

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.

September.

Once more the liberal year laughs, out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.
Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.
O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.
We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it; shines behind us still.

—Whittier.

Farmers' Association.

The September meeting was held at the home of O. P. Morton. A large attendance of the members was present at an early hour. Some of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Morton were invited, so that the meeting was large and enthusiastic. After dinner the new President, N. H. Bangs, called the meeting to assemble in the front yard in the shade of the native oaks, and delivered his inaugural address. He reviewed the history of the Association and its work. Eleven years ago the 6th of last June, a company of farmers and their wives were invited to the home of A. C. Glidden, to look over his farm and to discuss a question or two as to rotation, &c. The meeting was so interesting that it was proposed to continue them by an organization. A committee was appointed to report rules for the guidance of the body. The place was designated and the time, three months thereafter. During these intervening years the association has met regularly four times every year. Forty-five meetings have been held—a month and a-half of time spent, and, he believed, well spent. There have been changes; five of the wives of those who were present at the first meeting have since died. The interest in the meetings has never slackened, and from its social privileges, if from no other, the members have derived great benefit.

The first in order on the program was a paper by Mrs. B. G. Buell entitled "Farmers' Outings." This paper will be found in another column. Mrs. A. H. Smith thought too much time and money was wasted in getting ready for an outing. If this could be dispensed with, greater benefit might result from a few days' recreation.

Mr. A. H. Smith thinks all need such periods of rest, and the farmer as much as any one. Mrs. Rob't Morrison could remember when all the summer recreation the people in the country indulged in was the annual Sabbath School picnic, which, with the labor of preparation and the attendance at tables, made it such an occasion of labor that it took another day to get rested, so that the value of the outing was not very great. This should be improved upon by some real restful change.

R. Morrison: Farmers seldom have the time to spend a great deal away from home, but he always comes home from a vaca-

tion feeling well repaid for the time spent. One needs to leave his home occasionally to appreciate the value of it.

D. Woodman's hardest work is to do nothing. It is better for a man's health to keep busy. All should occasionally take some time from their farms if they can afford it.

O. P. Morton took but little time for outing before the organization of this association, but the one day spent has always been profitable. The notes taken have always been useful. The old county fair was one of the valuable outings for the farmer, but its day seems to have gone by.

Mrs. N. H. Bangs: Farmers and their wives complain that they are kept at home. It is not the work, but the custom, which prevents them breaking away occasionally. Going would give a new zest to life. The attrition of mind upon mind gives vigor. She frequently goes when the team is going, on purpose to get away from routine duties, and the stimulus of the few minutes away from them gives added strength to overcome difficulties. She believes the vigor of her constitution is due to the fact that she won't stay at home all the time.

E. P. Mills thinks we are largely creatures of habit, and our early education has a good deal to do with our desires for recreation. If one has been allowed play-days frequently in youth, they always want them. He begins to think he must take his soon or never.

T. R. Harrison: One has said that home is the dearest place on earth. He believes it. He can live at a boarding house or a summer hotel cheaper. The more we get away from home the more we observe. We always come home knowing more, and that is what makes the Yankee so much more knowing than others. He travels and explores and gets out of his boundary lines. The North Pole is not too far away for him to make excursions toward it. It is by rubbing against each other that we improve. The farmer was once a serf—a mud-sill—a hewer of wood and drawer of water. The outing has brought him out. He believes most strongly in the adaptation of man to pleasure, and our pleasure is measured by the number of pleasant people we meet. If it does cost something, it is worth it.

A. C. Glidden: Outings improve our faculties of discernment. We scrutinize, and criticize, and constantly learn. This educated faculty enables us to see more on our own farms—to find pleasurable things around us. The writer spoke of things on their own farm, unfamiliar to her, but which were of sufficient importance to publish in a horticultural report. Scarcely one farmer in twenty knows the plants and grasses growing on his own farm. An outing opens all our perceptions—we are alert to see and learn, and this educated seeing aids us in all the operations of the farm and stirs emotions of pleasure by the new light in which familiar things are seen.

Mrs. R. Morrison recited a poem entitled "Hour by Hour," with such an appreciation of its sentiment that all hearts were touched by it.

Mrs. E. L. Warner read a paper entitled "Our Associations," which we hope to publish in a future number of the VISITOR. The theme was so ably handled that it seemed like a reiteration

to say anything upon the subject following its delivery.

T. R. Harrison: Our civilization grows out of experiment. Animals do not experiment—they simply eat and grow. Mankind is always studying things. Our ideas are constantly enlarging. We can cultivate the capacity for pleasure. Some people seem never to enjoy themselves except when they are miserable. Scolding and profane words can be bitten off. Set the happiness mill to running and grind out pleasure. Cultivate sweetness of temper, and the effort will prove a success.

Mrs. B. G. Buell: Society is a compact in which we are bound to do our share. We too often enjoy the things others are doing for us without making an effort to help along the entertainment.

Mrs. N. H. Bangs: It is true that we grow by mingling with other people. To get the greatest good, we should do a part of the talking and a part of the writing. There is no assimilation without action. A sponge will take up water, but does not assimilate it.

E. P. Mills: We gain little to our stock of knowledge by rooming with an ignoramus. We grow by contact with better minds.

The subject of wheat culture came up incidentally, and much valuable information was brought out, but the ground was nearly all gone over in a recent number of the VISITOR, and we shall not take space to reiterate.

E. A. Wildey, a representative from another club, claimed that theirs was an offshoot from this, and that its influence had been very salutary and valuable on their members.

The subject of a union meeting once a year of all the clubs in the county was discussed, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of two, to meet a like committee from each of the other clubs, to arrange for a meeting in Paw Paw in early winter.

On invitation of Mr. and Mrs. R. Morrison, the Association adjourned to meet at their home in December.

Farmers' Outings.

I have been always interested in watching the growth of a cactus I have among my house plants. Over one-half of the year it stands dormant, gathering in its force for growth. When it begins to grow, it starts out with vigor in every direction, every leaflet pushes out a new one, and that another and then it rests again. At its second period of growth it puts out blossoms instead of leaves, and if its rest has been complete, it is full and perfect in its blossoming.

By watering it continually and keeping it in the sunshine, I have kept up a semi-growth all the year, but its blossoms are few and straggling, its growth small and slender. Naturally the plant requires complete rest to fully develop itself.

So with many other plants and trees, some taking rest by seasons, others daily, closing not only flowers, but leaves.

In the animal kingdom we have the same feature of activity and rest; rest lengthened into periods of hibernation. Man alone, is left in freedom to choose how much he shall work, how many hours he shall spend in sleep, how much time in mental culture, how much in physical labor. It is for him to decide what proportion of his life he will devote to the sensuous wants of his body, and what part he will give

to the building up of his spiritual nature.

To be fully fitted for his work he must take some time to rest—sleeping so many hours a day will not be sufficient, he must have periods of rest like the plants and animals.

What is rest? Change of occupation is rest to the physical man, change from mental to physical labor is rest to the student, doing nothing is oftentimes the hardest of all work.

There are many ways of seeking rest, but it suits my purpose to advocate the plan of taking outings for farmers and farmers' wives. First, it takes them away from home, they naturally make so much of their home, they have planned the buildings, the orchard; garden and trees have all grown up under their care and by their selection; it is their small world, and they have isolated themselves in it, so if they do not get out into the outer busy world, they become unsympathetic, suspicious, envious, morose and stolid.

Two hours' ride in any direction from our homes will bring one in contact with someone in need of our sympathy, someone so much heavier taxed than we, and not one with whom we would change places, that our own burdens seem light as feathers, and we return to our duties with cheerfulness. Our summer assemblies afford an admirable place for physical rest by their atmosphere and location, while their mental stimulus and means of spiritual development is limited only by the capacity to digest the bountiful supply that is spread before one. Chautauqua, Island Park and our own beautiful Bay View are all accessible to people in southern Michigan. If one can not attend the whole time, a week or a few days spent in such a place will give a person such an uplift of thought from the daily routine of work, that it will give a fresh impetus and vigor to it for many months.

For a complete change of scenes and manner of living, there is not any better tonic for farmers than a few days spent in our busy cities during some of their fairs, expositions and floral shows.

But farmers and farmers' wives can not always leave to attend such places, for want of time, means or health, then "Take the goods the gods have given you" and make the most of home surroundings. Lowell says he is a most superficial traveller who does not know his own native place. A certain writer when told that there were thirty different varieties of trees in a near ravine said "fudge," but nevertheless went out to investigate.

How many of us can give the correct name of all the trees in our woodland, or the grapes on our farm, the flowers by the roadside? I well remember with what mortification and chagrin, several years ago, I read in a horticultural report, that the two largest sassafras trees in southern Michigan, were on our farm, in a small piece of woods adjoining our yard, which was my particular resort for walking and botanizing.

A day in the woods for investigation and study of its natural features is a profitable treat and rest, while an impromptu picnic of a few congenial friends, with a book for reading, a recitation or two, some music, extempore speech making, and always the

lunch basket, makes a merry rest in a social way.

Let it be in whatever manner or season it may come, I think it the duty of every household to see that its members every one of them take an outing, even if it be short and only in a simple way, so that there is surely some time that we lose thought and sight of work and care.

Plan for it, look ahead for it, think of the best way, the most convenient, or perhaps the easiest, but be certain to have it come as regular as our harvest or our seed time.

We take the following extract from the paper of Robt. Gibbons, read before the Volinia Farmers' Club, and published in *Michigan Farmer*.

ARE BOARDS OF TRADE A BENEFIT OR AN INJURY TO PRODUCERS?

On this point I can safely affirm they are a benefit. Let us inquire first what such Boards are maintained for, and their objects. They were first instituted to bring traders, or those who had something to sell or buy, together at an appointed time and place, so as to enable them to do business at a minimum of cost in time and money. To this has been added from time to time such functions as the necessity of the business seemed to demand. An organization was effected, rules for trading adopted, inspectors of products appointed, and other action taken to expedite business. Let me go back to a time when the chief commercial city of this State did not have such a Board, and the methods of business which then prevailed. There were a certain number of dealers in produce scattered around the city. A farmer came in with a load of grain, and drove from one to the other to get the best terms he could. There was no one to grade his grain and thus enable him to determine its value in the world's market. He was at a great disadvantage. Now he ships a load of grain to Detroit, consigned to a dealer. The inspector reports its grade, and it is sold for the full value of that grade on that day, and the shipper can know that he got the market value of his grain by the daily reports of sales. The inspection is strictly fair, for if it were not, dealers at other points would not accept grain on the basis of that grading. Thus a Detroit grade of wheat will be accepted in any market without question, and bought and sold without further inspection. Members of a Board also buy and sell to each other upon that grading without question. You will see, therefore, that a Board of Trade has legitimate duties to perform in connection with the grain trade of the world, and that if it confines itself to them it is a benefit to that trade, as well as the producer and consumer, by placing it upon a safe and honorable basis. Of course all kinds of men belong to such organizations, and because a dealer does belong to one is no argument that he is either an honest or dishonest man. He will, however be certainly excluded if proven guilty of dishonesty in connection with his business as a member of a board.

Out of the common stones of your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm, and bring down on you the inspiration of God.—Theo. Parker.

Library Agri College

The Husking of the Corn.

