

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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

Volinia Farmers' Club—Its Annual Wheat Meeting.

Volinia Farmers' Club, was among the first organized in the State, more than a quarter of a century ago. It took rank as a leader from the first. The reports of its meetings were widely circulated, and its influence extended beyond the borders of the farms occupied by its members.

B. G. Buell its first President, and H. S. Rogers its early Secretary, still do duty in their respective offices. Through its influence many of the local improvements were made. The Town Hall, in which the meetings are held, is one of the institutions that owes its existence to its early efforts. The great meeting of the year and one that draws attendance from the widest extent of the country, is its annual wheat meeting in August. Tuesday, 26th, this annual gathering was held. The old "body guard" were all there. Among the well-known members besides the President and Secretary, were M. J. Gard, B. Hathaway, Elias Morris, L. B. Lawrence, A. Goodenough and C. C. Morton and many others, some from quite a distance, drawn to this center of information in the points of wheat production.

Not a little interest was added to this occasion by the announcement that Robert Gibbons, editor of the *Michigan Farmer*, would read a paper before the Club. The day was rainy at the beginning and a couple of hours of steady rain about noon kept a large number of farmers from the meeting, but the room was well filled when President Buell called to order at 2 p. m.

The first order of business, reports from wheat markets, called out the fact that dollar wheat had already appeared. Several of the members had sold a part or the whole of their crop at that price. The general sentiment was in favor of selling at that price, although there were leanings toward the opinion that somewhat higher figures would be obtained.

M. J. Gard, on opening the meeting said that he had no doubt that the outcome of the discussion from year to year in this club had resulted in a general increase of five bushels per acre on the farms of the members, from the knowledge gained of new varieties adapted to localities, and new methods of wheat production. He doubted whether the fertility of the farms could be credited with this increase. Our best wheat remains the best only for a few years, when it is superseded by another variety.

On being questioned as to the cause and the remedy, he said that the want of system in the selection of the best seed for sowing, and poor cultivation, in his opinion was the only reason. If we shoveled out our seed corn from the crib and planted good and poor seed together, corn would run out the same as wheat. He believed wheat might be improved by selecting the best places, and giving them good

cultivation, instead of having it deteriorate as it now does. Wheats have been known to improve in quality and adapt themselves to locality from soft and starchy to become hard and flinty, and cited the Clawson as an example. It was difficult to improve anything when the quality was near the top; it required skill and judgment; but varieties adapted to a locality ought not and need not deteriorate.

B. Hickes of Marcellus championed the Diehl wheat, said it was the best variety of white wheat that ever had been, or ever would be grown, if it could be kept pure; but with the present method of threshing, that was impossible. The wheat grew heavier and better for milling purposes the larger it was grown.

L. B. Lawrence selected a stool of Fultz wheat about five years ago that had a large number of well developed heads. He sowed the product of this stool, which came from one kernel, and this year his whole crop of 3200 bushels from 110 acres came from that one seed kernel. He considered it better to keep the one variety that seemed adapted to the soil, than to keep constantly changing. He frequently kept good seed over, and sowed the second year, rather than run the risk of poor seed another season.

C. C. Morton said the farmer who raised wheat to pay for the land on which it grew, had but little time to experiment with seed, but this was an excuse no longer applicable in many cases. Wheat once valuable, that had lost standing from deterioration, might again become valuable by selection and improvement.

The paper presented by Mr. Gibbons was a valuable one and we shall hope to reproduce portions of it in the next number of the VISITOR. It treated the subject of wheat growing from its commercial side, and so fairly that, although it argued the effect of Boards of Trade on the general market, contrary to the generally conceived opinion; yet he disarmed criticism by his logic, in a company of farmers where criticism is in its "native air." Mr. Gibbons was asked at the close of his paper what, in his opinion, was the effect upon the prices of wheat caused by publishing the monthly crop report by the Secretary of State. He replied by saying that if he were raising wheat he should want the reports, on the principle that the more a man knows about his business the better he is off. These reports are reliable and cannot be manipulated by interested parties for purposes of gain. Statistics would be gathered by some agency and he preferred that they should be gathered in this way rather than by those whose interest it was to mislead farmers.

There was some discussion upon the unfairness of railroads and their agents towards farmers who desired to ship their own grain. It was claimed that where elevators are built and owned by railroads the unoccupied bins should be at the service of those who desired to use them, under the same conditions tendered to the local buyers. That the 5-lbs tare rule on each draft was unjust and just as much a steal as though shoveled out before weighing was also asserted. Mr. Gibbons explained that wheat was generally sold in grade and that the grading must be impartial and accurate, for no dealer would invest his money in

a grade where he would be likely to get a quality different from that which he purchased. Business principles compelled impartial grading. Wheat sold on sample, before grading, usually sold below its value, for the reason that the buyer's offer would be at a price that, whatever the grade, he would not be left.

An inquiry regarding smut in seed wheat was answered by the writer, to the effect that smut and other forms of fungus were so universally distributed that the small amount sown with the seed cuts no figure in the general outcome. If the seasons favored smut there were germs everywhere sufficient to produce it. Solutions and remedies applied to the seed was, in his opinion, a superfluous waste of time. Cut all the smut out of a field of corn and it will appear the next year universally, if the season favors its growth.

M. J. Gard said that it was not certain that smut in seed would produce a crop of smut another year. He had experimented sufficient to prove it.

On the comparative value of clover and timothy sod for wheat, the opinions were largely in favor of clover. Mr. E. Morris once had a field of twenty acres, 80 rods long and 40 wide, one-half of which was seeded to clover and the other half to timothy, making a square of 3200 ft. each. He plowed the field by going around it and sowed it lengthwise so that the conditions were the same. The yield was five bushels greater on the clover sod. He then stubbled it in and sowed the same way and the yield was reversed—five bushels more on the timothy part. The conclusions arrived at were, that the clover sod is immediately available, while the timothy takes longer to rot and the fertility is delayed.

L. B. Lawrence thought the difference in favor of clover to be from 4 to 10 bushels per acre. B. Hathaway thought that on his prairie soil timothy sod was as good for wheat as was clover.

B. G. Buell would advise the farmers of his neighborhood to sow some strong variety of red wheat. It was safer every way than any of the white wheats.

There were votes cast for favorite variety. Nigger had 14 votes; Hybrid Mediterranean, 7; Clawson, 5; Fulcaster, Fultz and Centennial, 2 each.

The meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to Mr. Gibbons for his excellent paper.

A Convention in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 13th.
 The farmers' convention here this morning is a surprise—while a few hundred delegates were expected, a thousand came. Not only did delegates come but with them came the farmers themselves, and with a close contact came a host of men willing sacrifices for any salaried office that might be within the gift of the dear people.

The call was for a delegated meeting of one member for each Grange Alliance Club and Association in the State to discuss the "depressed condition of Agriculture" and the best remedies. While the meeting was not called until this morning, yesterday afternoon found more than 400 delegates in the city, and they went to work in an informal way to find out what they were here for, and up to 10 p. m. no one was able exactly to solve the question, though nearly every

man came armed with a resolution that to the author seemed to be a remedy for all existing evils. A temporary committee on resolutions was appointed, a host of resolves handed over, and the committee went resolutely to work. Then a thing happened—probably unpremeditated—at the close of the temporary meeting. The Alliance men in a most friendly way took up the program, and devoted an hour of time to explaining and making clear the objects of the alliance, but as no partisan movement followed, the criticism soon died out.

In the evening an audience of hundreds of farmers gathered on the steps of the State house and listened to speakers. The problem of the depression was not very fully discussed, but a great and big volume of the farmers' wrongs was opened. The most notable address was made by Col. J. H. Brigham, master of the National Grange. The time had come, he said, when the farmers had a right to ask for and receive at the hands of associate industries a fair reward from the results of farm labor. Twenty-five years more of conditions similar to that of the past 25 years would result in final revolution. He would have the farmers take an active part in the affairs of State and nation. There is to be an abandonment of exclusive partisan politics. What the farmers would like would be to seat 100 good farmers upon the floor of Congress, and he thought the country could well afford to trade a few Senators for some solid old farmers. There was no relief for the farmers beyond what they got for themselves.

