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THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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PAW PAW, MICH.

The Happy Farmer.

At last, at last, the evening shadows fall,
And wearily but happily I hie me home,
While in my heart I hear the call
That bids me from the hillside to the hearthside come.
O parting day, that brings the parted near!
O dusky shade, when higher lights appear!
I welcome thee, with heart and carol free,
I welcome thee, blest hour, when fond hearts welcome me!

How loiteringly the burning day goes by,
How heavily the hours impose their meed of pain!
But comes at length the lenient evening sky,
To bend with rest and coolness o'er the throbbing brain.
O tender eve, that bring'st from toil release!
O holy night, with brooding wings of peace!
I hail thy shade, that homeward beckons me,
I welcome thee, blest hour, when fond hearts welcome me!

—*E. C. L. Brown, in Boston Transcript.*

Weeds on the Increase.

Very few farms are so free from weeds as to render precaution unnecessary against the germination of their seeds under favorable conditions for growth. Where weed seeds exist in straw or other material used for bedding farm animals, and the manure is drawn directly from the stable and spread on the field, there is great danger that the farm will be overrun with an unsightly and unprofitable crop of weeds. Now, when so much land is devoted to corn for soiling or ensilage, it is very convenient to spread the manure on sod in late fall or winter, and plow it under in spring for the corn crop. This results in a good crop of corn, but the shallow cultivation now practiced leaves the manure under the sod undisturbed, and when the ground is plowed for the succeeding crop the seeds that it contained are in favorable condition for growth. If the field is seeded to grass the same year, weed seeds will also germinate and their noxious product will be on hand not only in the grain crop but also in the meadow of succeeding years.

In a ride of a few miles this morning through a good farming section, weeds were seen successfully contesting with timothy and clover on good meadow land, and on what have usually been considered well managed farms. Their unsightly presence is manifestly on the increase. If any one tries to keep his farm free from such pests, the chances are ten to one that his fields will yearly receive a seeding from adjoining farms of careless neighbors. Neglected or untilled land is sure to prove the harbinger of weeds and the distributer of their seed.

The best, cleanest and most enduring meadows that I ever had, were obtained on land that had been three years under the plow before seeding to grass A good sod was broken and corn drilled, with 500 lbs of phosphate to the acre. The next year the ground was well manured and cultivated in potatoes, and the third year seeded to clover and timothy with barley or mixed grain. There are now on the farm several pieces of such meadow nearly free from weeds of all kinds. The oldest of these pieces has now the fifth year's crop of grass on it. It has cut a full crop every year, and has now a beautiful stand of clean timothy. It has been pastured every fall but one, which practice is thought by some to favor the increase of weeds, but a half bushel would hold all the weeds that have made themselves visible on the six acres this year. If my farm was all corn and potato land it would all be subjected to this course of cropping, with the manure applied to the potatoes. The potato crop has uniformly been greatly benefited by the manure, and has always, under such management, been a paying crop. Barn manure applied at time of seeding to grass will result in weedy meadows. My experience has been that manure finely incorporated with the soil by the thorough cultivation through the season given to the potato crop, will return large immediate profits, and result in excellent crops of grass on clean meadows. Two hoed crops in succession, if the work is thoroughly done, is a very profitable substitute for the old-fashioned summer fallow, and about the only practicable way of securing meadows free from weeds in this locality. Eight or ten years ago I told the readers of the *Country Gentleman* of my success in killing "quack grass" by cultivating hoed crops two years in succession. The clean piece of timothy above mentioned occupies ground badly infested with this weed fifteen years ago.—*C. S. Rice, Lewis Co., N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

Clover Seed Midge.

The adult of this insect is a small two-winged fly, not larger than a mosquito. It has at the posterior end of its body a long tube, which is the ovipositor, or egg depositor, by means of which it inserts its eggs near the center of the clover heads. These eggs hatch into small orange maggots, that attack the blossoms and prevent their development. When full grown these maggots are about one-fifth of an inch long, orange in color; and have no legs. When fully developed they drop from the clover heads to the ground, where they go into the pupa or chrysalis state, and a few weeks later emerge as flies again.

There are three methods of preventing the injuries of this insect to the seed crop. The first is that of cutting the hay crop ten days earlier than usual, so as to prevent the development of the first brood of midges. The chief objection to this is that the hay is too green to cure well. Where it can be used in the silo this objection will be obviated. The second is that of turning cattle in the clover fields after the crop has got a good start in spring. The cattle eat the blossom heads, containing the eggs or young, and so the pests are destroyed. The third method is that originating with Mr. John Warren, of Lodi, Medina county, Ohio, which consists of running the mower through the field about the middle of May, leaving the product on the ground as a mulch and fertilizer. There then develops a vigorous crop of clover blossoms, which comes between the regular crops, and also between the two broods of the midge, thus escaping attack. This has been tried for two or three seasons by some of the most reliable farmers of northern Ohio, and pronounced a decided success.—*Ohio Agr. Experiment Station, Columbus.*

Garden Reminders.

Another season in my home garden (about the sixtieth) affords additional proof of the great amount of needless heavy work wasted by many who desire by such rural resource to benefit health, increase æsthetic enjoyments, or add to their fruitful stores. Next to having fairly good soil, good seed and good plants, and giving these room enough for each to develop fully, the main thing is to rub out all weeds, including the superfluous plants, as soon as they appear. For the plants you raise you want every iota of the nutriment the soil annually supplies, and every day and hour of sunshine during their season. It is surprising how soon a plant becomes crippled and set back by the roots of another plant, with more push, taking away from it what its own roots may have gathered. And, talking of roots, the most effective of these, when the soil is not too dry, run immediately close beneath the surface and spread out much further than is usually supposed. Deep hoeing, especially prong-hoeing, while these roots are in operation, plays the mischief with them. The shallowest scra[illegible]g or slicing or raking suffices [illegible] if it demolish the weeds, and [illegible]aves the mere surface loose [illegible] a shelter to the compact soil below, which, in freshly-dug gardens, is oftener too full of wide air spaces to be able to hold or convey upward the needed supply of moisture to the feeding roots. We do less and less digging and heavy hoeing every year, with great saving to waning muscle; but, when digging is done, the dug ground is compacted again as much as possible.

Among all perennials, as berry fruits, vines, rhubarb, asparagus, strawberries, we rarely find use for a spade. Weeds, and especially grasses, are allowed no start. Mulch (of any waste that we can find) is used, and greatly helps to feed the plants and to suppress other growth. Toads are encouraged to keep down the snails, etc., which are apt to increase where they have such shelter. Other leaf-destroyers are looked after and treated promptly. As the fruit trees blossom, we begin to syringe currant and gooseberry bushes and rose plants with hellebore; and soon after the apple trees that bear are sprayed, and their stems and collars brushed with soap and sulphur or with kerosene emulsion. This last, diluted, is promptly used against aphides as they appear, at any time during summer. To check the rust and mildews which disfigure and devour leaves—even attacking our geraniums and currant bushes this year—we use sulphur, placing a little where its fumes may rise through the leaves; or for wider use, we syringe with a dilute solution of some sulphuric salts, and find sulphide of potassium or liver of sulphur convenient and effective. To perpetuate a bed of strawberries on the same ground, we go over the ground directly after the last picking and pull up all old plants. If this takes nearly all, we leave the plants lie in place until their runners have rooted, and before the fall growth sets in, about September 1, thin again severely, leaving plenty of foot-room between the retained young plants. Old and worn-out plants pull up or break off very easily.—*W. G. Waring, Sr., in N. Y. Tribune.*

Make Every Edge Cut.

What would be thought of a farmer who sent his mowing machine into the hay field with a part of his knives so dull that they would scarcely cut? And yet, when we think it over, this is what many of us are now doing in all our farming operations. Let us look at some of the edges with which we cut our way on the farm, and see if they are not dull.

First, the cows: Are you making as much money from the cows as can be made from them? No, you are not; because, first, they are not as good stock as they might have been. You might have got a thoroughbred bull calf for a small amount a few years ago; or you might have paid a few dollars more and bred to your neighbor's thoroughbred instead of to that scrub. But you did not. Or, you might have read in the dairy column how the best dairymen were making good butter, and then practiced what you read. But you did not. And are there not various other ways by which you could have sharpened up the dairy edge on your farm and can still do so?

Now let us look at the implements: Where are they? If they are under cover, well painted and oiled, then this edge is well sharpened; but if not, you are [illegible] blacksmith very d[illegible] privilege of running with this dull edge.

And the manure pile: This is the biggest blade in the machine. Look at it carefully; see that it grows no smaller, and if possible make it bigger.

These are only three of the many edges with which you cut; but see what a difference it makes whether these are sharp or dull. Are you doing your work with every knife in good order, or are they dull, broken and rusty? Perhaps they are and you don't realize it. Perhaps you have been toiling and sweating so long under your heavy work that it has become second nature to you. If this is so, stop now; think carefully over every branch of your farming and resolve that you will make every edge cut; for unless you do, you will keep "under the harrow" to the end of the chapter.

What becomes of the city merchant who does not make every edge of his machine cut—who does not think, morning, noon and night, how he can best improve each line of his business? The answer is very simple: "He fails!" And in these times, unless the farmer uses the well-directed energy and persistence of his successful city brother, he will fail.

But there is one knife that should be sharpened, not on account of any money it may directly earn, but on account of the pleasure it will give, and that is fruits and flowers. Don't let us be in one perpetual grind from Monday morning till Saturday night; we can work all the better for having a little pleasure, and nothing on the farm can give so much of this as fruits and flowers. Let us have more of these than we want; let us share them with our neighbors, and we shall never regret having sharpened this edge.—*"P. B. C.," in Rural New Yorker.*

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Anthony Comstock is said to have a standing offer of $25,000 a year if he will simply keep still and allow the New York branch of the Louisiana lottery to re-open.

Breeding and Feeding Sheep.

We do not like to in-breed very much if it can be avoided, because it has a tendency to weaken the constitution, although it is a fact that most all the different breeds of sheep were produced by in-breeding. The truth seems to be that the close breeding up to a certain point is necessary to secure a fixed type; and when judiciously done, it may be the means of securing most valuable results. To change the ram the second year would be to act on the side of safety. You may breed a ram to his own ewe lambs with no bad results, but you should avoid breeding to the second generation's offspring. To breed a ram to his ewe lambs is safer and is not as close breeding as breeding brother and sister.

We must breed for some desired object and learn to know the character of every ram and ewe in the flock as near as possible. Remember that the male impresses upon the progeny most strongly, so it is necessary to be very careful in securing the ram as near the desired type as possible. The ram is one-half the flock. No matter how nice a flock of ewes you have and you breed them to a poor ram, you cannot accomplish an improvement. On the other hand, if you have only a fair [illegible] of ewes and you breed them with as good a ram as you can secure, you are sure of a good result.

It is cheaper to pay a good price for good rams to a capable breeder who makes the production of breeding animals his business and knows what a good breeding animal should be, than to attempt to raise one yourself, which, after all, is akin to your flock, or buy some cheap ram of your neighbor. Breeding lays the foundation and feeding builds upon that.

Success in sheep husbandry is due first to good breeding and then good feeding. We have fed wethers for several winters and have fed them in several different ways. Our best results have been obtained by feeding them a variety of fodder, hay, straw and corn; feeding them corn and fodder (letting them do their own shucking and shelling of the corn) out on a pasture we intend to plow up for corn the following spring, so the manure is not lost. When it is wet and muddy we feed them their corn in troughs and the fodder in racks. At night, in the stables, we give them clover-hay in racks. After we get them to eating corn nicely we increase it slowly until we give them about all they will eat, feeding twice a day and feeding them just what fodder and hay they will clean up nicely, always keeping the stable dry with straw. Of couse there will be some litter in the hay they will not eat, and that we use as bedding. We give them access through the day to a straw-pile and fodder, and at night to hay in the sheds and barns. We let them have access to plenty of water. This is for weathers over two-years old.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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It is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw the curtain before his stains and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.—*South.*

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Teacher: "How is the earth divided?" Tommy: "'Tween them's got it and them's wants it."

A Very Intelligent Bird.

We conversed some time together—
You may think it quite absurd—
But I found that quail in the orchard
A most intelligent bird.

He chose a shady corner
Before he would alight;
I inquired: "What is your name, sir?"
He said at once, "Bob White."

He had an air of business,
The knowing little sprite!
So I asked about his family;
He said at once, "All right."

I thought I'd like to see them,
And asked him if I might;
Perhaps it was the thought of toast
That made him say, "Not quite."

"Permit me just a glance, sir,
They must be a cunning sight—
Then tell me what's the reason,"
He winked and said, "Too bright."

I said, "Don't you get dizzy
When you swing at such a height?
He hopped upon a loftier perch
Then answered back, "You might."

I asked him if he really thought
'Twas haying weather yet;
He turned asky his weather eye
And syllabled "More wet."

Though from answers dissyllabic
He never swerved a mite;
Yet he always had an answer,
The roguish little wight.

At last I tried to catch him—
He showed no signs of fright,
But simply spread his winglets,
And chippered back, "Good night."

