

Communications.

Chautauqua.

One of the great days at Chautauqua is Grand Army Day. The day was fine and the "Army" made an imposing spectacle as it filed into the Amphitheatre led by the Northwestern Band. Enthusiasm ran high, and the lilies quickly bloomed for the "Boys in Blue."

Mrs. Livermore spoke in the morning and there was a "fire of sympathy and rain of eloquence," as she talked of the "Women of the War." Congressman Morr of this State, spoke in the afternoon, discussing the labor question, and I think no one in America knows so well, how to mingle sense and nonsense as he. The Amphitheatre was packed, and the audience went fairly wild over his enthusiasm. At the close of his lecture the Chautauqua salute was given him with a will, and of all the popular lectures his seemed to take the best.

A red letter day at Chautauqua is Temperance Day. The President of The National Temperance Association presided. Col. Bain, from Kentucky, lectured in the morning, and, excepting John B. Gough, is the best temperance lecturer I ever heard.

Mrs. Livermore lectured in the afternoon. She also gave a lecture on "The Life of Queen Elizabeth." She had visited the British Museum, had spent much time in studying her character, and gave us some new revelations in regard to the life of that noted woman.

Mrs. Livermore is justly styled "The Queen of the Platform," and although age is beginning to show itself in the silvery hair, she has lost none of the old-time fire and eloquence, and no one can listen to her without receiving fresh impetus toward a higher life.

Then there is Pyramid Day, Look-Up-Legion Day, Seminary Day, College Fraternity Day, St. Paul's Grove Day and Denominational Day.

The witty and eloquent Dr. Henson, of Chicago, delivered the address before the Baptist Circle. He said "I esteem it a great privilege to be here, not because it is a Baptist Day, but in spite of it. I rejoice mightily in these summer assemblies that bring together the representatives of the different denominations. I am glad to know that we have taken to expounding the word of God, instead of pounding one another. I am glad that we are getting closer together, and that commonly the place where we get close together is somewhere near the water's edge, Chautauqua and Ocean Grove! It is a great happiness to me to see with what alacrity the brethren and sisters do take to the water." He then discoursed on Governors, mentioning the child, the cook, the wife, the editor, capitalists, machinery, Knights of Labor, the demon alcohol, the devil himself, and the Omnipotent God, closing with these words: "As I watch that marvelous panorama unrolled before the enraptured vision of the Seer of Patmos, as I listen to the voices and to the thunders, as I look to the clouds I see the gleams of forms I do not understand. But this much I do: I hear the footsteps of the mighty God marching down the ages toward a victory over which all earth and heaven and the universe shall rejoice."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale gave two lectures on Gen. Lafayette and The Human Washington. He said: "I am to describe the Human Washington as well as I can. The truth is the more we print, the more we tell, the better for us, and the better for Washington. Had he been merely marble, without passion, and without feeling there would have been no credit to him that he went through life, unselfish, unprejudiced, true to enemies and loyal to friends.

At the time he was appointed to the command of the American army, Washington was said to be the gentleman of largest private fortune in America, and later his wife brought him an added hundred thousand. His father died when he was scarcely ten; he was brought up by his mother, his brother, and Lord Fairfax with whom he was closely connected by his brother's marriage. This old nobleman was ninety-two years old when he heard of the surrender of Cornwallis. It is said he died of the news of Yorktown. When he heard the news that his king's army was captured he said to his black servant, "Come, Joe, carry me to bed, for it is high time for me to die."

The greatest day of all days at Chautauqua is Graduation or Recognition Day. No single tongue or pen can tell all the meaning nor all the prophecy of such a day. This year the day itself seemed made expressly for the class of '86, and their thousands of friends who came to greet them. No dust, no rain, not too warm, it was a perfect day. Everything began, continued and ended, after the fashion of Chautauqua, with the promptness and precision of clockwork. At nine o'clock to the minute, "The Guard of the Gate" and "The Guard of the Grove" formed in line at the Auditorium. The Northwestern Band were on hand in their brilliant uniforms and with stirring music, they led every marching column through the day. The Keys, according to ancient usage, were delivered to the messenger, and then the stately first division moved to the Hall of Philosophy where they took the positions and assumed the duties indicated by the honored names they bear.

Meanwhile the second division was forming at the Temple, and thither the people flocked in great numbers to witness what was one of the most beautiful and attractive features of the day. One hundred flower girls dressed in purest white, each wearing a coronal of leaves and carrying a basket almost as big as herself full of brightest, freshest flowers, and a beaming happy face that seemed to compete with the sunbeams that poured down upon them.

Headed by the band this second division, consisting of the misses with flowers and the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" proceeded to Chancellor Vincent's cottage, where they were met by the third division, consisting of the officers and counselors of the Chautauqua Circle, the banner bearers, the "Guild of the Seals," "League of the Round Table," and "Order of the White Seal," and together they march to the Hall of Philosophy. But while they are wending their way thither, the Class of '86, the heroes and heroines of the day, have gathered at the arch of the Golden Gate. They are waiting admission, and the moment has nearly arrived. They stand in columns twenty abreast. At last the moment is at hand, and Messenger Hulbut makes his announcement, the gates wings open and four abreast the class of '86 enters the grove, which by faith and resolve they beheld in the distance four years ago. The flower misses ranged on either side of the pathway from the Gate to the Hall spread a very carpet of flowers at the feet of the approaching class. Professors Sherwin and Case, have preceded them with the C. L. S. C. Glee Club and the Choir of the Hall in the Grove, and are ready when the second arch is reached with their greetings of song. It seemed as though the Hall of Philosophy would not hold them all. They filed in, and when the last of the Class of '86 had entered not a space was left. Then followed the "recognition" and words never fell from Chancellor Vincent's lips, more impressively than when he uttered these few, but significant sentences. They were recognized by every heart.

