

# THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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## Postal Jottings.

PERMIT me to thank those who sent to me for moss for their patient waiting. Before leaving Jacksonville I hired gathered and shipped home a lot of the moss so I would be able to send it as I promised. I have never received it. I don't know why, and can not learn where it is. Not very easily thwarted in an undertaking I wrote to another party to get me the moss, which she did, but upon receiving it found it poor cull, dead moss and threw it away, after paying a little over \$7 expressage on it besides the cost of gathering. The precept I learned while a schoolgirl, I put in practice, that was to "try, try again." So I sent to another part of Florida and this time I got the moss, although it was not as nice as I should have selected had I been there and now have sent moss to each one. It has been some expense to me but I have done as I agreed, and I value that more than money.

Yours with kind regards,  
Mrs. F. A. WARNER.  
East Saginaw, Mich.

I THINK Rutland Grange, No. 145, can now say "forward march." At our last meeting there was a good attendance. Ten applications were presented, and the outlook is certainly more encouraging to us than for many months in the past. Quite an interesting contest is claiming our attention at present: closes to-night, the side scoring the least counts to furnish supper for the Grange.

Eight members of Rutland Grange attended our Pomona Grange near Hickory Corners the 27th of May. The day was delightfully cool and a ride of some 20 miles was soon accomplished. We found many brother and sister Patrons to greet and shake hands with. Pomona was entertained at the commodious residence of Bro. Geo. Monroe, who had spared neither time nor labor to make it pleasant for all and where, I should judge, at least 100 were entertained right royally, and room for as many more.

AUNT MIN.  
Barry Co. May 28.

THE farmer has ceased to be isolated and for culture, enlightenment and refinement will, with his wife, compare favorably with any class or profession. Our County Grange meets nearly every month in the year. It is composed of some of the best farmers and their families, who meet not only to advance their interest as farmers but to cultivate the best part of the farm—the farmer and the farmer's wife. The papers read, the topics discussed, the readings given, and the rare songs rendered at our meeting on Thursday last would have done credit to any club assemblage. The hall was full of eager listeners and as eager workers. No one asked to be excused or failed to respond when called. Every thing on the program, save one, was carried out, and beside which we had two essays from Union Grange which kindly entertained us. The idea that our organization is one that makes the getting of the almighty dollar paramount is erroneous. There is something of more worth than money, mortgages, or bank stock, worth more than rich acres, fat stock and full granary—it is the men and women. Let them be cultivated.

Mrs. MAYO.  
Calhoun County.

I FIND that some of the leading journals of the State are doing me an injustice in calling me a poet and in attributing to my pen the article entitled "To the Farmer Senators of Michigan," in the Visitor of May 15. I may be guilty of much erroneous action but the writing of poetry, or the filching of it from some one else (which is worse), can not in justice be laid to me. I believe that Mrs. Wayne, of New York, wife of Assemblyman in that State, is the author of the touching appeal. Yours truly,  
Mrs. P. MAYO.

MEDINA Grange, No 277, is in a fairly prosperous condition. We hold regular, well attended meetings once in two weeks and much interest is displayed in literary work. Our Grange is now divided for the purpose of studying history and parliamentary laws. One side furnishes a program for one evening and the other side one for the next. The roll will be called immedi-

ately after recess and at the end of three months the side showing the greatest number present is to be feasted by the other. Medina Grange has been buying shoes of Edmunds & Mayo, 121 Federal Street, Boston, and is very much pleased with the result as the percentage saved is large, the goods first class, and the firm accommodating and responsible. There is much interest manifested in Grange work here and I think two or three dormant Granges will be revived and several new ones organized in the early autumn. Lenawee County is not behind in the work. Geo. D. Moore.

A BRIEF note from Centreville Grange, No. 76, may not be out of place. Our membership is not as large as it might be but what members it has are worthy of mention for their intellectual capacity. In nearly every instance its programs are carried out to perfection. For high quality and instructive power there is no discount. The contest plan will probably be inaugurated in the near future. Something closely resembling it we have tried and were fully convinced that the plan is the right thing. FANATIC.

Now, Brother Patrons, I have this to say—I may wish I had not said it, but it is sincere—any man who regards party success above the principles that constitute the basis of our Order has no place in it, and the sooner he takes himself out of it the better for all concerned. We shall never attain the objects we aim at nor acquire the influence we should have in public affairs until we can vote independently of party interests and ignore all caucus management. H. COLLINS.  
Klinger Lake, Mich.

It was with pleasure that we saw the appointment of Children's Day this year. On account of children attending school Fremont Grange, No. 494, decided to hold their Children's Day Saturday, June 4, and early in the day children and parents began to assemble and by 10 o'clock our hall was filled to overflowing and all seemed to enjoy themselves. At noon the sisters prepared a dinner fit for a king, of which 125 or over partook. Late in the afternoon we separated to go to our respective homes all feeling that they were well paid for the day spent in making the children happy. May we have many pleasant returns of Children's Day is the sincere wish of yours fraternally, W. C. STUART, Sec.

By frequent showers during the fore part of the day of the last regular meeting of Van Buren County Grange, at Bangor, many worthy Patrons were deterred from attempting the long drive necessary to reach the place of meeting, but notwithstanding this, the spacious hall was so well filled that extra seats had to be brought in. Every one wore that expression of countenance which betokens an enjoyable and profitable session. Roll call found nearly all officers present except Gate Keeper Jason Woodman, who as State Secretary, was no doubt battering down the walls of ignorance and superstition with new and progressive ideas. Reports from the subordinate Granges showed a healthy condition of the Order in this county. As a matter of course the usual noon vacation was indulged in with the common vigor and appreciation.

The literary exercises were opened with a paper by G. E. Breck, Esq., "Causes of Depression in Agriculture." It was a masterly production and a lively discussion followed. "How to be a Good Wife," was discussed by Mrs. C. B. Whitcomb. The essayist handled the subject so completely that little was left for discussion. Mrs. W. O. Cook's excellent paper on "Spring," exhibited much study and thought. "Two Pictures of Farm Life" by Mrs. J. M. Fisk were so well pictured that an interesting discussion followed and nearly every one had something to say about one or the other picture. The duet by Bro. and Sister Cook was well applauded. The next regular session will be held in Keeler, July 28, 1887. The annual picnic will be held in Hartford, Sept. 6, 1887. Worthy Brother Brigham, Master of State Grange of Ohio, will deliver an address. LECT.

We have had a bad drouth here for the last six weeks, but it was brought to an end on Monday, May 23, by a fine rain. Wheat looks well here, 100 per cent. of an average crop. Meadows will be tight. Corn planting is about ended and sheep shearing com-

menced. Farmers are looking for 30c for good clean, washed wool this summer. Old Groveland Grange, No. 443, is still at the front, holding meetings every two weeks with a good attendance. We hold our 13th anniversary on the 4th of June, likewise Children's Day on the same date. Groveland Grange has met with a great loss in the death of our Worthy Lecturer, Bro. George Campbell, who died on the 2d day of May in the 54th year of his age. He had been Lecturer of our Grange for the past five years and was a good one and a good worker in the Grange, always at meetings, always active and ready for work both in the Grange and out of it. WILLIAM CAMPBELL.  
Oakland Co., June 1.

GRANGE No. 628, Red Willow, Neb., met in regular session June 4, took in two new members and received applications for two more. Our program included select readings and speaking by the young folks of the Order, thus making our meeting pleasant and entertaining. We had some dry weather during the month of May which damaged wheat and oats badly, but with June comes refreshing showers giving new courage to the heart of the husbandman. It is with sorrow that we learn of the death of Bro. Aiken. L. C. ROOT, Master.

CHILDREN'S DAY, as observed by the Bruce and Armada Grange was a bright and joyous occasion in spite of gloomy weather. The original design of holding the exercises in the grove had to be abandoned but our new hall furnished ample room and thither came, as the weather cleared, parents and children of the immediate neighborhood, together with those from the school districts adjacent. A social time, followed by a good dinner, succeeded in turn by short addresses, recitations and singing by the children, filled out the day. Three clergymen representing as many different denominations, drove out from the village and by their presence and appropriate addresses aided largely in making our observance of Children's Day the success it proved to be. We shall try it another year. F. E. SCOTT.  
Romeo, June 10.

ALPINE Grange observed Children's Day Thursday, the 9th of June, with great success. Dinner was served to about 350 people. The children entertained the older people with music and recitations during the afternoon. All seemed well pleased and will look forward to many more such occasions. Alpine, June 12. F. M. DOLE.

If the celebration of Children's Day, 1887, was generally observed with the interest and enthusiasm exhibited by Watertown Grange, No. 370, then it surely ought to be listed among the annual legal holidays. In response to an invitation many members of Dewitt and Riley Granges came and assisted us in the exercises. I was also pleased to see many persons in attendance not members of the Order. A few members of Capitol Grange, No. 540, helped to swell the assembly to nearly 200. The exercises were held three-fourths of a mile north of Watertown Center, among the beautiful sugar maples owned by Nathan Wells. A carpeted speakers' stand, decorated with Grange banners and a canvas, bearing the words "Children's Day," was one of the first objects to meet the comers' eye. Those accessories of the picnic ground, such as lemonade booth, ham-mock, etc., were in attendance. Soon after noon a landscape wagon drove in and eventually "took us." One of the many amusing incidents that occurred was a warm surprise to J. A. Hunt, Worthy Master of Watertown Grange. It occurred to a trio of young Patrons that the day was the date and this occasion the most proper place to celebrate the Master's birthday. Accordingly, each procured a good beech sprout and vigorously applied a good old-fashioned Balm of Gilead. A ready explanation from that worthy satisfied the curiosity of many wondering eyes. The exercises consisted of an address of welcome by J. Q. Benedict, recitations, songs and dialogues by the children and an able address by Rev. Mr. Ashby, of Wacousta. We, the members of Watertown Grange, No. 370, vote Children's Day, 1887, a grand success. "FRITZ."  
Lansing, June 10.

IOWA JOTTING.  
Union Grange, No. 1618, of Mills

Co., Iowa, has but 32 Fourth Degree members but it has earned and expects to maintain the name of a thorough business Grange. This Grange purchases nearly all its dry goods and groceries on massed orders at wholesale prices discounted for cash. It other Granges don't believe this business feature pays let them try it for a year as we have and they will be convinced. We save from 25 to 30 per cent. of the price we should pay if we bought here and with the low price of farm produce is quite a relief.

This \$25 to \$30 saved out of every hundred does not give with us the financial interest prominence over the social, as all say that pays best.

This Grange was reorganized early in April, 1886, with 21 members, and as we now have 32 and three applications on file it is clear that we are making fair progress. We have no hall but meet at the houses of members. There is a convenience about this as a brother's barn is very convenient and comfortable for one's horses.

The Worthy Lecturer of this Grange is Deputy of Mills County and as such expects as soon as the very busy season is past to devote considerable time to Grange work—reviving old and organizing new Granges, and may success attend his efforts. Wm. WICKERSHAM, Sec'y.  
Silver City, Iowa, June 8, 1887.

## Notices of Meetings.

PROGRAM for Calhoun Co. Grange at Battle Creek Grange Hall, June 16, 1887.

1. Essay—Mrs. S. E. Woodworth.
2. Keeping Farm Accounts, or Guessing vs. Knowing—Frank B. Garrott.
3. The Boycott, Its nature, history, and morals—Onyx Adams.
4. Good and Bad Cookery—Mrs. Abram Minges. Comments by Mrs. Julia Poole, and Mrs. C. C. Poorman.
5. The best horse for general farm purposes—Jno. Woodworth, Abram Minges, C. C. Poorman.
6. Camping and decamping—Mrs. E. M. Brown.
7. Give us a National Senate elected by the people and not by the Legislature—Richard Keeler, Mrs. C. P. Child-ester.

Please send to be read by the Secretary any article that can not be presented in person. C. C. McDERMID, Lecturer.

From its Sec'y, Chas. W. Garfield we have the circular of the American Pomological Society. Its next session will be held in the city of Boston, commencing at 10 A. M., on Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1887, and will continue three days. All horticultural, pomological, agricultural and other kindred associations in the United States and British Provinces are invited to send delegates, and all persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are cordially invited to attend. Parties intending to exhibit should give timely notice to Mr. E. W. Wood, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, stating what prize they will compete for and the number of dishes they will exhibit, so that space may be reserved.

THE next session of St. Joseph County Grange, No. 4, will be held at Centreville, Thursday, July 7.

All Fourth Degree members are cordially invited to attend the afternoon session. A. E. HOWARD, Sec'y.

**A Woman's Sweet Will.**  
She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nerve and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

Bro. Rose, of Vienna Grange, reports that Grange as having healthy additions to its membership and that the young people of the neighborhood are becoming interested. This points to Children's Day as a time for special effort to show the educational and social value of the Grange.



## Communications.

### A Plea for "Woman's Rights."

Probably at no time within the history of the United States has this question loomed upon the social and political horizon so prominently as at the present day, and at no former period have so many brilliant minds been engaged in working out its solution. It is, indeed, a question worthy of the best and deepest thought, for once granted the right of ballot, an element in point of numbers will at once spring into active, intelligent existence which viewed in the light of the past has no parallel, and that this question is constantly assuming larger proportions and becoming more and more pressing in its demands for final adjustment, none can or will attempt to deny; like Hamlet's ghost, it will not be put down, and all efforts to stifle in the present or to transfer to the distant future this interesting and important problem are, and must be forever, futile.

That woman is the peer and equal of man in all points except that of physical prowess or strength, we most distinctly affirm, and though it is of but recent date that she has been allowed the opportunity of even partially developing her capabilities, yet her success has been such as to prove not only to herself that she is something of more value than a "cipher," but to compel admiration and respect from an audience composed of the civilized world.

The period is not remote, and requires no great exercise of memory to recall when many fields of common action and usefulness now open to women were occupied by men only, and it was then considered an unchangeable, absolute fact that they alone were the rightful occupants and woman had not, and could never have, the necessary executive ability, and that in the very nature of things to place her there must of necessity end in disappointment and chagrin.

Viewed in the light of the present, those beliefs seem to belong to a past and semi-enlightened age, so completely have they been refuted and overthrown. We find woman all over the land sharply competing with man in telegraphy, book-keeping, and in clerking; we find her, too, as sharply competing with him in the learned professions,—in medicine, in the mysteries of law, in teaching, and in every other department of science she is sharing with him in the tributes to genius.