Your parrots and your mocking-birds
You may think are very bright;
For wit and for intelligence
I recommend "Bob White."

—*The Congregationalist*

The Cost of Butter.

It is a common practice in counting the cost of a finished product like butter, to estimate all the material used at the common market price, and putting the cost of the product, in consequence, far above the selling price of it, and thus making out a loss instead of profit. This way of figuring has a depressing result on the mind, and as when one nurses a sore, either of body or mind, it furnishes a prolific source of unnecessary discontent and complaint. This, however, is not the just manner of computing the cost of any product. The right way is to charge the feed and material used at cost. and not the selling price with the profit on it, and thus find the actual cost of the product and the profit on its sale. In regard [illegible] much—that is, estimating the labor involved in the production of feed, the care of the cows, the amount of their product, and the labor of making the butter. Very few dairymen really know what the product costs them, and most of them who figure upon it make the mistake of estimating the feed at its selling price instead of its cost price. The cost of hay is put at the market price and the pasture is charged at an equivalent of the hay at the same price, and this is usually $10 per ton.

Now hay can be grown and put in the barn for $1.25 per ton, as the actual cost of seed-sowing and harvesting; two crops of two tons per acre being taken as the basis, and the pasture of the second growth then costs nothing, being included in the above cost. The cost of the land is not estimated. With an interest value of three per cent., which is as much as any investment so secure as real estate will yield, and an allowance for some minor expenses of 75 cents per ton of hay, hay will cost $5 per ton on land worth $50. The cost is thus figured per acre: Seed, 10 pounds each of clover and timothy, $1.45; sowing, $1.50; making, etc., 55 cents; use of machinery, etc., $1.50; in all $5, for which two crops of two tons each are made, as should be on land of the value given, equal to $1.25 per ton.

With 20 pounds of hay at 5 cents, 10 pounds of grain food at 10 cents, and 5 cents for labor per day, the cost of a day's feeding will be 20 cents. The calves should return sufficient to replace the cost of the cow and interest on it, and a good cow shouid yield one pound of butter per day on this feeding. Thus, the cost of the butter for feed, etc., so far will be 20 cents per pound. This will easily be reduced to 15 cents by the value of the skimmed milk, worth 5 cents per day.

These figures are taken from the accounts of the writer's dairy for several years past, and the charges for feeding are such as are common in other dairies. The feeding of the cows when not in profit, which time averages sixty-five days for more than twenty-five years, is not considered, as the pasture does not cost anything, being allowed for in the interest charge in the land.

A similar estimate has been made at the Massachusetts station, and is published in Bulletin No. 34 for June, 1889. The station found the cost of one quart of cream to be 15.09 cents for 1887, and 13½ cents for 1888. As one quart of cream—that is cream, not milk and cream—will easily make one pound of butter. these figures represent the approximate cost of the butter as reached by the station, but no charge is made for the use of the land, the feed being estimated at the market value. There is not any important difference between the two estimates, considering the variance in detail, but we prefer to take our own figures as being more nearly accurate.

The value of the manure should not enter into this calculation, although it might make a difference, because, as the hay is grown by previously made manure, the land should be repaid by the fresh supply in return for what it has given.

It follows, then, that a dairyman having good cows and feeding them well, cannot make good butter for less than 15 cents per pound. Probably not more than one-tenth of the cows in use yield enough butter to pay for this feeding, and it is a question if the farmer who keeps his poor cows on pasture alone does not make more profit from the feeding than the dairyman who feeds well and keeps better stock. Pasture is cheap on cheap land. The cost of the land is two-thirds of the total cost of the hay, and pasture may be estimated to be worth as much as hay. A cow on good pasture will make a pound of butter per day in the early Summer months without any grain food, and if green fodder crops are grown, which will cost little more than grass, a good cow may be kept through the Summer without grain food, the cost of which seems to be too great for profit, being 50 per cent. of the product. If half a pound of butter per day is made [illegible] there may be more profit in 15 cent butter than in a pound of better quality at 25 cents. But the facts shown certainly go to show that the best cows are the most profitable, for one such cow on grass alone will make more money for her owner than two poor ones, not only by the quantity given, but through the better quality. When, however, the freshness of the grass is past, and grain food must be given, and in Winter dairying, the cow that responds most liberally to grain feeding will be found the most profitable, and a cow that will not do this must be fed at a loss. Moreover, the quality of the butter is an important item of consideration, for every cent gained in price is a clear profit.—*N. Y. Times.*

Breaking Colts.

Having just read an article from a practical dairyman on "breaking" heifers, we feel like saying that our experience in "breaking" colts in long years of raising them accords exactly with his. As the term is generally understood, "we have no use for it." Our colts are petted from the start, are always treated gently and they are as quiet as an old horse. Generally, the fall after they are two years old, but sometimes not for one, or even two years later—but we prefer the earliest period—as they stand haltered in the stable, we quietly put the harness on them, letting them stand with it several hours to accustom them to the feel and rattle. Then lead them out and allow them to stand beside a work-horse that is harnessed; then lead them to water, or along some familiar roadway. If inclined to pull back, have some attendant to walk quietly behind and gently urge them forward. Then take down the lines and drive, going a frequented way, as before—allowing them much of choice of route. Avoid abrupt turnings or quick and harsh jerkings. When they have become accustomed to this kind of movement, whether it be in one or more lessons, not long enough continued to worry or tire them, then hitch to sled or wagon, with as little rattle to it as possible, and preferably drive over a smooth field, as there plenty of room can be had for turning.

No two colts can be treated exactly alike, as no two have the same disposition, but in repeated cases we have hitched to wagon after only a few hours' preliminary exercise, and always ready for a light load by the third trial. We should not attempt to ride a colt until after it has worked; then, perhaps, as coming in from harrowing or other work, as it would be somewhat tired, we would gently bestride it, not, however, quickening its pace. This is our long-time rule, as against the too common one of calling in a half-dozen neighbors, getting out the big rope, bridle and saddle, and when the wild colt has been cornered in the lot or shed, and the, to him, villainous-looking and feeling outfit has been buckled and girthed to him, with the fright from the strange crowd and their loud and unfamiliar voices, he is in a mood for a runaway or sulky defiance. —*J. M. Rice, in Prairie Farmer.*

Successful Shepherds.

The benefits arising from keeping sheep, intelligently, on ordinary farms is little understood. Among all my farmer acquaintances I cannot name one who has been a persistent sheep-keeper that has not added to his cash account and the fertility of his soil by this means, while I do know many who, if they have not grown poorer in these respects by raising and selling grain, have not made any advance in the right direction.

It is only the design of this article to report how two of my acquaintances have accumulated considerable wealth by sheep-husbandry. One commenced ten years ago on a run down bush farm, and went in debt for that. He started in with the determination that "sheep should help him out." His policy was to make the farm carry every ovine hoof possible. Sometimes he has gone beyond that, and purchased feed and pasturage. He [illegible] thoroughly, and then grow upon it three crops of grain and a crop of clover hay, in the following rotation: corn, oats, wheat, clover, then sheep again. The coarse manure was always placed on the corn ground and plowed under, and the fine on the wheat field before the last harrowing. He never used commercial fertilizers, but did land plaster on the clover occasionally with good results; but he always feared making the soil "plaster sick." and consequently used it sparingly. He subdued the briar and brush fields by pasturing them closely. When the herbage was well reduced he turned the animals into a better pasture to "fill up," and then back into the bush-lot again, so alternating until there was scarcely a green leaf remaining. He considers August the best month in which to subdue bushes and briers, "because," he says, "they stay killed better." At his leisure during the fall he grubs the field, and the next season it is planted to corn. His farm has become fertile under this treatment, and grows excellent crops of grain, which he feeds on the place to sheep. In speaking of the sheep industry in connection with farming, he said: "I would keep sheep if they produced no wool, or I would keep them if they raised no lambs."

The other farmer purchased 120 acres in 1882, running considerably in debt. The buildings were meagre and dilapidated, the fences down and the soil impoverished. He, too, staked his faith on sheep, keeping besides only one cow and three horses. His farm is paid for, the buildings and fences are in good order, a commodious sheep barn has been erected, and there is not a better grain farm in the country. The orchard which produced but little when he purchased the farm has, by a judicious system of trimming, engrafting and pasturing with sheep, become abundantly fruitful, and his apple sales last year were $630. His flock of sheep consists of 140 ewes, 100 of which he devotes to raising winter lambs, and averages about $1,000 annually from their product in lambs and wool.

Neither of these men hire any help except a few days in haying and harvesting, and the women of the household do not have to slave themselves to death waiting upon hired help or attending to milk and butter. These men and their families live a comparatively easy farm life.—*Galen Wilson, in National Stockman*

Feeding the Runts.

The objection to feeding anything like a number of hogs or pigs together is that it is often that there will be some of the smaller ones that will not be able to secure their share, and in consequence they get stunted. It is not because the feed is not supplied them, but because they do not get it. Hogs are naturally greedy and when feeding for growth, when not given all that every one can eat there is certain to be some that will get more than others of what they should have. This is more particularly the case where quite a number of hogs are kept together. Because it is more convenient to feed all the hogs kept on the farm together many are careless in this respect and the feed, whether grain or slop, is thrown out to them and each animal is left to look out for itself. In a majority of cases a little more care in dividing up according to size and thrift will aid materially in securing a more even growth on the same quantity of feed. During growth it is not necessary to feed all the hogs will eat and especially when they have the run of a good pasture, but it is nearly always necessary to feed more or less, and in deriving the most profit in feeding it is necessary that each one should get its share. In fattening hogs they must be fed all that they will eat up clean at each meal, and if this is done a good gain can be secured with all. In feeding for growth, and this is what is to be done during the next three or four months, the younger pigs should be fed separate from those that are larger and older, providing a separate place for them where they can eat without being disturbed. They may be allowed the run of the same pasture but ought to have separate places to feed and sleep. Give each lot a sufficient quantity at each feeding to keep in a good thrifty condition. Runts are an abomination and stunted pigs are but little better, and it is easy to stunt by a little neglect, especially in feeding, and once a pig gets fairly stunted no after treatment will entirely eradicate the effect. Unless more than ordinary care is given where a large number are fed together, a number of them will get stunted, at least partially, before they will be noticed. When fed in smaller lots, and divided up according to size anything of this kind can be seen quicker and a change be made that will obviate it.—*Western Swineherd.*

A Fruit Ladder.

The following fruit ladder is described in one of the agricultural reports: Take a pole of any desired length, but not of large diameter, sharpen it at the top to a slim point, and several feet from the top put a flat iron band about it, or in case a band is not at hand it may be securely wrapped with wire to keep it from splitting. But the band should not be thick or with sharp edges else it may cut or chafe the bark of the tree. If the grain is straight it may be split with wedges from the butt to this band, or it may be split with a rip-saw. Now spread it at the bottom to several feet in width, and if the ladder is to be quite tall this should be from five to six feet or even more. Nail a brace temporarily across the butt ends to hold them apart, and bore holes at proper distances and at proper angles; or if the spread is not too great they may be bored before the the pole is split. Rounds of tough, strong material may now be inserted, beginning at the top, first removing the brace.

Such a ladder can be thrust upward into a tree and placed in a fork or against a branch without danger of falling or being unsteady, and it has the additional advantage of being very light at the top and easy to handle. If desired, a third leg or brace can be added by hingeing it to the top round through a hole, thus making a step ladder. —*Western Rural.*

Changes in the Future.

American agriculture has touched bed rock. Prices of farm lands and of produce cannot well be lower. The opening up of farm empires in the public domain has about come to an end. There are still subject to settlement or obtainable at nominal cost vast areas in the west and south, but there is no chance for any such marvelous development of new territory as has characterized the past three decades. More intensive methods will gradually come into general use, land values will rise and produce will command better prices as diversification reduces the surplus in staples.

With this change will come greater demands upon our farmers to hold their own in public affairs and secure absolute justice in taxation and representation. The feeling of unrest among so large a proportion of our farmers to-day is in some degree due to the fact that they have failed to do their full duty as citizens, at least to a considerable extent. If farmers are injuriously affected by the influences which seem to have conspired to advance the interests of capital at the expense of producers, the reason is to be found in the fact that the favored interests have been constantly on the alert while the farmer has raised but an occasional feeble protest. To grapple with the problems that confront him as a citizen, as well as to make a success of agriculture under the approaching changes, requires a higher degree of education than has been common among farmers in the past. It is in enabling the rising generation of producers to acquire this education that our agricultural and mechanical colleges are to fill so important a place.—*American Agriculturist.*

Economy of Farmers.