The golden days of summer time have swiftly glided by. And autumn's subtle witchery is changing earth and sky. The leaves have lost the emerald green they wore in vernal days. The frost is kissing forest boughs into a scarlet blaze. The grapes are purpling in the sun upon the woodland vine. The air's invigorating as a draught of rich, red wine. The earth is fair as clover-fields bedecked with dew at morn. And autumn welcomes with a smile the husking of the corn. My mind goes back to other days, and better, if you please! When boys and girls were wont to meet at jolly husking bees— Girls who it really seems to me were handsomer by far Than all the artificial ones the tailors make up are. Those were delightful evenings when we mixed our toil with bliss. For every red ear which we found secured the cherished k s s. It isn't strange that now I feel so lonesome and forlorn Since all my friends are absent at the husking of the corn.

—Chicago Herald.

A Man's Idea of a Rag Carpet.

What is a rag carpet? As Webster and Wooster fail to give an adequate definition of it, I will try to give a partial description, which, living in a house where three have been made, qualifies me to communicate. But I may as well state to commence with that the English language is sadly deficient in words when you write about a rag carpet. In the first place it is undoubtedly the cause of more envy, jealousy, neighborhood quarrels, etc., than any other article. For, if Mrs. A. happens to remark that Mrs. B's carpet is prettier than Mrs. C's, Mrs. C. will never forgive her and would go on foot across lots, on a dark night, in a hard rain, without an umbrella, to tell something mean about Mrs. A.

I have no doubt that many divorce suits could be traced to the same origin; and that lunatic asylums are largely peopled by men who have been driven desperate and finally mad by hearing for months such words and phrases as "colored warp," "plain warp," "Rags," "Plain stripe," "fancy strip," "Rags," "Hit-and-miss," "perfection dyes," "Rags," "Yellow," "brown," "green," "blue," "Rags." After about three months of this his mind becomes chaotic, he is unable to transact his usual business, and is trotted off to an asylum, a victim to the rag mania.

But what is it like? It is like nothing else under the sun. It is composed of warp one way and almost everything under the canopy of heaven the other. The warp is either white, colored, or both, and is purchased at a store. The other way of the grain it is rags, pure and simple, which are prepared at home. And when a woman gets to tearing rags there is nothing under the sun that will stop her short of a summer kitchen or a fit of sickness. But it is after the weaver has sent the third time for more rags that you have to wrap a sheet around you some morning while hunting in vain for the unmentionables that your wife cut up after you went to bed; and the hired man complains that some one has torn the lining out of his rubber boots. Then everything is sacrificed, from the sheets on the spare bed to the husband's last shirt.

Now, as I said, the carpet is all rags one way. These rags are usually worked into stripes, as follows: Plain stripes, fancy stripes, and sometimes a sort of cotton-and-wool hash, called hit-and-miss stripe. The plain stripe is usually of some dull, muddy color, and looks very much like a piece broken off the end of a 14-inch furrow on sod ground. The fancy stripe is intended to represent a section of a rainbow, hammered out straight. It is here that the primary colors are heaped together in a manner to set one's teeth on edge and make the eyes ache.

After three or four trips to the weaver's, the carpet is brought home, smelling of old rags and dye-stuffs. As the roll stands on end it looks like a pepperidge stump with the bark on. Yet every one that comes there is called upon to admire it, and woe to the one who says it isn't just too handsome for anything.

But now comes the tug of war. The carpet is made, but it has got to be put down. We read of Oriental rugs, as gorgeous as an au-

tumn sunset; of silken scarfs, so fine that they could be drawn through a finger-ring; of shawls from the valley of Cashmere, that were worth a king's ransom. But history fails to record a single instance where a rag carpet would fit the room it was made for. It is usually about four inches too short one way and a foot too long the other; and it is while trying to get the carpet down that life is a burden to a man, and his mind drifts toward suicide. W. R.

Give Credit to the Farmer.

New England farmers are proverbially conservative and as wary in recognizing the ability and services of their best men as in the adoption of new methods in regard to farming or new ideas in regard to their duty and responsibility as citizens, says a writer in the *New England Farmer*. This is one reason why so few farmers have become prominent in the different communities in which they live. A lawyer has learned to have the cheek to push ahead whether his services are recognized or not. The farmer or the unassuming man in other callings who has lived in a milder social atmosphere, and who has been taught to believe that sterling worth alone should have recognition from the public, often shrinks from contending for the position to which he aspires and for which he is pre-eminently fitted both by nature and education.

The result is, an inferior man in every respect gets the place, and the town, county, State or Nation is the loser thereby. The fact is that the man's ability is recognized, but not in a public way or so as to be of any benefit to him. People seem to think that it will be a positive damage to a man to let him know that he is worthy of position and honor, but when he is dead they think it a duty they owe to his memory and good deeds to cover him up with a thick mantle of praise for disinterested labors in his special line of work. Since the death of the lamented F. D. Douglass, of Vermont, a few weeks since, more well merited praise has been bestowed upon him by all classes than he received during a lifetime of unselfish devotion to the interests of American dairymen. The same was true of the late Marshall P. Wilder, of Massachusetts, and others who might be mentioned.

It is a great mistake to think that well merited praise or recognition will injure a man. Every wise teacher or parent knows that merited praise for the good conduct or work of the bright boy or girl will bring far better and more satisfactory results in the future. Hundreds of bright boys and girls have been driven from the farm and home because of a want of encouragement and reasonable recognition of services from their injudicious parents. "Men are but children of an older growth," and there is the same need of encouragement as in children, but in a different degree, for their highest development and greatest usefulness in life. A just recognition and acknowledgement of the services of deserving men while in the prime of life and activity would bring hundreds of the best class of men to the front, and go far toward enabling merit instead of cheek to become the predominant force in all the avenues of farm and public life.

American Pork Not Unhealthy.

Minister Reid is urging France to repeal its unjust laws prohibiting the importation of American pork and kindred products to France. In the course of a letter addressed to Minister Ribot, he has the following to say about the wholesomeness of our pork:

"We ask the repeal of this prohibition as an act of naked justice too long deferred. It has been excused only by alleging the unhealthfulness of American pork. Now, this product is perfectly known not to be unhealthful, and we no longer hear of any serious belief in any quarter that it is. Your Academy of Medicine long since decided in its favor. Your own Exposition gave it the highest award last year in competition with all the world. After that award, through a let-

ter which I had the honor to address your predecessor, M. Spuller, we challenged and invited a most rigorous examination by your scientific experts, and it was made to their apparent satisfaction. We forwarded all the information that was then at hand, and have never been told that it was insufficient or that any more was desired. Certainly it seems to us that there is no reason to seek for more. This pork is cheap and wholesome and enormously used; but nowhere so much as by our own people. They are the largest pork-consuming nation in the world, and yet, from the time the disease of trichinosis was first observed down to this day, it is believed that there has not been in the United States so many actual deaths from it altogether as there has been in a single year from strokes of lightning. There is not an authentic case of the disease known to be recorded except when the pork was eaten raw. If it were a question of importation among a nation of savages, possibly there might be a valid reason for its exclusion, but not in the nation marching at the head of the civilization of Europe. Relations between governments are best and most enduring when they rest upon a basis of mutual good will and mutual interest. Of the mutual good will in the case of our countries there is, happily, no doubt; the world has seen more than a century's evidence of it. But I would like to show that the action we now ask is in the mutual interest of the two countries; that it is greatly to the benefit of France, and that it is especially in the interest of the very classes in France for which a wise government always cherishes the most solicitous care, and to which a republican government is especially bound. This might seem to tend toward a questionable discussion of your domestic affairs. Relying, however, upon the courteous permission your Excellency has given me to pursue this phase of the question, I beg you to believe that, even with this permission, I only do so in the firm belief that the facts demonstrate your interests and ours to be harmonious and not conflicting."

Honesty and Fair Dealing.

This, both in public and private life, is the imperative demand of the hour. A laxity in this respect has been gradually creeping into the minds of many who occupy positions of trust, until the old time idea of what constitutes honest dealing have been greatly changed, and the individuals who have adopted such changes have substituted double dealing and all sorts of chicanery to enable them to hold their positions and secure their ill gotten gains.

Such may flourish for a season, but they are sure to come to grief. It is only a question of time, and in most instances the time is not long, for it is the history of all such, that becoming emboldened by their supposed success, they get heedless of consequences and thus detection becomes certain.

No man ever became dishonest all at once; the change is gradual. It may be that the first departure was the using of his employer's money, or that of a friend held in trust, for his own use, with a full determination to restore the same at an early day. The money, as is too often the case, was used for speculative purposes. A loss ensued, and the deficit was covered up and another sum taken with the full intention of returning the loss and restoring the money thus taken.

But he is in the toils, loss follows loss and theft follows theft until the burden becomes too great, and detection follows. Another victim is added to the list, another family broken up and its members impoverished, and the husband and father either a wanderer from his native land or suffering the penalty of his crime within prison walls.

And all this is the result of making haste to be rich, engendered by living beyond one's means. This is the rock on which thousands suffer shipwreck, and the question of today is, is it worth the fearful risks involved? If persons would carefully consider this, ere they take the first step, how many

would be saved from the disastrous consequences of their own folly.—*Farmer's Friend*.

Wheat for Stock.

"Wheat is a good feed for all stock if properly managed. The price in comparison with other materials has always been such that very little has been used. It contains a good proportion of fat forming matter, analysis showing that it contains over 68 per cent of fattening material and 12 of flesh forming matter and is a good feed for fattening stock in the fall. The objection to it is that if fed dry it will swell considerably after it is taken into the stomach and gets thoroughly moistened and if given too much at once induces colic. The better plan of feeding is to commence with a small ration at first and then gradually increase until the stock can be put on a full feed. This gives them a chance to get accustomed to it. It is more nourishing than other grain, consequently a less amount is necessary to keep in a good condition. With hogs the best plan of feeding whole wheat is to soak it at least 12 hours; 24 is still better. Have two barrels, and while feeding out of one have the other soaking; fill half full of wheat, then fill up with water; quantity to be determined by the number of hogs to be fed. For all kinds of stock, hogs, horses, cattle and sheep it can be improved by grinding coarse before feeding, and if fed to hogs in this way should be made into slop. It is one of the best grains that can be fed to sheep during the winter. Care should always be taken to feed in tight troughs or boxes in order to avoid waste, and especially when fed whole and dry. When corn or oats have been more or less of a failure, and are consequently selling at good prices, wheat can often be fed to good advantage in fattening the stock in the fall or early winter, and a better price be realized in this way than to market.—N. S. Shepherd, in *Farmers' Review*.

Don't Feed Your Mowings.

Is it best to feed mowings? This question stirred up a lively interest at the late dairymen's meeting in Connecticut. Secretary Gold of the board believes that some meadows which are heavily covered with aftermath may be fed without injury. Richard Van Deusen of the Shaker family, Hartford county, said, "Seven years ago we took a farm which only cut 50 tons of hay. We have steadily pursued the policy of not feeding it, and last year besides selling 200 tons of hay we kept 40 cattle on its product, and still have hay on hand. I would rather have cattle in my parlor than in my mowing. Land will double its productive capacity in four years, if not pastured, and this without a spoonful of fertilizer." "I am satisfied that we are damaging ourselves by feeding our mowing land," said D. J. Elsworth of Windsor. If we could only persuade ourselves to keep off the stock and forego a small direct profit, the indirect profit would be large and sure. Land which is not pastured improves steadily.