Turning to the records of the historian we find that there, too, she has compelled lasting acknowledgement of her greatness and worth, and Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa of Austria, Josephine of France, and Victoria of our own day are but few of the many women who have shed lustre and glory upon their kind. In the departments of literature and the drama we see her again occupying the loftiest heights ever reached by the exercise of intellectual ability and genius. In all the range of English classics where shall we find the superior of that gifted woman, Elizabeth Barrett Browning? The productions of her mind are almost without a rival, and she has been declared the equal of the poet laureate himself, Alfred Tennyson; indeed, it has been said of her that she rises to heights on which the man has never stood, and finds depths which he has never fathomed. The names of Maria Edgeworth, Charlotte Bronte, Margaret Fuller and Harriet Martineau constitute but a small part of that brilliant galaxy of literary women whose productions shine with undimmed intellectual splendor. The limits of so short a sketch as this forbid further mention of other illustrious women whose achievements have not been eclipsed by any male contemporary, yet we must refer to one other noble woman, yet living, whose influence, perhaps, has been greater in moulding public opinion on the question of human slavery than any other person of her time, and it is universally conceded that in the publication of her immortal work a blow was given that barbarous system which doomed it to subsequent extinction. We refer to Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It was a principle laid down in Revolutionary times that taxation without representation was tyranny, and we believe it is so regarded to-day. The best blood of our fore-fathers was shed in defence of this truth, and the principle itself forms one of the best, the soundest, the most unanswerable arguments in favor of the ballot for women that can be presented to the human mind, and the most logical. Thousands of women annually pay taxes into the treasury of the United States. They are compelled so to do. Have they representation? If taxation without representation was denounced as tyranny in revolutionary times, is it not the same now?

The amendments to the constitution of the United States since our civil war have enfranchised a race of blacks, and the ballot has been given them as their inalienable right forever. Are women morally, socially, intellectually inferior to them—less to be trusted, more to be feared? Let us see where some of the greatest and deepest thinkers of the age stand on this subject.

Justice is on the side of woman suffrage.—Wm. H. Seward.

In the progress of civilization, woman suffrage is sure to come.—Charles Sumner.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing

its burdens, by no means excluding women.—Abraham Lincoln.

I believe the votes in our large cities will never be conquered until the ballot is put in the hands of women.—Bishop Simpson.

I think that there will be no end to the good that will come by woman suffrage.—Chief Justice Chase.

The ballot for woman is right and good.—Herbert Spencer.

For the highest development of the race give the ballot to woman.—Prof. Huxley.

These, then, are the recorded opinions of eminent men whose words carry weight and respect wherever spoken; men of acknowledged wisdom and prudence, and the list could be indefinitely prolonged, but we will make but one further quotation, that of Wm. E. Gladstone, the former Prime Minister of England, and the champion of human liberty everywhere. His words ring with no uncertain sound: "Every principle of right demands the ballot for woman."

With such splendid testimony standing out in bold and clear relief, illuminating with additional lustre the cause of woman suffrage, its final success is but a question of time, and, let us hope, of brief duration. The political world has need of woman's naturally pure and refining influence, man's conceded superior in those respects, and were she but vested with the power of the ballot, social purity, temperance and every other reform tending to the elevation of our race would find in her a quick and ready response. MRS. LUCY GRANGER, Wadsworth Grange, No. 668.

EDITOR VISITOR:—I notice in your issue of May 1st an article which does the life insurance business and the life insurance agents of this State a great, though probably unintentional injustice.

Your fusillade upon the "grave yard concerns" is well merited, as they are simply gambling concerns inducing people who want to get something for nothing to risk their money on the length of time some aged person will live. They are not life insurance companies in any sense, having no capital, credit or friends (among decent people), attracting to their work a class of consciousnessless scheming beings of the Bohemian out style, who, amongst people who don't know the difference, call themselves life insurance agents.

In your article you make no discrimination between these irresponsible concerns and staunch old life insurance companies that for more than forty years have furnished sound, legitimate life insurance, saving the financial destruction of thousands of homes all over the land.

There are but two life insurance companies organized in this State, and twenty-eight companies of other states, licensed to do business in this State. Six thousand persons were insured in the State last year and death losses amounting to \$733,000 were paid on insured persons of this State in 1886, and death losses amounting to over \$60,000,000 were paid in the United States during same time. This is what life insurance is doing, and the agents connected with these companies as a rule are gentlemen and should not be classed with the irresponsible tricksters representing the "grave yard concerns" mentioned in your article referred to.

The \$60,000,000 annually paid to families where the husband and father has been taken away does a world of good, and the companies and the men doing this grand work are entitled to the highest respect of all the readers of your good paper, and I hope you will be entirely willing to correct the erroneous impression your article may have made.

Yours truly,  
G. A. WATKINS,  
of Birmingham Grange.  
Detroit, May 28, '87.

EDITOR VISITOR:—I am a reader of your paper which I suppose has for its object the interest of the Grange as well as the Granger, and not having seen any item from our Grange thought I would say to you that we have a Grange at this place known as the Victor Grange, No. 677; we have about 40 members. This Grange was organized in January, 1887, by Brother Cortland Hill and is at present in a flourishing condition with Hon. J. C. Brunson as its Master. I noticed an article in your issue of May 15 by D. Woodman, Paw Paw, on which I wish to make a few comments.

He starts out with "The disgrace of Michigan" in not carrying the prohibition amendment. Now I shall pass by all of his heart-rending scenes from the 127th Psalm clear through Van Buren County, for I am no hand to be around where there is much weeping going on. He excuses the prohibitionists, also the Democrats, from any blame and lays it all to the Republican party, a statement that I can see no truth in. I ask him is the Republican party, or any other party in fact, responsible for the acts of the inspectors of election if they substitute "No" votes for "Yes" votes? No, sir, as I said before no party is to blame. What did the Representatives of the State Prohibition party ask of the Senate Judiciary Committee when they presented affidavits of these facts? Again I claim that scores of men voted "No" to the amendment because they did not think it the proper way to deal with the question. I am a prohibitionist but not a party one. I am a Republican with 4½ years service to back me. Our town and county went for the amendment. Our town gave it

an overwhelming majority. I wish to say before I close this article that from the tone of Mr. Woodman's article I should judge that he has tried at some time in the past to get on that train that passes through each State occasionally, that is loaded with official victuals, and got left.

Respectfully Yours,  
T. W. CURTIS.  
Victor, May 23, 1887.

### Lecturer's Department National Grange.

It has been said that our cities are the storm centre of our country. They are the very starting point of all the evils that threaten our land to-day. In them are found Anarchists, Communists, Nihilists and all the other importations of mischief from other countries. The fact that the cities are growing much more rapidly than the whole population is full of significance and should attract the attention and interest of our farming population, for it is they who must bear the final and heaviest burdens that must surely come, if, when "threatening perils wait," they are not promptly met and averted. In 1790 one-thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities of 8,000 inhabitants and over; in 1800, one-twenty-fifth; in 1810 and also in 1820, one-twentieth; in 1830, one-sixteenth; in 1840, one-twelfth; in 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; in 1870, a little over one-fifth, and in 1880 nearly one-fourth. From 1790 to 1850 the whole population increased twelve fold, the city population eighty-six fold. From 1850 to 1880 the whole population increased a little less than four fold, the city population thirteen fold. From 1870 to 1880 the whole population increased thirty per cent., the city population forty per cent. During the half century preceding 1880 population in the city increased more than five times as rapidly as that of the village and country. In 1800 there were only six cities in the United States which had a population of 8,000 or more. In 1880 there were 286. These figures are from the U. S. census reports and should set us to thinking.

We have spoken of the evils in our cities as of foreign importation. The thrifty, moral, law-abiding emigrant is welcome and always has been to our shores, but he does not remain as a rule in the cities. A few more figures to think about. Our fifty principal cities contain over 39 per cent. of our entire German population, and over 45 per cent. of the Irish. Our ten larger cities contain only nine per cent. of the entire population, but twenty-three per cent. of the foreign, while a little less than one-third of the population of the United States is foreign by birth or parentage. Sixty-two per cent. of the population of Cincinnati are foreign, eighty-three per cent. of Cleveland, sixty-three per cent. of Boston, eighty-eight per cent. of New York and ninety-one per cent. of Chicago.

The figures in the above items are given and will be followed by others to afford Patrons some light upon a question that should have a thorough discussion in all our Granges at an early day, viz: Should the indiscriminate landing upon our shores of hundreds of thousands of all classes of foreign emigrants be in some measure restricted, with a view to the future peace and prosperity of our country?

The cause of dormant Granges is not from any organic weakness in the laws and principles of the Order, but it comes from a lack of proper observance of these same laws and principles. Nine-tenths of the members of dormant Granges will say "the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves."—Rural Vermonter.

Two Rock Grange, California, following the suggestion of the Ritual, set apart a Decoration Day, the first Saturday in May, which was carried out with appropriate ceremonies, the grave of four departed members being decorated with flowers. If any Grange have any members who have "crossed the tide," have a Decoration Day and thus get the benefit of another beautiful thing in the Grange. Decorate their last resting place, cherish their memory, emulate their good deeds, forgetting the evil; yet remember not to save all the kind words for those around you until they are sleeping in their graves; but may the world be some happier for our being in it, and better for being brothers and sisters in the Grange.

### PROGRESS.

One hundred and twenty-three new Grange have been organized in the United States so far this year, against ninety-one for all of last year.

With the start already made this year, and the reports of new Granges and reorganizations that are coming in, the prospects are good for an unusually large growth of the Order this coming fall and winter.

Returns to the Secretary of the Maine State Grange, so far this year, show an increase by initiation of nearly 900 members.

Secretary Flint, of the Vermont State Grange, writes that the reports of Subordinate and Pomona Granges received at his office are very encouraging. Nearly all the Granges are reported as in a prosperous condition.

### The Early Age, the Primitive Period of a Nation, Productive of the Greatest Minds.

The vine came from the East, and was soon yielding its luscious fruit from the mellow vintage of sunny Italy. When the Tuscan soldier led the unlettered Goth to Venetia and gave him a glass of the rich Italian wine, he was not only introducing the vine and the vintage, but the luxury and effeminacy of Rome, into Gaul and Germany. Those hardy races, the Franks and Goths, the most formidable of the barbarians, whose minds and bodies were so hardened by perpetual action in war, that "the snows of winter were as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring," when these valiant sons of Mars became the devotees of Bacchus they were the effeminate soldiers who complained, if "the winds of March visited them too roughly." As, with the Persians, the wines of Chiraz triumphed over the laws of Mahomet, so the vintages of Rome and Gaul have been the source of introducing luxurious life that has enfeebled the nations. Had the Saracens kept the primitive habits of their fathers, the map of Southern Europe would have been changed. Instead of deserts, superstition and monkish botchedness, we would have Moorish kingdoms, Arabian gardens, Castilian fountains, science learning, and literature.

Yet Italy was the land of contrasts, of extremes in virtue as well as in vice. In contrast to the dark characters we have drawn, we have Cicero, Cato, Seneca, Tacitus, the Plinys, Epictetus, the Antonines, who dignified the purple and elevated the moral sentiment, the power and the people of Rome. Here and there along the path of history we discover beautiful characters whose lives have conformed to the teachings of the highest wisdom, and of the laws of health that the age could produce. In regard to longevity Lucian says, that the ancients who took the most care of their bodies and minds enjoyed the longest lives accompanied with the best health. As proof he instances the following: Hippocrates lived 100 years, Empedocles 109, Georgius 107, Xenophiles 105, Pythagoras, who it is stated never knew satiety, reached the age of 100, Zeno lived to 98, a stranger to disease, and never incommenced by a real indisposition. He owed it all to temperance. Laertius, when he lost his life, was 90; and Diogenes died when in his 90th year. Phyrro, remarkable for the command of his passions and feelings, lived also 90 years. Josephus says that the age of the Jewish recluses was prolonged almost invariably to 100 years, and was due to their simple diet and mode of living. Now contrast this with the age of the royal gourmands who "swayed the rod of empire" over the Roman world.

The ancients were our superiors in hygienic insight. Their philosophers prided themselves on their frugality, a frugality in their estimation that ranked next to godliness, as expressed in their favorite aphorism—"God needs nothing," and he is next to him whose material needs are the smallest, who can do with next to nothing. And history teaches us that primitive habits are certainly favorable to man's vigorous growth, independence and health. Cyrus was brought up on a diet of water, bread and cresses till 15, when honey and raisins were added. When he was the great general and emperor, he said to an ambassador of a luxurious king: "Do you know how invincible men are who live on herbs and acorns?" And when the great Cyrus met the Greek army he found facts to strengthen this assertion. The Greek soldiers, who were accustomed to temperance, the plainest diet, and the severe exercise of their country, he found invincible. "Oil without and honey within," says the Centurion to Augustus, "has kept my mind and body vigorous and strong."

Cicero's bill of fare was honey, meat and milk; Epaminondas, the Theban statesman and general distinguished for his temperance and virtue, rarely ate anything but bread and honey. Honey, of all sweets, is the most nutritious—has the most food in it. It has sugar and a kind of wild natural bread. There was great reason why it was so much used by the ancients. The Pythagorean regime was fruits, nuts, honey and the like. The menu at the philosophic reunions was fruit and bread-cakes spiced with Attic salt, and music; yet Plato entertained his friends with such suppers for three or four hours—hours which Aristotle preferred to so many years on the throne of Persia. The alpha and omega of a Roman dinner, before the decline was eggs and apples, with a little bread. Bread and turnips, or turnips alone, afforded a meal sufficient for the wants of the great patriot Cincinnatus. This is the diet on which Greece and Rome's great men fed. Who are the men that have got the start of this majestic world and borne the palm alone? They, with occasional exceptions, may be found where Aristotle placed true virtue—at an equal distance between the opposite vices—in neither extreme, but in the golden mean of life. They will be found in that early period of every country, the plain, primitive day of stern realities and frugal life—the heroic age of every people. It was at this period, before luxurious life and soft manners set in, that most nations were led and ruled by their greatest and best men, such as Abraham in Hebron and Moses in Israel, David and Solomon in Judea, Zoroaster and Cyrus in Persia, Themistocles, Aristides, Solon and Epaminondas in Greece, Romulus and Remus in Rome, Confucius in China, and in

later times, Charlemagne in France, Alfred in England, and Washington in America, and it was then that we find the great painters, sculptors, orators and poets. The same is true of times of great calamity and confusion, of great enterprises and moral revolutions. They develop the strong men, the great generals, the great leaders or reformers. They are the men that the occasion calls forth.

"When smooth old ocean and each storm asleep,  
Then ignorance can plow the watery deep;  
But when the demons of the tempest rave,  
Skill must conduct the vessel through the main."

V. B.

### The Nation's Grog Shop.

We once heard a reformed inebriate, who had become an active temperance worker, say that he had drank liquor enough to float a good-sized ship. Of course, the remark was intended to be taken with considerable abatement, but the statement could hardly be regarded as a hyperbole, that the aggregate amount of intoxicants consumed by the people of the United States the last 25 years would make a lake big enough to hold and float our navy.

In the quarterly report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics, the consumption of distilled and malt liquors and wines, and estimates made upon the best recognized authority, are dwelt upon at considerable length. In round numbers the consumption of distilled spirits, domestic and imported in this country, is shown to have increased from 43,000,000 gallons in 1840 to 72,000,000 in 1886; of wines, from 22,000,000 to 642,000,000. An elaborate statement made by F. N. Barrett, editor of the New York Grocer, by request of the Chief of the Bureau, is given in the report, which among many other things discloses the fact that the present average expenditure in this country per annum for malt and spirituous liquors at retail is \$700,000,000. The drinking population is estimated to be, in 1886, 14,954,417, making the average expenditure per capita \$451.90. From the known conservatism of the Grocer on the temperance question, these figures may be regarded as more than likely under what a rigorous arithmetic would make.