We do not all agree with those who think one prominent cause of agricultural depression is lack of economy on the part of farmers. There is certainly much waste on the average farm, in the way of careless work, and shiftless, slipshod methods; but there is not more now than there always has been. The style of living has somewhat improved. There is less hard work and more comforts than there were fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. But the advance is less in these respects than in any other walk of life. The income of the farm, while actually larger than twenty-five years ago, is proportionately smaller. Farmers, as a rule, do not live as well, in comparison with other classes, as they did twenty-five years ago, and they cannot affort to live as well. This change in their relative position is not the fault of farmers themselves. It is the fault of conditions over which they have no control. The depression is general, not local; but it is, we believe, temporary, not permanent. It will vanish when farmers, as a class, refuse to take a back seat.—*Farmer's Home.*

* * *

A young man who went west filled with enthusiasm and a desire to "grow up with the country" surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of several weeks. He said that while he was out land hunting in what he thought was the garden spot of America, he came across a boarded up claim shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which accounted for his unexpected return: "Fore miles from a nayber, sixteen miles from a postofis, twenty miles from a raleroad, a hundred and atey from timber, two hundred and fifty feet from water. There's no place like home; we've gone east to spend the summer with my wife's folks."

* * *

Twenty-one observatories are now engaged in the international undertaking of photographing the entire heavens. Each observatory will have to take about 700 photographs in the zone assigned to it, and it is hoped to finish the work in three or four years

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Illusion.

Down in the valley, he thought, how grand
To stand on the mountain-peak,
To feel the four free winds of heaven,
And to see the daylight break!
The flowery grass of the meadow-lands,
The wealth of the waving crop,
He knew them safe, and rich, and fair,
But he longed for the mountain-top.

What mystic shadows and depths were there,
What glory of color and light!
He knew that his heart would never rest
Till his feet had reached the height.
With painful care and a beating breast
He climbed the dangerous ground,
And stood at length on the mountain-top,
With nothing his gaze to bound.

But the clouds were still as far above,
And alas! the stony peak
Had never a flower or blade of grass;
It was cold, and barren, and bleak.
And far below was the valley sweet,
With its fields of waving corn,
With its orchard trees and garden place,
And the house where he was born.

Thus from the valley of sweet Content
Ambition lureth men to seek
The splendid, lonely, barren plaee
That girdles Life's most lofty peak,
But oh for the pleasant valley homes!
And happy the feet that daily pass
Through woodland ways and blowing corn,
And the long sweet orchard grass.

—*Harpers' Weekly.*

For the VISITOR.

Booming Batavia Grange.

The regular meeting of Batavia Grange for Sept. 23d opened with the usual form. After roll-call the Master made a call for "new business," which was responded to by Bachelor Wilson. He arose and began to talk rather hesitatingly, as though he hardly knew what he wanted to say. As he is quite a moralizer, I expected he was going to give us a lecture on morality. After uttering a few sentences, he began to talk about Grange unity—saying the Grange could accomplish nothing unless it could act as a unit.

"We must sacrifice our own peculiar views," said he, "for the good of the Grange. Whenever a question comes before us for settlement by vote, the result of that vote should be acquiesced in by every member; and whosoever would attempt to defeat the result in any manner, except by the rules of this Grange, is unworthy the name of 'Granger.'"

"That is very good doctrine," thought I, "but what can be his object in talking to us in this way at this particular time?"

My mind ran back over the history of our Grange, and I could think of no disagreement that would call for a lecture.

Continuing, he said:

"Now, let each one of us resolve here to-night that we will sacrifice our personal prejudices and peculiar personal views to preserve the unity and harmony now existing among the members of the Grange."

"Well," thought I, "what can be coming next?"

Just at this moment I noticed that a number of bachelors were seated near him, and I surmised that they were not there by accident. When he would make a strong point he would swing himself around facing them, and they would all nod assent to his views.

"Now," thought I, "he is going to spring a surprise on us. He expects opposition, but he expects to win; and he is preparing the unsuccessful party to take their defeat philosophically. I looked over towards Mrs. Bowers and saw that she was expecting something unusual.

"Now," said he, "we had a literary contest in this Grange a few weeks ago, between the married and unmarried people, and we won the contest, and I think it about time the defeated party pay the forfeit, which was agreed upon beforehand to be a supper for the Grange. Now, I think the defeated party should open their hearts and purses and prepare a supper, not only for the Grange, but for invited guests also, then we can bring in our friends and have a good time. And now, Worthy Master, I move you that the married people of this Grange prepare a supper for its members and invited guests one week from to-night."

Now came the opposition. Mrs. Moore sprang to her feet, declaring the motion an outrage. She would never submit to it, unity or no unity.

"Every good Granger will submit to a vote of the Grange," interrupted a bachelor.

"It is a pretty time now." continued Mrs. Moore, "for the successful party to dictate terms. The terms have already been—"

At this juncture Mrs. Bowers caught hold of her dress and pulled her down into a chair and a hurried consultation followed. A note signed by Mrs. Bowers was handed to me, which read, "Vote for this motion."

The yeas and nays were called and the Master declared the motion carried.

Mrs. Bowers took the floor immediately and said:

"I move you, Worthy Master, that every bachelor who attends this Grange supper without a partner shall be fined five dollars."

This peculiar turn of affairs had been brought about so suddenly that the audience did not for a moment fully comprehend the richness of the joke. But as the proportions of the joke finally dawned upon them they began to applaud, and the next few minutes was a scene of confusion such as was never before witnessed in our hall. The bachelors, who had gathered around Mr. Wilson to urge him on, saw that they were badly beaten at their own game. All eyes were centered on them. Short remarks would be made by various members which served only as an occasion for renewed applause. One brother wanted to know if they would be excused from paying the fine if they brought their mothers with them.

Mrs. Bowers endeavored to maintain the dignity of her position, but a stray smile would occasionally flit across her face in spite of her efforts to suppress it.

Mr. Wilson was not to be browbeaten in that way. Rising to his feet and making several ineffectual efforts at clearing his throat, he began: O. A. V.

[*To be Continued.*]

Pasturage and Drouth.

The almost continuous rains, in large portions of our country, have made early summer pasturage abundant as well as assured a large hay crop. But it is quite possible that some of the effects of those rains may be manifested in a way not looked for. These heavy, beating, long-continued rains have compacted the surface of the earth, of clay soils especially, to such a degree that, should they be followed by a severe drouth, there may be a cessation of the growth of grass, far more decidedly than if the spring had been moderately dry. To be sure, the rains have filled the subsoil with water, and in all cultivated crops, such as corn, beans, etc., that soil-water can be made available by stirring the surface. But in crops in which surface cultivation is impracticable the subsoil water will be of little use. When it rises to the neighborhood of grass roots, the dry, hard soil will soon conduct it to the surface, whence it will pass off into the atmosphere. Moreover, the pores of the soil are so completely closed by long, washing rains that the air is partially excluded, and those busy assistants of the farmer, the microbes, which are so lively in their operations in decomposing the dead vegetabie matter in the soil and aiding in new vegetable growths, become inactive, and vegetation almost ceases.

Therefore, it would not be at all surprising if, before the end of July, word should go forth from among the farmers: "The pastures are all drying up!" Farmers will remember that last year, notwithstanding the almost continuous rains during June and July, before the first of September, before the rains had ceased three weeks, complaints were heard that the surface of the stubble ground was so dry and hard that it was almost impossible to break it for wheat, and much of the wheat was poorly put in.

No way can be suggested to prevent such a condition of things so far as pastures, hay stubbles and grain stubbles are concerned, but row crops can be made to do their best by thorough cultivation, and then if the pastures dry up there may be a large growth of corn and corn fodder to supplement the pastures.

Townsmen, who know but little about the conditions of agriculture, are wont to make themselves facetious over the croaking disposition of farmers. They say that farmers are always complaining about the weather. One day it is too cold, another too hot. Complaints of too much rain have hardly ceased before complaints of drouth commence. But townsmen have no idea how dependent farmers are upon propitious weather for the production of good crops. One extreme generally follows another and vegetation suffers from both extremes. Farmers have done a great deal towards mitigating the evil effects of extremes by drainage and surface cultivation. but they have not yet succeeded in entirely overcoming such effects.

The Chestnut.

Nut culture is assuming more importance as an industry in this country than formerly; in fact until recently it has scarcely been attempted. Among the native nuts there are perhaps none of more importance than the chestnut. It grows naturally over a large portion of the United States, beginning with Kentucky and Ohio, reaching northeast to the boundary and eastward to the Atlantic ocean. The wild nut is exceedingly rich in flavor and very sweet. In these respects it is superior to the European or Asiatic strains. Moreover, our native chestnut seems to thrive much better than the foreign varieties, but in the size of nuts the latter have the advantage. A number of varieties of our American species, *Castanea vesca*, have been brought to notice, and are now propagated by grafting and budding, showing signs of a decided improvement as compared with the ordinary kinds found in the forests.

There are in Pennsylvania, Maryland. Virginia. Ohio, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and the mountain regions of the Carolinas and Northern Georgia, and all that part of our country lying northward of the States named (except in Northern New York and a part of the New England States, where the climate is not suitable) large tracts of land now yielding small returns which might be profitable if planted to chestnuts. The Pomologist of the Agricultural Department says that many old worn-out fields, which are practically worthless in their present condition, might be thus turned to good account. The timber would be commercially valuable, but the nuts would bring much larger returns to the owner. Once started and cultivated for a few years, until they begin to shade the ground, the trees would require very little further attention, except to thin them out. As an article of food the chestnut is very valuable, but at present the prices are very high. Even the common nuts from ungrafted trees would repay the use of the land, but it would be much better to plant only grafted trees of the choicer varieties.—*Western Rural.*

In 1814, when the Thames, at London, England, was frozen, a printing establishment was set up and many collectors rejoice over a little volume entitled, "Frostina; or, a History of the River Thames in a Frozen State. London: Printed on the ice in the River Thames, 1814."

The governor of Canterbury gaol says: I have had 22,000 prisoners pass through my hands since I have been the governor of this gaol, but, though I have inquired, I have not discovered one teetotaller among them.

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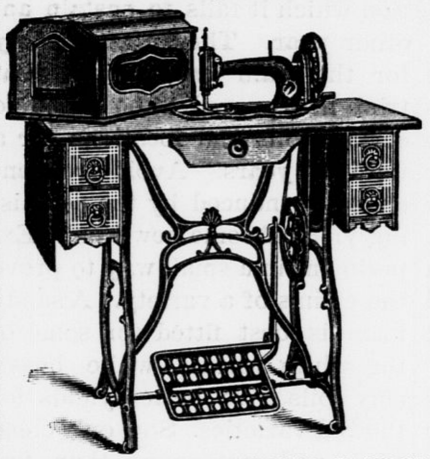

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Political Status of the Grange.

Grange Homes recently published the following from the pen of the State Grange Lecturer of Maine. Would it not be well for Patrons everywhere to read and act upon its suggestions?

ATTEND THE CAUCUSES AND CONVENTIONS.

While the order of Patrons of Husbandry is a non-political organization, yet its pledges cover and require faithfulness to one's own individual interests. This can only mean that, in their several parties, Patrons are to labor to place in nomination and secure the election of those who will faithfully and earnestly labor to advance the true interests of agriculture. This is one's duty, and this order can do as much as any organization in this direction. Under the stress of the most urgent motives, it urges loyalty to one's own convictions and interests. It antagonizes no political affiliation, but emphasizes such, urging only that the members act as they preach, and in their own party organizations labor to secure the benefits possible. No organization can do more unless it is founded with the one thought of uniting farmers for special political action outside present party lines. The Grange says, work within your own party organizations for the success of what you think right and just. Labor as republicans and democrats to place in nomination, and then to elect only those who recognize and will foster agricultural interests. Support candidates whom you can trust. Do all this while you stand true to your political preferences and principles, for then no matter which party wins, the end desired will be secured, and this is what we are laboring for. All that is necessary is that farmers make their power felt in the primaries, that they attend the caucuses and work for men to represent their interests.

These conventions and caucuses, then, should be the camping ground of the Patrons of Maine. He who neglects to attend these has no one to blame but himself if the results are not satisfactory. If we are to build up a farmers' party upon a farmers' platform, then there is need of an organization pledged to that special work, and it will be necessary that men break entirely with old associates and organize under a new banner and new leaders, but this is not the mission of the Grange. Its sphere of action is to arouse its members to loyalty to their own interests and faithful labor in their own party organizations. A man can be just as true a Patron in one party as in another.

There never was a time when there was such an earnest demand for consecrated effort as to-day, and the worth of the order in helping to this is everywhere recognized. Permanent results will depend upon faithfulness to the obligations taken. The next few months should be fruitful to the Patrons of Maine, and will be if each one will act within his own party in harmony with the declaration of purposes of the order.

Seed Wheat.

It is always profitable for farmers to make inquiries of threshers as to the variety of wheat giving the best yields on soils of like character with his own. A single instance of a heavy yield is not a sure guaranty that a repetition will follow in the harvest of next year. A single season may be especially favorable for a given variety, and gain for it a reputation which it fails to sustain another year. The safest variety for the main crop is one that trial has proved to be suited to certain soils and locations for a term of years. Avoid frequent changes, induced by the promising yield of some new kind. Experiment in a small way to prove the claims of a variety. A sandy loam is best fitted for some of the white wheats, while heavy clay soils give better yields for the red varieties. Sow only clean seed, and not more than five pecks per acre on well-prepared soil, and less if the fertility is somewhat reduced. Thick seeding on thin soil makes short straw and small heads, with little wheat in them. Thinner seeding will give good length of straw, with heads of good size and well filled.

