

GRANGER VISITOR

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

VOLUME XII—No. 13.
WHOLE NUMBER 261.

COLDWATER, MICH., JULY 1, 1887.

Published by A. J. ALDRICH & CO.,
Publishers of the COLDWATER REPUBLICAN.

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Postal Jottings.

I THINK it is now an undisputed fact that the fever has really seized Working Grange, 2,509—the fever of progress. One-half of a three months' contest has now passed, and so far has been most harmonious and interesting,—some of it really comical; all seem to be in dead earnest, yet no one seems to care which side wins. Work on our new building is being rapidly pushed, and we hope to greet you in our next from its pleasant hall. Yes, and we hope "ye Grange orators" of Michigan will hold themselves in readiness for the call that will surely come in the near future.

Children's Day was celebrated at the residence of Brother T. G. Chandler, and notwithstanding the morning was cloudy and threatening there were but few absentees, either old or young. A more pleasant, happy and enjoyable gathering we never attended.

A good literary program was well rendered by the "important" of the day. With plenty of amusements, the proverbial Granger feast, savored with lemonade and sweetmeats, the hilarity of the little ones seemed unbounded.

You should have seen the crest-fallen looks and long faces the big boys and girls wore when it was officially announced that they must wait till the second table. T. G. CHANDLER. Lenawee Co., June 20.

THE celebration of Children's Day was generally observed on June 9 at Union Grange hall 292 together with the Battle Creek Grange, who had been invited to join with us. At an early hour, the parents with their children began coming, the Battle Creek friends bringing the children in loads, with some of the older ones with them, to show them the country and to talk and laugh with them in their glee over their pleasant ride of ten and twelve miles, and arriving at the hall, some with their hands filled with the choicest bouquets and well-filled baskets, for it was understood to be a picnic dinner.

Program was not acted upon until after dinner. The Tables were a beautiful sight to any that was there with the beautiful cakes and bouquets which adorned the tables. When dinner was announced, the children were all seated at the tables first and they all did ample justice to their dinners, after the tables were cleared and reset, the older ones were seated, filling the tables again. They too enjoyed themselves with social eatable chat, after which we were all invited to the upper room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens and birds, where we listened to a most excellent program, which consisted of speaking, singing, and recitations. The Battle Creek Grange came loaded with a good program, which showed the some parents had given this day their attention, for the selections were very good.

As the time came to go each face was bright with the day's pleasures, bidding each other good-bye, saying, hope we will meet another year and have an enjoyable time. Mrs. W. W. WICKHAM.

THE Grange is booming; 32 members have been received since the 1st of May, and we expect to reach 200 before the year closes. Children's Day at the Grange yesterday.—Gilead cor. Coldwater Republican.

SINCE the rains the first of the month wheat and grass have improved greatly. Corn is looking well, so are potatoes where bugs have been kept off them. We have never seen the old bugs so plenty as this spring. We find it takes a stronger dose to kill the old bugs than the larvae. We use Paris green and ashes, 3 table-spoonfuls to ten quarts of ashes. Fruit of all kinds promise well now. Our Children's Day, the 9th, was a success in every respect except one, and that was some of the boys didn't have quite chicken enough. It would be about right to allow four chickens to a boy, no, I mean one chicken to four boys. How is that? After all, I guess the girls are about a match for the boys in eating chicken as well as in other things. Last year there were 110 and this year 120 children to provide for and make happy on Children's Day, and they in return gave many beautiful exercises, long to be remembered by us. AUNT KATE.

MADISON GRANGE, No. 384, observed

Children's Day Saturday afternoon, June 11.

The literary exercises consisted of singing, recitations and dialogues by the children—each of whom was presented with an orange and a beautiful card as a memoir of the day.

A bountiful repast was served to about 200 people, the children numbering 125.

All present seemed to have a very enjoyable time and at a late hour in the afternoon returned to their respective homes feeling, we trust, that the day had been well spent.

MATTIE TURNER, Lect.
Lenawee Co., June 18.

POMONA GRANGE, No. 12, last met with Charity Grange and enjoyed a good meeting. Although our Worthy Secretary and Steward were absent and some old members that have gladdened our hearts many times by their presence were missed that day from among us, everybody enjoyed the day and we have resolved that we will make the Grange a success. Next Pomona will be held with Marion Grange at Deckerville. We hope all who read this will make preparations in time to attend as we don't like to see any chair vacant, and there is always lots to do and plenty of room to attend to work that must be attended to in order to make the Grange a success. Query: Why don't Grangers attend more to their own interests? Mrs. C. A. L.

Children's Day as observed by Mt. Tabor and Mt. Hope Granges. Saturday, June 18, was the day appointed by these two Granges for observing Children's Day. The meeting took place in the orchard of Austin Adams, near Hill's Corners. The exercises consisted of singing, recitations, dialogues, and select reading, participated in by the children and younger members of the Grange. The rhetorical began at 11 o'clock A. M. and continued about two hours and a half, after which tables were spread sufficiently for fifty to be seated at once. There were three tables full, the children occupying the first table, the young ladies and young gentlemen the second, and the old ladies and old gentlemen the third. In all there were 200 in attendance. The day was a beautiful one, and all present expressed themselves that the day was well spent, wishing that by the time another year rolled around they might have the opportunity of attending Children's Day again. FRANK L. JONES, Sec'y of Mt. Hope Grange, No. 87.

THE 13th annual picnic of the Berrien County Pioneer Association was held in the village of Berrien Springs on the 8th of June. The day was very favorable, and the program was fully carried out so far as the literary part of the exercises was concerned. Hon. Chas. F. Howe, President of the Association, delivered the welcoming address, which was very interesting and appropriate. Mrs. Mayo entertained the vast multitude with one of the most spirited addresses ever listened to by any audience in Berrien County. Many were anxious to hear Mrs. Mayo, and some were impressed with the idea that a farmer's wife could talk nothing but Grange, but that idea was soon banished from their minds when Sister Mayo began her discourse, and held her audience almost spellbound from the beginning to the close of her address. Hon. Vincent P. Kirk, of Indiana, favored us with a very eloquent address, which was well received by the audience. The historian, Hon. Levi Sparks, read a very interesting paper, subject, The Early History of Berrien County. This paper, like all others prepared by friend Sparks, was full of interest and highly appreciated by his fellow pioneers. There were estimated to be about 10,000 people in attendance, some of whom were nearly 100 years of age—at least were well along in the nineties. This is said to be the most interesting meeting ever held by the society. WM. J. JONES, Sec'y.

I AM not a dyed-in-the-wool critic like Bro. Sanford, but my sluggish inclination to criticize received a lively impulse on reading Sister Mayo's aspersion of poets and poetry. She says the leading journals of the State are doing her injustice in calling her a poet. That implies a slur on every poet from Homer down to Julia Moore. She says she may be guilty of much erroneous action; part of that erroneous action is the condemning of poor, harmless poets. She says she never

wrote poetry. A noted showman offers a prize for a woman of intelligence and education who never wrote or attempted to write poetry, and for the benefit of the sister I will say that prize is still unclaimed. She says she never filched poetry from anyone else. That is a tame boast; it requires little virtue or stress of self-denial to forbear to steal what one does not want. She says filching poetry is worse than writing it. How can that be? If writing poetry is bad how can stealing it be worse? One who only assumes the guilt of a bad action cannot be worse than the doer of that action. When Sister Mayo says she did not write that particular piece of poetry we implicitly believe her; but when she relieves herself of the implication of writing it and throws the burden of the authorship of it on another Senator's wife and unwittingly pronounces the poem "a touching appeal," she invites the suspicion that it touched her case, and worded her sentiments the same as if she herself had written it. Now let me say in all seriousness that, although Sister Mayo may not write poetry, she is, nevertheless, a poet in a certain sense of the word. I have heard her repeat poetry with all the inspiration of a poet. I have seen her hold an audience entranced with the poetry of her eloquence and the beauty and sense of her ideas. Let her eliminate from her oratory all that is poetical and her reputation as a public speaker will soon be gone. J. W. KELLEY.

GRANGE 528 held Children's Day on the banks of a beautiful creek, where there was plenty of shade and water, two things quite essential to the comfort of a picnicking party. As it is called Children's day, we proposed letting them choose their own way of enjoying themselves. It is astonishing to see the different minds there are in a group of Patrons' children. Some choose to run down hill, wade in the creek, and climb up again; others enjoying the games prepared by older Patrons; while others walked about enjoying the scene. When dinner was announced all came flocking in with appetites sharpened by the morning's exercise. Soon all were ready for the afternoon's sports, which consisted of singing, playing ball, hitting the pigeon fly, and several recitations by the little folks. There was candy, peanuts and a box of toys and pencils awarded to all present who took part in the games. All went home satisfied, saying it was a day long to be remembered, and hoping we would all see many more like it. Mrs. C. A. L. St. Clair Co.

CHILDREN'S DAY, as observed by Liberty Grange, No. 391, was a success in every particular. The attendance, the dinner, and the program as carried out—mostly by the young—was all that could be desired. The number of adult persons not members of the Order that were present gave evidence of friendship, which the Grange duly appreciated. C. Gratiot Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, '87. Since October 1, 1886, Granges have been organized in the several States as follows: Kansas, 1; Mississippi, 1; Colorado, 1; North Carolina, 1; Louisiana, 1; Oregon, 2; California, 3; Texas, 3; Idaho, 3; Rhode Island, 3; Alabama, 5; Michigan, 6; Maine, 7; New Hampshire, 8; Massachusetts, 8; Nebraska, 10; New York, 20; Connecticut, 21; Pennsylvania, 24. Total, 128. JOHN TRIMBLE, Sec'y Nat'l Grange.

CHILDREN'S DAY was celebrated by Victor Grange, No. 677, and a very pleasant time was had. We have a fine choir for singing. Had literary exercises, which consisted of three essays, also recitations and readings. The Master opened the exercises with a few practical remarks. The part that suited the children best was the two long, well filled tables and that barrel of lemonade. We feel that Children's Day was a good success here. Clinton Co. J. C. B.

CRAWFORD BANNER GRANGE, No. 673, observed Children's Day, June 9, by holding a picnic in Bro. Bradford's grove. Although we had slight showers in the morning that prevented our getting together as early as intended, eleven o'clock found us all on the grounds, ready to enjoy the rest of the day. We marshaled 39 children to the tables with about as many more older people. (This will seem a small num-

ber to most of you, but please remember this is a new country and our township is only two and one-half years old. Dinner being over, the program opened with prayer by the Worthy Chaplain, followed by an address to the children by your humble servant, after which came speaking and singing by the children and members of the Grange. When the exercises were concluded we all enjoyed visiting, swinging, ball playing and pleasures generally. The day passed all too quickly, the most of the children seeming loth to give it up as all enjoyed it very much. May it prove a day well and profitably spent, and may we see many happy returns of this day is my wish. Mrs. JESSIE E. WILCOX, Secretary.

MORENCI GRANGE, No. 280, observed Saturday, June 11, as Children's Day. We met on the Fair Grounds and had a basket picnic. Morenci Grange is situated in the center of seven school districts and all the schools were invited. We were highly entertained by the children with music, singing, recitations, declamations, etc. Altogether our Children's Day was a grand success. Many outsiders came in to see how the work was done and they, too, manifested a spirit of satisfaction. Mrs. A. J. SUTTON.

THE Scotch bard who warned us that "The best laid plans of men and mice gang aft aglee," spake truly as we of Moline Grange No. 248 can testify. We flattered ourselves that our plans for Children's Day had in them all the elements of a happy time for the children, and were looking forward with anticipation of pleasure, when a halt came, in the shape of a painful and dangerous accident to one of our members, and while he lay suffering and at death's door, we could not go on. At our next meeting (two weeks later) the danger seemed overled, but the "busy season" (as though we have any other) was fairly commenced and it was thought wise to postpone our merry-making a little longer and gather the children in later, to a harvest picnic. S. G. W. F.

CHILDREN'S DAY was very happily observed by Mapleton Grange, No. 655. Although the morning was damp and foggy, at an early hour parents and children began to assemble in carriages, on horseback and on foot. By 11 A. M. the hall was crowded, and with the fog and clouds clearing away, the children's faces began to brighten. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, evergreens and flags, and two fine organs stood open ready to pour forth their sweet tones under the touch of skillful fingers. Outside, adjacent to the hall, swings and tents had been erected and a fine croquet ground prepared. The children, and in fact all, went in for a day of enjoyment. At 12:30 P. M. dinner was announced, when Worthy Master E. O. Ladd called to order and the following excellent program was rendered: Instrumental Duet—Mrs. S. Franklin and Mrs. J. Mills. Reading, "To Our Young People"—Mrs. E. O. Ladd. Recitation, We are Seven—Maud Coombs. Recitation, Pussy—Charlotte Enquest. Recitation, Mother's Girl—Elsie Brown. Music, How do you know?—Mrs. S. Franklin and Mrs. E. O. Ladd. Recitation, Drifting—Ethelwyn Fowler. Declamation, Hoe your own row—Elmer Brown. Music, the Child's Story—Mrs. S. Franklin and Mrs. E. O. Ladd. Recitation, Mattie Waite's Wishes—Nellie Edgcomb. Declamation, Little Birdie—Bennie Ghering. Declamation, American Eagle—Arthur Franklin. Music, Wandering Home—Mrs. S. Franklin and Mrs. E. O. Ladd.

Next on the program was dinner and during the rendition of The Crown Prince's Grand March by our talented organist, Mrs. S. Franklin, the children, about 65 in number, were first seated at the table; the older ones came next and then the committee. All did justice to the dinner, which of itself could not be surpassed, for in this Grand Traverse region nature deals out her good things with an ever lavish hand. After dinner the children resumed their games out of doors and the floor was soon cleared for dancing, for which music was voluntarily offered, and the young people availed themselves of the opportunity with much gusto. At a late hour they separated, all feeling pleased that Children's Day is an established holiday to be enjoyed once every year. Sec'y.

(Continued on fourth page.)