But this is only the direct expenditure, and does not represent the cost of crime, pauperism, disease and insanity which this consumption of liquor annually entails upon the people of this country.

And yet what are all these vast statistics in comparison to the ghastly wrecks strewn along the shore of this gulf of fire? Take but one item alone from the mighty census of woe and misery. Sixty thousand lives are yearly destroyed in the nation from the use of strong drink, 100,000 men and women are sent to prison, and 200,000 children bequeathed to the poor-houses and charitable institutions. Suppose a bell could be made large enough and swing high enough to be heard over all this land, and it could be tolled at the death of each drunkard, its mournful dirge would ring in our ears, day and night, the year round. Its sepulchral tones might arouse the whole community to a realization of its responsibility for so many untimely and frightful deaths. It might cause every one to pause and ask the question whether he had any personal agency in this horrible work of blasting the hopes and lives of so many of our fellow-creatures. But no such bell tolls its mournful requiem upon the air, and the storm of fire sweeps on, filling brothels and bride-wells, State prisons and State lunatic asylums, or breaks out ever and anon in the maniac yell of mobs, murder, robbery, arson—all sorts of crimes, vice and mischief.

### A Bloody Affray

is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gets the other children their breakfast and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can walk and talk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get \$3 a week and father gets \$2 a day." "How much does your mother get?" "With a bewildered look, the boy said, "Mother? Why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

Avoid the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, costiveness and indigestion.



**Phebe.**  
At open casement I musing sit  
While straying breaths of the Maytime breeze,  
Lingering, whisper of apple buds  
And falling snow of the cherry trees,  
Of pendent tassels on maple boughs,  
Rich silver guards on maple leaves,  
And rare flower ornaments thickly set  
In the verdant carpet Dame weaves.

Sound tendr calls from a bluebird's throat,  
Carol the rebreasts of love and spring,  
Bob-o-links down in yon meadows thrill,  
Wild, sweet notes of the oriole ring,  
From blossoming branches with bees aswarm,  
And pert Sir Wren on the garden wall,  
Wrathfully chatters at ruffled mate,  
But plaintively tender over all  
This musical medley comes to me—  
"Phebe! Phebe!"

And still I listen and still it calls—  
That yearning cry on the soft air rings,  
Till quick thro' sunlight a shadow falls  
To my window ledge with a whirl of wings.  
Never a greeting nor yet excuse  
He gives, my visitant unforeseen,  
But fixing his bright black eyes on mine,  
Nor dropping aught of his dauntless mien  
He gives a flirt of his tail at  
And says, "Phebe!"

"O bonny bird! that is not my name—  
But tell me, prithee, why o'er and o'er  
From red of morning till dew of eve  
You just cry 'Phebe' and nothing more.  
Did you live a youth when worlds were  
young  
And love a maiden as fair as day,  
Who faded like a lily beneath the sun  
And left you mourning your life away?  
Were th' fairies angered—you grieved so  
long—  
And touched your robe with their wands  
of flame  
That now as a wild-bird you so yearn  
For vanished maiden and call her name?  
Are these true fancies which come to me?"  
Says he, "Phebe!"

"Tarry a moment!"—but no! away  
He darts, nor pauses to make adieu,  
To nest safe sheltered by mossy eaves  
He wings, a spot on the sunny blue.  
And robbins carol, a bluebird calls,  
Sir Wren still scolds from the garden wall,  
Bob-o-links warble in ecstasy,  
While clearly and plaintively over all  
That tender cry comes back to me—  
"Phebe! Phebe!"  
—Good Housekeeping.

**The Girls That Are Wanted.**  
The girls that are wanted are good girls—  
Good from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—  
Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust to,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folks  
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls  
That know what to do and to say;  
That drive with a smile or a soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,  
Whom fashion can never deceive;  
Who can follow whatever is pretty,  
And dare what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,  
Who count what a thing will cost;  
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,  
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts,  
They are wanted for mothers and wives;  
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,  
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,  
They are very few, understand;  
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls  
There's a constant, and steady demand.

**Drinking a Farm.**  
"My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say that you have longed for years for the tree, independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating for convenience the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose and just imagine that you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500 foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! there is dirt in it—100 square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of \$43.56 per acre. What an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat. No wonder such men are buried in "the potter's field." They have swallowed farms, and gardens, and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.—H. L. Hastings

**The Profit on Beer Selling.**  
The lease of the Belle Isle casino and the privilege of selling beer there are worth a small fortune. Thomas Lorimer, who had the refreshment privilege on the island during the years 1880, 1881 and 1882, sold during these years 716 barrels of Voight's beer. There are about 372,580 glasses of beer in 716 barrels, which at five cents a glass, makes \$18,629. Voight sells beer at \$8 per barrel. At that price the 716 barrels cost \$5,728, being a profit of \$12,901. Charles Richter has the refreshment privilege for 1887, and he pays the park commission 50 per cent. of the net profits.

The easiest thing in the world is to find fault. Even a blind man can find fault.  
In a hotel fire, run; in a theatre fire, stand still; in a railroad train fire, say your prayers.  
Greece, the oldest of the ancient classical nations, is about half the size of Pennsylvania.

Yes, none but the brave deserve the fair. Certainly none but the brave will go near the ordinary fair.  
Over 180 natural gas and oil companies have been organized in the state of Ohio during the past sixteen months.

The first sheet of tin plate ever made in this country was successfully manufactured at Youngstown, O., last week.

The late John T. Raymond was an indefatigable collector of coins. His collection is valuable, and will soon be sold at auction in New York.

A maiden lady says that if single life is bad it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad. But ladies seldom understand mathematics.

A Port Huron lawyer, who was paid \$1,500 for getting a woman a divorce, sued for more and has just been awarded a verdict of \$1,307 extra.

If men cannot work over eight hours a day without bodily injury and personal sacrifice, how many hours should constitute a day's work for their wives?

Both Houses of the Delaware Legislature have passed a bill prohibiting absolutely the manufacture and sale of all kinds of imitation and adulterated butter.

It is reported that a quarry of the famous "giallo antico," or yellow marble, used so much by the ancient Romans, has been discovered near St. Genevieve, Mo.

One who has given the method a trial says that an excellent mode of ridding animals of lice is to dip a currycomb in kerosene frequently while using it on the hide.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

At the meeting of the anti-saloon Republicans held in New York Tuesday evening, ex-Lieut. Gov. Moreau S. Crosby, of Grand Rapids, was among the distinguished gentlemen present.

A. W. Hamner, of Ysantilanti and Bohemian oat notoriety, has been held to answer at the Genesee Circuit Court for obtaining a note under false pretenses, the accuser being Abraham Titsworth, of Atlas.

Little wonder that jury service is shunned when lawyers combine to make acceptance of a man for a juror about equivalent to certifying to his fitness for incarceration as an imbecile idiot.—Buffalo Courier.

Dr. Howard Crosby advocates the opening of beer saloons in New York City for two hours on Sunday for the sale of beer on draught. He thinks that all reforms should be reasonable if they would be successful.

The Brewers' Association at Baltimore yesterday voted \$5,000 to the Michigan brewers to partially reimburse them for their outlay in fighting prohibition. The Association also declares against high license.

The Martinez Gazette speaks of the daughters of two farmers in that neighborhood as able to hitch up a horse, handle a plow, and do almost anything in the line of work. Are not such accomplishments more to be desired than those of city belles?

For chronic catarrh induced by a serofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It stops catarrhal discharges, removes the sickening odor, and never fails to thoroughly eradicate every trace of the disease from the blood. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

There are confined in the prisons of the country, according to a report of Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright, 64,609 convicts, a proportion of 1 in 1,000 to the population of the whole United States. Mr. Wright believes that the competition arising from the employment of convicts is not a question worthy of serious discussion.

At a recent examination, the question was put to a class of little ones, "Who makes the laws?" "Congress," was the reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Sallie, what do you say?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came, "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage."

"Seeing daily, as I do," says Dr. Lucy M. Hall, in popular Science Monthly, "young women in college in far better health than young women in society, or living in pampered idleness at home; seeing them healthier as seniors than they were as freshmen; knowing that my records tell me that they average a smaller number of excuses because of illness than do those of the men's colleges with which I am able to compare data, and knowing from statistical evidence that woman college graduates enjoy a sum total of 20 per cent. better health than the average woman, how can I conclude otherwise than that college work, per se, is not injurious to health, nor incompatible with the best good of the sex and the race?"

It is proposed to build a \$6,000,000 cathedral in New York city; after which—long after—something may be done for the wretches crowded in the tenement houses, which pay their owners an average of 25 per cent. annually on the investment. The plan of the new world "Westminster Abbey" just published will be a big text for Henry George's next meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society.

All the hotel-keepers in Council Bluffs, Ia., have been summoned to show why injunctions should not be granted against them. All the owners of property where enjoined saloons are still running are being arrested and placed under bonds to appear in the district court for contempt. Several saloon-keepers are closing up. The petitions for injunctions include all saloons, wholesale houses and breweries in the city. The general feeling among them is that they must all go.

The Lecturer of the National Grange earnestly hopes that every Grange in the United States will send to Harper Brothers, New York City, for a copy of "Railroads and the Republic," by James F. Hudson, price \$2. It should be read in the Grange, chapter by chapter, by the Lecturer. The passage of the Inter-State Commerce Bill does not end our battles with corporations, we must study this transportation question, and this I consider the best book yet published.

One of the daily papers gives this rule for preserving fruit and flowers. Immerse them in gum arabic and water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coat of gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit or the withering of the flowers. Roses thus preserved have all the beauty of freshly plucked ones, though they have been picked several months. It is reliable and something all may try.

A writer in the North American Review, commenting on the growing arrogance of the saloon, said: "It is undeniable that saloon-keepers as a class are law-breakers, and that they have only themselves to thank for the great temperance movement, which, blind and misguided as it often is, continues to grow in strength from day to day, and promises to become irresistible as soon as it can separate itself from fanaticism." There can be no mistake about this: the saloon is its own worst enemy. It not only stands in the minds of many as the greatest evil of the age, but it has chosen to trample on the law everywhere—not stopping of the law against the taking of human life,—till it has no friends left among people who respect law, no matter what their ideas of temperance reform may be. The result is that the law-breaking, law-despising saloon must go. The saloon has created the issue and must abide by the result.—Minneapolis Journal.

A correspondent of the Texas Farmer writes as follows: "For the past six years I have been only a spectator. I have looked down upon the Grange from aloft, as it were, and with more than ordinary opportunities for observing its effects—its successes here, or its partial failures there. I have not seen these through the clouded glasses of prejudice, nor those magnified by an intense enthusiasm. I have been somewhat silent, but always keenly interested in every move the Grange has undertaken for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. And when I see it has taught us that our neighbor has some rights which we ought to respect; when I see neighborhoods brought into closest social relation through the instrumentality of the Grange; when I see better farmers and better farming as a result of Grange teachings; when we find educated and refined gentlemen and ladies forming the great rank and file of those who honor farming by being farmers; when we see the halls of our Legislatures being more fairly represented by agriculturists, and needed legislation coming in answer to the demand of our Order; when we look about us and behold the shackles of ignorance broken, and vague superstitions driven from our land, I am ready, with my brothers and sisters, to exclaim, "The Grange, as the farmer's friend, is the grandest success of the nineteenth century!"

**The Carpet Bug.**  
The buffalo-bug, as it is termed, is already sunning itself upon the windows of many dwellings in this section, and being mistaken for the innocent lady bug which it closely resembles, is permitted to enjoy the brightness of these warm days. This indulgence will result in due destruction of carpets, woolen garments, silk articles, paper, etc., later in the season, as it is the progenitor of the buffalo moth, a voracious mite, and not at all fastidious as regards diet. We noticed early in the year an agent for the destruction of these bugs, as well as moths, cockroaches, and other insect vermin that infest our homes, discovered by a correspondent of Good Housekeeping. The remedy is borax, saltpetre and camphor in equal portions, powdered and combined, and sprinkled about the haunts of vermin. Neither of these ingredients alone will accomplish the work; combined, they are all powerful. We know this remedy is effective in banishing cockroaches and water bugs, and doubt not it will prove equally a terror to buffalo moths, and be a faithfully ally in this war of extermination that housekeepers must wage with the tiny destroyers.

**Horsford's**  
For Dyspepsia  
Mental and Physical Exhaustion,  
Nervousness, Weakened Energy  
Indigestion, Etc.

**HORSFORD'S**  
ACID PHOSPHATE.

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.  
Recommended by physicians.  
It makes a delicious drink.  
Invigorating and strengthening.  
Pamphlet free.  
For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations. July 15/1

**It is Absurd**  
For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

**A Confirmed Dyspeptic.**  
C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

**For 25 Years**  
Escott's Drug Store,  
75 CANAL STREET,

has been the favorite among farmers because of its Low Prices and the Superior Quality of its goods. These qualities will be maintained in the future, and with a large stock and the best of everything, I invite your patronage. F. H. ESCOTT,  
72 Canal St.  
may 15/14 Grand Rapids, Mich.

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109 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich. may 15/1

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No sediment with either milk or cream. Sold Strictly on Merit. EP One at wholesale where we have no Agent.  
MOSELEY & PRITCHARD MFG. CO.  
Send for circular. Clinton, Iowa.  
Mry 14

**GREENWOOD**  
STOCK FARM.  
Poland China Swine a Specialty.  
Breeding Stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.  
B. G. BUELL,  
LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE,  
Cass Co., Mich.

**NOTICE.**  
Read what one of our most prominent citizens says about Per Oxide of Silicate:  
Grand Rapids, Mich., June 4, '86.  
Thos. B. Farrington, Esq., General Agent for Per Oxides of Silicate Bug Destroyer:  
Dear Sir—I have tried the Per Oxides of Silicates, or Great Bug Destroyer, at my Holstein Stock Farm, where I raise large crops of potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, roots, etc. This spring the bugs came out unusually early, and in great numbers, but the first application entirely cleaned the potatoes and other vines of the bugs.  
I have tried the most highly recommended bug destroying compounds, but like this wuch the best. It is to be greatly commended for ease and simplicity of application, swiftness of destruction to the bugs, and seems to improve the growth of the vines.  
Respectfully, M. L. SWEET.

The above powder is the  
**Cheapest and Best Bug Destroyer**  
in the market.

**Mills, Lacey and Dickinson.**

139-141 Monroe and Division Sts., N. E. Cor., Gd. Rapids, Sole Agents. may 15

**Drug Store!**  
CHURCH'S  
Bug Finish!

Ready for Use Dry.  
No Mixing Required.