While this program was being carried out, another great procession was forming at the Park Athenaeum, consisting of the Chautauqua Cadets, the C. L. S. C. undergraduates and the Chautauqua Schools of Language. These made up the Chautauqua procession which marched to the Hall of Philosophy and stood in open order, while the great procession of graduates of the C. L. S. C. all years, and names of all orders and seals, moved out through the passage thus made and proceeded to the Amphitheatre. The interest and enthusiasm had not culminated till this time was reached. The people had looked, wondered, admired and waited, but now as they looked in the faces of the Class of '86, who had passed the arches, and beheld the long column, handkerchiefs were brought out and the Chautauqua Salute reached from the Hall of Philosophy to the Amphitheatre.

It was hard for one single pair of eyes or one mind to see and comprehend all as the day's great program proceeded. Speeches were made, diplomas were distributed, songs were sung, responsive readings given, the exercises of the day ending in the services of the Camp-fire, at the Hall of Philosophy where the Athenian watch fires were brightly burning. Registrar R. S. Holmes took charge of the services on this occasion and gave to them a highly spiritual nature. At ten o'clock we wend our way to our resting-place, passing the illuminated fountain and amid the sweet chime of bells, with thanks to our Heavenly Father for the delightful enjoyment of the day, we pass into the land of dreams.

The culminating power of Chautauqua lies in its religious influence. The original Chautauqua idea is spiritual elevation, and whatever accessories may have been established this idea is never lost sight of. A Normal class has been formed for instruction in Sabbath School work. There is also a Society of Christian Ethics presided over by Dr. Vincent. Devotional exercises are held every morning in the amphitheatre attended by thousands. A Chautauqua prayer league is formed with hundreds of members.

Several missionary conferences were held. Many returned missionaries delivered lectures. Mrs. Layyah Barakat, a native of Syria from the heights of Mt. Lebanon, a wonderfully eloquent woman and one who is doing much to enlighten the people of America as to the wants of the inhabitants of Syria and Egypt, gave several lectures and they were so carried away with her that even when the dinner hour came they cried "Go on, go on."

Religious and metaphysical lectures of the highest order, were given daily by such men as Dr. Talmage, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Cyler, Dr. Goodsell, Dr. Duryea, Prof. Bowne, Prof. Schudde from the University of Leipsic, Germany, and it seemed impossible that any one could listen to these lectures without receiving new aspirations toward a higher life.

Dr. Vincent preached the Baccalaureate sermon for the first time, from the text, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and it was worth a journey to Chautauqua to listen to that. Human co-operation by different means was sketched in

strong colors. The last clause of the text was illustrated by as forcible a word picture as ever came from the lips of an orator. Intense conviction and powerful feeling characterized every sentence of the discourse.

This last Assembly was the thirteenth Assembly, the first one being held in 1873. There had been a camp-meeting held the two previous years and it was while attending one of these meetings that Mr. Miller, of Akron, O., and Dr. Vincent, of Plainfield, New Jersey, conceived the idea of the Chautauqua Assembly. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was an after-thought and wholly due to the fertile brain of Dr. Vincent, and was organized in 1878. Mr. Miller is President, Dr. Vincent Chancellor and Dr. Hulbut, the newly elected Principal.

The mottoes of the Circle are, "We study the words and the works of God," "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst," and "Never be discouraged." The course this year embraces studies in geology, astronomy, English History, English Literature, French History, the Christian religion, etc., and they are so attractive and instructive that it is a terrible loss for any one to miss them. The annual fee is fifty cents, the expense of books is a little more than seven dollars for this year.

Dr. Vincent is the motive power of the Circle, and is one of the grandest men our nation can boast. He attributes his Christian life to his mother's influence and that influence is being multiplied a thousandfold, for there are members of the C. L. S. C. to be found in every state and territory of the United States, in Canada, South Africa, Japan, Turkey, India, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Russia, the Sandwich Islands, and China. One of the pleasant features of the Circle is that the readings are the same for all classes each year, so that whether in the first, second, third or fourth year of the course or in whichever class they may be, all members of all classes read the same books each year all over the world.

There are many interests represented at Chautauqua. It was the birthplace of the W. C. T. U. Miss Willard was present at the opening of the Assembly this year and made a telling speech. These were the introductory words upon receiving the salute, "Dear friends, I have often seen the silver sails all out in the west on my own Lake Michigan, but your fairy argosy to-night brings to me a very different and more lofty inspiration borne by the fragrant breath of your good will and brotherly and sisterly kindness. It comes to me on the pioneer line of progress in this great movement which you love and which I love. It is like a white flag of peace—no, it is a flag of truce, upon the battlefield. And I like to think, also, that it includes not alone the one who is grateful for it, but that true and gentle heart, my companion on the platform to-night, the lyric poet of Chautauqua, Mary A. Lathbury."

There is at Chautauqua a Kindergarten, Gymnastic Hall, School in Memory, School of Oratory, Penmanship and Book-keeping, College of Liberal Arts, School of Theology, Teachers' Reading Union, Teachers' Retreat, Youth's League, School of Photography, and School of—everything good.

Among the many distinguished visitors were Mr. Howells, the novelist, and Prof. Edison, who, by the way, is the son-in-law of Pres. Miller, who is the inventor of the Buckeye Mower and Reaper. He has built a winter home and laboratory way down at the edge of Florida. When asked if invention was nearly completed he replied, "O, no; scarcely anything has been done yet, in proportion to what remains to be done. The Assembly was more prosperous this year than at any previous year. People came in swarms, fifty thousand having visited the grounds. A new dock was built, a magnificent affair, with a tower eighty feet high containing the clock and a chime of bells. The chime, which cost four thousand five hundred dollars is the combined gift of Mr. Meneely, Dr. Vincent—through the proceeds of his new book—and the C. L. S. C. The clock is the gift of the Seth Thomas Clock Co. of New York, and is worth nine hundred dollars.

