oversight it was not printed.

I had a long talk with Dr. Sturtevant, the director. In appearance and manner one would suppose that he was of Teutonic origin, and in fact, he is descended from the old Kluckerbocker stock. He is of medium size has a slight lip, and is, withal, a very pleasant man, full of enthusiasm, and of course a little visionary. He graduated at the Harvard medical school, but never practiced, and was editor of the Scientific Farmer during the brief period of that paper's existence, and had been a farmer at Framingham, near Boston. His salary is \$2,500 a year. He thinks amber cane is destined to be a leading industry, and that to bacco smoke is the surest remedy for the aphid.

In the register I noticed the name of Henry Alvord, of Houghton farm, and from Wayne county those of S. F. Peer and the late Henry Foster, and some others not so well known. The results

are not yet very definite, but it is hoped the establishment may prove of lasting benefit to the Empire State. H. E. SWEZEY. Marion, May 15, 1883.

The bearing of these observations seems to be important for the seed grower to consider. Thus, in growing seed beans, we must have our one variety apart from others in order to secure seed certainly true to the variety. Where many varieties are grown together we should anticipate obtaining seed of hybrid origin, and which would depart to a greater or less extent from the normal variety. This fact seems to be substantiated by the frequent recurrence of sports in beans planted for crop; sports which were often noted in garden than in field varieties.

The tomato grower, on the contrary, can grow many varieties upon the same plot, and he can expect to secure seed which shall remain true to name. The grower of cabbage seed must use the greatest care to keep his varieties separated in growing, and it is probable that this necessity for crossing, and the mixing of varieties by the use of grower, account for the difficulty in obtaining cabbage seed which is sure to grow, and which comes true to name in every case.

Pea vines of different sorts can be grown in adjoining rows, and there is a great probability that the seed gathered will come true in every case. In our varieties last year we noted little indications of sporting, and every seed sown seemed to come true to name. E. LEWIS STURTEVANT, Director.

Carp and Carp Culture.

The very general interest felt in fish culture, and especially in carp, justifies printing every scrap of information on the subject. In this view the following report from the fifth annual report to the Bureau of Land and Statistics of New Jersey, will be accepted gratefully by many readers. The paper is by Milton P. Pierce, Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioner.

The carp is partial to stagnant waters with a foamy or muddy bottom, rich in aquatic plants. They will live and thrive in water where most other fishes could not possibly exist, such as small pools in bog-meadows, or in localities affording no regular outlet. Of course it must not be expected that such waters will produce as good flavored fish as pure waters.

The carp subsists upon vegetables, and to some extent upon worms, larvae of aquatic insects, etc., which it turns up from the mud with its head, or gathers from aquatic plants. It will not refuse the offal of the kitchen, slaughter-houses, breweries, etc. It attains a rapid growth in warm waters. In a climate where the water freezes or becomes quite cold, they will hibernate by burrowing in the mud. This they generally do in groups of fifty or more. They select a deep place, and force their heads down until nothing but their tails are visible above the mud, and sometimes they disappear entirely. They group in concentric circles and remain immovable, scarcely raising their gills for the purpose of breathing. In this position they continue until the water becomes warm again, during which time they do not take a particle of food, and what is very remarkable during this hibernation they do not diminish in weight, but upon leaving their winter quarters at once commence feeding and increasing in weight.

The carp is a prolific breeder. A female carp weighing five pounds contains over five hundred eggs. In the Middle States it will probably commence spawning in May, while in the Southern States it will spawn earlier and continue later, and in the north vice versa.

When all the conditions are favorable, the growth of the carp is almost incredible. The age of the oldest carp taken have ever seen was three and a half years, and they weighed fourteen pounds each. They were of the "leaner" variety, and had never received a particle of artificial food, but had an ample pond, rich in natural food. The growth of carp, of course depends upon certain conditions. The best results are attained in small ponds of warm water, which of course are more rich in natural food supply than are large, deep, cold bodies of water.

Overstocking of ponds would be attended with the same results as the overstocking of pastures with cattle. Large, deep bodies of cold water, with stony or gravelly bottoms are not favorable to the successful growth of carp. Their growth will vary from year to year in the same waters, according as the season is a cold or a warm one, very much as farm crops will vary according to the season. The season has undoubtedly much to do with the food supply of waters. It has been practically demonstrated that the waters of this country are far richer in fish food than those of Europe.

To what age will carp live? How large will they grow? These are questions frequently asked. Those who choose to learn by experiment are advised to commence the propagation of carp plants, expecting to see them bloom. There are carp in some of the preserves in Austria known to be about 150 years old. There is an authentic record of a carp being taken which weighed ninety pounds, and numerous records of their weighing from seventy-five all the way down to thirty-five or forty pounds, the latter weight not being unusual. Carp known to be but fifteen years old have been taken weighing from forty-five to fifty pounds each, and even more in some few cases. A fifty pound carp is said to be about four feet in length by three in circumference.

I have not been able to obtain any data showing very accurately the number of pounds of carp which can be raised in a given area of water, but by a careful examination of all obtainable data, I find that their average growth in European ponds, in the latitude of New England is more than two pounds each annually. We may reasonably expect better results in this country, particularly in more southern latitudes. In Europe, hundreds of thousands of acres of the most fertile lands are devoted to carp culture, which is pretty positive proof that these areas are turned to the most profitable account. The propagation of carp, in Europe, is becoming universal and is prosecuted on every imaginable scale, from immense artificial lakes down to tanks holding but a few cubic feet. It is said that in China carp are reared to a great extent in ordinary wash-tubs, and fed with vegetable refuse.

An Enormous Leasehold.

The Cherokee nation, the most numerous and civilized tribe of Indians in the Southwest, numbering about 30,000, occupy the northeastern part of the Indian Territory, their reservation covering 5,900 square miles in addition to a strip along the north of the Territory stretching away to the west as far as the Texas Pan Handle. Some parts of the original reservation are now occupied by smaller tribes of Indians, like the Osages, which the Government has removed from other reservations and settled there in accordance with rights it reserved in its treaty with the Cherokees. There has been a good deal of trouble of late as to the use of this vast body of land, only a small portion of which could be utilized by its owners. Most of the surplus land has been let to stockmen for grazing purposes, so much a head being charged for the stock, and considerable trouble has been caused by illegal fencing in of large areas, and also by the difficulty of collecting the grazing tax in some cases. The principal occupiers of the land have been the stockmen composing the Cherokee Strip Live-Stock Association, and for some time this body has been eager to lease the entire surplus area, its chief competitor, real or apparent, being that monstrous monopoly, the Standard Oil Company.

The Cherokee Strip stretching west from the Osage reservation to the Texas Pan Handle, is 80 miles broad and 160 miles long, embracing an area of 9,600 square miles or over 6,000,000 acres—a tract as large as the State of New Hampshire. For this vast region the Cherokee Strip Live-Stock Association offered an annual rental of \$100,000, or a trifle less than \$10.50 per square mile; while the Standard Oil Company offered \$120,000. At the recent Cherokee Council, held at Taliqua, the capital of the Nation, the offer of the Strip Association was accepted, and a bill, the full text of which is now before us, was passed granting a five years' lease of all the occupied land of the Nation lying west of the Arkansas River, to E. M. Hewins, J. W. Hamilton, A. J. Day, S. Tuttle, M. A. Bennett, Ben S. Miller, A. Drumm, E. W. Payne and C. H. Eldred, directors in trust for the Cherokee Strip Live-Stock Association. The rental is renewable, but may be terminated on six months' notice, and the land should be sold by the Cherokees. Only such temporary structures as are absolutely required for grazing purposes are to be erected, and all such temporary "improvements," including corals and wire fences, are declared to be the property of the Nation. Provisions are also made for the strict preservation of the timber on the land. The rental is to be paid semi-annually in advance at Talliqua, in October and April, the first payment to be made next October. On failure to pay, or any other violation of the terms of the lease, the Principal Chief is authorized to declare it void. The rights of any tax license issued before the passage of the act, shall terminate on the date up to which he has paid. No person not a member of the Association is permitted to graze any kind of stock on any part of the Cherokee lands west of the Arkansas River without the consent of the Association, and the Principal Chief is authorized to remove all such intruders. The payment made by the Association are to be retained in the Cherokee treasury until the sum shall amount to \$300,000, when it shall be paid out "per capita" under direction of the National Council.

The act has been approved by Principal Chief Bushyhead, who will start in a few days to Washington to secure the approval of the lease from the Department of the Interior, whose approval is necessary to its validity. None but members of the the Association can graze stock on the lands, but at present any responsible stockman, whether he has 10 or 10,000 head of cattle, can become a member, and each member has one vote regardless of the number of cattle he may possess. As it takes about 20 acres to graze an animal the year round, not more than 300,000 cattle can be kept on this land, and probably not more than 250,000 will find abundant pasture. With this number on the range the annual cost of grazing would be only 40c per head; but the attendance and a liberal interest on the outlay for improvements might add 40c more. As the land is worth at least as much as the 5,000,000 acres in the Texas Pan Handle, lately granted to Chicago capitalists for building a \$1,500,000 State House at Austin, and which was sold the other day for \$10,000,000 to an English syndicate, the Cherokee Strip Association has evidently got an excellent bargain, as it pays only one per cent per annum on the capital. There are reports that the Standard Oil Company is in reality the chief party interested in the lease; and if this is true, it will not be easy to lose the grip on the land of that powerful and utterly unscrupulous monopoly.—Rural New Yorker.

A DECISION of considerable interest to enterprising settlers on the public domain has just been made by the Secretary of the Interior in the case of Plummer vs. Jackman, involving a title to 160 acres of valuable land near Bismarck, D. T. Jackman's claim to land was contested on the ground that he had not settled upon it in good faith, but to sell it on speculation, in violation of Second 2262 of the Revised Statutes. He took up the land at that particular point in anticipation that the Northern Pacific Railroad would cross the Missouri River there, in which case a town would be built, and this actually occurred. In his decision the Secretary says: "The statute referred to can not be construed to mean that persons going to the frontiers, or along the lines of projected railroads, and anticipating centers of population, shall not enjoy the benefit of their enterprise and foresight, though they believed their claims would become of great value on account of the proximity to villages or cities, or that villages or cities would be built upon such claims, and thereby enable them ultimately to realize large prices for such lands. This is not the 'speculation' the statute is intended to prohibit." This is just.