Grasses at the Ag'l College.

It is said that grass is the basis of agriculture, which, if not wholly true, it is one of the pillars upon which the foundation of agriculture rests. Having faith in the axioms above stated, Prof. Beal and his then assistant, Eugene Davenport, (since Professor of Agriculture), laid out 5½ acres of land near the college buildings on which to test a large number of both native and foreign grasses, to determine by experiment their comparative values and to consider some other economic questions in connection with them. The plat is a triangular shaped piece of ground, called "the delta," of rather heavy clay soil, well overlaid with meadow mold, making a very suitable place for the experiments. At the small end of the triangle, a third of an acre was prepared and sown to a mixture of eighty-five kinds of grasses, to test them in a scramble for first place and "the survival of the fittest." Timothy, like Ben-Adhem's name, "led all the rest," with medium and mammoth clover following as second and third in the above order. Here and there would be seen a stalk of alfalfa; orchard grass was more plenty; alsike showed where a chance was given for elbow room—it seemed to serve the purpose of filling up the gaps; tall oat-grass, meadow fescue, June grass, foul meadow and red top had about an equal share in the occupancy of the ground. The seeds might not have had equal opportunities, or more of some might have germinated than of others, but the king for this kind of soil is timothy, and his prime minister is medium clover.

Another question sought to be solved was, whether permanent pasture or meadow was preferable to plowing, cropping and reseeding. A piece of the ground is therefore left in its original condition as meadow in three different places — the poorest, the average and the best — to compare with adjoining plats where the ground had been cultivated and re-seeded. The plats were laid off in squares of 30 feet each, and a square rod of fully grown grass, cut from the center of each of the several varieties, is weighed and compared with a square rod of the permanent meadow. Other plats are frequently mowed to represent pasturing off, and compared with the permanent pasture, both by weight, to determine the amount of grass produced by the different methods. As will be surmised by experienced farmers, newly seeded grass has the appearance of furnishing at least three times the bulk and weight of hay that the permanent meadow will afford. The bulletin soon to be issued by Dr. Beale will give these comparisons, and we will not attempt to anticipate it, but give our readers what appearances seem to indicate will be the result:

Very many of the wild marsh grasses have been sown and are growing by themselves in these plats to test their value under civilized culture. A great many foreign grasses are also being tried, especially those that prove valuable on their native soil, but no very promising variety has yet been discovered that will take the place of and gain favor for qualities superior to our common kinds. Several varieties of the chess family, which are sown for hay in Russia and other countries, are here no better than our poor plant with the transmutable reputation.

Some effort is here being made to improve grasses by selection; and the seeds of superior samples are saved and sown by themselves, to see if the qualities which mark them as finer than their kin can be transmitted and become permanent. Some of the Tom Thumb kinds of grass are being tested for their value as a lawn grass; a dwarf kind of red top from Russia is very promising.

One frequently sees a grass on his farm that seems to be a sort of tramp — an astray; but here stands thirty feet square of it on trial, with a biographer at hand who can give its name and lineage. Here was a square of yarrow, and we were surprised to learn that in some parts of Europe it is grown as a pasture grass and to turn under as a fertilizer. Ribbon grass, that we, as a boy, frequently attempted to match, without success, was here growing beside its own brother from our marshes, clad in a prosier dress of green and with a statelier stem. The stripes, we learned, had come by cultivation and domestication.

Here were sods from the lawn of the grounds of the agricultural college of Connecticut growing our familiar white clover, and June grass, and red top. Other sods of blue grass from Kentucky, here losing its distinctive character to become only June grass—nothing more. Timothy grass from Russia is just plain plebian timothy here, and so many of these foreigners, with some claims to distinction at home, lose their titles when planted beside our native grasses for comparison. Many of these varieties are "just grass" to the majority of farmers, who would be greatly benefitted by a study of their peculiarities and character.

On the Road.

Take the overalls off a farmer, put him into store clothes and set him down at a railroad depot with a grip in his hand, and he may, nowadays, easily be taken for a commercial traveler, but never for an editor. He must get into the swim with the fraternity and be labeled with its badge before he is recognized. There is no distinctive mark or brand that separates him from the crowd. Look a lot of them over and pick out your ideal editor if you can. Two hundred and twenty-five of these specimens of conglomerated humanity started from Saginaw on the morning of July 19th, over the Michigan Central for Cheboygan, on the Michigan side of the straits of Mackinaw.

At Grayling the citizens called us off the train with a brass band and fed the multitude, with every appearance of there being many basketfuls left. Perhaps the Experimental farm, located there, has stimulated production to a degree that will warrant such generosity. That it exists at Grayling none doubted after the experience of the day.

At Gaylord, Otsego county, the highest point in the state, we began the descent of 800 feet toward the straits. For half the distance we ran at the rate of 70 miles an hour, a higher speed than is pleasant over a winding road. At Cheboygan more brass bands and all the rigs of the town out to show us the magnificent prospects for its future as a center of trade and commerce. Here we staid over night, assigned to free hotels, and were treated to a musical banquet in the evening. Here one gets a sniff of northern Michigan ozone which comes free to editors like all other delicacies of the season.

There are two well known river routes noted for a day's ride over them—the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; but there are really three of equal merit when the St. Mary's is added from Cheboygan to the Soo, touching at St. Ignace, Mackinac Island and Detour. The scenery is constantly changing and changing, and as it becomes better known will be thronged with travelers.

The Soo was reached at 7 p. m., and a crowd of citizens thronged the wharf. Here is enough of interest to fill a page of the VISITOR. The locks, the rapids, the water power, the Canada canal in process of construction, Hay Lake channel, where our government is expending $2,000,000 in deepening and making it navigable, thus shortening the distance from the Soo to Detour about 13 miles. The locks are of cut stone, 515 feet long by 80 feet in breadth and 16 feet deep. New locks are being built by the government which will be 1000 feet long by 100 feet in width, passing vessels with a draught of 20 feet, 6 inches. During the month of June, 1890, 1,413,000 tons of freight were carried through the locks, being the largest monthly record yet made. The heaviest day's business was on May 26, when 74,686 tons passed through. The average time spent by vessels passing the locks in 35 minutes.

During the year ending June 30th, last, the agricultural products passing the Soo have been: Wheat, 19,459,796 bushels; flour, 2,592,735 barrels; other grains, 2,732,698 bushels. An average of 60 boats pass the locks every 24 hours. Frequently there are three boats in the locks at one time, and not a moment passes but that some are in sight or locking through. The length of the proposed water power canal is 3½ miles; head of water 18 feet, with Lake Superior, containing 32,000 square miles, for a mill pond. The Soo is a place of great possibilities, mostly in the future. It has acres of ozone to each inhabitant, and for four or five months in summer it feels jubilant and exultant. What it does or says the remainder of the time, since the boom bubble is pricked, nobody knows. The Northern Pacific railroad crosses the St. Mary's river here over an immense iron bridge just at the head of the rapids. By the way, shooting the rapids in an Indian canoe directed by an Indian is the fad for strangers at the Soo. "Poor Lo" reckons on it considerably during the season, and fills his pipe and feeds his family on the 75 cents per head duty which he levies. We got a few drops of river water on our person, which was all the trace of imminent danger we experienced, but out of this we might build a tragic tale of peril as others have done.

The agent of the N. P. R. R. here met us with four Pullman sleepers, which we filled on the evening of the 21st and started for Iron Mountain, a comparatively new mining town on the Menominee river. Our idea that iron ore was located among barren, rocky ranges of hills was wrong. Here are no surface indications such as we supposed. The hills are wooded or covered with verdure, but no attempts are being made to develop the agricultural resources. They all seem satisfied with the possibilities under, rather than above ground. Here are located the Chapin, the Ludington and the Hamilton mines, said to be the largest in the world. Three miles out from the city, at Menominee Falls, is the largest plant for compressing air, in the world. This compressed air is carried in an iron pipe four miles long and 24 inches in diameter inside. At every 500 feet is an expansion joint that slips to maintain the level of the tube, which would be pushed out of place by the expansion of heat if pulled apart by the contraction of cold. These joints cost $600 each. The whole plant cost over half a million of dollars, and supplies compressed air for running the drills and engines in the mines. There are eight immense compressing cylinders, whose motive power is furnished by four turbine wheels 72 inches in diameter under a head of 55 feet of water power.

Iron Mountain is bound to become a large mining town. It is pleasantly located, has a set of enterprising citizens, and the pay roll of the several mines is $35,000 per week, a sum that of itself must furnish the support of a vast deal of trade. We were treated very handsomely by the citizens of Iron Mountain—driven to and from the mines to the falls, provided for at the hotels and entertained at a banquet in the evening. For a person with an inquiring mind, with a Yankee proclivity for asking questions, Iron Mountain is a good place to gain information. Geologists, chemists and mining engineers are run against without looking or advertising for, and they are crammed full of iron lore and can say something incidentally of Iron Mountain's prospects.

Our train pulled out for St. Paul at 9:30 p. m., at which place our next letter will begin.

Farmers' Four Days Outing.

The Grange picnic at Benton Harbor, occurring the last week in August, promises to be a notable affair. The managers say they "expect to do everybody good," and have procured as speakers for the occasion Brothers Luce, Brigham, Mayo, Woodman and others. They invite everybody to "come with blankets and four days' rations."

In connection with the suggestion that the Chinese government may retaliate against the United States by excluding Americans from China, the Hon. John Russell Young's article in the August *North American Review* will be read with interest.

Communications.

Midsummer.

The roadside grasses with the dust are gray;
The air above them quivers with the heat;
The bright, oppressive glare of day
Is felt where'er the golden sunbeams beat.

The dusky millwheel's labored sound is dead;
While, shrinking in its reedy bed, the stream
Has dwindled to a silver thread;
Its murmuring voice is heard as in a dream.

A single line, which here is dusky bright,
Across the ancient rotting dam it sips
And sparkling breaks, a jeweled light
Upon the edge where now a wild rose dips.

The shadow from the empty, idle mill,
Upon the wet weeds far below lies cool;
And all unbroken, black and still,
Doth stretch above the shallow, stagnant pool.

A vine of yellow blossoms, in a net
Hath caught the crumbling wheel of mossy green,
While in and out, all rank and wet,
The burdock's dark, broad leaves do push between.

Full low and brooding seems the hot, still sky;
The air is heavy laden with perfume;
On flutt'ring wings a dragon fly
Through glaring sunlight seeks the slumbrous gloom.

The Farmer's Boy.

Written for and read at the meeting of Traverse District Grange No. 17, June 11th–12th, and sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication by request of the Grange, by Mrs. E. M. Voorhees.

I always like to see a boy contented on the farm. It is a sign that his father cares more for his children than he does for his horse or ox, which he feels he must work to pay for their keeping.

Many farmers make slaves of their sons. By "slaves" I mean they are not satisfied until they do a full day's work—not one day, but every day. Not any wages, no, sir; though they strain their young muscles to the breaking down point to keep up with the hired cradlers in the harvest field.

Many a boy has been ruined for life trying to "keep up" with his father and his hired hands.

Fathers, how often do you praise your boys? How often do you make promises that are never fulfilled? It is so hard to hand over the dollars that you can keep yourself. It is so easy to sell the fat steer the boy call his, and pocket the money!

"Father gave me that colt. I trained him; I drove him; I was proud of him. Somebody offered him a big price and he sold him, but I did not get a cent." Oh, how discouraging a life on the farm to the boy who could say this!

Can he love or respect a father who could so wrong and deceive his child, and all for a little money? Can he love the good old farm when virtually a slave on it?

It is no wonder this farmer's boy is awkward. If he goes into company at all, ten to one that his clothes are shabby and ill-fitting. He has no schooling worth a cent. Too much learning would make him discontented and spoil him for a farmer. It really seems to be the custom with some old farmers to send the poorest, palest, slenderest boy they have to college and make of him a lawyer, a doctor, or, best of all, a minister. I never knew one of them boys to leave school and settle down to farm it for a living, unless he had to.

It is a pity that when a child shows a hankering after any particular line of business, he cannot be allowed to educate or train himself for that calling. I mean, of course, any honest calling or trade short of going to sea or keeping a saloon.

I believe there would be more good, kind and loving farmers if they would do the fair thing by their children; encouraging them to stay at home, and help them when they are growing by paying them small sums regularly for their work. Be these sums never so small, there will be bred in these children a spirit of independence and of love for the parent and for the home.

I ask you, fathers and mothers, would you be happy if in so dependent a position as are some of your children? No matter how hard or how disagreable the work, not a cent do they get but what is grudgingly given. They feel like paupers, and no wonder, for the little they do get has to be begged for. And all because he is your boy and you raised him. Why, you are so glad to give a neighbor's boy eight, ten or twenty dollars a month, according to age, and he don't work any harder than your boy does. No, sir; and the hired boy spends his money as he pleases, with no one to say him nay, and your boy knows it. I don't say that a boy should have all he earns before he is twenty-one, but why not give him a little along to encourage him?