Communications.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

It seems that I said something in my article on "Quotations" in the Visitor of February 1, that led "G." and "A. S. L." to think that I meant to give a hit to those who love quotations. I certainly did not intend to do any such a thing. But, on again reading over the first part of the article, I will admit that one might get such a rendering from one or two of its passages. I should have been a little more guarded and distinct in beginning the article. When I wrote of those who "seem to take to quotations as naturally as a bee to flowers," I had in mind those whose sense of the beautiful in thought was instinctive, and naturally led them to seek and enjoy the beautiful things in spoken and written language. And I thought of S. S. Prentiss, "America's most brilliant orator," who in his conversation and public speeches had ever ready the most fit and beautiful quotation, or illustration, to give force or point to his argument. They came without effort as the most appropriate and delightful thing to be said. While on a sea voyage a dolphin was caught; as Prentiss saw it struggling and dying on the ship's deck he immediately quoted Byron:

"Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang im-
bues,
With a new color, as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and
all is gray."

Surely Keats never wrote more truthfully than when he penned

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness."

The world has immortalized Keats by giving to undying fame quotations from the beautiful things he has said in his writings. It is said that a severe article on his poetry, in the British Quarterly Review; was the cause of his death. Hearing of which Byron wrote,

"Who killed John Keats?
I, says the Quarterly, savage and Tartar;
'Twas one of my feats.
Who shot the arrow?
The poet-priest Millman, so ready to kill
men.
Or Southey, or Barrow."

Keats's sensitive, poetical nature was too delicate for this rough world. He said to a friend in his last sickness, that "he began to feel the daisies growing over him." In his despondent moments he said to a companion, "My epitaph will be—

"Here lies one whose name is writ in water!"

This was not so. The name of John Keats, the poet, is written on fame's imperishable tablets. That one line—
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—
had he never written any more, would not let his name die among men. How true it is of anything beautiful or good. Macaulay says of certain books, "I can read them two hundred times over and then they are just as interesting to me. The reading of Scott affords me perpetual pleasure. 'Ivanhoe,' 'Rob Roy,' or the 'Lady of the Lake,' I would like to read every six months could I afford the time. Scott's works then are a joy forever.

This is true of any of the great masterpieces in literature: Gray's "Elegy in a Church Yard," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Keats's "St. Agnes Eve," Irving's "Sketch Book," Poe's "Raven," and innumerable other things in books, and out of books, everywhere about us.

The point we wish to make is this: There is so many who love to read the great masters of fiction, the great poets and writers, yet after they have read a volume or a poem once, that is the end of their interest in it. They tire of Homer and Shakespeare after they have read them once. Their poetry affords them a mere transient pleasure. This is wrong. And while there is no disputing about tastes, we say that such a taste is not orthodox, is not sound, nor healthy. A thing of beauty is not a joy forever to such persons. A beautiful thing in nature holds their attention but a short time. They are

"Glad to see it, glad to leave it, glad to hurry on."

And so it is with all the good and beautiful things in life to that class of people who do not find in them "a joy forever." A literary friend says to the writer, "I suppose I have read Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' a dozen times, and yet I have just read it again and have enjoyed it more than ever." Beauty and excellence are things always to be enjoyed by such readers. It is so with quotations, they contain gems of thought that ever attract and delight us. They never grow old by use. They are things of beauty and a joy forever. Who can read the following quotation and not find it a source of continual delight: "I expect to pass through the world but once, and any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The author of this beautiful passage or sentiment, is Etienne de Grellet, known in this country as Stephen Grillet, was born in Limoges, France. Belonging to the nobility he was obliged to fly from his country when a youth, and came to the United States during the Reign of Terror. He became acquainted with the Friends, found spiritual light, joined the Society, nursed yellow fever patients in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to

improving the condition of prisoners throughout the world. He started Elizabeth Fry in her work in Newgate and was among the foremost workers for the abolition of slavery. His life is intensely interesting—as spiritual as Woolman's, the New Jersey Quaker, whose writings Lamb advised us to get by heart. Memoirs of the life and gospel labors of Stephen Grillet, edited by Benjamin Seebohm, in two volumes, is a famous work among the Friends. A smaller life by William Guest is also published, and ought to be in every library. V. B.

Algona Grange on Wheels.

June 4 was as fine a day as could be desired for an excursion and picnic. The advance left town at 10 o'clock as advertised. The first attractive sight was the farm of A. A. Call adjoining town. Many of the party knew that much of it had been in cultivation for thirty years and had been but lightly manured, and its promise of a bountiful crop confirmed us in the opinion that Iowa soil is the best in the world.

The ride among the river bluffs was quite romantic and was duly enjoyed by all. Our first stop was made on the beautiful grounds surrounding the residence of S. C. Thompson, where we received a hearty welcome from the proprietor and his lady. Mr. T. gives his principal attention to stock raising, but not wholly to the raising of fine stock. Mr. Thompson has no doubt struck the right lead in profitable stock raising, as he informed us he had over 200 acres of his farm seeded to the cultivated grasses.

Next we called at the home of J. Rawson, situated in the midst of a fine grove of his own raising. Here we shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. R. and looked about us. This farm is devoted to general farming, the dairy and stock-raising interest predominating. We noticed a fine young Holstein bull and learned that Mr. R. was cultivating that breed.

Our next call was at "Prairie Lawn," the residence of J. B. Jones, a breeder of Short Horn cattle and Poland and China hogs. Here we made a longer stop because there was much to see and because of the pressing invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The ladies of the party soon filled their spacious parlors and partook of hospitality so generously tendered, but out-door attractions soon called them, with the men, to view and admire the almost perfect appointments of this beautiful place. The immense barn, with its room for uncounted tons of hay, its wind-propelled feed mill and cutting box, as well as the roomy and comfortable quarters for stock in its lower regions, the hog house, with its pens of Poland Chinas, the conveniently arranged watering troughs, were all duly admired and commented upon; but the climax was reached when Mr. Jones led out his thoroughbred Short Horn, "Nelly's Jupiter," a 2-year-old, weighing 1,300 lbs. Jupiter may well be proud of the admiration he excited, but we hope he will not lose his head or be too vain because of the encomiums bestowed on him by the gentlemen and ladies of the party. Mr. J.'s herd of Short Horn cows was then driven up for our inspection. The whole list of adjectives was again called into requisition for use in their praise. You might ride many a mile and not find as good a herd as this—not a show herd, but cows raised and handled as any good dairyman handles cows.

A rapid drive of a couple of miles brought us to the farm of W. Pearce, operated by W. Kuhn. Here we had only time to look at and admire the best cultivated farm garden it has been our privilege to see. We wondered how the young man could run a large farm and still find time to make and care for so fine a garden, but we afterward learned that the credit must be given to his "better half." It is an honor to her.

At Mr. Richard's farm we only had time to shake hands and congratulate the owners on the possession of so pleasant a home.

At "Uncle Steve" Pettibone's as well as at Mr. Dalziel's we could only make our apologies for not stopping. Time could have been both pleasantly and profitably spent at both these farms, but the dinner hour was past and Grangers must eat.

Arrived at Bro. Witham's, we found a large party already assembled and promenading his beautiful grounds. We found also seats prepared and an organ from Saunders's music store. Bro. W.'s spacious new barn was soon filled with horses, and they being fed and cared for, the feeding of their owners was next in order. The jolly groups scattered here and there, discussing the contents of their baskets, seemed to enjoy it hugely. Saunders undoubtedly thought they presented pictures worth looking at, as he pointed his camera first at this group and then at that, the result of which may be seen in his gallery. Dinner over, the company were treated to good music and an address of welcome by Bro. Hofins, Master of Algona Grange, who in a few well chosen words, adverted to our beautiful and propitious surroundings as a cause for thankfulness and gratitude, and to the value of such social reunions to farmers and their families, and bade all a hearty welcome. Bro. J. J. Jalliffie, of Humboldt Co., was then introduced, who delivered one of his inimitable and unrepeatable speeches, full of good advice and good thoughts. The only objection made was that it was too short and the hearty applause showed how fully it was appreciated. Music and song followed, when the crowd slowly and reluctantly dispersed. If there were any grumblers,

we did not meet them. If any felt they had spent their time in vain, they did not express it. The result was a pleasant ride, new localities visited, new acquaintances made, some things learned by observation and inquiry, a good dinner, good speeches, good music, and a good time generally. Farmers need these good times; they deserve them; they work for them. B.

East Buffalo Stock Yards.

Some Visitor readers might be interested in a short description of the second largest stock yards in the country. Buffalo formerly was an old staid city, but it has taken to booming lately. In the brick office in the center of the stock yards a bull's head smiles a cordial welcome opposite the main entrance. It is mounted according to the best skill of the taxidermist's art, and in gilt letters on the mounting is the date "Buffalo, November, 1867." One could hardly imagine that this is the head of the first animal to enter this Moloch of the four-footed kingdom, whose weekly sacrifices are 10,000 to 20,000 head of cattle per week; 27,000 to 45,000 head of sheep per week; 36,000 to 96,000 hogs per week. These figures vary according to the season.

A bird's eye view of the New York stock yards look like those of a country village compared with those of East Buffalo. This stock yard covers 65 acres of ground. Two sheep sheds each 1,500 x 100 feet, six hog yards each 500 x 100 feet and 216 cattle pens, which vary in capacity from one to six car loads. A new sheep and another hog shed are being built and one hundred new cattle pens. Each of the three departments, cattle, sheep and hogs, is fitted with two sets of scales with men and weighers at each set. Besides this an extra set of 40-ton Fairbank suspension scales are being put into each department, well named. These scales cost \$1,500 each. Six new chutes are being added for loading and unloading stock, and inside of another week several towers, fifty feet high, will be finished ready for the placing of electric lights. These new improvements in progress will cost \$50,000 and will be needed for the increasing live stock trade at this point. There is but one larger stock yard in the country now, (Chicago,) and when this Buffalo one gets down to business, and all contemplated additions made, it calculates to handle more live stock than any yard in this country. Though the second largest, it is still in its infancy, and it was only last month that the couple of dozen commission men banded themselves into an association for the purpose of charging uniform rates, \$10 per car load and \$5 per half deck for selling stock consigned to them. The shipping of stock has occasioned much rivalry among the different railroads. Up to this time the Erie has taken the lead by shipping stock from Chicago and landing it in New York in thirty-seven hours. The N. Y. C. & H. R. Stock Superintendent was in Buffalo the other day with blood in his eye and a scheme in his mind. There were reports in the yards, [your correspondent has not been able to verify them.] that stock is to be given but a few hours' rest hereafter and loaded day or night and rushed on. That, it is intimated, was the secret of having the electric lights at the loading and unloading chutes. The reader will notice this is but a few hours behind limited express time. So, gentle reader, your consignments are being swiftly hurried to their doom. As I look at the stock being hurriedly driven by unsympathetic drivers, I often think there may be many calves among the crowd which are bleating for fair milk maids and their quiet western homes; many sheep and lambs which would come at the call of a little Mary, whom they will never see; some cows which would answer a pet name if the boys and girls would tell us what it is; many a beautiful horse which has borne the happy youngsters upon its back, happy as they. There is an attachment that springs up between faithful, kind owners and their stock, and many a tear has started to the eye to see the pet leave the old home and familiar barns and pastures. And how do we know how much the creatures themselves remember of the home scenes as they hurry to the great markets at a mile a minute. I often think of it as I see them, for, before I was a reporter on a "big dailie," I, too, had some pets in a Michigan home. E. W. S.

The Disgrace of Michigan.

If the firing our little article entitled as above drew upon us has ceased, we propose to give a few return shots and we are done with the matter. Like the editor of the Visitor, we were more amused than instructed by reading the reply of Bro. McDermid to our article. He thought he saw the forbidden fruit, "partisan politics," cropping out there, and he hastens to remonstrate against the submission of such articles into the columns of the Visitor. But the editor very promptly decides that any discussion of the temperance question clothed in courteous language will not be considered too partisan for the Visitor. We scarcely think our brother would advise the closing of the columns of our paper against the discussion of the most important question of the day. Neither will he deny that Michigan did disgrace herself when she voted for the saloons and all their accompanying evils and against God and home. Then why not place the responsibility for the defeat of the amendment where it belongs. We said the Republican party alone were responsible for the

defeat of the amendment. We say so still, notwithstanding Brothers McDermid, Cobb and T. W. Curtis to the contrary. If the amendment had carried the Republican party would have claimed it as a party measure and not have attempted to shift the responsibility upon the Democratic party as Bro. McDermid and others now do the defeat of the amendment. How absurd it would be to charge the Republicans with electing President Cleveland, or the Democrats with electing Gov. Luce, Senator Stockbridge or J. C. Burrows. The editor of the Visitor takes the Republican Legislature to task in an article in the last number headed "Legislative Looseness," in which he charges the Legislature with paltering with the temperance question for weeks and months, and warns the majority party of the consequences of neglecting to take decided action upon the liquor question. But why should Bro. Cobb censure the Legislature so severe? If the Republican party are not responsible for the defeat of the amendment at the polls why should their representatives at Lansing be censured for following the example their party set them on the 4th of April last? Submission was born of the Republican party, and a promising child it was. All it needed was paternal care, and it would have developed into an angel of mercy, and millions of our people would have "called it blessed." But the party not only deserted its offspring but aided in strangling it. Bro. McDermid asks us to tell him how in honor the Republican party were bound to stand by the amendment; he, as well as Bro. Cobb, contending that when submission was accomplished the voters of the Republican party were free to vote as they pleased, and only Prohibitionists were under obligations to support the amendment. In answer to our brother's question we would say: The Republican party championed submission before the fall election and claimed to be the Simon pure friends of prohibition, and that all the temperance legislation we ever had or could have had must come through them alone. Their speakers, including Mrs. Hazlett and ex-Senator Farr, begged, coaxed and prayed the Prohibitionists to come over and help thresh the Democratic rum party, and they succeeded by fair words and promises in drawing many Republican prohibitionists back to their old party. And had the Republican party proved true to their professions, adopted the amendment by a decided majority, enacted and enforced the requisite laws for its faithful observance, they (in our opinion) would have absorbed the Prohibition party, for there would not have remained any excuse for continuing the third party. Bro. McDermid refers to the strongholds of prohibition and free rum, and the 22,000 majority for the saloons in Detroit. We would remind him that such shining Republican lights as D. Bethune Duffield, Prof. Kent, backed by the leading Republican papers in the State, had much to do with the large majority against the amendment in Detroit. Let him compare the party vote in Detroit and the State at large with the vote on the amendment; let him name prominent Republican leaders in the State who took an active part in favor of the amendment, (be it said to their honor a few influential Republicans in the State did earnestly support the amendment, but they were few and far between); let him add to the very large Republican majority in the State the 25,000 prohibition vote, and a heavy vote from the Democratic party; let him recall to his mind, the advice of our illustrious Senator Stockbridge "that no Republican having the good of the party at heart would vote for the amendment," and then claim the Republican party are not responsible for the defeat of the amendment. No, brother, such absurdity "will not do down." "Better own the truth and shame the devil."