It is estimated that the Texas cattle drive this year will amount to about 175,000 head. Prices paid this spring in the southwestern part of the State are as follows: Yearlings \$12, 2-year-olds, \$15; 3's \$18, and 4's \$21. Comparatively few of the latter, however, will be put upon the market, as there are very few of that class in the state.

The Pacific Railroads.

The late Congress was among the staunchest friends that railway monopolists ever had. By virtue of non-compliance with contracts the Northern Pacific railroad alone forfeited 45 million acres of land. A resolution declaring this forfeiture was introduced in Congress and immediately referred to the Judiciary Committee. This committee consisted of fifteen members of which nine were Republicans and six Democrats. Instead of reporting the resolution at once, the majority in the committee forced adjournment from time to time, for what? The law on the subject was so plain as to preclude a single doubt. The lands were forfeited and the plain duty of the committee was to report the resolution declaring this forfeiture. But what do we witness? W. S. Dickenson, attorney and lobbyist for the Northern Pacific, McGowan, attorney and lobbyist for the Atlantic and Pacific, and Sherrill attorney and lobbyist for the Southern Pacific took Reed, of Maine, Humphreys of Wisconsin, McCoid, of Iowa, and other members of the committee in charge between sessions and after applying the necessary influences would telegraph each day to Jay Gould and other interested parties the result of their efforts. But finally the hour came for the committee to decide. Let the people witness how their servants in Congress sold out soul and body to the Pacific railroads and recorded themselves against the people regaining the millions of acres of public lands held by robbery and fraud. The following members of the committee reported against the resolution: Thos. B. Reed, of Maine, (r) Edwin Willets, of Michigan, (r) George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts, (r) J. F. Briggs, of New Hampshire, (r) H. L. Humphreys, of Wisconsin, (r) Ezra B. Taylor, of Ohio, (r) Moses A. McCoid, of Iowa, r. The members who recorded themselves for the people are as follows: J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, (d) N. J. Hammond, (d) David B. Culberson, of Texas (d) Van H. Manning, of Miss., (d) R. W. Townsend, of Illinois, (d) Lewis E. Payson, of Illinois, (r) Payson of Illinois it will be observed turned from his republican colleagues on the committee and made a patriotic stand for the people, but all in vain. The railroads had secured the consent of one and could laugh at the people's minority on the committee. If the constituencies of those eight members failed to rebuke them at the polls, it is to be hoped Congress will just continue plundering the people until they arouse from their lethargy and moral torpidity and hurl from power the men who only live to destroy. If good must come through evil let the intensity of the evil hasten the approach of the good.—Express.

Cheap Roof Protector.

A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead on the above subject says: There are a class of men scouring through central Illinois "painting" roofs of barns, corn-cribs, grain elevators, and the various kinds of metal roofs, and I know of no one who makes a coal-oil barrel out of this work of the pure property owners are supposed to have, being from 30 cents up to \$1 per square 10x10 feet. This "paint," which is nothing more than coal tar, is obtained from the cities where gas is made and does not cost more than \$2 to \$2.50, including the barrel. These men try to make believe that there is a great secret connected with mixing the "ingredients." The formula is this and it don't vary much: take a coal-oil barrel out of this work and fill to two gallons out, then go to the drug store and put in two gallons gasoline, bung the barrel tight. The huling home will thoroughly mix it, and when ready to use it, run into a bucket and add two double-handfuls of cement; stir this together and apply with a white-wash brush with a long handle.

Who working on roofs always wear rubber boots or shoes; these will take a better grip on shingles or board roofs than s'ockings. Apply during the dry time in summer months, and two coats. Many men have failed to find a benefit from using coal-tar alone, because it has a gummy nature and does not penetrate the wood, but with the above mixture the trouble of sealing off will be gone and a good slate-like coat will be left that will shed the water rapidly.

Use insect oil to clean your hands; this is best, although any grease will do. Don't put this on house floors where the rainwater is to be used for cooking purposes, as it leaves a disagreeable taste for a year or more. If the roof is old and leaky, have some old oyster cans, or any old tins, and make tin shingles, and slip them in the places.

The Growth of Trees in Catalogues.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus leteth himself out in something in some "fat" catalogue: "No body has the tree I want except in their catalogue, and then when I send for it, it dodges out of that. Does nobody keep it? Is there any such thing? Or is it a myth,—a mere arboreal sprite, without a local habitation, and only a name?" "I am told—but rapidly am coming to disbelieve—that it grows wild, in New Jersey, in Pennsylvania. Oh, if I were only true I might set a trap for one—or offer a premium—send an exploring expedition. But, no. It may exist as a Berkeleyian idea, but not in substance—wood, bark, leaf, and cone.

"Oh this bother about trees! When men have, at length, a hmoie, it is too small for trees. If a large enough ground exists the owner doesn't know anything about trees—doesn't care. If he does care he can't get them. Nobody—as they—except catalogues. If I could only make my trees grow as catalogues do! Frost don't blight nor heat burn them. They are gardens of Eden till you try them, and then they turn to barren wastes."

"Well! I feel better. "Sometimes or other don't you want a list of trees which prove hardy at Peekskill? After they have grown a few years I am going to advertise: that my grounds are open and at the service of all gentlemen who wish to see, in good size and condition, the more rare trees, and those which prove hardy. I have thirty species of pine."

We are never ruined by what we want, but by what we think we want.

Communications.

THE SINGING SCHOOLS WE USED TO HAVE.

BY T. MARTIN TOWNE.

The singing schools we used to have. Some forty years ago. We held them in the meeting-house. The deacons hired the teacher. They thought it at training folks to sing. Would surely aid the preacher.

Our pupils they were young and old. We'd often have a young man. And all were present every time. No matter if it thundered; The master knew his business too. "I tell you" he had skill; Melodies, Rhythmic, and Dynamics, He'd teach you with a will.

'Twas "Downward beat, and upward beat," With accent good and strong; And then 'twas down and left and up. We motioned out the song; Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,— The scale we'd sing so oft. In half notes, quarters, eighths, sixteenths, From loudest tones to soft.

And then we'd practice intervals, From eight to six or three; And often sing the letters, too, From A to F, or B; We'd drill upon the vowel sounds, A, E, I, O, and U. Forgetting not the consonants, To utter them so true.

Al! now the churches have no room For yearly singing schools, And so the people sing by rote, They cannot sing by rules; Perchance some teacher rents a hall, And starts a feeble class, But when he's paid the many bills, He's little left, alas!

And so he thinks to fill his purse By teaching in a week The art of reading notes at sight! Don't start, the truth I speak, 'Tis not a noble art, we say, And surely this is true; And knowing it, these teacher quacks Press on to fields anew.

In the Mountains of Utah.

BY F. HODGMAN.

The spot looked, if possible, more desolate than it did when we were there the spring before. Then there was a shepherd's camp near by and a great flock of sheep grazing on the plain. Now, nothing broke the silence of the desert save our own voices or the sharp bark of the coyote along the foot hills just at set of sun, and every night, long scattering, flocks of ravens passed over in their straggling flight toward the Cedar Mountains. The grim mountain tops on either side were covered deep with snow but the broad expanse of Castle Valley lay spread out before us as dry and bare as in midsummer. Herds of cattle almost wild grazed along the foothills and sometime during the day we would see them come trooping down in long files to the river for water. Sometimes we would see a solitary horseman, clad in leather garments galloping over the plain or clambering up the hillsides or silhouetted against the sky as he sat astride his horse upon some mountain-top, still as a statue, and gazing intently through his glass in search of the herds entrusted to his charge. A loose horse without bridle or halter, accompanies him bearing a pack in which are blankets, skillets, camp-kettles, flour, baking-powder, beef, salt and tea or coffee. With his outfit he rides alone week after week looking after his cattle which are scattered all over the country from the Wasatch mountains to the Green River.

He stops at night wherever he can find wood and water, and grass for his horses, and takes his noonday meal wherever he happens to be. The cattle were in fine order now, and made the finest beef I ever ate. Before leaving Clear Creek I had taken the precaution to procure from Tucker & Thomas a written order on their herdsmen for beef whenever we wanted it, and lest we might not meet him when we were in need I had permission to kill for myself beef out of their herds on condition of reporting to them the number and kind of cattle I killed. This order was of great use to me afterwards when I got farther down the canon. There were two parties of engineers in this field, my own and another which was at work above us bringing down the new line from Dead Horse crossing to the old line which I run the spring before by way of the Grassy Trail Creek. Parrish's party was already at work on the line down from Dead Horse and in a few days he had his line down to our camp. From this point on he was to follow our old line over the divide to the Grassy Trail Creek and thence down the creek to its junction with the Price River.

I was to follow the Price in its windings through the great canyon of the Cedar Mountains, to the same point and when the junction was made our party should be sent in, and the other would continue down the river through the Book Cliff canyon till they met a party coming up the river from the east, whose party would stay and complete the line from the mouth of the Grassy Trail Creek on? The work began to look attractive. As we pushed on down into the canyon, its walls began to take on the most wonderful and attractive forms. The weather was superb. We began to wish that such a job might last forever. "Boys" said I,

"we have got the longest and every way the most difficult line to run—which is as great a compliment as the Chief Engineer could pay us. Can we beat those fellows to the junction?" "We'll try it, and they have got to get right up and climb if we don't beat them," was the reply, and away we went.