Now, speaking from a purely business point of view, wouldn't a boy, if he had a stated sum of money given him at certain intervals, with the express understanding that, as he earned that money, it is unqualifiedly his, to spend for clothing or other needs as he wishes to, with nobody to hinder, wouldn't this in itself be a good business course for your boy? By working hard for his money, he would be careful how he spent it. He wouldn't be easily fooled, either, after doing his own purchasing a few times. He would be more saving of his money as wages than as a donation. You could easily encourage your boy to invest his surplus cash in some way that will increase his little store year by year, which he will think of with pride and pleasure while trudging along after the plow. It is a good thing to have something cheerful to think about, you know; then he won't be wishing for the old man to die so he can get hold of some property of his own. He will know better how to take care of it when he does get it. These "greenhorn heirs" are the gudgeons that the sharpers are fishing for, and they get them, too. I have known more than one fine homestead squandered by the boy who inherited it, because he didn't know anything about earning money or taking care of it after he did earn it. If a boy earns what he gets he will be more careful how he spends it. He will acquire habits of calculation—how to make good bargains; how to be independent, and will feel as though he was somebody, and not a mere beggarly slave.

"Oh!" I hear somebody say, "give the boys pay for their work, and ten to one they will go to the bad — gamble and drink and do all manner of wicked things." I don't believe it; boys on the farm usually have to work hard, which helps to keep them out of mischief, especially if they are taught by their parents to restrain their lower instincts and that the way of the transgressor is hard.

So, do be company for your children, mothers, do be company for your boys. Do take the time from your work to talk to them and play and visit with them; go with them to interesting places; read with them interesting books, and talk to them about what you read. Believe me, mothers, this time is well spent. Study their tastes and gratify, if you can, their innocent wishes. Ask company to meet them at your homes — such companions as you know to be good for them to associate with. If you make their home pleasant and agreeable, do you think these boys will want to go to sea or be cowboys?

To the boys I would say: There is not much made on the farm now-a-days — sometimes hardly enough to keep it in running order; but there is where home is, and that is, for you, the safest place in the world, and your mother is by all odds your truest friend and safest confident.

Boys, don't ask too much. As I said before, farming is not just now a very paying business. It is dull; but don't get stupid, if you can help it. Do try to excel if you raise nothing but potatoes. Come to the Grange and tell us all about it. That is an education in itself.

Brothers and sisters, encourage your boys to join the Grange.

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ED. VISITOR:

In the VISITOR of May 15 I see, under the head of "A Practical Question and a Practical Answer," the question asked: "Of what use are such studies as algebra and geometry to my son who intends to farm?" Now, I have a word to offer. This subject of education is one of vast importance, as no one will deny, but greater still is the question of making each one's education especially adapted to his or her natural ability, and following the course in which they will best succeed. We know it is often the case that the young man who starts out in life fully determined to be a farmer or a smith, will meet with something to change his course entirely. He may be naturally fitted for some other business, which may have such an influence upon him as to cause him to drop the old and follow the new, requiring an entirely different course of training. Hence a course of study in school that brings to each pupil the greatest amount of practical information relating to the different branches of science and industry—beginning with the more common branches being, we think, the proper course to pursue. I would not drop algebra or geometry from the education of the farmer or day laborer, for these studies greatly strengthen the foundation for solid reasoning, which makes the solid man. But when we have attained this much then comes before us another question: What special course shall I pursue—am I to be a day laborer, a tradesman, a farmer? If so I may stop here, taking up my life work on the farm or in the factory. If I am to be a lawyer, doctor, minister, astronomer, historian or teacher, then I must take up those studies especially suited to the business I am to follow; and here is a point worthy of consideration: In our graded schools are taught German, French, etc., simple language, a knowledge of which in no way adds to the reasoning power and language which not more than one in ten or twenty of our young men and women will ever have occasion to use, at least sufficiently to make it practical, to say nothing of Latin and the dead languages.

I strongly favor the dropping of all foreign and dead languages from the regular course of study, leaving them to specialists, thereby giving more time to the study of science and nature and to the acquiring of a general knowledge of the country in which we live, thereby placing our reasoning faculties at their best and more fully preparing us for that struggle which is for all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

H. L. CHAPMAN,
White Pigeon, Mich.

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FREMONT, Newaygo Co.,
July 17th.

ED. VISITOR:

Saturday June 14th, Fremont Grange, No. 494, had previously arranged to have a picnic dinner in the grove for the children, but the weather being unfavorable were obliged to assemble at the Hall where a feast was served to nearly one hundred children, after which they assembled in the Hall where a programme had been arranged, the children and some of the older ones doing themselves credit in their recitations. Brother and Sister Dan Mallery enlivened the occasion by their music both vocal and instrumental, all did their part to render the occasion both profitable and pleasant, after friendly greetings we parted to meet one year hence. BELLE WHITE.

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MOLINE, Mich., July 22.

ED. VISITOR:

Moline Grange No. 248 is taking a vacation, and hopes after the six weeks' adjournment to meet, with renewed vigor, to discuss ways and means to help, though in a small way, the great uprising for the laboring classes. Surely something must be done, and when the public mind is fully aroused on subjects before the people to-day, and all help as one man, shoulder to shoulder, to better the farmer, then will be seen much good accomplished.

We were much pleased and we hope much benefited by reading the resolutions from different Granges, and noticing the earnestness and persistence that have ever been the mark of the "true blue, dyed in the wool" Patrons. It needs no prophet's eye to see in the near future a better time for all who toil for their daily bread, if (what a big word) all will act wisely, only use their votes to put men in office who have our best interests at heart, not by the depth of his purse. Let the native nobility of character outweigh a record as politician or millionaire.

MRS. E. L. O., Correspondent, Moline Grange No. 248.

The Twine Trust—Its Last Desperate Resort.

On Thursday, July 24, I was in Chicago, and curious to learn the ins and outs of the binding twine deal of Montgomery Ward & Co., I called at their place of business on Michigan avenue, and interviewed Mr. Ward.

This concern, handling annually large quantities of twine, has antagonized the twine trust from the date of its organization, and this year determined to waylay the trust at whatever cost.

Early in June the firm mailed circulars by thousands, offering to sell on cash orders half sisal and half manila twine for ten cents, and refund to all patrons who had bought of them at a higher price this season, the difference between the price paid and ten cents.

This circular alarmed the agents of the trust, and here is a specimen of defensive lying entitled to the blue ribbon in any well contested field. I was shown the clipping from the *Register* and the letter of Lynch Bros., which are here given:

ROCK VALLEY, Ia., July 20.

MESSRS. MONTGOMERY WARD & Co.—Dear Sirs: You will find inclosed a clipping taken from our town paper in regard to your twine. Now, I think it requires an answer from you, as I think it a great injustice. We received our twine and were never better pleased as to quality and price. The same would cost us 15 cents here. Yours resp'y,

LYNCH BROS.

From the *Register*, Rock Valley, Iowa: The report reaches us that Montgomery Ward & Co. have lately canvassed this part of the state for binding twine, receiving many orders. Now, when the time comes for delivery they are not only short, but what they have sent out is a very inferior article. To make the trouble still worse, it is too late to place orders with the regular dealers, and many farmers will thereby be put to much inconvenience and loss. How much longer will this sort of business continue? The *Register* grows weary in its ceaseless and honest endeavors to bring patrons to a realizing sense of losses they are sustaining by patronizing these "snaps." At home, where best known, Montgomery Ward & Co. do not pretend to do business. In their advertising they state specifically, "City trade not solicited." In Chicago, if one individual wishes to joke another about a new hat, a watch, or any other late purchase, they cap the climax by asking if they "bought it at Montgomery Ward & Co's."

This sort of lying was quite as foolish as wicked, as the books of Montgomery Ward & Co. show that more than 100 of their customers get their mail at the Rock Valley postoffice.

That ten cent offer brought a shower of orders for the half-and-half twine. Between June 15 and July 10 their sales were 125 car-loads of that brand, besides large quantities of other makes. To handle this trade, on orders from one bale to a car-load, required a large force worked night and day. That some mistakes were made, was to be expected, but the many complimentary letters received, indicates that the management was admirable, when time and volume of business is taken into account. The firm is still shipping to the north-west large quantities of hemp twine at nine cents per pound, and reports very generally agree that the hemp is giving satisfaction. As flax and hemp are readily produced in this country, this substitute for imported stock will enlarge the field of agricultural productions if it proves satisfactory, as I hope it may.

The burning at Minneapolis, on the 15th of July, of a warehouse containing nearly 1,000 tons of binding twine belonging to the Twine Trust, was the saving event of the year's business of the Trust, as in that fiery market Insurance Companies were made cash customers of a stock much of which would have been carried over but for the fire.

J. T. COBB.

Schoolcraft, July 26.

Literary Note from the "Century."

At the time of Gen. Fremont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for *The Century's* forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Fremont that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for which she has already written an introduction, as well as a supplement describing her life at Monterey in 1849. A fine portrait of General Fremont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of *The Century*, along with portraits of Commodores Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin and Gov. Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

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 inters 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 distroyed. 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, its 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.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, D. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

August.

Now Nature sits with folded hands,
As resting from the busy year,
While o'er the wide and teeming lands
She contemplates the goodly cheer
She gives; all energizing powers
Lie mute and still, and drowsy hours
Move noiselessly, their jocund moods
And songs foregoing; in deep woods
And fields a slumb'rous silence broods
Unbroken, save by beetle's drone
And o'erfed bees' dull monotone,
Or leaves' low rustle as they make
A pathway for the gliding snake.
The patient cows seek shadows cool,
That stretch themselves like giants prone
Along the edges of the pool—
And midst the waters stand knee deep,
In dreamy, semi-conscious sleep.
Birds sing no more, but on the hill
The tender plaint of whip-poor-will,
Who, telling oft her woeful tale,
Lingers full late after her time,
While at slow intervals the chime
Of sheep bells in the distant vale
Falls on the ear like tuneful rhyme,
Lulling the senses, till in idle dreams,
We half forget the real in the thought of that which seems.

—*The American Magazine.*

The Ideal.

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the song that's never sung,
That lies at the heart of the singer
Too grand for mortal tongue.
And sometimes in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons us here and there,
And when we strive to clasp it
It vanishes into air.
And thus our fair ideal
Floats away just before,
And we with longing spirits
Reach for it evermore.

If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives.
Often we should find it better—
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

To the Golden West and Return.

A REMINISCENCE.

Paper read before Antwerp and Paw Paw Farmers' Club, June 5, by Mrs. H. H. Woodman.

Having traveled over 10,000 miles through the most beautiful and picturesque portion of the world; been shown what brain and muscle could do in producing from barren plains the vine which yields the finest of wines and raisins, the trees that hold out temptingly the golden orange and beautiful foliage, the fig, olive, nectarine, apricot, strawberries, and almost all other fruits that grow in any clime; where the roses bloom the year round amid other flowering plants whose fragrance fills the air; where nectar and ambrosia intoxicates; where the men are noble and generous, the ladies beautiful and refined—all striving to impress upon the stranger that there is nothing this side of Heaven that can compare with this country and climate, and that the good Lord made this place for His people to behold the Garden of Eden and have a foretaste of Paradise.

I will glean a few items from my note book, penned while passing around and through this charmed circle:

At the Garden of the Gods, near Manitou, the eye is attracted by the wonderful formations of red sandstone, caused by the action of the wind, representing miles of grotesque figures of animals and men; and Balance Rock, with its hundreds tons of weight resting upon its base of only a few feet, surrounded by greater hights of light and dark gray granite, interspersed with mountain sage, scrub pines and live oak, while high above all towers Pike's Peak, as a sentinel. No wonder there is a legend that this sylvan retreat was held sacred by the red man, and that he came here to worship and call upon the Great Father—believing that if He could create such a place He could grant any request they might ask. It is truly a mythical place and must be seen to be appreciated.

At two o'clock in the morning we were called to see the Royal Gorge, and as we stood upon the rocks by the side of the steaming engine, with the moon trying to shine down upon us through flecks of clouds, looking up these massive walls that point heavenward twenty-seven hundred feet, then down into the heaving, surging waters of the Arkansas river rolling beneath—not a word spoken by the two hundred human beings, looking up and down, down and up—made a scene that no one who enjoyed it could ever forget, and which reminded me of Dante's "Purgatory and Paradise" as illustrated by Dore.

At daylight we came to Marshall Pass, where the ingenuity of man has laid a track for the cars to run over, among the mountain peaks which could neither be tunneled or bridged; and when the summit is reached, which is known as "The Great Divide," and "where the East gives greeting to the West," then we creep down among the peaks, which are so close together that the headlight of our engine is often seen, and the numerous tracks seem like so many different roads.

On we speed, the ever-varying scene constantly appearing and disappearing. From a great hight, over the rough, rugged side of the mountain, came rippling down the small silvery stream of Chippeta Falls. Then the Currecanti Needles stretched their pointed fingers to the sky—all the time the clear waters of the river running by our side.

The whole route through those mountains is but an unbroken succession of magnificence and grandeur—ever changing, but holding the enraptured beholder spell-bound.