T. W. Curtis, in the last Visitor, comes to the rescue of his hurt friend, Bro. McDermid. He informs us he is a prohibitionist, but not a party one. He is also a Republican of four and a half years' standing. A prohibition Republican; too many such; too much Republican and too little prohibition. That was what defeated the amendment.

In regard to the little thrust about our trying to get on the train that passes through our State occasionally, we have only to say: We consider it a very cheap advertisement and trust Mr. Curtis will cheerfully foot the bill. We do not remember of ever attempting to get on any political train. Once we were placed on a ticket for an important office against our will, well knowing that defeat awaited us, "and we got left" in the same way the amendment did, by professed temperance men voting for whisky rather than for God, home, principle and the amendment. D. WOODMAN.

Special Rates For July Fourth.
The Chicago and Grand Trunk and Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee railroads, will sell special route trip tickets for the above at one fare; selling 2nd, 3rd and 4th, limiting return to July 5th.

The crop of wortleberries in Iosco county gets away with the best recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

The senior class memorial at the University is a painting of Prof. Olney, costing \$100.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Silage Versus Dry Fodder.

BY PROF. W. A. HENRY.

The question is asked "Is silage more valuable for feeding than the same material would be cured and fed dry, and if so, why?" If not, why not? This question is plain and to the point, most certainly, and a true answer—whoever can give it—will be a most valuable aid in discussing the subject. So far as I am aware, there is not a single feeding trial on record that shows that ensilage has any decided advantage over the same original material carefully preserved by drying. I have followed pretty carefully all that has been written on the subject, heard some of the most enthusiastic friends of ensilage show up its advantages, but I can not modify the statement made above. The wisest men may be mistaken. "Of what earthly use, then, is the silo?" says one, "if dried fodder is just as good as ensilage?" "Just what I expected," says another, "these professors are always behind the profession instead of ahead and leading it," says the ensilage enthusiast who shakes his head ominously and sets his teeth somewhat tight together as he thinks he sees one of them trying to block the wheels of progress. "Are all the statements of those who have used the silo false, then?" asks another.

Come, let us reason together, I would say to enthusiasts, doubting ones and those that are indifferent. All of us, no matter what we believe, are ready to admit, that the silo must eventually stand or fall on its merits. If it is an aid to our agriculture it will push its way ahead, now that it is well advertised; if it fails it will soon be a thing of the past.

Years and years ago, when Horace Greeley was one of the leaders of agriculture thought in this country, sub-soiling was the rage in agriculture; experiments were reported by farmers that were overwhelming in proof of its advantages. Not only for common farm crops must we go down two feet into the soil and turn it up, but for pear orchards and vineyards we must trench the soil at an enormous cost, not less than five feet deep. Then came the cooked food craze, which lingers yet. I can refer any one who cares to hundreds of pages in agricultural reports and papers where the experiments of scores of farmers are brought forward to show that the way to advance in farming was to cook everything that was fed to stock. Such names of Prof. Mapes, Prof. E. W. Stewart, and George Geddes are connected with this movement. I can bring forward scores of disinterested witnesses who showed that it doubled the value of food to cook it. A most learned gentleman of Ohio, Mr. Sullivan, in an elaborate essay, and one of the best ever written on Hog Feeding, shows that while raw corn fed to hogs produces 9 pounds of pork per bushel, ground corn will produce 12 pounds, and to cook the meal will give 15 pounds of pork per bushel. An enthusiastic editor of one of our eastern agricultural journals a couple of years ago discovered a method of cultivation by which he had produced over 1,000 bushels of potatoes per acre and he promised "to do it again," but he has not fulfilled his promise up to date. Time and experience show us, one and all, that we are very liable to be mistaken in this world.

HOW CAN HONEST MEN BE MISTAKEN?

I am ready to admit the large yields of milk and butter produced by feeding ensilage—that no one can question. I have yet to talk with the first man who has fed ensilage that was not satisfied with the returns he got from his feed. The point I desire to make, however, is that it was the magnificent crop of corn fodder more than the silo that made the good results possible. A large per cent. of those who use the silo had never grown a crop of fodder corn before the trial with the silo and in their endeavor to make the silo a success they have produced an immense crop of fodder corn and packing this away for winter without loss have been struck with surprise at the results obtained. Had these same parties grown an equal crop of fodder corn and saved it without loss by drying and kept a careful account of the milk and butter made from it they would have been surprised at the results, I do not doubt. The basis for successful dairying in the northwest is the fodder corn crop, and the silo has done a vast amount of good indirectly in showing its value "Honor to whom honor is due," and first of all let us take off our hats to the Indian corn plant, which is among plants what the cow is among animals, the greatest food producer known.

BUT WHY BUILD A SILO?

Yes; why build a silo when corn fodder is just as good, is a most proper question to ask. But is cured fodder just as good? Theoretically, yes; but not 1 time in 10 as practice goes. The fall of 1886 in this section gave us magnificent fodder, but usually our weather is such that we lose by weathering no small part of our corn crop. If stacked it is liable to heat, and if the shocks stand in the field until ready to feed, the heavy snows of the northwest make the handling very difficult and entail a large per cent. of loss. If we husk corn and hire it ground we will lose or give away fully one-fourth of the crop—the husker gets, say, one-eighth, the miller another eighth (more if he is not honest), and then we have the labor of shelling and hauling to mill, to husk and bind into bundles, then re-handle these bundles several times more is a more laborious task than to take the unhusked shock of corn ears and all at once to the feed

cutter when it is fed through and stowed away into the silo. What, says one, put dry shock corn into the silo? Exactly. What can be more economical from either point of view, considered as a labor-saving method or a way of saving all the food value of the corn crop? But will such fodder keep in the silo? If perfectly green fresh fodder will keep in the silo and if dry hay will keep in the mow, do not be afraid of this shock corn. Once cut and stored away no harm can come to it and it is ready to feed without waste. Remember, it will not be so dry as we are apt to think. I have stormed at the chemist in our laboratory for reporting forty or more per cent. of water in corn fodder which I thought fairly dry, and when he repeated his work and showed me he was correct in his first determination, I subsided and made up my mind things are not always what they seem in this world. We can cut and shock our fodder and get it out of the way of frost and as soon as all is safe turn about and begin filling the silo. If part of our shock corn must be husked for the pigs, well and good, but let the husked fodder go into the silo along with the other.

COST OF THE SILO.

"But the enormous cost," says one yet doubting, "of a silo to hold a corn crop." We build hay barns rather than stack the crop out in the weather, and for the same good reasons we may build the silo. As the silo can be built perfectly well without any floor in it, it is not necessarily an expensive building—indeed, unless one studies to make it costly, it is an inexpensive structure. Into this room or series of rooms, let the partly dried crop of corn come direct from the feed cutter, and after being well tramped down in the corners and along the edges, let a layer of tarred building paper be spread over the surface, then a layer of boards, then ten inches of sawdust or four of earth. Better food for dairy cows, or live stock generally, I do not believe can be made than by this process. And no waste! Here is just where the silo has an immense advantage over the other ways of handling fodder corn.

AN APPEAL TO A GOODLY SIZED AUDIENCE.

I wish the farmers who every fall drive the wagons through the field of ripe corn, "snapping" the ears, and who then turn the cows into the "stalk field" to ramble at will, along with the north wind, in search of nutriment from the tattered, bleached leaves that rattle on the frozen stalks—I wish these farmers, I say, to try in a small way the silo. Then, again, that other class who wear out their patience and their pants at the knees husking the long rows of shocks, these farmers who are way ahead of the first class named, I wish them to stop and think if they are not making a good many useless motions in the effort to make an ear of corn palatable to a steer or cow. These farmers feed their stalks in the barnyard and have from forty to seventy per cent. wasted by tramping under foot. The small class who feed long fodder in mangers in the barn, and have often stopped and wondered how it is that every cornstalk in the barn had to stick to the fork time half a dozen times from stable to manure heap, this class, I am sure, are not far off from the better method. For a score of years all our energies seemed to have been bent on learning how to plant and cultivate a corn crop and how wonderful the progress. It is comparatively a light and surely it is a pleasant task to plant and cultivate but in caring for the matured crop until the introduction of the silo we have made no progress in this last particular. I predict in the near future many improvements, some in sight others not yet within the scope of our imagination, and so, Mr. Editor, I am a firm believer in the silo after all and have given the reasons for my faith.

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptive graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

The law of New Hampshire that all butterine or imitations of butter shall be colored pink, is a good one, as it shows the consumer at once what he is eating. If that were the national law, the eating of oleomargarine would become unknown. As the law now is, its consumption has almost entirely ceased, the sales being mainly to hotels and restaurants that can palm it off on their customers without detection.

No medicine is more conscientiously prepared, more powerful, or more highly concentrated, than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its standard of excellence is the result of careful study. This preparation is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

Mowing.

With steady stride they are swaying
The snath, with a chronic writh,
A wispy rush and rustle,
A swinging to the grasses lithe,
Right home through the swath, the scythe.
Then rising, falling, and drifting,
As buoys on the billows ride,
The braided brims of the shadows
Afloat on the red top tide
The brows of the mowers hide.
The blades are rasping and sweeping,
The timothy tumbles free,
The field is ridgy and rolling,
With swaths like the surging sea,
Heaped up to the toiler's knee.
Hark! whit-to whit of the whetstone,
The stredulous kiss of steel—
The shout of winners exultant,
Who distance the field and wheel
As gay as a Highland reel.
Swing right! swing left! and the mowers
Stream out in a seabird flight,
The line grows dimmer, and dotted
With flickering shirt-sleeves white,
Washed clean in the morning light.
The steel-cold eddies are whirling
About and about their feet;
Die, clover, grasses, and daisies!
No dead in the world so sweet,
Ye slain of the windrow street.
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

The Boys' Room.

"I like the plan of your new house very much, my son," said old Mrs. Lane to "David," whose prosperity was showing itself by a change of homes. "But where is the boys' room?"
"That is what I have asked him many times," said the meek little mother of "the boys."
"Well," said David Lane, as indifferently as if he was speaking of a kennel for his dog, "you can poke boys away anywhere! I can't afford to finish off a nice room for two great romping, tearing fellows! Why, mother, when I was a boy I slept in a great unfinished garret, and I've often got up in the night and hammered a shingle over a hole to keep the rain off my bed."
"Yes David; but we were very poor then, and your boys would sleep in a garret and nail shingles over holes, too, if it was necessary; but God prospered your father after that, and He prospered you, and the boys ought to share the blessing. Where do you mean to put them, David?" persisted the old lady.
"Well, in the chamber of the short L. The ceiling is low and the half windows come down to the floor, but they don't care. If they had a palace of a chamber, they wouldn't stay at home evenings," and David Lane took up his hat and went out.

Morton and Willis Lane, two great boys of fourteen and sixteen years, were brimming over with life and fun. They played ball, rowed boats, practiced gymnastics, scraped on violins, blew horns, whistled, sang and shouted, and thus relieved, as by safety valves, their surplus animal spirit. This did very well by day; but when night came or storms raged, they were like caged eagles. If they went into the sitting-room they were forced to sit still lest they should disturb their father, who was always closing up his day's accounts there. If they went into the kitchen they were sure to give offense to old Betty by leaving foot-prints on her well-scoured floor. If they drummed on the piano in the parlor they disturbed their sister's study or made somebody's head ache. So they, too, often took their hats after tea, and went off to sit on the fence with other boys, or to rove about town, whistling and singing and shouting.

The boys were in a fair way to be ruined for want of a cheerful home-shelter, and they would have been but for one blessing—they had a grandmother who thought their comfort and enjoyment of more importance than that of an occasional visitor to their sister's, or a bevy of country cousins who came there twice a year to do shopping, and thus saved a hotel bill. This good grandma had a little money, and half-a-dozen homes; so she was not afraid to express her opinion on this subject, now that she had come to them for a long visit. The new house was being discussed again one evening and her opinion was asked upon some matter.

"David," she said to her son, "what is that large chamber for, with the bay-windows and two mantel-pieces?"
"For company," mother, was the reply.
"What company? I didn't know you expected any," said the shrewd old lady.
"Oh, for any one who happens along. By-and-by Emma will leave school, and have company, you know. James' wife and Cousin Hepsy come down twice a year to shop, and always stay here a night or two."

"But your own boys come here to sleep three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, and have a thousand times the claim on you that any 'company' have."
"Yes?"
"What arrangements have you made for them?"
And the father repeated the remark he had made to his easy wife so often, that "boys don't care, and that they could cuddle down and sleep anywhere."

"But these boys must not sleep anywhere after the new house is done. Unless you divide that long spare chamber into two moderate sized ones, and give one to them, I shall settle them in the room you have planned for me and make my home with Catherine. She has plenty of room, and is always urging me to come to her. I

will not crowd your boys out of a room."

David Lane loved his mother, so the result was that the long "spare chamber" was finished so as to meet the wants of the boys.
Two happier boys never lived than these two when the time came for furnishing and ornamenting that room! Grandma took the matter into her own hands, and said they should have everything to their own minds, as long as they kept within bounds.
"Now what do you want in your room?" she asked, when the house was nearly done.

