

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 Agricultural Lessons of "the Eighties."

The following extracts were taken from the June volume, 1890, of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The article was written by John Wrigton. We believe it contains many hints of great value to our readers:

"Eighteen hundred and eighty was launched into existence at a period of intense agricultural and commercial gloom. Everything had gone disastrously wrong. Prices of corn, wool and live-stock had fallen; the new-milk trade was congested; the cheese trade was bad; potatoes rotted in the ground.

"Without detailing the story of the 'eighties,' it may shortly be said that never has there been a period of greater activity of thought, of proposed alterations, of attention to agricultural matters, than we have witnessed during the last ten years. The market value of land fell rapidly, as an uncertain investment.

"The 'eighties' may be summed up as a decade of disaster. Many farmers have succumbed through bad prices, disappointing summers and harsh, expensive winters. We note that while many have suffered, there are others who, by taking land cheaply and starting their farms in a time of low prices, have seen their capital rise in value, and have had no reason to repent embarking in farming business.

"Disaster is to Englishmen the trumpet-call to action. Increased interest in dairying, in live-stock, and in grass lands, are the principal directions in which we have been moving. The high price of mutton and the improved price of wool have also been features of an encouraging nature. Never has there been a time of greater instruction, chiefly because farmers have been induced to read and compare notes by meeting each other, more than at any former period.

"The depression in agriculture has taught us the value of combination and association, and the agricultural press has been found to be the principal means by which exchange of ideas could be maintained. The demand for membership of societies and for agricultural periodicals has increased amazingly. New societies have sprung up in large numbers since the first rumors of an acute agricultural depression were bruited abroad.

"Previous to 1880, agricultural education was restricted in its operations, but now the air is, indeed full of schemes for agricultural education.

"One of the great lessons taught by the 'eighties' is the necessity for systematic instruction in agriculture in all its branches. Education is not only necessary in school and college days, but throughout life. The agricultural press has developed to a marked degree during the decade, and the circulation of the numerous papers devoted to agricultural matters has largely increased.

"It is scarcely too much to say that modern dairying arose during the 'eighties.' The keen interest in the subject on all sides arose after wheat ceased to be a profitable crop, and the great movement in favor of laying down land to permanent pasture set in.

"Subsequently we began to seriously modify our practices by adopting the now general plan of washing butter in the churn, arresting churning at the point of granulation, forbidding the use of the hand, the introduction of 'butter-workers,' and improved methods of making up and packing butter. To tell British dairymen that they were being beaten on their own markets by the Danes, was likely to kindle the same spirit of resistance to Danish rule which glowed in the breasts of our forefathers in the time of Alfred. What is now required is the promulgation of the art among the rank-and-file of dairy farmers, throughout the land.

"The supply of new milk is peculiarly a home trade, and is safer from foreign competition than that of any other commodity. The introduction of milk-registers, of improved cows and of improved rations for cows, have all assisted to encourage a larger yield of milk per head."

(England has a damp climate, with less heat in summer than we have in Michigan, hence it may not be advisable for us to adopt all of their practices, especially in regard to pastures and field crops.)

"During the past ten years there has been a steady revolution in favor of pasture lands.

"We have learned a good deal more about grasses than we knew formerly, and there is a greater anxiety to sow both the right descriptions of seeds and good samples of the same.

"The advantages of grass-land are:

1. It is suitable to the English climate.
2. Its produce has maintained its market value.
3. The expenses are less than in the case of arable land.
4. The risks are less.
5. The net profits are larger than on arable land.

"The revolution has led to the withdrawal of over 3,000,000 acres from a condition of arable cultivation to one of pastoral inactivity.

"Fodder crops are now more valuable than corn crops.

"The entire movement of the decade has been in the direction of live-stock. When a sheep can be made equal in value to an acre of corn, [wheat], it is worth breeding good sheep. When the produce of a cow may be equal to three to four acres of corn, [wheat], it is worth keeping good cows. Men of capital and judgment will do well to look to live-stock in the future, and to relinquish the cry about the low price of wheat.

"Bad times lead to thrift, and one of the lessons of the last ten years has been the art of saving. Still, the wastes in agriculture are yet deplorable. I lately drew attention to twenty common sources of wastes on farms.

"Economy is shown in the demand for good stock; in the care with which feeding materials are purchased and mixed; in the interest taken in the proper ratios of carbo-hydrates to albuminoids; in the growth of the excellent system of selling cattle by live weight; in employing improved

implements; in greater care in purchasing grass seeds; in better methods of manuring; in a more rigorous supervision of labor; in greater care in the management of live stock; in economy of straw and hay.

"The system of ensilage belongs essentially to the 'eighties.' In 1882 the movement recrossed the Atlantic, like many other ideas which have been evolved in England and developed in America. It has been discovered that good ensilage can be made in stacks, without any mechanical aid, by putting up grass freshly cut.

"Ensilage is favorably spoken of, and generally accepted, in almost every agricultural district.

"Science has been the faithful companion and counsellor of practice during these years of depression. We owe much to the temperate and practical manner in which Sir John B. Lawes has wielded his immense armory of knowledge. The question as to the sources of combined nitrogen in soils has engaged a great deal of attention in this country, and chemists are now admitting that there is a great probability that before long we shall know that the free nitrogen of the atmosphere may be of use in adding to the store of combined nitrogen in the soil.

"The principal diseases which have caused anxiety during the last ten years have been anthrax, pleuro pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease and swine fever. An opinion in favor of inoculation was at one time prevalent, but this has steadily given way before the drastic method spoken of generally as 'stamping out.'

"The institution of a Board of Agriculture was one of the principal achievements of the past decade, and ought not to be overlooked in even the shortest epitome of progress during that period. With a good Board of Agriculture, a gradual adjustment of farming business to altered values, we may look forward with renewed hope to the future of British agriculture."

Slip-Shod Fruit-Growing.

There are two classes of fruit-growers. The first, and always successful class, is composed of those who go into the business after full study of its requirements and with the full determination to meet them. This must involve, not merely knowledge of varieties and markets, and the kinds of fruit that can be most profitably grown, but also a hearty willingness to be prompt and energetic in doing the work that must always be incident to fruit-growing. The other class is composed of those who have somehow got the idea that fruit-growing is an easy business—that with fruit trees or plants set out the work of their owner is done until the crop is ready to harvest. Such men only by accident ever get a crop. Many of them go into fruit-growing merely because other farming has been unprofitable. If they believe that the culture of fruit is any less exacting than ordinary farming, they are destined to make worse failure in that. Not even in Eden was man promised any good except as he tended and dressed the garden that had been given him.

That there was a time when fruit was left to care for itself, and when it sometimes bore enough under this neglect to satisfy those who knew no better way, is true. But no branch of

farming is conducted in that way now. The stress of competition in farming has been such that only the few who can keep near the head of the procession can achieve great success. This is becoming now equally true of fruit-growing. Yet that was not the easiest way, though it seemed to avoid all work except that of gathering and marketing the fruit.

Time was, and within the memory of many, when wild berries constituted the main, if not the only, supply of these fruits for cities and villages. The demand was not large enough to stimulate increased production under high cultivation. It was naturally supposed that wherever wild berries grew, the absence of cost in their cultivation must place them beyond reach of competition. Now, except for the whortleberry, there is no wild fruit that is not crowded out of the market, not only by the superior excellence of the cultivated berry, but by its greater cheapness as well. Costing nothing except picking, the wild fruit grows so scattering and small that it is not worth even that.

It must be an extremely glutted market, or the fruit-grower be in an unfortunate location, if good crops every year do not yield him a profit, even when prices are low. The only drawback to this is sometimes an untimely frost or hail-storm, which destroys the promise of the year; yet, even in such seasons the fruit-grower who cultivates sufficient variety may pretty surely expect to succeed with something.

Insect enemies are much more numerous than formerly, but so also the means of destroying them are better understood. The use of the force pump to spray trees with arsenical poisons, or with repellent emulsions, where poison cannot be used, is as necessary to the modern fruit-grower as the plow or cultivator is in ordinary farming. It requires study and skill to do this properly, but there is, happily, no branch of farming in which these qualities are not needed. We rejoice at this fact, for it is the necessary preparation towards greater successes than farmers or fruit-growers have ever yet achieved.

There may be, and must be, temporary loss to those unable or unwilling to put brains into a business that has long been considered one mainly of brute force. But the evil will cure itself, and is no more to be regretted than the pain which must always attend any upward development. As fruit-growing becomes more difficult, it will also become more profitable, and, with increasing competition, success will only be possible to those who devote their entire attention to this business, and their success will be greater than it could possibly be when some kind of success was within the reach of all.—*Am. Cultivator.*

Light Brahmas.

This old established breed of fowls was introduced into this country from China (it is claimed) about 1847 to '52. At that time they were comparatively crude in their appearance and make-up compared with what they are at the present day. They were very awkward in their shape and irregular in their markings. But after having been in the hands of the most experienced breeders for one-third of a century, they have been decidedly changed and improved, not only in shape and color of markings, but in egg

production as well. At one time they were considered great setters and but ordinary layers, but this is all changed now by careful breeding and selection, until they are only about third or fourth in the list of great layers of the present day, and are almost a non-setter. They are large and fine in appearance—body white, black tail, black stripe in neck, black wings, when opened, and feathered legs and toes. They are very hardy and easy to rear. I believe it is claimed one can raise a greater percent of them than almost any other variety. They grow rapidly; their flesh is tender and juicy up to a year old, making the finest of roasts. They are easily confined in yards or otherwise, making them an especially desirable variety for towns and cities. A four-foot fence will confine them at any time. When fully matured the males weigh 12 pounds and the females 9½, that is, when over a year old and in good flesh.

Much more might be said of their good qualities had I the desire to spread out, but suffice it to be said that all in all they are one of the top varieties on the roost, (comparatively speaking,) for they generally roost low, and in thoroughbred point of view they are the leaders, and will breed a greater percent of standard birds than almost any other variety known, and that under trying circumstances.—*F. J. Marshall in Miami Valley Farmer.*

A paper was recently read by Mr. Alfred E. Pease, M. P., before the Cleveland Chamber of Agriculture, of England, the subject being, "Breeding Horses for Profit." Mr. Pease said in the course of his discourse that if he were a farmer who had decided to take to horse breeding, and wanted to consider the safest and surest way of making it profitable, he should set himself to discover (1) for what class of horses there was the most continuous demand, (2) what horses on the average commanded the best prices, (3) whether any of the breeds that it evidently would pay best to raise could be bred from animals that earned their livelihood in work on the farm. Mr. Pease's advice to the Cleveland agriculturist was to breed carriage or general harness horses. This class of horse was, in his opinion, the safest and most profitable to breed over a series of years. It was inexpensive and simple, and they had in Cleveland a basis which could not be surpassed—he meant the Cleveland Bay. Many valuable statistics were given by Mr. Pease, who urged the Chamber in the interests of the Agricultural Department to ask for powers to prohibit the use of sires tainted with certain of the worst forms of hereditary unsoundness or, at least, to issue government certificates of soundness for stud purposes, also to do what it could do to discourage that pernicious system of short distance and 2-year-old racing on the turf, which has had such a deteriorating effect on the constitution and stamina of the British thoroughbred. This could be done so as not to prevent the preparation and fair development of the 2-year-old. These matters were of national importance, and he should support the recommendation of the Royal Commission to increase by £5,000 the sum now at their disposal for the encouragement of horse-breeding.