But the scene changes, and a long stretch of arid plains must be passed before we reach the almost fabled land of California.

When the sun went down at night, shutting from our view this vast desert, and finding in the morning as we looked from the car windows, the fertile valley of the Sacramento, where the fattest of cattle were grazing in emerald fields, beautiful and elegant homes everywhere, the flowers sending out sweet perfumes, the birds carroling their softest notes, and the dews of morning adding enchantment to all. I thought that Aladin's stories were not fables, for here was a reality which far exceeded his fairy tales.

We were now in California, and our Patron friends of former years were at the depot to meet us, and for the next six weeks we were "in the hands of our friends." They showed us the best they had from almost every portion of the state; fed us on dainties and sweet-meats; talked to us in fine style, and said they hoped we would come again

The capital grounds at Sacramento are "made land, beautifully laid out with walks and drives, with ornamental trees and tropical plants and flowers everywhere. California is a rich state, and she has been lavish in her expenditures for buildings and grounds. We spent two weeks in San Francisco, where the Celestials have a foothold. They are numerous and active, especially in accumulating all the money they can get hold of to take back to their native land—spending very little of it here. The Golden Gate Park is the pride of the city, and the ways of reaching these beautiful grounds are numerous and lead through the picturesque resident part of the city where wealth and luxury abound and millionaires hold sway. As we reach the Cliff House and stand upon the hights at the Golden Gate, looking in and out, we are reminded of Longfellow's Sandalphon:

"Standing 'neath the arch of the portal
That leads through the gate of the city immortal."

Then, on to the beautiful grounds and buildings at Del Monte, owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, near the ancient adobe city of Monterey, where the Pacific in the bay, is as bright as a mirror, and where the cypress, palms and vines beautify the grounds everywhere. And farther south to Los Angeles (the angels), San Diego, and the Coronado Hotel, situated on a small island near the shore, then Passadena (gate to Eden) and Glendora, where we bade adieu to our California friends, having received at their hands all that mortals could reasonbly desire.

Before we had been two hours on the road we were stopped at San Barnardino station, near the city, on account of a land-slide in the Cajon Pass. We had often heard of this place, and had been told it was the most beautiful country in all the west. We gazed out of the car window, through the pouring rain, upon a few ancient adobe houses, a Chinese laundry, a closed saloon and the Santa Fe eating house and depot. We were soon told to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, for the Pass could not be cleared until it stopped raining. But the floods came and washed away the bridges on every side, the mud was so deep that the horse cars could not be run to the city, the Pass was filling in deeper and deeper and the men from the surrounding country who had been engaged to shovel the gravel out had struck. It was dark overhead and all about us, but we did not let the situation hold us long in gloomy thought. We were comfortable in a Pullman car, with good company and plenty to eat. On the fourth day the rain ceased, the trouble with the men had been adjusted, the landscape was beautiful, the city fine, and the whole aspect was changed. But no mail or telegraphic communication with the outer world. We were as completely shut in as was Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. On the seventh day the cars moved with passengers and mails, and we got out by walking about a mile through the the mud and over mounds of earth and rock. But the sky was clear, and we worked our way slowly through the mountains, arriving at Barstow before dark. At this point we changed cars and rode over barren plains, where there could be no wash-outs and where there were no mountains of sand to fall in upon us.

We stopped by invitation at Osage City, Burlingame and Topeka, Kansas, arriving home just nine weeks and one day from the time of starting.

The land of gold; the golden west,
The place were everything's the best—
The skies are clear, the waters blue,
And flowers are of every hue.

The fruits are temptingly held out
From tree, and vine, and all about;
The mountains high, the valleys green—
No fairer land was ever seen.

The sunsets here are red and gold,
And when at evening they unfold
Their brilliant hues, the welkin bright
Holds us in wonder and delight.

Then all along the placid shore
The beautiful attracts us more;
The shells and pebbles are so rare
Methinks the Peris must dwell there.

The rainbow tints are mixed so fine,
They surely came from hands Divine.
No painter's brush can ever trace
The colors seen at every place.

This is no legend I have told
About this far-famed land of gold.
This favored land is truly blest—
This Eldorado of the West.

Comfortable People.

Do you know any? Are they few or scarce among us? What are comfortable people? If I questioned what are uncomfortable people everybody would have an answer ready. But the few of a kind we are looking for—do you know them? Why are they so few? Said a friend one day: "My grandmother was such a comfortable soul! You loved to be where she was. We children would do anything for her and always knew where to find 'quarter' in any disaster. And the fun of it was, if two of us quarreled, we always brought up together at grandmother's door. She never seemed to have an ache or pain, never asked for your sympathy because she was old, and yet we always gave it, and were always bringing bits of comfort to her. She used to say: 'My day is past, dearie; I'm not of much account now.' But she always said it with such a cheerful smile, as though it were all a happiness just the same to be with us. She was a comfortable old lady, and we missed her sadly for many a long day."

There is a comfortable mother we wot of, where the children come in from school with a jolly little laugh as she opens wide the door in welcome. There is something about her that comes down to the little ones and is in sympathy with them always. There is a cake (not over rich) on the shelf, just to save butter and crumbs, when school is out, that they may divide and digest after their own fashion. Somehow there is never any "strapping." It's—"Johnny, mamma said not to, and you know how good she is to us." Or it is—"I'm going in to ask mamma. She'll have time to help me." And after awhile it is—"Let's go in and help mamma." Longing to be with somebody who loves them; longing to be where they are not in the way—why? Because mamma isn't nervous; hasn't got a headache; doesn't think children such a bother; isn't running the sewing machine and can't be hindered; or in other words is a comfortable woman.

Here comes "our John." Oh, he is just the best fellow in the world. If it rains to-day he doesn't growl, but guesses it will be clear to-morrow, and in any case he doesn't believe it will make much diffierence to the clerk of the weather whether he is pleased or not. He doesn't sit down and want you to "keep still" or wonder "what on earth you do so much trotting about for." He doesn't sit down and with one eye on the paper and one on you, wonder what you are going to do next. He doesn't take up all the room in the kitchen with his long legs and his boots, and wonder "what you want to putter around the stove so much for." Not he. He is a "comfortable" fellow and keeps out of your way. He goes "a-mending" and you don't know he is in the house so far as annoyance to you is concerned. Or he comes in with a joke or something new for you to think about. Maybe he gives you a "lift" on some big job you've been thinking about for a good while. In fact he makes you wish there were more rainy days than there are, because he is such a comfortable fellow.

How many of us have comfortable children? Yet why should they not be? Don't uncomfortable people make children uncomfortable? "Mamma," says my boy, "Somehow that woman makes me feel uncomfortable when she's here; she seems so snappy all the time. I want to say just what she says just to see if it won't hurt something or somebody. I want to pull the cat's tail or kick the dog." So do you not think her own children want to kick something, too?

Good people, cultivate comfort, the comfort that has time to live, to be happy, to be cheerful, to make people wish to be where you are, because you are not eternally fretting and fuming about what you can't help. If you can help things, why don't you; but if you cannot, why be uncomfortable about them? Is it your duty to borrow trouble, to magnify every ache or pain by talking about it? Stop a moment and read a thought or two of somebody's from a paper and so get a thought outside of yourself. There are lots of good times and fun in the world, a great deal more than would balance the misery, and though you may not be "in 'em," they are good to think about, Think of somebody whose troubles are infinitely worse than yours and you have no idea how much more fortunate you will think you are. Just in proportion to your personal comfort will the comfort around you be increased, and if each and all would endeavor to be comfortable, we should all of us be a great deal happier.—*E. S. Titus.*

The Art of Mending.

There is nothing more important in the instruction of the children of the household than systematic lessons in mending. As soon as a little girl is able to handle a needle she should be taught to darn her stockings and sew on shoe buttons. As soon as she has mastered these arts, she should be taught how to lay patches; not in a haphazard fashion, but neatly and flatly, matching the pattern of the goods and laying the patch the proper way of the cloth. A patch, put on properly and pressed after it is put on, can hardly be recognized as a patch. The darning of cloth is an art by itself which even expert seamstresses do not always understand. The edges of the rent should be brought together, and the needle run through the cloth between the inside and the outside in such a way as to conceal the stitches. When the darn is dampened and pressed it becomes almost invisible, and can only be found after the closest inspection. It will be a long time before a little girl can do such neat work as this, but she should be encouraged in every way to try. Lessons in mending should be given as a stimulus to economy as well as good needlework. A girl who has been properly brought up, and is compelled to do her own mending, will be more careful of her clothes than the one who is at no pains to mend rents. For this reason, even if it is considerable more trouble to oversee mending than to do it yourself, the child should do it, not only for the sake of the instruction, but in order that she may suffer from her carelessness if the rent is the result of carelessness.

An important part of all mending is the ripping and preparing the work for mending. If the garment needs relining it is often desirable to make it over entirely, in which case it should be ripped thoroughly. The thread should be brushed off and the garment cleaned. There are many ways of cleaning materials that cannot be washed. Delicate silk ribbons and other silk may be sponged with a little alcohol diluted with water. Stains caused by acids may usually be taken out by a weak solution of ammonia and water. Woollen goods, that are too much faded to be made over, may often be dyed and combined with a little new silk and may give as much wear as it did before. There is always special satisfaction in making over a dress that had seemed to be past its usefulness and in finding it able to serve again and, perhaps, look better than it did when it was new. The secret of the proverbially economical and well-dressed Frenchwoman's success lies not only in her taste, but in her ingenuity in making over and repairing her clothes. However old her dress it is mended so neatly that it never appears shabby. The most careful and economical women are usually the best dressed, because they are sure to take care of their clothes, while women who spend money lavishly on their attire are often slovenly to the end.—*New York Tribune.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

When ironing, if a starchy deposit attaches itself to the iron, it may readily be removed by sprinkling a small handful of salt on a piece of old carpet or thick cloth, and passing the hot iron over it several times.

Wash oilcloths in warm borax water and wipe with a soft flannel wrung out of skimmed milk.

Ink stains may be removed by weak oxalic acid.

When whitewashing your cellar add an ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon of wash before using

Laces are sometimes whitened by putting them in a bowl of soapy water and setting it in the sun. Point lace can be tacked on a suitable cloth, keeping all the points stretched. Then, with a fine brush and a lather of castile soap, it can be rubbed gently. Treat each side in the same way. Then rinse in clean water, in which a very little alum has been dissolved to take off the suds. with a little starch water go over it on the wrong side, and then iron it. When dry, it must be opened and set in order with a bodkin. If the lace is not very dirty, it can be rubbed with fine bread crumbs.

Grease spots may be removed from carpets by first covering with powdered chalk, then passing over them a hot iron—the spot and chalk first being covered with soft brown paper.

When'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

—*Longfellow.*

How true it is no spoken words can give
Form to the best of thoughts which in us live!

—*Samuel Burnham.*

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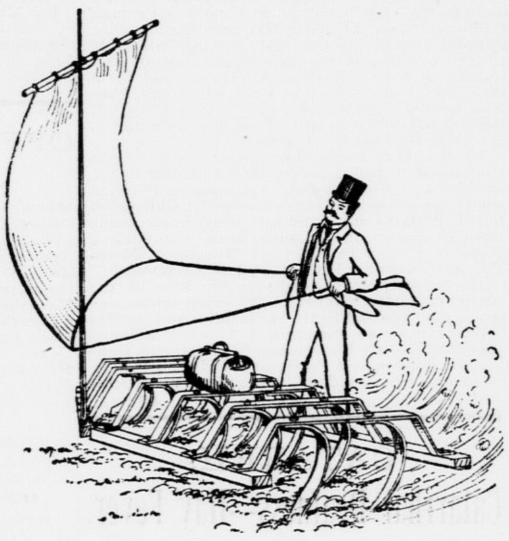

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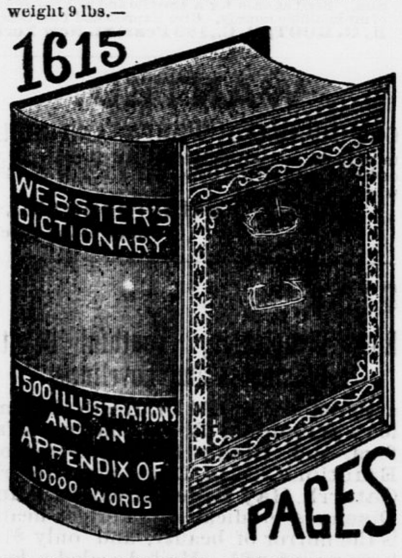
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Contrast of Cellars.