Mr. C. H. Everett, of Wisconsin, says: "My method is to sow clover with all small grain, and when the crops are taken off at harvest time, the whole farm with the exception of corn land, is green with clover; it protects the land from the burning sun, and later on makes good fall feed. One should keep up a rotation, sow every spring and plow up a portion every fall. I always sow in spring just ahead of roller. I never sow more than six quarts, and have had a splendid stand on three. Land plaster used in connection with clover can not be too highly recommended. We are told by learned men on this subject, that all vegetable matter while decaying generates ammonia, which becomes vaporized at 80 degrees, and consequently lost to the soil, but by the decrease of temperature of the atmosphere, the ammonia is condensed with moisture brought down by dews and rain, the plaster being mixed with the surface of the land acts to hold and incorporate it with the soil, whereby it becomes fixed as plant food."

In the course of an address upon the commercial fertilizers, delivered before the Michigan State Dairy Association, Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, said: "The most natural and general manure for the farm is yard and stable manure. I repeat and emphasize what I have said on previous occasions, the pivot of successful farming is the dung heap. It is a complete manure, containing all the elements necessary for plant growth and in available form. If properly managed, such manure returns to the soil all the elements taken off in the crops. I can speak before you with confidence on this point, for of all farm pursuits, dairy farming is least exhausting to the soil, and if any man can keep up and even increase the productivity of his soil, it is the dairy farmer. No discussion of the manurial question that does not place yard and stable manure in the front rank and main dependence is worthy of consideration. Special and commercial fertilizers may be used to supplement the barnyard manure, or for special crops and conditions, but they must hold a secondary position. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' The use of plaster on clovers and leguminous plants is too well known and too generally practiced to require any extended notice here. I would not decry the commercial fertilizers, for they are of great value when properly used, but I am very firm in my belief that for a general purpose manure they cannot economically replace barnyard manure. Used judiciously to reinforce barnyard manure, they may well be used on certain crops and on certain kinds of soils, but used indiscriminately in general farming, the result has generally been unsatisfactory in this State. It is for special farming and for the fruit grower and market gardeners that the commercial fertilizers promise the best results at present. The thrifty farmer will naturally look for cheaper forms of these fertilizing materials. When hardwood ashes contain 8 per cent of potash, he will see that 100 pounds will be worth 48 cents for the potash alone. When a ton of clover hay contains 45 pounds of nitrogen, worth 19 cents a pound (\$8.55 for the nitrogen in a ton), and the hay only sells for \$8.00 a ton, he will conclude that he cannot afford to buy nitrogen at 19 cents a pound. By judicious cropping and rotation he can raise his own nitrogen at cheaper rates. He will also come to a just appreciation of the vast significance of the manure heap to the general economy of the farm."

If you did not have all the strawberries you could eat this year, and have not yet arranged for a full supply next year, go right at it now. Prepare a bit of garden as though you intended to beat the recent big potato records, and plant well grown runners of whatever variety your neighbor has had best success with, in hills two feet apart both ways. Put in practice the excellent counsel of Mr. Longnecker, of Indiana, who said that if there was anything in strawberry culture that he would make emphatic, it was that money invested in manure and tillage would yield better returns than when invested in plants of new varieties at \$2.00 a dozen.—*Farm Journal*.

No farmer, no matter how influential, wealthy and seemingly independent, can afford to hold himself aloof from the general movement which is now manifest in agricultural communities to unite the farmers and secure for themselves a better recognition of their interests in the halls of legislation. It is beneath the dignity of no man to take a leading or even subordinate position in the Grange movement, which has done and is now doing so much to educate, elevate and protect the interests of the American farmers.—*Grange Homes*.

Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearin' him talk pretty. That's the fust prayer. There's lots and lots o' meetin' after that.—*Rose Terry Cook*.

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An Autumn Vacation.

As a class, farmers allow themselves too little recreation. They are so accustomed to working right along from one year's end to another that it becomes more and more difficult to get out of the rut, and some almost seem to think that if they were not at home every day in the year the farm might run away.

The farmer and the farmer's wife should have an outing once a year, at least; then they should throw aside all care, arrange with a neighbor to look after the stock, and go away for the sole purpose of enjoying themselves. Time for this can usually best be taken in the autumn, somewhere between harvest and cold weather. When the foliage on the trees begins to turn, and when the days are neither too warm nor too cool for out-of-door enjoyment, is the ideal time for the farmer's jaunt. It is not necessary to go far away from home, nor to great expense in preparation. Thoreau has said that a township six miles square would suffice a man in which to travel for a lifetime. He meant that one could always find something new about the world we live in. The farmer might use his own conveyance, and if the vacation is to last ten days, he would better go no further from home than can be comfortably driven in three.

The start may be made for some objective point, where friends or relatives are to be visited, or the horses' heads may be turned away from home and let go wherever the best roads lead. This has the charm of novelty, and we shall thus continually come upon the unexpected. At noon, or night, the door of many a hospitable farm house will swing wide open, and farmers will gladly welcome brother farmers to their homes; new and pleasant acquaintances will be formed; there will be opportunity for exchange of ideas regarding crops and stock. Wives will consult together about jams and fashions, a subject dear to the feminine heart, whether in town or country. If pleasant friends are found, and mutual benefit is likely to arise from a fuller acquaintance; if it is desired to examine the stock, or to find out what that particular farmer is most successful in, and how he is successful, there may be as much pleasure and profit in stopping over a day as in "getting on" thirty miles further.

A week, ten days, or a fortnight, spent in thus rambling about one's own and adjoining counties will furnish pleasant recollections with which to beguile the coming hours of winter, and doubtless furnish some new ideas which you can put into practice in the spring.

Those who have once tried such a vacation will look eagerly forward to its repetition the next season, and will consider the time and money invested well spent. —*American Agriculturist.*

Natural Selfishness.

Mankind is supremely selfish. Why it is so, we may not be able to fully understand, but the fact itself we must acknowledge. By nature, one class is not more selfish than others, consequently to education and surroundings may be attributed the formation of character and the development of the higher and nobler traits of mankind. It has been said that farmers are more narrow-minded and selfish than other intelligent classes in society. If we grant this to be true, it is to be accounted for in the same way as the development of nobler traits. The farmer who shuts himself up on his farm knows practically nothing of the great world of humanity by which he is surrounded, and he unwittingly permits his naturally selfish nature to get the control of his better impulses and he sometimes becomes sordid, selfish and distrustful of others. His heart is all right, but what he needs is association and freer intercourse with those

around him. "The proper study of mankind is man," and as humanity at large does not contract to the individual, the individual must expand in order to comprehend humanity and gain the benefits of its inspirations and teachings. The Grange opens to farmers a way of knowledge and pleasure in this direction, which has hitherto remained closed, and it holds out large inducements to enter broad fields and become partakers of the many blessings which its educational features, its free intercourse and fraternal relations vouchsafe. —*A. Messer, Master Vermont State Grange.*

The Grange as a Business Investment.

When a farmer is asked to subscribe from ten to fifty dollars per year for the support of the minister, if he is a man who has the interest of the community at heart, he don't stop to inquire whether it "pays" or not. He knows that the community in which he lives is better for the moral and educational influences which emanate from the church, and he gives the money freely because in some way he believes it will do some good. The same is true of taxes for schools and benevolent objects. In a general way they are necessary for the good of the community. Property is more valuable and life is more enjoyable in sections of the country where morality, education and refinement go hand in hand, than in places where the reverse is true. Hence it is that taxes in various ways are oftentimes a good business investment. Has it ever occurred to farmers who have never joined the Grange that for its cost it is one of the best business investments that has ever been offered in this country. We do not mean that it will always pay dividends back in dollars and cents at the close of the year—although this is many times the case—but we do mean that its social and educational advantages, if used in a proper way, are just what the American farmer needs as a supplement to the church and school, for the best development of his social and intellectual powers and to give him a true conception of his rights and duties as a citizen. —*Grange Homes.*

Gov. Luce in Ohio.

A correspondent of the *Grange Bulletin*, writing from Ashtabula county, Ohio, has the following to say regarding Governor Luce's speech before the farmers:

Gov. Luce opened the meeting with a few pioneer remarks, recounting some of the incidents of his boyhood days that happened here over 54 years ago, before he left Ashtabula county for his present Michigan home, where he is now so famous as being the best governor any state in the union can boast of. After these pleasant recollections, he then commenced and delivered one of the finest addresses ever heard in this place. His solution of the present condition of agriculture was far-reaching, and the causes for its depression he could not nor did not charge up to over-production, to any great extent, but he most consistently exposed the ill-effects and disastrous results arising from wicked legislation, from combinations of capital against labor and production, and pertinently offered the needed advice to save a continuation of this utter farm prostration. He says: Organize; fight co-operation with co-operation; combination with combination; take to ourselves official honors and high places; give to ourselves the best opportunity of all the markets of the world that can be influenced by wise legislation of ours; swell the production per acre; reduce the cost: have something to sell when prices are high; in short, be up and doing. His speech occupied nearly two hours and was one of the grandest efforts of his life. Everyone present spoke in high terms of Governor Luce and his excellent address.

They Demand Leaders.

From all parts of this land farmers are coming together. Organization and co-operation are the wonderful ideas that have awakened them as never before. They are grasping hands with a grip that means something, comparing ways and means, uniting upon ends to be gained. They demand for themselves and children an education equal to the best. They insist upon a fair share of the profits of American industry, claiming that no state can long exist in which the tillers of the soil bear most of the burdens and share little of the blessings of advancing civilization. But they are in danger of making mistakes in the struggle that shall turn back the progress of the movement. They demand leaders. To supply this demand is the imperative duty of the educated farmer. Whatsoever of bodily vigor, mental power and moral heroism the educated farmer may have acquired from his ancestors, college or university, he will need, that he may consecrate it to the great work of strengthening his brethren, the farmers of America. —*Rural World.*

Hog Politics in Pennsylvania.

They have the absurdest development of spoils politics, or rather hog politics, in the rural regions of Pennsylvania. In a congressional district of several counties each county gets the congressman for two terms, and then, no matter how useful his experience may be making him, he has to stand aside and give the politicians of the next county a chance. The underlying theory of this rotation custom is that public office is swill, and that the hogs must let each other put their feet in the trough. It is fair play to the hogs, but not to the people. This is why you never hear of the country districts of Pennsylvania developing Kelleys and Randalls by accumulated experience. —*Ev.*

Praising the Newspaper.

A very satirical form of expression, which most of us have used in our school-days, consists in making a serious statement, with the addition, "over the left." This indicated that the declaration was not to be taken for the truth. "Left-handed compliments" are of the same nature, and though they may be innocently intended, they steep the soul of those who receive them in sadness and mortification. A certain editor says that he has recently been afflicted with more than his share.

"My husband has been threatening to stop your paper," said a lady to him, one day, "but I wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"I am delighted," said the gratified newspaper man.

"It's the best shape in the world for patterns," continued she; "and then it never tears. Now the *Mercury* is just as large, but very thin and flimsy."

Not long after, the same editor received a letter from a friend at a distance, beginning with the sentence, "I fully believe your paper has saved my life."

Who would not have read further in pleased anticipation? Yet this is what followed:

"Yesterday I took a long drive into the country. The morning was fine, but at noon a terrible east wind came up, and began to chill me to the very bone. Last spring, if you remember, I was ill with pneumonia, and my lungs have since been delicate. What could I do without extra wraps, in my thin spring overcoat? I called at a farm-house and asked for an old newspaper. One was given me bearing the familiar imprint of your office. I laid it across my chest, buttoned my coat over it, and drove on triumphantly."

And now, if this editor is by some happy chance told that he has a good paper, he replies, whimsically, "Well, yes, it's a good large paper."