The Hon. F. A. Derthick denied that the present depression came from an over abundance of luxuries in the farmers' homes. He would help agriculture by taxing all unsold manufactured articles, and would have a complete pure food law, rapidly enforced.

This morning the convention met in the auditorium hall with fully 1,000 delegates armed with credentials.

The choice for permanent chairman fell upon Col. Brigham, who said, on taking the chair, that we should take due care that full harmony shall exist. The convention is made up of all parties, creeds and professions, but we must not bolster up any party or creed, but as farmers work together to secure adequate legislation to benefit all alike.

The work of the preliminary meeting was voted down, and the committee on resolutions was made elective, one from each Congressional district, the convention making itself a convention of districts instead of different State organizations. The unwieldy committee of twenty-one began its labor.

Then came them the question, "Shall the convention organize a State central society to govern the actions of the different orders now existing in the State?" After amendment after amendment had been offered, another committee of twenty-one was ordered to meet and report whether or not such a union is desirable.

The Franklin Club of Nationalists presented an address to the convention in which postal banks, unlimited issue of greenbacks, &c., were advocated, but, very wisely, the convention put the address to rest where socialists do not trouble.

Then the committee on resolutions reported though their Secretary, T. C. Smith. The

resolutions were preceded by an address of considerable length. The main idea was that the relief must come through the reform of existing parties, rather than the formation of new. In conclusion, the following points were set forth:

- "We are in favor of—first, equal taxation on all forms of property; second, the reduction of railroad passenger rates to two cents a mile; third, government control of railroads and telegraph lines as to rates and charges; fourth, unlimited coinage of silver and making it legal tender for all debts, public and private; fifth, the election of United States Senators by popular vote; sixth, forfeiture of all unearned land grants; seventh, taxes (direct and indirect) as low as consistent with economical administration of good government; eighth, the protection of pure food products from the ruinous competition of adulterated products, the passage of a law nullifying the effect of the 'original package decision,' the passage of the Conger pure lard bill, and the rigid enforcement of our State and national pure food laws; ninth, a graded income tax for corporations and individuals; tenth, the Butterworth bill preventing gambling in farm products; eleventh, the Rawlings bill, taxing finished manufactured goods; twelfth, school ballot system; thirteenth, school books at cost; fourteenth, restriction of fees and salaries of public officers; fifteenth, the election of the Dairy and Food Commissioners by popular vote.

"We oppose—first, alien non-resident ownership of land; second, the granting of passes to public officials."

The report was accepted, its recommendations adopted, and the committee discharged, without discussion. Then came the confusion. The discussion of the recommendations, one by one, and the adding of new planks, was now impossible, as the bridge was burned behind the convention. The matter of temperance was, it was discovered, left out. A vote to reconsider was lost in a whirlwind of "noes," and then the scene was turbulent. The temperance element was determined upon a temperance plank, and motions and counter motions were as thick as falling leaves. The convention in sentiment was forty to one on the side of temperance, but just what to endorse, and not endorse more than seemed wise under the circumstances, was the problem, and the outcome was that nothing was done, and the farmers' convention has gone on record with no expression on temperance.

Then another thing was discovered—that the "tariff plank" was double-faced, and actually looked to mean something that seven out of ten did not endorse; but the experience of the temperance omission caused a total abandonment of a tariff discussion—shouldering upon delegates in the future the task of explaining what the plank does mean.

Then the committee on union reported that they favored a central union made up of representatives from every farmers' organization in the State having a State head; that it should consist of the usual officers, and an executive committee of one from each State organization; that it should have general directing powers in matters requiring State attention. To this there

Continued on 8th page.

Insight.

On the river of life as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error a truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to men descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous things
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
Although some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan;
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Indianapolis Times*.

The Stimulus of Debt.

A young carpenter, with wife and three children, became tired of paying house rent. His savings amounted to \$100. He purchased a lot in the village for \$300, going in debt \$200. This was four years ago. He erected a small house the first season and moved into it. He continued building until now he has a large, nice house, an excellent poultry-house and a workshop. His real estate is worth \$3,000, and he is entirely out of debt. He did every bit of the labor with his own hands, even to laying the basement walls and painting the structure; meantime he labored at his trade every day his employer could give him work. His own work was done mornings and evenings and at odd spells. This is a noticeable example of wise economy of assuming indebtedness and of praiseworthy perseverance in working one's way to the blessed privilege of independence. Another case: A man who had himself acquired a competence by running in debt (I have heard him say that one makes all the better business man by having a debt hanging over him) purchased a salt manufactory for \$3,000, paying only \$200 down, and then gave it to his two rather wild boys, as it stood, saying, "No take that and pay for it you have my word to you; I shall not help you further while I live." The young men cut off their useless expenses, went to work with a will, paid for the property, branched out into other business and became men of wealth.

If a young man has a good head on him it is not only safe, but advisable, to assume financial obligation where a way can be seen through it by perseverance and economy. A fool can do nothing either in debt or out. Debt is a stimulus to exertion. The hammer of the mechanic who has purchased his little home on part credit is heard to resound earlier in the morning and later in the evening. He expends less money for frivolities, because "that mortgage must be met." The merchant in debt takes better care of his stock in trade, buys closer and is more agreeable to his customers. The farmer goes to town less, makes fewer purchases not absolutely needed. Debt is a wonderful stimulus to thrift. There are few farmers who did not go in debt for their farms. It enabled them to secure a home at once, and instilled into them good habits to pay for it. It is wise for a young couple to purchase a modest home and then go to work and pay for it. They will thus acquire habits of economy. Most capable business men have been at some time in their lives seriously in debt. Nine-tenths of the business of this country has been built up by judiciously borrowing capital to do it with.—*Galen Wilson*.

This gipsy moth business will naturally lead to the asking of some pertinent questions as to the duties as well as the rights of private individuals in their relations to the state. Shall the man who suppresses noxious weeds and insects upon his own premises be forever tormented by the overflow from the grounds of his slovenly or careless neighbor? Some of the states have passed laws requiring land owners to destroy weeds growing by the roadside along their estates, but the law is rarely enforced or observed.

The Household Finances.

Is a man to regard his wife, on the business side, as a partner or a salaried employe or a mendicant? For it must be one or the other. Perhaps she is regarded as a partner in the domestic firm, having the same right to draw her share of its profits as the other partner, even if he keep the books, and has the money pass through his hands. It is a very common thing in firms for one partner to do the selling, or the manufacturing, or whatever it is, while the other acts as treasurer and cashier. But the latter does not for that reason claim any superiority over his associate. He does not, merely because the money passes through his hands, talk of "giving" his partner what he pays him; he knows that the money belongs to his partner as much as to him. This is surely the way in which the marriage partnership ought to be viewed, on the business side. In the great majority of cases the wife works as hard as the husband, though in a different way. Her management of the household and the children, if properly done, is usually to be set against his work at his place of business; it is equally essential to the marriage partnership, and though the money passes through his hands, she has really as much right to it as he. Of course, in cases where the wife has no children, and lives at a hotel or boarding house, and simply spends the husband's money, while doing little in return, it is less of a grievance to talk of his "giving" her money. Even then perhaps they live in this way by his desire. There are such cases, no doubt, just as there are cases, at the other extreme, where the wife actually earns, or owns, the money, and the husband merely spends it. But neither of these is the normal state of things; the normal condition is for the wife to be as hard worked at home as is her husband abroad, and in this case it is fair to regard it as an equal partnership, in which both partners have a right to share the profits and there is no "giving" about it.