It sticks to the vines and finishes the whole crop of Potato Bugs with one application; also kills any Curculio, and the Cotton and Tobacco Worms.  
This is the only safe way to use a Strong Poison; none of the poison is in clear state, but thoroughly combined by patent process and machinery, with material to help the very fine powder to stick to the vines and entice the bugs to eat it, and it is also a fertilizer.  
ONE POUND will go as far as TEN POUNDS of plaster and Paris Green as mixed by the farmers. It is therefore cheaper, and saves the trouble and danger of mixing and using the green, which, it is needless to say, is dangerous to handle.  
Bug Finish was used the past season on the State Agricultural College Farm at Lansing, Michigan, and, in answer to inquiries, Prof. R. C. Kedzie writes: "The Bug Finish gave good satisfaction on garden and farm." Many unsolicited letters have been received praising Bug Finish, and the farmers who get a sample package come back for more every time.  
Guaranteed as represented. Cheaper than any other mixture used for the purpose.  
For sale by druggists.  
may 15/13 ALABASTINE CO., Gd. Rapids, Mich.

**SILK AND ASSORTED RIBBONS.**  
We have purchased at recent wholesale auction sales several large lots of remnants of Ribbons at prices which will enable us to offer splendid bargains. These remnants are all from two to three yards and upwards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly every one represented; also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, scarfs, etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine ribbons as these at any store in the land for four times the money. If you will agree to hold the goods to fifteen days, and will send a sample box of these elegant ribbons for 25 cents. Two Boxes 50 cts. Four Boxes 90 cts. Ten Boxes, \$3.00. St. Ten Boxes, \$3.00.  
Empire Agency,  
37 College Place,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
May 15/14

**242**  
We buy and sell direct, hence save you Agents' profits. Agricultural Implements—Farm and Garden Tools, Wagons, Buggies, Road Carts, Feed Boilers, Engines, Belting, &c. We have a large line at prices that will astonish you. The goods are standard and well known makes. Send for Special List No. 242, free on application.  
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
"The Original Wholesale Grocery Supply House."  
We suppose, of course, that you have our large Catalogue and Buyer's Guide, No. 41 (350 pages). If not, send 10 cts. for it. It is known as the Greatest and Most Complete Catalogue in the world.  
May 15/16.



## The Grange Visitor.

Published on the First and Fifteenth of every month,

**AT 50 CTS. PER ANNUM.**

Eleven Copies for \$5.00.

J. T. COBB, Editor and Manager,  
SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH.

Remittances should be by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft.

Entered at the Post Office at Coldwater, Mich., as Second Class matter.

### To Subscribers and Correspondents.

All subscriptions to the GRANGE VISITOR, and all correspondence, excepting for advertising, should be addressed to

J. T. COBB, Editor,  
Schoolcraft, Mich.

### To Advertisers.

All persons desiring to advertise in the GRANGE VISITOR, should address A. J. ALDRICH & Co., Coldwater, Mich., as they have assumed complete charge of that department. Prices will be furnished upon application. Average circulation for 1886 has been over 6,800 copies. Regular edition 6,000 copies. The paper circulates in nearly every county in the lower peninsula of Michigan and into families of as intelligent a class of people as can be found in any state in the union. The VISITOR, also has a good circulation among the Patrons of Iowa.

A. J. ALDRICH & Co.,  
Printers of the GRANGE VISITOR.

We have arranged with Bro. I. B. Hamilton, of Grandville, Mich., to solicit subscriptions and advertising for the VISITOR. We hope some of our friends who have neglected to renew will have a call.

### To Subscribers.

Remittances may be made to us in postage stamps, or by postal note, money order, or registered letter. If you receive copies of the paper beyond your time of subscription it is our loss not yours. We aim to send every number of the paper for the time paid for, then strike out the name if not renewed. Renewals made promptly are a matter of much convenience, and we respectfully solicit such that no numbers be lost to you.

Advise this office at once of a change in your address, or if numbers fail to reach you.

We notice the demands of the University for cash conform to its past record. It don't want the earth this year because it could not handle so much in so brief a period. Science belongs to our highest civilization, but we question the wisdom of manufacturing lawyers and doctors at the expense of the State in such a wholesale way. If a fellow hasn't the right kind of stuff in his constitutional make-up no amount of University training will make him a shining light, and if he has, he will come to the front without material aid from the State.

That \$20,000 gymnasium looks rather prodigal to a hard-working tax payer that is putting in his gymnastics about 15 hours a day at good honest work. The demands of our State institutions are growing faster than the population and the wealth of the State and to the Legislature we must look to restrain the disposition of those in charge to go beyond a fair and reasonable outlay. We suspect local pride and trading has sometimes more to do with the amount appropriated for State institutions than the real necessities of the case.

Bro. John Welle, Special deputy for Wayne County in an encouraging letter tells of the recovery of Belleville Grange from its condition of weariness and promises the restoration of others before fall. His own Grange he avers is all right, and is anticipating a good time at the home of Bro. Welle on the 5th and 6th of August, when the Pomona Grange of Wayne County will meet with them.

We are asked to send a speaker to entertain the Grange at that time. That is a hard thing to do. Better ask Bro. Platt to look up some one nearer Wayne County.

The Secretary of the Roxana Grange reports large additions. Sixteen members were to receive degrees at a special meeting called for that purpose. The brother asks a question about conferring degrees that has been often asked before but which we shall have to refer to the National Grange for answer. There will be a chance next November at Lansing, and we suggest that as the time and place to suggest changes in the ritual.

### The State Pioneers.

The annual meeting of this society was held in the city of Lansing on the first and second of June. This society is indebted for its existence to a few men of the State who some years ago discovered that they were citizens of a State growing daily in importance and that very soon she would rival in wealth and influence the best of her older sisters. These few men also saw that the events that go to make up history were being lost in the whirl and bustle of this fast age, and that if they were to be preserved, the threads that go to make the web of history must be gathered soon, or many of them would be lost beyond recovery. They saw that organization was necessary, if the generations that are to follow this are to know when and by whom the wilderness of Michigan was converted into a fruitful land, the home of an intelligent and enterprising people. The men who set about this self-imposed task of rescuing history from the overflow of daily events which were fast burying the past beyond recall, were at the time of the organization of the State Society mostly past the meridian of life and many of them well down its descending grade. Some of the men who first engaged in this work were at this meeting and in words of affectionate remembrance referred to those, who after having performed good work for the society, had answered the final summons. Having lived in Michigan continuously more than half a century, we confess to a feeling of guilt as we sat down among those gray-headed pioneers and confessed to one and another that this was the first meeting of the State Society that we had ever attended. Heretofore, it has been wholly a matter of good intentions covered by a succession of postponements.

An elaborate program had been prepared, which, in addition to the business affairs of the society, included papers covering Michigan history, family connections and personal reminiscences, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music in great variety. We are already so far from the early pioneer days that the young ladies who sing and play well are plenty and we think Lansing must have its full proportion, but in this instance they shared the applause with a class of nine boys from the State Reform School whose ages we should guess ranged from ten to fourteen years. The little fellows sang "While the years are rolling on," with such skill and spirit that the audience by persistent hand-clapping secured their return when "The old Hearth Stone" was rendered with equal satisfaction to the listeners. Three of the nine boys were colored, but sandwiched in with their white companions, all occupying a common level, presented in their appearance and work a volume of evidence in behalf of the wisdom of the State in the establishment of the Reform School for juvenile offenders. The training given these boys that for some offense have been sent to this State School will make men of them if there is any foundation in a little culprit on which to grow up a man, and it has been proved that there is good material in many of these boys. This State institution is doing a noble work.

We were not present at all the sessions of the Pioneer Society and shall refer to but little that we saw or heard. Those who furnished papers had been requested to size them to a ten-minute rule, but with some the subjects selected were too fruitful to be harvested within the limit, notably the paper by Judge James V. Campbell, read by Prof. Holmes, of Detroit, subject: "The Small Perils of History." This paper, of some real value in the right place as read, would have cost him his election if that audience had cast the ballot. Mr. Elias S. Woodman, of Oakland County, a well preserved man of 70, spent some time giving glory to the Yesker family, but he introduced himself, his wife and his subject in a manner so earnest and yet so humorous that no one desired him to abbreviate his paper or his remarks. He said his father was a pioneer, a farmer and, like his neighbors, a poor man, and as such he had no \$5,000 to invest in making his son a \$500 lawyer. As the State is doing a good deal of work in that way at the University this remark of the Oakland County pioneer ought to bring some comfort to the Governor. Mr. Woodman closed with a little sound advice to the pioneers present. He said: "Trust no lawyer with your business but, my dear old friends, if you have any property keep it while you live. Don't turn it over to any child however good. It is not the safe thing to do."

This State Society is really doing a valuable work. It is gathering a large amount of chaff with its garnered wheat, but even this chaff may have some value to the antegenarian of a thousand years hence; at least we will hope so. To prosecute this work is largely a labor of love, but these annual meetings with their friendly greetings offer some compensation to these veteran pioneers who feel that they are standing near the brink and that the chances are hardly even that their names at the next annual meeting may not be found on the rapidly growing roll of the departed. We enjoyed this our first meeting with the State Society and hope to count one on similar occasions in the years to come.

### Life Insurance.

A correspondent in a kindly spirit has taken exception to our article in the VISITOR of May 1 relating to life insurance alleging that we did not make exceptions as we ought of the honorable companies that for many years have been doing a legitimate business. Now while we made no exception of these companies that our correspondent defends, neither did we assume that all insurance companies were of a fraudulent character. The chief point we made we here repeat as no new developments nor the article of our correspondent has changed our opinion. "What the outcome of this legislative examination will be we can not predict, but it seems the right thing to do to at once abolish the office of Insurance Commissioner or enlarge its powers if they have not been sufficient to prevent the establishment and growth of a business that seems to have been a well cultivated and paying field for the exercise of expert meanness and unqualified dishonesty. If it is really worth while to endeavor to protect individuals composing the great body of the people from the depredations of some others of its members, as legislation is all the while attempting, we should have an iron-clad law covering this life insurance business that would consign these conspirators to the penitentiary for a term of years." To which we now add that to a man up a tree this State Insurance Commissioner business would seem to be a State farce in the interest of the Commissioner, his deputy and the State printers. We do not say that these parties were guilty of any wrong doing, but we do say if the duties of the office were discharged according to law, then the case was only worthy of a fourth rate pettifogger seeking to provide business for the profession. We really desired to know of what sort of use to the people of the State is a volume of tabulated reports, nicely printed and well bound, issued by the Insurance Commission, if it gives to the confiding public no insight into the swindling character of one half the insurance companies in the State. There is no occasion to dwell on the question of the real character of these graveyard companies, nor is the value of equitable and reliable companies under consideration. We are only curious to know whether the existence of these swindles was in violation of any expressed statute and also whether the Commissioner had any legal control over them which he failed to exercise.

Before dismissing this subject we must be permitted to say that we think our correspondent has in behalf of these "staunch old life insurance companies" and their great value to the people spread it on pretty thick. This "grand work" was instituted and carried on solely and wholly as a business enterprise for what profit could legitimately be got out of it and it is not likely that one half of the beneficiaries who pocketed that \$733,000 were in such straitened circumstances that this insurance money was necessary to bridge them over a hard place in life. We don't see any benevolence or philanthropy in it. It is a business resting on as cold, calculating a purpose to make money as the selling of hardware or manufacturing flour for a profit.

The press is still growing about the Inter-State commerce law. The railroad officials are still construing the law to their own advantage. The Commission, we prefer to assume, is still endeavoring to do its duty. That it will make some mistakes is more than probable; but we still have faith to believe that the demand for national legislation on this subject was well founded and that this first attempt to correct some glaring wrongs will ultimately result in great good to the people.

Bro. Collins has given us a brief jottings in this number from which we must dissent. There are very many good people—real good people who don't think upon moral, religious or political subjects just like some other real good people. There is nothing new about this; real good people are just about as likely to differ on these questions as the other sort of people. With just the same opportunities for light and knowledge this honest difference of opinion among the best people on the face of the earth has always existed and always will. Now a good many good people are Patrons who have strong political attachments and church partialities, and are really good, honest Patrons, and yet they don't think as Bro. Collins does. Perhaps they don't think as much as he does. But conceding that, when they do, if ever, there is no probability that all will agree with him. Now we will not presume that Bro. Sanford, of Berlin Grange, who said his say in the VISITOR of June 1st, is not a Simon pure Patron of good intentions, but like other men he is liable to be mistaken. He had a tilt with Sister Mayo in which he was all wrong so far as that little matter about the use of the word Patron instead of Granger was concerned.

We distinctly remember hearing Bro. Woodman explain the significance of the two words before a large body of Patrons and urge their correct use, and in his No. 3 paragraph in the last VISITOR Bro. Sanford arraigns Bro. Luce and, from his narrow plank of faith in his one idea, strikes out to condemn him and the party to which he belongs, holding him particularly responsible as a representative of the party for the defeat of the amendment. We think we gave a brief but true statement of the case in the last VISITOR and shall not go all over the ground again but simply say the amendment was not a party question beyond the Third or Prohibition party. Democrats everywhere outside of cities worked and voted for the amendment, and so did Republicans, and it is a waste of pettifogging to hold either of the parties responsible for the outcome of that effort.

Manufacturers of liquors, saloon-keepers and their Patrons, aided and assisted by quite a large body of very good citizens who honestly believed the business of the saloon-keeper could not be suppressed and that really the best thing to do was to increase the tax, and as they said, regulate the business of selling beer and whiskey.

Now with these men we did not, do not, cannot agree; yet from a long acquaintance we know some of them are good citizens and honest, well-meaning men, really solicitous for the welfare of the people of this great country. Had Bro. Sanford known Bro. Luce as we have known him for the past ten years he would not have assaulted him as he did. We will not say that he would have approved of the course pursued by the Governor for the reason that he has not and probably can not see clearly the truth of what we said at the outset touching the honest difference of opinion among men upon all important questions. Now the Governor don't like the saloonist or any department of the liquor business any better than does Bro. Sanford, and with the better opportunities afforded by his public life he has probably done a thousand times more effectual work against the whole business than has Bro. Sanford.

No man is more ready or more courageous than he to say or do what he believes to be the most judicious thing in relation to the suppression of the liquor traffic. It is not wise, charitable or just to condemn any man for not thinking just as you do, and this truth well understood will protect a man from the errors of his impulses and the mistakes of his prejudices.

We feel quite safe in asserting that the cause of intemperance is gaining ground, that the wide spread evils of intemperance are being better understood, that the people more clearly see that the saloon has corrupted our politics, demoralized society, and added immensely to the burdens of the taxpayer. And while charges and counter charges are made by political parties against other parties, individuals against other individuals, societies against other societies, as not being orthodox, we say the outcome of all this agitation and conflict of opinion between friends of a common enemy will be the ultimate overthrow of this most stupendous evil. Let us all diligently work to this end, forgetting not that charity is a cardinal virtue.

In a late number of the VISITOR we presented some objections to the time-honored jury system. As we see from time to time justice defeated and even the treatment that belongs to every day business trampled under foot by juries, we are impelled to refer to the subject again and hope it will be discussed in Grange halls and elsewhere until the public is awakened and demands a change of some sort.

There is scarcely a term of Court in any Judicial District of the State that does not furnish proof of the expensiveness and defects of the system. In our large cities this part of our judicial system is often a burlesque and brazen fraud. Jurors in the face of their oaths deliberately set aside an undisputed violation of law and so far as we are advised neither law or usage provides any remedy or punishment for what might be fairly labeled and classed with crimes that give a man five years' labor under the supervision of the State.