"In the first place, we don't want a carpet, because somebody would always be telling us not to kick holes in it. We don't want black walnut furniture, nor a big looking-glass, nor china vases, or anything grand that scratches, or tears, or breaks," Morton said.
"Well, what do you want, then?" said their grandmother.

"Well, grandma, we want an oiled floor and two of your great braided mats; and an open fire-place with your brass andirons from the garret; and a big hearth, where we can pop corn and roast nuts, and we want bright wall paper, with pictures of the country; and two little iron bedsteads with blue spreads; four chairs, painted blue; a glass case for our stuffed birds; shelves for our books, and lots of hooks to hang our bows and arrows, violins, French horn, boxing gloves, bats, and Indian clubs on. These with the old sitting-room lounge and the old easy chairs, will make us the most comfortable boys in the world."

"I'll go with you to-morrow to buy all you want new, and it shall be a present from me to you," said the dear old lady.

"Grandma," dear," said Willis, "we don't want a single new thing? Let us have the old things nobody else wants; and then we'll feel easy,—besides, I like the old home things better than new store things. Let us have what father was going to send off to auction."

"That is a good thought, dear boy," said grandmother, "and a week from to-day we will begin to fashion this boys' paradise."
Before the month closed the "Boys' Paradise" was complete, and a score of wise fathers and mothers, with several scores of less wise boys and girls, had been invited to see it.

Not one of Victoria's sons to-day enjoys his splendid apartments more than our young friends enjoy theirs. Even their father, although he affects to scorn such things, is sure to take every stranger up there, and to say "we thought we'd make these fellows happy for once."

No one now complains of the Lane boys for hooting from the top of stone walls, or howling about the streets by night; and their mother says their music and their company do not disturb her half as much as the anxiety as to where they were by night used to do.

Boxing The Ears.

Boxing the ears is a too common form of punishment practiced by irritable and ignorant persons, and it is almost always done in fits of sudden anger. I say done by irritable and ignorant persons, because it seems to me that no person of any information on the subject would allow their passion to get the better of their judgment in such a matter. The drum of the ear is of paper-like thinness; it may and has been, in numbers of cases, ruptured by a single slap on the side of the head, incurable deafness resulting. Says an eminent physician, "All strokes on the head of children with an angry hand are brutal and criminal." In the same connection he adds that "a generous, wise and humane parent should allow a night to intervene between the commission of a fault on the part of a child and any decided punishment. The veriest thief should be allowed time lest the law should be vindictive and wrathful. And shall a man or woman punish an unresisting child with angry inconsideration, with unreasoning wrath in the heart? It is monstrous."

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Under date of May 12, 1887, Col. Geo. E. Lemon, Gen. Treasurer, "Logan Fund" reports a total collection of \$63,034.45. Of this amount \$47,023.38 was invested in U. S. Registered 4 per cent bonds. Mrs. John A. Logan's receipt for the full amount is appended to the report with her grateful acknowledgments.

Fortify the system, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, against the disease peculiar to hot weather. This medicine induces a healthy action of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, causing them to prevent the accumulation of the poisons which produce disease.

Does Poultry Pay.

A good common hen can be bought for thirty or forty cents. During the first year she will pay in eggs for all she eats, raise two broods (three if managed rightly), out of which a dozen of the best chickens can be reserved for the ensuing year, besides having some for the table. At the lowest estimate there is a profit of two to three dollars, out of which are to be deducted rent of buildings, care, risk of casualties, etc. What is true of one is true of fifty or one hundred, provided the needed attention and skill are given. What other kind of stock will yield this ratio of profit at ordinary cash market rates?

Much, of course, depends on the location, breed, health and productiveness of the fowls. With a few pure-bred fowls much larger profits may be expected, both on the chickens and eggs. But the demand for common fowls for food will be good the year round both at home and abroad.

It is stated on high authority that in France the value of eggs produced in 1865 was \$24,299,000, and the value of poultry consumed was the same, making an aggregate of \$48,400,000. The amount invested in the poultry business in France in 1870 was stated at more than \$75,000,000, or fifty per cent. greater than in England, the largest importer of eggs and poultry. The number of eggs sent from Ireland alone is stated at over seventy millions. The Americans are waking up to this important subject, and making an effort to supply our own markets (for there are always a fair demand in our principal cities and towns) and have a surplus for export. There is no danger of an over-supply reducing the business to the point of loss. There is a growing interest in this industry as is attested by the numerous journals, poultry associations, expositions, etc. The raising of poultry and production of eggs are now prominent features in the agricultural world, and women as well as men are attaining success in it. All the boys and girls would have a greater love for home if parents would seek to implant in their minds a taste for useful and beautiful things, and give them a chance to own something as well as to do something. Make home attractive by mingling pleasure with profit. What industry offers a more attractive or profitable field for the boys and girls than raising and keeping poultry?—American Agriculturist.

Mark Twain on Farming.

Here, remarked the famous humorist, Mark Twain, in a recent address, is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while the farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. (Laughter.) Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. (Laughter.) Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. (Applause.) Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. (Great applause.) Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. (Prolonged laughter.) Some ask, "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected, and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm, and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the country to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods, and she caught the calf, proving the old saying, that it takes a cow to catch a thief. (Laughter.)

The Lincoln Life in the July Century reaches a point of the very highest political interest, as it includes a full account of the great debate which sent Douglas to the Senate and Lincoln to the White House. In this installment will appear several hitherto unpublished letters by Lincoln, and a characteristic letter by Horace Greeley about Lincoln. In the August number an account will be given of Lincoln's Ohio speeches and his famous Cooper Institute speech; and in September will follow a description of the Baltimore Conventions and of the Chicago Convention that nominated Lincoln, and of Lincoln's election to the Presidency.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. It contains an unfailing antidote and specific for miasmatic poisons, together with remedial agents which purify and reinvigorate the system.

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 much 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.

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. Reelie 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 15th ALABASTINE CO., Gd. Rapids, Mich.

SILK AND ASSORTED RIBBONS.
We have purchased at recent wholesale auction sales several large lots of Rembrandt Ribbons at prices which will enable us to offer special did bargains. These remnant 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 beautiful shades. In fact, nearly all colors are represented; also different goods of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, necks, etc. No lady can purchase such fine ribbons as these at any price in the land for four times the money. If you will agree to follow the goods advertised, we will send a sample box of these elegant ribbons for 25 cts. In stamp. Two Boxes 50 cts. Four Boxes \$1. Ten Boxes, \$2. Empire Agency, 37 College Place, NEW YORK, N. Y.

May 15th
242
We buy and sell direct, hence save you Agents' profits. Agricultural Implements—Farm & 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 Grange 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 15th.

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 have given place to Bro. D. Woodman's rejoinder, not because of new arguments or for the "Good of the Order," but because he has all along been a valued correspondent and we don't go back on such when we don't agree with them. The brother has pettifogged his case for all there is in it, but has failed to satisfy us that his position is sound. The Republican party, as such, were under an obligation to submit the amendment, not for the reason that there was a third party of some 25,000 prohibition voters, but for the reason that nearly 100,000 people had asked for such submission, by petition to Michigan Legislatures, and Republican State Conventions had recognized such petitions as a proper demand on the party from such a large number of the citizens of the State. So soon as the requisite political power was lodged in the hands of the party it did submit the amendment. It then became a question to be acted upon by the voters of the State irrespective of party and was so treated at the polls. Personally, we favored the amendment, worked for it and very much regretted its defeat. For such defeat we hold no party responsible. The saloon with its patrons, the manufacturers with their influence and money, both within and without the State, without regard to partisan preferences, fought the amendment. That fraud entered into the management and affected the result there is little, if any, doubt. Men engaged in a business so destructive to all the best interests of society, would not be fair representatives of the business in which they are engaged if they were not ready to perpetrate election frauds whenever and wherever practicable. In addition to this bad lot, we are sorry to say, there were plenty of men in both the great political parties whose faith in the power of government to enforce law was so weak that they took sides with the saloon element and worked and voted against the amendment. Some of them were prompted by motives wholly political, some from honestly entertaining the opinion that, like "total depravity," this liquor curse can never be overcome and, therefore, it is best to tax and regulate it. The amendment campaign inaugurated by legislative action, was participated in by

the people. Nearly all church people, large numbers of the very best citizens outside of church organizations, aided by drinking men who wanted temptation put out of their reach, worked and voted for the amendment; while on the other side were the hoodlums of cities, saloon men and most of their patrons, manufacturers with their money, ward politicians, citizens of reputable character and social standing and, lastly, the few church members who sympathized in opinion with those very good citizens who remain through all the transitions of society faithful in compulsory goodness.

But of what use or value is the point of this discussion? None whatever, and more, it has been positively hurtful. This tussle over party responsibility might very properly and profitably have been omitted. It only serves to alienate temperance men who have strong party attachments, and work on this line does not tend to secure co-operation in opposition to the saloon element. Honest men don't and can't think alike on religious, moral or political questions, and the more fully and completely we realize that fact, the better. There has been a constant growth of temperance sentiment of late years all over the country and we confidently believe the day is not far distant when the open saloon will not invite the old or corrupt the young in all our broad domain. Its banishment will be earlier secured by educating the tax payer, making him see the great cost to the country of sustaining this ever active cause of disorder, rascality, crime and pauperism, than by battling epithets between members of political parties. We are not so radical in this temperance matter that we insist on having all or nothing. We want the whole liquor business knocked in the head. It is too expensive, immoral, and every way bad, with no offsets. But we don't expect to get all we want this year or next. If we can't get a loaf we are glad to get a half loaf, and when we can't get that we say frankly that we believe a slice is better than no bread. Now, brothers, go slow on invective, but learn what rights we have as citizens and what laws we have that hamper or destroy the traffic and then stand together like good citizens and demand the enforcement of law by all officers who have sworn to discharge duties under the law.

By the Crop Report, issued from the office of the Secretary of State in June, the fly seems to have injured the wheat prospect in all parts of the State. The rains of the last of May and early in June improved the outlook and have brought it forward to a half crop in many places where it gave promise of much less than that the last of May.

Seed corn was unusually good and the stand is reported first rate, which with the seasonable rains places the crop above the average. The acreage is much the same as last year.

Referring to sheep, the report says: "Each report since 1884, compared with the preceding report, shows a decrease in the number of sheep in the State. The loss from 1884 to 1885 was 88,812; from 1885 to 1886 it was 232,086, and the number now on hand is 128,250 less than in 1886."

The report gives an average of wool per head as a little over 5½ lbs. We hardly think the facts will maintain as high a figure as reported; but the wool crop has been marketed and at prices that seem to us to demand of farmers that it is time to call a halt. The country wants wool and mutton and these farm products neither impoverish the land or demand hired help like grain-raising. We believe in sheep and shall as long as wheat rules at eighty cents and wool at thirty, and we don't understand why so many farmers sell their flocks. If other farm products brought war prices and wool and mutton ruled low, the explanation would be apparent, or if we had reached that point in our agriculture where fences were dispensed with, then we could excuse farmers for selling all their sheep. But as we still keep up our fences and, as we think, twice as many rods or miles as we need, it seems to us poor management to dispense with the sheep and wool crop.

Fourth July Excursion Rates.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Chicago & Grand Trunk, and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railways, and Michigan Air Line and Detroit Division of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, from the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of July, good to return up to and including July 5th, at the rate of single fare for the round trip.

We still have inquiries about the Supreme Court decision in the drive well suit. We have no further information to communicate. We refer to the matter again to say that every man ought to understand that no matter on what particular point the decision rests—whether on the point, the pipe, the hole, the pump, or the handle, or all together—the right thing to do is for all parties in the State of Michigan, be they farmers or gardeners, mechanics or merchants, or whatever their avocation, who had driven wells before the expiration of the alleged patent, to stand together in this matter, and refuse payment of royalty to any and every person whether the demand be large or small. The Executive Committee of the State Grange of Michigan took this matter in hand in 1881 and '82, elected a member of the committee to take charge of the business of defending suits brought to recover royalty from users of driven wells and authorized the Secretary of the State Grange to collect a "Defense Fund." Evidence was hunted up, attorneys employed, money collected and all necessary work performed believed to be requisite to successfully resist the claims of Nelson W. Green or other claimants. The suit which was to have been made a test case was abandoned by the plaintiff after the Executive Committee, through its agents, had prepared for defense. Since then the situation has been annually reported to the State Grange and the unexpended Defense Fund accounted for.

The prompt action of the Executive Committee of the State Grange stopped the payment of royalty by individual owners of driven wells all over the State and when these collectors could no longer make their expenses they left Michigan for more fruitful fields which they found in other states where the users of driven wells were without a compact organization for their protection.

By the recent decision of the Supreme Court, as reported by the press, we are again exposed to a demand for the payment of royalty. The value of concerted action we need not urge. It was demonstrated in this drive well business in this State years ago when a systematic attempt to raise a half-million dollars in Michigan was thwarted by the expenditure of a few hundred concentrated for a definite purpose with ample resources behind to draw from as needed.

There is no occasion at present for any worry on account of the late decision. If the time shall come when royalty is demanded of any contributor to the Defense Fund that fact should be reported to this office. A meeting of the Executive Committee will be called whenever necessary and a line of action determined on. In the meantime we renew our advice to pay no man anything and we are quite sure we shall be sustained by the committee in this opinion. The Executive Committee or their successors in office will see this thing through.

THE INDUSTRIALIST is a small sheet that has regularly found a welcome on the VISITOR's exchange table for more than two years. We have clipped often from it—the only difficulty being in not knowing when to stop. Our readers may have relished these industrial bits without knowing the paper. It is the organ of the Kansas State Agricultural College, located at Manhattan, Kan., and the fine workmanship, with its pungent paragraphs, do decided credit to that institution.

The issue of June 11 is a half-sheet larger and is brimful of the college commencement week wit and wisdom. The annual address, delivered by Pres. Edwin Willets, of the Michigan Agricultural College, was a thoughtful, meaty production, as might be expected, and as the abstract indicates. The subjects and outlines of the students' papers all denote a high grade of attainment and can but recommend the work of such schools as nothing else could.