While on a trip through the country by carriage, the houses of five good farmers, all strangers, were called at, that I might see the construction of their cellars. Four of these were in deplorable condition; barrels, boxes and boards rested on the ground, the under sides so mouldy and musty that the peculiar scent of rotting wood could be detected the moment the cellar was entered. Decaying potatoes were in bins or barrels; vinegar and cider barrels emitted a sour smell, and bits of damp, filthy litter lay about. Attempts to "slick up" had been made, but these fell far short of a cleaning. In one case the soap-grease barrel occupied a corner, and on lifting the cover the scent was unendurable. This receptacle might have been kept sweet by adding lye occasionally. The cellar stairs in each of the houses lead to the kitchen, and there is nothing to hinder noxious gases entering that room, to the great danger of all the family. One cellar had no drainage, and after every severe rain, water stands on the bottom, and planks to walk on are laid on blocks of wood, to decay and make a bad matter worse. Such cellars, used for the summer dairy, are the causes of much filthy, rotten "grocery butter," a stench in the nostrils and something worse in the mouth.

The cellar arrangements at the fifth house are of an entirely different character. Seeing "the fitness of things," the owner had constructed a vegetable cellar under a portion of his barn. All vegetables, meats, vinegar and everything that can emit odor, are stored here, and the house cellar used only for storage of milk, butter, canned fruit and the like. These are on planed shelves, out of reach of rats and mice, and the shelves are scoured, dried and aired every washday. The cellar is whitewashed, and looks as neat and smells as sweet as a well-aired parlor. Here gilt-edged butter is made, and sells for enough more every year to pay for the extra preparations. The philosophy of airing cellars is not well understood. This should only be done when the outer air is cooler than the air in the cellar. Warm and damp air should not be admitted, lest moisture gather on the walls and dampness on the stones of the floor, creating a mouldy smell. The windows may be left open cool nights if the weather is dry, but never if there are indications of a shower. Finally, let me remind all concerned that in its influences on the health of the farmers' family, the condition of the cellar is of more importance than that of any other room in the house.—*Galen Wilson in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Farmers' Fair Holiday.

Mary Hartwell says of the county fair: The farmer who slips over Thanksgiving, buys Christmas presents with reluctance, and secretly chafes at his men for flying the working-track so promptly on the Fourth of July, will turn his mind to a county or State fair as if it were a religious duty. He stretches out the holiday through four days and takes his wife and children. The September sun then mellows his blood; his purse strings are looser than at any other time during the year. His wife, wise woman, buys furniture or new clothes during this auspicious period. The fair represents a sort of harvest-home to the farmer. He sees all the products of his great and glorious State or county, and feels as if he owned them all. The chums of his lifetime are collected there, eating watermelon or drinking cider and lemonade. The festive occasion expands him. It only comes once a year, and he loosens his grip on finances. What is a fellow's life worth if he can't have some fun at fair time? The noble spectacle of well-made horses measuring speed is presented to his eye, as well as other creature life brought to its highest and most shining perfection. He puts his boy in the merry-go-round, where the little fellow swims in an ectasy of clashing music; he buys his girls the cabinet organ they have pleaded for so long, and takes the whole family to the theatre in the evening to enjoy a play as we only enjoy our first one. The annual fair is not merely the greatest holiday of agricultural Northern people, since they are Northern, and partly sprung from Anglo-Saxon stock, with courses of deliberate Dutch and passionate streaks of Irish, it must be more, and is an educator. The farmer and his family get ideas at the fair. It is the great world condensed, and quickens all their streams of thought. And no little community is so quick to seize upon and make use of good news suggestions as a farming family. Our rural people are readers. In the large leisure of their evenings they draw in books, newspapers, current literature the dominant thought of the times, until their fund of information astonishes the idly busy villager. Behind the plow and in the dairy-room they think. The farmer's family get a large and noble culture which has never been put to their credit. They have time to do things without hurry. Their reading settles deliberately into their minds and becomes solid knowledge. They also try things and prove facts before accepting them. Continually are cities reinforced from these cultured country towns. Large, well-grown, calm men and women, fit to endure and give forth their best under the rush and strain of our high civilization, the farmer's descendants bring to a good market the attainments which may have been first suggested to them at a county fair.

A Custom Worth Adopting.

In warm weather we could adopt a very sensible custom from our Spanish-American neighbors, who enjoys the most agreeable part of the twenty-four hours by arranging their promenades—and often regular fetes champetre—after sunset, when all nature seems to revive in the breath of the cool evening wind. Just at that time, however, nine out of ten Anglo-American youngsters are sent to bed, without privilege of appeal, while their elders content themselves with chatting an hour or two on the open porch, and then retire with a sigh of regret. What would be the harm in making at least half a night of it? A deficit of sleep could be made up the next afternoon, and I have known hard-working Italian farmers to go to sleep in the shade of their siesta corner from noon till 3 p. m., and plow their fields in moonlight. Nature herself sets us a good example in that respect; deer and half-wild cattle, after resting all the afternoon, come out to graze after sunset. Man's best friend beats him in common sense by taking long rambles in clear dog-day nights, and in the southern Alleghanies rabbits can often be seen at play on moonlit mountain meadows. Advancing civilization will adopt the plan of dividing the working day by a liberal noon recess for siesta—in summer at least; but people who are masters of their own time should utilize the advantage of that privilege by heeding the monitions of the plain instinct which in the sweltering afternoon hours of the dog-days protests against protracted efforts of brain or muscle, especially if the need of rest has been emphasized by the lethargic influence of a full meal. That additional cause of midsummer martyrdom could at least be obviated by limiting the mid-day repast to a light lunch, and taking the principal meal in the cool of the evening—*Felix L. Oswald, in the Home-Maker.*

Axles, carriage geers, twisted wire cables, the ends of boilers, wagon tires and hoops for barrels, are among the articles for which electric welding is already employed. Bars of metal may be joined at angles, finger rings made, steel joined to iron in tools, rods or bars lengthened or shortened, and cast iron pieces for machinery united by the new method. The process is very rapid, and so effective that chain links made by it, unlike those welded in the old way, never break at the weld. A complete revolution in riveting metal plates is anticipated, as the riveting may be done by electricity so as to avoid all leaking.

Sleeping in the Woods.

Imagine your bed-chamber of odorous bark, and your bed of pungent boughs. Your couch made under murmuring trees and within a few yards of the lazily moving water, whose motions caress rather than chafe the shore. Stretched your full length on such a couch, spread in such a place, the process of falling asleep becomes an experience. You lie and watch yourself to observe the gradual departure of your senses. Little by little you fell yourself passing away. Slowly and easily as an ebbing tide you begin to pass into the dim and insensible realm beyond the line of feeling. At last a moment comes in which you know you are passing over the very verge of consciousness. You are aware that you are about to fall asleep. Your cheek but partially interprets the cool pressure of the night wind; your ears drowsily surrender the lingering murmur of beach and pine; your eyes droop their lids little by little; your nose slightly senses the odor of the piny air, as you mechanically draw it in; the chest falls as it passes as mechanically out, and then—you are asleep.

The hours pass, and still you sleep on. The body, in obedience to some occult law of force within the insensible frame, still keeps up its respirations; but you are somewhat—sleeping. At last the pine above you, in the deep hush which preceeds the coming dawn, stills its monotone, and silence weaves its airy web amid the motionless stems. The water falls asleep. The loon's head is under its spotted wing, and the owl becomes mute. The deer has left the shore, and lies curved in its mossy bed. The rats no longer draw their tiny wake across the creek, and the frogs have ceased their croaking. All is quiet. In the profound quiet, and unconscious of it all, the sleeper sleeps. What sleep such sleeping is! and what a ministry is being ministered unto mind and body through the cool, pure air, pungent with gummy odors and strong with the smell of the sod and the root-laced mould of the underlying earth!!

We are all curious—and it is surprising how curious we are—to know the way other people live especially well-known people. For several months we have been treated to glimpses into "Some Homes Under the Administration," in Washington, in a fine series of beautifully illustrated articles in *Demorest's Family Magazine.* In the August number (just arrived). Postmaster-General Wanamaker's mansion is thrown open to us, and we are charmed with its beauties. The handsomely executed illustrations give us every detail as accurately as would a personal view, and it is a great pleasure to stroll with the writer and artist through the elegant apartments and the famous picture-gallery, the latter containing some of the rarest works of art in America. This August number be seen by everybody, if for this feature alone; but it contains other featues equally interesting, not the least of which is an account of "The Oberammergau Passion-Play," which is illustrated not only with a picture of the Bavarian village where the play is now being enacted, but also with many of the tableaux show in this historical performance. There is also a complete novelette by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva',), preceded by her portrait and fine illustrations of her summer castle and her boudoir. The other articles and stories are all of the highest order, and beautifully illustrated, forming a Midsummer Number of rare merit, which is enhanced by a sea-shore water-color frontispiece of artistic value. Published by W. JENNINGS *Demorest*, 15 East 14th St., New York.

The armadillo of South America, a little animal about a foot long, or less, with a shell-like hide, is being introduced as an article of food into this country. It is found in immense numbers on the pampas of the Argentine Republic, where it has for years been a favorite object of sport. The meat is canned and exported to Europe and America, being something like the opposum, only more tender.

An Agricultural Picnic.

The Agricultural Society have very generously granted the use of their grounds and buildings at Benton Harbor to the Grangers for a big meeting and picnic which is to be held the last week in August. The meeting will begin on Tuesday, the 26th, and continue four days, holding sessions forenoon, afternoon and evening, all of which, except the forenoon of Tuesday, will be opened to the public who are cordially invited to be present. A number of distinguished speakers from abroad will give addresses at the different sessions, among them Gov. Luce; Past Master of Michigan State Grange; Col. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio; Master of the National Grange; Hon. Perry Mayo, of Battle Creek; and Jason Woodman, of Paw Paw It is expected the people of surrounding counties will be present in large numbers and the assemblage is to be altogether a notable event—*Palladium.*

Grand Army Excursion to Boston.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk announce that the sale of Excursion Tickets to Boston and return, for the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, will take place August 8th, 9th and 10th. This company offers four different routes, and include among their attraction, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the White Mountains and a journey either by rail or steamer down the coast from Portland to Boston. They also include the route through the Green Mountain region of Central Vermont, as well as the route through New York State by the West Shore and the famous Hoosac Tunnel Route. Tickets will be good for return by a process of deposit with the joint agency at Boston, until Sept. 30th. The rate is one lowest limited fare for the round trip. Full information obtained of any Agent of Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway.

"For the sake of the American author who is now robbed, for the sake of the foreign author who is now plundered, for the sake of that vast body of people who read books in the United States, and upon whom we now force all the worst and cheapest stuff that the presses of the world pour forth, a bill for international copyright ought to be passed. Most of all, it ought to be passed for the sake of the country's honor and good name." So writes Henry Cabot Lodge on International Copyright in the August *Atlantic*. His article is worth studying. The Use and Limits of Academic Culture, a paper by Professor N. S. Shaler, which shows the manner in which Professor Shaler believes the college could be brought into closer touch with the aims of the ordinary student, namely, the gaining of a living, is a noticeable paper of the number. It is followed by a sketch of Madame Cornuel and Madame de Coulanges. Both of these clever French women were given to epigram and bon-mots, many of which are retailed in this amusing sketch, which is written by Ellen Terry Johnson. Miss Murfree's Felicia and Mrs. Deland's Sidney containue their course. Mrs. Deland has, we fancy, reached the turning point in her heroine's history.

The poetry of the number is particularly good. Mrs. Fields has a sonnet; Mr. Whittier a three page poem on the town of Haverhill; and Dr. Holmes ends his installment of "Over the Teacups" with verses which will have great vogue, entitled, The Broomstick Train, or The Return of the Witches. The Salem witches, he tells us, impatient at their long imprisonment, petitioned to be released, but when the Evil One allowed them their liberty, they played such mad pranks that he called them together and, for punishment, made them pull the electric cars.

> "Since then on many a car you'll see
> A broomstick plain as plain can be;
>
> As for the hag, you can't see her,
> But hark! you ean hear her black cat's purr,
> And now and then, as a train goes by,
> You may catch a gleam from her wiched eye."

But to appreciate the verses, not six but the twice sixty lines should be read, as full of snap and sparkle as the "Witch's eye" itself. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Notices of Meetings.

The next regular meeting of Newaygo County Pomona Grange will be held with Fremont Grange, Wednesday and Thursday, August 13 and 14. The following program will be taken up for general discussion:

1. Care of the orchard—Norman More.
2. Essay—Mrs. M. W. Scott.
3. The present depression in times; the cause and remedy, if any—J. H. Macomber and A. L. Scott.
4. Which is the best for the farmers, the present system of maintaining roads or by direct tax—J. F. Frye.
5. Essay—Mrs. Belle White.
6. Recitation—Leona More.
7. Obnoxious weeds—John Barnhard.
8. The ballot and who should be allowed to use it—C. Hoskins.
9. Essay—Mrs. P. W. Hall.
10. Planting, care and marketing of potatoes—J. H. Macumber.
11. Girl life on the farm—Mrs. Frank Hillman.
12. Essay—Miss Jennie Jewell.
13. Are farmers benefited by our boards of review—E. W. Eldred.
15. What has the Grange accomplished—A. L. Scott.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

W. C. STUART, Lect.

* * *

Van Buren county Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting at Woodman Grange hall, Thursday, August 28, 1890, at 10 a. m. A good program will be prepared. E. L. WARNER, Sec'y.

* * *

HERRINGTON, July 28.