As we remember we saw in a late daily that more than five hundred complaints against saloon-keepers had been made in the city of Detroit within a few weeks. A few trials have been had in which the sympathy of the prosecution with the defence has been a marked feature; else when the evidence was conclusive, in fact when the charge was not denied, the verdict would not have been so uniformly "not guilty." Nothing seems more clear than that in these police cases a jury is provided that will acquit. The unblushing effrontery of a jurymen who with his fellows had acquitted a guilty party, assigning as a reason that in his opinion a man who had paid his \$300 license ought to sell when he pleased, shows the willingness of those entrusted with the execution of the law to become parties to its violation.

The formal mockery of law in the police court of Detroit sustained as it is by the opinion of a judge that there is no law under which a jurymen can be called to account or punished for perjury, illustrates the defects of our jury system and the power of the saloon in politics.

If the bill now before the Legislature providing for a State Constabulary can aid in redeeming Detroit from the disgrace of its police court shams, it ought to pass.

### The Evening Journal and the Governor.

We do not often have occasion to protest against the outspoken talk of the Detroit Evening Journal, but in its treatment of the Governor in its difference with him on the simple question of the reasonableness of the amount appropriated by the Legislature to carry out the program of the University, and of the wisdom and justice of educating foreign students at the expense of the taxpayers of the State of Michigan, we say the Journal seems to have lost its head entirely and is trying to palm off its cheap ridicule and bald statements for argument. It may succeed with that class of people who think gush and glory is cheap at any price provided it is paid for by those who have no use for it. It is perhaps unfortunate that the Journal's notions of economy do not happen to coincide with the opinions entertained by the Governor but its railing is not argument, nor does its style of reply to the Governor's opinions as expressed in his Message conform to the high character which it claims and proposes to maintain.

It puzzles the comprehension of the fellow who is not a graduate to understand how the State can go on constructing buildings and employing professors at the University to accommodate 1600 students as cheaply as the necessary buildings and professors for half that number are provided. If it requires as many and as expensive buildings, and as many professors to provide ample accommodations for one-half as it does for the whole number then the past and present usage of the institution is correct.

Education is a good thing, and there is almost universal assent to this statement. But there is somewhere a just limit to the imposition of taxes upon a people for educational purposes.

When you pass the bounds that restrict the great mass of the people by the circumstances and conditions of their lives to the educational facilities within their local reach, it becomes a question worthy of more consideration than the flippant treatment it is receiving at the hands of those who are condemning the Governor so unsparingly, how much farther the State should go in compelling the unwilling



to contribute to their higher institutions of learning. State institutions are like selfish men; they go on the assumption that it is their business to look out for themselves and get all they can. They magnify their own importance with little or no regard for other interests, and it is not only the privilege but the duty of the Governor to exercise his best judgment and his official prerogative in protecting the interests of the people who do not care to pay for glory and grandeur purchased at such cost.

The trading condition in the Legislature that grows out of the distribution of these State institutions in different parts of the State tend to extravagant appropriations and expenditures. "You vote for what one institution wants and I will pay back in kind" costs the State an increase of taxation out of proportion to its increase in population. This is a fast age and it may not always be best to try to keep up with the band wagon.

That Drive Well Matter.

We have received several letters asking "What shall we do about this drive well business?" To which we reply: If the writers take and read the Visitor, not forgetting the editorial page, they have had an answer in the last number. If they don't take the paper and are Patrons they ought to subscribe for it at once and read it. It is the kind of medium that will do them good—a real tonic and not patented. If not Patrons, we hope the successful effort made by the Executive Committee of the Michigan State Grange through this office and this paper to expel from the State the royalty hunters in 1881 will not be forgotten, and that they will still have confidence in the fidelity and strength of this organization of farmers and refuse to pay to any man a single cent as royalty on driven wells, no matter how well armed with authority from any man or syndicate, until such time as from a careful investigation of all the facts in the case the Executive Committee of the State Grange shall officially advise.

After the people of the State came to understand that the Patrons of Michigan were to a man determined to stand together and resist in the courts what they believed to be an impudent attempt to bulldoze the farmers of the country out of a few dollars each, the business of those royalty robbers who then infested the State was undermined and they left. No new developments have come to our knowledge since the first report of the judicial decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of the owners of the patent. We can, therefore, only renew our advice to keep cool and have no uneasiness about the matter. We have yet to meet the first man who did not feel ready to stand by the State Grange in contesting the claims of the syndicate at every point. We think it will be time enough to pay whenever by a judicial decision we have learned what, if anything, must be paid and as the judicial machinery of this country has not yet partaken of the spirit of the age it looks as though the day of final settlement was quite remote.

In this matter the interest and duty of every man is to stand together; let there be no flinching, and we shall again see the day when the value of this farmers' organization will be demonstrated.

FLORAL culturists desiring information regarding flowers, their habits, hardness or desirability, can send their requests to us and have them answered through the Visitor by Mrs. M. A. Fuller, of Fenton. This lady is engaged and much interested in the cultivation of flowers and, as soon as possible, will contribute suggestive articles on topics in her line. In the meantime she will advise and answer any questions that may be asked her.

In view of the effort the Flora of our State Grange is making to promote a love and care for flowers, our readers are particularly fortunate in securing Mrs. Fuller's co-operation.

THE Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway has issued a little pocket "Scrap-Book and Schedule of League Games," with names of clubs and individuals and their record in 1886, places and times of meeting in 1887, and other matters of interest to lovers of this national game, which can be had by applying to Ben Fletcher, Trav. Pass. Agent of the D. G. H. & M. Ry., Detroit, and sending a 2-cent stamp.

Legislative Looseness.

Our faith in the Legislature now in session at Lansing, that has been drawing a per diem seven days in a week for nearly half a year, has been losing its grip very rapidly within the past few weeks. We had all along believed that the passes in the pockets of members cut down their actual work fifty per cent. But as there was nothing new about that we have had nothing to say, as it seems quite impossible to reach the conscience of a law maker where his personal interest and convenience are affected. We hammered away on that point for a couple of years and so far as we are advised left a lasting impress on only one member of this Legislature. That honorable gentleman when he goes over the road pays his fare and has reason to feel proud of himself for doing so.

We had supposed that there were enough members of this Legislature who recognized the growth of public sentiment in this State on the temperance question to give the people some available legislation for the suppression of the liquor traffic. This matter was very properly introduced early in the session and the question of constitutional prohibition submitted to the people and farther legislation left until the people had passed upon that question. This done, and that decision rendered, left no doubt as to a very general dissatisfaction with the laws of the State as they were. No one, not even the meanest saloonist in the State, supposed the Legislature would palter with this matter for weeks and months and now on the eve of a proposed adjournment have the matter in such a tangle that there is no certainty of legislation of any value whatever on this subject at this session. Some of the leaders of the dominant party are trying to save the vote of foreigners by cutting the vitality out of any attempted legislation. To us nothing is more shortsighted. Rail at the third party as much as you will, if this Legislature does not recognize the temperance sentiment, as expressed by the ballot of April 4, by some legislation of real practical value to the cause of temperance, that party will have such accessions from the Republican ranks as will, with the loss of the foreign vote now alienated by the submission of the amendment, leave the Republican party in a hopeless minority. Party fealty is everywhere weakening. Tax payers see more clearly that the murders, homicides and suicides which are making Michigan famous, are largely chargeable to liquor drinking, and that the crimes incident to this business, with the results that follow in their train, are not only demoralizing, but terribly expensive. The time is at hand when those who believe that effective restrictive laws should be enacted and enforced will vote together and the bummers and brewers, the saloonist and his suckers, with the ward politician who believes that whisky and scheming will win, will pull together in a body under some name, which we hope will be significant of the low level they occupy; while against this crowd will be marshaled the best citizens of the State—those who are solicitous for the morals of the people, the perpetuity of the government under such laws and economical management as shall preserve to the citizen a fair share of the fruits of his own industry. The open saloon is an enemy to good order, morality, to good government and its economical administration, and the open saloon must go; and with it must go all its political adherents and defenders.

The following important circular has been issued from the Department of Agriculture. We suspect little heed will be given it without it is backed by the authority of the United States in the hands of officers required to give personal inspection to cars at the expense of the transportation companies. The interests involved are immense and we are not likely to exercise undue caution:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, '87. To the Managers of all Railroads and Transportation Companies in the United States: Your attention is called to the fact that contagious pleuro-pneumonia exists among cattle in the states of Illinois, Maryland and New York, and that the infected districts in said States have been duly quarantined by the Department of Agriculture in the manner provided by the Act of Congress of March 29, 1884, establishing the Bureau of Animal Industry. The existence of this contagious disease in such cattle centers as these states is a danger so menacing to the cattle interests of the United States that it calls for the most prompt, thorough and energetic measures that

can be taken, not only by the National Government, but also by all parties interested in the preservation of the great cattle industry of the country.

No person or class of persons are more interested in the safety and growth of this industry than Transportation Companies, who derive a very large portion of their earnings from the shipment of cattle and their products, and none should be more active and energetic in enforcing such measures as are necessary to stamp out this disease, and prevent its possible spread.

The insidious character of this disease, its easy and imperceptible propagation by contact with animals having the germs of disease and giving no outward symptoms of its presence, the contraction of the plague from infected cars, the spreading of the germs by means of manure carried in uncleaned cars from place to place, all make it a matter of grave concern and render it necessary that stringent measures should be adopted to protect the cattle interests of the country from this great evil.

I have, therefore, to suggest and to request that all Transportation Companies shall establish on their respective lines a rule, and see that it is rigidly enforced, that all cars that have carried live stock shall be thoroughly cleaned on the discharging of their freight, and not allowed to leave the freight or stock-yards before this is done. Also that the said cars shall be carefully disinfected in the following manner:

- 1. Remove all litter and manure.
2. Wash the car with water thoroughly until clean.
3. Saturate the walls and floors with a solution made by dissolving 4 ounces of chloride of lime to each gallon of water. Stock yards and pens should be cleaned and disinfected at least once a week.

Transportation Companies having connections with infected districts require parties offering cattle for shipment to present at point of loading, affidavits of the owner and two disinterested persons stating that the cattle to be shipped have been known to affidants for at least six months preceding, and that said cattle have not been in any of said districts, and have not come in contact with any cattle from said districts. Said affidavits should be attached to and accompany the way-bill to point of destination.

As several very extensive outbreaks of pleuro-pneumonia have recently been traced to cattle that have been shipped from infected districts a considerable distance by rail, the necessity of these precautions cannot be over-estimated, and if enforced, they would be a material safeguard against the spread of this disease.

Railroad Companies can be of the greatest assistance to the Bureau of Animal Industry in its work of extirpating pleuro-pneumonia, if they will co-operate with it and assist in maintaining the Rules and Regulations prescribed by me on April 15, 1887, and the quarantine orders since made.

I hope this support and assistance will be cordially given.

Very respectfully,
NORMAN J. COLMAN,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

\$500 Reward

is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

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Corrected by Thornton Barnes, Wholesale Grocer and Grange Selling Agent, No. 241 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Pure Sugars, Syrups and Molasses, and Coffees—Green and Roasted.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Grocers' Sundries and Tea.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Foreign Dried Fruits.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Raisins, New Muscatels, and Seedless mats.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Prunes, Currants, and Whole Spices.

Table listing market prices for Philadelphia, including Pure Ground Spices and Grocers' Sundries.

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The first concern that sold direct to Patrons and gave wholesale trade discounts and keeps it up. Don't buy any Paint till you write us. aug1tf



## Ladies' Department.

## Ladies' Names.

[Printed by request.]

There is a strange deformity  
Combined with countless graces,  
As often in the ladies' names  
As in the ladies' faces.  
Some names are fit for every age,  
Some fit for only youth,  
Some passing sweet and musical,  
Some horribly uncouth;  
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,  
Some only fit for scullery maids.  
Ann is too plain and common,  
And Nancy sounds but ill,  
Yet Anna is endurable,  
And Annie is better still.  
There is a grace in Charlotte,  
In Eleanor a state,  
An elegance in Isabella,  
A haughtiness in Kate,  
And Sarah is sedate and neat,  
And Ellen innocent and sweet.  
Matilda has a sickly sound,  
Fit for a nurse's trade,  
Sophia is effeminate,  
—And Esther sage and staid.  
Elizabeth is a matchless name,  
Fit for a queen to wear  
In castle, cottage, hut or hill,  
A name beyond compare;  
And Bess or Bessie follow well,  
But Betsey is detestable.  
Maria is too forward,  
And Gertrude is too pretty,  
Yet coupled with a graceful  
Is pretty name enough.  
Adelaide is fanciful,  
And Laura, too, is fine,  
But Emily is beautiful,  
And Mary is divine.  
Maud only suits the high-born dame,  
And Fannie is a baby name,  
Eliza is not very choice,  
Jane is too blunt and bold,  
And Martha somewhat sorrowful,  
And Lucy proud and cold.  
Amelia is too light and gay,  
Fit only for a flirt,  
Caroline is vain and shy,  
And Flora smart and pert,  
Louisa is too soft and sleek,  
But Alice gentle, chaste and meek.  
Harriet is confiding,  
And Clara grave and mild,  
And Emma is affectionate,  
And Janet arch and wild,  
Patience is expressive,  
And Grace is old and rare,  
And Catharine warm and dutiful,  
And Margaret frank and fair,  
And Faith, Hope and Charity,  
Are heavenly names for sisters three

## From the Northwest.

If the breeze that is blowing here today (May 24) could reach you down in Michigan it would cool your heated brows and fan to a brighter blaze your northern forest fires. We have needed a fire in the house all day to-day, but we know what it is to be warm. Yes, indeed, the first two weeks in May the mercury persisted in frequenting the eighties and nineties, but now it has descended and we rejoice. Slight showers yesterday freshened things up but a rain, a hard rain, is greatly needed. What is looking well considering the dry weather and gardens are coming on. The peas have something of a golden color since the frosts, which gives them individuality, for to be green here in May is to have an identity. Yet a little bright coloring we have, lent by the patches of wild flowers. Their yellow, blue and pink mildly preface the gorgeousness the summer is to bring.

Two welcome messengers reached here the other day—a cluster of arbutus blossoms from the rugged hills of New Hampshire and a pink-petaled peach blossom from the peninsula between the lakes. One told us of the cool springs in rocky glens, the shady nooks on the hillside and the granite mountain and ocean breezes of an unexplored land; the other of home in Maytime. Such hosts of visions as will crowd themselves into a few brief seconds! That rosy peach bloom that was not "born to blush unseen" carried the mid back through miles of space and years of time. It was a sort of mental gymnastic feat, was it not? I suppose such feats are common in all highly civilized countries. But we do have up in this new world, which an Iowa man said was the biggest world he ever saw, some things a little uncommon. For instance, this morning when we looked across to our neighbors, a few miles away, they were surrounded by a large body of water where yesterday nothing but growing grain was visible! The water sparkled in the sunshine and the inverted buildings were plainly seen in its depths. Students in physics, when they reach that part that treats of the phenomena due to the changes in the density of the strata of air, can have it finely illustrated any clear morning by Nature's hand—the hand that traces for us such varied pictures of wondrous beauty that we too often indifferently pass by.