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HEMMERS, RUFFLER, TUCKER, PACKAGE OF NEEDLES, CHECK SPRING, THROAT PLATE, WRENCH, THREAD CUTTER, BINDER, BOBBINS, SCREW DRIVER, GAUGE, GAUGE SCREW, OIL-CAN, filled with Oil, and INSTRUCTION BOOK.

The driving wheel on this machine is admitted to be the simplest, easiest running and most convenient of any. The machine is self-threading, made of the best material, with the wearing parts hardened, and is finished in a superior style. It has veneered cover, drop-leaf table, 4 end drawers, and center swing drawer. The manufacturers warrant every machine for 5 years.

Price: "Any machine not satisfactory to a subscriber, we will allow returned and will refund the money."

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This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, has ruined more stomachs than alcohol. A circular describing these new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.

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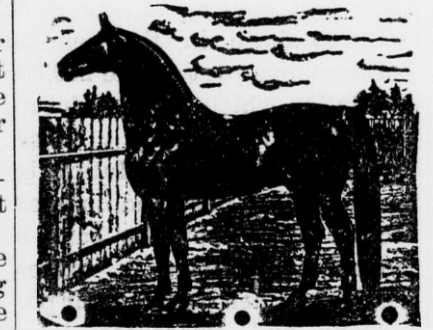
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Advise this office at once of a change in your address, or if numbers fail to reach you.

Mountain Mining Towns.

Mining is no longer an individual enterprise. It is an aggregation of engines, elevators, machine shops, stamp mills, smelters and railroads. The only element of individuality is a prospector and his "grub-stake." These are the preliminary requirements. The "grub-stake" is the outfit of the prospector, including food for thirty days, and is furnished by a friend who has an equal share in the "find," and takes the risk of failure. There is said to be a fascination about the business of prospecting that impels the individual onward in the hope of "striking it rich" in each venture into the mountains. All along the foot hills are holes dug into the rocks or soil by these persistent searchers after hidden treasure. The sites of all the mining towns were fixed by these "indications." Helena (accented on the first syllable), the present capital of Montana, is located at the head of a gulch whose streets and business lots have all been dug over for gold. All along the insignificant stream, gravel and stones are piled in winrows from the washings of the gulch miners. The temporary camps of the men have given place to magnificent stores or brick buildings, and the rude streets and alleys of the former period are now finely paved, and double track electric railways run cars every five minutes to all parts of the city. At almost every mining town there is a mineral spring of some celebrity, where grand hotels and baths are constructed for the double purpose of cleansing the tourist and "cleaning out" his pockets. Some of our party went to the springs hotel at Helena, the finest and largest in the whole range of the mountains. We essayed to do the town with the party, but were compelled to return to the car, out of condition for sight-seeing. Nearly every member of the party had a day or two "off" in health somewhere along the route.

Helena boasts of an U. S. assay office where we were shown \$5,000 gold bricks, gold dust and other minerals. The state buildings are substantial but not extensive, although they are probably adequate for the business of a new state. There will be a grand strife in the near future, over a change in the location of the capital. Butte is a strong competitor with a good deal of capital and influence behind it. Rival mining towns like these two encourage a spirit of extravagance in building to outdo each other. The respective representatives will recapitulate the little things over there and institute compari-

sons in the presence of the big things in his own town. A magnificent club house is generally the pride of the business man, second only to the plant about the mine in which he is interested. Churches do not figure very largely in the list of public buildings. If the "outfit" of churches is equal to the demand, that generally satisfies; but if Helena should get the start in number of churches, or in length of spire, Butte would raise the money for another in an hour, and vice versa. Sunday is not especially a sanctified day. On the contrary, it is a day when the saloons and gambling halls count up their largest income. Miners picnic or "blow in" their week's wages. Every evening the gambling and dance halls open up facing the street. They have no alleyways or side entrance. Vice has a respectable side in this city, which the resident seems proud of, and, in extenuation of so conspicuous an evil, they will tell you that Butte is no worse than Boston, and even better, for they are candid and own up, while Boston screens her sins from public view and pretends to be better than she really is. Butte is not shocked by the reputation she sustains of being the "wickedest city in the world," and we should not have learned it had not her committee, who met us 40 miles away, frequently repeated it. Nevertheless this same committee was the essence of whole-souled generosity. They anticipated every want. They attempted to appease every desire and gratify every curiosity. They gained for us admittance to mines where strangers were not allowed to enter. They banqueted us; they entertained us at their club house; they pushed open doors with their canes to show us the "tiger and sich"; they showed us the Chinese God, Joss, notwithstanding the silent sad-eyed protest of the Oriental doorkeeper.

There are 63 mines working at Butte with shafts ranging from 300 to 1200 feet in depth, with 50 others having shafts of 100 feet or less. The principal product of the mines is silver, yet gold and copper are found in paying quantities. The silver bill has doubtless stimulated the production of silver to quite an extent, and mine owners' faces are all shining with the glint of silver. Real estate in the towns has felt the stimulus of the advance in silver, and a genuine boom pervades all classes in every locality. Every extra dollar is "invested" somewhere. The boom crop is planted far out in the suburbs, with the expectation of "realizing" when the tenderfoot contingent comes in flush, to share in the benefits and become a part of the 200,000 population which the near future is bound to evolve. These enthusiasts judge the future by the immediate past, and build expectant hopes upon the basis of the recent increase in values. Real estate men parade their possessions and guarantee large profits on investments on the strength of their assumed wealth. They are a sharp lot, who didn't "go west" for their "health" entirely.

It is no place in a mining town for pretense or pedigree. The first question asked is: "What can you do?" and not "Who was your father?" or "How much blue blood have you?" The man who "gets there," and does it early and at every opportunity, "takes the cake."

The figures which mining men give as to the value of the mines

and the equipment are startling. We were shown the Anaconda smelting works, the largest in the world. This company have \$20,000,000 capital, and reduce 30,000 tons of ore each day. There are about 6,000 men employed in the mines at Butte, and the pay roll is over half a million dollars each month.

These Mining Camps, as they are called, are at the crossing of some of the railroads through the mountains, which gives them good and cheap transportation and facilitates exploration. Good surface indications 100 miles back in the mountains, equal to those improved, lie waiting for enterprise and capital to give them an outlet. The expression was frequently made by miners that the undiscovered mines were more valuable than all the discovered ones, and there seems to be some reasonable grounds for the belief, when we look at the small extent of mountain area accessible to transportation. Nature never yet has failed to respond to the wants of man, and whatever nature these wants may assume in the future, mountains or valleys will respond in lavish measure to meet the needs of the time. Coal in veins from 30 to 100 feet thick lie exposed to view. Black marble, the finest lithographic stone, granite, and other forms of building stone, "lie heaped in mountain piles," awaiting the pick and drill of enterprise to minister to man's extremity.

Studying Them.

We have frequently been asked for an opinion regarding the Patrons of Industry. Unlike the Grange, they are moving mainly in politics at present, and we think they are likely to make their influence felt, if it is judiciously directed. They have the power to neutralize the alert schemes of a minority, who would foist men into positions through the machinery of a manufactured, instead of a spontaneous, approval of men and measures. Where they are strong enough they can link their efforts with other independents and elect men who are pointed out for positions by popular choice and not by the egotism of the aspirant. Where not strong enough for such a heroic struggle, they can unite in supporting men for office who are necessarily identified with their interests—men who have a reputation not clouded by past profligacy nor present scheming. Schemers and adventurers can alike be relegated to the level of their deserts by the votes of the level headed Patrons of all farmers' associations. There is no good reason why the Patrons of Husbandry and the Patrons of Industry should not hitch up a double team to pull a heavy load through a hard place.

If the present effervescence of enthusiasm culminates in achievement at the polls, and candidates who are supported by farmers' organizations are elected, the P. of I. of this state, and the Farmers' Alliance in other states, will be regarded by politicians hereafter as among those whose opinion is worth asking, regarding the fitness of men for office.

When the Grange wishes to travel in the highway hewed out by kindred organizations, we shall doubtless be welcome to its privileges, and shall expect to do our share of the labor. We also extend a friendly greeting to all who are going our way. They will find many guide-boards already set to point to pleasant paths, and to warn of impending

dangers. The roads all meet farther along in the realm of an advanced position for rural people in all the affairs of life.

Manure.

Notwithstanding the "line upon line" of good practical advice in the agricultural press upon this theme, the practice of farmers is almost universally below the methods now proved to be the best in the application of manure. So at the risk of being charged with considering hackneyed subjects, we shall reiterate some of the advice so frequently given.

A ride in any direction exposes the injudicious use and waste of manure, by otherwise good farmers. We find it heaped in piles along one side, or in one corner of a field, just as it was dumped from the wagon, a month or more before, leeching its fertility away in an excess of energy, far beyond the needs of any crop, if not to its actual damage. Again it is left in the yard for that "convenient season," which usually comes in spring, to haul it to fields just before plowing for spring crops begins, so as to "turn it under fresh"—the idea being that the moisture on the newly exposed surfaces is fertility itself. Wet manure is almost a sure indication that the solvents which ought to have soaked into the soil of the field, ran away with the excess of water at some recent down-pour of rain, to fertilize the margin of weeds about the barn yard. This is every where apparent, and indicates a lack of knowledge or appreciation of the instability of the elements which constitute the value of manure as a fertilizer. Every rain, sufficient to saturate the pile or surface of the yard, carries with the excess a solution which ought to go toward increasing the growth of grass or grain.

Accumulations of more than a half day's hauling should never lie in the yard beyond the time when it can conveniently be drawn. Some field in grass that is to be in crop next year, should receive these occasional loads, spread from the wagon, so that the next down-pour will carry the soluble elements to the roots of grass, to strengthen and enrich the sod. Handled in this way the manure performs three distinct offices, each of which is equal in value to the one application in spring. First, it acts as a mulch to shield the soil from the sun, and to encourage a fermentation in the soil, which, of itself, induces fertility. Second, it increases the growth of the grass and its roots and generates an activity very beneficial to its capacity for future efforts in producing crops. Third, the active elements seem to remain in force, for the encouragement of the next rotation. The proof of this is in the fact that a field so manured is permanently enriched and gives an added production until some unfortunate season for seeding comes, or it is wilfully robbed by constant cropping. Those who cling to the belief that there is some short cut to fertility through the use of commercial fertilizers, will find when it is too late that nature is no friend to patent medicines, and that she has not stored up material to supplement the waste of man, or to provide against his improvidence.

Reduction of Initiation Fees.

The action of State Granges upon the amendment to reduce the initiation fee of members of subordinate Granges to \$1.00, only lacks one vote of becoming a law.

Several states will hold meetings before December, and it is certain that the required majority will act in favor of the amendment, so that at the meeting of the Michigan State Grange it will only be necessary to pass a resolution making the new system operative for our State. Patrons can be canvassing for the campaign on that basis, so that when the law is in force an army of new recruits can at once be placed in the field.

Work Ahead.

It is the sentiment of all true and progressive Patrons whom we meet that the coming fall and winter should witness more active and telling work in the Grange—that new fields should be explored and occupied and that every farmer whose influence is worth anything in his neighborhood, should be brought into affiliation with our order. The contagion of organization is in the air. Many who joined the Grange in the heyday of expectant realization of immediate profit, have lived to learn the real import of its teachings and aims, and are ready now to accept the wiser counselings of its truest friends. We hope to make the VISITOR a potent factor in the missionary work of the order, as an exponent of the views of its members, and ask that its friends present its claims to all who seem interested. We will cheerfully and promptly send extra copies for circulation.