Western Pomona Grange will meet with Georgetown Grange Aug. 22 and 23. We wish to have a good attendance of our Pomona members. If anyone has a subject they wish discussed at the meeting, we will be pleased to have them present it, as the following program is not lengthy:

First day—open meeting.

Grange called to order at 11 o'clock a. m.

Address of welcome to the visiting members by the Master of Georgetown Grange.

Response, by Master of Pomona.

Music.

Recess and dinner.

Report by legislative committee on needed legislation.

Discussion of the various questions presented by the committee.

Question: How shall we dispose of our dairy products? Do co-operative cheese factories pay?

Essays, by Mrs. A. V. Wheatherway, Allie M. Alward, Bert Decator, C. F. Hoyt.

Recitations, by Miss Della Winchester, Herbert Alward, Rebecca Fields.

MRS. THOS. WILDE,
Lecturer.

Farmers' Basket Picnic.

The annual basket picnic of the Van Buren County Pomona Grange will be held at Hartford on Wednesday and Thursday, August 6 and 7.

Following is the programme:

WEDNESDAY.

10:00 a. m. Social greeting and business.

12 m. Dinner.

1:30 p. m. Music and prayer; address of welcome by H. M. Olney, president of Hartford village; song of welcome; response by W. R. Sirrine, Worthy Master of Pomona Grange; greeting song; address by His Excellency, Gov. Cyrus G. Luce.

7:00 p. m. Prayer, by Rev. Counsellor, of Hartford; song; recitation, by Mrs. G. E. Gilman, of Paw Paw; essay, "Reputation against Character," Mrs. A. U. Barnes, of Lawrence; recitation, by Harry Myers, of Paw Paw; solo, by Mrs. G. E. Gilman, of Paw Paw; paper, "The Depression of Agriculture," by Walter Gage, of Lawrence; recitation, by Miss Edna Harris, of Hamilton; music.

THURSDAY.

10:00 a. m. Music; recitation, by Miss Maude Armstrong, of Waverly; address by Hon. J. J. Woodman.

1:30 p. m. Music; address by Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, Worthy Master of National Grange; music.

The music will be furnished by a glee club of Paw Paw, composed of Bruce A. Cumings, C. W. Reynolds, Chas. H. Butler and G. E. Gilman, with Miss Grace Woodman as organist.

Five minute speeches will be called for at various times.

One fare for round trip over T. & S. H. R. R. Preserve your ticket and present it to J. C. Gould at the picnic to insure your free return.

Reduced rates have been applied for over the C. & W. M. R'y.

Everybody is invited, and especially Patrons of Allegan and Berrien counties.

MRS. J. M. FISK, Lecturer.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

For midsummer reading, the August *Ladies' Home Journal* is like a cooling breeze—all the stories savor of the sea and country, and Julian Hawthorne, Maud Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Kate Upson Clark, Jenny June, Dr. Talmage, all vie with each other in story, poem and article. The article on "Promiscuous Bathing" for girls is specially timely. The life of the fashionables at Newport is delightfully told in an article. Dr. Talmage tells how he preached his first sermon, while ten of our most famous women try to answer the question, "Which is the Happiest Hour in a Woman's Life?" Caroline B. LeRow says some very helpful things in telling what are the "Essentials of a Good Teacher," while the departments devoted to flowers and talks with girls, are specially well filled this month. Altogether, the August *Journal* makes the very best of summer reading—pure and bright, and as entertaining as beneficial. The number costs only ten cents. The *Journal* is published, at one dollar per year, at 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia.

A Sterling Testimonial.

CALAIS, VT. July 1st. 1890.

Mr. G. W. Ingersoll, Dear Sir:—I know from actual experience your paint is all you claim; covers more space, lasts longer and looks better than any paint I have used before. I know you are square and honorable in all your dealings, and believe anyone trying your Paints will use no other; there is no discoloring, cracking or rubbing off, and my house is a standing witness of this recommend.

J. M. GOULD.

[See Ad. Patron's Paint Works.]

* * *

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find what some of them are; and, however slight some of them may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—efforts to get quit of them.—*John Ruskin.*

Obituaries.

MERWIN.

Died, at the home of her Sister, in Grand Blanc, July 15th, Mrs. Rena Merwin, a member of Groveland Grange, No. 443.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the great Master to remove by death our beloved Sister, therefore.

Resolved, That in the death of our Sister the Order has lost a true and faithful member, the community a social and pleasant friend, and the husband a loving wife.

Resolved, That we tender the bereaved husband our heartfelt sympathy, and that a page of our record be set apart as a memorial of our Sister.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved husband and also to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

ELMA HOSNER,
MARY SIMPSON,
MINNIE CAMPBELL,
Committee.

* * *

DYER.

FERRIS, June 5th, 1890.

Montcalm county Pomona, No. 24, met at Ferris Grange hall and passed resolutions on the death of our esteemed Brother F. H. Dyer.

Again death has entered our Grange family, this time to take from us a true friend, a conservative patron, and a wise counsellor. While we must submit to the inevitable, we linger in sadness over the memory of one who has been a true Brother to us in the Grange, careful, energetic and a man of unsullied integrity, one who had a heart in every good work; Therefore, *Resolved*, That in the death of Bro. Dyer, this community loses one of its best citizens, the Grange a true patron and a willing helper in time of need, his family a kind husband and indulgent parent.

Resolved, That this Grange, feeling loss and appreciating his worth, do extend to the deceased family our sincere sympathy, and that space be given in the records for proceedings of the same.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a space of sixty days, also that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and to the GRANGE VISITOR and county papers for publication.

SISTER H. A. CARROLL,
SISITER M. PINTLER,
BRO. E. D. MASON,
Committee.

SIXTEEN TRANS-CONTINENTAL PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY.

Under the new train schedule which the Northern Pacific Railroad inaugurates June 15, 1890, there will be sixteen trans-continental passenger trains moving daily on this great line, eight east bound and eight west bound, exclusive of 108 local, main and branch line passenger trains running daily west of St. Paul, Ashland and Duluth in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington on its 3800 miles of track.

Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the line at St. Paul, announces that under the new arrangement the first through train, the Pacific Express, leaves St. Paul at 8:15 a. m., daily, with a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 5:30 p. m. via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, running via Helena and Tacoma direct to Portland, and making close connections at St. Paul with all trains leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon of the previous day, arriving at Tacoma at 10:50 a. m. of the third day and Portland the same afternoon.

The second through train, No. 1, the Pacific Mail, leaving St. Paul at 4:15 p. m., daily, making close connections with the "Fast Mail," and all night trains out of Chicago, will carry a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car and one or more Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars leaving Chicago at 10:45 p. m. daily via the Wisconsin Central line, running through to Portland via Helena and Tacoma. Both trains out of St. Paul will carry Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars, but free colonist sleepers will be run only on train No. 1, leaving St. Paul at 4:15 p. m.

The Northern Pacific now operates the largest equipment of dining cars of any railroad in the world, twenty-four, and also the longest Pullman sleeping car line in existence, namely: Chicago to Portland via Tacoma, and is the only line running these sleepers to the principal trade centers and pleasure resorts in Northern Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Montana and Washington.

The recently completed Butte Air Line of the Northern Pacific makes this the shortest route between Chicago and Butte by 120 miles and enables this company to announce a through Pullman Sleeping Car service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Butte, west and the 4:15 p. m train, east from Portland on the 7:00 a. m. Atlantic mail. 41t3043

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 lintng 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 romedy has been formulatod 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.

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Of all sizes and styles always on hand.

They are superior to all others in power, capacity and durability, forproof order on trial.

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They are light, strong, cheap and durable. We make a full line of steel case presses.

Address for circulars and location of agents, P. K. DEDERICK & CO., 40 Dederick's Works, - - ALBANY, N. Y.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

WANTED.

ONE HUNDRED WOMEN AND GIRLS to work in our FEATHERBONE DRESS STAY or FEATHERBONE CORSET FACTORY. For wages etc., address,

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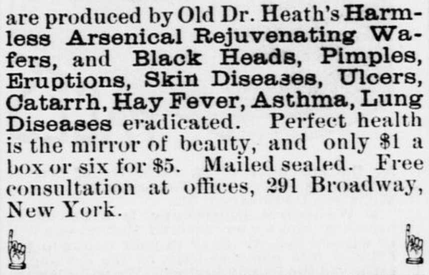
Rosy Complexion, Youthful Beauty, Plumpness and Loveliness

are produced by Old Dr. Heath's **Harmless Arsenical Rejuvenating Wafers, and Black Heads, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Lung Diseases** eradicated. Perfect health is the mirror of beauty, and only $1 a box or six for $5. Mailed sealed. Free consultation at offices, 291 Broadway, New York.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12,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS,

On Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena and Loon Lake Railroads. At prices ranging from $2 to $5 per acre. Titles perfect. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, &c., and will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, Mich.
Or to J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

Glubbing List with The Visitor.

		Both Papers
Weekly Free Press	$1.00	$1.25
Detroit Weekly Tribune	1.00	1.25
Cosmopolitan Magazine	2.40	2.40
St. Louis "	1.50	1'35
Demorest's "	2.00	2.05
Michigan Farmer "	1.00	1.35
Farm Journal	.25	.70
Farm and Garden	.50	.80
Christian Herald	1.50	1.50

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 accomodations afforded, thereby avoiding change ot 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

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Michigan Grange Stores.

A. STEGEMAN, Manager	Allegan.
E. R. OSBAND, Manager	North Lansing.

G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD.

June 20, 1890.—Central Standard Time.

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2	No. 6	No. 8	No. 4
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Mackinaw City lv	9 20	9 00	......	2 00
Petoskey	10 40	10 13		3 20
Traverse City lv	......	11 25	5 15	4 00
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Walton	1 16	12 45	6 00	5 50
Cadillac	2 20	2 05	7 05	7 05
Reed City	3 22	3 05	7 58	8 05
Grand Rapids lv	6 30	6 00	10 25	11 30
Kalamazoo lv	8 20	8 05	2 05p	1 35a
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Fort Wayne lv	12 15	12 10	6 30	5 45
Cin. C. S T L & P Dpt ar	6 15	7 00	......	12 20p

GOING NORTH.	No. 1.	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Cin. C S T L & P Dpt lv		7 55	8 50	......
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Fort Wayne ar	6 10	2 40	2 25	8 05
Kalamazoo lv	7 20a	7 05	5 20	12 20p
Grand Rapids lv	11 30a	10 30	7 25	4 10p
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Reed City lv	2 40	1 03	9 45	7 35
Cadillac lv	4 15	2 15	10 45	9 00
Walton	5 15	3 00	11 31	9 45
Traverse City ar	6 40	......	12 25p	10 35p
Petoskey ar	7 50	5 25	1 50	......
Mackinaw ar	9 15	6 45	3 10	......

C. L. LOCKWOOD,
G. P. & T. Ag't, Grand Rapids.
E. BAKER, Agent, Kalamazoo.

C. & G. T. RAILWAY.

Jan. 19, 1890.—Central Meridian Time.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

	No. 2 Exp.	No. 18 Exp.	No. 4 Exp.
Port Huron lv	7 16am	5 59am	7 24 pm
Lapeer	8 31 "	7 28 "	8 55 "
Flint	9 05 "	8 05 "	9 45 "
Durand	9 35 "	8 48 "	10 30 "
Lansing	10 30 "	10 00 "	11 30 "
Charlotte	11 00 "	10 37 "	12 05am
Battle Creek ar	....	11 30 "	12 50 "
" " lv	12 05pm	1 00pm	1 00 "
Vicksburg	12 50 "	1 48 "	1 48 "
Schoolcraft	1 00 "	1 58 "	1 58 "
Marcellus	1 22 "	2 20 "	2 17 "
Cassopolis	1 50 "	2 52 "	2 45 "
South Bend	2 35 "	3 40 "	3 35 "
Valparaiso	4 00 "	5 20 "	5 10 "
Chicago	6 25 "	10 10 "	7 30 "

TRAINS EASTWARD.

	No. 1 Mail.	No. 3 Exp.	No. 5 Exp.
Chicago lv	8 40am	3 15pm	8 15pm
Valparaiso	11 25 "	5 20 "	10 30 "
South Bend	1 00pm	6 40 "	12 00 am
Cassopolis	1 50 "	7 17 "	12 45 "
Marcellus	2 20 "	....	1 11 "
Schoolcraft	2 42 "	....	1 33 "
Vicksburg	2 55 "	8 01 "	1 48 "
Battle Creek ar	3 45 "	8 40 "	2 30 "
" " lv	4 05 "	8 45 "	2 35 "
Charlotte	5 00 "	9 27 "	3 25 "
Lansing	5 37 "	9 57 "	4 00 "
Durand	7 20 "	10 48 "	5 03 "
Flint	8 00 "	11 17 "	5 40 "
Lapeer	8 55 "	11 48 "	6 17 "
Port Huron	10 31 "	1 05am	7 35 "

No. 42, mixed, west, leaves Schoolcraft at 9:50 a. m., and No. 43, east, at 3:40 p. m.

Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 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.