The mountain walls rose higher and higher and more nearly vertical on the side of the valley, as we worked further toward the heart of the mountain range. The character of the rocks and the scenery was constantly changing. Now it was dull grey sandstone burnt with volcanic fires till its surface was fused and glazed so hard that a cold chisel would hardly mark it, and all scattered about were beautiful colored and highly polished pebbles, so hard that a file would not scratch them. After that the prevailing rock was a kind of pudding stone made up of millions of small pebbles, of various colors, cemented together into a solid mass many hundred feet in thickness. In one place a side canyon opened into the valley near our camp. It was two hundred feet deep and nearly filled for half a mile with boulders of this rock from the size of a barrel to that of a large house, all tumbled in together in dire confusion. The dry bed of a stream lay at its bottom coursing under and around those rocks. I followed it back to its summit, now squeezing between the boulders, now crawling along a dark cave underneath them, and revolver in hand keeping a good look out for any bear or mountain lion which might be lurking there. It was a wild toilsome, exciting trip and I was heartily glad when after an hour's hard labor I found myself standing on the summit of the mountain with all the crags and rocks below and spread out before me. We called it the Thunder-bolt canyon. Near by was the great stone elephant—the most remarkable natural curiosity I saw in the west. We camped beside it for over a week. It was a great rock jutting out from the base of the mountain, into the valley and worn by the elements into almost the exact form of an immense elephant. It was of the same conglomerate rock I have mentioned, and had the form of trunk, head, eyes, ears, fore-legs and body nearly as perfect as if chiseled by the hand of a sculptor. No aid whatever is required from the imagination to see the resemblance, and it makes not the least difference from what direction it is viewed, no one could mistake it. Right back of it rises a tall mountain peak. On Christmas day we all climbed the peak and built a tall monument of loose flat rocks upon its highest point. In it we placed a record of the party and the date, and chiseling the name upon the topmost rock we called the mountain Christmas Peak. A few miles further on we left the conglomerate and entered a region where the prevailing rocks are of sandstone of various colors mostly of a very delicate purplish tint of grey when freshly broken, but assuming a bright red color after exposure. We first found them at the "Ribbon Rocks," where a cliff juts out into the valley with vertical sides, and the upper strata projecting like a cornice and made up of horizontal layers of alternately red and yellow rock, whose bright colors resembled streamers of parti-colored ribbons floating in the air. Further on, the walls of the canyon took on architectural forms and for a distance of six miles resembled the pictures I have seen of ancient cities only no work of man's hand was ever so beautiful and grand. We called it the Eternal City. The canyon of the Price made the principal street while side canyons coming in at short intervals, on either side resembled the cross streets of the city. The whole valley seemed lined with great buildings of a brick red color, with columns, porticoes, cornices, balconies and towers in almost inconceivable variety and beauty and sublime in the grandeur of their vast proportions. One of these rocks was about 100 feet wide 300 long and from 150 to 200 feet high. It stood out entirely separate from the mountain, across the mouth of a large side canon. Its walls were either vertical or overhanging and unless one had a balloon or a ladder more than a hundred feet long its summit could not be reached. It looked like some great bank building. On the side toward the mountain was a series of hieroglyphic markings done with some kind of paint. They resembled a series of pillars connected with arches, eight in number and all connected by one large arch sweeping over the top of all. They were at least sixty feet above the ground inaccessible from below and where the rock overhung so much that if a man had hung down by a rope from the top he would have swung at least a dozen feet away from the markings. How came they there? I explored the side canon back of this rock for a long distance and found the rocks marked in a great many places in a similar manner. It was evidently done with some kind of paint and being always under the overhanging rock where it is perfectly dry and sheltered from both sun and storm it has lasted for nobody knows how long. The first morning after we camped there as we went out to our work we found in the path we had made the day before the fresh track of a mountain lion. It was like any cat track only so large that when I stepped down to measure it with my hand, the hand would not

cover more than two-thirds of the track. It was as large as the largest horsetrack I ever saw. We never met the fellow who made it, though we would all have been glad to have got a sight of him at a safe distance. Bears, mountain lions and lynxes were plenty in that region, and it was a little remarkable that although I was out alone a great deal of the time prospecting along the line and among the mountains I never happened to meet one of these animals. I always went armed and prepared either to fight or run away as the case demanded if I did see one of these fellows.

The Grange Visitor—Outspoken and Independent.

The more I read the VISITOR the better I like it. Not only does it advocate the principles of our noble Order, but teaches men in all branches of industry to be economical and industrious, and always live within your means. It teaches the true mode of settling difficulties between man and man by arbitration, which alone is worth more to the nation than the Grange has ever cost. But the best of all is the firm and fearless manner in which it attacks error and wrong, in high places or low, of whatever creed or party. I rather suspect that all the managers of the paper are Republicans but when they see dishonesty or trickery in the Republican ranks, or in the Legislature, they spare no pains to expose the crookedness and hold the perpetrators up to ridicule. One Thomas J. Hiller a pretended lawyer, undertook to show the manager and readers of the VISITOR that justices of the peace, chosen from among the people, were ignorant blatherskites, who were not honest enough, nor did they know enough, to render a judgment according to equity. As though a jury could not give just as a verdict, in a justice court, as a jury made up of the same class of men, could in a court of record. But Secretary Cobb has combed him down so well, that I think if he has any brains left, he may become a wiser man. And next comes our Brother David Woodman, who gives the Legislature a scathing rebuke, for not submitting the question of prohibition, to the people—a measure which many of the members pledged their sacred honor to support. But when the bill came up for final action, the whiskey ring roped them in, and they voted "Nay." This shows how little the Legislature cares for the people, or even for their own pledges. The combined unbroken "Liquor Dealers Association" has more influence over the Legislature, than all the Granges and farmers in the State. But I am glad that we have a few men, even among the farmers, who begin to see their rights and dare defend them. And now comes a blatherskite from the Michigan University—Prof. A. Winchell who has been educated at the public expense, and goes about the country, telling other people what he does not know himself. And as he has been educated at the expense of the State, he looked down with disdain upon the poor Grangers, who are trying to educate themselves and to lift the American farmers to honorable positions among men. He speaks in the most contemptible terms of Grangers whom he ignorantly calls communists, that are seeking to pervert our free institutions and to undermine the republic. Our Worthy Secretary has given him a good rap on the head where his brains ought to be, and then, "Reader" comes up and hits him again straight from the shoulder. But there is one thing in "Reader" I do not like—he signs a fictitious name—a man that can write as he can against blatant idiosyncrasy in high places, should not be ashamed of his name. This same Prof. Winchell came into Clinton county a year ago, and delivered two lectures at St. Johns, on the "Decay of Worlds." In these lectures he assumed all the infidelity of Bob Ingersoll, without having one-half the wit that Bob has got. He told his audience that the whole universe was on the way to ruin, and no power could stay the desolation. He said the earth was traveling through a resisting medium, that constantly retarded its progress, that each revolution in its orbit was growing shorter and shorter, and that ultimately it would plunge into the fiery billows of the sun, like a frog into its aqueous home. The sun governed by the same law, was running the same mad career, and its certain ruin was only a question of time. The same was true of every world in space. Most of his audience listened with open mouth to this vile insult to their Maker, but I could not, and wrote a criticism on his lectures for the county papers, and challenged the Professor to show a single instance in the domain of God, where a comet, asteroid, satellite, planet, sun or system had ever been destroyed, or even showed any symptoms of decay. A copy was sent to the Professor, that he might reply, but I presume he thought, that I was only a Granger, and not worthy of his notice.

Twenty years ago it would have been thought incredible that a farmer from the plow should criticize the acts and expose the evil deeds of Congress or the Legislature, or dispute the sayings

of learned professors in the pulpit or on the farm. And there is no better evidence of the success of our noble Order, than the fact that wherever our principles are felt there we find independent men, independent thinkers, and independent voters. And the GRANGE VISITOR is one of the grandest motors, in effecting this noble work, and lifting men and women to a higher manhood and womanhood. CORTLAND HILL.

A Word of Praise.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"What bitter weather we are having!" remarked Horace Leslie to his partner as they left their office together one cold evening in December.

"Yes," answered Earnest Clay, "and we can't be too thankful that we both have pleasant homes to go to, where a warm fire and bright smiles are waiting for us. We are not rich men, but we have much to make us happy. Multiply the bachelors! A man doesn't know what real comfort is until he gets a good wife."

Leslie said nothing, he was tired and out of spirits. He wondered how Clay could be so perpetually good humored, and how he could be so stupid as to imagine that because he had a good wife every other married man was alike blessed.

"Let's turn in here," said Clay, stopping at the door of a large fruit store, "I want to buy Molly some Malaga grapes. She is very fond of them and I indulge her occasionally. You'd better get some for your wife too."

"I had been a long time since Horace Leslie had paid his wife any such loving attention, and he smiled a little grimly at Clay's suggestion, but nevertheless he bought the grapes for appearance's sake, not caring to have his partner imagine that Mrs. Leslie was at all neglected.

A few blocks further on the two men separated, and as Leslie went up the steps of his own house he muttered: "A smiling wife and a cheerful home, what an Eden it would be, but I must not expect impossibilities. The light went out of Caroline's face when I lost my property, and I don't suppose anything but a new fortune could bring it back."

He unlocked the door with his night key and entered the hall. The gas was lighted but had been turned down so low that Leslie could scarcely see to remove his overcoat and muller. "Very bright here!" he muttered. "I wonder if Clay's wife economizes on gas as mine does."

He left the grapes on the shelf of the hat-rack and pushed open the door of the sitting room. His wife was sitting at the table sewing. She glanced up as he entered, but did not speak. Laying aside her work she began to make preparations for supper. She looked tired and worn, and moved about with a weary step. Ever since her husband had lost his property she had done the work of the house herself.

"Come," she said at last, setting the chairs at table. Leslie took his seat without a word. His brow was clouded and he kept his eyes on his plate. He was thinking how, in all probability, Clay had been welcomed to his home; but it did not occur to him to draw any comparison between his own manner and that of his partner.

As he sat there, the rolls light and white, the oysters prepared as he liked them best, and by his side a small saucer of the sweet pickle he particularly fancied, yet Leslie uttered no word of approval or praise. He ate in silence, and his wife leaned back wearily in her chair and watched him, quick to notice when his cup was out, and ready to hand him the bread as he desired it.