I am satisfied that if there could come a sudden revelation of all hearts, we should be astounded at the amount of soreness and chafing and secret unhappiness which exists beneath a multitude of roofs in the hearts of seemingly happy wives, and which could be instantly removed by the certainty of even a small income which they could call their own. Either the wife should be in the domestic establishment a recognized partner, with the rights of a partner, or she should be a salaried officer, with the rights which that implies. In no case should she be a mendicant. One of the best wives and mothers I ever knew once said to me that she never should consent to the marriage of her daughters without a perfectly definite understanding that whatever money they were to have from their husbands should be paid to them on definite days, as regularly as if it were a salary, without any application on their part. "No man can possibly understand," she said, "how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money. If I can help it, my daughters shall never have to ask for it."—*Col. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar*.

Cruel Checking.

Every other horse you meet on the streets of a city is either standing hitched with face turned to the hot sun, the flies swarming about his eyes, mouth and ears, with no power to defend himself, suffering the tortures of the rack or pillory or moving along in misery from his head being pulled up in an unnatural position. Many owners and drivers will contend that their horses work better and do better when allowed to carry their heads in an unnatural position, but they check them for looks. What a mistaken idea! All men admire high style if it is natural, but when a horse's head is pulled higher than his formation justifies, he shows it in every movement, and instead of adding to his beauty it greatly detracts from it in the eyes of every man who is a judge of form.—*Western Sportsman*.

Exercise for Colts.

What is the one thing above all others that a speedy colt should have, and without which he is and will ever be worthless? asks Mr. W. H. Murray, and replies to his own question thus: Good legs, good feet, a strong back, an open gait, a fine temper, a desire to go. All these are good things for a speedy colt to have, but not one of them is the chiefest thing. There is one other thing that he needs, and so vitally important is it that unless he has it all the others are of no account. What is it? Lungs! In the first place he needs large lungs—the larger the bellows the stronger the blast. Then the lung substance should be of a fine quality, elastic and tough; able to bear the pressure of fullest inflation and the shock of a sudden collapse without pain or hurt when, on some muggy day, while the close air is almost devoid of oxygen, he comes struggling up the home stretch with the pressure of voice and whip upon him and his rival at his shoulder. Bone structure never won such a race; muscles never won it, blood and grit and perfect gait never enabled the winner to get home then and there. It is lungs, and lungs alone, big, well developed, tough in their substance and elastic in their quality, which win in such conflicts. Do you wish for a demonstration of the great truth I am writing? Then try a short race yourself. Start off with a jump and run even forty rods with all your might. Before you have covered the distance you will know where your lungs are. I warrant, and the value of wind. "Now, tell me," what was it that gave out first? What made you slow up or quit? "Shortness of breath," you say. "My wind gave out." "Exactly. Your bones were all right; feet didn't pain you; your muscles would have worked on for a mile; your grit or determination to beat was of the highest; but your wind gave out; your lung power was inadequate." Nature knows all this, and acts up to her knowledge faithfully. How she exercises her colts in the wild state; see how she sends them tearing wildly through the bushes, jumping brooks, leaping stumps and boulders; racing headlong over the hills, sending them whirling onward until their necks are moist, their nostrils distended to their utmost curve, and their flanks all a-quiver. And this, remember, she does daily, week in and week out, the whole year round. Now friend, do let that colt out of the stable. Don't keep him penned up any longer. Open the door and let him out in the yard. Don't stop here. Having begun, having started in a good direction, keep on, and open the yard gate and let him into the field. What he wants is room, room, plenty of room. Look! See him go down there—tail over his back, head lifted and swinging from side to side. Friend, have you a colt? Yes? Well, then, let him out!—*Farmer's Review*.

Faded Ambition.

Ambitions fade like many other things which are highly colored to start with. They fade because the color is something superficial, not wrought into the very texture and fibre. In youth we are apt to use colors indiscriminately and to apply them to a good many things which refuse to take the dye. Slight exposure to the facts and severities of life washes it off. The little child with its first box of paints puts on the colors very thick, and no picture that comes under its brush is free from exaggeration. The young artist is not very true to nature, or he would not paint blue trees and green horses; but he is living in the youthful age of idealism; he refuses to be bound by the realistic. It is not strange if, at this age, he also cherishes the idea of being a stage-driver, a soldier or a sailor when he grows up. He is guided in his choice either by a desire to imitate his elders or by the allurements of some dramatic occupation. He does not think then of buckling down to life as a student, and shutting himself up with a library of books; for the student thirst is seldom so early awakened.

One after another, childish ambitions fade away. A few months at sea cures a boy of his desire to be a sailor, and the ideal stage-driver fades out of his aspiration. He is coming into new currents of life under influences which waken fresh energies of heart and mind; and he finds, too, that circumstances must be taken into account in the battle of life. He must use the opportunity he has; he cannot use that which does not come to him.

It is no harm that our ambitions fade, provided we replace them with more lasting patterns of life and manhood. It is sad to see the rose color die out of any life, and its hopes all turn to ashes. The fire of hope is one that ought not to cease burning in the soul, and perfection is an ideal which ought not to be laid aside. There is no trouble in accommodating ourselves to the experience of faded ambitions, if they are replaced by those which are more in accordance with our circumstances, and which lie, therefore, within the range of our attainment.—*Christian Register*.

Fruit Growing not Overdone.

When are we in our most natural state? Few will deny that it is in childhood before artificial habits have been imposed upon us by conforming to the ways of our elders. Very well, now send a hungry child into a room where a liberal dinner has all been put upon the table at once, assuring him or her that eat whatever they will they are welcome and no questions will be asked and no penance will be imposed. What will he do? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, dine off the fruit that was prepared for dessert. Another observation. Invite a party to dinner, and when they have partaken plentifully of the joints you have set before them, let the said joints lie before them for only a few minutes; they soon grow disgusted at the sight; but let any amount of fruit lie within ken for an indefinite time and not one of your guests will show the slightest sign of its presence being obnoxious to them. Does not Nature show her hand here? Again, too heavy a meal of any other food will lie upon the human stomach till it becomes sour and detrimental to health. Not so fruit. Nature can and does speedily get rid of it before any great harm is done.

Fruit growing overdone! "It does not pay; I have lost money at it," we hear somebody saying. This proves nothing germane to the point, not even that you do not well understand your business, or were not a sober, industrious and worthy man, since you may have been all this, and yet have lost money by trying to grow for profit. The question is this: Could you not have found thousands, or even millions, who would gladly have eaten those strawberries and grapes which rotted on your hands for want of a consumer if they could have afforded them? Ah, you would have distributed ten thousand such quantities, not a single pound of which would have gone to waste if the wish to eat them had been the only thing needful to their possession. Surely this does not prove that we grow too much fruit even now, when, in most people's estimation, it is simply a dainty, a luxury; it only proves that we have not as yet discovered the best way of utilizing human endeavor for the promotion of human happiness. If we do not grow so much fruit as the world would readily eat, with its present low estimate of its value, if it could command the wherewithal to purchase, what will be needed when the world shall know its true worth (and it will know it, for truth is eternal and will prevail in the long run.) and shall have devised some sufficient means for giving all worthy humanity a goodly share of the bounties of nature?—*Horticultural Times, London*.

It will pay to mow and clean out the fence corners. On many farms they are simply hiding places for all kinds of vermin, and cleaning them out and keeping clean will aid materially in keeping down pests that live upon the growing plants.—*Farmer's Friend*.

The Old Well-Sweep, from Over the Teacups.

I was driving with a friend the other day through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed to be very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused by "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensibility to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt—the same arrangement by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Khedives. That long forefinger pointing to heaven was a symbol which spoke to the Puritan exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Israelite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cold well in "the old oaken bucket"? What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love-matches have been made at its margin, from the times of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it! What fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it, and as it dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast iron uninterestingness, does it not seem as if the farmyard aspect had lost half its attraction? So long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us, even if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in August Atlantic*.

Incendiary Matches.