Secrets.

Would you fathom the secret of Nature's art,
The spell of her mystic measures;
Would you learn of the hillside, heart to heart,
The soul of her inmost pleasures?
Would you know why the wind-flower's bloom is
brief,
Or purple the violet's blossoms?
Then come to her haunts for your soul's relief
And gather it home to your bosom!

Where the grass of the meadow is long and free
And tossed like a summer billow,
Seek for some mossy stone and see
How silken your dewy pillow,
And list to the hum of the wandering gnat,
The shrill of the locust's singing,
And tell me one-half of the sweet tones that
Their song to you ear is bringing!

Where the lily is tall or the bending reed
Sways low o'er the steamer's sighing;
Where the snap-dragon scatters its silken seed
And the down of the thistle is flying;
Where the wild bird roams at its own sweet will,
And the trout leaps high in the river;
Come—tell me the secret of all and fill
The soul of my soul forever!

For the wild bird knows, and the seeds are full
Of a mystical lore and knowledge;
And its needs no dullard that learns by rule
The sweet old dreams of college
To render the science that dwells in all
The Children of Nature's breeding,
If you list to her soft, low, wooing call,
To her mother tones give heeding!

To her own she is fain and nothing loath
To whisper the key-note in her,
The miracle ever of daily growth
And the spell of the charm to win her;
The spell of the hills and the charm of the
flowers
With the day and the night dew gleaming;
Oh! what a magical world is ours—
How full of a sweet wild dreaming!

—The Independent

Summer Shoes for Horses.

The condition of the horse's feet is a very important matter in the summer, for at this season there is apt to be neglect or forgetfulness of it because the wear of the shoes is less than in the winter. It is a curious instance of the too common habit of misjudgment, that the shoes of the horse should be more thought of than his feet, and the foot is more often fitted to the shoe than the shoe to the foot. Moreover, shoes are generally ill shaped, too heavy, and so fastened to the hoof as to injuriously disturb the balance of the foot and change the whole bearing and stress and weight on the tendons of the limbs. There are times, as in the winter, when the roads may be icy and the footing unstable, and when, for safety, the rules which should control the use of shoes may be temporarily suspended or violated to some degree, but this should be done with such good judgment and for as short a time as may avoid serious damage to the feet.

It is a question if a horse needs to be shod at all in the summer. Very often the horse is in worse condition than if going barefoot, for the old shoes left from the winter are retained until they grow into the hoof, which becomes distorted and bound and seriously injured by the compression to which it is subjected. No doubt the use of a shoe weakens the hoof and softens it, but the cutting of the hoof to fit it to the shoe does more of this than the covering of the horn by the iron. But this need not happen if the shoe is of the right kind and is well fitted to the sole. The purpose of the shoe is to preserve the foot from undue wear and protect the sole and walls from breaking by contact with rough, hard obstacles. In icy weather the shoe may be armed with hard steel points to prevent slipping, but there is never occasion or need for the high calks usually attached to the toe and heel of the shoe, or to the toe or the heel only. If the horse is forced to walk on stilts, with the foot raised from the ground, the sole and frog become dry and withered for want of the natural contact with the earth by which they are rendered tough and resistant to blows or pressure. The inner parts of the foot no longer grow because of the absence of the constant action which is intended by nature to excite the growth of new tissue. The hand of an artisan becomes hard and horny by this same sort of action, by pressure and concussion; and the muscles of his arm become hard and tough and much increased in volume by the continuous contraction and expansion. Thus the training of an athlete greatly changes the form of the muscles and increases the strength of them many times. This is so well known that every farmer or other owner of a horse should at once realize the import of the fact that when the shoes are so made or fitted as to raise the sole and frog from the ground and to

bind the hoof so that it cannot expand by pressure on the ground and contract when relieved from pressure, the vital action which secures the change of old tissue into new and increases the volume and substance and strength of it is prevented, and the foot must practically die or shrink and lose its form and strength. Hence a shrunken sole and frog is followed quickly by a contracted foot and sole—for this necessarily sympathizes and follows the action of the foot—and also weakened tendons, which, being unable to hold the foot in balance under strains, lead to concussions of the bones of the foot, and of the joints above it. Then follow the frequent navicular disease—ringbone, contracted tendons, and spring knees, puffs, wind-galls, and other diseases of the foot and the limb. Not long since a great ocean steamer, with engines that were marvels of mechanical skill and of enormous strength and power, was wholly wrecked in an instant, and the great ship lay helpless on the waves, filled inside with a mass of broken steel and iron, shapeless and beyond recognition as the remains of an almost living example of perfect construction and easy exhibition of amazing power.

One small part gave way, and as a row of bricks fall one after the other by successive force, the whole of the intricate mechanism of the engine was broken into fragments and became a wreck. It is precisely so with an animal. "No foot, no horse," expresses the idea. Unhinge the foot and the leg suffers and soon the whole animal becomes a wreck. As the loss of one pin may wreck a great engine, so the destruction of the horse's frog may lead to the ruin of an animal, and all this may easily result from a mistake in using a badly constructed or ill fitting shoe. In England, France and Germany the art of shoeing is taught with as much care as the art of healing diseases, and surely it is worth more to preserve the horse from damage than to cure or attempt to cure the disease that may be avoided by skillful shoeing.

The horse's summer shoe should be a simple band of iron not over a quarter of an inch thick, beaten out to a thin edge on the inner curve and at the end, and nailed with four nails on each side. To fit the shoe to the foot nothing more is needed than to rasp down the edge of the sole to a level bearing, taking off the most of the toe where the growth of the horn is the most active, and in accordance with a careful view of the leg and hoof as the horse stands on the level ground before the foot is touched. But few horses need any shoes in the summer. They are better without them. Contact with the ground will wear down the walls of the hoof and toughen the sole and heels, and act on the frog so as to alternately expand and contract the foot, thus exciting the circulation, increasing the vascular tissue, strengthening the connective tissue, the tendons, and the bones, making a firm elastic between them, and renewing growth which may have been checked by the binding of the hoof during the past winter.

Every man should watch the feet of his horses, more particularly at this season. The feet of the colt should be frequently rasped on the edge of the sole to prevent elongation of the toe and the unbalancing of the foot, throwing excessive weight on the heels. The sole should be kept level to avoid side strains. Older horses should be relieved of their shoes and left in pasture at night so that the wet grass may bathe and soften and cool the hoofs. A pasture can well be afforded if for this training alone, but the cooling effects of the grass is also exceedingly beneficial to the feet, as it is to the whole system, with which they sympathize more than is commonly thought.

One other point should be touched upon. This is the roads. A road incumbered with loose stones or with bedded stones projecting above the surface may do much harm to the horses which travel on it; not only by impeding the passage of vehicles

and causing jars and strains on the shoulders and limbs, but by blows, concussions, slips and side strains to the feet. A bad road may be estimated as costing every horse owner at least \$25 annually for each animal kept, in damage to it and in certain shortening of its usual life and work.—Henry Steward, in N. Y. Times.

Object Lessons.

The State or Territory that has not within its bounds one or more experimental stations, has dropped behind the times. A good many of the experiments made are not at all directly profitable. The fellow who gets so full of stand-up drinks at a bar as to make of himself a sort of mongrel brute—half mule, half hog, half ass, and altogether a disgusting spectacle, has done himself a deal of harm and nobody any direct good, but he is still useful as a scarecrow to frighten young people off that track.

So the director of one of these farms allows weeds to grow on one plot, while he keeps all the rest clean, just to furnish an object lesson to those who will not be taught in any other way the necessity of killing out those weeds, if the profitable crop they are mixed in with is to be made to pay its way and the land itself kept in proper heart for the sustenance of future crops of useful plants. Or the experimenter may put science and practice alongside, and put a learned professor and a thick-skulled steer to demonstrate each in his own way the worth or worthlessness of certain varieties of food applied in certain ways.

There is not in any state to-day a more valuable institution than its experiment station, especially if it is conducted with a proper blend of science and practical common sense, which, I am glad to say, is generally the case. A confirmed crank may, and does, occasionally get in his hand, and say or do something calculated to bring ridicule on the institution he, for the time, misrepresents; but "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," and that sort of man is soon found out, put down at his proper valuation, and "fired out" as quickly as circumstances will admit. I am sure that the average fitness for their position of our force of state experimenters is as high or higher (a good deal, in my opinion,) than the average of the men who are public figures in other walks of life. Being sensible as well as learned men, they are also getting pointers all the time from the observant practical farmers whom the state calls in to advise with them as to their course of procedure.

I never miss a chance of looking over these experiment stations. I go there, in fact, for the same reason that I go to church—sure that if I go every week I will always learn something that is worth knowing. For some kinds of teaching, once a month is not too often to go to school. I have been to two of these schools within one week, just to see if the teaching of the crops on one place was confirmed or partially contradicted by the experience of the other. The man who goes only once a year to an experiment station has about as much chance of getting the substance of its teaching as the boy who goes once a week to school can have of making a creditable pass in any standard. Of course it is very much a case of eyes and no eyes.

Some states very wisely send an attendant around with the visitors to explain the purpose for which each plot is there. I have seeds out myself at different stations, public and private, and as the result of the observations of skilled reporters, I am able to tell in a single season whether their alleged merits are the result of special treatment at the hands of the seller, or a happy accident, or a profitable addition to the useful grains of the area on which they are being tried.

Let me give a case or two in point:

I had lately a sample of "fifty-day" corn from Greece, which, if a success, must prove valuable in latitudes too high for ordinary varieties. One man brings me a plant from his plot that has made a yard of growth in a few weeks

from that seed. Another tells me his lot had "walked away" from others sown on the same day, and at two experimental stations I see that, so far, it leads the race. If it keeps the lead, as I hope it will, those samples, all tried by reliable men who know nothing of each other's worth, will prove of far more value than the most glowing eulogium by a professional seedsman, done in the way of business.

If I had my way, I should call upon every seedsman and florist to demonstrate on a plot, in full view of the public, the value of the eulogiums he publishes in his annual seed catalogues, by keeping on that plot specimens of what those seeds will, in his skilled hands, produce.

An object lesson of this sort would help to modify the big talk of the catalogue, and at the same time moderate the criticism of the amateur who wants to saddle on the honest seller the blame justly due to his own want of skill.

Every reliable seedsman would, I am sure, be prepared to have the value of his seeds tried in this way on a model farm, and might confidently rely on getting, in public patronage, the value of all that this practical advertisement would cost him.

On every department of farm work the experiment station supplies object lessons of the most valuable kind. The press drill against the broadcaster and the older drills; one press drill against another; on different varieties of soil, cultivation, and climatic environment, can here be tested beyond the possibility of cavil.

The boasted extra yield of some special variety can be tested, first in the field and afterwards on the scales, against well-known varieties, not for one season only, when the change will help the record of the newest comer, but year after year, which is the only proper method, for some sorts actually gain on their first year's showing, while others, with a big first showing, degenerate very fast.

We want to welcome everything, and put its merits to the proof, as the test of time shall determine.