He looked up once tempted to ask why she did not eat, but her face was so repellent, that fearing an irritated reply he did not put the question. As his chair back his wife began clattering off the table. She cried all the dishes into the kitchen and covered the table with a red cloth, arranged the drop-light, and then went out, closing the door after her.

A few minutes later Leslie heard her talking to some one. Curious to know who it could be he opened the door and looked in. A little boy was standing by the stove, a pale, pinched, hungry-looking child, with shoes full of holes and filthy clothing torn and soiled. In one grimy red hand, he held a copy of an evening paper, which he was asking Mrs. Leslie to buy.

"We don't want your paper," said Leslie, who had worked himself into a bad humor with everybody and everything, "and we don't want you. Get out of this and don't come crawling into our back yard again after dark."

The child with a frightened look, prepared to obey the command, and was slipping out of the door when he was stopped by Mrs. Leslie. "I will buy a paper," she said, in a firm decided tone. "You look cold and hungry. Take that seat at the table; there are some oysters which I should have thrown away, and here is some bread."

She pushed the boy into the seat as she spoke, and pushed the oysters and bread to him. He glanced timidly at Mr. Leslie, as if waiting for his permission to eat, but that gentleman turned away, and with an angry look went back into the dining room, closing the door behind him.

Mrs. Leslie came into the room a moment later to bring some coal for the grate, and under her arm was the paper she had just bought. She re-pressed the fire and went out again, not noticing that the paper had fallen to the floor.

More for want of something else to do than for any other reason, Mr. Leslie picked it up and opened it. The first words on which his eyes fell were "Husbands, praise your wives," the heading of a short article copied from an eastern journal. "Hump!" he muttered. "I wish I could find occasion to praise Caroline."

ment of this sort, and she is made no only happier by receiving it. The wise husband praises his wife, and thus secure her gratitude and esteem. The man who lets his wife go heart hungry makes a great mistake. It doesn't pay. He will probably live to be sorry for it. Think a while how much your wife does for you. She mends your clothes, attends to your small and large comforts, and prepares all the little delicacies you so enjoy at the table. Surely the least you can do is to thank her. Don't let her work for you year after year like a mule or a slave, without any acknowledgement of her faithfulness and love. A true woman would rather have the praise of her husband than the worship of kings. She has her troubles and annoyances that you know nothing about. Make her life as easy as you can. If you only choose to look for it you can find plenty to praise her for."

Horace Leslie read no further. He felt relieved for his muttered speech of a few moments before to the effect that Caroline deserved praise for her doing. She had worked hard for five years and during that time he had never experienced the least neglect of any of his little home comforts. He had never found a button off nor a hole in his socks. No matter what she had been doing, she had never been too busy or too tired to wait on him. His clothes had been brushed regularly every day, and his dressing gown and slippers had always been ready for him by the fire on his return home in the evening. Caroline had even insisted on building the fire in the morning, and had spared him in every way. He remembered these things now and many others of a like nature.

The article he had just read had jogged his memory very severely, and he felt worried and guilty. He could not recall a time since the loss of his property when he had praised his wife.

He had taken her industry and frugality as a matter of course. She had never complained, never reproached him, but had grown more silent, more reserved, and colder every day. Perhaps the wall that had grown up between them had been as much his work as hers. He wondered if there was aught of the old time love for him still in her heart, or if she was actuated by duty alone in her attention to his creature comforts. The article he had just read had almost persuaded him that he had made a mistake in withholding that word of praise. But perhaps it was not too late to mend matters. He would try the experiment anyhow.

He grew quite anxious for his wife to come in. He heard her still talking to the child, and wished very heartily that the little boy would go away.

Half an hour passed and he could restrain his impatience no longer. He was about to go into the kitchen to seek her when the door opened, and Mrs. Leslie came quietly in.

She took her work-basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking to or glancing at her husband, began to sew.

The expression of his wife's face did not give Leslie much encouragement to enter on the new work upon which he had decided. He had to struggle with himself before he could conquer his moody, accusing spirit. He thought of many things to say, yet not one suited him exactly.

At last, however, he leaned toward her and said in a voice as gentle as he could make it: "You were very kind to that little beggar, Carrie."

Mrs. Leslie made no reply, but her husband did not fail to notice the look of surprise which flitted over her face, and the relaxing of the hard lines about her mouth. Perhaps she was as much surprised at his use of the abbreviation of her name as at his words of praise. One was as unusual as the other.

"You have a kind heart for the poor," continued Leslie, finding it easier to go on now that he had broken the ice, and rather enjoying the novelty of sensation of praising his wife. "I wish I had even half your charity. I could be a better man. I dare say, now, you hunted up something warm to put around that child, and a better pair of shoes. You are unselfish enough to go barefoot yourself if it was necessary in order to help another."

"Am I?" Mrs. Leslie's voice was low and dusky. She bent her face closer yet over her work, but her husband saw that she plied her needle very unsteadily.

"Yes, Carrie," he answered softly, "and I appreciate your struggles of the past five years. Had it not been for your industry and economy I should never have been able to struggle along at all. But the dark days are, I hope, almost over for us. My business is growing steadily better, and there is a bright outlook for even greater success. There is no necessity for you continuing to work so hard. You are always busy, and he laid his hand on the night in her lap. "Lay it aside for tonight, my dear. For I want the uninterrupted benefit of your society, and I have brought you a little treat."

He went out in the hall as he said the last words, and returned with the grapes, which he put beside his wife on the table. To his surprise she was sobbing bitterly, her face covered with her hands.

"Carrie, darling," he said, stooping down and kissing her. "Have I said anything to wound you?" "No, no," answered Mrs. Leslie, raising her face, "but I cannot bear your praise. It effects me unaccountably. I—I am not—used to it," and her ears began to tingle again. "I thought you did not appreciate me, and it made me feel hard and bitter. I know I had not done my duty in many things, but it was so hard—"

"Yes, yes, Carrie, I understand. But forget it all now, dear. We will turn over a new leaf and begin over again. I have been more to blame than you, but I see now where my mistake was. Let me see the sunshine on your face as of old, Carrie, and I shall be a different man."

Then sitting down beside her told her of the article he had read in the paper the little boy had brought, and how it had shown his conduct to him in a new and different light, and had pointed out clearly the mistake he had made in never uttering a word of praise.

which had not looked so bright to them for many years. "The little boy's mother died three months ago, Horace," said Mrs. Leslie, when her husband rose to lock up the house for the night, "and he is homeless and forlorn. I made him take a bath, and put him to bed in the room over the kitchen. To-morrow I shall make an effort to get him into the orphan's home. I feel that I cannot do too much for him, Horace, for if he had not brought that paper in, he should not have been so happy to-night! Ah! how little I imagined I was ever to bring an angel unawares!" —The Household.

The following excellent compendium of what a house of worship should be is from an English paper: "Free from all draughts; free from all delusions, free from all false doctrine, free to all men, and free from all debt."

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM KALAMAZOO. TIME-TABLE—MAY 15, 1882. WESTWARD.

Table with columns: Accommodation leaves, Evening Express, Pacific Express, Day Express, American Express, and arrival times.

Table with columns: Night Express, Accommodation, Mail, New York Express, and Atlantic Express, and arrival times.

New York, Atlantic and Pacific Expresses daily. Evening Express west and Night Express east daily except Saturdays. All other trains daily except Sundays.

J. A. GIBBS, General Freight Agent, Chicago, Ill. O. W. ROULES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R. Passenger Time Table.

Table with columns: Stations, No. 1, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7, and times for various routes.

GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Stations, No. 2, No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, and times for various routes.

No. 5 leaves Cincinnati and No. 8 leaves Mackinac City daily, except Saturday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

L. S. & M. S. R. R. KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: Stations, NY & ON V & B, and times for various routes.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Stations, NY & ON V & B, and times for various routes.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK R. R. Corrected Time-Table—April 22, 1883.

Table with columns: Stations, No. 2, No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, and times for various routes.

TRAINS EASTWARD.

Table with columns: Stations, No. 1, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7, and times for various routes.

All trains run by Chicago time. No. 3 runs daily, except Saturday. All other trains daily, except Sunday. Trains stop for passengers only when signaled.

Ladies' Department.

DAN'S WIFE.

BY KATE TENNANT WOODS.

Up in early morning light, Sweeping, dusting, setting right, Oiling all the household springs, Sewing buttons, trying trims, Telling Bridget what to do, Mending rips in Johnny's shoe, Running up and down the stair, Tying baby in his chair, Cutting meat and spreading bread, Dishing out so much per head, Eating as she can, by chance, Giving husband kindly glance, Toiling, working, busy life, Smart woman, Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night, Home so cheerful, neat and bright, Children meet him at the door, Pull him in and look him over, Wife asks how the work has gone, "Busy times with us at home!" Supper done—Dan reads with ease, None to worry or to tease, Children must be put to bed— And the little prayers are said, Little shoes are placed in rows, Bad clothes tucked o'er little toes, Busy, noisy waking life, Tired woman, Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep, See the woman softly creep, Baby rests at last, poor dear, Not a word her heart to cheer, Mending basket full to top— Stockings, shirts and little frock— Tired eyes and wearied brain, Side with darting, ugly pain— "Never mind," "I'll pass away," She must work, but never play, Closed piano, unused books, Done the walks to cozy nooks, Brightness faded out of life, Saddened woman, Dan's wife.

Up stairs, toasing to and fro, Fever holds the woman low; Children wander, free to play, When and where they will to-day, Bridget loiter—dinner's cold, Dan looks anxious, cross and old; Household screws are out of place, Lacking one dear patient face; Steady hands—so weak, but true— Hands that know just what to do, Never knowing rest or play, Folded now—and laid away, Work of six on one short life, Shattered woman, Dan's wife.

A Trip Across the Country.