If we were to gauge our rest by the eight-hour system here we would not waste many hours of daylight. At this writing the clock indicates 8:30 p. m., and yet,

Red is the West,  
As a robin's breast;

and these are not our long days either. But if our nights are brief, they are brilliant. You who are taking the C. L. S. C. course this year and are interested in astronomy would enjoy viewing the constellations from this standpoint, provided you could study the stars without swinging on the gate, for such a convenience we have not.

Arthur, D. T. A. L. F.

"Consider the Lilies—How they Grow."

A new departure has been made by the Flora of the State Grange, in that she has sent to each Flora of subordinate Granges a request for co-operation in securing more attention to floral culture and study, especially in the day

schools. Surely all flower lovers will welcome and sustain Mrs. Gould's efforts. There is no more beautiful office in the Grange and none has purer aims nor more significant emblems.

Botany is seldom taught as a study in district schools where the problem of getting in all the necessary classes is unending. But how a country school-ma'am can live with the grass and trees, briars and weeds, and buds and flowers, that envelop her domain during this season, and can have her "teacher's desk" loaded with summer bloom and not give now and then a talk on some of the shapes or structures, or habits of these things is passing strange. I can not conceive how she can push aside the pleading faces of a handful of Johnny-jump-ups or dandelions and go on with some dry arithmetic lesson when all Nature is clamoring through open windows and doors; how she can always refuse her notice. Children are so simply enticed into breathless interest in bees, birds and flowers, it is singular that we do not sooner catch the cue and get their attention for other things by such means.

Several years ago a teacher in a certain country school, with no time for botany, still found opportunity to interest the pupils in noting the unfolding of leaves in the spring time. Every Monday leaves were picked from different plants and carefully pressed with the date attached. Notes were made concerning the folding of the leaf in the bud and any other peculiarities. The veining was studied with the shape, apex, base and edge, when the leaf was full grown. Varieties of trees were in this way distinctly learned (a knowledge all too scant, you will find, even among dwellers in proud Michigan's woods.) Then flowers—happy was that teacher when she finally decoyed "her boys" into seeing a beauty in wild violets beyond their splendor for mock rooster fights! But, fortunately, a strip of sand ran through the district and there she sent the mischievous fellows to bring her the bird-foot variety, and again to the marsh and woods for as many other kinds and colors as they could find. Pointing out their habits and varieties, she contrived to capture the warlike proclivities of her florists and to engage them in the care of a wild flower garden.

The next spring they had a "tame garden" in boxes on the window ledges and many a lesson did her flock take in practical plantology.

Farmers have just been sending seeds to Prof. Beal for information as to how much and what foreign matter they contain. Most of these farmers, no doubt, know a clover seed, but I question if many of them know what to name the strange seeds among the clover. It weeds, what kinds? Were they more or less harmful weeds? What their size and habits?

All these things I think Mrs. Gould wishes us to learn more of, that those common objects, always with us, may be more than things to live with without even a name to call them by, and that the study of flowers is never passed in the sense of having done with it, so long as crocuses peep up in the spring, and in the autumn there grow gentians.

"Blue—blue as if the sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall."

Let us keep the botany in use; add some new plant often to our list of floral friends. I always feel that I have "done something worth while" when I have analyzed a flower. My knowledge of the world we live in is so much the wider and my ability to enjoy it so much the deeper. J. B.

## Longfellow's Hiawatha.

## PART II.

That the beauty of the poem be not marred, read it in the author's own words:

On the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe Stone Quarry,  
Gitche-Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life descending  
Stood erect upon the mountains,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations,  
And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Till it broke against the heaven  
And rolled outward all around it.  
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
And Gitche-Manito the Mighty  
Spoke to them on this wise:  
"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed;  
Be at peace henceforward  
And as brothers live together.  
I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you.  
If you listen to his counsels  
You will multiply and prosper,  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish."  
"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred belt of wampum,  
And had slain the Mishe-Mokna  
The Great Bear of the mountains,  
"Henceforth shall he be the West Wind."  
Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
Father of the winds of heaven.  
For himself he kept the West Wind,  
Gave the others to his children;  
Unto Wabun gave the East Wind,  
Gave the South to Shawandassee,  
And the North Wind, wild and cruel,  
To the fierce Kobibonokka.

In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
In the full moon was Nokomis  
Swinging in her swing of grapevines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Put the leafy swing asunder  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
There among the prairie lilies  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter  
And she called her name Wenonah.  
And there was born my Hiawatha,  
There was born the child of wonder.  
But the daughter of Nokomis,

Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
Died deserted by the West Wind,  
False and faithless.  
And the faithful old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft with moss and rushes.  
And the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
Talked with them whenever he met them,  
Called them Hiawatha's chickens.  
Of all the beasts he learned their language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
Talked with them whenever he met them,  
Called them Hiawatha's brothers.  
Out of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all manly arts and labors.  
Swift of foot was Hiawatha,  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha,  
And he journeyed westward, westward  
To the kingdom of the West Wind,  
And he cried, "Oh, Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty.  
Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains.  
"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
"Hold! my son, my Hiawatha,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to the trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor.  
Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the giants, all the serpents,  
As I slew the Great Bear of the mountains."  
Homeward now went Hiawatha;  
Only once his pace he slackened,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-Maker.  
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.  
Was it then for heads of arrows  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs?  
All he told to old Nokomis  
Was his meeting with his father.  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water.  
You should know how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest;  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.  
When the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed,  
Homeward then went Hiawatha,  
Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iazoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize was growing,  
Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of the friend of man, Mondanin,  
Which should be their food forever,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.  
On the shores of Gitchee Gumees,  
Of the shining big sea-water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:  
"Yonder dwells the Great Pearl Feather.  
He it was who slew my father.  
He, the mightiest of magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes.  
Take your bow, oh, Hiawatha,  
And avenge my father's murder."  
Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Westward then faced Hiawatha,  
Swiftly flew the fatal arrow.  
At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the Great Pearl Feather,  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast and shouted,  
"Honor be to Hiawatha."  
"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman;  
Though she bends him, she obeys him;  
Though she draws him, yet she follows;  
Useless each without the other."

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Then departed to the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women.  
Striding o'er the moor and meadow,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him  
And his heart outran his footsteps.  
At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow heads of jasper.  
At his side in all her beauty  
Sat his daughter Minnehaha,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes.  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.  
Then they talked of many subjects,  
And Hiawatha, speaking slowly, said  
To Minnehaha's father,  
"Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women."  
And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Answered very gravely,  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes.  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely as she stood there.  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband."  
This was Hiawatha's wooing.  
Pleasant was the journey homeward;  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly.  
Sing, oh song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.  
Sing the mysteries of Mondanin,  
Sing the blessings of the cornfield.  
But the long and dreary winter,  
O, the cold and cruel winter,  
O, the wasting of the famine,  
O, the blasting of the fever.  
Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two guests as silent as the ghosts were,  
And the foremost said, "Behold me, I am  
Famine!"  
And the other said, "Behold me, I am Fever!"  
Forth into the mighty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha,  
Cried he with his face uplifted,  
"Give your children food, O Father,  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha,  
And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,  
Calling, "Hiawatha, Hiawatha."  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying cold and dead before him,  
And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish  
That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

By the shore of Gitchee Gumees,  
By the shining Big Sea Water,  
In the pleasant summer morning,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting,  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
Whispered to it, "Westward, Westward."  
And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the sea of vapors.  
And they said, "Farewell, forever."  
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha."  
Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Poneamah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter.  
Mrs. W. K. SEXTON.

## Housekeeping.

[The following essay was read by Mrs. Susie Reed before the Hoytville Grange, April 8th, and is published by request.—Ed.]

Housekeeping, whether good or bad, is a realm where women rule and reign, but no housekeeping is so good, so perfect as where "women folks" and "men folks" live and labor harmoniously together. The office of housekeeper—being inseparably connected with that of homekeeper, is indeed a responsible one, and she who performs its duties with proficiency and cheerfulness deserves commendation. To have the hands, the head, and the heart under such perfect control that the entire amount of household work can be performed systematically and thoroughly without worry one must know how to take the advantage of everything which can expedite or decrease labor.

One of my convictions is that economy, skill, neatness and good taste go along way toward the accomplishment of the happiness and prosperity which we all desire. These can be exercised in the kitchen as well as anywhere else. A writer who utters words of truth and soberness says, "If you want heroes in our day, you must look for them in the kitchen." Is not this so; does it not take as much knowledge, with more courage, to do well the work in the kitchen than any other part of the house? In a good many things connected with home, it is a sensible plan to let style slip, and hold fast to comfort. Truly no housekeeper can succeed unless she have system. To be careful in small matters and careless in greater ones is folly. If we are going to economize the first thing to do is to try to save in the things that are the most valuable. To be contented in the performance of small duties and the ability to make the most of everything, are two very desirable requisites in the make up of a happy and successful housekeeper. No good one will see anything wasted—anything, however trifling; which tends to benefit or brighten the home circle is worthy of consideration. The knowledge that is gained by experience is a wonderful help in the management of a household, but we may often add to our own hints from the experience of others. Let us live within our means; make our dress, our home, our furniture, our style of living such as will not subject us to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances. It really takes but little to make home happy. Our best peace and comfort come from the most common blessings of life. A thankful heart makes a happy life.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is an adage familiar to us all, and full of wisdom. But to keep everything, and this is not always easy to have. Many houses are built with a lamentable want of closets. In planning a house they are frequently an after thought, and are thrown in where space can best be afforded. If women could plan their own houses there would be an ample allowance of closets; these, when furnished with shelves, drawers and rows of hooks are an unspeakable comfort to the order loving housekeeper. It takes time to create places to put them in place, but not more time than it takes to hunt them up when they may be anywhere and everywhere, and belong nowhere. The satisfaction of knowing that at a moment's notice, in the middle of the night or in broad daylight, one can put her hand on whatever in her domain is called for is a great satisfaction to the orderly housekeeper, and one which she will contrive in one way or another not to do without.

Our housekeeping may be good or bad, but our lives should be like the days—more beautiful in the evening. Or like the spring—aglow with promise, and like autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good works and seeds have ripened on the field. Like unexpected flowers that spring up along our pathway—full of freshness, fragrance and beauty. May kind words and gentle acts make glad our homes; no matter how humble the abode, if it be filled with good will toward each other our hearts will turn longingly toward it. Our home, be it ever so homely, ought to be the dearest spot on earth.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing and invigorating it. As a safe and absolute cure for the various disorders caused by constitutional taint or infection, this remedy has no equal. Take it this month.

A few salesmen wanted by the Chase Nurseries. Permanent employment and a fixed salary is offered in the advertisement, "Men Wanted."

## The Soul's Reproof.

[The following was composed and read before the Berlin Grange, by J. W. Kelley, and by a resolution of the Grange, ordered to be published.]

One evening, despondent and weary,  
I mused in the twilight alone;  
My thoughts grew more doleful and dreary  
Till peace from my spirit had flown.

I thought of the trouble and sorrow  
That wait on life's fast fleeting years,  
And all the bright hopes that each morrow  
Bedims with the mist of our tears.

Poor mortals have nothing that's lasting,  
And all that we love and enjoy  
Have evils attending, or casting  
Their shadows to blight and destroy.

The worm of decay is consuming  
The works of our toil and our pride,  
And death, ye! the young and the bloom-  
ing,  
Go down in its merciless tide.

The friends that our youth has been guiding  
Must part from our love and trust,  
And the heart that is true and confiding,  
Will perish and moulder in dust.

Existence, where is thy perfection?  
Our joys are all mingled with woes,  
The thorns are revealed in connection  
With every fair glimpse of the rose.

We bask in the sunshine of pleasure,  
To nourish the seed of our grief;  
We struggle for riches, for treasure,  
To banquet the moth and the thief.

We dote on the graces of beauty,  
The coil of the serpent is there;  
We follow the pathway of duty,  
To droop in the shadow of care.

We rise on the wings of ambition,  
And have but the farther to fall;  
We cry from the proudest position:  
O! vanity! vanity! all!

We rule in a palace of grandeur;  
Look down from a throne in disdain,  
Yet sorrow will mix with the splendor,  
And ours be the plebeian's pain.

We flee from the world and its faction,  
In solitude we would be blest,  
But the spirit still goads us to action,  
O, where can we ever find rest?

O, is there no rest that is painless?  
No peace that will always endure?  
No course that is stormless and stainless?  
No joy that is perfect and pure?

Ye stars, that above me are shining,  
Tell me, is there not some retreat  
Where mortals may cease from repining?  
Where gall is not mixed with the sweet?

Thou moon, that looks pale on my sadness,  
Seest thou in thy pity a plan?  
A refuge, a region of gladness?  
Prepared for unfortunate man?

The cold, silent stars were unheeding,  
The moon had no tale to unfold,  
The only response to my pleading,  
Came soothing, yet stern from my soul.

O, foolish one, why art thou thinking,  
That earth has an Eden of bliss,  
Why art thou mournfully linking,  
Thy fate with a vain world like this.

Heed not the deceit of thy dreaming,  
Thy soul can not die with its clay,  
Turn thou thy sad eyes to the gleaming,  
That ushers an immortal day.

Move onward, meet bravely thy portion,  
Thou hast but one trial to stand,  
One voyage on life's stormy ocean,  
Eternity, waiting, beyond.

## Notice to the Public.

My wife has recently appeared on the streets with an appendage on her back of such immense proportions as to make her look as ridiculous as a sick camel limping along on three legs. I do not not blame the public for pointing at and accusing her of being troubled a little with the fool, but I do not want to be censured in any way, for I never encouraged her in any manner to act as she does. When they are of a proper size I approve of bustles, but I seriously object to using all the clothes that are ready for Monday's wash for Sunday's bustle. As I am afflicted with a wife who has the bustle craze I implore the public for sympathy.

(Signed) ISAAC EVANS.  
If women would only become sensible in matters of dress how much happier would they make their surroundings.

## Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pellets easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow!

It is just as easy to break a calf to be led by a halter as it is to do the same with a colt, and it will often save labor.

## A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nerve and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.



ALIEN AND DOMESTIC.

SOCIALISM does more to sap the strength of trades unions than strikes.

OTTO people are beginning to envy Russia because there is no legislature there.

LIEUT. GREELY is making the weather predictions now. That accounts for the Arctic weather we are experiencing.

A FEW years ago the nickel was beneath the attention of the Westerner. Its rapid growth, however, has been on a ratio with that of the country.

GERONIMO and his Indian braves seem to rather like the climate of Florida. They can keep warm down on the Gulf coast with only one coat of paint.

UNLESS Congressman Reagan grossly misrepresents the institutions and spirit of his constituents, water may have certain uses even in the State of Texas.

HJALMER HJORTH BOYESEN says that American independence is political, not intellectual. Hjalmer Hjorth has evidently been dining with a tariff tinker.