I had lately in the *Farmer's Review* a pretty long talk on weeds, and have strongly urged that harrowing once or twice over recently sown grain, till it was three or four inches long, would kill no end of crop weeds. Last week, on one experimental farm, the manager invited me to see how the plan worked with him. I advocate cross harrowing, with a light iron harrow, on hard land; or, if it is soft loam, with a home made wooden one, the teeth of tough ash or hickory, and not too long. My friend found it easiest to run along the plots on which he wanted to apply the test, and there were foul seeds enough to make the test a fair one. I could scarcely, without the object lesson there to prove it, have believed that one harrowing would kill so many weeds as those plots proved was possible. Some wheat plants would be torn upon broadcasted land, but, sown with the drill, the grain would be quite safe from the harrow. In fact, I am told by others that wheat rather likes the harrow, even if spring sown. Very few now neglect to harrow fall wheat in spring.

My friend ventured to improve upon my advice. He went over several plots of peas in the same way and says he killed very few of them, though the weeds got badly hurt. The old standard farmers, who visit that farm in scores, can sometimes knock me over on argument when I invite them to "speak in meeting," but even Peter Hardhead owned up when he had walked carefully over that plot and had been privately assured by the foreman that one round of the harrow had made the difference. He is as honest as he is obstinate, and will not shrink from some day admitting that a book farmer may sometimes have something to tell that a real farmer will find it good for him to know. The worthy soul imagines that all the wrinkles I pick up going round my big parish, and write about here, are theories hatched up here in my office, and put in print, because I live by "book farming"

and must say something to earn my living.

For object lessons that friend Hardhead and his numerous relations cannot but read and understand, I put the experiment station ahead of all other devices, and hope to go back there myself scores of times, whether my teacher is a learned professor, who knows the Latin names of everything, or a keen-witted and observant farmer, who does not know one half the words in Webster's dictionary, but knows well how to use his eyes, his head and his hands, and can read in a plowed furrow as well as I can in a printed book.—"Northwest," in *Farmer's Review*.

What it Can Do—Help the Grange and Yourselves.

I believe that the future welfare of the farmer depends upon his active co-operation with others in the Grange organization; the work of the Order is so varied, embraces so much that is of importance to each and every tiller of the soil, that it would seem to be his duty to give it his hearty support, says P. Walker McKeen in the *Leviston Journal*. Overcome his isolation and lack of ability to act in a body, by taking part in the meetings of his local Grange. Bring under our control the feelings of jealousy and distrust that, too often, characterize persons, by joining our fellows in active, hearty support of an Order that has for its underlying principle, precepts as noble and useful as those ever inculcated into any organization formed by man. To the end that its usefulness may be maintained, its meeting must be made interesting for old and young. Nothing will help a Grange more than a good number of young members, who by their presence and efforts add much to the usefulness of its meetings. There must be some amusements occasionally.

Let us remember that work and recreation must go hand in hand, and that nothing discourages the young more than a perpetual frown from their elders when any amusement is mentioned. I believe in a regular program for each meeting and think the practice of getting up a yearly program with each meeting's work plainly laid down is a good one, but if this cannot be done let the program be announced at least one meeting ahead, that every member may know what the leading thought of the meeting is to be, and be prepared to take part in the discussions. Let the exercises be quite largely made up of discussions of practical farm topics. I would rather have a good, sensible talk of from ten to fifteen minutes from a brother or sister on some subject on which they may be prepared to speak, than one hour of a learned essay or prize recitation. But let them go hand in hand and thus maintain a general interest among all the members.

Do not let it be supposed there are too many farmers. For every farmer that is at work ten men are required to supply him with clothing, houses, tools, transportation for his produce, and other necessities and comforts; and the fewer the farmers, the fewer of these, and the more farmers the more men are set to work by the farmers. There are farmers, fruit-growers, florists, nurserymen, shepherds, dairymen, and graziers; all these to be made of farm boys. And there are fruit-growing, dairying, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, flower-culture, all furnishing pleasant and profitable occupation for women. There is, indeed, no lack. The ancient condition yet remains—"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Farming in all its branches is a profitable and safe employment, and because it is the staple and fundamental industry upon which all others rest and upon which all others are supported, it can never be overcrowded or overdone, because the more productive it is the more it calls for help for thousands of other industrious workers. Therefore, there is plenty of room for the boys in it, and the girls, too.—N. Y. Times.

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At a Country School. The school house stood a little way back from the road, so that Dan had almost driven the dun horse past it before we heard the soft hum which told of children studying, writes a contributor to the Chicago Herald. The teacher met us at the door, and led us to seats quite at the rear, where the larger boys had been accustomed to sit in winter. For a time it seemed that our entrance would effectually end the exercises for the day, but the little ones grew accustomed to us at last, and turned from contemplating us as from a tale that was told. After that they seemed bent on studying with excessive diligence, maybe to make up for lost time, maybe because they saw something in the teacher's conduct which told of company behavior. One little fellow just in front of us had an open geography before him, and seemed hard at work in the Congo Free State, but a fly would crawl across the page before him, boasting agility, and daring any little fellow to try to capture him. The lad wanted to resist the temptation, but it bothered him grievously, and at last he moved up one hand with great care, his eyes growing larger as he neared the offending fly, till at last he brought it down with a mighty slap, missed his fly, and then buried himself beyond discovery in the broad page before him.

Two little girls were at the blackboard, racing to the solution of the same problem, and trying their best not to look at the other's work. It was short division, and they counted remainders on their fingers' ends, posting quotients with great labor, and then approaching the next figure of "the dividend" as a new enemy to be compassed. A rather large girl brought out a "physiology," and could not conquer her desire to parade it a little. The bad boy of the school showed us his marbles when the teacher's back was turned, and put in most of the rest of the afternoon eluding study. Yet he seemed to keep fairly in favor with authority, and when at last he went to recite he seemed equipped with all necessary information. Two larger girls parsed a sentence in grammar, puzzling a long time whether "in" were a noun or an adverb, and accepting the teacher's suggestion as to a part of speech with all the willingness of unprejudiced persons. Then they asked permission to get a pail of water, and as they had tried to answer well permission was granted them.

The afternoon was very hot. A little fellow stood beside the teacher, wondering at her watch charm and repeating the alphabet after her; but he was tired, and when he had correctly guessed two letters in succession he was permitted to go out doors and play till time for his next lesson. A little girl went with him, and they sat under the great oak tree, counting pebbles and matching violets. Their sunny heads were very close together, their laugh grew lighter and at last ceased altogether, and after awhile the droning bees and drifting willow cotton found them fast asleep together, their arms around each other, and her checked sunbonnet and his straw hat lying where they had been thrown half an hour before. Not a care in all the world disturbed them.

When recess came the children rushed out of doors, the girls to the rude play-houses under the tree, the boys to a game of "pump pump-pull-away." The teacher came and told us this was her first school, and blushed a little when we told her she was doing well. A little tot who might have been at home for all the good the books were doing her, leaned on the teacher's lap and fondled her hand as one that was never raised in anger against any one. A fat little boy stole shyly in with a handful of wild

flowers which he had found in the fence rows where the elder bushes made a thick, dark shade. He had not courage to present them openly, so he placed them on the desk beside the bell, and darted out again as if detection and a word of thanks were things to dread. The teacher beamed in interested telling of her pupils' virtues, and brought a map which one had drawn. We couldn't tell just what it was, but Dan declared that every line was right, and vowed the boy who made it would be president.

While we sat with her, finding the height and depth of her innocent soul was filled with her children, a cry of horror from the small one at her side called general attention to the dusty road, where the bad little boy and another were vigorously pounding each other and rolling on the ground. They seemed angry enough, but suspended hostilities with all promptness when the teacher came near them, and followed her into the house, glaring at each other and grinning at the rest of the world, as if the matter were purely personal and one in which neither felt like holding the rest of mankind responsible. But that teacher! She was grieved beyond expression. That her little children should be angry and fight seemed to shock as if the rough edges of life were quite unknown to her.

Another half hour of toying with dog-eared books and the two belligerents were at peace again and matching pins with the greatest amiability. But the warmth outside, the singing birds, the soothing swing of tree tops, the mellowed rattle of a distant mowing machine and the myriad scents from nature's full development, all lulled to drowsiness, and the tired children made the mute protest of heavy lids and nodding heads. Even the hum of mischief had subsided, and the teacher, mindful of her whole duty, set the hymn of childish hearts in harmony again.

"Put up your books," she said, "and I will sing to you." How like a weary old man's thankful sigh that sound of hurried preparation! How sweeter than any joy that comes to age, that care free rest when all were ready! Then, sweet as a bird's carol rose the song, attuned with love and girlish purity:

Up in the morning early, Just at the break of day, Straining the milk in the dairy, Driving the cows away, Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, Making the beds up-stairs, Folding the whit'ning linen, Dusting the parlor chairs, Oh, hoho, hoho, Now, merry children, bright and gay, We sing of the farmer girls—hurrah! Now, merry children, bright and gay, We sing of the farmer girls.

Then one long line upon the floor, where all the children stood and spelled the final lesson of the day, folding their arms and fixing their toes with nice exactness, watching the broadening shadow that fell full in the wide west door; demure, sitting in order in their seats, a prim answer of "Present," and the day was done.

Across the fields, through odorous woods, down grassy lanes, and so to homes that marked the beginning and end of life the little ones tripped with "hearts as light as the eider down," and the twilight folded teacher and pupil and home and field in one warm, silent embrace.

"We've turned back the leaves of life to-day," said Dan, "and I'd give the dun horse and the harness thrown in if we could stay right here till the end of time."

Time Proves all Things. Mr. O. W. Ingersoll. Dear Sir:—I am not now in need of paint, that purchased of you some years since being as bright and solid as the day put on. I can certainly recommend the Ingersoll Rubber Paint as the most durable made.

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Are Women Careless of Money.

No woman, at least in America, has any such talent as a man has for spending money. She spends for what she believes to be beauty—for raiment, books, jewels, decoration, furniture, pictures, marbles—rarely for what does her serious harm. He spends most for his vices, for the things that hurt him greatly. He is apt to gamble, to speculate, to bring evil to others from his love of pleasure or of gain. He will get rid of more money in a month than she would in years. She would, however, ignorant of it, be appalled by the sums he dissipates. She is constitutionally conservative; big statements of any sort are likely to alarm her. Unless desperate or frenzied, she invariably stops short of extremes. She trembles and turns pale where he, in the flush of egotism, moves undisturbed.

Nearly all the talk of woman's carelessness of money is idle. The opinion cannot be sustained. It is mainly the echo of misapprehension. Where she is even partially enlightened on the subject, she is prone to be very cautious of its use. Her temperamental tendency is to the opposite of carelessness.—Junius Henri Brown.