The Assembly proper is in session from the third to the twenty-fourth of August, although the Chautauqua meetings continue from the first of July to the last of August. The price of tickets for admission to the grounds is one dollar per week for July and two dollars per week for August. These admit one to all the lectures, concerts, and public exercises, and I think there is no place in America where a person can get so much for so little as at Chautauqua.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

From My Diary.

BOYHOOD AND THE POETS.

What a pity it is that the happiest, most careless time of our life—boyhood—is spent by its possessors, in longing to have it over. That the maddest, merriest time—boyhood and girlhood—should not be fully valued, fully appreciated by us while we are the possessors of those joyous-hearted, golden hours. We do not mean that young folks do not enjoy life. Happy they are, but what we would emphasize is that they do not reap the full harvest as they go along, or while it lasts. They lose a

great deal of it because they do not realize the value of the estate. They are continually longing to get into the one just ahead of them—manhood.

Hood finely expresses this restlessness of the boy's mind—this eagerness to go forward upon the untried years of life—when he says the boy will

"Tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come."

And when the boy has fairly got out of his youthful Eden into manhood, the poet then expresses his regret in a retrospective view of the days of youth:

"No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eyes,
And cast a look behind."

And as he listens to boyish sports and glances over the playground of his school days, at the boys in the merry sports that he once reveled in, he sees himself in—

"One that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow-cob about."

As he thus watches their sports he thinks of their foolish longing to get out of boyhood, and exclaims,

"Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, and swap
With this world's heavy van,—
To toil, to tug. O, little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school
To wish to be a man!"

This wistful looking forward is in most young minds.

Coleridge says of youth and age,
O, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship—love, and liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah! woeful ere,
Which tells me youth's no longer here!"

And Horace laments the vanishing years of boyhood:

"Years hurry by, and are lost to me, lost to me."
He gives the following fine thought:

"The gulf stream of our lives may flow
Into the Arctic region of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives."

And thus he has painted old age,

"And whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;
It is the dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease, not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm but not enough to burn."

How different the feebleness of age, yes, even the gravity of manhood from the glory of

"Youth's summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt the reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all alone, a mighty heart of joy."

The "mighty heart of joy" is the prerogative of youth. The little clouds that pass over his sunny meadow do but enhance the sunshine.

"There was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!
Fantastic woes I courted, feigned distress
Woeing the veiled phantom, melancholy,
With passion born, like love, in idleness."

But the poet's experience in later years was different—

"And life more tedious than a tale twice told."
But the lessons of boyhood; how few young folk think of them as other than disagreeable and irksome. This is the fault of the teachers, for those lessons should be a feast of learning and a flow of soul to the young folk in school days. Look at the menu; the reading and the study of choicest minds of the world—the poetry of Homer and Virgil; the lyric snatches of Horace; the magnificence of the drama of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; the unique wit of Aristophanes. Then the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero; the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus; the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; the demonstrations of Euclid, arithmetic and so on down to the end of the text book chapter. All the lessons of the school-room should be made interesting by seeing and understanding all through the why and the wherefore, the how it is done. There is no earthly reason why the lessons in the school-room should be regarded as an unredeemed bore.

But coming back to the old playground of one's boyhood, now peopled by others, the poet thus muses—

"Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards the merry ground.
Then be contented! Thou hast got
The most of Heaven in thy lot!
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy manhood all too fast,
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last
A sorry breaking up."

V. B.

Congratulations.

JUST AS WE TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE.

On calling for suggestions for the good of the Capital Grange, 540, on Nov. 6, the Lecturer spoke nearly as follows:

Some 2000 years ago the old Romans got in a tight place and wanted a reliable leader. They called on Cincinnatus, who was at the place poorly dressed. He was a modest fellow, but he put on some better clothes and accepted the call somewhat reluctantly.

For some years past the farmers of Michigan have been making various requests as to the nomination and election of candidates and the passage of certain laws. These requests have been patiently but earnestly renewed. Results have seemed to come slowly, but some of them have now come and others likely to continue coming if the farmers are true to their interests. It is more common among farmers than ever before

to seek reliable information in regard to the qualifications of candidates. If found unsatisfactory the candidates of all parties have repeatedly been defeated or have been elected by such a small plurality that the results were disheartening.

As this was the "off year" it seemed best in many parts of the State to go to the country among the farmers for good men, who would be most likely to win majorities.

In these cases the men of the plow, unlike Cincinnatus, seemed more than willing to be persuaded to step to the front in this hour of great need. An unusual number of these candidates, of the several parties, were members of the Granges scattered over our State. They have been anxiously waiting all these long years for good places, but have improved the time by diligently studying, writing and speaking—fitting themselves—till they have been found well prepared for leaders.

We, the members of Capital Grange, especially feel to congratulate ourselves on the election of two of our members to the next Legislature, viz: Worthy Master John Holbrook to the State Senate and S. H. Preston to the House of Representatives. We feel proud of the election of other members of the Order outside of this Grange, especially that of Brother Cyrus G. Luce, Master of our State Grange to be Governor of Michigan, and Brother Perry Mayo, Lecturer of the State Grange to be State Senator, to say nothing of many other good Patrons of Husbandry (all of whose names we have not learned,) in various quarters, who have been called to positions of honor and trust.

To Governor-elect Luce, Senator Holbrook, Representative Preston, and all other good Patrons who have been on the winning side, we extend our heartfelt congratulations. We do not know of one who is not qualified for the position he is called to fill.

Corn Fodder, its Care and Value.