We append the appeal of the Secretary of the Georgia State Grange to the membership in that state, as a pertinent and convincing argument:

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

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

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

We are pleased to note that Hon. Wm. Ball has been nominated for congress in the 6th district. Mr. Ball is a farmer, a member of the Grange, a public spirited citizen, a sound thinker, a good talker, and fully in sympathy with agriculture in all its phases. We need such men in congress and are likely to get them.

J. H. Brigham, the Master of the National Grange, is nominated in his district; W. C. Gifford, the Master of N. Y. State Grange, in his, and we hope to record the names of others as competent and trusty, and hope farther, that each of them will be elected. Who says the Grange is not recognized?

The Joke-Makers' Friends.

If there were no such thing as a mother-in-law
Oh! what would the funny men do?
If we never had met the bad boy and his pa
Oh! what would the funny men do?

Booming Batavia Grange.

The night for the Grange supper came. When I arrived at the Hall it was brilliantly lighted up, but the bright and happy faces of the young people attracted my attention most.

"I feel rather cheap over the discussion we had the other night; I had no idea of being led on in that way. I fairly admitted that there was a scheme working to get the bachelors married.

a chance to ask her if they came together, but before I could do so she had pulled me through the door into the main hall. Luckily a table stood close by where I set down my coffee pot.

Betsey's face crimsoned and she made no reply. Mrs. Bowers, seeing her embarrassment, said: "We will not press you for a reply, but you know now what we desire, and we shall expect your compliance."

[To be Continued.]

The Conservative Course—Must be Educated for Combination.

The farmer should make haste slowly in his endeavor to obtain his political rights. What if we are behind other kinds of business in looking after our own interests. We need lots of education yet to fit us for aggressive and effective action.

How shall our mutual dependence be measured? I greatly admire the conservative course of the Grange in dealing with these great questions involved in inducing the farmer to respect himself as a citizen.

"Well, ladies, judging from appearances the Grange supper is not helping your 'boom' very much." Mr. Brown denounced the scheme as a conspiracy against the state.

Overseer Connecticut State Grange.

FRANKLIN GRANGE, No. 1590. Harrison, Co. Ind., Mr. O. W. Ingersoll, Esq., Dear Sir:—Please fill enclosed order. Paint purchased of you in 1884 and 1886 gave entire satisfaction and still looks well.

Is the Reckoning Fair?

Some one says: "It takes an extra good farm and extra good farming to yield six per cent net on the capital invested." This is probably true; but is this a fair way to put the question? If a business man invests \$10,000 in business, and out of it makes a good clean income of \$2,000 year after year, which he can use to support himself and family, he feels pretty well satisfied.

—Mirror and Farmer.

Literary Note.

"A Successful Man" is the title of what is probably the brightest American Story—typically American—which has appeared for many years. It is a story of life prominent in fashion and in politics, written by a member of New York's highest society who displays a genius as a writer destined to make her name famous.

"A Successful Man" will appear in two parts in the Cosmopolitan Magazine—the first in the September issue—and is illustrated by Harry McVicker, the drawings being made from life from acting models who were guests and servants at a Long Island country house.

A high type of American politician—a man having something of the characteristics of a Blaine, with a little of the Daniel Dougherty perhaps—is brought by chance into the close society of a Newport married belle—one of those women mated to wealth and manly beauty, with keen sympathies unsatisfied by the intellectual calibre of her husband.

At every page the story is bright and clever, and we are much mistaken if it does not attract the widest attention.

MICHIGAN STATE GRANGE. SECRETARY'S OFFICE, SCHOOL-CRAFT, Aug. 29. ED. VISITOR—I received at this date the following letter from Wm. E. Curtis; also letter of Secretary Blaine and report referred to, which please print in next issue if received in time.

Fraternally. J. T. COBB.

INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN CONFERENCE, WASHINGTON, Aug. 25. J. T. COBB Esq., Secretary Michigan State Grange: Dear Sir—At the suggestion of Mr. John Trimble I send you by this mail 300 copies of Mr. Blaine's letter on reciprocity and the report of the International American Conference on that subject.

copies are needed please notify me and I shall be glad to receive any comments that your people may have to offer on the subject. I have the honor to be your obedient servant, WILLIAM E. CURTIS, Executive Officer.

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.

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.

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

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

Homeseekers' Excursions Will leave Chicago and Millwaukee via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, for points in Northern Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, (including the great Sioux Reservation) Montana, Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, on September 9th, and 23d, and October 14th, 1890.

Rates for these Excursions will be about one fare for the round trip, and tickets will be good for return within thirty days from date of sale.

For further information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada, to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to Harry Mercer, Michigan Passenger Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 90 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich. 58

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.

It is a significant fact that in all the conventions of farmers no single resolution has ever been passed that gives a particle of encouragement to the liquor traffic or to lottery schemes. On the contrary, the voice of rural people is always opposed to these two great evils.

The Omaha Republican of August 25th, printed an article to the effect that Otto Mears, a contractor on one of the railroads entering that city, was offering \$2.00 per day for laborers and none were to be had because they were more profitably employed.

The editor of the Colorado Farmer, whom, by the way, we met in Denver and judged to be a level-headed, conscientious man, publishes the following, which our limited observation confirms:

It is altogether probable that Otto Mears wants to hire a few hundred railroad men; and it is quite possible that in particular lines there is considerable demand for workmen. But the statement that "the West is booming and the opportunities for obtaining remunerative employment are better now than ever before" is so obviously false that it seems hardly worth denying.

Ladies' Department.

September.

A change creeps over nature. A deep flush mounts to the maple leaf; the air is clear, the grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waning year;

Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden rod by roadside, lane, and meadow gaily nod.

Now whistlings of the quail are often heard from buckwheat-fields, while on the calm air floats

The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird builds a nest; but night is thrilled by notes from crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum that seem to say: "September time has come!"

—Sophie L. Schenck, in *Brooklyn Magazine*.

The Prodigal Daughter.

To the home of his father returning,
The Prodigal, weary and worn,
Is greeted with joy and thanksgiving,
As when on his first natal morn;
A "robe" and a "ring" is his portion,
The servants as supplants bow,
He is clad in fine linen and purple,
In return for his penitent vow.

But ah! for the Prodigal Daughter,
Who has wandered away from her home—
Her feet must still press the dark valley,
And through the wild wilderness roam;
Alone, on the bleak, barren mountains—
The mountains so dreary and cold—
No hand is outstretched in fond pity
To welcome her back to the fold.

But thanks to the Shepherd, whose mercy
Still follows his sheep, though they stray,
The weakest, and e'en the forsaken,
He bears in his bosom away;
And in the bright mansions of glory,
Which the blood of his sacrifice won,
There is room for the Prodigal Daughter
As well as the Prodigal Son.

—New York Graphic.

Having "Company".

The letter read, "My dearest Sue,
Next Thursday I will spend with you;
I won't enjoy my visit, though,
If any trouble I bestow."

"O, I'm so glad," cried Mrs. White,
For company is such delight;
But looking round her in dismay,
"I must get ready right away."

Armed with dust-pan and a broom,
She went to work in every room.
She oiled and polished, cleaned and rubbed,
And mended, scoured, washed and scrubbed.

Then in the kitchen she began,
While perspiration down her ran,
At pies and puddings, cakes and bread,
As if an army must be fed.

She toiled and fretted, cooked and baked,
She hurried, worried, stewed and ached;
When Thursday came, she, nearly dead,
Just managed to crawl out of bed.

And Mrs. Company came, too;
They kissed and hugged, like women do,
And then began tired Mrs. White
To make excuses, never right.

"Oh, dear! my house" (then waxen clean)
"Is most too dirty to be seen—
So shut your eyes—you're looking stout—
Take off your things—I'm just worn out."

"You must excuse my cooking, too;
It isn't fit to offer you"
('Twas fit for kings). "Too bad you come
Just when I'm upside down at home."

And thus she welcomed and distressed,
And spoiled the visit of her guest,
Who wished she hadn't come to be
A tired woman's "company."

For the VISITOR.

A Trip to the Sea.

Many people from Portland, Corvallis, Salem and other towns, during the heat of the summer, move over to the seaside, either to board in the hotels or camp out for a few weeks. It was our good fortune to be invited to spend a few days camping out with some neighbors.

On the second day of August we took the train that runs from here to Yaquina. This road is a very winding one, taking us through the Coast Range mountains. We passed through three tunnels, and in order to descend the mountains the train has to make what is called "the horse-shoe," hence it retraces some of its steps, and in all its course it winds in and out, giving to some the delightful(?) sensation of seasickness. We left here at one o'clock and reached Yaquina at about five.

Yaquina is a small place, situated on Yaquina bay, and steamers from San Francisco come to this place bringing us the much sought for California fruits.

Here we took the steamer for Newport, another small place across the bay. The bay makes one think of Lake Michigan, but is somewhat rougher. At the time we crossed the tide was going out, but we had a good strong wind against us. While crossing we could see the breakers coming in from the ocean with their white caps, dashing over the bar and around the government piers and breakwater.

From Newport, as well as from the other side, jetties have been built to keep the sand off the bar, which is very rocky.

When we reached Newport we were met by carriages to convey us to camp. We had to go up and down several steep sand hills the first half of the drive,

but the remainder was on the beach near the water. This was fine indeed. It was extremely windy, but the air was so pure we could not help but enjoy it to the utmost. We found the camp about two miles from Newport, on Big Creek, just off the beach. Big Creek seemed very small, but when the tide comes in it is quite wide. The camp was situated in a grove, and thus somewhat protected from the ocean breezes.

We drove into camp tired and hungry, but found a nice warm dinner awaiting us.

People in this section of the country know how to camp. We ate with silver knives and forks, good dishes and from a table. It had never been my good fortune to camp out before, and I had expected to eat from tin plates, etc., but in this I was mistaken. Several parties who were well acquainted with each other were camping together, and had their tents so arranged that much visiting was done and a general good time was had. The afternoons and evenings were quite cool, but in getting supper the stoves would send out enough heat to keep us warm, and generally one of the stoves was kept burning during the evening. The men would bring logs from the beach and have a camp fire after tea.

Saturday evening a party from East Portland had a concert and invited every one to join.

Sometime during the night we did lie down to rest, and here again I was doomed to disappointment. I had expected, as a matter of course, that we would sleep on the ground, but we did not, for we had a good straw tick, and before we left we had a bedstead made to order. The first night we slept but little, for the incessant roar of the ocean kept us awake, but the next two nights it seemed to lull us to sleep.

Sunday forenoon we took a drive on the beach, and it was very pleasant, as the wind was not so strong as the day before. We examined star fish and sea anemones. Cape Foul-Weather, a very rocky point, and the light house, could be seen in the distance.

During the forenoon the steamer Willamette came to the bay, but she was obliged to stay out to sea until the tide served, when a tug went out and towed her to the dock.

At eleven o'clock services were held on the grounds, but the majority seemed interested elsewhere.

In the afternoon a party of us took a walk up Big Creek, and here the largest trees I ever saw were growing, while here and there great trunks were lying on the ground. On the top of one of these trunks was growing another immense tree, with its roots around the trunk on either side, seemingly to keep it down. In another place an old tree was overturned and trees fifty feet high were growing out of its roots, while it was nothing unusual to see small trees, ferns and mosses growing on these overturned trunks. Oxalis was in blossom, fine white clover and here and there the native clovers and grasses were seen.