The July Chautauquan introduces a new and permanent department, the "Woman's Council Table," to be especially devoted to the discussion of woman's interests. The editorial article on The Advancement of Woman is significant as the expression of conservative opinion. We quote the following: "Women know that the new era has strengthened them in every particular that the alarmists have declared that it would weaken. They are the better physically because of their new training to think. The worst physical enemy woman has ever had has been the narrowness of life which gave her so little to think of that she had endless time for worry. * * * She gains in physical force with every step toward intellectuality and spirituality. Nor does she harden her heart toward humanity and despise the home. The whole question of the home, instead of being ignored, is being treated with scientific care and unsparring devotion. * * * The experiences of the past decade have proved the higher education to be most valuable in the very lines where it was prophesied it would do the greatest harm."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An amusing story is told of Miss Catherine Beecher, elder sister of Mrs. Stowe and of Henry Ward Beecher. This lady once wrote an article on 'Free Agency' which was published in the Biblical Repository and has been pronounced by competent critics the very best answer to Edward's on 'The Will' that has ever appeared. An eminent theological professor, of New England, visiting a distinguished German theologian, said in the course of conversation, 'The ablest refutation of Edward's on 'The Will' which was ever written, is the work of a woman, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher.' 'You have a woman,' fairly shrieked the astonished theologian, holding up both hands in amazement, 'who can refute Edward's on 'The Will'? God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!'

In many French villages boards are set up bearing the following instructions: 'Hedgehog: Lives upon mice, snails and wireworms, animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog. Toad: Helps agriculture; destroys twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill a toad. Cockchafer and its larvæ: Deadly enemies to farmers; lays seventy to one hundred eggs. Kill the cockchafer. Birds: Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs through the injury done by insects. Don't kill the birds.—Colman's Rural World.

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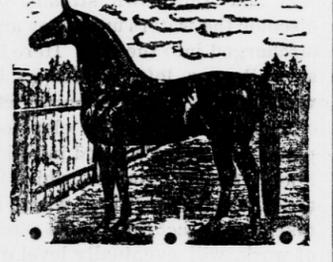
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Table with 2 columns: Publication Name and Price. Includes Weekly Free Press, Detroit Weekly Tribune, Cosmopolitan Magazine, St. Louis, Demorest's, Michigan Farmer, Farm Journal, Farm and Garden, Christian Herald.

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The Plains Land of the Northwest.

It may seem unfitting for an expression of opinion from one who only sees a country from a car window, or from its rear platform; but a thousand miles of such travel, with the same impressions constantly recurring, we believe to be a fairer estimate than that obtained from prejudiced residents, or from boomers or real estate agents.

These latter are welcomed and flattered for what they seem to do for a new country, but in the end they are sure to over do it, and the bubbles that seem so shining while they are growing, inevitably burst, and there is a reaction as restrictive as the abounding prosperity seemed in the opposite direction. We shall have occasion, in another article, to allude to this feature of modern progressive pioneer enterprise.

After leaving St. Paul we soon enter patches of prairie lands, with some good timber along the streams, but as we proceed, timber and trees disappear, and a long and wide stretch of rolling or flat plains extend to the horizon, broken here and there with the shack and straw shed of the homesteader, with here and there a more pretentious structure, showing evidences of prosperity earned here or elsewhere. Along the railroad, for ten miles each side, the railroad company owns every other section, which, may restrict the occupancy in some degree; but on the other hand, the advantages of railroad, communication and proximity to its stations ought to make the improvements as plenty as in the interior, notwithstanding the smaller amount of land available for free settlement. After passing the syndicate farms at Fargo, not one quarter section in twenty has an occupant. At several places along the line where the maps show stations, a sign board nailed to two upright posts on which is painted "Edendale," or some such euphonic title, is all the evidence of civilization which appears. At one place an unoccupied school house kept watch over the sign manual of the imaginary town, either waiting for the boomer, or standing as the epitaph of the boomed. Along the Red River of the north and its tributaries the crops seem to indicate a fairly productive soil; but nowhere, after we left St. Paul until we arrived at the irrigated areas, did we see a stool of red clover. Plowing succeeded crops with the evident intention of getting out of the soil, whatever it contained, as quickly as possible. The highest estimate of the yield of the standing wheat

by any of the party was 18 bushels per acre, and more than half of the estimated yields were ten bushels.

After leaving the valley of the permanent streams the soil is thinner and less productive, doubtless caused by lack of rain to induce and encourage vegetation. The cuts along the road indicate the quality of the soil, and we were seldom off in our estimate of its ability to produce. We passed one night on the trip over the plains, with Bismarck as the midnight point, rising at daylight to get a view of the bad lands of Western Dakota. These are only a modification of the plains land, worn down to a lower level as the down pour of the melted snows of the mountains rush through the channels to the Missouri river. The tops of the buttes evidently were once the level of the plains—a table land with higher banks along its margin, which are now the foot hills of the mountains. For two hours we rode through this hoodoo valley—the strangest contortion of strata, which appears to be piled one on another in a delirium of chance. Cones and buttes and caverned hills in colored costumes compel the road to execute a curved dance around their bases. Hooded gnomes and giant elves are figured in colored dress and in various shapes.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the present aspect of this valley. The more general one is that given not long since, to the effect that this was once a vast coal field, which was fired by the Indians, and has burned out, leaving these pockets of burned clay standing as monuments of aboriginal folly. Our study of this problem does not lead to this conclusion. The different colors are not produced by fire; they are deposits of colored clay, and are not uncommon in the mountains and hills but are not usually found in such variety as here. What are now the domes and buttes were deposits in the original strata, of greater density and compactness than that which has since been washed down the Missouri. Sand storms have doubtless had something to do with this sculpturing process in rounding out the curves and scooping the caverns, while the rills from melting snows have grooved out the columns and thus formed this grotesque exhibit. Many of the images are capped with sand rock, harder than the substance beneath, so that a hood or umbrella-like covering projects large enough, seemingly, to topple over the whole structure.

Not a green thing is growing in this valley of desolation. The soil seems to dissolve into a solution and run down stream, to discolor the waters until they are discharged into the sea. Here is a small area left, belated as it were, from the formation period of the continent. The elevated plains are being washed into the lower valleys. Nature, which is not limited for time, when it takes a contract for doing a piece of work, will eventually level off these standing columns, mix their solvents and enrich some lower level with the solution, to become fertile plains for a future race.

At Glendive the Northern Pacific strikes the Yellowstone, whose muddy waters, coming from the plains, tell the story of the disintegration going on. Along either bank to the table land, and beyond, stretches the sage brush plains of Montana—the sheep and cattle ranges of the Northwest. Groups of cat-

tle and horses are seen every mile or two, from 25 to 50 in a bunch, looking sleek, fat and contented. The cattle are of high grade, and would be a credit to any farm-yard of Michigan. Herders say that feed on the plains is the best for several years, and that the cattle will average of better quality than for some time in the past. They are now being gathered with a view of cutting out the mature steers to be sent to market. Prices on the range are \$36 for three and four-year-olds and \$22 for two-year-olds, at an average of 1200 pounds for the former and 800 pounds for the latter. Mature wethers bring \$3.50 here to go to Iowa and other middle Western States for feeding purposes. These would stand at about \$4.50 in Michigan, so that our feeders can see that there will be no big money in feeding western sheep at those prices.

The plains land of the Northwest is not confined to the land along the rivers, but up on the higher levels lie some of the best grazing lands of this extensive herding country. These plains grow a short, nutritious grass in separated tufts between the sage in sufficient quantity to satisfy the animals, with no very extensive ranging between the night and morning feeds. The appearance of these plains from a little distance is very desolate indeed. Sage, of an ashen grey hue, with a back-ground of sand, gives the appearance of complete barrenness. The edible grass has now changed from green to brown, and is not distinguished from the sand at a little distance, the nutrition, however, is still retained and stock eat it as readily as before.

On all the mountain tops, between the highest peaks, lie vast reaches of plains land where stock is grazing, and in the lower places wild grass is cut for hay. No habitation is visible, except here and there in the hillside a temporary shelter is made, or a tent is pitched for the herder.

Salt Lake valley presents the most extensive system of irrigation met with on our trip, yet here we found it not entirely successful—some very large crops and some very poor. A heavy second crop of clover, or alfalfa, offset by a field of oats being harvested with a mower, too short to be gathered into sheaves. In Boise City, in Idaho, we saw the most marvelous change in production where irrigation was practiced. Here a desert waste of sand and sage brush coming square up to a field of second-crop clover that would yield two tons of hay to the acre.

Some of these upland plains are very fertile when irrigated, but not one acre in a thousand can be successfully farmed in this way. Many futile efforts in this direction were met, where, either from lack of water or fertility, or both, the enterprise had been abandoned.

We are more impressed than ever with the futility of National aid to irrigating enterprises. It all has a flavor of "boom" in its demands, where no real practical necessity exists for such expeditions. Every third man in the west seems to have some scheme incubating, through which he expects to realize a fortune; albeit, it must be fertilized in some way by eastern capital, brought in by the tender-foot contingent. National aid to level the Rocky Mountains might change the climate to relieve this arid region by bringing rain currents from the Pacific Ocean, but no other scheme will be effectual.

Private enterprise will carry water to arid lands as fast as is needed by the demands of any locality.

Returned.

On Wednesday afternoon we arrived home, after an absence of four weeks of travel along the route of America's most wonderful scenery. Members of our party, who had traveled in Europe, say that no grander views are found there than can be seen in our mountain ranges. The "Wonderland" of the Yellowstone Park has no rival on the face of the earth. We shall give a paper on this in the next issue of the VISITOR. "Mountain Mining Towns" will follow, and then a resume of the agricultural resources of the West. We shall give our readers the unbiased impressions, as seen with open eyes, desirous of finding out the truth, and shall not bore them with an extended diary of daily events.

We find the VISITOR nearly ready for press. Its make-up has been entirely under the direction of Mrs. Gould, to whom we are greatly indebted for the labor which has made it possible for us to make the trip.

We feel the responsibility of our position more and more, and determine anew that the VISITOR shall compel the esteem of its readers.

Benton Harbor Grange Picnic.

Remember, everybody is invited to participate in this four days' gathering, listen to the speeches and contribute to the general enjoyment.

Michigan Crop Report Aug. 1, 1890.

The average yield of wheat per acre as estimated by correspondents on the first of this month is in the southern counties 14.06 bushels; in the central counties 13.78 bushels, and in the northern counties 14.55 bushels. These figures represent the average of the estimates of all the correspondents reporting from each section, and the estimates are based on the total acreage sowed, as returned by supervisors, and on examinations made when harvesting and stacking.

In addition to the foregoing, 218 correspondents in the southern counties and 23 in the central have furnished reports of actual threshings. The number of jobs reported threshed in the southern counties is 1,184; acres, 25,801; bushels 481,543, an average per acre of 18.66 bushels.

The number of jobs reported threshed in the central counties is 81; acres, 825; bushels, 16,174; an average per acre of 19.60 bushels.

These averages, it will be noticed, are very much higher than the averages as estimated by correspondents, which may be accounted for, in part, at least by the fact that while the averages, as estimated by correspondents are based on acreage sowed, the averages as shown by threshings are in many cases based on acreage harvested. It is but just, however, to state that the August estimate of correspondents, is usually a conservative one. Correspondents this year state that the crop is turning out better than was anticipated. The final reports will show the yield to be somewhere between the two sets of averages given above, and the lower are doubtless the nearer accurate when the yield is calculated on the acreage sowed.

In quality wheat is fully up to the average. In the southern counties, of 512 correspondents reporting the quality, 285 report it "good," 199 "average," and 28 "bad;" in the central counties 94 correspondents report it "good," 50 "average," and 2 "bad;" and in the northern counties 61 correspondents reported it "good," 42 "average," and none "bad."