Such an unusual occurrence, three numbers of the VISITOR, and not a contribution to the Ladies' Department. Sisters, this state of affairs ought not to be, and yet perhaps you have all thought that some one else with more leisure and inclination, and more material, wherewith to write up an article would fill their columns. This is my plea for not writing, and to, I thought perhaps Bro. Cobb had sufficient articles in reserve to supply the demand when new contributions failed to make their appearance.

But this morning I will take up my pen to write something to fill up space and hold the columns assigned to us until others get time to write something of more importance. We have all been in the same dilemma, the hurry-scurry of house-cleaning, and extra work and tired feelings, but it seems to me there will be a little leisure and respite before harvest time, in which to redeem our credit in the makeup of the VISITOR, as workers in this noble cause. But let me say, if my article is too long, had does not indicate much deep earnest thought or preparation, just read what you care to of it, and let the rest go without reading. I imagine there will not be a great loss on your part. It has been said that "one never knows what they will write when first they touch pen to paper."

In years past there has been a great lack of social interest, and sympathy, among farmer's families. Some men owned so much land all around them that the nearest neighbor lived at quite a distance. Others thought they had so much to do, clearing up new and securing comfortable homes that there was no time to visit and take recreation and did not go from home only on business or of a necessity. But this state of affairs is a thing of the past, thanks to the Grange movement and the Patrons of Husbandry seem like brothers and sisters of one large family, and there is a strong bond of sympathy existing between them and though often separated by many miles, the reunion and mingling together is of frequent occurrence. Visiting among farmers' families is exceedingly pleasant and profitable. We gain new ideas and fresh inspiration, and often find out an easier and better way of farming and managing household affairs. We can be of mutual benefit to each other. If we think we have a better way or have some modern convenience to lighten work, we can make suggestions and tell our method of doing work and thus help on the improvement already begun in the rural districts. How many times in our life we get the idea that we work harder than any one else; that we have cares, trials, responsibilities and burdens to carry more than falls to the common lot of humanity or that our lives are monotonous in the extreme. It is well at such times to go from home and see how other people live and learn a lesson of patience. There are those who meat and drink (so to speak) is intense suffering, loss of friends, or enduring innate selfishness and cross words or looks from those who ought to bestow only love and kindness. Then our trials which we have so magnified, sometimes almost to unhappiness sink into insignificance and we come back to our homes better

satisfied with life, take up our duties more cheerfully, and go on our way rejoicing, enduring etc. Endorsing the Sentiments I have already written that it is both pleasant and profitable to visit among farmers, I will tell you how I put my theory into practice.

On the morning of June 13, my husband and myself started out on a trip across the country with the objective point to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sexton, of Marion Township, Livingston County. It was a delightful day, cool yet sunny, and we rode leisurely along making comments on the crops, fences, residences and manner of cultivating farms sometimes criticising the lack of judgment and good taste of the different premises we passed. For instance placing barns, corn-cribs, and pig-pens in too close proximity to the house or in such a manner as to obstruct the view and hide the house, and I found myself sometimes wondering if there was a house at all belonging to that farm. I never like to see the barn in such a position that one comes to it first when riding along the road. Then we often found what would be very nice looking premises were it not that every old machine, farm implement, old worn-out wagon, broken down cart, fence posts, pile of rails, or wood pile lumbered up the yard, road side and even door yard in front of the house; and thistles and briars made luxuriant growth, and foul weeds ornamented the surroundings; fence corners were filled with apple tree brush or oak bushes in abundance. I think the term shiftlessness would be the proper term to apply to such management, and it is one of the blessings I have to be thankful for that my days are not spent amid such surroundings. Then there are others who cut down every tree of nature's growth, and set out locust or poplar, which are so obnoxious on account of their continuous sprouting, or else they seem to begrudge the soil that a tree occupies, and have no trees. Sometimes they spend a little time setting out a few sickly evergreens which only live a few months and die, and remain there as relics of futile efforts. But there are many beautiful homes all along the way, large commodious houses, finished outside in modern style, with well kept lawns in front, beautiful maples, walnuts, chestnuts, and thirly evergreens, plenty of fruit trees of all different varieties. Large, well made and nicely painted barns adorn the back ground, outbuildings in the rear of the premises, and windmills of great variety and convenience are the rule, not exception.

Surely there is a vast improvement going on all through the rural district, and I verily believe we ought to ascribe a large share of the praise to Grange influences. Although too large a percent of the farmer's families are still outside of the Order, yet they feel the influence and it has worked wonders in the improvement of houses, barns and fences, and premises generally. One man don't like to see another going ahead of him in making his home attractive, and so it is a continual strife, which shall excel, and it is laudable, and I hope the strife will continue till what was once so unsightly will become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

We rode alongside of some of the beautiful lakes which dot Oakland county, and around swamps and marshes, and traveled many miles out of direct line on account of them, and I think the original surveyors and road makers had this idea in view, "The longest way round is the surest way home." But here is another improvement, many of the low lands and marshes are being drained and utilized, and fine crops are now growing on the unsightly places which once only seemed fit to hold the world together. We saw a large breadth of wheat growing, some of it very nice indeed, more fields of good wheat than poor, and if nothing happens before harvest there will be an abundant yield of grain. I saw so many fields of clover beautiful to look upon, and a promise of a great hay crop and in some instances cows and horses wading in rank pasturage up to their eyes and if they are not sleek and fat, and the flow of good rich milk abundant the pasturage is not at fault. Of the corn I need not speak as it is the same all through this section. Frequent rains, wet ground, cold backward season, and poor seed corn, hence a poor show for an abundant crop, I should say almost a failure in some localities. We drove up to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sexton about tea time and met with a hearty welcome. They have a farm of ten hundred acres which was the old homestead and where Mr. S. has lived nearly all his life. He deals extensively in the notable Holstein Cattle, I think he has thirty, and they are real beauties. They are such sleek clean looking animals of positive color, white and black, so gentle and give something less than a barrel of milk each. I understood him to say he had two cows that gave daily, each 63 lbs. of milk. They milk 14 cows and dispose of the cream at the creamery recently established at Howell three miles from there. A man comes for the cream and skins it too. They use the Fair Limb can system furnished by the creamery firm. But I am just egotistical enough to say I do not think it equal to the Mosely Cabinet creamery system of cooling milk and raising cream. We found our friends surrounded with a great

amount of work and care and responsibility, yet they employ plenty of help to do the work. They have no children of their own but have two adopted ones, a girl lately married and a boy ten years old. I hope he will grow up a blessing, and a comfort to his foster parents and help them on their journey on the down grade of life. Mr. and Mrs. S. do not confine themselves closely at home, I have met them five years in succession at the State Grange. I was pleased to find this a christian home, and then they have so many cares and responsibilities and different temperaments to deal with, young men and boys to oversee and plan for, yet they do not depend upon their own wisdom and strength but seek that which comes from above and as Mrs. S. read the scriptural morning lesson and we all knelt around the family altar and he lifted his voice in prayer asking for wisdom, guidance, and protection in the affairs of the day, the thought occurred to me, who can tell the power of the influence of the united heads of this family over these young men and boys? Who knows but they will become truer, and better men and a power in society for the kindness and religious influence brought to bear upon them while employed here? Who can estimate the good which may come back to them in after years?

We spent next day talking and looking around the premises and after tea drove over to Mr. Horgus two miles from there. They are particular friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sexton. Mr. H. is lecturer of Howell Grange. We soon became acquainted and talked fast and earnest and all because we were of the Grange family. Mrs. Horgus is a great lover of flowers and cultivates them in great variety and profusion and has many rare specimens.

On the morning of the 15th we bid our friends good by, and turned our faces homeward feeling refreshed, cheered, rested and benefited by the visit and social interchange of feeling, and how many pleasant things to think of connected with our trip.

We came back by way of what was once the plank road from Detroit to Lansing. But what a change since the railroads have intersected the route. Formerly there was a line of six and seven stage coaches passing over this road daily, now the grass is growing in the road in many places and the little villages scattered here and there which once betokened so much life and activity now seem dead, buildings dilapidated and the country has such a tumbled down look. The hotel keepers do not have enough custom to render the business of landlord a pleasant pastime.

It is nice to occasionally leave home to visit others in their homes, but the comfortable feeling stands over us as we near the dear familiar spot where all our interest, hopes, and cares center and where we spent the best and happiest of our days. "No place like home."

MYRA.

Advantage of Country Life.

While there are many, very many enjoyments to be found in city life, of which country life cannot boast or perhaps is entirely ignorant, yet there are as many of a different kind, (and we think a better kind), to be found in the country. Although we cannot very easily have a theater, a park or a graded school in the country, and if we wish to receive a higher education must go to the city; yet we can in the warm days of summer have the cool pleasant woods to wander in, instead of having to stay in the house, because it is still warmer out of doors, and is also duty. The long winter evenings in a country home are valued only by those who have had the pleasure of enjoying them.

What sight in the city can equal the beautiful picture I see,—I will try to describe it.

It is summer, I see a cottage situated on a little rise of ground, in which dwells a farmer's family. Around this cottage stretches a great field of grain, a wheat field; by the side of this field of grain lies a meadow, also a shady pasture lot is to be seen, with a stream of living water running through it. In this pasture are horses, cattle and sheep. Some of the cattle are standing in the water under a tree, others are grazing; while the horses are standing under a large maple tree. The beautiful sheep are lying by some brush-wood, and all is peaceful and happy. At one of the cottage windows sits the farmer's daughter studying nature, and she has before her a delightful lesson. In another direction she sees her father and brother at work in the waving cornfield. Her thoughts go back to those happy school-days, she passed in the city, and then she says as she turns once more to the peaceful pasture.—"I am happy to be at home once more in the quiet country, and may I never be obliged to leave it again, until my father calls me to those green pastures beside the still waters, that he has promised us."

The strong desire, the longing after the country, with which we find the bulk of mankind to be penetrated, points to it as the chosen abode of sublunary bliss.

The sweet occupation of culture, with her varied products and attendant enjoyments are, at least, a relief

from the stifling atmosphere of the city, the monotonous subdivided employments, the anxious uncertainty of commerce, the vexations of ambitions so often disappointed, of self-love so often mortified, of fictitious pleasures and unsubstantial vanities.