We cut from the Farmers' Review a very interesting article on "Silage," which should be read and pondered by farmers who are intent on knowing something more about their business than they now do. We do not expect the farmer who thinks that there is nothing for him to learn about farming to read the article. Such men read and believe more in political than in agricultural papers and only adopt improvements after their value has been demonstrated by their neighbors.

Be sure and read the new advertisements on fifth page.

The Executive Office—Its Cost.

That the Executive Department of the great State of Michigan is managed without cost to the tax payer is a fact we presume not so generally understood as is the other fact that the Governor receives for his services the munificent sum of \$1,000 per annum.

Whatever complaint is made of the increase from year to year of our taxes, the item of Governor's salary is not referred to by any one, except as a disgrace to the State to pay so small a sum to its Chief Executive Officer, or from the other fellows who make short work of the whole matter by replying that there are lots of them fighting for the place once in two years at the constitutional price.

The repeated rejection of propositions submitted to the people to so amend the Constitution as to pay the Governor a fair salary would seem to drive one to the conclusion that a majority of the voters take that view of the matter. This majority will, perhaps, be pleased to learn how the office is self-supporting, and that is just what we now propose to tell them.

Not quite half the able-bodied men in the State, who have failed to get any township, county, or important State office by election, can get a commission from the Governor, on application, with the impress of the seal of the great State of Michigan thereon, and the receipts for notarial fees at one dollar each will approximate \$8,000 for this gubernatorial term of two years, all of which is paid into the treasury of the State. The receipts from the Commissioners of Deeds appointed in other states and whose commissions are issued from the executive office amount to about \$1,000, making about \$9,000 as the income to the State treasury from the executive office. Against this we have the salary of the Governor for two years, \$2,000; his private secretary, \$3,200; clerk, \$1,600; stenographer, \$400; messenger, \$300; janitor for the executive office, \$300; leaving a balance over the expenses of the executive office of nearly \$1,000 to apply on the account of stationery and postage.

To see wheat in the shock in this part of southern Michigan on the 24th of June is a new feature in point of time so far as we remember. And now as we write, on the 28th of June, the binders are at work in every direction, cutting a crop more or less crinkled and injured by the fly. The few days of cool weather just before the harvest commenced retarded the ripening and insured a good quality to what will not hold out more than two-thirds of an average crop.

Haying intrudes on the harvest to some extent, but with the mower, the tedder, the horse-rake, the hay-loader, and the horse-fork to unload, this lapping on to the harvest, which now yields to the manipulations of machinery with little man power, there is little to fear from loss or injury.

Corn is remarkably forward, stands well, the cultivation has been remarkably good and the outlook at this distance for a good crop is unusually promising.

The ten-days' rain early in the month guaranteed an oat crop of a fair average which would be carried beyond that point by an abundant shower before the 1st of July.

On the whole, the outlook for the farmer's crops at this writing is very fair.

We have all along insisted that lawyers took care of lawyers and here is an item from The Detroit Journal that we offer in evidence:

Mrs. Diana Richardson, a rich widow of Alpena, created something of a stir last winter by coming to this city with a large sum of money in her possession to escape, as she claimed, the persecutions of lawyers she had engaged to settle the estate left by her husband, and who, she declared, wanted to collect exorbitant fees for services. The attorneys, R. J. Kelley, James D. Turnbull and George H. Sleaton, presented bills amounting to \$50,000, Kelley's being \$30,000 and the others \$10,000 each. They brought suit against Mrs. Richardson, and considerable expert testimony has been taken in different cities on the question of the justness of the fees claimed. Several weeks ago Mrs. Richardson's attorney, employed to oppose the triumvirate, came to Detroit and secured the evidence of several lawyers who considered the charges unreasonable. Yesterday Alfred Russell, Don M. Dickinson, F. A. Baker, Herbert L. Baker and John Atkinson testified before Circuit Court Commissioner Weiss that the fees asked for were not exorbitant as claimed.

People with thin heads of hair should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer to make the hair grow out thick, healthy and strong.

Postal Jottings Continued.

DECATUR Grange, No. 346, observed Children's Day in Bro. Lurkin's grove at Eagle Lake, VanBuren Co. All the arrangements were pleasantly and satisfactorily carried out and this adds another argument in favor of the day in that neighborhood. A. J. Kinnie, who sends the report, writes "All day should be Children's Days—or at least every day we should leave waymarks along our path, like the blazed trees of the pioneer settler, by which those coming after us may be benefited and made better for our having gone before them. To learn to do this is one of the objects of the organization of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry."

CHILDREN'S DAY was observed by Tallmadge Grange, No. 639, Thursday, June 9. The assemblage at the Grange Hall began early in the forenoon and continued until about 200 persons had arrived. After partaking of the bountiful repast prepared by the sisters and friends outside of the Order, we were delightfully entertained with recitations and songs rendered by the children. All had a good time and went home thinking that it had been, indeed, a joyous occasion, and looking forward to its repetition another year.

M. S. SMITH.

To whom (women) it may concern: Speaking of outings, especially assemblies, somebody—one who equally fears to overdo as to underdo in matters of dress—asks: "What shall I wear?" We believe it is almost proverbially hard to dictate to a woman what she shall or shall not do, and when her dress is involved it is more difficult yet. But when she asks, "What shall I wear at a summer assembly?" you have been there, tell me," and asks as if she meant to respect one's answer, it puts quite another phase on the matter.

At Chautauque, the center of assembly life and dress, one sees every style, hue and texture, come thither from Maine to the Pacific, from Oregon to Florida. The one feature is, everybody looks comfortable, and with the average assembly-goer that is the happy ultimatum sought. Only a few parade usually warm dresses—summer flannels and light all-wools predominate, the grounds invariably being by some lake whose breezes keep the air cool. On Sabbaths, special days and at receptions the Sunday best is in order, providing you are a guest at the grounds long enough to warrant the bother and care of a trunk, otherwise your traveling suit freshened with clean cuffs and collar and a bright ribbon will admit of your listening to all the "great minds and grand speeches" with a conscience clear of offense against assembly rules and regulations.

G.

RURAL GRANGE, No. 37, observed Children's Day on Thursday, June 9. It was the second meeting of the kind we ever held in our Grange hall. Everybody was so hurried with work we were almost afraid the meeting would be a failure; but when the day came so bright and lovely, the children responded in such a way as would do credit to older ones.

Invitations were extended to many outside of the Grange who might see fit to meet with us on such an occasion. Quite early they began to gather. One brother came about four miles with a hay-rack on his wagon and about 25 happy children.

There were about 60 children present, and 100 in all.

At noon our worthy sisters had the tables all in readiness, which were loaded down with good things.

At the call of the Master's gavel, 60 bright, happy children, their faces all aglow with delight, marched to the table in order.

After dinner was served the exercises of the children commenced, which consisted of songs and recitations, interspersed with instrumental music, followed by short speeches from brothers out of the Order, which were very appropriate in making the day a success.

Late in the afternoon we separated to go to our several homes, all feeling that they were well paid for the day spent in making the children happy.

A. J. S.

CLEON Grange, No. 653, celebrated Children's Day and had a very nice time. The schools took a part in the exercises, one school coming with a four-horse team. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and with the organ and singers and feathered songsters we had a very happy day. There were about 200 present. 150 children were seated at once at the well filled tables. This is the fourth Children's Day we have kept and think it a grand day for old and young.

MRS. D. A. FULLER, W. C.

In a few weeks the VISITOR will contain letters from its enthusiastic writers descriptive of their summer vacation and annual trips to places of note and resort. When too late, these will persuade some tired farmer and his good wife that they, too, might have gone some where and freshened themselves up a bit. Why not rob those saddest of words, "It might have been" of their triumph by here and now resolving to take an "outing"?

At Bay View,—way up at the head of Little Traverse Bay,—is to be, I read in the paper before me, from July 27-August 11,—a chief among assemblies,—soul strengthening, courage quickening. It is the Michigan Mecca of people who desire to gain at once rest for the body and vigor for the

mind. Finely endowed by nature with delights, everything is being done in addition there to make expected host of guests at ease and happy.

This year's program for the assembly is the best one we have seen for Bay View and exceeds that of many older in its attractions. Such popular names as John Dewitt Miller, Wallace Bruce, Miss F. E. Willard and the Schubert quartette are announced with many others of almost equal fame.

As I have not seen any jottings from Lake Shore Grange, No. 407, I will take the liberty of writing a few lines to let our brothers and sisters know that we are a live Grange, with a good hall, carpeted, seated with chairs, well lighted, and best of all, paid for.

Although we neglected to report on Children's Day last year, we all enjoyed it so much that there was no hesitancy about observing it this year. We are not the happy possessors of many children, so we borrowed all we could, and when all arrived at the hall we found that we had quite a crowd.

Such is the effect of nauseous, gripping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective.

Half Fare on the Lake Shore Railway, July 2, 3 and 4. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway will sell Special Excursion Tickets at half fare (one fare for the round trip) to and from all stations on its line and branches, July 2, 3 and 4, good to return until July 5, inclusive.

"Don't Marry Him!" "He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad flirt.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. [Corrected by Thornton Barnes, Wholesale Grocer and Grange Selling Agent, No. 241 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.] PHILADELPHIA, July 1, 1887. PURE SUGARS.

As REPORTS for Children's Day are in order, I want to tell you of our entertainment. Windsor Grange was awake early on the subject, and it was decided to have a gigantic picnic, hence a committee of four was appointed to make all necessary arrangements.

These little people kept time to the strains of music for a full half mile march; and upon reaching the pleasant grove overlooking our pretty little village they were marched to tables laden with all the dishes that modern science and art in cookery could reveal; and after God's choicest blessing had been invoked with expressions of gratitude for all the good gifts from His bounteous hand, they "ate their fill."

Then we all assembled around a stand and listened to a splendid talk from Gov. Luce. Bro. Banks, the Worthy Master of Capitol Grange, also gave a pleasant and practical talk to the children. The address of Hon. A. D. Carlton, one of our own brothers, was full of a sincere welcome and was responded to by Rev. C. VanAken in a happy manner. A fine choir gave several songs appropriate to the occasion. Then the children came in with their exercises, some of which may justly receive our meed of praise without detracting from the merit which all deserve.

The Old Silver Spoon. How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness, When I tossed me in pain all fevered and sore; The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness, And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.

How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness, When I tossed me in pain all fevered and sore; The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness, And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.

Such is the effect of nauseous, gripping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective.

Leading House in Michigan Paints, Oils, Brushes, Wall Papers and Curtains. Also a large line Pictures, Picture Frames and Artists' Materials.

H. M. Cobel, 19 Canal St., Gd. Rapids, Mich. The PERKINS WINDMILL Buy the Best, And Save Money. It has been in constant use for 16 years, with a record equaled by none.

WARRANTED not to blow down, unless the Tower goes with it, or against any wind that does not disable substantial farm buildings; to be perfect; to outlast and do better work than any other mill made.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for Catalogue, Circular and Prices. Address PERKINS WIND MILL & AX CO., Mishawaka, Indiana.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. [Corrected by Thornton Barnes, Wholesale Grocer and Grange Selling Agent, No. 241 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.] PHILADELPHIA, July 1, 1887. PURE SUGARS.

Current Rates on Chicago Market. Potatoes, No. 1, ripe, per bu \$.85 @ .45; Turnips, yellow, per bu .27 @ .28; Onions, choice, .85 @ .90; Apples, "No. 1, per bbl. 4.00 @ 5.00; Carrots sold at 5 per cent. commission; Apples, dried, per lb. 4 @ 6; Apples, evaporated, per lb. 9 @ 12; Onions, selected, per bbl. 2.50 @ 2.75; Rutabagas, " " " " @ 1.25; Turnips, white, " " " " @ 1.00; Beans, navy, per bu. 1.60 @ 1.50; Wool, washed, per lb. .30 @ .38; " unwashed, " " " " @ .28; Veal, choice, " " " " @ .07 @ .09; Eggs, fresh, " " " " @ .14 @ .18; Butter, dairy, per lb. .12 @ .18; " creamery " " " " @ .12 @ .18; Clover seed, per bu. 4.25 @ 4.40; Timothy " " " " @ 1.90 @ 1.95; Hides, salted, G, per lb. .07 1/2 @ .08; On produce not named write for prices. If you have anything to sell or ship write for information to THOMAS MASON, General Grange Agency, 163 South Water St., Chicago.

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.

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.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

C. Blickley, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Crockery, Glass and Silver Ware, Lamps, &c. New Goods! Attractive Novelties! Low Prices! Our Decorated Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets can't be beat in quality or price. C. BLICKLEY, 58 Monroe St., Gd. Rapids, M. A. Southwick's Old Stand. July 1st

Leading House in Michigan Paints, Oils, Brushes, Wall Papers and Curtains. Also a large line Pictures, Picture Frames and Artists' Materials. H. M. Cobel, 19 Canal St., Gd. Rapids, Mich. July 1st

The PERKINS WINDMILL Buy the Best, And Save Money. It has been in constant use for 16 years, with a record equaled by none. WARRANTED not to blow down, unless the Tower goes with it, or against any wind that does not disable substantial farm buildings; to be perfect; to outlast and do better work than any other mill made. We manufacture both Pumping and Gearing Mills and carry a full line of Wind Mill Supplies. AGENTS WANTED. Send for Catalogue, Circular and Prices. Address PERKINS WIND MILL & AX CO., Mishawaka, Indiana. July 1st

Dr. William Rose, Resident Veterinary Surgeon. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada. Will professionally attend to all diseases of Horses and Cattle. Telephone No. 515. 128 East Fulton St., Gd. Rapids, Mich. July 1st

J. W. SHIVELY, Coldwater, Mich., Dealer in French, English, German and American Dress Goods. Black and Colored Silks, and Black and Colored Silk Warp, and All Wool Dress Goods a Specialty. Full and Complete Lines of General Dry Goods. Novelties in everything as fast as they appear in the market. Elegant lines of White Goods, Embroideries and White Flannels. Special attention paid to mail orders. Sample Department. Will send samples of goods and quote prices upon application. June 1st J. W. SHIVELY.