No crop is grown upon the farm that is of more value for feeding stock than corn fodder. Yet, but few know how to utilize it profitably. Too many ruin their corn fodder at the time they cut it up, making the shocks entirely too large causing the fodder to mold. Forty-nine hills to a shock, well tied at the tops, will keep and cure out by husking time. No corn fodder should ever be hauled to the barn unless thoroughly dried and during a clear day. Muggy or damp weather will soon spoil it for feeding purposes.

One of the most marked steps of the many that have been taken of late years in "progressive agriculture," is the care that is now taken in feeding the live stock of the farm. The old fashioned way of expecting the straw stack to supply both food and shelter—or of throwing hay and fodder upon the ground to be trodden under foot and in the mire, has given place to the comfortable barn with its stalls and regular rations of cut fodder, with the ground grain or bran as well. No farmer who adopts the improved system ever goes back to the old way. More cattle are kept upon the same farm, there is more and better manure, the farm and the farmer both improve. Cutting fodder with ordinary machines was not entirely successful owing to the short, sharp pieces which injure cattle. Steaming remedied this but was a messy, troublesome process. All this is now changed by adding a crushing attachment that will thoroughly prepare large cornstalks for feeding safely. That the crushed fodder is equal, practically, to so much hay has been thoroughly proved in this locality by practical stock feeders. Farmers, why do you not carefully save your hay and waste one-half of your fodder which has a food value equal to hay? The farmer who would treat his hay as many treat their cornfodder, would soon lose both his reputation and his farm. Do not complain of hard times till you have carefully used all that mother earth has given you.

Get a Lion Fodder Cutter and Crusher and cut and crush all your fodder, and keep enough to eat it all and you will make money and no mistake.

GUTHINS SNYDER,
St. Jo. County, Mich.

THEY ALWAYS COME.—The manner of calling swine is as varied as the number of States. The Pennsylvanian requests the presence of his herd with "Pig—pig, pig, pig-gie, pig-gie." The North Carolinian halloos, "Pig-i, pig-i," dwelling on the "i" each time. The Hoosier calls "Whoo-ee, whoo-ee," and his pigs come on the jump from every direction. A Buckeye farmer reasons with his big, easy-going, well-fed porker, and coaxingly cries, "Soo, soo—soo, soo, soo." The Kentucky farmer causes the hills to reverberate with his heavy bass voice, "Poohe, poohe." A Dakotian brings his pigs with a shrill whistle. And thus each State has its own peculiar manner of calling the swine.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said: When you educated a farmer you educate his crops, his stock, you increase his producing powers, and the value of the property he invests in. When you educate mechanics, you educate finer things for the market. When you educate men, you educate all the material round about that comes under their hands. Put your guano on the brain—that is the way to make good farmers.

Miscellaneous.

Shelling Beans.

Shelling beans! Shelling beans!
This is sport when nights are cold,
When a cloud the moonlight screens,

But the little boys and girls
Handfuls on the table lay,
And by shape and size and hue

UTILITY PLUS BEAUTY.

C. B. STEBBINS, LANSING, MICH.

My sermon will be aimed principally
at the men, for in their devotion to
utility they are too apt to forget the intense
longing of the female heart for beauty;

I have, as I write, in my mind a man
whose love for his wife was as true as
any man's, but he became afflicted with
a madness which I call land on the brain.

You will say this is an extreme case.
I admit that it is; but it is true; and I
hold it up to you that every man may
look in the mirror and judge whether he

a greater or less extent, guilty of a similar
forgetfulness of the duty we owe to
her who gives home its greatest value.

What I claim is, that while one of woman's
highest impulses is love for the beautiful,
with man the first question is, "will it pay?"

Some 15 years ago I was passing from
Mason to Dansville. Not far from
Mason I saw a long row of fine maples
along the roadside. I take it for granted
they are there still; and, if so, they
must now be a magnificent sight.

The necessities of our race demand
great sacrifices. To maintain liberty,
the late rebellion cost half a million of
lives. To settle the great west has and
will cost as many more.

The progress of humanity seemed to
demand that we should bring the girl we
could not leave behind us, while we sub-
due the wilderness for the benefit of our
posterity; but it was not necessary that

This is the lesson I would urge; and
especially upon those just starting in
domestic life. Make home beautiful.
When you build, do it with some regard
to taste. Let your wife enjoy her love
for flowers. She will repay you well in
smiles.

Your neighbor who has no taste or
no ambition to emulate you, may envy
your success, and your "place" may be
taxed the highest, though costing no
more; but it is because it is worth

more; just as you may raise a horse
worth two hundred dollars as easily as
one worth one hundred.

You place over your door the orna-
mental prayer, "God bless our home."
Can you ask Him to bless the home you
persistently neglect? Can He or you
make a home happy where you allow so
much deformity to dwell that the be-
holder turns away in disgust?

Soiling with Sheep.

Sheep have been so long connected
with the pasture, in the minds of stock
growers, that many farmers will not en-
gage in sheep raising unless under con-
ditions that permit of wide range and
the use of a large tract of land. So
general is this practice that only the un-
cultivated land is given up to sheep, and
it is not expected that attention will be
bestowed upon them.

Soiling with sheep has never been
practiced, but a system closely resem-
bling it is the only one used in England.
When soiling animals, they are confined
in a yard and the food brought to them
but with sheep the English mode is to
confine them on small plots, changing
the fences, which are movable, as fre-
quently as may be desirable.

It does not pay to keep sheep in this
country in the same manner as is done
in England as long as we make a spe-
cialty of wool, nor can we secure profit
from the harding (movable fence) sys-
tem with the breeding of sheep at present
in use on nearly all farms, as they are
lacking in size and quality.

But with all the care and attention
required the large mutton breeds are
profitable, and the English farmer pays
high rents and makes money by raising
such sheep. He expects the wool to be
merely a factor in assisting to pay
expenses, and does not look upon it as
the principle source of profit in sheep.