A number of pieces of wheat were cut in the southern two tiers of counties the last days of June; in Berrien, Cass, St. Jo-

seph and Branch, harvesting was quite generally begun from the first to the fifth of July, and father north and east, from the seventh to the tenth. In the third, fourth, fifth and sixth tiers of counties wheat was mostly cut between the fourteenth and twenty-fifth of July.

The number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in July is 904,841; and in the year ending with August 1, 14,917,271. The wheat reported marketed in July doubtless includes a small amount of new wheat.

Oats yield in the southern counties 29 bushels per acre; in the central 31 bushels and in the northern 27 bushels per acre. The grain is light in weight, and may not be safely estimated at more than three-fourths of an average. One month ago the outlook was for very nearly a full average crop.

The hay crop of the State is fully up to the average and it has been secured in prime condition.

The average condition of corn in the southern counties is now 73 as compared with 91 July 1. In the central counties the condition is 92 and in the northern 101, and is practically the same in both sections as one month ago.

The average condition of potatoes in the southern counties is 62, in the central 81, and in the northern 91, a reduction in the southern counties of 34 per cent, and in the central of 14 per cent, during the month of July.

Apples now promise only 25 per cent of an average crop in the southern counties, 45 per cent in the central, and 37 per cent in the northern. The decline in the southern counties since July 1, is 23 per cent, and since June 1, 67 per cent.

There is not a county in the southern section, and probably not a single locality, that will have one-half of an average crop of apples.

The small yield and light weight of oats, and decline in condition of corn, and potatoes, are due to severe drouth during July. The drouth has also injuriously affected meadows and pastures, and clover sowed this year. The condition of newly seeded clover is now only 88 in the southern counties as compared with 104 on July 1.

The rainfall in this section of the State in April and May was largely in excess of the average or normal. In June there was a marked deficiency and in July a still greater deficiency. The average rainfall in July, in this section as recorded at the stations of the State Weather Service was 1.14 inches.

This is two and one-tenth inches below the normal. These figures, however, very imperfectly indicate the severity of the drouth. There was no general storm during the month. Local showers occurred on the 1st, on the 12th to 14th, and on the 24th and 25th. At some stations the rainfall was quite heavy, while at others only a few miles distant there was little or no rain at all. The heaviest rainfall at any station was below the average or normal for July for the entire section. It rained on the 3rd and 4th of this month in all parts of the state except the extreme southwestern counties. The average rainfall during the past week is 1.12 inches, or one-third of an inch above the normal. This is sufficient to save corn and potatoes and revive meadows and pastures, but the benefits would have been much greater had the rain come two weeks earlier. In the southwestern counties above referred to crops are suffering severely. In a few instances corn has been cut and cured for fodder.

GILBERT R. OSMUN,
Sec'y of State.

The Hillsdale County Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting with Litchfield Grange, on Wednesday, September 3rd. A good programme may be expected. The address of welcome will be given by L. B. Agard, Master of Litchfield Grange, and the response by the Master of Pomona Grange. Music by Litchfield Grange. J. E. WAGNER,
Lecturer.

Communications.

Farmers' Basket Picnic.

August 6th and 7th one of the most successful farmers' basket picnics was held under the auspices of the Pomona Grange of Van Buren county, at Hartford.

The forenoon session of the 6th consisted of social greetings and short extemporaneous speeches from Master Thos. Mars, Lecturer Jason Woodman, and others, interspersed with music by the glee club of Paw Paw. All did themselves great credit at this informal meeting.

The afternoon session was opened with music and prayer by Rev. G. E. Prater, of Paw Paw Grange. L. H. Titus, Esq., of Hartford, with well chosen words welcomed the Patrons and farmers to their beautiful village, which was followed by a song of welcome.

Hon. J. J. Woodman responded in behalf of the Patrons and their friends. I need not tell you he did it in his usual happy manner, which called forth earnest applause, which was suddenly checked by the appearance of the glee club, who rendered the greeting song in such a manner as to elicit a fresh burst of approval.

Sadie Jennings and David McCone each recited very nicely.

A solo by Mrs. G. E. Gilman so filled her hearers with admiration that they stood transfixed till Hon. Cyrus G. Luce was introduced, which brought them back just in time to greet the governor with hearty applause as he arose to address them.

The governor's address of over 1 1/2 hours was clear, logical and pointed, but was too short, as was evidenced by after remarks. By request the governor gave a reception at the close of the afternoon exercises, when about 1,000 persons were formally presented.

The evening session was very complete and enjoyable, consisting of recitations by Mrs. G. E. Gilman and Harry Myers, of Paw Paw; papers by Mrs. A. U. Barnes and Walter Gage, of Lawrence, music, etc. Space forbids giving each the justice due.

On Thursday to the array of speakers announced were added Hon. E. N. Bates, of Allegan county, Judge J. G. Ramsdell, of Traverse City, and Hon. C. J. Monroe, of South Haven, each of whom occupied a portion of the time very acceptably to the audience. To the regret of many the dinner hour cut Hon. J. J. Woodman's remarks somewhat short.

The afternoon session was taken up with addresses by Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, master of National Grange, who spoke on general topics, and Judge Ramsdell, who dwelt on political economy and its proper application as a remedy for the present depression in agriculture.

The quality of these addresses was manifest in the fact that each received hearty applause.

The music of the session was by Paw Paw Glee Club, composed of Messrs. B. A. Cumings, C. W. Reynolds, C. H. Butler and G. E. Gilman, with Miss Grace Woodman as organist and Mrs. G. E. Gilman soloist. By the several encores they received we feel they were appreciated.

Miss Maggie Croger gave a sample of her inimitable whistling.

Taken all in all it proved an occasion of enjoyment and will result in good to the participants. J. C. GOULD.

CLIMAX, Mich., Aug. 11.

ED. VISITOR:

Just now the people in many parts of Michigan, Indiana and other states are suffering from the effects of a drouth, which very seriously reduces the crops over a large extent of country.

So far as a considerable part of the drouth affected country is concerned it is entirely needless that the farmers' crops should suffer in this way.

There is nowhere in those parts of the arid regions of the west that I have visited any larger percentage of the land that is susceptible of irrigation, or has a better supply of water to do it with, than right here in Michigan.

Why farmers should suffer their crops to be parched up and

destroyed or greatly damaged, year after year, by the drouth, when they have the means of saving them, I can only explain by the theory of ignorance. Perhaps they do not know or have never thought that it could be done. It is a fact, however, that there is a great deal of land in Michigan so situated with reference to the streams that it is a very simple and easy matter to irrigate it, and as our seasons run on an average it will pay big interest to do it. It is not every farm, of course, that can be irrigated, but what is the use of letting crops dry up, season after season, when the land can be irrigated as well as not. The subject of irrigation was discussed at the last convention of the Michigan Engineering Society. Their Annual containing the report of that convention and a general description of the manner of irrigating ought to be of interest to every farmer in the state. F. HODGMAN.

Notices of Meetings.

Berrien County Pomona Grange.

The meeting of Berrien County Pomona Grange and the second annual Farmers' picnic, will be held on the fair grounds at Benton Harbor, Aug. 26, 27, 28 and 29. The outline for the meeting is as follows:

Aug. 26—Forenoon.—Business session of Pomona Grange.

Afternoon—Address of welcome, Col. L. M. Ward; response, Thos. Mars, W. M. State Grange. Addresses by prominent Patrons of the county during the remainder of the afternoon and evening.

Aug. 27—Horticultural Day—In charge of Rob't C. Thayer, of Benton Harbor.

Forenoon—Papers and discussions on horticultural topics. Afternoon—Address by Hon. Perry Mayo.

Evening—Veterans' camp-fire, by the veterans in blue, in and out of the Order.

Aug. 28—Young People's Day. Forenoon—A gold medal contest, conducted by Geo. F. Comings, of St. Joseph; papers, discussions, recitations, etc., by the young people of the subordinate Granges.

Afternoon—An address to the young people, by Jason Woodman, Lecturer of the State Grange.

Evening—Question box; discussions and recitations on the grounds, and a business session at Benton Harbor Grange Hall.

Aug. 29th—Grange Veterans' Day.

Forenoon—Addresses and discussions by the long-trying and true in the Order.

Afternoon—Address by Gov. Cyrus G. Luce.

To Patrons and Farmers, with their wives, sons and daughters, within reasonable reach of Benton Harbor, either by railroad or steamer:

You are invited to come into camp at this meeting and unite in one grand rally for the cause of nobler manhood and womanhood throughout the land. The grounds and appurtenances are ample to accommodate all who may come. The Patrons of Berrien county bid you welcome.

An effort will be made to secure special rates on railroads and steamers for this occasion.

R. V. CLARK, Lecturer. Buchanan, Mich.

Allegan County Council.

The next meeting of the Allegan County Council will be held at Monterey Grange Hall, September 2d. The program will be as follows:

Music on call.

Address of Welcome—Sister Mary Knoblock, Monterey.

Response—Sister Minnie Edgerton, Watson.

Recitation—Henry Stockwell, Trowbridge.

Essay—Frank Hickock, Allegan; subject, Mixed Help on the Farm, Indoors and Out.

Music—Choir.

Paper—N. W. Houser, Watson.

Essay—S. C. Foster, Trowbridge.

Recitation—Nellie Eggleston, Monterey.

Essay—Henry Edgerton, Watson; subject, Home Life.

Essay—C. A. Jewett, Allegan;

subject, Weddings and Wedding Presents.

How Can the Farmer Better his Condition—T. A. Strong, Monterey.

Adulterated Food—Drs. Chase and Amsden.

Recitation—Augusta Kent, Watson.

There were some papers left over from the last meeting that will be called for, and short discussions on all papers are allowable. The meeting at Trowbridge was quite a success and, judging the future by the past the one at Monterey will be a success also. Come one, come all who are interested in the work. N. A. DIBBLE, Committee.

QUINCY, Aug. 12.

The next meeting of Branch County Pomona Grange will occur at Batavia Grange Hall Thursday, Aug. 28.

The following questions will be treated by papers and general discussions:

How do the profits of the farm compare with other occupations?

Wheat culture and which is the variety best suited to our soil?

Do farmer's have sufficient help to insure the greatest income from their farms?

Leaks on the farm and in the house and method in the household.

Good music and recitations will be interspersed.

Every Pomona member present will be expected to respond to roll call with a quotation and name its author.

JENNIE L. KENNEDY, Lecturer.

Van Buren County Grange will hold its next session with Woodman Grange, Aug. 28. Following is the program:

10 a. m. to 12 m.—Reports from subordinate Granges and miscellaneous business.

1:30 p. m.—Paper by A. U. Barnes, of Lawrence.

Recitation by Mrs. Lottie Warner, of Paw Paw.

Paper on Public Highways, by J. C. Gould, of Paw Paw.

Recitation, by L. Healey, of Waverly.

Paper, by David Woodman, of Paw Paw.

Music will be interspersed and other papers and recitations given, as time permits.

Mrs. J. M. FISK, Lecturer.

Early Fall Work.