Patron's Shoe House! A. R. HANO, 121 North 8th Street, Philadelphia, Penn., Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers in BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS! We are the Largest Wholesalers, Retailers and Manufacturers of FINE SHOES, and can ship goods by single pairs or in lots by freight to any point in the country. By dealing with our house Patrons will find it greatly to their advantage. A trial order will convince you. A Special Grange Discount taken off of every pair of Shoes. We have an immense assortment of LADIES' AND MISSES SHOES, for Fine and Coarse Wear, in Dress Kid, Pebble, Leather and Dongolas at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00, up to \$6.00 and \$7.00. MEN'S and BOYS' SHOES, Solid Wearing, Good and Substantial, at \$1.35, \$1.50, \$2.00, up to \$5.00 and \$6.00. Send for Our Catalogue and Price List. All inquiries cordially answered. We have Men's Solid Calfskin Shoes at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Men's Farming and Plow Shoes at \$1.15, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Men's Kip Boots, Good Quality, at \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75. A Large Assortment in Stock of Men's Mining Boots, Heavy Grain and Fines Calf in all Sizes and Widths. We have Ladies' Best Pebble, in Broad and Square Toes, at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Ladies' Popular Dress Boots at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Misses and Children's Shoes. Send us Your Orders. Our Prices Cannot be Equalled. We have everything that is made under the sun in Fine Shoes at the Lowest Wholesale prices. Catalogues sent Free to any part of the Country.

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WHY WHITE LEAD does not last one quarter the time. INGERSOLL'S LIQUID RUBBER PAINT does. Why White Lead does not last as it formerly did, is answered in our Pamphlet. Every one their own Painter, which is full of other valuable information about PAINTING. Color Cards and all mailed free. MASTERS and SECRETARIES should write for a supply for their GRANGE. PATRON'S PAINT WORKS, 64 Fulton Street, New York. 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. August 1st

Reliable Agents Started in Business Without Capital! Write for Particulars. MY AGENTS ARE MAKING \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$30 PER DAY. Selling Lewis's Combination Hand Force Pump. It makes 3 complete machines. I have Agents all over the U. S. who are making \$10 to \$30 per day selling these Pumps. I give their name and address in Catalogue. To introduce it I will send a sample Pump, express paid, to any express station in the U. S. for \$5.50. Made of brass; will throw water from 50 to 60 feet, and retails for only \$8.00. Indispensable for spraying fruit trees. The Potato Bug Attachment is a wonderful invention. They sell rapidly. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Send at once for illustrated catalogue, price-list and terms. GOODS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address P. C. LEWIS, Catskill, New York. July 1st

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 15th Grand Rapids, Mich.

LOW COST HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM. 30 cuts with specifications, estimates, and full description of desirable modern houses, from 4 rooms up, costing from \$400 to \$5,000, profusely illustrating every detail and many original ideas in regard to decorating. Houses adapted to all climates and classes of people. The latest, best, and only cheap work of the kind published in the world. Sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cts. Stamps taken. Address BROOKLYN BUILDING ASSOCIATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y. June 1st Dr. William Rose, Resident Veterinary Surgeon. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada. Will professionally attend to all diseases of Horses and Cattle. Telephone No. 515. 128 East Fulton St., Gd. Rapids, Mich. July 1st FURNITURE! COMPTON BROS. 109 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich. may 15th

Ladies' Department.

A Woman's Rights.

Yes, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me most has
ordered this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight
through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,
I would not join the fight,
Or jostle with crowds in the highways,
And sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I
claim my right.

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfume pink
And none to utter a nay,
If it reaches a root, or points a thorn, as even
a rose tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord may please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the
stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out,
That taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does, after a
numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can,
From the garnered store of knowledge,
Which man has heaped for man,
Taking with free hands freely and after an or-
dered plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!
To stand all undimmed,
Whenever sorrow, or want, or sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or question, by never
a look gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot;
Though very life were at stake,
I would beg for the nobler justice,
Which men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till
I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army roll,
And God, who made man's body strong,
made, too, the woman's soul.
—Susan Coolidge.

Management of Children in the Home.

It is not the aim of this article to fashion one ideal individual, who is to serve as a model for the rest of humanity, but simply to suggest a few of the ways in which a child may be kept to a great extent under the parental control. This accomplished, and the victory is ours. This control, however, should not be perceptible to the child to insure the best results.

In order to exercise proper control over a child, parents well know that they must retain the love and respect of the child. There can be, of course, a kind of control maintained by observing the Biblical injunction, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Control, however, when wholly of this nature, fails to inspire respect in the child for the parents and as he grows older he lends anything but a willing ear to their admonitions. If we would keep the respect of our children, we must respect them. They should have their individual belongings, over which they should exercise entire control and which should be respected by all. How often do we see parents appropriating for their own use things which have been given to the child and that without making any explanations or offering anything as a substitute. Parents should never in any way deceive their children and above all should fulfill all promises made to them. If circumstances at any time prevent such fulfillment, explain fully to the children the reasons.

As soon as a child begins to read he should be provided with proper literature, books and papers suited to his age and the child should be encouraged to read them. If a taste for wholesome reading is thus early acquired by the child he will probably pass over the period of dime-novel reading without having had his mind poisoned by the coarse sentiments and overdrawn pictures of the novelists. One need not be at a loss in our day to find proper literature suited to children of all ages, as there are numerous publications at prices within the reach of nearly all.

Give your children the best education your means will permit and remember this gift will be a more lasting benefit and comfort to them than all the fine homes you can bestow upon them, and it will also make them capable of securing homes for themselves. Neither must the seemingly small matter of dress be overlooked. Everyone must concede the fact that one respects both himself and his neighbor more when neatly and cleanly, not expensively, dressed than when dressed otherwise. The neatly dressed boy and girl will be better behaved than their companions that are shabbily dressed. Noble thoughts and refined sentiments are seldom found clothed in dirt and rags.

Parents generally wish their children to acquire industrious habits. How to overcome the dislike for work manifested by so many children and how to get them interested in work, are questions that have puzzled many a father and mother. We would suggest as one

of the means to the end that parents should plan as much as possible to work with them. Always see that they begin their work aright. Leaving children to themselves to learn improper methods of working and then having to perform their tasks over again is one of the chief causes of their dislike for work. Give them some of the benefits of their labor. Another great advantage gained in working with the children is that it affords the parents such excellent opportunities for developing their minds.

To keep the confidence of the children parents should make themselves their children's companions. They should encourage them to come to them with all the little incidents of school life, not of a tell-tale character, and of their life in society. The parent then not only becomes acquainted with his children's deeds, but can in a measure train the memory and observation as well. Above all, never ridicule the deeds or efforts of your children if you would retain their confidence. If this confidence could only be maintained between parents and children, we believe it would be the saving of many a boy and girl from ruin. Then the associates of our children must receive our attention. We would not have all the good we have endeavored to instill into their minds overcome by unfit associates. While they are young we can invite company for them. This, however, should not debar them from inviting for themselves. Encourage them to have their company at home as much as possible and when of a commendable character make an effort to have them feel that they are welcome. Always spend a portion of your time in pleasant chat with them. You can in this way have an influence for good over the associates of your children. If this plan is followed the children will not enjoy the company of those to whom they feel you do not extend a cordial welcome. We feel confident that if we would only carry out in our lives the suggestions here offered, we would not find the problem, "How shall we keep the boys and girls at home?" so hard to solve.

Our subject, we feel, is almost inexhaustible, but we will close with these suggestions, in the hope that our weak effort will not have been wholly lost.

MRS. ALVIN MORLEY.

Berrien Co.

What to Do, or not to Do.

Mrs. Radway's letter was a hurried, between-times, chatty note, such as only she could write, with her dozen housekeeping duties under order in her mind and a score of things on her pen's point that she "must say" before she closed. This particular note had her own sparkle and briskness and a cosy, "I-want-to-talk-to-you" tone about it, that made Genie Long say to herself when she received it, she was glad she knew Mrs. Radway. Moreover, she was pleased that this lady had asked her, just as she had, her opinion on a subject that chanced to be one of Genie's pet ideas.

Mrs. R. had written: "I must ask your advice as to my Belle. She feels lonely or rather uneasy; her sister and brothers are away; some of her mates are taking music lessons and, though she has said nothing, I know she feels as though she might be doing something, too. I know not whether she has any talent for painting or not; but for the blending and harmony of colors I think she has good taste. I can very easily have her take lessons. Had I better? What say you? Can she learn? Does it require a great amount of patience, so much so that she would get nervous and ready to fly, and ere she flew would cry? Advise me."

And Genie, who had seen bright-eyed Belle long enough to guess of her warm nature and quick love for the beautiful, replied at length, both in behalf of the child and of the principle of girl life Mrs. B. had called into question in her mind.

"You ask, 'Shall Belle take painting lessons?' and I, hurriedly scribbling you a note, answered, 'By all means.' Let me now at my leisure, if I can and may, give you my reasons and see if your mother wisdom does not pronounce my answer a sound one."

There is a time in girlhood when a lassie lives, however heedless or quiet she may outwardly appear to be, a fast, impulsive, all-her-own life inside that growing body and forming mind of hers. In her world life is visionary, shifting, many-hued, full of wonderment and untried experiences, without anchor. The childhood shore she has just left is too shallow to please her now, whatever charms it may sometimes have for her, and she turns wistful, dreamy eyes out across the broad sea of the future her bark is launching upon. Your Belle, like a young maple in April, quick with the life of undeveloped leaves and branches, has within her mind unformed aspirations, visions, plans, and character food that need but activity's sunlight to change them from spring-like childhood's buds to the graceful foliage of a beautiful, summery womanliness.

"Can she learn to paint?" There are artists and there are painters—daubers, to be plain. If Belle will make an artist, time only can tell. Probably not. Few, very few, do; and still she may obtain the artist's insight—the artist touch is dearer earned. If she does not make a profession of art—and you had no such idea when you asked if she should learn to paint—a term or two of lessons would still repay you. She, if she has a true teacher—one that lives near to the one real teacher, Nature—will awaken to see about her a world before unknown. Forms will grow to speak a various language in her ears

that once were deaf to all their wondrous meaning. The noting of color and tint and dashes of light and shade will creep into her thoughts like pleasant friends in whose company she has naught to fear. Scales will fall from her eyes and she that was blind will see. I should not greatly care if your Belle does not excel in the use of the brush; you will not greatly regret putting her in the way of learning art's lessons in observation and in the eternal fitness of things, which is better than to be able to "paint" without acquiring these things.

A girl so educated will not put milking stools, meat fryers, and coal scuttles, laden with tinsel, tassel, paint and bow, into her parlors when she becomes a home-keeper. No pictures will hang on her walls, whose feather-bed clouds and vivid, strike-you-hard colors and bulky proportions are a running satire on Nature's artistic abilities. Neither will smaller, multitudinous, incongruous bric-a-brac possess for her the usual charm they have for the feminine heart. She will have learned the elegance of simplicity. Her wall paper, carpets, furniture, and her home arrangements throughout will feel the influence of harmony and correspondence. The bouquets she arranges, the china she selects, the gown she wears, will all partake of the taste that lessons in art may impart to your Belle's future life, and will you not count these worth the cost even when you see her in a few months' time of her brush and palette?

She may grow discouraged, but not necessarily, if you and her teacher keep before her the idea that all Nature is her teacher and impress upon her mind how far a natural flower or landscape exceeds the best painted one. She will keep up hope and it will magnify her ideas of the wonders so uncommonly common in this wonderful world about us. She must begin with simple objects and learn what marvelous structure and tint and veining is in so simple a creation as a spring wind flower or summer fern. What revelations she may find in your own door yard! I trust Belle may cultivate a love for these before aspiring to Alpine heights, Yosemite's grandeur and Niagara's flood, as do not so many amateurs much to their own bewilderment and their friends' dismay.

And now, my dear Mrs. R., what I have said in favor of art I can apply to almost any other of the accomplishments girls are wont to long for. Much ridicule is heaped upon indulgent mammas for wasting time and means on Della's or Pearl's or Maude's music; but rightly directed and held with a good vim, the cultivation of the ear and heart by music lessons makes a girl's pastime to become the woman's enjoyment that never wholly leaves her, though she have no piano and her fingers forget their skill.

Whatever talent is exercised or ability strengthened by practice, so much the more do we live. Scope of appreciation is the real measure of one's days. Whether it is painting, or music, or embroidery, or penmanship, or crocheting, or fine needlework, or healthful out-door games, or boating, or cooking—so long as a young girl can conveniently be given a chance to take a moderate share in any of these, during vacations in her school work, it is well to permit her to do so. It satisfies desires natural to every active girl, besides giving her opportunity to discover in what direction her special forte lies.

J. B.

Open to Remarks.

Be wife, mother, nurse, teacher, what you will, but be your best. Be always a woman first; be always higher than your work.

"Died from crazy patchwork," if the truth were told, would find its place on tombstones, instead of "Mysterious are the ways of Providence."

The 300 young women of Wellesley College do the housework of the college on the co-operative plan. It takes each one of them 45 minutes a day to do her share of the work.

Learn to think nobly, to love nobly, to live nobly, and demand and enforce by nobility, from all who seek your friendship or companionship, the same outreach for noble thought and love and life.

Among our exchanges we catch up this strange straw of advice to wives—strange, because not invented sooner: "Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you."

Once a year weed out the foolish knickknacks of beads and cardboard and the like, which seem to accumulate like the frogs of Egypt over night and drip from our ceilings, cumber our walls, load our shelves and require hours of dusting. They are a delusion and a snare and a caricature on true art at best.

If brains do not save steps in house-keeping, then brains better go to the wall and machine work come in. If a sane woman goes twice or thrice a day down cellar and brings up five or ten potatoes at a time instead of a peck and wash them at once, then my talk is not for her, for I can not simplify house-keeping.

Gail Hamilton says: "Natural tact will do much, but it cannot supply the place of education. When a woman has learned to make a pudding she has learned but the smallest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table and dispense a hospitality so cordial and enlivening that the pudding shall be forgotten. There are a thousand women who can make a pudding, where there is one who is mistress of her servants, of her husband, of her home, of her position."