On Monday we took a drive nearer the light house than we had been before. We drove up a hill and here we got a fine view of the ocean. In one direction it was calm and of a beautiful blue, but the waves would dash upon the beach, forming the white-caps as they came up. In the other direction it was also calm, but you could not see the blue of the water seen in the other direction. As we drove back, the water came creeping nearer us all the time, as the tide was coming in. Here I watched a sea gull in the sand waiting for the waves to come up, and as the wave reached him he would raise himself a little and ride it and then wait for another.

Monday afternoon most of the ladies went in bathing, and they made quite a picturesque company with their bathing suits of different colors, but I failed to see any beauty in their costumes as they came dripping from the water and putting on long wraps and rubbers and scampering off to camp. The water is pretty cold on this coast and people can

only stay in a few minutes, but they seem to enjoy those few minutes intensely.

Tuesday morning found us up shortly after four to be ready for the six o'clock boat. We enjoyed the ride along the beach in the early morning exceedingly—such fresh air and everything so still except the roar of the ocean. We wished we had no duties calling us back so soon.

We reached home at half-past ten much pleased with the trip, only wishing we could have made it longer, but found horse, cat and chickens glad to welcome us home.

C. M. F.

Corvallis, Ore., Aug. 20.

Women at Bay View.

A few prominent women have been at this charming summer assembly this season who are not personally known to many western women. For years their names have been home-words among us; the strength of their writings and works has strengthened our courage; but here for the first time some of us have looked into their faces, listened to their voices and taken their hands in ours.

Among these are Mrs. Terhune, better known as Marion Harland, and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. How many of us who have conned the pages of "Common Sense in the Household," have not wondered what sort of a person Marion Harland is, anyway?

A new feature on the program this year is the "Woman's Council," with Mrs. Terhune at its head, assisted by Mrs. Sangster. These ladies alternated in presenting papers before the many intelligent women who gathered every afternoon in the assembly auditorium to listen to them. Mrs. Terhune's subjects were, "Our-selves and Our Daughters;" "Ripening;" "Eve, Our Great Fore-mother," and "John Bunyan—A Study." In appearance this lady is of somewhat robust build, a good, healthy complexion and of a manner sufficiently self-assertive to give her kindly, sensible words the hearty hearing of her audience. To those who know Mrs. Terhune's writings I need not say her papers were thoughtfully written and stood logically and sturdily for the home side of womanliness. Her characteristic bits of rare description of scenery came in now and then to brighten an incident or force a point.

Mrs. Sangster is quite the opposite of Mrs. Terhune in personality, being more slight of figure, with almost white hair above a fair, pale face. Her subjects were "Books—Their Use and Abuse;" "Comparative Advantages of Town and Country Life," and "Authors in Embryo."

Both ladies read from manuscript—something, I believe, no other woman on the general platform did. Mrs. Sangster has the sweetest of voices, just such as you might expect to fit the smiling face of one who for years has presided over the letter box of *Harper's Young People*, and now edits *Harper's Bazar*, and the face and voice are such as in fancy we associate with songs and verses of the same sweet sort as come from this gifted woman.

Another woman, dear to every patriotic heart, and under whose thrilling inspiration we have sat and counted time as naught, is the motherly, American queen of the platform, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. As she told us, it is a long way for a woman to come from Boston to Bay View at a time of life when grand-mothers are wont to sit by the grate in wrapper and slippers and look darkly at life's down grade. She thinks she will not do it again; and if she does not, happy is Bay View that its walks have once been trod by the step; its halls have echoed to the voice, and its people responded to the dauntless courage of this great-hearted woman.

I really wish I might give some discouraged woman a touch out of her great hope for the future, which might be to her an uplift to a plane where beams of Divine light and love can and do gild all peoples and conditions.

By the way, the most popular word at Bay View is "uplift." Everything here is uplifting.

This assembly is especially friendly to women, all along its lines. The Woman's Christian

Temperance Union dedicated a beautiful building this year—the most artistic and best finished of any on the grounds. It is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Peters, of Manistee. This is Evelyn Hall. Here bright, equal-to-any-emergency Mrs. A. S. Benjamin presides over the temperance conferences and infuses into her shifting audience a good bit of parliamentary usage. Here Miss Alice M. Guernsey told her womanly constituency of the womanly press association in Chicago, which is sowing the country so thick with temperance literature. This is the young lady to whom is due the credit of the typographical excellence of Miss Willard's "Fifty Years," of which I wrote you a few weeks ago.

It was at Evelyn Hall, also, that I found a friend whose pen was well known to VISITOR readers two or three years ago, but who is now editing the best woman's department I know of in a local paper. She is Mrs. Belle M. Perry, of Charlotte; and the white ribbon she wears, together with the badge of the just-organized Michigan Woman's Press club, show her to be right alongside of things good and moving.

Many other helpful women are here, helping along their own special lines, but space forbids to tell all about Bay View at once.

JENNIE BUELL.

Bay View, Aug. '90.

Good Neighbors.

D. H. R. Goodale, in *The Country Gentleman*, says:

How many good neighbors I have known! How often I have seen all artificial barriers and distinctions swept away in a moment by the warm flood of natural feeling! A real, deep sympathy with those in trouble, or in need of any kind, will find a way of expressing itself, and usually in deeds rather than in words. "Can't we do something?" is the question that comes naturally to the lips, and it is seldom, indeed, that it must be answered by an inexorable "No."

Only a very few days since, tidings came to me of the death of a venerable aged lady, known from my earliest childhood, and therefore for my whole life, the pre-eminent type of a good neighbor. With perfect simplicity and quiet, almost unconscious, self-abnegation, she continually lived the gospel of the golden rule. The little kindnesses that she did not do were only those which were out of her power. Blessed with rare common sense and a straightforward, practical mind, she was singularly free from all visionary enthusiasm, or so-called "sentimentality," and at the same time intensely alive to every real and immediate opportunity for doing good.

As there was no occasion too small, there was also none too great. Her hospitable hands and willing feet were never so tired (though her own cares were heavy) that she could not serve, in some way, whoever came within her doors. She would go "down cellar" to bring an apple for a child, or to her sweet-smelling dairy for a glass of milk; it was impossible to see her without receiving some little favor at her hands. But if death stood in a neighbor's house, or mortal sickness hovered there, there was a comfort in her presence that neither doctor nor minister could bring. To throw one's-self into her arms and rest for a moment on that ample breast, gave consolation in every grief; her calm voice would offer—slowly, hesitatingly—the wisest counsel, while the tears streamed down her own cheeks. To the poorest, the most degraded, whom she was always anxious to help, it was never "charity" that she gave—never something formal and extraneous; it was a part of herself. She would teach the dirty to be clean and the ragged to sew. She would try to bring their lives nearer to her own, not, as most of us do, to push them away and get rid of them. How hard it is to give in this way! How much easier to give money, even if by so doing we pinch ourselves a little. But to those who study problems of philanthropic work, the lesson grows plainer and plainer every day that it is the only kind of giving which can be trusted to produce good effects. Personal interest, per-

sonal helpfulness, the kind touch, and the look that speaks real good will—these are what is wanted. We may be very busy with our own affairs, but it was Cain, the first murderer, who originated the "Am I my brother's keeper?" theory. It will not do to forget that.

Who can measure the influence for good of a long life, spent as was this one at which I have only very slightly hinted? In its daily activities all the homely virtues were set, as in a beautiful object lesson. Patient and faithful industry, prudence, thoughtfulness for others, perfect honesty in word and act, courage and gentleness, and above all, that generous, unselfish spirit which makes self-denial easy, and every service to others a pleasure to herself—these were her characteristics.

In the subdivision of labor, which is so marked a feature of modern life, perhaps there is less work than formerly for the good neighbor. In domestic exigencies she does not have so many opportunities to fill a distressing gap. If we are ill there are professional nurses; for every emergency there are varied resources which a well-stocked purse will effectively set in motion. But in most rural communities there is still an abundant need of personal ministrations towards those who are suffering from sickness or calamity. And everywhere the sweet spirit of womanly and neighborly kindness will make itself felt, as surely as the April sun and showers. There will always be work enough in the world for good women; women of pure and earnest and self-forgetting lives, that flow on, noiseless but not unknown.

The Search for Pretty Wives.

Girls to be successful to-day, must have something more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, coy manners or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that women are progressing at a pace that will quicken, rather than slacken. They realize that the woman of to-morrow will be brighter in mind than her predecessor of to-day. Hence, they are looking for a wife who will be the equal of her neighbor. Beauty is being considered an adjunct to common sense. "I want a wife who knows something, who is worth having for what she knows; not one of these social butterflies," said one of the greatest "catches" of the last New York season to me at the winter's close. And he expressed the sentiment of thousands of the young men of to-day. The scent for pretty wives is over, and the look-out for bright young women has commenced. And the girl who to-day trains her mind to knowledge will be the woman of to-morrow.—Edward W. Bok, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Rules for Winter.

The following rules, published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

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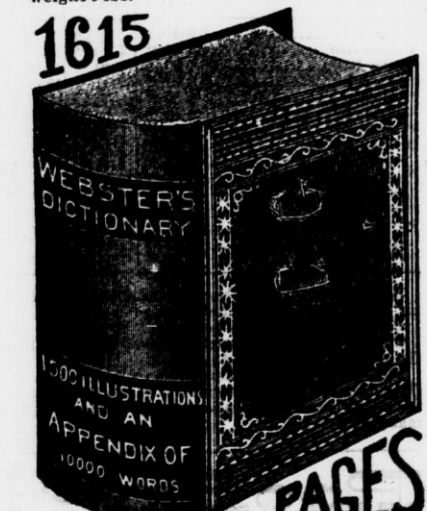
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Boxes—60 lbs " " 8c " "
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A correct map of the north west will show that the Northern Pacific Railroad traverses the central portion of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles; it is the only Railroad reaching Jamestown, Bismarck, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Missoula, Cheney, Davenport, Palouse City, Sprague, Ritzville, Yakima, Ellensburg, Tacoma, Seattle and in fact nine-tenths of the north-west cities, towns and points. Money can be saved by purchasing tickets via St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Northern Pacific is the shortest trans-continental route from St. Paul and Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Dayton and Portland, and the only one whose through trains reach any portion of the new state of Washington. Land seekers purchasing Pacific Coast second class tickets via St. Paul and the Northern Pacific have choice from that point of free Colonist Sleeping Cars or Pullman's Tourist Furnished Sleepers at charges as low as the lowest.

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12,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS, On Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena and Loon Lake Railroads. All prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. Titles perfect. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, &c., and will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, Mich. Or to J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

Farm Wells.

