

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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THE GRANGE VISITOR.

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A. C. GLIDDEN, Editor,
PAW PAW, MICH.

An Excursion into the Cascade Mountains.

CORVALLIS, Ore., June 16.
ED. VISITOR:

At an early hour Saturday morning, June 14th, we packed our lunch preparatory to spending a day, with our Sunday school, on an excursion into the Cascade mountains, a trip of about seventy five miles.

The train started from Corvallis at seven in the morning, with five coaches containing three or four hundred people.

The weather was all that could be wished. A few light fleecy clouds were blown up over the Coast range from the ocean by a stiff, cool breeze, which made the wraps we expected to need in the mountains, not at all uncomfortable. The excursion was over the Willamette Valley & Coast R. R., which is being projected eastward from the coast through the Cascades, with a view to making an outlet, both east and west, for the grain, live stock and fruit products grown in the Willamette valley. The railroad enters the mountains in the basin of the Santiam river, which it follows some thirty or forty miles right up into the heart of the range.

The country passed through before reaching the hills is nearly level, or a gradual incline toward the hills. Only a little timber is seen until the foot hills are reached. The land is cut up into large farms which are covered with crops of grain with a few pasture fields. Very little stock is seen on these farms at this season, as it is out grazing on the unoccupied land in the foot hills. The grain crops consist of winter and spring wheat and oats; only two or three small fields of corn were passed in the whole distance. The farm buildings were very poor with few exceptions. There are two reasons why the farm buildings are so poor throughout the valley. One is, the climate is so mild during the winter that very little stock is sheltered in barns; and this same influence affects the house. No foundation, no plastering and little paint is the rule; hence the respectable house when new, does not long remain so. Another reason, and the most potent I believe, is that the farmers of the Willamette valley have had too easy times; the soil has been too fertile, hence the extensive method has prevailed. "Go it" on a large scale and when tools and buildings give out, "buy and build more" has been the motto. Nature and a combination of circumstances are compelling a change. Low prices for grain and stock and a less fertile soil cry a halt.

No one can judge of the financial standing of the owners of the land by the condition of the farm buildings and surroundings.

As we were rapidly pulled along, the immense fields of winter grain presented a beautiful view indeed. Its growth is nearly completed, and the heads are all out, waiting only for a few days

of bright sunshine to put on the golden hue. Oats and spring wheat need rain except in the foot hills where they have had plenty.

A few timothy meadows were passed, but the principal hay crop is cheat, or chess, which is sown the same as wheat, but is not degenerated wheat. This crop makes fairly good hay when cut early, but it does not compare with clover and timothy in quality.

As we entered the foot hills, the grain fields began to be interspersed with patches of oak timber. Not the tall, thrifty oak of Michigan, but a more stunted, scrubby growth of white oak trees and grubs. Mixed with the oak was a goodly amount of small fir trees which towered far above the oaks as straight as arrows. Many of these fir saplings were not more than six inches through at the ground and were a hundred feet high.

After leaving the valley the railroad follows closely along the river bank which, in most places, is high and steep and covered with loose rocks. In some places the solid rock was many feet above us on one side, while on the other, the river was rushing along its stony bed as many feet below. The water in the river is as clear as crystal, and as cold as melted snow from Mount Jefferson can make it. The water was so transparent that the small stones and pebbles in the river bottom could easily be seen from the car windows.

Up through this narrow gorge we wound along like a snake, almost making one sea sick from the motion of the cars. With all the crooks and turns we had a smooth road bed, and the iron horse at the head of the train took us along at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour.

As we fairly got into the mountains the great peaks began to close in around us. The sides of these immense piles of rock and earth are covered with a dense growth of mammoth fir trees. It seemed as though these great trees were vying with the very mountain peaks to see which could raise its head the farthest heavenward. We have seen tall trees in northern Michigan, but they would be saplings compared with these fir trees. Many of them scale a hundred and fifty feet without a limb. It is marvelous how such gigantic trees can get a foothold upon the steep mountain side and stand for ages unless molested by fire or man's relentless hand. Large saw mills are being built right in the midst of this timber, and ere the next decade passes, many thousand and million feet will go down to the valley to be used in the cities and in building better farm buildings. In many cases the logs and lumber are transported down the mountain to the railroad in chutes, thus using the force of nature instead of brute force.

The train reached its destination about eleven o'clock. The stop was made at the end of the completed road, forty miles from the summit of the range.

The excursionists spent the five hours allotted to them, before starting for civilization again, in eating lunch, collecting flowers and ferns and in trying to catch the wily brook trout. The speckled beauties seemed to take in the situation, and could not be induced to touch the most tempting fly. The water is too

cold at this season of the year for successful fishing.

If there was no other inducements, to get a drink of the sparkling mountain spring water would be well worth the effort to come so far. Numerous waterfalls, beautiful beyond description, were seen on every hand. In many places only the loudest conversation could be heard owing to the "rumbling and the jumbling and the tumbling" of the water as it came down the steep mountain side.

At four o'clock empty lunch baskets were returned to the baggage car and the human freight was gotten aboard for the return trip. The run was made in a little less than three hours, gaining an hour over the out bound trip, reaching Corvallis at seven in the evening, with all on board feeling that the day had been a pleasant one indeed.
—H. T. French.

New Way of Shocking Grain.

If there is one piece of farm work that the writer feels he knows how to do, it is putting grain into shock rapidly and well, so that it will successfully resist all ordinary accidents of wind and weather to which our crops are exposed. I tried many methods before I found the satisfactory one. This is perfect, and as I never saw any one who had ever heard of it, except the man who taught it to me, I want to tell the readers how it is done. If our wheat had been shocked in this manner all over the state, we should not have heard of the terrible losses of 1882.

Of the 12 bundles that make the shock, select, first, for caps the two longest and best, preferably not very large ones. Next take the two longest and stand them north and south, head to head, with the butts well apart, and settle them firmly together, and on the ground. The beginner will not set the butts far enough apart. The bundles should stand at an angle of about 45 degrees with the ground, or as flat as may be without falling in; they will never move after they have been left to themselves. Next, with a good bundle in each hand, step to the north end of the shock, facing south, and set a pair astride of the butts of the north one of the first pair, rather straight, leaning slightly toward the shock, i. e. south. Set another pair over the butts of the south bundle of the first pair.

The shock is now long, consisting of three pairs of bundles, the first ranging north and south, and the second and third ranging east and west, one pair astride of the butts of each of the first. This is the essential part of the shock, and with a little practice is so set to form a lock that stands firmly. A pair against the east, and one against the west sides with the caps complete the shock, which will not be round, but will present a well-defined ridge running north and south.

To cap this shock, do not break the straws all one way, but part them to the right and left above the band; then with the fingers open the lower side of the butt just before placing the cap on, and spread the butts well when in place. The object is to have, not a circular roof, but a long one with two well-defined sides, east and west. No man need be afraid to lean against this shock in putting on the caps as it will hold up any ordinary person. Our prevailing winds are from the west and we put the south

cap on last. If the shock be properly made there will be a hoie entirely through east and west, and every bundle will be visible from the outside.

The advantages of this method are many, and will become appreciated on trial. The shock consists of pairs of bundles, and they should be handled in pairs. One or two men can work at it with equal facility. There is no danger while working, of pushing over what is completed. The last four bundles—on the sides—are in no way concerned in the strength of the shock, and may be equal or unequal, good or poor. The first six make the lock, and the two of each pair should be about equal. Even a careless man may help; if the careful man sets up the first pair, and one of the end pairs, the shock will stand in spite of careless work elsewhere. Every one knows in practice that in most methods every bundle must be carefully placed, or the shock will be likely to go down.

This plan requires little care when once learned, and I have never had a man who did not readily make a good shock in this way. Since I began to use it, five or six years ago, very few caps have been blown off, and less than half-a-dozen shocks have been blown down. The only fault is that in taking down the shock, it must come in the order in which it was built up, as it cannot be readily pushed over with the fork and taken at random. This method is especially good for starting shocks of corn stalks, which are easily blown down. In short, a shock put up in this way, is stronger, presents more drying surface, is more easily made, will resist more bad work and bad weather. Altogether this is the best method I have ever seen. Try it.—E. Davenport.

Agricultural Depression.

No topic commands more careful attention at this time than that of agricultural depression. That the farm does not pay the profit now that it did in former times, or that it ought, is conceded on all hands, but there is a wide divergence of opinion both as to the cause and remedy. Some argue that over production is the sole cause of the trouble; others that it is a case of tariff, and too much middleman; still others that it is trusts and combinations that are at the bottom of the trouble, and a few think that the expensive and extravagant style of living which is prevalent among farmers has more to do with it than any or all other factors. In my judgment there is more or less of truth in all these propositions, and each is responsible for its share, and this being true, there is no one sovereign remedy, but relief must, and will come gradually, and by the proper adjustment of the various forces which bear on the subject.

The purchasing power of money was probably never greater than now, and if the farmer is obliged to sell his products at a low price, he can buy the necessities of life, in most instances, correspondingly low, and this fact should not be lost sight of in considering the situation. While this is true of many lines of goods which we buy, there are other things which cost us much more now than they did when prices of our products were fifty per cent higher than they are now. Professional services

are almost beyond our reach. The doctor, whose visit formerly was from one to two dollars, now charges from two to five, and the lawyer gauges his fee by the amount he thinks it will be possible for him to collect. But, fortunately, we can dispense with the lawyer entirely, and to quite an extent with the doctor. Funeral directors (they used to be called undertakers) have become so exorbitant in their charges that a man can scarcely afford to die, and it is time for societies to be organized to encourage simplicity at funerals, and I would suggest to Granges and Alliances that they discuss this matter and agree among themselves that whether rich or poor there shall be no vulgar display or unnecessary expense at the funeral of any of the members.

Another point which farmers should consider is the extortion of millers. Since the roller process has been adopted, and the creek mills have been to a great extent closed, we find ourselves in the power of the millers, and instead of getting our wheat ground for one-tenth or our corn for one-eighth, we are obliged to take just what the miller chooses to give us, and in many cases this is little if any more than half. I do not know of a roller mill that gives more than 55 pounds of flour for 60 pounds of good wheat, and this amount is given only where there are several mills to compete with each other. The result of this is that many farmers sell their grain and buy their flour and meal at the grocery, giving still another middle man a chance to put his hand in their pockets.

During the past winter corn has sold at 25 cents a bushel at my railroad station, and corn meal has retailed at the groceries at \$2 per hundred, and so the farmer would sell four bushels of corn (224 pounds net) to pay for fifty pounds of meal. The modern iron mills, run by a thrasher engine, will make good meal, and as such a mill can be bought for \$60, and the thrasher engines being idle in the winter we can get partial relief through them.

I wish I could point out a plain and easy path to agricultural prosperity, but I know of none. Intelligence, dogged perseverance, wise economy and industry will enable us to surmount most of our difficulties. Legislation will do something for us, and "What can't be cured must be endured."—Waldo F. Brown, in *American Rural Home*.

It is the short, terse, epigrammatic sentences that live longest in the memory and do the most good. "Brevity," it was once said, "is the soul of wit," and, we might add, it is also the power of argument. People tire of long-drawn sentences that mean nothing. The speaker or writer who wishes to impress the minds of his hearers or readers must couch his thoughts in strong, clear words. To do this, however, requires the most careful study of the subject, so that no random shots be fired and no words wasted. In all public or private meetings, where several are expected to speak, each one should consume as little time as possible, and do justice to the subject which they have under consideration.

When you have a thought, seek diligently for the best way of conveying it to others, and you will always have interested listeners.—*Farmers' Friend*.

The Old Methods of Farming.

ow awfully hard were the old ways of farming. As sad recollections present them to light. The old iron plow that was drawn by the oxen. Those solemn old oxen that wouldn't go right. The planting of corn, the broadcast hand-sowing. That cutting out weeds with a hoe from the corn. The back-aching work of hilling up "taters."

That made us long so for the sound of the horn. The old tin resounder that called us to dinner. How blest was the time when we heard the tin horn.

And then came the haying with wearisome labor. Of cutting with scythe the grass to make hay. Of raking with hand-rake, of pitching and loading. And sweating to death as we mowed it away. Then harvesting grain with long-fingered cradles. The binding with straw—'twas so hard and so slow.

The threshing with flails or tramping with oxen. And cleaning from chaff when a strong wind would blow.

The old-fashioned harvest, that awful hard harvest. That back-aching harvest, we're willing should go.

How different now are the methods of farming; We turn over ground with a steel riding plow. We hoe with a sulky, cut grass while we're riding. Rake and load with the horses and put in the mow.

How sweet is the sound of the twine-binding reaper. To those who remember the cradle's bright gleam. And the noise of the thresher, the puff of the engine.

As they turn out the grain so fast and so clean. The vibrating thresher, the swift-running thresher. The steam power thresher, that threshes so clean. —Ex.