The *Indiana Farmer* thinks the following theory correct as to the origin of many mysterious barn fires:

"Most everybody carries matches in the vest pocket, also strings, paper, etc. Suppose a string is wanted while in the barn. It is pulled out of the pocket, and likely a match is pulled out at the same time and dropped on the floor or in the stable and not noticed. During the night or any time the stock may tread on it and off it goes. Lay a match on the floor, press on it with the foot, giving a side movement, and hear it go off with a blaze. Or just as likely rats or mice get hold of them, chew the end and it will do the mischief. Examine your pockets and see if there are not some matches in them. If not whole ones, maybe some short pieces. Be careful with matches."

If every person would try to do right in all things, there would be fewer cases for courts to consider, and lawyers would have to seek employment in other business. The machinery of government would be changed greatly and cost of administration would be reduced to such a degree that taxes would hardly be felt. Yet, it is quite as easy to do right as to do wrong—it is the natural way when conscience governs. Wrong begets wrong—its numerous progeny overrunning every calling and discouraging upright effort. This view may seem a gloomy one—it is gloomy—but unfortunately it is true. What is to be done? Why, plainly right; for thus will the mastery be obtained, and at last complete subjection of evil passions and desires, in which all wrong has its origin—referring, of course, to the conduct of men and women in all the relations of life. Perhaps the happy time when this blissful state will be realized is distant, but it is within the power of all persons to do something towards hastening its arrival. Upright living is the course. Let each one who bears responsibilities try earnestly to do right in all things, and great gain will be apparent at once. The way is easy and the reward sure. Individual effort is the first step and the next; in short, it is all. Wrong will not disappear by the wish, but it will become less and less with every effort to do right.—*Ex.*

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The Agricultural Situation.

In Michigan, in the west and south of the State, the wheat crop is the best in quality and yield ever grown. Hay is good all over the State, and is secured in excellent order. In the southwest, and along the lower two tiers of counties, corn is nearly a failure from drouth and hot winds the first of the month of August. Potatoes are dead and tops generally dried up. Clover in many places is killed since it was mowed off, and young clover on oat ground and light soil is gone. Plowing sod ground is delayed, or stopped entirely, and much land unfitted for the best returns, will be sown to wheat. Apples have nearly all dropped off, and what remain will be small, scabby, and ill-flavored. Stock of all kinds are being fed for want of pasture, and the shortage of the corn crop has, in many places, sent the hogs to an early market. Sheep feeding looks like a precarious business, at present prices for stock and grain. Faith in dollar wheat will keep this cereal in farmers' hands until that point, or a little above, is reached. On the whole, the outlook is encouraging for eager markets and good prices.

Yellowstone National Park.

We begin the description of this part of our journey with the feeling that words are inadequate to express the sentiments which the scenery and wonderful manifestations of nature inspire. Seeing, indeed, is not fully comprehending the vastness and mystery of this weird wonderland.

The first report of the scenery by white men which was made public was by Capt. Lacy, in 1863, but it attracted little attention. Again, in 1869, two returning prospectors reported their wonderful discoveries in the geyser basin. In 1871 our government sent Prof. Hayden, U. S. geologist, to make a study of the locality. His report, accompanied by photographs, aroused congress to the importance of protecting these scenic areas from depredation, and in 1872 a tract 55 by 65 miles in extent, lying mostly within the territory of Wyoming, but partly in Montana, was set apart "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The altitude of this entire area within the limits of the reservation is over 6000 feet. The mountain ranges that hem the valleys of the Park on every side rise to a height of about 6000 feet higher still. These peer above the pine-clad summits of the nearer foothills, whose tops are streaked with snow, where it has lodged in banks in the chasms, shut out from the direct rays of the sun.

Along the highest point of travel in the Park we rode within three-fourths of a mile of a broad drift of snow, lying along the north side of a deep ravine. It looked only a little way to its margin, and was a temptation to run out to it and have a tilt at snow-balling in July.

The Northern Pacific road, from St. Paul to the Pacific, runs within 56 miles of the north border of the Park. The nearest point is at Livingstone. Here we arrived just before dark, alighting at the base, as it seemed, of a mountain spur. Its great shoulder looked only a little way off—two or three miles—and our guesses ranged from three to ten miles. Questioning a resident, we were astounded to find its summit to be 23 miles away. Here we left our sleepers side-tracked, in charge of the porters, and the next morning took the side line to Cinnabar, 51 miles south. This road follows along the Gardiner river, a tributary to the Yellowstone, between two ranges of mountains, in what is called Paradise Valley. Here are great, fertile fields, watered by the Gardiner from irrigating ditches which tap the stream some distance above. Scarcely are the beauties of this valley noticed, so wonderful are the mountain pictures on either side the train. Here an exclamation of delight would draw all faces to this side, to vibrate back again to view the nearer approach to a distant object of interest on the other. All was animation, if we may except a quartet or so of the company. These had sat up until past midnight repeating little nothings over a game of cards, and now very complacently closed the blinds and were nodding off to sleep, while God's pictures were gleaming all along the mountain side.

Arriving at Cinnabar about 10 o'clock, we were met by the mountain carriage train, which was to take us six miles up hill to Mammoth Hot Springs. Four horses to a vehicle climbs to the summit and level of the springs in about two hours. The ride along the rapids and cascades of the stream, on the verge of some rocky steep or over a summit encircled by magnificent mountain views, would ordinarily be considered of sufficient importance to warrant an extended description, and many mental notes were taken, which have been written over and obliterated by heavier marks further along.

We alighted with a companion to relieve the horses on a steep grade, and essayed a spurt to reach the top of the hill and have a look backward; but we found that a little exertion took a good deal of breath; a long inspiration hardly seemed to fill the lungs at all. At a point a little further along a sign-board said: "7200 feet elevation," and our pedestrian vim vanished.

Around the point of a hill we caught sight of another, of equal height, white and glaring, terraced and corrugated, and then the red roof of a mammoth hotel, and we were at the Springs. The ten coaches discharged their passengers on the broad porch and into the spacious waiting room, where the yellow badges of the "Michigan Press Association" made a conspicuous addition to the tourists already in temporary possession.

After dinner explorations began. Some waited for soldier guides, but we preferred to "go it alone." (We learned this term on the way out.) At the right of the hotel, in plain view, rises a broad hill, nearly 200 feet high,

of white and gray formation, that looks like a glacier, or frozen cascade. This formation is composed of the residue from the evaporated water, and is of varied material. Here it is carbonate of lime and sulphate of magnesia. Frequently the formation about the hot springs is of nearly pure silica. It is estimated by Prof. Hayden in his report that these elevated pools have risen tier on tier at the rate of about six feet in a century. No description can give an idea of the appearance of this wonderful formation. At the foot of this lime crust hill stands a round column or pyramid of this formation, called "Liberty Cap," 30 or 40 feet high and 12 to 15 feet in diameter, turned brown, and showing evidences of crumbling to decay, which at one time must have ejected a stream of hot water from its top. Near it is a similar, though smaller, structure called the "Devil's Thumb." On top of this hill are pools of boiling water that steam and bubble constantly. These are 10 to 20 feet across and of varying depths, from 2 to 20 feet. Between the bottom and the top are terraces dedicated to Minerva. Climbing still higher, where some soil has covered the formation, and on it are growing trees, shrubs, grass and flowers, we find extinct craters where springs once boiled or oozed. Here is a cracked bulge in the top of a ridge wide enough for a person to enter. Into this cavern a ladder, made of pine poles, is let down 45 feet, and tourists go down into this hot hole to gratify their curiosity. Looking up, the opening lets in a little light, showing that the open space below is 30 or 40 feet long and about 10 feet broad at the bottom, swelling out to 20 feet half way up. In form it is the inside of an immense peach pit, and is called the "Devil's Kitchen." Further over the hill we cross the back of the "White Elephant," a round swell like formation, 12 feet high and 6 feet broad, once active in sending hot water from its top and over its sides, but now closed over by the accumulation of the universal white limey formation which has probably forced the water to break through at a lower level.