The wells on the farm are a great source from which come many diseases. Some wells are never cleaned. When dug they are carefully boarded over, the pump made tight and snug, with the ground sloping away on all sides so as to allow the surface water to flow from the opening. There is no well water that is pure, says Rural World. Something depends on the character of the soil. If sandy, and the water will disappear quickly from the surface after a rain, the well will drain the soil for a long distance around it, and the consequence will be that a large portion of the filth of the soil will find its way into the well, although the water may appear sparkling and bright. It is contended that the soil removes all the impurities from the water, but this depends upon whether soil, by long-continued absorption, be not already so thoroughly saturated with impurities from the water as to refuse to take up more. That the soil does not remove all the impurities, even from new ground where a well has recently been dug, has been demonstrated by saturating the surface earth at a distance from the well with kerosene oil, which gradually found its way to the well, (having been washed down by the rains), and imparted its odor to the water. If the soil be of heavy clay the danger will be lessened, but on all porous soil the liability of pollution of the water is great. No manure heaps, privies, sinks or other receptacle for filth or refuse of any kind should be within 150 feet of the well—the further off the better. No matter how tight the well may be, the toad will sometimes contrive to get in. Many wells contain toads that die and are swallowed in the drinking water unknowingly, under the supposition that the well is tight and "toad proof." Wells should be cleaned at least once a year, and especially in the fall. For a distance of ten feet around the well the surface should be re-cemented and the pump itself should be occasionally cleaned. Toads, flies, bugs, worms, and even gnats will get in the water, while even a few drops of solution from a filthy drain or sink, finding its way into the well, carry bacteria enough rapidly to multiply and contaminate all of the water. Roots of trees and vines will also serve as drains into the wells, as they loosen the soil, and for that reason they should never be planted near the source of drinking water.—Farmers' Review.

American Gentlemen.

An English tourist was stopping at one of the Kansas City hotels last week, and in a chance conversation with a Times reporter spoke of the seeming inherent politeness of the American gentlemen. "As a class," he said, "they were the most polite men he had met with in any quarter of the globe. Wherever his travels took him he could always tell an American by his affable manner. It seemed," he said, "as though everyone was a born courtier, and nowhere was it more noticeable than in the cities of the Old World. In London the American could be selected in any public hall or gallery, for they always took their hats off, no matter what room they entered, or if it was too uncomfortable to remove headgear, it needed but the presence of a lady to cause the hats to be immediately lifted. It was quite the contrary with the Britishers; they never uncovered their heads except under extraordinary circumstances. "I was going down the street in this city but the other day," continued the stranger, "when I saw a lady drop her purse. It had hardly reached the sidewalk before a little street arab grabbed it, touched the loser's arm, and, with hat in hand, said: 'Lady, here's your pocket-book.' It is not only to the opposite sex that this politeness extends, but it is refreshing to observe the courtesy with which men treat each other. The Americans are the greatest handshakers in the world. Then I notice they touch their hats to each other when passing on the street. This certainly is a courteous, hospitable nation."

THE WATER OUSEL.

A Queer Bird that Frequents the Trout Streams of Washington.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water oussel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time. They are of a dark blue color and are easily recognized by a peculiar jerking motion, which they seem never to tire of. And as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it. Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeed in finding them. Hence the water oussel's nest with two of their eggs in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of \$25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it. Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye you can still see their little dark forms cling to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.—Tacoma Ledger.

We saw this strange bird stepping around fearlessly on the verge of the lower fall at Yellowstone Park, twelve feet below us, with as much unconcern as a lark in a meadow. The swish of the water between its dainty legs as he waded in the shallows, seemed to have no terrors, although on a secure railing. We read a description of the bird years ago and recognized it at sight from its queer postures and poses. A mounted specimen would be a rara-avis in a collection.

Forethought and Folly.

Two facts ought to be indelibly stamped on farmers' memories—first, that in all parts of the country we generally have a drouth that shortens pastures in summertime, creating a liability to overstock our farms; and secondly, it is prudent and always profitable to have an ample reserve crop of rye, clover, corn, sorghum, sufficient for every emergency, to supplement the pastures when needed, or be preserved for winter use. Moreover, and notably, precaution will put a stop to the greatest waste and folly in agriculture, the feeding off and stamping out of young and tender grass. For when the drouth shortens and pinches cattle, the temptation is great to give the animals the supposed benefit of fresh feed from recent seeding. It is by no means the intention to feed it close, or continue the feeding more than a short time; but the drouth intensifies, the old pastures go from bad to worse—not yet quite ready to take the stock out, they bite closer and closer till the young plants are scarcely visible. Deprived of their organs of growth at the critical time, when they need to be in best possible condition to withstand the dry weather, the promising timothy, clover, or bluegrass retires from the unequal contest—a palpable failure—or continues in such crippled condition that little or no profit is realized from the land occupied. When it is remembered that the early tender growth of this young grass affords little sustenance, and, consequently, is of small value, but if protected, fostered, and turned to best account is the most remunerative of all crops—the prop and support of agriculture—it will be conceded that maiming or exterminating it to obtain a little flashy feed, is the miserableness exchange in the whole realm of trade.—Hugh T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.

Sunshine and Shade.

Our flower-garden consists of two parts wholly separate from each other. In one part the plants all thrive and put forth their respective flowers in their time, and the perennials take care of themselves year after year. In the other, the flowers are few and sickly, and the plants constantly tend to run out.

What makes the difference? The soil is equally good in each. Each has all needed care. The simple explanation is that in one the plants have an abundance of sunshine; in the other they have to live in the shade.

As everyone knows, house-plants turn and stretch themselves toward the light, as the prisoners in the Calcutta Black-hole struggled with each other for a breath of air at the small opening. For plants and men alike, lack of sunshine lowers the vitality, no matter though the air may have its due proportion of oxygen. The vitality may not be lowered to the death-point, but persons who live in the shade become an easy prey to disease. It has been found that epidemics prevail most on the shady side of streets.

Just what it is that gives to sunshine this vitalizing power is not wholly clear. But sunlight has a quality that is not possessed by all kinds of artificial light. Its "actinic rays," as they are called, are those which work the wonders of photography, and this quality in the light of the stars reveals to us worlds in space vastly beyond the reach of our most powerful telescopes. It is probable that it is these actinic rays which are so potent for health.

One way in which sunshine promotes health is by its disinfecting power. It destroys morbid germs. But this does not explain its wonderful vitalizing energy.

It is possible that science may never come at the secret of this energy, just as it cannot fathom the profounder mystery of life itself.

But it is ours to avail ourselves of this fact. Delicate persons and convalescents should live in the sunshine as much as possible. People should not shut the sunshine out of their dwellings by trees, vines and shrubbery, nor by blinds and curtains. The sunniest rooms should be appropriated by the family, rather than reserved for an occasional guest.—Youths' Companion.

Charging for Knowing How.

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer to me, without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found that his hot water pipe would not work, and after putting at it for an hour sent for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and concluded it must come apart. I was annoyed, for that meant the stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came and after studying the pump awhile he took a hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she'll go now,' he quietly said, and putting on steam 'she' did go. The next day I received a bill from him for \$25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: 'Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, 50 cents. For knowing how, \$25.' Had he charged me \$25.50 for fixing the pump, I should have considered it exorbitant. But 50 cents was moderate, and the knowledge worth the \$25.00.—American Furniture Gazette.

The Secretary of State has received reports from 950 Michigan Supervisors regarding the wool clip of 1889 and the estimate for the present year. These reports show an aggregate of 11,924,138 pounds for the past year.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Michigan.

(Read before the Benton Harbor Grange Camp by W. H. Cook, of Bainbridge.)

In Michigan we've wealth untold In iron, copper, silver, gold; In timber, salt, in coal and oil, And in the products of the soil. We've climate, and the soil to suit, For raising many kinds of fruit; And now we sell the very best At every station in the west. And fruit sells quick when dealers can Say it was raised in Michigan.

We raise the nicest, plumpest wheat; We fat and sell the sweetest meat; The finest cheese and butter now We're making from the Jersey cow. We've Norman horses here, you know, But many think the Normans slow, So we've bred to faster stock, and now We drive two-forties on the plow. If you would win, bet when you can On stock that's bred in Michigan.

We've many brooks of water clear That do not dry up through the year, And now they are so full of trout You only have to pick them out. We've inland lakes for a resort For pleasure of 'most every sort Where many happy days are spent In summer cottage or in tent. And now, each year, come all who can For health and sport to Michigan.

Winters are just what we desire, For neighbors gather 'round the fire, And all enjoy the social mirth Created at a cheerful hearth. No better place was ever found To hold them when they pull together. Our boys are earnest and alive— To be great men is why they strive— Climbing for fame, they never stop: Their effort is to reach the top. But the greatest bliss that's given to man Are girls raised up in Michigan.

No western cow-boys howl around; No storms that drive you under ground; No cyclones that will take your breath; No blizzards that will freeze to death. Our summer winds are not so hot They burn up all the grain you've got, But come—a cooling, gentle breeze— Singing their songs among the trees, For they were tempered as they ran Across our great lake—Michigan.

Our men all work here with a will; Our women—you can't keep them still, And harness must be best of leather To hold them when they pull together. Our boys are earnest and alive— To be great men is why they strive— Climbing for fame, they never stop: Their effort is to reach the top. But the greatest bliss that's given to man Are girls raised up in Michigan.

Go look around for noble deeds Among the rich, among the creeds— The high, the low, the great or small— And Michigan will beat them all. Poor men, who came here bowed with cares, Are rated now as millionaires. Industry, seeking, always can Find wealth somewhere in Michigan.

If you would seek a place for health— If you would seek a state for wealth— If a good climate you desire— If you would sit around a fire— Here our mild seasons you may take: The storms are tempered by the lake, For, ere its waters they have crossed, The fury of the storm is lost. You seek a Paradise far man: Come to South-western Michigan.

A Needed Reform.

It is a notorious fact that attorneys indulge in the most flagrantly wanton and abusive language, make assertions entirely unwarranted by the facts in the case, and even deliberately misrepresent the true character of the individual in order to prejudice the jury in their favor. They aim simply to win the case and not to serve the ends of justice. Statements are made in the presence of the jury, and under the protection of the court, which, if made anywhere else, would subject their author to a severe castigation. There is no excuse for this kind of conduct, and the lawyer who will utter in the court-room what he is too cowardly to say when face to face with the individual on the street is about as small a thing as one can readily think of, and deserves the contempt of every truth-loving citizen. Of course, there is a cause for this as for everything else. When an attorney knows but little about law and is well up in the use of billingsgate he seeks to hide his ignorance of what he should know by indulging in language that a gentleman would scorn to use. An attorney has no right to surpass the bounds of propriety in stating his case, and the habit of doing so should be checked by the court.

But that is not all; when a lawyer accepts pay for misrepresenting facts in the court-room it is wise policy to place him in other official positions? To put the matter more plainly; if a man will lie for a money consideration in one place what evidence is there that he will not do the same thing in another place? This constitutes one of the strong reasons why lawyers should not be entrusted with the discharge of legislative duties. The fact that an attorney lies, or suppresses an iota of truth to win a case for a money consideration should make people extremely

cautious about delegating to him the power to do the same thing in other positions.—Farmers' Friend.

A National Flower.

There have been many articles in the papers during the past few months, advocating the adoption of the clover blossom as the national flower, but the most unique is the following, by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll:

"A wonderful thing is clover. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate old boss, the bountiful, chewing satisfaction's cud, in that blessed twilight pause that, like a benediction, falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of springs and brooks and violets, and all there is of painless joy and peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs."

We want to ask those Patrons who have become lukewarm and indifferent towards the Grange, why this coldness and disposition to stay away from the Grange meeting? Has the Grange deceived you? We think not, though you may have deceived yourself, by entertaining wrong views of what the Grange would do for you without effort on your part. Perhaps you have set the standard of excellence too high for the amount of work done. Don't forget the old, true saying: "There is no excellence without labor."

We might mention some of the good works the Grange has done in influencing and directing the legislation of our country, and securing a recognition of farmers' rights and interests unknown before the existence of the Grange, but you would probably say: "This is too far from home. It is all right so far as it goes. I thought the Grange was going to benefit me. I thought by joining the Grange I could save money, live better and educate my children more." Well now don't be selfish, brother. The Grange has benefited you, and every other farmer, and we insist that you shall give it credit for what it has done for even you, as unfaithful and negligent as you have been.