New York Farmers' Institute.

At the Livonia Institute John S. Beecher, an extensive breeder of Merino sheep, offered the following resolution:

Resolved—That it is the sense of the Merino sheep breeders of Livingston and Ontario counties that the class in the premium list of the New York State Agricultural Society, "for fineness of staple" be changed to "length of staple."

Resolved—That we approve of the new class of Merinoes, bred for "size and form of carcass," as this class recognizes the Merino as a mutton sheep, and tends to the further development of Merinoes for mutton purposes.

Edward F. Dibble—Favored the resolution from the standpoint of a feeder of sheep. He could not get sheep in sufficient numbers to feed without getting Merinoes of their grades; hence he wanted to see them better adapted for this use.

Mr. Chamberlain—If we are going to produce mutton from fine-wooled lambs we must get rid of the wrinkles. The wrinkly sheep are not suited for this purpose.

Col. Curtis—This is true, and we might as well admit, first as last, that the small, gummy, heavy-fleeced Merinoes are not popular as a mutton sheep in our home markets, nor in the cities, although when properly fed and carefully butchered they do make fair mutton. We need them to send abroad to keep up the fleeces of sheep in the Southwest and in Australia, where in five years the heavy fleeces run out on account of climatic influences, and fresh blood must be used to keep up the standard of wool. We want at least two types of Merinoes—one for dense and weighty fleeces, such as the wrinkly ewes make, and the larger smooth sheep, call mutton Merinoes. The premium list provides for both, and there is none for each. We must widen the scope and use of Merinoes. They are recognized only as a wool breed; we must make one set of them more especially a mutton breed.

A Farmer—I shipped a carload of wrinkly Merinoes to the market not long since, and they did not sell as well as other mutton. I want to see a better kind of Merino, bred for feeding. Now we go to Michigan for our Merinoes to feed. We ought to have more of these sheep in New York; and all that we can feed.

John P. Ray—In Germany a breed of mutton Merinoes has been established, founded upon the celebrated French Merino. Some of these have been imported into this country, and are owned by Mr. Markham. One of these rams was crossed last year upon 50 Merino ewes, and the lambs are very satisfactory. We should have at least two herds of blood families of Merinoes, to wit, for wool, and for mutton with the wool.

Several other farmers joined in the discussion, and at the close the resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote.—*Country Gentleman*.

A New View.

The corn crop of the United States in 1889 was two thousand million bushels. This is the largest corn crop in the history of the United States. Put in cars of 400 bushels each, it would fill five million of them. Our readers can figure how many trains this would make, and how far they would reach if placed on a single track. If this corn could be sold at 30 cents per bushel, it would bring six hundred million dollars—a sum so immense that we cannot realize it in any sense at all. It would, if equally divided, give a ten dollar bill to every man, woman and child in the United States. It was the wonder of the world when Chicago raised \$5,000,000 for the world's fair and promised another \$5,000,000; but this amount would pay both these sums once each year for sixty years. It is equal to the entire capital and indebtedness of every form of the Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads.

We have emphasized all this in order to bring to the minds of our readers the greater figures that are represented by the drink bill of the United States. One-half more than the above sum is spent for liquor each year in this country. The money so spent would give fifteen dollars to every man, woman and child in the country. It would run a world's fair, with all its incidental expenses, every year ninety years—each year in a new city, where every building would have to be erected. It would buy, not only the railroads named above, and pay every dollar of their indebtedness, but would take in the Union Pacific, with all its extensions and branches. It would in nine years be enough to purchase every dollar of railroad stock, watered or not, in the United States, at par value; pay every dollar of bonded and floating indebtedness, and give the people the entire control of them.

Is it not time that this aspect of the liquor question is more considered by thinking men?—*Western Plowman*.

The Farmer's Son.

The grandest product of the farm is the boys and girls. In every avenue of life where thrift, capacity and energy are required, the man who pushes to the front is the son of a farmer. He has the intelligence; there is a sort of broad common sense running through his acts. He has a constitution that can endure labor. It is a notable fact that in the colleges of our country the best students are the boys from the farm. In the work shops, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, in the forum, in the pulpit—ninety-nine hundredths of the men who stand upon the summit were once boys on the farm. They went bare footed, had tanned cheeks, wore patched clothes and worked for their bread. Almost one-half the people in this country live in town. Where are town boys in the race of life? Fooling, brushing their hair and polishing their boots, while the rough country boy is plunging bare footed along the road to fame. With a book under one arm and a few extra clothes in his hand he passes the elegant home of the town boy and looks in upon ease and luxury almost for the first time. He may be called a tramp, and may be refused a crust of bread. One day he will return and buy that mortgage-covered house. Where did that boy get his noble purpose and unfaltering courage? They were born to him on the farm; they were woven into his life by early years of toil. The warp and woof of his life were threads of gold.—*Ex.*

A Prominent Patron on Paint.

INDIAN RIVER GRANGE No. 73, MILFORD, CONN., June 5th, 1890.

Mr. O. W. Ingersoll, Dear Sir:—Your Liquid Rubber Paint which I ordered last Fall gives entire satisfaction. Please send me the following order.

Fraternally Yours,
H. C. C. Miles, Sec'y.
[See Ad. Patrons' Paint Works.]

Misrepresentation.

A nurseryman complains that he originated a variety, and that tree peddlers are selling trees under the name which he adopted. He says that if new varieties can have no protection he proposes to cease propagating them. We think it would be difficult to conceive of more stringent laws than we have upon the subject. Everything that is worth anything is counterfeited. Our money is counterfeited, and the only thing we can do is to arrest and convict the counterfeiter. That is all we can do, too, with the man who steals the name of a variety of fruit and sells something that is worthless under it. If we are to stop growing or manufacturing everything that is pirated, we shall soon have nothing but the counterfeit. We should have to give up coining money. No, that is not the way to do. What is demanded of us is an effort to hunt down the rascals who injure both the honest nurseryman and the purchaser by false representations.

There are a lot of graceless scamps in the business of peddling trees who ought to be in the penitentiary. They never draw an honest breath, and there ought to be a concerted action to railroad them into State prison. But we must not forget that the people themselves are greatly to blame for the success of this disreputable crowd. The people permit themselves to be too easily deceived. An entire stranger comes into a community to sell trees. Nobody in the community knows him or ever heard of him, and, of course, nobody can tell what the tree is that he offers. He represents that he is selling this or that variety, and the word of this utter stranger is taken and a lot of trees ordered. It would be just as reasonable to cash a check for a man we never saw or heard of before. Men will buy trees of these fellows when there is a nursery on the next quarter section to them, and they buy because they think—upon what good grounds they cannot say they are getting something better, and are very liable to get something that is not near as good. There are reputable nurseries with reputable agents all over the country. If we are satisfied that a man is the agent of a reputable nursery it is safe enough to buy trees from him, for the concern itself is responsible. But do not buy of strangers who have nothing at all to recommend them except their word and their cheek.

Now if there is anybody who will not take that advice, and buy and get swindled, we will not say it is good enough for you, though, perhaps that would be very appropriate. But we will be charitable, and advise you to do all that you reasonably can do, to hunt up the swindler and have him punished. It is absurd to permit a lot of well-dressed and oily-tongued frauds to perambulate our farming districts, picking the pockets of our farmers. The immunity from punishment which the tree swindlers enjoy would suggest that honest men were wholly at the mercy of scoundrels. In a measure that seems to be so, but it is not absolutely so.—*Western Rural*.

At a session of Newaygo County Pomona Grange, No. 11, held at Hesperia, June 4 and 5, 1890, the following preamble and resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, The present method of electing the senate of the United States is not in keeping with our republican form of government, and tends toward a system of bribery and corruption, therefore be it

Resolved, That the constitution of the United States should be so amended that the members of the senate shall be elected by direct vote of the people.

WM. W. CARTER, Sec.

It is a great thing for any one to fill his place in the world. It matters less where one's place is than that it be filled wherever it is. The lowest place well filled is more creditable to him who occupies it than would be the highest poorly filled. And, indeed, no place in the world can be so high or good as the place to which God assigns one.—*Advocate*.

Do One Thing Well.

It is interesting to watch birds of different varieties seeking their food. They get their supply from many different objects. The skill they display in finding what they want is what distinguishes them. One feeds on ants and larvæ that inhabit tree trunks, hence hops up and down the oak or elm, thrusting his bill into every crevice, and from the closest cranny pulling out its victim.

Another prefers small worms and insects living on the foliage, hence visits every leaf, looking at both its upper and lower surfaces to find its game.

A third gets its supply from the earth. It hops along the sod, waits and watches, jumps eagerly at a bug or worm, and if necessary bores with its tail into the ground to explore the hidden haunts of what it seeks.

A fourth sits on the fence quietly gazing about, then suddenly darts this way and that, snapping up gnat, fly or beetle, that sails by in the sunlight.

And other varieties, according to their instincts or education, follow their own way, each and all of them seeming to have remarkable skill in their own line, so that they rarely fail to get what they seek. They illustrate what is true among men as well as birds. Their success is due to skill in the line they pursue. It is not only work that tells, but skilled work; and this is the result of following a bent, or perhaps only a choice, but of so following it as to get as much as possible out of it. It should be the aim of all, and especially of the young, to fit themselves for doing some one thing well, and then to pursue it with interest and assiduity. Many a one fails in the important matter of bread-winning, not solely because he is lacking in industry, but because of a failure in perseverance and enthusiasm.—*United Presbyterian*.

Wake Up and Close the Gap.

Patrons who have in contemplation the organization of new Granges should now wake up and get to work without any ceremony or waste of time. No doubt the Grange is the best farmers' organization extant. It has lived to pass the rocks, snags and quicksands that beset every new society. It is probably stronger and healthier to-day than at any other period of its existence, all things considered. But it is not everywhere as active as in its palmy days. Neither is it as fully organized. There are too many open spaces that need filling before its greatest power and best results can be realized.

Brother, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to go to sleep and let others come in and plant new and untried experiments? There is no time to lose for such Granges and Patrons as are contemplating organization or reorganization of Granges in this and neighboring jurisdictions! If you do not work soon, you will lose your chance, and a glorious one at that. Your duty, your welfare, and that of your neighbor's depend upon action. We have no quarrel to make with other farming societies. We have no time to lose in combating with such, but we know that our organization, all in all, is not surpassed. It is as broad, liberal and progressive as will stand the breakers and sail securely and steadily onward. It is cheap enough for safety; it is good enough for all time.

Let every brother and sister wake up to the work and close the gap and make one united, strong and durable organization. This is not idle talk, Patrons. There is work before you. Will you attend to it in season?—*Pacific Rural Press*.

At a session of Newaygo County Pomona Grange, No. 11, held at Hesperia, June 4th and 5th, 1890, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of congress to immediately provide for the adoption of the financial measures recommended in the supplementary report of the executive committee of the Michigan State Grange.

WM. W. CARTER, Sec.

The Necessary Newspaper.

Women, I must concede, are much smarter than men in some things. I have a friend—a widow, with three children to support. She is very poor, but a brave determined soul. She said to me a few years ago: I am retrenching in every possible way to save money enough to buy my winter's fuel. "In every possible way?" reiterated I. How can you say this when I see that you have subscribed for two newspapers and one magazine, costing \$5 at the least?" I spoke sternly, for I was not so wise then as now, and she burst into tears. "Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, "do you think this extravagance? Let me tell you how I manage. Finding that I could not drink tea and coffee and keep my beloved newspapers and my magazine, I quit using both, for I cannot starve my soul to feed my body on useless luxuries. Now that I drink only water, my health is better, my nerves stronger—and I always used more than \$5 worth of these luxuries each year—so you see I am saving money, after all, besides keeping my mind from utter stagnation and not becoming that thing I most abhor, a body without a soul, for, do you know, I often think that ignorance is a sort of soul death. Uncle John, I will wear old clothes, live on bread and water if need be, but my mind shall not starve." I called her a foolish woman, but when I took leave I felt "mighty" small myself, I can tell you, and I began to look on good newspapers and magazines as necessities, and not, as heretofore, mere luxuries.—*Coleman's Rural World*.

Literary Note.

The July number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* departs from its usual make-up and devotes itself largely to fiction, travel and sports. A new southern writer, Robert Yulee Toombs, of Georgia, comes to the front with one of the most spirited sketches of southern life yet published. Julian Hawthorne presents a curious study of the Boston girl, asking of her in his title-page "Was It Typical?" Eleanor Sherman Thackara, a daughter of Gen. W. T. Sherman, appears for the first time in the literary world in a discussion of Three Great Philadelphia Training Schools; and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor considers the constitution of American Society in an interesting way. Trout Fishing in Lake Edward, and the actual experience of "Training a Grizzly" will interest the hunter who proposes to roam the mountain-ridges during the summer. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, one of the most distinguished graduates of the Military Academy, and the author of "Passe Rose," which received last year such favorable criticism in all English speaking countries, will start this month for Japan with the intention of preparing for *The Cosmopolitan*, some article on the military forces of that country, to be completely illustrated by photographs and sketches.