A CHICAGO scientist concludes that the voice of a mule is much less musical than a horse. We have observed that a mule always flaps badly on his upper notes.

BISMARCK talks in the insolent, bullying tone of John L. Sullivan. What a blessed scheme it would be, by the way, to get these ruffians to pound each other.

AN Eastern paper asserts that "it is impossible to revive the spirit of Andrew Jackson." It would appear to depend, however, on what kind of spirit it was.

WILSON BARRETT speaks the American language with very little of the offensive and incorrect foreign accent with which Henry Irving and many other Englishmen enunciate it.

WHENEVER a politician is unnecessarily extreme in his expressions, he manifests want to gain advantage over some rival or other by making it appear that he is the better partisan.

IT must be with extreme satisfaction that Mr. Sproule, who was hanged for murder a while ago at Victoria, learns that it has just been demonstrated that he was entirely innocent of the crime.

THERE is a saloon in St. Louis to every 175 inhabitants. As the thirst of the St. Louis man is always constant and intense, the limited number of saloons must produce a good deal of overcrowding.

CLEVELAND-BLAINE is the name of a baby at Mauch Chunk, Pa. The name is ominous of a constant mortal conflict within the victim's breast, the result of which it is impossible to forecast with any degree of reliability.

SECRETARY MANNING, it is said, plays a "shocking bad game of poker." What security is there for the people's money, it may be asked, if the Treasurer's game is not strong enough to furnish it a reasonable protection?

"WHAT is a good test of a diamond?" asks a correspondent. About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what he will take it back for. If he will offer half as much as it cost it is apt to be a genuine stone.

IT is computed by Congressman Oates that it costs from \$5,000 to \$15,000 to bury a dead member of Congress. Congressional funerals come high, it must be admitted, but an article we so much need we must have at any cost.

THE Czar has ordered the erection of a theater to be devoted exclusively to the opera and the ballet. "The Russian pulpit will see nothing in the ballet but a dream of beauty," a "love song without words," a thing altogether lovely.

THE apparent object of many of Gail Hamilton's letters (there's no dodging the conclusion) is, to show the country what a deuced bore and chronic nuisance smart women might become should woman suffrage ultimately prevail.

THE management of an opera company now performing in New York has lengthened the skirts of the ballet. Between old age and the reform spirit of the time, the ballet is not the thing of beauty that its originator intended it should be.

THERE is a lady school teacher at Osceola, Wyoming Territory, who weighs 325 pounds. If there are many such women out in that country it is easy to understand why Wyoming Territory was the first to recognize the political rights of women.

SUCH a line as this won't answer, Mr. Tennyson: "City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime." It occurs in your new "Locksley Hall" poem and it is entirely too much on the Peter-Piper-picked-a-peck-of-pickled-peppers order.

LINCOLN county, up in Minnesota, supports but one pauper, but from the fact that the county board recently allowed him \$6.55 to pay his barber bill we take it he is supported right royally. May be if he should learn to shave himself and practice for a little while he would not be a pauper.

MR. RANDALL is said to be devoting all his spare time to the preparation of his plan for reducing the surplus. His "plan of campaign" is not yet positively known, but it may be put down as certain that his plan for the reduction of the revenues of the Federal Government involves no reduction of the revenues of the State of Pennsylvania.

MRS. CLEVELAND is young and pretty, and couldn't write poetry to save her life, and, moreover, she has no aspirations to edit a newspaper. How any man living in the same house with her could contract corpulence and rheumatism and deliberately seek his solace in the company of Dan Lambert's harder to comprehend than the Schleswig-Holstein question.

A WASHINGTON correspondent writes: "When Gen. Sherman wants a drink, he goes to the bar and says 'Toddy, please,' while Senator Edmunds, the gentleman of frigid temperament from Vermont, explains to his temperance constituents that he is obliged to 'take something for the asthma.'" But if Sherman had any constituents he would probably call into play in politics the same strategy that made him successful in war.

THE meed of merit for promoting personal comeliness is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, and agreeable, it ranks among the indispensable toilet articles.

LANDS AND THE INDIANS.

SECRETARY LAMAR OUTLINES HIS POLICY.

All Indemnity Lands to be Thrown Open to Settlement—The Indian Problem.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Interviewed by a reporter regarding the question of land and Indian reform, Secretary Lamar said: "I am fully convinced that all the lands which have been withdrawn from settlement at various times to allow the land-grant corporations to select indemnity lands from, ought to be reopened without delay to settlement, and this is what I shall do. Every indemnity withdrawal will be revoked by me without unnecessary delay. My first order on the subject simply clears the ground for the complete action on which I have determined. Under the laws granting these lands the corporations are and have been entitled for years to select lands in the indemnity limits to make good any losses in their granted limits. But I hold that while the corporations had and have this right the people had and have, at the same time, the same right to settle on these lands, under the law, and it is just and necessary that this equal right of the people in these lands should be asserted. Hence I shall revoke every indemnity withdrawal and open all indemnity lands to settlement at once. Within the granted limits the land-grant corporations have certain rights, to the exclusion of the people. That is by act of Congress. Within the indemnity limits the corporations have their rights of selection only in common with the people."

"How do you get on with the execution of the Indian severalty law?" "We are still busy with the preliminaries, which are numerous, as there are many reservations, and the circumstances on each are peculiar. That law is one of the most important and beneficent Congress has ever passed. The true way to settle the Indian question is to abolish the Indian bureau. I mean, of course, to pursue such a policy as will result in that."

"I do not anticipate any serious obstacles. The numerous leases of Indian lands by cattle-men I shall sweep away. If they were allowed to exist the Indians who have made leases of this kind, for which, as you know, there is no authority of law, would be induced to resist the law of Congress commanding their settlement in severalty. I shall, therefore, give proper notice presently that the cattle must be removed and the leases annulled."

"If we have been obliged to use troops to keep settlers out of Indian lands, or lands held by agreement for Indian uses, then we may surely use troops if necessary to drive off and keep off cattle, just as I have found it necessary lately to employ troops to tear down fences around the public lands. I am not fond of the use of troops, but when the cattle are to go they must go, and while I hope the cattle-leasers will obey in good faith, I shall not hesitate to compel prompt obedience. The law of Congress must be carried out."

The Doctors Have a Grievance.

The doctors of New York are tired of being robbed, and are seeking a plan by which the recurrence of the thefts of the past year can be prevented. No less than a hundred physicians in good standing have been victims of well-dressed and plausible thieves within a twelve-month, and some of them have been robbed three or four times. The thieves have been men and women, and in some instances the robberies have been committed by children. The plan of work which has been adopted by the thieves has been the same in nearly every instance, and yet few arrests have been made by the police. Under the pretext of waiting for the doctor the thief takes a seat in the physician's study, and then, while the servant's back is turned appropriates any piece of portable property on which hands can be laid. After a brief waiting spell the supposed patient leaves, promising to call again when the doctor is at home. Sometimes when the doctor returns the thief affects illness or leaves a call for the doctor to answer. The plan proposed is to provide a reception room absolutely destitute of valuables where patients or callers can await the physician's return or convenience, and if they desire to leave a message for the doctors to give them a slate or pad of writing paper which they can use in this reception-room only. The practice of giving strangers the privileges of a physician's private desk in a room containing valuables is played out.

THE NAMES OF MONTHS.

The names to the months were given by the Romans.

January was called from Janus, an ancient king of Italy, who was deified after his death, and is derived from the Latin word Janarius.

February is derived from the Latin word februo, to purify, hence Februarius; for in this month the ancient Romans offered up expiatory sacrifices for the purifying of the people.

March, anciently the first month, is derived from the word Mars, the god of war. April is so called from the Latin Aprilus, that is, opening; because in this month a large part of the vegetable world opens and buds.

May is derived from the Latin word Majores, so called by Romulus, in respect toward the senators; hence Maius, or May.

June is from the Latin word Junius, or the youngest sort of the people.

July is derived from the Latin word Julius, and so named in honor of Julius Caesar.

August was so called in honor of Augustus, by a decree of the Roman Senate, A. D. 8.

September is from the Latin word septem, or seven, being the seventh month from March.

October is from the Latin word octo, the eighth; hence we have October.

November is from the Latin of novem, nine; being the ninth month from March.

December is from the Latin word decem, ten; so called because it was the tenth month from March, which was anciently the manner of beginning the year.

Convalescent (to doctor)—Now that I am on the road to recovery, I think you may as well send in your bill.

Physician—Not yet, sir. I want to avoid any risk of a relapse.

The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same: feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day.

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes: "Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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

KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE.

Standard time—goth meridian, GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Station, NY & CNY & B Express, Ex & M, Way Pt. Stations include Lv Grand Rapids, Ar Allegan, Ar Kalamazoo, Ar Schoolcraft, Ar Three Rivers, Ar White Pigeon, Ar Toledo, Ar Cleveland, Ar Buffalo.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Station, NY & BNY & C Ex & M Express, Way Pt. Stations include Lv Buffalo, Ar Cleveland, Ar Toledo, Ar White Pigeon, Ar Three Rivers, Ar Schoolcraft, Ar Kalamazoo, Ar Allegan, Grand Rapids.

All trains connect at White Pigeon with trains on main line. M. E. WATTLIS, Supt. Kalamazoo Division, Kalamazoo.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM KALAMAZOO. TIME-TABLE—MAY 18, 1884. Standard time—goth meridian.

WESTWARD.

Table with columns: Station, A. M., P. M., M. Stations include Kalamazoo Accommodation leaves, Kalamazoo Express arrives, Evening Express, Pacific Express, Mail, Day Express.

EASTWARD.

Table with columns: Station, A. M., P. M., M. Stations include Night Express, Kalamazoo Accommodation leaves, Kalamazoo Express arrives, Durand, Day Express, New York Express, Atlantic Express.

New York, Atlantic and Pacific Expresses daily. Evening Express west and Night Express east daily except Saturdays. All other trains daily except Sundays. Freight trains carrying passengers out from Kalamazoo as follows: No. 29 (east) at 5:10 P. M. and No. 20 (west) at 8:10, bring passengers from east at 12:45, P. M. H. B. LEVYARD, Gen. Manager, Detroit. J. A. GRIBER, General Freight Agent, Chicago. O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

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A. BRADFORD, CITY BAKERY,

119 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich. may 15/84

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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. We carry a large and complete stock of all Groceries, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Spices, etc. We fill all orders from Patrons when the order is under Seal of Grange and signed by the Master and Secretary of the Grange, and upon receipt of goods and found satisfactory payment to be made within 30 days from date of bills. We are now filling Orders from Patrons in Michigan as the through rates from Philadelphia are very reasonable, as the railroads are cutting through rates. A trial order from Granges in Michigan will convince them that they can Purchase Groceries to advantage in Philadelphia. If you desire information in regard to prices on any goods in our line of business or freight rates do not hesitate to write us, as we endeavor to answer all inquiries promptly and satisfactorily. We will mail free upon request our Complete Price List of Groceries, giving the wholesale prices of all Goods in the Grocery Line.

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THE GUIDE. We issue the Buyers' Guide in March and September of each year. It is now a book of 350 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 inches in size, 32,351 square inches of information for the consumers. It describes, illustrates and gives the price of nearly all the necessaries and luxuries in daily use by all classes of people, and is sent free to any address by mail or express, at our option, upon receipt of 10 cents to pay the cost of carriage. We charge nothing for the book. All of the goods quoted in the Guide we carry in stock, which enables us to make shipments promptly and as ordered. We are the original Grange Supply House, organized in 1872 to supply the consumer direct at wholesale prices, in quantities to suit the purchaser. We are the only house in existence who make this their exclusive business, and no other house in the world carries as great a variety of goods as ourselves. Visitors are invited to call and verify our statement. We are the authorized agents of the Illinois State Grange. Send for the Guide and see what it contains. If it is not worth 10 cents, let us know, and we will refund the amount paid without question. Montgomery Ward & Co. 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL. N. B.—After September 1st, 1887, we will occupy our NEW STORE, 111, 112, 113 & 114 Michigan Ave., 2 blocks north of Exposition Building. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAI WAY TIME TABLE, JUNE 26, 1886.

Table with columns: TRAINS WESTWARD—CENTRAL MERIDIAN TIME, TRAINS EASTWARD—CENTRAL MERIDIAN TIME. Stations include Port Huron, Lv., Lapeer, Flint, Durand, Lansing, Charlotte, Battle Creek, Ar., Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Marcellus, Cassopolis, South Bend, Valparaiso, Chicago, etc.

Way Freight carrying passengers going East, 3:30 P. M.; going west, 10:05 A. M. \*Stop for passengers on signal only. Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 run daily. Tickets sold and baggage checked to all parts of Canada and United States. For through rates and time apply to G. M. WATSON, Local Agent, Schoolcraft; W. E. DAVIS, Assistant Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago; W. J. SPICER, General Manager, Detroit.

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For Tickets, Rates, Maps, &c., apply to Ticket Agents of connecting lines, or address T. J. POTTER, H. B. STONE, PAUL MORTON, 767 V. P. G. M., G. P. & T. A. For a Pronouncing Dictionary containing 32,000 words, 200 pages, send 16c. in stamps to Paul Morton, Chicago. Mar 15/84

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AGENTS WANTED to canvass for one of the largest, oldest, established, best-known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. Prices low. Geneva Nursery, Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y. apr 15/86



Young Folks' Club.

The Children of a City.

In a great big town the Sun gets up late. There are so many houses and shops and they are so tall, there is so much smoke from the houses and shops and it is so black, that the Sun has a hard time to climb up over all the roofs and chimneys and a hard time to shine his way through the smoke; so when he does get a good look at the town he finds it fully awake. Ever so many children, even, have come out before him. Most of them are boys, and hungry looking boys at that. The Sun has seen them before, often and often, and he knows they are poor boys who must earn a few pennies ere they will have anything for breakfast. He has heard them before, too, and he knows their childish voices, which are shriller and louder than any other sounds of the crowded streets, are calling the names of the morning newspapers, "Times," "Sentinel," "Register," which they have for sale.

In all his traveling around our world the old Sun thinks he never saw a boy he liked quite as well as he likes one of these very newsboys. It is a little fellow named Tim, who stands on the postoffice corner to sell his papers. However he can be so plump without half enough to eat or so smiling without half enough to wear, is a mystery. But every day Tim turns a face as round and rosy as the Sun's own toward the east and cocks up one eye and shows all his teeth and says, with healthy good will, "Mornin' to yez, Old Sol!"

Perhaps because these little fellows are at work two or three hours before more fortunate children think of showing their sleepy faces at the windows of their comfortable nurseries and Old Sol so sees more of them, and perhaps because Tim's blithe attentions have won his heart, he has a great fondness for street waifs and is very wise on the newsboy question. He knows that Tim does not have to sleep in old empty barrels or in odd corners of alleys as some of the other boys do, but has a big sister who takes in washing to pay the rent of a dark little room in a rickety building on a dismal street. Here Tim lives with the only parts of his family he ever knew anything about. The long, lean boy who blacks boots at "Five cents a shine" is Tim's brother. The mite of a girl who sweeps crossings on muddy days and sells flowers on pleasant ones is his sister. They eat up at night all there is in the house to eat, for this home is so over-run with rats that they would gnaw through the rotten cupboard door if they smelled even two crumbs of bread inside. As the family nearly always goes to bed hungry, it always gets up hungry and early begins a busy day.