Every year hot springs are breaking out in new places and old ones are drying up. "Orange Geyser" is not properly a geyser at all, but a hot spring, coming from the top of an accumulating cone of formation 12 to 15 feet high and streaked and colored with some oxide which gave it its appellation. Near this is Bath Lake—a basin between the hills filled with hot water from a spring which comes boiling in at its side. Here is a half acre of clear, pure water, from 3 to 10 feet deep, standing at a uniform temperature of 80°, with a rock bottom, fitted up by nature for a perfect bathing place. A rock terrace on its margin, sheltered from view, with convenient shrubs on which to place the clothing, is the disrobing room. A dozen of the gentlemen of the party had a plunge in this exquisite bathing place. The water is delightfully warm, white and translucent. The old quest for the Fount of Perpetual Youth is here very nearly realized; at least it transformed middle-aged men into the semblance of youth, in action and in expression. They splashed the water, ducked and kodacked each other. Minerva, whose dominion is only half a mile away, was doubtless shocked at the conduct of these quasi youth.

The afternoon was spent viewing these wonders, and the next morning early we were called off and located in the coaches, like guests at table, to remain in that order for the remainder of the trip. The ten coaches for our party filed off on the road for a 22-mile ride to Norris Geyser Basin for dinner. Six miles out we come to Golden Gate—a portal cut out of the shoulder of a mountain, wide enough for a road. This work cost the government \$14,000, and is no more than 40 rods in length beyond the entrance gate. Originally there was only a pony trail along the stream through this canyon—the entrance to the Geyser Basin and the roadway had to be built for teams before improvements beyond could be made. Stretches of plains land, hill climbing and descending, with snow-capped mountains always in sight, were the principal features of the forenoon's ride. There were soda springs, sulphur springs, and pure mountain brooks, where we stopped to refresh both passengers and teams. Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of volcanic glass, is passed on this ride. The roadway was opened along its side by building fires on the glass boulders and then pouring on water to crack them in pieces. The road-bed for rods is nothing but glass, and the piled up mountain shines in sombre tints, reflected from its black, forbidding front.

Norris Geyser basin is named from Col. Norris, the first white man to look into this region and on its marvelous spectacles.

After dinner the desire to confront a real live geyser inspired several of us to start in advance of the teams, on a walk of a mile or two, in order to have more time to inspect them. Soon we could see the steam coming up around the hill and hear the bubbling, as though there was a yard full of engines ready for service. Coming out in full view, there lay a white plain, 40 to 60 acres in extent, with spirals and jets of steam coming out in various places, some with a good deal of force and noise and others rising continuously from boiling, seething springs. Twenty rods from the road was a veritable geyser, spouting up steam and water to a height of 12 to 15 feet every two or three minutes. We looked at it from the verge of its saucer-like basin, first in wonder, then in speculation, then in ecstasy. There was an irregular hole in the flat surface, a little depressed, in which the water hissed and boiled constantly. When it had accumulated and risen to a certain height then the explosion of steam and water came and emptied the basin and relieved the pressure. There was no effervescence, no gas. There was no solution or mixture of muddy chemicals ejected as a superfluity from a retort below, as we had pictured it—nothing but pure, clear, hot water and steam. Given a steam chamber below the surface, which accumulating water closes, and you have a remittant geyser, whose pulsations or spoutings are regulated by the length of time necessary for filling between them. All hot springs would be geysers if they could be provided with chambers for the accumulation and confinement of steam—the larger the chamber the longer time between the spoutings and the greater the force. Some are ten days, some three days, and some three hours. "Old Faithful" goes off every 63 to 65 minutes, night and day, year after year, regularly, since it has been in the show business. Some are irregular. The Castle

geyser went off three hours ahead of time while we were in its neighborhood, influenced, probably, by a desire to "show off" before an appreciative audience, while Splendid bubbled along just as it did when we first stepped on its formation, although several hours over-due.

From Norris Geyser Basin to Middle Geyser Basin, or Fire Hole river, is 14 miles, and the drivers waited while the passengers alighted several times to see some new freak in a boiler or a roarer along the road. There were several beautiful pools of emerald green water, shaded off into different colors by the depths or shallows, all hemmed in by a raised border of formation.

We pulled in at Fire Hole quite early and had time to learn what was around and ahead of us. We could see, indeed, the steam of some of the immense geysers along the road which the morrow's drive was to disclose to us. In the evening our party broke into squads, some to saunter along the banks of the Fire Hole, some to watch the beaver back of the hotel, as they swam along the banks to gather the water-grass, while others formed a chorus company on the veranda and sang of the woes of "Clemantine."

The next day was the climax of geyser viewing. Four or five miles brought us to a basin a mile or two square, where on almost every acre was a hot spring of some sort. Here were the "paint pots"—basins of thick, yellow mud, bubbling and popping as the steam raised up a little volcano a foot or so to burst and subside. Some were greatly agitated, while others lay in quiet restfulness and simply smoked. Further along was Prismatic spring and Excelsior geyser—the latter one of the "newest and best." A year ago it was just a large hot spring, bordering a tributary of the Fire Hole river. A few months ago it burst out into an immense geyser which spouts every three or four hours and empties the pool, a quarter of an acre in extent, over into the creek, which then runs twice its volume of water. We were in time to witness this mighty effort. A couple of rods out in the pool, for the space of two or three square rods, the boiling was violent and constant, with occasional spurts of steam and water to the height of six feet or so. Suddenly there was a swell 12 feet high and 20 feet across, then out from it came streams of water 20 feet, 40 feet, 80 feet, 100 feet and higher, hissing, roaring, raging, then a solid stream 120 feet high and 40 feet through, pouring over into the little stream. Seventy-five people stood along the verge of this awful chasm and witnessed the spectacle. When the power which was manifesting itself first appeared, it seemed that it was likely to spread until it lifted the crust under our feet, but when the consciousness of the stability of the formation was gained, there was a spirit of exhilaration which showed itself in swinging hats and cheers. This energy lasted perhaps five minutes and then began to subside, until the surface on its lowest level was only broken by the boiling near and over the crater. The time from the first breaking out until quiet was again restored was perhaps ten minutes, and then the water was ten feet lower. When it filled up again within two feet or so of the top, another upheaval would begin like the one we saw. This spectacle unfitted us for

looking at anything except the marvelous. Little spouters, like the first seen and described, would scarcely cause a comment, yet only the day before we stood before them transfixed with awe and amazement.

This day's ride was only twelve miles—to Upper Geyser Basin and return to Fire Hole. About ten o'clock we reached the vicinity of the hotel, and left our carriages a mile or more from it to await the appearance of more gushers. Here were some of the famous ones—Grotto, Splendid, Riverside, Fan, Giant, Giantess and Castle. We were in time for Riverside and Fan before dinner. Some of us waited for Splendid, as before stated, until we were late at table. Old Faithful is only a little way from the hotel, and as that was nearly due, we preferred to see rather than eat. The mouth of this geyser is within a kind of chimney top, and this is the apex of an elevation of perhaps fifteen feet from the general level. This is formed by a kind of shingling of the layers of the formation, making steps three to six inches high, reaching the top in about six rods. We looked over into the boiling crater for a few minutes before it spouted. It was shooting streams of water and steam up two or three feet above its mouth, which is three feet across and irregular in shape, and about four or five feet high. Every spurt was a prediction, and hinted at a retreat, but there was a fascination to be near it when the real energy began. One more look before she goes. Look out! Look out! A stream twenty feet high shoots up within three feet of the gazer's face and a precipitate retreat of all hands begins. Up it goes! Every effort reaching higher, until a steady stream pours upwards 150 feet and falls off to leeward in a gentle, feathery curve, adding its volume of water to the many little rills that empty into the adjoining streams.