It is said that 610 inches of rain fell in one year at Cherrapongee, tropical Asia. 254 inches of rainfall has been recorded in one year at Mahabuleshwer, in the western Ghats of India. At Vera Cruz, Mexico, 278 inches of rain has fallen. In Matoula Guadeloupe, West Indies, 292 inches has fallen. At San Louis de Marrham, Brazil, 280 inches have been recorded. At Sierre Leone, tropical Africa, 312 inches have been noted. The annual rainfall in the British Islands, among the mountains, is 41 inches; on the plains, 25 inches; 45 inches of rain falls on the west side of England, 27 on the east side; 82 inches of rain falls on parts of the west side of the Scandinavian mountains, and only 21 inches at Stockholm, on the east side. The amount of rain fall at Boston is 39 inches; Hanover, N. H., 38 inches; New York, 36 inches.

He possesses dominion over himself and is happy, who can every day say, "I have lived." To-morrow the Heavenly Father may either invade the world in dark clouds or cheer it with sunshine. He will not, however, render ineffectual the things which have already taken place.

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For the Visitor.

Charter Members.

Many of our leaders are growing gray
Many long years they've walked in the way.
By and by, after they falter and fall,
Somebody younger must answer the call.
When their cold forms the earth shall embrace,
Somebody else must walk in their place.
Somebody must water what they have sown
If Husbandmen ever receive their own.

From the Gates of the Grange they're passing away,
They drop in harness and die by the way;
They're leaving the work they planned undone,
But others will finish what they begun.
We know that brave hearts will answer the call,
And take up the burdens which they let fall,
That the field of thought will be plowed and sown
Till Husbandmen once more receive their own.

The night has been long and the pathway drear,
But they have marched onward from year to year.
Then give them due honor, each one and all,
And fill up the ranks as fast as they fall;
Stop only to drop o'er the brave a tear,
Press onward, look upward, daytime is near.
Lo! white unto harvest the fields they've sown,
Waiting for the reapers to garner their own.

Throughout this wide land, the home of the free,
We number a host, like the sands of the sea.
The circle is widening—hands firmly clasped,
And victory will rest on our banner at last.
Take courage, go forward, never repine,
Put on the armor and fall into line,
And we'll envy no king or tyrant a throne
When Matron and Husbandman gather their own.

Many true patrons have passed away,
And voices heard often are silent to-day.
They heed not the reapers, evening or morn,
They hear not the rustling of waving corn;
But their requiem is chanted by winds and waves,
And the angel of justice watches their graves.
They've gone forward to reap as they have sown,
The great Grange Master has garnered his own.
HESPERIA, Mich. Mrs. M. W. Scott.

Booming Batavia Grange.

For the Visitor.

One September morning I made my way to Richard Dumond's. I had seen Betsy the day before, and we had arranged to make Mrs. Bowers a visit. I had also sent word to Mrs. Bowers that we were coming. As Betsy was quite a pedestrian, and the distance inconsiderable, we concluded to make our way on foot. When I arrived at Mr. Dumond's I found Betsy and little Bessie, her niece, waiting for me. But my thoughts had taken quite a different turn. The belief was creeping involuntarily upon me that I had made a mistake. I had expected that Mrs. Bowers would make an effort to have Mr. Freeman make her a visit at the same time. Grave doubts began to arise in my mind as to the propriety of arranging such a meeting as the first step toward the accomplishment of our object. The more I thought about it the more I was convinced I was wrong. Why had I not approached Betsy on the subject and given her my views? She certainly would not object to plain talk when we were alone, knowing it would go no farther. Betsy was fast losing her proud position in society, and I was quite certain that she felt very sensitive about it. She was being looked upon by many as simply an annex to her brother Richard's family—a position I knew to be very far beneath her aspirations. Now, what if I had said to her, privately and alone, that she had not half the influence she would have, united to the man of her choice; that Mr. Freeman was her equal in every particular; that the influence of both would be doubled by marriage; that he needed only to know she would accept him to renew his proposals.

Such thoughts would come into my mind unbidden, and I wished we were away in some secluded spot, and not on the way to meet Mrs. Bowers and Mr. Freeman. I feared that Mrs. Bowers' impulsiveness, together with Mr. Freeman's presence, would be quite too much for her sensitive nature. I could see no chance to retrace or change my position. My only hope now was that Mr. Freeman would not come.

Mrs. Bowers gave us a hearty reception as we arrived, and appeared to be in the best of spirits. After we were comfortably seated in the parlor she left the room on some errand, and I excused myself and followed her.

"I tell you," said she, "I had a time with Mr. Bowers. He was determined to have nothing to do with the affair. I urged him with all my power, and it was only at the last minute that I could get him to help me in the least. All

I asked of him was to get Mr. Freeman here, but he was bound not to do even that much. He said it would do no good; that they had lived single now the best part of their lives, and that they might as well keep on in the way they had commenced. He said there never would be any unity between them; that each would stand guard, fearing the other would get a dollar of their property; that the privilege of spending their old age together would not pay them for such trouble. But I finally prevailed on him by telling him that you and I were doing a work of charity; that Howard's and Betsy's well known love for children would naturally lead them to pick up some of the dependent children around the country and make a home for them and educate them. I told him they had better spend part of their property in that way than to leave it all for their neices and nephews to quarrel over. This last argument beat him, and he went off with a broad smile on his face, saying that we would break up all the orphan asylums in the country if we could have our own way.

I could not help smiling at Mrs. Bowers' argument, although my spirits were depressed by the mistake I had made. After recovering my position and attempting to appear serious again, I said: "I fear we are urging this matter too fast. Betsy is sensitive and so is Howard, and more likely than not we shall not keep him here an hour. They will mistrust that we have had an understanding about this matter, and then our influence will be at an end. Now, if one of us had talked with her quietly and privately; called her attention to what she was losing by not uniting with a man who is in every sense her equal, then we could have resorted to such a meeting as we are contemplating to-day, after a milder course had failed."

Mrs. Bowers could not agree with me; she thought my first plan the best. She thought we must bring them together in a way that they could not fail to understand what we mean.

"It is quite likely," said she, "that Mr. Freeman will renew his suit if he can be convinced that he will not be rejected. I have had a better opinion of him since I conversed with you. I have some hope of him, for he has made an attempt. The result of that attempt was enough to take the spirit out of any man. He probably deserved all the punishment Betsy intended for him, but in her ignorance of the world she did not understand the far-reaching effects of such reports. Such a man as Betsy aspired to win is very sensitive about such reports."

The rumbling of wheels and the tramping of horses announced the arrival of Mr. Bowers and Mr. Freeman. I hastened back to the parlor and saw by the slight flush on Betsy's face that I was relieved of the embarrassing duty of informing her that Mr. Freeman was in the yard. Mrs. Bowers greeted him at the kitchen door as he came in from the barn. Leading the way into the dining room, she said: "Please be seated here where I can talk with you while I am preparing dinner."

Now, Mr. Freeman was a man of ideas and he was not afraid to express them, and Betsy and myself were treated to an interesting conversation planned, as I believe, by Mrs. Bowers for our benefit. The passing back and forth to and from the kitchen necessitated a conversation in rather loud tones, so we got the full benefit of Mr. Freeman's ideas.

"I met Mr. Bowers out here," said he, "and he insisted on my coming home with him. I did not feel as though I could come, but he urged so hard that I concluded there must be some important business on hand, so I came along."

"Now," thought I, "he has given us all away."

My face was partly turned from Betsy, but I knew she was looking at me. I kept busily at work without daring to raise my eyes. Mrs. Bowers quickly turned the conversation and spoke about the Grange. She struck the right topic that time. Mr. Freeman was all wrapped up in the Grange movement.

"I have always favored the Grange," said he. "I joined it at the first opportunity when I understood that it was to be composed of farmers and their friends—that satisfied me. I did not care to wait to see what it was going to amount to, but I took hold of it with a determination of making it amount to something. The Grange will be just what we make of it, and if it amounts to nothing it will be our own fault."

Thus Mrs. Bowers led him along from one topic to another until dinner was announced. As Betsy and myself made our appearance from the parlor there was a sudden break in the conversation. A slight recognition followed. All seemed to realize the awkwardness of the situation except Mrs. Bowers. I pitied Mr. Bowers, and I could plainly read in his looks words like these:

"You will never get me into such foolishness again."

I said to Mr. Freeman: "We were very much interested in your opinion of the Grange."

"I did not know that I was talking to an audience," was his reply.

Mrs. Bowers kept up the conversation by engaging us all by turns.

As we retired to the parlor Mr. Freeman picked up little Bessie and began a conversation with her. He now found somebody who had lots of information and was not afraid to impart it. She knew all about the chickens, the pigs, the ponies, the neighbors, her sisters and her brother. "But I haven't got any little cousins," said she. "I am awful sorry; aren't you? Aren't you?" she repeated, with increasing emphasis. Finally, to increase her childish inquisitiveness, he admitted he was sorry. My fears were now to be realized. Giving an uneasy turn in his chair, he said:

"Well, I shall have to be going."

All except Mrs. Barrows were too badly embarrassed to make an effort to retain him, and she used her powers of persuasion to the fullest extent, but without avail. He said his hired man and wife had gone to town, and that his mother was alone and did not know where he had gone.

I had long had faith in Mrs. Bowers' tact to meet an emergency, but she was no match for a man who could make such an excuse. He and Mr. Bowers left the room and silence prevailed, as nobody seemed to have anything to say.

Mr. Freeman was now passing along through the yard and approaching the highway. Suddenly throwing open the door, Mrs. Bowers called out:

"Mr. Freeman! Betsy would like to ride home with you."

Betsy sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "I'll not go! I'll not go a step!"

"Yes you will go," said Mrs. Bowers, "so put on your things; he's waiting for you."

"Oh, I see!" said Betsy, "you would like to get rid of me!"

"We would like to get rid of you," replied Mrs. Bowers, "and there are a dozen more we would like to get rid of in the same way. We want to get you married off to the bachelors."

During the excited conversation the belief came over me like a flash that Betsy, notwithstanding her protestations, was pleased with Mrs. Bowers' action. C. A. V.

[To be Continued.]

At a session of Newaygo County Pomona Grange, No. 11, held at Hesperia, June 4th and 5th, 1890, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Hon. Cyrus G. Luce needs no higher recommendation to the people of Michigan as a candidate for the office of Senator in the congress of the United States than the able and careful manner in which he has familiarized himself with the wants and details of the administrative elements of the state, as well as the penal, reformatory, charitable and educational institutions; that we recommend his election, not only to the farmers of the state, but to all who believe in the enactment of wise and just laws in the interest of labor; and we ask all, irrespective of party politics, to use their influence with senators and representatives in the state legislatures, to aid us in placing a staunch supporter of the industrial interests of the state in the American congress.

WM. W. CARTER, Sec.

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Shipping Wool.

There seems to be a revival of interest in shipping wool this season, due largely, no doubt, to the zeal of the new farmers' organizations to do something for themselves in the way of marketing their products, without the intervention of the middle-man. This spirit is quite commendable, but the editor of the VISITOR, and many members of our order, have had an experience in that direction that might be valuable to those who are now, for the first time, attempting to do the business for themselves. Ten years ago, and back of that, the opportunities for making a little money on personal shipments were better than they are now. There has been a tendency to do business on a large scale, in car lots, at considerable less expense, and the individual shipments are desired only as adding a little to the amount handled, but the cost of handling such lots is largely increased. It will not pay the average farmer now to ship his wool, and still less for those whose wool is a little off quality. The wool graders in the large markets handle wool with a discriminating expertness born of long practice, and woe to the lot that comes to their hands in bad condition. It will all go to the "unmerchantable" pile, and the owner, really unconscious of its quality, will feel wronged and cheated, and doubtless call the commission man a thief and other bad appellations when his account of sales at last arrives.

Reports come of a large meeting of the P. of I. in the eastern part of Kent county, called to consider the advisability of shipping wool. The report says that offers are made to sell the wool at one per cent. and to sack and handle it at the place of shipment at one per cent. This is doubtless an error. No commission house will grade and sell for less than five per cent., and most houses ask two cents per lb. The offer is probably one cent per lb. in stead of one per cent. in each case, which is no better than any individual can do by shipping on his own account. The writer has shipped to Boston and to Troy, N. Y., repeatedly, and believes he can do as well now, all things considered, to sell in the home market as to ship the wool. If wool is long staple, bright and well grown—that is, if the condition of the animal has been good from shearing to shearing, then it will pay to ship the wool; but if the flock has run down, from short pasture or any other cause, there will be a breaking point in that portion of the wool, which the grader will detect at once and

throw it into a lower grade, and the owner must take that grade price, whatever it is.