Window-Gardening.

Does the pleasure of window gardening compensate for the time, vexation, and trouble?

Ask some mother if her children repay the time and trouble necessary to rear them and she will immediately answer, "Why, they are no trouble, the little darlings! How could I live without them?" They are such comforts, I do not feel that any sacrifice is too great for their happiness or welfare."

Another will say, "Oh, they are a nuisance! They make so much work and are so vexatious, they can never repay me for their bringing up."

In like manner the lover of flowers will tell you, "My house plants are such a comfort, I am so happy watching every tiny leaflet and bud; they are a perfect panacea for vexations of all kinds; they make my home so cheery, that I should be sorry to live without them."

The next one you ask this question may say, like the mother, that "They are too much bother for me to spend my time and strength looking after their growth and keeping them in order."

It depends entirely upon the taste of the person what the answer will be.

I firmly believe any home is the better for beautiful blossoms or thrifty plants to enliven and make it cheerful in the cold winter when the earth is wrapped in its mantle of snow and everything out of doors is desolate and dreary. Then the care necessary to make their growth successful is a change and a sort of pastime from other household duties. Another reason why they compensate for their care is the fact that they will not thrive without pure air and sunshine, and our homes are made more healthy and happy if we throw open the blinds and allow God's sunshine to enter without hindrance.

Some may say, "The sun will fade my carpet or check my furniture." Yes, but is it not better to fade the carpets or the hangings than to fade your face and give the children the pale and delicate look of a plant raised in the dark?

People and plants alike need the sun to bring them to perfection and there is no surer way to injure both than to shut them in close rooms with only a dim light.

Some claim the labor of lifting heavy plants is injurious. But they need not be heavy. A thrifty slip started in August and potted in a three or four-inch pot will blossom the next winter even better than a large and old root. It surely would not injure a child to care for a few of that size. I have never found anything that affords real pleasure that has not some care and labor connected with it.

House plants respond to loving care most heartily and the home, however humble or forbidding its surroundings, can not look entirely devoid of taste and dreary if thrifty plants shed their softening influence upon its inmates. How cheerful and pretty a window looks with bright blossoms in it! The eye rests lovingly upon it as you ride past in the winter. It seems to give one a feeling of warmth and comfort.

The love of flowers seems almost universal. The high, the lowly, the rich, the poor, the aged and the young, alike admire their dainty forms and hues. It is true that some have not so great an admiration for them as others, but there are but few perfectly indifferent to them, and I never heard of any one who really disliked them.

The babe will notice a bright posy sooner than you think it can and the aged grandsire loves their dainty fragrance long after life, with its cares and troubles, has become a burden.

I have sometimes thought it was a trait handed down from our first mother as a slight recompense for the primal curse she entailed upon us. Listen to her lament:

"Must I thus leave thee, paradise?
Thus leave thee, native soil?"

O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye
names.

Who now shall rear ye to the sun or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
fount?"

It is truly vexatious to waken on a cold morning and find the fire has gone out and the plants chilled and reproaching us with drooping leaves for our thoughtlessness, but our chagrin at neglecting the fire should not be visited upon the plants and they be banished from our homes. To an enthusiastic admirer it only has the effect of making him more careful and watchful the next time.

To send a few flowers to a sick friend from our own window garden is sometimes a better way to express our sympathy than by a personal visit, especially when calls are forbidden pleasures. The bouquet will leave no tired or excited nerves behind it but the weary invalid can turn to it every hour and be rested and refreshed by its loveliness. The memory of such a thoughtful tribute is like sweet incense and reminds us that the world is not all selfishness and greed. I really do not know of anything that furnishes more pleasure at so small an outlay of time and trouble as the well kept window garden.

CHLOE.

People with thin heads of hair should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer to make the hair grow out thick, healthy and strong.

The Dexter & Noble blast furnace at Elk Rapids is the only one in the United States that hasn't been out of blast in 15 years.

Don't keep a calf tied or shut up in some damp, dark corner, with hardly room enough to lie down. He needs the sunshine as much as hens or the plants in the garden.

To tell fresh eggs, place them in cold water. A fresh egg will sink and lie on the side; a stale egg may sink but will stand on one end; a bad egg will float. Success in nice cooking.

To most children, the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. When physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take. Try them.

"William Sturgeon, the able and famous electrician, rose from a cobbler's bench." We saw a man try to do the same thing once, but he was prevented by a piece of shoemaker's wax on the seat.—Danville Breeze.

And now Prof. William T. Harris, the distinguished representative of the Concord School of Philosophy, is to appear as a critic of Henry George's land theory. An article from him will be published in the July number of the Forum.

The Rev. J. O. S. Huntington ("Father Huntington"), who is devoting his life to doing the work of an apostle in the most "congested" district of New York, will have an article in the Forum for July, on "Tenement House Morality."

The annual milk product of the United States equals in value half of the national debt. This statement conveys an idea of the immensity of the dairy interests of the country. Of what other product, either animal or agricultural, can such a statement be made?

George Bancroft contributes to the July Century a short paper on "An Incident in the Life of John Adams." Mr. Bancroft spent an afternoon in the company of the second President of the United States, in 1818,—when Mr. Adams was three or four years younger than Mr. Bancroft is now.

Put the hay in the barn before the sun has burned all the moisture out of it, and shut the doors up tight instead of keeping them wide open to dry out the hay. Contrary to the general opinion, hay cured in this way will be sweeter and more free from mould than that cured in an open barn.

"James," said a grocer to the new boy, "what have you been doing in the back room so long?" "I was a-pickin' the dead flies out of the dried currants, sir." "You were," replied the grocer, with much disgust. "An' your father told me he thought you were born for the grocery business. You had better study for the ministry, James."

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

Professor Atwater, of the Wesleyan University, will publish his third paper in the Century for July on the "Chemistry and Economy of Food." His new article in entitled "The Potential Energy of Food." Professor Atwater says: "The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch."

The wheat crop of the world in 1886 is estimated by the careful statistician of the Department of Agriculture, at a total of 2,031,322,285 bushels, of which the United States produced 457,218,000, France 290 millions, Italy 129 millions, Russia 213 millions, Spain 131 millions, Austria 143 millions, Germany 82 millions, England 65 millions, India 25 millions, Turkey 41 millions, and Canada 37 millions. It is thus shown which countries exert the greatest influence on the wheat trade of the world.

Hot Water Remedies.

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable, as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficiency. There are few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted all other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is the best cathartic possible in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.—Hall's Journal of Health.

CULINARY CULLINGS.

The addition of eggs to nearly all soups, adds greatly to their nutritious qualities and rich appearance.

In the boiling of meats this rule is a good one; beef, four hours; tongue, three hours and a quarter; mutton, two hours; veal, three hours; ham, four hours and a half; salt pork, three hours.

MOLD can be prevented from forming on fruit jellies by pouring a little paraffine over the top, which, when cold, will harden to a solid cake and can be easily removed when desired.

MILK CUSTARD.—Prepare the crust the same as for other pies. Filling—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, three cups milk; beat the eggs and sugar well together; add milk enough for two custards; bake without top crust.

SPINACH, shelled beans, young cabbage, squash, string beans, oyster plant and cauliflower require from one to one and a quarter hours cooking.

THE best time for making soup is the day previous to its use, as settlings and fat may be removed from it.

POCKET-CAKES.—Children's pocket-cakes may be made of one pint of flour mixed with the yolk of one egg; sweeten with a cup of soft brown sugar, flavor with any favorite seasoning, mace, nutmeg or cinnamon.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Take half a pound of minced apples, half a pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, one small nutmeg, a quarter of a pound of suet, four ounces of bread crumbs, three eggs, half a glass of milk and three ounces of sugar.

POTATOES AND EGGS.—Put a lump of butter into the frying-pan; when it boils, brown in it a finely-chopped small onion.

In roasting or baking the following rule should be observed: Ten pounds of beef, two hours and a quarter; mutton, two hours; lamb, one hour and a half; veal, four hours; pork, four hours; turkey, three hours and a quarter; goose, two hours; duck, one hour and a quarter; partridges and pigeons, thirty to thirty-five minutes.

TO MAKE beef hash take one pint of beef, chopped very fine, one onion, tablespoonful of butter, one-half tablespoonful of salt, put in a vessel on the fire.

THE man who puts up a barbed-wire fence in Nebraska is responsible for any damages sustained by men or animals coming in contact with it.

THE glass manufacturers at Pittsburgh, Pa., by using natural gas have produced exquisitely beautiful objects of glassware, which have found a market in Europe.

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WORTH KEEPING IN MIND.

The use of sweet-smelling oils and fats should be employed to a greater extent than is now done for toilet purposes.

SIMPLE, finely-ground powders, such as starch, magnesia, etc., are entirely innocuous, and often act as useful protection against external irritants.

WATER is serviceable to the skin in moderate amount and at moderate temperature only. Very cold or warm baths, when used to excess, diminish the elasticity of the skin and its power of resistance to external irritants.

FREQUENT application of alcohol abstracts the water of the skin, makes it dry and brittle, and impairs its nutrition.

THE nutrition of the scalp should be increased by the rational application of fat (for example in the form of oil-baths by means of the application at night of a sponge soaked in oil upon the scalp), and the greater use of simple pomades.

MANY women have the habit when sewing of biting off their thread instead of cutting it with scissors.

FOR biliousness the editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says a plain diet of bread, milk, oat-meal, vegetables and fruit, with lean meat and fresh fish, is best.

CHILDREN should be taught at an early period of life to avoid the use of condiments. Their food should be plentiful but simple.

THE refrigeration of food products has made it possible to preserve dressed poultry from one year's end to another.

THE extreme West bids fair at no distant time to vie with the Eastern countries in the production of petroleum.

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What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums" — the only fear being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose.

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia.

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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

KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE. Standard time—goth meridian. GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Station, N Y & C Express, N Y & B Ex & M, Way Pt. Rows include Grand Rapids, Allegan, Kalamazoo, Schoolcraft, Three Rivers, Three Pigeons, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Station, N Y & B N Y & C Ex & M Express, Way Pt. Rows include Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, White Pigeon, Three Rivers, Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo, Allegan, Grand Rapids.

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

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

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

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

EASTWARD.

Table with columns: Station, A. M., P. M. Rows include Night Express, Kalamazoo Accommodation leaves, Kalamazoo Express arrives, Pacific Express, Mail, 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.

LATEST IMPROVED HORSEPOWER MACHINES FOR SAWING WOOD with Circular and Cross-Cut Drag Saws. Also Machines for THRESHING and CLEANING Grain. THE BEST.

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

A. BRADFORD, CITY BAKERY, 119 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich. may15/84

THE Patrons' Grocery House

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

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

THE GUIDE. We issue the Buyers' Guide in March and September of each year. It is now a book of 350 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 inches in size, 32,351 square inches of information for the consumers.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAI WAY TIME TABE, JUNE 4, 1887.

Table with columns: Station, No. 18 Express, No. 4 Express, No. 6 Express, No. 1 Mail, No. 3 Express, No. 5 Express. Rows include Port Huron, Lapeer, Durand, Lansing, Charlotte, Battle Creek, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Cassopolis, South Bend, Valparaiso, Chicago.

GRANGE COMMISSION HOUSE. THOMAS MASON, General Commission Merchant, 163 South Water St., Chicago. Respectfully Solicits Consignments of Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Grass Seed, Raw Furs, Hides, Pelts, Tallow, &c.

TRAVEL VIA Burlington Route. DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CITY OF MEXICO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ORE., ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON.

Make Your Money Easy! FARMERS and Farmers' Sons can make more money by engaging with us than at anything else they can do. Why? 1st. Because we publish only books which anyone can sell and which everyone buys.

Young Folks' Club.

The Robin.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird that hopped
From bough to bough of the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not
heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor bron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen," said I to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Whosuffer like Him in the glory they do!"

July's Greeting.

MAE.

With bugs and flies we greet you,
All humming a light, airy tune,
And, oh, did you expect such a greeting,
Right after the beautiful June?
How different is your welcome
In the various stages of life;
In some there are joy and hosannas,
In others naught but the bitterest strife.

How the farmer dreads you when
He thinks of the weary hours of toil
He must endure in your burning sunlight
To care for the products of the soil.
But the butterfly of damed Fashion
Grooms you with wide opened arms;
She will then fly away to the seaside,
And air her most witching charms.

The merchant stands on the street corner,
Or on dry goods' boxes rests his feet;
With hands in pockets he'll greet you
With,
"Times are dull; can I endure this heat?"
But come on; you're welcome for all
Their grumbings; you are welcome, dear,
What a poky old world this would be,
With June and October the live long year!

The Largest Sabbath School in the World.

In one of the most densely populated portions of Chicago, that stretches away to the northwest some two miles from the City Hall, there rises above the many crowded and two-story houses a large, plain, brick structure, that covers a space of 100x140 feet.

It is in the upper two stories of this building that is held what is said to be the largest Sunday-school in the world. It is connected with Prof. Swing's Church, but it was largely through the influence and efforts of Mrs. Chas. B. Holmes, who is yet Superintendent, that it was started some nine years ago. It has no particular denomination; is known as North Mission of Central Church and has an enrollment of 5,000 pupils.

The density of the population in the neighborhood may be imagined, since on its opening day there were gathered within its walls some 400 children, more of these upon mischief bent than upon the observance of the Sabbath. But they were made to feel at home and the number soon increased to 1,600, though in warm weather there is a marked decrease.

The Sunday-school begins at 3 p. m. Arriving there some little time before the hour for commencing, although the day was warm and sultry, the long, well ventilated room was already half filled with a noisy lot of children, whose humming reminded one of a school recess.