After dinner all the notable geysers were examined. They generally look placid and innocent enough, except for some central boiling place, and that frequently is not over the orifice whence the spouting comes. Some are in chimney-like craters and sputter and seethe and roar constantly, ominous of instant upheaval. The Giant was four days overdue. Ten days is its usual period of eruption. The Turban geyser had been considered about dead, but after we had passed it a few rods it broke out suddenly outside its border, and spouted fifteen feet high until we left, a couple of hours after.

We crossed over a half mile or more, to one side near the mountain, to see a large Emerald pool, the finest water picture imaginable. It is three rods across on an average, and of varying depths. A solution of something in the water gives its deepest parts a beautiful green, shading out to lighter tints at the verge. A shelving of the lime-colored formation juts out from the banks below in irregular waves and at varying depths, which makes a delicate border of color. It cannot be described; it must be seen to be appreciated. The most stoical and phlegmatic go into ecstasies over it, not for its reputation, but for its real beauty.

Near this is the Devil's Punch Bowl, a basin of seething, boiling water, on a little elevation with a raised border, a foot high, all around, and ten feet across. This is in constant agitation from verge to verge, steaming, hot and weird.

A little nearer the wagon road is Sand Hill spring, an opening on the declivity of a hill, which

has the appearance of having been heaved out bodily and scattered on the plain below. The water is unfathomable, but boils and steams and roars in its black sand bed, and is the source of quite a stream. The plain below is a level plateau of sand, sloping towards the river, with dead trees standing in it up to their waists in the drift, which came out in a volcanic burst from those immeasurable depths in the hillside.

We here take the carriages which have come along and are waiting, and reach Fire Hole station by another and shorter route. The evening was spent as before, watching the beaver and looking up the mountain paths for the coming of wild bears, who make their evening meal from the garbage of the kitchen.

Before leaving the subject of geysers, we must allude to the source of heat, and oppose the generally-accepted theory of internal fires as the cause of these phenomena. We believe it to be entirely due to chemical changes going on at varying depths, but above the "deeper depths" of the internal fires, supposing these do exist.

The morning of the fourth day we make an early start to ride 30 miles between Fire Hole station and Yellowstone Falls. We lunch en route at a camp on Trout Creek, where one tent shelters the table and another serves as waiting-room. We arrive at 3 p. m. and several of us alight at the beginning of the rapids and walk the three miles in and out along the tortuous, wild, winding path, up and down, to Inspiration Point, two miles below the lower fall, where, from the the giddy height of 1500 feet above the river, we look up and down the canyon at the awful spectacle. The yellow, yawning gulf, with the green, glimmering line of the river at the bottom; the rocky spires towering up towards us from the depths below, capped with eagles' nests; the green, rounded hills on the other side, split square across their contour, with a fringe of green pines along the verge; up at the falls, pouring over and down 360 feet; down the old gray canyon to where it is lost in its windings in the mountain. With folded arms we sit out on a bare red rock—the half of a cantilever bridge—over this awful abyss, and contemplate "the wondrous works of God." Two steps on either of the three sides and the plunge to the illimitable depths is certain. Only those with steady nerves ventured out to this point. It is well named. The inspiration of the hour will never be forgotten. We had climbed down and out to a great rock in front of the upper fall, within the mist of its descending waters; had ventured to the brink of the lower fall, which has twice the height of Niagara; had climbed out to some of the many promontory pinnacles, to look down upon the vast depths below and at the pictured rocks, all aflame with glowing color. But here all the pictures are focussed and combined, and not the most cunningly wrought fabric of language can create in the mind a conception of its sublime reality.

We return towards the hotel in a frame of mind above the realization of fatigue, unconscious of hunger and needed rest. This was the great climax of the trip.

The next day's ride of 42 miles, via Norris Geyser Basin and Mammoth Hot Springs, to Cinnabar, where we reached our cars at 4 p. m., had many pleasant pictures of mountain and plain, of stream and waterfall, of canyon and cascade, but the panorama of the Yellowstone Falls so eclipsed their beauties that they appeared tame and commonplace in the comparison. The advice in the past to "see Venice and die," must have a new interpretation: "After Europe then Yellowstone."

MILFORD, Ind.

ED. VISITOR:

Allow me to trespass upon your indulgence again by making a reply to your editorial criticism upon my former article on the "Farmer and the Miller," published in your issue of July 1st.

I am greatly surprised at the unfairness (or perhaps ignorance) shown in your criticism.

You say that the foreman in one of the best mills in Western

Michigan gave you the figures regarding the products that can be obtained from a bushel of wheat by the roller process. You did not seek to verify this statement by the testimony of other good millers nearer home. I have this to say regarding the figures given you by the said foreman miller, if he can by practical work; confirm such a statement, he is by far the most successful operating miller in the land. But in the face of the figures given I make the statement here, from a practical miller's standpoint, that there is not a miller in Michigan or any state who can produce the results you claimed in your paper read before the institute, and I do not believe that you can produce the testimony of an honorable, intelligent miller (and there are plenty of honorable millers) who will confirm the figures given by you. Milling doctors do not as a rule disagree greatly upon the point of yields of flour from a bushel of soft winter wheat, but I confess that there may occur a wide difference between milling doctors and milling quacks.

Again you say that farmers all know that the bran and bi-products are dusted clean from flour and will have their opinion that it runs out somewhere in a product that sells for more than shipstuff or bran.

From the statistics gathered by the Indiana Millers' State Association, we find that the average weight of a bushel of bran, struck measure, from soft winter wheat, by roller process, is 16 pounds, and that of shipstuff is 22 pounds, and finished middlings 27 pounds. Can you say intelligently that products in the shape of feed, weighing these amounts to the measured bushel, do not contain flour, and a good deal of flour? Certainly the farmers will have their opinions, and right or wrong, as a rule they stick to them. "Once convinced against their will they are of the same opinion still."

Next you accuse the miller of selling 100 pounds of flour and giving but 98 pounds, or 196 pounds for a barrel. This accusation is after the A. C. G. style, and shows consummate ignorance. Any schoolboy of average sense will tell you that the legal weight of a barrel of flour is 196 pounds in every state in the Union, and almost every flour market in the world. But because, forsooth, the miller adheres to the law and universal custom, he must be accused of having an elastic way of charging for flour and transacting business. Millers sometimes, because of their generous natures, will give a customer at the mill 200 pounds for the price of a barrel of flour, but there is not a flour market in this country where flour is sold by the 100 pounds—always by the barrel (196 pounds) or fractional parts thereof.

Mr. A. C. G. based his figures before the farmers' institute upon the price of flour sold in the little town of Hartford did he? How very considerate and generous in the gentleman! He makes no allowance for the cost of the sacks or the commission the miller is compelled to pay to the grocer or retail dealer. The usual commission paid to the retail dealer is 60 cents per barrel, and many are not satisfied with less than 80 cents to \$1 per barrel. The sacks for each barrel cost about 16 cents for paper and 28 cents for cotton. Now, Mr. Editor, please deduct the commissions and cost of sacks from the \$4 per barrel, and see for yourself that the miller is not making 5 or 6 per cent. when wheat is 73 cents per bushel, and apply this also to the present prices of wheat and flour you speak of in your criticism, and convince yourself of the injustice and unfairness in the figures you produce. Why must you wander down to the little town of Hartford to gather information on milling points and make them the foundation and superstructure of a severe attack upon the honor and character of the miller everywhere?

How much of the flour produced by a roller mill running regularly can be sold in the little town of Hartford or any other small place where a fair sized mill is located?

You know very well if you know anything at all about the milling business, that much the greater portion of the flour produced in the mills throughout the country must seek a market away from home, and must be sold at the ruling prices in eastern and foreign markets. The quotations given in my former article, which you say have nothing to do with the question, have very much to do with it and with the miller's ability to pay 73 cents per bushel for wheat and realize his small profit of 5 to 6 per cent. My figures, quoted from the leading flour markets, were not speculative. They were taken from actual sales made at the time for western millers.