Another objection to personal shipments is the fact that the bad custom prevails of selling wool on 90 days' time, and if the owner needs the money he must pay interest on the advance, and let the manufacturer have the use of his product for nothing for the time. A part of the wool may be sold on arrival, and another grade may not be sold in two or three months. The last lot goes on the three months' credit system, so the account of sales must await this last period before it is made up and forwarded.

As was said at the beginning of this article, the heavy dealer has the advantage of low rates all around. Banks carry his paper at a small per cent., and he chances the winter market to help him out by an advance at that time. Wool buying is a speculation which the farmer cannot and ought not to expect to succeed in. It is not intended, indeed, that he should. Business is not built that way. Whether wisely or unwisely, justly or unjustly, the fact remains, and the farmers who go into this scheme of shipping wool will surely be plucked of a part of their product. The compensation may come through the experience of the trial, but the VISITOR hopes that none of its readers will venture on the experiment.

"The Farmer and the Miller."

On another page will be found a reply to a paper under the above heading, published in a recent number of the VISITOR, which gives the miller's side of the question. Exceptions are taken regarding the amount of flour which the writer of the previous article stated could be produced from a bushel of wheat by the roller process. The figures were obtained from the foreman of one of the best flouring mills in Western Michigan. It is only a disagreement which often occurs among doctors. Our Indiana correspondent makes a fresh statement when he assures us that the old stone mills could get more flour from a bushel of wheat than by the roller process, but farmers all know that the bran and bi-products from roller mills are dusted clean from flour, and will have their opinion that it runs out somewhere in a product that sells for more in the market than ship stuff or bran.

This miller helps A. C. G. out in his figures in that elastic way millers have of charging for flour by the 100 lbs. and then giving but 98 lbs., or 196 lbs. for a barrel.

At the time the paper was read before the Institute, flour was selling on the streets of Hartford, Mich., at \$2.00 per 100 lbs. and wheat was bringing 73 cents. The figures in the paper were based upon these two facts, and are correct upon that basis. We suppose the small profit of 5 to 6 per cent on the capital invested in mills induces millers to save this two per cent, which comes in by weighing out only 49 lbs. to the 50 lb. sack. What was said about "reaching over into farmers' sacks" applies in this case to other people as well. This we suppose will be excused on the principle of "time-honored custom," and not that it is necessary to eke out the small percent of profit now realized by the owners of flouring mills by such a questionable practice.

The tables of figures quoted by our correspondent have nothing to do with the question at issue between the farmer and the mill-

er. Home market figures were quoted—not speculative ones. Flour is retailing at this writing for \$2.60 per 100 lbs.—a 50-lb. sack for \$1.30 which weighs 49 lbs., sack and all. This looks like more than a 5 to 6 per cent. profit on 80 cent wheat.

"Live Within Your Means."

One of the antidotes for the relief of farmers who feel the pinch of poverty for the first time, is quoted above. This advice usually comes from those who have a regular stated income, of such dimensions that all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life can be had, and still leave an unexpended balance to add to their already ample estate. They say farmers have got into the bad habit of living too well; that they buy carriages and musical instruments, sit in the body pews at church, and dress too well. The list is frequently extended to include farming implements and new buildings. The idea is clearly defined that farmers have no right to keep step in the march of progress—that the advance in civilization is intended for a favored few who shall arrogate to themselves all the benefits that may arise from the world's progress. This estimate of the condition of affairs assumes that the times are all right, but that farmers, instead of grumbling, should ride in the farm wagon, be satisfied with the old accordion or flute for their boys and girls to practice music with; that they should dress in homespun and home-made clothes, and attend "meeting" in the school house. They must also compete with other countries in the production of grain by using the tools their fathers used and practice the methods they employed.

What right has any one to assume that other pursuits should be favored and enjoy the benefits of the world's progress, or have a better show for acquiring a fair share of distributed wealth than the farmer? The doctrine enunciated by so many would build up caste and erect a division in society, separated by a wall of wealth beyond which the farmer could not hope to enter. There is no pursuit around which the compelling force of circumstances has built such a barrier as about the business of farming. The price of all his products is arbitrarily fixed by another line of business. However imbued with energy, or fertile in expedients, they avail nothing as against the inexorable price. He cannot say, "I will stock up this year with 1,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels each of corn and oats, sell the wheat at a dollar and feed the grain to stock at a fixed profit on their sale when mature." The elements on the one side, and the limitations under which he is compelled to dispose of his products on the other, hampers all his endeavors. "Live within your means" would be a trite axiom if the "means" were more ample or could be multiplied by his efforts. Under existing circumstances it is more an insult than a suggestion. Who shall say that the farmer should not live as other men live; educate his children as well; surround himself with home comforts, and enter into the pleasures of life like other people? This is his prerogative and ought to be his privilege. If the business of farming, when well managed, will not permit the usual expenditures which custom and society demands, then there is something wrong that ought to be regulated, and that speedily.

The next two weeks will be busy ones with farmers, securing

the wheat crop. All the precautions should be taken to secure it in good order. We republish the article from the last July VISITOR, written by Prof. Davenport, of our agricultural college, entitled "A New Way of Shocking Grain," which we commend for trial in this year's harvest. A very fine quality of grain is now maturing, and we should spare no pains to insure a No. 1 grade of Michigan wheat for market. Cut the crop early; cap the shocks to keep the sun and possible rain off the grain, and rush it to cover as fast as possible. Better cut wheat two days early than be two days late. Try the first extreme this season and you will never be late again. The wheat is brighter, heavier, and makes better flour; the straw is 50 per cent. better to feed, and you may get the wheat in the barn just before a series of rain storms. Nature favors those who are a little ahead, rather than the rear column.

Important Resolutions.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the June meeting of Calhoun County Grange:

WHEREAS, Agriculture is paramount to all the industries in this country, and the basis of our material state and individual prosperity; and

WHEREAS, We believe the present depressed condition of agriculture is largely due to legislation adverse to our interests and the lack of that fostering care which is accorded to it even by the most despotic governments of Europe; and

WHEREAS, Our class has been practically denied representation in congress and in our state legislature; and

WHEREAS, Our petitions and remonstrances have been unheeded by those whom our ballots have placed in power; therefore,

Resolved, By Calhoun County Grange, that the Master appoint members of this Grange to attend the congressional, senatorial and district legislative nominating conventions of each of the political parties, whose duty it shall be to endeavor to secure by all honorable means the nomination for these positions of men who are allied to, and who will stand unflinchingly by our agricultural and industrial interests.

Resolved, That our duty to ourselves, our families, our country and mankind, prompts us to use our best endeavors to make these efforts successful.

Resolved, That we most cordially invite each subordinate Grange, each association of P. of I., Farmers' Alliance, Farmers' Clubs, and all other labor organizations, to unite with us in sending delegates to these conventions and in securing the success of these principles.

MARY A. MAYO, Sec'y.

The Same Here.

The prevailing method of securing much-desired legislation has for years been an open secret. Any class, individual or corporation desiring to get a contested measure through the legislature, first attempts to secure the nomination of favorably-disposed persons by working up a public sentiment favorable to them through hired "drummers," paid newspaper communications, etc.—the source of the movement being carefully hidden.

As soon as the nominations are made, time and money are expended to elect such candidates as are known to be all right. The methods employed are similar to those used in securing the nominations, although the dear public does not understand that the donations to campaign funds, the time of political "hustlers," or the newspaper arguments, may be inspired by the East End water gas consolidation, or some other influence of a corporate or class nature. After the election, the same influences are used to secure friendly presiding officers and a favorable committee! Finally, the work becomes more open and the lobbyists through the state house to interview the

law-makers, explaining the merits of the case, to make a favorable appearance for the project, and to surround the legislators with an atmosphere favorable to the scheme; carriage rides, junketings, cigars and dinners are needed to clinch the force of the arguments and explanations, especially if matters at a distance from the state house need to be shown up.

All these things are carried to a greater or less extent, according to the purse of the concern desiring favorable legislation in its behalf and the magnitude of the issues involved. And, though thousands of dollars are expended in this way, it would be almost impossible to find any case of actual and direct bribery.—Grange Homes.

AG'L COLLEGE, June 23. ED. VISITOR:

At the regular monthly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, June 13, Mrs. Perry Mayo delivered a very interesting address before a large audience. During the half hour that she spoke she had the undivided attention of all.

Faculty and students unite in a most cordial invitation for Mrs. Mayo to come again.

COLLEGE COR.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

Every story, article and poem in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for July has an out door flavor, and a better magazine for summer reading has never been prepared for women. A beautifully illustrated article "A Day with Ida Lewis," the Grace Darling of America, is the first authentic description ever published of the home life of the famous heroine who lives alone in Lime Rock Light-House, and has saved so many lives. It is a fascinating article and is followed by one on "Amateur Photography for Girls," which every girl who has or intends getting a camera should read. Mary T. Holmes gives a lovely "Moonlight View of Naples," while Dr. William A. Hammond, the noted physician, furnishes a most practical and timely article on "Hints for Summer Tourists." Anne Sheldon Coombes has a dainty story of Sunny Italy, beautifully telling of "An Untold Love," while Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Kate Upson Clark and Maud Howe each furnish parts of their novels. A bright Vassar Girl tells of "Girl's life at College"; Dr. Talmage writes of summer pleasures and dangers; Edward W. Bok gives some "Helps To Literary Success"; The Dutchess tells how she wrote her first novel; Mrs. Mallon has five pages of the most practical styles in woman's dress, and then follow a dozen more large pages each replete with something entertaining, useful or helpful for women. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is only one Dollar a year, and is published, at 433-435 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

The Atlantic Monthly for July

Will contain the following: Felicia—I, III; Fanny N. D. Murfree, Richard Henry Lee; Frank Gaylord Cook, Wendell Phillips; W. P. Stafford, Science and the African Problem; N. S. Shaler, Sidney—XX, to XXII; Margaret Deland. In a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne; James Russell Lowell, The Status of Athletics in American Colleges; A. Bushnell Hart, The Town Poor; Sarah O. Jewett, Odysseus and Nausicaa; Wm. Cranston Lawton, Over the Teacups—VIII; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Fire-Horses; H. C. Merwin, The Language of the Recent Norwegian Writers; Wm. H. Carpenter, A Vesuvian Episode; Wm. C. Langdon, etc., etc.

"Raising the School House Flag"

Is the title of a full-page illustrated poem by Hezekiah Butterworth in the 4th of July (double number) of the *Youth's Companion*. This noble poem expresses the sentiments of the many thousands of schoolboys and girls who have been working for a Flag to be raised over their own schoolhouses. The name of the school in each state, and that of the successful writer of the essay which won the Flag recently offered by the *Youth's Companion*, are given in this number.

Communications.

CORVALLIS, Ore., June 3.
ED. VISITOR:

Mrs. French and myself had the pleasure of attending a part of the Oregon State Grange, which met at Salem Grange hall, in the city of Salem, May 27-29. Thinking that the readers of the VISITOR might be interested in the work of the Order in this far away state, I inclose a brief sketch of our trip and the workings of the meeting.

The city of Salem, with its state house and fine court house, made us think of our capital city, Lansing. It seems to have an enterprising spirit, which is not so apparent in many of the towns in this valley. The streets are neat and tidy and there are many fine residences and business blocks. As we passed along the street we saw plenty of fruit and vegetables on every hand. Strawberries were selling five boxes for 25 cents, home grown.

We attended the meetings two days and evenings, forming many pleasant acquaintances and coming in contact with the truly warm hearted people of the west. The meeting was marked during each of its sessions by a display of as bright, sharp intellect as I ever saw in a meeting of the kind, or I might say in a meeting of any kind.

Bros. Cressey, McConnell and Dewey, of California, were present, bringing with them the native push and vim of the Californian. At an open session on the evening of the 28th, Bro. Cressey made a very pithy speech setting forth the workings of the Farmers' Bank of California, a Grange institution. He showed that with a capital of a few hundred thousand dollars they had been able to loan over a million to the farmers of the state at a low rate of interest, thus enabling them to carry their wheat until a better market should prevail. Bro. C. also made some very sensible remarks as regards politics in the Grange. He believed as all true Patrons do, that partisan politics should be excluded.

After a very able discussion upon "the free coinage of silver" and its effect on the farmers' interests Bro. Cressey gave Bro. McConnell the floor. Bro. McC. has made a success at sheep farming, at present owning over 15,000 head. He is the farmers' friend in every sense of the word, and can give good advice to men engaged in any industrial occupation. Bro. Dewey, Sec. California State Grange, Worthy Master Hayes, and Bro. Boise, of Oregon, made some interesting and very instructive remarks. This session closed at a late hour and all retired feeling that the evening had been spent pleasantly and profitably.

At each of the sessions many resolutions were introduced touching the questions which were of vital importance to the farmer, both political and social. A resolution very important to the educational interests was one which would require the school laws to be so modified as to demand six months school instead of three during the year.