Those who live in the country are generally farmers and their families; and there is no occupation so independent, so healthy, so useful, or so noble for manhood to be engaged in, as husbandry. Health, the first and best of all the blessings of life, is preserved and fortified by the practice of agriculture. Barns has left evidence that he composed some of the rarest gems of his poetry while engaged in rural pursuits. And was he not called from the plow to the palace, from the farm to the forum, and when he had exhausted the pleasures of that life did he not return again to the quiet of his former life? If city life is preferable to country life, why did he return? Why did he not live where it was most enjoyable? I think that he did.

Our own immortal Washington was even more fond of the sickle than the sword. It would take volumes to enumerate the noble men who have imperishably recorded their exalted appreciation of country life and enterprise.

Wegrieve that our young men desire to get away from their farm homes to our large cities, where they are subject to difficulties and temptations, which but too often they fail to overcome.

Of all occupations, that of agriculture is best calculated to induce love of country, and rivet it firmly on the heart. No profession is more honorable, none as conducive to health, peace, tranquility and happiness. More independent than any other calling, it is calculated to produce an innate love of liberty.

Cowper says: "God made that country, and man made the town." Therefore, I should think all would prefer the country, since the hand that made it is Divine; while the city was made by hands, which perhaps have slain a brother.

Have I not written enough to convince you that country life is preferable, although life is what we make it, and we can make it beautiful in the city, as well as in the country, if we do have a greater advantage in the country.

In city life there must be much noise, much hurrying to and fro. Country life almost the opposite, it is restful to all, even to the beautiful city belle, who knows not what is labor. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where none intrudes, By the deep sea and music in its roar; I love not man the less but nature more."

Brothers and sisters of our noble Order! the country is indeed the most beautiful of all places in which to love and serve our God. May we as Patrons of Husbandry be faithful servants. LIZZIE MOODY.

June 16, 1888.

Fruit Prospects at South Haven.

[Mr. Joseph Lannin writes of the Fruit prospects on the Michigan Lake Shore under date of June 15, as follows.—H. D. A.]

Our prospect is confined to a medium crop of fruit, although the papers of other parts of the State speak in glowing terms of our prospects, Pears will be light. Peaches a trifle over 1 of a crop. Grapes a fair prospect, provided the "Rose Chaffer" holds off for a couple of weeks. Strawberries will be immense, if we get dry warm weather for a few days. Blackberry canes were badly damaged by the winter, consequently this fruit will be almost a failure this season. To return to the peach. The long freezing of last winter killed many of the small twigs, or in other words, dried them up, so that the vitality was all drawn from them, and that accounts, in my opinion, for the shortage in the peach crop. Apples about one-half of a crop. So you can easily conclude as to our prospects for fruit this season.

Do you intend to attend the June meeting at Ionia? I had supposed that I would attend the meeting, but because of so many excessive rains, I am behind in cultivation, and my most promising crop is weeds, so I must perforce stay at home and work.

I get the VISITOR and enjoy it very much, many of the articles are valuable and all of them are well written.

Those Grange Societies, Farmers' Clubs, and Pomological Societies are splendid aids, in educating the yeomen of our State. This is seen more forcibly from year to year in the clear terse articles written by fruit men and farmers and published by our own leading papers.

I must close this gossipy letter, for it is 5:30 P. M., take tea, get ready and walk to town. Write when convenient. Yours truly,

JOSEPH LANNIN.

South Haven, June 15, 1888.

The War Against Insects.

Editor of the farm—I am an orchardist and small fruit grower, and desire to have some books that treat of my insect enemies so I can, without going to college or asking questions of the newspapers, post myself concerning their habits and the best methods of combating them. I noticed in your report of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society that a new enemy to the grape had been found; tell us all about it, and if it has proved a serious hindrance to grape culture in any part of the country. A READER.

Ada, Kent county, Mich.

Until very recently we have relied very largely upon Harris and Packard for descriptions of injurious insects and methods of fighting them, but now we have a work especially adapted to the wants of the orchardist in a volume written by William Sanders of London, Canada. The title of the book is "Insects Injurious to Fruit," and it is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The price is \$5, and it can be secured through any bookseller. Those who have followed the proceedings of the State Horticultural Society will know what kind of a writer Mr. Sanders is upon insect topics. He speaks from a fund of information gathered through his own experience and observation, and the best of all we know of in a honest recorder of observations, a rarity in these days when so many people who write draw upon their imagination for facts.

To give our correspondent an idea of the ground covered in this book and the method of treating the subject, we outline the table of contents. The author evidently had in mind the fact that many people would consult his volume who knew very little of insect life and characters, but who, upon finding an insect upon some tree or plant, would turn to the book for information. To suit the wants of this class of readers his arrangement is a happy one.

Insects injurious to the apple are first taken up, and in connection with each description is a cut of the insect in its various stages of development. Like a good biographer the author gives careful attention to the relatives of his subject and never neglects the remedies which have proved successful. The analysis is so complete that under appropriate headings the insects attacking roots, trunk, branches, leaves and fruit are treated separately, so that a novice in tracing out such matters can readily ascertain the name of an insect in hand.

The insect enemies of the pear, plum, peach, apricot, quince, grape, small fruit, melon, orange, etc., are all treated in succession. We use the book daily for reference and can most heartily recommend it to our correspondents' use; and it will prove a valuable acquisition to the library of any farmer.

In answer to the second question we draw our answer from the volume above named by epitomizing as follows: The grape vine has been attacked by the leaves of the grape as they are unfolding, and having fasted all winter he is a voracious eater. The insects sometimes come on in great numbers, eating out the substance of the buds, and after feeding about a month leave clusters of orange colored eggs on the under side of the vine leaves and are seen no more. But ample provision has been made for the continuance of the species, as the eggs soon hatch and myriads of little caterpillars see about the destruction of the vines by devouring the leaves not eaten by their parents. For four weeks these fellows eat and grow, and after attaining a length of three-tenths of an inch, crawl down into the ground, changing into dark, yellowish chrysalis; and after sleeping in this condition three or four weeks the beetles issue forth in the perfect similitude of their parents. These beetles are about three-twentieths of an inch long, and usually of a blue color, although those we collected are almost green. The thighs are stout, which gives them the power of jumping about very nimbly. These insects have proved very destructive in many localities, and about the best way to fight them is a combination remedy: catch them as they appear and at the same time syringe the canes with a green water of about the same strength as for potatoe beetles.—Charles W. Garfield, in Farm Department of Grand Rapids Weekly Democrat.

Pistillate Strawberries.

There was a time when little value was placed on the sexual difference in the strawberry flower, even where they were recognized. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, did inestimable service in making the value generally known. Up to this time much greater crops could be produced by growing pistillate kinds, with a few plants of strongly staminate kinds set out here and there as a fertilizer than by using the best hermaphrodite then known. But the introduction of the remarkable productive hermaphrodite, Wilson's Albany, remanded, for the time being, Mr. Longworth's endeavors to force staminate. But now that the Albany has degenerated, we have no hermaphrodite that is equal in productiveness to some of the pistillates, and it is becoming a question whether we shall not yet have to bring Mr. Longworth's views again to the foreground. We are reminded of this by the following, which we find in some recent proceedings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society:

"Some varieties require to be grown in hills, and to have the runners cut off as soon as they appear. Such are the Sharpless, Bidwell and Triomphe de Gand. Some are pistillate and require the bi-sexual kinds to be planted near by and to bloom at the same time. Such are the Hovey, Crescent, Jersey Queen and Manchester. For want of proper impregnation these kinds often fail of a crop, but with a suitable companion the pistillate varieties produce very large crops, as did the Hovey forty years ago, and as Mr. Hovey will show us it can do now. Some varieties produce a large number of trusses, and give a promise, when in bloom, of extraordinary crops; but do not yield so much as those of less pretentious appearance. There is a limit to the power of production, and where there is a superabundance of trusses of flowers, only a portion will set their fruit and carry it out to perfection without excessive stimulation. Another cause of failure is a deficiency of pollen in some of the bi-sexual varieties, and it is well to plant near them such as are furnished with abundance of it."—Exchange.

Strawberries in England.—There was a time when huge strawberry gardens were peculiar to America; but England is now following closely. Mr. Winston, in the county of Kent, not far from London, has three hundred acres in strawberries.

Strawberries in Europe.

Prof. Budd is writing some interesting European letters to the Iowa Homestead. Of strawberries in England he says: "The strawberries here exceed my expectation. The crops are as bountiful and the fruit as large as that of our best varieties in Iowa. But the quality is far below our Charles Downing, or even Crescent and Cumberland Triumph. Some of their very best varieties are of recent origin and have the same parentage as ours.

Visiting the grounds of Mr. Vilmorin, in France, he says: "Here is a part of the grounds where all the races of the strawberry have been grown for years. We have the impression in America it would be useless to introduce any variety of the strawberry from France. For the prairie States this seems a great mistake. Many varieties on these grounds with an admixture of the great thick-leaved species known as Fragaria Chilliensis would luxuriate in our climate. For the first time I here saw the fruit of the true Chili strawberry. The fruit is very large, white (or rather yellowish white), but the quality is rather low when compared with our Charles Downing. Some of its crosses, however, with the Fragaria Vesca are very high in quality, yet they have very large leaves of the Chili species. Unlike the Fragaria Grandiflora of South America (to which most of our best varieties can be traced) the Chili species has vigorous runners like our American wild species.—Gardener's Monthly and Horticulturist.