What smallness and injustice to make the retail price of flour in the little town of Hartford the groundwork of a merciless assault upon a class of honorable and fair dealing business men.

Now, Mr. Editor, come down from your mighty pinnacle of presumption and conceit and make an honest confession of your egregious blunder in trying to tickle the ear and credulity of the farmer at the expense of the miller.

While you had not the courage and fairness to publish my former article entire, but must drop out important parts to suit your purposes, I hope you may prove honorable and courageous enough to give the whole of this a place in the next issue of your valuable paper. Very respectfully,
JAS. M. SERVOSS.

Our doughty Milford miller still questions the figures as to the quantity of flour which first-class roller mills can get out of a bushel of wheat. The figures given were from a source nearer home and quite as likely to be correct as those of our friend from Indiana. The figures complained of as being too high for the product of a bushel of wheat are upon the basis of 60 pounds of sound cleaned wheat, and not upon the wheat as it comes to the mill, and was so stated in the paper read before the institute at "the little town of Hartford." As the amount of fowl stuff in wheat is usually and generally estimated and deducted by the miller himself, the errors, if any, will naturally lean toward the miller's side of the deal.

Our Indiana friend is grieved at the imputation of dishonesty in the allusion to the shortage in flour sacks, and attempts to shield the miller by a cloud of dust and a railing at our want of early education. We learned the tables in the arithmetic quite early in life, and, as we now remember the examples illustrating them, a 50-lb sack of flour was never figured at a quarter of a barrel, or 49 lbs., "every school-boy's opinion" and "every flour market in the country" to the contrary notwithstanding. The price of sacks and the amount of commissions paid for selling the flour are given at just double the actual cost to the millers; 50-lb sacks are quoted at \$17 to \$22 per 1000, and 10 cents per sack is the commission usually paid. If our friend is as wide of the mark in his other statements, the five to six per cent. profit in the milling trade is made 10 to 12 per cent. very readily.

This irate miller objects also to our "wandering down to the little town of Hartford to gather information." Why, bless you! "the little town of Hartford" was where the institute was held before which the committee invited us to read a paper and assigned the topic. It was before the farmers around the "little town of Hartford" that the facts were presented, and at the "little town of Hartford" where the figures regarding the price of wheat and flour were gathered. We never thought of the miller of Milford and the chance that

he might object, for the price of flour in the "markets of the world" did not concern the differences that were constantly arising between "the farmer and the miller" around the "little town of Hartford."

We think now, after a due consideration of all the facts, enlightened withal by the glare and flare from Milford, that it is unjust still to recoup the loss sustained in "the leading flour markets" by inroads and incursions into the farmer's grist; that selling 49 lbs. of flour for 50 lbs., and taking one-sixth instead of one-tenth for toll, is *dishonest*.

The statement of unfairness and want of courage in leaving out parts of the former article is for effect, as is much of the substance of the above. Some redundant phrases and "words of wondrous sound" were eliminated, as much for the author's reputation as a writer as to bring it within a limited space. A covert advertisement was cut out entire, but not a sentence that affected the argument. If our correspondent has anything *new* to present about the farmer and the miller, our columns are at his service, but we cannot undertake to thresh old straw.

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.

Ladies' Department.

September.

Gorgeous in scarlet, with golden leaves crowned, Queenly September her first sheaves has bound!

Pensively smiling while bidding farewell To the bright pictures in meadow and dell—

Solemnly waiting, September appears Holding the scales that balance the years;

Welcome, September, genial and mild— Welcome thy presence in garden and wild;

Tenderness.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet With love in many fashions when we lift

We long for tenderness like that which hung About us, lying on our mother's breast; A selfish feeling that no pen or tongue

In Fly-Time.

There is no house, however watched and tended, But flies roam here and there—

The air is filled with humming—buzzing—flying, If they were only dead!

Let us be patient! These fly-time afflictions For a brief space arise,

For what are we Looking?

Some years ago I read an article entitled "Eyes for Beauty and Eyes for Defect." Illustrations were given on both sides, and one I well remember: A man passing down a certain street of an unnamed city, saw displayed in a show window of an art store

Does not this spirit of critical examination find too firm a lodgment in the human heart? In our observation of our fellow men do we not look too largely with "eyes for defect"?

ties. It seems to me that our own happiness and that of others would be largely augmented if the converse were true. Let us rather look for and appreciate what is good in our associates, and let the defects pass unheeded by, for none are perfect, and we may not know how conscious—

"How little we know of each other! We pass through the journey of life. With its struggles, its fears and temptations, Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.

"How little we know of each other— Of our own hearts how little we know!" All feeble and far from perfection,

A Lesson in Natural Philosophy.

It was the wise Solomon, I believe, who said, "There is no new thing under the sun." And scientists tell us there is no such thing as complete annihilation.

There is no more, nor less, moisture than at the beginning. It is unevenly distributed, and sometimes we get more than our portion and sometimes, as in the past three years, we get less than our share.

We all know, from study if not from actual knowledge, that the tops of the highest mountains are perpetually covered with snow. During the hottest days of the hottest seasons a little of this snow melts and runs down the sides of the mountain.

Sometimes, when these little drops have gone half-way down, they are struck by a still colder

wave and they finish their descent in the form of the destructive hail stones. Again, the vapor is struck by so cold a breeze that it does not have time to condense into drops, but is crystallized immediately and it comes softly, like a mantle of charity, to cover everything with snowy whiteness, adding another cap to the mountain already snow-capped.

MRS. A. H. SMITH.

Comfortable and Healthy Costumes for Farmers' Wives.

For comfort when doing house-work and for freedom in taking out of door exercise, the farmers' wife needs a light, easy-fitting dress. The increased interest in athletic sports is doing much to favor the introduction of hygienic dress in all walks of life, and gradually a revolution of the greatest importance is being wrought as regards woman's health, influence and position in life as affected by her mode of dress.

It is also our duty to be interested in our neighbor's children, for we shall find it much easier to train our own aright if their playmates are pure and noble. Let us be ever ready to give a kind word, and encourage the taking and keeping of such pledges as the temperance, white cross and anti-tobacco, for it makes them feel the responsibility resting upon them.

While I do not believe in hiring our children, yet I would grant them certain privileges, for instance give them a portion of the garden and products for their own. This will encourage as well as teach them how to work. You will be surprised to note the pleasure with which they display their flowers, and many a playmate and teacher will receive bouquets from their liberality, thereby learning to be unselfish.

Referring to a question as to suitable dress for farmers' wives in which to work or exercise Dr. Kate Lindsay, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, said: "In 'Butterick's Metropolitan' for spring and summer I saw pictures and descriptions of a suit for boating or mountain climbing which is

admirably adapted for use upon a farm. It consisted of three pieces, a skirt, blouse waist, and a combination suit made with full knickerbocker drawers, all of light tennis flannel. The skirt was shortened to the boot tops, and, altogether, I do not know of a costume more easily adjusted, more healthful, or less expensive than this.

FARMERS' REVIEW.

The Training of Our Children.

When I look upon the different lines of work in our Order, and the many others waiting for our attention, I am impelled to speak of just one, that is, the education of the children. I regard this as the most important issue before the American people.

The mind is easily influenced in youth. If good thoughts and examples are kept constantly before them, children will grow up good. It is our duty, therefore, as parents and guardians, to live almost exclusively for this purpose, and it is a small sacrifice on our part if thereby we increase the happiness of future generations.

We should also cultivate a taste for flowers, music, and the fine arts, for whatever refines and purifies the mind will also improve the heart.

You can understand why it is necessary to be constantly studying to improve our children, for, dear sisters, this life is the field, our children the flowers, and the impure thoughts and deeds the weeds.

On Talking Slang.