As one sits looking toward the open doors, watching the groups of boys and girls coming in, some with eyes so bright and beaming with good nature that bespeak a happy life; others with faces thin and puny and with a look of sadness written only too plainly upon them that tells of hardship and suffering; thinking of the path in which these many young minds have been started and of Him who heareth alike the voices of all, the gong sounds. Once more the hum has ceased and all is still. The attention of the school is directed to an easel upon the platform over which are hung large sheets of heavy paper, the size of an ordinary door, upon which are printed in letters that can easily be read at the further end of the room the songs that are used, enabling all to sing without the use of books. The cornet and piano begin; soon the entire school join, and the many voices blend and keep such good time that it fairly makes the walls ring.

After several songs have been sung and the last echo has died away, the Superintendent announces prayer, when all heads are bowed and silence is supreme. The prayer is made, ending with the Lord's Prayer, which all repeat in concert.

Beside the easel stands another, fully as large and quite like the first. On the leaves that hang upon this are printed scriptural texts and verses from the Bible. These are read in concert by the school, the last being always the lesson of the day, which accords with the National Quarterly.

Then comes a short talk from the Superintendent, that serves to forcibly impress upon the minds of his hearers the practical thoughts of the lesson, after which another song is sung.

One of the most noticeable features was, that there was nothing introduced—not the first thing—that could cause the attention of those many little ones to flag. Without attention, what could be hoped even in the Sunday-school? What kind of a harvest can be expected by the sower who, while he sows the best of grain, is not mindful of the tares and weeds that steal in and so soon outgrow the wheat? If their attention on minor points is allowed to wane, it will not be long ere subjects of a graver importance will have less interest for them.

There were no minutes read, telling that school so and so met so and so, no long, wearisome disputes that sometimes creep into such a place with benefit to no one. Every moment was occupied and that to the very best use possible.

Promptness, too, seemed a point well adhered to, commencing at three sharp and closing promptly at four.

The gong sounds once more and Sunday-school is over. I, too, go out with the rest, and as I mount the car that leads to more pleasant quarters and leave those groups of little ones, slowly homeward going, I can but believe that this age that has made and is making such wonderful progress in literature, invention and art, is keeping quite up to the line in its religious and moral development. ANON.

An Illustrated Study.

DEAR COUSINS:—"He has hatched! He has hatched! And Oh, isn't it a shame he hatched when we were not here? And we watched him so closely for nearly two months, too!" said a chorus of voices as I entered the school room the other morning. The object of all this commotion was a beautiful Cecropia Moth.

When he came to us first, about two months ago, he was fastened to an apple tree limb by means of a silken web. Inside this stronghold he again was enshrouded with a cocoon composed of the finest silk of a brownish hue, and from which silk could be woven. There was not a door or window for ventilation. In this home he had lived for many months.

"He must have come from his house in the night," said one, and we afterward learned that he is nocturnal. He measured just six inches from the tips of his wings. His antennae were perfect and were nearly an inch in length. The wings were reddish gray and had large eye-like spots on each. His abdomen was adorned with beautiful feathery rings of white and red. He now adorns our cabinet of insects.

Will some of the cousins tell us how he lived and what were some of his habits before he built for himself his home on the apple tree limb?

I promised you a June poem; but the poetry of my life for the past month has had to give place to the substantial realities of very hard work. Some of you know how it is. However, I will try and be a better President in the future.

With love and best wishes, I am your
COUSIN MAE.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

[By W. B. Cobb read at the June meeting of Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange and printed by vote of the Grange.]

WORTHY MASTER:—My Scientific American of last week gave some statistics relative to the sheep and wool industry throughout the world, and thinking this subject might be of interest at this time I prepared a paper in which, if some of the ideas expressed do not coincide with opinions entertained by others, they may draw out discussion and all be mutually benefited.

Now, if there is anything upon which I would like to receive information or in which I wish to become proficient, it is the sheep and wool industry.

Statistics and figures are dry things but when correct are oftentimes surprisingly beneficial. We profess to be a sheep raising and wool growing people and now let us see. According to the figures, we have in the United States in round numbers 45,000,000 sheep that shear on an average six lbs. of wool to the head, and while this average I think too high we let it pass with the rest. Asia has 50,000,000, Australia 75,000,000, South America 100,000,000 and all of Europe 200,000,000, all other countries 30,000,000, making a grand total of 500,000,000 sheep, of which we have less than one-tenth.

Now, what in general terms is the situation and the outlook. England consumes her own wool product and annually imports vast quantities for manufacturing purposes. She would clothe the world if its people would let her, buying the raw material and selling the manufactured goods and I believe we are more willing to let her than we shall be when the farmers of this country better understand sheep husbandry. With a vast country adapted to wool and mutton, we import vast quantities of wool every year. The great wool markets of this country have for weeks past been nearly bare of some grades of domestic wool. Within a very few years the demand for mutton has grown up to an extent that with the reduced price of wool in common with other farm products, farmers have been induced to part with their flocks and the number of sheep in Michigan is yearly growing less. We should not overlook the fact that the foreigners who are annually added to our native population are mutton eaters when their purse will admit of this luxury, and this fact alone has given a healthy boom to this line of sheep husbandry, and when Johnnie Bull or any other fellow calls for mutton chops instead of quail on toast we

want to be sure he gets it. Supply and demand is what regulates a market and the greater we can make the demand at home for any commodity the more is realized by the producer. Some argue we can't compete with other countries where land is cheap, grass abundant and winters mild. This is only partially true, for other places have their hindrances and drawbacks to successful competition. California and Texas wool is of an inferior quality, Nebraska and Kansas for some reason have not made a success of either sheep or wool and with my summing of the field I have come to the conclusion that Michigan, southern Michigan, is the place for this industry, and I think I can stick to my text without fear of successful contradiction. Michigan wool stands well to the front and if our farmers were more careful in handling it, it would be in the very front rank, and Michigan lambs are second to none but Canada's.

We complain farming don't pay. What shall we do? We can't all go to Dakota; that won't do. We must not all go east and raise milk for the New York market, or south to grow oranges, or north among the pine stumps and mosquitoes. The railroad magnates say too much legislation has taken the cream out of their business, so we had better buy not a railroad. Manufacturers say the raw material is too high so they can't make any money. The commission men say the Grangers have killed their trade. We can't sell whisky for the bonds are pretty high for the most of us and, besides, the business is getting a little unpopular of late. We can't all be doctors or lawyers. Some of us farmers might be editors or preachers, but I'm afraid we would fare worse. We might get to be managers of a base ball nine, or better still go to the Legislature and forget to adjourn.

No, let's keep sheep, good sheep, big sheep; raise lots of wool and lambs. Either feed the lambs or sell them to me just as you think best; but don't sell off your sheep and quit the business because it don't pay. We can't get along without them. No animal on the farm cleans up the fence corners like a sheep and they will do more grubbing for nothing than a man will for pay. They scatter their manure on the knolls and hillsides more evenly than can be done by hand and will convert coarse feed into a fertilizer taster than can be done in any other way. I contend we can raise more grain on a farm by keeping sheep than we could without them, always being careful not to have the flock too large. They don't jump, root, kick, hook, or bite, or very often bunt, and there is no animal the farmer keeps with so little risk. If a horse dies, the loss is total. If a cow gets choked, we only save a small per cent. of her value. When the cholera strikes our hogs, we don't get even soap grease; but when a sheep pegs out, we get the pelt which is worth half its value when alive.

Maybe you think I am arguing in favor of sheep because I want some to feed. True enough; I do want some byed and bye and the very reason the feeders want them is a good and sufficient reason why you should have them. If nobody wanted them, what would be the use of raising them?

The time has long since gone by when farm products have to go begging. What is the trading usage of to-day? Wagons call at our very doors for butter, eggs and cream. Men dog us for wool and soon will tease us for our sheep until we divide in order to get rid of the fellows.

Now, just how to conduct the sheep and wool business is a matter of one's choice, but requires good judgment. Circumstances and location must be taken into consideration. One might be situated so he thought better to run wholly to wool, ignoring the mutton branch of the sheep industry entirely. Another thinks he is a good feeder and makes mutton a specialty. One thing is certain, whichever extreme we follow it is to the detriment of the other. We can't do both to its fullest extent and our study should be which will produce the best results.

There are many notions about this sheep business. One farmer wants nothing but pure bloods; another won't have them because they cost too much; another will buy culls because they are cheap. Now, I wouldn't discourage the raising of the very best breeds; they are essential in order to get good grades. If you have plenty of money and are keeping sheep for fun or want a few good ones to brag on and lie about, then get a few thoroughbred sheep of some particular strain, breed with some special object, and stick to it and attain as near perfection as possible. You will get lots of satisfaction and the stock in the country will be greatly improved by your ambitious efforts. These fancy breeders are benefactors of the human race and some of them who inherited lots of money have done and will do an immense amount of good. On the other hand, if we are to follow the business for what money there is in it, I would avoid fancy prices. I would rather have for profit 10 ewes worth \$50.00 than to have that money all in one, and nine times out of ten, the mean between the two extremes is the safe one to follow.

If I might be permitted to express my opinion on what kind of sheep would bring in the greatest profit to the farmers in this vicinity, I would say, get a good large grade ewe from merinos, crossed with any of the Downes sheep, either Axford, Shropshire or Lester, and cross them with a full-blood Shropshire to raise grade black-nose lambs. This cross contains more of the essential qualities for both wool

and mutton combined than any other I know of. We get from the Merino firmness of wool and texture, from the Downes staple and size, and crossing with the Shropshire gives early maturity, mottled faces and silky legs, which are just as necessary on the lamb as the spots on the Poland pig. We can well remember when the white hog was the one saved at home for our own eating, and the spotted and black ones were sent to market. What is the case today? You take a load of spotted hogs to Buffalo and just mix in 10 white ones, and it will take off 5c per hundred on the whole lot. The same will apply to sheep and lambs. If we go to market with two loads of lambs, say equally alike in shape, weight, and flesh, the one with black noses and the other not, our English cousin sees the mark of his favorite, and the result is from 50 to 100 cents per hundred in their favor every time.

Now, about the wool. The grade mentioned will give large fleeces of compact, white wool, with long staple, good weight, and best quality, and the time will come, if it is not already here, when this kind of wool will sell on its merits and gum and grease be ruled out.

Now, what to say about feeding, I hardly know. If I should advise you not to feed sheep, you would laugh at me; if I should say it don't pay, you would think I was lying; if I should urge you all to go to feeding, you would think I was two-sided, but I will say this much: This is a big country. Uncle Sam has a farm for all of us and, according to statistics, about a sheep apiece, so we can all feed that sheep just as much or little as we want to. To make a success of the sheep and wool industry, it needs about the same amount of pluck and energy that characterizes any other industry. It is not the amount of time and money that one puts into a business, but the judicious use of that time and money that insures the best results and the man who likes the business will be most likely to give it the best attention and get from it the best returns.

To raise wool and lambs requires a good place, and to feed sheep we must first get ready. You can feed hogs anywhere on the ground, cattle around a straw stack, but to get any money out of feeding sheep, we must have a suitable place and everything handy, and if we do it ourselves and want to figure a great big profit we must forget to count our own time.

Some of you lovers of some special breeds may not approve of this manner of making grades, but in my opinion the average farmer will make more money out of a good grade than he will to undertake to run a specialty.

Some one will say, "Where will we get our thoroughbreds if we all raise grades?" I don't expect we are all going to raise grades. There will be plenty of registered sheep we can buy from those that make a specialty of some particular blood, and we can always buy them for a reasonable price if we will. What is the case now? The feeders do everything they can to avoid buying Merino rams, and in buying a flock to feed we can't help getting an over supply of good bucks even at two-thirds what wethers cost.

Now, when shall we sell our sheep? Here is another point not to be overlooked. I presume you think I am going to say, "Sell them to me when I come along and want them." But you know there is one good thing about this whole business; you don't have to sell them unless you want to, and you needn't believe one word I say if the arguments advanced don't meet your approval.

The average farmer that has a few good wethers to turn off each year can get, as a rule, more clean money for them right from grass and before he has put any grain into them than ever afterwards. There is the sharp competition between buyers, the desire among feeders to secure the good ones even if they cost too much, thinking perhaps they will grow to it, which makes them pay more for the sheep in the fall than he is worth when half fattened. Then again, if he has had good luck with his lambs, his flock will increase so fast he will need the feed that would be consumed by the wethers if held until winter.

Now, about feeding the sheep we expect to winter. The impression that we must save the best feed until spring is erroneous. Give the sheep the best care and grain, (not most grain,) in the fall when he is making his coat for winter, and then when the cold weather comes on, he has fat on his ribs and clothing on his back to keep him warm without that extra attention that would be necessary under the other treatment.

Now, Patrons, these rambling remarks may not be worth much; they don't cost anything, so whatever they are worth is clear profit. I am just as glad to receive information as to give it and a little friendly discussion will do us all good.

"The Old Folks at Home" WHITE SEAL BURNING OIL!

The New York Board of Health estimates that 30,000 lives have been destroyed by the explosive quality of petroleum. If every household would adopt the White Seal Oil for family use none of these unfortunate accidents would occur.

White Seal Burning Oil has none of the defects usually found in common oils. It cannot be exploded, does not char the wick, will not smoke, emits no offensive odor, and prevents the breaking of chimneys.

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If the White Seal Burning Oil is not sold in your vicinity, send your order direct to us for a barrel or a case containing two neat five gallon cans.

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Mental and Physical Exhaustion,
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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.

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Beware of Imitations. July 15/1

Good, Reliable Boots and Shoes.

Cole & Brother,



the oldest and most reliable Shoe House in Grand Rapids, is now heavily stocked with good, honest work for Farmers' and Mechanics' wear, with prices reduced on all good work. COLE & BROTHER, 57 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich. may 15/16



LECTURE ON
Rough on Rats.
This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it throughout your future useful (?) 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 BEETLES, Roaches, Water-bugs, Fleas, etc. 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 drink during the night. ROACHES
Cleans out Rats, Mice, Bed-bugs, Fleas, 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. 10c. 50c. and \$1 Boxes. Agr. size.
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Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, burrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers, etc. June 15/16

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Newton's improved COW TIE thousands in use. Pushes them back when standing, draws them forward when lying down, and keeps them clean. Circular free, if you mention this paper. E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ill.

July 1, 1887