In passing on, we ask you just to remember that "Individual happiness depends on general prosperity," and in making up your accounts of the benefits of the Grange, don't leave out what it has done, is doing and will do for the general good of farmers.

But if the Grange has failed to do you good; if it has not been a blessing in your community; has saved you no money by way of co-operation, or bringing down the price of goods and enabling you to buy cheaper; if it has done nothing in the way of helping you educate, not only your children, but yourself also, has not given you the opportunity to live better and enjoy life more; then you have sadly failed to receive the benefits and blessings this organization of farmers offers and is capable of bestowing. Why? Speak the truth in your heart now, and answer, why this failure of the Grange to help you as it should have done? We know you are disposed to lay the blame on some one else and say, "they won't do anything," but we expect "they" have done more than you. Now we urge you to join anew, heart and hand, and say, "we will do something." We are sure more will be accomplished by this plan than by staying away from the Grange and complaining because others won't work—Roanoke Patron.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Notices of Meetings.

CLIFFORD, Mich., Sept. 8. ED. VISITOR:

Below you will find program, which please publish in your next issue.

The next meeting of Lapeer County Pomona Grange will be held with Montgomery Grange October 7th, 1890, commencing at 10 a. m. The forenoon session will be devoted to fifth degree work.

Afternoon session commences at 2 o'clock.

Music by Montgomery Grange. Can American agriculture be limited to the wants of American consumption? E. E. Owen.

Paper, by Mrs. A. Q. Stover. Music, Montgomery Grange.

Can American farmers any better afford to sell their surplus products in foreign countries than manufacturers? E. Bartlett.

How should farmers treat those Congressmen who refused to vote for free silver coinage? William Montgomery.

Is the Grange effectual in harmonizing the political opinions of its members? Mr. Muir.

Soldiers' pensions—their uses and abuses. H. Bradshaw.

Discussion to follow each subject.

The afternoon session to be public, and all are invited to attend. NATHAN STOVER, Lecturer.

The next regular meeting of Newaygo County Pomona Grange No. 11 will be held with Ensley Grange, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7 and 8.

Address of welcome by Master of Ensley Grange.

Response by Master of Pomona Grange.

Unfinished work of last meeting.

Select reading by Jimmie Haskins.

Recitation; Mrs. W. C. Stuart.

How can we best reform our circuit courts? L. Reinoldt.

Select reading; Jacob Clark.

What reforms are needed in our election laws? C. Haskins.

Wheat vs. corn for profit. E. C. Tinney.

What stand should we, as farmers, take in politics? E. R. Clark.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to meet with us. W. C. STUART, Lec'r.

ADRIAN, MICH., Sept. 11.

The next meeting of Lenawee County Grange will be held with Tipton Grange, on Thursday, Oct. 2d, 1890.

Mrs. Mayo will deliver an address. A full attendance is desired.

County convention to elect delegates to attend the 18th Annual Session of the Michigan State Grange, will be held at Workingmen's Hall, Adrian, Oct. 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m. E. C. SMITH, Sec'y.

St. Joseph County Grange will hold its next annual meeting at Centreville Grange Hall, Thursday, Oct. 2d. There are important subjects to be presented and all are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. D. B. PURDY, Secretary.

Mr. Lowell's "Inscription for a Memorial Bust of Fielding," though brief, is the most remarkable piece of writing in the Atlantic for September. Dr. Holmes, in his installment of "Over the Teacups," discourses on the fondness of Americans for titles, and gives a lay sermon on future punishment, and ends it, as do many preachers, with some verses. Mr. Justin Winsor considers the "Perils of Historical Narrative," and Mr. J. Franklin Jameson contributes a scholarly paper on "Modern European Historiography;" Mr. Fiske adds an article on the "Disasters of 1780," and these three furnish the solid reading of the number. Hope Notner continues her amusing studies in French history, this time writing about Madame de Montespan, her sisters and daughters. "A Son of Spain," the chronicle of a famous horse, Mr. Brisbane's Journal, the diary of a South Carolinian, written about 1801, are among the other more notable papers. Mrs. Deland's and Miss Fanny Murfree's seri-

als, a consideration of American and German schools, and reviews of the "Tragic Muse" and other volumes, complete the number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

We often hear farmers say, "I can't see any possible good in the Grange." Why, no, my erring brother, how can you from the outside of it, and when your opinion, too, is based on the statement of those who would rejoice to see it die, because it hews so closely to the line of right, the chips falling where they may. Of what use as a timepiece would a beautiful clock be to one unacquainted with the movements of its hands or the purpose of the figures on its face? But, being taught these, a great good is accomplished as the value of time is comprehended. So with the Grange. Come inside of its well-guarded gates, attune your mind to the swing of its mighty pendulum of progression, study the movements of its giant hands of labor, learn the true value of the millions of figures of earnest men and women on its bright, untarnished face, and then you will realize that mammon alone is not riches, and how gently and beautifully it evolves the higher nature of mankind.—Clipped.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Obituaries.

BURCH.

The following resolutions were passed by Pennfield Grange No. 85:

WHEREAS, Our worthy brother Carolus H. Burch, a charter member of this Grange, has been taken from us by death, therefore

Resolved, That we cherish his memory as a faithful brother, an honorable and upright citizen, kindly, generous and true in all the relations of life.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in their affliction; that, in token of our sorrow, the charter of this Grange be draped in mourning for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of deceased; that they be published in the GRANGE VISITOR and be spread upon the records of this Grange. C. C. McDERMID, Mrs. C. C. POORMAN, RICHARD KEELER, Committee.

WALWORTH.

Died, at her home in East Springport, Aug. 31st, 1890, our beloved sister, Mary Ellen Walworth.

WHEREAS, The silent messenger has again entered our midst and removed our worthy and beloved sister, therefore

Resolved, That our Grange has lost an earnest and consistent member, and that we, as brothers and sisters, extend our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and sons.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent the VISITOR for publication. Mrs. L. DEY, Mrs. L. KNOWLES, L. KNOWLES, Committee.

KAY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His wisdom to remove from our midst one of our number, David Kay, Wadsworth Grange No. 668 has lost a worthy brother and a valuable member, being our Worthy Chaplain, therefore

Resolved, That the family of our departed brother has our heartfelt sympathy in this their great bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of the Grange, and that our Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy to the bereaved family and one also to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication, and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 60 days. ROBT A. DONALDSON, EZRA SLACK, Committee.

CATARRH, Catarrhal Deafness--Hay Fever. A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

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

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

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the diseases of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study, I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. L. G. ROOT, Jr., C., 133 Pearl St. New York.

WANTED. ONE HUNDRED WOMEN AND GIRLS to work in our FEATHERBONE DRESS STAY or FEATHERBONE CORSET FACTORY. For wages etc., address, Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, Mich.

Rosy Complexion, Youthful Beauty, Plumpness and Loveliness are produced by Old Dr. Heath's Harmless Arsenical Rejuvenating Wafers, and Black Heads, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Lung Diseases eradicated. Perfect health is the mirror of beauty, and only \$1 a box or six for \$5. Mailed sealed. Free consultation at offices, 291 Broadway, New York.

G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD. June 20, 1890.—Central Standard Time. GOING SOUTH. No. 2 No. 6 No. 8 No. 4. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. Mackinaw City.....lv 9 20 9 00 3 20 3 20 Petoskey.....lv 10 40 10 13 4 00 4 00 Traverse City.....lv 11 25 11 00 4 40 4 40 A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. Walton.....lv 1 16 12 45 6 00 5 50 Cadillac.....lv 2 20 2 05 7 05 7 05 Reed City.....lv 3 22 3 05 7 58 8 05 Grand Rapids.....lv 6 30 6 00 10 25 11 30 Kalamazoo.....lv 8 20 8 05 2 05 1 35a P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. Fort Wayne.....lv 12 15 12 10 6 30 5 45 Clin. C. S. T. L. & P. Dpt.....lv 6 15 7 00 12 20 12 20 GOING NORTH. No. 1 No. 3 No. 5 No. 7. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. Clin. C. S. T. L. & P. Dpt.....lv 7 55 8 50 12 15 12 15 Fort Wayne.....ar 6 10 2 40 2 25 8 05 Kalamazoo.....ar 7 20a 7 05 5 20 12 20p Grand Rapids.....ar 11 30a 10 20 7 25 4 10p P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. Reed City.....lv 2 40 1 03 9 45 7 35 Cadillac.....lv 3 22 3 05 7 58 8 05 Traverse City.....ar 6 40 5 13 11 31 9 45 Grand Rapids.....ar 12 25p 10 35p Petoskey.....ar 7 50 5 25 1 50 Mackinaw.....ar 9 15 6 45 3 10 C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. & T. Ag't, Grand Rapids. E. BAKER, Agent, Kalamazoo.

C. & G. T. RAILWAY. Jan. 19, 1890.—Central Meridian Time. TRAINS WESTWARD. No. 2 No. 18 No. 4. Exp. Exp. Exp. Port Huron lv..... 7 15am 5 59am 7 24pm Lapeer..... 8 31 " 7 25 " 8 55 " Flint..... 9 05 " 8 05 " 9 45 " Durand..... 9 35 " 8 48 " 10 30 " Lansing..... 10 30 " 10 00 " 11 30 " Charlotte..... 11 00 " 10 37 " 12 05am Battle Creek..... 11 30 " 11 30 " 12 50 " Battle Creek ar..... 12 05pm 1 00pm 1 00 " Vicksburg..... 12 50 " 1 48 " 1 48 " Schoolcraft..... 1 00 " 1 58 " 1 58 " Marcellus..... 1 22 " 2 20 " 2 17 " Cassopolis..... 1 50 " 2 52 " 2 47 " South Bend..... 2 35 " 3 40 " 3 35 " Valparaiso..... 4 00 " 5 20 " 5 10 " Chicago..... 6 25 " 10 10 " 7 30 " TRAINS EASTWARD. No. 1 No. 3 No. 5. Mail. Exp. Exp. Chicago lv..... 8 40am 3 15pm 8 15pm Valparaiso..... 11 25 " 5 20 " 10 30 " South Bend..... 1 00pm 6 40 " 12 00am Cassopolis..... 1 50 " 7 47 " 12 45 " Marcellus..... 2 20 " 8 17 " 1 11 " Schoolcraft..... 2 42 " 8 41 " 1 33 " Vicksburg..... 2 55 " 8 01 " 1 48 " Battle Creek ar..... 3 45 " 8 40 " 2 30 " Battle Creek lv..... 4 05 " 8 45 " 2 45 " Charlotte..... 4 50 " 9 27 " 3 25 " Lansing..... 5 37 " 9 57 " 4 00 " Durand..... 7 20 " 10 48 " 5 03 " Flint..... 8 00 " 11 17 " 5 40 " Lapeer..... 8 55 " 11 48 " 6 17 " Port Huron..... 10 31 " 1 05am 7 35 " No. 42, mixed, west, leaves Schoolcraft at 9:50 a. m., and No. 43, east, at 3:40 p. m. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 run daily. Tickets sold and baggage checked to all parts of Canada and the United States. For through rates and time apply to E. L. Crull, Local Agt., Schoolcraft; W. E. DAVIS, gen'l passenger agent, Chicago; W. J. SZCZEB, gen'l manager Detroit.

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