Raising New Strawberries

Few persons have given more attention to the careful production of the new varieties of strawberries than Col. Wilder, and the results of his extensive experience must be of great value to beginners in this pleasant pursuit. In a recent essay before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, he thus details his views and experiences:

"The strawberry has assumed great importance among our cultivated plants, and great progress has been made in the production of new and fine kinds, but there is still room for improvement. We know no reason why we may not produce varieties of strawberries of the finest quality and such as are adapted to every section of our vast territory, to produce them we should select as breeder those which possess the characteristics which we wish to obtain. To make sure of a perfect cross, the essayist has chosen pistillate kinds impregnated then with those of the greatest excellence; for example, the Crescent— which though of second quality, possesses extraordinary hardiness and productiveness, with good form and color—which he has crossed with the President Wilder, Duncan, Triomphe de Gand and other high favored sorts. From these crosses he has obtained some very promising kinds. The time is fast approaching when the public will not be satisfied with so poor a strawberry as the Wilson, and if we can produce a better one the Wilson will disappear from our markets. If we can produce a variety of the quality and productiveness of the Hovey in former years, and better suited to general cultivation, should we not do it? What is wanted is varieties of excellence that everybody can grow."—Exchange.

DEGENERACY OF STRAWBERRIES.—Col. Wilder believes that the degeneracy or wearing out of varieties may often be traced to the exhaustion of proper elements in the soil, and to the bad manipulation of the plants. In the rage for novelties, described as "the best in the world," we meet with many disappointments, and sometimes become disgusted with their failures and cast them out as worthless without a fair trial. So also with some of the old kinds, which have not been so much cultivated as in former years, such as the Hovey, Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand and others which were once popular. The essayist thought it would be a wise measure for the society to offer a special premium for the restoration of those old, valuable varieties of fruits and flowers which have gone out of general cultivation. But from our experience it seems likely that much of the degeneracy of strawberries comes from disease which, once affecting a plant, becomes extended by runners. We fancy if strawberries are propagated from plants that have not the "spotted leaf," or other troubles, they would rarely "wear out."

GARDEN CULTURE OF THE STRAWBERRY.—Col. Wilder is of opinion that for garden culture planting in rows three feet apart and one foot apart in the rows, allowing each to make from two to four shoulder runners, and no more for the first season, is best. These by autumn will make a row of thrifty, strong bearing plants, and will produce more than the common matted row. For field culture the rows should be four feet apart and the plants one foot in the row, and all superfluous runners should be pinched off so as to leave only strong plants. It may be added that it is found by experience that a renovation by replanting young ones about every second year, is good practice. For garden culture we should plant a young bed every second year to succeed the older one.

A PERFECT STRAWBERRY.—Many points, not often thought of, go to make up the perfect berry. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, W. H. Hills, of Plaistow, N. H., spoke of an extraordinary crop of Miner's Prolific, but the fruit ripened on one side, so that it was difficult to get the pickers to select only that which was ripe. A fruit that will ripen uniformly all through at once, has a great advantage over such a one as Mr. Hills referred to.

NEW STRAWBERRIES.—Mr. Hovey says: "I think I state the truth when I say that a batch of seedlings saved from the best varieties, will produce full as fine a lot of strawberries as nine-tenths of those named and offered for sale as varieties superior to all others."

The only points of any value, observable, indicating a good cow as a well developed milk mirror, or catchoon, a yellow skin, soft and yielding to touch. Beyond these, an actual test must be made to ascertain the milking qualities of a cow.

USE DUE care to keep stock off fields which are to be cultivated this season, while the ground is wet. Every step will make a cloud.

Booths' Department.

"THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY."

There's no worldly wealth or possessions Can equal in value a good name; And they, with a good reputation, Have really the greatest of fame; The man that is upright, honest and true, The path of his brother, with blessings will strew.

Cultivate Will Power.

Dear Nieces and Nephews— I read an excellent article the other day, wherein it spoke of the deplorable tendency of people to depend upon moods and impulses, or as the writer has it, "to do only what we like to do, and when we like to do it."

It went on to show how it is necessary to perform work that is distasteful to us, to subjugate our moods. "There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will, no matter how splendid may be the natural gifts unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, life is sure to be a failure."

Although this may be telling us what we already know, do we not need to have these self-evident truths repeated, lest we lose sight of them?

We are apt to want to study only such studies as we like, and pardon another quotation—"disinclined for any particular pursuit is maintained as ample reason for abandoning it."

What better time my young friends, than now, to cultivate this will power. Soon it will be too late. Now, I am not going to give you a lecture or preach you a sermon, for "Grandpa" is patiently waiting to be heard: but there were so many good things in this article, I could not refrain from giving you some of them.

Grandpa's Account of the May Party.

Aunt Prue:—On the morning of the first day of May I arose early and put my house and barn in order to receive young company. The first that came was Aunt Nina. She came in her quiet way and looking around said "As I expected no one will come." I said, "Aunt Nina it is early yet, and we will have a short time to ourselves and we can discuss the merits and demerits of the Cousins, but Aunt Nina said: Oh! do leave out the word demerit, as I do not think it belongs to any of them at present as they are all doing very well."

At this point of the conversation the door opened, and in walked George in his frank and manly way. He greeted Aunt Nina, and then gave me his hand in a manner that showed there was some affinity between us, but when seated he seemed ill at ease, until the subject of history was brought forward. Then you should have seen his eyes sparkle as he spoke of his favorite authors. Conversation revealed that he had read history to some advantage and had compared the present with the past. The next that came was Hickory who greeted all in a free and easy manner. He is a farmer lad all over, and when we excused him for not bringing the nuts, he proceeded to tell us of his cattle, and of their habits. We could all see that though full of fun, he was a great observer.

The next that came was Old Girl, who greeted Aunt Nina as an old friend, then give us all a friendly greeting. I was a little afraid of her at first, but in pleasant conversation that feeling passed away, and when she presented the May basket, I received it with pleasure, as a peace offering and hung it in the guest chamber of my memory, as a sweet memento of the past.

How pleasant the day passed away with music, recreation and pleasant conversation. When we took the parting hand all felt they were parting with a friend. Ellen I am sorry we lost your May offering, please except the thanks of an old man for your sympathy. Aunt Prue, your subject is a good one. As you described those young

men; I see in one a man who has a high appreciation of the manhood of mankind, and is not looking to build himself upon the mistakes of others, but will build himself up by his own industry, and perseverance and in mature life he will be respected and appreciated by his fellowmen. In the other I see a young man who is going to build himself up on the name others have made, and the mistakes of his fellow man. In mature life he will be a poor miserable fellow respected by none, or he will be noted for his knavery and respected only by the low and vicious.

June 8, 1883.

"One Girl's Way of Husbandry."

I was the youngest daughter of a Western farmer, and twenty-five years ago, such earned their own spending money. I had received a fairly good education, yet had no inclination for teaching. For a few years I worked out, doing house work.

My father had planted apple-seeds for the commencement of a nursery, and now they were ready for grafting. He thought he would have to hire a man to help, but I coaxed him to let me try the work, and he finally let me set one thousand scions.

Father went out one day the next summer to see how they had grown, and he came in and said, "Your scions have all grown but three. You have had much better success than your old father. Well, well! it all comes of having good eye-sight. I can't see as I once did."

So after this I was left to graze in the nursery all by myself. One of the agents of a great nursery, at Rochester, had made it his home at our house, when in that vicinity, and we, thinking of him as a dear friend, would never take pay for his being there.

But one day he said to me,—"As you will take nothing for all your trouble, I am going to teach you to do all the niceties of grafting, from an orange tree down to an apple root. I usually charge any one from one to five dollars for each separate branch. But you I shall charge nothing."

Thus I learned the nursery business. I made a contract with an Eastern nursery man to set scions for him at two and one-half cents per scion. I have set one hundred and thirty scions per day.

I took some of the worthless apprentices we had on our place, and set pear scions in them, and in two years they were loaded with fruit.

I next learned budding. The budding of trees is a work women can do as well, and sometimes, I fancy, better than men, as their hands are more soft and pliant.

I found both grafting and budding pleasant and profitable employment.

The Value of Farm Life.

Stick to the farm, boys, if you want to make money, live happy and die at a respectable old age. But if you care not for happiness, and are willing to struggle through a short and unsatisfactory life, go to the towns and live from hand to mouth, never accumulating and never enjoying a moment free from care and vexation. The desire to shirk the labors of the farm is the bane of American life and has filled all other branches of industry full to overflowing.

THE LARGEST AMERICAN TREES— The largest specimens of wood so far received by the New York Museum is a section of the white ash, which is forty-six inches in diameter and one hundred and eighty two years old. The next largest specimen is a section of the Plantanus occidentalis, variously known in commerce as the sycamore, buttonwood or plane tree, which is forty-two inches in diameter and only one hundred and seventy-one years of age.

CREDIT is the basis of speculation and commercial gambling. "Margins," "options," and "futures" are all the children of credit. The abolition of the credit system would reduce boards of trade and stock exchanges to the work of performing only legitimate and genuine commercial exchanges. If we would not degenerate into a nation of gamblers, we must do away with speculative credit.

NEITHER interest nor friendship, to please any man, should cause us to do evil.

STATE NEWS.

Michigan has some 12,000 pensioners. The first unwashed wool at Ann Arbor brought 30 cents. The first load of wool, 300 pounds, was bought at Albion Thursday for 30 cents.

The premium list for the state fair, to be held at Detroit Sept 17 to 21 is out, being printed at Monroe. All railroads give reduced rates.

Washneten county only gained 458 inhabitants in the ten years between 1870 and 1880. The population is nearly equally divided as to male and female inhabitants.

Home Index: An old wood buyer informs us that salt and water is the best preparation for washing wool tags. It is used in the proportion of one quart of common salt to a half a barrel of water. Of course more salt would do no harm.

Marquette Mining Journal: Fishermen hereabout are meeting with little success so far this season. The catches up to this date having been meagre, and inadequate to supply one-twentieth part the demand of the markets heretofore supplied by the local fisheries. This, taken with a very unpropitious season last year, makes the fishing firms of Marquette feel anything but cheerful. There is no end to the white fish in the lake—the only trouble is that they are not swimming about in these parts.

Atlantic for July.