Of course the politicians want farm-
ers to let politics alone. Tweed want-
ed to be let alone. The railroad
wreckers, like Jay Gould and the clan
of robber barons who control the
prices of bread and coal, want to be let
alone. Of course they do. Every man
who has a dishonest purpose in his life
wants his business let alone.

A HUNDRED trees, maple, elm, linden,
or any other variety that will grow to
stately form, if planted now, will soon
be worth more for their timber than
any other product of the ground they
require.

The Farmer's Wife.

BY MRS. M. H. FRANCE.

Farmers are not such sufferers from
the close confinement and chilly isolation
of farming as are their wives and chil-
dren. Their business gives them untold
respite where their families have no
business! The valuable apple and pear
and peach tree agents; the mowing ma-
chine agents; and extra reaper agents;

They go to the blacksmith shops and
wait for hours for the shoeing of their
horses, in the meanwhile enjoying a
pleasant chat with the well-posted black-
smith; and then away to the neighboring
borough to market. They meet business
men with whom are amicably discussed
the principal and exciting topics of the
day, and they decide who will be ad-
mitted to the new administration, etc.

Then, there are the long, blessed even-
ings of two-thirds of each year filled
with golden opportunities for quiet rest
and improvement to the hard-toiling,
fagged-out follower of the road! No farmer
ever has a pile of mending to haunt his
evenings, with a worse than Hamlet's
ghost, to confront him; no garments to
fashion and relish for a troop of shivering
and rapidly growing children; no stock-
ings or mittens to knit, in toto, to stare
him out of countenance continuously
until they are finished, and while he rests,

Of course, all the pursuits and branch-
ings out in the farmer's life here men-
tioned are included in that grandly char-
itable name, denominated "business,"
which covers, like charity, a multitude
of sins; but business or not, however they
may be called, they are a musical change
in the sometimes unbroken monotony of
continued labor; and would prove a per-
fect godsend to break in on the dull
routine of everyday kitchen life as actu-
ally experienced in its humdrum mono-
tony by thousands of housewives through-
out the farming countries of the world.

But these changeful rings upon the
word "business!" reaches not the small,
dingy back kitchens, where the farmers'
wives spend two-thirds of their cramped,
prematurely developed lives in the great
crucifixion of self upon their family al-
tars. They have no business anywhere!
None at the blacksmith's, where the
freshest news are retailed gratis, nor at
the markets, nor on the fences of their
neighbors' farms, no earnest talks with
agents along the roads, seated on con-
venient logs, or confidential chats with
grand specimens of philanthropic hu-
manity, called politicians, by the yard.

Where can this class of women have
business which is blended with mental
improvement and recreation? Where
can business lead them for a quiet after-
noon now and then, while their parboiled
brains may cool and the heated cook-
stove enjoy a brief respite? And echo
replies, Where?

Their sphere is the kitchen, and there
they should be proud to stay, is the old-
time edict gone forth to the world from
masculine lordships unto all generations;
and the majority of true women who un-
complainingly bow to the modern edi-
tion of Egyptian bondage must, and will
inevitably, sink into a despairing indif-
ference, until death-hastens mercifully
to the rescue breaks off the galling man-
acles of an unsocial dwarfed existence
and sets the heart-broken, crushed
spirit at liberty. But, hark! there is a
murmur of voices upon the air, an ex-
pectancy of hopefulness enters and ani-
mates kitchen life.

An angel of mercy dawns upon the
darkness of unappreciated, solitary home
service; and a light of wondrous mag-
nitude irradiates the groping, hopeless
footsteps of the farmer's wife's isolated
life in her customary routine; it illumi-
nates her soul with renewed hope, her
eye with budding faith, and her brain
with awakening aspirations.

No longer as Cinderella, amid her na-
tive cinders, need she grovel with bowed
head and aching form as a menial and
a dependent; but erect, and magnifying
her womanhood, she may claim the legal
birthright of standing beside her husband,
or her brother, as their equals, their
helpmeets in deed and in truth.

Blessed be God! The truce has come!
He welcomes the Cinderellas of farm
life to his extended hearthstones, to the
rich boon of social happiness and the
overflowing garners of satisfying thought
and knowledge.

Heardily and thankfully do we respond
to these interrogatories by quoting the
Order of the Patrons of Husbandry as

the Moses in the wilderness, who comes
to lift up the bowed down, to educate the
ignorant and to give light to those who
sit in the valley and shadow of death.

You ask - Ho, watchman what of this
much lauded Order which is casting such
a halo over the kitchen midnight of the
darkened centuries of the past?

What of its signs of promise, its reali-
zations and its reward?

"Say watchman, tell us of the night,
For a morning seems to dawn;
Traveling darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn."

Time for a Kiss.

"Kiss me, papa - if you have time," said
my little 5 year-old daughter, one morn-
ing as she sat leisurely finishing her
breakfast, while I was hurrying off to my
work with a cup of coffee and a biscuit
hastily stowed away in my stomach.

"If you have time!" What unmean-
ing and unconscious irony lay in those four little
words! Like a silver arrow tipped with
gold they went to my heart. Was I then
so busy that my little child must ask in
all sincerity and earnestness if her father
could really spare the time to give his
darling a good-by morning kiss? Shame
upon me and my business! What, then,
was this great work in which I was so
mercilessly absorbed? The matter of get-
ting bread for four little mouths, shoes
for eight little feet, and clothes for four
little backs. This was the real problem
reduced to its simplest terms. And has
it come to this, in our boasted era of labor-
saving machinery, and in our vaunted
land of inexhaustible resources, that the
little ones must be in doubt whether or
not father has time to kiss them? Shame
upon me and my work! I kept saying,
And shame upon our civilization, our ma-
chinery, our riches and our achievements,
if this is the best they can do!