Many persons, in their fear of an early freezing; sow seed of the Flat Dutch and Purple-Top Strap-Leaf turnips too early. These turnips can be grown very quickly, and are only good when so grown, like a radish, says a contributor to *Garden and Forest*.

If sown early they grow too large for table use, and are worthless for any purposes but stock feeding and only little short of worthless for that. Flat turnips, grown rapidly in the cool autumn weather to about the size of an ordinary biscuit, are good enough for any one. When grown on a large scale I have never found it profitable to sow in drills or rows. For sowing broadcast I plow the ground and give it a heavy coat of manure on top, then harrow so as to slightly mix the manure with the surface soil, sow the seed and roll. The most difficult thing is to sow the seed uniformly without getting it too thick. This is best accomplished by roasting a lot of old and worthless seeds of kale, cabbage or turnip in an oven until certainly dead. One part of good seed is then mixed thoroughly, with ten parts of the dead seed. This seed is then sown as uniformly as possible all over the ground, at the rate of about ten pounds of the mixture to the acre, and this scatters the good seed thickly enough. The sowing may be done any time in August, the latter half being better than the first, and in the latitude of Virginia September is early enough. Still, unless plenty of manure or fertilizer is used, the crop will not be of the first quality for table use, a quick growth being essential. For late use in winter and towards spring these flat turnips are not desirable, and if none of the Long White French turnips were sown early in July, a crop of Robertson's Golden

Ball, sown the first week in August, in drills, well enriched and carefully thinned and cultivated will make a good crop of a very superior quality for winter keeping.

Are Your Eyes Open?

Many an uncultured country boy or girl wonders where the city people find the laughing brooks, the beautiful flowers, the soft summer breezes, and the thousand and one beautiful things which nature has provided for the inspiration, education and enjoyment of her children. These boys and girls haven't had their eyes opened to see the beautiful and good by which they are continually surrounded. They think it necessary to go away to the town or city to see beautiful things; and so it is, in a measure; with many men and women who have an earnest desire to do good in the world, but they can see no opportunity in the narrow sphere in which they move, and they are utterly surprised when some real worker comes along and points out the opportunities for disinterested labor which are presented on every hand. God places no man or woman in any sphere of action without giving them opportunities for performing labors of love if they so desire. The trouble is, they close their eyes to their own surroundings, and dream of great and good deeds in some far-off land—to the benighted heathen, it may be, while all about them are conditions of humanity which are continually asking for their love, sympathy or encouragement.

The Dime Novel Cure.

A trustee of the Providence public library has undertaken to cure the small boy of his interest in the dime novel, and can be said to have succeeded. He has met the antecedent with its consequent. He has gathered into a scrap book the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business in a quiet way to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought to live and what they ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime novel boy usually reads the scrap-book, which is rapidly increasing in size as the fresh exploits of the dime novel adventurers are added to it, about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to those stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading-room for a better class of books.

This cure of a disease with its own poison has been so effective in Providence that the trustee in question is thinking of taking out a patent for the process, lest other libraries and the heads of families and the guardians of the small boy generally may appropriate his invention without due credit. The scrap-book alluded to is called "The Dime Novel Illustrated," and it is suggested to this gentleman before he goes much further that he should put his scrap-book to press, secure his copyright at home and abroad, and stand up for honors as the only man in the world who has so far succeeded in outwitting the average American boy, by giving him a sufficient antidote to the evil which, in the form of devilish literature, he is anxious to take into his mind and heart, to make him abandon these stories in disgust.

He is the first among moderns to give point to the old saying, "Look on this picture and then on that," and it is the other picture that is powerful enough to wind up the dime novel business. These are the days of realism in literature, and this man, going further than Mr. Howells or Mr. James, or even M. Zola, has substituted the pastepot and scissors for the imagination, gathering his horrors and tragedies from actual life, in the firm belief that if truth is not stranger than fiction, it has a wonderful power at the right moment over an awakened mind.—*Boston Herald*.

The Good of the Order should be the first in the mind and heart of every Patron, and he should

study how best to aid the work that is doing so much for him. No member can afford to be idle or listless, because the interests at stake are too momentous and important, and the success already achieved renders certain a final triumph if we only concentrate our efforts and labor with unabated zeal to plant a Grange in every district in the state. The idea is not Utopian. We are not given to the promulgation of visionary schemes, and when we say this work can be accomplished, we make the statement after mature deliberation and careful examination. It would be an insult to the intelligence of our farmers to say that they will knowingly oppose that which is for their own advantage. The opposition to the Grange arises from a misconception of its objects and purposes. If these are once properly explained and comprehended, farmers will no longer hesitate about becoming members. The first duty, then, is to educate the people and create favorable sentiment. This can readily be done if the proper means are employed.—*Farmer's Friend*.

Church's Bug Finish.

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

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

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

One pound of Bug Finish will prove more effective than six times the amount of plaster and Paris Green as mixed by the farmers. In addition to the saving in this way, 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.

Life in the Farmer's Kitchen.

When the first rosy tints of the morn
Overspread the dull easterly sky,
And the clock on the mantle doth warn
That the hour of arising draws nigh,
How we long for just one more wee nap
Ere we turn to our duties again;
But we know that the longing is vain,
When recalling the crowd of faint men
That will settle around our spread board
With content just three times in the day;
So we hush the dear baby's first wail,
That the goodman may still sleep away.
Now the fire in the stove will light,
And the chicks at the door must be fed,
There is breakfast to get and the milk
We must skim and will then mix the bread.
All the house must be swept and full well
Must we wash all the dishes we use;
There are children to bathe and to dress,
And we have not a moment to lose.
For the hands of the clock do remind,
As their circuit they tirelessly fill,
That the hours do not wait at our call
Nor the sun at our bidding stand still.
We must cookies and crullers prepare,
There'll be calls for light doughnuts and cake,
With fresh pies and crisp tarts for the tea,
Then the bread and the biscuit must bake.
There are peas to be picked and prepared,
And potatoes to dig and make clean,
There is meat to be cooked ere we dine,
And nice sauces and gravies I ween.
If the wind should prove wayward and blow
In a way that all housewives provoke,
Down the chimney direct on the fire,
Then the stove in the kitchen will smoke.
And some agent all smiling will come
With smooth tongue and ubiquitous way
To persistently prate of his wares,
Who will give you no chance to say nay.
So the morning will go, and the work
And the worry we all will agree
Must be patiently borne, for full soon
O'er the field well known forms we shall see.
Soon the tables again must be spread,
An inviting clean cloth first we seize,
And substantially cover with food
All prepared to man's hunger appease.
At the dishes a sigh of relief
With soft winds of sweet summer will soar,
That the heaviest burden is past,
The "blest hour of our dinner" is o'er,
But there still is no rest for our feet,
For the ironing now must be done;
There's some mending awaiting our hand
To accomplish ere set of the sun.
And again we shall note by the clock,
As the hands point the hour of four,
That the kettle must now be put on
And a meal must be gotten once more.
Yet again there are dishes to wash,
And to place on the shelf in array;
With more mending and chickens and milk
The long day will at last pass away
And the evening come silently on,
To the weary and worn bringing rest,
And the dew-sprinkled mantle of night
Give refreshment to earth's glowing breast.
Oh! the glow that the artist doth give
To his pictures of country life fair,
Is caught from a hammock in shade,
While in idleness sojourning there.
If you really would learn the full truth,
And desire the details of such life;
Give no heed to the fair summer guest,
But go seek out the farmer's tired wife.

The Book in a Woman's Hand.

I do not know whether these words will be read by those of our American women who are careless or thoughtless enough to buy this unhealthful literature. I hardly think they can be found in any large number among the *Journal* sisters. Then why are these words written? To enroll you, my dear reader, each and every one of you, among those who will use all the influence which you can exert over others, to stem this tide of injurious literature. If these words fall under the eyes of one woman who will be convinced that she cannot afford to read a suggestive book, their mission will be fulfilled. It is for the perpetuation of everything that is pure and elevating in womanhood, of the maintenance of everything that is sacred to the domestic circle, that I say no woman can afford to either buy or read a book other than that which has in it and about it the purest moral atmosphere. A bad book makes every immorality possible; just as a good book will stimulate the loftiest thoughts and ambitions. A woman's life and feelings are colored by the pages which she reads. A book in which sin is gilded, no matter how cleverly it is done, should be shunned as thoroughly as the vice which it represents. It is always well for every woman to remember that her reading is the greatest key to her character. The company a woman keeps may sometimes be imposed upon her, and it is therefore not always safe to judge her by those who surround her. But her reading is the result of choice, and therefore the book in a woman's hand is a direct index to her character. There is no self-respecting woman in America who can afford to read a book

with an unclean purpose. She cannot afford it for her own sake, her family, her friends or her sex. Besides, what benefit is derived from such a book? It can teach a woman nothing worth knowing, therefore, it is unsatisfactory, and the time spent is wasted. She cannot refer to it in conversation; therefore it is useless. Then where is the good to be derived? And there certainly is no object in reading a book unless we can learn something from it. On the other hand it is harmful because it is impure. A woman may say: "Oh, I can read these books, and they have no effect upon me!" Not apparently; but unconsciously they do; most assuredly. And every woman of common sense knows that what I say is true. It cannot be otherwise. The mind thrives by what it is fed, just like the body. Why not turn to all the good and healthful books which are constantly published? Ignore the unhealthy and they will die of themselves, and with their death will American literature and American womanhood be the greatest beneficiaries. — *Ladies' Journal*.

Wall and Vine.

Is anything stranger than the human heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness—to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child looking from a window saw a queer old man go limping past. It tapped on the pane and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many a month past. He was the grim wall; the child was the vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never ceased seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the "wall" laid aside his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean shaved and the "vine" scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the gentle, persuasive influence of the vine.—*Ex.*

Don't Scold.

The following lines from the columns of an exchange apply with equal force to fathers and mothers. Did you ever know a child who was always being nagged at that was not ugly? I think not. Children are largely what their parents make them by "precept and example," with a great deal of example and very little precept. Mothers, don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their faults; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child is driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch yourselves, and don't indulge in this unfortunate and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the tones of your voice, and, above all, watch your hearts, for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Longfellow's "Evangeline" calls out this comment from Miss Willard: "There is a prophetic insight in the poet who sends the gentler nature out over the desolate world seeking to find the physically stronger. Even thus does she go to bring man back from the Inferno of temptation."

August.

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.
The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed grown nook
The aster flowers look,
With eyes of tender gloom.
The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit,
Through the sere grass in shy retreat,
Fluttering at coming feet
The robins strange and mute.
There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

—W. D. Howells.

Give a Kind Word.

Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us,
It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.
It may be that some one falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother,
What a sin is yours and mine
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign.
Never think kind words are wasted,
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day.
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of sore distress,
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.

—Eben B. Resford, in the *Housewife*.

The Value of Civility.