Worthy Master Hayes recommended that Patrons look after the political interests of the farmer carefully. Headmishened members to demand of political candidates their views upon the questions which touched the farmers' interest, and if they would not pledge themselves to work for the farmers' interest as well as for other classes, drop them from the ticket and take the man who would pledge himself to such support. The Patrons of Oregon are wide awake to their interests and stand ready to demand, in a legitimate way, to be recognized among the industrial and producing classes of the country.

During the past year, through the efforts of the Oregon State Lecturer, a State Grange has been organized in Washington. Worthy Master Russell was present, bringing a very encouraging report from this new and enterprising state.

At the election of officers on Wednesday afternoon Worthy Master Hayes was re-elected, also Overseer Vorhees. Bro. Holder of eastern Oregon was elected Lecturer in place of Bro. Simp-

son. The Lecturer's task in Oregon is quite different from that of the Lecturer in Michigan. Here there are no railroads over a large portion of the state, and the country is mountainous, permitting only the horseback rider to pass. In going from one settlement to another many miles are traversed without passing a single house or abode of any kind. Upon such occasions blankets and provisions are packed on horseback.

On Thursday morning we took the steamboat at an early hour expecting a pleasant ride up the Willamette river to Corvallis. In this we were not disappointed, although more time was consumed than we expected, owing to shipping a cargo of wheat at one of the warehouses on the river. The banks of this stream, which we learned to trace in our geographies, are lined with timber, mostly second growth balm or cottonwood, ash and maple, with a few fir trees here and there. The water is clear and cool at this season when the snow is melting in the mountains. Upon arriving at Corvallis we found our horse and carriage waiting to take us to the farm, which we reached safely, feeling that the two days' trip to the Oregon State Grange meeting was pleasant indeed.

H. T. FRENCH.

GRATTAN, June 22.

ED. VISITOR:

We want to make mention of our Children's day, which was held on the 13th inst. Some four weeks prior to this our Grange sent invitations to six or seven schools of our town to meet with us for that occasion. The patrons of the schools were also invited to come and bring their lunch with them. You see we gave the teachers plenty of time to drill the children and the patrons time to think of what good things they could bring on that eventful day.

At an early hour the Grange met to put things in order and set tables. In due time the children, teachers, patrons and lunch baskets began pouring in, but we were ready for them. Our Marshal escorted them to the church near by, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. The rostrum was a perfect bower—just the place for children's exercises. This reception was prepared mostly by the children and teachers of Grattan Union School. The exercises commenced about 10:30 o'clock. There were five schools represented, but there was only time for one to go through with its exercises before dinner was announced. The Marshal, aided by the teachers, arranged the several schools in proper order and marched them to the hall for dinner, where 114 sat down at first table. After these were served there were some 30 or 40 more children patiently waiting. Dishes must be washed and the tables reset. This done, the tables were quickly filled with hungry children and grown people. After their appetites were appeased there were more dishes to wash and more tables to reset. This was quickly accomplished, for we had plenty of help now—almost everybody seeming to be anxious to assist. We ate our dinner as quickly as possible, for the children had already reassembled at the church for their exercises. Fully 300 partook of dinner and there were many basketsful left. Lemonade was the dinner drink—a veritable treat for the children.

We were all once more the ready listeners to the children. Each school was called in order as per program—each school being under the charge of its own teacher, and all going through their allotted parts in a splendid manner. The teachers are proud of the children, the children are proud of their teachers and the patrons of the schools are proud of both teachers and scholars.

At a little after four o'clock the exercises were finished, which closed another very successful Children's day.

Yours truly,
AUNT JANE.

SHERIDAN, June 21.

ED. VISITOR:

The Woman's Work committee of Crystal Grange are active, do-

ing with a will what their hands find to do. They have arranged for a series of afternoon socials to be held at the homes of the sisters. We have arranged for a number of silver medal contests. One was held at Crystal Grange hall June 10, and was a grand success. Although the competitors were all quite young, they entered into the spirit of the occasion with a zeal that would have done credit to older heads, and they won the approbation of all present. The medal was awarded to Daisy Durbin, a miss of 13, who recited the Martyred Mother with much force and feeling. Another contest will probably be held July 4th, at Crystal Lake, in connection with a temperance picnic.

MRS. A. B. BROWN.

Onsted Grange Alive and Well.

If from long silence the readers of the VISITOR have assumed that Onsted Grange No. 279 has dwindled into obsolescence, we would like to convince them of their delusion. "By their works ye shall know them" may account for our reticence.

We hope none will impute to us vaunting or vainglory when we say that we have a membership of over fifty good and true Patrons, ready to respond to any duty that may be imposed upon them to promote the interests of the Order; and no more perfect unity and harmony of spirit exists than within the gates of Onsted Grange, to which the undersigned, as Lecturer, can attest. Our meetings are regularly held, as directed by the ritual, and a literary program is the prominent feature of each.

Through the past winter our meetings were enlivened by a spirited literary contest, which was the means of adding to our number many who might not otherwise have been induced to join, and while some, from infirmities of years, have retired from active service, younger ones have more than filled the vacancy.

On Saturday, June 14th, there was much activity at Grange hall, as notice had been given that Children's day would be observed. Many dined at home before coming, but over 160 partook of the noonday meal in the hall basement, and as many more could have been satisfied without exhausting the culinary store. A general notice had been given for the little ones to come prepared to speak or sing, and the program was not made up until the ingathering was complete. Soon over fifty names were recorded in response to the call, when it became hazardous to ask the tiny orators, for fear of an affirmative nod, and the program thus become too lengthy.

Considering the absence of any previous drill or rehearsal, the exercises surpassed all expectation, and we must boast, and conscientiously too, of having "the smartest lot of young'uns in the county."

The hall was packed like a sardine box and the mercury tipped into the nineties, yet the audience was patient and attentive to the end and dispersed with repeated laudations for our little ones.

Onsted, June 23, 1890.
MARSHALL REED, Lect'r.

Rollin Grange No. 383.

Having unfortunately been appointed one of a committee on press work for our Grange, it seems to devolve upon me to report our proceedings. Rollin Grange No. 383 was organized some fifteen years ago, but having no convenient place for holding meetings, and other difficulties arising, the Grange movement was abandoned, although the charter and other things were retained. One year ago last March Bro. Woodman, State Lecturer, came to our town, lectured to our people, and organized a Grange under the old charter with 36 members. About thirteen months have passed, our Grange now numbers between 60 and 70, and it has been a gradual and healthy growth. I should be unable to delineate the pleasures and benefits which have been derived from these semi-monthly meetings. Our County Grange met with us last August, Mrs. Perry Mayo being the speaker of the occasion. She gave much

sound reasoning and many conclusive arguments to show that the Grange is a great educator and avenue on the highway of progress. Later we have held discussions, contests and other entertainments, as circumstances called forth. Thursday evening, June 19, we held an ice cream social, only the members and their families being present. It was held in Brother Babcock's grove, and all pronounced it a pleasurable success.

Although our Grange has never before been reported, we read the VISITOR and with interest watch the progress of other Granges.
D. P. HUGHES.

The Apple Crop.

With real sorrow we begin to hear reports of another failure of the apple crop, in this section. The very frequent rains during the blossoming of the trees excited apprehension but we had begun to hope that during the intervals between rains the ovaries had become pollinated, for reports began to appear in our dailies that the fruit was setting quite abundantly. Within a few days, however, we have heard very discouraging reports from the country, east of the city. Mr. C. M. Hooker, a very careful and intelligent observer informs us that apples in his vicinity (Brighton) have almost entirely fallen off; that the leaves, surrounding the embryo fruit appeared to rust and wither and the fruit withered and dropped. Mr. Warner, of Penfield, another intelligent observer makes similar reports from orchards in his vicinity.

Mr. Hooker entertains a theory that this rust, or blight, or whatever it may be called, is caused, primarily, by the pollen, falling upon the wet leaves, adhering, decaying and forming a kind of a seed-bed for the germination and growth of some kind of fungus germs, rust or blight. In 1886 the apple crop, here, failed in the same way and he thinks from a similar cause. He then promulgated this theory and it certainly seems plausible. We have long regarded it a great misfortune to have our fruit trees bloom in a rainy period. Whether pollen is mainly distributed by the wind or by bees, or other insects, fair weather appears to be necessary for its successful accomplishment. It is quite reasonable to suppose that if pollen is kept soaked with water long after its maturity, it will be likely to lose its vitality.

Thinning Early of Fruit Essential.

The horticulturist of the Missouri Experiment Station has made some analyses of apples during the different periods of their growth, which show that much of the greater proportion of the ash is stored up in the early part of the growth of the fruit. This is urged as an additional reason for thinning as soon as the wormy and imperfect specimens of the fruit can be distinguished. A barrel of large and perfect apples takes a smaller amount of mineral plant food from the soil than a barrel of small, inferior fruit. The apples on an acre of ground where the trees stand thirty feet apart and yield ten bushels of fruit to the tree, take from the soil more than 43 pounds of potash. This suggests the use of ashes, or of the potash salts, as a dressing for orchards.

The Northern Summer Resorts

of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, not forgetting the famous Excelsior springs of Missouri, are more attractive during the present season than ever before.

An illustrated Guide Book, descriptive of a hundred or more of the choicest spots of creation on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y., will be sent free upon application to A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to HARRY MERCER, Mich., Passenger Agent, Chi. Mil. & St. P. R'y. 90 Griswold St. Detroit Mich. 14

Church's Bug Finish.

Bug Finish is an important and valuable discovery, as it affords a way by which Paris Green, the most effective of bug poisons can be safely used. It was discovered by the inventor of Bug Finish

that by grinding and uniting Paris Green into a base-like Gypsum, as is done in making Bug Finish, the Green would not effect the vines or make the potatoes watery. Every consumer of potatoes will testify to the fact that late potatoes, as a rule, are watery or soggy and quite unpalatable, as compared with the mealy potatoes we once had; it has now been proven that this is caused by the use of Paris Green in water, or by applying particles of clear Green in any way, such as simply stirring it into plaster, lime and other bases, whereby the plaster simply acts as a carrier to distribute the Green, and the small particles of Green go on the vines in a clear state; during certain stages of growth, the clear Green enters the fiber of the vine and effects the potatoes, as explained.

A very thin dust of Bug Finish on the vines or trees is sufficient to kill all of the crop of insects then existing on the vines, and it remains on the vines for many days, except where very heavy rains occur and sometimes until other crops of the insects are hatched and destroyed. Bug Finish is composed of Sulphate of Lime (Gypsum) with a little rye flour to make it stick, with one pound and six ounces of Pure Paris Green to each 100 pounds of the above mixture, the whole compound is reduced very fine and thoroughly combined by patent process, so that every grain of the whole mass is sufficiently poisonous that a small amount will kill any insect the same as though it had eaten pure Paris Green, hence only a very slight dust is necessary, making it cheaper than any other known preparation, unless it is Paris Green and water, and when the expense of handling and applying so much water is considered the Bug Finish is fully as cheap, and if the difference in effectiveness and QUALITY OF POTATOES is taken into account, Paris Green and water will not be considered in comparison at all.

Bug Finish is also a fertilizer, will help the growth of the vines, instead of retarding their growth, as does water and Green, especially when the water is applied in the middle of the day.

One pound of Bug Finish will prove more effective than six times the amount of plaster and Paris Green as mixed by the farmers. In addition to the saving in this way, it saves the time of mixing, is safe to handle and does not injure the potatoes. No farmer should allow a pound of clear Paris Green to be brought on his farm. ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

A correct map of the north west will show that the Northern Pacific Railroad traverses the central portion of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles; it is the only Railroad reaching Jamestown, Bismarck, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Missoula, Cheney, Davenport, Palouse City, Sprague, Ritzville, Yakima, Ellensburg, Tacoma, Seattle and in fact nine-tenths of the north-west cities, towns, and points of interest.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest trans-continental route from St. Paul and Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Dayton and Portland, and the only one whose through trains reach any portion of the new state of Washington. Land seekers purchasing Pacific Coast second class tickets via St. Paul and the Northern Pacific, have choice from that point of free Colonist Sleeping Cars or Pullman's Tourist Furnished Sleepers, at charges as low as the lowest.

For the benefit of settlers the Northern Pacific also gives a ten days' stop over privilege on second class North Pacific Coast tickets at Spokane Falls and each and every point west, including over 125 stations in Washington, thus enabling persons seeking a home to examine this vast territory without incurring an expense of from \$5.00 to \$25.00 in traveling on local tickets from point to point.

Insure for yourself comfort and safety by having the best accommodations afforded, thereby avoiding change of cars, re-checking of baggage, transfers and lay overs en route. Money can be saved by purchasing tickets via St. Paul or Minneapolis and the Northern Pacific.