The words of Baby Nell kept company
with me down the street. Indeed, they
kept me company all the day, running
through my mind at every interval of lei-
sure. They made me recall the manner
of my recent living: Eating breakfast,
with half the family at the table while
half were still dressing; hurrying as if at
a railway station; nervous, preoccupied,
silent; so absorbed in the plans of the
day that the little angel by my side was
hardly more noticed than if her chair had
been vacant; and at last leaving home
as if the house were on fire. I thought of
all this and I asked myself what I was
getting out of life to pay me for all I was
losing. I was drudging to obtain the com-
forts and some of the luxuries of life, and
I was not enjoying them. There were
books in my library, but I had no time and
little inclination to read them. There
were pictures on my walls, but how often
did I spend five consecutive minutes in
looking at them? There was a piano in
the house and my wife was reputed a
good player before her marriage, but the
instrument was silent now the most of
the time for some cause or another, prob-
ably for the reason that there did not
seem to be any convenient time for me
to listen. There were plenty of people
round about us, but we did not have any
intimate friends. Perhaps it was because
it takes some time and some attention to
make and to keep friends, and we really
did not seem to be able to spare the time
for it. We thought, year by year, that
we would make some effort to be sociable,
but the time slipped past so rapidly and
we were always so busy, that the long-
looked-for leisure never came.

I thought of all this and I concluded
that I was getting too busy; that, in fact,
I had been too busy for some time. I re-
flected that while there were so many
men out of employment and anxious to
be employed, it was not good economy
for one man to be trying to do the work
of two. I determined that hereafter I
would only try to do one man's work, and
would try to have one man's time for en-
joyment as I went along. I began tak-
ing life more leisurely. I spent an hour
or two more at home each day. I set de-
liberately to work to remedy the defects
in my personal and domestic life, which I
plainly saw existed. I sought to revive
my dormant love for literature by reading
each day in some book or magazine. I
talked and played with my children, who
at first did not quite know what to make
of the novel innovation, but soon came
to expect and enjoy it. We had games
and music and evening talk. Occasionally
we had friends in to spend the evening
with them. We ate breakfast together as
a family, and Nell did not need to ask
again if I had time to kiss her.

Is it necessary to say that one year of
this kind of living appeared to last long-
er and to have more in it than two years
of the tread-mill period? And, contrary
to my old-time fears, my business did not
go to ruin. I did not see but that it pro-
spered as well as or better than it had done
before. What I possibly lost in being
away from it more of the time seemed to
be fully made up by gains in other ways.
I never regretted making the change and
I think I can safely assure any brother
man, who is working the tread mill of
business or professional life as I was do-
ing, that he is grinding an unprofitable
grist, and if he has no little Nell to re-
mind him of the fact, I trust that some
other monitor will arouse him to a truer
sense of his situation. - Selected.

GEMS OF THOUGHT - Oh, the malignity
of a wrong word! Oh, that strange lust
of mangling reputations which seizes on
hearts the least wantonly cruel! Let two
idle tongues utter a tale against some
third person, who never offended the bab-
blers, and how the tale spreads, like fire,
lighted none knew how, in the herbage
of an American prairie. Who shall put
it out?

What right have we to pry into the se-
crets of other men's hearts? True or
false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what
concern of ours can it be? I speak not
of cases to which the law has been sum-
moned, which law has sifted, on which
law has pronounced. But how, when the
law is silent, can we assume its verdict?
How be all judges, where there has been
no witness box, no cross-examinations,
no jury? Yet, every day we put on our
ermine, and make ourselves judges -
judges sure to condemn - and on what
evidence? That which no court of law
will receive. Somebody has said some-
thing to somebody, which somebody re-
peats to everybody! - Balwer.

A New Jersey Opening.

If you are waiting in the depot at Trenton, N. J. you can walk up an inclined sidewalk about a hundred feet...

"My advent on the scene produced no consternation. The mules shut their eyes the harder and one of the men slowly raised his eyes to the level of my knees...

"How?" "You will give me the money to make good the defalcation. Oh! sir, how can I ever show my gratitude?"

"Well yes; I suppose a man might as well smoke on the gallows as do anything else. You couldn't spare \$20, could you?"

"You might advance me \$5 and I'll telegraph my brother in Camden and see if he won't make up the balance."

"What's your particular lay?" "I work the confidence racket!"

"I thought so - shak! That's my racket, too, and I'd like to travel with you for a month. We can pick up \$500 a week at Long Branch as long as we care to stay."

"I had to decline on the ground of other business, and at parting he shook my hand and said: 'Well, if we meet anywhere we'll go snooks on the racket. You've got a look which would deceive old Pinkerton himself.'"

For Dyspepsia Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Weakened Energy Indigestion, Etc. HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

L. S. & M. S. R. R. KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE. Standard time - goth meridian. GOING SOUTH.

GOING NORTH. Lv Buffalo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo, Ar Toledo.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM KALAMAZOO. TIME-TABLE - MAY 1, 1884.

WESTWARD. Kalamazoo Accommodation leaves, Kalamazoo Accommodation arrives, Evening Express, Pacific Express, Day Express, EASTWARD.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. PIANOS. The Improved Method of Stringing, Introduced and perfected by MASON & HAMLIN...

ORGAN & PIANO CO. 154 Tremont St., Boston. 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.), N. Y.

PATENTS. LUCIUS C. WEST, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, and Counsellor in Patent Causes.

Fenno Brothers & Childs, WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANTS 117 Federal St., Boston. Consignments Solicited, and Cash Advances Made.

FREE MONEY on BUTTER. We will send you by mail our full directions for making any quantity of GILT EDGE CREAMERY BUTTER FARM with prices of the LEONARD CLEANABLE CREAMERY and dairy apparatus.