There would be fewer broken friendships, fewer unhappy unions and family quarrels, were it not so much the custom among intimate friends and relations to neglect the small courtesies of life—to show less and less mutual deference as they grow more and more familiar. It is the foundation of misery in marriage, and many a serious and life-long estrangement has begun, not from want of affection so much as from lack of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which make a person shrink from saying unpleasant things or finding fault, unless absolutely obliged, and in any case to avoid wounding the offender's sense of dignity or stirring up within him feelings of opposition and animosity; for, although many persons profess to be above taking offense at honest censure, and even seem to court criticism, yet it must be very carefully administered not to be unpalatable. Even kind, generous actions are often so uncouthly performed as to cause more pain than pleasure, while a reproof or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy as to do away with any sense of mortification or disappointment. Good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives. It does not wish or seem to know more about people than they themselves desire should be known, but it is always prepared, when necessary, to take an interest in the affairs of others, while self is not suffered to obtrude unduly.—*Golden Hours*.

Care of Closets.

Closets are not only useful but a necessary part of a house. Most housekeepers think there cannot be too much closet room provided. There are very many things which are properly put into closets, and other things which never should go into closets. Of such are all soiled undergarments. Clothing that has been worn should not be hung away until properly ventilated. In this way two fertile sources of bad odors in closets may be excluded. Many hang their night clothes in the closet during the day. This also should be avoided unless they have a thorough airing before being hung. If the closet does not admit of a window, the door should be left open for a few hours every day to admit pure air. Some persons have ventilators placed just over the door, but the outside air, if admitted for a short time every day, will purify a closet where only clean clothes are hung. No matter how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation the clothing will not be what it should.—*Detroit Trib.*

Grant Allen on Literary Women.

The imagination of Mr. Grant Allen continues to be distressed by a learned phantom in petticoats who tries to earn her own living, and is supposed to think meanly of the natural vocations of her sex. In a recent magazine article he records his fears that if the theories of the advanced women are not checked, the invaluable faculty of intuition, which is a distinguishing feminine characteristic, will be educated away, with the direful result that men of genius will cease to be born. For the intuitive faculty pertains to Genius as well as to femininity. Genius does not stop to reason. It arrives, by a sudden and immediate process which it inherited from its mother. It knows, it knows not how. It only knows that it knows, as women do.

It would be a dreadful pity to have genius stumbling about in limbo for lack of a woman fit to be a mother to it. Let us hope it will not really come to such a forlorn extreme as that. Would it be inexcusable to derive the impression from Mr. Grant Allen's magazine articles, that learned as he is in natural history, his knowledge of the human female is defective? To my mind she seems to be constructed of much tougher materials than Mr. Allen imagines, and the influences that tend to make a man of her seem enormously overbalanced by those whose tendency is to keep her a woman. For my part I am not a bit afraid but that when God made woman He endowed her with persistence enough to maintain the characteristics of her sex. Monkeys may have evolutionized into Herbert Spencers; but have the females of any species ever yet evolutionized into males? Of course there are masculine women; women afflicted from birth with mannish minds and predisposed to channels of usefulness which are more commonly navigated by men. Such women are not all Sally Brasses either. Some of them even presume to marry and have children. But they are exceptional creatures, and are easily counter-balanced by the feminine men. The average woman is a thorough-going woman, and is not to be educated out of it. You may teach her Latin, you may let her operate a type-writer, or teach school, or work in a factory, or dot off language by telegraph, and become as independent as you please. She is a persistent female still. If Mr. Allen will only stir up his males, and see to it that they are competent, faithful, and good providers, he may cease to distress himself. The proportion of the gentler sex who insist upon reasoning by logical processes and competing with men in bread-winning avocations, will not be great enough to afford him legitimate distress. Take care of your men, Mr. Allen, and your women won't have to take care of themselves. And if they don't have to, they won't do it. The fact that some women who have no one else to take care of them are taught to take care of themselves seems a remote reason for alarm. A woman even with blunted intuitions is better than a woman under sex feet of earth.—*Greeley Trib.*

How to Clean Ornaments.

Clean carved ivory with a paste of dampened saw-dust and a few drops of lemon juice. Lay it on thickly, allow it to dry, and then remove with a nail brush. Alabaster figures are cleaned with the following mixture: One ounce of borax and a quart of boiling water. When cool, wash the figures gently and dry with a silk handkerchief. If very badly stained, try a paste of quick-lime and water; let it remain on for a day, then wash off in soap and water. Olive oil occasionally applied with a soft woolen cloth keeps buhl cabinets and ormolu ornaments bright; first, clean off all the dust.

Bronzes may be plunged into boiling water until warm, then cleaned with soap suds and dried with old linen cloths. If this is ineffectual, try beeswax and turpentine, rubbed on and off with clean, soft cloths. Sweet oil, and polishing with a chamois, is another remedy.—*Ex.*

The Trained Nurse and the Nurse of Tradition.

She is to-day as efficient an agent in the saving of human life and the alleviation of human suffering as the physician himself. There is no more resemblance between the trained nurse and the nurse of tradition than between the educated physician and the "yarb doctor" of early settlements.

The trained nurse is, in the first place, a woman of refinement, often a woman of culture. She is carefully educated in her profession by an orderly course of study and clinical instruction, which fits her for functions that could not have been intrusted at all to the uneducated persons hitherto employed as nurses. She knows what to do in all emergencies, and, better still, what not to do. She knows how to observe symptoms, how to relieve them upon occasions, and how to report upon them when the doctor comes.

Modern science clearly recognizes the fact that the treatment of disease consists mainly in putting and keeping the patient in the condition most favorable to recovery. It is the physicians' function to prescribe the condition; it is the trained nurse who must create and maintain it.

Bathing.

There is a great deal to be gained, in both comfort and health, by keeping the skin clean. It will assist those who are healthy to keep their good health and strength, and will give more strength and life to delicate people. An intelligent study of surroundings and conditions ought, of course, to be made. A daily bath will not injure any one, however delicate, if properly taken. On the contrary, it never fails to refresh and do positive good. A week is the longest time one should do without it. Once a day is none too often, and is really needful in hot, dusty, summer weather. Some people derive the greatest benefit from a perfectly cold bath, while others find tepid water more suited to their condition. Many find the time more suitable for bathing to be just before retiring. By getting into bed directly afterward, and covering sufficiently to secure warmth, a refreshing sleep is likely to be enjoyed and all danger of taking cold obviated. When one is sick and restless, nothing so rests and quiets as a bath. Sometimes a little salt in the water is enjoyed, and occasionally a dash of ammonia is invigorating and will, in hot weather, destroy any offensive odor. Whatever the time chosen, or method pursued, do not neglect the bath, for if "cleanliness," in this sense, be not "next to godliness," it is certainly conducive to health, strength, self-respect and good morals. M.

How easily we can settle the question of duty for a tempted, tried, discouraged fellow creature! and what a large margin we allow for our own weaknesses and follies! God help us all! What if He should so unsparingly and unrelentingly measure our motives and lives? What if our unworthiness were the measure of His daily favors and recognition? Alas! what narrow creatures we are!—*Ex.*

A fine illustration of the growing popularity of women as public speakers is the fact that two of the most important courses of lectures at Chautauqua this season are to be given by women, while the address on the greatest of Chautauqua occasions, Recognition day, is to be delivered by Alice Freeman Palmer, former president of Wellesley college.—*Evanston Bulletin*.

If you want a good dressing for the dining-room or hall or kitchen floor try the following; it dries hard, glossy and will not scratch: Good coach varnish, one pint; boiled oil, one pint; turpentine, one-half pint, and mix.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now.—*Ruskin*.

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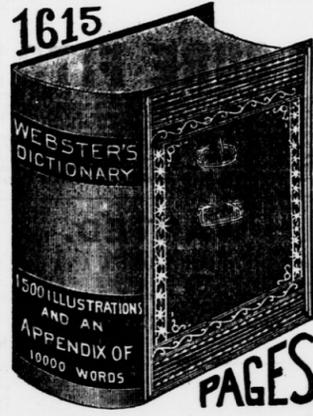
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TO THE DEAF.--A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougal St., New York.

You Ask Me How I Live.

Living friendly, feeling friendly, Acting fairly to all men, Seeking to do that to others They may do to me again; Hating no man, scorning no man-- Wrangling none by word or deed-- But forbearing, soothing, serving, Thus I live!--and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning Is of little human use, One soft word of kindly peace Is worth a torrent of abuse; Calling things bad, calling men bad Adds but darkness to their night If thou wouldst improve thy brother, Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt, and know how bitter Human coldness makes the world-- Ev'ry bosom round me frozen, Not an eye with pity pearl'd; Still, my heart, with kindness teeming, Glads when other hearts are glad; And my eyes a tear-drop findeth At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind--life hath no secret For our happiness like this-- Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones-- Blessing ever bringeth bliss, Send a helping hand to others, Smile, though all the world should frown; Man is man, we are all brothers, Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradations, Little reckts it where he stands-- How divided into nations-- Scattered over many lands; Man is man, by form and feature, Man by vice and virtue, too-- Man, in all one common nature, Speaks and binds us brothers true.

A Plea for the Birds.

"The bonny, bonny little birds-- It is their hour of need. They have no power to beg for life, It is for them I plead."

There is no more exquisite creature in the universe than the living bird, perched daintily upon the swaying branch of an elm, while from the little throat pours forth a gush of melody that carries our heart with his, straight to the mercy seat of God. But the same bird dead, transfigured by the skill of the taxidermist, in the agonized position that could only have been assumed in the little creature's lingering death struggles, is a sight to make one shudder.

I saw in a milliner's opening a bonnet trimmed with a band composed of twenty birds' heads. It seems hardly credible that any woman could be found with a taste so depraved as to think this beautiful, but, alas! there are many who would wear it as proudly as the savage wears the girdle of scalps at his waist, and with as little thought as he of the suffering of which these tiny heads are the token. Let us look at it for a moment--twenty birds' heads. That means twenty little lives gone out of the sun-light; twenty happy voices hushed for aye; twenty little bodies gasping their life out upon the ground; fifty baby birdies starving in the nest; millions of grubs and worms feasting on our crops and fruit, and the story is not yet told. Who could estimate it? And the senseless vanity of one woman is gratified, and at what a cost! Do you realize the horror of it? Why, there are our own dear little birds that we love, the welcome visitors for whose coming we wait so anxiously in the spring. When their first glad notes are heard what a thrill of joy it sends through every nerve. We scatter crumbs for them and hope they will build again in the old elm tree near the porch. How gladly we announce some morning that three little blue eggs are in the nest. Then, bye and bye, what a pleasure it is to watch the happy little mother as she flies to and fro with the food for her darlings. And it has come to this! The blue bird who awakened us in the morning with his gush of joyful melody, the oriole whose song was so sweet that we hushed our breath to listen, there they are--twisted into some fantastic shape and sewed upon a bonnet.

Woman, woman, you can no longer plead ignorance or thoughtlessness for your barbarity; you know the cruelty of it; you know that without the birds man could not live upon the earth; you know that were it not for the birds, the growth of insect life would be so immense that vegetation would be entirely destroyed--yet you wilfully encourage this wholesale slaughter of our feathered friends, and knowingly sanction this wicked destruction of the beautiful warblers who fill our groves and fields with their sweet melodies of love.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Florida, the agents of the millinery firms are

ceaseless in their work of death and destruction. From early spring until late fall, at all times and at all seasons, the lovely, helpless creatures are pursued with relentless vigilance--snared, trapped, hunted with dogs, shot, killed with air-guns, bean-shooters, stones, no matter what, so long as the bright plumage can bring a few pennies into the hunter's pocket.