Rome, Tours, and Newport form the backgrounds of the three strikingly brilliant series beginning in the Atlantic Monthly for July; namely, the new story, "A Roman Singer," by F. Marion Crawford, the author of the successful "Mr. Isaacs," "En Province," the first of a series of papers by Henry James, Jr., comprising sketches of life and scenery in the old towns of France; and, finally, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's clever society novel, "Newport." That the Atlantic follows its usual custom of utilizing the work of the best American authors rather than that of English writers may readily be seen from the above announcement, and consequently few magazines can show such attractions for the summer months. The amusing sketch, "Mr. Washington Adams in England," by R. G. White, is included in this number, and another English paper, of a very different description, however, is contributed by Miss Harriet W. Preston, under the title "Reviews in Winter." Miss Preston is well known to Atlantic readers by her picturesque travel sketches, and in this one a delightful account not only of the old university town, but also of many famous Oxonians who have contributed to literature, is placed before the reader. American life, politics, and thought are respectively touched upon in "Boombtown," a Western sketch by F. B. Y. Carpenter; a careful article by Arthur B. Ellis; and in "Some Phases of Idealism in New England," by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, whose articles always command and reward careful attention. There are two excellent short stories, "Sylvan Station," by Caroline E. Leighton, and "Tomkins," by P. Deming. Some good poetry by Edith Thomas, Maurice Thompson, and E. R. Still, careful reviews of new books, and the Contributors' Club, complete an unusually agreeable number.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

The July Century.

The striking portrait of John Brown in the July Century and "Recollections of John Brown's Raid," by ex-Congressman Boteler of Virginia, who was a spectator of the skirmish at Harper's Ferry and expresses the Southern attitude toward Brown and Frank B. Slaughter's "Comments of a Radical Abolitionist" on the foregoing, lead unusual interest in the number. The articles contain new and important information. This portrait shows John Brown in the prime of life before he grew his patriarchal beard; it is after woodman's painting, and is engraved by Cole. The widow of John Brown, and John G. Whitier, have expressed their satisfaction with the original portrait in notes which are printed in "open letters" of the same number. Another important contribution to the history of the John Brown era is General Slocum's paper on "Washington and the Eve of the war." This officer, now better known as Stone Pasha of the Egyptian Army, was a colonel in the United States Army in 1861, and organized the District of Columbia militia for the defense of the Capital. He writes out of his special knowledge of the dangers that threatened the Capital in the few weeks preceding Lincoln's inauguration. The overthrow of the Philadelphia Ring by "The Philadelphia Committee of One Hundred" affords E. V. Smalley a topic for a short essay on municipal reform.

The literary features of the number are especially noteworthy. Henry James—whose critical essay in the June Century was a surprise to those who supposed his chief strength lay in the direction of novel writing—shows even higher critical ability and raciness as an essayist in a study of "Anthony Trollope," which is accompanied by a full page portrait. James Herbert Morse concludes his discussion of "The Native Element in American Fiction," and treats in the July number of the writers who have come up since the war. In "Early Letters of Emerson," Emerson's early literary opinions are revealed to an interesting extent in four letters which he wrote soon after leaving college.

"Striking Oil" by E. V. Smalley, a profusely illustrated article is a graphic and masterly description of the oil regions and the oil trade, in all their practical and picturesque phases. George W. Cable concludes his series of illustrated historical papers on Croire life in the article called "Flood and Plague in New Orleans," in which he draws a sorry picture of New Orleans in times of the Mississippi's overflow, plague and yellow fever. A full-page engraving of Frans Hale's painting, called "The Gipsy," accompanies a short paper on the famous Dutch painter, by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. Two illustrated articles of timely interest are "Old and New Roses," by H. B. Ellwanger, the well known rose culturist, and a description of the sport of "Black Bass Fishing," by an experienced writer on the subject, Dr. James A. Henshall, of Kentucky.

Joel Chandler Harris contributes a new batch of his famous negro stories under the title, "Nights with Uncle Remus." They will be followed by others in subsequent numbers, the whole being selections from a new Uncle Remus book. Thomas A. Janvier offers a short romance of Northern Mexico, called "The Legend of Padre Jose."

Besides a group of "Summer Songs" by different writers, the poetry of the number includes H. C. Bunner's "Farewell to Salvini," which was read at the recent dinner in honor of Salvini, and "A Nocturne of Rubenstein," by Miss Helen G. Cone.

"Topics of the time" discusses "College Presidents and the Power of Appointment," "The Real Basis of Party Harmony," "Open Letters" is an important study of sea-sickness" by Dr. George T. Stevens; and "Brio-a-Brac," contains a variety of amusing verse.

St. Nicholas for July

Will be a memorable number on account of a carefully written and wonderfully illustrated article on the "Brooklyn Bridge" by Charles Barnard, who is equally well known as a writer on scientific subjects, and as a story teller for children, and who has watched the growth of the marvelous structure from its beginning, and photographed it from every possible point of view, furnishes the text, and the pictures are by G. W. Edwards and W. Taber. The diagrams are numerous

and the description accurate and popular.

The frontispiece, "The Lifting of the fog," is by Edwards, and shows the great bridge dimly seen through the rifts of the mist. Sophie Swett opens the number with a characteristically amusing story of "How Johnnie's Men Struck Work," and George Enos Throop, contributes "A Story of a Brave Girl," a Revolutionary tale of the old Schuyler mansion in Albany. It is to be expected that a great many boys will be making catamarans this summer, after reading W. L. Alden's descriptive paper; while for those less actively inclined is the article on Brass-work," by Charles G. Leland, the originator of industrial art schools in America. Silk-culture also receives attention with an account of some bright girls' successes.

There is an interesting paper by H. H. Ballard on the last convention of the National Amateur Press Association, and a description of methods employed by the Amateur journalists in their political campaigns.

J. T. Trowbridge tells how the Tinkhams outwitted their persecutors, Maurice Thompson finishes "The Story of Robin Hood," Edward S. Ellis continues "Sweep Away," and there is another "Drummer-boy" paper.

An interesting feature of the number is the appearance of the prize compositions on "Robert Burns" and "A Short Night with the long Roll of Honor of those whose essays were almost, but not quite so good. And there is much besides in the magazine that is timely, entertaining, and amusing.

THE failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

THE REAPER DEATH.

TILLOTSON—Died May 19th, 1883. Sister DELLA A. TILLOTSON, a beloved member of Paradise Grange, No. 267.

Resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted by the Grange, ordered spread upon its records, sent to the family of the deceased and offered for publication to the GRANGE VISITOR and county papers.

CORDEE—Palmyra Grange, No. 212, at a special meeting adopted a preamble and resolutions expressive of its high appreciation of the good qualities of CHESTER J. CORDEE, now dead, and its sympathy for the family of the deceased. The resolutions were ordered entered on the minutes of the Grange, and sent to the sorrowing family.

WHITNEY—WHEREAS, It has pleased our Divine Master to remove from us by the hand of death, our worthy Brother WM. P. WHITNEY, one of the pioneer members of Byron Grange.

WHEREAS, In his death the wife has lost a kind and devoted husband, the Grange an earnest, efficient, and faithful member, and the community a moral, zealous, and patriotic citizen.

Resolved, That we unite in expressing our heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved Sister and other friends in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Grange, a copy presented to Sister Jane T. Whitney, and a copy be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

SULLIVAN—Died December 31st, 1882, at her residence in the township of Byron, Kentucky county. ADELIA, wife of John W. Sullivan, a worthy member of Byron Grange, No. 73.

An intruder that no steward, however faithful, has power to resist, has again entered our gates and taken from our midst one whom we all loved, and whose helping hand will be greatly missed. Therefore,

Resolved, That we as a body tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved husband and children in whose family circle so great a vacancy has been made.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect for our departed Sister, a copy of these resolutions by placed upon the minutes of this Grange, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased, and also to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

MARTIN—WHEREAS, For the third time in the history of Cascade Grange, the grim messenger Death has come among us and although his visit has not been frequent, yet, we are again admonished that he still wields his sickle keen.

WHEREAS, This time he has stricken down a charter member and Past Master of our Grange, Bro. RUFUS W. MARTIN. Therefore,

Resolved, That while we in our short sidedness cannot see the wisdom of this dispensation, yet we will try to look up to the great Master above and say, "It is well, lead on though rough the road."

Resolved, That while we know his voice will never more be heard in the sweet songs in our Grange, we will think of him as being one in that great choir above.

Resolved, That while our dear Sister is left so lonely and desolate, we tender to her our heartfelt sympathy, and pledge ourselves to be ever ready to do all we can to make the darkened road bright for her.

THE MARKETS.

Grain and Provisions. NEW YORK, June 27.—Flour, sales 9,000 bbls.; declining. Wheat opened 1/2% higher; afterwards became weaker and fell back 1/2%; trade moderate; No. 1 white, \$1.09; sale, 16,000 bu. No. 2 red, July, \$1.14; No. 1, 480,000; No. 2, 1,000,000 bu. Sept., \$1.19; Oct., \$1.21; No. 1, 24,000 bu. Nov., \$1.23; No. 2, 24,000 bu. Dec., \$1.25; No. 1, 24,000 bu. Jan., \$1.27; No. 2, 24,000 bu. Feb., \$1.29; No. 1, 24,000 bu. March, \$1.31; No. 2, 24,000 bu. April, \$1.33; No. 1, 24,000 bu. May, \$1.35; No. 2, 24,000 bu. June, \$1.37; No. 1, 24,000 bu. July, \$1.39; No. 2, 24,000 bu. August, \$1.41; No. 1, 24,000 bu. Sept., \$1.43; No. 2, 24,000 bu. Oct., \$1.45; No. 1, 24,000 bu. Nov., \$1.47; No. 2, 24,000 bu. Dec., \$1.49; No. 1, 24,000 bu. Jan., \$1.51; No. 2, 24,000 bu. Feb., \$1.53; No. 1, 24,000 bu. March, \$1.55; No. 2, 24,000 bu. April, \$1.57; No. 1, 24,000 bu. May, \$1.59; No. 2, 24,000 bu. June, \$1.61; No. 1, 24,000 bu. July, \$1.63; No. 2, 24,000 bu. 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