For Mays, Pamphlets Rates and Tickets enquire of your nearest Ticket Agent, any District Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad; or CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness--Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Ladies' Department.

July.

Into silence of the morning's splendor
There is shak'n a golden robin's dream;
Kissed by sunshine to divine surrender,
Bloom the snowy lilies in the stream;
Soft south winds the hidden wild flowers woo;
And between the tangled leaves in view—
Hush! I see the summer,
Summer.

Summer floating through.

Bees in roseleaf cradles softly shaken,
Rocked throughout the moonlight by the breeze,
Loitering on their perfumed pillows, waken
To the murmured transport of the trees;
Night's lament is told in tears of dew;
Willow bloom is bathed in crystal hue—
Hush! I see the summer,
Summer.

Summer flashing through.

Climbs the sun, with ecstasy of shining,
From the blush of rising into gold;
And the river's heart, with close defining,
Tells the same sweet story it is told;
Hills are veiled in tender mists anew;
From the liquid skies' unshadowed blue—
Hush! I see the summer,
Summer.

Summer flooding through.

—Mrs. L. C. Whiton.

A Song of Summer.

Out in the meadows are beautiful blossoms
Lifting their fairy forms up into space,
Columbines, buttercups, roses and lilies,
Giving dear Nature new beauty and grace;
White are the fields with the petals of daisies,
Low in the sward the blue violets peer,
Boulder and cranny, with brookside and hilltop,
Don gay apparel, for summer is here.

Up in the treetops glad songsters are poising,
Pouring forth music from every throat,
Filling the air with their jubilant anthems,
Each one sustaining his own cherished note,
Down in their warm beds the nestlings are hiding,
Sheltered from harm 'neath the mothers' fond
breast;

Squirrels are frisking, the insects are humming,
Animate nature says, "Summer is best."
Through the dense forest, o'er mosses and pebbles,
Ripples the brooklet in rythmical way;
Out on the river the white sails are gleaming,
With the blue waves and the sunbeams at play—
Even old Ocean has tempered his fury;
Gaily his white caps now rise and now fall,
Breaking at last on the sands of the seashore
Water and mainland prove summer rules all.

Out in the twilight, the long, balmy twilight,
Hear the dear children in innocent fun,
Laughing and rollicking, singing and jumping,
Hither and thither their nimble feet run,
Glad little people, the sweet buds of promise,
May they in fullness of true life unfold!
Bright is the season, the summer of childhood
But, like all summers, its joys are soon told.

Do Unto Others.

Along life's broad highway we journey together,
All bound for a heavenly shore;
Through joy's golden summer and grief's gloomy
weather,
We'll pass ere our journey is o'er,
By the rich and the poor—by the meek and the
lowly—
The mile-stones of life must be passed;
By ways that are sinful and paths that are holy,
We'll reach the broad river at last?
And if they should falter—your sisters or brothers—

In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand, then, and do unto
others
As you'd have them do unto you!

By the roadside of life we may none of us tarry,
Tho' heavy the burdens we bear;
And so weary are we that the loads that we carry
Seem more than should fall to our share,
But, looking around, we find many a neighbor
More heavily burdened than we,
And who may not rest from his toil or his labor,
Tho' weary at heart he may be,
So, if they should falter, your sisters and brothers—

While burdens you carry seem few,
Oh, stretch forth your hand, then, and do unto
others
As you'd have them do unto you.

For thus we may conquer the woe that oppresses
Our paths as we journey along,
For love, thus bestowed, while it comforts and
blesses,

Will keep us from sorrow and wrong,
And every kind impulse will strengthen the spirit,
And smooth the rough paths that we tread,
And when death approaches we'll joyfully near it,
Nor look on its coming with dread,
So if they should falter—your sisters and brothers—

In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand, then, and do unto
others
As you'd have them do unto you!

Woman's Work.

For the Visitor.

We do not entirely make or unmake our destiny, and are often obliged to act from impulse to get out of a dilemma, for want of time to think what is best to do; and if we do the right thing, we are credited with knowing what to do from intuition.

From mankind we receive nothing but commendation if we deal gently and act the womanly part, by keeping the hearthstone bright and meeting him with a smile when he returns from his labors.

The poets have recorded our good deeds in sentiment and song, and if we err or fail to perform the acts that are pleasing, they are as profuse in portraying our weaknesses. Burns adored his Highland Mary, and compared her to all that was lovely—placing her no lower than the angels and giving her the same degree of perfection. And many other lovely characters he wove in his rhythmic way, extolling their loveliness and worth by recording their good

deeds, benevolence and charity; and in speaking of their rights, he says: "One sacred right of woman is protection." But knowing one whose life he did not admire, he wrote for her husband's epitaph:

"As Father Adam first was fooled—
A case that's still too common—
Here lies a man by woman ruled;
The devil ruled the woman."

Byron, in some of his moods, is profuse in his admiration of woman, and gives her credit for doing and saying very many fine things, but characterizes her as a "false and fair dreamer."

Longfellow gives us constancy and perseverance in his "Evangeline;" a student of human nature, with ready wit and impulsive words from an honest heart, in "Priscilla," and he makes his Spanish student tell the beautiful untutored Gipsy girl that what he most admires in woman is her affection and her intellect.

The poets of all ages and climes have been telling us of the beautiful things of life, but every woman, no matter what her position may be, knows from experience that there is a great many prosy places and stern realities which require a great deal of work, patience and forbearance. Ever since she was placed by the side of man in the garden of Eden, she has had her work to do and been held responsible for the results.

It is not for me to tell another what her work must be; no two lives are just the same, and we are not expected to do the same things in the same way any more than we are expected to look alike; and I often think that it is not so much for us to make or unmake our surroundings as it is in our stars, for we all know that the best laid plans have come to naught, because we could not foresee the impediments that we must meet and which could not be pushed aside.

I think it would be well for the housekeeper to plan her work in a way that would best suit the wants of her family, and if a neighbor or friend should step in just at meal time, give him or her a chair at the table and offer them the fare you have prepared. If your visitor is to remain a week, make him as one of the family, and do not let the equilibrium of your household be at all disturbed, but only as a ray of sunshine, permeating every department by the social chat that may be felt by all. Your children will enjoy the change and be benefitted by the presence of your friends if they are not made to feel that there is a stranger among them. Whatever you do or say, try to be yourself. Keep at ease, and when emergencies arise the ripple will be permeated with sunshine, which will spread and make glad the hearts of all it reaches.

It is an old and trite saying that "woman's work is never done," and it is usually uttered in a sad and complaining way. But where is there a woman who would like to know that her work was done, and nothing to do. I cannot think of a more sad picture than of a woman placed in such a position—no one to care or work for; no ambition to gratify, and so many beautiful things to make, do and say, and she not to be allowed to take part. Who has not felt and realized when a piece of work was well done, and approved by our friends, a satisfaction and pleasure which repaid for all the time and pains spent in performing that work, be it a loaf of bread, a picture, a well-kept house, or any other work that our hands find to do. If you become weary, and your work is monotonous, I know of no better remedy than to think over the ten commandments of God, then the ten commandments of the Master in closing the Grange. If you do not find relief there, send for a physician or take a rest. H. H. W.

A Cure For Fault-Finding.

While pages have been written in condemnation of the fault-finder, too little is generally said of the causes that bring, too often, into existence such an unpleasant and thoroughly reprehensible failing. The fault-finding woman is an exceedingly disagreeable person, but she is often less to be condemned than the persons around her who, she has learned from experience, will shirk every

responsibility and duty to which they are not goaded. This goading gradually becomes a habit, and the innocent and guilty too often suffer from this effect of the jaded temper of a nervous, overworked woman. There are scolds who have no possible excuse for their peevishness, who neither work with hand nor brain and occupy their time chiefly in fretting, but these are exceptions. The fault-finding woman usually is a hard working woman among drones and naturally feels the injustice of her position. The persons who have become accustomed to see her do the drudgery of the work, are quite likely to murmur if their ease is disturbed by the complaints of an overworked woman. The only remedy for such cases as these is to divide the work so equally that there shall be no overworked women, and there will be no excuse for scolding from this cause. Mothers are often at fault in assuming the entire burden of the work without allowing their daughters to soil their fingers in drudgery, forgetting that the command is given to their children as well as themselves: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and that they are shutting out from their children the very discipline that providence sent for their good. For a mother to assume burdens which are more than the strength of one person can endure and which are sure to break her down in nerves and wear her out in temper and body, is to inflict double injuries on her family and on herself. Because some are strong to bear such burdens and remain gentle in spirit and healthy in body, is no reason why they should do so.

The American mother has higher work than mere drudgery, even in the plainest home. It cannot be too often repeated that work only is honorable and idleness shame; that no mother elevates, but rather degrades, her daughter by enforced idleness. The virtuous woman of scripture seeketh wool and flax and worketh diligently with her hands. "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." And the virtuous woman of scripture teacheth her daughters the same course.—*New York Tribune.*

Woman on the Farm.

A woman's life is three-fold—her home, herself and her children. Failure in one makes but a partial success of life. The best remedy known of is a liberal education. Education is fitting or preparing for any calling. Do we strive to fit our children for their calling? Would you pay as much to a laborer who can only handle a hammer and saw as to one skilled in mechanics? Labor should be intelligent; then it will be effective and respected. Who are our most successful farmers to-day in our State? The men who bring skill and intelligence to their business. The farmers of to-day in our land, give us a contrast, which is mainly due to the far greater influence science has had upon farming here.

But how does all this affect the woman on the farm? Without calling in question the great importance of horse-rearing and cow and sheep-feeding, as well as pigs, I would suggest that the rearing of men and women, well grown physically, morally and intellectually, is also of some moment. The woman to whose charge is committed their unfolding character, should not herself be profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal; she should be educated to fulfill her duties as wife and mother. It is time to lay aside our prejudices and educate our girls for the farm, as well as for other stations in life. You may as well expect perfect fruit from a tree untouched for twenty years, as a perfect character without daily cultivation. The world will march past the weary housewife, who knows nothing but her work. The need of a broader life is made significant by one important fact. The statistics of lunatic asylums show that the largest percentage of their inmates are farmers' wives. Constant fatigue, monotony and the lack of interchange of thought prove too much for the wearied brain to endure. So long as a

woman is required to be cook, laundress, dairymaid, sewing-girl and gardener, so long will she remain a mere drudge. The truest domestic economy consists in furnishing conveniences for the wife and housekeeper, that she may save her own strength.

Eternal vigilance is the price of good housekeeping. "Man does not live by bread alone," and high thinking and plain living are better than high living and plain thinking.

We often see lavish expenditure on things to satisfy for a season, while that which ministers to the higher interests is withheld or grudgingly given. Too much for show—too little for soul. Completely fill the home with satisfactory interests, and there will be no room for discontent. Open your minds to the influence of everything that can improve your condition, and be proud of your vocation.—*Miss Mary S. Clark, in Ex.*

Farmers' Wives Need Sunlight.

The medical school of Dr. Sun has too few enthusiastic practitioners among farmers' wives and daughters. They sweeten their tin-ware and crockery by the orb of day; they bleach their cotton in its rays, dry their floors or expose their bedding to it; but, as to sitting down to shell peas or pare potatoes with their feet in a strip of sunbeams, or bathing other parts of the body in its flood, for the sake of the good it will do them, they never think of such a thing. There is little doubt that if country girls would court the sun as persistently as they sometimes court other sons, they would furnish fewer dragged-down, pale-faced women for farmers' wives. Let it be borne in mind that out-door life is beneficial, whether hard at work or play. Study to be in the sunlight. Sun heat is better than stove heat. Plan to utilize it in preference. In summer, swing a hammock near the house or on the porch, and acquire the habit of dropping into it rather than lounging on a couch or in the rocker in-doors during intervals of work.

While walking excels almost all other out-door exercise, the woman who stands to do much of her work will be hard to convert to such a faith. She will prefer to ride. But she does not ride enough. Often she will not even handle the reins herself. Such a woman lives beneath what is a country woman's privilege. She should not only know how to harness and hitch up a horse, but should, so far as possible, subject her work to the liability of being called upon to go on errands away from the farm. The mental relaxation will cheer her thoughts and the drive will rest her body. Men have held a monopoly of the local excursions off the farm by custom more than by necessity. They prove themselves glad to have a female "errand-boy" in cases of need, and it is only justice to themselves when the women of the farm become such.

Out-door games are no more needed by any class of people than by these same country girls and women. Theirs should be a joyous life. Croquet, bean-bags, lawn tennis, and any other outdoor sports, are worth their while. Tennis is particularly adapted to their needs and roomy grounds. It is an exhilarating and inexpensive game. A certain country court was furnished for a little over \$10; and this, divided among a club of a dozen members, made the expense very slight compared with the advantages to be derived. A club of this size could be formed in many country neighborhoods, and as the game may be played by two, no time need be lost in calling together a large company in order to secure frequent and much playing. Moreover, the strife and skill demanded by the game, its picturesqueness and pleasant associations, besides its physical possibilities, make it an admirable adjunct to every home striving to solve the old problem of "how to keep the boys and girls on the farm."—*Jenny Buell, in American Agriculturist.*

A cure for dyspepsia will be found in taking a teaspoonful of glycerine in one tablespoonful of cold water three times a day.