Some species of birds are already extinct and others fast becoming so. From this immense destruction of bird-life, but one result can follow. The punishment of our sin will fall upon our children when, without let or hindrance, the grubs and worms can destroy the crops, blight the fruit and leave the shade trees but blackened skeletons to mourn the death of the sweet birds that were wont to build in their branches.

The women of the land should rise up and protest against this outrage by refusing indignantly to wear the plumage, that badge of cruelty that is the symbol of so much suffering and anguish.

"The human cry to God is still For 'mercy, mercy,' solely; The birds sing only, 'God be praised,' And 'holy, holy, holy.'" --A. D. Fogg.

Out-Door Botany -- A Suggestion from Experience.

"The foolish man," says Emerson, "wonders at the unusual; the wise man at the usual;" while Lowell more wittily words the same truth: "We think lightly of nature's penny shows, and estimate what we see by the cost of the ticket."

With what dismay would the average hay-maker be likely to open his eyes at all that Mr. Ruskin finds to say about so insignificant objects as grass blossoms: "Minute, granular, feathery or downy seed vessels, mingling brown punctuation and dusty tremors of dancing grain with the bloom of the nearer fields, and casting softness of plummy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew of the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells all a-chime!"

It is an ignorance incompatible with their information on other subjects that intelligent people often display in speaking of even common garden flowers. They use such terms as "I have seen some like those before;" "Mrs. A. has flowers like that;" "This blue one is sweeter than that white kind;" or to point out trees by the roadside as "the tallest," or "short one," or "giant," in order to designate the object of their thought. That the most marked characteristic of a plant or tree has escaped their observation, appears in their surprise when their attention is attracted to it by a more observant companion of nature. Having eyes, they seem to see not; having ears, they hear to little or no purpose.

No study is more attractive, nor more easily pursued, than that of out-door botany--"out-door" here being used to distinguish its actual application to plant life from the mere in-door study of the text-book.

If gardening is good for the physical needs of frail men and women, the intelligent acquaintanceship with vegetable structure, history and growth is good for distracted mental conditions. No high education is necessary upon which to begin it. Everyone is equipped to glean rich rewards from the simple pages of Nature's book. Any child old enough to gather his hands full of golden dandelions is ready for a primary lesson.

A "Home Culture Society," composed of the ladies of a country neighborhood, in the early stages of its existence, chose botany as the special study for one season, with results so salient as to lead me to commend it to others. A part of the members had taken botany in their school days, but the majority of them could not have told what a cotyledon means, much less had ever given a thought to the differing traits of plants bearing netted and parallel-veined leaves, or to the peculiar provisions of plants within themselves for self-protection and propagation. A new world, fresh, wholesome and vigorous, opened to their minds, overtaxed with the vexing endlessness of

routine duties; and to their eyes fair objects took on unaccustomed interest.

"I never shall forget," says one member, "one stormy April day, in particular, when our club met. We came together fort-nightly to compare notes, read papers prepared on topics, and give verbal outlines and reports on the work assigned in our text-book, which was Gray's School and Field Book of Botany. Our lesson was on buds, and the collection of bare twigs and wet branches we women brought together that day would have borne convicting testimony to the most astute opposer that we were both earnest and enthusiastic in something out of the line of topics commonly ascribed to congregating females. We confined our gossiping to a harmless verbal and actual dissection of the bud family. We discussed if they were terminal, axillary, accessory or adventitious, etc., much to our profit and nobody's hurt."

As the season advanced, telling its old, old story of the birth and growth of plant life, a freshening impetus came to the club through the successive unfoldings of germ to bud, bud to blossom, blossom to fruit: a quickened interest came to the eyes of those women for the things of voiceless life about them, a brighter glow grew on cheeks more exposed to out-door life, and a warmer sympathy each felt for the other members, while a new catechism of questions were put into the mouths of the younger members of the families represented by these home students. Never again can it be said of them:

"In vain, through every changeful year, Did nature lead him (her) as before." --Jennie Buell, in Am. Garden.

Progress of American Steel.

An interesting feature of the recently published statistical report of the American Iron and Steel Association is the increasing percentage of steel in the total production. About one-third of the bar "iron" now manufactured in the United States is steel, so is nearly half of the plate and sheet iron, and 40 per cent of the cut nails and spikes. The rolled iron product, other than nails, only increased 7 1/2 per cent, last year, while the rolled steel product, apart from rails, increased 32 per cent. It needs not to say that steel rails are now replacing those of iron on all the railroads which are efficiently managed. After that change is completed, what then? Will the next reform in order be wholesale substitution of aluminum for the ferric material, crowding that out of the way as the latter is displacing wood for many structural purposes? It is not improbable. Clay is much more plentiful than iron ore, and recent experiments at least indicate it as possible that the new metal will ere long be produced as cheaply per unit of volume, if not of weight, as its elder brother. Such a change would revolutionize not a few of our manufacturing processes, and perhaps some of the habits of the civilized human being.--Metall und Eisen Zeitung.

HEMP SILK:--Mr. Nayemura Sakusaburo, druggist of Hikone, in Omi, Japan, has succeeded in converting wild hemp (yachyo) into a substance possessing all the essential qualities of silk. Nothing is said about the process, but it is asserted that trial of the thread has been made at the first silk-weaving establishment in Kioto and other factories, with excellent results in every case. The plant in question grows on moors and hillsides. Its fiber is said to be strong and glossy, in no wise inferior to silk when properly prepared. Cultivation on an extended scale would present no difficulties.

HAPPINESS.--True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.--Er.

MICKLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the bright summer morning of June 8th, when the sun was gilding the eastern sky, our honored brother, Chas. E. Mickley, breathed his last and passed over the dark river to the unknown beyond.

Funeral services were conducted at the home where this worthy pioneer had felled the lóty oaks, had raised the log cabin, transformed a dense forest into one of the most beautiful farms, and later had surrounded his family with all the comforts and luxuries of a modern farm home.

A meeting of Fruit Ridge Grange was set apart for memorial services, as Bro. Mickley was a charter member and always a faithful worker. A general invitation was given all friends and neighbors to attend and take part in the service.

Bro. Geo. B. Horton said: We have met to perpetuate the memory of one who has lived with us, worked with us, walked with us, and talked with us, and who, from his extraordinary development of mind, we had learned to honor, and from his natural genius, social affability and entire lack of egotism, had become very near and dear to us.

Bro. Thos. F. Moore next spoke as follows: "Hon. Chas. E. Mickley is dead. As this sad announcement speeds through the land, many homes are in mourning and many hearts sorrow at the thought. That voice, which was always heard in the interest of humanity, is silent, for his life's work is done and the recording angel has closed his book. We mourn his loss as that of a brother. To us he seemed the connecting link between the past and the present. We saw Michigan in her beauty, as God made her. We walked together, side by side, all through that stormy road to her present grand and matchless development. No man did more to cheer the hearts of his co-laborers than Hon. Chas. E. Mickley. Few men were more largely favored by nature. He was a natural orator, and often has he chained and swayed the people on the great questions of the day. He seemed to capture an audience at will, and his power to make friends was wonderful—he had no enemies. We have placed on his grave the noblest flowers of love and affection, and leave him with his God. May the lessons of his life never be forgotten."

Bro. J. H. Griffith contributed the following letter from his home in Nebraska: "Once more you are called to mourn the loss of one of your most esteemed members. I feel that I should pay a brief tribute to one whom I have known so long and so well—having known his every peculiarity for more than forty years. I can truthfully say that he was a good man—faithful to every pledge. Possessing, as he did, a naturally strong constitution and a giant intellect, he was capable of seeing things in their true light, and this gave to him a broad understanding of the great subjects that came before the nation in the days of his prime. But let us be admonished that all flesh is grass; the learned and the illiterate are born but to die, and we can but bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well. The name of Chas. E. Mickley is one long to be remembered, both in private and public life. Truly, a great man's labors are finished."

and his family a more than ordinarily kind and indulgent husband and father.

Sister Harriet Morris next spoke as follows: Our hearts are sad to-night as we meet to give our tributes of respect to the memory of our departed brother. Never again will we hear his kind voice imparting to us wisdom and urging us on in the good work of our order. Never again will we feel the firm clasp of his hand in fraternal greeting, and our hearts cry out in sadness, gone, gone, forever! Knowing him from my early childhood, in memory I see him in so many places, this evening, as I saw him in life. One remembrance seems to be impressed just now more than any other. It was when our grange was celebrating its anniversary and we were listening to the program. Sister Eliza Russell (eldest daughter of Bro. Mickley) as Grange historian, was giving a list of our charter members and those who had crossed the silent river never to return. I saw a look of sadness on his face and I knew that he was deeply moved. Soon he was called upon; he arose and said with trembling voice, "My heart is too full," and then sat down. When for the last time in our Grange I shook hands with him and asked if he was feeling well, he raised his hand to his head and said, "No, I am not well." I found myself repeating "Only waiting 'till the shadows are a little longer grown."

While we mourn the loss of our honored brother, let us not forget his aged companion, whose heart is crushed with the weight of grief. May the Heavenly Father bless and give her strength, and may the children watch over that aged mother tenderly.

Sister Clara Briggs followed with an original poem.

Bro. John C. Porter said: "Bro. Mickley was highly esteemed by those intimately acquainted with him. He was eminently a self-made man—one of nature's noblemen. He was a student of nature and worshiped at her shrine. He had meagre opportunities for acquiring an education, as he made this then wilderness country his home when but fifteen years of age. Bro. Mickley was a social and genial man, honest and true to all his relations in life. He was especially devoted in pioneer days to the development of his adopted state and country. He is another added to the list of old settlers who have been gathered to his fathers. His genial face we shall see no more. Let us cherish his memory and emulate his virtues."

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Being a man of sterling integrity he always stood firmly for the right as he understood it. He was a kind husband, a loving father, an obliging neighbor and a worthy citizen, beloved and respected by all. He was a tidy and progressive farmer, at once identifying himself with the agricultural interests of his neighbors. He became an active and prominent Granger, opposing monopolies and all forms of trust, rings, and combinations. He advocated that each man had a right and should enjoy the products of his own labor therefore.

Resolved, That in behalf of the St. Joseph county Grange, No. 4. We present this testimonial of respect to his memory, as we remember his fidelity and faithfulness as a member of our body, and extend to the relatives and friends our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for 60 days; also that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and one to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

DAVID HANDSHAW, DAVID HAZZARD, Committee.

Worthy Master Hayes, of Oregon, in his annual address says: "Many important resolutions that are of vital importance to the people have been discussed and adopted in our subordinate and state Granges; but passing resolutions amount to very little unless we carry them out in our action. To talk loudly in their favor in the Grange and treat them with contempt out of the Grange, supporting men for office who will, if possible, defeat them, certainly shows an error in judgement. Laws must be made and enforced by public sentiment. It behooves us to be cautious and wisely choose our leaders."

CATARRH, Catarrhal Deafness--Hay Fever.

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

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TRAINS EASTWARD. No. 1 No. 3 No. 5. Mail. Exp. Exp. Chicago lv ... 8 40am 3 15pm 8 15pm Valparaiso ... 11 25 " 5 20 " 10 30 "

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