Tim often says to his friend, "My Sun, don't I wish I could be afeer seein' what yez sees?" and "Old felly, be the Wist all they says it lez?" and "Sollie, what was the farthist yez ever knew a bye loike me to be walkin'?" The Sun knows Tim will talk better as soon as he has a chance to learn; and from what Tim has said to him he knows that Tim is getting tired waiting his turn to go west with the crowds of poor children the kind people of the city are finding homes for among the farmers.

The impure air of the close standing buildings, so swarming with life, the poisonous vapors from the filth in the worst streets, the dirt that is always on their bodies and clothes, the poor food they eat when they eat any—all these things together keep the children weak and sickly.

What wild delight they feel when sent out into green fields, where sweet air and clear water and clean smells and blue sky and three good meals are the daily blisses! How very glad they are to leave the racket and hurry of their town for the quiet country, where they are told that honesty and industry are sure to earn them pretty homes and a way to learn to read and write! They regard with amazement the rural lad who thinks farm work "hard" and farm fun "tame," and who as wanting to go to the city to seek his fortune.

But country boys often do well when they go to the town. They must work very much harder than they do at home and give up many good things they have always had. They take with them their robust health and strong muscles and habits of cleanliness which keep them well. As long as they are well they do not feel the need of the tonic that seems to be in the poison of the cigarette, and so get on much better for not smoking. Many, many country boys fail when they try the hard plan of earning their living among the dangers of a strange city; many more are brave and steady and succeed.

The Sun means to keep his bright, kind eye on Tim until that jolly youth is settled in the "Wist" he talks about so much and has learned to be a farmer; for he knows, this wise Old Sun, that a boy who is up early in the morning and goes to work with a smiling face and busy hands is sure to be a splendid man, whether he begins his fortune by selling papers or planting corn.

The Sun does not care for the comfortable children who go in nice whole clothing from neat homes to the public schools, or for the rich children who live in elegant houses surrounded by all the beautiful things a child could want for they do not need his sympathy. But he smiles with warmest love at the earnest little people who have no other

parents than the streets and alleys and are so in truth the children of the city. ABIEE JOHNSTON.

My Birds.

We live just across the street from my grandpa's, and grandpa and I love the birds. This spring we thought we would try and see what we could do to help them—not to build their nests—but to try and make some nice places for them to build in. We found some old paint kegs, which we had nailed to a piece of board, a hole bored in it large enough for a bird to get through, and these were fastened in some trees close by the house, and almost before we could get away from the tree a pair of bluebirds were at the hole peeping in to see how it looked. We noticed them closely, and the next day they began to build their nest right in the box.

Some swallows thought it a nice place, too, for a nest and they tried to take up their quarters there, but the bluebirds seemed to think the box was theirs by right, as first settlers, and after a sharp fight they drove the swallows away. Still for a whole afternoon the male bluebird stood guard while his little wife was hard at work gathering materials for the nest. He seemed to enjoy the looking around and when she came with straws and threads in her beak he would get right in front of her ere she went into the box, put his head on one side and chatter away at her as though he was (man fashion) telling her what she had better do and how to do it. And she, like a good little wife, did as she was told. The nest was soon finished, and now they have a family of little birds, and such a piping and chirping they make when they are fed we can hear them in the house.

A pair of chippies built in a vine on our front porch, but they were very unfortunate. The wind blew their nest down and yet they were not discouraged but went to work again and rebuilt in an evergreen, seeming to know that they would be safe from storms and wind. These chippies are very tame; they come into the house when the door is open and pick at the threads in the carpet close by mamma when she is sewing, and while I write one comes and hops on a chair close beside me.

But the birds I love best are the robins. A pair built a nest in an elm tree that stands close by the porch. They are the most peaceable birds of any we have. They never pick a quarrel with the other birds, still they will fight like Trojans if molested. One day when the mother bird was setting a bluejay came and made an attack on the home. The father bird seemed filled with wrath and fought him with all his might. They squealed and peeped, rolled over and over on the grass and the robin was getting the most of it when he made a peculiar cry as if calling for help. The mother bird darted from her nest and with every feather ruffled, scolding as hard as she could, she beat the jay with her wings, pecked him and jumped on him and drove him off, and in a moment was back on her nest as if nothing had happened. But the father bird, he flew to the very top bough of the tree and sung as loud as ever he could, as much as to say, "We did it, we did it!" This robin sings first of all the birds in the morning, as early as half-past three he begins his song, and though he is up early, he is the last one to go to bed at night and sings so softly then that it seems as though he was singing his birdies to sleep, for they have a nest full now. We will not let a bird be shot or even frightened and another year we mean to have several boxes so the swallows can have a home, too. NELLIE A. MAYO.

A Large City.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2,600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way and eight the other, and contains a population of nearly 4,000,000 people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from every part of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they can not count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, though it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London—enough to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the peo-

ple must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.—From "King London," by Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas for June.

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver, depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung-scurfula) is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with and the water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oat meal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bedtime. All the tools you need are a nailbrush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax and a little white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything. Manicures use acids in the shop, but the lemon is quite as good and isn't poisonous, while the acids are.—Analyst.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years. Swallowed off with groans and tears, How it made the flesh recoil, Loathsome, greasy castor oil! Search your early memory close, Till you find another dose; All the shuddering frame revolts At the thought of Epsom salts! Underneath the pill-box lid Was a greater horror hid, Climax of all inward ills, Huge and gripping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

Various attempts are in progress to get from artesian wells not only water but power and heat as well. Machinery is already driven by the pressure in France, and experience shows that the heat may be increased by adding to the depth of the well. At Grenelle, a well 1,802 feet deep and yielding daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of 60 pounds to the square inch, and the water is so hot that it is employed for heating hospitals in the vicinity. The deepest well in the world is being sunk at Perth, Hungary, to supply hot water for public baths. It now yields daily 175,000 gallons heated to 158 degrees, and the boring is to be continued until the temperature is raised to 176 degrees.

A Prominent Citizen of Atlanta Comes to Grief Through Wine.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 20.—Mr. Julius Martine, who is highly thought of and well connected, was formerly a wine merchant in this city. When the law making liquor selling illegal went into effect he retired to his home, and was always glad to "see" his friends. Last Sunday two guests of Mr. Martine were arrested as soon as they landed upon the sidewalk. In their pockets were found well-filled flasks. It was upon evidence thus secured that Mr. Martine was fined \$500 in the city court and sentenced to a term of 30 days on the rock pile, and bound over in sums of \$2,000 each on several charges to the superior court. Mr. Martine, who has been two days behind the bars, where he has been visited by hundreds of citizens, was yesterday started in on his experience with the public work. The fact that a man in his standing should be so heavily dealt with has given the people a new idea of the severity of the prohibition laws.

Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pellets easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow!

Butter shrinks as well as other articles, and such is often the cause of errors in reports of sales when butter is shipped long distances and remains unsold for several weeks.

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT

From the Patrons' Shoe House! A. R. HANO, 121 N. 8TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We take pleasure in submitting to our patrons some of our prices, which, upon examination, will be found to be remarkably low. We have just issued nearly 100,000 new and complete catalogues, all beautifully engraved and illustrated, with nearly 400 different styles of ladies', gents', misses' and childrens' shoes which we offer to Patrons at the lowest wholesale prices, less a Grange discount on every pair. We will send these free on application to any address.

Ladies' solid pebble button, best quality and finish, at \$2.00 and \$2.50 per pair. Ladies' finest kid at \$1.75 and \$2.00. Ladies' matt kid tops at \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Ladies' best glove kid at \$1.75 and \$2.25. Ladies' broad easy pebble at \$1.50 and \$2.00 (solid and substantial.) Ladies' finest dress kid button, in latest styles, at \$2 and \$2.50. Ladies' serviceable grain button at \$1.60 and \$2. Ladies' bright dongola at \$2.50 and \$2.75. Ladies' finest kid at \$3 and \$3.50 per pair. Ladies' pebble lace shoes at \$1.50 and \$2.00. Ladies' best French kid at \$3.50. Ladies' solid calf button and lace at \$1.70. Ladies' all-lasting button at \$1.75. Ladies' all-lasting lace and congress at \$1. Ladies' heavy Newport ties at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Ladies' broad easy slippers at 75c. and \$1.00. Ladies' lasting slippers at 25c. Ladies' opera slippers at \$1.

Men's and Boy's department.—In this department we have an immense assortment of all kinds of men's heavy, plowing boots and shoes. Men's kip boots at \$2.50 and \$2.75. Men's calf boots at \$3.00 and \$3.50. Men's heavy grain boots at \$2.50 and \$3.00. Men's broad calf, lace, button and congress at \$2 and \$2.50 per pair. Men's solid calf with heavy soles, at \$1.75 and \$2. Men's best grain boots at \$1.50 and \$1.85. Men's kip brogans at \$1.40 and \$1.50. Men's styles dress shoes at \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, in lace, button, and congress. Men's pointed lace and button at \$3. Men's French calf shoes at \$4. Men's heavy plow shoes at \$1.35 and \$1.30. Men's working shoes at \$1.10 and \$1.25. Boys' best calf, sewed or nailed, at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Misses' and children's shoes.—sizes 11 to 2.—Misses' finest kid at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Misses' strong pebble at \$1.10 and \$1.35. Misses' heavy grain at \$1 per pair. Misses' high cut kid at \$2 and \$2.25 per pair.

Children's shoes—7 to 10.—Children's pebble at 75 and 85 cents. Child's best pebble at \$1. Child's best kid 60 and 70 cents. Children's heavy calf, with tips, at 75 and 85 cents.

Infants' shoes at 20, 25, and 50 cents a pair. Rubbers and Rubber Goods.—Men's and boys' heavy rubber boots, also for ladies, misses and children.

Trunks, satchels and valises at the lowest prices.

Our prices cannot be equalled. We manufacture our own goods, and strictly warrant every pair to give entire satisfaction. We defy any competition and Patrons will find it greatly to their advantage by dealing with us. We take great pleasure in answering all inquiries, and trust you will favor us with a trial order.

Address "Mail Order Dept." A. R. HANO, Patrons' Shoe House, 121 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Appropos of the articles on Letters lately published in this paper are Mrs. Kedzie's words in the Industrialist of May 28:

One reason why women do not write more is because they have no really handy place into which to slip where they can pick up pen and paper. They have to spend as much time gathering materials together as it takes to write the first page; and, in that case, the thinking about writing and making up the mind to it, are the worst part of the work. Business men have no such trials. But the farmer, who comes in at night tired with the day's tasks, finds it very hard indeed to write, even to absent children, unless there is a writing desk ready to almost manufacture a letter. It will do it with a few pen scratches. It is essential to every real home that such a writing place be provided; for no home has selfishness enough to live entirely to itself. If none of the immediate family have grown old enough to go out into the world to meet its trials, and, battling bravely against its temptations, to hold to the home love through the messages sent in the home letters, there are always more or less friends who will be helpful or helped by the regular, or even by the occasional letter.

We are all too apt to be careless of these things, forgetting that the day may come when our written letters can not reach the dear ones—when no message will come to us in the familiar lines, and when we would give hours of our time instead of minutes for one written word from them.

Obituaries.

DAGGETT—

Died, at her home in Trowbridge, April 28, 1887, Mrs. Dolly Daggett, a member of Trowbridge Grange, No. 296, aged 30 years. The following resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted by the Grange:

WHEREAS, Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our sister; therefore, Resolved, That in the death of Sister Daggett this Grange has lost an earnest and consistent member, her family a kind and indulgent wife and mother, and the community a worthy and useful resident.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the family of our deceased sister, realizing that no words of ours can heal their sorrow or fill the vacant place in the family circle. We can only commend them to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That the charter of the Grange be draped in mourning for 60 days and these resolutions be placed upon the records of our

Grange, and a copy be presented to the family, also one sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

How bright was the future  
To this happy young wife,  
Fond hopes of sweet pleasure  
And long years of life.

But, alas, in a moment,  
Bright hopes fade away,  
And the fairest flower withers  
To dust and decay.

Though sad were our hearts,  
As we laid her to rest,  
And though deep our sorrow,  
Yet the Lord knoweth best.

COM.

CAMPBELL—

By order of Groveland Grange, No. 443, a copy of the resolutions on the death of Brother George Campbell was to be sent to the VISITOR to be printed. Bro. Campbell had been an officer since 1876. He was as good a member as belongs to the Grange. Nothing that he could do or get done to make the Grange interesting was left untried. He was a very strong advocate of temperance, practicing what he talked. SEC'Y.

WHEREAS, In the providence of God, Bro. George Campbell has departed this life, by which event his family has been deprived of a kind husband and indulgent father, and this Grange of a faithful member; therefore, Resolved, That we extend to the afflicted family our warmest sympathy and commend them to Him who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Resolved, That we cherish his memory, emulate his virtues, and consecrate ourselves anew to the work which he left unfinished.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for the usual period, that these resolutions be published in the GRANGE VISITOR, and a copy of the same be presented to the afflicted family. COM.

MARSHALL—

WHEREAS, The Messenger of Death has invaded our social circle and removed, May 7, 1887, our loved sister, Emma Marshall, in the 33d year of her age—while yet in the bloom of youth the Frost of Death nipped the stem and claimed her for his own; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Marshall the Grange has sustained the loss of a faithful member, her family a loving friend and Sister.

Resolved, That we tender our kindest sympathy to the bereaved family of our deceased sister, and may He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" give them that consolation which we can not, bringing them nearer to Himself by the hallowed memory of their loved one, and while we all keenly feel her loss, we nevertheless would say, "Thy will be done." COM.

A Bloody Affray

is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.



This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it throughout your future useful (5) careers. We older heads object to its special "ROUGHNESS."

DON'T FOOL away time and money in futile efforts with insect powder, borax or what not, used at random all over the house to get rid of the ROACHES, Water-bugs, BEETLES

For two or three nights sprinkle "Rough on Rats" dry powder, in, about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the sink, drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house, they must irritate during the night. ROACHES

Cleares out Rats, Mice, Bed-bugs, Flies, Beetles. "Rough on Rats" is sold all around the world, in every climate, is the most extensively advertised, and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe.

DESTROYS POTATO BUGS For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken, in a keg of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 25c. and \$1 Boxes, Agr. size.

"ROUGH ON RATS" -CLEARS OUT- BED BUGS, FLIES. Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, Sparrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers, 15c. June 15/87

GASOLINE STOVES.

Golden Star, New Lyman, Queen City, Crown Jewel. Assorted lot of different Oil Stoves. South Bend Pumps, Screen Doors, Screen Window Frames, Barb Wire. General assortment of

Hardware!

Nails, Glass, Sash, Doors and Farmers' Implements. Job Work solicited. Thanking for the past, looking for the future, all at the

Meigs Hardware, 17-19 Grandville Ave., Opposite Engine House,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. may 13/87