Reduction in Price of Paints. THE PATRONS' PAINT WORKS have made another reduction in the price of Paints, notwithstanding they are cheaper than any other Paints in the market...

White Bronze MONUMENTS! Over 150 Erected in Kent County. The only monuments that are guaranteed to be free from all the objections known to stone.

Wonderful Discovery in Laundry Soap. One Bar of Ingersoll's New Discovery Soap does a Wash with one hour's light labor. This is a saving of eight hours' hard labor.

German Horse and Cow POWDERS! This powder has been in use many years. It is largely used by the farmers of Pennsylvania, and the Patrons of that State have purchased over 100,000 pounds through their purchasing agents.

Money to Loan. There has been placed in my hands money to loan in sums of five hundred dollars or more, to be secured on good improved farms.

If you have for sale either Apples, Beans, Bagas, Cranberries, Dried Fruit, Grapes, Hops, Honey, Onions, Peaches, Potatoes, Small Fruits, Seeds, Squash, Veal or Wool, send me your name and P. O. address in full; it will be added to my lists...

AGENTS WANTED to sell the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER. Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

GERMAN CARP. Orders filled promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed; address, SILL & REEVE, Dexter, Mich.

THE Patrons' Grocery House.

Under Contract with the Executive Committees of the Pennsylvania and New York State Granges and recognized by the State Granges of Ohio, New Jersey and Delaware to furnish Granges with all kinds of Groceries.

THORNTON BARNES, Wholesale Grocer and Grange Selling Agent, 241 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

THE GUIDE. We issue the Buyers' Guide in March and September of each year. It is now a book of 304 pages, 8x11 inches in size, 28,576 square inches of information for the consumers.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE, JUNE 26, 1886. TRAINS WESTWARD - CENTRAL MERIDIAN TIME, TRAINS EASTWARD - CENTRAL MERIDIAN TIME.

GROCERIES!

Wholesale Grocery House OF ARTHUR MEIGS & CO. Have Opened a Mammoth Retail Department, and are selling all goods at much LOWER PRICES than any other dealers.

ARTHUR MEIGS & CO. Retail Department, 77 and 79 South Division Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BUSINESS AGENT MICHIGAN STATE GRANGE. THOMAS MASON, General Commission Merchant, 161 South Water St., Chicago, Respectfully Solicits Consignments of Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Grass Seed, Raw Furs, Hides, Pelts, Tallow, &c.

The Chemistry of Character.

John and Peter and Robert and Paul, God, in his wisdom, created them all. John was a statesman, and Peter a slave, Robert a preacher, and Paul—a knave. Evil or good, as the case might be, white or colored, or bond or free—John and Peter and Robert and Paul, God, in his wisdom, created them all.

Woman's Implements.

Many a woman has kept her house admirably, but at the expense of great labor, owing to the lack of suitable implements for her work. A dry rag to dust with must be soft indeed if it does not send all the dust into the air, and a wet one requires more time and care than the guardian of the comfort of the household can always command.

Whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population.

Whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population.

Scenes in Ireland.

A Glasgow correspondent, writing to The Cleveland Leader, says: The country scenes all over Ireland are far different from those of America. The people have a strong brogue, and though those of the cities dress the same as we do, out in the country districts you find some of the quaint knee-breeches peasants whom you see in the old Irish prints.

Reader, Where do You Live?

I know a man, his name was Horner, who used to live on Grumble Corner—Grumble Corner, in Cross Patch Town; and he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this, and grumbled at that; he grumbled at the dog; he grumbled at the cat; he grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night, and to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

Work.

You have scarcely been at a railway station when a train was in without seeing people, or knots of people, stop before the engine and overheard their exclamations of wonder and admiration. But no one says, "What a pity to work such a marvelous machine!" "It ought to stand still and rest!" No one is so foolish, because of the fact that the fiery steam-horse was made for work, is kept bright and useful by work and is of no value except when in working trim.

We are in receipt of many letters from Bulletin readers in Michigan, and all express great satisfaction at the nomination of Bro. C. G. Luce for the high office of Governor. It is the more gratifying as without regard to party ties all give credit to the Bulletin for aiding in the creation of a sentiment that made the nomination possible.

While Bishop Cox was composing his recent essay on Americanisms, he would have done language a great kindness had he spoken of the faithful and illustrious service performed for mankind by a few phrases and terms. These have for many years gone about doing good. They have stood by the sick and the poor, the weak and the strong, ready to lend a helping hand in the time of greatest need.

At weddings it is often difficult to say just the needed word to the father of the boy or girl at the altar. Upon taking the hand of the bride's mother, it will all ways be wise and polite to say, "Madam you have not lost a daughter, you have gained a son." It will not matter if this wisdom be uttered to the groom's mother, because in a large assemblage, it is only the initial words of a sentence that are of moment; the exact application of the whole remark can be made after the reception has passed by and the mid-nights time for reflection. Indeed, at a party, after one has reached the third word of a sentence, all articulation may cease and only a sound continue.

Very classic and useful among the ladies are the words, "going out airing," or "taking an airing." This is much better than such tame language as, "riding out in the fresh air," or "taking a walk in the fresh air," because the phrases have no history, no growth from a germ; whereas the phrase, "taking an airing," has grown up with the people, having begun with the chambermaids who first shoved feather beds out on the porch roof, and with the old-clothes men who first put an old overcoat on a gate post or hung a lap-robe on a woodpile. Thus, step by step, has the idea advanced until the elegant lady has begun to "take an airing."

In speaking of a tornado, the word "pipe-stems" is as invaluable as a dull tool, and in conversing about hailstones, the mind must depend much upon "hen's eggs." There can not be much of a wind unless it treats oaks as though they were "pipe stems," nor would a black cloud be worthy of remark unless it should discharge regular hen-egg hail. Great care must be taken not to get these illustrations mixed for a tornado which should break trees as though eggs would not be respected. What we all want is the classic and pure style. Let us stand by these noble friends and bring them to the front as opportunity may offer.—David Swing.