This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a life-time—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slang" would prove funny.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room, like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting thereby his many troubles.—Arthur Phelps.

ing. I remember passing two girls in the street, and hearing one of them say, "I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver. And when a group of school girls fill their conversation—as alas! they often do—with one slang phrase after another, the effect on an outsider is painfully disagreeable. The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal. Have you never noticed if you say an unkind word against a neighbor, how quickly a chance comes to say another? And with just the same appalling ease a habit of using careless, coarse words increases. Weeds grow rapidly. There is plenty of good strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation, or sympathy, without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse-jockeys, gamblers, tipplers and vagabonds.

Helps for Housekeepers.

When doing an ironing it is a help to the tired mother to select one rod of the clothes rack upon which to hang articles that need repairing: When a button is missing, a rip or rent in little aprons or a hole in a stocking, hang the garment on the selected rod; then, when the clothes are folded to be put away, they need no examination, as the pieces requiring a few stitches are all in one place.

Whenever eggs are used in baking it is better to beat them thoroughly before any other ingredients are added. This is especially true when baking powder is used, as too much beating after the powder is added seems to kill its essential qualities.

An easy way to make a pudding and at the same time save cold rice that may be left from another meal, is to take one cup of the cooked rice, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, lump of butter as large as a walnut, sugar to taste, a cupful of raisins and nutmeg to flavor. Beat the eggs, sugar and butter together, then add the other things, and steam or bake until done.

Sometimes when women have an unusually tiresome day's work to do they put on light shoes with thin soles, hoping thereby to avoid fatigue. This is a mistake, as heavy shoes, if they fit well, prevent both corns and aching feet. It is said that a teaspoonful each of tar, sugar and saltpetre melted together will cure corns: put a little on thin kid leather and apply.

In cleansing black stockings it is not necessary to wash the entire stocking every time they are done up. By a little care the feet only may be washed and thus the color be retained much longer. Stockings should never be put into the suds until they are turned wrong side out.—Cor. Farm and Fireside.

To Get Rid of Flies.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.—N. Y. Tribune.

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Table listing names and addresses of officers and members of the Michigan State Grange.

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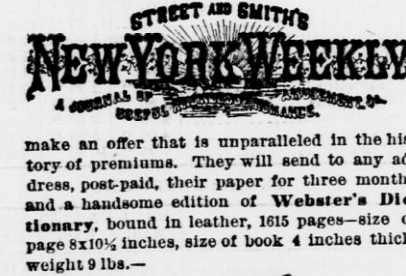
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In School Days.

Still sits the school-house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning; Around it still the sumacs grow, And blackberry vines are running.

RAMBLING IN THE WOODS.

A City Man's Return to the Scenes of his Childhood. It was a hot, cloudless day in August. A gentle breeze was stirring, and, sitting on the little back porch of the old farm house...

Michigan Grange Stores.

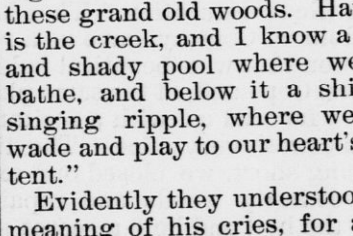
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MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

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

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coat and vest, for in the country it is no breach of etiquette to "go in your shirt sleeves." I step into the hall and take from the rack a wide-brimmed straw hat, and after a brief stop at the old spring house at the foot of the hill, I am off, as the crows fly, across fields for the woods.

On reaching them I find I am sweating profusely. What? You say sweating is vulgar; I should say perspiring? Well, no matter; I know I am heated and flushed, but I never felt better in my life. The air is pure and sweet; the birds are singing in the woods on the borders of the little stream, and now as I pause to mop my dripping face I hear a woodpecker beating his lively tattoo on an old beech stub and chirp, chirp comes from a saucy little ground squirrel as he streaks it like a flash of russet light along the rails of the old fence near which I am standing.

I hastily scramble over the fence, and five minutes later I stand under the thick shade of the wide-spreading branches of a grand old beech tree and on the edge of a steep bluff, at whose base runs the turbulent but romantic Little Wild-Cat creek.

It had been three years since I had visited the old farm, three long years of toil at the desk, amid the noise and busy strife of a great metropolis, and this was my first day of a short week's vacation at the old home, among the friends of my boyhood days and the scenes of the happiest years of my life.

I had reached the farm about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and, after a bountiful dinner at noon, was sitting on the porch, the coolest place, as I well knew, about the house, feasting my eyes on the dear old landscape that I had known so long, and which, during all the years that I have been away from it, was always a charming picture that, though paradoxical it may sound, I had but to shut my eyes to see at will.

Water Power and Electric Motors.

The census of 1880 placed the number of water wheels operating as motive power in the United States at 54,404. This really represented a total of 1,225,379 horse power. The later association of water power with electric motors has developed a source of force that is destined to be of eminent service in industrial life.

The Niagara project is in correspondence with the possibilities of this new energy in motive power. In Rochester, Kearney and Spokane Falls we have practical examples of its use.

The lower falls of the Genesee river are utilized by the Rochester Brush Electric Light Company, and it has 500 motors already in active service. It furnishes

power to 108 tailor shops, charging at the rate of \$18 per annum for one-eighth horse power. Fan motors are kept in continual motion from June 1 to October 1 for \$15. For 25 cents a day a small manufacturer or storekeeper has one horse power at his service, with no trouble or care of his own. Its work is steady and continuous, and its easy command in small units at a nominal cost will make its use general and probably work some important changes in our industrial facilities.

The rate for two horse power is \$120 per annum, \$250 for five, \$300 for six, \$400 for eight, \$475 for ten and \$700 for fifteen. The power applied at these rates is economical and steady, and involves no attention beyond the closing of a switch, and that the work of a second. It can be carried any distance in large or small quantities.

The ordnance department of the national government is constructing a dam at Rock Island, Illinois, in which some forty-one wheels, connected with dynamos, will carry the electric current to motors distributed in its various departments. The Des Moines rapids at Keokuk will furnish 60,000 horse power, with the necessary machinery and appliances. There is practically no computable limit to the possibilities of this motive power, and its development will, in time, change many of our varied industries.—The Age of Steel.

High Rates of Speed.

One of our correspondents not long ago asserted that a speed of 100 miles an hour by steam locomotives was entirely practicable, and thought it would be attained. In a recent lecture before a scientific club, Prof. Elihu Thompson declared that much higher speeds than can now be obtained with steam locomotives are to be expected by means of electricity, and he considered from 100 to even 150 miles an hour possible. While in the steam locomotive there are reciprocating parts that must be put in motion, stopped, and reversed continually, in the electric locomotive we have simply a rotary motion, which makes it possible to run with economy at much higher rates of speed. He believed that if we could come back after another hundred years we would find 150 miles an hour to be the speed of traveling, adding: "It simply depends upon finding the necessary method of applying sufficient power, and building locomotives to suit, arrangements being perfected to keep the cars on the track." One hundred and fifty miles an hour may be among the possibilities, but probably most people now-a-days would rather leave to coming generations the enjoyment of whirling through space at that frightful velocity. To leave Chicago at night and be in New York next morning would be a wonderful achievement, involving great increase of business facilities, but the safety of such a speed under present conditions may well be questioned.—Railway Age.

The Beauties of Botany.

Once let a person begin to study plants and he will desire to increase the list of his acquaintances; and then he will use his eyes as he never did before. He will discover beautiful flowers whose existence in the neighborhood none of his mocking friends ever suspected. He will see a hundred things where they will not see ten. Having learned to appreciate beauty on a small scale, he will seek for it instead of waiting for it to strike his eye, and will find it in the most unpromising places. He will delight in the exquisite beauty of the infinitesimal blossoms of the Door-weed on which passive, un-instructed observers will never perceive a blossom at all; and will be enchanted by the flowers of the Pig-weed even, despised of the multitude, but honored by him as a treasury of interest. Nor, surely, will his new appreciation of such humble charms lessen his feeling for the splendor of the Iris he finds in the swamp or the Meadow Lily that flaunts by the way-side.—Garden and Forest.