Our Girl In The Country.

A country girl always has an idea that the advantages of the city girl are not hers—that she suffers from lack of something, she doesn't exactly know what. She is convinced that the girl in the city avails herself of every opportunity to look at fine pictures, read choice books and cultivate her mind. Now, when she generalizes in this way, she is simply showing herself to be narrow and ignorant. The girl in the country, to-day, can get exactly the same papers and books that come to the girl in the city. Her thinking hours are longer, and very often she sees more of real, sweet home life. She is apt to learn that most beautiful industry, how to be a good housewife, and over the bread pan or the churn, she can think as great thoughts as she would over the elaborate fancy work, or in the picture gallery. She can study flowers as they grow; she can breathe the good, pure air of heaven, which makes a healthy body—and that usually makes a healthy soul—and she can learn whatever she wishes. Intellectually she can control herself, and she may know, in books at least, the best trained and finest minds of the century. Here there is no danger of her learning to speak slang. Among these people virtues are respected and vices are condemned, and she is thrown into society which she will never regret and which will always be a credit to her. Do you know, you girls in the country, that you can smell the flowers and gather them, while we in the city look at them with the glass of the florist's window between us? And a bought blossom never has the charm possessed by that which is plucked by one's self. If there is anybody to envy, it is the girl in the country.

Reading Clubs in the Country.

She who establishes a woman's reading club in an agricultural district, does more to check the deadly progress of farmers' wives to the insane asylum than all the doctors and medical journals in the land. The book selected for social reading and discussion may be nothing more dignified than a popular novel of healthy tone. But it will lift the toiling creature's thoughts out of the straight, deep rut worn by plodding feet, glorify "the level stretches, white with dust," of the "common" days which—Heaven help them!—are every day with this class. The changed current of thought and interest will blow over the cook-stove, and dish-pan, and wash-tub like cool airs from heights she has no time to climb. It gives her something to talk of, too,—boon of boons—in a circle where gossip is the pabulum of tea-party conversation and rare "evenings out"; where the men's "talk is of oxen," and the women's of butter-making in holy Sabbath twilights, with the harvest moon looking down upon them over the tree-tops.

MARION HARLAND.

"I was walking along the street the other day," says Dr. Holland, "when I met an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman upon the footway. As I came within hearing of their voices—they were quietly chatting along the way—I heard these words from the lips of the woman: 'You may bet your life on that.' I was disgusted. A woman who deals only in superlatives demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is subordinate to her feelings, and that her opinions are entirely unreliable. All language thus loses its power and significance. These very words are brought into use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's window, and they are also employed to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. Let me insist upon this: Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. If a thing is simply good, say so; if very pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if magnificent, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if splendid, say so. These words have all different meanings, and you may use them all on as many different objects and not use the word 'perfect' once. That is a very large word."

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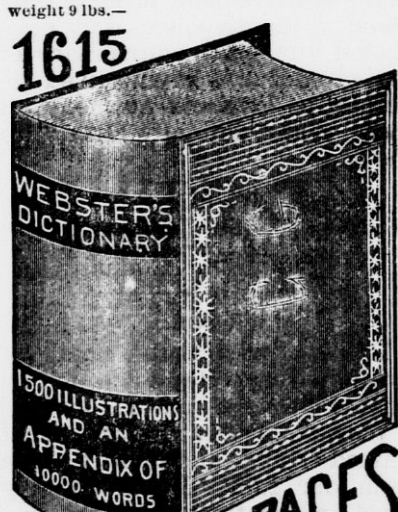
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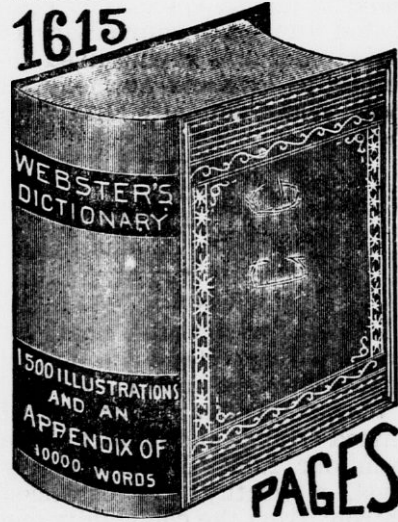
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EFFECTIVE LANGUAGE.
 The Art of Putting Together Words that Laugh and Cry.

Did it ever strike you that there was anything queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and convey feelings? Taken separately, they are mere symbols, with no more feeling than so many bricks, but string them along in a row under certain mysterious conditions, and you find yourself laughing or crying as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not remarkable. The boy is fat, "the cat has nine tails," and statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible on the wire, and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words charged with human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonishing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke in a language they did not know. But words written: How can they do it! Suppose, for example, that you possess reasonable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which finally you determine to commit to paper. Your pen runs along; the proper words present themselves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a good deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen of lines further down a lump comes into your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the printer. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His eyes run along the lines and down the page until they come to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles, and six lines below he has to swallow several times and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness. And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and sways the words about a little, and twists the sentences, and behold, the spell is gone, and you have left a parcel of written language, duly charged with facts, but without a single feeling.

You can't juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever man enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on its way from the brain to the pen point, turn, twist and improve on it as the eye winks, and in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man; not yours!"

As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and a pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word on its back if necessary. The most that should be expected of any competent poet in regular practice is to serve a general summons and notice of action on the language. If the words won't do the rest for him it indicates that he is out of sympathy with his tools.—N. Y. Sun.

Man's highest merit always is as much as possible to rule existing circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when out of this fortuitous mass he can combine, with the greatest economy and fitness and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his own spirit. All things without us are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till in one way or another it has been produced.—Once a Week.

A Half an Hour in a Potato Starch Factory.

Starch factories are so thickly settled throughout Aroostook, Maine, and the industry has become so thoroughly a matter of our every day life that we seldom think of it as a matter of interest, except in a general way, and pass the cheap, unpainted buildings, with a glance perhaps, but hardly a thought, but half an hour of close observation may well be spent in one, and if we keep our eyes open, may afford much interest and some instruction.

Potato starch, though made of much coarser grains and consequently of much less value than other kinds, is more easily separated than any other, potatoes being over 90 per cent starch and water.

The machinery for separating it is all simple, taking advantage of the fact that it is insoluble in cold water and much heavier.

Let us go to the steep platform that leads to the front door and we find ourselves on the big scales where the loads are weighed and recorded as they come in, and in a room forty or fifty feet square, with several traps in the floor where the potatoes are dumped into the bins below. If we come in the busy season we often find them ten feet or more deep the whole size of the building. We pass through here and down a flight of stairs to the grater room. Here we find a man shoveling the tubers into the washer, which is shaped like a long bath tub, with a round bottom and has at the top a shaft running lengthwise and revolving slowly.

The shaft has arms projecting from it which reach nearly to the bottom and sides of the tubs, and these, as it revolves, stir the potatoes in the water which is constantly flowing through the tub, and at the same time gradually force them around toward the other end, where a large flat arm at every revolution throws some of them, now thoroughly clean, over the side into a kind of hopper. Here they fall against the grater, which is precisely like the round potato grater we have all seen, except that it is as large as a barrel and about four feet long. This is revolving rapidly, and the potatoes melt away before it as fast as a man can shovel them in at the other end of the washer.

Here we lose sight of them, but passing around the machine we find the pulp has dropped from the grater onto the upper end of a large wire screen or sieve, some six or seven feet long and made of brass wire cloth as fine as that used in milk pail strainers. This screen is not level, but the end where the pulp first falls is a little higher than the other and is kept shaking endwise so the pulp gradually works down and off at the other end, but as it passes along it is washed by hundreds of fine streams of water falling on it from above, and this water washes out the starch and carries it through the screen where it falls on a tight floor and runs down into the spout which we see coming from the lower end of the machine.

The pulp drops from the lower end of the screen, and is thrown away, as it is here considered worthless, though in Germany and the older countries it is used for pig feed and as fertilizer.

Having gotten so far we come to the open spout which carries away the starch mixed with a good deal of water. This spout branches a little way from the machine and leads to the settling vats, four or five in number, and each one as large as a good sized dining room. Here the starch, being much heavier than the water, settles and forms a deposit some six or eight inches deep and hard enough for a man to walk on, though it is readily broken up with shovels.

The starch here is quite impure, and in settling has taken with it some dirt and some of the coloring matter of the potatoes which must be washed out. To do this it is shoveled into the stirrers, smaller vats with upright shafts having a cross piece at the bottom; which being constantly turned with power thoroughly mixes it with clean water,

after which it is allowed to settle.

As we come along the water has been drawn off from the stirring vats and men are hoisting the starch, which is now perfectly white, and looks as it is shoveled up like densely packed snow, in baskets to the floor above, where it is loaded on trucks or barrows and wheeled over a long bridge to the dry house.

Following the trucks we enter the dry house on the upper floor, which, all except a few feet around the sides, is made of slats an inch or more apart, over which the starch is spread.

Through this immense register pours the heated air from four furnaces which are kept roaring hot all the time. The starch as it dries here, crumbles up and drops through the cracks to another rack or register below, and from that to others, some three or four in number till it reaches a tight platform about three feet from the floor.

Below, the racks and furnaces are walled in from floor to ceiling, leaving a passage way or corridor six or eight feet wide around the building. At the ends the furnaces are fired, and along each side is a trough extending the whole length into which the starch is drawn when dry, with long scrapers. From these it is shoveled into casks, weighed, marked and is ready to be shipped.—W. G., in Presque Isle Star.

Oleo Money Did It.

The farmers of Massachusetts organized a political league last fall and elected from every agricultural district a senator pledged to support a bill prohibiting coloring oleomargarine like butter. This, with one or two friends among the city senators, gave a majority for the farmers. The bill passed the house by an almost unanimous vote. But in the Senate two members went back on their pledges and on their record, so that the measure was lost by a tie vote. Oleo money did it, backed by trades among the city politicians. Language cannot express the indignation of farmers at thus being sold out for the third time. They propose to turn the politics of the state upside down next fall, if necessary to do so to elect an honest butter Senate. The farmers' demands are so just and fair that workers in other vocations, as well as professional and business men, are ready to unite with the Massachusetts Farmers' League in electing a Legislature that will be true to the interests of the people.—Farm and Home.

Turpentine for Lung Treatment.

A writer in the *Medical and Surgical Journal* says: "I have been using pure oil of turpentine in affections of the throat and lungs for some time, and find better and more satisfactory results than from any other remedy I ever tried. I use the ordinary hand atomizer, and throw a spray of the liquid into the throat every few minutes, or at longer intervals, according to the gravity of the case. The bulb of the instrument should be compressed as the act of inspiration commences, so as to insure application of the whole surface, which can be done in the cases of children very successfully. It is surprising how a diphtheritic membrane will melt away under an almost constant spray of pure oil of turpentine. I now use the turpentine spray whenever a child complains of sore throat of any kind. In cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, bronchitis and the latter stages of pneumonia, I have found the inhalation of turpentine very beneficial. I use an atomizer, or paper funnel, from which the turpentine may be inhaled at will. I hang around the bed and in the room, flannel cloths saturated with oil of turpentine, and in all cases of catarrhal bronchitis—in fact, in all affections of the air-passages, and my patients invariably express themselves as being much relieved.

The presbytery of Oregon has decided that all candidates for a license to preach must abandon the use of tobacco in any form.—Ex.

A Morning Walk.

Though we have said good-bye, Clashed hands and parted ways, my dream and I There still is beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world has not grown old With foolish hopes, nor common-places nor cold, Nor is the tarnish on the happy harvest gold.

Spent was the night in sighing, In tears and vain regrets, heartaches and crying— Lo! breaks the windy, azure morn, with clouds tumultuous flying.

Life is not all a cheat, A sordid struggle, trite and incomplete, When the sun and shadow flee across the billows of the wheat.

When upward pierces keen The lark's shrill exultation o'er the sheen Of the young barley's wavy fleece of silky, silvery green.

Didst think, oh narrow heart, That mighty nature shared thy puny smart? Face her serene, heart whole, heart free; that is the better part.

Are the high heavens bent, A vault of snow and sapphire wonderment, Merely to arch, dull egotist, thy dismal discontent.

Wouldst pour into the ear Of the young morn the thoughts that make thee drear; View the land's joyous splendor through the folly of a tear?

The boon thou hast not had— 'Tis a slight, trivial thing to make thee sad When with the sunshine and the storm God's glorious world is glad.