The Tribune has a special and urgent call for Prof. Dickie and "Congressman" Crozier of Ann Arbor.

The Tribune has a special and urgent call for Prof. Dickie and "Congressman" Crozier of Ann Arbor. Also for its old and valued friend the Rev. John Russell. There's "a hen on" and three gentlemen have need to devote particular attention to the town. These are facts: Last spring a distinct prohibition ticket was run in the village of Armada, Macomb county, and was triumphant. The new village board stood five avowed prohibitionists and two Democrats. Under a previous Republican board the only hotel in the village had sold liquor, paying the tax, filing a proper bond, and honestly observing the restrictions of the law. Now what did this prohibition village board do? They lowered the bonds from \$6,000 to \$4,000. They allowed a second place to be opened which is characterized by good citizens as a "hole." They accepted its keeper's bonds although one of the bondsmen then lived and still lives outside of the village limits and the other outside of the town limits, both being ruled out by the express terms of the statute and accepted in square defiance of the law. They allowed this same man to sell liquor for nearly a month before he had paid a tax on the promise that he "was going to pay it," although that law forbade his selling a single day. That is the true history of this case. And this is the way in which they prohibit on party when it gets into power and elects the officers going to suppress liquor selling, is it? Rather discouraging prospect it must be confessed. We repeat our call for the eminent prohibitionists we have already named. We suggest a pilgrimage to Armada, and that they stop abuse of the Republicans for just twenty-four hours, and put in the time in good solid labor with this model prohibition board. Or they might hold a camp meeting. At any rate, something needs to be done. Evidently prohibition don't prohibit.—Detroit Tribune.

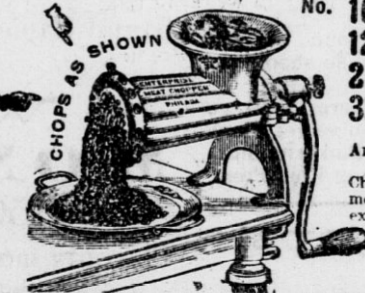
THE AMERICAN PROJECT FOR PERSIAN RAILROADS.

The American Project for Persian Railroads.—The American speculator who has obtained the concession from the Shah for the construction of a network of railways in Persia would appear to mean business, after all. The concession, which he obtained while acting at Teheran as Minister Resident of the United States, he has conveyed to St. Petersburg and offered to carry out under the direct auspices of the Russian Government. British diplomacy at Teheran is reported to be much exercised by this act, and if we are not mistaken, influence is being brought to bear upon the Shah to induce him to clip the wings of the concession, if Mr. Winston realizes his present aim of transferring it to Russia for a cash consideration. England has acquiesced in a good many Russian movements lately, but we question whether she would regard with indifference the extension of the Russian railway system from the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf. This is what the American proposes to do, and as by the terms of 99 years' concession he obtains mile plots of land each side of the line through the richest provinces of Persia—those bordering upon the Caspian Sea—the initial section, from the shores of that sea to Teheran, is almost sure to pay. Afterward it is proposed to carry one line south to the Persian Gulf station, on which Russia has long aspired to establish a naval station, and another east to Meshed, whence a short extension would carry it on to the Russian railways from the Caspian to Merv. These two main lines would completely open up Persia and at the same time link her fortunes altogether with those of Russia, who, from the Caspian, would be able to dominate both railways. Mr. Winston proposes that Russian engineers shall construct the line, Russian tracklayers lay it and the metals and rolling stock be obtained from the railway works at St. Petersburg, Kolumna, Brianks and the Ural Mountains.—Engineering.

ENTERPRISE MEAT CHOPPERS.

BEST IN THE WORLD. GUARANTEED TO CHOP, NOT GRIND THE MEAT.

- FOR CHOPPING SAUSAGE MEAT, MINCE MEAT, HAMBURG STEAK FOR DYSPEPTICS, BEEF TEA FOR INVALIDS, &c.



American Agriculturist says: "We have given this Meat Chopper a thorough trial with most satisfactory results. They excel anything of the kind made in either hemisphere."

Send for Catalogue. No. 10 Family Size, Price, \$3.00. Hardware Trade ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Parson's Business College.

Advertisement for Parson's Business College, featuring an illustration of the building and text: "Over 5,000 of Students filling positions in all parts of the country. Short Hand, and Type Writing. Kalamazoo, Mich. Send for Journal. W. F. PARSONS, President."

GIANT



CLOTHING COMPANY.

WHEN IN THE VICINITY OF Grand Rapids Suits & Overcoats, Furnishing Goods, HATS AND CAPS. MENS' SUITS - from \$4 to \$30 MENS' OVERCOATS from \$3 to \$25 BOYS' SUITS - from \$1.50 to \$15 BOYS' OVERCOATS from \$1.50 to \$15

Positively 25 per cent. can be saved on every purchase made of the

Giant Clothing Company, Cor. Canal and Lyon Sts., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL, THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS



Joseph H. Hughes, Esq., Ft. Wayne, Ind. SIR—Having used your Star brand of Old Process Oil Cake Meal, I can cheerfully recommend it to farmers and stockmen. Yours truly, I. C. STRELLING, Sec'y Mich. State Ag'l Society. Ask for STAR brand, manufactured only by JOSEPH HUGHES & CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.

GROUND OIL CAKE.

OLD PROCESS. Now is the time to buy the genuine article cheap. To be had in Michigan of F. VAN DRIELE & CO., Grand Rapids; MAYOR RANNEY, Kalamazoo; T. B. TAYLOR, Jackson City, Miss; Jackson; W. S. PENFIELD, 219 Woodward Ave., Det.