'Tis guilt to weep for it! When blithe the swallows by the poplar fit Aslant they go, pied cloven gleams thro' leavage golden lit;

While breezy purples stain The long, low grassy reaches of the plain Where ashken pale the alders quake before the hurricane.

Ah! there are still delights Hid in the multitude of common sights, The dear and wonted pageant of the summer days and nights.

Our life is all too brief, The world is too wide, too wonderful for grief, Too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud and leaf.

So though we said good-bye With bitter, futile tears, my dream and I— Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed with majesty!

—Cornhill Magazine.

MILFORD, Ind., June 16th.

ED. VISITOR:

Through the kindness of a friend I have received a copy of your interesting paper of the June 1st issue, and in perusing its pages I have come upon the address of A. C. G., which appears upon the second page, and which he read before the Van Buren County Farmers' Institute, said address being headed "The Farmer and the Miller."

After several preliminary flourishes, A. C. G. starts out with a supposition that the modern roller mill will produce more flour from a given quantity of wheat than the old style buhr mill would do, but all first-class millers in this country, who have operated mills upon both the old and new systems, in winter wheat sections, can truthfully testify that the modern system eliminates the impurities from the flour and that the method tends to diminish rather than increase the yield of flour. The desire and aim of the modern miller has been, not to make larger yields of flour than by the old buhr system (for a good buhr mill would produce all the flour obtainable from the wheat used) so much as it has been to produce purer and far better flour and to make the proper separations of the different grades.

In my own long experience I have found by careful and repeated tests that the old buhr system, under the supervision of a competent and skillful miller, has a decided advantage, in point of yield of flour, over the modern roller system and I find that my experience in this respect is confirmed by the best millers who have tested the two systems.

A. C. G. next attacks the schedule of toll rytes adopted or established by the Michigan millers, and says that under this schedule the miller is taking four pounds more out of every bushel of wheat than the law allows him and thus increases his duty (toll) to one-sixth instead of one-tenth as the law provides. Let us see how this is, and in doing so we will endeavor to treat the case fairly and truthfully, but without seeking to criminate either the farmer or miller.

1st. The average loss per bushel of wheat, of the fall sown varieties, (as it is taken from farmers wagons) and of good milling quality and standard grade is 2 1/2 pounds in the screening and scouring processes, now employed in best modern roller mills, and the loss from evaporation and from dust escaping while converting the wheat into flour,

bran, etc., is 3/4 lbs. per bushel or an aggregate loss of 3 1/4 lbs. per bushel.

2d. In the states of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and portions of Missouri and Ohio, comprising the territory east of the Missouri river, in which the softest varieties of winter wheat are grown, the average yield of flour from a bushel of wheat, No. 2 Grade (the highest grade in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and Toledo markets) is 43 pounds, from wheat grown upon sandy or gravel soil and having a thin bran. There is sometimes produced a yield of 44 to 44 1/2 lbs. by the best class of roller mills, using pure long berry wheat of extra grade and varieties, but from wheat grown upon heavy or loam soil, frequently the yield will fall as low as 40 to 41 lbs. per bushel and in some instances even lower, including all grades. 43 lbs. therefore, is a very liberal average to allow in the soft winter wheat states, and taking this as the average yield, the wheat must be up to No. 2 standard grade. (More than one-half of the grist or exchange wheat brought to mill by farmers will not grade above No. 3 and frequently it would pass as No. 4 or rejected.)

3d. The average percentage of patent flour made from No. 2 soft winter wheat in the territory named is 11 1/2, or from 5 to 5 1/2 lbs. per bushel, but most mills that do an exchange business with farmers do not separate the patent from the staple (bakers') grade, but make what is termed a straight grade, for the exchange trade, that is, the patent and bakers' run together with the low grade out. This straight grade has been found to be the most satisfactory, to both farmer and miller.

4th. A fair average for all localities in the winter wheat territory would be 4 lbs. of low grade per bushel of wheat.

Now from A. C. G. we learn that the millers of Michigan give 38 lbs. of flour, 10 lbs. of bran and 2 lbs. of middlings for each bushel of sound wheat. I presume he means No. 2 standard grade, which must be sound and dry and reasonably well cleaned and testing not less than 58 lbs. to the measured bushel. For my part I fail to discern how the Michigan millers, and especially the Van Buren county millers, from the poor grade of 1889, can afford to give the farmer the quantity of flour, bran and middlings for each bushel of wheat that A. C. G. gives them credit for doing. From the background of my experience and knowledge in milling I can readily see that the miller does not derive his legal toll by the operation, I mean in cash value.

Let us look farther into this schedule matter for we are already beginning to see in it a decided advantage in favor of the farmer. The farmer brings his wheat to mill, the miller weighs and finds that wheat, dirt and all, weighs 60 lbs.; he puts it through the screening, scouring and reducing processes and it comes out in the form of flour and feed weighing 56 1/2 lbs. Of this taking the average yield as our basis) there are 39 lbs. high grade straight flour, 4 lbs. of low grade flour and 15 1/2 lbs. of bran and middlings. Of this the farmer gets 38 lbs. of the high grade flour and 12 lbs. of bran and middlings, leaving the miller 1 lb. of high grade flour, the whole 4 lbs. of low grade and 1 1/2 lbs. bran and middlings, a sickly remuneration indeed for the miller, when we consider that the law allows him a full one-tenth of the products from the wheat after it has been well cleaned. Does the miller, who is working under this vexing schedule get his fair duty or toll? Will A. C. G. undertake to say, in candor and honor, that this miller is not giving the farmer the lion's share, and more than the farmer's just due.

It is fair to presume that the law contemplates that the millers' one-tenth shall be that in real value and not in the cheapest products obtained from the wheat, such as the farmer does not want and will not have.

Oh! this "honest farmer" does not want any low grade in his; no, no! He must have the full 38 lbs. from the high grade bin, the miller may dispose of his low

grade as best he can. It is always a drug in the market and hard to sell at any price, but what cares the farmer for this if he obtains his full quota from the high grade, quick selling flour. Oh! "Consistency, thou art a jewel" indeed.

But let us pursue this milling expert farmer still farther in the wanderings after strange gods and learn something more of the "millers reaching over into the farmer's sack." We are told about. With a presumption of high wisdom, he tells us that when wheat is selling at 73 cents per bushel the miller gets \$5 per barrel for 20 per cent of his flour product (patent), \$4 per barrel for 77 per cent (staple or bakers'), and \$3 per barrel for 3 per cent (low grade), or a total of \$415 for 100 barrels of flour, which the miller has obtained, according to the hypothesis of A. C. G. from 425 1/2 bushels of wheat costing him 73 cents, realizing a profit (A. C. G. avers) of more than 43 per cent. I notice right here an error by A. C. G. against the farmer. If a bushel of wheat will make 47 lbs. of flour, as he tells us, then 100 barrels can be produced from 417 bushels, instead of 425 1/2 bushels. This would bring the percentage of profit still higher than the 43 per cent he has figured out.

I find by reference to and a careful examination of reports from the best flour markets in this country, that when wheat was selling for 73 cents per bushel in central and southern Michigan and northern Indiana, (prices being the same in either state) flour would net the miller f. o. b. cars at his station, including the barrels or other packages, the following:

Best western winter patents.....\$4.10 per bbl
" " straight.....3.50 " "
For bakers.....3.40 " "
Western winter low grades.....1.90 " "

The above prices I have taken from the very highest Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore quotations, at the time wheat was 73 cents in Michigan, or rather in Van Buren county and vicinity. Had I struck the average between the highest and lowest quotations at that time the following net prices to the miller would appear:

For patents.....\$3.90 per bbl
For straight.....3.60 " "
For bakers.....3.40 " "
For low grades.....1.95 " "

Deducting cost of barrel (35 cents) and we have the millers net price for his flour f. o. b. car at home, \$3.55 \$3.25 \$3.05 and \$1.50 per barrel respectively, according to grade. The foregoing prices are taken from the reports of actual sales that were made at the time, and while they do not harmonize in any manner with the figures hypothesized by A. C. G., they are authentic and correct and hence reliable.

For years the American Miller has been content and happy with 15 to 20 cents net profit on each barrel of his flour, or a profit of 5 to 6 per cent in his business. A large proportion of the owners of modern mills are not to-day realizing even this small per cent, of profit, and I am informed by reliable persons in Michigan that the majority of Michigan millers have not been able in the past two or three years to keep their bank account even, from the profits in their business.

The wanderings of A. C. G. through the wilds and mazes of conjecture to find something to support a feeble theory and only a theory, about the farmer and the millers paying their debts does not demand any attention or reply as the facts do not warrant his assumption on these points.

Now I am willing to submit both sides of the "farmer and the miller" question to a conference of intelligent and honorable farmers and millers to investigate, consider and decide upon and I feel confident that their decision will be fair and just to all concerned and will not be made up of streaks of fancy, unsupported assertions, or criminal accusations. Very respectfully,
JAS. M. SERVOSS.

Obituaries.

COOK.

BARNARD, June 13.

Memorial service was held at Barnard Grange No. 689 in remembrance of the death of a dear brother and sister, and the fol-

lowing preamble and resolutions were adopted:

The sad accident to and sudden death of Bro. Edwin Cook, aged fifty-two years, occurred June 7th, 1890. He was Worthy Overseer of Barnard Grange No. 689, an earnest worker and constant member, ever at his post of duty.

His loss is deeply felt by the brothers and sisters of the Order.

Resolved, That the charter and chair of our Grange be draped in mourning for the period of 60 days;

That we tender the wife and family of our deceased brother, who was a kind husband and an indulgent father, our heartfelt sympathies in this, their sad bereavement;

That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Grange; that a copy be sent to the family of deceased and to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

GEO. ANDERSON,
JOHN SMITH,
C. M. ADAMS,
Committee.

BURNS.

BARNARD, June 13.

It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that we record the death of our much beloved sister, Kate Burns, who passed away June 2d, 1890, in her 31st year.

Resolved, That by the death of Sister Burns our Grange has lost an efficient charter member; the community one of its greatest helpers, and the husband a kind and loving wife. That all with whom she was associated will mourn her loss and cherish her memory.

Resolved, That our sympathies are hereby extended to the bereaved husband and relatives; that our charter be draped in mourning for sixty days; that a copy hereof be sent to the family of the deceased, and one to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

GEO. ANDERSON,
JOHN SMITH,
C. M. ADAMS,
Committee.

ALDRED.

Died, at her residence in Bridg-hampton, Sister Esther Aldred, aged 75 years, a faithful member of Rural Grange No. 566.

Sister Aldred was a charter member of this Grange at its organization in February 1875, and has remained a steadfast member—ever at her post when health permitted.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for 30 days in memory of our departed sister, and that we tender our sincere sympathy to Bro. Aldred in his bereavement, it being only about a month since they celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding—having lived together in love and harmony all these years, mutually faithful to the end.

ALEX. LITTLE,
JESSE FOSS,
F. W. TEMPLETON,
Committee.

REED.

Resolutions on the death of Brother Henry Reed, adopted by Onsted Grange, June 14, 1890:

WHEREAS, Death has visited Onsted Grange and silently borne from our ranks Brother Henry Reed, a worthy and esteemed Patron; from the community one who has long been identified with its interests, and from his home an honored husband and father; therefore

Resolved, That, in behalf of Onsted Grange No. 279, we present this testimonial of respect to his memory, as we remember his fidelity and faithfulness as a member of our body, and extend to the relatives and friends our sympathy in their hour of sad bereavement.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of sixty days; also, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of deceased, to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication, and that they be entered upon the Grange journal.

MARSHALL REED,
J. O. MAXWELL,
EMILY WIMPLE,
Committee.

In this progressive age when old opinions are constantly giving way to new, and when we

laugh in wild derision at the views our fathers entertained, it will be just as well for us to keep in mind that the

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day Were the truths of long ago;" and that the next generation will laugh at the wise theories we formulate to-day as derisively as we laugh at the views held by those who have gone before us.—Farmers' Friend.

Binding Twine 10 CENTS PER POUND HALF MANILLA AND HALF SISAL QUALITY GUARANTEED. TERMS CASH WITH ORDER. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 111 TO 116 MICHIGAN AVENUE. CHICAGO.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Table listing Officers National Grange, Officers Michigan State Grange, and Executive Committees for various locations including Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan.

G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD.

Table showing train schedules for G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD, including GOING SOUTH and GOING NORTH routes with times and destinations.

C. & G. T. RAILWAY.

Table showing train schedules for C. & G. T. RAILWAY, including TRAINS WESTWARD and TRAINS EASTWARD routes.

Way Freight, carrying passengers west, 10.00 a. m. East, 3.35 p. m. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 run daily. Tickets sold and baggage checked to all parts of Canada and the United States. For through rates and time apply to E. L. Crull, Local Agt., Schoolcraft; W. E. DAVIS, gen'l passenger agent, Chicago; W. J. SPICER, gen'l manager Detroit.